

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat

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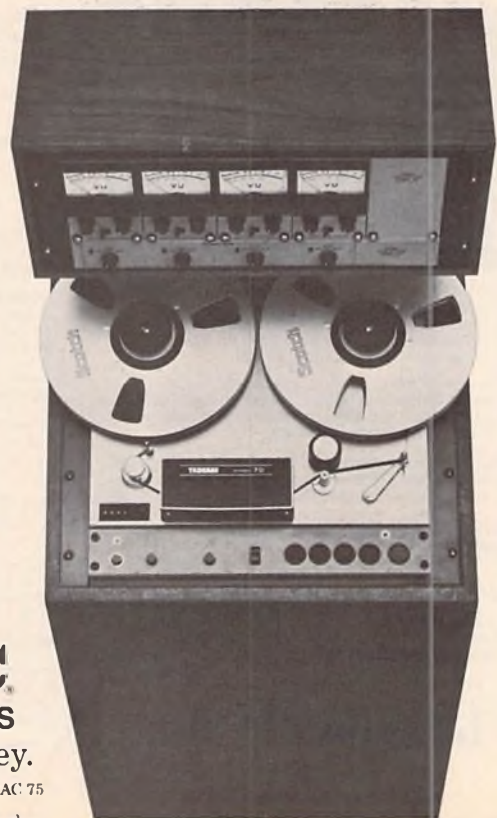
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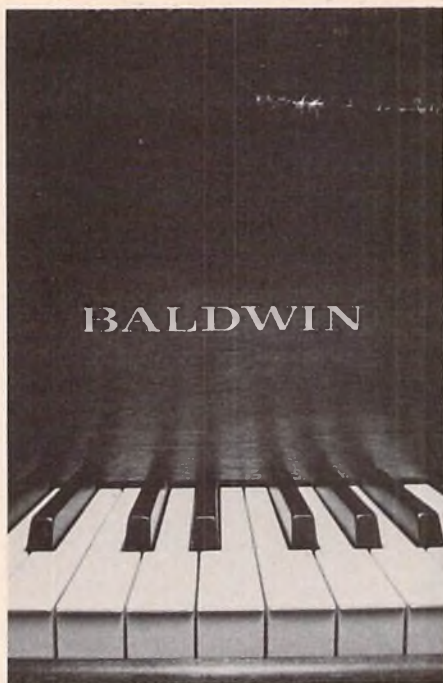
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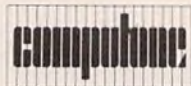
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education in jazz

by Gary Burton

Before you select a music school, you should understand what makes a "well schooled" musician.

To start with, there is a certain amount of fundamental knowledge which one has to have. You must understand how harmony works and how rhythm works and that sort of thing. The standard approach to music education is very backward to me. Most schools teach you the mechanics of their instruments for a year or two, and then they start to teach you music which lasts for another couple of years. And then, if you're good enough—pay enough dues—you get to try improvisation as if it's the final pot at the end of the rainbow. It's as if you would teach people how to read by having them memorize words without telling them the meanings for years, and finally saying, okay, now, these words go together in sentences like this.

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And so can you.

Gary Burton

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

To put it mildly, Gary Burton is unhappy with the current condition of jazz education. In a long interview in this issue—after a splendid self-analysis of his own development and that of his group—he lays into jazz education with all four sticks. And while Burton (eloquently) speaks only for himself, his views are shared by most jazz players whose first double is teaching, and a considerable number of music educators whose first priority is learning. The other professionals featured in this issue—Billy Byers, Terry Riley, Pete Yellin, Steve Marcus—state, or imply, opinions on education similar to Burton's.

Gary Burton's primary targets are: over-emphasis on big band performance; under-emphasis on combo training, i.e., improvisational skills and concepts; and the negative values incurred by ensemble competition.

There is no doubt that the Kenton style big band is held to be the model of jazz ensemble performance by a majority of jazz educators and is, in fact, a virtual house model for the National Association of Jazz Educators (NAJE). The original concept of a jazz band—"a showcase for the improvisations," to use Burton's term—is upended to make the showcase an end in itself.

In fact, the state of combo training today is analogous to where stage bands were 15-20 years ago. The educators who pioneered stage bands were themselves ex-swing or dance band musicians—and their perseverance in the face of apathy and fear-inspired hostility from the "serious" music education establishment has never been adequately recognized. But their dedication would have been futile had it not been for the eager acceptance of the jazz idiom by their students, and the supportive expertise of the jazz clinicians.

Jazz clinicians did and do originate and promulgate the standards of contemporary music in the tradition of Professionals such as Bach, Beethoven, Ravel, Ellington, or if you will, Kenton. The reality is, as Burton reminds us, that the prejudices of the teacher (and the community who hires him) determine which Pros are used as models.

In today's world of music, these prejudices favor the Professionals who extol individual expression, perforce, within small ensembles. But now the "jazz educators" establishment resists such evolution, citing reasons reminiscent of 15-20 years ago.

"Big bands," they say, allow more students to participate." *Answer:* Add, don't substitute, 20 combos and you allow 150 students to participate. Also, combo instrumentation is infinitely variable, thus allowing all those drummers, flutists, and guitarists to get free.

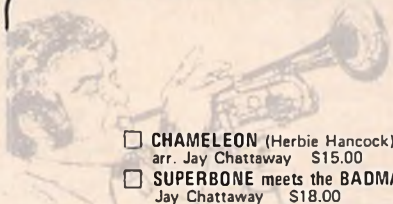
"It's difficult," the argument goes, "to add to jazz studies in the face of shrinking budgets." *Answer:* It has never been easy. It just gets easier when the music program gains the backing of the students.

"Well, anyway, improvisation can't be taught," is a canard offered by such fortresses of learning as Juilliard (see Pete Yellin's apt commentary in this issue). Why are there so many books and methods on improvisation on the market today? It's because of demand . . . demand from ex-Juilliard students and refugees from other schools that avoid the teaching of the fundamentals of spontaneous composition. db



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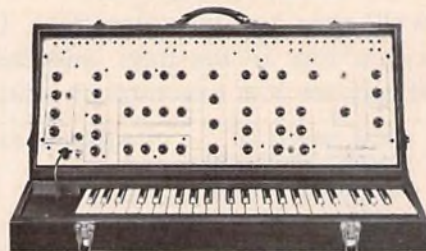


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Thanks, Doc

I would like to express my thanks to Doc Severinsen for the Sept. 7 concert he gave in Beckley, W. Va. I've been to many concerts, ranging from Black Sabbath to Maynard Ferguson, and Doc's was the best yet. The band and the vocalists blended together to form possibly the best sound I've heard. . . . The whole performance was topped off by Doc. . . . On both trumpet and vocals I would have to rate his performance seven stars.

James Walters Barboursville, West Va.

Personal Requests

I would be interested in seeing articles on the following musicians: Dave Sanborn, Joe Beck, Herb Bushler, Frank Vicari, Sal Nistico. Or how about something on some LA-based players such as Ernie Watts, Don Menza, Pete Robinson, Frank Strazzeri, Max Bennett, Victor Feldman, or John Guerin? I'm sure that lots of readers will agree with me that articles on the above are long overdue.

Tim Price Los Angeles, Cal.

Kisses For Kountry Kousins, Kont.

Dear Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich: I really hope you're kidding. Boycotting another style of music is the most unprofessional thing a professional musician could do. If you're supposed to be one of our finest music educators, Stan, you're not setting a very good example. From you, Buddy, I guess I should expect things like this. . . .

If you think country doesn't have its own sophisticated tangents, you obviously haven't heard of David Bromberg, Dicky Betts, Asleep At The Wheel, Norman Blake, Tut Taylor, David Grisman, Richard Greene, John Hartford, Willie Nelson, Doc Watson, etc. . . .

Although these artists are rooted in c&w, they blend other styles with ease. Their endless imaginations and awesome technique allow them to do this. A set of Greene and Grisman's Great American Music Band will set your feet in your mouths, where they apparently belong.

Mike Lieberman Sherman Oaks, Cal.

More Compassion Needed

I've been a **down beat** reader for 25 years and this is my first letter to the editor. I write in regard to the remarks of Mr. McDonough (Oct. 9, p. 24). Appraising the Birdland All-Stars LP, he reports that Charlie Parker "never fell into the depressing, self-pitying fumbling that claimed Lester (Young's) playing in his last years."

Mr. McDonough is of course entitled to his critical opinions of Young's music in those final years . . . but his reference to "self-pity" is curious to say the least. At the end of his life, Lester Young consumed gin the way others drink water, refused to eat, and was, like countless other "fumlbers," a patient at Bellevue. No doubt there are clinical terms for his condition during those years, which often saw him wearing in his lapel the "ruptured duck" honorable discharge button he had *not* earned in the army a decade earlier; it should suffice for laymen to call him a tragic figure.

When your Mr. McDonough, perhaps in the interest of critical standards, tough-mindedness, or whatever, calls that great artist "self-pitying," one's blood turns cold.

Moreover, McDonough is in error when he says that Parker didn't fumble. Some of his final records suggest otherwise, alas, and I well remember a painful evening at a Boston club, circa 1954, when Bird played very badly and was cut to pieces by Charlie Mariano, much to the (shameful) delight of the Back Bay hipsters. This is not mentioned in order to dishonor Parker but to suggest to your writer(s) that good criticism is served by knowledge and accurate information as well as by taste . . . and compassion.

Alfred Appel Evanston, Ill.

Rivbea Salute

In the past year Sam Rivers and Studio Rivbea have been offering some of the finest music in the new . . . music genre, as an alternative to the Newport jazz stuff and the more popular commercial products. Rivbea has given time to the likes of Anthony Braxton, Sunny Murray, the Winds Of Manhattan, Karl Berger, and many others that you wouldn't normally see in your neighborhood bar.

Radio WKCR in New York broadcasted a week of Rivbea as an alternative festival and it came off as a fascinating experience. I urge anyone with an interest in this type of music to support Rivbea, WKCR, and the New York State Council on the Arts (which supplies some of the bucks for Rivbea and Jazzmobile). I hope that they continue their efforts.

Don Leich Wyckoff, N.J.

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AACM Celebrates



HERB MOLAN

Muhal Richard Abrams directs AACM Big Band

CHICAGO—The Chicago based Association For The Advancement Of Creative Musicians (AACM) celebrated its 10th Anniversary in September with its second four night festival of concerts of 1975. Muhal Richard Abrams, one of the Association's founders, led the organization's big band, and bassist Pete Cosey, saxophonists Fred Anderson, Ari Brown and Vandy Harris, and trumpeter Frank Gordon were among those whose groups played at Kuumba Studios, a black culture and photography center at 2222 S. Michigan Ave.

A loose-knit yet genuinely effective organization, the AACM has successfully promoted its cooperative brand of musical business in the often cold face of Windy City receptivity. Besides spanning an individualistic generation of jazz innovators (the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Anthony Braxton, Steve McCall, Leroy Jenkins, Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre, and Leo Smith are among those who have recorded), the Association has developed a strong second front of players through its educational facilities, plus creating an environment to sustain creative musicians locally. Many members of the non-profit organization have received grants to perform and compose from the National Endowment For The Arts as well as the Illinois Arts Council.

Young composers and instrumentalists have found in the AACM an outlet for creativity, with such works as extended orchestras having been realized. There has been little stagnation of talent, since new players of the caliber of saxists Chico Freeman and Douglas Ewart, bassist Fred Hopkins and trombonist George Lewis are constantly being exposed to more experienced musicians as well as to each other. The AACM's survival has also served as an inspiration for collective endeavors such as St. Louis' Black Artists Group and Detroit's Strata.

The Association began as an expansion of Abrams' 1961 Experimental Band, and has since its inception maintained a location where a large ensemble could practice and perform. Currently there are two editions of the big band, with only partial overlap of personnel. (Monday nights one edition performs at Transitions East, 8236 S. Cottage Grove Ave., and the second appears one Sunday a month at the All Souls First Universalist Church, 910 E. 83rd St. On other Sundays various AACM groups perform there.)

In its newsletter the AACM has described itself appropriately as: "An organization of staunch individuals determined to further the art of being of service to ourselves and our communities; we work to give ourselves and others who will listen, the chance to enter worlds of knowledge and beauty; the music we play aspires to the sublime."

"We'll all be spiritually better for the wear and tear of the past ten years," Abrams told *db* recently. "Those years speak for themselves; it's been an education of the type you'd have to get from practical experience. It's been a good life experience from the eyes of this musician."

The next ten years? "If we're all still around, there'll be something else going on."

Picker Sets Record

LOS ANGELES—A world record for playing solo guitar marathon style was set Sept. 7 at West L.A. Music. Steve Anderson threw in his pick after 114 hours and 17 minutes of consecutive strumming. For his labors, the guitarist won a \$2000 public address system and stereo set. Anderson's mighty serenade eclipsed the old world record by some four hours, which had been set in Tampa, Fla. two years ago.

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Students Tour Japan

JAPAN—A late summer two-week jazz concert tour to Japan and Expo '75 in Okinawa with 88 top high school and college jazz musicians was organized and conducted by Dr. John Carrico of the University of Nevada and Dr. Herb Wong, jazz educator from Berkeley, contributor to *down beat* and deejay on KJAZ. The tour was the first contingent of young American jazz players to perform in Japan, and the crowds were highly enthusiastic and stunned by the maturity of musicianship.

Four groups made up the program: an all-star big band representing several western states was directed by Jerry Moore of the College of the Redwoods; the Kashmere High School Jazz Band from Houston, Texas (winner of 23 first place festival

awards), conducted by Conrad Johnson; the Pleasant Hills (Cal.) Jazz Lab Band, headed by Bob Soder; and finally, the Charles Moffett family, a contemporary jazz group led by Ornette Coleman's former drummer. Moffett's four sons, aged 8 to 21, and one non-Moffett made up the impressive group.

Concerts were held at Koraen, Tokyo's sports and entertainment center, at Tenri University in a joint concert with AI's Jazz Band of Tenri, aboard a steamship, in movie theaters, on top of roof beer garden plazas at super department stores, in Osaka, at military bases, and at the U.S. Pavilion at Expo '75 during the International Oceanographical Exposition. Numerous jazz sessions were held in a variety of Japanese jazz clubs.

WICHITA TALENT HUNT

WICHITA—The Wichita Jazz Festival has announced that it will be conducting tape auditions for musicians and groups interested in performing at the 5th Annual Wichita Jazz Festival, to be held on Sunday, April 25 of next year.

Three tape audition winners will be selected to appear on the program, which so far has booked Buddy Rich, Clark Terry and Supersax.

Applications and further info can be obtained by writing the festival at 1737 So. Mission Road, Wichita, Kansas, 67207. The deadline for submission of tapes is February 1, 1976, with winners to be notified by April 1.

potpourri

Cherry Wells, the wife of Dicky Wells (trombonist with Fletcher Henderson, Teddy Hill, Count Basie and Earl Hines), died of cancer on June 17. Dicky Wells would like to thank all the musicians and friends who have written him. Their sympathy has meant very much.

The National Association of Jazz Educators (NAJE) will hold its annual national convention January 22-25 of next year in Los Angeles. The convention will feature how to workshops fronted by well-known clinicians in vocal, wind, string, and general music. Band leaders who have expressed interest in appearing include Doc Severinsen, Ed Shaughnessy, Bill Berry, Chuck Mangione, Stan Kenton, and Supersax. For more info write Matt Betton, Convention Director, Box 724, Manhattan, Kansas, 66502.

Monk Montgomery has started doing a one-hour daily radio show over radio station KVOV in Las Vegas. The pioneering electric bassist calls his show *Reality*, after one of his recent albums. Monk plans to do live interviews with artists passing through the gambling town.

The latest word is that composer / arranger / keyboardist Bob James will stay with CTI. His only connection with Columbia is as progressive music director in the a&r department.

Baritone saxman Hamlet Blument, formerly with Charlie Mingus, has taken up residence with drummer Beaver Harris and his gang. . . . Billy Cobham's new lineup is down to a quartet, with former Mothers Of Invention keyboardist George Duke and guitarist John Scofield prominent members. . . . Alphonse Mouzon's replacement in Larry Coryell's Eleventh House is Gerry Brown. . . . Charlie Mariano is back in the States after his extended European stay, teaching at the Berkeley School Of Music in Boston.

Here's a strange one: pianist Victor Borge (yes, he's still alive) and the Philadelphia Orchestra recently broke the all-time matinee attendance record for the Saratoga Performing Arts Center in New York, by drawing some 11,000 fans. But hold on, rumor has English bopper-throbs the Bay City Rollers headed for Saratoga via jet-propelled skates. *db*

New Releases

Reissues from Fantasy are **Magic**, **Eric Dolphy** and **Ron Carter**; *How High The Moon*, **Illinois Jacquet**; *The Stardust Session*, **John Coltrane**; *Creek Bank*, **Mose Allison**; and *Dig*, **Miles Davis**. Other recent platens from the Berkeley-based outfit are *Big Man*, the final recording by **Cannonball Adderley** which is a folk musical based on the myth of John Henry; a collaboration between **Tony Bennett** and **Bill Evans**; *Have You Ever Seen The Rain*, **Stanley Turrentine**; *City Life*, **The Blackbyrds**; *Paradise With An Ocean View*, **Country Joe McDonald**; *Gears*, **John Hammond, Jr.**; *Trident*, **McCoy Tyner**; *Ellington Is Forever*, **Kenny Burrell**; and the second solo outing by sax whiz **Azar Lawrence**.

Island has issued its initial releases on a budget line to be known as **Antilles**. The first eight discs are *Hallelujah*, **The Portsmouth Sinfonia**; *No Pussyfooting*, **Robert Fripp** and **Eno**; *Tibetan Bells*, **Henry Wolff**; *Cold Chills*, **Jimmy Reed**; *Aiye-Keta*; *Morning Glory*, a combo consisting of **John Surman**, **John Marshall**, **Terje Rypdal**, and **Malcolm Griffiths**; *The Compleat Dancing Master*, a history of English dance music compiled by

Ashley Hutchings and **John Kirkpatrick**; and *Mainstream*, by **Quiet Sun**, a group made up of **Roxy Music** guitarist **Phil Manzanera**, **Charles Hayward**, **Bill MacCormack**, and **Dave Jarrett**, with **Eno** appearing on synthesizers.

The latest batch from **Arista/Freedom** includes *The Paris Session*, a double live set from the **Art Ensemble of Chicago**; *Blues For Lady Day*, **Mal Waldron's** personal tribute to **Billie Holiday**; *The Ringer*, **Charles Tolliver** and **Music Inc.**; *There's A Trumpet In My Soul*, **Archie Shepp**; *'Coon Bid'ness*, **Julius Hemphill**; *Blues To Africa*, **Randy Weston**; and *Witches And Devils*, **Albert Ayler**.

Vanguard has issued *The Essential Larry Coryell*, a double package culled from the guitarist's catalog for that label. Musicians featured include **Alphonse Mouzon**, **John McLaughlin**, and **Randy Brecker**.

Fresh from **A&M** is *She And I*, **Gap Mangione**; *Slow, Hot Wind*, from woodwind magician **Gerry Niewood**; *Listen To The City*,

Tim Weisberg; *Bazuka*; *La* from the late **Trane**; *Dancing Booga Booga*, **Andy Fairweather Low**; *Nomadness*, the **Strawbs**; and *Once I Loved*, fronting **Chuck Mangione** Quartet vocalist **Esther Satterfield**.

Columbia has countered with **Herbie Hancock's** latest, *Man-Child*; *Captured Angel*, **Dan Fogelberg**; *Don't It Feel Good*, **Ramsey Lewis**; *The Edgar Winter Group With Rick Derringer*; *Music Keeps Me Together*, **Taj Mahal**; *Rock 'N' Roll Moon*, **Billy Swan**; *Oh What A Mighty Time*, **New Riders Of The Purple Sage**; *Rejuvenation*, **Don Elliott**; *In The Next World, You're On Your Own*, **Firesign Theatre**; *Philadelphia Freedom*, **MFSB**; *Still Crazy After All These Years*, **Paul Simon**; *I Get High On You*, **Sly** and whatever's left of the **Family Stone**; *Split Coconut*, **Dave Mason**; *Masque, Kansas*; *Drive On*, **Mott** (formerly of **Hoopie** fame); *Flying Again*, by the reincarnated **Flying Burrito Brothers**; *Making Music*, **Bill Withers**; *All The Fun Of The Fair*, **David Essex**; and *Break Away*, **Art Garfunkel**.

Hot goodies from **Motown/CTI** include *Feels So Good*, the latest from magic saxman **Grover Washington, Jr.**; *Anything Goes*, **Ron Carter**; *Macho*, **Gabor Szabo**; *The Rape Of El Morro*, **Don Sebesky**. **Motown** also hints of a brand new double album by **Stevie Wonder**, to appear sometime before Christmas.

RCA's recent issues are *Visions Of A New World*, **Lonnie Liston Smith** and the **Cosmic Echoes**, on **Flying Dutchman**; *The Concert Legrand*, **Michel Legrand**; *Reinforcements*, **Brian Auger's Oblivion Express**; *Stratosonic Nuances*, **Blue Mitchell**; *Second Step*, **Aztec Two Step**; *El Gato*, **Gato Barbieri**; *The Righteous Rock Of Roger Dollarhide*, by an artist of the same tag; and "Groove" **Holmes** with *Six Million Dollar Man*.

Sounds from **ABC** include *The Gentle Side Of John Coltrane*, another posthumous collection

Diz Toasts Self

NEW YORK—If you want something said about a master musician, showman, innovator, trend-setter and stand-up comic, and if that person is trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**, all you need do is ask . . . him. It was billed as a "Tribute To Dizzy Gillespie" but the man did yeoman work as he was on the **Fisher Hall** stage for the full three hours, including intermission and back-stage greetings. And he was on—whether with horn, singing voice or just plain palaver.

The big band that surrounded him for the opening segment was organized under **Diz's** supervision by saxophonist **Billy Mitchell**, who handled alto chores along with **James Moody**. Tenor chairs were filled by **Ernie Wilkins** and **Jimmy Heath**. Baritone saxist **Cecil Payne** once again was reunited with his old boss. The band was basically the same that played **Buddy's Place** in July. **Danny Moore's** trumpet solo on *Manteca* drew the first of a series of spontaneous audience outbursts. It was during this number that we were treated to a challenge round by drummers **Buddy Rich**, **Mickey Roker** and conga player **Azzedin**

Weston, who stole the show with some of the finest finger work this reporter has seen. Another alumnus, **Charlie Persip**, was on hand to lend trap support to *Jessica's Day*, penned by **Quincy Jones** when still a member of **Diz's** band.

Besides a cut-time solo by **Moody** on *Manteca*, he did *Moody's Mood For Love* with **Birks** taking the bridge in a high falsetto. Vocal chores were shared by **Joe Carroll**, who scattered *Oo-baba-doo*, with an interspersed *My Gal* by **Diz**. It was the segment that immediately preceded this that tore the house up. **Stan Getz**, recovering from a slight case of pneumonia, sat in with what has to be the second best bebop group ever. **Max Roach**, **John Lewis** and **Percy Heath** rounded out the rhythm with **Getz** and **Diz** up front playing off each other as though they had been steadily doing it all their lives.

It was a tribute to the man who programmed the evening's entertainment, who sparked it with his soaring high **Ab's**. **Diz** even played an Israeli folk song he brought back, *Eretz Zavat Khalav*, while the producers began counting the overtime.

FINAL BAR



JOE GLASTON

Vincent Lopez, well-known big band leader who featured such musicians as **Glenn Miller**, **Charlie Spivak**, and **Artie Shaw** in his ensembles, died September 20 in North Miami Beach, Florida. Lopez was 80.

The son of a naval bandmaster, **Lopez's** father instilled his son with vigorous practice schedules. At the age of 12, **Vincent** entered a Catholic monastery with plans of becoming a priest, only to forsake that idea three years later to fully embrace music. He led his first band in 1916, filling in for a leader at the **Pekin Restaurant** in **Times Square**.

He was contracted to play at the **Pennsylvania Hotel** in **New York** in 1921, and remained there for five years. He conducted his orchestra in a series of radio broadcasts over station **WJZ**, the late night events becoming world famous. In 1925, he opened his renowned **Casa Lopez** in **Manhattan**, a club which burned down two years later. A subsequent reincarnation attempt failed.

1928 brought him into the **St. Regis Hotel**, where he performed regularly until the height of the **Depression**. From '34 through '41 he toured the country extensively, acquiring many of the superlative sidemen who were later to become famous on their own.

For a quarter century between 1941 and 1966, **Lopez** played the **Hotel Taft's Grill Room**, eventually acquiring his own 15 minute daily program over the **Dumont** network.

Lopez was well-known for his interest in numerology and astrology, having penned a book called *Numerology* in 1961. He spent the last years of his life studying the speculative fields.

Gary Burton

FOUR MALLETS CANDOR

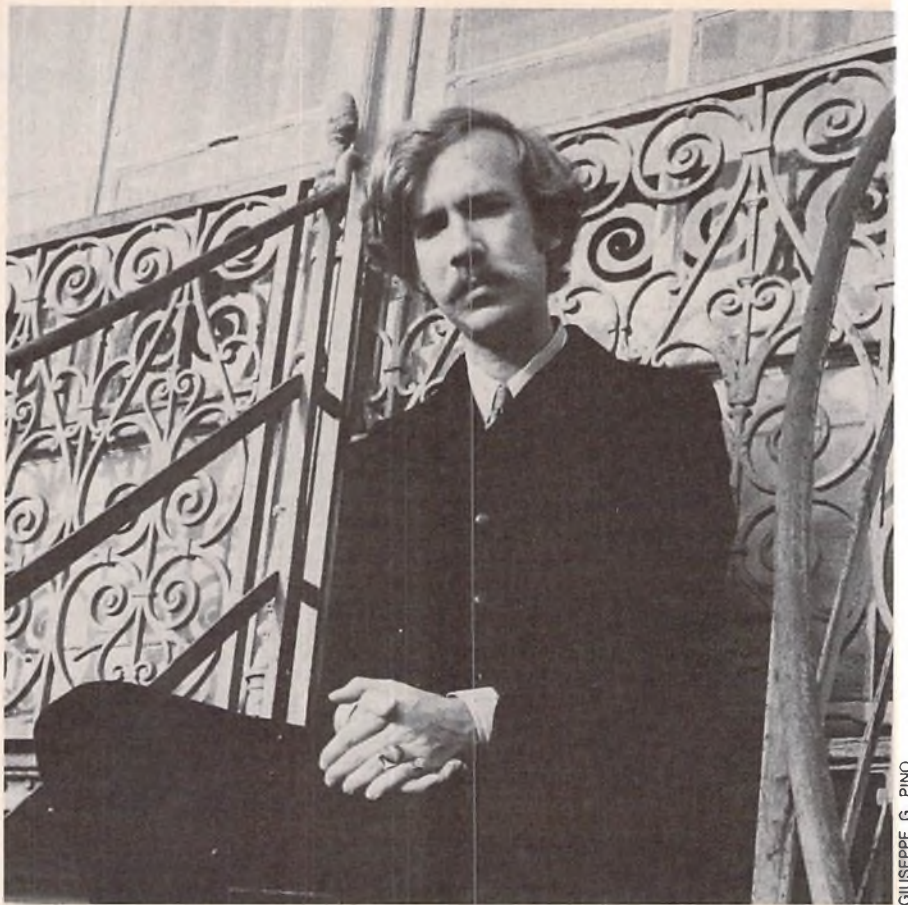
by
Charles Mitchell

Self-analysis is implicit in the work of any growing artist. One can hear the aural probes released by musicians truly concerned with seriously expanding the limits of their expressive possibilities. These searching qualities are reflected in their own playing and that of the players they choose to join them. No matter how unique and established the artist's personal voice, the work of the best is constantly open-ended. Even as one statement is finished and complete in itself, a future expressive direction is implied.

The basic nature of a voice/style can remain the same, but the vocabulary expands, the perspective it expresses grows in its boundaries and sharpens in focus. Awareness of past and future unite in the present musical moment.

This quality of music, complete in itself yet looking forward, has always been audible to a greater or lesser degree in the music of Gary Burton, one of the most tasteful yet adventurous of artists. But the probing quality of his music has never been as pronounced as it is now. Burton's music has inevitably been presented without histrionics, musical or theatrical; thus, Gary is not a "personality." He rarely commands magazine covers: though he perpetually wins the polls, there may be a tendency to take him somewhat for granted.

Coupled with the consistently more prolific flow of ideas and projects from Burton, his superb performance group, and other friends, is Gary's rare ability to verbally articulate his past and present career directions with a frank and clear-sighted candor. For example, he can critically trace the development of his professional musical history over the years, and freely admits to not being able to listen to any of his old records. "The work seems immature. I started recording earlier than most people do in their careers. The first five or six albums I made were really my developing years. On the first couple, I'd only been improvising for a year or so. Everything was very naive. You can hear my various little stylistic travels, experimenting with various approaches to playing and different influences, until I finally started to crystallize into something of my own. Most people wouldn't start recording until that point had been reached: but RCA had an interest in me as a possible



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

prodigy, so I ended up doing all those records, and those in particular I feel very uncomfortable with."

The "possible prodigy" may be underrating himself slightly, but he is quite correct in terming *The Time Machine*, a 1966 trio date with perennial collaborator Steve Swallow on bass and Larry Bunker on percussion, as the LP that marked the arrival of his musical maturity. In the years before that, Gary had quickly grown out of being a musically-isolated vibes student in the relatively unsophisticated Indiana wilderness.

"I played a lot at home by myself when I was first learning," Gary recalls. "I naturally started filling things in and accompanying myself because it sounded too empty as a single line instrument. I also started playing the piano, self-taught, because there was one in the house and I found the instruments to be similar. By the time I was into my teens, starting to hear jazz records and getting interested in the music, each instrument was starting to affect the other, and it became clear to me that they were, in fact, heavily related."

Thus developed the embryo concept that several years later was to offer listeners, and other budding vibists, an alternative way of hearing the instrument other than the sound put forth by the main man, Milt Jackson. Bags, of course—not to mention his antecedent, Lionel Hampton—had been mainly influenced by horn players. Burton reintroduced a four-mallet technique that had little to do with the sounds of his predecessors. An exception was Red Norvo, who did much of his work with quadruple hammers, and in whose playing style one can hear much of what Gary was later to develop. But Burton hadn't heard Norvo, either.

"I didn't really listen much to vibes players at all, because the only ones that were popular at the time were Milt Jackson and Terry Gibbs, a little bit. I knew who Hampton and Red Norvo were, of course, but they weren't current when I was learning and I didn't hear any of their records. Milt was the heavy, and my own way of hearing and approaching the vibes was so different from his that he never really struck me as an influence, despite the fact that I enjoyed his playing, and marveled at how great he was.

"Certainly Bill Evans was a big influence for a while there, because his keyboard concept was among the clearest to me of any pianist. He used the piano in a very non-mechanical way, with a remarkably flowing, melodic phrasing ability. This was the same challenge I was faced with on the vibes, how to make it seem more musical, how to approach it technically so that I could get the most out of the instrument and yet be as expressive as possible."

Burton recalls that the maturity his playing began to evidence around the period of *The Time Machine* recording led him into a period which was then eclipsed by the formation of his own first group, following work with George Shearing and Stan Getz. It was another outgrowth of his burgeoning self-expression. "I picked a group that had not been a common instrumentation, and we also picked an area of music that was fairly wide open for exploration. That was the group that recorded the *Duster* album."

Duster featured Gary with Larry Coryell on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, and drummer Roy Haynes. Released in 1967, it remains one of the freshest sounding dates of late '60s, early fusion music. But though Gary and Coryell sported mod attire and long hair,

coupled with a more rock-oriented texture to the electric guitar, the first Burton group, like subsequent editions, was a contemporary improvising ensemble definitely cast in the jazz direction, though looking elsewhere. The nature of the music really had little to do with the image-induced jabber in the jazz press about "jazz-rock."

Gary's freedom to record and experiment at will on RCA vinyl is clearly reflected in the series of LPs he released after *Duster*, all sensitively produced by Brad McCuen. There was the brilliant collaboration between Gary's quartet, composer Carla Bley, and several other top New York avant gardists, *A Genuine Tong Funeral*. This "dark opera without words" was the first major exposure on LP for Bley, who has been a constant contributor to the Burton book in ensuing years. *Funeral*, moreover, was a courageous blend of contemporary "classical" forms, cabaret music, and improvisational "jazz" whose ideas were later to be fully expanded in *Escalator Over The Hill*. It was an album (now out of print, as are all of Burton's other Victors) way ahead of its time.

Also apparent in Gary's work for the RCA label was an interest in country music. *Tennessee Firebird*, recorded in Nashville, wasn't too well-received upon first release, but Gary insists, "We all had a great time doing that record and it has worn well with the passage of time." The country influence is subtler and also better assimilated on what may be the best of all Gary's RCA dates, *Country Roads And Other Places*.

In many respects, this album (Gary's last for the label) sums up the initial phase in Burton's career as a leader. The country *tones* are present in most of the numbers, though no country *tunes* are played. This may be due to the presence of the remarkable, underrated Southwestern guitarist Jerry Hahn, whose style, like those of Dewey Redman, Ornette Coleman, and Fathead Newman, reflects the Texas-Oklahoma influence of both country music and blues. Other tunes on the disc, like Michael Gibbs' *A Family Joy*, have a decided rock and roll feel. There is an eloquent reading of the standard *My Foolish Heart*, and, perhaps most importantly, a thrilling solo cutting of Ravel's prelude to *Le Tombeau De Couperin*, with Gary double-tracking the vibes against his own supple pianistics. Critic Philip Elwood was not off the mark at all when he called the music on *Country Roads* "modern American chamber music." It's a record that effectively culminates a period in Burton's career, while indicating his future concerns with song forms outside of the jazz and straight popular musical mainstreams.

The death of Steve Sholes, the RCA V.P. who had been the biggest supporter of Gary's musical directions at the label, coupled with the insensitivity of the new management, led Gary to Atlantic Records, where his friends Joel Dorn and Arif Mardin took over the

producing responsibilities. While at Atlantic, Burton moved into yet another phase in his personal musical development. He articulates it this way: "I decided to get involved in projects that didn't necessarily involve the group. I did albums with Keith, Stephane Grappelli, and the solo disc—also the r&b tracks on *Good Vibes* and later, for ECM, the album with Chick. I had to prove to myself, to some extent, that I was not musically dependent on anybody or anything, and I tried to do this by placing myself in a variety of different contexts. I wanted to show that I could do it either way, as a solo or with a group."

But like many musicians who have spent long periods of time with major companies, Gary had reached the end of his recording rope by the end of 1971. "I was about ready to give up recording completely," he recalls, "for a couple of years at least, toward the end of my Atlantic contract. I realized that I had made by that time about 15, 16, 17 albums under my own name between the two companies. I had this huge collection of records out—some had sold a little, some very well, and few had been exactly what I had wanted. Recording was always one compromise after another, always having to work with people who saw things differently. I was just fresh out of ideas, and I said to myself, 'I think I can get along without it for a while.' The duet album with Keith and the solo, *Alone At Last*, were the last things I did for Atlantic."

Enter Manfred Eicher, the German producer whose ECM Records operation turned Burton's attitude on recording completely around. The association with Eicher and his blue-chip label marks, for Gary, the latest period in his development. "This is in the area of sound, speaking just technically for now. The vibes sound better now on record than they ever have before, because of the technical advances in recording and the creative use Manfred puts them to. That's given another dimension to what the music can do. In addition, I've also found sound systems that I use in live performance to be better than they have ever been. The vibes take on a stronger, fuller, more generally pleasing tone quality. It's changed my style: I find the instrument far more expressive now."

Eicher himself has a remarkable knack for capturing the ringing overtones of a piano or vibes without distortion; the full quality of the instrumental tone is always present. And though Gary feels that recording techniques in general have improved to a remarkable point from those initial RCAs, he does note that, "I did go back to do a date for Atlantic a year ago as a favor to Arif, and I noticed that the vibes sound was just awful." It may be, general improvements notwithstanding, that Eicher knows something that has yet to be assimilated by the industry at large.

But there are other reasons why Gary says, "It's the first time I've ever felt the record company and I were on the same wavelength, frankly." For one thing, Eicher's protean abilities in the studio elicit Gary's complete trust. "Manfred oversees every detail from start to finish. Usually in most record companies, you deal with a lot of different people for different things. But Manfred takes care of everything, and he has a great ability in the booth to know what a session is going to turn out like in the final mix, technically speaking. For instance, when I come into the booth and listen to the playback on the huge speakers and everything, it sounds hot, live, and great to me. I can't tell that much about how it's going to turn out in the final mix—and there is a difference. Manfred seems to know when he's got on the rough tape what he needs for the final mixdown. He's able to spot right away those things that most of us notice only a lot later."

The Burton recording philosophy is flexible depending on the material. Few takes are needed for something that has been rehearsed and played in performance repeatedly, as in the case of the duet recording with Chick Corea, *Crystal Silence*. Corea and Burton did a concert together with most of the tunes on the LP featured, so only a couple of takes on each tune were needed.

"On the other hand," he continues, "some albums have all new material. In the case of *Ring*, our latest group recording, we had a guest artist, (bassist) Eberhard Weber, with whom we'd never played before. We had to learn each tune with him to fit his instrument into the group's arrangements. In that case, an hour or two was allotted for each track, depending on how complicated it was."

As far as actual recording studios are concerned, Gary remarks on the difference between European and American set-ups: "There are all kinds there, just as there are over here: there are top-quality ones and cheap operations. Among the nicer ones, however—there are these two or three that Manfred uses—there is just nothing comparable to them in the States. In Studio Bauer near Stuttgart, where we did *Ring*, the engineer knows the music, can discuss what you're doing with you intelligently, and knows his equipment. You never have to stop for an equipment failure or have cause to notice the technical side of things—it all goes so smoothly and quickly, so calm, and the quality is always the very best. We love it there."

"That's not to say there aren't good studios and people in New York, for instance. It's just that you have to deal with New York while you're recording there. For me, that means hassling with the instruments on the street, freight elevators, hotels, taxis, where to park the truck. It's hard to get into the music and get these endless hassles out of your mind. Just entering New York City ups my metabolism about three degrees and always makes it harder for me to play there. And it's hard to find good studios elsewhere. There used to be one in Boston that we used some, but it went out of business."

Burton's most recent sessions for the label are the aforementioned *Ring*, which features Gary's current ensemble—percussionist Bob Moses, guitarists Mick Goodrick and Pat Metheny (the latter on electric 12-string), and bassist Swallow—with guest Eberhard Weber, the German bassist-composer of

"Now I'm not against big bands per sé, even though I don't play in them much and there isn't much of a role in them for me as a soloist. But the only big bands that are commercially successful these days are questionable musical examples as far as I'm concerned: Maynard Ferguson's band, Stan Kenton's band, Woody Herman's. I've heard all these bands at least once in the past year . . . and they're not the kind of influences I would suggest for a young musician to learn from."

Colors of Chloe note. In addition, ECM has lately released two duet albums: *Hotel Hello* is a brilliant collaboration with Swallow, *Matchbook* a friendly exchange of ideas with guitarist Ralph Towner, an instrumentalist whose style bears many surprising similarities to Gary's.

"I think frankly that *Hotel Hello* is going to turn out to be the masterpiece album of any that I've done, for my own playing's sake. I'm very proud of it. Usually, one has a certain preference for the most recent thing one has recorded; but we did it well over a year ago and I've lived with the tapes of it for several months. It still strikes me as the best representation of my playing that I've ever gotten on a record." Indeed, the album is an unforgettable conversation between two life-long musical friends, an energetic dialogue of natural coherence and intimacy.

Gary is objective enough an interpreter of his own work that he can be relied upon in his own analysis of it. "I know it's the best because when I hear the solos back, they're the most logically developed, the most emotionally clear in intent of any work that I can remember on my recordings. What's happened throughout my career is that I envision the ultimate statement I can make with each song, and then I listen to the playback and see how close I came in actual performance. A good solo will duplicate my mental image of the way I should sound nearly exactly in a number of moments. In other words, how I feel about the tune will come out in the playback. In a fair performance, it might only happen a couple of times in the course of a solo. The rest may sound all right—no big embarrassing clams or anything—but nonetheless just marking time. On an extremely good one, it seems as if it's happening throughout: logical continuity from beginning to end, right in the groove. It's only been in the last few years that I've expected to have it that consistent."

Gary adds that this neo-Platonic concept with which he approaches performances has little to do with how the average audience will react to a given live or recorded hearing. "A listener would hardly know the difference, if he was listening just casually. Psychologically, of course, it makes a big difference to me. And someone who listened to a record over and over until they got to know every inch of it—which people do, you know—would be able to discern the differences, too. In order to wear well, therefore, a recorded performance has to be nearing the impeccable stage."

This remark led to further speculation on the technique of capturing the proper performance in the studio. "You generally get a very clear sensation after a certain take when that one was it. On some occasions, you don't get a definitive reaction about it: so you do a number of takes and it becomes clear that each take sounds approximately the same as the last one. You have maybe three or four takes that don't sound particularly inspired, but that you don't want to change drastically. At that point, you usually say, 'OK, it's in there somewhere,' and you move on. It depends on the type of track, really, but about half the time we get that reaction that says, this is the one."

"Recording is a weird phenomenon, anyway. You have this moment that's frozen in time, and you go back and re-live it over and over in a medium that's meant to be spontaneous

creatively and somewhat ethereal. Recording has changed music in general, and jazz in particular, into a very literal medium. To use an analogy, people stare at your painting very intensely, repeatedly, and get to know every little detail: every possible criticism is thought of. Misinterpretations are highly possible; you have to make it all the clearer on the record, so that it's able to be played under a variety of circumstances and still have its message intact, as what you intended it to be. Once it's done, you live with it longer than you'd sometimes like to.

"I mean, not a week goes by where somebody doesn't come up and ask you about that second chorus on such and such a track on this particular album. That makes you realize how much your work is being scrutinized. The way your records are reviewed, the comments that you receive—it's like an author and his books. It's our medium, and even though we do get to perform live as well, records is the name of the game as far as even being able to work before good audiences.

SELECTED BURTON DISCOGRAPHY

HOTEL HELLO (with Steve Swallow)—ECM 1055
 MATCHBOOK (with Ralph Towner)—ECM 1056
 RING—ECM 1051
 SEVEN SONGS—ECM 1040
 THE NEW QUARTET—ECM 1030
 IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST—Polydor 6503
 CRYSTAL SILENCE (with Chick Corea)—ECM 1024
 ALONE AT LAST—Atlantic S-1598
 GARY BURTON AND KEITH JARRETT—Atlantic S-1577
 PARIS ENCOUNTER (with Stephane Grappelli)—Atlantic 1597
 THROB—Atlantic 1531
 DUSTER—RCA Victor (out of print)
 A GENUINE TONG FUNERAL—RCA Victor (out of print)
 TENNESSEE FIREBIRD—RCA Victor (out of print)
 COUNTRY ROADS AND OTHER PLACES—RCA Victor (out of print)
 THE TIME MACHINE—RCA Victor (out of print)

You have to make records."

The current group Gary has chosen to help him convey his message on stage and vinyl is well-suited to its task. It is an elegant, polished group of versatile talents who, not coincidentally, also know how to swing like madmen.

Out of the many unique aspects of the Burton ensemble, two facts stand out in particular. The first is that Gary is using two players that date back to the beginning of his career as a leader. Each has traveled his own path in the intervening years, and those paths have now led back to Gary Burton. The two musicians are Moses and Swallow. About the latter, Gary notes, "Steve Swallow gave up the acoustic bass about five years ago, because he found that techniques were not compatible between the electric and acoustic basses. Most players find that out. Steve determined that if he was going to play one or the other, he had to do it full time, and the electric bass seemed most ideal for the kind of music he wanted to play. So he re-approached the instrument: he plays it with a pick all the time, which few jazz players do; he changed the fingering system around to a more guitar-ori-

ented style. He plays it on its own terms, so it doesn't sound like a plugged-in acoustic bass. It took him a couple of years to get to know the instrument, but he did it properly in that he dropped all preconceived notions, finding his own voice on the instrument and treating it as a separate entity, independent of the acoustic instrument."

Swallow's career, of course, has over the years been so intertwined with Burton's that, while one recognizes their remarkable qualities as individuals, it becomes almost impossible to not think of them together. To say that their relationship is compatible is to say the least. "Well, it has gone through changes over the years," Gary says. "But we've found that we've evolved in the same direction, following similar paths in style and change. Overall, Steve makes a wide-ranging contribution to the group. He not only plays, but he writes a lot, and his overall perspective on the group's music is remarkable. He's the one that I usually talk to first about almost anything in terms of direction. He's the one that I plan the albums with, primarily; then we spring it on the rest of the group to get their opinions and ideas. Usually we try to be very democratic about how we plan everything, but I notice that Steve and I usually end up making most of the decisions."

As for drummer Moses, "Bobby was one of our first drummers, and one of the best that we'd had. There were a variety of reasons why we changed to Roy Haynes when we did. Partly it was to get Roy, who was a very close associate and friend of Steve's and mine from the days with Stan Getz. Also, Bobby was quite young at the time—19, I guess—and was intent on experimenting a lot with his playing. We often had difficulties over whether a certain effect should be used or not. So we decided to make the change to Roy. That proved to be a good thing for the group over the year and a half he was with us; his prestige alone lent a lot to it. Meanwhile, we stayed good friends with Bobby, and he pursued his own career with a number of groups. We met up again musically on one of Mike Gibbs' records, *In The Public Interest*—this was in '73—and it really went great. Eight months after that we started looking for a new drummer, and Bob was the logical choice." The irrepressible Moses has his own album out on his own label, *Mozown*, a truly amazing recording called *Bittersuite In The Ozone*.

The other standout fact about the group is instrumental: it is rare to see an improvising ensemble of Burton's format with two guitars. Mick Goodrick and Pat Metheny, (*db*, September 11) play twin roles that aren't completely identical: Metheny works only on the electric 12-string within the group. The genesis of the approach is worth noting.

"We realized," Burton recalls, "that the trend was toward larger and larger rhythm sections—in performing bands and also on records—to the point where we ourselves rarely made records without adding extra musicians to help fill out the sound. People were expecting to hear it fuller and bigger. The first thought we had for the permanent ensemble was to add a keyboard player. A percussionist was suggested, and finally another guitar—that was our third choice. But we couldn't really find anybody that seemed right for us on keyboards or percussion, and we weren't that desperate to start holding auditions for dozens of people."



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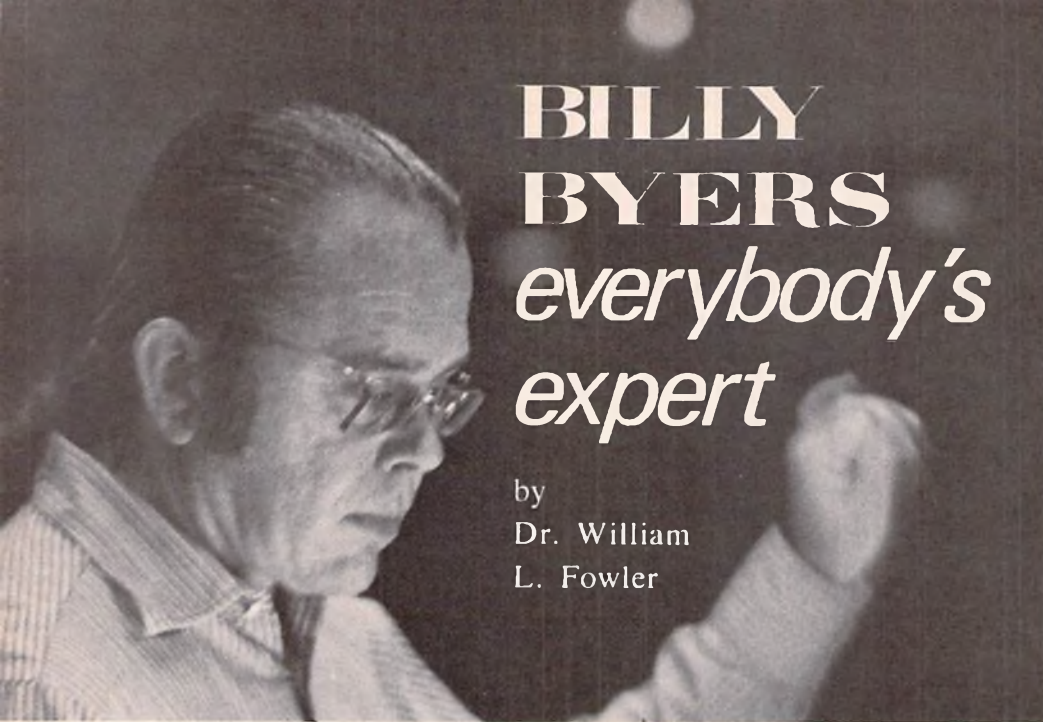
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BILLY BYERS *everybody's expert*

by
Dr. William
L. Fowler

Among those who know musical quality and need musical aid and guidance, there's an unspoken motto: "When in doubt, call Billy." That's why he orchestrated the current Marvin Hamlisch Broadway smash, *A Chorus Line*; that's why he's refurbishing Hamlisch pieces for the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra; that's why he wrote the new Julie Andrews TV special and a special medley for Jerry Lewis' Muscular Dystrophy Telethon; that's why he is recording Telly Savalas albums while he writes for Frank Sinatra's upcoming one-man Broadway show guesting Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald. That's why so many film and TV composers enlist him when they get crunched in frantic deadline rushes: they know he can produce quality and authenticity in their own particular styles.

Billy's versatility ranges from bone-playing on Zappa's *Hot Rats* album to composing for and conducting European symphony orchestras. And though he's aware of his own strengths—a fine-tuned ear, a bent for humor, logical judgment—he's still his own most exacting critic. Yet he'll patiently encourage the most raw beginners at school clinics. He's truly a blend of the tough and tender.

"I try to treat my clients with kindness, the people who go out and perform and make records. Theirs may be very short-lived careers and they need all the help they can get. And I try to respect them. This is not always possible, but I can usually find something to focus on that is truly fine. Then I direct my arranging towards enhancing that strength. I try to rescue weak areas, too.

"Some of the people I accompany are not really wonderful musicians: they are stage personalities. For them I just lay down pretty chords and nice melodies. Whether they sell only one record or make a big hit is not dependent on the music itself; it's really dependent on their public image. I help them as best I can, but some of their projects are of dubious inception. And when I later listen to the finished projects, they're often still dubious. But I feel a heavy responsibility to the people I work for. And the pressure they and their managers generate is always intense. Usually they want the music yesterday, never

considering that while it only takes a couple of minutes to think up the idea for the arrangement, it takes eight to ten hours of backbreaking penmanship to get it on paper.

"But no matter how big a problem all the last minute decisions on what tune to do and where to do it are for arrangers, the recording industry still continues its "Hop A Hit" syndrome: everybody wants to be up to date. The record they want to copy is just out. They've got to move quickly before everybody else jumps on it and gets it out there. They've got to make their money from the latest novel idea before the entire industry cashes in and runs it to the ground in a few months. So the poor artist who comes up with a catchy idea gets a pretty good run for a while, but earns much less than the people in the industry who are feeding on his idea. That's why we might see a former rock star out sticking up a bank. Chances are he didn't study, improve himself, search for something new.

"There's no predictability in what the next musical style will be. Maybe some little rhythm section out in a Pasadena basement is right now inventing the next hot thing. But as soon as it catches on, the whole industry will jump on it.

"Right now in the music market people are buying images rather than actual music, instrumentalists, or singers. We're seeing second and third generation personalities being restarted, people with long experience in show biz, people who know how to grease the skids of the business. As soon as people tire of an image, though, that image is out of the business.

"Although I respect most of the people I work with and for, my dearest friends are arranger/composers, people like Johnny Mandel or Pat Williams, and the many others who I hope won't be offended if I don't mention them. We hang out amicably—we're not hostile to one another. We don't feel that we're one another's competition—we all just do the best we can. When we have time off we spend it together, often talking about music, helping each other with mutual brain-washing. If one of us, for example, has just taken a lesson from somebody who had an interesting idea, he'll put it out on the table and we'll all get to

think about it. All of us work too hard—longer hours than doctors or lawyers.

"As for myself, when I have a close deadline, when I get into it hot and heavy, as I have been for three or four years now, I get up early, work until I'm tired, lie down for a cat-nap, get up to work some more, and keep this routine going until the assignment is finished. In a span of 28 to 30 hours I'll have done my whole routine. During these deadline-beating periods, the sun going around the earth has nothing to do with my existence: one day I'll get up at six in the morning; next day it might be noon; and then maybe six at night. I take to living a 30-hour day. But when immediate deadlines are not pushing me, I get up in the morning and write till my brain slows down. Then I'll stop and if any of my family is awake, we'll hang out together and I'll listen to records. Then when I'm fully refreshed again, I'll work some more.

"Naturally, I prefer to take my time writing so I'll be doing my best. If, for example, I get an assignment due next month, I start it right now. Then when I get it finished ahead of time, I can relax (if nobody has called me in a rush-rush panic) without constantly thinking it's got to be done, how am I going to get it done?

"But many arrangers, from having been under pressure, procrastinate a lot. If their deadline is a week from today, they'll wait until they're jammed up for time, then do everything at the last minute. To get down to work, they require a looming deadline.

"As a matter of fact, there are many arrangers in the industry who have built up big reputations for their speed. Some of them are very good. But it's a little bit like being a batter: there aren't any 1,000 hitters. If a batter gets one in three, he's doing fine. It's the same way in writing. You can't always write a wonderful arrangement. And if procrastination delays things, you can't always get a good performance at the end of the line because you had to call players too hastily to get a good band together."

Concerning the work habits of a professional arranger, Billy can offer some good advice for neophytes.

"Wasting time is the worst thing an arranger can do: there simply aren't enough hours to allow it. Look at Bach's output! And look at his work habits! When Bach was working for Duke William, some horseman would dash up and tell the Duke, Baron So-and-So is going to visit you this weekend, whereupon the Duke would summon Bach away from his work table. Baron So-and-So is coming next weekend. I think it would be nice if we had a Mass. So Bach would roar back to his table and start composing the mass. His whole family would be there at the kitchen table copying. It would be just barely finished at the time the Baron was getting ready to go hear it. There would be a hasty rehearsal and if some spot didn't quite get prepared right, Bach would improvise it on the organ. There wouldn't have been a Mass for the Baron if Bach or any of his family had wasted time.

"The most important habit for young arrangers who want to use their time well is to get up every morning and write for several hours. Not all day, but in the morning when the brain is freshest, when anyone can write best.

"And the arranger, to avoid excessive eye-strain, should use white paper, and white light, and black ink or very black pencil. The more contrast on the paper, the easier on the eyes. Everywhere I go to see stage hands I run into that green paper. It's hard to write on and it's hard to read from. My composition teacher had me write with a pen, which I still prefer. Pens require a lot less muscular effort than pencils, make the music easier to read, and are easier to use nowadays if they are the right pens. I use drafting pens—Esterbrook barrels and Osmiroid points. The blackest ink is India, which stuffs up most pens. But I've discovered that mixing 40% household ammonia with India ink solves that problem. And there's that green stuff for sale in the grocery stores, Pinesol. It's excellent mixed with ink to keep it flowing, even if it is a little hard on the pen's bladder.

"In the old days when we didn't have electric erasers and translucent paper with the staff lines printed on the back of the sheet, we used to use ink eradicator. We found out that the common ingredient of all the eradicators was Clorox. So to save precious time we mixed up some strong eradicating potions of our own. One day Johnny Mandel and I saw that our hands were red and peeling. The Clorox was taking our skin off. So we diluted our eradicator mix. In those days I started to smoke so I could have a lit cigarette handy to warm the wet eradicator spots so they'd dry fast.

"Arrangers should know styles. Sometimes, for example, a little Bach will be required. When Oliver Nelson needed some Bach for a Universal picture, he got the *Ari Of The Fugue* from the library, studied it, then wrote one of the nicest fugues I've ever heard. The studio fiddles roared into it with great gusto 'cause this is the stuff they say they really can play. Unfortunately, since Oliver is a jazz man, he wrote it in B flat and they floundered for an hour and a half, where if he'd written it in the key of A, they'd have conquered it in about ten minutes.

"I find that the best way I can assimilate a style, classical or pop, is to surround myself with it. Whenever I'm not working, I try to have music playing in the background. Often when I want to analyze a record, I'll leave it playing all night while I sleep, especially if I can't decide whether I like it or not. By the time morning comes and that record has been on the top of the stack, I'll know very well whether I like it or not. And I'll go over to the piano and play some of the integral parts. When I'm not writing, I'm not learning—unless I surround myself with music. And hearing music when I'm asleep is a great way to use time.

"But for my really concentrated listening I have to be awake. And I find that the best way to concentrate on something I want to learn is to focus in on one thing at a time. I'd suggest listening first to the general record, then just to the drums, trying to figure out what they're doing physically. Then concentrate on the bass. Write down what it's doing.

This goes for every instrument. In classical music one should zero in on the reeds one time. Then he should zero in on the horns. Then the strings. Then the brass. Then the percussion. It's a matter of single-minded and dogged concentration.

"In the beginning, an arranger constantly feels as if his neck is out on the chopping block because he's dealing with stuff he's not familiar with. He's making his experiments. Well, I'd like to be able to say that condition stops after a while. But to this day I still have that feeling: I'm always making experiments, not knowing whether they're going to come off. I've gotten a little slicker about them, but I don't really know if something's going to work until I hear it. That's the final test—the hearing. Another discouraging problem for young arrangers is that the bands they write for are not made up of polished professionals. And when the band is out of tune, the arranger might not realize that's why his chords and voicings don't sound like the records he's heard. Arrangers have to learn to separate the music and the performance. Personally, I'd rather hear bad music beautifully played than hear beautiful music badly played. So arrangers should be kind to their musicians. They'll be rewarded by better performances.

"In the need to keep abreast of the latest, being a professional arranger is not unlike being a doctor or a lawyer, who have to understand the new antibiotics or the current court decisions. And music, just like medicine or law, is always changing. There are specialties, too, in music as well as in medicine and law. So every New Year's Eve I make an assessment of what my goals are. I ask myself what I have done this year and what I should work on next year. Each year I'll pick out some aspect of music to develop my skills in—counterpoint, perhaps, modalism, an aspect of color or of rhythm, maybe, different kinds of chord changes, that sort of thing. Then for a year I'll concentrate in my writing on improving myself in that particular little area of music. And the many years of my doing this have paid off in increased technique and confidence that's necessary for me to be happy with the diversified work I'm now doing, all sorts of different stuff.

"And I'll still be happy with the same diversity in my work in the future, no matter how many new styles come along. I'll keep on studying.

"As the years have passed and I've grown more assured of the content in my music, my thinking about the size of my orchestra has come around full tilt. In my French days I liked to write for the big orchestras available to me, but currently I like small orchestras, the smaller the better. With the big orchestra, one can dazzle everybody with fancy footwork, even if the music doesn't have quality content. But with a small orchestra, the content is so clear that the writer really has to have interesting ideas. If I were to pick an ideal instrumentation, I'd use four of something, like four french horns, four trombones, four strings, or four reeds. If they were

reeds it would be a section of clarinets, a section of flutes, or a section of bassoons—four bassoons are delightful! Then I'd have one each of the other instruments for solos and for some sparse pointillism around the section's playing. I'm very fond of solo lines accompanied by an occasional chord or passage in four parts. Solos let players avoid cutting down the scope of their virtuosity like they have to do when pulling together in the big sections of a big orchestra. My ideal small orchestra would give the soloists all the freedom they need for nuance. A dozen or so men would be terrific. I could use, for example, four french horns, a trumpet, a trombone, a piccolo, an oboe, and bells, plus a rhythm section to generate energy. Or a vocal or string soloist could be included instead of one of the other soloists. Just so there would be plenty of color variety."

This interview caught Billy in the act of moving into his spacious new home near Malibu. Nevertheless, Billy and his wife, Yuriko, remained gracious during our ten-hour interview, which was punctuated by phone calls from producers, with accompaniment by the background hi-fi and the happy sounds of the Byers' family life-style. During those ten hours Billy revealed his musical past, actually a history of association with every kind of musician, a history of his development into the consummate musician he now is.

"Almost from my birth in 1927, my middle-class parents, typically, seemed bent on making me culturally presentable—a little acting, a little music, so I could perform at community gatherings. And by the time I was seven they were convinced that I was really and truly gifted. Then began my serious piano study. By age eight I was playing organ at church and demonstrating electric organs. The company that made them paid for my instruction. Then every two weeks they'd take me to a parent-teachers meeting, put me in short pants, and tell people I was six years old (I was small for my age). Then when all those parents saw me doing my organ number, which featured *Alexander's Ragtime Band* in stop-time for the fee, they'd say, 'If that little idiot can play the organ, so can my child.' Then they'd rush to plunk down three thousand dollars for an electric organ. But after a few years of this I told my father, 'Get this thing out of here. It's too inhuman to stand.' That was a long time before Jimmy Smith. As soon as I heard him, I started to love the organ.

"During this time, my father, an eccentric LA physician, began taking me along on his house calls. If there was a piano in the house I'd render *The Happy Farmer* or *Ritual Fire Dance*. Among my father's clients was a violin-playing former teacher of the Leipzig Conservatory named Paul Sawtell, who recognized an opportunity to defray some of his wife's huge medical bills by instructing me. From the time I was ten for seven years he taught me harmony, counterpoint, composition and orchestration. He showed me the short cuts as well as the legitimate devices: he wanted me to be a Hollywood kind of orchestrator, not a music teacher.

"When I began to get arthritis at around 14 and couldn't be a piano performer anymore, Paul Sawtell said my compositions were sounding too pianistic anyway and I

"I'm always making experiments, not knowing whether they're going to come off. I've gotten a little slicker about them, but I don't really know if something's going to work until I hear it. That's the final test—the hearing. . . ."

should play a nice, easy orchestral instrument to gain orchestral experience. He suggested the string bass, but I had an uncle I admired who played the trombone. Besides, another of my father's clients was Ernie Smith, the first trombone player with Republic Studios. So I became a trombonist. And by age 15, I was working studio calls and playing in *Karl Kiffe And The Hollywood Canteen Kids*. Since we were being paid for working a couple of nights per week at the Canteen and also working at Ken Murray's place, we became the richest juvenile delinquents in Hollywood. And the Canteen owners paid for new arrangements, so I started my professional writing career, too.

"By the time I graduated from high school, even though I was doing well, my father decided I should go to Harvard. He felt, with considerable reason, that law was a better racket than music. But after having had my Hollywood experiences, I kept looking into bebop chords instead of Harvard Law School tomes. And after one year there, it was back to California and directly into the Army,

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most of my 13 months of service being spent at Sheppard Field in various musical pursuits while I thought about taking a shot at film music orchestrating and composing.

"After my Army stint, nearing the age of 21, I did just that, a series of pictures in which I was promised at least the orchestration credits on the screen. But another name appeared, so I decided that film-writing was a job for an old man and that I liked to play jazz, anyway. I joined Benny Goodman's band, playing trombone and arranging, and ended up in New York, where Benny decided to disband. But I'd had nine months with soloists like Wardell Gray, Doug Mettome, and Buddy Greco. And Chico O'Farrill, who deeply affected my arranging ideas, was with the band. While working out my New York card, I played with Charlie Ventura, then replaced Johnny Mandel as staff arranger for radio station WMGM when he moved to the Sid Caesar-Imogene Coco television series, *The Show Of Shows*. My radio band had a bunch of sax, trumpet, and trombone players who doubled on strings, just right for me to 16 □ down beat

get experience in writing for strings pop style.

"When WMGM decided to put on a Jewish *Calvacade Of The Air* and they thought I couldn't write Jewish music, I joined Johnny Mandel and Irwin Kostal as a staff arranger for *Show Of Shows*, where for five years I gained diversified experience, especially in musical comedy. We'd write for Metropolitan Opera stars, legit and Broadway dancers, vocal groups, and every kind of Broadway star. It was 90 minutes of music to write every week. And none of us did the same thing all the time.

"The work load was so tremendous that when the *Show Of Shows* ended its run, I again decided that I'd rather be a trombonist. But that, too, got to be a totally-consuming load. We'd make jingles at 8 AM, cut regular records all day, then go back to the studio after the Broadway personalities had finished their night club shows to record sessions with them. And by 1955, after five years of New York trombone playing, I leaped at the chance to go to France, where Ray Ventura, the French equivalent of Paul Whiteman, was adding a record company to the approximately 35 music publishing firms, literary companies, and film production units he owned, including the Brigitte Bardot ventures. The new recording company never got off the ground because all the featured artists were Ray's relatives. But I stayed in France, anyway. I composed some films and orchestrated others, working with good composers like Georges Auric and Germaine Tailleferre, a wonderful woman. Occasionally I'd take a lesson or two from somebody like Nadia Boulanger or Stephan Volpe, then work on what they taught me for a few months. I was disappointed that the French didn't seem to like the music of Michel LeGrand, or Ravel and Debussy, for that matter. But I was happy to have the chance to write for and conduct excellent 80-or-so piece orchestras in the day and play bebop trombone at night. Still, I wasn't writing any jazz, so after a couple of years in France, I headed for New York, where I was apprehensive about getting work. But Urbie Green was out of town leading Benny Goodman's band, so I worked my customary 16 record dates my first week in New York.

"I cracked my knee rushing up the stairs to my penthouse apartment. And there in my bed, flat on my back, in my weakened condition, I said, 'Yes,' to Quincy Jones' proposal that we write a remake of *St. Louis Woman*, which was to do its off-Broadway run in Europe. We put it together in Brussels and Holland, then moved it to Paris, where the critics panned it, especially those who understood English. It folded. And there I was again in Paris looking for work.

"I got a job as technical advisor for an American film company shooting *Paris Blues*. I had to teach Paul Newman how to play the trombone and to translate for Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong in addition to supervising the recording sessions. But when the producers insisted on using Rue Pigalle club date musicians instead of the Paris recording studio men I had recommended to play members of Louis' band, I had to resign. Then after those club musicians had wasted a couple of weeks shooting time, the producers rehired me at twice the price and put me in charge of technical advice for all the pictures they were then shooting in Europe.

"When I once more went back to New

York I worked closely with Quincy at Mercury records. For five years, from 1960 to '65, I'd work 20 hours a day, save some money, then spend it recuperating at my father's beach house in California. I met and married Yuriko during these years, which made the California vacations a superb pleasure.

"One of the albums I did for Mercury was *Impressions Of Duke Ellington*, where I took great liberties with his songs—made 'em kind of funny. I was a little apprehensive about what the Duke's reaction would be, but he bought 500 copies, gave them out as Christmas presents, called me up to write for his band, and at the recording session yelled at the engineers to do a better job!

"My years with Quincy and Mercury also put me in touch with Count Basie. I had been down at Birdland listening to the band every chance I had, becoming a Basieophile, so when I got to write a couple of tracks for a Basie album Quincy was working on, I felt a dream coming true. Later I did a series of albums with Basie, some with songs of the day as their material, a most difficult assignment, for the straight eighth-note effect of rock melodies, which sounds so brilliant and right when a rock band plays it, will sound more like a waltz than the swinging shuffle when Basie plays it. I had to stop doing Basie albums, not because of the band, but rather because some executive wanted an album called *Basie Plays The Beatles*.

"I finally left New York for my present California home base because of a talk with Dave Grusin. On one of my vacations at the beach house, he asked me to share *The Girl From UNCLE* with him. I said, 'Gee, I don't really want to work in California.' He said, 'Well, it's a pretty good thing. We only have to record two days a month. We can do two weekly episodes in one day. You do two. I'll do two.' I said 'What do they pay?' He said, 'They pay \$1,500 per show.' I thought, 'I'd make \$3,000 in one day. Of course, there would be a week's writing. . . .' So I said to hell with New York. While I was working my annual job with the Jerry Lewis Telethon, Yuriko closed out our New York apartment. We moved into the beach house to await our furniture, but when it reached Chicago, the job had fallen through.

"I hadn't worked in California for so long that nobody there knew me except other arrangers, who were all very busy with motion pictures. So for several years I orchestrated for practically everybody in California. Then I did one picture of my own, *The Young Americans*, which turned out to be an absolute disaster—the only time an Academy Award winner has been disallowed! It got thrown out of the Academy when it was discovered that it had been shown in Florida prior to the official year of competition. After that experience I didn't feel like composing any more films for a long time. I'd like to now, but the pictures don't seem to be coming to me. I'm happy, though, with all the diversity my free-lancing is now providing."

And so Billy Byers has defined his own role in music, as a specialist in varied styles. And while the bureaucratic safeguards, such as five years' faithful service guaranteeing lifetime tenure, are lacking in the music business, men like Billy can feel secure. The music industry will always need someone who demonstrates that his adaptability never diminishes his musical quality. db

Terry Riley

Doctor of Improvised Surgery

by Robert Palmer

Terry Riley's *In C* has proved to be the single most influential post-1960 composition by an American. George Crumb and the other American post-serialists have their corps of adherents; Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and other composers of Black Classical Music have had a profound, worldwide impact, but their improvisational procedures have been more influential than any one of their compositions. *In C*, on the other hand, has inspired a unique range of responses from artists working in a variety of areas. Some of the better-known American composers whose work would be much different had Riley not written *In C* include Phillip Glass, Steve Reich, and Frederic Rzewski. Several pop groups and figures, including Soft Machine, John Cale, and Eno, have borrowed heavily from Riley. Echoes of his structural ideas and keyboard sonorities are evident in some contemporary jazz.

In C consists of 53 melodic/rhythmic motives, most of them as short and simple as a whole note or a group of six or eight sixteenths. It can be played by an ensemble of any composition and size. The musicians begin by playing the figures consecutively, but each one proceeds at his own speed, so that the melodic kernels soon begin to overlap in wild profusion, forming constantly shifting prismatic relationships with each other. Within the apparent stasis of a single key signature and the repetition of simple figures, a sound universe of infinite variety emerges, a universe whose content will be quite different each time the piece is performed.

In other words, *In C* is not just a score; it is a template or blueprint for collective improvisation. For this reason, Riley's work has often been compared to jazz, and, indeed, his career has touched and responded to developments in jazz in several illuminating ways. He worked his way through college playing ragtime piano in the Gold Street Saloon, on San Francisco's Barbary Coast. His first major composition involved a collaboration with trumpeter Chet Baker, and he was inspired to use the soprano saxophone by hearing John Coltrane. So, although Eastern music has had a considerable impact on him, Riley is a truly American musician. He is now a self-contained composer/improviser. When he performs his *Rising Moonshine Dervishes* on Yamaha organ with tape delay, the music shimmers like light rays bending in a haze. Compact melodic kernels shift in relationship to each other over a series of kinetic ostinato bass lines; the musical processes expounded in *In C* have been refined and condensed into a framework for solo improvisations which are mesmerizing and breathtakingly lyrical.

This interview occurred in New York, where Terry had been performing his *Dervishes* improvisations for a week as part of a two-month long "Dream Festival" sponsored by the Dia Art Foundation.

* * * * *

Palmer: Tell me about your earliest musical experiences.

Riley: OK, I'll see what I can remember. I was born in Colfax, California in 1935, and grew up in Redding. My mother and father were not musicians, but I was always doing music; almost before I could talk I could sing all the songs on the radio. Most of my youth I spent growing up in the sticks, away from cultural centers, and the



EDMUND SHEA

music I heard was mainly popular and country and western. I had a few classical piano teachers when I was little, but I didn't go to any big cities or get serious about my piano studies until I went to San Francisco State, when I was 18. Then I started doing recitals and composing music for piano and for chamber groups, influenced mainly by French music: Debussy, Ravel, Milhaud, Poulenc. And by Bartok. And then I got exposed to Schoenberg and Webern and I began to write chromatic pieces, imitating their sound. But 12-tone music just didn't feel good. It was too full of anxiety, too dark; it had such a narrow range.

Palmer: Then you met La Monte Young? (*Young is the founding father of the so-called static or hypnotic school of American composers. He now lives in New York and directs the Theater of Eternal Music.*)

Riley: I met La Monte around 1960; we were in a composition seminar at UC Berkeley together and we became very close. I heard his *String Trio* (a work which takes five minutes to present four notes), and the long tones and general feeling had a profound influence on me. He used to talk in those days about getting inside a note, inside the sound. I felt very sympathetic toward what he was trying to do and we started working together, as musical directors for Ann Halprin, the dancer. There wasn't much electronic music around; we made sounds by resonating floors and windows, scraping wood and metal, Zen-type things, and she danced to them.

Then La Monte came to New York and I stayed on in California, finishing up my degree. I got some cheap Wollensak tape recorders and began working with tape loops. Then when I went to Europe after getting my M.A. the idea of the loops, the repetition and the different cycles all came together, stayed in my mind, even though I had no equipment. While I was traveling around Europe, playing piano, making happenings, I had only two records with me. One was a French BAM recording of Moroccan music, dervish-type stuff from the Atlas mountains, very repetitious and hypnotic. The other one was *Cookin' With The Miles Davis Quintet*.

Palmer: So you were already into the idea of slow changes within repeating cycles, and into improvisation.

Riley: Yes, I feel like I got into those areas partially through my association with La Monte, partially through my travels, and partially through my own temperament. I visited Morocco and was very impressed with the music, but I think the main reason I started doing this kind of music was that my own spirit felt happy with it. I could do it for a long time and still feel good, still feel balanced and centered.

In 1963, just before I left Europe, I did a piece by taping Chet Baker's band playing and then cutting the parts up. In other words, I recorded all the instruments separately and then re-formed the parts. They were playing Miles' *So What* with that bass figure, and I took the bass part and stacked it up so that I had six layers of bass, and then I looped it, put it through delays, things like that, so that by the time I had finished putting the piece together there were like 20 trumpets, 15 basses. That's when I started really working with long-term tape delay and with loops, and after I started on my way back to the States I decided I'd like to try the same ideas purely with instruments, no tapes. I started making sketches and then one night after I was back in California I started hearing the whole first line of *In C*. It just sort of came into my ear and I wrote it down and then started

SELECTED RILEY DISCOGRAPHY

IN C—Columbia MS 7178

A RAINBOW IN CURVED AIR—Columbia MS 7315

PERSIAN SURGERY DERVISHES—Shanti 83.501-2 83.501-2

With John Cale

CHURCH OF ANTHRAX—Columbia C30131

(The Shanti album consists of two LP's and documents two separate performances of *Persian Surgery Dervishes*. It is available by mail, as are albums by La Monte Young and Pandit Pran Nath, from Dia Art Foundation, 141 Wooster Street, New York, N.Y., 10012.)

"For me, improvisation has become the most important element in the music, the real thing that breathes inspiration and life into it. . . . I feel so metaphysical about music that I almost hate to talk about it in any kind of way. To a certain degree I work everything out . . . but as I'm playing along, I never know what's going to happen next. . . ."

working it out from there, using the techniques I'd developed in Paris. The next fall, '64, it was premiered at the San Francisco Tape Music Center.

I wanted to go back to Europe and Morocco after that. I was going to get a boat from New York and instead I ended up staying here four or five years. For awhile I played with the Theater of Eternal Music, La Monte's group, and then I decided there was a sound I wanted to get with the soprano saxophone. I'd been listening to Coltrane a lot and was very much in love with his soprano sound, so I got one and started teaching myself to play it and combined that with the ideas I'd worked on with the Chet Baker group. I got a couple of tape recorders and started playing through them with delay. That piece *Poppy Nogood* which I recorded for Columbia is something I used to play in various forms at concerts for four or five years. (Poppy Nogood and the Phantom Band is on Riley's *A Rainbow In Curved Air*. It was released in 1968 as his second Columbia Masterworks LP, the first having been *In C*, released a year earlier.)

Palmer: *Poppy Nogood* reminds me of festival music from cities in Morocco, when you hear double-reed horns that sound like your soprano, playing from the minarets of mosques and echoing off the buildings, but *A Rainbow In Curved Air* sounds more like what you're doing now with the *Dervishes* series. But while you were doing these improvisational concerts, *In C* was getting a lot of attention. *Glamour* called it "the global village's first ritual symphonic piece." Wasn't there a certain amount of pressure on you to come up with the global village's second ritual symphony?

Riley: Well, I saw at the time that the opportunity was open to me to go on and do *In A* and *In Bb* and make each one more and more elaborate. But I felt that *In C* was really complete, that it's the beginning and the end of an idea. A lot of people have tried to rewrite it, but I haven't. In fact, I never wrote any more music after that; I started improvising. For me, improvisation has become the important element in the music, the real thing that breathes inspiration and life into it.

Palmer: When did you start doing the *Dervishes* pieces? Was *Persian Surgery Dervishes* the first?

Riley: Yes. I started working on that before *A Rainbow In Curved Air*, but I didn't record it then. The first germ of the idea was an earlier piece called *The Keyboard Studies*, which I started around 1965.

Palmer: How would you describe the structure of the *Dervishes* improvisations?

Riley: Well, the pieces started with just a four-note motive, which started to define a mode. I used to play a very simple version of just permutations on the four notes F, B, Ab, and D. Then, a long time later, I . . . added C. (Laughter) As I kept playing it, I tried to tie it together into an overall rhythmic structure; that slow, underlying beat you hear in the left hand is a 16-beat basic pattern. I use the tape recorder to give me an echo, one delay after the original signal, and I integrate that into the melodies and patterns that I'm playing. I work out a series of interrelated patterns within the mode that are varied with constantly shifting alignments. That is, I move the patterns against themselves, and sometimes I do the same thing with one hand playing double speed. One of the patterns in *Persian Surgery Dervishes* is 40 beats long, and when you start moving that one around against itself it becomes pretty difficult. Actually, a lot of the devices I use are just contrapuntal devices that have been with us for centuries, but the application is different from what anyone did before. I think that's the thing in my music that's been most interesting to people writing music now. It's given them a new tool to work with.

Palmer: If the mode and the patterns are fixed, to what degree are the performances improvisational?

Riley: I almost hate to talk about it, you know? I feel so metaphysical about music that I almost hate to talk about it in any kind of way. To a certain degree I work everything out, right? I work out many fixed, set patterns, but as I'm playing along, I never know what's going to happen next. Suddenly I'll bring in themes that I never imagined, or I'll start accenting in different ways or recombining patterns differently. You can hear the structure going by, you can hear one idea evolving into another, transformations taking place, but it's

very difficult to say what the structure is in words. Everytime I play it seems to happen differently, and that's the magic of improvising, for any improvising musician.

Palmer: When I heard you do *Rising Moonshine Dervishes* last night, I kept thinking of "moonshine" in terms of mountain stills. I was getting this mountain music, Louisiana hayride imagery.

Riley: That's true, the harmonic structure of that piece has a lot of mountain-type chords in it, I and IV are the predominant chords which are worked into the modal fabric of the music. I was thinking of calling it mountain something. But titles are just icing on the cake. Sometimes a title will happen, like *A Rainbow In Curved Air* gave an image of space and so on to the music. But on the other hand, you can just throw a title on something that you called something else the week before, just to satisfy people who have to call it something.

Palmer: What's the significance of the *Dervishes* titles?

Riley: The reason I use the word "dervishes" is that I really admire the saints and dervishes. They have all forms, just like God, who has every form and shape, so the titles are just my imagination, my images of saints taking their ethereal forms.

Palmer: What about your equipment? The organ you use seems to have some of the capabilities of a synthesizer.

Riley: The Yamaha organ I use has a touch sensitive keyboard. There's a stop that allows the tones to rise and fall about a quarter-tone above and below the pitch by moving your finger to the left or right. Also, there's a touch-sensitive harmonic shaper so that you can increase or decrease the harmonics by using the key laterally. And I had variable resistors added, so each oscillator is variable up to about a tone and a half.

Palmer: Do you tune to harmonic relationships outside tempered pitch?

Riley: Yes. When you get them, the organs are tuned to equal temperament, and in modal music that's really a hindrance. You'd have to have something like 53 notes to the octave to be able to modulate easily in just intonation (a tuning system in which intervals are "spread" to conform to the harmonic overtones of a single tone, rather than "pinched" to produce 12 equidistant semi-tones as in equal temperament, the tuning system used in Western concert music). But you don't have to modulate in modal music. You have only a few tones and you want to hear them clearly in tune, so they all have to be adjusted separately. That's why I had the oscillators put on.

This is another area where I owe a lot to La Monte. He's done a lot of work in tuning, as you know from hearing *The Well-Tuned Piano* (a Young composition for piano retuned into just intonation). I learned a lot from working in his group during the mid-'60s, and from my studies in Indian music, in regard to tuning. It allows you to slow down your pace and really savor each note that you're playing, which is something I could never do when I was playing tempered instruments. On an equal tempered piano you hold down a chord and it goes wahwahwah, you know, beating. It feels very unstable. That may be one of the reasons why Western music in general is so jumpy; because of the instability of the tuning you just want to get it on and create a lot of movement, so that you don't notice the beats between the notes. It's especially true of music dominated by the piano.

One thing I'm doing with the Yamaha is tuning two sets of tonics and dominants, so that a beat that's about a second and a half in duration separates the two tonics and the two dominants. When you press them down together you get a kind of phasing effect, because the beats actually make a separation in the sound. You hear that a lot in Southeast Asian music; they consider the beats within the music, that shimmering effect, to be a holy feeling, and they use them very precisely to create effects. In the case of the organ, it makes it sound more orchestral.

Palmer: What was your knowledge of Indian music when you began working in these areas?

Riley: I had hardly any. I had heard Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan play a couple of times, there were a few recordings, but even later, after I'd heard Indian music a lot, I still didn't consider seriously studying it. I found it interesting, but I wasn't that strongly influenced by it. But then this tape came over of (Indian vocalist) Pandit

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

THE LAST CONCERT—Atlantic SD 2-909: *Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise; The Cylinder; Summertime; Travlin'; Blues In A Minor; One Never Knows; Bags' Groove; Confirmation; 'Round Midnight; A Night In Tunisia; The Golden Striker; Skating In Central Park; Django; What's New?*

Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibes; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

This beautifully performed and superbly recorded double album is a fitting farewell message from the longest-lived group in jazz history.

22 years—19 with this personnel, the only change having been Kenny Clarke's replacement by Connie Kay—of consistently superior music-making is a group record unlikely ever to be matched. And when one considers just how much has happened in music during this period, the MJQ's achievement becomes even more remarkable.

From the start, the quartet's only commitment was to music, and throughout its career, there was no vacillation, no tampering with principles, no compromise with the marketplace. That it nonetheless proved viable in that marketplace was due to a number of factors, among them intelligent and honest management, but above all the existence of an audience ready and willing to support what at first was a daring experiment.

Once the MJQ became reasonably well-established, it had to suffer criticism that in retrospect seems quaint and often foolish regarding its supposed overreliance on borrowings from the European classical tradition. These, it was claimed, were elements alien to the jazz tradition, graftings that could result only in devitalized musical hybridism. This type of theorizing (musicians as well as critics were guilty of it) was often combined with sneers at the MJQ's insistence on dignified appearance and deportment, as if well-cut tuxedos and good manners were also, in some odd way, alien to jazz.

The MJQ, of course, was perfectly within its rights to experiment with classical forms, and besides, for every fugue in its book there were several blues. Far from losing sight of the jazz tradition, the MJQ helped to extend and preserve it, even as some who claimed to be its keepers were abandoning it.

Within what appeared to be limitations of instrumentation, the group accomplished an astonishing variety of textures and moods, and if its two leading musical personalities superficially might seem opposite poles, they were in fact uniquely complementary, as this album once again demonstrates.

Milt Jackson is probably the most consistent of the great improvisers in modern jazz, and he is in brilliant form here, notably on

Summertime and on his classic and ever-popular *Bags' Groove*—not to forget *Night In Tunisia*. But it is his interplay with John Lewis on the wondrous *One Never Knows* (to me, the high point of the concert and a kind of summation of the quartet) that brings out in Jackson a very special quality and level of music making. (Only Monk has comparably stimulated him.)

With due respect to Jackson, it is Lewis who most often reaches the heights on this occasion. There is such joy and freshness in his work that it is hard to accept the fact that each piece here must have been performed literally hundreds of times by the quartet. Each piano solo on this album is a meaningful musical statement, the work of an artist of rare grace and wit. And Lewis' sense of structure, development, balance and contrast informs not only his own solos but all the quartet's music.

Still, the MJQ was a great collective, and we must not slight Heath and Kay. The bassist has several delightful solo spots, and the one on *Blues In A Minor* is a gem. His virtues include near perfect intonation and a sound that is full and round, yet never exaggeratedly fat and obtrusive. He never calls attention to himself, but his part is essential.

Kay is also discreet and discerning; a more flamboyant drummer would have upset the fine balance of the group. It takes listening, but his contribution to the varying textures of the group is crucial. And he can be strong when called for: hear his firm and steady brush work on this delightful version of *Golden Striker*.

About the repertoire: this is a representative cross-section of the MJQ's work, with six Lewis originals, two by Jackson, a triptych of modern jazz classics by Monk, Parker and Gillespie, and three evergreens. Four are blues and several more partake of the idiom; there are no fugues. The playing is as strong as ever, the music as fresh as ever. The MJQ will be missed, but its members will continue to contribute, and maybe even get together from time to time. One never knows. Meanwhile, there is the recorded legacy, of which *The Last Album* is a key part. Thank you, gentlemen!
—morganstern

WOODY SHAW

THE MOONTRANE—Muse 5058: *Moontrane; Are They Only Dreams; Tapscott's Blues; Sanyas; Katrina Ballerina*.

Personnel: Shaw, trumpet; Azar Lawrence, tenor, soprano saxes; Steve Turre, trombone; Onaje Allen Gumbs, piano, electric piano; Buster Williams, bass (tracks 1 & 2); Cecil McBee, bass (all other tracks); Victor Lewis, drums; Tony Waters, congas; Guilherme Franco, percussion.

At a time when the record market is saturated with electric-formula-fusion LPs, Woody Shaw's *Moontrane* is indeed refreshing. With his first album in several years as a leader, Shaw has chosen to work in a standard acoustic format using traditional horn voicings and rhythms.

As a player, Woody has a wonderful lyric imagination and a style rooted in the musical turf plowed by Kenny Dorham and Lee Morgan. His tone is crisp, at times flirting at the edge of brittleness, yet it's a sound that can be broad and mellow as on Gumbs' lovely melody *Dreams*. And throughout the recording it's Woody's biting attack that reaches out over the ensemble, leading but not dominating.

The band itself is a superb one, with instru-

mentation that makes it similar to a little big band. Lawrence provides strong but not frantic reed support. His solo on the title track, for example, is beautifully constructed and organized within a limited blowing space. Turre, who's played electric bass in Chico Hamilton's recent bands, is a trombone player with good range and a fresh style.

The rhythm section is led by Gumbs, who likes building excitement with interesting chord progressions, and it is as cohesive as it is pulsating. The inclusion of Waters' congas and Franco's percussion provide additional rhythmic layers and textures. Both McBee, who is heard on all but the first two tracks, are broad toned players who are continually active within the shifty rhythmic framework of each piece.

The compositions for *Moontrane* represent the writing of four of the musicians in this spirited, close-knit unit. Shaw penned the title track and the beautifully melodic *Katrina Ballerina*. Lawrence contributed the hard driving *Tapscott's Blues*. Gumbs offered *Dreams*, a complex ballad with shifting tempos, and Turre wrote *Sanyas*, the album's longest track. The latter is an intense poly-rhythmic composition with a variety of textures and colors, ranging from Franco's talking drum to McBee's acappella bass passage.

—nolan

DAVE LIEBMAN

DRUM ODE—ECM 1046: *Goli Dance; Loft Dance; Oasis; The Call; Your Lady; The Iguana's Ritual; Satya Dhvani (True Sound)*.

Personnel: Liebman, soprano and tenor saxes and alto flute; Richard Beirach, electric piano; Gene Perla, electric and acoustic basses; John Abercrombie, electric and acoustic guitars; Jeff Williams, drums; Bob Moses, drums; Patato Valdez, acoustic and electric congas; Steve Satten, percussion; Barry Altschul, percussion; Badal Roy, tabla; Collin Walcott, tabla; Ray Armando, bongos and percussion; Eleana Steinberg, vocal.

*** 1/2

"Drums and drummers. For me, they've been the moving force and inspiration—a reason to live and celebrate life through playing music. Thanks to the men who play the drums. This music is dedicated to you." These words are spoken by Dave Liebman at the beginning of *Drum Ode's* first track.

Unfortunately not all of *Drum Ode's* cuts provide "a reason to live and celebrate life through listening to music." Liebman's *Loft Dance*, for instance, I find problematic for several reasons. First, Liebman's and Abercrombie's attempts to double the melody's line are sloppy and careless. Then, Abercrombie's overly busy comping behind Richie Beirach's excellent solo is a needless and unmusical distraction. Finally, Liebman's tenor playing is remote, thin and tentative as if he had been warming up in a somnambulistic trance. Perhaps Liebman wanted to suggest the casual, informal nature of a "loft dance." If so, he has let a programmatic urge to paint in tone overwhelm his usually sound musical sensibilities.

Oasis has a different problem. The first time I listened, I thought vocalist Eleana Steinberg might be attempting micro- or quarter-tonal effects. Not so. Simply put, Ms. Steinberg is not a singer, a fact apparently recognized during the final mix where her efforts are mercifully submerged as far as possible beneath the other tracks. Happily, the remaining cuts present a different picture.

Liebman's *The Call* is a crisp dialogue be-

tween drummers Williams and Moses and Liebman's echo-plexed tenor. Coltrane's *Your Lady* and Liebman's *The Iguana's Ritual* showcase Dave's outstanding approach to soprano; long, liquid lines are articulated by a hardcentered yet mellow tone. Liebman's *Satya Dhwani* is a free composition that takes a variety of directions and shape while featuring Liebman's alto flute and Abercrombie's acoustic guitar to advantage. Throughout these tracks and *Loft Dance*, the rhythm section provides an ever shifting and buoyant rhythmic bedrock which gives ample reason to celebrate. —berg

CHARLES TOLLIVER

PAPER MAN—Arista AL 1002: *Earl's World; Peace With Myself; Right Now; Household Of Saud; Lil's Paradise; Paper Man.*

Personnel: Tolliver, trumpet; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Gary Bartz, alto sax (tracks 3, 4, and 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

CHARLES TOLLIVER/ MUSIC INC.

LIVE IN TOKYO—Strata East SES 19745: *Drought; Stretch; Truth; Effi; 'Round Midnight.*

Personnel: Tolliver, trumpet; Stanley Cowell, piano; Clint Houston, bass; Clifford Barbaro, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tolliver's first session as a leader, released seven years after recording, indicates clearly the direction he's pursued towards no-frill, non-electric, hard-edged, rhythmically aggressive, horn-led blowing, an example of which is the '73 Tokyo concert with his group, Music Inc.

Paper Man is unpretentious in arrangement,

as though it were a live date; tunes are squarely structured with in and out ensemble choruses framing solos. Tolliver's compositions are clear and logical, blues based, and progressive along the course he's learned from leaders such as Max Roach and Jackie McLean. His supporters on the LP are colleagues from Blue Note sessions of the mid-'60s: Hancock, Carter and Chambers devote professionally sympathetic contributions to Tolliver's set. The trumpeter leads them and Bartz (on side two) without showboating, featuring the sidemen for a group sound.

The rhythm section is an ideal one. On this record as on many others Hancock demonstrates his superb gifts as an accompanist. His quietly ascending and descending eighth note triads behind Carter's plucking on *Peace* are reassuring and supportive. His long trilling lines are heard as percussive rather than harmonic counterpoint, and he stimulates Chambers, who responds attentively with enthusiasm and imagination, to the nuances of individuals within the unit.

Now! is the hottest cut on side one, with Tolliver turning the simple, snapping riff over to Hancock before entering himself and climbing right to the top of his horn and fast-tonguing the theme. The trumpeter's style is a model of directness and control. He hits all his targets, and his sense of silence and punctuation is acute. He also creates surprisingly long ideas that pull together elements of his compositions in rearranged complexity.

Bartz joins the group, adding to the cohesiveness of the ensemble though he is not soloing at his best. The saxist sounds occasionally overwhelmed, and falls slightly behind the pulse when trying to finish extended phrases. *Household*, however, maintains more

tension here than on the big band Music Inc. version, largely because of the altoist. Bartz and Tolliver handle the tricky turnaround line on *Paradise* with ease, and *Man* is as bright as the rest of the tunes on the album.

The Tokyo set is more fiery, assertive and wide open. Tolliver's tone has become much stronger, his use of slurs and space more adventurous, though it's doubtful he'll leave even conservative listeners behind him. Cowell is an introspective pianist, not as percussive as Hancock. His long association with the trumpeter has heightened his awareness of the music's flow. Houston is one of the sturdiest of the young bass players, and Barbaro is a drummer with strong chops, who needs only more experience.

Drought opens with a rich cadenza from the horn and textures rather than time from the rhythm section. Once the line is established, Cowell sits out while Tolliver takes the tune further, gradually becoming hotter and hotter, as though frustratingly in search of a thirst quencher. The trumpet tones become so dry and thin for a moment that Tolliver sounds like a reed player. When Cowell reenters he sounds confident, as though he knows of a waterhole, but he too becomes frantic, seeming to have lost the oasis. It ends with the trumpeter crying to the skies for rain.

Stretch is built around a bass line, and Houston pulls the beats apart to crowd notes between them, never losing track of his progress nor dropping a stroke, though his intonation is once or twice blurred. *Truth*, the only ballad on either record, is offered gently, as though its import is difficult to accept but ultimately strengthening. *Effi* is a waltz with a childlike melody that Tolliver states, then offers to Cowell. The pianist improvises

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lovely impressions, recalling innocent, happy memories. On *Midnight* the group takes startling liberties with Monk's classic, which has long been considered a challenge to improvisors. The quartet alternates slow and fast tempi, and the trumpeter recasts the melody to relate to the original's chord structures without ever stating the familiar theme.

Tolliver's a leading trumpeter, whose current output is satisfying in itself while promising greater achievement. Both of these albums are eminently listenable. —mandel

HERBIE MANN

WATERBED—Atlantic 1676: *Waterbed; Comin' Home Baby; Paradise Music; Bang! Bang!; Deus Xango; Violet Don't Be Blue; I Got A Woman; Body Oil.*

Personnel: Mann, flutes; Pat Rebillot, keyboards; Jerry Friedman, Jeff Mironov, Hugh McCracken, Bob Mann, guitars; Will Lee or Tony Levin, bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Allen Schwartzberg, Darryl Washington, Ralph MacDonald, Ray Barretto, Ray Mantilla, Armen Halburian, percussion; David Newman, tenor sax (tracks 1 and 7 only); Composers String Quartet—Matthew Raimondi, Anahid Ajemian, violins; Jean Dane, viola; Michael Rudiakov, cello (tracks 3, 5, 6 and 8); Cissy Houston, Sylvia Schemwell, Eunice Peterson, vocals.
Rating: See below

If I observe that not much need be said about this latest Mann effort, I imply no disparagement of what he's doing, done and doubtless will continue to do. We all know what it is, right—attractive, uncomplicated, funky, and unabashedly commercial dance music played, produced and recorded with thoroughgoing professionalism. But there's virtually no jazz content to speak of and little, if any, great imaginativeness or originality in its handling of the black pop/dance/disco music from which it takes its impulses and values. *Deus Xango* provides the album's sole bow in the direction of jazz, but the somber, almost ominous density of this piece sits oddly and uncomfortably against the exuberant inconsequentiality of the album's fundamental disco orientation. This nice performance of what is basically a mood piece of some power and restraint seems very much out of place in this collection, akin to one's coming across a John Collier story in an issue of *Teen Scene* or *Tiger Beat*. —welding

BUCK CLAYTON

A BUCK CLAYTON JAM SESSION—Chiarcuro CR 132: *Boss Blues; Case Closed; Easy Blue.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Budd Johnson, Zoot Sims, Joe Temperley, Earle Warren, reeds; Earl Hines, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Clayton, arranger, conductor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of the several jam session LPs performed recently by ad hoc bands of mainstream musicians, this is perhaps the most successful so far. Although the recent *Basie Jam* session (Pablo 2310 718) had much in its favor, it seemed to lack preparation. In assembling this date, Clayton had the good sense to provide a minimum of ensemble underpinning in the form of a trio of lightweight but adequate lead sheets. So although the soloist is still the star here, we at least don't get the feeling that the other musicians went to the men's room for a smoke while he blew.

Fact is, it's bracing as hell to hear those crisp ensemble riffs snapping at the heels of Newman, who plays with fierceness and passion on *Case* and *Boss*, and Budd Johnson, whose genius for mounting long, tightly constructed lines of almost pneumatic intensity is

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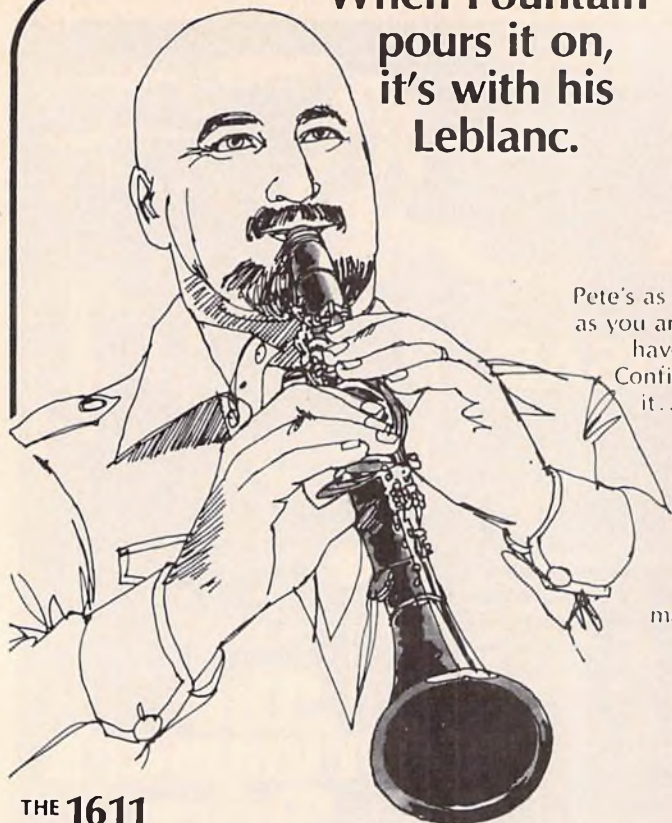
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monstrous in *Boss*. Hines' jaggedly swinging flourishes accented with percussive bolts of dissonance are a delight, especially on *Boss*, as he ties it all together in a masterfully climactic final eight bars.

Easy is a slow 32 bar form that stretches out for 26 minutes without becoming boring. Clayton's ensembles have clarity and color, and Johnson contributes a beautiful soprano sax solo. Warren's alto work soars nicely here, and Cheatham and Newman create a strikingly cohesive exchange that rises to engaging heights.

Yet for all its successes, the session lacks several things. A rhythm guitar for one. And although Gus Johnson is the nearly ideal drummer, the sheer presence of the brilliant Jo Jones would have added an extra half star at least to the above rating. And finally, the sound. Compared to the magnificent presence George Avakian achieved on the original *Clayton Jam Sessions* (due to be reissued next year by Columbia), the aural quality here is dead and studio-bound. Modern 24-track recording consoles have made engineers microphone-mad. That's fine for rock gigs where the creating is done in the mixing room, but for these pros a couple of well placed overheads would've done fine.

—mcdonough

CURTIS MAYFIELD

AMERICA TODAY—Curton CU 5001: *Billy Jack*; *When Seasons Change*; *So In Love*; *Jesus*; *Blue Monday People*; *Hard Times*; *Love To The People*.

★ ★

The strongest statement on *America Today* is the cover—an update of the famous photograph taken during the Great Depression, of black down-and-outers standing in front of a huge propagandistic billboard depicting a carful of smiling, well-dressed honkies, with the ironic moral emblazoned in letters child-high: "There's no place like America Today". Well, it's certainly as true now as then, but Curtis himself can't explain why anymore.

It might be unfair to be asking for political analyses from our "popstars" but when Curtis doesn't come through with a lyrical explication of what his cover suggests then he's doing nothing more than posturing. Can this be the same man who sketched out that rather pointed *Us/Them* dichotomy on *Superfly*? On *America Today*, Curtis, addressing the same brothers and sisters as three years ago, turns around—"Can't call no names—when you got your own self to blame." He proposes that old-time religion as an antidote during this "time of fear," an unquestionably strong medicine once upon a time but there simply aren't very many people organizing around it since M. L. King was done in. Why is Mayfield retreating in 1975? The O'Jays, Parliaments, even Stevie Wonder, aren't afraid to point their fingers.

Anyway, as far as the music itself is concerned, it's strong, well-arranged, and funky. Most of the tunes are run at ballad to medium tempo and Curtis sounds mighty convinced singing his lyrics. But I'm not, and the music alone isn't enough to inspire me to keep on pushing.

—adler

LOUIS HAYES

BREATH OF LIFE—Muse 5052: *Brothers And Sisters*; *Breath Of Life*; *Olea*; *Purely Unintentional*; *Bongolo*; *Kong's Dance*.

Personnel: Hayes, drums; Tex Allen, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Gerald Hayes alto sax; Charles Davis, baritone, soprano sax; Ronnie Mathews, piano;

A Yamaha sound mixer is shown in the foreground, resting on a wooden surface. The mixer is a large, professional-grade console with numerous knobs, sliders, and buttons. It is illuminated by a red light source, possibly a stage light, which casts a warm glow on the mixer and the surrounding area. In the background, the interior of a tour van is visible, with a license plate that reads "489". The overall atmosphere is dark and moody, suggesting a late-night performance or a quiet moment on the road.

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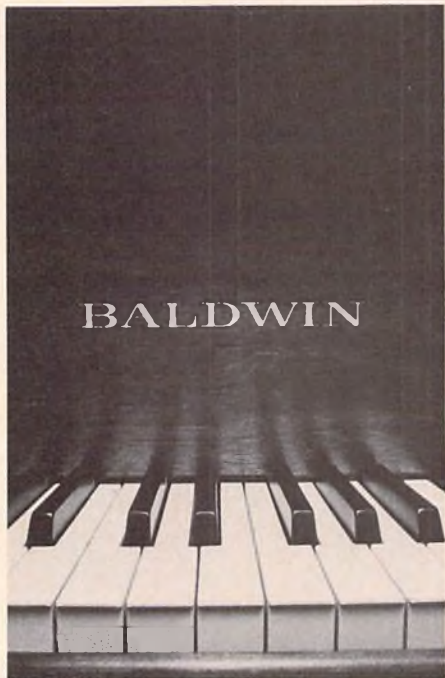
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David Williams, bass; Toot Monk, conga, misc. percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

A drummer with impeccable taste, Louis Hayes plays with brightness and precision matched by very few. Though still in his 30s, the percussionist has worked with some of the most successful musicians in jazz—Oscar Peterson, Freddie Hubbard, Horace Silver, Cannonball Adderley—and has maintained a dedication to the drumming style that evolved from people like Max Roach and Philly Joe Jones.

Here Hayes leads his own band of young musicians with the control and brilliant cymbal work that has always been his forte. The music is the straight ahead, mainstream jazz that has been a touchstone for many musicians who remain adamant about sticking to the more traditional forms. No electric funk, please.

The music of *Life* (most of it written by Allen and Davis) is happy, spirited, and up-tempo stuff supported by a hard-swinging rhythm section that includes a fine young bassist from Trinidad (Williams) who's presently found a home with the Elvin Jones group. The solos by Gerald Hayes, Davis, Allen and Mathews are solid and occasionally inspired. —nolan

WALLY CIRILLO/ JOE DIORIO

RAPPORT—Spitball SB-1: *Talla Sunshine And Naima Rainbow; Dance For Their Father; Sonnymoon For Two/Four Score; Emiereicity; Lovely Afternoon.* Personnel: Cirillo, piano; Diorio, guitar.

★ ★ ★

Recorded live in concert (at a Miami church) in April, 1973, this album is appropriately titled. The two musicians had been playing together for two years at the time, and are certainly finely attuned to each other.

That may be part of the trouble, for some of the music seems of the sort that brings more enjoyment to the players than to the listeners. But if dedicated collective improvisation is your cup of tea, and the absence of anything resembling swing doesn't bother you, you may find this a delightful record.

Guitarists and guitar lovers will want to check it out regardless, since a Diorio recording, unfortunately, is a rare event, and since Diorio unquestionably is a major talent. His sound alone is a pleasure to hear; even when he plays bottleneck (as in the opening to *Emiereicity*) it comes out round and singing. His ballad, *Afternoon*, is indeed lovely and lyrical, and Cirillo's accompaniment, played inside the piano, complements well. These two pieces, one the most freely improvised, the other the most straightforward and melodic, are what I like best on the album. *Talla* strikes me as rather slight and *Sonnymoon* as a bit windy. Neither seems to go anywhere in particular. And playing Rollins' theme without swing is a cardinal sin.

It's interesting to hear again from Cirillo, who made a notable album in 1955 in the company of no less than Charlie Mingus and Kenny Clarke (plus Teo Macero), helped out on J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding's first LP, and appeared on Johnny Mathis' first album; he has also, according to the liner note, composed three symphonies, studied with John Cage, and completed most of a lengthy treatise on music theory. His playing here is certainly informed with musical knowledge, but I honestly didn't find it very exciting or un-

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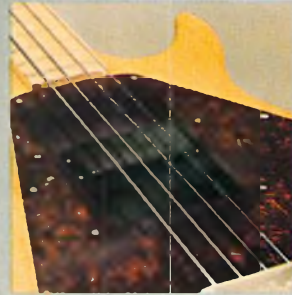
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usual, or even particularly jazz-oriented. But that may be my shortcoming.

This is a worthy debut for a new independent label. Hopefully, we'll get more from Diorio, maybe in the company of his sometime sidekick Ira Sullivan. —*morgenstern*

ALMEIDA-BROWN-MANNE-SHANK

THE L.A. FOUR—Concord Jazz 8; *Sundancers; Carioca Hills; Allemande And The Fox; Berimbau Carioca; Cielo; Prelude, Opus 28, No. 4 (Chopin)/How Insensitive; Old Time Rag; Manha De Carnaval.*

Personnel: Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Bud Shank, alto sax, flute; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

This album is easy to take—pleasant, listenable music from a pleasant, listenable group that has as its antecedents a series of mid-1950s Shank-Almeida collaborations, the well remembered *Brazilliance* and *Latin Contrasts* recordings that were among the earliest attempts at a fusion of Brazilian music and jazz. The combination of Almeida's classically-oriented acoustic guitar, Shank's effervescent alto, and bass and drums (originally Harry Babasin and Roy Harte), coupled with the lilting melodies and gently insinuating rhythms of the Brazilian and Brazilian-influenced music that comprised their repertoire, resulted in one of the most successful West Coast efforts at musical synthesis, a truly charming music that was one of the important sources of bossa nova. That music still holds up nicely after 20 years, and the recordings continue to give me pleasure.

Their instrumentation and format have been resurrected by the L.A. Four, a sometime working unit whose members are among

the busiest, most in-demand laborers in the Hollywood film, TV, and recording vineyards. In the main the approach still works, as these engaging performances attest. What makes it work is the material and the unerring professionalism of the group's members—its great strength and its weakness too, for there is little real feeling of involvement, of intensity, of true rapport and genuinely responsive interaction in what the four men do here. It's undeniable they play well together; after all, that's what they do so well, why they're top studio musicians. And it's as a result of this that the performances have such a fine glossy sheen to them. However, if you listen closely to them there's no great emotional depth or sustained, cohesive invention to what the two principal soloists play.

For all the sparkling assurance of his playing, Shank is the musical equivalent of a stylish interior decorator, an embellisher pure and simple, maker of cadences that merely parade as melodies. Because of this, rarely do his decorations resonate in the listener's mind once the record has been removed from the turntable. They just evaporate in the air. And he "gets funky" much as a pacifist might set about fulfilling his partner's request for a little violence in their lovemaking: that is, he'll do it but you know his heart's not in it. Almeida, on the other hand, seems too much a prisoner of his great technical prowess ever to turn loose, to relax his control sufficiently to let the music out to breathe and run free. There's an impression of almost dour rigidity in what he does. Contrast his handling of the berimbau rhythm with that of, say, Baden Powell and you'll see what I mean by this. Too much control and

not nearly enough ecstasy.

For all this the two work well together and, on one level at least, the music succeeds. The major difference, other than that of repertoire, between what they do here and what they did in the older *Brazilliance* recordings is in this set's greater reliance on their abilities as soloists. Beyond a certain point, this is unfortunately a liability rather than an asset. It was the tight, careful integration of written and improvised elements, no less than the marvelous selection of material, that made their older recordings so successful and memorable. The restoration of that artistic judgment along with elements of that older repertoire could do much in strengthening the few weaknesses this group now has.

Annotator Leonard Feather is quite correct in noting that "... the L.A. Four is a particularly welcome addition to the scene because its music is naturally commercial without being artificially commercialized. It is melodic, it has intellectual content, the empathy among its members is exceptional." Amen to all of that!
—*welding*

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THAD JONES/MEL LEWIS—Blue Note BN LA392-H2; *Jive Samba; Mean What You Say; A Child Is Born; Tiptoe; Get Out Of My Life; Come Sunday; Woman's Got Soul; Groove Merchant; Big Dipper; Little Pixie #2; Central Park North; Mornin'*

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Reverend; You Won't Let Me Go; Fine Brown Frame; Be Anything.

Personnel: Jones, fluegelhorn; Lewis, drums; Snooky Young (except track 2), Jimmy Nottingham (tracks 1, 2, 5-15), Richard Williams (tracks 1, 2, 4-15), Danny Moore (tracks 1, 3, 4, 8, 9, 11, 13-15), Danny Stiles (track 2), Bill Berry (tracks 2, 5-7, 10, 12-15), Al Porcino (tracks 3-4), Marvin Stamm (tracks 3-4, 10), Jimmy Moore (track 12), trumpets: Eddie Bert (tracks 1, 3-4, 8-9, 11), Jimmy Knepper (tracks 1, 3-4, 8-9, 11-15), Bennie Powell (1, 3-4, 8-9, 11-15), Bob Brookmeyer (tracks 2, 5-7, 10), Jack Raines (track 2), Tom McIntosh (tracks 2, 5-7, 10), Cliff Heather, Garnett Brown (tracks 5-7, 10, 12-15), Jimmy Cleveland (tracks 12-15), trombones: Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Joe Farrell (tracks 1-2, 5-11), Joe Temperly (1, 8-9, 11), Pepper Adams (2-3, 5-7, 10, 12-15), Billy Harper (tracks 3-4), Richie Kamuca (track 4), Seldon Powell (tracks 12-15), saxes: Barry Galbraith and Sam Brown (tracks 1, 8, 9, 11), Sam Herman (tracks 2, 5-7, 12), guitars: Richard Davis (except tracks 2-4), bass: Roland Hanna (except tracks 2-4), Hank Jones (track 2), piano: Joe Williams (tracks 5-7), Ruth Brown (tracks 13-15), vocals.

This new reissue of Thad Jones/Mel Lewis material presents the cream of that band's work during the late 1960s—and that's really saying something. The cream of Jones-Lewis is just about the best big band material available anywhere.

That's not to knock Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson, Buddy Rich, et al, but let's face it—That and Mel's group is in a class by itself.

The prime ingredient, I would say, is Thad Jones' incredible gift for arranging. His work is strikingly original, with harmonies and textures no one else would dare to try. Listen to *Mean What You Say*, one of the very best cuts. It opens with Hank Jones' noodly piano introduction, bouncing along with a bright

rhythm backup until the theme is introduced. From that point on, Thad's voicing (woodwinds and trombones together, for instance) spread the music throughout the band, so that when there is a unison statement of the theme it's twice as powerful as it might be in a more conventional arrangement.

None of this is gimmickry, however: each idea is musically valid and almost always musically exciting. Jones is equally adept at concocting wild ideas like the sprightly trombone-unison chorus in *Tiptoe*, and composing a moving ballad like *A Child Is Born*.

The roster of musicians on this album reads like a who's who, with Joe Farrell, Eddie Daniels, Jerome Richardson, Roland Hanna, Marvin Stamm, Garnett Brown, and Richard Davis taking turns in the spotlight, along with such Jones-Lewis stalwarts as Jerry Dodgion, Pepper Adams, and Cliff Heather.

Add to this the delightful pairings of the band with vocalists Joe Williams and Ruth Brown and you have the frosting on an already luscious cake. Williams' brash *Get Out Of My Life* and Ruth Brown's soulful *Be Anything* are worth the price of admission alone.

This two record set is more than essential Thad Jones/Mel Lewis. It's essential jazz for any collection . . . and by the way, it gets better every time you listen. —*malin*

PETE JOHNSON

MASTER OF BLUES AND BOOGIE WOOGIE 1904-1967—Oldie Blues (import) 2801: *Kaycee Feeling; Lights Out Mood; Dive Bomber; Answer To The Boogie; Mr. Freddy Blues; Zero Hour; Bottomland Boogie; Rock It Boogie; 1946 Stomp; Swingin' The Boogie; Rock & Roll Boogie; Yancey Special; J. J. Boogie; Swanee River Boogie; St. Louis Boogie.*

Personnel: Johnson, piano (all tracks); track 9: Oran "Hot Lips" Page, trumpet; Don Stovall, alto sax; Budd Johnson, tenor sax; Clyde Bernhardt, trombone; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Abe Boliar, bass; Jack Parker, drums; tracks 10-11: Bill Cooper, bass; Al Wichard, drums; tracks 12-15: Johnny Rogers, guitar; Johnny Parker, bass; Roy Milton, drums.

***** 1/2

JIMMY YANCEY

"THE IMMORTAL" 1898-1951—Oldie Blues (import) 2802: *35th And Dearborn; I Love To Hear My Baby Call My Name; Yancey Special; How Long Blues; White Sox Stomp; Make Me A Pallet On The Floor; Shave 'Em Dry; I Received A Letter; Eternal Blues; Jimmy's Rocks; How Long Blues; Make Me A Pallet On The Floor.*

Personnel: Yancey, piano (tracks 1-10), organ (tracks 11-12), vocal (track 2); Estelle "Mama" Yancey, vocal (tracks 6, 11-12).

A promising start for this Dutch label, these releases offer two significant figures of the small '40s boogie explosion, one a Cafe Society mainstay, the other an elusive near-genius. The portrait of Pete Johnson here is rather one-dimensional, but it may well be an accurate reflection of Johnson's performing ambitions. Spotted throughout his career are evidences of a skillful swing pianist, at home in many different styles, although his popularity was based on his adherence to boogie conventions. Right or wrong, we tend to think of him as the stylistic contemporary of Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis.

Yet even on this extroverted set, traces of Tatum and Teddy Wilson and periods of pure stride piano appear. *Zero* is almost a collection of swing styles, in fact, including much Hines, while *Mr. Freddy* is almost entirely a Fats Waller bit. Phrases tend to float from

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song to song, and it's typical of Johnson that in *Swanee* a very fine melodic strain is followed by a mess of quotes. The 1944 solo side is largely superior to side two (1946-49), primarily due to very good performances of *Kaycee* and *Mood*, a thoughtfully structured *Answer*, and an imaginative *Rock It*. Scattered throughout the set, though, are passages of considerable melodic vigor. Even if the rhythmic repetition makes this LP rather much for a single sitting, surely the swing and frequent bright moments can captivate modernist and moldy fig alike.

But Johnson's limitations were chosen, whereas Yancey's were so much a part of the man that they can't honestly be called "limitations." He never played fast tempos, his rhythmic imagination was simple, his vocabulary of left-hand figures small, his chording seldom more complicated than a major triad, his material stuck to 12- and 16-measure blues in a handful of major keys. He recorded only nine studio dates in his life; most of this set apparently comes from a 1943 workout for the obscure Session label. It's too bad the lovely *At The Window* wasn't included in favor of the relatively weak *Letter*. The important fact is that this is the only extant collection of an artist who, in William Russo's phrase, "talks with the gods."

This is a very personal, almost private, music wherein musical custom is forgotten and where every exactly conceived element glows with a special significance. A sense of structure that in its own way approximates Ellington's thoroughness motivates these works. Thematic development, motivic repetition, dynamic and rhythmic variation, climactic understatement, and integration of bass rhythm with right hand melody all culminate in a feeling of formal "orchestration" equalled by only a very few jazzmen. The piano *How Long* might have been a model for Monk: seven descending chords, one to a measure, substitute for Leroy Carr's classic melody, and, after careful relocation and variation, are distilled into seven descending notes. The piano solos and accompaniment in *Pallet* are more remarkable. Three chords in the "empty" two measures of each blues unit provide the sustaining element, while dynamic and rhythmic textures are varied until the best of all possible climaxes arrives via the return of Yancey's beautiful version of the theme.

Mama Yancey's vocals are peculiarly appropriate to Jimmy Yancey's extraordinary vision, beyond hope and hopelessness, beyond surprise, duplicity, decoration, almost beyond passion. The total content, in fact, is pure blues—and Yancey's dignity, intellect, and wonderful sense of melody demonstrate how satisfying, even fulfilling, this can be.

—litweiler

BUD POWELL

BUD IN PARIS—Xanadu 102: *Idaho*; *Perdid*; *Shaw Nuff*; *Oleo*; *Autumn In New York*; *John's Abbey*; *John's Abbey*; *Buttercup*; *Sweet And Lovely*; *Crossing The Channel*; *Confirmation*; *Get Happy*; *John's Abbey*.

Personnel: Johnny Griffin, tenor sax (tracks 1, 2); Barney Wilen, tenor sax (tracks 3-6); Powell, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass (tracks 3-13); Kenny Clarke, drums (tracks 3-13).

Bud Powell's later years were a classic chronicle of a brilliant talent in irrevocable decline. Right? Wrong. Bud Powell's later years were not seminal ones. But they con-

tained more creative, exciting and together music than, say, Lester Young's last decade. The buoyancy and confidence embodied in this LP is a fine example. And it's a pleasure.

This is Powell, vintage 1959-'60, just following his arrival in Paris. The recordings are live performances, of the home tape-recorder variety, unfortunately. Sound is not what we'd expect two years into stereo LPs. And the balance sometimes leaves Powell on the auditory outskirts of town, upstaged by Clarke and assorted grunts and growls. The direction of his playing is clear, but too often the detail and nuance are not. Consequently, this is a record more for the serious collector than the casual listener.

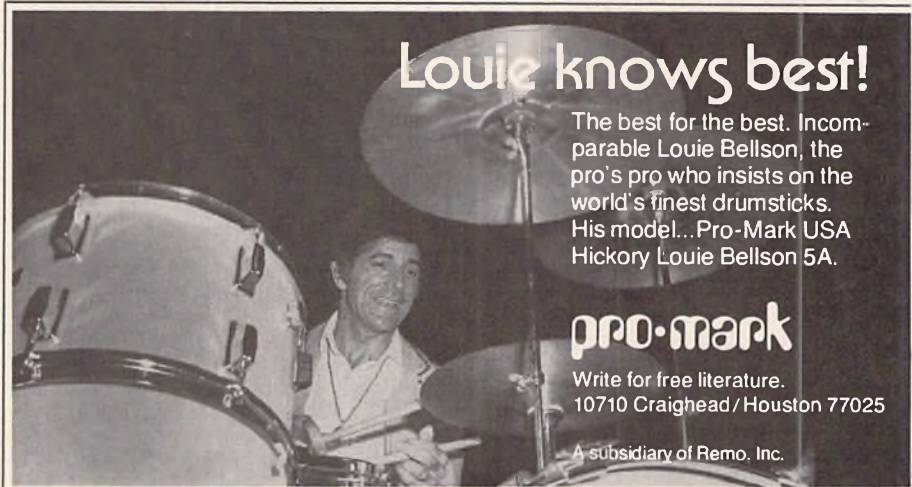
I've always preferred Powell with a rhythm section, but the duets with Griffin are certainly compelling. Bud's occasional tendency to

stumble into incompleteness notwithstanding. The first four tracks on side two offer the clearest sound of the LP, and happily Powell is firm and confident in his lines.

But *Get Happy* and the final *Abbey* rendition offer the most intensely swinging and scintillating Powell of the record. The tempos are quick, but Bud never falters. His darting invention and spiraling tangents are executed with grace, drive and precision. Few of Powell's fans are likely to be disappointed by the heights he attains here. —mcdonough

MILT JACKSON

OPUS DE FUNK—Prestige P24048: *Opus De Funk*; *Buhaina*; *I've Lost Your Love*; *Soma*; *Wonder Why*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Stonewall*; *I Should Care*; *The Nearness Of You*; *Moonray*; *The Sealer*; *Ruby*; *My Dear*; *None Shall Wander*; *Ruby*; *Invitation*; *Stella By Starlight*; *Too Close For Comfort*; *Poom-a-Loom*.



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Personnel: Jackson, vibes; Henry Boozier (tracks 1-4), Kenny Dorham (tracks 6-7, 11-18), Virgil Jones (tracks 8-9), trumpets; Jimmy Heath (tracks 6-7, 11-18), tenor sax; Horace Silver (tracks 1-10), Tommy Flanagan (tracks 11-18), piano; Percy Heath (tracks 1-10), Ron Carter (tracks 11-18), bass; Kenny Clarke (tracks 1-4), Connie Kay (tracks 5-18), drums.

Pardon the pun, but this new Milt Jackson collection is definitely a mixed Bags. Recorded in 1954, 1955, and 1962, these selections range from inspired to listenable to dull, with a few too many fitting into the latter category.

The 1954 session features Henry Boozier on trumpet and opens with Horace Silver's excellent uptempo composition *Opus De Funk*. It moves brightly and features all five musicians to good advantage. But the remaining cuts from this date drift off somehow and never recapture the initial spark of that first tune.

The 1955 dates see Jackson joined by Silver, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay, and this sparser lineup does rather conventional renditions of such standards as *I Should Care* and *The Nearness Of You*.

It remains for the 1962 material to spice up this two album set, with Silver surrounded by a most compatible group: Kenny Dorham on trumpet, Jimmy Heath on tenor, Tommy Flanagan, Ron Carter, and Connie Kay. *My Funny Valentine* is given a fascinating new vamp foundation, Jackson's *The Sealer* sends the whole group into a fine straight-ahead feeling, and ballads like *Ruby*, *My Dear* and Dorham's *None Shall Wander* are movingly handled.

Best of all is Jackson's bright original *Poom-a-Loom*, one of the longest cuts on the

album, giving everyone a chance to stretch out with particularly satisfying results.

One can't help but feel that Jackson would have been better served by a one-record reissue skimming the cream off this collection, instead of assembling such a varied assortment of good, bad, and indifferent jazz. Still, there's some excellent material here that's worth having, especially for Jackson buffs.

—maltin

LESTER YOUNG

JAMMIN' WITH LESTER—Jazz Archives JA 18: *Blues For Marvin*; *Midnight Symphony*; *Sunny Side Of The Street*; *One Hour*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Jamming The Blues*; *Lady Be Good*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Tea For Two*.

Personnel: Young, Illinois Jacquet, Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Harry Edison, Joe Guy, Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Marlowe Morris, Ken Kersey, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Red Callender, John Simmons, Al McKibbon, bass; J. C. Heard, Sid Catlett, Jo Jones, drums; Marie Bryant, vocals.

***** 1/2

COLEMAN HAWKINS & LESTER YOUNG—Zim Records ZL-1000: *These Foolish Things*; *Lester Leaps In*; *D. B. Blues*; *Body And Soul*; *Mop Mop*; *Body And Soul*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Lady Be Good*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Personnel: Young, Hawkins, tenor sax; Buck Clayton, Howard McGhee, trumpet; Ken Kersey, Nat Cole, Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Oscar Moore, Irving Ashby, guitar; John Miller, Billy Hadnott, Oscar Pettiford, bass; Buddy Rich, Shadow Wilson, Denzil Best, drums.

Side one of the Jazz Archives LP is taken from sessions that formed the basis of Norman Granz's *Jammin' The Blues* soundtrack in 1944. The title track and *Sunny Side* set ideal tempos as the rhythm sections (Sid Catlett and Jo Jones respectively) lay out a cushion of muscle-loosening motion that's irresistible

to the ear. Dickie Wells is in peak form on *Marvin* and *One Hour*. Harry Edison and Marlowe Morris are excellent, particularly Morris' work on *Georgia*.

Three lengthy jam session tracks on side two find Lester in such formidable shape as to blot out everything around him, including Coleman Hawkins and a superb Buck Clayton. His choruses on *Lady Be Good* are as stirring as any he ever played. His *Tea For Two* choruses are no less inspired. J. C. Heard's drumming pushes harder than is necessary but strikes sparks, substituting aggressive intensity for supple looseness. The LP is unfortunately marred by very poor pressing work that really gets in the way.

The Hawkins/Young LP is another thing. Extraordinary music is beautifully reproduced. Every airy puff from Young's tenor comes over with sumptuous depth and presence. His work on *I Got Rhythm*, *Lady Be Good* and *Georgia* soars from its first unearthly notes in a tone so sheer you can almost see through it. Buck Clayton is in fabulous form, and Hawkins performs at his typical high level. But Lester's unique tone and his instinct for the surprising turn of phrase steals the ear away from Bean's rolling aggressiveness.

Hawk is heard in a small group framework on side one in two compelling renditions of *Body And Soul*. Lester is heard in a marvelous *Lester Leaps In* and a definitive *D. B. Blues*. All the material was recorded in 1946, not normally considered an important year for either Young or Bean. But don't let that fool you. This is a great LP that swings like hell. And no track has been previously issued.

—mcdonough

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Terry Gibbs



by Leonard Feather

Quote from *down beat*, 3/23/51: "Beginning with this issue, Leonard Feather's popular Blindfold Test will appear in the columns of *down beat*. The first, in which vibist Terry Gibbs listens to the records . . . will be found on page 12. The Blindfold Test will be printed in alternate issues, or once a month."

Terry Gibbs was one of the two dominant vibes figures of the new jazz. He and Milt Jackson had come up more or less simultaneously in the early years of bebop; their careers had intertwined, and it was Bags who replaced Gibbs in the Woody Herman band in 1949-50.

Gibbs, with an unquenchable enthusiasm and restless style that reflect his outgoing personality, led his own quartet for many years in New York and later in Los Angeles, but he has gained much of his national recognition through an intermittent association with Steve Allen that began in the late '50s. Well remembered too is Gibbs' admirable big band library, which he still breaks out in Hollywood every once in a while.

Plans are afoot to team Gibbs and Jackson for some dates later this year—a logical idea that should have been thought of many years ago. This was Terry's first test since 2/11/65. He was given no information about the records played.

blindfold

test

1. LOUIE BELLSON. *Hello Young Lovers* (from *Louie Rides Again*, Percussion Power). Bellson, drums; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Don Menza, tenor sax; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Ross Tompkins, piano; Bill Holman, arranger.

I recognized some of the soloists; it sounded like Conte Candoli playing trumpet. The one you can recognize the most is Louie Bellson, he gets a certain sound on drums. I wasn't sure if it was Menza or Christlieb on tenor . . . sometimes I can recognize Menza more than Christlieb, because Menza gets a little more frantic. The guitar player I didn't recognize, or the piano.

I'd have to give that three-and-a-half stars; I'd give it more but I'm bugged as hell . . . I'd like to sit in a booth once and do somebody else's band. There's a lot going on with the brass section, and you hear a lead trumpet player and don't hear a fourth trumpet player at all. It's big, but you don't hear it big enough. Buddy Rich and I almost got together one time—I was going to a&r one of his albums.

I think that was Louie Bellson; the arrangement was interesting, and sound familiar. And Conte, he can't do wrong, he's one of my favorites of all time.

2. CAL TJADER. *A Time For Love* (from *Puttin' It Together*, Fantasy). John Mandel, composer; Tjader, vibes.

Five stars for Johnny Mandel's song. I think it was Cal Tjader. It's from Milt Jackson's way of playing, and I think Cal likes Milt a lot. At first I wasn't sure it was vibes; it almost sounded like electric piano in the back for a while, until they picked it up right—it's live.

He played very, very pretty notes; I'd have to give that four. He did some things I like to do: he played some octave things . . . and did them well.

If it was Cal Tjader . . . he should get more recognition as a jazz vibes player. He almost sounds like Dave Pike in some places.

3. SUPERSAX. *If I Should Lose You* (from *Supersax Plays Bird With Strings*, Capitol). Saxophone arrangement, alto sax, Med Flory; string arrangement, Roger Kellaway.

That's got five stars going for it in a million different directions. First of all, for Charlie Parker's chorus—five stars for anything he ever played. Five stars for the effort those guys put into really getting the feel of Charlie Parker—Med Flory and Buddy Clark. By the way, Supersax actually started in my band, with Joe Maini. I feel very close to this whole thing.

I think Roger Kellaway wrote some of the string arrangements—they're beautiful. It's a five star record because they can't miss; they play it well. Every one of them deserves five stars . . . it's not easy to play, you have to know Charlie Parker. I've seen some of the bars written on paper . . . I saw one bar on *Don't Blame Me* that took up a whole page, that I wouldn't want to read at all if I knew how to read it! But even though it's written, you have to really know Charlie Parker.

4. MILT JACKSON. *In Walked Bud* (from *Milt Jackson And The Hip String Quartet*, Verve). Jackson, vibes; James Moody, tenor sax; Tom McIntosh, arranger/conductor.

I liked the vibes player, I liked the tenor player, but for some reason the strings sounded stiff, like they added them later. The vibes player sounded like Bags in a way, or somebody from that school. For me that's about three-and-a-half stars. It could have been four overall, but the strings took my attention away from the solos, which were good.

5. CHARLES TOLLIVER. *Earl's World* (from *Paper Man*, Arista). Tolliver, trumpet, composer; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

The sound sounds like I should know who it is . . . I like the piano player; he sounds like a bebop piano player who when they got into space things, he was still playing straight ahead. I like the feeling they got on it. Even when they got a little "spacey," they really were just swinging straight ahead; it never got out.

It was interesting; I wish the trumpet player would have played a little more jazz. He played the melody a lot more than he played jazz. He's a good trumpet player. I'd give it three-and-a-half stars because of the piano solo . . . he got into it a lot more. If the trumpet player had, maybe I'd have recognized him. He plays some things that a lot of the guys who listen to Freddie Hubbard a lot do, the same kind of licks.

The rhythm section was good, I really enjoyed it. When they played around with the time it always swung. I don't know who the drummer and bass player were, but they held it together . . . when they changed their little time things, you never lost the feel of swing.

6. BOB BROOKMEYER, *The Wrinkle* (from *Bob Brookmeyer & Friends*, Columbia). Brookmeyer, valve trombone, composer; Stan Getz, tenor sax; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Gary Burton, vibes; Elvin Jones, drums.

That's kind of a nice record. Sounded like Stan Getz on tenor, Bobby Brookmeyer on trombone . . . and Gary Burton—a long time ago, before he got into the four mallet thing. The piano player played very good; I didn't know who that was. It was interesting, the solos were all good, that's what made the record for me: the piano, tenor, vibes, trombone, all good . . . drummer and bass player played along with it. A four star record.

What threw me on the vibes in a way—I don't know how to say this without putting Gary down, because he's a monster vibes player—but when he played with two mallets he didn't play as good for me as he does with four. So I was thrown, because the two mallet work was very good, the notes are very good. The drummer sounds like I know him from somewhere, he's familiar to me. The bass player I'm not sure of.

7. RED NORVO. *Red Sails* (from *Music To Listen To Red Norvo By*, Contemporary). Norvo, vibes; Barney Kessel, composer, guitar; Bill Smith, clarinet.

When you make a take like that you never want to make another one! You figure that's enough, that's too hard to play and get it right twice. I liked the little line they played. I thought the vibes player sounded like someone trying to sound like Red Norvo—it could be Red Norvo. I liked the arrangement better than I did the solos. I'd give it three stars for the effort they put in to have to play that line.

I didn't recognize the soloists . . . the clarinet player doesn't sound like anyone I know.

8. WOODY HERMAN. *A Child Is Born* (from *Giant Steps*, Fantasy). Herman, clarinet; Thad Jones, composer; Alan Broadbent, arranger; Gregory Herbert, tenor sax.

I like that very much, it's very pretty. The clarinet didn't sound like Woody Herman, but the band sounds like a Woody Herman-disciplined orchestra. Woody hasn't had a bad band in his life. Of all the guys that continue to have big bands, he's always had a good, clean one, and he knows what to get out of young musicians.

The tenor solo was very good. I like it because I know how disciplined, how hard it is to play when you're playing jazz with a big band. You're so held back because of the background. I'd give that four-and-a-half stars. The arrangement was very pretty. I don't know the name of the tune, but the whole thing is pretty. db

Profile

STEVE MARCUS



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

by john mcdonough

Rock Band, and *The Lord's Prayer*. "The last one I regard as my Titanic," he says. "Due partly to my own actions and partly to others, it was a total disaster, a delicate idea that received brutal treatment. Fortunately, bad records by unknown artists don't mean anything cause no one remembers them."

Evidently so, because shortly afterwards Steve formed his own group and is currently discussing a record contract with a major label. "My next record will be a good record," he declares, "well thought out. My role in my own records is that of sort of producer, I've never written anything of my own, but I don't consider it a shortcoming. In addition to playing, of course, I prefer to take creative control over the work of others and assemble a work involving many talents that reflects my own intentions."

Unlike many working New York-based musicians, Marcus has done virtually no studio work and absolutely no TV band gigs. "I don't think I'm really qualified," he says. "To get into that, I'd have to double on every sax, flute, clarinet and God knows what else. Besides, I've never been interested really. The small group work I've been doing most of my career is not the best training for that sort of thing."

"Actually, though, Buddy's present band has a great number of studio men in it, and it's a great band. The idea of a traveling band of studio men is a sound one because when you're dealing with a section you're not dealing with individual styles. You're dealing with an ensemble sound, an overall effect made up of musicians who can blend effectively and phrase well together. You need consistency, accuracy and stamina. Buddy's got that in this band, but he's also got a core of men who can be strongly individual and who appreciate the spirit of a small jazz ensemble. I think this is the finest band I've ever played with. It's stimulating, and I say this as a man who's never been particularly interested in big bands."

Prior to Rich, the months with Herman were probably Marcus' most rewarding orchestral experience. "I love him. He's a magnificent man—bright, alive and extremely open. He's the first guy I played *Sergeant Pepper* for in 1967. I told him he had to hear this music, and he was absolutely knocked out by it. Newness never threw Woody. He's totally hip. And 1967 was at a time when jazz musicians were at their most defensive about rock. Coltrane had just died and pulled the plug out of the wall. Nothing was happening in jazz. Yet jazz musicians, in order to maintain some grasp on their idiom, were turning their back on what was becoming the most powerful force in music and also that which contained most of the talent."

"If you've got two million new people a year getting interested in music—young people, that is, finding their tastes—and 95 per cent are going in the direction of rock, then to neglect that, as many jazz musicians were then, is a great mistake. As open as Woody's ears were and are, he's still working within a basically dated concept—the big band. If you have a band you want to keep rolling, you've got to play music people want to hear. So you seek out material not on the basis of what a traditional big band can play best, but on the basis of what you can best reach a particular audience with. It seems a shame to me that someone who once defined musical taste in America for a decade or more—let's say bandleader X—is called upon to deal with material that in no way relates to what it's all about. It's degrading."

PETE YELLIN



JOHN MCDONOUGH

"There are always a few musicians that have such strong personalities and creative ability that they continue to define their own musical direction, regardless of the environment of the moment. Ellington was Ellington, and he sustained. Buddy's that way too. He's an incredible player and his musicianship and personality are strong enough to keep his band going on its own terms."

Although Marcus is currently playing in one of the finest big bands in America, he insists he is not fully qualified to speak about bands. "I'm almost totally into rock today and small group music," he says. "But I've matured in an environment very much oriented toward jazz. I listened to Getz and Konitz, but my god in the late '50s and '60s was Coltrane. I'd go into New York every night he was there and soak up as much as I could take. It was a spectacular experience and perhaps the closest thing to a religious experience I've ever had, although I'm really not into that music-as-religion, incense-burning crap at all."

Anyone who feels that he has to start young to develop into a formidable musician ought to have a glance at Peter Yellin, star alto sax soloist with the current Buddy Rich big band. Pete didn't take up music seriously until the ripe old age of 19. There was a false start at age five, when his parents imposed the violin upon him for three years. But his enthusiasm for the sandlot was greater, so his career as a violinist was finally aborted when he was eight.

Yellin's family is a thoroughly musical one. His father is on the NBC staff in New York, and his mother was a concert violinist at Carnegie at the age of seven, back before 1920. (Does anyone recall Florence Stern?) All that music completely turned Pete off throughout his childhood. He ended his studies before most kids even start.

Now we jump ahead to 1961. Pete is now 19 and attending Denver University on a basketball scholarship. Yet slowly he finds himself slipping back into music, but on his own terms. He hears Art Pepper at a local club and decides to try out the alto. He borrows an instrument from a fellow at school and starts fooling around. About the same time, he discovers basketball isn't his calling, and when he returns to New York he takes up serious study of the clarinet under Augustine Ducas of Julliard. He "squeaks through" the test at Julliard and is admitted, partially on the basis of his teacher's clout. But the ensuing months are disorienting and inhibiting. He finds himself among classical virtuosos—a Lilliputian in a land of Gullivers. He struggles through and takes up alto sax in his third year. Soon afterwards, he is gigging on the side.

Some Buddy Rich watchers were dismayed last spring when Pat LaBarbera, whose pneumatic tenor solos had been such a part of the Rich sound for years, was not at his familiar place in the inside reed chair. It was filled instead by Steve Marcus. Come to think of it, "filled" is hardly the word. Overflowing is perhaps more accurate. And most of those Rich watchers agreed.

The word is not a reference to his size, which is quite average, but to his talent, which is quite abnormal. Let's be frank. Marcus absolutely tears things up on such charts as *Three Day Sucker*.

Marcus is no newcomer. Born in New York City 36 years ago, his family moved to central Jersey to tend a chicken farm in 1951. Remote from city life, Steve was first attracted to music, not because God spoke to him through Rollins or Hawkins, but simply because he liked the idea of working at night. Besides, it looked like fun. So at 15, his career as a musician began.

He was lucky to fall into a good teacher at the start—Bill Shiner, who taught Stan Getz among others. Although he'd fooled with his brother's clarinet a bit, his formal training started with the tenor. "It looked nice in those full page Selmer ads on the back of down beat," he recalls, "and I thought I'd look cute with it." He studied with Shiner for four years, then headed for Berklee School of Music in Boston. In those formative years isolated on the chicken farm, Marcus got his input almost entirely from records. There were no pressures influencing his tastes, so his ears were as open to Basie as to Miles.

His first big time gig came toward the end of 1962 with Stan Kenton, with whom he stayed for a year. "It wasn't much of a musical experience," he says, "because it was just playing parts. But I got to travel and even made one nonentity LP with the band—*Artistry In Bossa Nova*." After that there was an interim period in New York before he left for Europe with Donald Byrd.

Things began to move for Steve by the mid-'60s. There was a chair in the Woody Herman band and then a record deal with Herbie Mann, who produced three Marcus records for Atlantic, in addition to keeping Steve on board for about three years through most of 1970. The momentum continued during two and a half years with Larry Coryell and more LPs. "I think this was the most enjoyable and significant of my musical experiences," Marcus explains. "We were involved in the jazz/rock thing since it really started. By 1973, our relationship was about eight years old. I'd done two LPs with Larry. He'd done two with me on Vortex, an Atlantic subsidiary." The records included *Tomorrow Never Knows*, *Count's*

"Looking back on all that classical training," Pete said recently, "I don't find it irrelevant to what I'm doing now. It's a matter of perspective and being able to see connections between these different kinds of music. That, and the discipline a classical background gives. No jazz musician ever suffered for having some classical training."

But Pete admits that he never absorbed as much classical music as he might have because he was intimidated by the Juilliard environment and its arrogant rejection of jazz. "I was trying to prove that jazz was worthy, so I was rejecting classical at that time, just going through the motions to pass the tests."

"I was very much into Charlie Parker and wanted to play Bird licks at my lessons. In fact, I find myself going back to Bird today for guidance and inspiration. At one point back there, I really couldn't play a tune unless I heard how Parker did it. Then Trane started coming on the scene, and I knew I had to get out of the Parker thing. He was the next heavy influence on me. Then I met Chick Corea when he first came to New York, and he turned me on to the next era that was coming."

"But I caught Lester Young, too, near the very end. I wasn't really that impressed because he was so sick. But the way people talked about him, you knew you were hearing something great. As for Parker, he wasn't alive when I was ready to really hear him, so I got him through records. You have to hear someone in person to get into him."

Being a reed man in a big band of the '60s or '70s can be a frustrating experience, sort of like being a second class citizen, since so much of big band writing in the last decade has been built around brass rather than reed voicings. The most important man today in a band is the lead trumpet, because he's the top of the ensemble. "I think the only chart in the Rich book now that really features the reeds as a section," says Yellin, "is *Groovin*. Lloyd Michels contracted this band, and I think his partiality to brass shows in the book."

"If you want to hear a real reed section wait today, hear Supersax. I love their work, and I love the idea of what they do. They know Bird and they really do him right. It's fabulous."

Yellin's professional career began in the mid-'60s with weekend big bands, including Billy May and Buddy Morrow, for about \$35 a night. The Morrow band was using a lot of Billy Byers charts and was about the tastiest of those gigs, recalls Yellin. From there he climbed aboard Lionel Hampton's band, first the full-sized group, then the Inner Circle. After two years with Lionel, he went with Tito Puente in New York City, a strictly Latin band but with an excellent reputation for top musicians, fronting a lineup that included Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons, Johnny Griffin and many more. Then it was back to Hamp and on to Maynard Ferguson, Louis Bellson, Joe Henderson for a couple of years, and even a brief early gig with Buddy Rich. Yellin appears on Rich's first Pacific Jazz LP, the one with the original *West Side Story*. (A solo on *Readymix* credited to Gene Quill is actually played by Yellin.)

"I think the band he has now is better in terms of musicians," Yellin observes. "But I do think I like the earlier book quite a bit better. That was first class writing. We still do *Readymix* and *New Blues* from that period and they sound better than most of the other stuff around."

Although the traveling grind is alright for brief periods, it's not for Yellin on a permanent basis. With a wife and daughter in New York, that's where the 33-year-old altoist prefers to stay. Fortunately, the Rich band has a permanent base in Buddy's Place, so Yellin can not only remain with the band but also cultivate the lucrative studio work that comes to musicians who stick close to home.

Pete has recorded several albums, the most recent being *It's The Right Thing* for Mainstream. "I don't think a great many of those Mainstream LPs are done very thoroughly. You get minimum studio time, minimum money, minimum preparation, minimum mixing time, and minimum results."

That's not the best way to handle a man like Yellin, a maximum talent. But catch him with Buddy Rich and watch him cook. **db**

caught...

1975 MONTEREY
JAZZ FESTIVAL



Monterey Faces '75 by Veryl Oakland: top row (l to r)—Bobby Bland, Etta James, Helen Humes, David Clayton-Thomas; second row—Betty Carter, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Albert Mangelsdorff, Svend Asmussen; bottom row—Bill Evans, Clark Terry, Bola Sete and John Handy.

When Jimmy Lyons gave birth to the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1958, thanks to the midwifery of John Lewis and the late Ralph Gleason, it was decided that "Monterey should be like no other Festival, placing emphasis on works and music that could not be heard elsewhere." However, after 17 years of momentum, the likes of Sun Ra or Ornette Coleman were nowhere to be found, and, in fact, the 18th annual MJF could have drowned you in the mainstream.

"Conservatism is the main criticism of us," Lyons readily admitted. It was by no means an apology: "It would be accurate to say the Festival is a reflection of my taste—and John's (Lewis's)," he stated. Lyons attempted to get as far "outside" as Keith Jarrett this year but failed "because neither Keith nor his agent, Jack Whittemore, ever called me back." The MJF's perennial audience of 6000-plus constitutes another obstacle to venturing into less charted waters. "I think the avant garde deserves a place to play," Jimmy said, "but my crowd would massacre Cecil Taylor."

Saxophonist John Handy, lecturer in Music and Black Studies at S. F. State College, attended all five concerts and put the mainstream/avant garde controversy in a pragmatic perspective. "Certainly there are people who should have been here," he said, "but it's too easy to criticize the Festival for what it's not. The worst mistake would be to forget everything it is."

What the MJF is began revealing itself Friday night, opening appropriately with a traditional Dixieland band, the Legends of Jazz, led by drummer Barry Martyn, who

organized this group of jazz's senior citizens whose ages average 75. Their repertoire reached back to a Creole vocal (*C'est La Bas*) by clarinetist, Joe Darensbourg, and became no more current than *Body And Soul*, sung by pianist Alton Purnell. They finished, of course, with the *de rigueur* Dixie classic, *When The Saints Go Marching In*.

The Piano Playhouse featured an interesting combination of players, though none of them were on long enough to be fully appreciated. Marian McPartland opened unaccompanied with her own ballad, *Afterglow*, and a lively *Close Your Eyes*. Bill Evans said she sounded so good that it started him thinking about a similar format for himself. Evans himself played next in duo with bassist Eddie Gomez. His new drummer, Eliot Zigmund, was supposed to have been on the set, but he claimed that lack of time and stage cooperation kept him from setting up. By Sunday he appeared rather piqued at having spent the weekend "hanging out and overeating."

Bill, whose first child (Evan Evans) was born days before the Festival, played well-defined, energetic lines. Unfortunately, a beautiful ballad recently added to the Evans repertoire, *All Mine*, was a bit too delicate to survive the enormity of the Fairgrounds Arena, but his own *T.T.T.*, sort of a 12-tone bop tune, was strong enough to knock everyone out.

John Lewis followed with the house rhythm section, which included Richard Davis, bass; Roy Burns, drums; and Mundell Lowe, guitar. With the exception of Davis, none of these journeymen musicians showed much fire as a soloist. Lewis communicated

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the most feeling on *Round Midnight*. Otherwise, his solos came off as simplistic, blues-bound pleasantries. Burns and Lowe served as accompanists throughout the weekend.

Patrice Rushen, who had preceded McPartland with two trio tunes, returned to play a two-piano *Autumn Leaves* with Evans. Just two years ago, Patrice's combo won the MJF's high school competition, but despite her enormous talent, her conception just isn't mature enough to establish her musical identity in such a brief format. The duct swung, however, and Evans' lines were again strong and long enough to grab the audience *en masse*. Patrice admitted she was "scared to death" before facing one of her idols across the sounding-boards. Afterwards, her only comment was: "I don't remember a thing."

Lewis and McPartland followed with *How High The Moon* and then joined Evans and Rushen for an eight-hand piece that was gimmicky but fun.

Helen Humes, returning to the scene after several years absence due to her father's illness, was the first of the MJF's three jazz singers this year, and probably the biggest crowd-pleaser. Gerald Wiggins accompanied Helen on piano; Clark Terry and Sweets Edison added the brass. Humes, however, has more than enough brass without two trumpets in her band. She began with *Let The Good Times Roll* and then belted out another half dozen blues-shouts, extolling the virtues of men, money, sex, and "getting yourself some" of whatever your material heart desires. Every song was sung with the same approach, dynamics, and tone, and—except for the absence of a Fender bass—she could easily have fit into the Saturday afternoon Blues Concert.

Humes was somewhat of a foil for Betty Carter, who sang Sunday night, for while Humes was so hard that it hurt, Carter was painfully sensitive, almost too much for her own good. Drinking coffee on the fairgrounds earlier in the day, she expressed nervousness about everything from the sound system to the jets that occasionally roared down to a nearby airport. Her tension and the romantic melody of her opening ballad, *This Is Always*, created some initial awkwardness, but after taking the mike off its stand and prancing around the Chip Lyles trio, she loosened up on *Swing, Brother, Swing* and worked her way up to a standing ovation by her last (scatted) tune, *All Through The Day*.

Helen Merrill was Saturday night's vocalist, and it's safe to say that she succeeded neither musically (in a jazz context) nor with the crowd.

Friday night's musical peak was reached by the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band. Toshiko, pianist and leader, wrote and arranged the uncompromising charts for the 16 piece ensemble. Tabackin, her husband, was consistently exciting on extended flute and tenor solos. Thier most adventurous piece, *Kogun*, was sound-synched with tape recorded Tzumi drums ("due to the absence of Tzumi drummers in L.A.," Toshiko explained). Tabackin said later that the band has been rehearsing for over two years, and though they have already recorded (for RCA) in Japan, they are just beginning to publicize themselves in the States.

George Wein once told Jimmy Lyons that matinees were a financial loss to any festival, but the MJF producer proved his mentor

wrong by establishing a mini-festival of blues on Saturday afternoon. In the soothing Monterey sunshine, with beer and wine flowing, and smoke rising, even the aisles were packed with dancers. The Meters, Sunnyland Slim, Etta James, and Bobby "Blue" Bland did their thing(s), and it seemed obvious that the blues deserves a prominent place in any jazz festival. The Meters, from New Orleans, warrant special mention because their rhythmic power derived from precise playing rather than a booming electric bass.

Saturday night opened with the house band backing a variety of soloists, beginning with Paul Desmond, who still possesses the clarity and lyricism of the Brubeck era. He was followed by Benny Golson, playing his ballad, *I Remember Clifford*, Clark Terry (*God Bless The Child*), and Sweets Edison (*Willow Weep For Me*). Most startling was Albert Mangelsdorff's unaccompanied slide trombone solo. *Blues Of A Cellar Lark* mystified everyone by making use of two-note chords, which Albert later explained had been achieved by singing and blowing through the mouthpiece simultaneously. Lewis sat out the ten minute number with a consuming grin. Reportedly, he considers Mangelsdorff, who had been flown from Frankfurt for this one appearance, "the greatest trombonist since J. J. Johnson." The audience shared his enthusiasm.

Toots Thielemans followed with an exceptionally swinging *Green Dolphin Street* on chromatic harmonica, improvising lines of sufficient complexity to challenge a respectable alto player. The next mind-blower, however, was Svend Asmussen, a Danish violinist who recorded his first jazz in 1934. After improvising on a Danish hymn, *Golgotha*, he metamorphosed without warning into a Jimi Hendrix of the violin, using his fuzz-tone wah-wah with an electric eroticism that even turned on the house band. Though it was tempting to compare his conception with Jerry Goodman's (of the erstwhile Mahavishnu Orchestra), Asmussen said he considers Goodman "an academic violinist who found himself in a rock band." Asmussen has been making his living as a musical comedian ("just like Victor Borge") and an improviser on hymns, finding few opportunities to play jazz at home.

The Chuck Mangione Quartet followed and Chuck is now playing more electric piano than fluegelhorn. Fortunately, Gerry Niewood proved to be an exciting soloist, especially on soprano. Mangione's compositions (*Sunshower*, *Legacy*) sounded so pretty and refreshing that someone in the audience quipped that "the music ought to be selling chewing gum." Bill Evans, however, remained backstage specifically to hear Chuck, so such cynicism was not universally shared. In fact an encore was demanded, *Dance Of The Wind-Up Toy*, which helped to underline the child-like qualities of all of his compositions (*Land Of Make-Believe* was performed the following afternoon with the Oakland Youth Orchestra). Mangione may be the A. A. Milne of jazz.

When Ed Shaughnessy, a featured drummer on Doc Severinsen's *Tonight Show* band, whipped up the Energy Force Big Band, he must have wanted his entire group to emulate the screech-trumpet part of a Maynard Ferguson chart. The band's material is powerful, at best. At worst, it is simply strident. Their most musical piece was a Shaughnessy composition, *Gospel Suite*, which profited

continued on page 44

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"Then there was Pat, who had been living in Boston and had become good friends with us. We knew his playing well, but there was never any thought of his joining the group. I already had a guitar player, who was in fact Pat's best friend and favorite guitarist, Mick Goodrick. At first, it hadn't occurred to any of us to have two guitars; then, it got to seem less and less unlikely. So we tried it and it didn't work, because Pat played six-string guitar. The two guitars sounded so much alike that it often resembled one big, clumsy guitarist instead of two separate players. But after one rehearsal, Pat brought over his 12-string, which he had just bought to experiment with. It sounded so different right away that it made sense. After a year, it has expanded the colors of the group quite a bit."

The unusual character of this ensemble demands unique material: Burton has always had a knack for finding it, even though he writes very little himself. The current quintet's book contains tunes by an impressive list of modern composers: Corea, Jarrett, Carla Bley, Michael Gibbs, Swallow, and more. "One important aspect of material choice, obviously, is a time feel, whether the group will be rhythmically comfortable with a given piece. There are also some pieces that don't meet the stylistic backgrounds of the group. Finding material that is in our style means that I can hear various roles for our group members in the piece's framework—I can hear Bobby soloing here, I can hear a part for the 12-string, and so on.

"*The Colors Of Chloe*, for example. When I heard the tune for the first time, it had the melody carried by the bass line. Well, I have a bassist who is a great melodist, and has a soloist's conception of the bass. It made sense. The kinds of tunes that strike me as appropriate for the group will vary quite a bit, but there are about four or five different factors that have to line up in terms of preferences and requirements.

"We generally look for an unusual compositional fact in each tune that we do. We'll show a listener a harmonic change, for instance, that he may never have heard before, or an unusual rhythm thing. This psychology came, as a matter of fact, from the Beatles' records. The Beatles made sure that, on each track, there was some little musical twist for the musicians that was unique. Sometimes, the audience will respond to it; even if they don't know what to call it, they'll get the message. But the musicians will definitely be impressed. So it is with Carla Bley's tunes, for instance, where on occasion we'll find ourselves playing major thirds on minor chords, and having it sound perfectly believable. That's the way she sets them up, and it's immediately attractive. It's giving us a chance to do something that we don't normally get to do. I can tell you the musical reason why we play every one of our tunes."

And the musical reasons for Gary's own disinclination to do much composing himself? "My attitude towards composing has gone through a strange process. There was a time early in my career when I wrote a lot. I wrote entire albums, in fact, among them one for George Shearing with 12 originals, orchestrated fully for woodwind quintet, and his group. Often the tunes that I wrote, however, were last-minute types of things, where we'd find we were short a ballad, or needed a

blues-type piece for balance. I became pretty good at delivering pieces to order. I also became fairly adept at turning other people's partial ideas or pieces into complete works. I developed this skill to the extent that I wrote fewer of my own songs.

"In general, the high quality that I look for in other material that we do is not present in my own that much. Plus, I've been blessed with an endless supply of material from more friends than most people can ever turn to. We constantly have many more tunes than we can ever play; I always have several on tap that we have yet to get around to. I do feel in the back of my mind that somewhere down the road, there's going to be a big change, and that I'll start writing regularly. It could be as long as eight to ten years from now. I know I won't write, for example, as long as I'm teaching. As a teacher, I'm constantly involved in analysis, dissection, explanation, scrutinization of the music. I'm much too

self-critical to do any writing that'll stand up under these circumstances. I'll write something down, stare at it for an hour to decide if it's right, and end up throwing it away. It's possible to get too analytical, and if you're teaching, you're forced into it every day. Teaching doesn't affect my playing that way, but it does my writing. As I've been teaching more, I've enjoyed writing less."

Gary Burton has become well-known as a music educator; it forms the other major part of his musical career. The musical self-analysis so present in his performing work has carried over to his attitude toward music education. As a result, Burton is undergoing a major change in his relationship to the field. Though he remains active on the faculty of Boston's Berklee College and on the board of the Percussive Arts Society, an organization

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dedicated to the continuing involvement of professional percussionists in music education, Gary has some bad news for those who expect to see him at the myriad band clinics and festivals he has attended in years past. And he has some harsh words for the people involved in the mainstream of jazz education in United States schools.

"I don't intend," he states, "to be involved with the ongoing mainstream of nationwide jazz education to nearly the extent that I have been in past years. I plan to concentrate my efforts more at Berklee, where I think the conditions are more ideal. When I go out to these clinics and festivals, I never know what I'm going to run into until I'm there. By that time, it's too late to make a scene if I don't like the way it's being run. I find myself in the

position of tacitly condoning things I don't approve of. Sometimes I think I have an image now of being so pro-education that I'll support anything. I've found myself in some of the most amateurish events and some of the worst, most offensive commercialized things—really under some very strange circumstances. In some cases, I've been on the verge of withdrawing completely."

Specifically, Burton has had a number of negative impressions strike him during his travels as a festival judge and clinician. One is the overall matter of approach, the type of music being played and the musical values it reflects. "Other than at Berklee," Gary explains, "the emphasis is on big bands. Now I'm not against big bands per se, even though I don't play in them much and there isn't

much of a role in them for me as a soloist. But the only big bands that are commercially successful these days are questionable musical examples as far as I'm concerned: Maynard Ferguson's band, Stan Kenton's band, Woody Herman's. I've heard all these bands at least once in the past year, at one gig or another, and they're not the kind of influences I would suggest for a young musician to learn from. The music is show-bizzy, it's hyped, everything about it I would not want a kid to be influenced by.

"Maynard's band is the epitome of the style. Each band may have some kind of redeeming characteristic—there's some interesting writing here and there, some excellent players—but the overall message is, 'Look sharp, put on a good show, be hot—that's where it's at.' These are not the *musical* values that I think a young person should hold. I mean, why wasn't Duke's band held in such high esteem? That's a band with real musical values and a place in American musical history. Or Thad and Mel; they've been influential and well-liked the past few years, but I don't hear that many school charts written with the subtlety of a Thad Jones, or that even attempt the same thing."

Gary notes that the big band method manages to get a lot of students involved. "But what you end up with is hundreds of people whose specialty is playing section trombone or lead trumpet. There's really not much of a future in big bands, frankly, so the priorities are a little strange in that respect. The kind of training the students are getting at the schools, by and large, is not the kind of playing they're going to have to do in a professional career. I wonder about the validity of all that, especially at the schools where the programs have pretty much followed the tastes of the directors who've been there for years. The emphasis is on the style of the band the director used to like as a kid or likes now. Their prejudices are reflected in the music they choose and how they rehearse it."

Behind the specific musical nature of the emphasized music lie the deeper personal values inevitably imprinted upon the learning musician. "Competition—so many of these bands put an undue emphasis on competition and contests. It's not about music, but about winning the contest. Instead of teaching that kid how to really play that bass, you end up showing him what notes are needed for a given chart, where to play them, and then you rehearse him until he plays them in the same spot every time, and leave it at that."

Though Gary acknowledges that certain efforts are being made to establish non-competitive programs and festivals, he does not agree that the effort is going well. "The competition, the degree of superficial perfection a band strives for, seems to me to have been carried beyond all limits of common sense. It changes the whole psychological attitude of a young musician towards what music is. One of the most important things you have to learn and keep straight is your relationship to your instrument and the music you're trying to play. Is it an athletic event, a scientific event—one has to keep that straight, whatever it may be, or else you find yourself going in a direction you never intended to travel."

Burton also decries the plethora of instructional materials on the market, especially those that profess to teach improvisation. "Picture going through psychoanalysis by mail—the analyst has to tailor the treatment

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Pran Nath, and there was a different feeling in his music, certainly. There's no question in my mind that he's the greatest musician walking around today.

Palmer: I know that La Monte has been studying with him for a long time. When did you start?

Riley: In 1970. I stayed with him in India for about six months to get a good start on it. One of the possibilities in music that I couldn't see before I started studying with him is in the area of the tone itself, which is something that isn't considered too strongly in Western music. There's a great science in India having to do with this study, because, since they have only a melody over a drone, the melody has to be quite sophisticated. So they have an incredible sophistication relating to the notes themselves, all the different shadings that are involved to color the ragas. This has helped me adjust the organ for the tones that I really want to hear, not just the ones from the factory. But it's more than that. Working with him is like tuning up the whole being. You can't isolate it to the ear or the throat. It's like *as a person* you become more finely tuned, because you live a little bit differently, try to do everything a little bit more consciously.

Actually, I've had a lot of criticism because of my studies with Pan-

dit Pran Nath. People seem to be afraid of a cultural invasion, afraid their artists are going to lose their integrity and go scampering off after some charlatan. It has something to do with the idea that's so common here that you have to get bigger, do more, going back to what you were saying about writing the second global symphony or whatever. It's the Madison Avenue sell. Whereas, what studying with Pandit Pran Nath has done is made me go deeper into the thing I was already doing in order to try to make it more and more profound. The goal is to deepen the effect of the music, not just to do cosmetic work on it.

Palmer: What kind of effect do you expect your music to have? Do you want to create specific moods and emotions in the way that specific ragas do in Indian music? Are you after a hypnotic effect?

Riley: I guess I don't think of it in quite that way. You do try to have an effect on your listeners, but first of all you have to create the effect on yourself. To me a musician really has a chance to create magic whenever he's playing, and I find it really rare and inspiring to play for people. Sure I want to create a kind of hypnotic effect on the public. I want to create a kind of concentration on a musical idea so that people can go inside themselves and comfortably follow the development, until they slowly rise up and disappear into the clouds. **db**

BURTON

continued from page 40

for the individual personality. It's much the same way for teaching improvisation. It's a personal learning approach, and each student learns it to some extent in his own way. These books confuse the scene, because it's impossible for one method to be so universal as to teach every individual. In most of these schools, incidentally, the emphasis is not on improvisation. I always thought that was the very heart of jazz. Bands were originally built as a showcase for the improvisations—that is, being able to spontaneously compose a coherent, well-developed melodic line. But these programs seem bent on creating the showcase first."

And the positive advice Gary would give to the young musician who wants to get his musical career going? "He should perform as much as he can in an environment that, as much as is possible, is like the real musical world. If you live in a small college town with one jazz band, and you're the only drummer in town and you're in it, you have no idea how good you are. One needs a perspective in order to know whether one should still be in music at all. If you're going to choose a place to go to school, choose a major city, where you can hear people who also play your instrument every night of the week. That way you know what the competition is. Don't go to school in the hills of Wyoming. It might be a nice place to hang out for four years, but you'll have a very narrow contact with the music scene, all seen through the eyes of your director.

"I don't feel that the attempts to improve the overall direction of jazz education are being effective. Therefore, we're faced, like in politics, with more of the same, but by another name. I'm focusing my attentions away from organizing a big club of jazz teachers. The *movement* is why the bands sound like they do, why many top-level bands are populated with teaching assistants and assistant professors, so that they'll always play well. It may make for superficially spectacular music, but it's not education. Music is not a political item, or a crusade—ideally, it's personal statements."

For Gary Burton, such ever-present self-analysis and the awareness that comes with reflection continue to sharpen his perceptions and clarify his personal statements, whether they be candidly verbal or sublimely musical. **db**

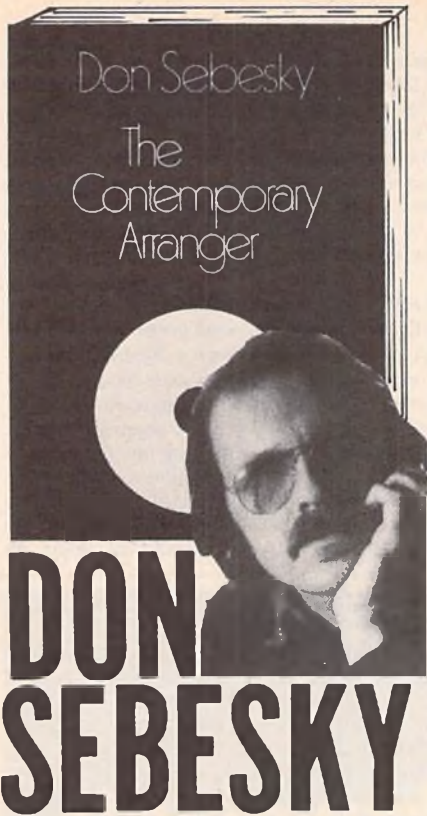
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“**C**ourage, heart, brains—these can transform the dreams of today into the realities of tomorrow.”—Wiz of Oz

They all dream, I suppose, of an improved school situation—the profs, the deans, the prexys—and each according to his own priorities. A professor might yearn for super-students, a dean for peace among his faculty, a president for unlimited budgets.

But the students themselves, faced as they are with the priority of future market-place competition, are prone to make their dreams of such stuff as quality of instruction, extent of curriculum, acquisition of professional know-how.

I dream, too, dreams like interviewing an imaginary person who would represent a cross section of music majors I've known during my long stint at the University of Utah, my association with Westminster College, and my present position at the University of Colorado at Denver. My interviewee—she could be named *Ima Composite*—exudes excitement over her imaginary school, Utopia College.

How did you first get interested in Utopia College?
“It was that beginning statement in their catalogue, ‘The principal reason for the existence of U.C. is the individual student.’ That’s hardly a new line, but as I kept reading, I got the feeling that this school really meant it. Along with those traditional courses everybody takes at traditional schools, the U.C. catalogue listed practical subjects like music store managing, instrument repairing, using a music typewriter, piano tuning, copying and editing, methods of teaching privately—even booking and managing concerts. Seemed to me that Utopia students could prepare for just about any career in music, so I sent in an application.”

And did they accept you immediately?
“Oh, no! They asked for a tape of my playing. Then in a few days, they said I could have a live audition. And that turned out to be a whole day of checking my ear, my reading, my playing, and what I already knew about theory and composing. Then they assigned me to a counselor who explained how the school operated—how it could best help me reach my own particular goals. He told me the courses I had tested out of, exactly what the other courses would treat, and in what sequence they would do me the most good.”

“Because I was such a good keyboard sight-reader, could already play some piano concertos, and understood figured bass theory, we decided I should start with classes in improvisation, chord symbol theory, and counterpoint. And I’d take lessons on keyboard synthesizer and string bass. Then when I got some technique on those instruments, I would join an electronic ensemble and play bass in the reading orchestra. But if my load turned out too heavy, I could drop a class within the first two weeks without losing any of my credit allotment.”

I don't understand what you mean by "credit allotment."
“Well, that’s the most different thing about Utopia! Each new student gets a total allotment of 72 credits in his or her major, to be used in any way he or she and the counselor decide. A class that meets five days a week uses up five credits. A one-day-a-week class takes away only one. Everybody takes a lot of private lessons: they’re one-credit courses. Anyway, when all my credits have been used, I’ll graduate and get a certificate of completion. It will tell what all my skills are. See how it works?”

Yep. But can't a student ever take more than 72 credits?
“A lot of them would like to, but they know that wouldn’t be fair to the people wanting to come to U.C. When a singer graduates, another singer can enroll. Same way for instrumentalists and composers. There has to be a vacancy before another can be accepted. That’s why the student body is always balanced and the student-teacher ratio stays ten to one.”

“But Utopia provides clinics that don’t use up any credits. Every year the instrument repair prof demonstrates the ways to keep each kind of instrument in top condition. My roommate took the clinic in oboe reed-making. Now our desks and window sills are cluttered with pieces of cane soaking in water glasses.”

“But most of the clinics are taught by visiting artists and composers. Some great sax player will help all the sax students find the right fingering for super-high notes, some trumpet artist will show all the wind instrument players how to do circular breathing, or a movie composer will bring his scores and click tracks so we can learn how film music gets recorded. When I realize how much information the visiting artists give us, I’m amazed! And all without tests!”

But you do have tests in the regular classes?
“I’ll say we do! Every time we finish a segment of a course, maybe transposition or bass line construction, we immediately take a self-evaluation exam. Then the teacher gives us each a sheet of the right answers. We can tell exactly what we have and haven’t learned. If enough of us want him to, the teacher will review things we missed. Or if only a couple of students missed a point or two, he’ll clear them up during his consultation hours. Those little exams are really teaching, not testing. And we don’t turn them in—we keep them for reference. Then we don’t really need a big final exam at the end of the term.”

But how can the teacher grade you if he doesn't see those little tests and doesn't give a final?
“There aren’t any grades at Utopia. Dean Wiz and the faculty say the students are the ones who should know what they know and the teachers should know how to take students as far as they can go. So instead of having a final exam, we each make a report on what was useful to us and what wasn’t. The idea is to let us help the prof improve the class next time around.”

Without grades, then, don't students get lazy and sluff class?
“I don’t know any who would deliberately miss what they themselves chose to study and paid tuition and allotment credits for.”

Then everybody's working hard all the time?
“During the week, yes. But on Sundays most of us go over to the Emerald City Lounge just to play and listen. We try out our Beethoven Sonatas and the new songs some of us write. Then the faculty starts jamming and we sit in. It’s great for developing our improvisation and for learning standard tunes.”

Sounds to me as if your school is a place a lot of students would want to know about. Exactly where is Utopia?

“That’s what’s strange! I don’t even know! I just go to sleep at night . . . pretty soon there I am at school . . . somewhere . . . maybe it’s over the rainbow. . . .”

This solo is an example of Cannonball's style during his two-year tenure with Miles Davis in the late 1950's. Cannonball's approach during this period was a blend of a Parker-derived vocabulary intermixed with a number of the advanced scalar and harmonic concepts being developed by Coltrane. The solo develops generally in a light-and-dark pattern—rapid or complex passages alternated with simpler, more powerfully swung sections.

Additional transcribed solos of Cannonball Adderley are published in *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Alto Sax*, by Harry Miedema, edited by David Baker, published by Maher Publications. *Sack o'-Woe* and *The Way You Look Tonight*.

♩ = 150 **BACK (C)**

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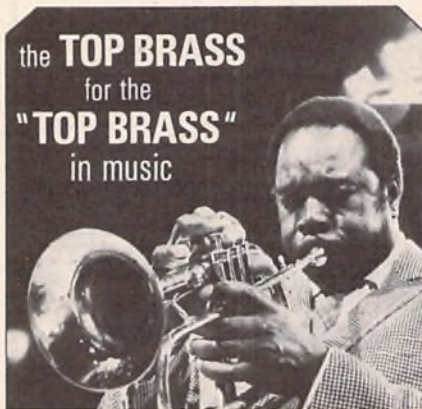
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CAUGHT

continued from page 37

from the inspiring voice of Diane Schuur, a 20-year-old singer from Seattle, who had the whole crowd in her hands from her first line of improvised lyrics ("Jesus, how I need you...") to "I used to be blind/but now I can see," which was especially poignant because Ms. Schuur is blind. Almost incredibly, Schuur, whose "all-time idol" is Dinah Washington, had never worked in the gospel genre until she met Shaughnessy. Generally, she works as a single in the Seattle area, "trying to be as versatile as possible."

• • •

According to Jimmy Lyons, the highest MJF take to date (exclusive of salaries) approached \$27,000, but since the Festival is a non-profit "educational" corporation, this money goes towards scholarships and music programs in the Monterey Peninsula. A more conspicuous result of this educational status occurs Sunday afternoon, when the winners of statewide high school competition perform for a customarily thinned-out crowd.

The new talent, though, was as interesting as the old and—in some cases—more interesting. The small combo competition was won by a quartet from Berkeley High, and they provided a refreshing step out of the mainstream—as well as a good indication of what the younger jazz musicians are responding to. Rodney Franklin played acoustic and electric piano; Peter Apfelbaum, alto; Harold Foreman, bass; and Tony Williams, drums. (This Williams, 14, is no relation to the leader of Lifetime, who didn't get to play the MJF with Miles Davis' group until he was 17.)

The quartet played *Watermelon Man* in the same nouveau funk style as its composer's version on *Headhunters*, Chick Corea's *Spain*, and an Afro-Latin *Bye Bye Blackbird*, reminiscent of the feeling on Coltrane's *Giant Steps* album. Apfelbaum used an electric pick-up on his alto which created a stringed effect, similar to amplified violin played in the lower register.

The All-Star High School Band from Richmond was equally amenable to "newer" music, ably scored by conductor Ladd McIntosh, whose 12-tone composition *Music For A Different Planet/Dying In Another Time* was its most original selection. McIntosh described his music as "sounding like Arnold Schoenberg on a bad day," but it was fascinating and well-received.

John Handy, who served as a judge in the competition, called attention to the absence of any black players in the All-Star Band, which he claimed was "a common occurrence at the Festival." He attributed the conspicuous incongruity not to racism, but to a lack of music-instruction facilities in black neighborhood schools.

Later, guest soloists appeared with the Oakland Youth Symphony in conjunction with the Band. John Lewis conducted his *In Memoriam*, and Bill Evans performed Claus Ogerman's *Symbiosis*. In a lighter moment, Benny Golson conducted the band in his *Killer Joe*, and Clark Terry, dressed as this mythical 'bad dude,' walked on stage and mumbled an appropriate jive blues into the mike. It's a shame (especially for the people who weren't there) that the afternoon's con-

cert was so poorly attended. Musically, it would have been wiser to skip Dizzy Gillespie's opening set Sunday night. Though Dizzy's presence is always exciting and his musicianship unimpeachable, nothing of great interest came through the PA system during his Latin jam. Cal Tjader joined him, along with Mickey Roker, drums; Al Gafa and Michael Howell, guitars; Kwaku Adey and Luis Peralta, percussives; and Earl May, bass. Compared to the new-blood that was re-vitalizing the music all afternoon, Dizzy's casual jam offered nothing more stimulating than his witty rapping between numbers.

Speaking of raps, Lyons' presentation of the Ralph J. Gleason Memorial Fund (of \$1000) challenged the wisdom of his trying to emcee all five concerts, as well as dealing with the inevitable problems backstage. Former deejay Lyons' rap is always low-key, anecdotal, and occasionally soporific, but, by the festival's final hours his remarks about Gleason (whose achievements received a prominent page on the program) and the Award had abandoned all lucidity.

The Gleason Memorial Fund was advertised as a scholarship for study or research in the field of jazz criticism, intended for a music critic and/or social commentator in the Gleason tradition. Inexplicably, Dizzy and John Lewis appeared on stage to accept. Lyons later explained that Dizzy was accepting (posthumously for Ralph) the festival's Chair of Jazz award, whose first recipient was Norman Granz, and that the Fund in Gleason's honor would be awarded later in the year. The audience, however, was never the wiser.

After Betty Carter's set, John Lewis' compositions scored for a documentary film on urban environments were performed by the house band along with Hubert Laws and Asmusen. The series, entitled *Points Of View*, was sometimes pretty, sometimes academic.

Blood Sweat & Tears finished off the night with their customary repertoire of white r&b *garni* (with improvisations). Dave Bargeron's bass trombone solo was exceptional, as was the band's performance of Corea's *Spain*. Otherwise, it was the same old B. S. (&T). The audience was on its feet for the whole set.

The audience at Monterey is notoriously high-spirited without being raucous. A mellow mood prevailed, generally throughout the festival, though Bill Evans felt that people were "less attentive than at indoor or European festivals." Klaus Asmusen, Svend's 24-year-old son, who owns a recording studio in Copenhagen, claimed the MJF crowd was "more serious and polite" than comparable audiences in Europe. Lew Tabackin admitted he "had no idea what was going on out there" while on stage. Whatever their listening habits, Jimmy Lyons is steadfastly faithful to "his people." One of his goals is to keep them coming back year after year, and that may be why he describes his crowd as "older than most." Ages, in fact, were known to range from 80-year-old bassist Ed "Montudi" Garland, born in New Orleans, to a blond young lady from Aptos, Ca., named Skya, who attended every day of the Festival, applauded indiscriminately for everyone, and reached the age of one as the MJF closed Sunday midnight.

—len Lyons

CITY SCENE

New York

At P.S. 77, a French restaurant, **Bucky Pizarelli** sits with guitar Monday nights and maybe, by the time this reaches you, Thursday thru Saturdays will be added. Friends often drop by with axes . . . Jack Kleinsinger's *Highlights In Jazz*, after a SRO season opener, will try again at Loeb Student Center, New York University with *A Tribute To Birdland*, starring **Buddy DeFranco, Billy Taylor, Howard McGhee, Cecil Payne, Chris White, Charlie Persip, and Eddie Jefferson**. There will also be Jack's surprise guest . . . St. Peter's Church was the scene of the annual All Night Soul, celebrating the anniversary of Jazz Vespers. Vespers, starting at 5 PM, will feature **Lennie Martinez**, November 9; **Philip Stewart**, November 16 . . . Holland America's Showboat 4 leaves New York December 13 for one week to Nassau and Bermuda with **Stan Getz, Woody Herman, Ahmad Jamal, James Moody, Sarah Vaughan and Billy Daniels** . . . The Beacon Theatre shows **Jesse Colin Young**, November 9; **New Riders of The Purple Sage**, November 14 & 15 . . . The Great Performers at Fisher Hall will be the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band** with the **Vassar Clements Band**, November 7; **Bonnie Raitt and Tom Waits**, November 9 . . . Buddy's Place has **Lionel Hampton Band** thru November 8; **Lou Rawls** November 10 thru 15 . . . **Marian McPartland** still holds the piano bench at Bemelmer's Bar of the Hotel Carlyle . . . **Dan Fogelberg** is at Fisher Hall, November 14 . . . The Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel has announced its schedule: **Barbara McNair** thru November 8, **Billy Eckstine** is starting November 11 . . . At the Atelier Fountain, **Gunter Hampel** and his **Galaxie Dream Band** hold forth every Friday and Saturday, 9 to midnight. Vocalist **Jeanne Lee** is featured the last Sunday of each month . . . **Mary Lou Williams** and **Brian Torff** are at the Cookery thru November 14 . . . Madison Square Garden has **Edgar Winter**, November 19 . . . The Bottom Line's features are **The Tubes** November 6 thru 9; **David Bromberg** November 10 & 11; **Kenny Rankin** November 12 thru 16; **The Pointer Sisters** start November 19 . . . Broady's has jazz Tuesdays thru Saturdays . . . The Five Spot continues with the **Dave Matthews** big band Mondays, and **Sun Ra** in November 18 . . . Check out Hopper's for jazz soloists and duos with good eats . . . The Seafood Playhouse features the return of the Chorus Line, missing from the N.Y. scene for the past half-dozen years. **Bill Doggett** is there thru November 16. Look for **Jimmy Smith** and **Arthur Prysock** later . . . Studio We presents Bicentennial Jazz Concerts: **Jimmy Vass Quartet**, November 5; **John Marshall**, November 6; **Abdullah**, November 7 & 8; **Earl Cross** November 14 & 15. Located at 193 Eldridge Street . . . *Interludes* have returned to Town Hall at 5:45 PM. **Lillian Roth** cries November 5; **Marion Williams**, November 12; **Galt MacDermott** and the **New York Dance Ensemble**, November 19 . . . The Other End continues top names with **Johnny Rivers**, November 13 thru 16. Don't forget Mondays and Tuesdays are jazz nights . . . Seventh Avenue South is alive with jazz nightly at

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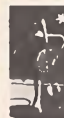
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Los Angeles

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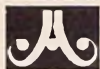
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SOUTHWEST

PHOENIX: The Celebrity Theater has a full docket with the **Straws and Gentle Giant** 10/30, **Maria Muldaur** 11/2, **Rick Wakeman** 11/18, and **Todd Rundgren** and **10cc** coming up... **Bruce Springsteen** is tentatively slated for a three-day stand at Grady Gammage Auditorium 11/3-4, & 6... The Boojum Tree has jazz every night, with upcoming stints for **Kai Winding** and **Monty Alexander** in December... Doubletree Inn affiliate The Cork Tree has **Freeway**... The Arizona State U. **Jazz Ensemble** plays a freebie on Nov. 6... **Nadine Jansen Trio** is at the Valley Ho... **Joan Baez** is at Symphony Hall 11/6, and **Earth, Wind & Fire** comes to the Exhibit Hall on Nov. 15... The **Don Phillips Quartet** has jazz-rock-pop back at the Anchorage-Hawaii... If you're sentimental, the **Inkspots** play the Safari... **Lou Garno** has been at Ciro's backing a singer, **Del Chapman**... Big band jazz free at the Varsity Inn on Nov. 10... The **Bob Ravenscroft Trio** will play the Boojum on 11/9... Local drummer **Pete Magadini** has an album out called *Polyrhythm*. The LP features **George Duke** on keyboards... **Young Sounds**, a high school all-star jazz band sponsored by the Musicians Union and led by **Jeff Jeffries**, will give a concert at Civic Plaza on November 9, possibly free of charge. They're turning some heads... The annual high school and college jazz fest comes up on December 6, details later.

SAN DIEGO: Trumpeter **Joe Krebs** has replaced **Dwayne Colley** in *Matrix*, but **Jimmy Willis** (tenor) and **Lars Biork** (bass) continue to lead this fine jazz quintet. They have recently been playing at the Crossroads on Fridays, but are now going full-time, Tuesday thru Saturday, at the Albatross in Del Mar... The **Joe Marillo Sextet** is holding down Saturday nights at the Crossroads... Marillo, by the way, continues to do good things with the Society for the Preservation of Jazz. Societal events frequently take place at the Catamaran Hotel, with **Bobby Hutcherson** slated for November 7-9. From there, Hutcherson heads to Hermosa Beach and the Lighthouse Nov. 11-20... Northward yet, Studio Cafe on the pier at Balboa now has Sunday jazz jams during the day.

LAS VEGAS: The Aladdin Hotel has announced the construction of a \$10 million, 7500-seat Theatre For The Performing Arts. This will be, says the Aladdin, "a proper venue for the artists who could not or would not perform twice nightly before an eating and drinking audience." That's one way to put it. Major rock, jazz, and symphonic productions will be on tap... **Marlena Shaw** journeys up to Harrah's Tahoe 11/7-20... **Fats Domino** and **Slappy White** are in the lounge to spell **Ann-Margaret's** Hilton show. The big news is the impending arrival of **Dizzy Gillespie** for an 11/21-27 stint... **Helen Reddy** follows the **Jackson Five** at MGM Grand... **Philadelphia Story** is in the Aladdin lounge... What ever happened to live music??? The Landmark's Skytop Disc-O-Dance continues to deprive area musicians of a gig... It's official. **Ron Feuer**, **Alex Acuna**, and **Cheryl Grainer** are with **Miroslav Vitous** on a soon-to-be heard LP.

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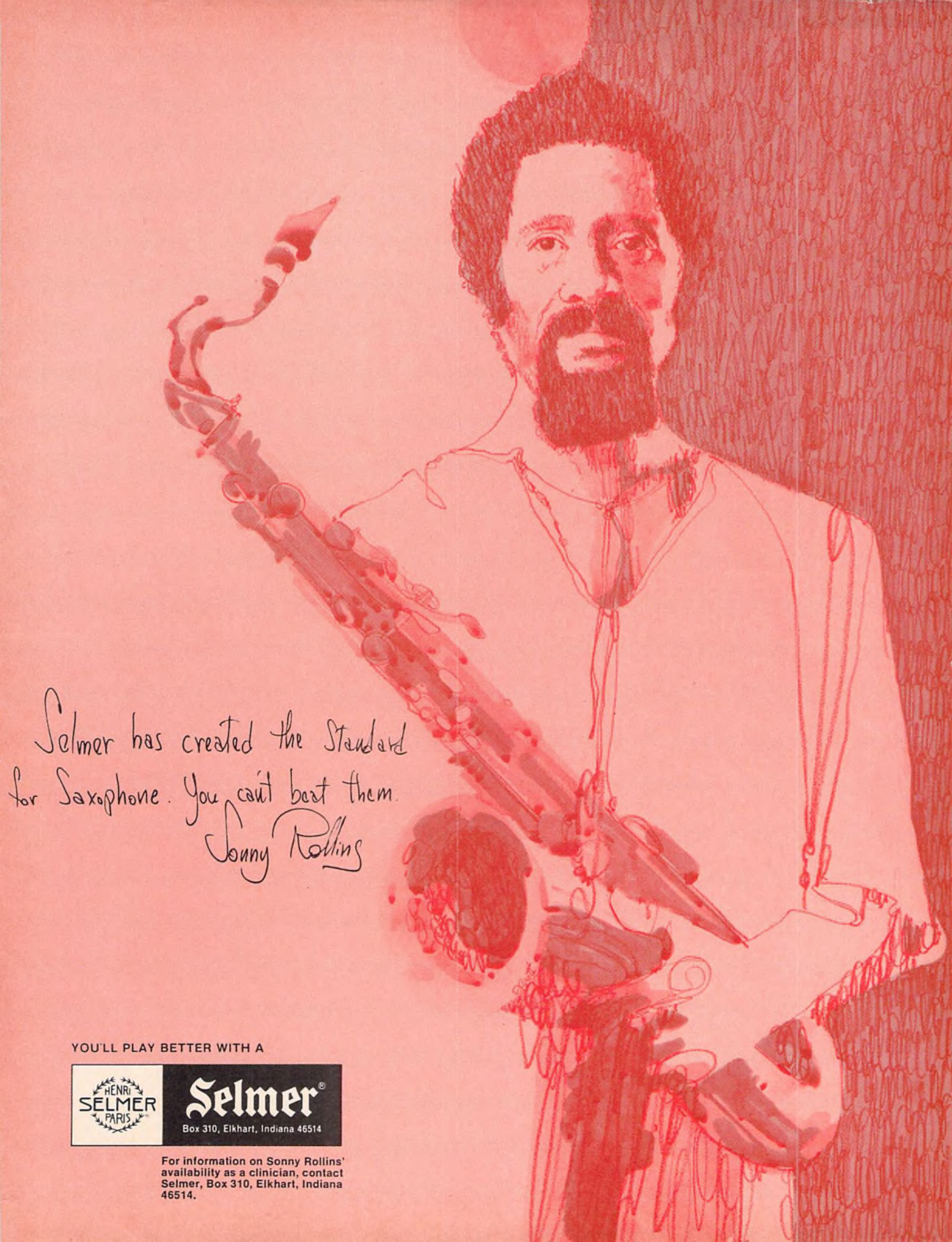
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