

DECEMBER 18, 1975

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music magazine

down beat®

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1975 READERS POLL



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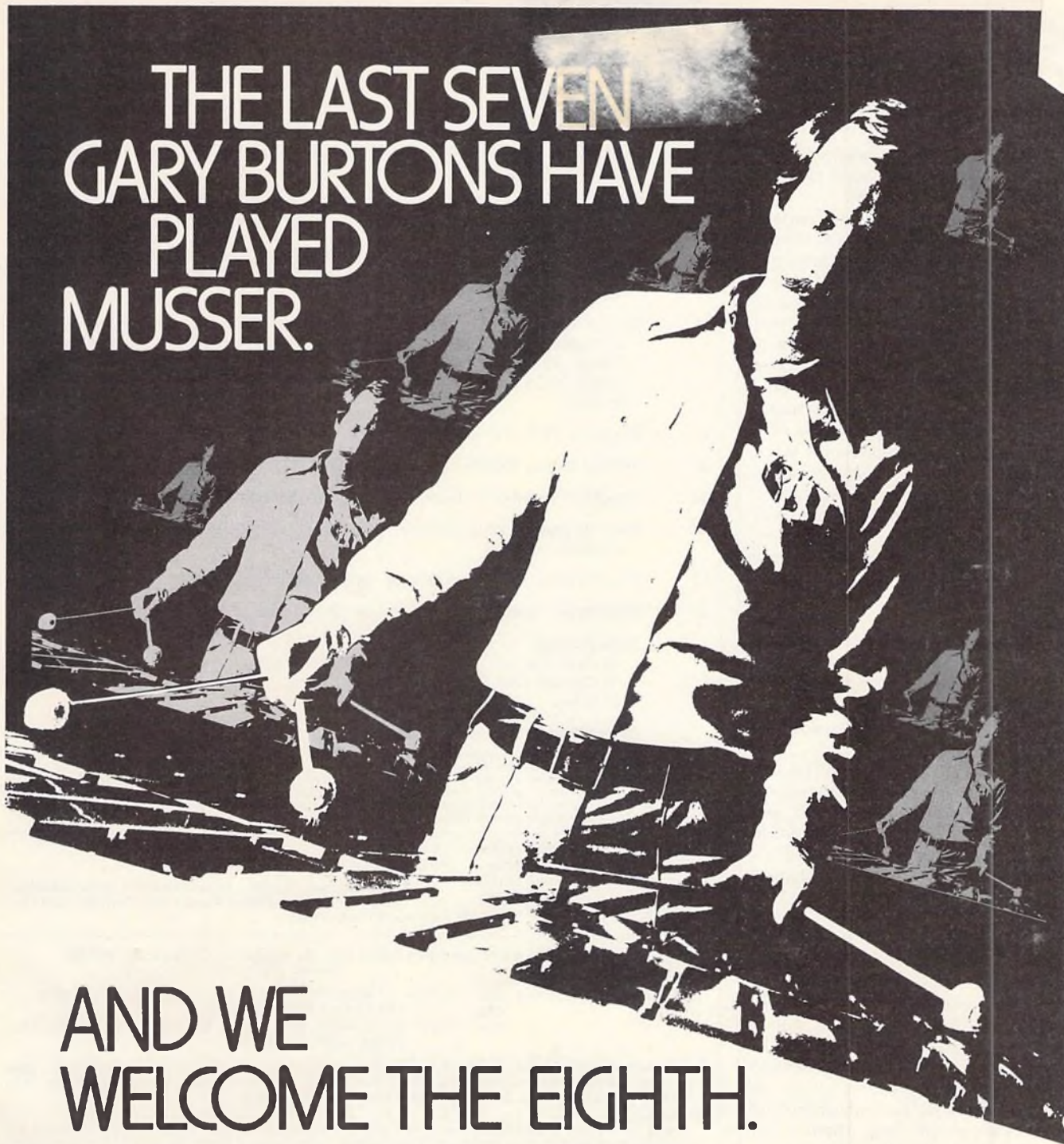
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by Gary Burton

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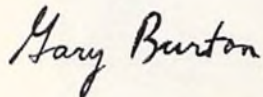
To start with, there is a certain amount of fundamental knowledge which one has to have. You must understand how harmony works and how rhythm works and that sort of thing. The standard approach to music education is very backward to me. Most schools teach you the mechanics of their instruments for a 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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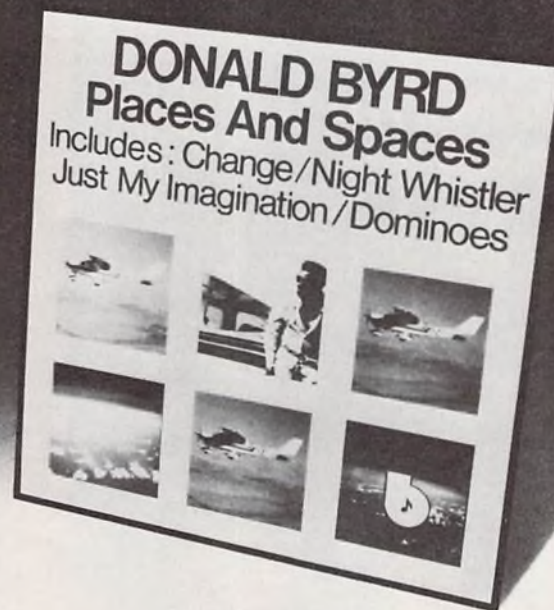
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

The results of our 40th Readers Poll are in. This "oldest on-going poll" reflects the contemporary music scene from the musicians' viewpoint via the down beat electorate: 96 percent "active players" whose ages average about 23 with most readers clustered about a median of 19½ years. (The fact that twice as many persons voted this year than last is a result of db's growing readership—now about 470,000 per issue—and heightened media interest in jazz-related music.)

The top of the poll is the Hall of Fame. Julian "Cannonball" Adderley is the 42nd musician—and the fifth alto player—to be so

honored. (The other four were Charlie Parker, '55; Eric Dolphy, '64; Ornette Coleman, '69; and Johnny Hodges, '70.)

The decided emphasis in this year's poll is on the younger musicians.

McCoy Tyner is #1 Jazzman of the Year, the top performing award; #1 Acoustic Piano, #3 Jazz Group, and has two LPs in the Jazz Album of the Year category.

Chick Corea wins the important Composer award for the third consecutive year. Corea and the musicians affiliated with Return To Forever—Stanley Clarke, #1 Electric Bass; Lenny White, drums; and Al DiMeola, guitar—are represented in 17 of the poll's 33 categories. The Readers' judgment on Corea differs considerably from that of the International Critics (db, August 14, 1975). The Critics believe Corea to be second to Keith Jarrett as a Composer, and give him no votes as a pianist. (The only other category in

which the Critics differ so widely is Female Singer. They give no votes to Flora Purim; their #1 is Sarah Vaughan.)

Keith Jarrett shows impressive strength in this poll. He is hard on Tyner's heels for Jazzman and Acoustic Piano, he shows up well in the Jazz Group, and has two Jazz Albums. There is no doubt that he is, and should remain, a contemporary giant. (Oscar Peterson, in an interview in this issue, has some characteristically interesting things to say about Jarrett and other piano peers . . . and critics.)

Weather Report is another multiple winner: #1 Jazz Group for the fourth year and #1 Jazz Album for the second year. Thus Weather Reporters Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul appear in 12 categories. Shorter is #1 Soprano for the sixth year and scores high on tenor and alto. Zawinul scores high in three keyboard categories and Composer.

The top multiple-honored instrumentalist is still Rahsaan Kirk: #1 Clarinet, #1 Stritch/Manzello; #3 Flute, and enough votes to make soprano, tenor, and baritone sax categories. (His alto must be broken.) There are three new first chair players: Bill Watrous, Phil Woods, and Joe Pass. Watrous' exposure via his new band (and Columbia contract), school festival dates, and a heap of good playing earned a 3-to-1 win over Garnett Brown who, last year, ended the 19 year reign of J. J. Johnson. (What happens when J. J.'s new albums are released?)

There is a very personal interview, in this issue, with Phil Woods, #1 Alto Sax, denoting some of the frustration in his search for a place in the sun, out of Bird's shadow.

Joe Pass, on the basis of some stunning Pablo records, is #1 Guitar player. He has more than earned everything he gets.

Our readers are obviously impressed with the quality and quantity of albums released this past year. They choose 33 jazz albums in this year's poll vs. 11 last year—a 200% increase. They also choose 21 Rock/Blues albums vs 11 last year.

Is there a discernible stylistic trend? There doesn't seem to be; our musician readers play the field. Depending on your own inclination, you could make a case for energized jazz on the basis of albums by Weather Report, Miles Davis, Return To Forever and others. But there are those who favor acoustic soloists: Tyner, Jarrett, Taylor, et al. And there are those who prefer big band sounds: Ferguson, Watrous, Herman, Basie, Mahavishnu, Jones-Lewis, and Rich. Roots are also respected: Charlie Parker, John Coltrane and Dizzy Gillespie.

There seems to be, among our readers, a fair balance between Rock and Blues. Blues gets a boost with Earth, Wind & Fire as #1 group; Jeff Beck's #1 rock-style album evens the score.

In fact, the entire poll is in balance. There is no one person, like Stevie Wonder or John McLaughlin in recent years, who dominated poll results. This Readers Poll reaffirms that musicians are into contemporary music, and not wholly into any one of its parts.

Thank you all for voting as thoroughly and sincerely as you did. The best compliment a musician can get is from another musician.

Next issue: a photo story on down beat's first TV Awards Program; and a matrix of electronics in music featuring Lonnie Liston Smith, Urszula Dudziak, Eddie Harris, and the recording wizardry of ECM's Manfred Eicher.

MEL LEWIS:

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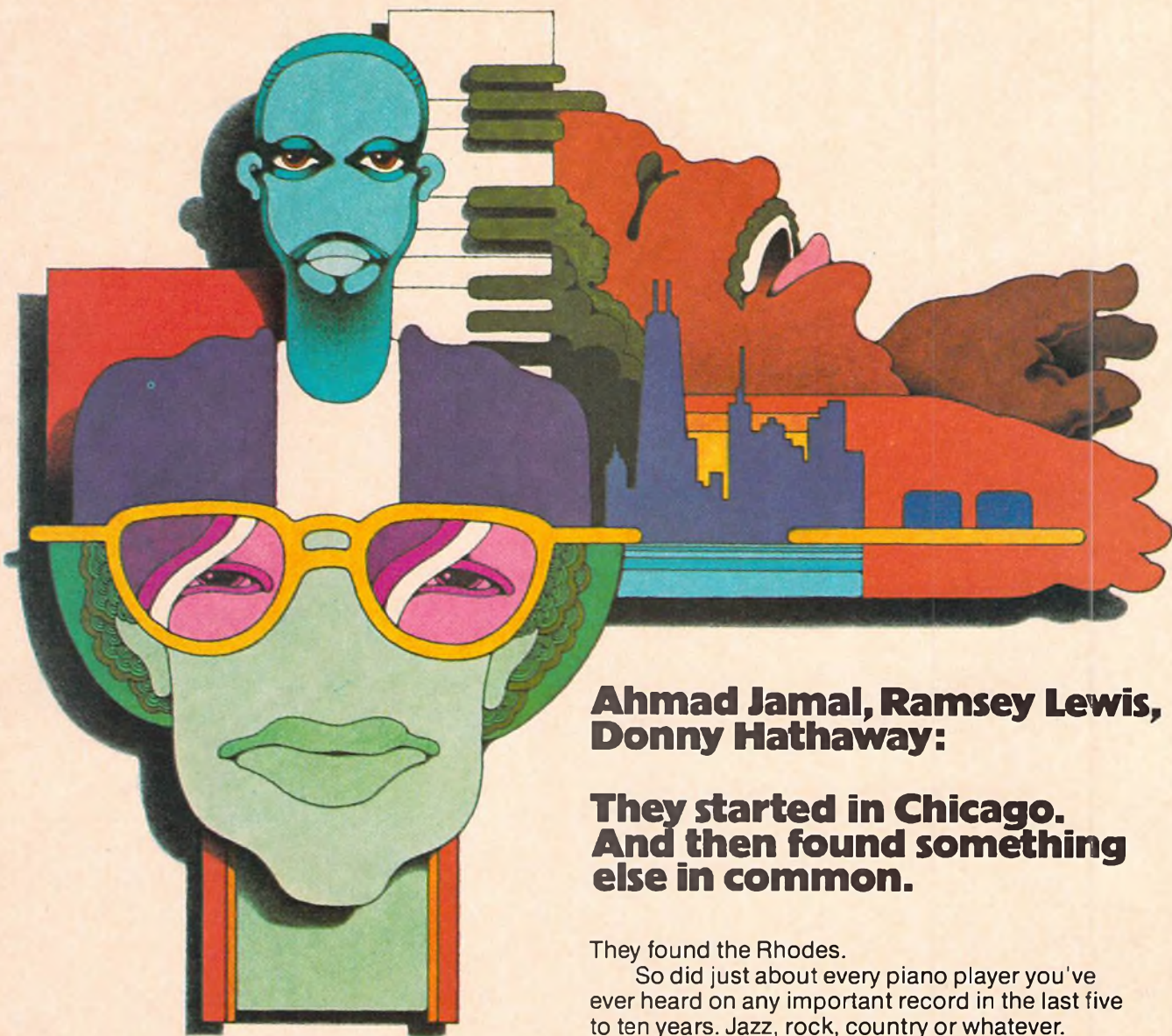
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We at Gretsch would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Mel on being a co-winner (along with the fabulous Thad Jones) of the Big Band Category of the down beat Readers Poll for the fourth straight year.

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Malaise And M'Boom

The neglect of art in this country is sickening and depressing. The truth of the matter is that we are all to blame.

Record companies and producers turn out music (?) for the sake of money and not the muse, "jazz" radio stations sound like the jukebox in the local bar and the public not only accepts this crap but craves for more!

I could go on, but let's talk about something good. When the hell are you guys going to write up M'Boom? So what's an M'Boom (pronounced oom-boom) you ask? Well, take six seasoned jazz drummers (Max Roach, Freddie Waits, Roy Brooks, Joe Chambers, Warren Smith, and Omar Clay) plus one Latin percussionist (Ray Mantilla), add a stage jammed with traps, tympanis, vibes, gongs, congas, etc., and original charts written and arranged by the band and what have you got? Some of the most dynamic, volatile, swinging music ever created. . . .

The band has been around four years that I know of and has played to SRO audiences in Europe but has been sadly neglected here. Wake up, America, not to McDonald's, but to M'Boom!
 Brian Duffy Port Chester, N.Y.

Accuracy, Please

In regard to the article on Guilherme Franco in the 10/23 issue, I was quite startled by Len Lyons' opening remarks:

"Ever since Airtio Moreira added the irresistible spice to Miles' *Bitches Brew*, the word percussion has taken on a new meaning for jazz listeners."

Airtio Moreira *did not* play percussion on *Bitches Brew*. If Mr. Lyons will take time to look inside the album jacket, he will see that Jim Riley, better known today as Jumma Santos, was the percussionist on that album, along with Lenny White, Jack DeJohnette, and Don Alias.
 Jumma Santos (Jim Riley) New York, N.Y.

Spotlight On Sonny

Criss lives! And with him the spirit of Parker et al. Leonard Maltin's review on Sonny (*db*, 11/6) was just what the doctor ordered. Now maybe you could do a feature on him. Criss is definitely deserving of more exposure.

Ira Steingroot's review of Sun Ra's *Jazz In Silhouette* also deserves a tip of the hat. These reviews along with your strong features garner five stars for the Nov. 6 issue.
 Ricky Schultz Denver, Colo.

Fusillo's Fusillade

I am writing to strike an intense dischord with Mr. Kent Wieland, who put down the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band (*Chords*, 10/23). Having met Thad and seen his band on several occasions, I know what that band is capable of doing. Thad is a mother of an arranger with an ear to everything that's happening today and his band shows it. His beautiful, powerful

charts are often extremely difficult to execute (*Fingers*, *Central Park North*, etc.), but his band can cut it.

It seems inconceivable how Mr. Wieland can downgrade this band, which at one time or another has been the home of such contemporary greats as Jerome Richardson, Quentin Jackson, Jerry Dodgion, Jon Faddis, Billy Harper, Pepper Adams, Snooky Young, Richard Davis, Joe Farrell, George Mraz, etc.
 Robert Fusillo Boston, Mass.

Come Out Swinging?

I fail to see what Charlie Suber has against the School of Music at North Texas State University. Is he building up to a full-scale blast at Leon Breeden and Rich Matteson? It would appear that this is the case. In the 10/23 issue, Suber stated that NTSU was more concerned with complexity than swinging. I didn't realize that *db* of late was *that* hip to swinging. Where's the message in swinging? And now in the 11/6 issue, there is the reference that Kenny Barron (who earned his Masters at NT) "didn't feel comfortable in Kenton-style stage bands. (Things haven't changed much, have they?)"

Well, in my opinion, the continuing impact of jazz and big bands is going to owe much to the likes of Gene Hall, Leon Breeden, Rich Matteson, and Stan Kenton. These below the belt jabs against people who have dedicated their lives to jazz education are completely out of place.
 Randy Taylor Dayton, Ohio

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AWARDS SHOW—PART II

CHICAGO—The taping of the **db** poll winners show for *Soundstage* was nothing less than spectacular. As mentioned last issue, co-hosts Chick Corea and Quincy Jones paced the show.

The stellar group of participants included McCoy Tyner, piano; Corea, electric keyboards; Rahsaan Roland Kirk, saxes, clarinet, etc.; Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; Hubert Laws, flute; Bill Watrous, trombone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; George Benson, guitar; Stanley Clarke, bass; Lenny White, drums; and Airtio Moreira, percussion. Weather Report also makes an appearance.

Photo highlights of the super session will be featured in the next issue.

Limited Duke Disc

NEW YORK—"You are cordially invited to spend Monday evening, December 15th at home. . . ." So the printed invitation begins. The announcement goes on to say that there has been a special pressing of a limited edition album called *The Duke From His Friends In Tokyo*.

The collector's issue was produced in Tokyo by A. Torio, president of Victor Publishing of Japan, pressed by RCA Records, USA, and donated for the specific purpose of raising funds for the Duke Ellington Cancer Center on Long Island.

"We thought this was a better idea than having another Cotton Club Show as we did last year,"

explained Charles Scully press coordinator for the Cancer Center.

The initial pressing is for 5000 copies and the expectation is that all will be sold quickly. They can be purchased for a tax-deductible contribution of \$25 addressed to Tribute To The Duke, The Duke Ellington Cancer Center, Suite 1350, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10019.

The Center itself will be a permanent tribute to the Duke and will maintain five beds (in the hospital complex to which it is attached in the Hamptons) for indigent musicians in need of cancer treatment and care.

potpourri

Patrice Rushen's newest disc features Hubert Laws, Harvey Mason, and Lee Ritenour, among others.

Al Mouzon's new aggregation is made up of Bill Muzzo, guitar; Stanley Luckey, bass; Dave Benolt, keyboards; and Nate Morgan, electric piano. Not to mention Al himself on drums and occasional vocals.

Bassist Monk Montgomery's latest album was waxed in Johannesburg, South Africa, while he was on tour there with vocalist Lovelace Watkins.

Vocalist Tony Bennett has formed a new record company to be called *Improv Records*. According to Tony, the purpose of the label is to "create a line of good esoteric music which will be considered a distinguished jazz line." More info will follow.

Quincy Jones' upcoming album will be an 80-minute double disc dealing with the complete evolution of black music from 1510 up through the present. A symphony orchestra and gospel choir will be employed for the extravaganza, which as of now is still untitled. **db**

WARNER NEWS

LOS ANGELES—Warner/Reprise jazz chieftain Bob Krasnow has detailed his plans for cracking the jazz market. Already signed to the Berkeley-based label are the Staple Singers, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, George Benson, Alice Coltrane, Fathead Newman, Pat Martino, and Funkadelic.

Revealing hints of what to expect from the company via these artists, Krasnow says that Rahsaan's upcoming disc will be produced by Joel Dorn and will include interpretations of such songs as Minnie Riperton's *Lovin' You* and other successful pop entries.

Newman will also be produced by Dorn, Alice Coltrane by Ed Michel, George Benson by Tommy LiPuma, and Pat Martino by Ed Freeman.

Coltrane's first Warner disc fronts one side of original tunes plus a side long interpretation of Stravinsky's *The Rites Of Spring*.

Krasnow, who believes that New York City is in the midst of a "renaissance of musicians . . . like that which occurred in San Francisco in the late 1960s," obviously feels that jazz is on the upswing.

10 □ down beat

Me And Bessie Hits B'Way

NEW YORK!—"I ain't Bessie. A *Pigfoot, You've Been A Good She's the Empress of the Blues. I Ole Wagon, Empty Bed Blues and Nobody Knows When You're* grew up in gospel." With those lines Linda Hopkins opens a musical tribute on Broadway at the Ambassador Theatre. This legit theatre production consists of the songs Bessie Smith made famous. Bessie, who died from



Hopkins as Miss Bessie

shock due to the loss of blood from a severed arm suffered in an auto accident because she allegedly was not admitted to a "whites only" hospital in the south, is being given the eulogy treatment on a grand scale.

Ms. Hopkins, Tony Award winner for her role in *Inner City*, portrays both of the title parts, "Me" and "Bessie." As the former, she introduces the episodes in Bessie's life from church and tents, up through vaudeville and stardom. As Bessie she dons those patented feathers and shimmering gowns that were the songstress' trademarks. She cavorts about the stage as we may have pictured the great Ms. Smith did, and most of all she belts, cajoles and whines those tunes we have come to associate with the "Empress." *Romance In The Dark, A Good Man Is Hard To Find, T'ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do, Gimme*

The production was conceived and written by Ms. Hopkins and Will Holt. There is a band on stage during the entire performance under the direction of pianist Howlett Smith. They are Bob Bushnell, bass; Ray Mosca, drums; Dick Griffin, trombone; and Lenny Hambro, reeds. The uncanny resemblance of Linda to Bessie, combined with the powerful vocal incantations, the dresses and the aura that surrounded the period (1923-37) all combine to make this truly an evening with Bessie.

And this is only the beginning. Like Billie Holiday before her, Bessie is about to become a posthumous star. Roberta Flack will star in the Hollywood version of her life, and you can bet Columbia is readying a new pressing of that monumental collection. Linda Hopkins has been signed to record *Me And Bessie* by Columbia.

Salsa Lends Hand

NEW YORK—Jazz supporters come from unusual places. With the amount of publicity that has been given the plight of WRVR and its proposed change in format, rallyers of the cause have come out of the woodwork. This time it was the Latin community of New York City, under the coordination of Nancy Rodriguez Luciano and Mother's Latino, that put on two shows at Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate. Pablo "Yoruba" Gizman emceed.

The flavor of the music ran from dance hall rhythms that used to have names like Cha-Cha-Cha, Mambo, Samba and Merengue, to soul music with a distinct Latin air. The traditionalists were represented by Machito, and special guest Celia Cruz. The mainstream moderns had their Eddie Palmieri and Seguida. The electronic and avant garde were represented by Raices, Ricardo, Morrere and The Group, Conjunto Melao, Bobby Rodriguez y la Compania, Conjunto Condela and Folklorica Experimental.

The Citizens Committee To Save Jazz Radio (CCSJR) was recently formed to keep all-jazz radio station WRVR-FM from slipping into the hands of a rhythm and blues format. A reply to the Committee's initial petition to deny the changeover was filed by Riverside Church and Sonderling Broadcasting, the two parties involved. CCSJR has filed its final petition. We now await the decision of the FCC. In the meantime, more concerts are planned to benefit the Committee and help defray the legal fees. Watch these pages and City Scene for details.

Brubeckers Reunite



Once Upon A Time, Again

NEW YORK—The Dave Brubeck Quartet will reunite for a silver anniversary tour beginning February 17. The quartet, comprised of Brubeck on piano, Paul Desmond, on sax, Eugene Wright on bass, and Joe Morello on drums, will play concert dates in Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities as yet unspecified.

Brubeck's sons' group, Two Generations Of Brubeck, will also accompany the celebrants.

Ivory Action In Triplicate

NEW YORK—Earl "Fatha" Hines, Eubie Blake and Billy Taylor each contributed about 40 minutes recently to a fund-raising epoch at the Oversea Press Club. Hines, an honorary chairperson, also emceed the program which had him leading off. He broke his medley into three categories: The Early Period (*My Monday Date, You Can Depend On Me, Rosetta*, etc.); Music By Pianists I Love (*Canadian Sunset* by Eddie Heywood, *Lullaby Of Birdland* by George Shearing, *Satin Doll* by Duke Ellington, etc.) and My Band Era (*Second Balcony Jump, Boogie Woogie On St. Louis Blues*). As he dug in, it was evident why Earl is considered to be the progenitor of a school of piano that carries over into today. His tempo breaks, anathema when he first did them, are now S.O.P. for keyboardists.

The redoubtable Eubie, with his happy, ongoing commentary, did *Eubie's Classical Rag, Scarf Dance* and a favorite of his and his audience, *Rhapsody In Blue/The Man I Love*. Not quite a medley, this, but more of a rhapsody based on the two pieces, done up with Gershwin-esque chords and blue fanfare and flourish. *Spanish Feeling* was preceded by a story of how he met Lucky Roberts, the composer of the piece. "I wasn't old like this all my life!" the 92-year-old Blake said, mocking anger. A tour-de-force is his *Rhapsody In Ragtime*, showing that he can still handle difficult runs like a kid. He almost played Lehár's *Merry Widow Waltz*

through without embellishments, but the temptation to "rag" it was too much and off he flew, shouting, "Now my way. I've gotta make a living, too." He closed to cheers with *Charles-ton Rag*, clenching his hands over his head in his characteristic champion stance.

Dr. Billy Taylor did a varied program, culling from all of his source material. He opened a la Tatum, swinging into Fatha and Ellington. A lengthy Ellington/Strayhorn medley was flawless and well-paced, bouncing through such items as *Drop Me Off In Harlem* and *Do Nothin' Til You Hear From Me*, and easing painfully into *All Too Soon* and *Lush Life* with three others mixed in. C.A.G. was based on those notes in a major key, fully improvised.

The concluding *Memories of You* featured all three keyboardists. Eubie announced the game plan. "First I'll play the verse," he announced to his accompanists. We, the audience, were all but nonexistent. "I'll do the first chorus in F," the composer went on. "Then we'll all do another in Ab. Watch me, though." After all, it was his tune. And you really had to watch him; he took breaks where there weren't supposed to be any. It was "grand" fun.

As someone had earlier calculated, the concert represented more than 200 years of keyboard genius. In this bicentennial celebration year, it's easy to settle for 200 years of something other than muskets and minutemen.

New Releases

Proud packages from Arista include *Horses*, the debut album by rock mustang **Patti Smith**; *Marching In The Street*, the long-awaited debut solo disc by drummer **Harvey Mason**; *From South Africa To South Carolina*, **Gil Scott-Heron** and **Brian Jackson**; *Identity*, **Airto**; *Sunsets And Other Beginnings*, **Joel Zoss**; and a solo album spotlighting former Joy Of Cooker **Terry Garthwaite**.

RCA has issued the first pair of albums on the newly-formed custom label **Utopia**. They are *Sunset Glow*, by British songstress **Julie Tippetts** and *Magma Live*, a double disc set by the strangely intriguing group called **Magma**.

Island latecomers include *Breakfast Special* by **Pete Wingfield** (featuring the doo-wop chartbuster *18 With A Bullet*); *Indiscreet*, the newest from the **Mael Brothers** and **Sparks**; *Pressure Drop*, **Robert Palmer**; and the premiere effort by Irish traditional instrumentalists **Barry Hammond & the Chieftains 5**.

Audiofidelity has come up with a mammoth batch of goodies. **BASF** specials include *I Love The Blues, She Heard My Cry*, **George Duke**; *Feeling Free*, **Kingsley**.

Singers Unlimited; *Continental Experience*, **George Shearing**; and *Violinspiration*, **Stephane Grappelli** and the **Diz Disney Trio**.

Chiaroscuro corkers are *Buck Clayton Jam Session, Volume II*; *Joe Venuti And Zoot Sims*; *Soda Fountain Rag*, **Brooks Kerr**; *Live At The Cookery*, a solo album from **Dick Wellstood**; *Live At The Roosevelt Grill, Volume II*, **Bobby Hackett**; *John Eaton/Solo Piano*, **John Eaton**; and *Quintessential 1974*, **Earl Hines**.

Black Lion breakouts are *Night Work*, **Sonny Stitt** and the **Giants**; *Shade Of Blue*, **Howard McGhee**; *Striding After Fats*, **Teddy Wilson**; *The Talk Of The Town*, **Stephane Grappelli**; and *Blue Soul*, **Barney Kessel**.

Enja enervaters are *Hill Country Suite*, **Bobby Jones** with **George Mraz** and **Freddie Walts**; *Good News From Africa*, **Dollar Brand**; *Lament For Booker Ervin*, **Booker Ervin**; *Hard Talk*, the **Mal Waldron Quintet**; and *Father Time*, **Frank Tusa** and **Dave Liebman**.

Vanguard's latest includes *Oregon In Concert*, a live disc by the unique acoustic quartet; the debut disc by the **Pazant Brothers** and the **Beaufort Express**, called *Loose And Juicy*; and *The Essential Perry & Kingsley*. db

FINAL BAR



JAN PERSSON

Oliver Nelson, 43-year-old St. Louis born composer/arranger/conductor/author/producer/clinician/saxophonist, died of a heart attack in Los Angeles during the night of October 27, leaving his wife, Audrey, two sons, and worldwide friends. In the liner notes for his *Blues And The Abstract Truth*, Nelson defined his own artistic integrity: "It was not until this LP was recorded . . . that I finally had broken through and realized that I would have to be true to myself, to play and write what I think is vital, and, most of all, to find my own personality and identity."

Perhaps it was this very integrity which enabled Nelson, in his award-winning *The Kennedy Dream*, to illustrate through music many such Kennedy humanistic insights as, "I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist."

How poignant that Oliver Nelson, like John Kennedy, should be lost at the height of his productive life—so much work undone, so many songs unsung, so much truth untold.

Who now can fulfill the Oliver Nelson Dream? —bill towler
Ed. Note—Oliver Nelson was featured in the 4/24/75 db. That article outlined his musical history and accomplishments.

Oscar Peterson

PIANO WORSHIP

by Len Lyons

As an occasionally working musician and a perennial jazz pianist *manqué*, I confess to rampant, shameless envy of all the keyboard players I have imitated and emulated. I have loved them; they have frustrated me. Fortunately for the sake of my sanity, I realized before passing the invisible, but palpable, Point of No Return, that I will never, even if I were foolish enough to try forever, be able to equal the musical achievement of these men.

Two years ago, perhaps as a rebate on the dues I had paid, I discovered that even if I couldn't make the kind of music I wanted to hear, I did have a modest gift for writing about it. (Though the gift may be modest, I don't claim to be.) I was a bit disappointed at first, having somehow received the "wrong" talent from the cosmic dole, but not surprised. After all, very few people see their dreams come true. Most of them, like me, simply end up doing whatever it is they do best and miraculously learn to like it.

Some of the nicest trophies I've managed to bring home from the field of feature journalism are taped interviews with many of my musically unapproachable keyboard idols. I think of them, in fact, as *keys to the keyboard*, because that's what they are to me. All of them, that is, have taught me how to play, though I somehow never managed to learn.

Oscar Peterson was the first pianist who simultaneously inspired and discouraged me. As Art Tatum was alleged in the '50s to have sent many an aspiring player into the insurance business, Peterson, and his ilk, have consigned me to improvising my lines at the typewriter. (If it's not one keyboard, it's another.)

He was in the midst of a two week solo engagement at El Matador in San Francisco when I met him for the first time. With malice towards none of the jazz *persona* I've interviewed, Oscar is the easiest to talk to. He is articulate about his art and his craft. There is no pretense, no jive, and none of those notorious hipisms which read like vacuous clichés when transcribed from tape to paper.

Hampton Hawes speaks of Oscar in his



VERYL OAKLAND

autobiography (*Raise Up Off Me*) as one of the few musicians in the '50s whose influence was entirely salubrious. He was reputed to know whose music was solid and who could be trusted and, generally, to take care of business. At 48, Peterson has been a professional for nearly 30 years, and serious all the way.

Our conversation was unhurried. We discussed his career, his thoughts about other pianists, about critics, about the color of jazz, the essence of technique, and especially soloing, the moment of truth for any pianist. The afternoon was Oscar's, though I couldn't resist getting my own licks in wherever possible, as I've always wanted to do at the keyboard.

Lyons: Solo jazz concerts are extremely rare, even among pianists, though their instrument lends itself to unaccompanied playing. What do you think the special requirements for soloing are?

Peterson: The first thing you need is repertoire. And I mean a repertoire that's strong enough to support what you want to put across to the audience, not 'strong enough' in the sense that the audience likes the tunes. You have to have tunes that work for you in a creative sense. You have to come out knowing that you have something to say with-in whatever you're playing, because you don't have any other voice but your own.

Lyons: Are there tunes you find yourself relying on regularly?

Peterson: Well, I don't rely on tunes because that doesn't work either. I play the tunes that I like and that I feel something for. There's more reason to play a tune you're not fond of in a group, because if you have other

soloists, it might be a tune that somebody else could dig getting into. But if it's a tune I don't feel any *simpatico* for at the time, and I'm soloing, I just don't play it.

Lyons: I sense a distinction in your repertoire between standards and what I'd have to call jazz tunes, at least tunes written by jazz players. I realize the distinction would be blurred in spots, but I know you like to play *Laura*, and other ballads, and also tunes like Parker's *Scrapple From The Apple* or Monk's *Round Midnight*. Is there some balance intended?

Peterson: To be honest with you, I'm still working on repertoire, and I have to be very careful about the tunes I choose. If I were to play a full set of jazz tunes, I'd have to devise a different approach because of the linear melodic content of the tunes. I don't want to go back to the bebop piano era, where everything is linear. I don't want to do that at all.

Lyons: Are there other problems you've come up against in the solo format?

Peterson: One thing I've realized is that you can't get too involved with the pyrotechnics of playing. If I start concentrating on what kind of bass line I'm going to play for myself—or against myself—that's when my lines start to suffer. You have to play naturally and not follow any predestined path, because then you're negating any creativity in the right hand. When I start to think of what movement I'm going to create harmonically in the left hand, that becomes the end of that particular tune and my lines become banal to me.

Lyons: But you can't ignore the fact that, in contrast to trio or big band work, you don't

have a bass laying down the movement.

Peterson: Oddly enough, it's the other way around. Whenever I play with a group, I have to remind myself that there's a rhythm section and change my approach.

Lyons: When you play those Tatumesque stride chords, jumping from bass register to a series of voicings in the middle register, it feels like the piano's going to start walking around the room. Can you appropriate that kind of bass pattern to the trio?

Peterson: It would have to be part of an arrangement because there's no way they'd have any idea what direction I was taking harmonically when I'm using tone clusters that are moving.

Lyons: You also use moving intervals in the left hand. Were they 5ths?

Peterson: 5ths and 10ths. Sometimes, anyway.

Lyons: On the subject of harmonics, are you drawn to tonality-based playing, like Keith Jarrett's or Chick Corea's, as an alternative to playing on the changes?

Peterson: I'm a product of my own procedures. Tonalties affect me in a different way than they affect someone who's exposed to them in a different musical time-period. Chick, and players like him, came in when the tonality thing was very big and important. It's a different era.

Lyons: Would you say the era began after Coltrane?

Peterson: After Coltrane, Ornette, Eric Dolphy, too. And certainly Cecil Taylor. I'm an extension of the things I've been involved with over the years. My roots go back to people like Coleman Hawkins, harmonically speaking, certainly Art Tatum, which you can hear, and Hank Jones, too. I approach solo playing from that angle.

I don't have anything derogatory to say about any of the solo playing I've heard from, say, Keith, because I enjoy it. It's a different scan of the piano. Pianistically, I *feel* differently about it. I feel a deeper approach is required from the standpoint of accompaniment of one's self within the harmonic structure. Having been furnished a background by other instruments, like bass and guitar, it's a natural, innate desire in me to supply that type of (harmonic) feeling in my playing.

Lyons: That is, to express your ideas within a framework of changes within a key, or keys.

Peterson: Right.

Lyons: Are there other pianists you listen to? Evidently, you've heard Keith and Chick.

Peterson: Well, I spend a lot of time listening to recordings, like Herbie Hancock's.

Lyons: Hancock of the '60s?

Peterson: All of Herbie Hancock. I have a feeling about Herbie. Although he's into another sphere right now, when you talk about soloists among the current pianists, he's the guy I'd vote for as the best among the younger pianists. That is, he *could* play the best solo piano. I think he has the most equipment and the most creative incentive.

Lyons: You don't mean electronic equipment, do you?

Peterson: No, I really mean musical equipment—and not just technique. I mean inventiveness. I sense in the span of Herbie's playing that he'll eventually get into it. Let's be realistic. What he's done musically speaks for itself, and now he's following a particular direction that's brought him into the public eye. But none of us are irrevocably set in one groove. Though I think Herbie has the best

mind around in terms of the younger pianists, I don't always agree with the means he uses to project these ideas.

Lyons: Is there anyone else you especially admire?

Peterson: If I had to choose the best all-around pianist of anyone who's followed me chronologically, I would say Phineas Newborn, Jr. As Art Tatum said to me, "After me, you're next." That's how I feel about Phineas. He definitely had it, and when he decided to blossom, that would be it. If I had to choose after Phineas, I'd say Herbie, and after Herbie, Keith Jarrett.

Lyons: Has playing solo helped you musically in any way, say, in discovering new possibilities?

Peterson: In one aspect. I use certain harmonic movements with modulating root tones while I'm playing the melody, which I couldn't do with the trio. The bass player would always wonder where we were going. Another thing that my solo playing has brought out more predominantly is those double-handed bass lines. They stand out a little better now. I use them to connect very harmonic parts of a piece to other segments of it.

SELECTED PETERSON DISCOGRAPHY

Oscar's choices (see interview)

THE TRIO—Pablo 2310701
TRIO—Verve 68420
WEST SIDE STORY—VERVE 68454
NIGHT TRAIN—Verve 68538
MY FAVORITE INSTRUMENT—
BASF (no number available)

others current

TRISTEZA ON PIANO—BASF 20734
TRACKS—BASF 20879
HISTORY OF AN ARTIST—Pablo 2625702
SATCH AND JOSH (with Count Basie—
Pablo 2310722
A LA SALLE PLEYEL (with Joe Pass)—
Pablo 2625705
BIG 6 AT MONTREUX—Pablo 2310747
Pablo has also recently released a series of recordings with Peterson and trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie (2310740), Jon Faddis (2310743), Harry Edison (2310739), Roy Eldridge (2310739), Clark Terry (2310742).

Lyons: You think of these double octave lines as transitions?

Peterson: Right. It's the most direct playing possible. It's barren, as if the piece had been stripped down to a line. Phineas was using this quite a bit. Subconsciously, I guess I dropped a lot of the double octave things for a while because I didn't want any controversy over who started what.

Lyons: Did one of you get it from the other?

Peterson: Listening to Phineas, I'd say it was just the way he played. It was part of my playing, but not a very big part.

Lyons: The three nights I came to see you, I noticed you were getting a lot of hugs and handshakes. You must know a lot of people in the area.

Peterson: No, I don't know any people in the area. It's a strange thing. Maybe it's the singularity of the piano that makes it a one-to-one situation in everybody's mind. I don't know why this is going on. I haven't changed. I've been my old obnoxious self.

Lyons: Your stage-presence isn't affected.

It's very personal, in fact. You look human up there, like someone could get to know you. Maybe that's what people are responding to. Do you think more solo artists would help people understand the musical seriousness of jazz?

Peterson: If there were more solo artists in the jazz field, I think it would confirm to the audience the jazz musician's belief in what he's doing. Who would lay himself bare in front of all those people unless he was serious? You aren't going to go up there and garner the attention of a room unless you have something to say. At least, I hope you wouldn't.

Lyons: When you think about solo jazz performances, do you think about the piano exclusively?

Peterson: I'm in love with my instruments—without being maudlin. I think the piano is the most complete instrument of all, and I think people have missed the piano in jazz. Not because there aren't any pianists around, but because they're always in a group. Unfortunately, the scan of the piano—the sphere of operation for pianists—is very limited right now. There were more ways of going, stylistically, when I came up. You couldn't put Erroll Garner in the same bag with Bill Evans or George Shearing or me. There was a much wider range of concept than there is now. Show me someone analogous to Erroll on the scene today.

Lyons: McCoy Tyner is radically different from any of the other pianists we've mentioned today. Not that he sounds anything like Erroll, but he's equally different from his contemporaries.

Peterson: Excellent. I love McCoy's playing. I would think he's the only exception, though. See, you have other pianists like Monty Alexander who are supposedly operating in a different bag. But he's into my era and the era of Hank Jones.

Lyons: Does the electric piano offer any variety to your ear?

Peterson: I should say that the piano has a grandeur to me that will always be here, and I don't think it should be confused with the electric piano. It's a different instrument. Several critics and reviewers have said they wondered why I don't investigate the world of the electric piano. Well, there's no reason for me to do that.

Lyons: Is your point that they might as well wonder why you don't take up the saxophone?

Peterson: Exactly.

Lyons: But aren't you ignoring some pretty conspicuous similarities, like identical keyboards?

Peterson: That's visual, though. As you say, a keyboard and pedals. For me, that's where the similarities end. The differences are sound, touch, attack, delay, longevity of note. I have a mellotron at home, which I use for writing only, not for playing. Some friends who have heard me working on it said I could use it publicly. But that's not true. It's in no way like an acoustic piano.

Lyons: Speaking of "the public," you have a reputation for being skeptical of their seriousness, when it comes to jazz.

Peterson: Well, I really started to take aversion to one aspect of the jazz world and that was the general conception that if you come into a club, you don't necessarily have to pay attention. Occasionally, when people are noisy, I'll turn to them in anger and say

"Would you act this way at a classical concert?" It would seem like a form of snobbishness on my part, but I don't think there's any need for different outlooks toward the different forms of music. It doesn't matter whether you're going to hear Oistrakh at Lincoln Center or whatever.

Lyons: I remember hearing you at a club in Boston when someone at the bar was whistling the melody of a ballad you were playing. You grabbed the mike and said, "Whoever's whistling has the worst taste in the world." Then you walked off.

Peterson: Now who would whistle at a classical concert?

Lyons: I'd be interested in your reaction to something Imama Baraka (LeRoi Jones) wrote about you in his book, *Black Music*: "I want to explain *technical* so as not to be confused with people who think that Thelonious Monk is 'a fine pianist, but limited technically.' But by *technical* I mean more specifically being able to use what important ideas are contained in the residue of history . . . Knowing how to play an instrument is the barest superficiality if one is thinking of becoming a musician. It is the ideas that one utilizes *instinctively* that determine the degree of profundity any artist reaches . . . (And it is exactly because someone like Oscar Peterson has instinctive profundity that technique is glib-

wanted to go further technically, he might have gotten into Dizzy's bag. He was capable of it. Roy Eldridge has fantastic technique on the instrument. But there's a case of using just what you need and no more. Roy's a very simple person. He's a very direct person. Now, you'd never hear a simple solo from me, you'd never hear simple solos from Bill Evans or Hank Jones or McCoy.

Lyons: But you would hear simple solos from Monk.

Peterson: Monk is a very harmonic player, and that requires a special type of technique. As a linear player, well, I don't think Monk is a linear player. Usually, someone who's not a linear player is hamstrung, so they don't come up with that (linear solos).

Lyons: Do you think it's fair to say some techniques are better than others? Or is technique a relative concept? Does its value depend on what you use it for?

Peterson: It's a selfish, relative concept. Selfish, because you use it only for what you want. When I teach, I teach technique because, like raising kids, you want to give them the broadest scope possible so they can face whatever they come up against. The funny thing about technique is this: it's not a matter of technique, it's *time*. I'm talking about playing jazz rhythmically. You have an idea and it's confined to a certain period in a piece on

Chicago (on Verve), and the new Pablo album called *The Trio*. The *Night Train* album, because we accomplished what we wanted to in terms of feeling. I'd cite the *West Side Story* album because it was a departure in terms of material from what the trio was doing at the time. Then there was *My Favorite Instrument*, the first solo album I did for MPS.

Lyons: Are there albums you're dissatisfied with?

Peterson: I won't be coy with you. In all the years I've been with Norman Granz, I've always had the option to kill something if I didn't like it.

Lyons: I wanted to ask you about *West Side Story* and the other show music albums because many people consider it a "commercial" departure and criticized it on those grounds.

Peterson: To the contrary, that album is one of the biggest challenges I've taken on musically. I said no to the idea at first for the exact reason you're citing. I didn't want to get into the Showtime U.S.A. bit. But as I listened to the *West Side Story* score over and over, I realized it represented a new challenge. It was one of the roughest projects we tackled, and it came off differently than the other show albums.

Lyons: Leonard Bernstein's compositions impressed you?

Peterson: That's right, I don't consider him to be the same type of jazz writer as Benny Golson or Duke Ellington. I don't think we have anything in the jazz world comparable to that, structurally speaking.

Lyons: I've never considered Bernstein a jazz writer at all. I've always thought of those compositions as show tunes.

Peterson: I feel they have a jazz context.

Lyons: What are your thoughts about the "business" of being a jazz musician?

Peterson: One aspect of the business has changed—night clubs. There just aren't as many jazz clubs as there were. No way. Everyone wanted winners, and I guess you can't blame them. But I say, if you want to eat corn next year, you have to plant this year.

Lyons: You feel the club owners haven't been willing to cultivate new talent?

Peterson: I don't think they realize that they've helped drain the jazz world in this way.

Lyons: Well, what do you think has caused the scarcity of clubs?

Peterson: Of course, I couldn't say for sure, but concerts have pre-empted clubs in many ways because they're more lucrative for a performer.

Lyons: Do you feel that the music is sacrificed in a concert?

Peterson: Certainly not, or I wouldn't be playing them.

Lyons: In a club, the close proximity to an instrument gives the listener a certain intimacy with it. That's one of the reasons I prefer clubs.

Peterson: On the other hand, some people say they don't have all the disturbances and distractions in a concert that they find in night clubs. A concert, too, makes instant demands on a performer, whereas in the club, a group can become lethargic. They feel, maybe subconsciously, that even if they don't make it this set, they'll get it in the next show. I know because I've fought that down in various groups I've had and within myself, too. In a concert you can't do that. You are on, and that's it.

"I'm in love with my instrument—without being maudlin. I think the piano is the most complete instrument of all, and I think people have missed the piano in jazz. Not because there aren't any pianists around, but because they're always in a group. Unfortunately, the scan of the piano—the sphere of operation for pianists—is very limited right now. There were more ways of going, stylistically, when I came up. You couldn't put Erroll Garner in the same bag with Bill Evans or George Shearing or me. There was a much wider range of concept than there is now."

ness. That he can play the piano rather handily just makes him easier to identify. There is no serious instinct working at all.) . . . Technique is inseparable from what is finally played as content." Frankly, I've read this paragraph several times without understanding what he means to say about you. Do you get an impression from it?

Peterson: Yes. He doesn't know what he's talking about. My first impression, though, is that he doesn't play.

Lyons: I don't know if he does or not. What do you think he doesn't realize?

Peterson: What he'd realize is that technique is separated from playing. Thelonious Monk is limited technically. But let's not put Monk down. You can say that about me, too. I can think a whole lot of things that I'm not technically capable of playing. Otherwise, what does the phrase "playing over his head" mean?

I'll tell you what I think technique is, and since I'm a player I think it has a little more validity. Technique is something you use to make your ideas listenable. You learn to play the instrument so you have a musical vocabulary, and you practice to get your technique to the point you need to express yourself, depending on how heavy your ideas are.

Louis Armstrong is an example of a man who developed a technique of playing to the point he needed to pursue his ideas. If he had 14 □ down beat

an overlay of harmonic carpeting. You have to get from here to there in whatever time you're allotted with whatever ideas you have.

I could have five guys sit down and play a line, and you'll get five versions of it. You won't like all five, but it's not because some guys missed it or couldn't play it. It's because rhythmically, jazz-wise, it didn't happen. That gets into interpretation and articulation. It goes beyond the digital facility one has on the keyboard. I know pianists who have ten times the technique I have—I won't call any names, though—but they can't make it happen. Rhythmically and creatively, they don't have that thing, whatever that *thing* is.

Lyons: You've mentioned that you have occasional attacks of arthritis in your hands, a condition that runs in the family. Is your own digital facility impaired when you experience them?

Peterson: I'm not inhibited from the standpoint of playing, only by the pain. It just hurts to play.

Lyons: Have you ever had to cancel out?


Peterson: Occasionally.

Lyons: Is it getting any worse?

Peterson: Oh no. I've had it since my high school days.

Lyons: What albums do you think should appear in a Selected Discography of your recording?

Peterson: I'd have to cite *The Trio* album in



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- 1193 Weather Report
- 626 Return To Forever
- 519 McCoy Tyner
- 315 Chuck Mangione
- 227 Supersax
- 221 Miles Davis
- 218 Oregon
- 161 Keith Jarrett
- 129 Art Ensemble Of Chicago
- 111 Jazz Crusaders
- 85 Billy Cobham Spectrum
- 74 Larry Coryell/11th House
- 71 Mahavishnu Orchestra
- 69 Herbie Hancock
- 67 Cecil Taylor
- 64 Charles Mingus
- 63 Bill Evans
- 63 L.A. Express
- 56 Gary Burton
- 56 Brecker Bros.
- 49 Oscar Peterson
- 45 Passport
- 42 Blood Sweat & Tears
- 42 Ruby Braff/
George Barnes
- 42 Art Blakey

big jazz band

- 1561 Thad Jones/Mel Lewis
- 757 Maynard Ferguson
- 456 Woody Herman
- 378 Buddy Rich
- 378 Count Basie
- 372 Sun Ra
- 312 Gil Evans
- 255 Stan Kenton
- 209 J.C.O.A.
- 202 Bill Watrous' Manhattan
Wildlife Refuge
- 148 Clark Terry
- 84 Don Ellis
- 76 Doc Severinsen NBC
Orchestra
- 66 Mercer Ellington
- 43 Mahavishnu Orchestra
- 42 Duke Ellington



rock/blues musician

- 1013 Stevie Wonder
- 390 Jeff Beck
- 325 Frank Zappa
- 291 B. B. King
- 217 Elton John
- 193 Herbie Hancock
- 130 Chick Corea
- 118 Bruce Springsteen
- 98 Carlos Santana
- 78 Eric Clapton
- 73 Bob Dylan
- 60 John McLaughlin
- 58 Miles Davis
- 57 Tom Scott
- 46 Billy Cobham
- 42 Keith Emerson

rock/blues group

- 482 Earth, Wind & Fire
- 370 Frank Zappa/Mothers
- 273 Blood Sweat & Tears
- 245 Chicago
- 234 Steely Dan
- 217 Return To Forever
- 210 Tower Of Power
- 196 Stevie Wonder
- 161 Herbie Hancock
- 143 B. B. King
- 134 Average White Band
- 133 Santana
- 109 Yes
- 87 Jeff Beck
- 87 Weather Report
- 85 Rolling Stones
- 81 Emerson, Lake & Palmer
- 73 Grateful Dead
- 70 Brecker Bros.
- 66 Allman Bros.
- 64 Little Feat
- 63 Mahavishnu Orchestra
- 52 Crusaders
- 48 The Who
- 46 Wailers
- 45 Gentle Giant
- 45 Blackbyrds
- 43 L.A. Express
- 43 Larry Coryell/11th House
- 42 Eagles
- 42 Headhunters

jazz album

- 550 Weather Report
Tale Spinnin'
- 252 Miles Davis
Get Up With It
- 228 Wayne Shorter
Native Dancer
- 186 Grover Washington, Jr.
Mister Magic
- 171 Maynard Ferguson
Chameleon
- 169 McCoy Tyner
Atlantis
- 164 Chuck Mangione
Chase The Clouds Away
- 157 Stanley Clarke
Stanley Clarke
- 151 McCoy Tyner
Echoes Of A Friend
- 144 Cecil Taylor
Silent Tongues
- 143 Return To Forever
No Mystery
- 112 Bill Watrous
Manhattan Wildlife Refuge
- 88 Woody Herman
Children Of Lima
- 88 John Coltrane
Interstellar Space
- 85 Stan Getz
Captain Marvel
- 81 Keith Jarrett
Death And The Flower
- 78 Jarrett/Garbarek
Belonging
- 71 Return to Forever
Where Have I Known You Before
- 63 Paul Desmond
Pure Desmond
- 62 Count Basie
For The First Time
- 56 Dizzy Gillespie
Big Four
- 56 Mahavishnu Orchestra
Visions Of The Emerald Beyond
- 52 Charlie Parker
First Recordings
- 50 Thad Jones/Mel Lewis
Potpourri
- 49 Brecker Bros.
Brecker Bros.
- 49 Billy Cobham
Total Eclipse
- 46 Herbie Hancock
Thrust

rock/blues album

- 420 Jeff Beck
Blow by Blow
- 316 Earth, Wind & Fire
That's The Way Of The World
- 169 Blood Sweat & Tears
New City
- 158 Steely Dan
Katy Lied
- 139 Chicago
Chicago VIII
- 126 Mothers Of Invention
One Size Fits All
- 116 Bob Dylan
Blood On The Tracks
- 95 Stevie Wonder
Fulfillingness' First Finale
- 84 Santana
Borboletta
- 84 Return to Forever
No Mystery
- 84 Weather Report
Tale Spinnin'
- 78 Frank Zappa
Roxy & Elsewhere
- 77 Mahavishnu Orchestra
Visions Of The Emerald Beyond
- 71 Bruce Springsteen
Born To Run
- 71 Yes
Relayer
- 60 Brecker Bros.
Brecker Bros.
- 56 Average White Band
Cut The Cake
- 50 Elton John
Captain Fantastic
- 50 Tom Scott & L.A. Express
Tom Cat
- 49 Tower of Power
Urban Renewal
- 42 Return to Forever
Where Have I Known You Before

composer

- 924 Chick Corea
- 647 Keith Jarrett
- 288 Chuck Mangione
- 287 Steve Wonder
- 287 Joe Zawinul
- 230 Thad Jones
- 227 Charles Mingus
- 197 Frank Zappa
- 148 Quincy Jones
- 113 Miles Davis
- 99 Carla Bley
- 98 McCoy Tyner
- 91 Wayne Shorter
- 91 Clifford Thornton
- 88 Herbie Hancock
- 71 John McLaughlin
- 66 Jack Reilly
- 66 Hank Levy
- 66 Anthony Braxton
- 59 Pat Williams
- 59 Michel Legrand
- 57 Duke Ellington
- 57 Michael Gibbs
- 52 Gil Evans
- 49 Alan Broadbent
- 43 Cecil Taylor
- 42 Ornette Coleman
- 42 Billy Cobham

arranger

- 984 Gil Evans
- 616 Quincy Jones
- 514 Thad Jones
- 404 Bob James
- 301 Don Sebesky
- 241 Frank Zappa
- 190 Michael Gibbs
- 154 Chuck Mangione
- 127 Chick Corea
- 123 Pat Williams
- 102 Oliver Nelson
- 95 Sun Ra
- 91 Alan Broadbent
- 91 Charles Mingus
- 81 George Russell
- 64 Eumir Deodato
- 63 Carla Bley
- 63 Joe Zawinul



acoustic bass

- 2009 Ron Carter
- 742 Stanley Clarke
- 584 Ray Brown
- 353 Charles Mingus
- 327 Richard Davis
- 300 Dave Holland
- 252 Charlie Haden
- 189 Cecil McBee
- 171 Rick Petrone
- 152 Eddie Gomez
- 99 George Mraz
- 92 Miroslav Vitous
- 88 Andy Gonzalez
- 88 Buster Williams
- 81 Niels Pedersen
- 63 Eberhard Weber
- 56 Jack Six

electric bass

- 3025 Stanley Clarke
- 441 Ron Carter
- 224 Alphonse Johnson
- 214 Steve Swallow
- 175 Miroslav Vitous
- 154 Rick Petrone
- 148 Bob Cranshaw
- 105 Jack Bruce
- 88 Chuck Rainey
- 69 Pete Cetera
- 63 Chris Squire
- 56 Anthony Jackson
- 56 Paul Jackson
- 50 Buster Williams
- 50 Mike Henderson

flute

- 2723 Hubert Laws
- 432 Herbie Mann
- 332 Rahsaan Roland Kirk
- 297 Sam Rivers
- 241 Joe Farrell
- 213 James Moody
- 193 Jeremy Steig
- 193 Yusef Lateef
- 123 Ian Anderson
- 106 Bobbi Humphrey
- 105 Paul Horn
- 98 Tim Weisberg
- 63 Dave Liebman
- 62 Frank Wess
- 60 Bruce Johnstone
- 53 Gerry Niewood
- 42 Tom Scott
- 42 Walt Parazaider

guitar

- 1083 Joe Pass
- 726 George Benson
- 620 John McLaughlin
- 400 John Abercrombie
- 316 Pat Martino
- 271 Kenny Burrell
- 245 Ralph Towner
- 244 Larry Coryell
- 224 Jim Hall
- 153 Jeff Beck
- 141 Al DiMeola
- 130 Joe Beck
- 117 Carlos Santana
- 112 Frank Zappa
- 87 Herb Ellis
- 51 Terje Rypdal
- 46 Terry Kath
- 45 Steve Howe

acoustic piano

- 1661 McCoy Tyner
- 1569 Keith Jarrett
- 572 Oscar Peterson
- 347 Chick Corea
- 301 Cecil Taylor
- 271 Bill Evans
- 129 Roland Hanna
- 99 Herbie Hancock
- 95 Jack Reilly
- 88 Dave Brubeck
- 84 Keith Emerson
- 66 Elton John
- 66 Ahmad Jamal
- 56 Earl Hines
- 49 Count Basie
- 45 Thelonious Monk

electric piano

- 2040 Chick Corea
- 1085 Herbie Hancock
- 469 Joe Zawinul
- 309 George Duke
- 171 Bob James
- 120 Bill Evans
- 91 Jan Hammer
- 90 Lonnie Liston Smith
- 78 Keith Jarrett
- 57 Ahmad Jamal
- 57 Kenny Barron
- 53 Cedar Walton
- 45 Milcho Leviev

organ

- 1154 Jimmy Smith
- 592 Larry Young
- 346 Keith Emerson
- 325 Sun Ra
- 272 Count Basie
- 192 Jan Hammer
- 188 Charles Earland
- 170 Brian Auger
- 151 Groove Holmes
- 112 Chick Corea
- 108 Jack McDuff
- 96 Jimmy McGriff
- 93 Billy Preston
- 91 Johnny Hammond
- 90 Shirley Scott
- 90 Miles Davis
- 88 George Duke
- 83 Joe Zawinul
- 80 Rick Wakeman
- 62 Herbie Hancock
- 52 Don Patterson
- 52 Wild Bill Davis

synthesizer

- 1123 Herbie Hancock
- 819 Joe Zawinul
- 558 Jan Hammer
- 575 George Duke
- 420 Chick Corea
- 373 Sun Ra
- 273 Keith Emerson
- 252 Stevie Wonder
- 99 Rick Wakeman
- 88 Paul Bley
- 65 Mike Mandel
- 60 Richard Teitelbaum
- 47 Isao Tomita

soprano sax

- 2675 Wayne Shorter
- 420 Gerry Niewood
- 316 Joe Farrell
- 190 Grover Washington, Jr.
- 168 Arnie Lawrence
- 166 Zoot Sims
- 151 Tom Scott
- 117 Woody Herman
- 110 Dave Liebman
- 106 Bob Wilber
- 89 Pharoah Sanders
- 85 Bennie Maupin
- 80 Steve Lacy
- 67 Jan Garbarek
- 63 Rahsaan Roland Kirk
- 49 Sam Rivers

alto sax

- 887 Phil Woods
- 582 Paul Desmond
- 568 Cannonball Adderley
- 393 Ornette Coleman
- 357 Anthony Braxton
- 271 Grover Washington, Jr.
- 256 Lee Konitz
- 228 Gary Bartz
- 215 Dave Sanborn
- 169 Sonny Fortune
- 158 Jackie McLean
- 142 Art Pepper
- 95 Tom Scott
- 94 Sonny Stitt
- 84 Benny Carter
- 80 Carl Ward
- 71 Eric Kloss
- 42 Wayne Shorter

tenor sax

- 1001 Sonny Rollins
- 582 Stan Getz
- 373 Joe Henderson
- 334 Gato Barbieri
- 234 Grover Washington, Jr.
- 210 Mike Brecker
- 206 Jan Garbarek
- 195 Billy Harper
- 194 Zoot Sims
- 192 Wayne Shorter
- 190 Stanley Turrentine
- 179 Rahsaan Roland Kirk
- 150 Dewey Redman
- 144 Tom Scott
- 105 Sam Rivers
- 93 Azar Lawrence
- 83 Dexter Gordon
- 77 Joe Farrell
- 54 Frank Tiberi
- 54 Dave Liebman
- 48 Bennie Maupin
- 45 Pharoah Sanders
- 45 John Klemmer
- 42 Pat LaBarbera
- 42 Klaus Doldinger
- 42 George Adams

baritone sax

- 2148 Gerry Mulligan
- 725 Pepper Adams
- 525 Bruce Johnstone
- 266 John Surman
- 242 Howard Johnson
- 176 Pat Patrick
- 154 Cecil Payne
- 103 Steve Kupka
- 87 Hamiet Bluiett
- 73 Rahsaan Roland Kirk
- 59 Grover Washington, Jr.

clarinet

- 1155 Rahsaan Roland Kirk
- 911 Benny Goodman
- 420 Bennie Maupin
- 347 Anthony Braxton
- 296 Woody Herman
- 260 Buddy DeFranco
- 193 Perry Robinson
- 129 Jimmy Giuffre
- 119 Eddie Daniels
- 75 Russell Procope
- 67 Tom Scott
- 64 Dewey Redman
- 63 Ian Underwood
- 56 Phil Woods
- 53 Pete Fountain
- 42 John Gilmore

trombone

- 1399 Bill Watrous
- 484 Garnett Brown
- 460 Roswell Rudd
- 358 Julian Priestner
- 319 J. J. Johnson
- 267 Bruce Fowler
- 172 James Pankow
- 150 Wayne Henderson
- 141 Carl Fontana
- 120 Maynard Ferguson
- 113 Urbie Green
- 106 Frank Rosolino
- 105 Curtis Fuller
- 91 Clifford Thornton
- 82 Glen Ferris
- 82 Paul DeSouza
- 81 Vic Dickenson
- 81 Albert Mangelsdorff
- 67 Grachan Moncur III
- 55 Bob Brookmeyer
- 52 Dave Bargeron
- 42 Jimmy Knepper

trumpet

- 1214 Miles Davis
- 1142 Freddie Hubbard
- 855 Dizzy Gillespie
- 613 Maynard Ferguson
- 373 Randy Brecker
- 217 Don Cherry
- 195 Chuck Mangione
- 195 Woody Shaw
- 176 Clark Terry
- 172 Jon Faddis
- 129 Doc Severinsen
- 105 Lester Bowie
- 99 Chet Baker
- 99 Eddie Henderson
- 88 Clifford Thornton
- 60 Charles Tolliver
- 57 Don Ellis
- 42 Lew Soloff

violin

- 2150 Jean-Luc Ponty
- 757 Michal Urbaniak
- 444 Stephane Grappelli
- 358 Jerry Goodman
- 318 Joe Venuti
- 295 Mike White
- 235 Leroy Jenkins
- 235 Ray Nance
- 90 Vassar Clements
- 88 Papa John Creach
- 70 Lakshinarayana Shankar
- 59 Sugarcane Harris
- 43 Ornette Coleman



vibes

- 2426 Gary Burton
- 1390 Milt Jackson
- 631 Bobby Hutcherson
- 394 Lionel Hampton
- 154 Roy Ayers
- 140 Ruth Underwood
- 116 Cal Tjader
- 106 Karl Berger
- 91 David Friedman
- 67 Terry Gibbs
- 56 Red Norvo

drums

- 1190 Billy Cobham
- 822 Buddy Rich
- 641 Elvin Jones
- 354 Jack DeJohnette
- 285 Tony Williams
- 278 Lenny White
- 172 Alphonse Mouzon
- 144 Barry Altschul
- 129 Louis Bellson
- 129 Max Roach
- 105 Carl Palmer
- 103 Ndugu
- 99 Harvey Mason
- 88 Art Blakey
- 87 Steve Gadd

percussion

- 2399 Airto
- 378 Mtume
- 343 Dom Um Romao
- 199 Guilherme Franco
- 175 Bill Summers
- 129 Ruth Underwood
- 94 Ray Barretto
- 84 Ralph McDonald
- 81 Ramon Lopez
- 77 Jerry Gonzalez
- 67 Billy Cobham
- 67 Sue Evans
- 57 Colin Walcott
- 53 Carl Palmer
- 52 Milford Graves
- 46 Alphonse Mouzon
- 42 Mongo Santamaria

miscellaneous instrument

- 1102 Rahsaan Roland Kirk (Mz, St)
- 516 Bennie Maupin (bcl)
- 378 Toots Thielemans (hca)
- 271 Paul McCandless (oboe)
- 259 Howard Johnson (tuba)
- 189 Yusef Lateef (oboe)
- 109 Maynard Ferguson (bh)
- 109 Clifford Thornton (sh)
- 74 Alice Coltrane (harp)
- 73 Colin Walcott (sitar)
- 70 Frank Tiberi (bassoon)
- 70 Stevie Wonder (hca)
- 67 Ravi Shankar (sitar)
- 63 Emmett Chapman (stick)

vocal group

- 1187 Pointer Sisters
- 399 Manhattan Transfer
- 378 Jackie & Roy
- 318 Earth Wind & Fire
- 277 Steely Dan
- 150 Labelle
- 126 Chicago
- 122 Spinners
- 113 Yes
- 112 Mothers Of Invention
- 105 Singers Unlimited
- 94 Gladys Knight & the Pips
- 87 Persuasions
- 87 Beach Boys
- 78 Four Freshmen
- 73 Average White Band
- 59 Isley Bros.
- 52 Blood Sweat & Tears
- 46 O'Jays

female singer

- 911 Flora Purim
- 724 Sarah Vaughan
- 519 Ella Fitzgerald
- 280 Urszula Dudziak
- 266 Cleo Laine
- 259 Minnie Riperton
- 253 Dee Dee Bridgewater
- 237 Carmen McRae
- 217 Joni Mitchell
- 210 Aretha Franklin
- 175 Betty Carter
- 168 Esther Satterfield
- 162 Phoebe Snow
- 158 Roberta Flack
- 126 Jean Carn

male singer

- 882 Stevie Wonder
- 654 Mel Torme
- 535 Joe Williams
- 325 Leon Thomas
- 273 Gil-Scott Heron
- 199 Frank Sinatra
- 171 David Clayton-Thomas
- 155 Ray Charles
- 152 Jon Lucien
- 148 Jon Hendricks
- 135 Milton Nascimento
- 103 Andy Bey
- 79 Elton John
- 78 Joe Lee Wilson
- 77 Jon Anderson
- 71 Eddie Jefferson
- 58 Tony Bennett
- 53 Joe Turner
- 52 Mose Allison
- 52 Van Morrison



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Out of The Forest into The Woods

by
arnold jay smith

There are still a few musicians who ply their trade with such ease that to call what they do "work" is to over-simplify and understate. Sarah Vaughan is such a total musician that when she plays with the chord changes the response is spontaneous applause; Dizzy Gillespie's flights thrill one's insides so that we are given to screams of appreciation. Combining the arts of improvisation and musical knowledge (one does NOT necessarily follow the other) to achieve the results so described takes time. It is natural, but it is not easy.

Phil Woods works at being the supreme culmination of what jazz is all about, in total command of his instrument at all times. His soaring moments have left audiences gasping. The clarity that he brings to the alto saxophone combines the elements of Charlie Parker, Benny Carter, and, in moments romantic, Johnny Hodges. He takes the horn yet another step. If Cannonball Adderley fell heir to Bird's kingdom, then Phil Woods started one of his own.

Woods has played in front of large orchestras with no less of an intimate feeling than if he were fronting his own groups. With Michel Legrand he has recorded *Images* for RCA; with Quincy Jones he made *The Midnight Sun Never Sets*, a jazz classic; with Oliver Nelson he did Leonard Feather's *I Remember Bird*, and no one has yet to do justice to that simple line other than Phil.

During the time when it was fashionable for two sidemen to combine their talents and front a small band, the Phil and Quill Quintet was born. The Quill was Gene. Others that did the same were Al and Zoot (Cohn and Sims), Pepper/Knepper (Adams and Jimmy), Jaws and Griff (Eddie Davis and Johnny Griffin), Jay and Kai (J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding) and Ammons and Stitt (Gene and Sonny).

He excites an audience and ignites a rhythm section. His effect on other musicians on stage or at a recording session must be witnessed to be believed. The feeling his modulations impart is physical; you rise and fall with the changes. If, as some writers have



VERVIL OAKLAND

pointed out, jazz is sexual, then listening to a Phil Woods workout is orgasmic.

At a recent *Highlights In Jazz* concert at New York University, Phil soloed on *Blue 'n' Boogie*, the opening number on the program. Bill Watrous had the misfortune to follow with a chorus of his own. "I knew I had to get a good one off," Bill said later. "Phil stung us with his."

The borough of Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, is nestled comfortably in the Poconos. ("The last vestige of nature," as Phil sees it.) This interview took place in Mini-sink Hills, which is home to Phil.

* * *

Woods: It's fantastic here. You know who lives around here? Urbie Green, Johnny Coates, Al Cohn. My rhythm section can get here in 20 minutes. Everything doesn't have to happen in New York City. There's nothing going on, on 52nd Street anyway. What should I do, hang out at Boomer's or Stryker's? All I need is right here.

Smith: You once quipped that this was your "fifth and final comeback." Was that meant as a bitter commentary?

Woods: I find it very intriguing to be inter-

"The most important thing is youth. Strength is in the young. We must encourage them."

viewed now. I've been in the business a long time. *down beat* is the "shooter's bible." (His family were gun collectors.) Every publication gives in-depth writing. Something that tells you about the artist. I think that *down beat* should do something for the young alto players around and leave us old-timers alone.

Smith: First of all, you're not so old. Second, maybe the readers feel that there is nobody else around that does it as well as you do.

Woods: I'm trying to change things a little bit. A publication like yours should be promoting music, not dwelling upon it. How come I'm so hot, now?

Smith: When you're hot, you're hot.

Woods: I've always been hot.

Smith: Both of us know that. Let's tell some other people.

You left the shores of the United States with your wife Chan and your children in 1968. (He didn't return until 1972.) Why did you come back? Isn't Europe supposed to be the Mecca for jazz musicians?

Woods: Not so, man. A lot of cats believe that. But it's no sacred thing. I got to London, played Ronnie Scott's and the next week was on the cover of a jazz magazine. I've been on a few, you know. But I couldn't handle the "star" thing. I'm afraid of that. I think it's all wrong. Stardom and jazz don't go together. That's held me back for 25 years. We're running out of tradition and now you want me. This is the first Readers Poll I've won and I'm thrilled, really.

Smith: What's a day like 75 miles from the place you make your music come alive?

Woods: I get up early, very early, and I start writing music. Even if there isn't a new album, or session, or gig, I write. Now, you ask me to go receive an award, to take time out from writing the music which gave me the award. I find that being famous is a drag.

I teach a lot, all privately, all here. I deal with between eight and ten young players a week. I would like to plug Charles Colin Studios. He has been kind enough to screen students for me and send them way out here to Woods' Woods. These young cats are trying to make it and if I give them nothing else, I give them encouragement. They come here and they commune with nature. The birds, now the leaves, are all over the place. Soon it won't be that way. There are mothers buying property; there's a golf course around the corner. You know, "progress."

Smith: There's no way to stop that.

Woods: There's no way to stop musicians either. I have students coming from all over, far away. The only reason they come to study with me is that they think music is the truth. They come from Pittsburgh, Washington, DC, Syracuse, travelling two hours or more to get here for a lesson. Only the cats in New York say "Oh, you're not teaching here? Well, I can't make it. Too far." When I was 15 years old I used to go from Springfield, Mass. to New York to study with Lennie Tristano. Five hours on a bus to Manhattan, then the Long Island Railroad and another bus to Lennie's pad . . . to find out I didn't know how to play scales! Cost me 20 bucks, but I always came with 30, which I made playing Polish and Italian weddings. Then I'd go to the Main Stem Record Shop and ask for the latest Bird record.

I would end up at the Three Deuces on Fifty-second Street, buy a Coke for a dollar. I thought that was a little extravagant, but

when you're 4 foot 8, carrying a tacky alto case, you do it and say, "Thank you." So when I see all those youngsters studying, I feel for them.

Smith: How do you study? Where did the discipline come from?

Woods: Listening. When I was a kid I used to listen to records. I would go to the Big Apple, buy Bud Powell, Fats Navarro, Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, 78s, and I would write them all out. That's a laborious process on 78s. I'd play the first eight bars, then (hums a bebop phrase as he gesticulates as though writing on music paper), then you go (another phrase, more writing in the air), and so on. My days were so full of transcribing . . . "stealing." I believed in taking off what my ears heard. Whatever I heard I had to write down. I used to have books, Eb book, Bb book, Concert book. I had every hip tune . . . If I ever got a gig I was ready, man. I didn't get that many. Most of them called for *Miami Beach Rhumba*.

Smith: Did you play all of those transcriptions?

Woods: Not all. I just absorbed what other people had done, analyzed them, went to the keyboard and knocked them out. I *studied music*. I tried to become a musician. It's amazing to be discovered as a musician, now. I've been doing it all my life.

Awards and prizes are for others. When a young cat calls me and says he needs some help, I tell him to come on in. He didn't hear about no prizes. He just wants to play. He called because he heard me play. If you let your mind get into the shit of polls, you have no time for the music. If you worry about record sales, you forget about playing the stuff that goes into them. If I think about the prizes now and the tune I gave away some years ago and how if they re-release it, it will make a million, that destroys me as a musician.

I would like those prize-givers to donate money so I could start a school I have a dream for. I would like to start a school here in the Poconos, where I live. Berklee doesn't need any more help, they are so well-endowed. Send it to music, give it to some scholarship, to the young cats that need it, not to an old veteran. Don't send it to George Blanda; he doesn't need it.

Smith: You deserve that recognition; you've earned it.

Woods: Recognition I will get on my own.

Smith: What do you do when Leonard Feather writes a tune that you record and it becomes something of a hit? Doesn't it bother you that you receive nothing for it, no residuals?

Woods: No. I was a sideman. I was told to play this tune. Every musician is given a lead sheet and told to just play. I'm not a special shit for that.

All that notoriety does is add to my position now. Those are building blocks. It's impossible to be paid for your music in a way. It's impossible to be paid for your representation of music. It's impossible to be paid for your legitimacy about making music, for your honesty about making music, for the dues you must pay to make music today. It's not like a snowball that accumulates money. You find that your debts increase, my nut is higher. You can leave Bird out and talk about me, I think. But you cannot leave out the reality of existence. It's music first. Any young cat that wants to play music must understand that.

You must go through weird kinds of hell to come out being a musician. I must come out that way. I've seen too many dropouts for many, many reasons.

Smith: Dropping out takes other forms. Did you know Trevor Koehler?

Woods: Too young. Didn't give himself a chance. I have a student, Mark Schrode, he received a National Endowment grant to study with me. He's from L.A., came to the east and roomed with Trevor. Listen for him, one of the fine alto players around. Tom Taksa is another one. When I came back from Europe, I went to L.A. and started teaching. There you couldn't make a living playing music. I had a group with Pete Robinson, Brian Moffit, and Henry Franklin. We were freaky, with ring modulators and electronic shit. We rehearsed for ten months and worked four days at Donte's. So during this period I was doing a lot of teaching. I was told that this one particular kid was liable to say or do anything. He seemed fine to me, picked up his horn and played it. At that time he was in Halfway House, put out by his parents, about as bad as you can get.

SELECTED WOODS DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

IMAGES (with Michel Legrand)—

RCA BGL1-1027

MUSIQUE DE BOIS—Muse MR 5037

MISSION TO MOSCOW—Colpix SCP 433

with Michel Legrand

THE CONCERT LEGRAND—RCA BGL1-1028

LIVE AT JIMMY'S—R&A BGL1-0850

with Quincy Jones

THE GREAT WIDE WORLD OF

QUINCY JONES—Trip 5514

THIS IS HOW I FEEL ABOUT JAZZ—

ABC 149

LIVE AT NEWPORT—Trip 5554

QUINTESSENCE—Impulse S-11

NDEDA—Mercury SRM 2-623

with Oliver Nelson

FULL NELSON—Verve 8508

MORE BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT

TRUTH—Impulse S-75

THE KENNEDY DREAM—Impulse S-9144

with Jimmy Smith/Oliver Nelson

MONSTER—Verve 8618

PETER AND THE WOLF—Verve 8652

with Clark Terry

BIG BAD BAND LIVE—Vanguard 79355

THE HAPPY HORNS OF CLARK

TERRY—Impulse A-64

Well, he called me recently and he's home. He told me I helped and it made me very proud. All I did was tell him he was going to be a great alto player. I've got a good bunch of students, Richie Cole who was with Buddy Rich's band is one. I have trouble saying "no" to a cat.

I've got a farmer's son. His father gave up cows to build a motel. He (the son) just wants to play alto. He's into Maynard Ferguson/Stam Kenton big bands jive shit. And he can play.

I think the world is in Eb and doesn't even realize it. If you believe in Dizzy, the world's in Bb.

Smith: Do you want to talk about Chan?

Woods: Do you want to know how it feels to be married to Charlie Parker's widow? No, that's not your reason for asking, is it? Bird had nothing to do with my relationship with

Chan. It was called love and it had a good, long run, man. 17 years. I resent that (what the writers intimated or said outright). I always resented it and will always resent it. My stepchildren are into the music. Young Baird is playing guitar trying to make his own way; Kim wants to sing. The spirit of Bird always takes care of Bird's people. Chan is Bird's widow; I'm Bird's widower. We're all Bird's children.

Smith: You felt very strongly about John F. Kennedy. You played on Oliver Nelson's *The Kennedy Dream*.

Woods: I have enough guilt about raising children, living, being a jazz musician. Don't ask me about politics. America always kills the spirit of its creation. To get my own head together I had to split. I packed up my family and I left. I felt that this country did not want what they had, so I got my children out of here. When the plague hits, don't stay to fight it. So, after five years of being a success in Europe, I came back. I really want to be left alone, and the young people have to get the attention.

Smith: Were you close to Oliver?

Woods: Sonofabitch, yeah, oh my god, yeah. What is this, the Hollywood syndrome? It's not the ghetto that kills 'em anymore. "Tubs," he's always been "Tubs" to me. Will jazz always have to pay such heavy dues? (He begins to cry.) I am writing a long piece, probably four movements; I'm going to try to put him into it.

We were out of Quincy's band together, section mates. We ran across each other in Atlantic City. He was working with an organ player, on tenor, no less. I was with Buddy Rich's big band. (A short-lived affair that featured Earle Warren and some Basie items in the book.) We were working the Steel Pier and we went by this organ joint and heard this tenor coming out. He was playing romp, stomp, boot tenor, man.

Later, I did clinics for him at Washington University; he was very well-trained. I can't talk about it anymore. America's gotta shape up. What is it? A lack of recognition, maybe. When you're black you try that much harder? Who worked harder than Oliver Nelson? Who had more going for him? Why? WHY?

Smith: You're not supposed to ask why. Ask better why we work so hard, or long? Why do people like Oliver want a larger piece of life? Those are the why's.

Woods: I always believed in the strongest musicians surviving. Strength makes you live to play your horn another day. Something happens when those guys move out there. Too many bar-be-que pits; too many martinis; too many uppers, or whatever. I had my fill of it.

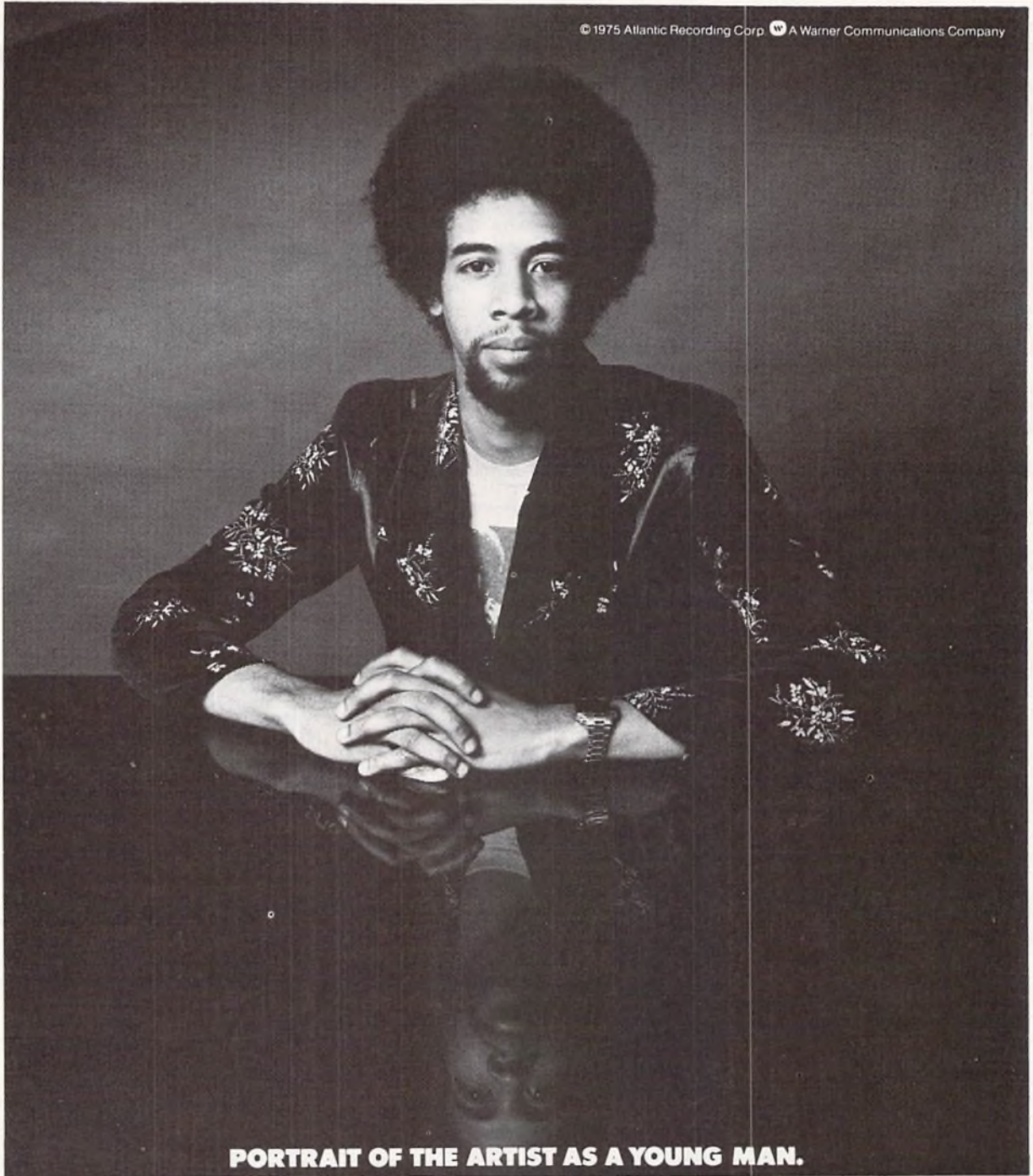
Smith: Is that where you and Oliver did all those Jimmy Smith and Wes Montgomery big band dates?

Woods: No, those were done at Rudy Van Gelder's in New Jersey. I'm absolutely shattered. I'm going to listen to *The Kennedy Dream*, again. It's tough to lose someone that close.

Smith: Do you practice the alto and soprano, or do you play it only when you're getting paid to do so, i.e., a gig or recording date?

Woods: When I know I'm going to play I get it up. I've been playing so long I can pick it up, play for an hour and be ready. Then it calls for the body and the mind and that's the hard part.

Smith: When Ornette Coleman came up




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GARY BURTON & STEVE SWALLOW

HOTEL HELLO—ECM 1055: *Chelsea Bells* (For Her); *Hotel Overture + Vamp*; *Hotel Hello*; *Inside In*; *Domino Biscuit*; *Vashkar*; *Sweet Henry*; *Impromptu*; *Sweeping Up*.

Personnel: Burton, vibes, organ, marimba; Swallow, electric bass, piano.

RALPH TOWNER & GARY BURTON

MATCHBOOK—ECM 1056: *Drifting Petals*; *Some Other Time*; *Brotherhood*; *Icarus*; *Song For A Friend*; *Matchbook*; *I x 6*; *Aurora*; *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*.

Personnel: Towner, 12-string and classical guitars; Burton, vibes.

The situation was handled correctly in Germany, where this duet of Burton duets was packaged as one set. In America, they've been issued only as single albums, which misses the point; for although each of these exquisite records is a superb musical gift in its own right, together they offer contrasts and complements that enhance their separate beauties.

Burton's music, no matter what the setting, is extravagantly cerebral, but never cerebrally extravagant. Even his frequent embellishments are marked with a dry leanness. The excitement his playing sparks stems from the brain, and it builds through the time-tested dramatic process of multiple climaxes in his melodic lines, a process for which many pieces in the Burton repertoire, with their circular harmonic patterns, are well-suited. (In fact, Burton himself does virtually no writing, choosing his book from works by Carla Bley, Mike Gibbs, Eberhard Weber, Chick Corea and members of his own group. His choice of two of this decade's superlative composers for duet partners is a key to these discs' success.)

Hotel Hello is the less immediately accessible record, but the one with more depth. Thanks to multiple tracking, as many as five instruments appear in the hands of Burton and Swallow at once, and the superb production and mix insure fresh insights with each listening. The first and last songs—both by Swallow, who wrote most everything here—are prologue and lullaby, quiet and brooding melodies in stark arrangements that grow languorously into bold statements. In between are a couple of sunny delights (*Inside and Henry*), a couple of mood pieces, and two masterworks, the title cut and Carla Bley's *Vashkar*.

Perhaps it is by design that the two major tracks on a duet album are two-part composi-

tions. *Hotel* is a marvelously structured, painstakingly textured piece which takes the lithe, loping line of the *Overture*, as well as its Western Union-sounding vibes accompaniment, and distorts them both into a non-resolving chordal framework drifting under Burton's solo. It is strange and rootless, but not aimless. The richly somber *Vashkar* opens with Swallow—surprisingly expressive on the electric bass—stating the mysterious melody with great melodrama. It moves to a strong, surging exposition and improvisation for Burton, whose complete mastery of his instrument is by now common knowledge.

Swallow, currently the bassist in the Burton Quintet, has been playing with the vibist longer than anyone, and *Hotel Hello* is in large part concerned with investigating ideas and techniques that mirror the Quintet's work. Towner serves quite different functions, as does *Matchbook*, which refocuses Burton's brooding mentalism in the light of the guitarist's sweeping romance.

To begin with, Towner's shimmeringly percussive technique, best described as sonic pointillism, opens up the vibe color and points to an astonishingly new direction. In addition, Towner (like Burton) approaches his instrument pianistically, and the opportunities for interplay presented by this match-up are limitless. *Matchbook* is less patterned than *Hotel Hello*, making up in spontaneity what it sacrifices in layers.

The opening track is a sad song of pained beauty that is subtly exploited by both musicians, exploded only briefly near the end by Towner's 12-string lustre. But *Petals* leads marvelously to the Leonard Bernstein classic *Some Other Time*, a meticulously plotted melody that spurs some of the record's loveliest interaction. Burton's *Brotherhood*, rhythmless notes over a pedal tone, is too short at 1:08 to be a tone poem: call it a haiku. It's really a set-up, though, for the celebratory *Icarus*, Towner's best-known piece and a spirited standout here.

Spirited, too, is the title track, a busy percolation of guitar rhythms and interwoven vibes figures, with Towner's double-tracked melody on top. *Song For* is another gorgeous Towner ballad, while *Aurora*, similar in mood and form to *Icarus*, provides another instance of Towner's ability to create a chorus of guitar voices. Through it all, Burton jams his mallets off. The closer, Mingus' eulogy for Lester Young, becomes a desperation dirge with both musicians biting off furious runs of luminous force.

Matchbook is the looser record, and the prettier; by the nature of its concept, it embodies less of the tiered depth with which *Hotel Hello*, after repeated listenings, is charged. But both albums coerce so much rapt, meditative attention from the listener that one has no choice but to be strongly affected. When they're over, you realize these albums have made you part of them, dragged you inside the music—and that's one helluva place to be. —tesser

DAVID MATTHEWS

BIG BAND RECORDED LIVE AT THE FIVE SPOT—Muse MR 5073: *Three On The Stairs*; *Prayer*; *Joyce From The Bronx*; *Nardis*; *Round Midnight*; *Dance Of The Wind Chimes*; *Penny Arcade*.

Personnel: Joe Shepley, Burt Collins, trumpets, flugelhorn; Mike Gibson, trombone; Fred Griffen, french horn; Tony Price, tuba; Dave Tofani, soprano and alto saxes, flute; Frank Vicari, tenor sax, flute; Kenny Berger, baritone sax, bass clarinet; Matthews,

keyboards; Sam Brown, guitar; Harvey Swartz, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums.

Matthews is a bright new talent. His work has mainly been done in the studios, creating apt settings for a variety of artists. A notable exception is this band, a regular Monday night attraction at the Five Spot and a labor of love for all involved.

This is a "little" big band—12 pieces—but the nine horns, with doubling and tripling in the reeds, give it a full tonal palette. Matthews' voicings are often fresh and unusual, and the band has its own sound.

There are influences, of course. To these ears, Gil Evans is the primary one (the instrumentation is sort of a scaled-down version of current Evans), and Thad Jones an occasional one. But Matthews is not derivative; he just makes good use of a still vital tradition.

The three first pieces are all Matthews originals. *Prayer*, with its warm colors, is the one I like best, but *Three* is a good frame for blowing, and *Joyce* is funky and soulful without going too far—a pleasant reminder of Matthews' tenure as arranger-conductor for James Brown.

Aside from the two standards, the program includes compositions by Sam Brown (the attractive *Dance*) and another guitarist, Joe Beck, whose *Penny Arcade* is the strongest swinger.

Featured soloists are the excellent, inventive Collins and a find, Dave Tofani. Heard on soprano and alto, he is fluent and pure-toned on the former, but more himself on the latter. *Midnight* is his alto showcase, and he does the piece justice. He also renders excellent section work, notably the soprano lead on *Dance* and the flowing in-and-out-of-the-ensemble passages on *Prayer*.

The accomplished Brown is well in evidence, and Vicari has a couple of gutsy spots on the funky tunes. There's a nice, warm-toned Gibson spot on *Dance*, and Berger's lively, dry-toned baritone surfaces on *Nardis*.

The rhythm section is up to the task of keeping all those horns afloat. Madison not only keeps time well, but also proves a fine colorist. And on *Penny*, he's got the chart down. Swartz shines on *Nardis*. Matthews' little solo on *Joyce* suggests he might feature himself more. The recording is decent for live, and the music is recommended to all big-band and good-music fanciers.

—morgenstern

PHINEAS NEWBORN, JR.

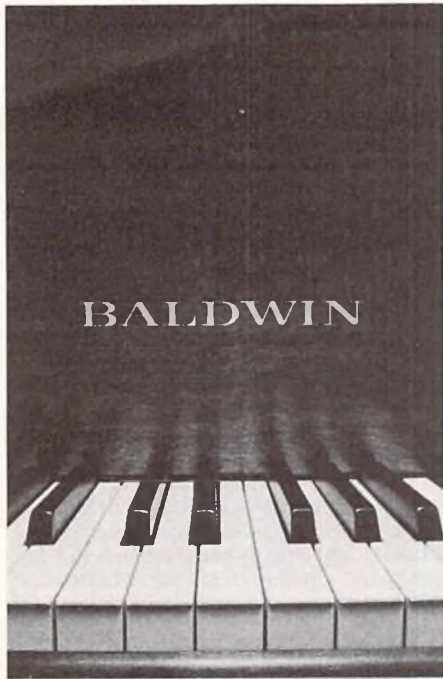
SOLO PIANO—Atlantic SD 1672: *Together Again*; *Serenade In Blue/Where Is The Love*; *Lorraine's Walk/Willow Weep For Me*; *Nica's Dream*; *Goodbye/Flamingo*; *Live And Love/One For Horace*; *Bouncing With Bud*; *Memphis Blues*; *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*; *Out Of This World*; *Giant Steps/Everything I Have Is Yours/Where Is The Love*.

Personnel: Phineas Newborn, Jr., acoustic piano.

***** 1/2

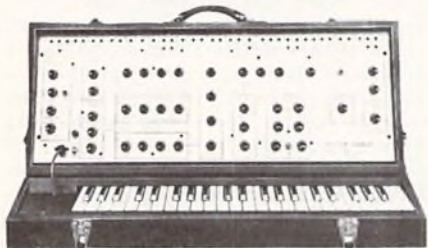
At the outset of track one, a voice shouts "You got it." From that point on it's all Phineas Newborn, Jr. And that's fine, because *Solo Piano* marks the return of a remarkable pianistic voice that has been obscured for too long.

The essence of the Newborn approach is a dynamic eclecticism grounded upon the mastery of the basic schools of jazz piano (Joplin, Tatum, Basie, Powell, Monk and Silver are a few of the obvious points of reference). These are, in turn, directed to an improvisational style that generates great tension and excite-



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26 □ down beat

ment from the purposive juxtaposition of seemingly conflicting musical materials. That is to say that within the same piece, Newborn pits the lush and romantic against the hard and driving; the florid and embellished against the sparse and lean; and older style like ragtime against a newer practice like Powell-inflected bop; two-hand chordal passages against rapid right-hand single note runs; straight-ahead mainstream harmonies against Monkian clusters of dissonance; jagged off-center rhythmic figures against metrically precise patterns.

This constantly shifting set of oppositions is largely responsible for Newborn's success in resurrecting tunes such as *Serenade In Blue*, *Where Is The Love*, *Flamingo* and *Goodbye*. Newborn shakes up our prior associations and expectations by keeping us off-balance. His ability to surprise (and to astonish with his prodigious technique) thereby creates fresh insights and new experiences. —berg

GABOR SZABO

MACHO—Salvation 704 S1: *Hungarian Rhapsody No 2; Time; Transylvania Boogie; Ziggity Zag; Macho; Poetry Man.*

Personnel: Szabo, guitar; Eric Gale, guitar; Bob James, piano, electric piano, synthesizer; Ian Underwood, synthesizer; Harvey Mason, drums; Ralph MacDonald, Idris Muhammad, percussion; Tom Scott, tenor sax, lyricon; Louis Johnson, bass; Jon Faddis, trumpet; George Bohanon, trombone.

★ ★ ½

Since easy listening, funky soul/jazz undeniably has commercial appeal, it may be irrelevant to criticize its theoretical underpinnings. However, when tedium becomes the musical message and slick packaging causes listener confusion, then a closer look is in order.

To be sure, the quality of performance on all of *Macho's* tracks is professional. The problem lies in the formulaic, ersatz funk arrangements. Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, for instance, contains some sections with extremely provocative playing. On the second chorus, Bob James and Szabo counterpoint a series of piercing scales. The confrontations between the notes, striking in themselves, assume even more significance in light of Liszt's melodic theme. However, ornamental overdubbing and other studio excesses finally turn the piece into musical mush. Szabo and his associates are clearly talented musicians. When the heavy hand of the arranger becomes too overhearing, though, their artistry suffers.

Take the title track as well. *Macho* begins promisingly enough. Szabo opens the piece with a combination of dulcet legato runs and tasteful arpeggio chord rolls. The notes are impeccably executed and the melody line intelligently constructed. James then joins in on the piano, lightly sprinkling notes to fill in the outline of Szabo's chords. However, the mood is inexplicably broken by the reappearance of the ubiquitous funky bass line and the conga. The listener, for no apparent reason, finds himself in the discotheque.

In large part, the failure of *Macho* lies in its attempt to extract a few remaining drops of excitement from an already overexploited musical style. Jazz/funk may have proven mass appeal, but the music has become too safe, too contrived. Ultimately, it becomes too boring.

Finally, a word must be said about the album's credits. Though James and Ian Underwood both play synthesizer, there is no

indication of who plays when. The listener already has enough trouble trying to understand the music without having to formulate his own scorecard. —marks

SONNY & LINDA SHARROCK

PARADISE—Atco Records SD 36-121: *Apollo; End Of The Rainbow; Miss Doris; 1953 Blue Boogie Children; Peaceful; Gury's Step.*

Personnel: Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Linda Sharrock, voice; Kenny Armstrong, keyboards; Dave Artis, bass guitar; Buddy Williams, drums and tympani; Sonny Bonillia, percussion.

★ ★ ★

Paradise is the most convincing album so far from this bizarre, but gifted, couple. Whereas their previous efforts for the French BYG label and Atlantic (*Vortex*) were uninspired experiments—harsh, even repelling in their unadorned directness of expression—*Paradise* reveals a new and more poetic side of the Sharrocks.

The decision here to work within a relatively conventional r&b setting proves a fortunate one. The material, most of it written by Sonny Sharrock, is especially becoming to Linda whose "singing" on *Apollo* and *End Of The Rainbow* is the highlight of the album. Her voice colorings are endowed with the warmth and feeling that were absent on her earlier albums with Sonny, and even though there are traces now and then of undigested influences from such diverse sources as Yoko Ono and classical coloratura singing (on *Miss Doris*), *Paradise* indicates that Linda Sharrock may be one of our more controlled radical vocalists.

With the over-all mellowing of the production and Linda's new prominence, Sonny has sacrificed much of his former ferocity. He still plays with the same ultra-tight string pulling technique that has made his style unique, but his soloing is now more elaborate and balanced.

While not being entirely satisfying—there is something merely decorative about the Sharrocks' music—*Paradise* nevertheless points in the right direction. The question remains whether they will be able to further deepen the range of their art while retaining their individuality. —gabel

QUINCY JONES

MELLOW MADNESS—A&M SP4526: *Is It Love That We're Missing; Paranoid; Mellow Madness; Beautiful Black Girl; Listen (What It Is); Just A Little Taste Of Me; My Cherie Amour; Tryin' To Find Out About You; Cry Baby; Bluesette.*

Personnel: Jones, keyboards, trumpet, background vocals, arrangements; Wah Wah Watson, George Johnson, Toots Thielemans (track 10), Dennis Budimir (track 6), guitars; Louis Johnson, Chuck Rainey (track 10), Max Bennett (track 7), basses; Don Grusin, Dave Grusin, Jerry Peters, Mike Melvoin (track 7), keyboards; Bill Lamb, Chuck Findley, Tom Bahler, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, George Bohanon, trombones; Ernie Krivda, Sahib Shihab, Jerome Richardson, saxes; Hubert Laws, flute (track 7); Tommy Morgan, bass harmonica (track 6); Harvey Mason, Grady Tate (track 10), drums; Ralph MacDonald, conga and percussion; Ian Underwood, synthesizer programming; Tom Bahler, Paulette McWilliams, Jim Gilstrap, Joe Greene, Jesse Kirkland, Myrna Matthews, Carolyn Willis, Leon Ware, Minnie Riperton (track 7), background vocals; George Johnson, Leon Ware, Paulette McWilliams, the Watts Prophets, Wah Wah Watson, lead vocals.

★ ★ ★

This ain't no jazz record, but Q applies all his craft to the tunes herein. Some of the jazz players, like Laws, are rendered inconsequential by the dense charts, while others, Thielemans for one, become quite ridiculous.

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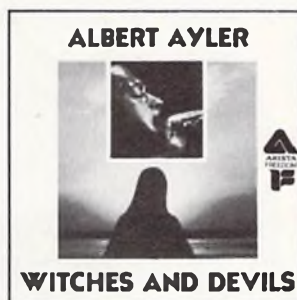
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Not that Toots isn't a great whistler—it's just that his tweeting distracts from the supple guitar solo. Rosolino stands out best from these pastry-rich arrangements.

There's more than a nod of recognition towards Stevie Wonder's talents; besides the inclusion of one of his biggest hits and a loving dedication in the album notes, *Paranoid* has the earmarks of a flattering imitation, with a synthesizer-edged vocal track and a bumpy hook. *Is It Love* and *Madness* are pleasant, floating ballads in the Earth, Wind and Fire mold, and will surely be turning up on the radio. *Beautiful* owes its devices to the Last Poets and its subject matter to the non-political conga drummers who jive passing ladies in the park.

The vocalists have all the best of this disc: they get the support of the finely-tuned small

studio orchestra that Jones directs with charismatic class, and they seem to be having a swell time. Johnson, whose voice is new to me, has a low-key romantic sincerity which works well. He shares *Amour* with McWilliams and Ware, and it is a very hip menage.

Strangely, the closest cut to a dance track is *Tryin'*, which seems a shade slow for the disco turntable, suggesting the LP is geared to a smaller party and more intimate dancing. Very mellow and not at all mad, Jones is impeccable, even if his choice of material is satisfying only as an easy listening interlude.

—mandel

ESTHER PHILLIPS WITH JOE BECK

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES--

Kudu KU 23 S1: *One Night Affair; What A Difference A Day Makes; Mister Magic; You're Coming Home; I Can Stand A Little Rain; Hurtin' House; Oh Papa; Turn Around, Look At Me.*

Personnel: Phillips, vocals; Joe Beck, lead guitar; Steve Khan, rhythm guitar; Eric Weissberg, pedal steel guitar; Don Grolnick, keyboards; Mike Brecker, tenor sax; David Sanborn, alto sax; Randy Brecker, Jon Faddis, John Gatchell, Alan Rubin, trumpets; Will Lee, bass; Chris Parker, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion. Additional strings and horns added.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is the first recent Esther Phillips recording that has successfully matched her extremely individual and vital vocals with a musical setting as forceful as she is.

The environment in this instance is essentially based on an expanded version of the Brecker Brothers band with the addition of Joe Beck. The result is muscular and vibrant. In the past, Esther's sessions included studio units of high quality that were never utilized to their full potential. The arrangements were soul and r&b type things that were often predictable. Of course, that's not to say that Esther Phillips' LPs have been dull. No way, since she's a remarkable stylist. It's just that they weren't always challenging, you wanted something more.

In this case, the "more" is a contemporary concept mixing blues, soul and disco. The arrangements are intricate and for the most part totally sympathetic. At times Ms. Phillips' voice is used like another instrument, or is pitted against Sanborn's brittle and screaming alto. Yet her uniquely individual sound is always complimented with dynamic and powerful orchestrations. Much of the credit must go to Beck who did all the arranging for *What A Difference*. He obviously understands the depths of Ms. Phillips' talent and how to effectively demonstrate it.

The material is varied, ranging from the funky and sexual to the rocking. The first three tracks are anchored to a thundering disco beat with *Diffrence* taken at a fervent tempo. Some may not like this version, but Esther sounds comfortable. *Rain* includes some gimmicky thunder, as if the vocalist couldn't set the mood all by herself; *Hurtin' House* is just plain blues as Ms. Phillips' voice overflowing with pain; *Turn Around* is done simply and lovingly.

One more thing: Esther Phillips has the most sensual voice you'll ever vibrate to.

—nolan

DOM UM ROMAO

SPRIT OF THE TIMES (Espirito Du Tempo)
—Muse 5049: *Shake (Ginga Gingou); Wait On The Corner; Lamento Negro; Highway; The Angels; The Salvation Army; Kitchen (Cosinha).*

Personnel: Lloyd McNeil, flute; Mauricio Smith, soprano and tenor saxes, flute; Jerry Dodgion, alto sax, flute; Joe Beck, electric guitar; Amauri Tostao, acoustic guitar; Sivuca, guitar, piano, organ; Dom Salvador, piano, electric piano; Frank Tusa, bass guitar; Romao, drums, percussion; Portintio, percussion.

★ ★

Actually the music here is a bit better than the rating, but side two is precisely 10:56 long, so the listener is inexcusably short-changed.

In fact, this is very pleasant stuff, for the most part—not interesting, but pleasant. Salvador wrote *Corner*, *Angels*, and *Army*, all pretty tunes; he isn't much of an improviser, and he gets far too much space considering how little he has to say. The tunes, however, are nice and the rhythm, as might be expected, is kicky and catchy and authentic.



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Salvador's best moments come on *Highway*, which Tristao composed.

The nicest tune of all, though, is *Lamento*, a lyrical chant reminiscent of the Donald Byrd/Duke Pearson collaborations on *Blue Note* about a decade back. This one gets into your head and is hard to get rid of. Perhaps *Angels* best represents the album: the melody as first stated is rather banal, slogging along in a slow, even, flat four. The next time around, the street samba rhythm is added and everything changes and dances. But this vivification pales and attenuates with the solos, which go nowhere. We end up in the *Kitchen*, which, as you might anticipate, cooks like crazy. Romao gets into cuica, bells, whistle, and drums in his unaccompanied duet with Salvador on electric piano, and the dialogue is so perky that it's a shame it ends after only 2:47.

In general, then, this session provides considerable initial pleasure but almost no substance. Beck and Smith are the chief soloists (along with Salvador), but they don't get much opportunity to shine. The accent is on rhythm, and if you dig high quality background music—if you like to samba through your household chores, for example—this is for you.

Incidentally, what is substantial about the album is the fine liner essay by Bob Palmer. What a pleasure to read notes that are not only literate and descriptive of the music to be found inside, but also are informative in a broader way. In fact, if you're unaware of the specific connections between African and Brazilian music, this album is worth looking at purely for Palmer's observations, pithier by far than the album that provides the occasion for them. —heineman

ELVIN JONES

NEW AGENDA—Vanguard VSD 79362: *Someone's Rocking My Jazzboat; Naima; Haresah; Anti-Calypto; Stefanie; My Lover; Agenda.*

Personnel: Jones, drums; Steve Grossman, reeds; Roland Prince, guitar; Dave Williams, bass.

★ ★

I've got to make my bias clear in front. There is relatively little that Elvin has done since his tenure with Coltrane that moves me as deeply as that huge body of music does. In particular, the reed players that he has recorded and toured with since Trane's death have sounded merely pretty, facile, or weak. This comparison probably isn't fair but there it is.

Even so, the lineup of *New Agenda* seemed cause for high expectations. Two of the hungriest young reed players on the scene today, Grossman and Azar Lawrence, were participating and there were several usually invigorating guest percussionists on various tunes. Sadly, this effort, Elvin's first for Vanguard, just doesn't make it.

The crucial problem here is finding Elvin. Not only is Vanguard's conception of the way to record jazz drumming, especially Elvin's, way off—there's no bottom and little presence—Elvin himself only fitfully works up a sweat. Now if you've heard the man in live performance recently, you *know* he's still capable of the most thunderous, absorbing drumming imaginable. Yet even his strongest work here, on *Lover*, is a shadow of that.

There is, of course, the odd redeeming moment or two—Grossman on *Naima* and *Lover*, Lawrence on *Haresah*. Dave Williams is a joy throughout. For the most part though, this is one strangely uninspired, even tepid session. —adler

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OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

JACKIE McLEAN

JACKKNIFE—Blue Note BNLA 457 H2: *On The Nile*; *Climax*; *Soft Blue*; *Jackknife*; *Blue Fable*; *High Frequency*; *Combined Effort*; *Moonscape*; *Jossa Bossa*; *The Bull Frog*.

Personnel: Jackie McLean, alto sax; Larry Willis, piano; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Larry Ridley, bass (tracks 1-5); Don Moore, bass (tracks 6-10); Lee Morgan, trumpet (tracks 2, 3, and 5); Charles Tolliver, trumpet (tracks 1, 3, and 4).

★ ★ ★ ★

Although *Jackknife* appears under the auspices of the Blue Note Reissue Series, none of the material has been previously released. This is the music of Jackie McLean from a decade ago, and like Coltrane's work of a slightly earlier period, it is a wide ranging modal exercise in quartet/quintet format. McLean is the leading and moving force of these performances. His alto style is typically poignant and lyrical, his voicing is precise and sonorous. Indispensable to the motion and spirit of the music are the team of Larry Willis on piano and Jack DeJohnette on drums. Together they weave a thoughtful and compassionate cat's cradle backdrop for the soloist to enter.

The first and second sides, recorded in mid-1965, feature the trumpets and compositions of Charles Tolliver and Lee Morgan. The extra horn flesh creates a sharp, effective contrast in dynamics between itself, the rhythm section and McLean. This interplay

works best in Tolliver's *On The Nile*, a mysterious, moody piece written in a minor scale variant. Willis' beautiful chord shifts and DeJohnette's light cymbal riding evoke a natural sense of flow, of water as a vehicle.

McLean returned to the same studios nearly a year later with Willis, DeJohnette and bassist Don Moore to record the music on the remaining sides. Working in a strictly quartet format, they created a sparser, more experimental sound that relied on spatial stillness as much as progressive motion. The musicians confront each other with a face-to-face intimacy. Central to the action is Willis, whose piano style mixes with McLean's alto and DeJohnette's drums to paint walls of texture. McLean is more adventurous in this setting, creating serenity and implying tension with the facility and clarity of his technique. His best moments are heard on *Moonscape* and *Combined Effort*.

While it is doubtful whether McLean ever intended all of these performances to surface on record, the quality of the music here is well above the condescending category of "historical interest." This collection should be a welcome addition to any enthusiast's listening library. —gilmore

STAPLE SINGERS

GREAT DAY—Milestone 47028: *Gloryland*; *Everybody Will Be Happy*; *Hear My Call*; *Here*; *Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen*; *I'm Willin'* (Parts 1 And 2); *Great Day*; *Do You Know Him?*; *New-Born Soul*; *A Dying Man's Plea*; *New Home*; *Wish I Had Answered*; *A Better Home*; *Old Time Religion*; *Swing Down, Chariot*; *Motherless Children*; *Gamblin' Man*; *I Know I've Been Changed*; *Jesus Is All*; *You Got Shoes*; *What Are They Doing (In Heaven Today)*; *Will The Lord Remember Me*; *My Dying Bed*; *Let Jesus Lead*

You; *Praying Time*; *I Can't Help From Cryin' Sometime*; *Masters Of War*.

Personnel: Roebuck, Mavis, Pervis, and Cleotha or Yvonne Staples, vocals; Roebuck Staples, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, Phil Upchurch, Johnny Pate, bass; Gus Johnson, Joe Marshall, Al Duncan, drums; Maceo Woods, organ.

★ ★ ★

Without wishing to indulge in niggling or pigeonholing, I'd like to emphasize that from the start of their recording career in the late 1950s the Staple Singers were, properly speaking, not really gospel singers at all, though they frequently were described as such. The music they performed with such stunning, forceful ardor was outside the gospel music mainstream and represented, instead, their own highly distinctive handling of traditional southern rural spiritual singing. (To oversimplify, gospel is urban, spiritual singing rural and they are, furthermore, modern and archaic respectively).

Over father Roebuck Staples' bluesy reverb-drenched guitar surged one of the most hauntingly beautiful, unique and deeply touching vocal blends in all of American music. And in daughter Mavis the Staples had, moreover, perhaps the finest solo voice in black religious song since the young Mahalia Jackson. (The only other voice of the period to compare with Mavis' was Aretha Franklin's, and she shared with Mavis the same background in church music.) The recordings they made for the VeeJay label, with which they established their reputation, not only are acknowledged classics of postwar religious song but also take their place among the authentic recorded milestones of black sacred music. Long after the Staples are gone, those recordings will endure.

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The group's Riverside recordings, from which this double LP set derives, were made after they had left VeeJay and are not of quite the same astonishing quality, though they are good. For whatever reasons—the best of their repertoire had been recorded for and tied up by VeeJay, Riverside's producers or production values were slightly less sensitive to the Staples' approach than were VeeJay's, etc.—the Staples' Riverside recordings never had, to my ears, anything near the thrilling, fervent power and chilling intensity of their VeeJay efforts. In all fairness to Riverside (and now Milestone), nothing the Staples have done since has equaled, let alone surpassed their VeeJay recordings, which remain to this day the definitive Staple Singers performances against which all others must be measured. Which accounts for the rating I've assigned this collection; with the aforementioned recordings so widely available, this set, enjoyable though it is, has to take a back seat to those early performances. After all, why settle for merely good performances when one can just as readily acquire great ones?

That's what this set is made of—the merely good and the not so good: material that's occasionally not worthy of the Staples' talents, from time to time a bit less convincing than one expects of their performances, with sloppy harmony singing, intonation that's just a hair slack, and so on. As such, the performances are representative of what they were doing in the early to middle 1960s: broadening their base, moving away from strictly defined religious song into a more amorphous area of "message" and like song material (without, however, venturing into outright pop music) in an effort to widen their audience. It was only middling effective and something crucial went out of their music. Its absence can be sensed more than occasionally, in these performances, which one should acquire only after he's gotten *all* the VeeJays.

—welding

BILLIE HOLIDAY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BILLIE HOLIDAY —Different Drummer DD 1003: *I Got It Bad; Just Friends; Walking Through Heaven; Ghost Of A Chance; I'm Restless; Moonlight In Vermont; Everything Happens To Me; Please Don't Talk About Me; I Don't Want To Cry Anymore; Prelude To A Kiss; I Must Have That Man; Jeepers Creepers.*

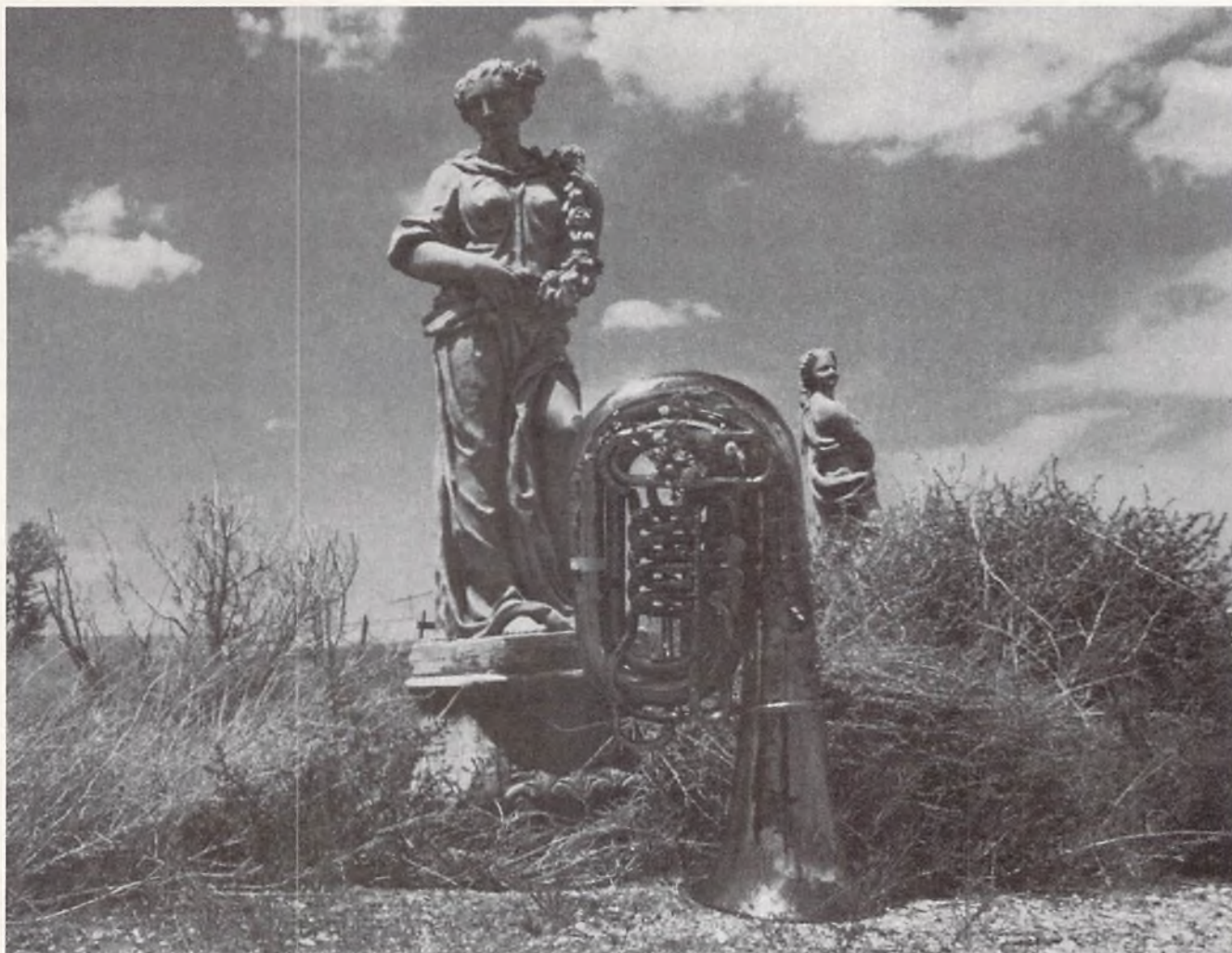
Personnel: Jimmy Rowles, piano; Artie Shapiro, bass; Holiday, vocals.

★ ★ 1/2

Originally issued only two years ago on Paramount Records at the height of the Billie Holiday record derby accompanying the movie, this set quickly became a cut-out. Its reissue so soon is curious and not particularly justified, considering the quality of the music.

Music is not really the focus of this LP. Billie the person is. This is a recording session as few ever hear it—with all the false starts, small talk, and chit chat that takes place between takes. Some of it's rather interesting, as when Billie talks about Ed Fox, owner of the Grand Terrace in Chicago. Her conversation is candid, colorful, a little salty, and sometimes a little sad. The music has an offhand, don't-give-a-damn character about it. "I make a date for golf," sings Billie on *Everything Happens*, "and you can bet your ass it rains."

The rehearsal hall atmosphere breeds a lot of good-natured clowning and only a little in the way of finished performances. Instrumental support is totally undistinguished, given the environment. But there's still a fasci-



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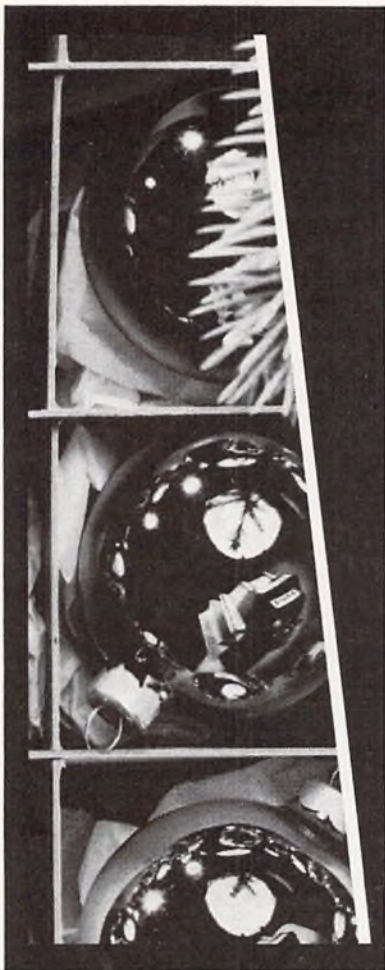
The Gentle Side of John Coltrane (ASH-9306-2)

A burning intensity characterized much of John Coltrane's music, particularly that of the years immediately preceding his untimely 1967 passing. But this Michael Cuscuna compiled double-album reminds us of how exquisitely the most influential jazz musician of our age could perform in lyrical, subdued settings. Duke Ellington and Eric Dolphy are among the supporting players on this entirely indispensable collection.



LUCKY THOMPSON: Dancing Sunbeam (ASH-9307-2)

Although the music on this two-record set was recorded in the mid-'50s, it sounds as though it could have been recorded last summer—surely few other tenormen who emerged during the Bop era developed so timeless a style as Lucky Thompson's. Bassist Oscar Pettiford shines incandescently on the trio sides, while the quintet sides feature some of trombonist Jimmy Cleveland's most stunning recorded playing.



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nation in hearing this souvenir of Billie at work in her last years. If you dig Billie and are looking for insights into her personhood, this will be of value. —mcdonough

MILT JACKSON

THE ATLANTIC YEARS—SD 2-319: *Plenty*, *Plenty Soul*; *Love On My Mind*; *Bags' New Groove*; *So In Love*; *Stuffy*; *Sandra's Blues*; *The Cylinder*; *Three Little Words*; *The Night We Called It A Day*; *Ghana*; *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*; *How High The Moon*; *How Long, How Long Blues*; *Vibrations*.

Personnel: Jackson, vibraharp; Cannonball Adderley, alto sax; John Coltrane, Frank Foster, Coleman Hawkins, Lucky Thompson, tenor sax; Sahib Shihab, baritone sax; Bobby Jaspar, Frank Wess, flute; Skeeter Best, Kenny Burrell, Barry Galbraith, guitar; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Joe Newman, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, Hank Jones, Jimmy Jones, John Lewis, Horace Silver, piano; Ray Charles, piano, alto sax; Paul Chambers, Bill Crow, George Duvivier, Percy Heath, Milt Hinton, Eddie Jones, Oscar Pettiford, bass; Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Connie Kay, Art Taylor, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DAVE BRUBECK

THE FANTASY YEARS—SD 2-317: *The Way You Look Tonight*; *How High The Moon*; *These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You*; *Perdido*; *Stardust*; *All The Things You Are*; *Laura*; *Lullaby In Rhythm*; *I'll Never Smile Again*; *I Remember You*; *For All We Know*.

Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto sax; Ron Crotty, bass; Lloyd Davis or Joe Dodge, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

No complaints here, for Atlantic has done a generally commendable job on these reissues: artful packaging, thorough liners and discographical info and, most importantly, prime cuts from the meaty Atlantic vaults. When music can stand the fad-obscuring test of time like this—the Jackson tracks are from 1956-61, the Brubeck dates from 1953—ratings become easy. More than that, they become superfluous, because the music needs no help in justifying itself.

While the Brubeck double-pocket is simply, yet gratifyingly, the reissuance of two college concert LPs, the Jackson set is a true anthology, teleporting the cool master vibist into a variety of settings highlighting different aspects of his musical being. The album kicks off with a classic large group jam on *Plenty*, *Plenty Soul*, which features very little Jackson, since Adderley, Shihab, Cleveland, Newman, Foster and Silver are all accorded solo space as well. It was arranged by Quincy Jones, who also provided string support on *Cylinder* and *Midnight Sun*.

In addition to these few larger productions, we've been given a good sampling of quintet-sextet tracks that allow Jackson full reign for his patented pastiches of blues-riff patches and silkily lyrical threads. There are variances within even this format. On *So In Love*, for instance, five woodwinds have been added (presumably scored by John Lewis, the pianist for the 1956 date), and the unusual colors redecorate Bags' lines in pleasantly surprising pastels. This track also indicates how Jackson's fantastic lyricism, when traversing avenues other than the blues, can give you a joyful set of the chills.

There are also two outstanding tracks with Ray Charles, whose pure gospel piano makes the always funky Jackson sound like a Wall St. banker at lunch. Another plus is Charles' grease-gob alto on *How Long Blues*. But the most intriguing selections are those pairing Bags with tenorists Hawkins and Coltrane. In contrast to the vibes glitter, Hawkins' surging yet soft-edged sound—on *Stuffy* and *Sandra's Blues*—permeates the music entirely, his

warmth seeping into Jackson's spirited solos as well. And on *Three Little Words* and *The Night We Called It A Day*, Coltrane's brittle tone and slashing ideas—notice how many of his riffs here show up on the *Giant Steps* dates, recorded just two and a half months later—bring out just those elements in Jackson's style.

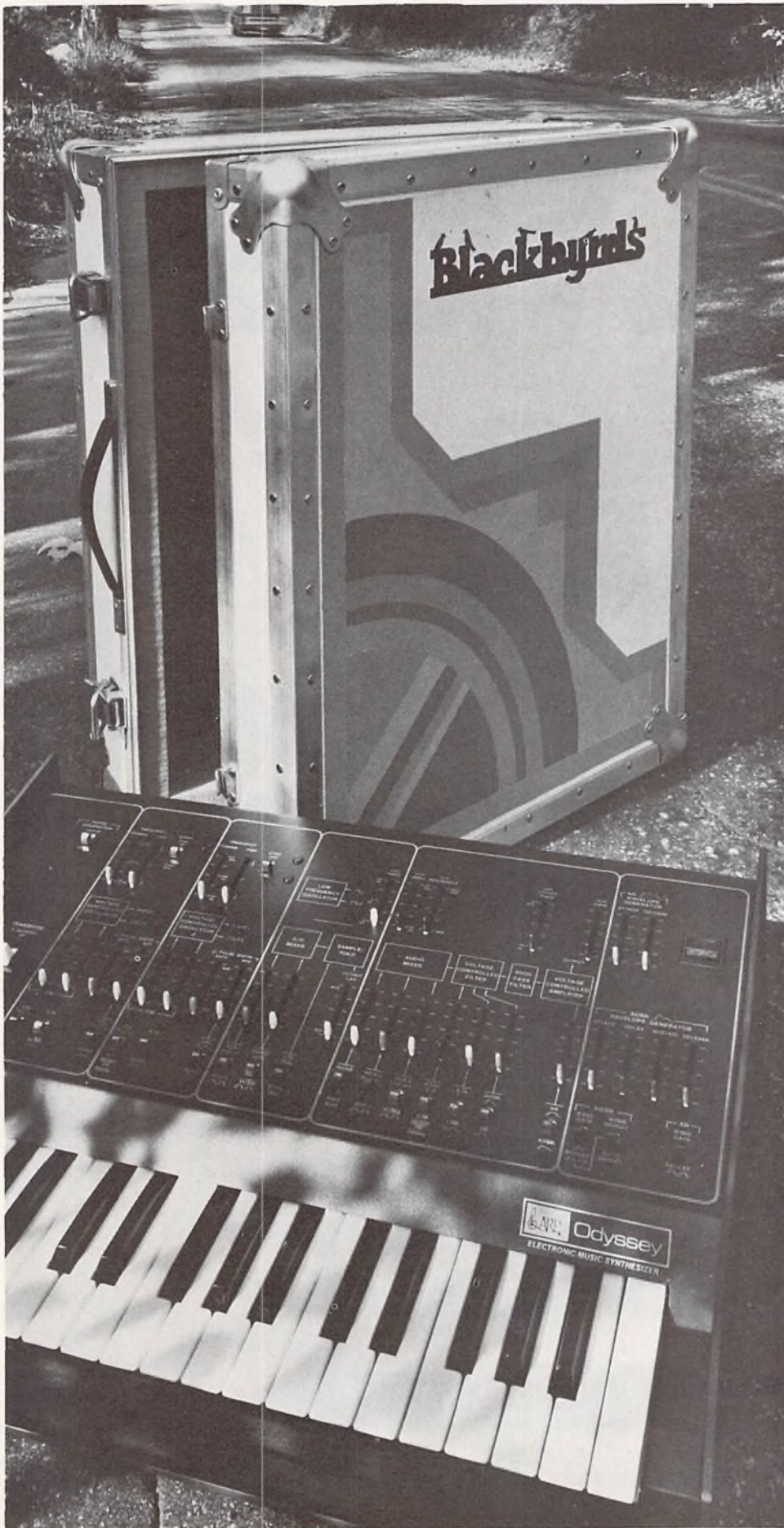
And that style is what holds all this music together. It's also what occasionally wears. Though he's not exactly predictable, Bags is rarely unexpected; you don't always know what's coming, but when it gets there, it's no surprise. Then again, that's often the reservation about a major stylist who creates a voice so unique and instantly recognizable—so straightforward in concept—that large doses can prove a bit too potent. When a style can be delineated so clearly, it tends to dim a bit of the magic.

The question is why, given the fact that Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond are two of the most obvious stylists in jazz history, their re-released college gigs (originally issued as *Jazz At Oberlin* and *Jazz At College Of Pacific* on Fantasy) never grow tiresome. The answer, partially found in the receptive atmosphere surrounding these live recordings, is clear from the unbelievable vitality of the introduction and the frightening counterpoint of the theme on *The Way You Look Tonight*, which opens the set. Despite the conspicuous trademark, elements of their style, they never fail on these LPs to take the music to places you don't expect.

I use the word "their" carefully, for of course this is as much Desmond's album as Brubeck's. Through 17 years as the front-man soloist with the quartet, through his writing (remember who composed *Take Five*), through his pungent, bittersweet tone and his tastefully flashy ideas, Desmond's role in shaping "Brubeck Music" is undeniable. The bassist and drummers on these LPs would later be replaced, but Desmond would stay, and his mental energy crackles across the gulf of two decades with undiminished voltage.

Nat Hentoff's notes claim that these are the very greatest Brubeck records ever, and that Brubeck's solo on *These Foolish Things*—which unexplainedly begins on the record four measures into the performance—is the pinnacle of his piano art. I'm inclined to agree on both counts. The piano solo, following Desmond's intensely melodic fluidity, is a marvel of precision. It moves inexorably, but never a step too quickly, from the theme's sentimentality to an odd mixture of blues feeling and atonal technique, and finally to an out-and-out classic parody of the French Impressionists, before settling into the background for Desmond's re-entry. It is perfectly realized, and you can't get better than that.

All the tunes here are delights, with Desmond's unabashed romance and dry, almost mathematical intelligence blended into solos of fire and ice, and Brubeck's percussive piano-beating stretched into situations that yield brilliant results. But the high points come on the standards *The Way You Look* and *All The Things*, revolving dizzily around the sparkling counterpoint to which the pianist and altoist were equal contributors. Brubeck's solo on the first piece is a stunning fantasy on the theme, eventually boiling down to bold strokes of Stravinsky and Grieg. On the second, it's Desmond who grabs the spotlight, starting with thematic variation and moving one chorus at a time to pure invention. This is incredible music, jazz or whatever, and you should buy it. —tesser



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Ron Carter



RON HOWARD

by Leonard Feather

There has only been one previous Ron Carter blindfold test. On that occasion (db, 12/17/64), having recently returned from a trip to Japan with a jazz festival package that included the Miles Davis Quintet of which Ron was then a member, I commented on the international respect in which he was already held.

Carter, perhaps more than any other bassist who had preceded him, exemplified a scholarly approach not only to the instrument but also to composing, and to musical theory in general. He had obtained his B.M. from the Eastman School in 1959, his M.M. from Manhattan School of Music two years later. Today he often puts his vast storehouse of knowledge to work as a clinician, a role he fills as often as possible along with his regular work as combo leader, sideman and studio musician.

It was while he was with Miles (early 1963 until late '68) that Carter won the *db* Critics' Poll New Star award. This year he was a winner in the established talent category. During the past three years, his albums as a leader on CTI and Kudu have consolidated his reputation as the complete artist in his field.

The following test was conducted while Ron was leading his group at Concerts by the Sea. He was given no information about the records played.

1. DUKE ELLINGTON AND RAY BROWN.

See See Rider (from *This One's For Blanton, Pablo*). Duke Ellington, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ma Rainey, composer.

It's Duke Ellington at the keyboard and probably Ray Brown. I saw they made a record and hadn't heard it, but with that information I figure that's who it is. My first impression from the intro was that it was one of the early Jimmy Blanton-Duke Ellington duos. If that is Ray Brown, this is probably the clearest example of the Jimmy Blanton influence in his playing, and perhaps Duke Ellington at the keyboard may make this more evident. I like duo records that don't have a drummer; it makes a whole new perspective to both piano player and, in this case, bass player. The audience has to use their imagination even more, since no one is actually playing one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four. I've got to give that record five stars.

2. MILES DAVIS. *Honky Tonk* (from *Get Up With It*, Columbia).

Miles Davis, composer, trumpet; Keith Jarrett, keyboard; Airto Moreira, percussion; Steve Grossman, soprano sax; Billy Cobham, drums; Michael Henderson, Fender bass; John McLaughlin, guitar; Herbie Hancock, keyboard.

I couldn't pick out his style until about three minutes into the piece. I guess that's Miles' band. This leaves a lot to the player's own discretion and levels of musicianship. It seems that the levels of the players involved are very different . . . it's almost aleatory; and that will work if the players involved are all at the same level.

If you have Herbie Hancock doing that kind of stuff, it's going to be at the right place at the right time due to his personal musical experiences. But it seems that on this track that the basic rhythm—the percussion, the guitar player and the keyboard—are all playing at random, and, for me, at a loss of something that's really quality.

For the concept, I would say 25 stars because it's a heck of a concept to make work. For

whether or not it's successful, I'd say, at the most, two; but for Miles, 30, because he's going to find the players who think they're going to be able to do this style well.

When I was with Miles, we made a couple of records in '68 and early '69 that were involved with this kind of groove. It was a little more structured at the time and he was more concerned with how you could make this concept work with only five players . . . the working quintet. I guess, according to this record, he's gotten involved with how it will work with an additional number of players. On this track I wouldn't say that the players who were on it were into the level of performance that he was into at that time. I think this is an illustration of the fact that no matter how good the players are, it takes a moment of organized thought to make it come out right.

3. RICHARD DAVIS. *Monica* (from *With Understanding*, Muse). Bill Lee, composer, bass; Richard Davis, bass.

That's an easy one. That's a Bill Lee composition and I should know the title, it's one of the pieces we play at concerts with the New York Bass Violin Choir. I imagine that's Richard Davis playing the top arco, and it sounds like Bill playing the second bass part.

I'm disappointed that they didn't do a little more with the piece on record. When we play it in performance there's some improvisational material and it's part of a suite that Bill's written, so there's some words and lyrics . . . a little dialogue that takes place during this piece. I would be interested to see if it is Bill Lee who's responsible for this piece being played. I would have loved to have seen him write something other than just that three minutes of basically ensemble. I'm sure they're all good players on that session and that they could have covered whatever ground he would have had in mind.

This kind of piece is like a filler. You've got three minutes left so you play this little piece. It's very good, but I'd like to see whoever was re-

sponsible do more than have the melody, chorus, eight bars of guitar, some arpeggios with some bass pizzicato on top, and take it out.

I'd rate it 25 stars for performance, but for the lack of development, the minimum of good stars . . . five.

4. THE CRUSADERS. *Mystique Blues* (from *Crusaders 1*, Blue Thumb). Wayne Henderson, composer, trombone; Chuck Rainey, electric bass.

I'm not sure why you played me that record. The other four had more interesting bass players and bass lines. It sounds like one of the Crusaders' records. This kind of song is tough to play because the bass player is limited to playing a line, and once he varies from this line, the piece no longer works. I wouldn't listen to it any more than one time to find that this would be the case. If I played it again, I'd listen to find out if the trombone and saxophone (they sounded at one time like they were playing unison solos) were playing in context with the piano chords or the guitar sounds. If it is the Crusaders, they have more interesting tracks than this one.

Whoever the bass player is, my heart goes out to him for having to play that same line for five minutes. I don't think I want to rate that one.

5. EDDIE HARRIS. *Why Must We Part* (from *Bad Luck Is All I Have*, Atlantic). Eddie Harris, composer, string synthesizer and vocals; Ronald Muldrow, electric guitar.

That's Eddie Harris. If you can get past the voices, (that's a really uncomplex arrangement) and listen to the guitar player, he's really playing very well. I've always enjoyed listening to Eddie Harris. I've made some records with him and we've played together for awhile. He was probably the forerunner in the use of electronic devices played by other musicians today, and he certainly is a fine saxophone player who's written several books on saxophone playing.

I would buy this record just for the humor of Eddie's voice, and look to the other tracks on the record for the music I know he can play. I guess he must have put his voice through some electric device to make it sound so high . . . or else he was wearing some tight shoes! Of course, he could have recorded his voice at its normal pitch and then had the tape speeded up.

He's into so much experimenting. I remember when I first met him in New York he was fooling around with a saxophone mouthpiece on a trumpet, and that was as early as 1962, so he was ahead of other players way back then. I saw him this past August and he had prerecorded some piano, played the piano track back through his machine and soloed along with the piano track. He also had a drummer who played high hat and snare drum and there was a pre-recorded rhythm track.

As far as a rating goes on the cut we listened to, I'd give it four stars for humor.

6. BARNEY KESSEL. *Holiday In Rio* (from *Barney Plays Kessel & Friends*, Concord). Barney Kessel, composer, guitar; Chuck Domanico, bass.

If I were asked right now if I prefer electric or upright bass I'd say, "Take this track and record it again, using acoustic bass instead of an electric one." The difference in the sound of the track would be phenomenal.

It's a nice arrangement; it's a kind of safe arrangement. No one has taken too many risks, but the progression of chords is really lovely—it's got the bossa nova-American flavor. When I listen to a tune like this that has this tempo and type of changes, and I hear it played by an electric bass player, I wish whoever was in charge would try an acoustic player. I think he would be surprised at the difference in tone colors, and the sound of the music he would get.

I have no idea who it is; it's a pleasant record but I wouldn't go too much beyond that. I'd give it three stars for being pleasant. db

OSCAR BRASHEAR

by lee underwood

Tommy Harrell, Horace Silver's regular trumpet player, couldn't make the opening night gig at Howard Rumsey's Concerts By The Sea. Horace gave Oscar Brashear a ring. After a single early-evening rehearsal, Oscar walked on stage and played the ensemble passages of Horace's complicated new four-part work, *Tranquility Suite*, flawlessly. His improvised solos were fast, complex, exciting and refreshingly strong.



JOSEPH JOHNSON

The word around L.A. today is that Brashear may well be tomorrow's "new trumpet star." Oscar is not looking forward to the favorable attention that will inevitably come his way, nor is he nervous about criticism. "If I read a favorable article about me, cool. If by chance the article is unfavorable, cool. As long as I feel cool about what I'm doing, then everything else is cool."

The modest, soft-spoken, 31 year old musician was born and raised in Chicago, where he began studying classical piano at age seven. "But by the time I was 16 the piano began to feel a little awkward as far as expression goes." He turned to his second instrument, the trumpet, which he had been playing since age 11. It became his ultimate creative release.

After graduating from high school, Oscar attended Wright Junior College and then Roosevelt University. He left Roosevelt to go on the road with Woody Herman in 1967. In 1968 and 1969, he played with Count Basie's band. For nine months in 1970, he served as the in-house trumpet player at the Apartment, one of Chicago's jazz clubs, backing major jazz figures, including Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon among many others.

In 1970, he moved to Los Angeles, where he has become the talk of the studios. Above and beyond the standard, manufactured Top-40 charts he's played, he has also recorded with such luminaries as Joe Henderson (*Canyon Lady*), Harold Land (*Damisi*), Bobby Hutcherson (*Head On* and Bobby's latest, as-yet-untitled LP), and Shelly Manne (*Hot Cokes*). He also plays live with Gerald Wilson's big band, Oliver Nelson, Jerome Richardson, the Ujima Ensemble, and Duke Pearson.

In discussing his attitude toward what some consider to be the assembly line nature of session work, Oscar says, "Music is music. In the studio you interpret what is written; on the stage you interpret what you feel."

"Yes, I've been in situations where there is no musical value whatsoever, and what you're playing seems like it shouldn't be played at all—it shouldn't even have been written. But that's another challenge. You make out of it what you can, even if it's just another mental calisthenic. It's teaching you something that you need right then, which strengthens you for something you may need later. I look at it as an opportunity to learn."

Brashear lists John Coltrane, Freddie Hubbard, Miles Davis and Clifford Brown as his major influences, although he is quick to point out that "everybody has something to say. Even a one-year music student has something to say, because he has his own approach. I've listened to everybody and got a lot from everybody. But you just can't name everybody. That would take all day. The label "jazz" has been stretched and stretched so far that it can't cover all the music, so I look at music as being the artist himself."

If Oscar were to put his own group together right now, he would be "comin' from Trane-ism or Tyner-ism or Wayne Shorter in the mid-'60s. And it wouldn't be electronic. It would be a totally acoustic sound. I've been practicing too long to get a trumpet sound—I'm still working on it—to take on an attachment so I can sound like something else.

"When I hear somebody playing a synthesizer, I'll isolate the sound that you hear and concentrate on what's actually being played, not letting the electronics influence what I hear. I try to dig the person, exactly what he's playing, because a synthesizer can make you a monster when all you're playing is a C triad.

"It might be hard to market my sound," continued the young artist, "because it's a raw sound. It's music. It's definitely not a Top-40 sound."

"A true artist tries to find and express himself entirely. It's going to come out raw and pure. If he honors his feelings and what he is about and what he wants to project his music, then he has already sacrificed whatever he has to sacrifice in terms of what happens to his music. If it happens to become a hit, then it's good for him economically, and he can deal with it that way. But if nothin' happens with it at all, and the company doesn't even pick up his option, then he has to be ready to deal with it the best way he can—friends, sideline gigs. You get to cover your eats in order to play."

Oscar feels that jazz lacks the mass popularity of, say, rock 'n roll, "because jazz is basically an intellectual art, where people have to *listen*. They have to allow the artist time to communicate. They more or less have to lend themselves to the artist. That is what the artist is asking: Lend yourself to my music.

"An ideal listener will discipline himself to calm himself, quiet himself, and open himself to listen. Everybody can do that if they want to.

"But most people want to go out on the weekend and have a so-called good time. The music is often performed in night clubs, lounges or taverns, which is where everybody goes to catch her or to catch him, and to have their share of the drinks. All of this is happening while the music is being played, so the music doesn't really get to the people."

Like many other responsible and evolving artists, Oscar Brashear resents the tendency of John Q. Public to identify him with the past rather than the present.

He points out how people were constantly requesting *Senor Blues* and *Song For My Father* from Horace Silver; how, when he was with Count Basie, he would often be asked where Joe Newman was (Newman left in 1960); how people appreciate drummer Tony Williams' early work with Miles Davis, but "they can't use him now. *Why?* He's still breathin'. He's still Tony."

Brashear cites the public's relationship to Miles Davis as his primary example of cultural lag. "All this big sound is behind him, but he is still Miles. You are whoever you are. It's amazing how attached fans can become to the artist without the artist's even knowing it. They'll be at home playin' Miles albums *all* the time, and they feel a closeness with him. They feel so close to him, that they

feel they can walk up to him and say, 'Miles, you ain't playin' shit now. Like, I dug you in 1965 when you had Wayne and them, but you ain't playin' shit now, Miles. You a drag, man. You don't sound like nothin' you sounded before.' They walk out on him.

"The trouble is, they locked in at 1965 and want that sound forever. They build that image. And if that image comes out to what they want to hear and what they want to believe, that's where they lock in. And if you change yourself, if you insist on being you, they resent it. They want you to be what *they* think is you."

When Oscar was a boy, he wanted to specialize his music. He wanted to perform almost exclusively in the Max Roach or Art Blakey schools of hard bop. "But now that I look at cats like Jerome Richardson or Sweets Edison and their consistency over the years, I see that it's quite a thing to be playing that long over that broad of a musical range. Like Louis (Armstrong), 70, and Duke (Ellington), 75. That takes a lot of courage, man."

BERNIE SENENSKY

by mark miller

There are few stars in Canadian jazz. There are only a few more legends. So many musicians are just names.

Bernie Senensky, Toronto pianist, composer and sometime photographer, is one of those names, not yet a star and hopefully never simply a legend. He knows, from his travels across Canada, west coast to east, that he's not alone.

Those travels began upon leaving his hometown of Winnipeg. He was 19 when he first left and had already been studying piano for ten years, classical music at first and then jazz, inspired by *Peter Gunn* and guided by another Winnipeg pianist, Bob Erlendson. "I didn't take very many lessons from him, but he was the one who showed me the correct direction and the correct way of listening. And then I listened to a lot of records, practiced and played."

And travelled. For Senensky, as for so many musicians in Canada, the road eventually led to Toronto. With stops in Edmonton and, as part of a year on a Holiday Inn circuit, Vancouver, Regina, Halifax and Montreal, he arrived here seven years ago at the age of 23.

The next stop, and one that Senensky has considered, would be New York. "I think if I was there, I'm sure I could fall into some things I'd like to be into. I would be playing with the people I want to play with. . . . But it's a big step." And an increasingly difficult step. According to rather different Canadian and American immigration laws, it's much easier for an American musician to settle here, as many have done, than it is for a Canadian to make the move to the States. "I would like to be called for a job and go there, or wherever, and make my home here. That would be ideal because I like living in Toronto and I do a lot of jobs that I enjoy."

A very popular pianist in the city, Senensky can often be found accompanying Toronto's favorite singer, Salome Bey. "We've been working together for five or six years in different things. We did the show *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*. I was the musical director, she was one of the stars. And I've worked on her own music. I've written a lot of her arrangements."

Almost as often, Senensky plays in the house band of one or another of the city's clubs, George's, the Colonial Tavern, or Bourbon Street, accompanying the soloists who come to town for

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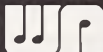
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BERNIE SENENSKY

a week or two at a time. "I've played with Joe Williams and Art Farmer a couple of times each, George Coleman, Zoot Sims, Pepper Adams, Phil Woods, Sonny Stitt, Buddy DeFranco, Cecil and Dee Dee Bridgewater, Sal Nistico . . . I'm put in that situation, the house band, but it usually works out. Recently with Buddy DeFranco at Bourbon Street, I brought in some of my tunes. Buddy liked them and he's planning to record four of them on his next album . . . All it takes is fate."

The associations developed in the clubs reflect more on the apparent mainstream tastes of Toronto jazz fans, though, than on the range of Senensky's own interests. "I started doing things a few years ago with a couple of horns, trumpet and tenor sax . . . To tell you the truth, there are so few musicians that I enjoy playing my own music with, that I feel are strong enough. That's why I decided to play just with a trio. I found it a lot easier, economically and musically, and I could get a chance to play more myself." Presently, his bassist is Dave Field, from Edmonton via Vancouver and Paul Horn. "I just dig the way he plays, behind me as well as in his solos." And his drummer is Marty Morell. "I feel very comfortable with Marty. For the kind of thing I do, he fits in perfectly . . . loose, flowing, swinging . . . He knows exactly what to play and when."

When the occasion allows, Senensky adds a horn: John Tank, in the past and Pat LaBarbera more recently. Junior Cook has also been known to join him with Salome Bey. "I was using Pat LaBarbera who I feel is a very strong player. Now he's on the road with Elvin Jones. Junior Cook, too . . . In fact, the kind of music Elvin plays is the kind of music I like to play, just straightahead jazz, as opposed to all the synthesizers and all the rock things. I've experimented with them: it was fun, but listening to the tapes afterwards, it didn't sound that great. Kind of cold."

As he describes it, his music is anything but cold. "I think there's a little bit of . . . well, not everything, but it's diversified. . . I guess you can hear influences, all the obvious ones: McCoy Tyner, Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, Herbie Hancock, Bill Evans. And then there are people like Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, Cedar Walton, Kenny Barron, George Cables—I get into freer playing too sometimes, but I don't just start there and go out with it. That's one way of doing it. I just think that you have to get there naturally, let things evolve naturally."

It's a style that has made fans of no less than Bill Evans and Oscar Peterson. "I met Oscar at a club, he just walked in one night. And he expressed interest in my playing. The next thing, he had his television show, *Oscar Peterson Presents*. I was the only Canadian guest. He was also talking about producing an album for me."

"I've wanted to do a record. Oscar gave me confidence. I knew I could do one and that it could be good enough. But there's no chance in Canada." Only Radio Canada International, a department of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, records and distributes the music of Canada's jazz musicians in a most limited way. "I did a couple of records in Montreal, one with Freddie Stone (RCI 377, *The Music of Fred Stone*) and one with Herby Spanier (RCI 376, *Forensic Perturbations*)." And earlier this year, Senensky recorded an album of his own compositions in the company of Marty Morell and former Oscar Peterson bassist Michel Donato. Although it's due for release in the spring of next year, again by Radio Canada International, Senensky would prefer to have the album picked up commercially. "Now that it's done, and I'm pleased with it, I'm going to talk to a few people and see what can be done."



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caught... International Jazz Festival Laren... Laren, Holland

The Laren Festival was one of the most pleasant and well-produced jazz events I've attended. Held in a pretty little town some 15 miles from Amsterdam, it is an annual event organized by the Dutch Broadcasting Foundation (NOP). This was its third year in Laren; in the three years prior, it took place at Loosdrecht.

With headliners like Sarah Vaughan, Freddie Hubbard, Phil Woods and Chet Baker, you wouldn't expect the concerts to take place in a hall that seats only 400, but the NOP, like most European broadcasting systems, is government operated and non-profit, and it is not the purpose of the festival to draw big crowds.

All the music performed is broadcast, some live, some taped, and the festival's final concert (in this case, Sarah Vaughan's performance) is televised live (other portions of the festival are videotaped). This is the real purpose of holding the festival, and the audience, in a sense, is just there to provide the proper aura.

The setting is the Singer Cultural Center (founded by the American painter William Singer in the early part of the century) which contains a museum, the concert hall, beautifully kept lawns (and flowerbeds) where one can stroll, and terraces on which one can enjoy a drink or snack. In the afternoons, a competition for amateur bands is held, and the evening concerts, which begin at the very civilized hour of 10 pm, are preceded by showings of historic jazz films.

Each concert presents only two groups, which means adequate playing time for all. One group is "local" talent, meaning Dutch with an interspersing of expatriate Americans and/or players from other European countries; the other group is imported from the U.S.A. For this observer, it was of special interest to hear the local talent, and to re-hear the expatriates.

The festival opens with one of the most swinging sets of the entire event, by the Piet Noordijk-Johnny Griffin Quintet, co-led by a fiery Dutch altoist and one of the most notable expatriates, and also including two of the most famous European mainstream jazzers, Spanish pianist Teté Montoliu and Danish bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, plus Italian-born and Belgian-bred drummer Bruno Castellucci.

Griffin hasn't changed his style, thankfully, though he has matured since I last heard him eight years ago. His speed can still be striking, but he uses more space now in the construction of his oddly convoluted solos. His tone is still full and warm, and he swings as hard as any tenorman playing today. His ballad feature, *Sophisticated Lady*, is both mellow and sardonic—a nice blend—and draws spontaneous applause from Teté, whose own contribution is also worth a hand.

Noordijk is a very confident player with Parker roots and a nice edge on his tone. His approach sometimes reminds me of Phil Woods, but he has his own thing, and speaks jazz without any foreign accent. He swings, and his conception fits Griffin's very well. Pedersen is even better in person than on records; it is possible to really appreciate the

beauty of his tone—I'd say it is one of the best bass sounds around—and he has the time and taste to match it. Teté is also completely at home in the jazz language, and excels both in solo and accompaniment. His break on *Night In Tunisia* and his unaccompanied interlude on a Parker blues (à la Bud Powell) are among the highlights of a very good set, which also includes a fast *Liza* and Griffin's own *The JAMFS Are Coming*.

The headliner is Freddie Hubbard, but it is difficult for the trumpeter and his group to arouse the audience to a point comparable to the reception for the first group. The kind of music Freddie is currently involved with doesn't seem to have much appeal for European audiences—at least not this one. Only his lovely flugelhorn playing on a duet with pianist George Cables, *Betcha By Golly Wow*, and the neo-bop pyrotechnics on *Breaking Point* stimulate enthusiasm. The rest—even though the use of electronics is sparing and much more tasteful than recently at Newport—fails to strike a spark; I must confess, in me as well. Tenorist Carl Randall Jr. does pretty well on *Breaking Point*. Henry Franklin is a fine bassist, while drummer Carl Burnett knows the contemporary patterns well.

Wednesday night, I'm told, is traditionally avant garde night at Laren, and also traditionally the least well attended, the only one not almost sold out. This surprises me, since Holland is one of the strongholds of the European free jazz movement.

The opening group, the "Herbie White Combo" (Herbie White is the name of the leader, tenor saxophonist Herman de Wit, translated into English), is one of the most versatile and amusing free jazz groups I've heard—and seen, for the visual element is important. For one thing, there is drummer Han Bennink's setup, including a kettle drum and a huge, ancient bass drum, not to mention the various instruments he brings into play later in the game.

Much of the music by the eight-piece group is parody—of brass band music, of what sounds like a Spanish village band, of old fashioned dance music, of popular classics, and in one hilarious instance, of a Dutch drinking song, performed by de Wit in a surprisingly strong and true tenor voice. Intermittently, there is such madness as a bagpipe and accordion duet, a trio of musical saw, tenor sax and acoustic piano, and a nice moment when the pianist runs romantic arpeggios while Bennink goes wild with various percussive and noisemaking devices. Intermittently, Bennink proves himself a very fine drummer; in fact, all eight are excellent musicians, with altoist Peter Bennink, bassist Maarten van Regteren Altena and trumpeter-saxist Kees Klaver the wittiest soloists. Altogether, this music, with its goodnatured satire of bourgeois sounds, is far removed from its American "counterparts" except in the production of strange sounds, though there is some kinship with the music of Carla Bley—in particular the Hotel Band in *Escalator Over The Hill*. There is a theatrical essence in both.

Roswell Rudd, the not-very-far-out repre-

sentative of the U.S. avant garde (it's about time we retired that label, but "free jazz" doesn't fit here) is not a satirist. He is a sincere and totally honest musician with an engaging kind of innocence in his approach.

Singer Sheila Jordan is the second horn in the group, and the front line is stronger than the rhythm section. Beaver Harris is a good drummer, albeit much too loud here (he later tells me that the musicians couldn't hear each other on stage, and his much more sensitive later performance with Chet Baker bears him out) and Cameron Brown is a good bass player, but pianist Dave Burrell seems uninteresting as a soloist and almost non-existent in the ensembles.

The opening number is a blues, *Rosmosis*, with some good plunger work by the leader. Then comes the highlight of the set, Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*, with lyrics by Jordan that really tell a story, and the best singing we've heard from the lady in years, backed only by Brown's bass. The singer also excels on *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life*, the opening passages backed by trombone pedal tones only. Jordan sings absolutely in tune and phrases more like a horn than many a singer who has been praised for so doing. Nevertheless, fame has eluded her, and even the jazz audience has largely failed to appreciate her very special art. A pity.

Moselle Variations brings Rudd to the foreground, and he has some excellent moments, notably in some Bill Harris-tinged lyrical passages, and in some quite extraordinary muted work, with a big metal Harmon-type buzz mute à la Dicky Wells. A different sound; a jazz sound. The famous *You Are My Sunshine* ends the set, with more good work from the principals.

Thursday night begins with a set by the Gijs Hendriks-Slide Hampton Quintet (Willem Kuhne, piano; Bert van Erk, bass; Michael Baird, drums). The group's strongest suit is Hampton's arranging talent; he knows how to put things together effectively. The compositions appear to be all his.

The music is very impressive in its coherence and structure. The opening piece has a long free-form introduction, then moves into minor blues and a string of well-played solos, then builds to an ensemble climax, then tapers off back into free-form. Hendriks, on alto here, proves himself a fluent soloist and there is an excellent bass solo. Slide himself shows good control, sound and chops in the J. J. Johnson style to which he still adheres.

The second piece, after a long introduction built on a vamp figure and some out-of-tempo solo statements, moves into fast tempo and a Tadd Dameron-like melodic line. Hendriks, on tenor here, sacrifices tone for speed in his long solo, displaying good ideas and smooth rhythmic flow. The pianist is an excellent technician, with good time.

Next, a ballad, with a long Hampton solo that gets boring before it recovers with a beautifully executed high-register passage. In the ensemble, tenor sax has the lead and Hendriks sings the melody well. His long cadenza has some Byas-ed moments. A calypso follows. It is the least interesting item on the set,

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with lengthy solos by tenor, piano and bass.

And then, the final installment. It turns out to be the best effort of the set, a well-built and always interesting excursion on *I Got Rhythm* changes, inside (way up) and outside, in and out of tempo, with unison and inter-play ensemble work—in other words, plenty of variety in time and texture. Slide's solo here is his best of the night and quite the best I've ever heard him play. Hendriks plays soprano and handles it well; a very professional player. In fact, professionalism is the essence of this music.

Chet Baker's music is something else again. His frail and aged appearance is a noticeable shock to the audience—they haven't seen him for a number of years. Actually, he is in good musical shape, as they will soon hear.

After a somewhat hesitant beginning, the group (Harold Danko, piano; Bob Mover, alto sax; Dave Shapiro, bass; Beaver Harris, drums—all youngsters except Harris) moves into gear on *The Lamp Is Low*. Danko, a gifted player who has been heard with Woody Herman and Lec Konitz, takes a fluent solo, and the rhythm section flows. Chet sings and plays on next *The Thrill Is Gone*, and the vocal has, in its own way, the emotional quality we associate with late Billie Holiday. The lower-register horn solo has the natural melodic grace that is Baker at his best.

But not yet—his work on *I Waited For You*, the lovely Gil Fuller ballad introduced by Dizzy's early big band is even better, set up by nice work from young Bob Mover, and some pleasant flute work by an addition to the group introduced by Chet as "a very good friend of mine from Liege." Jacques Pelzer. This is serious playing, and proof that Baker's music, while it hasn't changed outwardly, has ripened inwardly.

To change the mood, Chet does a fast *Look For The Silver Lining*. Mover knows the changes; Pelzer (on soprano) does not; Chet and Danko take solo honors, all hands trade fours with Beaver, and Chet's concluding vocal (with a tag) is first-class jazz singing. The set ends with a bebop line on *I Got Rhythm*, on which Mover, a gifted but as yet inconsistent player, gets off an eloquent, swinging statement, Danko plays a burning solo, and Beaver gets his inning. Cool jazz? More like warm bop, and Chet also gets credit for bringing such gifted youngsters with him (Shapiro, I almost forgot, does good work all through the set).

Friday night's opening act is led by the best-selling Dutch jazz artist, flautist Chris Hinze. With Rob van der Broek, piano; Stefan Diez, guitar; John Turner, bass; Michael Rigmalden, drums, and special guest Wim Overgaauw, guitar, Hinze seems a Dutch Herbie Mann, surrounded by good players and gimmicks. The group's banks of speakers and other electronic gear adds up to much ado about nothing—soft jazz-rock without an inner core.

Well, almost nothing. Overgaauw, in the un-accompanied guitar solo that opens the set (it's almost all he gets to play and seems comfortable with), proves in his variations on *Here's That Rainy Day* that he is a musician of real quality and originality. One would like to hear more of him, in more stimulating surroundings.

After the weakest group, perhaps the strongest (not counting Sarah, who is beyond compare): Phil Woods and his new quartet.

This is the day on which news of Cannonball Adderley's death reaches the festival, and though it isn't entirely unexpected, it hits Phil hard. He makes no verbal dedication, but his set is a tribute to the tradition that spawned Cannon as well as himself—the Charlie Parker legacy.

Not that Phil imitates. He evokes the spirit of Bird with his own voice and means. His cohorts are with him all the way: Mike Melillo, piano; Steve Gilmore, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums. Already they are quite a section, and if they stay together, look out!

Melillo has played with Sonny Rollins and Maynard Ferguson, among others, and he covers a lot of ground. This is a player we're going to hear about, or rather, from. He has technique to spare and ideas of his own, plus that sense of coherence, of making a real statement out of solo space, that marks the true player. Goodwin has been around since his Gary Burton days, and is a drummer who's into *music*. Gilmore is new to me and fit for this company: a thinking man's bassist, with a sound that pops and sings.

Phil Woods, always a remarkable player, has never played better than now. There is confidence, sureness, but also the essential element of taking chances, swimming out into the deep. And he is one hell of a saxophone player.

The set opens with Harold Arlen's pretty *A Sleeping Bee* and closes with an impossibly fast *Shaw 'Nuff*. In between, there is a blues with a *Parker's Mood* opening, *Change Partners*, and a couple of originals, one of them quaintly named *Sea Hunt and Liddy* (a pun on the title of an old television series and the Watergate team of Hunt & Liddy).

All of the music is good, Phil getting hotter and the group getting tighter, and then outdoing themselves on *Shaw 'Nuff*, at the tempo it should be played (but almost can't be), varying the texture and the time (but never the pulse, which stays up there), getting into the kind of happy delirium that Parker could ignite. Heavy music!

Saturday night, a packed house. For openers, the group that won the afternoon competition, *Soft Ice*, a jazz-rock trio with honorable intentions and pretty good instrumental control. Then another excellent Dutch musician, tenor saxist Ferdinand Povel, with Frans Elsen, piano; Rob Langereis, bass, and an American, Tony Inzalaco, on drums. Both Povel and Inzalaco have worked with Maynard Ferguson.

In a set entirely made up of originals—five by Povel and one by Inzalaco—the tenorist impresses with his fluency in an idiom that sounds a lot like tough Chicago, with an occasional hint of early Wayne Shorter and some traces of middle Coltrane as the only discernible direct influences. There is a nice ballad, an up blues, a 5/4 thing with rock pulse, and a 7/4 piece. Povel moves through it all with assurance and conviction; he could hold his own in fast company. Inzalaco is a driving, swinging time keeper, playing stronger than I've heard on records, and the other two are OK, though Langereis' bass (a new softbodied instrument with acoustic pickup) seems to produce no consistently audible sound.

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self, as she did here. The voice is the most magnificent vocal instrument ever applied to jazz, and the musical mind that commands this instrument is its equal.

Tonight, there are no letdowns in a program of 12 individual selections and a seven-song medley. The peaks induce goosebumps. Among them: *A Lover Man* that is sheer musical poetry; a *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life* on which she brings to bear the full power of her voice and incidentally makes brilliant use of dynamics, building to a climax that seems unsurpassable, and a way-up *There'll Never Be Another You* on which the key changes, so effortlessly executed, would have a lot of good musicians in bad trouble.

Which reminds us: Sarah's tempos, at either end of the spectrum, are the fastest fasts, the slowest slows, and she masters them all unflatteringly.

The Medley, always a high point on a Vaughan program, was a dream. This isn't a medley of "greatest hits" but a tapestry of great songs. This time out, *Everything I Have Is Yours*, *Body and Soul* and *Moonlight in Vermont* were the standouts, with the segue from the latter into *I Cover the Waterfront* a stunning instance of vocal and musical artistry.

Her cohorts, especially the redoubtable Jimmy Cobb, were in good form, pianist Carl Schroeder working hard, and newly rejoined bassist Bob Magnussen doing his best to keep up. All were fighting the heat (the festival took place during a heat wave that brought New York-style temperatures and humidity to most of Europe; and on top of that, there were the television lights) but none more than the star, who finally was lent a fan by a member of the audience. At one point, watching herself on the TV monitor, water pouring from her brow, she joked: "I'm so hot now it doesn't even matter—I think it's the way I'm supposed to look." She looked lovely.

The Laren festival seems to bring out the best in the artists. Give credit to tireless Joop de Roo, the producer; his two right hands, Michiel de Ruyter and Aad Bos, and Jaap Ludeke, man behind the scenes. They know and love jazz, and it shows.

—dan morgenstern

BOOKS

CELEBRATING THE DUKE & LOUIS, BESSIE, BILLIE, BIRD, CARMEN, MILES, DIZZY & OTHER HEROES, by Ralph J. Gleason, Foreword by Studs Terkel. Atlantic, Little, & Brown; 284 pages; \$8.95.

The temptation for "jazz critics" will be great to judge Ralph Gleason's final book for what it is not—namely, a disciplined, analytical discussion of the social circumstances forming the milieu in which 13 Afro-Americans formed musical statements of lasting significance, and the affect (or lack thereof) each individual has had on Western culture. What the book *is* may not be more important, but assuredly has its place: a collection of profiles, polemics, anecdotes, liner notes, passionately subjective (often embarrassing) pronouncements about Art and Reality, all written—and this is most significant—with deep feeling and an emotional identification with the music that few "jazz critics" have had the guts to transmit, if indeed they



Jazz styles & analysis: ALTO SAX by Harry Miedema, edited by David Baker. Chicago: down beat Music Workshop Publications, first edition 1975. 104 pps. 11" x 8 1/2", spiral bound; 125 transcription and annotated solos from 103 alto saxophonists. **MSW 10 \$12.50**

Short of actually playing with jazz musicians, studying and playing their accurately transcribed solos are invaluable learning experiences. The goal is not to imitate but to gain a sense of what we at the professional level continuously strive for. —Cannonball Adderley

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

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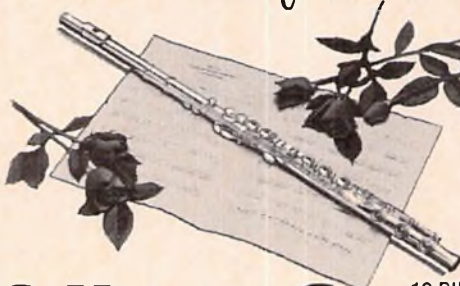
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ever had it in the first place.

But Gleason wasn't a "jazz critic," despite numerous labelings to the contrary. He was an appreciator and journalistic observer of the American musical scene and a social commentator. If there is a recurrent theme expressed here, it most certainly is how American Culture Makers/Despots have willfully ignored those who are making the most significant contributions to that culture. This is not news, but it's certainly necessary to be reminded in as many ways as possible, as often as possible, especially when the situation has improved only superficially in recent years.

But there are many ways to remind, and Gleason covered them all in the writings that make up *Celebrating*. Certainly one of the subtly engaging and definitely persuasive of these is to convey the social message through eloquently recounted reports of the artist's life, and, further, how the subject's music expresses what's going on in that life. Gleason's book is rich in meaningful stories, simply expressed with the clarity of first-hand observation. His *Celebrating The Duke*, very likely the best piece of writing he ever did for *Rolling Stone*, is the book's prime example of how Gleason, when he wished, could give us a vivid picture of a part of the American social scene by giving us an accurate picture of the artist. But there are numerous other instances, especially when the situation on Armstrong and the first two of six pieces collected here on Miles Davis.

Less pleasant, sometimes more vital, and in Gleason's case unfortunately less worthy of praise, is the polemical approach. It is a trap into which a writer who so freely and directly expresses his emotions is bound to fall, and the only escape from it is transcendental eloquence. Gleason achieves this expressive beauty only rarely; on frequent other occasions, one feels discomfort at the sermons not because of their unsettling directness, but rather because of a naive unsubtlety of expression and lack of perspective.

The opening *Jazz: Black Art/American Art*, ASCAP Deems Taylor Award notwithstanding, is certainly the book's most irritating example of Gleason's polemical approach. The article serves as the opening statement of the book's theme, bluntly billboarded in the essay's title. Yet it is not the sentiment expressed or the argument taken that gives one pause (who, seriously, is now going to quarrel with that?), but rather the literal and figurative color blindness that so drastically limits the tone of the essay. Black is good, white is bad, and Gleason's emotion and anger lead him to such statements as, "American popular song, as it developed, was a wildly Freudian wish-dream fantasy world so thoroughly euphemistic that it seemed to have no connection with reality." Whose reality? When we wrote essays like these in college, we'd inevitably be slapped down for not defining our terms. If Gleason does imply a definition, it's again in color-blind terms: black is real, white is unreal. It's finally presumptuous of him to assume that American pop writers like Kern and Porter didn't put the same amount of craftsmanship into the formation of their music, however miniature and "unaesthetic" in conception, as did Gleason's black heroes.

As an aside, it's interesting to note the reaction, recorded years ago, of Cecil Taylor to a piece by LeRoi Jones in which the writer praised Taylor's performance of "one of the most terrifyingly maudlin pop tunes of our

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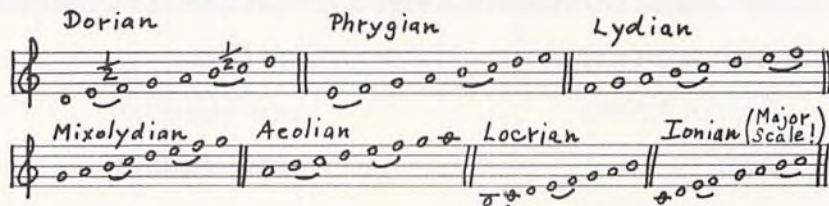
HOW TO maintain modal quality

by Dr. William L. Fowler

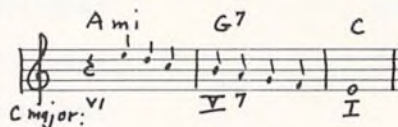
Student talk at jazz/rock clinics nowadays . . . "Dorian blue notes, Phrygian cadences, Lydian fourth degrees. . ."

They sound a little mystic now, those ancient, harmonically-vague Ecclesiastic Modes, especially to ears accustomed to sturdy major scales and solid chord progressions. And maybe that mystic quality is the very reason for the current reawakening of interest in the Modes. But whatever the reason for their return to musical favor after several centuries of major-minor system supremacy, the Modes are adding a renewed dimension to the melodic resources of arrangers and improvisors alike.

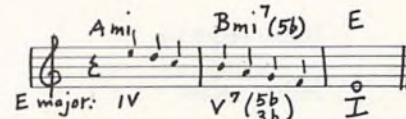
There's no mystery, though, in discovering the notes of a mode, provided there's a piano or a blank piece of music paper handy: One merely starts on any white piano key and goes along the white keys until an octave from the starting note is reached. Or one starts on any staff line or space and goes along the lines and spaces, again until an octave from the starting note is reached. Result: the starting note will be the modal tonic and the white keys or the natural lines and spaces will be its component scale notes, the E-to-F and B-to-C half steps automatically occurring the right distance from the modal tonic:



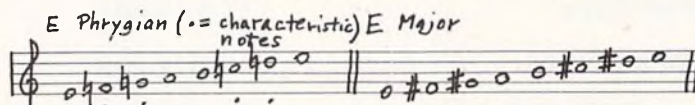
And because all these modes turn out to be simply octave segments of the C major scale, their inherent mystic melodic qualities can get nullified by typical C major chord progressions — F-G-C or D-G-C root motion, for example. But the one most deadly killer of white-key modal feeling is the G-seventh chord: it instantly sets up C as the tonic:



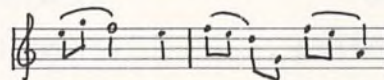
Yet without a G-seventh chord, the same passage can sound genuinely Phrygian:



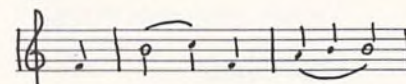
And the above examples also show that the melodic quality of a mode arises from the differences between its actual components and the notes of a major scale built on its tonic:



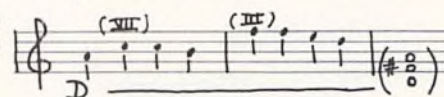
One way, then, to expose the flavor of any particular mode is by emphasizing its own characteristic note or notes. For example, the one note characteristic of the Mixolydian is its seventh degree, F:



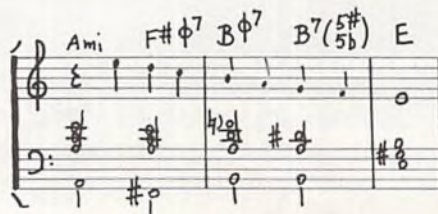
And the fourth degree, B, characterizes the Lydian:



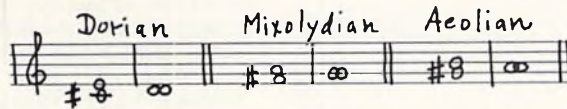
And the Dorian has two such notes, degrees three and seven, which come out as blue notes against their Dorian D. major tonic chord:



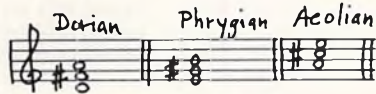
Another way to enhance modal melodic qualities, as the above example would indicate, is by mixing notes of the major scale of a mode's tonic into the harmony. In the following example, the sharpened notes in the chords are borrowed from E major, while the melodic notes themselves are Phrygian:



Such harmonic alteration of modal melodic notes stems from the 16th Century modal cadence formulas, in which the leading tones of the Dorian, the Mixolydian, and the Aeolian Modes got raised, thereby narrowing the natural major thirds surrounding those tonics into minor thirds, a practice which added finality to the cadential tonic:



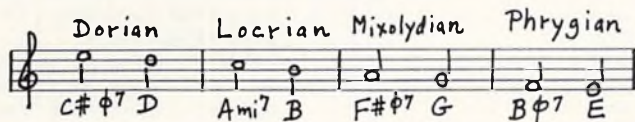
And then to further stamp the cadences with finality, the ending tonic chords in Dorian, Phrygian, and Aeolian got their thirds raised to make those chords major:



The Locrian final chord, that misfit of the Renaissance (but my personal modal favorite), needed both third and fifth raised to become major:



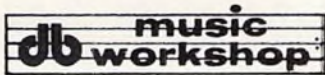
But all these chromatically altered modal cadences are very effective in pointing the ear away from C major as the tonic chord. Here's a highly-concentrated example of a series of modal cadences harmonizing a descending Phrygian scale:



Plenty of modal quality in that!

To achieve and sustain the maximum modal effect in each of the white key modes, then, musicians should:

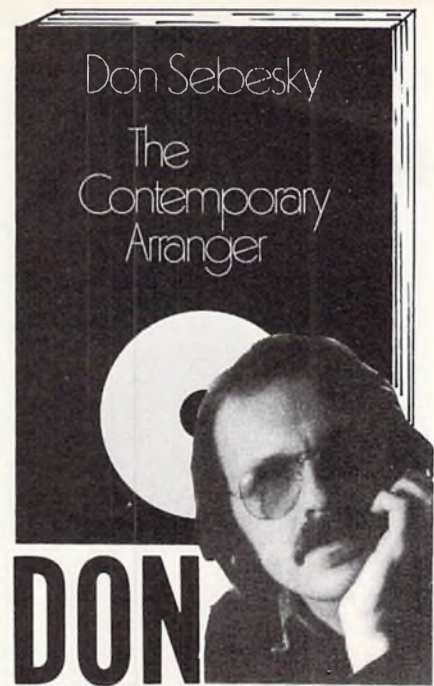
1. Emphasize its characteristic notes throughout the melodic line.
2. Sprinkle its harmony with notes from the major scale of its own tonic.
3. Use modal cadences when possible.
4. Stay away from C major cadences, especially avoiding the G seventh chord.
5. Forget the Ionian—it can't sound modal anyway: it's our major scale.



THOSE USEFUL MODES

by Dr. William L. Fowler

Here are the useful Modes, their characteristic notes (shown by X), some serviceable chords, and typical cadences:



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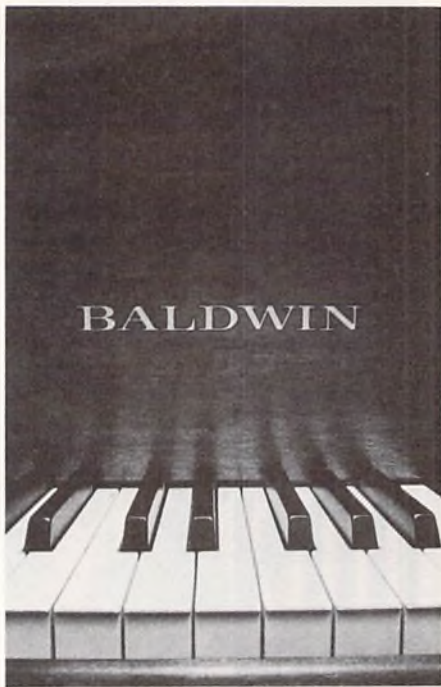
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Lyons: But what about the lack of proximity to the instrument? Everyone's within 40 feet of you at El Matador, though if you were playing a concert at the Berkeley Community Theater, there would be people sitting 50 yards away.

Peterson: Well, I wouldn't play a place that big, because certainly my solo thing would be lost. But even in a club, we're still listening on a PA system, aren't we?

Lyons: Why are you playing at El Matador, if you could have played a concert instead?

Peterson: Because I think there's a particular atmosphere of modern music, particularly jazz, that I've operated in, and I don't think I should ignore it completely. I admit there's an ambience that exists in a small room, and there are people, such as you, who prefer to hear an artist in the club, so I try to answer some of these demands. There's a lot of warmth and respect at the Matador.

Lyons: What other clubs have you enjoyed playing in?

Peterson: The few I can think of don't exist any more. The Penthouse in Seattle. The London House in Chicago. The old Shelly's (Manne Hole) in L.A.

Lyons: I'd like to get back to the title of LeRoi Jones' book: *Black Music*.

Peterson: I don't think there's any such thing.

Lyons: I'd like to read you a quotation from an essay by Ralph Gleason *Black Art/American Art*, Lithopinion No. 15, Fall, 1969: "It is even possible to speculate that all the white jazz musicians could be eliminated from the history of jazz without significantly altering its development." But what if you were to eliminate all the black players in our history? Would you have this genre of music at all? Suppose we eliminate Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, John Coltrane, and so on. What would you have?

Peterson: You'd have a music devoid of Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, and so on.

Lyons: Could you have Bill Evans without them?

Peterson: Quite possibly. Why not? Who am I to say? This is too suppositional for me. I'm a realist. If I stumble over a chair, I could say if the chair wasn't there, I wouldn't have stumbled. But it's too hypothetical. I can't deal with nebulous assumptions. The most important thing is that these people were in the music. The fundamentals, the roots, came from black Americans.

Lyons: Then why is there no such thing as black music, or black American music?

Peterson: I think what you're dealing with in music is emotion, the need to express one's self. I'm just happy the music is here, for whatever reason. I don't characterize it as black or green or white or yellow. I don't even buy this question of what is avant garde and what isn't. There are two categories: good and bad. Is it valid or not? Can a person play or not play? That's the only thing I evaluate, and there's enough of a problem doing that. Now I admit that historians are interested in the players and who the innovators are. But I don't know if the music would be here if certain players hadn't existed. Certainly not, note for note.

Lyons: You said there are two types of music, good and bad. What's your criterion for distinguishing between them?

Peterson: Whether I believe the perform-

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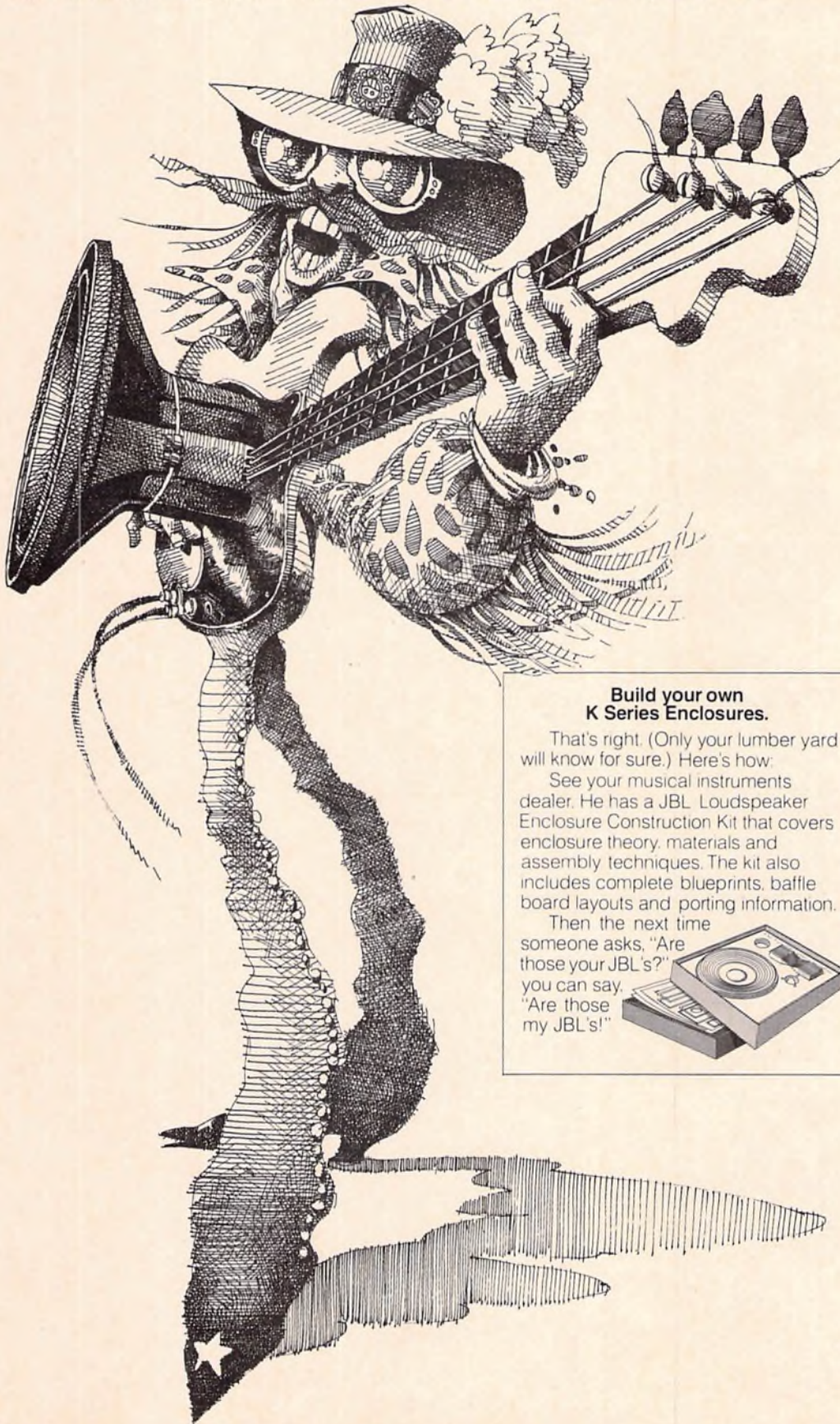
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ance and how well it's played. The criterion is its believability.

Lyons: Does that imply the music is "saying something?"

Peterson: Yes, as opposed to being synthetic.

Lyons: What is "synthetic" music?

Peterson: Fad-ism. You can be so impressed with somebody that you emulate him, and if you have any individual talent, you'll grow out of that. If you don't, you start imitating them and making false creative statements. Somebody else who's insecure in their ability to evaluate or criticize will start laying kudos on you. Then you'll become a "creator," but a false one. So you develop your own cult and we have the birth of more synthetic music. You'll never hear another, say, Duke Ellington, but if you look around at some other players, you can name a lot of people who *sound like*—they don't really *sound like*—because it's synthetic. It's plastic.

Lyons: Would you care to say whom you have in mind?

Peterson: No.

Lyons: I had to ask.

Peterson: I figured you would. I think they know who they are, and, thankfully, there are listeners who know, too. You know, one thing the jazz field has lacked—and this really bugs me—is honest, straightahead, knowledgeable criticism. As a listener, I sometimes read a favorable review of an album, but when I go out and buy that album, when—as a player—I compare the music to the review, to points that were actually delineated, boy! It's really a shame. If we had knowledgeable criticism, I think people could operate better as listeners. Reviewers are educators, or they should be. I think it would be interesting if all the musicians were to get together and evaluate the critics. I think there's a more intelligent type of reviewer in classical music. Believe it or not, I think it's because of the spontaneity of jazz. It's much more open music, so it gets thrown up for grabs. As long as you have improvisation, well. . .

Lyons: It seems more like a "matter of taste" than it really is, so the critic becomes careless in his evaluation.

Peterson: I think it takes someone who plays, or tries to play an instrument.

Lyons: Do you think a critic would have to be a player, or have been one?

Peterson: I don't mean you don't have the right to be a critic, or have an opinion, unless you're a musician, but you have to know what trying to make music entails.

Lyons: You've been well-known for so many years, I think it would be interesting to hear your version of how it all began. What was the commercial break that got you past Montreal?

Peterson: It was Norman Granz, Jazz at the Philharmonic, and the concert at Carnegie Hall in 1949. Actually, the first time Norman heard me was on a recording, under protest at the time, on RCA. I was playing boogie woogie, and he detested it. The next time, he was finishing up a promotional trip to Montreal, and taking a cab to the airport. I was on the radio. He thought it was a recording, but it was a live broadcast from the Alberta Lounge. The cab driver straightened him out on that point. The cab turned around and came down to the Alberta.

Lyons: You owe it all to a hip cabbie.

Peterson: It hatched the beginnings.

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WOODS

continued from page 23

and the critics fawned over him, what were your thoughts?

Woods: If everybody was as heavy as Eric Dolphy and Ornette Coleman there would be no need for these dumb interviews.

Smith: Yeah, I know. Those who can, do; those who can't, interview!

Woods: Not bad. Not funny, but not bad. Dolphy was about as heavy as any I've heard. Ornette Coleman turned on the whole music world, because he extended the form. He and Don Cherry did some shit with the music that is as important as *All Blues* by Miles Davis, *Georgie Porgie* by Lester Young, *The Jitterbug Waltz* by Fats Waller, and those things.

If you are saying that I should have been where he was, it's nonsense. Ornette was so much more adventuresome than I ever would think of being. He made some new music. I have tried to remain egoless about playing. I had trouble adjusting my personal life, but not my musical life.

I once said that Anthony Braxton couldn't play the saxophone. I really knocked him down unfairly. I would like to ameliorate that by saying that if he takes a few lessons he might be able to play the saxophone. It's going to go that way. As I get older, I realize that it is going to get that painful.

Before Ornette, they said Trane was going to destroy jazz; before that it was Charlie Parker. It may get painful, but there will be the followers of the pioneers, keepers of the flame, labelers. In the beginning there was Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter. On the second day there came along Charlie Parker. The third day produced Paul Desmond, the fourth Julian Adderley. The fifth day shone brightly with Phil Woods, while the sixth gave us Ornette Coleman. Will there be a seventh? Is anyone out there strong enough?

db

BOOKS

continued from page 50

importance to jazz has been obscured by an allegedly racist viewpoint, expressed many of the same views set down in Gleason's essay—in more depth, with greater perspective, and with a less shrill tone—in his *Blues People* and *Black Music*, two incomparably valuable books of music-social criticism much in the Gleason style. It's not necessary to point out who is black and who is white.

So read wise old Studs Terkel in his Foreword. He puts Gleason's book in the perspective that only a true friend and admirer could: "Like jazz itself, its form is somewhat ad hoc, yet it is arranged. There are essays, liner notes, interviews and appreciations. Together they comprise not so much an analysis of jazz as its felt life. It is a work that one of its heroes, Duke Ellington, would 'love madly.' Gleason, you see, followed Duke's dictum; don't analyze, listen."

There are those of us who feel that sincere listening will inevitably lead to legitimate analysis, and that the latter, like anything else, is no sin if not taken to extremes. But jazz is as much about feeling as it is notes. In that respect, Ralph Gleason was as true to the music he wrote about as anyone who has ever put pen to paper. Read this book for the feeling—and the celebration—and you'll come away enriched.

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our locals: **Bunky Green, Bobby Lewis, Cy Touff, Rufus Reid, Muhal Richard Abrams**, and anyone else—Chicagoan or visitor—who has the chops to sit in and jam with some of the heaviest musicians on any City Scene . . . Worth checking out: **Muhal Richard Abrams**, new recording for Delmark, *Things To Come From Those Now Gone*. Abrams also has recorded a new LP for the excellent Black Saint label out of Milan, Italy . . . The Northside Auditorium Bar on Clark Street has Sundays cooking, too, with **BJB**, a 16-piece outfit . . . **Fred Anderson's** marvelous sextet (Anderson, tenor; **Felix Blackmon**, bass; **Hank Drake**, drums; **Iqua Colson**, voice; **George Lewis**, trombone; **Douglas Ewart**, reeds) was heard in concert at MoMing's dance complex in November, and has started playing midnight sessions at the Foundation Church on North Wells Street, Fridays and Saturdays. This is one of the most important contemporary ensembles being heard anywhere, so it behooves you to see and hear them . . . Likewise with **Air**, a trio featuring percussion master **Steve McCall**, who appeared at the N.A.M.E. Gallery in November and have been added to the Dizzy Gillespie bill at Ratso's, December 2-7. Their first Japanese LP is forthcoming, but no American labels are hip enough as yet.

Los Angeles

Beautiful music continues to grace the beach towns of Southern California. In Redondo, for example, Concerts By The Sea presents **Hank Crawford** for two weeks, beginning Dec. 2. **John Klemmer** will alternate sets with Hank thru 12/7; **Joe Henderson** will share the stand with Mr. Crawford for the final week. **Patrice Rushen** steps in for one week with her youthful aggregation beginning Dec. 16 . . . The Lighthouse, in Hermosa, had no details for early December at press time, but promised **Dexter Gordon** 12/18-28 . . . Concerts At The Grove has slightly altered its booking policy, now featuring many contemporary artists for one-night-only engagements. **Ahmad Jamal, Bill Evans, and Gabor Szabo** are among those who have recently appeared. **Les McCann** and **Ramsey Lewis** are tentative for this month; call 480-0086 for details . . . **Esther Phillips** is at the Roxy 12/11-14 . . . The **John Gross Quartet** frequently appears at Donte's or The Times on Sunday nights . . . The **Vince Wallace** group continues at the Studio Cafe in Balboa . . . The Parisian Room has become a mecca for jazz vocalists, including **Carmen McRae** and **Joe Williams**. Phone 936-0678 for current bookings . . . The Jazz Seen Club recently opened in Santa Barbara, with the **Jerome Richardson Quartet** playing to an appreciative audience . . . information regarding future bookings and great jazz can be heard on the Jazz Scene Radio Show every Sunday from 8 to 11:30 p.m., on KTMS-FM, 97.5, in Santa Barbara . . . Salsa music abounds at the Pasta House in Commerce, and at Club Virginia in the mid-Wilshire area . . . Rudolph's Fine Arts Center, 50th St. at Crenshaw, has become an excellent means of exposure for all phases of artistic talent in the community. The **John Carter Ensemble** performs each Sunday afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m. Future performances at the center will include poetry readings and the debut of the new **Bobby Bradford Quartet**. In short, creative non-commercial music lives at Rudolph's, where young people are urged to get involved. While donations are accepted for concert presentations, money is not a must . . . Radiowise, Lawrence Tanner's *Maiden Voyage*

can now be heard from 2-6 p.m. daily, on KJLH, Compton. Jim Gosa continues to explore creative contemporary music on KBCA (8 p.m.-Midnight) . . . **Caldera** is a new group that has played to great response at Donte's and the Baked Potato. Personnel are **Jorge Strunz** (guitar), **Alosia Aquiar** (keyboards), **Mike Azevedo** (percussion), **Steve Tavlini** (reeds), **Carlos Vega** (drums), **Randy Tico** (bass).

San Francisco

The soulful sounds of saxophonist **Vi Redd** had the house rockin' at Keystone Korner when she shared the bill with the **Eddie Henderson Quintet**. The versatile Ms. Redd played a mixed bag of be-bop standards, blues, ballads and contemporary compositions and was given solid support by **Ed Kelley**, piano; **Ken Jenkins**, bass; and **Smiley Winters** on drums. Club owner Todd Barkan plans future dates for Ms. Redd at KK. Coming up at Keystone Korner are **George Benson**, Dec. 3-7 and the long-awaited return of **Dexter Gordon**, Dec. 9-14. The club will be closed Dec. 15-Jan. 5, re-opening with **Roy Ayers** on Jan. 6 . . . The S.F.-based team of **Linda Friedman** and **Joy Johnston**, who established a strong reputation through their public relations work, have begun producing their own concerts in the Bay Area and elsewhere. They have produced dates for **Roberta Flack** in Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose, and Vancouver and a **Bonnie Raitt-Tom Waits** concert in Berkeley that stands out as one of the most tastefully produced shows of the current concert season. They have also produced shows with **Kenny Rankin-Martin Mull** and **Harry Chapin** in association with Boarding House owner David Allen. Future productions are planned for early winter . . . Gospel d.j. and promoter **Emmit Powell** presents what promises to be another historic gospel concert at The Oakland Auditorium Arena on Nov. 30 with **Shirley Caesar**, the **Swan Silvertones**, **The Swanee Quintet**, **The Supreme Angels** and **Janie Williams** . . . Reedmen **Ron Stallings** and **Bishop Norman Williams** have been appearing regularly at The Scene on Fillmore St. . . . **Billy Cobham** and his new group, **Spectrum**, made the first stops of their current national tour at Keystone Berkeley and The Great American Music Hall. Featured in Spectrum are keyboard wizard **George Duke**, **John Scofield**, guitar, and **Doug Rauch** on bass . . . **Terry Garthwaite**, **Esther Phillips**, **Willie Nelson**, and **Emmylou Harris** checked into The Boarding House recently. Scheduled for Dec. at the B.H. are **Pablo Cruise**, Dec. 1; **Herbie Hancock and the Headhunters**, Dec. 2-7; **Lily Tomlin**, Dec. 9-14; and **Kenny Rankin**, Dec. 26-31 . . . Over at Keystone Berkeley, **Brian Auger** appears Dec. 4-5, and the funky rhythm section of **Tower of Power** on Dec. 9-10. Also look for the **Jerry Garcia Band**, **Willie Dixon** and the **Chicago Blues All-Stars** and **Stoneground** at K.B. in Dec. . . . The Rainbow Sign, a multi-media cultural center in Berkeley, celebrated its 4th anniversary recently. **Abbey Lincoln**, the **Pyramids**, the **San Francisco Inspirational Choir**, the **Cool Papa Blues Band**, **Maya Angelou** and the **Kenny Burrell Quartet** were among those who performed at The Rainbow Sign during anniversary month.

KANSAS CITY

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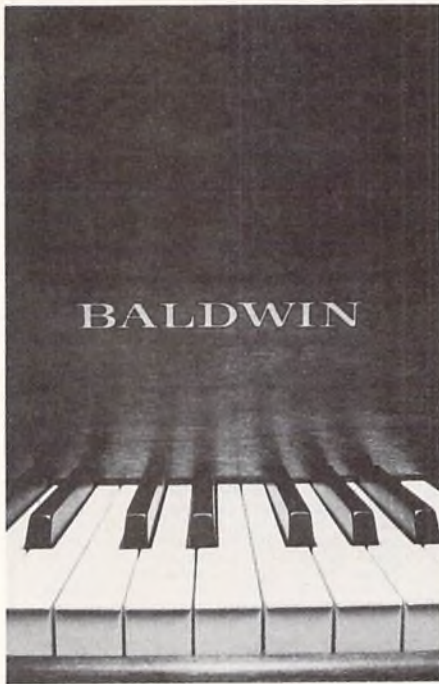
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Line . . . The Fabulous Mark IV is a new club featuring the **United Jazz Quartet** four nights weekly . . . The old Fortress has been remodeled and renamed Zorba the Greek. Located at 85th and Troost (just east of the bridge), ZTG showcases **Sammy Tucker and Medium Rare**, with the masterful Mr. T. on keyboards and vibes, **Peter Dexter** (guitar), **Rich Thomas** (bass), **Bill Elder** (drums) and **Kat Guthrie** (guitar, flute). They're introducing a 10-3 concept, breakfast being served after booze is cut off at 1:30 . . . The **Friends of Jazz** concert series has two more presentations coming up this month and next, names to be announced. Contact the Jewish Community Center, 361-5200 . . . The Breckenridge Inn, 1-435 and Front Street, is advancing name talent in the big room. It's unofficial, but reliable rumor has it that **Peggy Lee** and **Nancy Wilson** are slated to appear soon . . . The Off Broadway, 19 E. Armour, has been converted from dinner theater to jazz joint. Although bookings are rarely made more than two weeks ahead (management grabs groups touring in the area), it's fair to assume you'll hear something swift if you drop by . . . KCPT-TV's 2nd annual Jazz Telethon will be aired December 8th.

TORONTO

Clubs: George's presents guitarist **Ed Bickert** (as usual with **Don Thompson** and **Terry Clarke** on bass and drums), December 1-6; **Moé Koffman** (with Thompson and Bickert staying over), December 8-13; and clarinetist **Phil Nimmons** December 15-20 . . . Bourbon Street closed November with **Jim Hall** (watch for his "live" album, on Horizon, recorded here this year) and is now honoring **Joe Venuti** with a rare three-week gig, December 1-20 . . . Upstairs, a new club—the 4th Dimension—presents **Jackie and Roy, December 8-13**; and the **Ted and Kathy Moses Quintet**, December 15-20 . . . El Mocambo promises **Ben E. King** December 1-6 . . . Concerts: Quality rather than quantity this month . . . **George Shearing's Quintet** at Minkler Auditorium, Seneca College, November 27 and, apparently, **Keith Jarrett's Quartet** two nights later at Massey Hall . . . Reedman **Michael Stewart** and drummer **Keith Blackley** in duet at A Space November 30, with **Leo Smith's** trio (Smith, brass and percussion), **Anthony Davis**, piano, **Wes Brown**, bass) following December 13-14 . . . Organizations: The **Canadian Creative Musician's Collective** (CCMC), a pool of Toronto's free-est, including founder-bassist **Al Mattes**, drummer **Larry Dubin**, pianist **Casey Sokol**, guitarist **Peter Anson**, pianist-trumpeter **Michael Snow**, and reedmen **Greg Gallagher**, **Nobuo Kubota** and **Bill Smith**, has caught the ear of the Canada Council for a sizeable grant to establish a gallery "space" for workshops (performance, instrument building, electronics) and concerts. Together with the **Avant Garde Jazz Revival Band** (Dubin, pianist **Stu Broomer**, saxophonist **Maury Cole**, and various guests), the CCMC presents Toronto with a musical challenge. The AGJRB is the more structured (and, at this point, the more rewarding); the CCMC's the more heads-down and free-blowing. For the moment, the CCMC plans to perform every other week at A Space, and the AGJRB plays every Saturday afternoon at the Sandpiper. Interest is growing.

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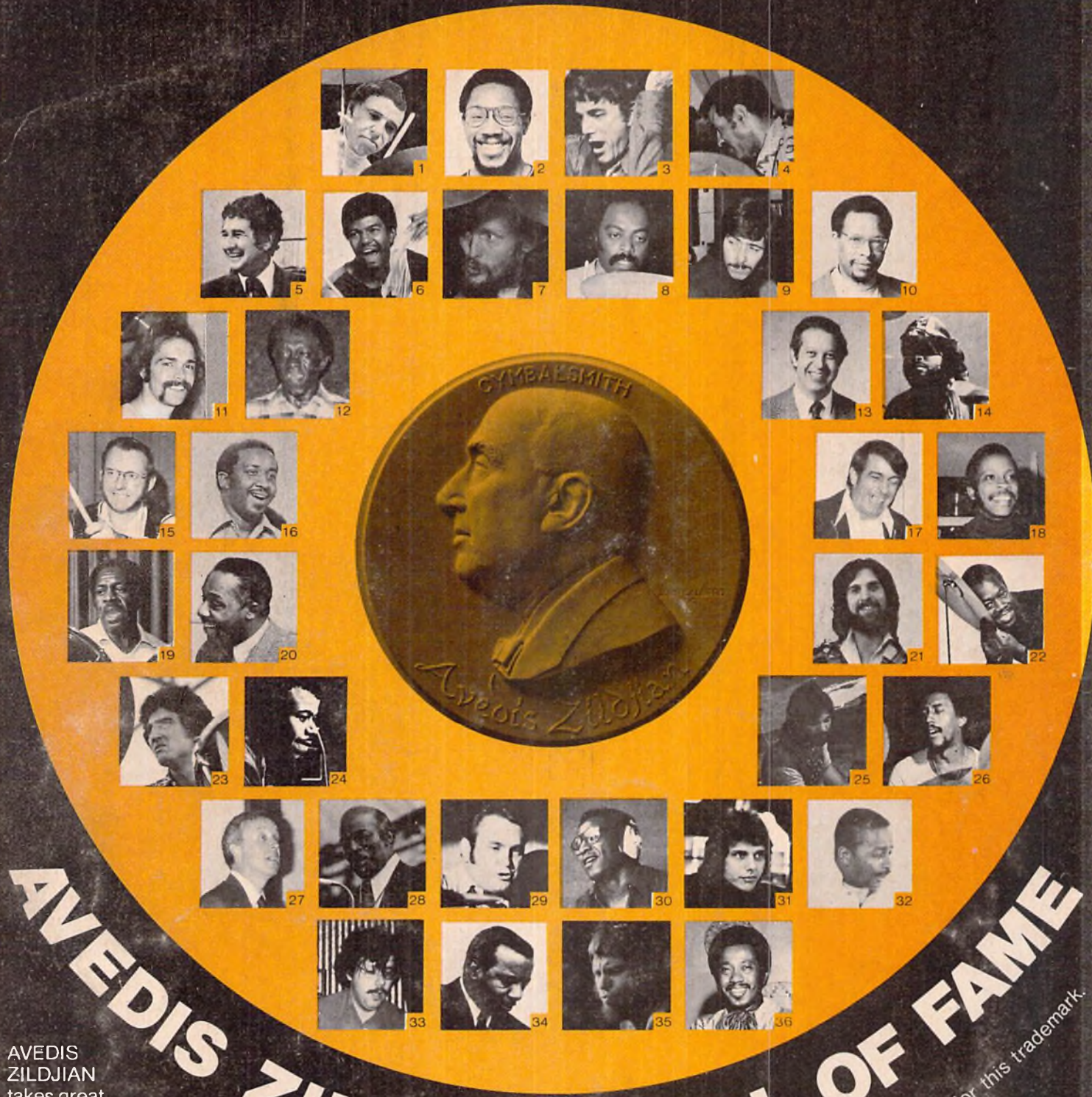
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