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60c

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat®

GEORGE BENSON

PHILLY JOE JONES



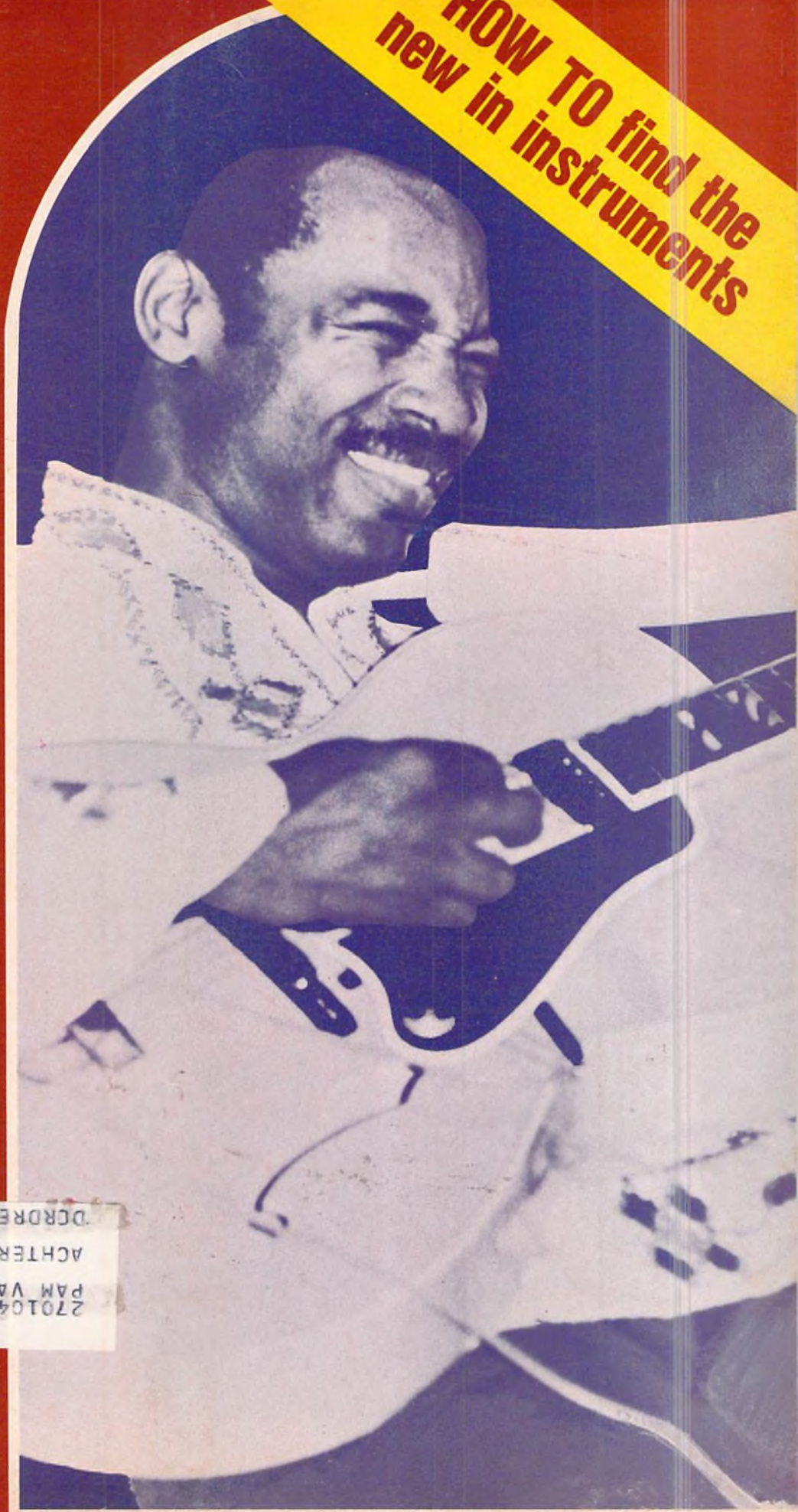
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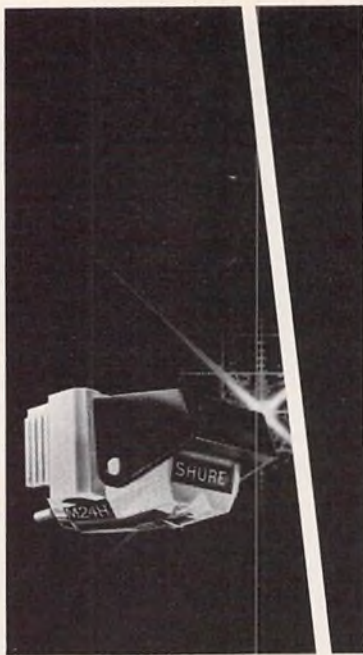


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By Charles Suber

You don't have to be schizo to play jazz for a living, but it helps. One part of you yearns for purity, another part grabs for the bread—and all the while an inner voice reasons that purity and bread are surely compatible. But no matter how reasonable the compromise, the jazz musician's public remains uneasy.

For instance, take George Benson, the brilliant young guitarist who's currently making it big in jazz and pop and whatever. The jazz/bread conflict started early in his career. Benson recalls that in his late teens (about '62) he had "one of Pittsburgh's finest (r&b) bands. But I lost just about all my gigs because, after I heard Charlie Parker, I started trying to play music instead of pleasing the crowd. . . . Even after I had left Jack McDuff's group . . . and played some things which were more jazzy—like on my first two albums for Columbia—people still weren't ready. The magazines were saying that jazz was dead, and here I was trying to improve my musical standards. It was almost a hopeless battle, but it was all very valuable to my experience. I learned a lot; it gave me a good idea of what to play and when to play it."

George Benson is so remindful of Wes Montgomery. Their careers developed in much the same way—Benson was #1 new guitar star and Montgomery #1 established guitarist in the '67 International Critics Poll—and so did their approach to music and popularity. Montgomery said in *down beat* (June 27, '68): "It's unfortunate for many musicians to be called jazzmen in this day and age, because the minute some people are identified with that strange term, the kids—the biggest market—are scared away before they hear whatever it is the musician is saying. . . . I want to tell people—those who write about it as well as the public—not to worry about what it's called; worry about whether it pleases people."

Wes was right, pleasing people is the working musician's job; just as satisfying self is the musician's life. The near-legendary jazz drummer, Philly Joe Jones, provides a clue, in this issue, as to what it takes to survive the desire to please and the need to satisfy: ". . . what you do has to be together. . . . If you're serious, you'll get over all the humps and come on through. And if you can play your instrument, really play, it'll come about."

The other musicians featured in this issue—Mose Allison, Dave Grusin, Jerry Bergonzi, and Maynard Ferguson—have in their own way found, or are finding, an accommodation between themselves and their public. Grusin's statement on professionalism is particularly apropos: "I used to hide from the business world, as it were, until I woke up to the fact that we're all responsible for everything we do . . . and part of what I do, is make a living playing music."

Also, don't forget the extensive coverage of this year's Newport Festival, as viewed by Arnold Jay Smith and Chuck Berg.

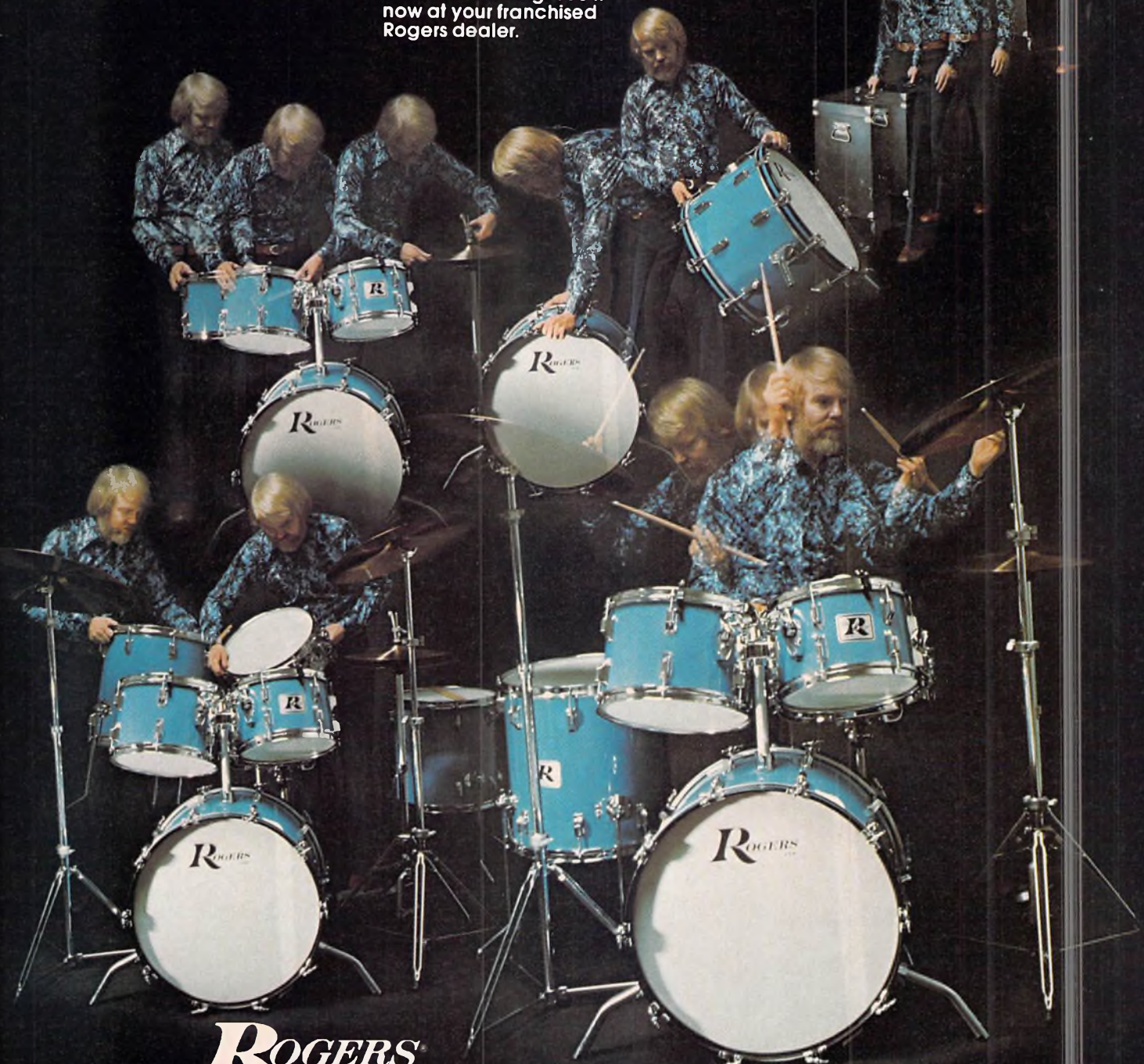
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Dawnbusters Gas

The Tom Waits article was a real gas, in both senses of the word. I've seen Tom perform and he is the real thing, bad breath and all. And the word game was the capper to a perfect piece.

Tom Rossi New York, N.Y.
Ed.—The answers and winners to the Waits quiz can be found on the news page of this issue.

Guerin The Great

John Guerin is perhaps the greatest musician your magazine has ever ignored. Please do an article on him soon.

Dave Higgins Pittsburgh, Pa.

You Can't Please 'Em All

After reading your 6/17 issue I became a bit

upset to see that you are slipping out of jazz and into rock. Come on people, please don't disappoint a lot of your readers. Stay jazz, contemporary jazz, not muzak.
 Paul Grant Rapid City, So. Dak.

I'm writing in response to the record review of the Brecker Brothers album (6/17). Mr. Mandel obviously has a narrow mind when it comes to judging music. . . . I thought (*Back To Back*) was very refreshing and exciting, a pleasing change from the mysterious mystical "music" that is infesting the market these days. . . .

If *Back To Back* is classified as disco, then call me a disco fan. Is that so bad? In the future I'm looking forward to the same from the Breckers.
 John Weigel Columbia, Pa.

Disco Dumpingground, Cont.

I recently bought a copy of Maynard Ferguson's *Primal Scream*. Even though the music is satisfying, why disco? Maynard, I'm a big fan of yours. Don't disappoint me now. I know times are changin', but it makes my stomach sick to see a good jazz musician turn to disco music just to reap in the profits. That goes for Herbie Hancock and Grover Washington, Jr. also. Come on guys, shape up.
 Corey Pedersen Poway, Cal.

After reading "Disco Assaults Big Bands" in the 6/17 issue, I would suggest that Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich form RAID (Rid America of Idiotic Disco). I feel that disco is lowering the standards of many musicians, including talented jazzmen who are sacrificing their ideas for a buck.
 Rick Craig Fort Wayne, Ind.

Out There Controversy

Russell Shaw's review of Al DiMeola's album (*db*, 6/17) compared Al to McLaughlin by saying "this work is free from a trendy, guru-dictated sense of cosmic dribble. . . ." We know McLaughlin has taken the guitar farther in four years than most good players could hope to do in a lifetime.

It seems to me Shaw fails to feel the difference between DiMeola's "spaciness" and McLaughlin's spirituality. The music speaks for itself, but not to all at the same time. As you know.
 Mike Thomas Little Rock, Ark.

Cerebral Assault

All I have to say about Stix Hooper's comments on jazz is "right on" (*db*, 6/17). Jazz is the kind of music that is supposed to be fun to listen to, not cerebral. A jazz player is supposed to swing, not show off his technical prowess. I'm glad to hear somebody come out and say it.
 John Salmon Ocean City, N.J.

Publishers Note:

We apologize to our readers for the inadvertent omission of twelve names from the list of National Music Awards published in the last issue (db, Aug. 12, 1976). We thank the many readers who have written about our error. The missing persons are:

- James Lyon (Newark, NJ, 1735-1794): religious music composer.
- Edward MacDowell (New York, 1860-1908): concert composer.
- Daniel Gregory Mason (Brookline, MA, 1873-1953): educator and composer.
- Lowell Mason (Medfield, MA, 1792-1872): educator and religious music composer.
- Gian-Carlo Menotti (Cadigliano, Italy): contemporary opera composer.
- Johnny Mercer (Savannah, GA, 1909-1976): popular/theatre lyricist and singer
- Thelonius Monk (Rocky Mount, NC, 1918?-): jazz composer and pianist.
- Douglas Stuart Moore (Cutchogue, NY, 1893-1969): opera composer-educator.
- John Knowles Paine (Portland, ME, 1839-1906): educator-organist-composer.
- Charlie Parker (Kansas City, KS, 1920-1955): jazz innovator-composer-saxist.
- Horatio Parker (Auburndale, MA, 1863-1919): choral composer-teacher.
- Cole Porter (Peru, IN, 1891-1964): popular/theatre composer-lyricist.

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Jazz Museum Reopens

NEW YORK—The New York Jazz Museum has found a new home. After some months of being temporarily housed in the Empire Hotel, director Howard Fischer has purchased a two story building on West 54th Street off Broadway.

"There will be more room for exhibits, concerts and archives," Fischer told **db**.

The downstairs portion of the building is a storefront with ample space for the showing of instruments and other memorabilia. Towards the rear, the ground floor widens into what will be used as a stage area. The second floor was incomplete at this writing.

The opening exhibit was "The Trumpet," and featured a diverse cross-section of famous jazz trumpeters. Prominently displayed at the entrance was a "trumpet tree," depicting all of the great, near great and moderately great trumpeters that have vitalized jazz. The trunk was naturally made up of Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie. Major branches included Clifford Brown and Bix Beiderbecke, with sub-major branches, twigs and leaves abounding. There were also roots consisting of Buddy Bolden, Joe "King" Oliver, Freddie Keppard and Bunk Johnson. It was an ingenious idea.

Within eyesight hung a large photo depicting all of the following: Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Shavers, Herman Autry, Joe Newman, Dizzy Reece, Freddie Hubbard, Red Allen, Don Ferrara, Nick Travis, Bobby Bradford, Joe Thomas, Yank Lawson, Clark Terry, Jimmy Nottingham, Ernie Royal, Johnny Letman, Booker Little, Doc Severinsen, Max Kaminsky and Ted Curson. No, it was not a composite photo, but a group shot during a workshop type convention.

Various trumpets hung from the ceiling—Louis', Roy's, Diz' and Miles'. The participants in the stage area were Howard McGhee, Rusty Detric and Joe Thomas on trumpets, with Mike Longo, Bob Cranshaw and Eddie Moore in the rhythm section.

Boysie Honored



"Boysie" Lowery gets his due

WILMINGTON, DEL.—For more than three decades, Robert "Boysie" Lowery has taught just about every aspiring jazz musician in and around Wilmington, many of whom have gone on to make their mark in the world of music. One such person went on to become one of the greatest trumpet players the world has ever seen—Clifford Brown. Check out the liner notes on any of Clifford's albums and you'll see Boysie credited with starting Brownie on his career.

At the Christian Community Center in Wilmington, Boysie Lowery was recently honored in a special American Bicentennial event called, simply, "Tribute to Boysie." A 12-piece orchestra, under the direction of Charles

Bowen, and especially commissioned for this program, played to an overflowing crowd. Special guest artist and former student, Marcus Belgrave, was brought in from Detroit where he is the founder and director of the Jazz Development Workshop.

Highlight of the program was a solo by the 62-year old Lowery on the lovely ballad *All My Life*. It couldn't have been more appropriate, considering the number of young people that have benefited from this man who has devoted nearly all his life to teaching and encouraging young musicians. The program, which ran two hours overtime due to the joyous response from the audience, finally closed with (what else?) *I Remember Clifford*.

RODNEY COLLINS

RTF, EVERMORE

LOS ANGELES—Contrary to what we reported last issue, Return To Forever remains the name of Chick Corea's group. The departure of guitarist Al DiMeola and drummer Lenny White does not imply that the group has broken up, according to spokesman Corea. Chick plans to form a new band with bassist Stanley Clarke, vocalist/key-boardist Gayle Moran, drummer Steve Gadd, plus a cadre of as yet undetermined sidemen.

The revamped and revitalized RTF will be an expanded unit, "something that has been evolving through the years," according to Chick. In addition to placing greater emphasis on Corea's own compositional capabilities, the group will feature trombones, trumpets, and a soprano sax man doubling on flute. (Joe Farrell has not definitely been confirmed as a future RTFer, as reported elsewhere.) Dual key-

board figures strongly in the future, with Ms. Moran and Chick planning to collaborate.

As for DiMeola and White, both musicians are in the process of forming their own groups.

Concerning the changes in RTF's management, Carolyn Clarke, wife of Stanley, said that "Chick decided he didn't want to use both Leslie Wynn and Neville Potter."

Chick now resumes control of Forever Unlimited Productions and RTF, Inc., with Clarke and himself serving as officers of a new corporation. Management has been moved to Los Angeles. Ms. Clarke summed up the situation by stating, "A manager is there to do what the artist wants, not vice versa."

A new album is due late this year and will be much in the same vein as *The Leprechaun*, with the initial tour of the new unit set for January, '77.

potpourri

The third annual **India Street Jazz Festival And Art Fair** will be held in San Diego during the weekend of August 21 and 22. Beginning at 11:00 a.m. each day, San Diego's finest jazz combos will display their chops ... free of charge to the public. Expected to play are tenorman **Jimmy Willis**, **Ted Picou** and **Epicycle**, **Cottonmouth D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers**, **Dr. Jazz**, **Rich Flores**, and many others.

The **Boston Globe** will sponsor their first annual **Globe Jazz Festival And Music Fair** at Prudential Center on November 25-28. Fred Taylor is organizing the event, which will feature not only six major Montreux-type jazz shows, but also booths, workshops and displays.

Schlitz Beer promoted a Fourth of July jazz festival at Memphis' Mid-America Mall. **Dizzy Gillespie** and several local jazzmen delivered a salute to the late **W. C. Handy**. Schlitz plans to continue its support of jazz by sponsoring the **Winston-Salem Jazz Festival** in September.

Kenny Burrell has been recording a sequel to *Ellington Is Forever*, to be released in early '77. Playing on volume two of the tribute are **Jerome Richardson**, **Roland Hanna**, **Gary Bartz**, **Monk Montgomery**, **Quentin Jackson**, **Nat Adderley**, **Jimmy Jones**, and **George Mraz**. Meanwhile, Burrell's next album will be the small band *3000 Miles Back Home*, on Fantasy.

Bill Evans has recorded his first solo album in six years, and it will follow the release of his duet performance from Montreux '75 with **Eddie Gomez**.

Following some California dates this month, **Herbie Mann** has plans of taking a two year sabbatical from all concert dates. In addition to disbanding the **Family Of Mann** unit, he will spend most of his time at home, recording and producing acts that strike his fancy.

Houston Person has been signed to **Mercury**.

In **Czechoslovakia** these days, a would-be disco spinner has to take a difficult government examination in order to be eligible for a platter twirling gig. Even passing the exam is no guarantee of success, for the government then places prospective deejays into three separate categories, giving priority to top rankers.

Wretched excess: The theme riff to television soap *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* has been recorded by feminist trio **Deadly Nightshade**. May it never see the light of day.

Pianist **Michel Legrand** recently made his first Las Vegas appearance, opening the **Tony Bennett** show at the Sahara Hotel. Legrand conducted a full orchestra from the piano; Bennett and Legrand performed together to close the show. **db**

Macero Exits Columbia

NEW YORK—After some 19 years as a staff producer for Columbia Records, Teo Macero has formed his own independent production company. In addition to producing long-time associates Miles Davis and Andre Kostalanez, Teo plans other music-oriented projects, can-

vassing cinema, television, education and publishing.

While with Columbia, Macero recorded 2000 albums, featuring such artists as Duke Ellington, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

AILEY HONORS DUKE

NEW YORK—The Alvin Ailey Dance Company will strut an Ellington Celebration for the Bicentennial, and it's going to be a beauty.

For the past few seasons, the Ailey Company has been adding choreographed Ellingtonia to their repertoire, dazzling New York in the process (see **db** News, 2/26/76). Beginning August 10 and running through August 22, Judith Jamison and Mikhail Baryshnikov will perform *Pas De Duke*, and the company, says Mikhail, will dance the following:

The Mooche; Caravan; Liberian Suite; Night Creature;

Reflections In D; Black Brown & Beige; The Road Of The Phoebe Snow; Echoes In Blue; New Orleans Junction; Afro-Eurasian Eclipse; Deep South Suite; Blues Suite; and the world premier of *Three Black Kings*.

An all-star orchestra rendered some of the suites in earlier performances, but this time Mercer Ellington will conduct his orchestra. *Three Black Kings* was never performed by Duke Ellington nor any of his orchestras, having been only recently unearthed by Mercer. It is now a part of the band's regular book.

Consult City Scene for the entire program.

DAWNBUSTER RESULTS

For all those who entered the Ken Andrews, Houston, Tex.; and Tom Waits Dawnbuster Jargon Quiz in the 6/17 issue, the results are in. Lucky winners are Oh, yeah, the correct matchup. Peter Furillo, New York, N.Y.; Tom McKenzie, Philadelphia, Pa.; Davis Hunt, Long Island, N.Y.; 12) o; 13) e; 14) c; 15) g.

New Releases

Newcomers from A&M include *The Gist Of The Gemini*, **Glo Vannelli**; *We Can't Go On Meeting Like This*, **Hummingbird**; and *The Humours Of Louis Fury*.

Fresh from **Choice** are new discs highlighting tenor saxophonist and bass clarinetist **Filip Phillips** and pianist **Jimmy Rowles**.

The second batch of **Arista/Savoy** recordings include *Long Tall Dexter*, **Dexter Gordon**; *Dee Gee Days*, **Dizzy Gillespie**; *Long Green*, **Donald Byrd**; *Be Bop Synthesis*, **Herbie Mann**; and *Brothers And Other Mothers*, an anthology highlight-

ing **Stan Getz**, **Al Cohn**, and **Serge Chaloff**, among others.

Capitol adds include *Wheelin' And Dealin'*, **Asleep At The Wheel**; *Old Loves Die Hard*, **Triumvirat**; *Incredible Journey*, **Filight**; *Cheata*, **Hub**; and *Diamond In The Rough*, **Jessi Colter**.

Summer treats from **Atlantic** include *The Doctor Is In ... And Out*, **Yusef Lateef**; *Viva, Roxy Music*; *Other Folks' Music*, **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**; *Echoes Of Blue*, a **Freddie Hubbard** reissue; *Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session*, recorded in Paris in '63; and *My Personal Property*, **Bobby Short**. **db**

FINAL BAR



Young Man Mercer

Johnny Mercer, world-renowned songwriter, died June 25 in Los Angeles, while attempting recovery from a brain operation. He was 66.

To term Johnny Mercer as merely a songwriter is to call Miles Davis a trumpet player and let it go at that. Mercer was a four-time Academy Award winner, founder of a major record company, singer, and discoverer of talent, in addition to being one of the most prolific songwriters of this century. His lyrics graced melodies by luminaries such as Jerome Kern, Hoagy Carmichael, Harold Arlen, Harry Warren, Richard Whiting, Henry Mancini, Walter Donaldson, Gordon Jenkins, Rube Bloom, Arthur Schwartz, Jimmy Van Heusen, Duke Ellington and Michel Legrand. He received Oscars for *On The Atchison, Topeka, And The Santa Fe* (with Warren in '46), *In The Cool, Cool Of The Evening* (with Carmichael in '51), *Moon River* and *Days Of Wine And Roses* (with Mancini back-to-back in '61-62).

Mercer sang his own songs and made others famous by collaborating with them. Performers he vocalized with included Sinatra, Crosby, Andy Williams, the Andrews Sisters, Tony Bennett, Sammy Davis, Jr., Billy Daniels, Phil Silvers, Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald, and Erroll Garner. Those he brought to Capitol, the record company he co-founded in 1942, included Nat King Cole, Stan Kenton, Jo Stafford (with and without the Pied Pipers), and Elia Mae Morse.

Space permits only a partial listing of the monsters he penned: *Jeepeers Creepers*, *Goody, Goody*, *Dearly Beloved*, *Skylark*, *Blues In The Night*, *Laura*, *That Old Black Magic*, *Glow Worm*, *Autumn Leaves*

(English lyrics), *One For My Baby*, *My Shining Hour*, *Dream, I'm An Old Cowhand*, *Something's Gotta Give*, *Lazybones*, *Too Marvelous For Words*, *You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby*, *Tangerine*, *I'm Old Fashioned*, *Ac-Cent-Tu-Ate The Positive*, *P.S., I Love You*, *Hurray For Hollywood*, *Moment To Moment*, *I Wanna Be Around*. There are some 1500 in all. You can hardly go into a barbershop, an elevator, or listen to any other perpetual purveyor of pop without hearing a Johnny Mercer tune. Yet he never wrote for pure popdom. "I think like a jazz musician," he once said. "I like the freedom that offers me."

At one interludes recital at New York's Town Hall, there were shouts for him to do some of the more obscure tunes he might have forgotten. Later, backstage, he was dumbstruck. "I never thought there'd be those kind out there. They know more about me than I do."

In addition to his Tin Pan Alley successes, Mercer wrote for Broadway, meeting with a modicum of success: *Foxy* (1964) and *L'il Abner* (1956) were small triumphs compared to *Top Banana* in 1951. His various jazz efforts included discs with Bobby Darin, Bing Crosby and a Dixieland band, Jack Teagarden (when they were both with Paul Whiteman), as well as a children's album for Walt Disney called *Mickey And The Beanstalk*.

Mercer was laid to rest in Savannah, Georgia. Survivors include his wife of 45 years, Ginger, a daughter, Amanda, and a son, Jeff.

Madeline Greene, former vocalist with Count Basie, Earl (Fatha) Hines, Lionel Hampton, Tiny Bradshaw, and Benny Goodman, died of natural causes recently in her home in Cleveland, Ohio. She was 55 years of age.

At the age of 16, she caught Goodman's ear while performing at the old Cedar Gardens night club here in Cleveland. But as Miss Greene traveled with Goodman briefly (it was 1937), her vocalizing with the Goodman tour was quickly interrupted by racial problems—with the all-too-familiar non-acceptance of black singers with mixed or white groups of jazz performers the major problem.

Ms. Greene later appeared with some of the major black bands, and even recorded, including duets with Billy Eckstine and a solo performance on *How High The Moon* that garnered national recognition. Some of Miss Greene's own songs were published.

She continued writing on her return to the Cleveland area in the mid-'60s; following her death her family discovered additional writings. She is survived by one son, three sisters, five brothers, and her mother.



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NEWPORT '76

by arnold jay smith

Carnegie Hall . . . Waterloo Village . . . Up The Hudson . . .

July 26: Tony Bennett/Bill Evans

The billing was a come-on. Hard on the heels of their hit recording, Bennett and Evans auspiciously opened the bicentennial edition of the Newport Jazz Festival, the fifth in New York City. The two walked on stage and began what was anticipated, an evening of easy going pop with hip overtones. *My Foolish Heart* was done to a turn. Picture, if you will, a packed hall. The duo is in a posh supper club's cocktail lounge, glasses hushed, patrons intent on catching every nuance, every movement. Subtly, Bennett modulates upward and takes the audience with him. Then the out chorus from the bridge and rapturous shouts and applause. We were in for a stellar string of songs.

But it was not to be realized, for Bennett announced that the remaining first half would be devoted to the Bill Evans trio and he would return in the second half with a big band.

Evans' trio (Eddie Gomez, bass, Eliot Zigmund, drums) sparkled from start to finish. *Sugar Plum* opened with Evans a cappella, into a triple-fingered Gomez solo with Zigmund working behind it all.

Bill's penchant for waltzes (*Waltz For Debbie* is his most famous) was evident. Jerome Kern's *Up With A Lark* was magical except for Zigmund's obtrusive drumming. He has taken the worst of Philly Joe Jones and placed it into an alien setting. Even Gomez looked annoyed during his own fills. It was a straight 3/4 time but Zigmund insisted on 6/8.

Someday My Prince Will Come was effectively turned out, with Evans playing it straight and close to the original chords. It remained for Gomez to move out with large interval leaps and marvelous finger dexterity.

In Your Own Sweet Way, the final waltz of the night, was Evans and Gomez at their finest. Eddie double-bowed his arco solo to perfection while Zigmund pushed Evans through some fine exchanges. *Twelve Tone Tune* was all 12 bar exchanges between the three while *All Mine* was ensemble.

Bennett's set was Las Vegas from opening to close. The man's voice is in rather fine fettle, his musicianship superb—although far from Sinatra's—and his stage mannerisms are as awkward as ever. He never has bothered to get a coach, thereby allowing his boyishness to show through.

The show seemed rushed, everyone in a hurry to get it over with. The verses to *Lady Is A Tramp* and *I Wish I Were In Love Again* were taken at the same tempo as the refrain. The finer items were the ballads. *Life Is Beautiful*, with lyrics by Fred Astaire, *Maybe This Time* from *Cabaret*, and *As Time Goes By*, with the verse so rarely heard, were among them. The 15 tunes he did with Torrie Zito's charts were freshened with solo spots by Frank Wess on tenor, Joe Wilder, trumpet, and Urbie Green, trombone, with Bennett's regular rhythm

backing of John Guiffrida, bass and Joe Cocuzzo on drums.

The concluding two numbers, *But Beautiful* and *On The Sunny Side Of The Street* were done in the hushed silence that pervaded the opening tune. It was Evans and Bennett to close the show, but it was too little too late. *Street* was done sans mike, proving with finality the grace and majesty of this hall.

June 26: Eubie Blake and Count Basie

With a century and two-thirds of musical talent, you would think the vibrations would have shaken the canvas off the 3,000 seat tent. It did and it didn't. Eubie Blake at 93 took top honors with humor and history over Bill Basie, who, at 71, has put together the third best band of his career.

The trouble was that any Basie band, given a talented trumpet section and driving reed soloists, could have done as well. These days the peaks are reached early in the performance and with the likes of Al Grey, Curtis Fuller, Jimmy Forrest, Eric Dixon, Danny Turner and Butch Miles. Each does his work with such ease that it has become second nature to excite an audience, especially one eager to celebrate the official "Count Basie Day" in New Jersey.

The charts come from outside of the band, from the pens of Ernie Wilkins (*Way Out Basie* and *Basie Power*) and Neal Hefti (yes, *Whirlybird* is still in the book), and Frank Foster (*Shiny Stockings*). Interesting, however, were the Ellington selections *Things Ain't What They Used To Be* and *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* because of the contrasting solos. Turner took the alto spot on *Things* while Grey was on *Get Around*.

Blake opened the show at his most exuberant. His patter enlivens the proceedings so much that you almost want him to go on talking. The aura that pervades a composer/musician/raconteur of his magnitude inspires awe, and when you realize that he exchanged ideas with people like Scott Joplin are not likely to shout, "Shut up and play!"

"I'm a better pianist than I am a talker," he said at one point. But he went on talking and everybody loved it. The music ranged from ragtime (*Classical Rag*, *Rhapsody in Ragtime*) to popular Blake (medley from *Shuffle Along* which he wrote with Noble Sissle, including *I'm Just Wild About Harry*) to Gershwin (*Rhapsody In Blue/The Man I Love*) to *Memories Of You*, the most famous Blake tune, written with Andy Razaf of Fats Waller fame.

June 27: Jazz Picnic

Waterloo Village is about an hour's ride from the George Washington Bridge in central New Jersey. Chosen by New Jersey Jazz Society in their collaboration with George Wein for NJF-NY, it's a perfect place for a

festival.

In addition to the Red Onion Jazz Band with singer Natie Lamb playing in a gazebo and pianist Rio Clemente playing one of the world's first Steinways in a house nearby called the Homestead, Bucky Pizzarelli played solo guitar at Towpath Tavern.

Down the road was an uncompleted reconstruction of a millhouse where Dick Wellstood soloed in the dank. "That's the only thing that bothers me, the dampness keeps knocking the piano out of tune," he complained.

Meanwhile, back at the tent and spreading out to the main lawn was Pee Wee Erwin, heading a group made up of Teddy Wilson, Victor Gaskin, Eddie Hubble and Bobby Rosengarden. Nancy Nelson handled the vocal chores.

Alternating with Erwin were Warren Vache, whose cornet was heard later with Benny Goodman at Carnegie Hall, and Ken Davern on soprano sax and clarinet. Gaskin was on bass again with pianist John Bunch, Wayne Wright, guitar, and Cliff Leeman on drums. Earl 'Fatha' Hines, also did a solo set in the tent.

Opinions have already been voiced as to the viability of continuing this kind of festive atmosphere in future festivals. A gospel picnic was equally as successful the preceding day.

June 28: Benny Goodman/John Hammond/ Jazz Interactions

Expected was an all star bash, with John Hammond in on it and Jazz Interactions benefiting from the proceeds. Joe Newman opened with what is essentially his own group—Ted Dunbar, guitar; David Lee, Jr., drums; Harold Mabern, piano; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Frank Foster, tenor sax; and Newman's trumpet. Joe's rendition of *But Not For Me* was the highlight of his set, with Foster's *Simone* a close second. The latter was the only original except for the band's theme, *Cuttin' Out*. *Simone* is a medium 3/4 while *Cuttin'* was nothing more than a pleasant blues line.

Goodman's set, which included 19 tunes (that's a lot for a man half his age), featured a rhythm section that should have stayed home. Connie Kay, a good laid back drummer at best, should never undertake two-beat items like *That's A Plenty*. He made *Sing, Sing, Sing* into a jungle piece, never wavering from the floor tom-tom. Guitarist Eddie Duran had to be reminded to play at one point in the concert. Mike Moore's bass is a pleasant time-keeping affair but Benny needed more. Pianist Tom Fay, heard recently to good advantage with Gerry Mulligan's new sextet, only showed his shortcomings when Teddy Wilson sat in for some familiar stops in nostalgiaville with *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Body And Soul* and *After You've Gone* among them.

June 29: Art Blakey/Horace Silver/Freddie Hubbard

After Horace Silver's fine quintet, Blakey and Hubbard concentrated on a blowing session that was to be the only one of the festival, except for one jam session. The current Jazz Messengers include David Schnitter, tenor; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Mickey Tucker, piano; and Chris Armerberger, bass.

Backgammon was a warmup with Blakey switching from brushes to sticks and back again. His licks varied with his mood but the rest of the group was up to it. *Along Came Betty* started innocently enough for this Benny Golson gem written for Blakey, until Freddie showed up from his gig with Herbie Hancock

June 25: Blues At Midnight

The mellow midnight throng at Radio City Music Hall was first greeted by Ben Mobley, winner of the Schlitz Soul Search '76. Accompanying himself on piano, Mobley performed a blues, Bob Dylan's *Blowin' In The Wind* (announced as a Stevie Wonder composition) and a ballad. While he has a passable voice, his piano playing is restricted. Clearly, his is a talent in need of further refinement.

Mike Bloomfield's band followed with a relaxed set of tunes reminiscent of summertime, back-porch music making. His well-paced program opened with a vocal rendition of *Kansas City Blues* accompanied by acoustic guitar and harp (harmonica). The next several numbers saw the addition of piano, electric bass and drums and Bloomfield's switch to electric guitar. With his full group, Bloomfield shifted to more funky, urban-oriented material such as *I'm Leavin' New York City*. Bloomfield is a talented and engaging performer. However, he lacks the intensity and energy of the three gentlemen who followed.

Bobby Blue Bland's set started with his band grinding out a perfunctory curtain-raiser. The trombone player then grabbed the mike and repeatedly asked: "Are you ready?" With the audience suitably keyed up for the "main event," Bland made his appearance. Singing such hits as *I'll Take Care Of You*, *I Pity The Fool*, and *The Feeling Is Gone*, Bobby elicited hearty responses from his admirers with his dramatic flare, velvety upper register and unique vocalized ratchet-like punctuations.

Next up was the venerable Muddy Waters. With his big virile husky voice and steely slide guitar work, Muddy effectively carved out *Baby, Please Don't Go*, *Sail On* and *Got My Mojo Workin'*.

Last, but certainly far from least, was the indefatigable Fats Domino. Urged on by the lateness of the hour, Fats presented concise and snappy versions of *I'm Walkin'*, *I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday*, and *Blueberry Hill*. In response to his enthusiastic audience and the energetic rhythms of his backup band, Domino commenced to walk, push and play his Steinway across the vast stage of the Music Hall. It was a fitting conclusion for an evening of unpretentious musical entertainment.

As with too many of the concerts that followed, the main problems were abbreviated time slots and inept audio engineering.

June 26: Mingus Flamenco

The combination of jazz and flamenco at first seems as compatible as the mixture of water and oil. But thanks to the alchemy of that Merlin of the bass, Charles Mingus, the two art forms were demonstrated as parallel and complementary.

Mingus's formal proof required three sets: the first by his sextet; the second by the Azucena Y Edo Flamenco Dance Group; and the third by the unified forces of both groups.

The sextet—Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Ricky Ford, tenor; Jack Walrath, trumpet; Danny Mixon, piano; and Dannie Richmond, drums—threaded its way through such Mingus originals as *Oh Lord, Don't Let Them Shoot Us*, *Remember Rockefeller And Attica* and *Sue's*

Changes. In each, the solos, dialogues and ensembles were ably supported and nurtured by the musicians' empathic interplay.

As the second set commenced, it soon became clear that flamenco and jazz share many basic structures. For instance, individual soloists stepped out of the ensemble to demonstrate their dancing specialties. While there was an underlying competition among the solo dancers, this was, as it often is in jazz, tempered by the enthusiastic support and encouragement of the members of the troupe. Further parallels with jazz were provided by the various dance dialogues and ensembles.

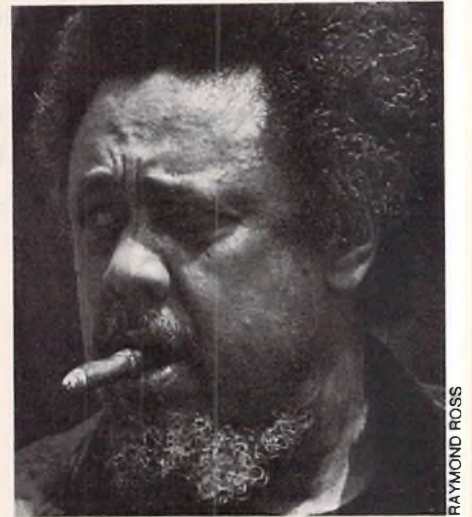
The last set was given over to a stirring performance of Mingus's *Ysabel's Table Dance* from the now classic album *Tiajuana Moods* (recently re-released as RCA APL-1-0939). The mutual respect and enthusiasm flowing between the dancers and musicians was so heady that Mingus was coaxed to the front of the stage for a terpsichorean whirl. His carefree abandon and beaming smile proved to be one of the festival's most memorable moments. It also symbolized the success of this unique cultural fusion.

June 27: Braxton/Curson/Coleman

This diverse concert opened with the swinging George Coleman Septet. Fighting the insensitivity of tone-deaf engineers who were unable to provide a decent balance during the entire set, Coleman and his cohorts put up a valiant struggle. Some of the moments that managed to survive were Harold Mabern's dazzling introduction to *Green Dolphin Street* and Coleman's poignant rendition of *Body And Soul*.

Ted Curson's set featured several numbers from his recent Arista release, *Tears For Dolphin* (AL 1021). The trumpeter's *Quicksand* and *Reava's Waltz* provided ideal frameworks for the high energy, virtuosic playing of Chris Woods (alto), Nick Brignola (bari and saxello), Jim McNeely (piano), David Friesen (bass), Steve McCall (drums) and Sam Jacobs (percussion). This is a dynamic, driving ensemble that with a few breaks could become one of the influential groups on the current scene.

The concluding slot belonged to multiple-



Charles Mingus

reedman Anthony Braxton and his group: George Lewis (trombone), Richard Abrams (piano), Dave Holland (bass), and Barry Altschul (drums). Surrounded by a phalanx of flutes, clarinets, and saxophones, Braxton led his colleagues through a challenging composition whose structural bases were rooted more in texture, timbre and metrics than in melody and harmony. The dry, ascetic quality helped establish an essentially ethereal feeling that was occasionally punctuated by primordial bleeps and blats.

June 27: Tribute To Trane

The first set of this tribute to master saxophonist John Coltrane was given over to the quartet of Trane's stalwart drummer Elvin Jones. With saxophonist Pat LaBarbera, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and bassist David Williams, Elvin propelled his group through two Coltrane classics, *A Love Supreme* and *Naima*. Throughout his brief appearance, Elvin's countenance clearly reflected his music's joy and energy.

Next was the sextet of Trane's former pianist, McCoy Tyner. His group—altoist Joe Ford, tenorist Ron Bridgewater, bassist Charles Farnsbrough, drummer Eric Gravatt and percussionist Guilherme Franco—charted an extended voyage in which all members offered driving solos over ever-shifting kaleidoscopic backdrops.

The capstone of the evening was presided over by the energetic Coltrane scholar, Andrew White. Working with a big band ensemble provided by the New York Jazz Repertory Company and a rhythm section consisting of Tyner, Jones and bassist Steve Novosel, White dedicated his "A Newport Tribute To John Coltrane" to the memory of Jimmy Garrison, Coltrane's bedrock bassist.

The pastiche, essentially a compendium of 20 Coltrane-related themes such as *Exotica*, *Impressions* and *Giant Steps*, also included transcribed Trane solos performed by White. While White's ambitious design and impressive tenor playing are to be commended, there was a touch of the bizarre in his efforts to conduct Tyner and Jones in works they originally helped shape. His decision to employ a big



Rahsaan Roland Kirk

MOSE ALLISON

SHARE A LITTLE JOKE WITH THE BLUES

by
Michael Bourne

Mose Allison sounds the same today as 20 years ago—or, he's singing the same songs. And he's better than ever, older and wiser—but then, Mose Allison was always wise, "The Jazz Sage," with words of wisdom and the blues. "If you're goin' to the city, you better have some cash—'cause people in the city don't mess around with trash!" Or: "Everybody's cryin' mercy, when they don't know the meaning of the word!" It brings a shock of recognition to listen to these simpler-seeming songs and realize that underneath all the jive-talking, Allison is really offering thoughts on detribalization and ambivalence, all-the-more profound because the songs *are* so simple.

Mose Allison is an artist of profound simplicity indeed, from the fundamental country faith of the songs of the '50s—"If you live, your day will come!"—to the more cosmic awareness of the songs of the '70s—"Hello there, universe, do you know what you done to me?" It's no wonder why some rock groups of the '60s, when wanting some authentic sources for their music, listened to Mose Allison.

The sound of the songs is similar, elemental blues with a homey

country feeling, delivered in the classic Mose Allison style. The funk is wonderful. It's another shock to recognize that the now-bemused, now-ecstatic piano solos are inspired by modernists like Hindemith, as much as from jazz and country roots.

The music even sounds good on the broken down pianos he's played all these years on the road. Recently at The Bluebird in Bloomington, Indiana, he was everything everyone expected, providing all the greatest hits, inevitably *Seventh Son*, never talking to the audience, but nevertheless achieving intimacy. His audience seems ever younger—but then, heading onto 50, Mose Allison is himself younger, a soul as timeless as the blues.

We talked of his forthcoming record, the first in years, and of life on the road; about the songs and the thoughts in the songs; and of all the changes from Mississippi to New York, and elsewhere.

• • • • •

Bourne: You have a new record.

Allison: I don't have it yet. It's recorded, but it won't be released until September. And the tentative title, which I had nothing to do with, is *Mose-Art*.

Bourne: It seems a title you should've had years ago.

Allison: Yeah, it is overdue. It should've been one of the first ones. It caught up with me, though.

Bourne: It's your first record in four years. Why so much time in between?

Allison: The record company (Atlantic) and I just observed one another from afar. They don't do anything for me, and I don't do anything for them. That's the way it's been. They don't like the kind of records I've been making. They'd rather have something that they can put into their specifications and put on their assembly line. And so, as a result, I usually don't record for a long time, then finally we get together on something. They started out wanting arrangers and things; finally I got it across doing some charts myself, some of it with three horns, some of it with the trio, some of it with Al Cohn.

Bourne: Why don't you go back to Prestige? They seem to let people do what they want to.

Allison: Yeah, I know, but you don't make any money, play for free. I don't make any money for Atlantic, either, but they assured me they're gonna tell all their distributors, remind them that I'm still on the label. I go to places now and Atlantic offices don't even know I'm still with them.

Bourne: You've been playing all this time on the road. Is the road any better after 20 years?

Allison: It's a little better now.

Bourne: You still get shitty pianos.

Allison: Yeah, that's right. But I don't have a good piano at home for that reason. I have a terrible piano at home that I practice on.

Bourne: Why don't you play the electric piano on the road?

Allison: That's worse, electric's worse, worse than the worst acoustic piano, as far as I'm concerned. Not only do you have to lug the thing around, you got to have a technician to put it back together when it comes apart. They come apart. If a note goes out on one of those things, you've had it.

Bourne: You came to the fore in the '50s. You're still singing those same songs, because people expect those same songs, and they're now yours. But the sound is evolved. It's not the same, it's similar, maybe more funky now, but you were always funky.

Allison: It's changed, but it's the same, like everything else. You learn more, you make things more effective, you learn how to present the material better, and you get better physically, if you work at it.

Bourne: You have that southern sound, an authentic sound. There are a lot of white players who sound like white guys trying to sound like black guys. You've always sounded like yourself, very real.

Allison: I came from there. I was brought up in a county that was 10-to-1 black to white at the time, so it was pervasive, the blacks, the accent and the sound. I just absorbed it.

Bourne: Where did your piano style come from? It seems ambidextrous. Rather than play a left-handed rhythmic figure and a right-handed melodic figure, you play similar or parallel lines, rhythm and melody at once with both hands.

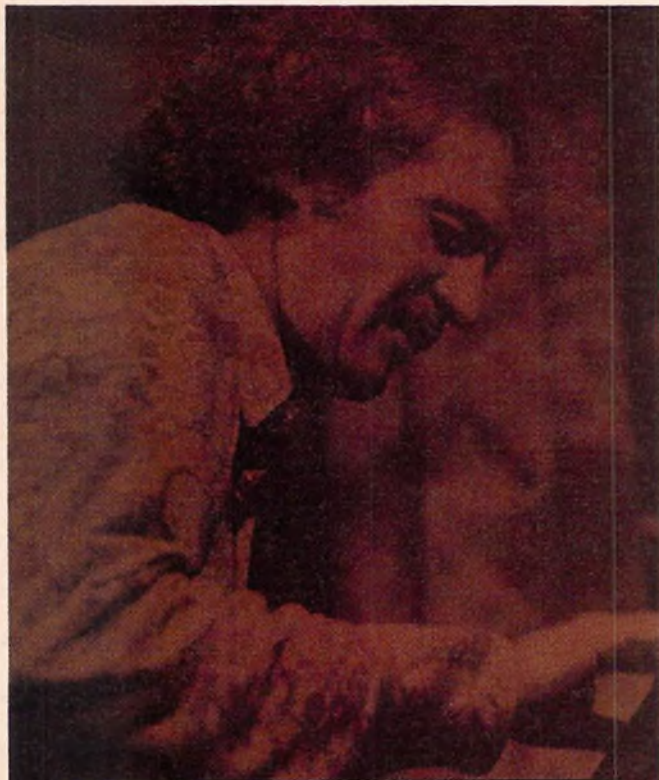
Allison: That's been my project for about eight years. I've been working on that. I got bored with the one-handed style, playing all the melody with the right hand, the left hand just sort of there. So I started listening to piano sonatas and learned what to do with two hands, tried to get my left hand to work, opened up my whole piano approach.

Bourne: You're always playing the blues.

Allison: That's basic; that's one of the fundamental things.

Bourne: Your sound is so much yourself. Even when you sing other people's songs, they sound as if you'd written them. Even Duke Elling-

September 9 □ 15



SELECTED ALLISON DISCOGRAPHY

MOSE ALLISON—Prestige 24002
CREEK BANK—Prestige 24055
RETROSPECTIVE—Columbia C30564
THE BEST OF MOSE ALLISON—Atlantic 1542
HELLO THERE UNIVERSE—Atlantic 1550
WESTERN MAN—Atlantic 1584
MOSE IN YOUR EAR—Atlantic 1627

VERLY OAKLAND

continued on page 49

GEORGE BENSON

Breezin' Along With A Bullet

by
Charles Mitchell

In an issue of the British *Jazz Journal* published last winter, writer Stanley Dance opined, "(George Benson) is undoubtedly one of the most important musicians to emerge in the last two decades." Now, anything that Dance has to say about music made after 1940 must be taken with a grain of salt; but in this case it's also worth noting a Leonard Feather speculation about Benson in his *Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Sixties*: "A well-rounded, facile, and inventive guitarist, and convincing jazz singer, Benson could well be one of the genuine new stars of the '60s." The jury may still be out on the verification of Dance's remark, and Leonard's prediction may have come a few years too early; but there's one fact that can be pointed to with utter certainty: in mid-1975, after more than a decade of work in which he gained the respect and praise of virtually the entire jazz community, George Benson became the jazz-pop superstar of the moment.

Like Herbie Hancock before him, Benson recorded one album that shot him to the top. *Breezin'*, which signaled the beginning of a new label relationship with Warner Brothers and would make no new friends for the guitarist in the jazz world. *down beat's* John McDonough related listening to Benson on the new disc to "watching Marlon Brando in a Three Stooges movie." But whatever fans George may have lost in the mainstream jazz world, he regained and then some in pop and soul circles; *Breezin'* received its gold record in early June, and as this piece was being written on the last day of the month, the disc was settled firmly in the Top Ten of every trade paper's pop chart, soul chart, and had been Number One on the jazz charts for several weeks.

This conversation, however, was recorded during Warner Brothers' "California Soul" weekend in New York last winter, before the release of *Breezin'* and attendant commercial hoopla. Benson provided, along with vocalist Al Jarreau, the only truly worthwhile musical moments in five nights of concerts at the Beacon Theater. And one had to put up with a lot to get them, too. George gigged twice: on the first "soul" night, last on the bill, he followed Ashford and Simpson, two producer-songwriters turned performers who aroused the glitter-crazed New York crowd with a show out of pre-Castro Havana. The people who stayed to hear Benson were still knocked out, albeit more quietly, by his musically impeccable guitar style, the tasteful, musical funk of his group, and the classy supporting string arrangements of Claus Ogerman. On the closing night, "jazz" night (and even the broadest interpretation of that word would not allow most of what went on), Benson was again set to close the program, after such travesties as



the cornily offensive Miroslav Vitous floor show, the anemic Alice Coltrane, and ear-splitting, disappointing performances by Pat Martino and Dave Sanborn. By the time Benson got up to do his set, it was pushing two o'clock in the morning (the evening had begun at 7:30) and virtually everyone had left . . . myself included. However, I did glean from one diehard who remained that Benson's end was equally as sweet on the last night as it had been the first.

And from that less-than-auspicious debut for the label, an enormous success has grown in less than six months. Our discussion took place between George's two performances that week in Manhattan. I attempted to deal with his music on its own terms, and spoke only peripherally about the jazz/pop theoretical wars that continue to rage among critics. It might be noted, however, that in taking a more pop-oriented approach, Benson is remaining quite true to his roots as a performer: his first professional work was in the pop and r&b fields as vocalist and guitarist in his home town of Pittsburgh, where he was born in 1943. Regardless of your opinion of the type of music he's playing, one would be hard-pressed to deny that, whatever he plays, it's done with authority and believability.

* * *

Mitchell: You seem to be branching out into a broader area, one that can accommodate your great versatility. Are you getting more freedom to stretch out into vocals and r&b with Warners than you did with CTI? I know that Taylor's bag can really get too restrictive.

Benson: The problem with CTI is that everything depends on one man. Creed Taylor's expertise at producing records is great, and he's very successful. He knows what to do to crossover and make a product believable. Sometimes the musicians didn't really agree with his decisions, but you couldn't knock the fact that his records did sell. Unfortunately, there was never the distribution to match his production expertise. As long as we get good production now, with the vast distribution power that Warner Brothers has, the records will be reaching a great many more people, thereby making the creative musicians involved much more popular and much more acceptable on the scene. Usually, the jazz artist has a stigma attached to him. He's a freak thing, a rarity—not in the talent sense, but in the idea that the music hasn't always been quite what was happening commercially. Now it is happening, and it's

just a matter of reaching the people with it. The young people have made their statement; they've said, "Hey man, we want to hear more of this."

Mitchell: Who's producing you now? Are you doing it yourself?

Benson: No, I try to leave the producing up to those who produce, so I can concentrate on the music. Sometimes things happen where you wish you had done it another way, yourself. But I'm a musician first. That's a full time job. I'm not saying I'll never produce myself, but right now it's nice to have some room just to concentrate on the music itself. Tommy Lipuma is doing my production for Warner Brothers. He's a very likeable cat; he knows what he's doing: he's a perfectionist—sometimes that gets to you a little. I don't search for perfection like that. I like to establish a good feeling, basically, and I try to be convincing at what I do. But there is room for a perfectionist, because these are records for all time. Years from now when they look back, the technical perfection of the record, the expertise of the musicians—all of that will come into play and help determine just how valuable the music is.

Mitchell: Is it hard to establish that feeling in a studio, when there's no audience to play off of? How do you avoid not falling back on facile tricks, especially during long sessions?

Benson: It's very hard, because there is nothing like a live performance. There's nothing like an audience to inspire a musician. My whole background in music has come from playing in clubs, large and small, ballrooms, and even outdoor stadiums. There has always been a crowd involved to give me the inspiration to do whatever I did. In the studio, unfortunately, anything after the first take of each tune starts becoming very plastic. Occasionally, we get to go with the first take. It's very evident, because the vibes from the song will indicate strongly that it's first take material. You can really tell that it was spontaneous and it got over, but that's a rarity. The studio has its advantages for the person who is a perfectionist, however, and there are quite a few today who specialize in perfection on a record. All the multiple tracks, the things you can do electronically to enhance a recording—these things are advantages of a studio that come into play, and there are a lot of people who cannot tell the difference.

Mitchell: Is there a certain point you'll reach with a tune in the studio where you'll drop it if it's not coming? Or do you stick with

"... It's become very popular to judge a man's talent by how fast he plays, or how strange an interval someone can play. Creativity goes out the window when you start worrying about these things."

it until you get it?

Benson: I like to give them up. Maybe you can come back to it and try it at a later date. It might work then. But to keep running over the same thing is very discouraging and it hurts the rest of the date. Every tune that comes after that never quite gets off the ground like it should. At least that's been my experience over the years.

Mitchell: How do you choose material?

Benson: Personally, I look for things that are very guitarish, something that gives the instrument a chance to be itself. In a lot of instances, the guitar has to pretend that it's a saxophone, or a trumpet—it has to play a part. I like the tune to give the guitar a chance to play chords, melodic lines, and solo space. There are a couple of tunes on *Breezin'* like that: the title song and especially a tune by Jose Feliciano called *Affirmation*. Jose is a very guitar-minded musician, and he's very good at what he does. He's one of the warmest musicians you'll hear. I hear musicians who are taken much more seriously that don't get the feeling Jose gets. I give him a lot of credit for not letting his vocal thing take away from his ability on the guitar. I think he has a very important voice.

Mitchell: What other guitar players do you currently like?

Benson: There are a lot of fine players today. I like Jeff Beck—I also like Joe Beck. One of my favorite guitar players is Phil Upchurch. He's got so many great ideas, and there are so many things he knows about the guitar. I met him years ago before he went into the service, and he was great even then, really unique. He wrote a tune for my last CTI album called *No Sooner Said Than Done*; it's one of our most requested pieces. Phil writes very tricky, very guitarish tunes. And he writes for modern guitar. He considers the new things the instrument is capable of.

Mitchell: What are your feelings about that "Fastest Guitar in the West," cowboy-style attitude that so many guitar fans have? Because there are so many guitar players, it seems like they single out a new hero every two weeks. There's always a new hot style and new hot licks. Obviously it doesn't affect pros like you who have a mature style, but it can be a negative influence on many budding musicians. Do you encounter that attitude a lot?

Benson: It's become very popular to judge a man's talent by how fast he plays, or how strange an interval someone can play. Creativity goes out the window when you start worrying about these things. Emphasizing hot licks will make your music stagnate after a while, because that's all you'll know how to play. And the musician will give up faster than his audience, because a musician is his own worst critic. Everyone has to live by his own convictions; mine is that I can't fool people. Everything I play is mine once I hit that first note.

Mitchell: What made you select the particular instrumental lineup you have in your group at this time? The reason I ask is that it's commonly difficult to work with two keyboards in a band. Yet both of yours (Ronnie Foster and George Dalto) have their own set roles. How did you formulate this particular concept of a group?

Benson: At one time, I had two guitars in my band—myself and Earl Klugh on classical guitar—with bass and drums. When I lost Earl, I had learned some things about music and putting together a band. You can't take a musician of Earl's caliber and make him second, because he's first rate. We both enjoyed working together, but it became more and more evident that Earl's voice on the guitar was so important, that even though I featured him several times a night, he still didn't quite have the room that he deserved. So instead of hiring another guitarist, I decided that the Clavinet felt good; it could sound somewhat like a second guitar and give me some more things too. But I had to have someone who was open-minded and who was a real musician also. That's a rarity.

Mitchell: An interesting statement.

Benson: Once a musician begins to gain recognition and an identity for himself, he doesn't feel he should have to give way to anyone.

Mitchell: So you mean he had to fit into a group situation with another keyboardist, and still have a strong identity on his instrument.

Benson: Right. Fortunately I did find a guy who fit the bill, and it took about a month or so before the two keyboardists finally agreed musically upon what the other one was all about, and were able to stay out of each other's way, and enhance what the other one was doing.

I think we have a unique sound in our band. It's very full, and it can take on different characteristics, depending on what we play. Ronnie Foster records with Stevie Wonder and people like that, so he has an excellent command of what can be done with electronic sound. Electronic instruments have a tendency to get very static and boring, plastic; but Ronnie has a very warm and personal sound.

Mitchell: He seems to know when to place his sounds, a sensitive ear for when he should employ the Arp String Ensemble, for example. He doesn't use it too much.

SELECTED BENSON DISCOGRAPHY

featured

BREEZIN'—Warner Bros. BS 2919
WHITE RABBIT—CTI 6015
BAD BENSON—CTI 6045
BODY TALK—CTI 6033
BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—CTI 6009
THE OTHER SIDE OF ABBEY ROAD—A&M 3028
SHAPE OF THINGS—A&M 3014
TELL IT LIKE IT IS—A&M 3020
COOKBOOK—Columbia Special Products JCS-9413

with Freddie Hubbard

FIRST LIGHT—CTI 6013
SKY DIVE—CTI 6018
STRAIGHT AHEAD—CTI 6007

with Stanley Turrentine

SUGAR—CTI 6005

with Alto

FREE—CTI 6020

with Miles Davis

MILES IN THE SKY—PC 9628

The Hank Garland disc mentioned by Benson in the interview, *Jazz Winds In A New Direction*, is available on Columbia Special Products ACS-8372. Guitar fans especially might want to check it out.

Benson: And when George Dalto plays acoustic piano, it adds a very sophisticated texture that I love. We can always come up with something on the acoustic sound that's pure quality. Certain audiences demand it.

Mitchell: Your rhythm section is where the hard-line jazzier might sit up and take offense. It's a funk-oriented rhythm section, though it can go outside when it wants to.

Benson: Being realistic, I know that for the last ten years, young people have heard nothing but funk. They base everything on what they know. I don't believe in playing past your audience. Education is another thing; I'm not there to educate an audience, I'm there to play for them. Now, if somewhere along the way they become educated, good. But my first inclination is to entertain them, to play music for them, to put on a concert, to make them happy. It's a funky world we live in. 95 out of every 100 stations is playin' that funky stuff. So, even though my band is very versatile, they recognize the value of carrying a funky bottom.

Mitchell: But you have such strong r&b roots that it never sounds unnatural. Lots of funk players coming up don't have the grounding that you have in blues-jazz-funk. What about coming up in the Pittsburgh music scene? What was it like?

Benson: Well, like you said, it was very blues and rhythm-and-blues oriented, at least the black stations that I listened to at the time were. My background is based mostly on that and pop music. The good thing about Pittsburgh was that it was loaded with very fine jazz players too. I played for a year or so across the street from a club that featured nationally famous jazz artists. Even though, at the time, I had no desire to get into it, I heard jazz a lot. My first influence to play jazz was from a record I heard by Charlie Parker. I just didn't believe that there was anybody in the world who could think that beautifully. In my late teens, I had a band that was considered one of Pittsburgh's finest bands. But I lost just about all my gigs because, after I heard Charlie Parker, I started trying to play music instead of please the crowd.

Mitchell: What year was this?

Benson: This was about 1962. It really got bad. The audience recognized right away what I was trying to do, and they labeled it jazz.

Mitchell: So you had to fight that negative connotation attached to the word.

Benson: Even after I had left Jack McDuff's group and I was still trying to put together my technique and play some things which were more jazzy—like on my first two albums for Columbia—people still weren't ready. The magazines were saying jazz was dead, and here I was trying to improve my musical standards. It was almost a hopeless battle, but it was all very valuable to my experience. I learned a lot; it gave me a good idea of what to play, and when to play it. You can't beat it. It's like Ali in the ring—if you need an uppercut, you got it. Versatility.

Mitchell: What guitar players did you hear when you were still in Pittsburgh?

Benson: We had a guitarist in our town who was one of the best rhythm-and-blues and rock guitarists that there ever was. His name was Chuck Edwards; we all used to call him Good Thumpin' Chuck. That'll give you an idea of just

Philly Joe Jones

STRAIGHTAHEAD AND RARIN' TO GO

by
Sandy Davis

In a dimly lit, old-world style restaurant turned jazz club, situated on a narrow street in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, Philly Joe Jones laid a few last licks on his Premiers & Zildjians before he strode off the bandstand. "I can go home now", he announced to a few of us sitting ringside, "I've had my musical orgasm for the evening."

Quite dapper in a three-piece camel suit, a smart wide-brimmed black velour hat topping his 6'3" frame, Joe looks the epitome of a happy, healthy and hip—always hip—man who has seen and done it all. "My health? Beautiful! It's better than it's ever been. That's because I'm happy."

Born under the sign of Cancer, Philly Joe projects the personality qualities more often attributed to Leos—a dominating manner, utter self-confidence (to put it mildly), leadership (out of the 16-piece Change of the Century Orchestra which played in Philly recently, he easily emerged as the driving, leading force), and flamboyant showmanship. He's very opinionated and doesn't really care, for instance, if Keith Jarrett is one of the hottest musicians on the scene today; Joe thinks he's terrible. A thick skin is requisite in order to talk to him, for he answers most questions in an incredulous tone. If you didn't know better you'd swear he was talking down to you, but he isn't. That's just Philly Joe Jones, and this part of him is to be taken with a grain of salt. The facts are these: he cares deeply for all those musicians with whom he has been associated over the years; he loves teaching and sharing his wealth of musical knowledge; and he's paid his dues. Now all he wants is to be happy, and to play: "As long as I live, I'll always play!"

...

Davis: You've been back in Philadelphia now for about four years. What made you decide to come back to your home town?

Jones: Me. Me and my personal life.

Davis: How do you find things going for you, musically, since you've been back?

Jones: Beautiful! That is, as far as playing is concerned. Not always financially, but musically, yes. These last months I've been happier *musically* since I've been home. Now I'm working with "pros"—Andy Bey, for instance, is a real pro. Even though he doesn't get much piano work in New York, he's a pro all the way; we worked together years ago when he was working the New York scene. Tony Scott was home, and we were working with Tony. In fact, you mentioned seeing Jaki Byard last week in New York; Andy took Jaki's place in the band, and that club was packed every night. Andy is a good pianist, an excellent pianist. He reads beautifully and is a marvelous singer. I've watched him the last six weeks he's been with me at Trey's, and each 18 □ down beat



SANDY DAVIS

week when he comes down here, he's better.

And of course, with Jymie Merritt on bass, I'm altogether happy with the rhythm section I have now. Jymie and I were on the road together for two years with Bull Moose Jackson's band. That was Tadd Dameron, Benny Golson, Johnny Coles; Bull Moose was playing tenor, Snooky Hubbard was playing alto, and Tadd was the musical director. Benny was writing, also, so you can imagine how that band sounded.

Davis: When was this?

Jones: This was back in the '50s. And Jymie was playing Fender bass then. He was one of the very first bass players I ever saw playing Fender. And he's about the best I've ever heard play Fender. He can make a Fender sound like an upright.

Davis: Who else is in Le Grand Prix (the Jones band) at the present time?

Jones: Middy Middleton is playing saxo-

phone with us.

Davis: How would you describe Middy's style?

Jones: Middy plays his own style. He doesn't try to copy anybody. He's got a little ways to go, but he's an excellent reader. So you write things for him; and whatever you write out for him, he plays. Now that's my opinion of a good saxophonist. Never mind his solos—it's his musicianship. When you put the music in front of a cat and he can read it and play it, then he's a good musician as far as I'm concerned. But when they stumble and be jiving, then they need to go study, go back again. They're not ready yet.

Le Grand Prix has been in existence for two years, though it has changed personnel considerably. Trey's, the club in Germantown where the group has been appearing off and on for a couple of years, has become a semi-permanent home for Joe and the group. With the exception of artists such as Jackie McLean, Betty Carter, Charles Mingus, and a few other "name" performers, there aren't any other groups (especially local) that can keep the people coming in.

Besides appearing every weekend at Trey's, Joe is teaching, which, he says, he has always done and always loved. Everywhere he's lived—New York, California, England, and France—he has taken students. Upon returning to Philadelphia, he taught in the Model Cities Program, but quit because he didn't like their system of mixing beginners with advanced students in the same class. Now Joe teaches at home. He enjoys teaching beginners "because they really come to learn, whereas most advanced students think that they are going to come and spend the time with me. Instead of studying, they want to be swapping eights and fours to see how I play my eight-bar phrases and things like that. I won't give that to a student until after he's studied a few books with me.

"I teach them method. I teach them Charles Wilcoxon's method and demand that they go through the method after they go through other books that I teach. I also teach Roy Burn's book, which is an excellent book; he's an excellent drummer. And I take some things out of Gene Krupa's book."

Davis: Who are your favorite drummers?

Jones: My favorite drummers are—and always have been—Max Roach, Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Buddy Rich. I always get looked at funny when I mention Buddy Rich. *Shit!* If any drummer looks another way when Bernard is doing his thing, he's not only crazy but I'll bet you'll never hear his name get any size in music. Max don't want to play like Buddy and I'm sure it's the same with Art, Kenny and the others; but, really, who do you know can upstage Buddy Rich? Or get the same ovation from the audience? If you listen and watch Buddy and have hands and mind, you'll cop something. I played with his big band and have been in competition abroad with all the aforementioned, plus Shelly Manne and Louis Bellson. And then there's Mickey Roker, Freddie Waits and Billy Higgins—nothing but drums, forever!

Davis: Are there any new drummers on the scene today that impress you?

Jones: Well, that's hard to say. I like some things I hear. But as far as being impressed, I can't really say I've heard anything lately that has turned me around. There are some good young drummers, but not any that I can say really excite me . . . when I hear them, I don't

hear technique (which I don't have either) and I don't hear . . . well, let me put it this way—I haven't heard anyone recently about whom I could say, "He's a born drummer."

Davis: Let's stop right here a second. You say you don't have technique?

Jones: No, I always stay away from that. I never wanted to be technical. Naturally, I have technique, but I mean I don't want to have the technique that would make me sound like a machine. You see, sometimes drummers get so much technique that they start sounding like a machine. Once you hear them, you're going to hear them the same way every time. You'll never hear the same solo from me. You may hear the same licks, but they'll never be placed the same because I never know where I'm gonna put them. But some drummers will play that same identical solo every time you hear them. That's because they practice their solos. I don't ever practice a solo. In fact, I hardly ever practice.

Davis: Based on the years and years of playing that you've done, then, you never get the feeling that you've done it all—that is, that you've played all there is to play? Do you feel that there are still many places for you to go musically?

Jones: Oh, man, yes indeed. I've got a long way to go. Do you know I'm still perfecting a roll? (*Laughter*) Sure, I'm still perfecting a roll, to make it really nice and clean.

Davis: What makes you feel good when you're playing?

Jones: What makes me feel good is when I'm playing something I know I haven't done before. Whenever I hear something that I know I can't play, that's when I go home and practice. I get angry when I try something and it doesn't come out, because my hands are strong enough to make it come out. Drummers who've been playing a long time have a way of cleaning it up on the bandstand so that if they do make a mistake, no one knows, unless they drop a stick or something, or really mess up the rhythm. But otherwise, you don't know if it didn't come out. It may sound beautiful to you, but only I will know it wasn't right for me.

Davis: Do you still have things in your head that you haven't done yet with your hands?

Jones: Sure. I'm going to add even more percussion instruments soon, but you have to have the music for it. See, I don't want to just be standing up and shaking bells or tambourines when it doesn't have anything to go with the music, or striking the gong when it's not the right chord. There's a tone, there's a note on that gong; like mine may be in G minor and C minor—I have two gongs—so if the tune is in one key and the gong is struck in the wrong key, then that's gonna be a distortion. Now if it has the relative harmony, or if it has the root of the chord, or any component of the chord, then if I strike the gong and the gong has that component, it's beautiful. And my gong changes key, you see. If you hit it one way, it's one note, and if you hit it harder, it changes. So when you strike it, you must know where to place it. And I have placed it in the wrong places at times. The best place to use it, if you're not sure, is when nothing else is being played.

Davis: How would you describe the kind of music Le Grand Prix is playing now?

Jones: We're playing "straightahead" music—the kind you hear when you go to New York.

Davis: It's interesting that you say that, because there has been a lot of talk lately about

the resurgence of jazz right here in Philadelphia, and other cities too. But Philadelphia is going straightahead, if you will, with lots of things musically, don't you think? Do you feel that Philadelphia will ever seriously compete with New York as being the place for jazz?

Jones: No, I don't think so. But then, I also don't think that New York is the only place where music is now, anyway. You know, I've been hearing some terrible music in New York in the last couple of months. I heard Keith Jarrett's group at the Vanguard and I thought it was terrible. Horrible. My wife and I were there, and listen, I walked out. Immediately. I had one drink and left. And I wasn't the only one. We walked out and went down to Boomer's. See, I like to hear the kind of music I heard when I was there last week—Ron Carter, Kenny Barron—that's music. Even Ben Riley has come out of the woods and started playing drums again. He's been off the scene for awhile. So you know I was happy to be there. Ron and them, they were cookin' so much, playing so much pretty music. They were playing things like *So What*, but their conception of it was not like Miles. They played it *their* way and it was beautiful. And all the fellows were out that night—Clifford Jordan, several saxophone players, everybody was sittin' in.

Davis: Do you think that a lot of good music is being lost just for the sake of experimentation, just to be able to take the music somewhere it hasn't been yet?

Jones: No, I think a lot is being discovered by experimentation, but by the right people. See, scientists that experiment are qualified scientists, and they come up with something valid from their experiments. But when musicians who haven't studied at all are experimenting, what are they experimenting with? You have to know what to use before you can start experimenting. A musician that has been really studying ten years or so has command of his instrument. But if you haven't been studying your instrument, then you better be Buddy Rich, or you better be Erroll Garner or Art Blakey, or somebody—those are *gifted* people. They can sit down and play just about anything without having studied it very hard; there's practically nothing they can't do. For them, it would be a catastrophe to study.

Davis: Do you place yourself in that category?

Jones: I've studied! Shows, anything, I can play it all, anything, anytime.

Davis: You also can go outside anytime you want to.

Jones: That's right, anytime I want to. I'm crazy anyway.

Davis: Do you think one has to be crazy to go outside?

Jones: Sure. Because what you're doing is crazy.

Davis: But it does have some foundation, some merit. . . .

Jones: It has some merit, yes; but you have to be crazy in a certain way.

Davis: But by the same token, you'd have to have some semblance of sanity to be able to come back in.

Jones: Yes, and everybody can't do that.

Davis: Do you think some musicians just get lost out there?

Jones: That's right. They get lost and never come back. They get carried away and forget what's happenin'. Jymie Merritt has written a thing for us. In the music somewhere, he has written the chord that's going to be played,

but at one spot he has written *free*. In there, the instruments, the horns, and the piano are all supposed to stay around that chord but play free on it. So there's nothing written there; everybody's going free and it's chaos, but it's chaos on the same chord. So you see, if somebody would go crazy in another chord, it's not going to fit into what we're doing. You have to go freedom on G minor, for instance, if that's the chord he may be using.

When the freedom comes up for me, I'm free to do whatever I want to do, because I have a rhythm instrument. But I'm listening to what they're playing free, too, to try to color what they're playing. I always try to color what the horns are doing. Sometimes, because I'm strong, I play loud. I can play anyway you want it; but when I'm playing freedom, then I'm forceful. Some guys, when they see freedom, they think it's time for them to really act crazy. And they act so crazy that they forget what the freedom is all about. I played a lot of freedom with a lot of people. That's what that big band was all about.

Davis: You're referring to the Change of the Century Orchestra which performed here in Philadelphia last November and December. Did you enjoy playing with the orchestra?

Jones: I still do. That's my first love.

Davis: It was evident at the first performance that you were the driving force behind that orchestra. It seemed as if you really feel at home with a big band like that.

Jones: Always. I've made quite a few big band records, you know. To sit down with 18, 19 other musicians and play together beautifully, that's a thrill. And it's a thrill to play somebody else's music. When somebody brings the music to you and it's written for 20 other pieces but no music for the drummer, then you have to be a drummer. You have to hear everything.

Davis: Even though you were so obviously leading the orchestra almost throughout the concert, I got the impression that it really wasn't planned that way. But that was just the way it went down that night.

Jones: The drummer has to take charge in a big band; he should carry it.

Davis: But there were two drummers in that band, you and Sunny Murray.

Jones: That's right. When I was carrying the band, Sunny was coloring it, and sometimes I'd let him carry it. Two drummers *can* carry a band, though; Kenny Clarke certainly proved that. In this instance, it was Sunny's music and he wanted me to carry it because he was busy coloring. Sometimes we switched it around.

Davis: Some people have been referring to "the new Philly Joe Jones." Would you like to elaborate on that?

Jones: Me. Just me and the way I feel about the way a musician should carry himself, how he should play.

Davis: How does this differ from the way you felt about things before and the way you were?

Jones: Well, it's a lot different. Before, I was playing and I knew I could play. I knew I had a reputation, but I guess you could say I let myself get carried away with myself. As a musician, as an exponent of your instrument, there are always other musicians that can play that instrument just as well. And when you get so that you start thinking that you're the best, then it's time to begin thinking a little different. Now, I hear another drummer, it makes me bear down—*hard*. And I was playing in

competition with the drummers that are considered the greatest in the world. So if you can hold your own with them, then you must be doing something.

Davis: Philly, are you saying that your ego gets in the way sometimes?

Jones: That's right, if you let it. Then you're lost. It couldn't have lasted that long with me because I'm not made that way. I like too many other drummers. And when you hear something come out of another drummer that you haven't even touched on, that will straighten you out fast. And it's a thrill when you hear yourself in other drummers, too, when I walk in clubs and hear drummers play something that I know I played first, different little licks and things. Whenever I hear a drummer playing on the rim and keeping time, it always fascinates me because I know I did that first. That was really effective, and every drummer down the line plays that some time and it knocks me out.

Davis: You also have been known for your technique with brushes.

Jones: Some drummers don't like brushes, but I think they're fascinating. And now, drummers will keep several sets of brushes, just like sticks. If a drummer is using the brushes correctly, it's beautiful . . . not too loud, it's swinging. And I'll still sit down and watch a drummer carefully when he's using brushes, to see if he's playing them properly and if he's doing something I haven't done

never take the place of the acoustic bass. Ron Carter was playing his bass the other night just like he always played it. He didn't have it amplified.

Davis: How many years were you with Miles Davis?

Jones: Miles? Eight years, off and on.

Davis: Looking back, how would you evaluate those years, and what part would you say it played in your musical career?

Jones: Biggest part it could possibly play. It was the greatest experience I've ever had in music. The greatest and happiest musical experience. I don't think I'll ever get another one like that. It helped groom me, it helped open my ears to a lot of things. It even forced me to study more. Everybody in that band was studying because of the opposition, the competition. When you're playing with giants like that, you have to study.

Davis: The rhythm section of that band—Red Garland, piano, Paul Chambers, bass, and you on drums—has often been referred to as the tightest rhythm section in the world.

Jones: I know it was the best one I ever heard. I never heard another one as well-knit as that. But that was just one of those things—I call it musical telepathy or Universal "O." Of course, I had played with Red a long time, and Trane a long time, before I even started playing with Miles. And I was playing with Miles by playing along with his records even before I went with him. I was grooming my-

Jones: No, I haven't.

Davis: I wanted to ask you what your opinion is of these books in terms of accuracy and capturing the real flavor of Bird.

Jones: Well, the fact that I haven't read them should tell you what my opinion is of such books. I look at who writes them.

Davis: What do you think of Ross Russell, author of *Bird Lives*?

Jones: I haven't met Russell, but I wonder where he knew Bird from. (*Russell produced Parker's Dial sessions, and his book is considered by many to be one of the best jazz biographies—ed.*) I don't know how well he knew Bird, but I could read two or three pages of the book and tell you whether he knew Bird.

Now if Miles had written a book about Bird, or Art Blakey, or if Leonard Feather had written a book about Bird, I'd know they knew because they were around him. A lot of guys got information from other people. Some of these book writers call me up sometimes like, "Hey, I want to talk to you about John Coltrane. I want to write a book about him." Well, I don't contribute to that. If you don't know him, how do you know that what you're gathering is true information? And you're going to come up with something funny.

Same thing with Lenny Bruce's book. This guy kept calling me up; he was going to write a book about Lenny's life, and he knew I was important to Lenny. Lenny and I were very close—all the time close. So this guy was asking me a few things about Lenny, and I told him a few things when we were talking casually. When I was working in New York, he came into the club and I talked to him for awhile; and that's the only interview he got with me. He wanted me to spend hours a day, taking my time talking to him and I wanted him to pay me. I said, "I'm not going to talk to you about Lenny Bruce unless you're going to pay me for my time. You're going to put a book out; somebody's going to make money off it; and I don't have the time to spend unless I get paid for my time."

Davis: Yes, but although somebody is making money on it, at the same time Lenny is being immortalized. . . .

Jones: Not when he's not telling it like it was. Just like the Billie Holiday story. I used to be with Billie Holiday every day—every day, for months on end. Went all over the road, down South, flew back home, quit the band with her. That wasn't interesting enough—all they wanted to put in the book was about her habits. We did a premiere downtown for *Aaron Loves Angela*, and I spoke to her husband, Lewis McKay; he walked into the lobby; he walked in and saw me playing the drums and he ran over and hugged me and we started talking. It was the first time I've seen him since the picture's been out. I said, "Lou, did you see what they did?" And he said, "Yes, indeed, I saw what they did and don't think I'm not suing them."

I said, "You should, man." Lou never treated Lady like that. No kind of way, never mistreated her. Things like the bathroom scene—c'mon, Lou would have never done anything like that! Snatch that stuff from her and throw it away? She would've went crazy. If anything, he helped her; he helped her try to get herself together each time, but he wouldn't punish the woman like that. That picture was just disgraceful. It was disgraceful because if they wanted to portray Billie Holiday, why didn't they say some of the beautiful things about her that were true instead of some of the

“. . . there is no end to music anyway. You can't ever find out everything about your instrument; you're going to keep on searching and you're always going to find something new. But if you get satisfied with yourself, you'll never find anything new.”

with them. But I've never seen that yet, that is, something I haven't done.

I've written a book on brushes; in fact, I'm working on a second one, but I don't want to do anything with it until the first one goes like I want it to. The book is selling, but the distributors haven't been doing what they should. Guys tell me they bought it in Chicago, here or there; but when I go to the factory in Elkhart, I see boxes and boxes of them. I wrote the book in 1968 and '69, and they've just brought it out with a new cover.

Davis: Are you writing anything currently?

Jones: I'm working on three books right now, as soon as I get the copyrights squared away. Actually, they're finished. "Short and Sweet," I call them. I don't believe in writing a book with 50 or 100 pages—that's nonsense. My books have 14 pages in them, each one. And those 14 pages will keep any drummer busy. It's for advanced drummers.

Davis: How do you like electronic music?

Jones: I don't particularly like it, but there are some things you can do with it. I don't like it when it gets so loud that it's overbearing. See, a lot of young musicians will put a band together, and here they come with all kinds of electrical equipment, and they don't use it properly. They just turn the volume way up, and it pierces the ears. It actually hurts. I've heard some pianists handle the electric piano, really handle it, play it so beautiful. But most of them will always go back to the acoustic piano, or have both of them on the stand. The electric piano will never take the place of the acoustic piano, just like the electric bass will
20 □ down beat

self. I used to get all Miles' records and all of Charlie Parker's records, and I played with those all the time. And I was listening to Max all the time, too. So when my opportunity came to record with Miles and Charlie Parker at the same time, it was just a thrill. Those records are collector's items now. Sonny Rollins was on it, too. And Percy Heath, Walter Bishop. Charlie Parker was playing tenor on it, instead of alto.

Davis: Did you have much of an opportunity to play with Bird besides this occasion you just mentioned?

Jones: Oh, yes, indeed. I used to play with Bird all the time, off and on. We were living in New York at the same time, and we used to hang out and play chess. He was a very good chess player, I learned a lot from him. And he would talk music all the time, too. Bird liked me, and of course I liked him. We had a good time together because we were both into the same thing at that time.

Davis: Which was?

Jones: He was strung out and so was I, and I had it all the time. So he would hang out with me during the day and tell me, "C'mon, play some with me tonight." So he'd be with me in the afternoon; we'd play chess, get high, and I used to cook all the time. I was living on 52nd Street, right off Broadway. So Bird would come down to my house, have dinner when he was working at Birdland, and would go right from my house to work.

Davis: Have you read the books that have been written about Charlie Parker, such as *Bird Lives*?

things that were untrue? And I know they were untrue because they were speaking about somebody whom I lived with, got high with, every day for months.

Davis: If you were telling a story about Billie Holiday, what kinds of things would you like to bring out about her?

Jones: I would have brought out the beautiful things about her also. All the beautiful singing that she did. All the rotten things that the Cabaret Bureau and all those people in New York, what they did to her. They persecuted her; they wouldn't let her sing because she had been busted. They didn't do that to Anita O'Day, and she was busted. Gene Krupa was busted. But they didn't stop them from working. But they stopped Lady Day from working in New York. Why?

Davis: Why do you think they did?

Jones: Why? Why? Because she was who she was. Big as she was? Whenever she worked in New York, she was fabulous.

Davis: Actually, you're pretty hard on those people who have taken it upon themselves to write about Lady Day and Bird. . . .

Jones: That's right. I'm hard on them if they haven't had anything to do with whom they're writing about; if they just went around and collected information. I don't approve of that.

Davis: But the problem is that those people who have been close to these artists don't take it upon themselves to write about them; then the lives of these artists, these great people, will never be documented.

Jones: What they put on recordings will live forever. See, I appreciate writers, if they're going to write about musicians . . . people like Leonard Feather, people like Whitney Balliett, Don DeMicheal, people like these, they are musicians also, so I feel they're qualified to write about what a musician is playing and what they're doing. Like Ralph Gleason—not only did he write about me or anyone else who came out to San Francisco, but he associated with us. He was at parties with us; he was in bars with us; he'd associate with us during the day. I've been in Leonard's home and everything, taking the Blindfold Test at his home in Hollywood; and I know what he knows about music.

In my autobiography that I'm going to put together some day, it will all be there . . . I've been fortunate to have been associated with so many great people that have come on the scene, have gone and passed, and some who are still here, that it will be a fabulous book. And there are still so many beautiful things still happening to me.

Davis: Drawing on your past and present musical experiences, let me throw out a few names. Tell me, in a few sentences, what comes to mind about these people. Miles Davis.

Jones: Music, music, nothing but music. And learning, always learning.

Jones: What do you think of what Miles is doing today?

Jones: Whatever Miles is doing, in my opinion, I know that it's going to be musical. I don't think Miles can do any wrong. His concept of what he wants to play is *his* concept. It's how he feels about things. You gotta live with him; you gotta be around him every day to understand him. That's why I say, you've gotta know him to know how he plays *because Miles plays just the way he is*. And he can play any time he's ready to play, better or worse. And he never plays worse. Whenever I hear Miles play, I always hear something beautiful

in anything that he plays. And I know how much he can play. I played with him every day, every night for years; I know all he can do. He's got to be playing different things now, and he is.

Davis: Would you enjoy playing with him the way he's playing today?

Jones: Anytime, at any time. Just playing with him. That, in itself, is enough.

Davis: Clifford Brown. . . .

Jones: Clifford was in my first band. Oh, baby, I go way back with Clifford. I brought Clifford to New York for the first record date. Clifford was very fiery and an excellent musician. Once we brought Fats Navarro in for the weekend and Clifford heard himself. He heard what he was trying to do; he had been trying to play like Fats all the time. Fats was the baddest trumpet player in those days; he would scare everybody to death.

Davis: Did Fats hear Clifford play?

Jones: Sure, he heard him and Fats asked me, "Who's that trumpet player?" And I said, "That's Clifford Brown." "He sure likes me, don't he?" Fats laughed. And if you listen to Clifford's records today, you'll hear Fats.

And you hear, even today, a lot of controversy about Clifford and Miles; you know, cats will say, "Clifford was greater than Miles." But I say no way. He was on his way to being a superb trumpeter, but he just wasn't cut out of the same block as Miles was. Miles is a genius! And, to me, Clifford hadn't reached that genius yet. Remember, Miles came up under the Messiah; he came up under Yardbird.

I remember when Miles was playing so soft you could hardly hear him. But when he finally made up his mind what he really wanted to play, when he finally emerged, you couldn't find another trumpeter to pick out the beautiful things to play like Miles picks. Dizzy don't pick out the beautiful notes and things that Miles picks, but what Dizzy picks is—whew!—it's out there! But it's not like Miles. Miles has a way of touching onto notes and what not that no other trumpeter ever did. Now, Clifford had an approach to the trumpet that was different. And Lee Morgan came behind Brownie. He loved Brownie. That's why he played so fiery.

Davis: It's part of the legend about Brownie that the primary reason he was so great was because he worked and studied so hard. People on the East side of Wilmington particularly like to recall how you could pass his home on Poplar Street on any given day after school and hear Clifford practicing.

Jones: Yes. Brownie was a serious, studious person. I used to hang out close with Clifford all through the Max Roach band. We had the two bands out there at the time, Max's band and Miles' band. Max's original band was Clifford, Harold (Land), George (Morrow), and Richie (Powell); and they were making records the same time we were. When we played in other towns at the same time, we'd go back and forth to the other club on intermission and we'd listen to them and they'd listen to us. I always felt our band was stronger because we had Miles, but Max's band was beautiful, too. Then, he'd switch around and he had Sonny Rollins for awhile and we did that for awhile, too. I left the band several times and Miles had other drummers; but I remember when I was out in California and Miles sent for me and said "C'mon back," because things weren't happening the way they were supposed to happen.

There were so many good trumpeters out there at that time. Kenny Dorham was playing then and, you know, Clifford had to go some to get past Kenny. Kenny never received the recognition and the publicity that he deserved, really. But if you check out Clifford's records of that time, you'll hear an excellent trumpeter—an excellent trumpeter—who gained respect from all the other trumpeters, even Miles. They respected Clifford, but it didn't worry them, it didn't pressure them, not one bit. If he had lived, no doubt he would have gotten greater and greater and would have become a greater threat, but then he was just another great trumpeter coming up. Some others were playing things that Clifford was learning.

Davis: There's another story that Miles put his horn down and didn't play for quite awhile after hearing Clifford. You don't think that's true, then?

Jones: No, baby. If he didn't put it down when Dizzy and Fats was playing, he wouldn't put it down for Clifford. No trumpeter will ever make Miles put his horn down, never in life. But Miles can give a lot of other trumpeters trouble, and he don't even play his horn every day. I've seen Miles week after week, when we were off, leave that trumpet on the shelf. Never touch it. He was busy doing cooking, or something else in the house. He wouldn't be thinking of that horn. The only time he'd be thinking about that horn was when he got ready to go on the bandstand. Then he'd pick that horn up and you'd never know he hadn't had it out of his hands. That's why I was saying I never practice. I don't need to practice; I know what my hands will do. Those days are over. I practiced *hard* in my lifetime.

Davis: In an earlier conversation, you said about John Coltrane: "All the stars in the constellation couldn't say enough about Trane—the most beautiful, brilliant musician I've had the privilege of ever being around—sheer genius and dedicated musician." That pretty much says it all, I guess, but would you care to add anything to that?

Jones: John started to evolve when he joined Miles, even though he had been around, in Dizzy's band and everywhere. I remember Ralph (Gleason) saying that when he first heard Trane he didn't think he fitted in our band. He wrote something to that effect. But after we went to San Francisco and Ralph heard him a few times again, he said, "I think I made a mistake; I think he does fit in the band." He caught Trane right in the beginning when we first went there, and in my estimation John fitted right from the beginning. You get the records and listen to them and you'll hear how he fit! But Miles would suggest things to Trane which were very valuable and Trane would listen; he was the kind of guy who wouldn't pass up anything. And on top of that, he started seeing another way *he* wanted to go, so he started studying harder.

Eric Dolphy played a heck of a big part in John's life. Eric was a virtuoso and he would come into the room in California when Trane and I were rooming together. Every day, I would wake up to Trane and Eric playing in the other room and they would be unraveling. At that time, Eric was playing first alto with Gerald Wilson's big band. Trane and I would go around there after our rehearsal and sit in with the big band. Eric loved him and he loved Eric. And Eric was playing everything then. I would hear them going into the things

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:
 ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good,
 ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor

SHAKTI—WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN

SHAKTI—Columbia PC 34162: *Joy*; *Lotus Feet*; *What Need Have I For This—What Need Have I For That—I Am Dancing At The Feet of My Lord—All Is Bliss—All Is Bliss*.

Personnel: John McLaughlin, guitar; L. Shankar, violin; R. Raghavan, mridangam; T. S. Vinayakaram, ghatam, mridangam; Zakir Hussain, tabla.

★ ★ ★ ½

In the last year, John McLaughlin has undergone major transitions, both musically and personally, disbanding the Mahavishnu Orchestra, disavowing his attendance at the teachings of Sri Chinmoy, and separating from his wife of several years. He is no longer Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, merely good old John. If the relinquishing of his lengthy religious title and the subsequent, congenially exaggerated references to him as "Beer And Hot Dogs McLaughlin" might suggest a return to more earthly habits, the music of Shakti, his present band, springs from sources far more spiritual than anything since his Coltrane-inspired jams with Carlos Santana.

On this occasion, Shakti is a five-piece acoustic band, composed of John and four Indian musicians, and they play Indian music with disarming certitude and authenticity. Rather than attempting any cosmetic, simple fusion of Indian instruments with rock dynamics (an overworked and miscast intention at best), McLaughlin has kept the basic spirit and theory of Indian music, a spirit steeped in mythology and religion, a theory that, like jazz, derives much of its vibrancy and wit from the principle of improvisation.

The lengthy *Joy*, comprising the better part of side one, is the best exponent of Shakti's capabilities, a continuously unfolding race of pure melodic surprise. John opens by lightly strumming the sympathetic strings situated across the mouth of his guitar, then, together with the tabla and mridangam players (or rhythm section, if you will), he establishes an unbelievably fast tempo in a series of high-register, alternating unison lines and exchanges with the remarkable and lyrical violinist, Shankar.

In western terms, the music is atonal, based on a shifting melody, free of conventional tonics and dominants and devoid of traditional harmonic structure, although McLaughlin often interjects supportive chord patterns behind Shankar's statements. John's guitar playing is nothing less than inspired; he manages to squeeze more pure music in one phrase here than most musicians can in an entire album.

The rest of *Shakti* suffers from apparently capricious decision-making, with *Lotus Feet* fading just as it becomes interesting, plus the rambling, overly-long second side. But Mc-

Laughlin probably wanted to recover the ground lost on the spotty *Inner Worlds* of a few months ago. By turning to the East to reinvigorate his musical imagination, John McLaughlin has retained his individual voice in today's language of funk synonymy. —gilmore

JEFF BECK

WIRED—Epic PE 33849: *Led Boots*; *Come Dancing*; *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*; *Head For Backstage Pass*; *Blue Wind*; *Sophie*; *Play With Me*; *Love Is Green*.

Personnel: Beck, lead & rhythm guitars, acoustic guitar; Jan Hammer, synthesizer, drums; Max Middleton, Clavinet; Rhodes piano; Wilbur Bascomb, bass; Narada Michael Walden, drums, acoustic piano; Richard Bailey, drums (tracks 3 and 4); Ed Green, drums (track 2).

★ ★ ★ ½

Though *Wired* represents a musical progression for Beck, it remains a less satisfying album than its immediate predecessor, the spiritually akin *Blow By Blow*. *Wired* is furious—as its opener, *Led Boots*, quickly demonstrates—and it's technically as clean as a surgeon's scalpel. But it lacks the communicative juices that were dripping like honey from the grooves of *Blow*. Perhaps it is the absence of the Wonder wonderment or the loss of those special Martin touches, but *Wired* is just that—a *tour de force* more self-indulgent than self-rewarding.

Of course, one's initial disappointment with *Wired* should not cloud the album's general excellence. Nor should it be critically buried solely upon the expectations that grew from *Blow*. *Wired* contains some genuinely exciting moments: Beck's near perfect duplication of Lester Young's wispy, watery reed textures on Mingus' *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*; the voicing/arranging of Walden's acoustic piano and Beck's acoustic guitar underneath the bluesy whine of an electric lead on *Love Is Green*; the high exhaustion of Jan Hammer's synthesizer playing and the solid foundation laid throughout by Wilbur Bascomb.

Ultimately, however, Jeff Beck—very much like Harvey Mandel, his closest stylistic peer—is a guitarist's guitarist, one who can conceive and execute musical gems on his own ax, but yet lacks the ability to put it all together in masterful compositions or fine group arranging (read: leadership). In fact, aside from the Mingus classic and Max Middleton's soaring curtain raiser, the writing (Walden four big ones, Hammer and Bascomb one apiece) appears pair similar and obviously derivative. Only Beck's own marksmanship, particularly in the parallel accuracy, save the pro-

JOHN HANDY

HARD WORK—Impulse! *Blues For Louis Jordan*; *Love For Brother Jack*; *You Don't Know*.

Personnel: Hotep Cecil, guitar; Chuck Rainey, drums; Fats Domino, saxophone.

Handy, as maestro, is not to be blamed. On *Hard Work*, he is graced with more than a few blue notes over a repetitive discussion section. His tonality,

have never been questioned, and the peaks and valleys come easier for him than many other sax blowers. The only thing is that Handy really doesn't play enough elsewhere, save for the catchy *Afro Wiggle* and the melodic medium-paced *Love For Brother Jack*.

On most of the other cuts, Handy ruins his efforts by relying on his lackluster, plastic-soul voice. It is a medium low register Les McCann type sound, yet minus the latter's ballsy depth. What's more, Handy's self-described lyrics often approach the insipid; *Didn't I Tell You* is a compendium of revenge-laden semantical cliches over a plastic funk beat. Even worse is *You Don't Know*, another yawner from an artist who could and has done better.

What makes this album slightly more than acceptable is the exceptional sidework on the date. Handy is good in spots, but most of the inventive licks come from the studio men. Bassist Chuck Rainey is always "there," as is drummer Gadson, especially when in percussive trio with Eddie Brown and Zakir Hussain on *Young Enough To Dream*.

Even that cut, however, is marred by pianist Hotep Barnard's third-rate Coreaisms on his electric axe. Outside of a post-beat syncopated ivory tinkle on *Afro Wiggle*, Barnard, unfortunately, contributes little.

That is the basic problem. Clinical hackdom boils just beneath the surface. Just when there's a good groove going, as in, for example guitarist Mike Hoffman's bluesy solo on *Blues For Louis Jordan*, the record segues into either Dorian mode *deja vu* or latent disco riffs. True, this is Handy's first album in his own name in eight years; but considering his abilities and track record, one thinks there must have been a hell of a lot of more creative ideas that were preempted. We can only hope that next time around, Handy redefines his goals and cuts two sides that are more of a creative continuum. —shaw

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON

LOCCENTINI & MURPHY V&M SP 4567; *I'll Be Good To You*; *And Lightnin' Licks*; *Get It On*; *Free And Single*. Personnel: Lee Johnson, lead vocals; Mike Johnson, guitar (track 7); Lee Johnson, electric piano; Lee Johnson, bass; Lee Johnson, cassettes; Lee Johnson, mridangam; Lee Johnson, tabla; Lee Johnson, drums; Lee Johnson, percussion; Lee Johnson, conga; Lee Johnson, bham; Lee Johnson, and Lee Johnson.

still when it's worth mentioning that ridiculous perplexing is the obsession with "get the sweatiest efforts—remembering Afro posturings—before the now-desires 1969 achievements. And it's talking about a couple of notion the album's inclusions become bitter when the listener is tantalized few mellow, deliciously sophisticated

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pieces (*Thunder Thumbs And Lightnin' Licks*, a Jamaican-flavored *coup de maitre*, and *Tomorrow*, a gentle samba). George's electric six-string and Louis' bass lines are as tasty and effective here as they are contrived and lame on the *wompah, wompah, klunk* tracks.

So, they beg a conclusion: why bother straining in an idiom that's nowhere to begin with, when you have the chops to relax on a finer plane?

The slowed-down remake of the Beatles' *Come Together*, with Thielemans' foreboding, slightly sinister harmonica phrasings and the Johnsons' surprisingly emphatic vocals, is a boon, but not enough to salvage this battleship with its rudder awry. —pettigrew

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

RASTAMAN VIBRATION—Island ILPS 9383: *Positive Vibration; Roots, Rock, Reggae; Johnny Was; Cry To Me; Want More; Crazy Baldhead; Who The Cap Fit; War; Rat Race.*

Personnel: Marley, lead vocal, rhythm and acoustic guitars, percussion; Aston "Family Man" Barrett, bass, guitar, percussion; Carlton Barrett, drums, percussion; Alvin "Seeco" Patterson, percussion; Earl "Chinna" Smith, lead and rhythm guitars, percussion; I Threes, background vocals; Donald Kinsey, lead guitar; Al Anderson, lead guitar (track 6).

LIVE!—Island ILPS 9376: *Trenchtown Rock; Burnin' & Lootin'; Them Belly Full; Lively Up Yourself; No Woman, No Cry; I Shot The Sheriff; Get Up, Stand Up.* Personnel: Not listed, but probably the same as above.

Due to an enthusiastic word-of-mouth campaign and an adulatory rock press, *Rastaman Vibration* receives the distinction of being the most widely received album yet to emerge from the reggae school, and its author enjoys distinction as the prime spokesman for that force. Which isn't to imply that Bob Marley hasn't earned his recognition (he was singing about Babylon long before his American audience crowned *Harder They Come* a classic), but that his position is as much of a product as it is a catalyst in '70s music. And he is plainly aware of that: "Play I on the R&B/Want all my people to see/We bubbling on the Top 100/Just like a mighty dread." *Rastaman Vibration* will reach a larger audience than any of the Wailers' previous efforts (at this writing, it's bubbling in *Billboard's* Top Ten), a sizable portion of which will form their impressions of both reggae and the group based on its weight, factors which Marley has obviously taken into account.

Where before Marley placed an emphasis on the music's cultural foundations, the Jamaican ghetto plight and the transcendent Rastafarian vision, here the music and production receive the bulk of attention, and the result is a curiously rewarding ambiguity. The production is carefully and purposely understated. Carlton Barrett's drums have been mixed down and flat (occasionally more notable for their echo than attack), although his cymbal playing has been kept on top. Tyrone Downie's eerily effective keyboards and "Chinna" Smith's subdued, lyrical guitar linger in the background of the arrangements like tuneful apparitions. Even Marley's rhythm guitar seems perfunctory and inconspicuous.

The purpose behind such a consciously "cool" production is to stress the songs' melodic content and Marley's vocal delivery, both of which have never sounded fuller or better matched. Marley continues to build his songs on tried and proven rock and rhythm 'n' blues progressions fused with uniquely staggered reggae rhythms and infectious hook lines. His vocal control is simply

masterful, an expressiveness that reels between menace and vulnerability, a delivery that encompasses polish and asperity. In *Johnny Was* he freezes the listener with a powerfully affective reading, dipping confidently into his low-register on the verse, and gliding effortlessly on a deceptively pretty chorus. But perhaps his most auspicious performance occurs on the lazy-tempo *Crazy Baldhead*, particularly his surprisingly adept scattering at the end of the first chorus. The I Threes' lovely backing vocals add a compelling counter-balance to Marley's pursuances. Indeed, no better lead singer/back-up rapport exists in all of rock.

Marley's lyrical concerns, however, lack a focus and are notably deficient in dealing with the aforementioned themes of his previous work. The only socio-political exhortation here, *War*, is a rather stodgy rendition of a speech by Haile Selassie, while the most potent track, *Johnny Was*, is a sketchy, mysterious account of a man's death by "stray bullet," one of the finest things Marley has ever recorded. For the most part, though, he is content to write moral commentary (*Who The Cap Fit, Want More, Rat Race*), long on warning, short on solution.

The import *Live* album is an excellent sampling of the Wailers' revolutionary and apocalyptic legend, including masterpieces such as *Them Belly Full, I Shot The Sheriff, Get Up, Stand Up*, and *Burnin' & Lootin'*. Recorded at the London Lyceum in July of 1975, *Live* is an enticing glimpse into the Wailers' rousing stage act, showcasing Marley's vocal spontaneity and the rhythm section's funky, organic drive. It is an important and substantial companion piece to their studio albums.

The time has come, though, to raise some questions about the relevancy and impact of reggae: Is its value ultimately musical or socio-political? Are such distinctions separable in its case? And if it's inviolably aligned to Rastafarianism, as some claim, how far can its commercial exploitation go? Is it a music of revolution, acquiescence, or neither? Bob Marley has already encountered some of these concerns, but soon he must deal with his own role as a rock-star Rastafarian. *Rastaman Vibration* stakes out the perimeters of his dichotomy. I have every reason to believe that his future proclamations will be among the most important in modern music. Like Rastafarianism, it's ultimately a matter of faith. —gilmore

LONNIE LISTON SMITH

REFLECTIONS OF A GOLDEN DREAM—Flying Dutchman BDL 1-1460: *Get Down Everybody; Quiet Dawn; Sunbeams; Meditations; Peace And Love; Beautiful Woman; Goddess Of Love; Inner Beauty; Golden Dreams; Journey Into Space.*

Personnel: Smith, electric and classical piano, vocals; David Hubbard, soprano sax, flute; Donald Smith, flute, vocals; Al Anderson, bass; Wilby Fletcher, drums; Guilherme Franco, Leopoldo Fleming, percussion; Joe Shepley, Jon Faddis, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Arthur Kaplan, baritone sax; George Opalisky, tenor sax; Maeretha Stewart, Patti Austin, Vivian Cherry, backing vocals.

There exists today a new breed of Renaissance man/woman, at home both doing the funky disco bump to the Sylvers and wrestling on the waterbed, in unity with the spiritual cosmos, ripped to the gord.

Anyhow, Lonnie Liston Smith has found his market. It's always nice to see a musician making a buck, and judging by the width of his acceptance, any guy who in one night can be played on one thousand dance club turntables, as well as in ten times as many bedrooms, must

be doing something right. There's an innate sensuality here, with the haunting echoes of electric piano, the mooring vocals of Lonnie and Don Smith, and the weird melange of space sounds. Yet despite the surface attractiveness, one's brain is goaded into irresistible sarcastic impulses by the very pretentiousness, callousness and musical megalomania present herein.

It seems like everybody is getting on the cosmic bandwagon—John McLaughlin, John Klemmer, Horace Silver, Norman Connors, Lonnie Smith. All have as a central theme the idea of salvation through music—tonalities which exude the same trivial clichés—bounding echoplex, whirlpool Rhodes runs, playpen percussion, titles which mention (fill in the blank) some omnipotent divinity, a beautiful woman, a phenomenon of nature, an enraptured state of mind). The mind tires of this karmic kitsch.

Side one of Smith's *Dream* leads off with a token hustle number, the repetitive, droning *Get Down Everybody (It's Time For World Peace)*. Thump, thump goes the bass. In the wink of an eye, however, dance becomes trance as we are led through a series of hypnotic paeans to a potpourri of metaphysical mush. Smith, who in previous musical lifetimes was a decent bop piano player, tinkles synthesizer, mellotron and ivory with bar after bar of sophomoric chordal maintenance. Ditto the vocals, which at times loiter on the frontiers of discernible melody, but for the most part are astral buzz, space-age Ray Conniff.

And what of Listless Smith's forays into total freakiness? On a number termed *Journey Into Space*, Lonnie credits instrumental accompaniment to "Cosmic Beings." Whoever these critters are, their banging and clanging sounds like the two o'clock temper tantrum at the nursery. There's a difference between atonality and chaos—a wide gulf which Smith hasn't learned.

In music, there is definitely a place for ego. When handled with the right amount of cool, it can make the perpetrator a star. When mixed with vapidness, it can make the person a laughingstock. —shaw

KEITH JARRETT

MYSTERIES—ABC Impulse 9315; *Rotation; Everything That Lives Laments; Flame; Mysteries.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano, Pakistani flute, percussion; Dewey Redman, tenor sax, Chinese musette, percussion; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums, percussion; Guilherme Franco, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

Listeners both for and against Keith Jarrett's triple-pronged incursion into American improvisational music would have to agree on one thing: the man's ties to "jazz" are often tenuous, at times simply non-existent. Of his work in solo, orchestral and quartet formats, only the latter has been firmly nestled in the jazz tradition. It is interesting that at a time when Jarrett is better known to more people than ever before, the recent disbanding of the group heard here will ironically—or perhaps fatefully—shift the focus to Jarrett's more "classical" endeavors, plunging the category-conscious jazz purist into darker confusion than before.

(Not, however, for a little while. *Mysteries* is only the first of the quartet's Impulse albums to be released since their split, with another three in the can. And the peregrinations of continuing to sell "new" records by a defunct group have apparently already begun—no re-

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ording date is listed for this disc.)

Mysteries is hardly Jarrett's best. With the exception of *Laments*, this is good-but-not-great music from a group whose heights were scaled with increasing infrequency towards the end. That's still better than the vast majority of other small-group recordings, mind you; but those who reveled in the bounties of this band's previous two albums will be rather disappointed.

Jarrett's compositions for small ensemble depend largely on the saxist involved—his pieces for the quartet featuring Jan Garbarek on ECM are not interchangeable with the pieces interpreted by Dewey Redman. It's hard, for instance, to imagine anyone but Redman spinning his way through the rocking *Rotation*, a piece which grows out of a stuttered, nervous piano introduction that serves as model for Motian's unsettled, non-resolving rhythms throughout the piece. Haden, as usual, supplies a broodsome, free-associating counterpoint for the solos—Keith's ordered but sprawling, Dewey's primarily sprawling. (In fact, Jarrett has to step in when the sax solo becomes too directionless, literally cutting it off with the re-introduction of the theme.) Redman has always played with an appealing looseness, but here it just gets out of hand.

Similarly, the title track has its rewards but proves ultimately unconvincing. It is a rubato performance of more than 15 minutes, smoothly structured to build towards a climax and even an anti-climax, and yet I'm strangely unaffected by it all. The absence of any strict metric pulse is on one hand an achievement, on the other a tragic flaw: the piece is an introduction to something that never comes.

Motian's revolving-door rhythmic coloration becomes tedious in its perpetual motion, Redman's wandersome calm is too non-assertive to control the expansive setting, and only Jarrett and Haden push the piece in any of the directions it seems to need.

Flame is another of the flute-musette-percussion pieces Jarrett has been experimenting with over the last two years, atmospheric and diverting but less than imperative listening (it's also the only track where percussionist Franco isn't in the way). But I've saved the best for last. *Laments* is a piece from an earlier time, and this new performance sits solidly in judgment of the rest of this album. Originally heard on an Atlantic album by the Jarrett trio, this strong, stark dirge has been expanded to include a moderate-tempo blowing section that sports one of Jarrett's loveliest melodies as well as an assured, elegant piano solo, and also forms the perfect backdrop for Redman's asymmetrical phrasing and mournful sound. Dewey's is a very strange brand of lyricism indeed, but here it really finds its mark.

For the most part, though, *Mysteries* not only misses the mark, but seems unsure of where the mark even is. There's no doubt that this could be more easily overlooked if Jarrett's previous projects hadn't been so clearly defined. But they were, and it can't. Successful art is like a treadmill—you have to run faster just to keep up with yourself—and *Mysteries* slows the pace.

—tesser

RICHARD BEIRACH

EON—ECM 1054ST: *Nardis*; *Places*; *Seeing You*;
Eon: *Bones*; *Mitsuku*.

Personnel: Beirach, acoustic piano; Frank Tusa, acoustic bass; Jeff Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Through productive associations with Dave Liebman, Jeremy Steig and Stan Getz, Richie Beirach has proved himself one of the strongest young keyboard voices on the scene. Now with the release of this fine debut album, Beirach clearly emerges as a performer, composer and leader to be dealt with on his own terms. And on the evidence presented by *Eon*, Beirach must be judged a mature talent pursuing a strongly individualistic, uncompromising path.

Beirach's well-programmed set begins with an intense reworking of Miles' *Nardis*. The introductory rhythmic vamp, through its numerous reappearances, functions as an *idée fixe* thereby allowing Beirach to fragment the tune's melodic and harmonic components so that space and the piano's overtone timbres interact (along with melody and harmony) as coequal musical elements. Dave Liebman's *Places* is a poignant solo essay capturing echoes and images of bittersweet remembrances. Tusa and Beirach's *Seeing You* is set in 3/4 and is a diminutive gem radiating melancholy purples and buoyant yellows. The remaining compositions by Beirach achieve their sublime effects through original melodic invention, fresh harmonic structures, intriguing gradations in dynamics, subtle timbral shifts and supple rhythmic crosscurrents. *Eon*, for example, nicely blends these components with Beirach's superb technique into a transcendent, timeless soundscape. *Bones* is a Monkish, bop-tinged cooker while *Mitsuku* gracefully alludes to Nipponese influences. Throughout, Beirach is ably assisted by the excellent musicianship of his colleagues from Lookout Farm, bassist Frank Tusa and percussionist Jeff Williams.

Eon was recorded late in 1974. Hopefully, Beirach's next efforts will be made available to us sooner.

—berg

MARION BROWN

DUETS—Arista Freedom 1904: *Centering*; *Njung-Lumumba Malcolm*; *And Then They Danced*; *Rhythmus #1*; *Soundways*; *Soundways Part 2*.

Personnel: Brown, alto sax, clarinet, percussion, piano; Leo Smith trumpet, percussion (tracks 1-4); Elliott Schwartz, piano, Arp synthesizer, percussion, miscellaneous instruments (tracks 5-6).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sure to be scorned by some as exercises in anarchy and chaos, the works herein are anything but. They are structured, ornate pieces of great beauty, and like all classic art, can be appreciated on many levels, from the simple to the complex.

On these four sides, Messrs. Brown, Smith and Schwartz have synthesized emotion into a package of breathtaking, awesome design. Smith composed much of the sax-trumpet collaborations, formulating a complicated web of interrelationships with Brown's horn, and as well as with a variety of percussive artifacts that both play. *Njung: Lumumba Malcolm* is typical of Smith's ever-changing world: a bevy of rotating sound textures. Divided into two parts, the introduction is first a percussion discussion among several bells and sticks. A trumpet-alto debate ensues, which leads to the main section of the work—a horn duct frequently punctured by a collage of miscellaneous rhythmic devices.

If there is a common thread between the Smith and Schwartz sides, it is the uncanny use of silence to make a statement. Even when

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both musicians are pounding and wailing in unison, frantic times are unfailingly subject to interruptions of dead air. As opposed to certain atonal works that subject the listener to a nonstop 40 minute barrage of squawks, the spaces between the sound here allow each complex and alien phrase to be digested and comprehended.

The quiet moments, of course, also add an element of eerie mystique. Nowhere is this more evident than on *Soundways, Part 2*, a Brown-Schwartz collaboration. The overall impression, one enforced and enhanced by the frequent punctuations of nothingness, is the combination of eras used as compositional input. Schwartz, a radical classical pianist trained in the Cage-Webern school, is often heard overlaying space-age ARP bleats over Brown's alto scowl or percussive accompaniment. This is a unison of the primeval drum with the electronic realizations of the future. Various precious moments stick out as examples; Morse code-like synthesizer sine waves over a savage sax and then similar input over a bashing drum. Eventually though, all is catharsis; Schwartz drops his axe in favor of some percussive gizmo, and joins Brown in a cosmic temper tantrum.

Soundways (Part One) reveals the gentler side of the duet. Brown actually launches a foray into the DMZ of melody, and then Schwartz, playing a hybrid type of space cocktail, uses the ivory to make a long statement before the final fadeout. —shaw

ALPHONSO JOHNSON

MOONSHADOWS—Epic PE 34118: *Stump; Involuntary Bliss; Cosmoba Place; Pandora's Box; Up From The Cellar; Amarteifio; On The Case; Unto Thine Own Self Be True.*

Personnel: Johnson, basses, electric stick, vocals; Dawilli Gongga, keyboards, vocals; Patrice Rushen, keyboards; Ian Underwood, keyboards, synthesizer programming; Flora Purim, vocals; Bennie Maupin, reeds; Narada Michael Walden, drums, keyboards; Ndugu Leon Chanler, drums; David Amaro, guitars; Lee Ritenour, guitars; Chris Bond, guitars; Blackbird McKnight, guitars; Alejandro Acuna, percussion; Airo Moreira, percussion; Gary Bartz, soprano sax; Alphonse Mouzon, orchestron voice choir keyboard.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Alphonso Johnson's first solo album is rife with the same odd-metered funky bass mannerisms that contributed so significantly to the musical, commercial, and critical success of Weather Report's *Mysterious Traveller* and *Tail Spinnin'*. Like Stanley Clarke, Alphonso approaches style from more of a traditional, midstream orientation than a revolutionary one, making careful use of recurring motifs and reserving the art of soloing as a rare, though expressive, exercise. What gives Johnson his particular uniqueness is his sense of meter, a tendency to treat the value of notes and timing of phrases as elements of surprise, not predictability. His imaginative approach manages to save *Moonshadows* funk-rock probings from staleness.

To his credit, Alphonso grants equal latitude to the imaginations of his supporting musicians, most notably those of drummer Michael Walden and keyboard ace George Duke, who, along with Johnson, form the creative core of *Moonshadows*. Perhaps because he is still a young and underexperienced composer, or perhaps because he wanted to utilize fully the improvisational talents of his companions, the bulk of Johnson's writing here is skeletal, based on fragmented ideas, expounded upon and linked together impressively by the band's fervid performances. The vocal tracks (*Involuntary Bliss, Amarteifio,*

and *Unto Thine Own Self Be True*) are both pleasant and disturbing, pleasant because of their simplicity and Flora Purim's gentle delivery, disturbing because they denote the lack of any clear, central focus to the album. Taken in parts, *Moonshadows* is a striking infectious work; as a whole, it sounds as if Johnson had trouble choosing a focus for his aptitude.

Alphonso Johnson shows every indication of being one of the most visionary bassists to emerge yet from the '70s fusion shuffle. He should apply the full weight of his uncanny intuition to the task of record making, and leave contrivances to the amateurs. —gilmore

LEE OSKAR

LEE OSKAR—United Artists LA594-G: *I Remember Home (A Peasant's Symphony); The Journey; The Immigrant; The Promised Land; Blisters; BLT; Sunshine Keri; Down The Nile; Starkite.*

Personnel: Oskar, harmonica, bass harmonica, sound effects, vocal; Greg Errico, drums, synthesizer/strings, sound effects, timbales, bass, piano, guitars, wind chimes, tambourine, horn & vibie fills; Robert Vega, bass; Steve Busfield, guitar, mandolin (tracks 1, 3 & 8); Chepito Areas, congas (track 1); Herman Eberitzsch, piano (tracks 1, 2 & 3); Moses Wheelock, conga (track 2); Nito Medina, guitar trills (track 5); Monty Stark, bells (track 8); Charles Miller, tenor & alto saxes (tracks 4, 6 & 7); Lonnie Jordan, keyboards, timbales (tracks 5 & 6); Papa Dee Allen, percussion, bongos (tracks 5 & 6); Howard Scott, guitar, background vocals (track 6); B. B. Dickerson, bass (track 6); Harold Brown, drums (track 6); Wendy Haas, vocals (track 1); Julia Tillman, Maxine Willard, Lonnie Groves, Edna Wright, background vocals (tracks 3 & 8); Jerry & Connie Fisher, background vocals (track 6).

★ ★ ★ ★

Lee Oskar was born a Dane, and as his own song-by-song commentary on the jacket describes, he came over to America to strike it rich, only to end up eating left-overs at Denny's. Finally, moving to L.A., he hooked up with Eric Burdon, Jerry Goldstein and the members of War. Oskar is not one afraid to admit his indebtedness or to say, "Thank you," which is what this first solo effort is all about.

The song titles tell the story, from the old-country flavor of *The Immigrant* to the hobo blues duet between Oskar and War saxophonist Charles Miller in *Blisters*. *Sunshine Keri*, an ode to his wife, features the entire War ensemble in a lilting, beautifully melodic number. In a sense, melodic is the key to Oskar's harmonica style. He doesn't possess the harmonic dexterity of a Toots Thielemans or a Charlie McCoy, nor the raw emotion of a Junior Wells or James Cotton, but Lee has combined the ancient European custom of full, rich chords with a grace and quiet soul that makes him one of the very few contemporary harmonicaists worth listening to.

Bassist Robert Vega, guitarist Steve Busfield, pianist Herman Eberitzsch, and drummer Greg Errico, who also co-produced the album, have brief moments of solo glory. But, by and large, their roles only set the backdrop for Oskar's lyrical blowing. It's eminently fitting that the man who gave War its most distinctive chime should be the first to step out on a solo shot. —townley

LEROY JENKINS/JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA

FOR PLAYERS ONLY—JCOA LP 1010: *For Players Only, Parts 1 And 2.*

Personnel: Jenkins, composer, conductor, violin; Romulus Franceschini, synthesizer; Anthony Braxton, contrabass clarinet; Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre, tenor sax; Dewey Redman, clarinet, musette, banshee horn; Becky Friend, flute, piccolo flute;

Charles Brackeen, soprano sax; Sharon Freeman, french horn; Bill Davis, tuba; Leo Smith, trumpet; Joseph Bowie, trombone; David Holland, bass; Jerome Cooper, drums, percussion, piano; Charles Shaw, drums, percussion; Roger Blank, drums, percussion; James Emery, guitar; Diedre Murray, cello; Sirone, bass.

Jenkins is the latest composer to take advantage of the splendid resources of the JCOA to produce an album of unusual musical wealth. Who other than these dedicated, daring players, women and men, white and black, could succeed in realizing the grand dream of carrying spontaneous, urgent, exotic, jazz-related material to complex ends via orchestrated arrangements and remain uninhibited, open, experimental?

From the opening Middle Eastern flourish through stumpy rhythmic figures and odd instrumental pairings, on into a series of short solos, the Orchestra maintains the distinctive style of its contributors while staying close to the leader's conceptions and sensibilities. Jenkins' violin, starkly emotional and always in touch with classical tradition as much as the jazz background, emerges occasionally—such as in a duet with Leo Smith—demonstrating how much amazing music can be conceived on a single instrument. Leroy's sound is almost painfully clear, yet he himself can create a shifting field upon which the trumpeter can lay out ideas.

The AACM axis is prevalent among the players. Their previous experience in Muhal Richard Abrams' congregation must be mentioned to explain how Kalaparusha, Braxton and Smith, as well as Jenkins, have learned to come to grips with creative freedoms. The contrabass clarinet slides along on the very bottom of the arrangements, while Kalaparusha's tenor roams the complete sax range. Dewey Redman's clarinet sings out high and dry, while Bowie's playing alternates pure trumpet tones with low, buzzy sliding that could pass for synthesizer portamento.

The ensemble moves from striding, angular themes, to a slowly unfolding pastorate, to hard-edged, two-toned riffs. The solos that conclude the suite relate to each other as well as to the composed material, so a line of logic carries from Redman's musette invocation through Smith's tonguing experiments, Sirone's serious bowing, Sharon Freeman's authentic adaption of the french horn, Bowie's self-contained statement, Friend's flood of piccolo notes, a blur of tuba tones, pneumatic Moog machinations, schizoid soprano sax octave jumping, Holland's virtuoso (as always) plucking, to the noble, wrenching violin slash that closes the work.

Unfortunately, the stereo recording cannot capture the spatial dimensions of this work, which was performed with the orchestra split into four sections, placed in the auditorium's corners and watching the conductor (whose podium in the center of the room also held the synthesizer). The audience sat in concentric circles, surrounded by music. Here, two channels must suffice, and only a hint of the true depth remains. But this album continues to reveal secrets and original moves; though it took me several more listenings to comprehend than other JCOA releases, my patience has been amply rewarded. —mandel

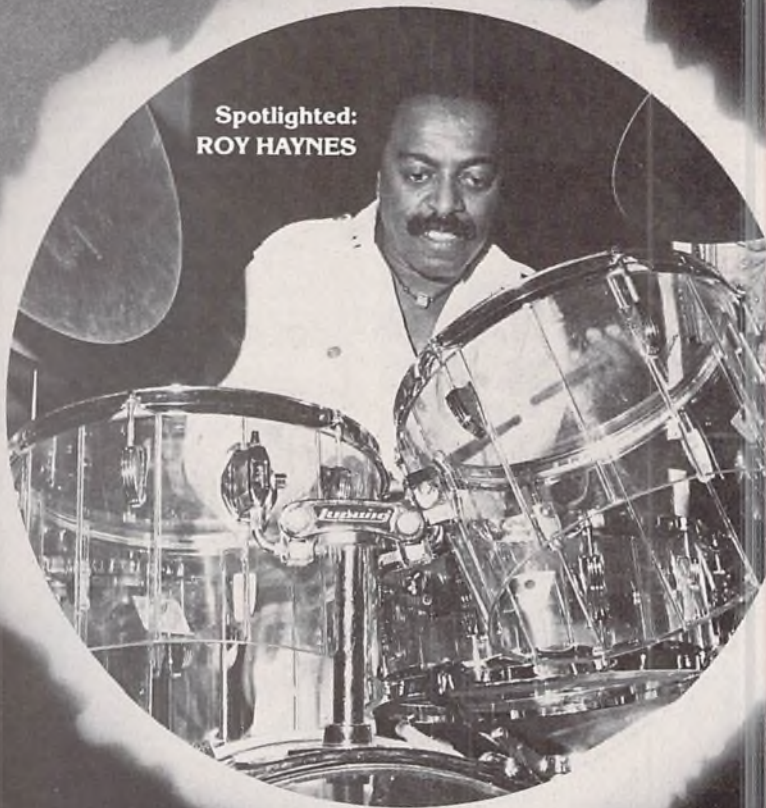
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

MUSIC YOU ALL—Capitol ST 11484: *The Brakes; Cannon Raps; Cupricorn; Walk Tall; Oh Babe; Cannon Raps; Music You All; The Scene.*

Personnel: Adderley, alto and soprano saxes; Nat

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Adderley; cornet; George Duke, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums; Ernie Watts, tenor sax; Mike Deasy, electric guitar; Airto Moreira, percussion.

Like a crew of famished buzzards, producers swarm over the recorded tapes of our deceased luminaries, and pretty soon the skin and bones are all snapped up, via a melange of outtakes, mistakes, and remakes. Rare is the artist that through his puritanical legitimacy can protect his legacy from the vultures, leaving nothing but representative high-quality work in his wake.

The posthumous Cannonball is now starting to roll off the record presses. *Music You All* is the best of these releases to date, a portrayal of the latter-day Adderley Quintet in an improvisatory-blues context. In retrospect, this had always been Cannon's most artistically productive pose; his more adventuresome Zawinul quasi-atonalities (*Movement In E*) were out of his natural genre. Even then, he couldn't be blamed, for though that mistake was fueled by his own curiosity, he recognized the error of his ways and returned to a more melodic structural emphasis. Glossed over with some raunch, he knocked on St. Peter's gate with a flattened fifth note on his powerful alto.

How shall we remember thee, Julian? Let me count the ways. The technical ability was always there, manifested on *Music, You All* by *The Brakes*, a fast and occasionally squealing tour de force, punctuated by a piano punching George Duke and the drum rolls of Roy McCurdy. This is Cannonball at his best, in charge, leading and imploring.

The spacy, echoey Adderley? *Capricorn* fits the bill, an ostensibly meandering beginning

revealing its true aim as it matures into a pretty, soft, almost surreal adulthood. Caterpillars to butterflies.

The rocking, propulsive, animalistically dynamic Adderley? Try *Walk Tall*, with its 4/4, rollicking and swinging sax solo, anchored by McCurdy's thunderous bass drum, and flaming, fuzz-tone lead lines of picker Mike Deasy, a guest on this live session at the Troubadour in Los Angeles.

Adderley with chitlins and grits? Listen to the plodding but personable *Raps* (one on each side)—or better yet, the mean, growling, grudge-bearing *Oh Baby*, not a 12 bar but just as emotionally committal with the deep, throaty voice of trumpeter and brother Nat Adderley and the laments of Cannonball, Duke and the up and coming Deasy.

Adderley cast adrift in an improvisatory sea, survival depending on the rapidity of interchange between his shipwrecked colleagues? Audit *Music You All*, the title cut, a self-proclaimed experiment. Inaugurated by a vamp-searching Walter Booker bass (was that a Sirone lick I heard?), it soon takes off as everyone comprehends the groove and plugs into it.

Too legitimate and sincere to be a casual sampler or meandering pastiche, *Music You All* is at once a unified package and a commemorative milepost. —shaw

CLARK TERRY

CLARK TERRY AND HIS JOLLY GIANTS—Vanguard VSD 79365: *Flintstones Theme*; *God Bless The Child*; *The Hymn*; *On The Trail*; *Top 'N' Bottom*; *Never*; *Somewhere Over The Rainbow*; *Bobby A*; *Straight No Chaser*; *Samba De Gumz*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Ernie Wilkins, tenor and soprano saxes; Ronnie Matthews, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; George Davis, guitar;

Emanuel Rahim, percussion; Ed Soph, drums.

Why are these musicians so happy? Because they know this music is harder to play than it is to listen to? And because it isn't very hard for them to play at all?

Mr. Terry has his thing down pat: a small group drawn from his active big band records a lighthearted selection of tunes, either familiar or blues-based. Up tempos alternate with medium speeds, and there's not one sloppy moment. Vic Spriles is a handy bassman, Matthews a tasty accompanist, Ernie Wilkins a smooth sax player. Terry cites his predecessors—quotes from Clifford Brown, Fats Navarro, and Dizzy abound. And he tosses in hints of other, familiar tunes: a bit of *My Blue Heaven* shows up, and *People* ends *Rainbow*.

But on the whole there's a hokiness that's not easy to dismiss. Maybe Clark really gets a kick out of the *Flintstones* and like headstrong Fred can't help but "Yabba-Dabba-Do"—but from that moment we know not to expect anything challenging, new, or deeply felt. The trumpeter blows *Hymn* changes so fast he must have dealt with the song 10,000 times.

Mumbles freaks will dig this disc, no doubt—and Mumbles is clearly a master brassman, with complete control even when trading fours and eights with himself, on muted trumpet or on open fluegelhorn. But listeners after a little raw jazz would do well to preview his own *Never*—they'll hear lots of warnings, about nothing at all. —mandel

HERMANN SZOBEL

SZOBEL—Arista AL 4058: *Mr. Softie*; *The Szuite*; *Between 7 & 11*; *Transcendental Floss*; *New York City*, 6A.M.

Personnel: Szobel, acoustic piano; David Samuels, acoustic and electric vibes, marimba, percussion; Michael Viscoglia, electric bass; Bob Goldman, drums; Vadim Vyadro, tenor sax, flute, clarinet.

*** 1/2

Szobel is one of the most exciting debut albums I've heard. At age 18, pianist/composer Hermann Szobel demonstrates a conception and technique far in advance of most musicians twice his age.

Drawing from the palettes of 19th and 20th century composers and the resources of jazz, rock and electronics, Szobel transmutes these elements into a highly personal and romantic style.

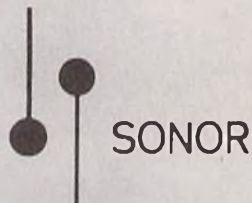
Structurally, Szobel tends to rely on an episodic form which oscillates among three basic zones. The first consists of complex Zappa-like unison lines played by piano, vibes and tenor. The second includes introspective solo piano interludes. The third is based on repeated rock-like ostinatos over which solos and dialogues by Szobel, Samuels and Vyadro are laced. These fuse together to form a seamless, organically related whole.

Emotionally, Szobel's music seems to range between extremes. Searching meditative voyages through inner space are juxtaposed with frenetic flurries which suggest the biological and emotional turmoil of adolescence.

Szobel was fortunate to have such accomplished and sympathetic collaborators. Dave Samuels (currently a member of Gerry Mulligan's group) is a superb mallet specialist; the *cerie*, ethereal sounds achieved with his electric vibes are especially effective. Vadim Vyadro is a fine tenorist stylistically related to Gato Barbieri and Jan Garbarek; his clarinet and flute work are also impressive. The soloing and accompanying of bassist Michael Viscoglia and drummer Bob Goldman are similarly praiseworthy. —berg

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BLINDFOLD TEST



HERB NOLAN

Maynard Ferguson

by Leonard Feather

The past decade has been a chameleonic and eventful one for Maynard Ferguson. After leading a band in the U.S. for just ten years, he visited England with Clark Terry and others, supposedly for just a month, in what was billed as a Top Brass Tour.

Soon after, a bunch of British musicians joined him and he led a new orchestra at Ronnie Scott's. Later there was a band organized and based in Manchester, England, which lasted a year; and a year off for physical and spiritual refreshment, at Rishi Valley School in south India.

Returning to Britain, Ferguson formed still another band whose LPs, starting with *M.F. Horn*, enjoyed some success in the states. He began to visit this country, and as the tours here grew longer, the number of British sidemen grew smaller. Due to tax and immigration problems, and the reluctance of his men to leave their families, he is now the only British subject left on the team.

Ferguson for the past two years has been living in Ojai, Cal. His *Primal Scream* LP, featuring an enlarged ensemble, was released in April. It is by far the biggest seller he has ever had. This was his first blindfold since 10/27/60. He was given no information about the records played.

1. BRECKER BROTHERS BAND. *Slick Stuff* (from *Back To Back*, Arista). Randy Brecker, trumpet, composer, arranger; Michael Brecker, tenor sax.

I really enjoyed that. I thought it was very exciting and whoever was doing it was really enjoying what they were doing. That rhythm section and trumpet player seemed to enjoy playing with that rhythmic content, and particularly the tenor player seemed to enjoy the fact that he was playing some changes—perhaps for a change. It's a direction of music that I find very exciting, because the ensemble was played so well.

As to guessing who the people were, I'd have to back off that one. You know, I'm infamous for being front, right-hand side of the bus . . . and it's quite ordinary to have six cassette machines playing at one time . . . so my scoreboard I'll apologize for. If you'll forgive me for being a category person, for what that thing is that they're into, which I am also into quite a bit now, I would have to give that five stars. The tenor didn't let me down. Very often a soloist, somewhere along the track—be it a big band or a rock thing—sounds like a bebopper who wishes they had gone into four, instead of being the guy who is wide enough that he seems to be able to play both games.

2. OSCAR PETERSON & CLARK TERRY. *Shaw Nuff* (from *Oscar Peterson & Clark Terry*, Pablo). Peterson, piano; Terry, trumpet.

Well, of course, if you're going to do an album like that, I'd do it with Oscar Peterson. And just about any time Oscar plays the piano it's five stars. And any time he doesn't, I go into shock, because I've loved Oscar ever since I was about nine years of age when we first met and we lived about ten blocks from each other in Montreal. We both played for the Montreal High School Victory Serranaders, and my brother was the leader of that band. That's when Oscar and I were about 14 or 15 years of age. He was fantastic then, and he's always

been my favorite jazz piano player, I guess I'd have to say.

And the trumpet player has been driving me crazy—not because I don't know him but because I do know him very well, and if you print this I'm in all kinds of trouble, because he has such a great sense of humor that he'll never let me off—he'll probably call me dizzy Maynard, or something like that. He also sat in with my band when he was with Charlie Mingus when we did the Verona Festival. It would be wild if it isn't him! He's also on my new *Primal Scream* album—I think he played some of the lead trumpet.

Feather: What's his name?

Ferguson: I've just blanked out for the last 15 minutes. That's what I'm laughing about, because I know exactly who it is. As a matter of fact, Bob James, who produced my last album, referred to him as the guy who comes the closest to doing my thing in the upper register, amongst the younger players. And this is aside from his obvious excellent technique. Long live bebop! For an overall rating, I'd have to give it four.

Feather: Is that because there's no rhythm section?

Ferguson: That's right, because I think they would have just absolutely burned it up. That's what I meant at the beginning when I said that if you are going to do that, make sure you do it with Oscar with that beautiful left hand.

Feather: Well, I've got news for you, Maynard. That was a good friend of yours and I'm sure you've played with him from time to time, but it was not who you thought it was. It was Clark Terry.

Ferguson: Clark Terry! Beautiful, man. O.K. Can we push that up to four and a half stars if it's Clark Terry? He's one of my favorites.

3. STAN KENTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA. *Quiet Friday* (from *Fire, Fury And Fun*, Creative World). Kenton, piano; Hank Levy, composer, arranger.

That's the old man, and whenever I'm introducing coming attractions in a place I'm playing I'll say,

"I'd appreciate it if you'd all turn out to hear my father's band . . ." Stan does get a beautiful feeling on the piano playing on that sort of thing. It reminds me of the theme from *Sunday*, that thing he did in 1950 when I was first with his band, and I owe a lot to that band and so do a lot of people, and to that man, of course. I enjoy this type of thing, which is only slightly typical Kentonish. I enjoyed the solos. To play in that band is to compete with the soloists of the past who are all . . . so many of them are the real heavyweights. It's a band where it seems young players not only gain an identity, but improve, as I'd like to think that I did, and I'm sure we're hearing some solos there that are fine right now. . . . That sounds like some sort of educator's put-down . . . but I still feel that they really haven't gotten their thing together, but every one of them is really . . . just nice. . . .

I liked the chart. Is that Hank Levy's thing by any chance? He's one of my favorite writers and we actually have our first Hank Levy chart going into our book. Three and a half stars.

4. RETURN TO FOREVER. *Majestic Dance* (from *Romantic Warrior*, Columbia). Chick Corea, piano; Al Di Meola, guitar, composer.

I've always been accused of moving a lot in front of my band and I'm hardly the Benny Goodman type bandleader. If that had been my band I would have certainly been dancing. And in that very innovative middle section—if I say boppish, please forgive me—I found that very, very nice, and actually that one would probably be very hot in concert. Somehow I would have rather heard that in a live performance as opposed to a studio performance.

Feather: How about the kind of music it represents—the electronics and so forth?

Ferguson: I use echoplexes and phase shifters and funk boxes and all those things. Of course the game is how you use them. Nothing felt memorable, and yet the playing was very good. I'd give it three stars.

5. MICHEL LEGRAND. *Jitterbug Waltz* (from *Legrand Jazz*, Columbia). Legrand, conductor, arranger; Miles Davis, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto sax; John Coltrane, tenor sax. Rec. 1958.

That's really rather incredible. It reminds me of walking down the corridor of Berklee School of Music and opening up doors. Actually I could guess . . . oh, please forgive me, Miles, but he played that ending so clean that I decided it wasn't Miles—who I really love, by the way. And then I thought I heard very early John Coltrane and perhaps very early Cannonball Adderley. But that's really taking a shot when I say Cannonball, and it didn't seem quite as aggressive as him, but maybe I'm thinking of him during a different period, or it just plain wasn't him. But whoever it is, I thought that record was fun to listen to.

Feather: Do you think the arrangement was together, or had too many mixed up elements?

Ferguson: Well, I enjoyed the adventure enough not to put them down for that. I got a feeling that they didn't play that every night in the regular course of their gigs.

Feather: You're right. They didn't have any gigs.

Ferguson: Oh, I see. Whatever it was, I enjoyed it and I'd give it four stars.

6. BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS. *40,000 Headmen* (from *Blood, Sweat & Tears 3*, Columbia). David Clayton Thomas, vocal; Lew Soloff, trumpet.

Blood, Sweat & Tears. And I hope that was Lew Soloff, just because I really like him and like that group. As a matter of fact, for a long time that was my daughter's favorite group—Kim—who is now the manager of our band, incidentally. Many years ago it was said by Al Kooper that he was influenced by my early Birdland band with the tempo changes. . . . Remember on those tours when I used to do *Stella by Starlight*. . . . Anyway, let's give that one—golly, I'm always saying I'm not into nostalgia, but I'll have to give that one five. **db**



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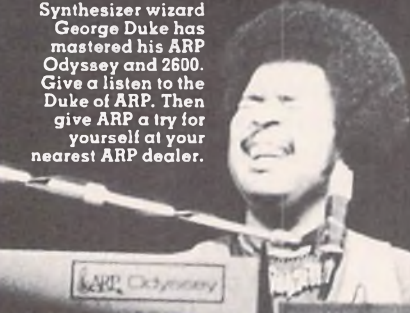
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Profile

DAVE GRUSIN



VERLY OAKLAND

by gary g. vercelli

In today's sophisticated, specialized music industry, more and more record producers are utilizing 16-track facilities for multiple overdubs. They're also relying more heavily upon those gifted arrangers and musicians whose judicious use of certain electronic processing devices enables them to "sweeten" a commercially-oriented endeavor. They give the record a fuller, more complete sound, as well as broaden its commercial appeal. An examination of any contemporary library, including fusion music, will sooner or later reveal the name of Dave Grusin, who often works at sweetening a song, either as arranger, composer, or session player. Over the past few years, Dave has earned the respect of the decision-makers in the industry. He's the man they call when the "right touch" or "missing link" is needed to help propel a recording project toward its ultimate destination.

"I don't do as many dates as most sidemen," notes Dave, "because most of my time is devoted to composing (for films and TV, as well as records). When I get a call, it's usually because the producer is consciously aware that those already involved with the project have reached a creative plateau. My use of various electronic keyboard instruments as creative tools, enable me to bring supplemental ideas and advance the recording project a step further. I attempt to solve the immediate problem at hand, one step at a time."

While skeptics argue that multiple overdubs and dependence on electronics often lead to depersonalization of the music, Dave counters this criticism with the observation that entire new horizons can be explored in this manner, adding, "The advantage of the 16-track recording facility is that it allows the musician a concentrated direction at any specific time, rather than having to deal with all the creative aspects of recording at once."

"I have nothing against acoustic exploration, and wish that the so-called acoustists would be as open-minded and accepting of electronics as I am of acoustics. It's true that, because of its novelty, the synthesizer has been overused and abused by many, up to this point; but things are starting to level off now, and I see no reason why there can't be a creative coexistence and integration of electronic and acoustic instrumentation."

Grusin respects "the pure jazz artist," but hopes fusion material may one day command the respect of critics as an artform in and of itself. "Commercial restriction does not necessarily make musical expression inferior. Take Grover Washington Jr.'s work with Bob James. Those charts and Grover's blowing make for provocative musical chemistry. Although you can't really label that type of music as jazz, per sé, it's nothing short of superlative musicianship, no matter what label you hang on it."

Dave's own work with Quincy Jones, Nancy Wilson, Alphonze Mouzon, Carmen McRae, Al Jarreau, and John Klemmer among others, clearly demonstrates that an album can be both commercially successful and aesthetically palatable. "I don't think the people I work with on these dates are committing themselves to something they don't believe in. I certainly couldn't commit myself to an endeavor into which I couldn't bring at least some of my creative energies . . . with the industry as it is, it's got to be a give-and-take situation."

Dave never seems to lose sight of the fact that a record company is a business. A creative musician must, therefore, realistically deal with that business in the best manner he can. "I went through an idealistic period upon graduating from college; I was thoroughly devoted to exploring creative means of improvisation, only to be brought to the hard realization that the general public's taste, for whatever reasons, gravitates toward the trends set by what's played on the radio. I used to hide from the business world, as it were, until I woke up to the fact that we're all responsible for everything we do . . . and part of what I do, is make a living playing music!"

Growing up in a small town south of Denver, Grusin was exposed to music at an early age. His father was a classical violinist, and Dave studied classical piano and clarinet. His first involvement with the jazz idiom came while attending The University of Colorado.

Although he enjoys performing, Grusin became aware, at an early stage of his professional development, that composing is his forte. He still works up the Baked Potato Club in North Hollywood (with Lee Ritenour and Harvey Mason) every Tuesday night "for fun," but channels most of his creative energies into composing and studio work.

Grusin has also been scoring films for the past ten years. His latest ventures include *Three Days of The Condor* and *The Front*, the latter a forthcoming movie about the McCarthy era. "I got involved with film because it seemed like the last frontier for a composer to make a living at writing music. Now I have mixed feelings about doing it, because to be really 'good music,' it usually has to play a subservient, rather than complementary, role to the dramatic content in the film. It's frustrating to see so much of my work edited out; music often gets the same treatment as sound effects, particularly with American filmmakers."

"I guess I just have a different perspective than many of the film producers. I can understand their concern for film as a visual medium. I'm just tired of having to defend the integrity of my scores. Therefore, I've decided to make music my prime commodity, although I still plan to score movies when time allows."

Now 41, Grusin has formed a production company with his long-time musical colleague Larry Rosen. "Although Larry and I are both business-minded musicians, we've agreed to work only within the musical boundaries that genuinely interest us. Earl Klugh's maiden voyage as a leader was our first project. He's an extremely adept classical guitarist, who's capable of exploring a myriad of musical nuances, from flamenco to funk.

"Earl's album is an excellent example of the many possibilities brought about by the integration of acoustic and electronic instrumentation. We decided to reverse the traditional roles of the guitar, with Earl playing lead on acoustic and Lee

(Ritenour) playing rhythm on electric. The electric contrast of supportive background instrumentation complements and draws attention to Earl's acoustic solos, and this is just one example of what can be done." Dave and Larry obviously feel fully justified in attempting to synthesize (if you will) as many musical idioms as are needed, to arrive at a happy medium in the interpretation of creative compositions.

JERRY BERGONZI

by michael rozek

Jerry Bergonzi has only appeared on three albums. And on the records—two with Two Generations Of Brubeck and one with Sky King—his solos are brief. Yet players in New York are well aware of Bergonzi's talent. "He's a bitch of a musician," Dan Brubeck recently advised *db*. "No one knows this, but Jerry is a very good piano player, although he doesn't consider himself one. He can play anything—bass, drums . . ."

Anything? That's the understatement of the year. "Tenor's my favorite," Bergonzi told me. "The sound has a very human quality, and it's versatile that way . . . some people sound strong on tenor, some sound sweet . . . But when I was growing up, there was a piano at home, so whatever I learned for sax first, I applied to piano second. On piano, I didn't care how I sounded, and I still don't. That's what's fun about it. Past tenor, I love bass and drums the most. Drums are a great emotional release for me; if I'm frustrated, I sit down and bash for an hour. And as a sax player, I listen to bass lines, figuring where I can dig in or float across the time. Plus, while I was in college, I got to the point where the gigs I was working on saxophone weren't too enjoyable for me; so I started playing electric bass, which I did around Boston for about four years. You couldn't play on sax gigs. . . . the electric bass gigs were much freer, looser."

"Were you self-taught on bass?" I asked. "Yeah," admitted Bergonzi. He seemed a bit embarrassed. "So I was working so many gigs on bass, and also piano, I finally wanted to play tenor again. I figured I'd come to New York to try to play some better tenor gigs . . . I haven't gotten 'round to the soprano yet, other than on the Sky King record (*Secret Sauce*, Columbia). But in Northwind (Bergonzi's major current affiliation, with drummer Dan Brubeck, pianist Andy Laverne, and bassist Rick Kilburn) I'll be playing it more . . . I'm tryin' to get a good sound together."

Born in Boston in 1947, Bergonzi lived there "until I was 25, when I came to New York. So I've done most of my playing in New England. I started in music when I was ten, on clarinet. Then I played alto for a few years. At 14, I started on tenor, and began listening to bop; in high school, I took lessons from Joe Viola at Berklee. He really helped me with harmony, plus he's such a great alto and soprano player. I was also in John LaPorta's youth band. Finally, I went to college, and I didn't know what I wanted to do except play music. I switched through three schools, and in '72 I finally graduated, from Lowell (Mass.) State.

"I met some great musicians, real friends, at Lowell. Like Charlie Banacos, a pianist; I can remember playing with him for three months solid, every day; he played drums, I played tenor . . . I played drums, he played piano . . . then we'd work in a club at night, and he'd play piano and I'd play bass. And there was another pianist named Ted Saunders, who's out on the West Coast now. Aside from technical things he taught me, he just had an honest, together attitude. Otherwise, I played all around Boston: with Charlie Mariano, Roy Haynes for a couple of weeks as a sub for George Adams, Claudio Roditi. And there's a whole group in New York now that was there then: Andy Laverne, Harvie Swartz next door, whom I roomed with when I first came to New York, and Todd Anderson.

"When I first moved here, in the fall of '72, I was quite lucky; I had a jazz gig every week at the Mer-

cer Arts Center. Then the roof fell in. I mean, the ceiling of the place actually collapsed, and my gig caved in with it. But then Darius Brubeck called—he'd heard me in Boston, playing with a good friend of mine, Bob Fritz—and I spent the next three years, until December 1975, with Two Generations of Brubeck. It was the first major traveling I'd done, and I enjoyed it. I met a lot of great people on the road—we went to Europe, Australia, Mexico, Canada."

In April, Northwind was getting ready to gig regularly, both in and out of New York. "I don't know what we're going to sound like," Bergonzi pondered, "since we've never played that much together. Andy, Rick, and I have all been writing for a—loosely speaking—jazz-rock context. Danny's pretty much the leader. He wants to try a lot of different things, like reed-piano duos while he and Rick play percussion. For me, it's going to be an opportunity to play some melodies." What about Bergonzi's own group, as referred to by member Tom Harrell in a recent profile? "It's not my group, but a cooperative," explained Bergonzi. "I just happen to have most of the bookings, of which there haven't been that many. Right now, a lot of the guys are on the road (the band consists of Jimmy Madison, Mike Richmond, Andy Laverne, Harrell, and Bergonzi). But when we do work, the band allows me a lot of musical integrity. Andy Laverne writes a lot for us; his tunes are free, harmonically challenging to play, yet they're structured, and they sound real natural. They just flow; Andy writes



NADINE MARKOVA

his ass off. And all of the guys have a lot of common roots . . . we get a chance to be ourselves musically, which is pretty hard to find these days."

Dan Brubeck has also called Bergonzi "the kind of musician that studies John Coltrane not for the notes, but for inspiration . . . There comes a point when you are so good a musician that you go beyond the notes to the place where the people are tuning in." To this, Bergonzi added, "No matter how complex Trane plays, he sounds like he sings it out. Somehow, every note's connected to his heart . . . it's just a knowing that you like what you're doing, a knowledge of what feels good and what doesn't feel good. But I hope people reading this article don't think I'm copying Coltrane. When I think of the way Coltrane plays—he's so together—I couldn't possibly think I sounded like Coltrane.

"And Coltrane had such a sense of will and power. By comparison, a lot of things I hear today sound so watered down. Yet if cats have played clubs so long, and they're tired, I don't blame them a bit for wanting to change. But that doesn't mean I'll listen to their new records more than the old ones. I'm not closed to newer things, though; Charles Tolliver has a great new big band record out, Joe Henderson, the Breckers. I like any note Mike Brecker plays. He's very original; he's got so much technical facility, plus a great harmonic concept. He can play anything."

"Everybody has their own sound," concluded Bergonzi, "and I'm trying to get mine together, discover my own inner nature, my own voice, and project that in a real, honest way. So I'm also working hard to play the music I want to play. And yet," he added, "I wish that meant I could gig six nights a week. The pressure to make every solo count—that's what I need. I'm always playing at home with my friends, but when there are four tenor players as hungry as I am up here, that means we're playing one tune for an hour, and that's not as musical a situation as it could be."

"Anyway, when things need changing, you have to have faith in yourself. And I do." *db*

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at another hall. He came on blowing and showed that his technique was still intact. Schnitter, never at a loss for ideas, rose to the occasion and blew some fine choruses while Hubbard matched Hubbard all the way.

Hubbard's face was like a child's, as he watched his ex-boss Blakey move about on traps—utilizing crescendo rolls, stops, double-tempo brushwork and the like. He almost seemed envious, perhaps longing to play again with the old master.

Hubbard's feature, *Lover Man*, had Blakey shouting at him at the coda, "Act like a fool!" Art's excitement carried over to the audience as well as his soloists, and his slashing rolls, rim shots and triplets, as he moved from toms to snare, drew shouts and applause each time. At the conclusion of *A Night In Tunisia*, Freddie started an a cappella challenge round that saw Hardman triple-tongue in double time with Hubbard matching it.

Horace's group features the trumpet of Tom Harrell, who never seems hardpressed to prove anything—he just plays and plays. Bob Berg's Coltrane-inspired tenor does it all, from the brand new *Slow Down* to the familiar *Song For My Father*. It was good to hear Silver classics such as *Song* and *In The Pursuit Of The 27th Man*, proving that he doesn't need woodwinds or brass for those tight harmonies and funky chords and rhythm.

July 2: Lee Konitz-Warne Marsh/Buddy Rich

Jazz, the musicians' art, was proven beyond any doubt as Warne Marsh and Lee Konitz were reunited. Having met in a Lennie Tristano group in the '40s, they fashioned a style of jazz that personified the "cool" era. The slippery lines the two lay down are based, for the most part, on the chords of popular tunes.

Subconscious Lee, based on *What Is This Thing Called Love*, preceded *Body And Soul*, which was a truly effortless improvisation that never even came close to the melody.

The public can only marvel at the technical aspects of what the two are doing, for the music is best understood by other musicians, and it is probably jazz in its least spoiled state.

Buddy Rich's new band, "Killer Force," is anything but subtle. Blatant is an understatement, but superb soloists abound: Steve Marcus on tenor and soprano, Al Moran on alto, Turk Mauro, baritone, and Dean Pratt and Marv Stamm on trumpets. Having heard Rich's various aggregations extensively, this reporter can honestly say that the current one is among the best. The lines are crisply executed, the ensembles brash and the solos aggressive. The appearance of Stamm, a studio stalwart, gives credence to the trumpet section, while Pratt and the others could do with some listening to Marvin for developmental purposes.

Beverly Getz and Cathy Rich came out to do some screaming over rock rhythms for two numbers that were not only inaudible, but had some inane lyrics. Buddy himself had support from behind in the form of a rock drummer, which is no way for Buddy to get into rock. He would do better to listen to his earlier renditions of *Norwegian Wood* and *The Beat Goes On* for more insight.

July 3: Ferry Boat Up The Hudson

What a magnificent time for a tour of New 40 □ down beat

band was also questionable, since its ponderous weight is a perversion of the free-flowing flexibility associated with Coltrane's various small groups.

June 28: Keith Jarrett

As an admirer of Jarrett's *Luminessence* (ECM 1049) and much of *Arbour Zena* (ECM 1070), I was most anxious to hear his string compositions in concert. Unfortunately, Jarrett proved himself pompous, petulant and paternalistic. His music fared somewhat better, but now after several exposures I find it closer to kitsch than "truth."

Jarrett is currently assuming the pose of artiste with a capital "A." In his role as the purveyor of what is right and beautiful, he lectured the full house: "This is not a jazz event. It is just an event." He then admonished the audience not to move around, cough, change seats, or take pictures. After several other intemperate remarks, he stated: "Let's get the applause out of the way." Apparently truth and beauty are not to be mixed with the mundane appreciation of the unwashed.

The musical vehicle for Jarrett's visions was a trio consisting of the pianist, Norwegian saxophonist Jan Garbarek, bassist Charlie Haden, and a 29-piece string ensemble under the baton of Dennis Russell Davies, director of the Chamber Music Society in St. Paul, Minnesota. The strings were consigned for the most part to rendering shimmering, but essentially static, backdrops against which the principals essayed varied written and improvised statements. In *Solara March (Dedicated To Pablo Casals And The Sun)*, however, Jarrett's string writing took a more festive and Coplandish direction.

Jarrett's pianistics were accompanied by a repertory of circus-like theatrical gestures that included several manipulations of the keyboard cover. In spite of these too studied gesticulations, Jarrett's playing demonstrated admirable control, technique and finesse. Equally impressive was Garbarek. The Norwegian's vibrant, ice-blue soprano and tenor lines traveled like lasers to all parts of the hall without benefit of amplification. Solid support was provided by the redoubtable Haden. Nonetheless, one was left with the distasteful image of Jarrett's conceited parading and posturing.

June 29: Herbie Hancock Retrospect

Unquestionably, Herbie Hancock is one of the most influential keyboardists of the last decade. Along with Chick Corea, he has helped establish the popularity and commercial viability of electric, jazz-based rock/funk. This retrospect, however, effectively called into question the validity of Hancock's current direction by juxtaposing the present with the past.

The first section of the three-part program was devoted to the period 1963-68 when Hancock was a member of the Miles Davis quintet. Joining him were his associates from that Davis powerhouse, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. Also on board was Freddie Hubbard, graciously filling in for the temperamental Miles. The all-stars' keynote address, Hancock's own *Maiden Voyage*, launched the group into a magical orbit that proved to be the evening's high point.

The second segment featured Hancock's sextet from the late '60s. Saxophonist Benny

Maupin, trumpeter Eddie Henderson, trombonist Julien Priester, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Billy Hart successfully recaptured the vitality and musicality of Hancock's first long-term, permanent group.

The last set focused on Hancock's present efforts. Unfortunately, the "new" is markedly inferior to the "old." Content with unreasonably high volume levels, simplistic rock-a-chunk rhythmic patterns and mundane harmonic structures, Hancock has opted for a blaring bubble gum funk. The concert should have been titled "The Rise And Fall Of Herbie Hancock."

June 30: Monk and Dizzy

The first half of the program belonged to the always amazing Thelonious Monk. With a quartet composed of Paul Jeffrey (tenor sax), Larry Ridley (bass), and Thelonious Monk, Jr. (drums), Monk led his troops through an adventurous exploration of such originals as *Straight No Chaser*.

While Monk's style has mellowed over the years, there were still vestiges of the angular lines and dissonant clusters that are the pianist's hallmarks. Other highlights included Jeffrey's intimate conversational solos, Ridley's percussive double stops and arco lines, and the younger Monk's impeccable timekeeping.

After intermission, the stage was turned over to Dizzy Gillespie and friends. With his quintet—Rodney Jones, guitar; Benjamin Brown, electric bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Assedin Weston, congas—Gillespie charted his course around Latin touchstones. Diz then brought on John Motley and his choir for *A Night In Tunisia*. While the overall texture was a bit inflated, Gillespie should be commended for trying a new twist. More successful was Valerie Capers' Bicentennial composition *In Praise Of Freedom*, which included a rousing gospel-inflected episode and some funky piano playing from Capers.

Throughout his set, the ebullient Dizzy kept the show moving with his dynamic trumpeting, lively patter and supportive presence.

July 1: Midnight Jazz Party and Jam Session

Billed as a "Salute To Rev. John Gensel," this sold-out Radio City concert proved to be the event of the 1976 Newport Festival.

George Wein, by adroitly shuffling a deck of master players, produced what is undoubtedly the most successful jam session in Newport's history. Several of the lineups should tell the story. First up was Clark Terry, Harry Sweets Edison, Zoot Sims, Illinois Jacquet, Kenny Burrell, Milt Hinton, Roy Haynes, and Count Basie. The warm ambience among this group was brought to an even higher level with the appearance of Joe Williams.

Next was the trio of Bill Evans, Eddie Gomez and Elvin Jones. They were soon joined by the reunited saxophone tandem of Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh. The stage was then cleared for Sarah Vaughan, who was accompanied by her superb trio, pianist Karl Schroeder, bassist Bob Magnusson and drummer Jimmy Cobb. The next set was taken over by members of the New York Jazz Repertory Company while the finale brought to the stage the combined strengths of Dizzy Gillespie, Jon Faddis, Freddie Hubbard, Sonny Stitt, Lockjaw Davis, Anthony Braxton, Herbie Hancock, Charles Mingus, George Duvivier, Art Blakey and Tony Williams. The voltage jumped several notches when Rahsaan Roland Kirk entered and kicked off an exuberant

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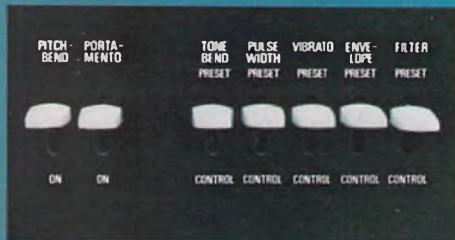


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It Don't Mean A Thing. Kirk's amazing performance on tenor, in spite of a crippled right hand, was a moving testimony to his courage and indomitable spirit.

The afterglow of this stellar celebration of improvised music was made even sweeter by the knowledge that all the concert's proceeds were donated to Rev. Gensel's Duke Ellington Center at St. Peter's Lutheran Church and to Rahsaan Roland Kirk to help cover medical expenses resulting from his recent stroke.

July 2: Big Man

Big Man, a folk musical based on the legend of John Henry, is the only large scale work that survives as part of Cannonball Adderley's rich musical legacy. While the recorded version (Fantasy F-79006) has received deserved praise, *Big Man* is obviously a work conceived for the stage. And so the attentive Carnegie

Hall audience came to experience it in a more palpable, flesh and bones form.

Regrettably, the severe costs of mounting a full-blown musical reduced the "World Premiere" to a modest "concert reading." This resulted in a cast tied to their scripts, spotty and thin orchestrations, a weak chorus of only six voices, incongruous costuming and a general wobbliness which undoubtedly could have been worked out with more rehearsals. Nonetheless, beating beneath the rough exterior of the debut was a fine work with potential for a sustained Broadway run (the ultimate goal of Adderley's widow, Olga, and brother/co-composer, Nat).

With Broadway the target, some suggestions are in order: Joe Williams is the perfect John Henry and should therefore be persuaded to keep the role—his rich voice and authoritative stature give galvanic credibility to the legendary steel-drivin' man; tunes such as *Grind Your Own Coffee* could be show-stop-

pers with fuller musical support, snappy choreography and complementary staging; more substantial dialogue will have to be added in order to flesh out the characters' relationships and inner emotional states.

July 3: Basie Today and Yesterday

The warm glow of the '50s hovered over the stage as the Basie reunion band chugged through such chestnuts as *Sixteen Men Swingin'*, *Little Darlin'*, *Cute* and *April In Paris*. Among the returning alums were Ernie Wilkins, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Benny Powell, Bill Hughes, Al Grey, Wayne Andre, trombones; Sonny Cohn, Joe Newman, Paul Cohen, Jon Faddis, trumpets; and the nonpareil rhythm section of Basie, guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Eddie Jones and drummer Sonny Payne. Also in attendance was Joe Williams who rekindled that old magic with *Everyday I Have The Blues* and *Well All Right*. The musicians' broad smiles, approving nods during solos, and energetic playing made the set a jubilant and memorable homecoming.

After intermission, the beaming Count brought out his latest edition. To a large extent the Basie band is a timeless phenomenon that has passed through decades by plying the same waters. Therefore, today's Basie does not radically differ from yesterday's, except for the polish which comes with regular day-in, day-out gigging.

While retaining such veterans as Grey, Cohn and Green, Basie added several important newcomers. Drummer Butch Miles is the sparkplug currently igniting the finely tuned Basie machine, while tenor saxophonist Jimmy Forrest provides a virtuosic voice capable of casting widely diverse spells. Forrest's *Body And Soul*, for example, will undoubtedly become a classic. The only shortcoming in Basie's 1976 organization is in the vocal department. Otherwise, this group continues the Basie tradition of excellence.

July 4: Farlow/Burrell/Hall

This exhibition of tastefully restrained guitar playing opened with the refined statements of Jim Hall. Accompanied by bassist Don Thompson and drummer Terry Clarke (as he was for the *Jim Hall Live!* Horizon album), Hall successfully played off the musical and emotional centers of Parker's *Scrapple From The Apple* and Ellington's *In A Sentimental Mood*. Hall also displayed his eloquent acoustic approach in an excerpt from Joaquim Rodrigo's *Concierto De Aranjuez*.

Kenny Burrell's more frenetic and blues-oriented style was a nice contrast to Hall's lighter and sparser attack. Burrell, however, seemed somewhat nervous and distracted. He tended to rush and had to be constantly pulled back by his more steady colleagues, bassist Lyle Atkinson and drummer Freddie Waits.

The last set belonged to the distinguished Tal Farlow. With the able support of Hank Jones (piano), Jack Six (bass) and Roy Haynes (drums), Farlow focused his unique approach on a nicely mixed program of standards. His astonishing facility, melodic and harmonic inventiveness, and mastery of harmonics were among the highlights.

July 5: Jazz Fair

In the aftermath of the July 4th Bicentennial celebrations and Operation Sail, New Yorkers were in a relaxed Sunday afternoon frame of mind. And with beautiful sunny skies, the 52nd Street Jazz Fair was the place



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The large but friendly crowds circulated among three different bandstands and had a chance to sample the varied musics of Hannibal's Sunrise, Beaver Harris, Gary Bartz, Roy Haynes, Machito, Joe Newman, Sam Rivers, Zoot Sims, Charles Rouse, Clark Terry, the New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band, the Original Traditional Jazz Band and the Jazz Ministers of South Africa.

This high protein musical feast was presented to New Yorkers as a gift from the Festival. Judging from the multitude of tapping toes, snapping fingers and swaying bodies, it was obviously a gift received with great pleasure and appreciation.

July 5: Festival Farewell Dance

The last event on the Newport schedule was the dance at Roseland. With Basie's band again pressed into service, the happy crowd swelled the dance floor each time the Count offered such lush ballads as *Body And Soul* and *Little Darlin'*. With the up-tempo charts, however, the throng gathered around the bandstand to catch the solos of Jimmy Forrest, Al Grey and Butch Miles.

Sharing the stand was an all-star aggregation: Clark Terry, Sweets Edison, Cootie Williams, Maxim Saury, Buddy Tate, Illinois Jacquet, Zoot Sims, Vic Dickinson, Norman Simmons, George Duvivier and Panama Francis. This happy group, which departed the next day for the Grande Parade Du Jazz Festival at the French resort of Nice, played with such abandon that all pretenses of a dance vanished. The dance floor was soon filled with listeners.

Beyond the dance floor, many of the festival-goers who had formed the bonds of an almost tangible community exchanged addresses and goodbyes.

July 7: Parting Shots

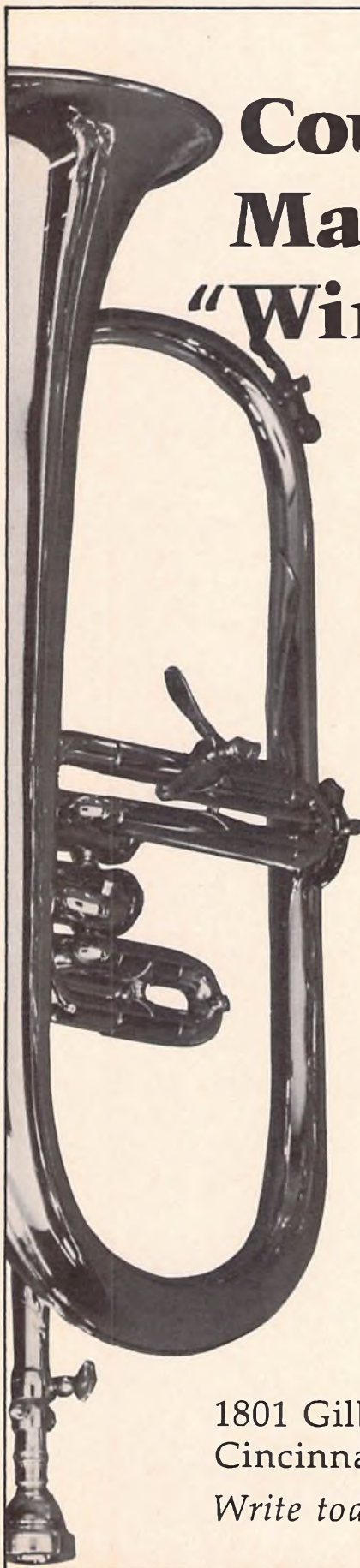
In attempting to assess the 1976 Newport Festival, one is confronted with a mosaic of pieces that do not neatly fit together. Among the negative aspects, the most blatant was the poor audio engineering. In this electronic age, the inability to satisfactorily amplify and balance relatively small ensembles, especially for a major festival, is mindboggling.

The other complaints concerning a better balance between traditional, mainstream and avant-garde musics and about sets that are too short, are problems inherent in any attempt to encapsulate an art form within a limited space. Given the circumstances, George Wein should be heartily congratulated for managing these facets so well.

The official festival program provided much helpful information. But it could be made even more useful by including the personnel for all groups. Similarly, performers could help establish greater rapport with their audiences by clearly announcing tunes and players.

The last issue of some contention involves the concept of festival. There is apparently some feeling that more events should be staged outdoors. I disagree. The superior acoustics, comfortable seating and air conditioning of a Carnegie Hall are preferable to the poor amplification, hot pavements and overcrowding of 52nd Street. I don't mean to denigrate the 52nd Street event. Rather, I mean to suggest that this year's roughly 90%/10% balance in favor of indoor concerts is just about perfect for a summertime event.

continued on page 54



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RON CARTER/AUTUMN LEAVES

transcribed and annotated by Gary Mazzaroppi

Ron Carter's bass solo on *Autumn Leaves* is from the album, *Alone Together*, Jim Hall/Ron Carter Duo, Milestone 9045.

Points of Interest:

1. Note the simplicity used from A to A17 which acts as an interlude after the guitar solo.
2. Rapid slurred passages that are played on one string. A7, A26, C5, etc.
3. Triplet figure at B3 which is later developed at C-C4.
4. An interesting variation on the original chords by using sub V7 (Ab7) in place of the original II-7 V7 (A-7(b5) D7(b9) at B17 & B18, C17 & C18, C21 & C22, C25 & C26.
5. Use of independent lines centered mainly around 10ths C17-C26.
6. Final chord being Db7, sub V7 of the approaching C-7 C31-C32.
7. Special attention should be given to the ease of which this solo is played, and especially to the extremely solid time laid down by Carter throughout the tune.

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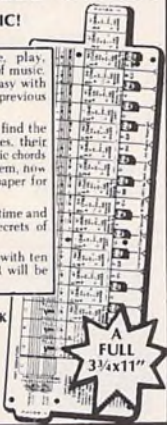
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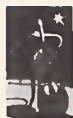
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46 □ down beat

Since he was a guitar player himself, he'd likely look in that direction first. And if he was at this year's convention he'd have seen, for example, the new Energy Bow, which makes metal strings vibrate without ever touching them. It fits into the palm of the guitarist's right hand, so normal pick functions won't be disturbed. But when it is placed in operating position, close to a string, it engages that string in a strong pulsating magnetic field. The field, in turn, causes sympathetic vibration in that string; and as long as the operating position is kept, the sound will remain sustained. By moving the device to different points along the string, the overtone structure of the guitar's sound can be changed. The string can even be made to vibrate in a half or a third or a quarter of its length. A unique device, the Energy Bow, and battery powered, too.

Berlioz would probably also enthuse over the Bigsby Palm Pedal, which lets a guitarist change the pitch of one or two strings without any left-hand finger motion. It can be adjusted to change the pitch a half step, a whole step, or a step and a half. And it can be adjusted to affect any two strings the player wants. With the right hand palm, push down either one of the two pedals—or both at once—to raise string pitch. Or start with pedals down, then release the pressure to lower the string pitch. Bigsby has just about given guitarists an extra couple of left-hand fingers. It's just the thing for instantly adding (or subtracting) sixths and sevenths and ninths and 13ths and suspended fourths, without moving the left hand. And the Palm Pedal attaches handily to either solid body or thin acoustic guitars.

But, as inventive as Berlioz was, he'd still likely have been overwhelmed at the total picture of progress presented at the NAMM show. Any synthesizer, for example, can now be controlled by the valve and breath actions of a trumpet player through the Steiner-Parker Electronic Valve Instrument. Its three valves finger just like a trumpet to determine the pitch, and its air pressure switch triggers the sound when a stream of air is blown into the mouthpiece. There's no need to develop an embouchure for high notes on the EVI: a switch operated by the left hand simulates the brass overtone series, resulting in a total range of nearly seven octaves. There's no need to buzz lips because there's no cup mouthpiece—there's just an airhole up front to blow into and to tongue. On the EVI, the scale can be adjusted by a knob, as can the tuning and the portamento effect. And the device can feed into almost any kind of synthesizer. Trumpet players wanting to emulate Berlioz' tonal imagination without going through a keyboard-learning period now have their chance.

And keyboard players wanting grand piano action, portability, and close-to-acoustic piano sound in an electric keyboard instrument could have seen and heard it at the NAMM displays. The Yamaha Electric Grand, for example, utilizes an acoustic grand keyboard and hammer system to strike piano strings. But since no long soundboard is required as in acoustic grands, the instrument fits into the compact portable category. By making a separate piezo-electric transducer act as a bridge at the end of each string (or unison-paired strings), the electronic signal for each of the 73 notes in the keyboard range accurately reflects the true piano string sound. And even the tuning is in the grand old manner: no electrical knobs, just steel pegs.

How does all the invention, development, and refinement of the whole music manufacturing industry get to all the players in all the places where music is to be made? Much of it funnels through the big communications center of international musical instruments progress: the annual National Association of Music Merchants convention. And then, because music merchants heavily attend their convention, the stores throughout the country bring it home to you. db

NEW PRODUCTS REPORT...



model French horn from Holton... new first line brass and woodwinds from Yamaha... new Olds trumpet and fluegelhorn endorsed by Clark Terry and bass trombone endorsed by George Roberts... new Conn lower brass and tenor sax... a Schneider BBb rotary valve tuba from Selmer... and seven aluminum Jor-Ral brass mutes by Alessi.

Percussion

The new A. Zildjian flat top ride cymbal (no cup, no bell)... Slingerland's Blakrome outfits (steel adhered to wood)... new Rogers' hardware... the Zali wood drum from Crescent Moon Natural Sound... Sonor sets in Rosewood... all manner of new instruments and accessories from Latin Percussion... new Earth, Wind & Fire outfits by Tama... new Pro-Mark items include Billy Cobham sticks, hi-hat stand, and bass drum pedal... Deagan 4-octave amplified vib... seven different sized RotoToms from Remo... Ludwig's new custom, engraved black chrome snare drum, stainless steel drum set, and first 4 1/2-octave Symphonic Grand marimba by Musser.

Stringed Instruments

New Adams roundback guitar from Ovation with two groups of ten different sized holes in a "fibronic" graphite soundboard... new line of Kramer electric guitars and basses designed by Phillip Petillo, with patent-pending aluminum twin neck... new Yamaha electric guitar designed with assistance from Lee Ritenour... new 5-string model Vi-Tar by Xinde with violin and viola ranges... new

From all indications, musicians will, this fall and winter, have available to them the largest and most varied assortment of musical instruments ever offered.

The best indicator for the state of the musicians' market is the annual International Music Expo where the music store buyers do most of their fall and winter buying. At the June Expo held in Chicago, a record number of domestic and international manufacturers displayed their music wares to more than 9000 buyers who bought just about everything in sight.

The buyers bought briskly because their customers express a high demand for new, high quality instruments. What follows is a brief summary on some of these new products.

Because of the musical requirements of the average down beat reader, the items mentioned are top-of-the-line, professional type instruments and related equipment. If your dealer doesn't know about a particular item, drop us a line (at our Chicago address) which we'll forward to the proper supplier.

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PRODUCTS

continued from page 46

Fender Starcaster, semi-acoustic electric 6-string.

New Gibson electrics: the L6-S guitar (used by Santana); the G-3 and Ripper basses; the Explorer, Thunderbird, and Firebird guitars; and the Drone Stringed J-200, a 13 string instrument custom made for John McLaughlin . . . new Guild D-40C, a cutaway version of the D-40 flat top, and the Guild B-50 flat top, 4-string acoustic bass . . . new Mossman acoustics from Conn . . . Mac Wiseman's Aria Pro II . . . new Ibanez electrics from Elger/Chesbro . . . a new electric bass from Rickenbacker . . . new electric guitars and basses by Musicman . . . and new banjos by Ibanez and Fender.

**Keyboard Instruments
(other than synthesizers)**

All new Yamaha Electric Grand with acoustic action and tone . . . Roland Piano Plus, electronic piano with acoustic action and choice of 75 or 88 keys . . . new model Transvox and Superpiano from Farfisa . . . handmade Harmonium from Golden Temple . . . new 45 lb. Novaline electric piano . . . new ARP Sequencer for electric keyboards.

Synthesizers and Sound Modification Devices

The all new Polymoog from Norlin, each of 72 keys having their own musical identity, with piano touch . . . the ARP OMNI has stereo polyphonic circuitry . . . new model 1500 Syn-Key from E.M.L. and Kaman . . . four different synthesizers from Steiner-Parker including the Electronic Valve Instrument plus the selective inverter accessory . . . the Unicord polyphonic model . . . low cost, light-weight Micromoog . . . Oberheim 4-voice polyphonic synthesizer . . . various E.M.S. synthesizers including the Synthi Spec-

trum and Synthi Vocoder which splits speech input into 22 channels.

The all new Ampeg Patch 2000 "synthesized guitar", a pedal device which allows guitarist to control all synthesizer functions . . . the Stramp Syn-2 guitar synthesizer . . . Lyricon production model from Selmer . . . new Mu-Tron foot pedal synthesizers.

All new Digital Delay System from MXR . . . new phasers, flangers, and multi-function pedal devices from Morley, Foxx, Maestro, Electro-Harmonix, Merson, Kaman, Tycobrahe, Guild, Boss (Beckmen), and Color-sound (Sola).

Sound Equipment and Accessories

New principle guitar, bass, and keyboard amps-speakers by Barcus-Berry . . . new model Kustom amps: lead, bass, and P.A. mixer . . . new Polytone bi-amp . . . Orange digital amp . . . Peavey 800 stereo power amp . . . piano amp from Multivoix-Sorkin . . . Univox mobile ohm amp from Merson who also has new Marshall combo amps . . . new pro amp line from Yamaha.

New ARP Minus Noise Mixer . . . first pro model mixer from Randall . . . new mixer models from Yamaha, Tapco, Kelsey (Dallas Music), and Peavey.

Six band Graphic Equalizer from MXR . . . Electronic Crossover I.O. from QSC . . . new equalizers from Soundcraftsman and Tapco.

New Kelsey stage return system . . . Woodson high frequency p.a. . . . modular p.a. system from Heil . . . disco systems from Disco Entertainment, Meteor Light & Sound, and International Musical Instruments.

New pickup and transducer systems from Barcus-Berry, Rowe-DeArmond, FRAP, Polytone, DiMarzio, Boss (Beckmen), and Kaman . . . new SRO series of Electro-Voice

mikes . . . new Beyer dynamic uni-directional moving coil mike . . . various new recording and performance mikes from Shure and AKG.

New Leslie PRO-Line 330 speaker . . . new Kustom cabinets . . . all manner of tape machines, power amps, mixers, and turntables from TEAC . . . and Sonic II Noise Filters by Sigma Engineering, hearing protectors that allow normal sound but proportionately reduce dynamic levels. **db**

NEWPORT/SMITH

continued from page 40

York Harbor and the Hudson. A long grey line of war wagons stretched from the Verazano Bridge in the south to the George Washington Bridge in the north. The Bicentennial celebration of Op Sail with its concomitant visual pleasures was under way. Navies from all over the world sent at least one vessel to New York City. They stood like ushers in a movie line as we plodded our way upstream with the World's Greatest Jazz Band blowing in our ears. Although Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart still lead this group, the rest of the personnel keeps changing. This time we heard drummer Bobby Rosengarden, Johnny Mince on clarinet, Sonny Russo and George Masso, trombones, and Marty Napoleon on piano, playing a set of standard fare ranging from *Muskrat Ramble* to *Stella By Starlight*.

When the Preservation Hall Jazz Band first played these ferryboats, their youngest was older than the alternate bands' oldest. Things have changed somewhat as new talent arrives and the old departs. A new addition, Emanuel Paul on tenor, changes the texture of the group, making it more Chicago style than New Orleans. The balance of the group was made up of Kid Thomas, trumpet and leader; Homer Eugene, trombone; Paul Barnes, clarinet; Joseph Butler, bass; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Dave Williams, piano; and Alonzo Stewart, drums.

The captain of the boat was the star, however, as he circled the upper bay area before we docked for a better view of the ships.

July 3: Sarah Vaughan

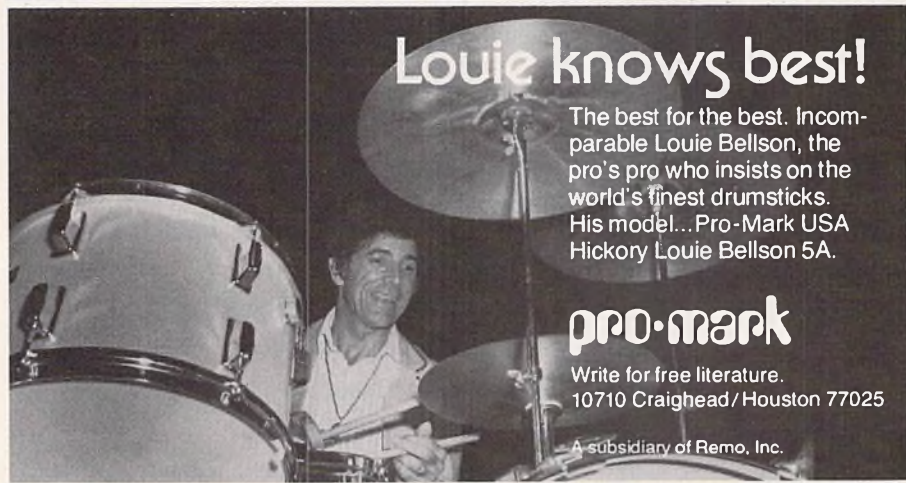
This was the third solo performance for the "Divine One" at Newport, and it was the least rewarding of the bunch.

The trio Sassy tours with—Karl Schroeder on piano, Bob Magnusson, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums—were there and played on all of the tunes except one.

Marty Paich brought along a string section with his own charts and they got off the ground only once. The one occasion for the strings came early in the second half when Sarah sang *Feelings*. The overblown chart was necessary here to overshadow the lack of content of the lyrics.

The rare talent of the woman came out in an a cappella version of *Summertime*. Sassy's twisting and turning of the chords, the slurring of notes from bar to bar, the delaying of lyrics as the background continues on its way, all were there.

Alas, the balance of the program was lack-lustre, although second rate Sarah is far better than first rate anybody else. Even though her repertoire has become somewhat familiar to her audiences, the manner in which she delivers her material varies from moment to moment, concert to concert, club to club; you never hear *Wave*, for example, the same way twice. Why, with the material at hand, such as *Wave* and *Misty*, did no one think of anything except the trio? **db**



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ALLISON

continued from page 15

ton songs, *I Ain't Got Nothin' But The Blues*—it sounds so much like a Mose Allison song when you do it.

Allison: I suppose that's a compliment. I think so, a lot of people make that remark. In fact, a lot of people think I wrote the songs that I didn't write, like *Meet Me At No Special Place*. I don't even know who wrote it.

Bourne: People think you wrote *Seventh Son* by Willie Dixon. What do you listen for in other people's songs?

Allison: The words, the lyrics are the first thing. Most lyrics turn me off, about 90% of the songs I hear, I don't think I could sing them. I couldn't say those words with a straight face. That's the first thing, and whether I can adapt it to the rhythmic patterns, my own phrasing and sound. The Duke Ellington songs seem the easiest to deal with. I do some country songs: *Hey, Good Lookin'* (by Hank Williams), *If You Got The Money, I Got The Time* (by Lefty Frizzell), *You Are My Sunshine* (by Jimmie Davis). On the new record, I did an old Nat King Cole song, *Just Can't See For Lookin'*, which is pretty much in my groove. I do a Billie Holiday song, *Foolin' Myself*.

Bourne: You don't sing rhapsodic love songs so much as songs about love that's busted, love that ain't happening.

Allison: Yeah, I think love is ambivalent. Nobody loves anybody all the time.

Bourne: One wonders whenever an artist sings so many songs about love not happening if he's had enough love.

Allison: Who knows? Does anybody have enough love in their life, or outside their life?

Bourne: You must have someone named Audre Mae, the name of your publishing company.

Allison: I do, my wife.

Bourne: What do you try for in your songs? You have much wit.

Allison: The things that guide me are ambivalence, contrariness, things that are funny on the surface, you smile but they might hurt a little bit, irony, double-edged things.

Bourne: *Everybody's Cryin' Mercy* is one of the most profound songs ever written.

Allison: I'm glad you said that, because I was thinking recently that I wrote the new national anthem.

Bourne: There is a lot of thematic distance between *One Room Country Shack* and *Hello There Universe*.

Allison: I didn't write *One Room Country Shack* either. That was written by Mercy Dee; that was in my *Local Color* phase, when I was primarily interested in getting into these grass-roots and blues things. Over the years, I took that as a starting point. Since then, I started listening to folk music from all over the world. And some of the things that I'm writing now, they're blues-based, but they're not 12-bar blues patterns, and they have different things going on. I like to regard them as universal chants. Rumanian folk music, Indian music, a lot of that stuff, I feel like the blues idea, the blues feeling, is a worldwide thing that comes out in different ways.

Bourne: In so many of your first songs, there's all these cotton sacks.

Allison: That's cause I started out in Mississippi, and that's the only thing I knew for a long time.

Bourne: Are you a country artist?

Allison: I suppose I am.

Bourne: You sing so much about country boys going to the city.

Allison: I feel that's one of the major themes right now, detribalization.

Bourne: That sounds more technical than "Don't take money from women, and don't mess around with dope!"

Allison: Yeah, that's what it is.

Bourne: How'd you get from the country to the city?

Allison: I first got out of Mississippi by going to the Army. That's how I got around a little and met some people, played with some musicians from other places. I went back to college for a year or two, then I went on the road and played, went back to college, finished college, then I went back on the road and played down South, all over, Texas, Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, until 1955 or '56. Then I went to New York, started getting started there.

Bourne: How'd you become a musician in the first place?


Allison: I've always been a musician. I took piano lessons when I was five. I remember singing in the Tippo grammar school, singing with a ukelele when I was four. My first public performance was as a singer and piano player in the eighth grade. I sang in a local contest there. I did a Fats Waller tune, *Hold Tight*, and I lost. The guy that

Continued on next page

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beat me out played the fiddle. I listened to jazz. I had a cousin, a girl that was 20 at the time, she was a jazz singer. I got started listening to jazz records from her. I can always remember playing and singing. I've never done anything else. My first big influence was Nat Cole, when he had the trio, and I emulated him a long time, then started listening to the be-boppers. And I always heard the blues things there in Mississippi. So later, when I started trying to find an individual approach to it, I decided why not use what you already have, which was the blues background. Then I started approaching it from a more philosophic point of view, a more conscious effort toward trying to synthesize the blues and jazz, all that.

Bourne: Your solos have this joyous feeling, like riding down a bumpy country road. There is that rhythm to it, and you always seem to be getting there. Who do you listen to now?

Allison: I listen to piano sonatas and concertos mostly. I listen to Bach, I like Mozart, but mostly I listen to contemporary piano sonatas and concertos. Hindemith is one of my favorites. I listened to Bartok for a long time, Ives, Scriabin, Ruggles, Prokofiev, Barber. I enjoy it and learn from it.

Bourne: Your music seems a locus of so many musics—country, blues, southern roots, jazz, be-bop, classical. You sound like no one else. Thelonius Monk is like that, a great influence, but nobody sounds like him. You were a great influence on the blues/rock of the '60s, yet nobody tried to sound like you. How did you react to that?

Allison: It's always a compliment to have somebody affected by what you do.

Bourne: How did it feel to have a multi-million dollar group like The Who get off on you? You didn't get the money.

Allison: I got a little money off that. They recorded one of my

songs (*Young Man*) and I got some money. That's nice. I go for that.

Bourne: Did you get any groupies?

Allison: No, I didn't get any groupies. I'm still waiting for the groupies. I haven't seen one yet.

Bourne: What next?

Allison: I'm not trying to get into something else. I like to play. Every night is interesting, or moreso than it ever was. The challenge to try to get it right, to get it across, it's more exciting than anything I can think of.

Bourne: Even on the road with rotten pianos?

Allison: That's part of it, the stuff you have to overcome. That makes it better sometimes. If you're mad, you play better.

Bourne: After all these years on the road, do you have any particular "Words Of Wisdom From The Jazz Sage," as one of your records was subtitled?

Allison: Yeah. We're all dumb, but some of us are dumber than others.

Bourne: What do we learn from that?

Allison: You learn temperance. You don't learn anything from it. It's just there.

Bourne: I suppose the exemplary line in your corpus is "I don't worry 'bout a thing, cause nothing's gonna work out right!"

Allison: A lot of people really didn't like that song for years, then about three or four years ago people started picking up on it. Events caught up with it. Now everybody digs it. But that's just an old saying down South, a farmer's saying. And in a way it's true, because no matter what, how good things get, there's always a new set of problems. No matter how many problems you solve, how much better things get, there's always a brand new set waiting around the corner. **db**

down beat 41st annual readers poll

HALL OF FAME (see rules)

JAZZMAN OF THE YEAR

ROCK/BLUES MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

TRUMPET

TROMBONE

FLUTE

CLARINET

SOPRANO SAX

ALTO SAX

TENOR SAX

BARITONE SAX

ACOUSTIC PIANO

ELECTRIC PIANO

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MALE SINGER

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BIG JAZZ BAND

JAZZ GROUP (2 to 10 PIECES)

ROCK/BLUES GROUP

JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR

ROCK/BLUES ALBUM OF THE YEAR

Your Signature _____

BALLOTS MUST BE POSTMARKED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, OCTOBER 10, 1976
MAIL TO down beat/RPB, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606

instructions

Count down has begun for the 41st **down beat** Readers Poll. From now until midnight Oct. 10 you have the opportunity to vote for your favorite musicians.

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

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 10.

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

3. **Jazzman and Rock/Blues Musician of the year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz/rock/blues in 1976.

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

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

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

7. Make only one selection in each category.

here's your ballot

BENSON

continued from page 17

where he was at. But he had Pittsburgh sewed up. Every song he wrote was a local smash, but unfortunately they never went national. We also heard the records by Bill Doggett—*Honky Tonk*—which really helped to make the guitar popular. Then I became interested in the jazz organ groups, so I started picking up on Grant Green. But the guy who made me conscious of what the guitar could do was a country guitar player named Hank Garland, who recorded an album in 1960 called *Jazz Winds From A New Direction*. The things that I do today—the very fast lines that more or less suit my personality and concept (I'm a nervous player so I play a lot of notes) . . . Hank Garland played a lot of notes, but they went somewhere. He never lost sight of the message he was trying to put across. He had good colors, and a lot of fire. So I figured if you wanted to play jazz, that was the way to do it.

Mitchell: So McDuff came through Pittsburgh and heard you?

Benson: Yes. We didn't have a dime in the house, and a friend of mine came by and said, "George, you should go out and play for Jack McDuff." I told him that I wasn't that heavy yet, and he said, "Man, I know Jack will like you." My father told me that I should go, but we didn't have any streetcar money. So my father went out somewhere—I don't know where—and he got together 50 cents. It changed my whole life. The 50 cents would have got us both there, but we couldn't have gotten back. So my father gave up his seat, and I went out and got the gig. I was supposed to be with Jack for three weeks and ended up staying three years. By the time I left him, I had a pretty good idea of what I wanted to do, and I started out to try to do it.

Jack played with a lot of fire, and he cooked all the time. But he taught me another lesson: this is a funky world—play funky, and you'll make it. He called it bluesy. "Play bluesy," he used to say.

Mitchell: Were you hearing Charlie Christian and Wes Montgomery in Pittsburgh also?

Benson: Well, the first guitar music I ever heard was Charlie Christian. My stepfather had those records. In fact, I knew about the electric guitar before I came in contact with electric lights. We lived by candlelight and kerosene until I was about seven years old. When we moved into a house that had electricity, the first thing my stepfather did was to get his electric guitar out of the pawnshop, take it home, and plug it in. I remember waking up to that sound, and being shocked that he was playing the guitar over here and the sound was coming out of a box across the room.

Mitchell: So it must have been quite a trip for you to do the John Hammond tribute show with Benny Goodman on *Soundstage* for PBS. How did that go down?

Benson: I hadn't met Benny before, but I felt very close to him because I had heard those records with Charlie from the time I was so young. I knew he could still swing very hard when he wanted to, but he wasn't playing really hard that night. It was very relaxed, and I decided to wake things up. How it happened on *Seven Come Eleven* was that he was trying to cue me out by picking up his horn to play. He really didn't want to blow hard. But I ignored the cue, which caused him to really have to dig in to keep up. And he did. When the electricity set in on that last chorus we took, I really felt good, because I knew he was with me.

Mitchell: How did your career progress after you left McDuff?

Benson: After I left Jack, I went to New York to try and build a jazz career, but always ended up playing behind some go-go girl. Then I got a break when John Hammond cut a vacation short to hear me; he had been told there was this guitar player in New York who would remind him of Charlie Christian, so he caught the group I was fronting at a club in Harlem. He wanted to sign me up that night. We did a tape audition that would have resulted in a contract and a later record date. But John liked the audition so much that he decided to turn *that* session into a record date. That became our first album for Columbia.

Mitchell: Who was in that band?

Benson: We had Ronnie Cuber on baritone, Lonnie Smith—the organist, not the pianist—and Jimmy Lovelace on drums. Earlier, in Pittsburgh, I'd had a baritone sax and a trom-

bone combination in my group. We got a bottom sound, beautifully full.

Mitchell: You seem to be fond of unusual instrumental configurations.

Benson: It's a very strange thing, because I'm never trying consciously to be different. But no matter what I try, it always seems to turn out that way—slightly to the left. As long as I find musicians who can play, I don't really give a lot of thought to the combination. I could play with 50 guitars, as long as they could all play. But every time I put together a group, there'll be something about it that'll make people wonder why I did it. It just happens that way.

Mitchell: Of all the sessions you did for CTI, which are your favorites—your own and others'?

Benson: *First Light* and *Sky Dive* with Fred-

continued on next page

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die Hubbard, *Sugar* with Stanley Turrentine—a very natural album with nothing pre-planned; we just went in there and smoked. I did a beautiful session with Keith Jarrett that came out on Airtro's *Free*.

Mitchell: How about your own albums?

Benson: I like the album *Body Talk*; *White Rabbit* I like. Creed Taylor produced an album for A&M that I dig, *The Other Side Of Abbey Road*. I didn't do as much guitar playing on that one as usual, but I like it because it has a lasting quality. It'll be around for a while.

Mitchell: You spoke before about getting a certain feeling, establishing a groove with an audience. How do you react personally to your performances? Last night you followed that outrageous spectacle by Ashford and Simpson. A lot of showbiz, and not much music, but the audience went wild. Everybody that stayed to hear you, however, was really ready to lay back and dig you, and the performance was really well received. But how did you react to the situation?

Benson: Naturally, every musician feels after a performance that there was something he could have done to further enhance it. I was pleased with what happened to the string section, because we didn't have a whole lot of time to rehearse. The pieces really needed attention, because they were put together by an arranger-composer named Claus Ogerman, who I respect very much. I wanted to do justice to his arrangements. Fortunately, we had some of New York's finest players and they handled it very well. I felt good about it.

Mitchell: Last night was a soul audience, and Sunday night you'll have a jazz house. Does that change your tactics at all?

Benson: Of course. I'm very responsive to

my audiences. I believe that's contributed to the success I've had in the past three years especially. I try to make each performance memorable for each audience.

Mitchell: Does that require advance preparation in terms of selecting a repertoire for the evening to suit the type of house it's going to be?

Benson: No, I don't do that really. It's something I've gotten a certain amount of heat for, but I find that it doesn't work. It reminds me of all those government programs. You put 'em together and then they don't work.

Mitchell: So you call the tunes from the stage?

Benson: Yes. Even if we're using a string section. I'll call an opening tune before we go on, but after that, the guys in the band don't know what I'm going to play until the first note I hit or until I announce it to the audience. I find that this keeps the musicians alert and fresh because they're surprised. It takes the boredom out of things, because if you always know what's going to happen, how can you hold somebody's interest?

Mitchell: Just to wrap it up, do you have anything you'd like to say to young musicians, guitarists especially?

Benson: Yes, some of them, I feel, have a tendency to give up too easily. I hear a lot of young musicians say, "Well, I'm never going to be able to do that." I used to say that too, until I recognized that it's up to the individual. People are ready for anything, you just have to lay it on them. And keep trying continuously. You can't give up, because the people don't know what's out there. They're lookin' for something to believe in, and it can be you. db

JONES

continued from page 21

that you started hearing Trane play a little later. Eric influenced Trane about playing that way, and Trane just went from top to bottom. Eric was a genius, too. All saxophonists knew how great Eric was, and he had respect from all of them; they knew what he could do with that horn. But Trane had something that Eric didn't have, and Eric was after that little something from Trane. So together they unraveled a whole lot of different ways of playing the horn.

Trane would practice all day. I lived with him all the time when we were on the road. We roomed together or we would have separate rooms next to each other on the same floor. And then we were thrown together because of what we were both doing with ourselves at the time in our personal lives. So we were very close. But he never strayed away from his horn, no matter what he was doing with his personal life. He used to give me a lot of strength when he finally found himself and straightened his life out and I was still out there in the water. He used to always give me encouragement and, coming from him, it was a gas because I had been through so much with John. Not just then, either. I had been through so much with him here in Philly. You know, John used to work with me here in the city before he went out with Dizzy's band and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson's band and others before he came to work with Miles and me. And we took Red (Garland); Red and I used to play here in the city, too.

Davis: Coltrane produced so much music in his short lifetime; he made an extraordinary number of records. It was said that he worked so hard, as you said, he was always practicing, always playing. So do you think that he felt a mission, so to speak, or that he glimpsed himself as a musical prophet or as the Master that people call him today?

Jones: No. He was too modest for that. Trane thought that everything that he did wasn't good enough. That's why he kept searching. He wanted to do more.

Davis: It was this searching that drove him?

Jones: Sure, 'cause there is no end to music anyway. You can't ever find out everything about your instrument; you're going to keep on searching and you're always going to find something new. But if you get satisfied with yourself, you'll never find anything new. That's the trouble with some of the young musicians today. They get satisfied with the little something that they can do because they sound good and somebody tells them they sound good. So they think, "I've made it now." You haven't made it! There's things on drums I'm hoping to play that I haven't played yet. And I will, because I keep at it.

No matter what I do in life, I'll never stop playing. If somebody says, "Where's Philly now; what's happened to him?" Nothing's happened to me. I'm playing all the time. You see yourself. Everytime you turn around, I'm working somewhere. Right? I go out from Philly if I can get the money I think I deserve; if not, I stay home. And I don't really want to be in New York because New York is too fast. It took me 20 years to find that out. The proprietors are looking at other things instead of your musical ability, and they don't pay enough most of the time.

If I play in New York, it will only be with my own group, with my own brand of music. I'm not going to be thrown out there with just anybody just because they're good musicians.

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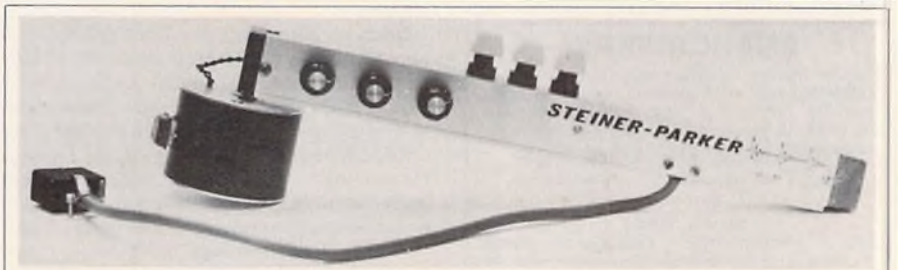


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continued on page 56

I know whom I want to play with, and I want to write some music and have them write some. We'll give the people something that I know they like. I'm in New York now about once a week, so I know what they're playing and what the people appreciate. And there's no way in the world I wouldn't know after living there 20 some years. I know what the New York audiences are receptive to and I know what my drawing power is in New York. I have a lot of friends in New York, and the longer I stay away the better it will be when I go back.

Davis: How's your health?

Jones: My health? Beautiful!

Davis: You look good.

Jones: It's better than it's ever been. That's because I'm happy. All my vices have been cut down, even my drinking. I don't drink at all during the day. Only a little bit when I'm working, and I don't get drunk anymore. See, I used to get drunk. It took me 10 or 15 years to learn what drink *not* to take. And to walk off that gig—walk off—and play out and walk off, you know? And that means a lot to me. Miles used to kid me, say, "Man, you know you were sound asleep? Still playing, though." So many of my friends, artists, that can really play, alcohol will really take them completely out.

SELECTED JONES DISCOGRAPHY

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PHILLY JOE JONES AND ELVIN JONES

TOGETHER—Atlantic A 1428

with Miles Davis

STEAMIN'—Prestige PRST 7580

COOKIN' & RELAXIN' (reissued two record set)—

Prestige PR 24001

MILESTONES (with Cannonball Adderley)—

Columbia CS9428

'ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT—Columbia CL 949

with Freddie Hubbard

GOIN' UP—Blue Note BST 84056

with Donald Byrd

THE CAT WALK—Blue Note ST 84075

with Bill Evans

BILL EVANS (reissue)—Milestone M 47024

with John Coltrane

BLUE TRANE—Blue Note BST 81577

with Jackie McLean

JACKIE'S BAG—Blue Note BST 84051

with Kenny Durham

WHISTLE STOP—Blue Note BST 84063

with Bud Powell

TIME WAITS—Blue Note 1598 Vol. 4

And you can't play drunk. It's impossible. Just like a lot of young musicians think that getting high will make them play. That ain't gonna make them play nothing.

Davis: At the time when you were getting high, did you feel that your playing was enhanced?

Jones: Well, that was a phase of my life. Fortunately for me, I wasn't playing bad when I was getting high; I was playing very good. But I feel now that I would have played better, and I think that I'm playing better today than I've ever played. And I know it's true because I know how I play with the musicians here in the city, and I know how I play when I'm thrown in with giants. My entire concept of playing drums changes when I'm playing with all giants. If I've got a five-piece band and there's four giants in it, it's going to be terrible! But if I've got a five-piece band and there's only one giant in there and myself, it's going to be hard on me trying to carry three other cats. But when you're only carrying one or something like that, it's so easy.

Davis: Is that one of the shortcomings that you have now—living in Philadelphia, that

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As for the music, the Festival seemed to bring out the best in just about everybody. Today, Newport '76 triggers a collage of brilliant fragments: Charlie Mingus dancing with the Azucena Y Edo Flamenco Dance company; McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones embracing after the tribute to Trane; Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh revitalizing their pioneering work with Lennie Tristano; Jan Garbarek making his New York debut; Freddie Hubbard recapturing his fire with Herbie Hancock and Art Blakey; the world premiere of Cannonball Adderley's *Big Man*; and the incredible Midnight Jam capped off by Rahsaan Roland Kirk's triumphant return.

A final note. The high price of tickets puts most Newport events out of reach for too many music fans. If more budget or free events (like the 52nd Street Fair) could be arranged, that would be a great public service. **db**

db HAPPENING VI
Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago

Personnel (instrument brand indicates company affiliation):

Chicago State University Jazz Band directed by Bunky Green; guest soloists—**Rufus Reid**, bass (Barcus-Berry pickup and amp); **Phil Wilson**, trombone (Conn).

ARP NAMM JAM—Mike Brigida and Tom Piggott, synthesizers (ARP).

The Mu-Tron Mix—Elliott Randall, guitar; Danny Lamb, guitar; Dan Armstrong, bass (all using Mu-Tron pedal equipment); Barry Miles, keyboards; Tom Radke, drums.

Geoff Levin & Joel Porter Munsey, guitars (Energy Bow, Creative Sound Products).

Buddy Rich, drums (Slingerland and A. Zildjian); **Bunky Green**, alto sax (Selmer); **Phil Wilson**, trombone (Conn); **Rufus Reid**, bass (Barcus-Berry); **Dennis Tini**, acoustic piano (Hohner).

Dave Fredericks, synthesizer and organ (CAT synthesizer, Syn-Cordion, and Thomas 2001 organ).

Matrix—Mike Hale, Jeff Pietrangelo, Larry Darling, trumpets/fluegelhorns; Kurt Dietrich and Fred Sturm, trombones (Holton); Michael Bard, woodwinds (Selmer); Randal Fird, bass (Fender); Tony Wagner, drums (Fibes and Latin Percussion); John Harmon, keyboards (Rhodes and Moog).

Nyle Steiner, Electronic Valve Instrument (Steiner-Parker synthesizer).

Merle Lemmon, Patch 2000 synthesized guitar (Ampeg).

Emmett Chapman, The Stick (Stick Enterprises).

Equipment credits: Ludwig drum set and A. Zildjian cymbals. Sound production by Don Griffin (West L.A. Music) who used AKG mikes and stands, Kustom stage monitoring system, Sunn stereo re-enforcement system, and Tapco stereo equalizer.

In cooperation with the National Association of Young Music Merchants (NAYMM), down beat hosted its annual music industry party, Happening VI, at the June International Music Expo in the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago. As in previous Happenings, participating musicians were made available by the musical instrument manufacturers exhibiting at the Music Expo. As in recent Happenings, much of the music involved new electronic instruments, several of which were being played before an audience for the first time.

Bunky Green's excellent big band from Chicago State University got the standing-room-only crowd going with swinging ensemble playing and fine solo work from several of the student players, who won individual honors at the '76 Notre Dame Jazz Festival.

Bassist Rufus Reid held the crowd breathless with a tour de force solo on *Pocahontas*. Phil Wilson did a dazzling five minute a cappella, avant-garde trombone solo, finishing with a blues with the band.

Mike Brigida and Tom Piggott have been working together for and with ARP for several years. Their 20 minute set, involving 17 different ARP instruments, is polished and inventive. They are particularly adept in arranging many varied voicings into a musical performance.

The Mu-Tron Mix featured Elliot Randall, New York studio guitarist; Danny Lamb, a New Jersey based guitarist-dealer; and Dan Armstrong, the British electronics inventor, on bass. All used various Mu-Tron foot synthesizers and other sound modification devices. Barry Miles did nice keyboard work (which he prefers to drumming) while Tom Radke, the Chicago studio drummer, kept steady rock time.

Geoff Levin and Joel Porter Munsey, west coast studio guitarists, demonstrated the new Energy Bow, a hand-held device, which when placed near a string causes the string to vibrate "sympathetically."

Buddy Rich played a good half-hour jazz set with players he met just before the down beat. Phil Wilson, an old friend who charted Rich's hit of *Mercy*, was in rare form, as was Rufus Reid on bass, and Bunky Green, a jazz alto player who is heard all too rarely. Pianist Dennis Tini, formerly with Don Ellis, is a good player but suffered from an overmiked, untuned piano (supplied by the hotel). Buddy Rich seemed happy enough with his new associates, encouraging them to take 32-bar choruses which they handled with distinction. The audience liked the results but was somewhat disappointed that Rich didn't break out into a cataclysmic drum solo. Buddy didn't have to; he gave a lesson on how to properly play a drum set in a small jazz ensemble.

Dave Fredericks tastefully changed the musical pace by demonstrating what a cocktail lounge musician can do with the new CAT synthesizer and Thomas 2001 organ.

The nine-piece Matrix was—as it was at last year's Happening—the musical treat of the evening. The group's arrangement, solos, and ensemble vocals are altogether original and performed with precision and poise. (Matrix is scheduled to play a series of west coast concerts before and after their performance at the Monterey Jazz Festival on September 17.)

Nyle Steiner gave a fascinating demonstration of a new wind-activated synthesizer, the Steiner-Parker Electronic Valve Instrument.

Another new instrument, the Ampeg Patch 2000 "synthesized guitar" was well played and demonstrated by Merle Lemmon, backed by a rhythm section recruited from a thinning audience.

By this time—what with the complications of setting up new and unfamiliar equipment—it was one thirty a.m. But Emmett Chapman, who had been waiting most of the evening, graciously consented to go on. His musicianship on the Stick stopped cold anyone headed for the exits. A remarkable musician on a unique instrument.

Among those who stayed to hear Chapman were surprise visitors Mike Urbaniak and Urszula Dudziak. Urbaniak had wanted to play his Lyricon and Vi-Tar but he lacked a fiddle bow for the latter and didn't want to hold up an already tardy program.

Happening VI closed out at 2:15 a.m. Happening VII will kick off at 8:00 p.m., Monday, June 13, 1977, in Atlanta. **db**

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Folk City: Albert Dailey and Friends (Suns 4-8 PM).

Cowboy Cafe (Port Washington, L.I.): Gary Gross, Jerry Rizzi, Jeff Hirshfield Trio (Fri. & Sat.).
Cookery: Helen Humes.

Crawdaddy: Sammy Price & Doc Cheatham.
Le Petit Cafe (Sherry Netherland Hotel): Hank Jones.

Richard's Lounge (Lakewood, N.J.): John Payne (8/12-15); Morning Sky (8/19-22); Richie Cole (8/26-29); Barry Miles (9/2-5).

Bemelman's Bar (Carylton Hotel): Marion McPartland P.S. 77: Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon., Thurs.-Sat.).

Bottom Line: Yusef Lateef/Bobby Hutcherson (8/12-15); Melanie (8/19-22); Patti Smith (9/7-13).

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Roland Prince (8/13-14); Cecil Payne (8/20-21); Wayne Wright (8/27-28); Howard Kimbo (9/3-4).

Central Presbyterian Church (St. Peter's): Jazz Vespers Hilton Ruiz (8/15); Jack Clark (8/22); Chuck Folds (8/29); Eddie Bonnemere (9/6).

Bill's Meadowbrook (Uniondale, L.I.): Yarbles (8/13-14) Presented by Jazz Heritage Society.

Chalet Restaurant (Roslyn, L.I.): Alan Palanski, Bill Miller (Fri. & Sat.).

Central Park (Wollman Skating Rink): Schaefer Music Festival Natalie Cole (8/13); Outlaws/Cate Bros. (8/14); Eddie Palmieri/Hector Lavoe/Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez (8/16); Bonnie Raitt/Muddy Waters (8/18); Arlo Guthrie (8/20); Chuck Man-

gione/Esther Satterfield (8/21); Robert Palmer/Santana (8/23); Santana (8/25); Grover Washington, Jr./Ron Carter/Grant Green/Ildis Muhammad/Bob James/Hubert Laws/Hank Crawford/Joey Farrell/Patti Austin (8/27); add Esther Phillips w. Pee Wee Ellis Orchestra (8/28); Jimmy Cliff (8/30); Gary Wright (Foghat) (9/3); David Bromberg/Vassar Clements (9/4); Crosby/Nash (9/8). Check newspapers for times.

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): Charlie Rouse (8/13-14); Carmen Leggio (8/20-21); Vic Kenicula Quartet w. Teddy Zereba (Suns.); Dave Tesar Quartet (Mon.); Wildfire Quartet (Tues.); Bob Kindred Quartet w. Joe Carroll (Wed.); The North Jersey Jazz Company (Thurs.).

Sweet Basil: Kenny Barron (opens 9/8).
Forest Hills Tennis Stadium (Forest Hills, Queens): Neil Diamond (8/13-14).

Westchester Premier Theatre (Tarrytown, N.Y.): Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons (8/10-15); Shirley Bassey (opens 9/9).

Sheik's Tent (Seaside Heights, N.J.): Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds.

West End Cafe: Franc Williams Swing Four w. Eddie Durham & Shelton Gary (Mon. & Tues.); Harold Ashby Quartet w. Blood Hollins & Richard Wyands (Wed.); Swing to Bop Quintet w. Ed Lewis, Harold Cumberbatch, Sonny Donaldson, Arthur Edghill & John Ore (Thurs. & Fri.); Two Tenor Boogie w. Ronnie Cole, Paul Quinichette & Buddy Tate (Sat. & Sun.).

New York State Theatre (Lincoln Center): Alvin Ailey City Dance Theatre Celebrates Duke Ellington: The Mooche/Pas De Duke/Caravan (8/10-11); The Mooche/Liberian Suite/Three Black Kings (8/12); Night Creature/Reflections In D/Black Brown & Biège/The Road of the Phoebe Snow/The River (3/13-14); Echoes In Blue/Reflections In D/ New Orleans Junction/Liberian Suite (8/14);

Echoes In Blue/Still Life/Reflections In D/Afro-Eurasian Eclipse/The Mooche (8/15); Liberian Suite/Deep South Suite/Three Black Kings/Caravan (8/15); Streams/Cry/Liberian Suite/Revelations (8/17); Blues Suite/The Mooche/Revelations (8/18); Streams/Cry/Blues Suite/Caravan (8/19); Blues Suite/Cry/Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder/The Mooche (8/20); Streams/Cry/Games/Caravan (8/21); Streams/Cry/Games/Liberian Suite (8/22); The Mooche/Caravan/Revelations (8/22). Check newspapers for exact times.

Lincoln Center Plaza: Mary Lou Williams & guests (8/29) Valerie Capers Jazz Quartet (9/2).

Beacon Theatre: Eddie Palmieri & McCoy Tyner (9/3).

Village Vanguard: Bill Evans (8/10-15); Heath Brothers (8/17-22); Gil Evans Orchestra (Mons. in Aug.).

Bar None: Dardanelle at the piano.
Bradley's: Barry Harris Duo (Suns.) Call club for balance of week.

Eddie Condon's: Red Balaban and Cats; Guest artist (Tues.); Guest group (Sun.); Jazz luncheon (Fri.).

Gaslight Club: Sam Ulano Dixieland.
Gregory's: Gene Rowland trio w. Jim Watkins, Morris Edwards & Lynn Crane (Mon.-Sat. 6-9 PM); Brooks Kerr trio w. Sonny Greer, Russell Procope & Alicia Sherman (Wed.-Sun.); Warren Chiasson w. Chuck Wayne & Wilbur Little (Mon.-Tues. 6 PM, Sun. 5 PM).

Jim Smith's Village Corner: Lance Hayward (Mon., Tues., Thurs.-Sun.) add Jane Valentine (Sun.); Jim Roberts Wed.).

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Syria Mosque: *Linda Ronstadt* (Aug. 14); *Musical World of Quincy Jones and his Orchestra* (Aug. 20).

Three Rivers Stadium: *Beach Boys and Peter Frampton* (Aug. 14).

Airport Holiday Inn: *Frank Cunimondo Trio* (Aug. 23-Sept. 18).

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Ernie's Esquire Lounge (McMurray): *Al Dowe Quintet with vocalist Etta Cox* (Thur.-Fri.-Sat.).

Gaslight Association Of Shadyside: *Spyder & Co. with guest soloists Eric Kloss, Eric Leeds, and others* (Sunday).

Sonny Dayes Stage Door Lounge: *Spyder & Co. featuring Eric Kloss* (Aug. 18-21); *Randy Purcell* (Aug. 25-28); *Eric Kloss* (through September); jam session every Tuesday.

Squakers Club: *Joe Harris Quartet* and jam session (Sunday).

Zebra Room (Homewood): *Carl Arter Trio w/Tiny Irwin* (Fri.-Sat.).

Radio: "Jazz Now" on WDUQ, 90.5 fm, M-F 10 pm-1 am, Sat. 7 pm-1 am, Sun. 8 pm-1 am; Special "Eric Kloss and Barry Miles in Concert" Aug. 21, 11 pm; jazz on WAMO 860 am, Sat. 11 am-4 pm.

LAS VEGAS

Sahara: *Tony Bennett* (9/2-8); *Sam Butera & the Witnesses* (to 9/12); *Merle Haggard* (9/9-15).

MGM: *Paul Anka* (8/26-9/8).

Hacienda: *Las Vegas Jazz Society* (Sundays). **Sands:** *Jive Sisters* (to 10/5); *Dionne Warwick* (10/6-19).

New Town Tavern: *Eagle Eye Shields Four*.

Hilton: *Ann-Margaret* (8/31-9/20).

Circus Circus Gilded Cage: *Carl Fontana Quartet*.

Reno: *Cal Tjader* (8/14).

Flamingo: *Eleanor Rigby & Mixed Company*.

Harrah's Tahoe: *John Denver* (9/3-9); *Frank Sinatra and John Denver* (9/10-12); and *Frank Sinatra* (9/13-16).

PHOENIX

Marvin Gardens: (formerly El Bandido); *Monopoly, Prince Shell Quartet w/ Francine Reed* (Thurs.-Sat.); *Jerry Byrd Quartet* (Sun.).

Scottsdale Center For The Arts: *Count Basie* (9/4); *Stephane Grapelli* (9/15); *Preservation Hall Jazz Band* (9/24).

Tucson Doubletree: *Jimmy Witherspoon* (8/5-7); *Arizona* (8/13-14); *Lionel Hampton* (8/24-26); *Les McCann* (9/2-5).

Celebrity: *Billy Joel* (8/1); *Spirit* (8/20).

Excelsior: 8-piece salsa w/*Orchestra Tropicana* (Mondays).

Tucson Community: *ZZ Top* (9/24).

Phoenix Coliseum: *ZZ Top* (9/25).

Hatch Cover: *Charles Lewis Quintet* (Sun.-Wed.); *Fair Weather* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Page Four: *Joel Robin Trio* (to 9/10).

Century Sky Room: *Soul Injection* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Tempe Stadium: *Kiss, Ted Nugent, Uriah Heep, and Bob Seger* (8/17); *Aerosmith and Lynryd Skynyrd* (9/8).

Boojum Tree: *Jimmy Witherspoon* (8/8); *Barney Kessel* (9/19). *Lunt Avenue Marble Club* (Phoenix): *Steve Springer Quartet*.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea: *Horace Silver* (8/10-15); *Cal Tjader* (8/17-22); *Woody Herman* (8/23); *L.A. Express* (8/24-29); *Norman Connors* (8/31-9/12).

Lighthouse: *Mose Allison* (8/3-15); *L.A. Four* (8/19-22); *Kenny Burrell* (9/7-19).

U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): *John Klemmer* (8/28).

Hollywood Bowl: *Cleo Laine/John Dankworth* (9/3-4).

Starlight Bowl (Burbank): *Joe Roccisano* (8/15); *Don Ellis Big Band* (8/22); (free admission).

Parisian Room: *Maxine Weldon* (7/27-8/15).

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Memory Lane: *O. C. Smith*.

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Etc. Club: *Jazz* vocalist nightly; details 874-6431.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: *Jimmy Smith & special guests* (Thurs.-Sat.); jam session (Mon.).

Eagle Rock High School: *Concerts* (2nd Sun. of month).

The Cellar: *Les De Merle & Transfusion* (Mon.); details 487-0419.

Medallion: *Dave Mackay* (Tues.-Fri.); details 385-8191.

Troubador: occasional jazz; details 276-6168.

JONES

continued from page 53

is—that the number of giants, or extremely good musicians, is limited?

Jones: That's true. That's very true. I'd rather not work than get on the bandstand with novices that can make you sound bad, because I can't concentrate on my instrument and play for trying to hold them together. I may play things against rhythm and play polyrhythms and do anything else and it throws them. Then it throws the whole band. Ordinarily, if I do that with giants, it never even disturbs them; but the minute I deviate with the rhythm as it is, they go out the window.

Davis: You seem to be the father of all the musicians in Philadelphia right now, you know, in terms of experience and respectability and musical progressiveness.

Jones: Well, that's because you have to earn it. Your word has to be good and what you do has to be together. The past is the past as far as I'm concerned. I always say, if it's really in you, it'll come out. If you're serious, you'll get over all the humps and come on through. And if you can play your instrument, really play, it'll come about. db

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