

NOVEMBER 18, 1976 60c

the contemporary
music magazine

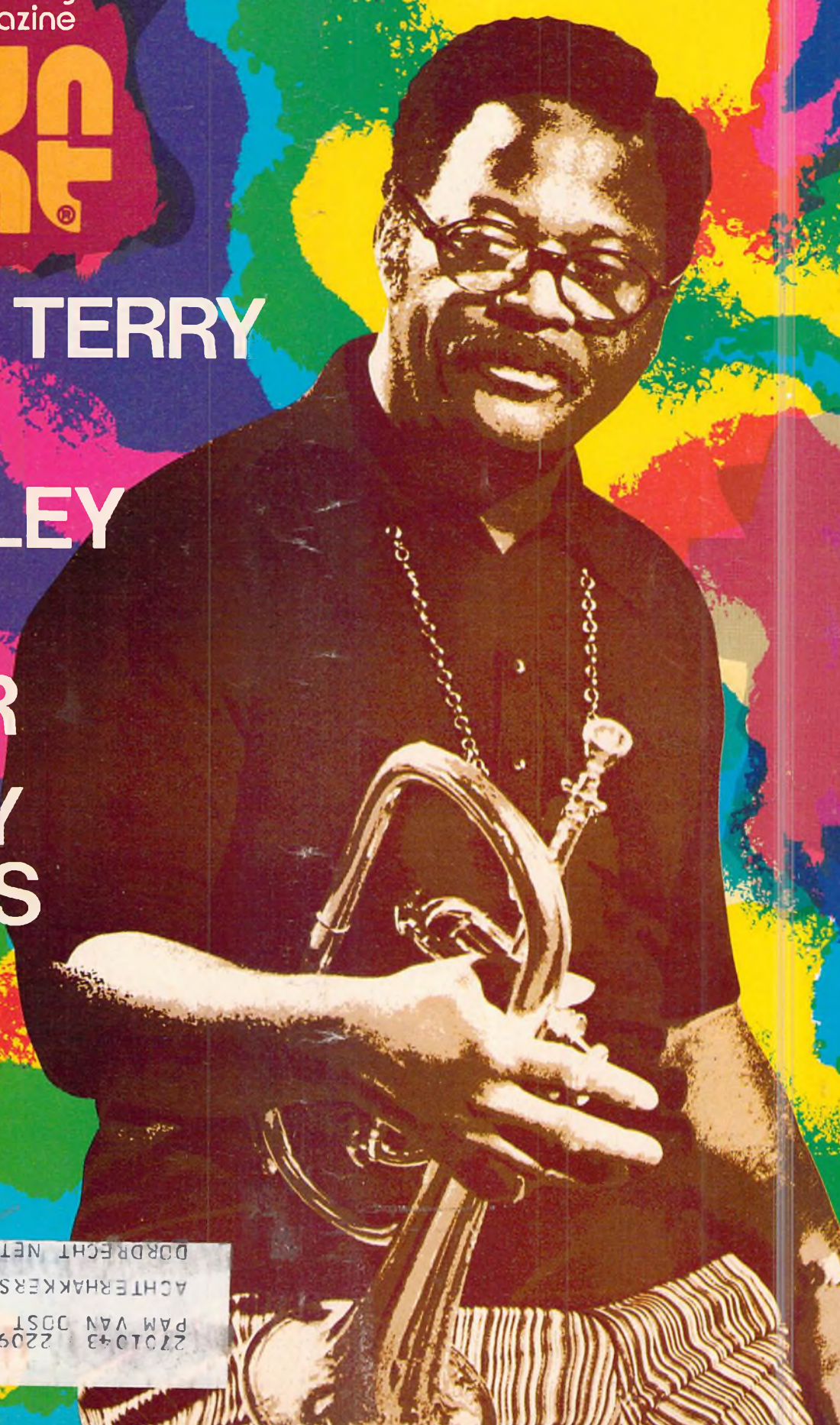
down beat

CLARK TERRY

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A conversation with America's most-recorded keyboard artist—Herbie Hancock.

"It makes the music better because we can hear better."

First off, can you list the keyboards you use onstage for concert work?

Yeah, there are about seven or eight of them; Fender-Rhodes electric piano, Hohner D6 clavinet, an Oberheim four-voice synthesizer through a DS2 digital sequencer, an ARP String Ensemble, ARP Odyssey, a Moog, Micro-Moog, and a Yamaha electric grand piano.

Anything additional in the studio?

In the studio I also use a Syn-Key synthesizer, an ARP 2600, an ARP Pro Soloist, stuff like that.

Using eight keyboards in a concert setting must present a mixing problem—how do you handle it?

Well, right now I'm using a Kustom mixer, with twelve inputs, effects send and return, separate EQ for each input. And I have stereo monitoring onstage for the band.

And this gives you enough control?

Oh, definitely. It's solved a lot of problems. For one thing, we play mostly concerts, so the sound the audience hears is primarily through the sound system. The sound we hear onstage is different, because it has to be in order for us to hear properly. With the Kustom equipment, everybody can hear everything.

So you control your own mix from the stage?

Right. It makes the music better because we can hear better. We don't have to depend on some guy at the side of the stage.

So much for sound levels—how about quality?

Oh, the Kustom's clean—yeah, very clean.

some of my experience as a musician. Something they haven't been exposed to before.

Sometimes that isn't easy.

No, sometimes it isn't. If I'm in the frame of mind that's very mellow, and I want to play mellow, and the audience wants to boogie, then I gotta reach down inside me and find some boogie, fast. You can't speak a different language than the one the audience understands, in order to have an understanding, a rapport happening.

This all sounds like it stems from a definite personal philosophy. What about that?

My music is a reflection of my life. As my life gets better, my music gets better. I'm into chanting—Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism. When I chant, I have more energy, direction, projection, even a better rhythmic sense.

The chanting centers your concentration?

Well, kind of. It's a matter of having greater control of oneself, and that even extends into technique on the keyboard. But it's a very relaxed control, not a rigid intellectual discipline. It's a clarifying of the relationship between your inner self and your environment.

And where will all this take you musically from here?

More records, more concerts, more work. Trying to keep the audience happy, and help them have some new kind of experience.



With technical problems under control, do you find yourself free to really get into the audience?

I try to put the audience into my space. I feel I have the responsibility to, you know, be honest and at least give the audience

When sound is everything . . .

Kustom

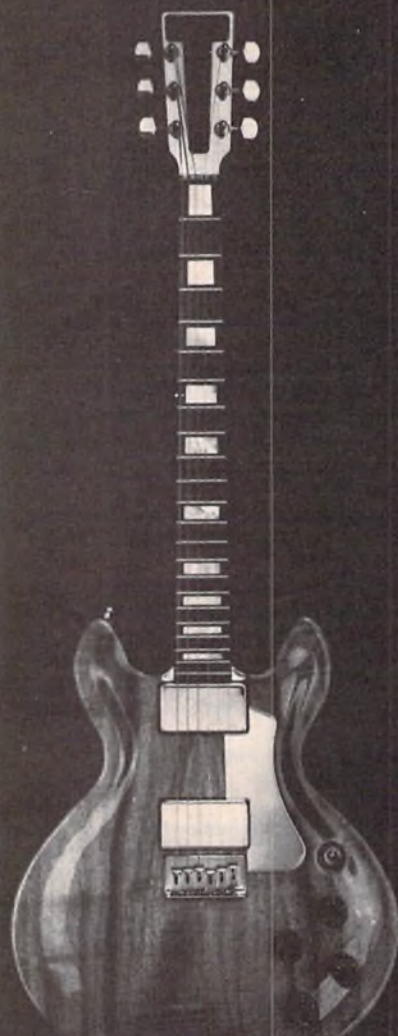
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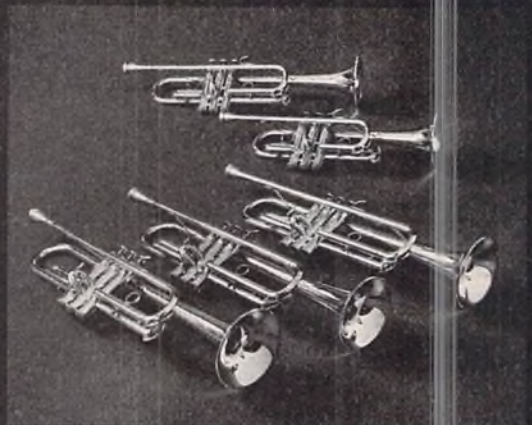
The best trumpet players praise Clark Terry. Clark Terry praises the best trumpet.

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By Charles Suber

School music is in trouble and precious little is being done about it. The trouble is rooted in money and mediocrity—a shortage of public funding and a surplus of poor programs and poorer planning. We've been checking around the country and this is what we've found.

Detroit is this school year's winner of the money trouble trophy. Faced with a bleak budget, and aided by a non-involved community, the Detroit principals' association "saved money" by eliminating music instruction to all of the city's 242,800 public school students. Not since school music began in De-

troit in 1847—not even in the 1930s depression—was such a drastic cut even contemplated. Only a last minute threat by the Michigan department of education to withhold state aid forced the principals to keep music in the Detroit high schools. Unfortunately, the state school code couldn't also protect the elementary and middle schools, so 51,216 children are now without music instruction in Detroit. As this is written, demonstrations on behalf of a school funding referendum are being organized in the community by the N.A.A.C.P. and Cass High School, famous for its music alumni. Motown's 348 music teachers are feeling rather lonely about now. They could use your help.

Chicago was the last large city that tried to totally eliminate music from its public schools. That was in 1972. As Clark Terry mentions in his interview in this issue, we waged an emotional fight that eventually won the battle. But we lost the war. We never did

convince the school board or the administration or the state legislators of the importance of music in a child's total education. Chicago's 514,000 public school students still have to make do with the dedicated services of only 300 music teachers. (Compare this to Dallas, for example, with 425 music teachers for 145,000 students; and a music program that continues to grow despite busing, court orders, and the like. Someone cares.)

So we are dismayed—but not surprised—to learn that about 75 of Illinois' 1049 school districts have eliminated music this fall. About 60 districts eliminated general music, K-10; about 15 districts took out everything, K-12. And this in a state where the national school band movement was weaned in the mid-'20s.

In Boston, where school music instruction was pioneered—Lowell Mason was named music superintendent in 1837—racial disharmony and political demagoguery have reduced community support for such "frills" as music. Similar problems plague the other large cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington—in the eastern urban corridor.

Space does not permit a detailed recounting of New York City's school music problem. Let's just say that there is less music instruction offered now than before and the future promises nothing. Pleading for more money for school music in New York City is like the band on the Titanic negotiating for a long term contract.

And it isn't just the big New York apple that has school music problems. Small and medium sized "upstate" school districts are also cutting back severely on their music programs. Last year in New York, 600 music teachers lost their jobs. This year's job losses haven't yet been computed. They are expected to be considerable.

In many northern and border-state cities, parents who can afford it are fleeing to the temporary security of the suburbs or enrolling their kids in private academies such as dot the southern landscape. No one knows how many of those students have been removed from public school instruction. Their numbers are included in the 1976 national total enrollment of private and parochial schools: 5.3 million students, K-12. Our best guess is that about 1% of those students are offered instrumental music instruction. Our comparable estimates for public school students were made before this year's sudden and accelerated school music attrition. We used to estimate the 5% of K-8 public school students received instrumental music instruction; 8% of those in grades 9-12; and 1% of those in higher education.

The current national enrollments (as supplied to us by the U.S. Dept. of Education) are: K-8 . . . 30,072,000 (down 1 1/2% from 1975); grades 9-12 . . . 14,321,000 (up .3%); higher education . . . 11,705,000 (up about 5%). The forecast is that grade school enrollment has peaked and will now decrease yearly; college enrollment will peak in 1982. For the first time in the history of this country, school planners have to reckon with diminishing numbers.

In the next issue, we'll look at some short and long range proposals that could turn school music around to where it should be.

Next issue: emphasizes drummers and such—Steve Gadd, Dave Friedman and Dave Samuels, Jimmy Madison, John Payne, Doug Carn—and a master musician by the name of Zoot Sims. ♦♦

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“Nobody has learned how to play the trumpet. It’s endless.”



Leblanc Duet No. 3, featuring Maynard Ferguson

We're having a beer and bratwurst with Maynard Ferguson at Summerfest, an annual two-week music festival on the shore of Lake Michigan in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Last night, his overdrive band and double-high-C trumpet perfection set an attendance record at the Jazz Oasis here. Now, as he talks, he holds a slide/valve trumpet he recently designed, the M. F. Firebird. Tonight, he'll hold another multitude in awe. And soon, he'll be relaxing pool-side, at his home near Shangri-la.

Ferguson: We live ninety miles north of Los Angeles, in Ojai. It's a beautiful valley. It's where they shot the original Shangri-la, for "The Lost Horizon."

Leblanc: *It must be hard traveling away from a place like that.*

Ferguson: I don't get tired of traveling. I'll go thirteen hard weeks, but then I'll take a month off. Our agent would book us every day of the year, twice, if we'd let him. But I find your band and music becomes stale if you don't take a break.

Leblanc: *Your music is anything but stale. How do you describe it?*

Ferguson: "Today." That's how I'd describe my band. "Today." I'm a great believer in change. You have to have change in your music . . . because that's where the real artist comes out, when you take a shot, as opposed to playing it safe. Nobody has learned how to play the trumpet. It's endless.

Learning to play something only opens up the challenge to learn to play something else.

Leblanc: *Is this what gave you the idea to design new instruments, too? The three that Holton's come out with?*

Ferguson: You have a hair of an idea, and from that grows another idea. Then you put it together. What I really admire about the Holton people is that, when I come up with an experimental horn, they realize that we're going to experiment with it until we get a product. And that's what happened with the Superbone. I crushed three Superbones in my bare hands before we figured out the right braces.

Leblanc: *Your Bb trumpet — the M.F. Horn — did that take trial and error?*

Ferguson: They just didn't pull one off the line and stamp it "M.F. Horn." It was a trial and error thing. I said let's try it larger, let's try a bigger bell on it. Let's try less of a flare, more of a flare. All this takes time and energy.

Leblanc: *After all you put into it, what comes out?*

Ferguson: It's a large-bore instrument. That bigness gives you a mellow sound. When I play in the upper register I want it to sound beautiful. Screeching high notes — squeaking out high notes — that's a thing of the past.

The M.F. Horn has the size, the dimension, the timbre, the taper. But in the final essence, how does it play? The final decision rests with the players. For me, it's the best horn on the market.

Leblanc: *Don't quite a few players think your M.F. Horn is different from the one they buy?*

Ferguson: Right. Kids — sometimes — they'll have an M.F. Horn and they'll come up and want to play mine. To see if there's anything special about my horn. I say, "Well, you take my horn and I'll take yours, if you like." They're astounded by that. But, you know, they always take theirs back.

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HOLTON 

First Prize Floridians

In *db's* 10/7 issue the Potpourri section mentioned the University of Las Vegas Jazz Band's second place finish in the Montreux collegiate competition. There was no mention of who finished first and I'm disappointed. How about credit where it's due?

The University of Miami Jazz Band, under the direction of Whit Sidener, placed first at Montreux this year, and justly so. They almost didn't make the trip. The UM Jazz Band raised part of the funds necessary for such a tour themselves by making professional appearances throughout the Miami area during the school year. The jazz station here, WBUS-FM, donated considerable airtime and a one day radiothon to raise an additional \$10,000.

Due to the jazz community's intense support and pride of local talent and the incredible dedication and leadership of the UM Jazz Department's Sidener, the band brought first prize home to Miami. How about a round of applause?

Susan G. Greenwood Miami, Fla.

Thelin As Thor

I was happy to see the Eje Thelin article (*db*, 10/7). At first I was disappointed in Lars Westin's reserved approach to writing but then realized . . . that he was deeply committed to Eje.

Eje's a mother—a musician hard to categorize, from bop to high energy freedom. He is a masterful trombonist who left J. J. Johnson in the dust a long time ago. He has extended the abilities of the bone (as has

Watrous), but in a non-compromising direction. He is a virtuosic bop bonist who has evolved candidly . . . an emotional, aggressive and daring virtuoso, suffused with a Scandinavian quality . . .

Thelin's originality, energy and honesty aligns him with Coltrane, Shepp, Ornette and Roswell Rudd.
Ben Harvey Ft. McPherson, Ga.

Unconscious Azar

As regards the article on Azar Lawrence (*db*, 10/7), it's difficult to imagine that a man capable of making such beautiful music could be so naive as to fall victim to the Age of Aquarius nonsense. Lawrence talks about raising the consciousness. In reality, it is his own consciousness that is in woeful need of elevation.

Randy Tanner New York, N.Y.

Nipponese Defense

I was shocked by the ignorant letter from one Gordon Strachan in the 10/7 issue. Strachan displays his crudity and stupidity by asking the question what Japanese know about jazz. Such a racial slur has no business being in the pages of *down beat*.

Aaron Buchanan Cleveland, Ohio

Urbie Pro And Con

Thanks for the article on Urbie Green. It's too bad that this master trombonist hasn't received the widespread acclaim he warrants. Urbie for president, up with the bone!

Pete Calfield St. Louis, Mo.

If Urbie Green hasn't heard anything new in years, that only goes to show how out of it the man is. Anybody can play covered wagon jazz, even a studio hack like Green.

Billy Lee Hickham Baton Rouge, La.

Reggae Beat

Did you really have to include that caught on Bob Marley and the Wailers (10/7), the paragon of artless funk and soul? The media has bombarded us with enough of this Trenchtown dreck, and now *db* too has succumbed. What next, a feature on *Disco Duck* and that Band Of Idiots?

Disgruntled Jones Albany, N.Y.

Critical Note

I would like to call attention to vocalist Jesse Belvin's *Yesterdays* LP on RCA (APL 1-0966) and to point out the inadequacy of Bob Palmer's liner notes.

Palmer goes to great lengths to drop the names of supporting personnel on such tracks as *It Could've Been Worse*: "Aficionados will recognize the sounds of pianist Pete Jolly, bassist Red Callender and guitarists Howard Roberts and Barney Kessel." I defy any "aficionado" of Jolly et al. to distinguish these musicians as the anonymous accompanists on this track. (This is but one example; this kind of pandering pervades the notes.)

But the crime of Palmer's notes is that they omit the name of the paramount musician on this LP—even though he is the major (and virtually only) soloist heard. Art Pepper solos on clarinet and alto on three tracks and, Belvin notwithstanding, it is Pepper who makes the album worthwhile.

From a jazz point of view, Palmer's notes are thoughtless enough to make one wonder whether he bothered to listen to the record.
Todd Selbert New York, N.Y.

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Hackett Salute

CEDAR GROVE, N.J.—“We had to turn groups away,” lamented Red Squires, music committee chairman for the New Jersey Jazz Society. He was talking about the numbers of fellow musicians who offered to play at a benefit for the late trumpeter Bobby Hackett's wife. “But it turned out for the best. We have enough and it's been good fun.”

The place was the Meadowbrook, the famed hall where all of the big bands played during their heyday. From sweet to hot they came, and their vocalists along with them.

This afternoon was set aside for Bobby as the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Band opened the festivities with their tuba/banjo/washboard rhythm section. Ed Polcer's group followed with some local talent in the form of Larry Weiss on piano and Warren Vache, Sr., on bass. The

younger Vache appeared later on cornet.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band was somewhat short, so Marian McPartland and Nick Sassone set in on piano and clarinet, respectively. Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart were aboard, though, to take the lead.

The afternoon turned into evening as Jimmy McPartland and Richard Sudhalter provided the first real Hackett reminiscence. Sudhalter (who has written a book on Bix) evoked Bobby, with those characteristic nuances, slurs and glissandos in evidence with every solo he took.

Milt Gabler, recording executive and friend to Hackett, stated, “Wherever there was someone in need, there was Bobby.”

We all went home with rewards far greater than monetary, as we are all that much richer for Bobby Hackett having lived.

SteepleChase To Inner City

NEW YORK—In what will come as good news to jazz fans, Inner City Records has signed an exclusive manufacturing and distribution deal with SteepleChase Records of Denmark.

Under the terms of the agreement, Inner City will issue SteepleChase product on the Inner City label in the U.S. and Canada. According to IC's Irv Kratka, the entire 60 record SteepleChase line will soon be available at domestic LP prices (\$6.98 list).

SteepleChase, a major European label, boasts artists such

as Jackie McLean, Dexter Gordon, Andrew Hill, Kenny Drew, Duke Jordan, Tete Montoliu, Mary Lou Williams, Joe Albany, Walt Dickerson and Lee Konitz, to name a few. In recent years, the line has been acclaimed as a significant source of important jazz dates by critics worldwide.

With the addition of SteepleChase, Inner City moves into the major leagues of the jazz field, and plans to step up its trade, radio and consumer print ads.

The initial releases in the SteepleChase Series are planned for October.

New York Consortium

NEW YORK—An organization that will act as a superagency for all of the scattered smaller jazz organizations in and around New York called its first meeting here recently. Made up of people from within those smaller organizations, the new Consortium offered these goals:

To exchange knowledge; develop an archive; promulgate the art form; develop a mailing list; put out a newsletter; act as a clearing house and referral base for artists, teachers and others in the industry; and develop a speakers bureau and a booking agency for its members.

Thus far, members will be limited to organizations at \$100 and individuals who are in some way associated with jazz (either performer, arranger, writer, or whatever) at \$50.

The pro tem officers are David Bailey, president; Ken McIntyre, first vice president; Billy Taylor, second vice president; Ann

Snead, of International Art Of Jazz, secretary; and Cobi Narita, of Collective Black Artists, treasurer. Administrator Mari Jo Johnson announced that a grant from the National Endowment For The Arts had recently been awarded to them and that they were now ready to begin functioning.

“We, who have been involved with the various groups who have dollars to spend, will be better able to obtain those funds and send them out to those in need,” Ms. Johnson explained.

What she means is that there are agencies that have excess funds for the arts and that jazz has no lobby or influence group to explain to those agencies what the money is needed for. The Consortium will act as that lobby. While doing so it will not become just another member of the pie, but will act as a pipeline to the needy organization or individual.

Lost In Bass Forest



CHICAGO—Joe Venuti, premier jazz violinist and infamous practical joker, had the tables turned recently when he came into Rick's Cafe Americain to begin a three week engagement. The versatile octogenarian found 22 Chicago area bass players waiting for him in Rick's

with a sign saying “Hey Joe! Is this where the gig is?” The gag was a twist on a practical joke Venuti played on 38 bass players back in 1928 when he told them all to assemble at Hollywood & Vine for a gig. Of course, no one was there except 38 bass players and their instruments.

Berg On Airwaves

db contributor Chuck Berg has put together a series of two-hour Jazz Specials for New York's listener-supported radio outlet, WBAI (99.5 FM). Berg has thus far featured Bob Moses,

Bob Mover and Dave Liebman. On tap for the Fall are sessions with Billy Harper and Sonny Rollins. The Jazz Specials are co-produced by Berg and WBAI's Kathy Kurs.

potpourri

The North Texas State U. 1 O'Clock Lab Band recently initiated a scholarship fund for composer-arrangers. The grant is in memory of big band leader Jerry Gray, who made his start with Artie Shaw and Glen Miller, and recently called Dallas' Venetian Room home. Contact jazz lab director Leon Breeden for additional information.

Slide guitarist Ry Cooder is touring with a five piece Tex-Mex band led by accordionist Flaco Jimenez. The group, which was assembled for Cooder's recent Warner Bros. album *Chicken Skin Music*, includes Isaac Garcia, drums; Frank Villarreal, alto sax; Jesse Ponce, bajo sexto; and Henry “Red” Ojeda, bass. Cooder is attempting to resurrect a technique known as “slack-key guitar.”

Les McCann will unveil his first full-length musical, *Brother Francis*, at a November 27 Santa Monica Civic Auditorium concert. The play is an extension of McCann's Atlantic recording *River High, River Low*, and is based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi. 30 local singers will back McCann in the lead role, and following the one and a half hour play, McCann's jazz quartet will play a set.

The 3rd Annual Midwinter Jazz Combo/Improvisation Clinic will be held Jan. 2-8, 1977 at Fort Hays Kansas State College in Hays, Kansas. The clinic is sponsored by the college and the National Summer Jazz Clinics. Faculty will include Jamie Aebersold (director), Rufus Reid, David Baker, Ed Soph, Joe Henderson, Dan Hurley, Jerry Hann, and James A. Williams. A special guest artist will be announced later. A feature of the clinic will be a special music and business seminar led by db publisher Chuck Suber.

The Northwestern University School of Music in association with the Chicago chapter and national institute of NARAS will sponsor a Business of Music Seminar Nov. 20 and 21 in Evanston, Illinois. Registration fees will be \$25 and the seminar will be open to all. Panelists will include various top music industry people. For further information contact NARAS Institute, 505 N. Lake Shore Drive, Suite #6505, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Chicago saxman Bunky Green recently signed a contract with Vanguard Records. Bunky is currently head of jazz studies at Chicago State University. db

New Releases

Delicacies from **Xanadu** include *Act One*, **Sam Noto**; *Live In Tokyo*, **Barry Harris**; *Mostly Flute*, **Sam Most**; *Sweets, Lips & Lots Of Jazz*, **Harry Edison**, **Hot Lips Page**, and **Roy Eldridge**; and *International Jam Sessions*, **Charlie Parker**, **Clifford Brown**, and **Phil Woods**.

Fresh vinyl from **ABC** includes *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*,

a double set reissue from **Betty Carter**; *Gold Plated*, the **Climax Blues Band**; *Time Is Running Out*, **Brass Fever**; *Doin' What I Feel*, **Narvel Felts**; *Unorthodox Behaviour*, **Brand X**; *The Best Of Leon Russell*; and *If You're Ever In Texas*, **Freddy Fender**.

Recent **Columbia** goodies are *Romeo And Juliet*, **Hubert Laws**;

Private Eyes, **Tommy Bolln**; *Season Of Lights*, **Laura Nyro**; *Journey, Journey*; *Leftoverture*, **Kansas**; *From Eden To Canaan*, **Bobby Scott**; *Hard Candy*, **Ned Doheny**; and *The Troublemaker*, **Willie Nelson**.

Adds from **Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone** are *What You Need*, *Side Effect*; *Let My Heart Be My Home*, **Byron Keith Daugherty**;

Montreux III, **Bill Evans**; *500 Miles High*, **Flora Purim**; *Forever Taurus*, **Johnny Hammond**; *Reachin'*, **Roger Glenn**; and *Goldenwings*, **Opa**.

Douglas Records has released *Wildflowers: The Loft Jazz Sessions*, a series consisting of five discs recorded live at New York's Studio Rivbea. **db**

Nipponese Bluestormers

The blues team of Sleepy John Estes and Hammie Nixon makes their third tour of Japan December 8-24, but this is the first time they will appear alone. Two previous tours found them in blues package shows with a cross-section of city and country bluesmen; on their last tour, in 1974, with Big Joe Williams and Otis Rush, Japan's Trio Records taped an Estes-Nixon concert performance. To celebrate their return Trio is scheduled to issue that 1974 set on LP, and to record them in concert once again.

If the late Big Bill Broonzy's various reports are to be believed, Estes is somewhere between 106 and 117 years old. The guitarist-singer's passport, however, determines that he was born in 1900, and though he lived and performed in total obscurity for nearly two decades, beginning in 1941, Estes' musical longevity is almost unequalled among bluesmen today. European and Japanese appetites for early blues stylists remains high, but American bookings are only occasional for Estes and Nixon. Recent appearances include sets at the John Henry Folklore Festival at Camp Virgil Tate, Princeton, West Virginia, August 27-29—with their semi-retired friend Big Joe Williams, and white country music performers—and an afternoon guitar workshop and two evening shows Sept. 18 at Chicago's Old Town School of Folk Music.

The gifted Nixon, Estes' partner since 1934, was the unifying thread of their Chicago evening shows, playing, singing, and telling stories with enthusiasm. The frail Estes sat at his side leaning at a precarious 30° angle to his left, wearing a too-large suit, and a cruelly abused expression on his face. With a generally deliberate eccentricity he ignored beery customers' requests for Leadbelly folk tunes to perform his own familiar blues, including *Broke And Hungry*, *You Oughtn't*

Say That, *Rats In My Kitchen*, and the classic *Someday Baby*, slurred in his high, constricted, cracked vocal crying style. In most songs he swallowed portions of lines to allow Nixon's harmonica to weave the musical lead. If Nixon's monologues between songs began to ramble, Estes suddenly broke into them with a fresh song, and at one point when Nixon called for *Drop Down Mama* Estes plunged into *Diving Duck Blues* ("If the river was whiskey, and I was a diving duck...").

Nixon, accompanied by Sleepy John's simple, soft guitar, selected familiar songs for his own vocal solos (including a perceptive impression of Howlin' Wolf singing *Evil*) and duet numbers. He ended both sets with gospel songs, his partner and the audience joining in the choruses, and when Estes offered *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead You Rascal You* for an encore Hammie announced, "We can't let the devil have the last word," then offered *Jesus Is On The Main Line*. After the set Sleepy John, still with his pained face, sighed, "You know, I'm an educated man. I went to school 12 years, all of 'em in the first grade. Hammie went to school, too—and right back out the back door." Then for the only time in the evening the great blues singer relaxed into a smile, and he even permitted himself a quiet chuckle.

Delmark Records holds American rights to the Estes-Nixon Japanese recordings, along with several unissued '60s-'70s tapes. Although portions of their five Delmark LPs are among the finest work of Estes' career, **db's** correspondent suggests a concerted cards-and-letters campaign to select and release the outstanding works from the cached sessions. With the conclusion of the classic rural blues tradition now inevitable, the value of their creations is certainly expanded.

FINAL BAR



Bernard Peiffer, French pianist, died in Philadelphia recently from a kidney ailment. He was 53.

Peiffer was a masterful pianist with powerful strokes and a hard bite to his playing. He was considered by some to be among the world's finest solo pianists. He was a trained classical pianist and graduated from the Paris Conservatory with highest honors at age 19. While attending the Conservatory, he was playing gigs in Monte Carlo and other Riviera niteries. As a member of the French underground, he was arrested by the Gestapo and imprisoned for more than a year.

Bernard came to the States in 1954 with a reputation of being among the finest technicians in the business. He remained technically proficient while developing stylistically. His tours were always well received, but he failed to achieve the success that critics had him earmarked for.

He was a totally competent soloist as well as a group player and a teacher. His last appearance before a large audience in New York was at the 1974 edition of Newport Jazz Festival/NY, during which he appeared on a program of solo pianists. He brought the house down with some strong expressionistic displays.

Bernard is survived by his wife, the actress Corine Jacques, a son and two daughters.

Jerry Gray, bandleader and composer, died of a heart attack recently. He was 61.

Gray composed two of Glenn Miller's biggest hits, *String Of Pearls* and *Pennsylvania 6-5000*, and later went on to score the motion picture of Miller's life story. Gray also scored *The Pink Panther*, and *What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?*

A violinist at seven and a concertmaster at 12, Jerry later joined Artie Shaw's band and arranged the smash version of *Begin The Beguine*. It is said that the tune might have been relegated to the lesser-known areas of Cole Porter's output had Shaw not recorded it. After Shaw, Gray joined the Miller organization. He eventually organized his own band. Besides winning a gold record for *Beguine*, he won one for the arrangement of Vic Damone's *I Have But One Heart*.

Gray's career was one that switched from dance band to jazz band to radio show band. It was partly his doing that the clarinet-led reed section of the Miller band became a trademark. His own band often emulated the Miller sound.

At the time of his death, Gray was the leader of the orchestra at the Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel in Dallas. He is survived by his widow, two sons and a daughter.

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CLARK TERRY

Jazz Ed, Mumbles Style

by arnold jay smith

Mention the name of Clark Terry and all of the following is conjured up: ebullience, lilting trumpet and flugelhorn work, a unique vocal technique that has come to be known as mumbles, big band sounds with Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Gerry Mulligan, and now Clark's own "big bad band." But there is yet another side of Clark Terry, one that is not as well known. Clark is an instructor, a clinician and a touring lecturer for the Olds brass people. His efforts in that regard have familiarized him with the problems and joys of teaching the young to appreciate their craft and also to acknowledge the rewards of properly applying what they have learned.

Like another Clark (one surnamed Kent), Mr. Terry also flies, only he doesn't have to duck into some telephone booth and change into a union suit. I caught up to him in Silver Springs, Maryland, during a gig at the Showboat. He shared billing with a presidential debate on national television. "It was silent night in here," he quipped. Having thus set the mood for a garrulous evening, he covered the topics at hand adroitly, utilizing a sense of taste, seriousness and humor that is exhibited each time he performs.

Smith: Economics plays an important part in what is taught in the schools, particularly public schools. Music is the first to go in times of austerity. What can the public bear in taxation before they say no more?

Terry: That's very difficult to answer. When it first started happening in Chicago, Chuck Suber, with teachers and students, staged a funeral march of some sort in protest of elimination of music from the schools. The emphasis should be placed on music rather than, say, athletics. The kids get a lot more out of music than football, for instance. From the point of view of dollars, it takes more to equip a football player than a musician. They have outdoor gridirons, outdoor and indoor tracks, basketball courts, Olympic-sized pools, but no practice rooms for kids. And yet when they get ready to cut back, it's always the music. When it's one faction of the music scene, jazz goes first. I don't know what the financial solution can be.

Smith: What has been your scholastic experience with young people vis a vis music?

Terry: Students get an awful lot more when they go out traveling. They learn more about discipline, self-respect, sharing with one an-

other, and they learn more about love. The reason for the emphasis on athletics is due to administration. Many principals are washed-out coaches, pitchers who can't get the ball over the plate, quarterbacks who couldn't remember the signals, so they go into administration. You don't get too many music people, especially jazzmen, who get involved in administration. It makes it difficult to be well represented when the chips are down.

Smith: Are the money administrators afraid to get involved in music because they don't know anything about it? Are they afraid to admit that for fear of their jobs? Are they afraid of tangling with something like God-given talent?

Terry: That has been known to be the case. There is a book by Dr. Peter, called *The Peter Principle*. Many have been kicked up to their level of incompetence. Some have become administrators of music departments and they don't know a damned thing about it. Sure, they might be afraid to deal with God, but they don't even take advice of people who *do* know



JAN PERSON

the answers.

Smith: Can we, as parents, do more than merely equip our children with instruments and private lessons?

Terry: That's about it. We give tax dollars; the schools have to handle the rest from there. It's a shame, but that's the circularity of it.

Smith: Let's move on to high school. We have an interested math teacher who used to play the tuba in his college marching band during football games. He has undertaken a band program for which 14 kids have applied: ten guitarists, two who still had a tin clarinet in the house, and two who played field drums in an earlier scholastic situation. What does said math teacher do?

Terry: Start from scratch. A friend of mine started such a program; he was a saxophonist and ended up with 19 saxophonists and two drummers. Then he began to go to work. He was a knowledgeable enough musician to interest the kids in other instruments. He put together a nice little band; he made trumpet players out of some of those who aspired to become saxophone players, trombonists out

of others, pianists too. He started from scratch. Which proves the theory that when people are in the right position a lot gets done.

Smith: Where do we find a teacher like that? Are they coming up behind the ones we have now?

Terry: Definitely. They are being prepared, but the placement is difficult because the best spots are filled and those filling them don't want to give them up. They are coming from the music colleges such as Julliard, North Texas, Berklee, Michigan, Indiana, Florida. We just have to get those spots because they can take care of business beautifully.

Smith: High school provides bands, orchestras, playing experience, at best. Outside lessons are required, or at least necessary. What happens in college? Are we going to teach young people how to become virtuosi, band musicians, small group players, or are we going to teach them how to become teachers?

Terry: Well, you have a faction of kids that will tell you right off that they want to be

teachers. They don't think they have the ability to go out on the road and play. Some of them don't have the balls to go out there and do it. They want to know *all* the possibilities about jazz, or whatever. Then you have the kid who knows how to play and wants to get out there and do it, in a hurry. People in college are pretty well set about what they want to do. The colleges have to offer the alternatives: how to play in small groups, big bands, improvise, teach, compose. Some of the teachers want to go and take a whack at playing, but if they don't make it, they want to go back into teaching. Music students are a lot more serious than some people think ... and more qualified, too.

Smith: Are the prospective teachers, and the existing faculty as well, qualified to be doing that? It's a heavy responsibility teaching that love you mentioned earlier.

Terry: In some areas, definitely yes. Take two schools that we know of: North Texas and Berklee. We all know all the members of the faculty. Leon Breeden is beautiful (North Texas); he loves the kids as well as his craft.

We also know that at Berklee we have the guys who have been out there doing it. Herb Pomeroy and Gary Burton are two of many. You have David Baker at Indiana, Bill Fowler at Denver.

Smith: What happens when the number of dedicated musician/teachers decreases to where they can't people a program?

Terry: Music courses are not dropped due to a lack of teachers. There will always be somebody there even if it is not his area of expertise.

Smith: Benny Carter taught at Princeton for one semester during 1974. He told me that he "got as good as he gave." At some points he treated his students as though they were fellow musicians in a studio. He didn't instruct unless he was asked specific questions.

Terry: That's great for the student. When he is learning he needs an opportunity to express himself. It gives him impetus to go further. A lot of students have some fantastic ideas. For example, if you wanted to take a band out on the road and you had a good book written, you could go to almost any of the big schools where they have a good jazz program and pick up your section people. With a few days rehearsal that band would be as competent as any on the road today, because the kids are not kidding in those schools. That's why those of us who are out here have to stay involved as sincerely as we can for the perpetuation of our craft, so that when they (the students) come out of school, there will be something for them to do. Why should they be able to play 19 axes, wail through all the keys, play

cause it looks dark down the hall doesn't mean we should stop and go back. We should plow straight ahead, even with force, to make a little daylight on the other side. We have to pool our resources.

There are organizations like the one I am a part of, Creative Jazz Composers, in Bowie, Maryland. They make it possible for music to be distributed and obtained by all kids anywhere in the United States at a very reasonable fee. Associated with us are Mundell Lowe, Louie Bellson, Ernie Wilkins, Frank Wess, and Phil Woods, to name a few. There is no reason why youngsters shouldn't be exposed to "A" band material. And we are not the only one. We can talk clubowners into giving some of them a break. Maybe it could pay off. It's certainly something new and beautiful . . . and very healthy for the whole scene.

Smith: What should the student be looking for privately, even while attending school?

Terry: The average student is aware that he can no longer settle for mediocrity. He has to be dedicated to rise above the heap. He has to be well-rounded. The saxophonist knows that when it comes down to who is going to be chosen, the cat who plays just the sax or the cat who doubles on flute, the cat doubling is going to get it. The young players know that and they are mastering all their doubles. Trumpet players are learning flugelhorn, cornet, the As and Ds. The trombone players are learning mellophones, or baritones, or whatever. Then when it comes time to specialize in certain areas, they'll know what to get

than the specialist.

Smith: Besides chords, scales, classical technique, etc., what about actual tunes?

Terry: Of course. The only way you can learn a new tune is to break it down. While we are on that subject, something that we stress in our clinics, don't forget the importance of the melody. Even before the term "improvisation" became fashionable, we would call it just plain old "gettin' off." It meant state the melody and extemporaneously get off that melody and counterweave a melody around that given melody. Before anybody was endowed with knowledge of theory, harmony, composition, counterpoint, cats were giving vent to their feelings and playing jazz. Melody is a very important ingredient because if there were no melodies, things would be pretty much of a mish-mash in jazz. Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins would say not only to learn the melody but learn the lyrics. When you play the song and the title comes in, or a particular emphasis is necessary in singing it, you tend to play it that way. Take *I Love You*, from the song of the same title (he sings it): you are going to put a little more emphasis on it when you get to that part.

Smith: Lee Konitz instructs his students to sing and feel the vibrations in the head. Steve Turre, a young trombonist/electric bassist left Chico Hamilton partly because Chico wanted him to play more bass while Rahsaan Roland Kirk allowed him more room on trombone. He said that he wanted to feel his ax more and he couldn't get as close to his bass as he could to trombone. Is that part of the same thing?

"Every musician who is getting involved in music today should learn a keyboard. Whether the guy is a drummer, a banjo player, a bass player, trumpet, whatever, he should know his keyboard, know how to construct a chord. It gives more insight and when he hears arrangements he knows what's going on."

any tempo, and still have to go to the post office, or push dresses in New York's garment center to earn a living? We have got to make way for these young people who are preparing themselves.

Smith: Where do they go, those that read big band charts at sight?

Terry: Stan Kenton's band has always been a haven for the young. Woody Herman's rhythm section was lifted right from the North Texas band . . . intact! They go to Buddy Rich and Louie Bellson, and bands of that sort. Even some to our band, as seldom as we work.

Smith: But how many chairs are there to be filled? Your people don't want to give up places. Would Jimmy Heath, Ernie Wilkins, Waymon Reed, or any of the others you have had with you voluntarily relinquish a gig?

Terry: No. And some must remain because the public is entitled to a sound, your regulars. You're right, in that there really aren't *all* that many band chairs available. Louie Bellson made a statement recently. He said there should be a couple of dozen new bands formed, to be ready to be popped at any moment. Then the public should be made cognizant of the fact that there are good jazz bands around. Then there should be places made for these bands. The record companies should make it possible for them to record. Night club owners should make it possible for them to play. Maybe open up some clubs. Some of the non-profit jazz organizations, already doing excellent jobs in those areas, can apply some pressure. All of that would open up new spots for those coming out of school. Just be-

into.

Further, they can tell what areas they want to get into: the studio scene calls for the knowledge that will have to handle everything that is thrown at their asses. Just learn it, man. We tell the kids, "Always fill up your bag. Have everything that you need in there. Never sew up your pockets." Some kids think they want to become a second trumpet player, or a march player. You never know which source your income is coming from. You might get a call to play a czardas, or a wedding, or a concert, or to take over the lead part because the first trumpeter got sick. Keep those pockets open. The more you know, the wider the routes. Earning power comes into play soon enough. Mom and Dad's money runs out eventually. And don't let the thinking that "music is an art form" or "jazz is an art form" lull you. That's just so much bullshit. You have to live. You can't think about getting up tomorrow without some food. It's your ass.

Smith: What kind of practice habits should the young musician have?

Terry: He should practice everything that is necessary to improve him. He shouldn't be practicing learning all the changes only. Take a trumpet player. He should make sure his tone is developed; he should practice for range; he should practice his ability to sit with, listen to, and play along with almost anybody anywhere. You always have guys who specialize, sometimes referred to as "screech cats." There are calls for that, too. But the guy who is well-rounded, no matter what instrument, is going to get a hell of a lot more calls

Terry: That's one of our systems of teaching. If you can't sing your part it's highly unlikely that you can play it. All of the studying that you do to learn to articulate and manipulate only makes it possible for you to do that which you are thinking. And whatever it is you are thinking, you can only do if you can hum it or sing it. We have our young people think of their instruments as a voice, just like singers think of their voices as instruments.

Smith: Is that why you, Dizzy Gillespie, Ray Nance, and so many others, sing exactly the way they play?

Terry: Because of Louis Armstrong so many trumpet players sing and almost 100% do so along the lines they think and when they improvise they also think. It's still your feelings. As a matter of fact, we've got a book from the Creative Jazz Composers called *The Interpretation Of The Jazz Language*. The top line is the legitimate type of spelling and the lower line would be the jazz type. For instance: for the symphony you would write triplets, but for the jazz player you might write eighth notes and put the emphasis on the syncopation.

We also teach the use of the body and diaphragm and take as much pressure off the embouchure area as possible. If taught properly, the combination makes you articulate in the proper manner and keeps you from getting tired. Your longevity and your endurance are increased. It's also conducive to better technique. If you can think the sounds you want to make, you can play them. You can't, of course, change the shape of your mouth to ar-

NAT ADDERLEY

Standing Out On His Own

by Len Lyons

So far as the "average consumer" or casual listener is concerned, cornetist Nat Adderley has been playing second fiddle to an alto saxophone for the past 16 years. Certainly, older brother Julian did receive the lion's share of notoriety as leader of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, which—until his death—was one of the few perennial combos in the jazz mainstream. Because it is true that Julian ("Cannon" to his intimates) was one of the most charismatic and sanctified alto players since Charlie Parker, Nat's role as the quintet's one-man brass section is in danger of being underestimated. A serious listening to the quintet's legacy of albums will rectify that error. From Bobby Timmons' *Dis Here*, recorded on their first album in 1960, to Joe Zawinul's *74 Miles Away*, which they played into the '70s, it is clear that Nat's solos contributed color, substantial harmonic and melodic content, and a wry sense of humor to the group's sound. The quintet without Nat would have been another quintet altogether.

Of course, the same was true for Julian, so after his shockingly premature death of a stroke in August of last year, the quintet became part of jazz history. Nat took six months off, experimented for several months as a "single" in Europe, led a seminar at Harvard, and finally concluded that none of this was for him. "You can earn a living," he explained, "but you can't further the music or feel good about yourself unless you're playing. I can't, anyway."

This summer found him back on the bandstand and in the recording studio of Little David Records, which signed him as its sole jazz artist. His first album, *Hummin'*, was released in October. All around, it is a year of new beginnings for Nat. He moved back to his home state, Florida, and was even forced to use another mouthpiece after the Olds #3 he had used for the past 27 years disappeared on a gig in Newark.

In the following conversation, Nat speaks of his years with brother Julian, learning to play the cornet, and the unique experience of beginning a "second" career. If he displays any of Cannonball's nonmusical habits, it is a flair for eloquence when the tape machine's "Record" button is pressed. His mood was wistful yet light, occasionally satiric, and always seasoned with years of experience, good and bad, in the music business.

Lyons: In what direction do you see yourself taking the new band?

Adderley: We're not playing music from the Cannonball Adderley Quintet. We're playing music from within the band. Most of the things we did with Cannon are for posterity



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

"Most of the things we did with Cannon are for posterity now. There's no point in repeating it because we can't do it better, so we may as well do our own thing."

now. There's no point in repeating it because we can't do it better, so we may as well do our own thing. You see, the personnel has changed, so the music—of necessity—is going to change. "Our own thing" means varietal, creative music. Different types of tunes; different types of music. Some bands are so highly stylized that they either play "pure" jazz, rock-jazz, or bebop. But we want to do all of that and play good music, no matter what anyone decides its label should be.

Lyons: Was it difficult to go back on the road with your own group—emotionally, I mean because of Julian's death?

Adderley: Oh, yes. Cannonball died in August, and I decided I wouldn't do anything until the first of the year ('76). Then I started working as a single and went on a tour to Germany as a soloist. Stan Getz went, as well as Esther Phillips, Gerry Mulligan, and Grady Tate. I'd play two or three tunes a day in front of the band, and there were some great musicians there, like Slide Hampton and Johnny Griffin. But they were in the band. The first week as a single I knew I wouldn't like playing by myself. I felt very lonesome out there and eventually brought Slide Hampton and Johnny out there with me. I'm not accustomed to playing the melodies alone, even with the band behind me playing harmonies. I needed someone out there.

Then I did seminars for a while, but that's not really playing. For example, I went to Boston and did a week of improvisation with players at Harvard. I enjoyed that because the improvement of the players after one week gives you a great sense of satisfaction. But it

ain't playing. They're playing; I'm not. Right after that week at Harvard I decided to get me a band because that's the only way I'm going to be happy. I can't see any other way of furthering music. You can earn a living, but you can't further music or feel good about yourself unless you're playing. I can't, anyway. I still do the seminars, but I feel much better about them knowing I'll be playing the next week.

Lyons: How did the Little David signing come about? I would have guessed you'd remain with Fantasy Records to keep the continuity.

Adderley: The change occurred because of the people at Little David. Jack Lewis and Monte Kay are people I respect, and they're a small company. The only other music act is Kenny Rankin. If you go with something like Columbia and they've got an album coming out by Miles and one by me, who's going to get the attention?

I had nothing against Fantasy Records. To me, Orrin Keepnews is a great friend and a beautiful man, but by staying with Fantasy I would have become an extension of Cannonball. That isn't what's going to make me happy. I don't want to negate 20 years of performing with Julian, but there's just no way to recreate that music. I have a great deal of regard—more than a lot of people—for Julian's abilities, and I probably don't have as much regard for his abilities as some other people, but there was nobody better at what he did. You know, when you get to a high level of musicianship, there's no good, better, or best. Everyone's great when they're that good. Where am I going to find someone who plays with that consistent greatness? I don't know. Instead of recreating, I'd rather go another way.

Lyons: What's the strongest imprint your years with the Quintet left on your own music?

Adderley: I don't know if I can put it into words.

Lyons: But musically there must be some carry-over into your own music?

Adderley: Sure. I certainly hope there is. I'm not trying to throw that away, and I couldn't if I wanted to. Exactly what is coming through—that's tricky.

Lyons: I once heard Cannonball say, "We

SELECTED ADDERLEY DISCOGRAPHY

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INSIDE STRAIGHT—Fantasy 9435
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SOUL ZODIAC—Capitol SVBB-11025
MERCY MERCY—Capitol ST-2663

GARY FOSTER

A Kaleidoscopic Kansan Thrives In L.A.

by Chuck Berg

A man of many musical hats, woodwind specialist Gary Foster might be found recording TV soundtracks (over the past several seasons as a regular for *Carol Burnett*, *Mary Tyler Moore*, *Bob Newhart*, *Streets Of San Francisco* and *Cannon*); gigging (he's a featured member of the marvelous Akiyoshi/Tabackin big band and has recently toured with Benny Goodman and Louis Bellson); in the studio (backing up such diverse performers as Frank Zappa, Gladys Knight, Bob Dylan and Sergio Mendes); teaching (Foster is on the faculty of Pasadena City College and Occidental College and also presides over Nova Music Studios); directing high school and college music clinics (he and Clare Fischer recently worked with Leon Breeden's fine 1 O'Clock Lab Band at North Texas State); and concertizing (as a classically trained clarinetist with the Pasadena Symphony).

With this kaleidoscopic array of activities, one might expect the 39-year-old Foster to be a frenzied madman dashing desperately from one job to the next. Instead, Foster reflects the relaxed congeniality associated with the lifestyle of his native Kansas (Gary was born and raised in Leavenworth). As we sat down in his comfortable Alhambra abode, I asked the articulate, soft-spoken Foster about his musical roots in Kansas.

"I didn't get hooked on music until the 8th grade. I'd had some private clarinet lessons but they really didn't take. During the latter part of the 7th grade I was playing at the tail end of the clarinet section in the school band. Somehow I realized that I could move up in this group of clarinet players and by practicing I started to move ahead. I didn't go out for athletics or anything like that and music seemed like something to identify with and so I was semi-interested in it.

"At the beginning of the 8th grade we got a new band director who was the kind of individual who really makes a difference in a person's life. He played the clarinet and saxophone and was a graduate of the University of Kansas. He was just driven by music. He was the perfect example for me. I completely identified with him. I admired him. And I took some private lessons from him. By the time he left for the Korean War, music was the whole center of my life. And it really had been created out of a couple years of contact with this individual. I've found that in talking with a lot of different musicians that there's something like this that was pivotal for them. It might be a parent, or a friend, or a rock star or somebody, but for me it was the band director."

Another influential person in Leavenworth was Harold Stanford, who hired Foster for weekend gigs at the local V.F.W. hall. "Harold was an amazing guy, a self-educated man who studied the Schillinger system by correspondence. I didn't know much about music theory and he said, 'Hell, why don't you

"If someone my age isn't careful, they react completely the wrong way to rock music. . . . It would be very easy to just shut it out and say it doesn't exist. But by God, it does! I know when I hear Zappa's stuff, Jean-Luc Ponty's new things, or George Duke or John Abercrombie, that it's real music."



HIROSHI ISAKA

come over to the house some night.' He would take the time to write out on manuscript paper theory lessons for me. He actually taught me basic music theory and it was something I couldn't have bought. I was getting the prelude to my college education from a guy in my hometown who'd never studied music formally."

After a variety of local big band gigs and jam sessions, Gary enrolled at Central College in Fayette, Missouri as a music major. He then transferred to the University of Kansas to take advantage of K.U.'s expanded musical opportunities. "I stayed there through a double major program in clarinet and music education. At first I felt I had been coerced into music ed. But later I was grateful because it stressed some liberal arts areas that I might

SELECTED FOSTER DISCOGRAPHY

- as a leader**
SUBCONSCIOUSLY—Revelation 5
GRAND CRU CLASSE—Revelation 19
- with Clare Fischer**
FOUR TO GO—Revelation 6
T'DA A AI! YAMAHA QUARTET—Revelation 23
- with Warme Marsh**
NE PLUS ULTRA—Revelation 12
- with Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band**
KOGUN—RCA APL1-0468 (import)
LONG YELLOW ROAD—RCA JPL1-1350
TALES OF A COURTESAN—RCA JPL1-0723
- with Marsh and Fischer**
REPORT OF THE FIRST ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM
ON RELAXED IMPROVISATION—Revelation 17

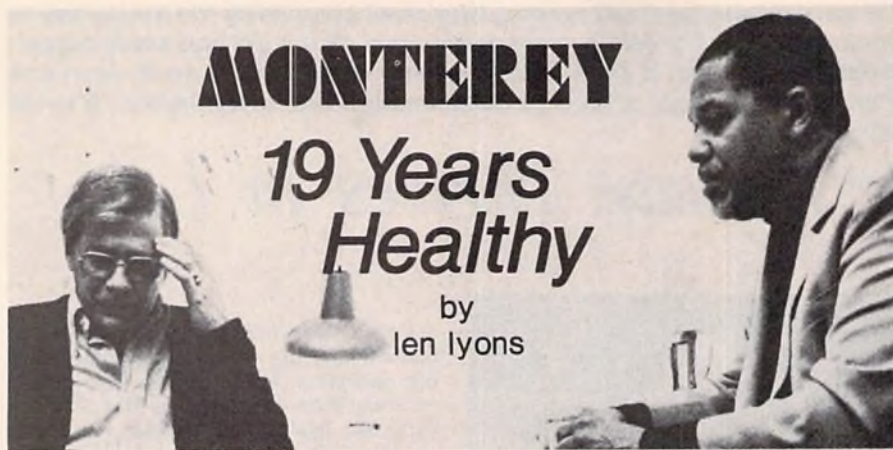
not have taken otherwise. It convinced me that a liberal arts education is not only valid but necessary for most people since it broadens them out enough so that they can better see their total life picture. In my own teaching I want to project that. It isn't enough just learning how to be a musician. You've got to learn how to be a human being, a businessman, how to communicate."

With outstanding academic and performing achievements behind him as an undergraduate, Gary decided to stay at K.U. and pursue a Masters degree. It was at this time that Gary also started to seriously consider a career as a professional musician. "After I entered graduate school, I came into contact with Stan Kenton. When I met him he said, 'Send me a letter and tell me what you're doing.' I did and ten days later I got a short note back from him. It really impressed me that this person whose name I knew and music I admired took the time to respond. Even though he wasn't in a position to help me out with a job, he was interested and supportive. He bolstered my desire to be in music and he confirmed my thought that if I was ever going to have any exposure or do anything better than what I had, I had to probably make a move. So even though I was caught up in the academic life, I thought I'm never going to know if what I'm doing stands up against the highest standards unless I go out and stand next to and measure myself by them. Peg [Gary's wife] was completely willing to leave what we had established in Kansas. So we came to Los Angeles."

Gary's ability to adjust to new circumstances and new music is evident not only in his varied playing accomplishments, but in his attitude as well. "I had something together at K.U. but when I got here I had nothing. I didn't know anybody. And I wasn't able to compete in the performance end of it because I had limited skills in certain things such as doubling. I was a more than decent clarinet player but there was no market for that. I could get into as many community symphonies as I wanted because they were glad to have me. But they didn't pay any money and I wanted to be a professional player. So one of the first things I realized was the importance of really learning flute. And even though I kind of hated to start in on a new instrument, I began to study the flute."

As Gary's understanding of the Los Angeles music scene grew, so did his commitment to flexible goals. "It was a shock to see what the real picture was, a shock which caused me to readjust my goals. I think we're always looking for other goals, but it's amazing how you track toward one at a time. After a while you see that it isn't particularly realistic for what you can do and what you know, and then you get another one that's in a little bit different direction. Life is a constant readjusting. And if you don't have that flexibility, I guess you just don't do it."

continued on page 40



MONTEREY

19 Years Healthy

by
Ien Lyons

VERYL OAKLAND

The Monterey Jazz Festival, a healthy 19 years old, honored this country's 200th birthday this September by presenting a retrospective of American big band music. The Olympia Brass Band from New Orleans was the weekend's point of departure, and the music of Fletcher Henderson, Jimmy Lunceford, Duke Ellington, and Count Basie followed. By Sunday night the Festival had brought itself up to date with the fusion band, Matrix, and a rousing set by the frequently modernistic Toshiko Akiyoshi—Lew Tabackin Big Band. Of course, the Festival's seasoned soloists (Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Cal Tjader, Paul Desmond, "Sweets" Edison, John Lewis, Helen Humes, and others) were sprinkled throughout for those with a taste for the familiar.

If the Festival lacked anything, it was a clear definition of its intent to be educational as well as entertaining. Though the program obviously (to those who already knew) reflected jazz history, too little was made of this fact from the stage, and many of the recreations simply sounded dated. It is ironic, in fact, that the desire to educate was left backstage, so to speak, because that was the Monterey Jazz Festival's original impetus and remains its financial *raison d'être*. "The festival was organized as a non-profit corporation with the idea of raising funds for musical education," explained co-founder, general manager, and emcee Jimmy Lyons. "Therefore, we have a chair with a horn resting on it as our logo—The Chair of Jazz."

Though the first festival did not occur until 1958, Lyons had been discussing the idea of "getting jazz out of the smoke-filled rooms" (perhaps into a smoke-filled arena) since '48 with the late journalist and record company (Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone) executive, Ralph J. Gleason. At the time, Gleason was editing the house journal for an insurance company and Lyons was a jazz deejay for stations KNBC (now KNBR) and KGO in San Francisco. When Lyons left the city for the alternately rocky/sandswept coastline of the Monterey Peninsula in '53, he realized he'd found fertile ground for planting his ideas. Gleason agreed and acted as the Festival's official advisor (and, as Lyons is fond of emphasizing, "its most severe critic") for its first years.

"We had no big money man, like Newport," Lyons has said, "and everybody went for the small loan approach. We picked . . . the businessmen who'd have an interest in fresh money, restaurants, motels." With 67 loans of \$100 each in its account, the first MJF opened

with the makings of a grand finale: Gillespie, Mulligan, Rollins, Roach, the MJQ, Brubeck, and Billie Holiday; yet they managed to sneak by after expenses with \$600 as an "ante" on next year's gamble. The \$600, incidentally, was not taxed because the Festival, as an educational corporation, enjoys tax-free status. The gamble was taken and has been paying off ever since, with the exception of 1964 when, PR Director Ernie Beyl admits, "we spent money like a bunch of drunken sailors." Now, with an average gross income of \$170,000, the festival nets an average of \$18,000 after expenses. Its best year was '75, which saw a \$43,000 profit.

In keeping with IRS standards, the MJF is entitled to maintain a certain percentage of its profits in a reserve fund ("Festival is big business," commented executive secretary Mercedes Bradley, "and you can't operate out of a shoe box"), but in its profitable years, the MJF has dispersed nearly \$200,000 in the interest of music (usually jazz) education.

It is the Committee on Grants and Scholarships, headed by a local physician, Dr. Joe Turner, which allocates these funds, though, curiously, there are no musicians or music educators in its ranks. According to Dr. Turner, however, there is no need for that expertise because the committee "passes judgment on proposals, but we don't draw them up or seek them out." Records available show that since 1961 the largest single beneficiary of the MJF's largesse has been the music department of the Monterey Peninsula College—to the tune of \$58,000; the Monterey County Symphony, \$22,000; the Lyceum, a program for gifted children, \$23,000; the Monterey Peninsula Unified School District, \$7,000; jazz camp scholarships, \$3,000 prior to 1971 and afterwards awarded through the Monterey Peninsula College grants; the Pacific Grove School District, \$1,500; and \$20,000 has been distributed among miscellaneous programs from the Carmel Bach Festival to the Asilomar Jazz Workshop and the Duke Ellington Fund.

Three more of the MJF's projects deserve to be singled out, and the most important and conspicuous of these is the California High School Jazz Band Competition, which has received over \$36,000 since its initiation in 1971. As these students assuredly benefit from the week of rehearsals and the opportunity to perform with virtuosi, they repay the festival in kind by providing a Sunday afternoon concert which is often the most exciting of the five shows throughout the weekend. While the seasoned veterans often rely on proven crowd-

pleasers or take a too-casual attitude towards their audience, chairwinners in the all-star band bring a genuine rush of enthusiasm to the stage and usually perform original music. The same is true for the Oakland Youth Symphony, the winning combo (this year from Berkeley High School) and the winning big band (Reseda High School). The students' expenses, those of the contest adjudicators, and rehearsal time are paid for by the Festival's grant money.

The Ralph J. Gleason Memorial Fund Award (of which this writer is a proud recipient) is a significant departure from the MJF's style because the grant (\$1,000) is designed to support the jazz-related project of a non-musician. Though this award is considered "annual," it may go begging for outside contributions in its third year, since continued subsidy by the Committee on Grants and Scholarships is not automatic.

The Norman Granz Scholarship Fund, established in 1972, may be the most curious case of all. Designed to support a practical learning experience (going out on the road with a big band) for a young musician, five years worth of scholarship money (\$5,000), has never been awarded. "The money's in the bank earning interest," Lyons admitted. Granz has stipulated that Lyons and MJF Musical Director John Lewis are to choose the recipient, but, according to Lewis, there have been no recipients because "Norman's guidelines stipulate that the young musician should not be going to school." In fact, Lewis implied that the concept of this scholarship fund may be obsolete. "The only real music education that existed before was on the road," he recalled, "but that's changed now. I don't know if Norman realizes that there really is a good jazz education in an academic environment, and it's too hard to find someone qualified who's not going to school. Anyway, \$1,000 isn't enough to send someone on the road today, not for long enough to learn." Remarkably, Granz has never been asked to revise his guidelines. (*Granz could not be reached for comment before press time.*)

Not surprisingly, most of the profits realized by the festival are channeled back into musical programs located on the Monterey Peninsula. In fact the corporation's bylaws limit educational support to projects approved by the Committee, all of whose members are from the local community. The Committee's approach, though, has grown less provincial over the years. In 1969 Lyons was able to initiate the All-Star Band and High School Big Band competition for which students from all over the state are eligible. Neither the two year old Gleason Fund nor the (unawarded) Granz Award require that recipients work or reside on the Monterey Peninsula.

However, it does not appear that the horizon will expand any further. As Committee chairman Turner explained, "There's a limit because each performance can only seat 7,000 and the programs our profits support are pretty much constants." In short, the MJF can't make much more than it does already, and most of what they do is accounted for.

"I'll admit, as far as contributing to jazz education goes, we are limited," Lyons concluded, "but I'm satisfied to the extent that we're the only ones doing anything in that area."

(Concluding Note: *The writer thanks the MJF staff for making many of their financial records available for this story.*)



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

HERBIE HANCOCK

SECRETS—Columbia PC 34280: *Doin' It; People's Music; Canteloupe Island; Spider; Gentle Thoughts; Swamp Rat; Sansho Shima.*

Personnel: Hancock, electric and acoustic piano, Clavinet; Bennie Maupin, soprano and tenor sax, saxello, Lyricon, bass clarinet; Wah Wah Watson, guitar, synthesizer, voice bag (track 1), bass; Ray Parker, guitar; James Levi, James Gadsom (track 1) drums; Paul Jackson, bass; Kenneth Nash, percussion; James Gadsom, Art Baldacci, Fred Dobbs, Don Kerry, Chris Mancini, background vocals.

Now, dudes and stone foxes, for your listening enjoyment, we present the Herbie Hancock funk machine! Find a groove, stick to it for seven minutes, integrate the proper amount of sufficiently chic (but not too spacy) African percussion instruments and you've got it; the record promo man's dream. Jazz—"progressive"—r&b across the board airplay; enough reorders to keep the sweat dripping from foreheads of shipping clerks in record warehouses, sold-out concerts, another star in the catalogue, another soul for the church.

Only the most ingratiating of folk would see merit here. Ironically, the one who keeps this thing in artistic limbo is none other than Hancock himself. Come on, man. Haven't we had enough of those cutesy little jiveass staccato Clavinet figures, endlessly repeated electric piano hammerings replete with echoplex? *Doin' It* is definitely the pits; in an obvious attempt to be the K.C. and the Sunshine Band of this higher level of kultur, Mr. Hancock has "composed" a track almost exclusively comprised of the deja-vu obnoxious tonal gremlins of funk-cliche, a march of the modal foot soldiers. Sure, there's the obligatory mid-tune shift—usually consisting of a simple key elevation of one octave with the same lumpish licks protruding throughout.

With the notable exception of Bennie Maupin, most of the lesser names on this disc are similar partners in crime. As on the bump-ama-ania disks, the obligatory "cosmic" ditties such as *Gentle Thoughts* find a totally complacent, metronomic rhythm section, content to overlay oft-heard trivialities underneath Herbie's Grade C tripe. In other incarnations, Nash and Parker have been creative, but when you are hired to play for someone of Hancock's stature, you do what he wants. Ain't no different than a Tammy Wynette session.

There's one saving grace here. Maupin. He's obviously trying his noblest to do something creative within the restricted format. His sax solo on *Sansho Shima* is quite uplifting, revealing the tonalities and conviction of one of our great woodwind artists. Yet, just like the teenage queen whose parents keep her locked in the attic, Maupin must seemingly play only when the Master gives his consent. Tiny aborted eight-bars and occasional flashes of

18 □ down beat

contrapuntal bleats are all he's allowed in most cases. If Hancock played more (rather than opting for honorary membership in the piano tuner's union) and Maupin was not aborted every time he wanted to make a statement, then the Hancock band, despite its "spiritual" pretentiousness, would have enough musical credibility to be significant.

—shaw

GARY BURTON

DREAMS SO REAL—ECM 1-1072: *Dreams So Real; Ictus/Syndrome/Wrong Key Donkey; Jesus Maria; Vox Humana; Doctor; Intermision Music.*

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Mick Goodrick, electric guitar; Pat Metheny, electric 12-string guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Bob Moses, drums.

In reviewing *Ring*, a previous album by the Burton Five (then, with guest Eberhard Weber), **db's** Herb Nolan concluded: "An album such as this . . . demands much from both musician and listener." The same is true of *Dreams So Real*, which presents interpretations of Carla Bley's compositions.

But unlike *Ring's* aura, *Dreams* does feature some flashes of color; Bley is not always the uncompromising tunesmith her Watt albums suggest. Such mild contrast suits this band, which on *Dreams* finds its *metier*, a happy medium between the broadness (to my ears) of *The New Quartet* and the brooding of *Ring*. Even more striking, though, is how completely the group fulfills the obvious technical challenges of Bley's subtler-than-subtle compositions. Typical is *Doctor*, where Burton's statement (which is head? which is solo?) is so quickly shifting I always lose track. Only *Jesus Maria* and the title cut set a different pace; we often hear one richly felt note of Burton, the record's wholly dominant soloist, for every note of Bley, in exquisite shadings and overtones. (Again, Bley is not as dour a writer as her rep; Barry Manilow's swelling arrangements could strike gold with the title track's changes.) Finally, though the always melodic, note-choosy Goodrick and the low-profile but thoughtfully steady Moses shine throughout the album, the best and most extensive solos on the date happen on *Ictus/Syndrome/Donkey*, where Metheny and Burton get a chance to swing and Swallow contributes the still-distinctive phenomenon of an electric bass spot.

But why one less star here than Nolan gave *Ring*? Well, though *Dreams* sounds perfectly realized, it sometimes shows the Burton/Bley vision as breathing cold in its structural gambits, "demanding" more than it warmly gives. Test: see if *Intermission Music* doesn't thus lack a communicative base.

—rozek

OLIVER LAKE

NTU: THE POINT FROM WHICH FREEDOM BEGINS—Arista/Freedom AL 1024: *Africa; Tse'lane; Electric Freedom Colors; Eriee; Zip.*

Personnel: Lake, alto sax, soprano sax, flute, small instruments; Baikida E. J. Carroll, trumpet, small instruments; Floyd LeFlore, trumpet, small instruments; Joseph Bowie, trombone, small instruments; Richard Martin, guitar; John Hicks, piano; Clovis Bordeaux, electric piano; Don Officer, bass guitar; Charles Bobo Shaw, drums; Don Moye, conga.

***** 1/2

Some of St. Louis '71: the liner poem signifies a mixed bag—"PUT ALL MY FOOD ON THE SAME PLATE!" The range is extended, the depth somewhat shallow, but the collection serves as eloquent testimony from musicians who don't wish to be bound to the words jazz critics have ready for them.

Africa would have been a controversial performance in 1961, when its first cousin, the Coltrane *Africa Brass*, was developed. In 1976, it's an energetic performance, worthy of its lineage, boasting an excellent open trumpet solo. (Carroll or LeFlore? No individual credits are given.) *Tse'lane* shares *Africa's* accessibility, light and lyrical in theme. John Hicks' otherwise lovely piano is unpleasantly out of tune and the selection is further marred by Martin's mediocre Wessing and a rather abrupt fade-out. But it establishes an amiable mood nonetheless.

Side two is of a piece, beginning with *Electric Freedom Colors*, cleanly recorded and featuring a better guitar performance by Martin. It's out there, but certainly no further than a lot of *Electric Ladyland* or Pink Floyd. *Eriee* hints at textural sophistication, showing the Chicago influence. But it doesn't sustain, developing histrionically into *Zip*, not the most convincing collective improvisation I've ever heard.

There's something for everyone here, even the fans of Earth, Wind and Fire and Osibisa. Had the free sections been handled with more care, I could have strongly recommended it to the uninitiated in free music as a comfortable road outside. All things considered, it stands as a fine collectors' item, friendly, confident work from strong, unconfined spirits.

—mitchell

QUIRE

QUIRE—RCA BGL1-1700: *Blue Rondo A Lu Turk; Misty; Ain't Misbehavin'; Django; Take The A Train; Honky Train Train; Lullaby Of Birdland; Waltz For Debby; Teach Me Tonight; Dancers In Love; Body And Soul.*

Personnel: Christiane Legrand, Claudine Meunier, Jose German, Michel Barouille, vocalists; Christian Chevallier, vibes; Francis Lemauger, guitar; Chris Lawrence, Guy Pederson, bass; Martin Drew, Daniel Humair, drums.

SWINGLE II

RAGS AND ALL THAT JAZZ—Columbia PC 34194: *Easy Winners; Solace; Kansas City Stomps; In A Mist; Elite Syncopations; Alligator Crawl; Heliotrope Bouquet; Chicago Breakdown; Grandpa's Spells; Weeping Willow.*

Personnel: Olive Simpson, Catherine Boff, Carol Hall, Linda Hirst, John Potter, Ward Swingle, John Lubbock, David Beavan, vocalists; Patrick Gowers, keyboards; Allan Walley, bass; Tony McVey, drums.

TONY RIZZI

TONY RIZZI & HIS FIVE GUITARS PLUS FOUR PLAYS CHARLIE CHRISTIAN—Millagro Records MR 1000: *A New Baby; Rose's Room; I Surrender; He's Got Riddum; Breakfast Food; Frying Home; Anything But Love; Three For Two.*

Personnel: Tony Rizzi, Tim May, Mike Rosati, Jimmy Wyble, Grant Geissman, guitars; Pete Christlieb, tenor sax; Tom Ranier, piano; Tom Azarello, bass; John Periett, drums.

Here are three albums that ask the musical question: Can a jazz classic of 35 and over find credibility in the repertoire of a large, contemporary and often alien orchestrated ensemble?

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this: is jazz improvisation a purely performing art? Or is it a compositional form as well? Prior to Supersax, most had assumed that jazz composition stopped with the big band or the vast number of elementary "originals" usually based of established chord changes. Nobody really considered the actual improvisation as composition. Which is to say, frankly, that nobody took it very seriously as music. It was a spontaneous performance, inseparable from its moment and its performer. The moment, in many cases, was secured to posterity by the record. As they accumulated over the years, so did a tradition and an aesthetic. It outlasted the performers themselves, who have proved precariously mortal in recent years. But as the giants have passed, their music has remained a challenge both to listeners and, more important, musicians. These three records are interesting explorations of that challenge.

The first and finest is by Quire, a group of four voices brought together by charter Swingle member Christiane Legrand. They treat not merely titles but performances. A group of records (some better than others) stretching as far back as 1929 (the Victor *Misbehavin'* by Waller) have been totally disassembled note for note and meticulously reconstructed by an extraordinary quartet of virtuoso instrumentalists, except that their instruments are their voices. Other than that nothing has been changed from the originals, no harmonies added, no textures thickened, no words imposed. Single notes remain single. Chords remain chords. Tempos are metronomically accurate. The stunning results not only confirm Quire's remarkable musicianship, but, more importantly, the essential validity and substance of improvised composition.

Ellington's raggy arpeggios on *A Train* are captured in all their casual elegance. His half steps on *Dancers In Love* from *Perfume Suite* hurtle down the staff as every quirk and tweak of the original finds a counterpart in the extraordinary technology of this amazing and innovative group. *Blue Rondo* and *Django* (from the MJQ Prestige version) provide heady material as well. Even where the originals are not the most interesting (*Birdland* by Shearing, *Misty* and *Teach Me*), their treatment here puts them in a delightful new perspective. Recommended without qualification.

The intent of Swingle II is a bit different. The composed works of Joplin and Morton dominate the program, but no attempt is made to literally translate from a specific performance. Morton's *Chicago Breakdown* and Waller's *Alligator Crawl* are treated as songs and borrow nothing from the famous Hot Five versions by Armstrong. *In A Mist* is performed a cappella, but otherwise reflects none of the tempo changes of the Beiderbecke original. All well and good.

But whereas Quire has respected the instrumental integrity of its repertoire, Swingle II has forced words upon the notes. And nothing resists the objective discipline of ideas and language so much as the blithe, emotional abstractions of instrumental jazz composition. I still cringe with embarrassment whenever I think of Eddie Jefferson's banal vocalese on Coleman Hawkins *Body And Soul*. Even *Twisted*, the classic of this genre, still sounds like a shotgun mating of words and music, whether by Annie Ross or Joni Mitchell.

The words in this case are by Tony Vincent Isaacs. An effective blend is achieved only on Joplin's haunting *Solace* (retitled *The Wander-*

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er), whose roots in the *D Flat Nocturne* belie the composer's ambition to become the American Chopin. Although the renderings are spotlessly immaculate and full of delicate dynamics and buoyant textures, the graceful contours of the base material aren't enhanced by the verbiage. To end on a high note, though, the cover art is a masterpiece of fractured history.

Tony Rizzi's five guitars do for Charlie Christian what Med Flory's five saxes did for Parker. They do it well, but there are problems. The rhythm section is stiff and undistinctive, for one. But then so are most rhythm sections. The side one label appears on side two, and vice versa. But that's just a production bug. As for the ensemble itself, it's clean, precise, richly voiced and softly swinging. It attacks the lines with even balance for a sound that tames the aggressive bite that often reared up in Christian's work. This is startlingly evident in comparing *Riddum* to its original counterpart, *I Got Rhythm*, from the Columbia *Solo Flight* album (G 30779). The ideas are all there, but without the demonic intensity of the original.

Yet this is a successful venture. If the interpretation isn't a carbon copy of all the original shadings and emphases, that's hardly the point. Inherent in the concept of composition is the license to interpret. And the works of Christian contain a wealth of masterful ideas and originality. Hearing them played as quintets is nothing short of thrilling.

Aside from the music, which is stimulating and exciting, there is an ethical matter here. Where does Rizzi get off hogging composer credit for whole choruses based note for note on Christian performances? In the past, improvised phrases or riffs have been picked up by others and synthesized into a published tune. A Cootie Williams phrase in the original *Rockin' In Rhythm*, for example, was plucked out of context by Harry James, who turned it into *Peckin'*. But here we are dealing not with fragments but fully developed musical structures. It's not that the new titles are transparent plays on standards like *Tea For Two* and *I Found A New Baby*. Nobody can copyright a chord change. But when an improvised solo, with a strict sense of form and conceptual direction, is recorded and released, yet not considered published music, the potential for wholesale melodic looting is both vast and legal. As the improvisation-as-composition trend grows, an enormous wealth of music becomes vulnerable. It's something to think about, ASCAP and BMI. —mcdonough

ARCHIE SHEPP

DOODLIN'—Inner City IC 1001; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Doodlin'*; *Invitation*; *If You Could See Me Now*; *Worried About You*; *More Than You Know*; *Coral Rock*.

Personnel: Shepp, piano, Al Shorter, fluegelhorn; Bob Reid, bass; Muhammed Ali, drums.

This late '60s date catches saxophonist Archie Shepp behind the piano. Recorded in France, Shepp says: "Some of it was taken down when we were just experimenting, fooling around, in the studio." The title *Doodlin'* is therefore quite apropos. The music is warm, intimate and informal. But, in addition, there is Shepp's intense exploratory nature at work, testing, fragmenting and reconstructing. Ultimately, this is a page from Shepp's pianistic sketchbook, a page which reveals much about his musical background and future.

Archie's keyboard influences include Duke

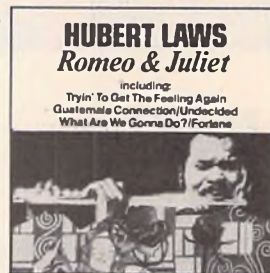
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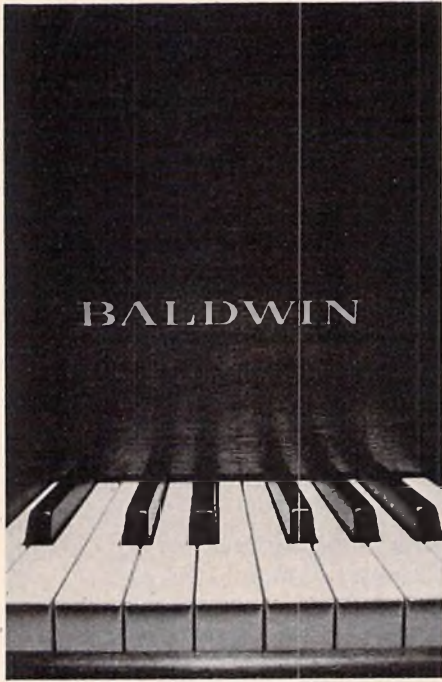
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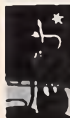
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Ellington, Horace Silver and Cecil Taylor. But just beneath the surface it is Thelonious Monk who looms largest. Listen, for example, to *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Doodlin'*. The angular and jagged lines which make unpredictable stops and starts, the exquisitely shifting accelerandos and ritardandos, and the galvanic two-fisted tone clusters are among the prominent Monkisms.

However, there is also a lyrical and romantic dimension to Shepp's pianistics. This aspect is nicely represented in the standards by Bronislau Kaper (*Invitation*) and Vincent Youmans (*More Than You Know*). While Shepp's sunbursts occasionally dazzle, these beautiful tunes bring out a movingly tender and warm impressionism.

Aside from telling us something of Shepp's roots, *Doodlin'* also marks a new path for Shepp as a pianist. The liner notes by Nat Hentoff suggest that Shepp is actively pursuing this end. Furthermore, Archie says: "In time, I would also like to use the piano in a larger context, an orchestral context."

While this is an important footnote in the career of one of this country's distinguished artists, the album has its problems. In the majority of the tracks, Shepp's piano is coupled only with Reid's bass. Unfortunately, Reid lacks the drive, imagination and musicality to keep pace with Shepp. Technically, volume levels fluctuate, tracks are abruptly cut off, and the bass is poorly recorded. —berg

FREDDIE HUBBARD

WINDJAMMER—Columbia PC 34166: *Dream Weaver; Feelings; Rock Me Arms; Touch Me Baby; Neo Terra (New Land); Windjammer.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Gary King, bass; Steve Gadd (track 6), Andy Newmark (1, 2, 4), Chris Parker (3, 5), Dave Khan (3, 5, 6), Richie Resnicoff (3, 5), Dave Spinozza (1, 2, 4), Eric Gale (1, 2, 4), Jerry Freidman (3), guitars; Ralph MacDonald, Ray Mantilla (6), percussion; Bob James, keyboards, arrangements; George Cables, keyboards (3, 5, 6); Mike Brecker, tenor; Hubert Laws, flute; Wally Kane, bassoon and flute; George Marge, alto flute, oboe, and english horn; Phil Bodner, alto flute; Jon Faddis, Marvin Stamm, Bernie Glow, Lew Soloff, trumpets; Dave Taylor, Alan Raph, bass trombone; Wayne Andre, trombone; Max Ellen, David Naden, Emanuel Green, Harry Cykman, Charles Libove, Harry Lookofsky, Max Pollikoff, Paul Gershman, Matthew Raimondi, Richard Sortomonte, violins; Alfred Brown, Emanuel Vardi, violas; Charles McCracken, Jesse Levy, cello; Patti Austin, Vivian Cherry, Gwen Guthrie, Zach Sanders, Frank Floyd, singers.

Bob James' production of Maynard Ferguson's recent *Primal Scream* LP gave the trumpeter his biggest album sales; Columbia, the label involved, had to be pleased. Here, obviously seeking similar success, they align James with Freddie Hubbard. And *Windjammer* may prove to be Hubbard's largest seller. But it is already the most inappropriate record he's ever made.

Yet you know, I didn't mind *Scream*. There, James left one track open for Ferguson amidst a weighty, studio-anonymous setting, and the gambit suited Maynard's brash, one-dimensional *schtick*. Here, using the same format, James cloaks Hubbard's subtler style in superficially concurrent colors. But his pop/r&b arrangements are otherwise irrelevant to a jazz soloist, particularly one of Hubbard's capabilities. Brief moments of exception occur only on *Feelings*, where James clears the way for Hubbard to sensitively essay a ballad, and *Neo Terra*, on which Freddie blasts some upper-register work over a vague *montuno*; these are spurts of challenge's fine tension, but else-

where Hubbard gives an understandably flaccid performance.

Postscript: in a recent interview, Hubbard was asked if, allowed artistic freedom of choice, he would play the music he's now playing. Freddie said no. —rozek

EARL KLUGH

EARL KLUGH—Blue Note BNLA-596-G: *Las Manos De Fuego; Could It Be I'm Falling In Love; Angelina; Slippin' In The Back Door; Vonetta; Laughter In The Rain; Waltz For Debby; Wind And The Sea.*

Personnel: Klugh, acoustic and electric guitars; Dave Grusin, Fender Rhodes, acoustic piano, synthesizer and misc. percussion; Lee Ritenour, electric guitar; Charles Meeke, bass; Louis Johnson, bass (tracks 1 and 4); Harvey Mason, drums and percussion; Laird De Oliveira, percussion; Ray Pizzi, soprano sax; Pete Christlieb, tenor sax and flute; Jerome Richardson, baritone sax and flute; Chuck Findley, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Oscar Brashear, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ½

After George Benson's landmark *White Rabbit* album, recorded five years ago, it has nearly become cliché to say of every subsequent Benson release, "Well, it's no *White Rabbit*, but it's okay." The unsung hero of that venture, the participant whose performance and style affixed the affair with its noted mellifluous personality, even more than Benson or arranger Don Sebesky, was classical guitarist Earl Klugh. Benson found in Klugh an ideal foil with similar affections for rhythm 'n' blues and Wes Montgomery, while Sebesky found a resilient classical sensibility, well suited for Don's benignly grandiose schemes. Later, Klugh joined Return To Forever for a brief spell, attempting to realize either his ambition or duty as an electric guitarist, but he always seemed truly at a loss in that role.

Fortunately, Earl has renewed his commitment to the classical guitar as primary instrument in his recent Blue Note solo debut, and, in tenor, mood, and scope, it's a reasonable approximation of *White Rabbit*. The same obdurate sense of arrangement—lush, crowded, and firmly plotted—is at work here, courtesy of Dave Grusin, and the opening *Las Manos De Fuego* deliberately parallels *Rabbit's* overture with a mounting, martial cadence, a rolling liquid bass line, and Spanish-flavored horns. But where Sebesky keenly employed seemingly non-compatible elements for striking and consistent effect, Grusin succeeds only in weaving a pleasing yet predictable texture from strings and electric piano, too often circumventing Klugh's better instincts.

Melodic interpretation would seem to be Klugh's strong point. Witness his sensitive reading of *Waltz For Debby*, and the amicable, low-key disco renditions of *Could It Be I'm Falling In Love* and *Laughter In The Rain*, although his own *Vonetta* is unquestionably the album's finest moment. Like Benson, Klugh favors crowded runs up and down the scale, interspersing arpeggios with complex phrases, sliding chords, and a biting, snapping attack, noticeably less logically linked than Benson's own exemplary, fluid improvisations.

Earl Klugh isn't one of this year's more monumental releases, but simply, like Benson's undeservedly critically maligned *Breezin'*, one of the more congenial entries.

—gilmore

IRA SULLIVAN

IRA SULLIVAN—Horizon SP-706: *Old Hundredth; Jitterbug Waltz; Purples, Violets And Blues; Portrait Of Sal La Rosa; Finlandia; Dove; Slightly Arched/Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most; My Reverie.*

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Personnel: Sullivan, soprano and tenor saxes, flute, trumpet; Joe Diorio, guitar (tracks 2, 4, and 7); Tony Castellano (tracks 2, 7, 8) and Alex Darqui (tracks 3 and 6), piano; Steve Bagby, drums (tracks 4 and 7); Joco Pastorious, acoustic bass guitar (track 4); Don Alias, congas (track 4).

After a ten-year hiatus from the recording studio, this Horizon release demonstrates that Ira Sullivan is alive and well in Miami. It also documents Sullivan's decade-long evolution from a hard-swing, bop-based session player to an introspective, spiritual impressionist.

Each side commences with what essentially is a call-to-worship. *Old Hundredth*, which is included in the 1556 edition of the Genevan Psalter, is movingly limned by Sullivan's unaccompanied trumpet. For the second side, Sullivan creates an overdubbed soprano/tenor/trumpet texture that successfully captures the emotional essence of Sibelius's principal theme from *Finlandia*. These introductory mini-overtures, aside from their intrinsic musical value, effectively establish the eclectic and personal nature of Sullivan's music and alert the listener to expect something other than a mere blowing session.

My favorite track is the Sullivan/Diorio/Castellano performance of Fats Waller's spunky *Jitterbug Waltz*. Polished yet spontaneous, this little gem pulsates because of subtle dynamic shifts and rich contrapuntal intertwinings. In particular, listen to the sudden upward chromatic whirlwinds set aloft by Ira's charcoal-shaded soprano. Also impressive is the Dolph Castellano sketch, *Portrait Of Sal La Rosa*. The provocatively layered rhythms of Diorio/Bagby/Pastorious/Alias form a perfect backdrop for Sullivan's soaring, floating flute lines.

Less satisfying are the two Sullivan/Darqui dialogues. While *Purples, Violets And Blues* features virtuosic improvisatory composition and an impressive array of soprano colors, the overly rhapsodic lyricism and *sturm und drang* keyboard rumblings come close to being an ersatz homage to 19th century romanticism. *Dove* sets a shimmering pastoral mood through the overlapping of delicate flute, soprano and piano arabesques. It seems, however, a too precious reworking of materials used by Debussy in *Afternoon Of A Fawn*.

In spite of these reservations, all of Sullivan's music deserves careful attention since it is the labor of a highly gifted, individual and uncompromising artist. Horizon producer John Snyder should be thanked for returning Sullivan's music to our attention. —berg

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

CERTAIN BLACKS—Inner City 1004: *Do What They Wanna; One For Jarman; Bye Bye Baby*.

Personnel: Chicago Beau, tenor sax, percussion, piano, harmonica; Julio Finn, harmonica; William A. Howell, drums; Lester Bowic, trumpet; Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, woodwinds; Malachi Favors, bass, percussion.

★ 1/2

Six years ago, Chicago Beauchamp and Finn had the lousiest luck in recording. Perhaps aware of their own limitations and those of their drummer, Howell, they'd hire sidemen of Art Ensemble quality to join them on French LPs, only to be paid in devalued francs and then have their music issued under the sidemen's names. This is the American issue of perhaps the worst session ever to be credited to the Art Ensemble of Chicago (it's been available for about four years in France). The temperamental clashes between the three rock-soul-blues players and the far more

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rhythmically liberated quartet are painfully evident: Finn's art is one note repeated many times, the drummer mangles numerous attempts by the others to initiate free ensemble inventions, and C. Beau's contribution, besides claiming composer credit for the first two tracks, is uncertain.

Bowie seriously attempts to assemble some order from the *Wanna* mess, wherein Jarman gets in some nice soprano sax licks, and *Baby* has some interesting Jarman tenor preceding Bowie's thwarted creative foray. The essential spirit of the date is caught in the false endings of each side, particularly side one, wherein someone halts proceedings with, "That's 20 minutes, man, we got to watch what we're doing." As they say in gay Paree, das LP ist ein grosse rip-off.
—litweiler

STEVE MARCUS/ COUNT'S ROCK BAND

SOMETIME OTHER THAN NOW—Flying Dutchman BDL1-1461: *Sometime Other Than Now*; *The New Sado-Masochism Tango (As Opposed To The Old . . . Which We All Knew And Loved So Well)*; *The Rites Of Darkness*; *The Brown Rice Ooze*; *Nazca*; *Candles*.

Personnel: Marcus, electric soprano sax, acoustic soprano sax (track 6); Steve Khan, electric guitar; Don Grolnick, electric piano, Clavinet, Arp pro soloist; Will Lee, electric bass; Steve Gadd, drums, gong, percussion.

Saxman Marcus is best remembered for his early '70s association with Larry Coryell in Larry's Forefront and the more cooperatively based Count's Rock Band of that period. Now Steve Khan, as well as the rest of the Brecker Brothers rhythm section, has joined Marcus in this latest assemblage. Actually, the final product belongs as much, or more, to guitarist Khan as to Marcus. Khan composed *all* the tunes on the album, does almost as much soloing as Marcus (in fact, Khan's guitar playing is consistently more distinctive than Marcus' soprano work), and even helped remix the final product. One wonders why Khan got such slight notice on the album jacket.

Marcus has always possessed the chops to blow in the big leagues, but he has never had the ideas to make him stand out from the pack. In this same highly electrified jazz-rock style, Marcus can't compete with the likes of Joe Farrell or Tom Scott, both of whom can compose as well as satisfyingly reinterpret other people's material. Ironically, even on his own record Marcus is forced to take a back seat to the rest of the band, as Gadd, Grolnick, Khan, and especially bassist Will Lee grab the laurels.

The way in which Lee dominates the tempo/meter change in the uninterrupted segue between *Brown Rice Ooze* and *Nazca* is only one example of his complete mastery of the music as well as his instrument. His full-bodied opening to the moody *Rites Of Darkness* and the way he forces Gadd to sweat in order to keep time in the quick paced title cut are other Lee highlights.

Something Other Than Now might be considered a flexing of the muscles by one of New York's tightest, most talented, session rhythm sections. While Khan's writing is temporarily too close to the Brecker/Sanborn/Coryell gang of funk punks to stand by itself, look for him to find his own voice in the very near future. One of the least commercial tunes on the LP, *Rites Of Darkness*, demonstrates Khan's ability to write imaginatively and evocatively. *Nazca* and *Candles* also display hidden com-

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positional strength, *Nazca* for its rhythm section charts and *Candles* for its lyrical beauty. As for Marcus, his best playing is on the sole acoustic sax number, *Candles*. A gritty, buzzing horn tone in the intro and a light, carefree solo in the center comprise Steve's only personalized moments. —townley

PASSPORT

INFINITY MACHINE—Atco SD 36-132: *Ju-Ju Man*; *Morning Sun*; *Blue Aura*; *Infinity Machine*; *Ostinato*; *Contemplation*.

Personnel: Klaus Doldinger, tenor and soprano sax, Moog, keyboard, voice; Kristian Schultze, keyboards, synth; Wolfgang Schmid, bass, guitar, harmonizer; Curt Cress, drums, percussion.

★ 1/2

After their initial American release disappeared without a whisper, Passport made their U.S. splash via a 1974 follow-up, *Looking Thru*. It was a distinctively European fusion record, with a "mechanical" slant on voicings and changes that Kraftwerk later exposed to a wider market. But close to two and a half years and several albums later, *Infinity Machine* lacks most of what once made Passport special. Here, the group often sounds like a poor man's Weather Report, even down to Doldinger's Shorter-esque soprano style.

And it's a shame, too, because the 10 minute *Ju-Ju* is a dynamite opening track. Over a thumpy disco beat, some of the old Passport synthesized touches embellish the head; then Doldinger and Schultze snap off crackling solos. But *Sun* is as insipid as a relatedly titled hit by Jonathan Edwards (save for a brief guitar riff near its end), and *Aura*, though attractive enough, cops almost completely from the moodiest bag of Zawinul, Shorter and company.

Side two is even more erratic. While the album's title cut and *Ostinato* feature spirally, whiny sounds—more good memories—both tunes are also compositionally clichéd. And *Contemplation* is embarrassingly sluggish; to Doldinger's credit, he nicely fuses a freer approach with some r&b tenor in a valiant solo. And I do mean valiant. —rozek

MICHAEL MANTLER/ EDWARD GOREY

THE HAPLESS CHILD AND OTHER INSCRUTABLE STORIES—Watt 4: *The Sinking Spell*; *The Object-Lesson*; *The Insect-God*; *The Doubtful Guest*; *The Remembered Visit*; *The Hapless Child*.

Personnel: Robert Wyatt, vocals; Carla Bley, piano, Clavinet, string synthesizer; Steve Swallow, bass guitar; Jack DeJohnette, drums, percussion; Terje Rypdal, guitar; Alfreda Bengé, Albert Caulder, Nick Mason, speakers; Gorey, lyricist; Mantler, composer.

★ ★

Mantler's lean, bleak unrelentingly dour interpretations of Samuel Beckett on Watt 2 fit the material rather better than the monotonal, melodramatic settings he has devised for Gorey's pieces. All instrumental hands perform to their usual high standards, but a slight caveat is offered to those who know Mantler by his earlier JCOA and Watt works: unless you empathize with European Art Rock, *Hapless Child* may take more getting used to than you're willing to give.

Gorey is a children's writer-illustrator of morbid fantasy tales, a fine one with a well-bent imagination. I understand his work has also gained favor with many adults, presumably for similar reasons to those which have made Lewis Carroll ever-popular on "deeper levels." Unfortunately, Mantler's Gothic hokum is entirely too one-dimensional for the

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droll, macabre whimsy found in most of these stories. Bley's keyboards are straight out of *Dark Shadows*, for example, and the rest of the players, though playing well, are similarly sobersided. Occasional traces of musical black humor, to echo the several evident in the lyrics printed on the jacket, would have offered seasoning to make this witches' brew more palatable.

Wyatt is most ill-used. A vocalist of limited technical ability, he nonetheless has formed an original and engaging style in his years with Soft Machine, Matching Mole, and on his two wonderful solo albums for Virgin, *Rock Bottom* and *Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard*. Here, however, most of what he does sounds like tuneless extemporizing, and when there are melodies to be sung, little respite is offered from the droning gloominess of it all. The musical shortcomings seriously impair his ability to tell the stories effectively.

Two stars, then, for imaginative (considering the context) performances by Rypdal and DeJohnette, as well as for the omnipresent good taste of Swallow. But if I have a yen for Gorey in the future, I'll satisfy it in print, and hope that Mantler's talented severity will again find more appropriate formats for musical expression.

—mitchell

PHILIP CATHERINE

NAIRAM—Warner Brothers BS 2950; *Nairam*; *Homecomings*; *Nineteen Seventy Fourths*; *September Man*; *We'll Find A Way*; *Sneezing Bull*; *Rene Thomas*; T.P.C.

Personnel: Catherine, electric and acoustic guitars, tarang, piano, bass; Palle Mikkilborg, trumpet; Charlie Mariano, soprano sax; Jasper Van't Hoff, organ, electric piano; Rob Franken, string ensemble synthesizer; John Lee, electric bass; Gerry Brown, drums.

This is a sampling of two LPs that were recorded and released in 1974-5 by French Atlantic. In the spirit of low-energy fusion, eight introspective charts spotlight the young Belgian guitarist in both solo (multitracked) and group situations.

The record has five star potential. Catherine's guitar voice, though, is still forming. At its most Catherine-y, whether acoustic or electric, it uniquely mixes raw and crystalline textures; Catherine even has a rippling electric trademark riff he uses (it's more conspicuous on *John Lee And Gerry Brown*, Blue Note). Yet I also sense his frequent, aimless reliance on the styles of major fusion players.

And the stark, striking compositions here, mostly by Catherine, need some release, some contrasting lightness and fire. The duet *Homecomings*, for example, is underpinned by Brown's metronomic timekeeping, almost as somber as Jon Christenson's on Terje Rypdal's *What Comes After*. In a *tour de force*, Catherine admirably layers the piece's structure and thus its tension—but then the track just ends. There are usually gorgeous moments within such exercises (as when Catherine overdubs on tarang for color). But 40 minutes of anticlimax gets a bit one-dimensional, especially considering Catherine's wilder capabilities (again, e.g. *Lee And Brown*). Overall, some relief is provided by Mariano's brilliantly variegated soprano, on *Thomas*; he also adds to Lee's *Bitches Brew*-influenced *Nineteen Seventy Fourths*. Also on this track, Mikkilborg plays a smooth, Thad Jonesish solo that intrigues in its incongruity; plus, his T.P.C. is one of the most attractive fusion riffs I've ever heard, though it never goes anywhere.



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Like I've said, and tried to suggest, this record has five star potential. But as its liner notes aptly state, "Philip Catherine has just begun to hit his creative stride." —rozek

WAXING ON . . .

Although Norman Granz, in the late '40s and '50s, probably recorded more music than Blue Note and Savoy combined—no mean feat—the Verve reissues thus far have been more tentative than their competition. In fact, two of these four twofers date from Verve's twilight (i.e., post-Granz) years, but the music is nonetheless valuable, the program notes are intelligent, and I sure don't like those covers.

Russ Garcia's version of *Porgy And Bess* must have seemed like a good idea in 1957, but his arrangements are so close to Gershwin's original score that Armstrong and Fitzgerald are almost overpowered. Only one trumpet solo, a series of blues choruses interpolated in *There's A Boat That's Leavin' Soon For New York*, really gets off, among the album's five. Neither vocalist fares consistently well. Ella's style demands that she use her full range, but these songs force her low notes painfully, and with the best will in the world, her voice is simply too small to project the required depth of feeling. You can't help admiring her courage in *Buzzard Song* and *Oh Doctor Jesus*, but especially her rubato failings in the latter point up this collection's problem: these two distinctive stylists simply cannot fit a near-classical mold. Far better 'twould have been to have hired a jazz orchestrator.

Yet each side has its good points. Ella clearly enjoys the show-stopper sort of song, so even *Buzzard Song* is agreeable, *What You Want With Bess?* and *My Man's Gone Now* are triumphs of sorts, and the street cries are ideally suited for her. Louis, too, has vocal troubles, with an orchestra crescendo in *Boat That's Leavin'* and a pigeon-coo choir in *I'm On My Way*. *Woman Is A Sometime Thing* serves Louis well, though, and if one of the duets is unfortunate, three others have the two singers bouncing nicely against each other. Ella's first *Summertime* vocal is excellently Armstrong-influenced, yet the rich feeling of Louis's chorus that follows is the album's musical height. His warm perception makes her sound coy in *Plenty Of Nothin'*, but both rise to the occasion in *Bess, You Is My Woman*. As improvising singers, Louis is organic, Ella whimsically decorative, two incompatible states of being, so the scat sequences tend to fail.

Had Granz been like one of today's hustlers, he might have flogged the *Jam Session* as presenting, for the first time, the world's three greatest alto saxophones all in one room. Truth to tell, only Johnny Hodges is continually rewarding on the first three sides, playing mannered grease horn in his own *Funky Blues*. Actually, a review of these LPs might be simply a list of names: for rhythm, the Oscar Peterson Trio and drummer J. C. Heard (wind 'em up and watch 'em go); tenorists Flip Phillips ("cool" tone applied to "hot" melodic ideas) and Ben Webster (artful manipulator of tone, melodically inventive); trumpeter Charlie Shavers (alone of these, he achieves structure; creative melodic stylist, unswinging—who cares?—but avoiding those excesses of technique that so often endear him

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to us while simultaneously driving purist critics up the wall). And, of course, besides Hodges, a nerveless Charlie Parker and an un-nerved Benny Carter on alto.

Of the four tracks, one to a side, these are high points: *Jam Blues*—Phillips' lines are attractive, yet his tone denies them full impact. Carter is pleasant also, ripping up and down his horn in crude fashion, rather like Willie Smith. Parker plays a faceless swing-style solo, while Webster begins in his Hodges bag then tears away riffs like a mammoth at supper. Hodges is superbly poised, a beautiful set of choruses, and Shavers is equally fine as well as sounding more modern than his colleagues. *Ballad Medley*—even Hodges (*I'll Get By*) and Shavers (*Someone To Watch Over Me*) can't rescue it, and the slow tempo has poor Carter painted into a corner.

What Is This Thing Called Love? has an up tempo that makes for excellent Shavers and very agreeable Hodges and Webster, with worthwhile Phillips, Carter less florid than before, and even Parker coming to life a bit. The chase choruses work well. *Funky Blues* has Parker playing three choruses in his most show-off virtuoso manner, a tough act to follow. Carter is unusually dirty (the Parker influence?), and flowery again. Barney Kessel is irritating, Phillips is sober and straightforward except for his imitating Webster in closing descending trills, while Webster's solo duels him to a satisfying standoff. Despite the surface excitement of Parker, Shavers—normally the flashiest musician in a crowd—tops it all in musical terms. The jam sessions, on the whole, came off better than anyone had a right to expect, given these players' rampant individualism, incompatibility, proliferation (too many horns) and too few tunes.

Evans offers 1966 duets with guitarist Jim Hall, who is almost non-existent, and a 1963 trio with bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Paul Motian. The pianist (whose style so often endears him to purist critics while simultaneously driving me up the wall) has a rhythmic fixation on the number 3—waltzes, triplet decorations and elaborations of his lines, a preposterous reliance on dotted eighth-sixteenth-eighth-eighth rest routine, and when they're not leading to an accented quarter note on beat one, they suggest that he wishes he were waltzing while in two or four. It's enough to drive a listener to Monk. Some solos here consist of nothing but this stuff, disguised by his doubling or halving tempos. Combined with regular quarter-note rests separating phrases, his lack of dynamic interest, his extreme melodic weakness (oh, doesn't he ramble, on and on), his style is almost totally devoid of drama and, at slow tempos, tension. The unevenness of his phrase lengths, sometime solid structures, and the genuine interest of his harmonic methods don't compensate for his very serious weaknesses.

Except for some earlier recordings, Evans' admirers generally leave me unconvinced. Discounting the Hall duo LP—the guitarist's playing is characterized by an urge to disappear—the attempts at achieving spontaneous collective improvisation are trifling: Peacock is simply too rhythmically mobile to be drawn into Evans' realm of discourse, and too self-assured to accept the pianist at face value for very long. I think that by the time these records were made Bill Evans' problem was undeniable. It's easy to mistake eccentricity for originality, to let an artist's few strengths stand for his entire body of work—it's happened to far lesser jazzmen than Evans. Yes,

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the music is pretty, like photos of the Grand Canyon or Marilyn Monroe. As Herbert Read used to repeat, there's plenty of beauty in the world and many conscientious craftsmen, but comparatively very little art.

Speaking of eccentricity, a quartet including Stan Getz, tenor, Elvin Jones, drums, and Evans would suggest unrelieved hilarity. In fact, their LP turned out excellently, for Getz and Jones are far more complex personalities than Evans, who in any case is a valuable band pianist. Away from Coltrane, in any number of Impulse groups in the '60s, Elvin seemed to turn suddenly shy, as though self-assertion might be an imposition. In the *Night And Day* session, at least, he swings freely, commenting vigorously on the soloists's action, and though he's as unassimilated as ever, his presence certainly helps keep things lively. Excepting one and a half tracks, Getz is in outstanding form on this LP.

By 1964 Getz was in every way but one a compleat saxophonist. He had perfected the most remarkable bop tenor sound this side of Rollins, with bold, cracked low notes, exultant or fugitive high register tones, and a big middle range that varied from woolly gentleness at *p* to a unique hollow-centered broadness at *f*. His sense of dynamics was immensely refined, as were his ideas of rhythmic contrast and phrasemaking, his multiple adornments make *But Beautiful* truly that, while far different *Night And Day* and *Funkalero* works are equally satisfying. In especially the latter, his weakness is dramatized: he seems to halt in mid-solo with descending phrases, only to leap suddenly into new life an instant later with heavily accented notes at the bridge. Getz has no sense of structural flow beyond a notion that his improvisations probably ought to have a climax, if he can remember to make one, and that each unit of four or eight measures should be cohesive within itself. Getz, then, plays whatever comes into his head—but his mastery of the art of sax playing and his wondrous melodic instincts are the core of his art.

His dynamic skills were even more refined by 1967, and that quartet LP might be the best of his career—except for his perfect response to the greater rhythmic, harmonic and dynamic challenges of his 1971 *Dynasty* (Verve 8802-2). The modal setting and dual tempos of pianist Chick Corea's *Litha* emphasize the discontinuity of Getz's sequence links. I like the free way Getz allows air in his lines—for one thing, it makes his linear unpredictability less shocking—and the eloquence of his sound, too. Here and in Corea's *Windows* his simple phrasing (with embellishment passages sprinkled into the latter) and jazz sax mastery join at their best. Yet his *Con Alma* solo is so unconsciously loony in its placing of sequences and dynamic emphases moment-to-moment that it's my favorite work in the album. Incidentally, however much Corea's style is indebted to Evans, it's the younger man's solos that I prefer. —litweiler

- Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Armstrong, *Porgy And Bess* (Verve VE-2-2507):***½
- Norman Granz Jam Session, *The Charlie Parker Sides* (Verve VE-2-2508):****
- Bill Evans, *Trio (Motian, Peacock), Duo (Hall)* (Verve VE-2-2509):***
- Stan Getz, *The Chick Corea/Bill Evans Sessions* (Verve VE-2-2510):****

BLINDFOLD TEST



Carol Kaye

by lee underwood

You may not have heard Carol Kaye's name, but you most certainly have heard her music. As a studio musician, she has played electric bass and/or guitar "on thousands of records, at least 50% of which have made the Top 100."

A few of the hits on which she has appeared include *Mr. Tambourine Man* (the Byrds), *Feelin' Alright* (Joe Cocker), *Little Green Apples* (O. C. Smith), *Eleanor Rigby* (Ray Charles), *Shaft* (Hayes, Mancini), *Homeward Bound* (Simon & Garfunkel) and *These Boots Are Made For Walkin'* (Nancy Sinatra).

Her film credits include *Airport*, *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid*, *In The Heat Of The Night*, and *The Pawnbroker*. Among her many TV credits are *Ironsides*, *Bill Cosby Show*, *McCloud*, and *It Takes A Thief*.

Carol has also written eight books on how to play the electric bass (all of which are used extensively in college music courses across the country). She has her own music publishing firm (Gwyn Publishing), and a printing company (Camelot Press).

As a woman, it was difficult for Carol to break into the exclusive, male-dominated world of studio musicians. "They did their best to break me, because they don't believe in women," she said, "but I proved to them that I could play my instrument. I stuck up for myself, but in a nice way, without destroying the man's ego. Once I established my playing abilities, it was easy. I was no longer a female oddity. I was a musician, commanding \$70,000 a year."

Carol and her drummer husband, Spider Webb (also a noted studio heavyweight), recently formed their own jazz-funk group, Spider's Webb, which will soon release its debut LP on Fantasy Records.

This was her first Blindfold Test. She was given no information about the records played.

1. HORACE SILVER. *The Preacher* (from *Horace Silver And The Jazz Messengers*, Blue Note). Silver, piano; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Art Blakey, drums.

I used to play that tune, but for the life of me I can't think of the name of it. It almost sounds like Clifford Brown on trumpet. I rate it four stars, because the performance and the groove was there. You can dance to it, and it was happy music.

It sounded like the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers group. I can't picture the piano player. For a minute, I thought it was Horace Silver, and then I thought it might be Monk. I've been out of touch, I guess. It's interesting that the piano player was playing almost a rock 'n roll reggae-type thing in the background.

2. CHARLIE PARKER. *Constellation* (from *Bird/The Savoy Recordings*, Savoy-Arista). Parker, alto sax; Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums.

I'd give that about 3 1/2 stars. That sounds like Bird, with Dizzy on trumpet. I would almost think it was Thelonious Monk on piano. I don't know who the drummer was, but he sure has that East Coast fire. The whole group sounds like East Coast.

The reason I give it only 3 1/2 stars is that it sounded too "on top," too agitated, even though the groove was there. The sax player was outstanding—I mean, *outstanding!* He's the king. It's gotta be the Bird.

The trumpet player sounds like Dizzy Gillespie, but it could have been Miles, the sound that Miles gets. The drummer was hip, but I couldn't hear the bass player. I don't know the name of the tune.

3. DAVE BRUBECK. *The Duke* (from *Jazz, Red Hot And Cool*, Columbia). Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Bob Bates, bass; Joe Dodge, drums.

Could that be Hampton Hawes on piano? And that sax player. I know that sax player, and I know that group, but I can't quite identify them.

I'd rate that five stars, because, for the kind of tune it is, their approach was beautiful. It had a nice groove; there was no rushing. The drummer played tastefully, and the bass player was married to the piano player. The piano player was terrific. I'm tempted to say Oscar Peterson, but I don't think so. The sax player almost sounded like Teddy Edwards . . . that sound . . . Sonny Stitt? I've heard that sound before, but where? Very tasty.

4. HAMPTON HAWES. *It Could Happen To You* (from *The Challenge*, RCA). Hawes, solo piano.

Oh, yeah! He plays a book in about 20 seconds! That's five stars. What he says, he says delicately, strongly, and he puts it together beautifully, the pacing, everything. I put that five stars. He's it. *It Could Happen To You*—that's a tune I used to play, too. That could be Oscar Peterson, but it might also be Hampton Hawes.

Underwood: It was Hampton.

Kaye: Really? How 'bout that! My old boss! Right on, Hamp! Hey, when that guy plays, he gets you in your head, your heart, and your gut. He gets everything inside of him out there on the piano. That's beautiful.

5. AL JARREAU. *Agua De Beber* (from *Glow*, Warner Bros.). Jarreau, vocalist; Joe Correro, drums; Steve Forman, percussion. Jobim-Gimbel-DeMaraes, composers; Al Schmitt and Tommy LiPuma, producers; Dale Oehler, arranger & conductor.

I'd give that 3 1/2 stars. I'm not really into Brazilian-type songs that much. It sounds like a Jobim tune. I would say the singer is black, and I love the different ways that he uses his voice. I like the shifting timbres. His scat singing is excellent.

His performance deserves a better background, something more commercial, because that guy could make it big as a performer in the right setting. He is a terrific performer! The drummer and/or the percussionist sounds like Alrto.

6. STANLEY CLARKE. *Song To John, Pt. II* (from *Journey To Love*, Nempcor). Clarke, acoustic bass; Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, acoustic guitar; Chick Corea, acoustic piano. Produced by Clarke and Ken Scott.

First of all, the performance of the acoustic guitar player is fantastic. To be able to play that stuff on the acoustic is a miracle. Overall, the performances are good. I think the guitar player might be Charlie Byrd. The piano player almost sounds like McCoy Tyner, because he uses those scales and modes, you know? But the piece lacks that overall strength and depth that McCoy gets. I rate it 1 1/2 stars.

From my own artistic feelings—not from a commercial point of view, because this record wouldn't go commercially—it could have been a gas, but it was not produced right. I would hold the producer at fault. I think he really sluffed off on his job. He should have glued everything together right, on the artistic level. I would tear this piece to shreds, except for the performances, especially the guitar player.

7. JOHN MCLAUGHLIN. *Wings Of Karma* (from *Apocalypse*, Columbia). McLaughlin, electric guitar; Jean-Luc Ponty, violin; The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, orchestrated by Michael Gibbs.

I would rate that two stars, because it just doesn't hit me for some reason. I liked the classical part, and I was very impressed by the guitar player and by the violin player. The piece didn't reach me on the inside, but the sound of the violin did, very sensitive. At first, I thought the guitar player was Larry Coryell, but I'm not too sure now. The orchestration of the classical part was beautiful, but the other parts don't make it for me, except for the guitar and violin. db

Profile

HARVEY PHILLIPS by michael bourne



Harvey Phillips is as important to the tuba as the tuba is to Harvey Phillips. It's not just that he's a great player; he's an evangelist for the tuba. As a performer and even more as a teacher, he's a living testament that the tuba is an instrument of greater dimensions than a humorous oom-pah-pah. Phillips is unquestionably the best-known tuba player in the world, in classical and jazz and other music, and he's working all the time to expand the consciousness of listeners and of other musicians toward the tuba. In the beginning, much of Phillips' evangelism was involved in getting more composers and arrangers to work with the tuba in order to get work for himself. And now he's evangelizing to get work for others.

"It's been my whole life," Phillips said. "My answer to people who say to me 'You take the tuba too seriously!' is that everything my kids eat, everything we own comes through the tuba. So I have to take it seriously." After years of generating work for himself, Phillips said, "I started looking inwardly and asking myself, 'What areas in music are unexplored for the tuba?' And then I began the evangelism. I started first of all to get the public's attention, to say, 'Look, tubas exist, and in great number, and it's a noble instrument!' One of the reasons I want to distinguish the tuba, or re-identify it—call this the renaissance of the tuba—is that I'm committed to trying to see that the tuba is accepted on the highest level in every discipline of musical performance, if that can be accomplished, and I think it can. Then it makes life for young tuba players so much more promising. The one single theme that runs through everything I do is to increase the performance opportunities for tuba players. I think how dull my life would have been if I'd relegated myself to just one kind of music."

Phillips' life in music certainly isn't dull. "I left home when I was 15 and joined the circus," Phillips remembered. "Just being in music was almost an accident. My high school band leader just happened to be a retired circus band leader and got me a job with King Bros." After 9 weeks on the road, Phillips returned home, to a small town in Missouri, and for a time was a student at the University of Missouri. "After one semester, I got a telegram from Merle Evans asking me to join Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey." Phillips joined and

for 3½ years worked with Evans, one of the greatest circus musicians ever. Phillips remembered those years by encouraging a tribute to Evans at the Interlochen Academy and by recording an Evans march with Gunther Schuller on the record *Footlitters*.

From the circus, Phillips moved to New York in 1950 to study at Juilliard and to work. "I started free-lancing the same week I got to town, and instantly I started cultivating arrangers, orchestrators, composers, seeking involvement for the tuba in other kinds of music than it was relegated to at that time. One of the most influential experiences I've had was playing with the Sauter-Finegan orchestra and going on the road that first year in 1953. The band was way ahead of its time. All the recording orchestras since then have copied the innovative sounds Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan put into their arrangements for that orchestra."

Gil Evans is another composer-arranger Phillips cites as an innovator with the tuba, first with Claude Thornhill, then with Miles Davis. Phillips considers the tubist on *Birth of the Cool*, Bill Barber, among the greats, and for years, whenever Barber was unavailable, Phillips recorded with Evans and others. "The best things I've been involved with are the Impulse albums with Manny Albam, especially *Cabin in The Sky* with Curtis Fuller. The tuba writing in that is just fantastic. And an album I did with John Carisi, which was produced by Gil Evans, called *Into The Hot*; we did a thing on that called *Angkor Wat* which gives the tuba a long jazz solo line." Phillips recorded several LPs in the 50s and 60s with Quincy Jones and Billy Byers, memorably Byers' *Tribute to Duke Ellington*, LPs by Wes Montgomery, Roland Kirk, and others; and several then and since with Pat Williams. "Pat and I still work together on various projects," Phillips said. "I just did one with Pat and Bill Fowler at the University of Denver called *Colorado Fusion*."

At the same time Phillips was free-lancing jazz, he'd become a first-call on tuba in classical, commercial and broadcast music. "For 18 years I was with The New York City Ballet," Phillips enumerated. "For 14 years I was with The New York Brass Quintet; I was one of the founding members. I did *The Bell Telephone Hour* for 12 years, *The Voice of Firestone*, *Band of America*, *Lucky Strike Hit Parade*, *Sid Caesar's Your Show of Shows*, *The Jackie Gleason Show* and all those albums Glea-

son did, Kostelanetz recordings, *The Symphony of the Air*. I was consulted by Stokowski when he first formed The American Symphony Orchestra, and for many of Stravinsky's recordings I put together the orchestra. Anything and everything! I did commercials for Dreyfuss Mutual Fund, Eastern Airlines, Olympia Beer, Mt. Rainier Beer—any kind of beer you can think of; the tuba fits well with beer."

Phillips also founded Orchestra U.S.A. with John Lewis. And among the more prestigious gigs, Phillips performed with The Festival Casals Orchestra; an autographed "souvenir" from Casals is proudly displayed in Phillips' office.

Another memento is a menu from the "Harvey Phillips Day" dinner at The New England Conservatory at which Phillips was honored with a doctorate for all he'd contributed to the conservatory's revival. "Gunther Schuller and I were very close from the time we first met around 1951," Phillips said. "I went with Gunther in 1967 to The New England Conservatory. He was the president and I went along as an assistant. To me, Gunther Schuller is the most important living American musician. I don't know of any other musician who's accepted on the highest levels in as many disciplines of music as Gunther. Phillips assisted Schuller with the conservatory's financial difficulty at the time and started their series of excellent recordings.

In the year of the conservatory's tribute, 1971, Phillips became a professor of music at Indiana University, replacing his own teacher, William Bell. Since then, he's been involved in almost too many projects to list, among which: international tuba festivals and brass congresses, more and more recordings, numerous recitals (five in nine days at Carnegie Hall in late '75), Octubafests (in which tubas and beer convivially delight together), a forthcoming tuba camp "to indoctrinate young tuba players into what it means to be a tuba player," and the annual Christmas tuba concerts at Rockefeller Center in New York ("You can't laugh at 500 tubists playing Silent Night!"). And throughout all this, he's playing jazz again. "I'm very excited now about a group Rich Matteson and I put together, with six tubas and four rhythm. We premiered the group at the First International Brass Congress in Montreux, and it was the hit of the whole congress. Nobody can believe that sound until they hear it. It swings like crazy!"

Phillips' fellow professor at Indiana University, David Baker, composed a piece for tuba and string quartet, the newest of several works for the tuba composed for Phillips. Among the other composers he's inspired are Alec Wilder (who has probably written more for the tuba than any other composer) and Gunther Schuller. Perhaps the ultimate manifestation of Phillips' influence is that he has not simply inspired and created work for other tubists; as a consultant for Conn Instruments, he's often designed their tubas.

Along with all this, it's not just the tuba Phillips is evangelizing for. He's outraged that young composers and players of other instruments don't get enough work, that the music industry wastes money on doing the same things again and again. "It angers me no end when I see money wasted, or duplicity," Phillips raged, "or when I see great composers put aside and then picked up when they're 70. It's too late then. If someone is creating great works of music when he's 20, let him enjoy it then. How much genius have we lost by not documenting them more while they're in their prime?"

Harvey Phillips at 46 is still in his prime, always working for the future and remembering his roots. "I'm putting together what I hope will be a complete listing of all the tuba players since 1900 with a resume about each, just to give our young tuba players a heritage—so that they know they have roots that go very deep, so they can be proud of being tuba players." Among those Phillips considers important in jazz: Joe Tarto and Singleton Palmer from the 1920s on, Country Washburn with Spike Jones, Phil Cadway of the ABC staff, Red Callender, Bill Barber, Don Butterfield, Rich Matteson, Tommy Johnson, and Howard Johnson—not to forget Harvey Phillips himself. He's one of the greatest living roots—or, as Phillips laughed, "a knot on the tree maybe!"

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Lateef: Joyous Musicality . . .

Short: Persona and Technique . . .

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

Village Vanguard,
New York City

Personnel: Kirk, tenor sax, manzello, clarinet, flute, harmonica; Steve Turre, trombone; Hilton Ruiz, piano; Milton Suggs, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Betty Neals and Michael Hill, vocals.

Earlier this year, Kirk suffered a stroke that left his right arm paralyzed. Yet he has been able—through some mechanical attachments and alterations to his instruments—to continue his career, albeit with partially subdued energy and daring (he no longer plays two horns at once and sits in a chair when not playing, but he does still use circular breathing). This comeback in itself is astonishing, but even more unfathomable is the fact that in some ways his music is now better than ever.

Before his stroke, Kirk overflowed with energy, so much so that his playing and music many times became frenetic or nearly hysterical, a lot of unchannelled energy diffusing and damaging the force of his music. This problem is apparently all gone now, for everything seems succinct, well-honed, and near perfection. He is helped immeasurably in this regard by one of the best groups he has ever assembled. Ruiz is one of the finer young pianists—he can play well in any style from stride to bop. Turre is a truly gifted trombonist, with fine technique and a full tone. Suggs and Perkins (an old Kirk crony) swing and drive on relentlessly.

A new facet to the Kirk scenario is the addition of vocalist Hill, who sang the themes of *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* and *Sugar* in a distinctive tenor reminiscent of Mel Torme, as well as Neals, who did several narrated passages in a captivating dramatic voice, especially succeeding with Duke Ellington's reflections on music from *MUSIC IS MY MISTRESS*, with Kirk softly playing *Mood Indigo* in the background.

Kirk still keeps his repertoire attractively varied, mixing it up between tunes he's played for years and new material, all with the aim of promoting the historical wealth of jazz. *Witchcraft* was given a respectful reading, with inventive solos by Kirk, Ruiz, and Turre. *Step Into Beauty* was a lovely ballad reading for all concerned, which Kirk dedicated "to the memory of Illinois Jacquet, Buddy Tate, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Flip Phillips and others." *Sugar* was an up-tempo cooker. A Kirk mainstay, *Ma Cherie Amour*, received a light-hearted, warm treatment with Kirk playing the melody on his new vertically held, curved-end flute. A medley of tunes that included *Volunteered Slavery* and *Hey Jude* showed that Kirk can still swing intensely at a never-lagging pace. His clarinet-vocal tribute to Sidney Bechet and "New Orleans funky-butt jazz" was both joyous and cynical (Bechet, it was pointed out, never received here the plaudits

he got in Europe).

But Kirk's feature, *If I Loved You*, best indicated the welcome change in his approach. On the live *Bright Moments* recording, Kirk played up to the audience, giving the beautiful Rodgers-Hammerstein piece an overlong and overdramatic reading. Yet at the Vanguard, his treatment was much more subdued, sincere, and attentive to the feelings of the tune, and the end result was a more successful interpretation that indicated what a fine musician Kirk is.

Yes, Rahsaan only plays one horn at a time now (with one hand), but he's still great, and—because of his physical handicap—even more amazing than before. —scott albin

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

Personnel: Hutcherson, vibes, piano; Emanuel Boyd, soprano and tenor; James Leary III, acoustic bass; Eddie Marshall, drums.

YUSEF LATEEF

Personnel: Lateef, tenor, oboe; Kenny Barron, piano; Bob Cunningham, acoustic bass; Albert Kuumba (Toolie) Heath, drums

The Bottom Line,
New York City

This was a first-rate evening of jazz and an appealing study in contrasts.

Mostly, Hutcherson's group played charts by their leader and Leary from *Waiting*, the band's latest LP. The tunes owe much to conceptions routinely explored by McCoy Tyner. They open with richly melodic heads; subsequent, spirited improvisations remain close to the initial changes and are more like rhythmic/dynamic explorations than whole new series of notes. (The group's beautiful, faithful rendition of Herbie Hancock's *Dolphin Dance* was a relative exception.) As fans of Tyner know, this system builds terrific intensity—an excitement Hutcherson's band also induced. Yet though Boyd's and Hutcherson's solos were thus explicitly conservative, I would have enjoyed hearing both players be more responsive. Leary, in contrast, used his open space for strongly stated virtuosity. His two bass spots were jammed with fresh ideas and chordal and pacing shifts: each solo wrung its core changes dry. Still, the band hit a fat groove the instant they started playing, and held it for forty minutes. Hutcherson's musical integrity continues.

This can also be said of Lateef and company, purveyors of good music from a slightly older school. In their set, solos resumed a traditional importance. On Heath's *In Andante Pastorale*, Lateef opened with a precise, almost classical flute statement, then wailed on tenor, joyously quoting *Doodlin'*, *Lester Leaps In*, and *When The Saints Go Marchin' In*. Though I heard less emotion than recall and

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dexterity in this pastiche, I was next treated to all three elements in Barron's marvelous long solo. This player may—as some claim—lack his own voice, but few other pianists today can so subtly vary their improvisatory agenda with such deftness. Here, Barron moved into a full-scale calypso statement while holding any past, unfinished business in faint abeyance, and then meandered back to the head with charged grace and timing. This solo was as satisfying as a full meal and a good cigar afterwards.



VERYL OAKLAND

many evenings . . . is almost entirely surrounded by friends—Mellons, Browns, Onassis and the like."

Such intimacy with the *riche* is also crucial to Short's interpretive powers. Cole Porter, Noel Coward, Rodgers and Hart—perhaps Short's favorite songwriters—also moved through, and wrote about, upper social strata. It was no surprise, then, that Short didn't turn Porter's *I'm a Gigolo* into sheer lunacy. First he caviled that "once I was too young to sing this song, now I fear I'm too old." Then he primped comically, while toying with lines like "I've no mother but jazz." But in all, he let the song stand on its own: part send-up, part pathos.

Other touches abounded too, with any overbroadness avoided. In another Porter tune, *Why Shouldn't I? (Know of Love)*, Short crooned "All debutantes/Say it's good", drawing out "good" to suggest, say, a Wellesley girl of the past's secret love for the visceral. And in Porter's *I'm Throwin' a Ball Tonight*, which details the plans of a jade who lives for parties, Short made sure "I feel like dynamite" was the fellow's lame, sole excuse for grandiose revelry.

But beyond these witty snaps of a world that probably still exists—in spirit if not in diction—Short showed some heart. He began

Vernon Duke's *I Can't Get Started* ("Tell your parents Bunny Berrigan did *not* write this song") with the verse: at first, Anita O'Day's recent, moving version came to mind. She read the song as the lament of a woman past her romantic prime. Yet Short projected a younger, male persona suggesting a sincere Fred Astaire sitting down at the piano to work out his troubles with Ginger Rogers. Even better, Short handled Rodgers and Hart's *I'll Take Manhattan* quietly, almost reverently. It was a real paean to a city the country's been kidney-punching.

Short encored with *And Her Mother Came Too*, written by silent screen star Ramon Navarro. The song is not about group sex. It concerns a woman who compulsively chaperones. All along, Short had been slightly raising his eyebrows, keeping straight amidst funny lines and laughter from the patrons. But the expectation of the closing twist was too much even for him. He paused before singing it, grinned and said, "And her mother came too." A minute later was off the stage for good. For his understanding of English as a first language, his wit, his heavyweight treatment of popular and even novelty songs, his class—and even his solid piano playing—Bobby Short is absolutely *great*.

—michael rozek

A couple of tunes later, the set closed with Lateef's classic oboing on *In the Evenin'*. Here Yusef supplied the feeling I was listening in vain for earlier, then gave way to a long solo by Cunningham that essayed every ounce of the blues with joyous musicality and even a touch of humor. Heath's minimal, atop-the-beat timekeeping proved an important foil, as Lateef and Barron cleared out for at least five minutes. When the ensemble came back with the outro, Kuumba keyed the release exactly right. These days, the Lateef Quartet seems an especially rare group. —michael rozek

BOBBY SHORT

The Bottom Line, New York City

Personnel: Short, piano, vocals; Beverly Peer, bass; Gene Gambit, drums.

Bobby Short could probably convince me to buy my own left hand. The guy is terribly charming. His allure begins with his stage presence. Live, Short was warm, quipping to the audience; yet also slightly distanced. Writer Brendan Gill has noted this paradox: "A performer is a king and the rest of us but subjects; he may be benign or tyrannical, but in either case it is necessary that his subjects know their place." In an unmysterious age, where all is known save place, I liked feeling passively spellbound for a change. But the distancing probably had an easier explanation: Short is classy and true to his social position. Gill frequently hears him at New York's swank Cafe Carlyle, the singer's regular booking. "At the Carlyle," notes Gill, ". . . Bobby Short . . . on

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ADDERLEY

continued from page 14

never do a set without doing the blues." Is that approach coming through?

Adderley: I don't want to do a whole gig without doing the blues, meaning the basic stomp, downhome blues. If there's one thing that encompasses all of what there is in the jazz world, it's the blues. We've used the blues for everything. The hippest and the strongest tunes are blues, and we can't ever get away from the blues if we're going to call ourselves "jazz" musicians. I have never heard a creative musician play modern American music without hearing the blues. When I first heard Ornette Coleman, people were saying, "What is it? What's going down?" You can hear the cry in there, man. There's not much difference between a hot-selling artist like Stanley Turrentine and the sound of Ornette Coleman when the notes reach that pitch, that cry, like a primal kind of thing. It may be a little more difficult to hear when you're talking about Cecil Taylor, but only because of that instrument. When Stanley Turrentine plays, we call him "hungry" because there's that cry. But I would not say it's because of the black experience that I hear it. We have a total music here—from King Oliver to Cecil Taylor, in between and beyond—and we must be able to hear what is in all that music in order to judge it, whether good or bad. And there are only two types of music: good and bad.

Lyons: Does the type or purpose of the music matter to you? I'll admit to disliking disco music as a genre, even though I'll snap my fingers or dance to it. I don't think it will further music or that it's meant to last more than its turn on the charts.

Adderley: I don't have a reaction against styles; I have a reaction against bad music. I try not to dislike anything because it has a label on it. I went to a disco and found out they were dancing to a Ron Carter record, so if I cut off disco music, maybe I'll have to cut off Ron Carter, or Hubert Laws, or the Crusaders. I give the Crusaders a lot of credit for being able to musicalize some things that wouldn't be musical if they didn't do it.

Lyons: In the spectrum of music from the Crusaders to Cecil Taylor, where do you place yourself?

Adderley: I feel most comfortable in the middle, in the mainstream. At times I'm comfortable to the far right, and sometimes to the far left. But because we can do all of it, that's what we're going to do. The mainstream is wide itself. You see, many people become highly stylized because the style is a selling point for them. I don't want to be sold like that: you've got a record in that vein, so you're going to play that way. I want to be able to play all I can play—and I want my musicians to be able to play all they can play. I don't want to be "tyrannized by style"—that's a phrase Cannon used to use. Being highly stylized has another commitment attached to it. If you go out of your style, your fans turn around. I don't want to have fans based on any one style.

Lyons: Do you think the so-called mainstream is changing?

Adderley: A lot of interviewers ask where jazz is going, and I have a stock answer: If I knew, I'd get there first. If you look at what records are selling, you'll see all kinds of records doing well.

Lyons: You mean a lot of exceptions and no rules, no trends?

Adderley: Yes, that's what it is. There's not a pattern to what's happening now. As a result, you can't know what's going to be successful. I've always had the idea, though, that if you want to play creative music, you have to make a financial sacrifice. If you don't want to commit yourself to financial sacrifice—and you have the ability, go ahead and play some music that people like, get rich, and split, because that's all it is. But if you really want to do something and be happy with it, then make the commitment and stick to it. If you know enough to understand what is good and bad and can get the feeling of an outstanding performance—well, nobody can take that away from you. That feeling that you really laid it out there. That makes it worth everything—all the abuse you have to take.

Lyons: Do you think the receptivity of the audience to good music has increased?

Adderley: Yes, I think so, and I think that, inadvertently, it was caused by all that bad music we listened to all those years.

Lyons: Which years?

Adderley: All through the rock 'n roll thing. Now, I'm not saying all rock is bad, or I'd be contradicting myself. What I'm saying is that there was an awful lot of terrible music from the late '50s through the late '60s. There's less bad music now. The worst disco music I've heard—with strings and everything—is still better than ... let's see ...

Lyons: Grand Funk Railroad.

Adderley: Okay, that's one. You said it; I didn't. From the first time Elvis Presley shook his hips on the Ed Sullivan show through all that Grand Funk Railroad stuff, the worst disco music is better than all of that. The chords are better. The beat is not quite as insistent. There's more creative thought. I believe the audience for all music is improving, too. You know how many clubs in New York have jazz played in them now? Over 40. It's happening. Now some of them may just have Barry Harris playing piano, but it's pretty hip to listen to Barry Harris playing piano—and he ain't playing no bullshit. He's playing music. It's improving, man.

Lyons: I'd like to get a look at you as an instrumentalist. Do you have a practice routine?

Adderley: I don't have a set routine because when I'm working I don't have to practice. As far as technique goes, what I have, I have, and what I don't have, I ain't gonna get. If I do have a technical problem, I often use Charles Colin's book, *Lip Flexibility*, or Arban's book, which every trumpet player is familiar with—everything that can be played on a trumpet is somewhere in that book. The trick is in knowing how to find it. I think these two are the best books, and you know anyone who goes through them can really play.

Lyons: Speaking of the trumpet, do you ever use it or fluegelhorn instead of cornet?

Adderley: I'll use trumpet on a big band date, yes. I don't really like it because it's too brassy the way I play it. That's not a comment on how others play it. But I'll still use it in a section. Now the fluegelhorn ... well, everyone's playing it, for one thing, and I don't see where it would do that much for me, since I can get a low register sound on the cornet that's very much like the fluegelhorn sound. Incidentally, switching mouthpieces doesn't interest me either. Fortunately, I had a couple of copies of the Olds #3 I lost in Newark.

Lyons: What about electrical attachments for the cornet?

Adderley: I once did an album for A&M

Records and used the Maestro attachment. Basically, what it does for brass instruments is double the octave. I thought it wasn't doing that much, and it didn't sound like a cornet anymore. Maybe they've improved the attachment since then, and I might like some of the things it does. I'm not interested in using it, but I'm not against it, either.

Lyons: I've come to the end of my questions. Do you have anything to add?

Adderley: Yes, I do. In order to review creative music, one should have some background in the music. I read *db* and for the life of me I can't understand why you don't have separate people reviewing rock records and jazz records. It annoys me to find a bad record by a rock group getting a good review and a good record by a jazz group getting a bad review. I see the same reviewers doing both reviews. I think there ought to be people who only review rock records because they probably have a rock mentality.

Lyons: What do you mean by "rock mentality"?

Adderley: Oh, I'm hitting below the belt, you bet your sweet—I am, because when I say one has a rock mentality, what I really mean is that one has a head like a rock.

Lyons: Not that the type of music is bad?

Adderley: Not the music, because I don't mean all rock is bad, much of it is though. And I'm not saying all jazz is good—much of it is though.

Lyons: That's a good ending. Let's stop.

Adderley: Yeah. db

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1867—New England Conservatory parallels Oberlin, but in the conservatory format.

1867—Chicago Musical College and Cincinnati Conservatory get into the music education act.

1868—Peabody Institute, too.

1870—Luther W. Mason provides his *National Music Course* for all around public education.

1876—Aware of expanding musical education in schools like Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and major state universities, music pros band together into The Music Teachers National Association.

1924—Aware of expanding discrepancies among music curricula, colleges band together into The National Association of Schools of Music, which soon sets up stan-

dards for awarding degrees, certificates, and other such stamps of approval.

1919—George Eastman donates twelve million dollars to his pet musical project (which also bears his name).

1924—Mrs. Edward W. Bok donates twelve million to her own pet musical project, the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia.

1924—Augustus D. Juilliard, five years after his million-upon-million donation to his pet

musical project, gets a graduate school named after him.

1940—Serge Koussevitzky, recognizing that the Mrs. Andrew Hepburn/Mary Tappan land-grant to his Boston Symphony orchestra would make a fine spot for summer music training, sets up his Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood.

1976—The NASM continues to inspect and regulate its member music departments.



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To illustrate his point, Gary turned to the subject of rock. "If someone my age isn't careful, they react completely the wrong way to rock music. First of all, it becomes difficult when you consider my generation's background in bebop. It would be very easy to just shut it out and say it doesn't exist. But, by God, it does! I know when I hear Zappa's stuff, Jean-Luc Ponty's new things, or George Duke or John Abercrombie, that it's real music. There may be some things that I may not be able to assimilate because I came out of another era. But the validity of it I don't challenge a bit. I pursue that. I'm at a crossroads now where I think I can assimilate some of it, but it is an effort for me. It's not an effort for a young person because he's what you might call a musical peer of it. He's involved in it. But the guys of my generation, maybe five years older, guys who were playing in the big bands when I first started to listen, they don't play it at all. I don't mean to make a big deal out of that, but I see that as one of the dangers of not having the goal of keeping up with what's going on."

Along with the challenge of studio gigs, Gary had also participated in a wide variety of musically stimulating enterprises with little or no financial compensation. "I guess I'm hard-headed enough so that I really never thought about doing anything else once I got the picture of the kind of music that happens here in L.A. Sometimes it isn't even the kind of music that pays any money or the music that people see. There is an incredible amount of activity and rehearsal because the musicians are wanting to improve by interacting with each other.

You can, for example, go to the Union here everyday—morning, afternoon, late afternoon—and hear outstanding music."

This led to a discussion of the fine big band led by the husband-wife team of Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin. "The band's been together for two and a half years and it's still the musical high point in the week just to participate in it. The earnings from it have never been a factor. To my mind it's a privilege just to be involved. In the late 1960s Clare Fischer had a band that was exactly the same thing. It was a musical treat and one of the high spots of my musical life. I would die if I had to miss a rehearsal. Both bands have really been great experiences."

I next asked Gary about the life of a studio musician. "Studio playing I enjoy very much. The challenge of playing a variety of music on a variety of instruments and not knowing what you're going to see tends to keep your juices going. It also helps the involvement in your instruments and the practice you need to keep your abilities up. I play the flutes, including piccolo, clarinet, bass clarinet, and saxophones, though I'm better at playing the high members of the saxophone family. I also play the recorders. I never thought I'd play them but I've used them in everything from classical scores to motion picture scores to a Bob Dylan session. Another benefit for a professional studio musician is being able to play with a peer group of players who are excellent."

One plan for the future involves Gary's colleague, Lew Tabackin. "I've enjoyed playing chamber music which almost never gets performed in concert. And Lew Tabackin and I have been talking for a few months about doing a chamber music concert. In my book,

Lew is one of the giants of the saxophone. He's also a fine jazz flutist who has an excellent classical background. We'll do things for two flutes, and for clarinet and flute, with keyboard or string backgrounds or another instrument. We might also do something for two saxophones in a jazz idiom. It would be an evening of music created by two people who want to cross over from one style to the other. We've got a bunch of music and we've rehearsed a few times. We've enjoyed the contact but the ultimate thing will be a concert. It will probably be at a college or we'll reserve an auditorium. We'll do it free so that our students and friends and anyone else can come. It isn't important that we get paid for something like that because we will have done something musically that otherwise wouldn't happen."

The last area of our conversation focused on the tremendously rigorous demands that Gary puts on himself. "One thing we haven't talked about in relation to musicians is their need to find time to practice. Playing a lot really can't be regarded as practice. You have to find a private time to maintain your tools and, if time permits, to advance yourself. There's always another plateau to reach for. I get up at 5:30, whether I set the alarm or not, and I enjoy it. I take my shower and am at the studio by 6:45 and get in a good hour or hour and a half of practice. I also make sure all my reeds are working right. You reach a point in your business where you've got the jobs and you might say, 'Well, I don't have to work for them.' But the minute you do that you're automatically on the way down because you have to maintain your skills and you have to work hard to get further along."



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TERRY

continued from page 13

ticulate the exact sound. Take an ending: "be-diddlee bee boo doo wee pow wow." The "wow" means removing your lips from the mouthpiece, which you cannot do. But by thinking it, you can get that same sound and you've produced it from deep inside your body. Your head thought it, but your body did it without any help, automatically.

Smith: Would it help that thinking process by knowing harmonics, such as those learned from keyboard instruments?

Terry: Every musician who is getting involved in music today should learn a keyboard. Whether the guy is a drummer, a banjo player, a bass player, trumpet, whatever, he should know his keyboard, know how to construct a chord. It gives more insight and when he hears arrangements he knows what's going on.

Smith: What of the quality of instrument?

Terry: I wouldn't tell a parent to go out and spend \$400 on a horn that's going to end up on top of the pile that contains one deflated football and some spokeless bicycle wheel. As long as the instrument is adequate to get the proper sound to learn the things that you are supposed to learn in the proper manner you're in good shape.

Smith: Is there a standard mouthpiece or cup size?

Terry: The student should always stay close to his tutor, so he can be watched and listened to as he grows. One size for one age group is impossible to determine. No two children have the same structure of teeth, or same air capacity in the chamber, the throat, jaws, same size lips; all that calls for different types of materials. We have to watch out for overbites which blow down, and underbites which blow up. Each student bears watching by his teacher. He doesn't know to make a decision on his own.

Smith: And all the time the youngsters are playing they should be reading, to know what's going on around them, both equipment wise and performance wise.

Terry: Yeah, but by the same token they don't have to believe everything they read, even in the trade papers. Sometimes there are record reviews that give a false picture of what the musician was trying to say. Here's a kid with five dollars who wants a record. He looks in **down beat**, sees a two star rating and looks further. It is the responsibility of any magazine to present astute reviews by competent, knowledgeable reviewers. You have a gentleman who reviewed an album of mine, with men who have spent most of their lives in jazz—giants; that's what the album was called (*Clark Terry And His Jolly Giants*). This reviewer should not have been given the task to begin with, but he comes off like he knows what he was talking about.

Smith: Aren't there others who feel the same way about other reviewers?

Terry: Probably. But it's the student, or the youngster that wants to learn, that suffers the most. He may just have found something in that record he needed.

Smith: I don't think we have a solution to that problem. It's as old as criticism itself. You know, there's no accounting for taste.

Terry: Well, I have one word for that reviewer. (At this point Clark rattled off a string of mock epithets that were decipherable only by those who translate his "mumbles" recordings. All was taken in good spirits.)

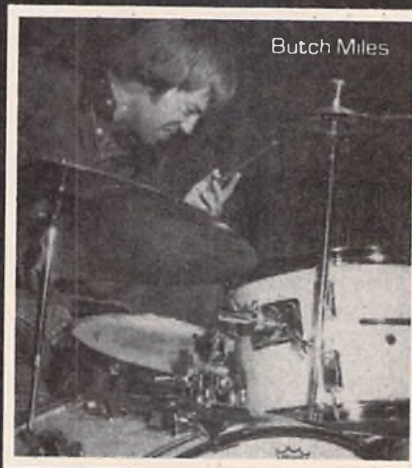
Smith: But you say that the student is defi-

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HOW TO heighten high school

by Dr. William L. Fowler

"Our only limits are student needs and our own imaginations."—Faculty at Denver Public Schools' Career Education Center

For several weeks now, ever since Denver's Career Education Center put its brand new plans into operation in its brand new plant, students have been smiling. The reason? Their faculty exhibits not only imagination, but professional know-how as well. Students are discovering that when a faculty understands what a pro really is, training toward careers gets right on.

Every day at CEC, the how-to's turn into happenings. It's something like a busy little city where each citizen-student contributes to the well-being of all by working at some useful skill while developing it to professional level, guided and aided by citizen-faculty experts. Those faculty experts smile, too. They're imagining how they will utilize all that state-of-the-art equipment at CEC to fulfill any student need (plus a few experimental needs of their own!).

The CEC isn't a high school as such: Denver shows no need for another. Like many an American city, its fixed boundaries tend to circumscribe population growth. No, the CEC is not a degree-awarding self-contained school serving some geographical segment of the city. Instead, it extends but doesn't duplicate the offerings of all nine high schools in the Denver School District. Its students get a slice of time each day to come for their individual special interest classes but meet their degree requirements at their home schools. Subject matter at CEC therefore can be extremely specialized within any practical field. It can be, and is, a cross section of advanced knowledge and skills essential to cooperative urban life, a cross section of commerce, health care, transportation, art, law, communication, entertainment, leisure time use—all the activities by which people may benefit themselves and one another.

Any high school student within the Denver Public School system can enroll at CEC for one of its subjects. There's no careful culling or secret selection to build a super student body. Student interest, normally coupled with some previous experience in a subject, fills up the classes. And this democratic way of letting students choose some special direction for their own education might be the main reason the CEC student body parallels the ethnic proportions of Denver itself.

School board members wanted CEC "to be naturally integrated—not just racially, but socially and economically." It is. Regardless of race, social background or economic status, any student can sign up for any course; a most accurate and handy method of revealing adaptability for any job, talent for any art, personal resources for any profession. Someone with leanings toward law, for example, can spend several days going to court, poring over legal tomes, and constructing contracts—all as an aide to some practicing Denver attorney. Then the "Am I really interested in and qualified for law?" question will answer itself. Or some home kitchen-krafter who'd like to try a livelihood among the oven-fresh and temptingly-tasty can check talent for pinching salt and raising dough at the CEC bakery, where a retired master baker now oversees student pies and pizzas. Sometimes, having discovered inaptitudes while on the job, such vocation testers turn to other fields. But most find they were right in their initial interest, then proceed at their own speed in the specialty class they have chosen. Whenever they might attain professional level in a special skill, be it welding or sound recording, and no matter how long it takes to reach that level, CEC issues its certification of job-ready skill.

And so the courses go—each skill identified, each step toward professionalism prepared, each final goal the actual demonstration of the mastery of a skill.

"We're on the cutting edge of what's happening in American high schools," declares CEC principal Irving Moskowitz. "We're trying to make the students responsible for their actions and independent in their learning. The whole curriculum is individualized, self-paced and competency-based. Either you've mastered a specific objective or you haven't. . . ."

Students seem to figure that's fair enough:

"What students learn is determined by how much effort they themselves put into a class," says one.

"I hope to become a woman engineer. So far there are very few. The CEC is opening doors for me," says another.

And from many others comes support for the Moskowitz/CEC-faculty philosophy: "I am finally heading in the right direction with what I want to do with my life and without the Center I would be lost."

"The CEC is showing a lot of people what the career they have chosen will be like. It has really helped me to decide what I want to do for my life."

"The Career Center offers me a chance to learn skills which are up to date and related to today's society. The atmosphere of the whole school stresses that education can be enjoyable."

"I had wanted to be a recording engineer for about five years but never could get any information on the subject at all. No one seemed to know anything about it. When it was announced that CEC was giving a Sound Recording class, I couldn't believe it. Then when I saw all the equipment I really couldn't believe it! I'm now in the twelfth grade and disappointed that I don't have another year or two to go."

"Everybody in the Center is helpful and friendly, which makes it a pleasure to come to. And I don't ever mind having to ride the school bus home for an hour every day because I leave with a feeling that I have been learning."

"It is the best thing that ever happened to Denver public schools!"

And Dan Scott's side remark further explains the student smiles: "Nobody calls you a kid." Such is the atmosphere which music students quickly discover at CEC. Instead of being frowned at for writing parallel fifths, they get asked to make music for actors in a genuine Japanese drama (Samisens and kotos furnished, as is instruction in the Japanese use of the pentatonic scale). Instead of being told they're not Beethovens, they are encouraged to compose or

arrange or improvise for the school ballet or the woodwind quintet or the student lounge bash. They come for scheduled classes in improvisation, arranging, composing, conducting, film scoring and the like, then find themselves swept into extra on-the-spot non-scheduled activity.

The CEC curriculum planners accurately consider music a vital urban profession as well as a life-filling avocation, an attitude reflected in the faculty as well as in course offerings. They look for teachers having wide experience as well as strong specialties, plus ability to turn students on.

Richard Eichenberger, for example, who trains sound recording and conducting students, is a one-man cross-section of knowledge and skills both in and out of music. He ran a custom recording service for many years, got degrees in both math and physics, and achieved civil engineering certification. He conducted a variety of music groups, taught math and music, and designed school programs. And if that's not enough to qualify him to work with students, he's also a member of the Colorado Bar with a Doctorate in Law.

The music staff includes six more wide-rangers—Neil Bridge, Scott Brownlee, Sonny Phillips, George Sanborn, Gerald Sutton, and Dana Wells, a regular faculty whose collective experience spans the whole music profession plus most of its related fields. But should some particular student need not be covered by that faculty team. CEC can tap its list of willing consultants in the metro Denver area. To top off this piece of educational cake, CEC regularly schedules nationally-based pro groups and individual stars for formal and informal workshops, demonstration, and individual consultation. First featured in this series was John Harmon's aggressive young group, Matrix, in a demonstration-concert, improvisation-clinic, come-up-and-join-the-band marathon.

CEC is now only a couple of months old, its students still in a dream-come-true trance. But already its teachers are dreaming up new subjects, the school board is eyeing space for additional building, and music superintendent Dick Culver is planning expanded city-wide high school interaction, while not just a few college profs and successful pros are showing more than slight curiosity about becoming a part of it all.

Perhaps other school boards will take their own looks at Denver's solution to the national problem of specialized high school education. Perhaps the special needs of special young musicians will find new fulfillment. Perhaps the Denver smiles will spread nationally. . . .

TERRY

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nately getting valuable information from such a publication.

Terry: For the most part, our trade papers and magazines are widely read by students. The writers and editors should be concerned with the young reader; they are the ones who are coming up. We only have a few trade papers left and those often gullible kids depend a lot on them.

Smith: What about hard cover volumes on music? Would you assign a volume to a student on, say, Bird, or Ellington?

Terry: Hell, yeah. It's all a part of history. When you get involved in improvisation you have to know something about jazz history as well. Some young people who get involved with the music want to get involved with the scene right now. It's like building a building and starting on the 15th floor. I mean, that's the short cut up to 25, isn't it? They forget there are basements, too. In order to go up high you have to go down deep. Knowledge is the same. When you get involved in jazz, you want to get deep into it. Maybe you get it through osmosis, but everything you do becomes part of it. You want to find out why, how. How did the plunger come to be used? Where did growl come from? It all comes under the heading of jazz history and you have to read up on that. Of course, some are very well written while others are pure bullshit. Use your discretion.

Smith: I assume the same thing goes for recordings. Would you recommend Music Minus One and Famous Solos recordings, where there are missing parts to play along? (Both of these companies have recorded works by Clark.)

Terry: Yes, they are excellent because those that have copied the solos have done so diligently. When they are down there on paper you can figure how they did those licks. It also gives the student the opportunity to do it the way he wants to. And it's a great way to become acquainted with a good rhythm section. I can't impress students too much with the value of that. A competent soloist can easily

be put away by a bad rhythm section. Bad chords, wrong changes, messing up time, an unsympathetic drummer going crash, bang, when you are trying to solo.

Smith: Where do workshops and repertory companies such as the New York Jazz Repertory Company and the National Jazz Ensemble fit in?

Terry: Workshops afford the young person an opportunity to sit in with people who know the music, some who may have actually performed it. Imagine how a young trumpeter feels being taught, not in words, but in deeds, by the likes of Taft Jordan. Heck, when I was coming up, those old cats actually told us *wrong* things to play for fear that we would take over for them.

The repertory companies preserve the original form of the work, lead sheets, solos, all of it, and just lay it out to be studied later. It's vital as a comparative study of what is being done today and how Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker could be orchestrated.

Smith: In your clinics, what do you stress the most?

Terry: The no-nos, how *not* to play certain things in a certain manner. We tell the drummer *not* to play the wrong type of beat or pattern behind a certain type of song. The trumpet player's use of mute when he shouldn't be using it. The piano player playing arpeggios when he should be comping. The bass player who should be playing bass notes instead of fingering up in the cello range, or using very rapid notes when he should be picking out good foundation notes. And good rhythm sections, as I discussed earlier.

A kid always wants to know about his future. Aside from the preparations for his craft, there is a certain amount of luck and striving to be a good person that goes along with professionalism. Don't look down on the lesser talented people. They may not have had the natural talent, or they may have decided that they had progressed far enough. They are satisfied and have stopped studying. They have settled into a groove. Remember, the only difference between a groove and a grave are the dimensions. db

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BOOKS

JAZZ BASS LINES, by Dan Pliskow, Box 76344, Atlanta, Ga., 30342; 36 pages: \$8.00.

This new book by bassist Dan Pliskow has as its basic premise that one learns best by imitating. To that end he has put together an intelligently constructed book that should be particularly helpful to neophyte bass players.

Aside from a brief introduction, some formula endings, a page of "kick" patterns and several blues, the book follows a simple and effective format. 14 tunes are presented melody first, then a two beat bass line and finally a walking line in 4/4. The book is liberally sprinkled with excellent advice vis-a-vis the rhythm section, functional bass playing, chord substitution and professional performance.

The tunes presented include *Satin Doll*, *Foggy Day*, *Funny Valentine* and others.

The walking lines are particularly well con-

structed and the perceptive player should be able to draw conclusions with regards to leading tones, scalar lines, chordal constructs, etc., from these models.

Among the book's strong points are:

- (a) beautifully constructed lines;
- (b) advice to the budding professional;
- (c) a set of "must know" standards with melody, changes and lines;
- (d) large easy to read script.

Among its weak points are:

- (a) lack of adequate verbal explication;
- (b) lack of basic information dealing with such absolute necessities as *cycles*, *turn-arounds*, information for dealing with *modal* tunes (changes that last two measures or more), sophisticated blues changes, *I Got Rhythm* changes and other frequently used jazz forms;
- (c) a few minor mistakes, i.e., measure 5 of the melody to *I'll Remember April* has a B# instead of Bb.

Objections aside, this is a fine book and one that should prove valuable to budding young bass players. —david baker

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Madison Square Garden: Chicago (11/19).
New York University (Loeb Student Center): Highlights In Jazz presents "A Jazz Portrait of Hoagy Carmichael" w/Jimmy Rowles, Helen Merrill, Richard Sudhalter, Chuck Wayne, George Duvivier and others (11/17).

Village Vanguard: Joe Farrell (11/9-14); Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra (Mon.).

Bemelman's Bar (Hotel Carlyle): Marian McPartland.

Le Petit Cafe (Sherry Netherland Hotel): Hank Jones.

Cookery: Mary Lou Williams (thru 11/6); Big Joe Turner (opens 11/8).

Damian's Jazz Club (Bronx): Open jam session nightly; Mary Connelly Quintet (Mon. & Tues.); Harry Shields and Bones of Contention (Wed.); Peter Ponzol and Pyramid (Thurs.); Lou Romano Trio (Fri. & Sat.); Kenny Kirkwood Trio (Sun.).

Folk City: Albert Dailey and Friends (Suns. 4-8).
Arthur's: Mabel Godwin, piano.

Blue Moon II (Lake Ronkonkoma, L.I.): Mickey Sheen & his contemporary jazz all stars (Tues.-Sun.).

Club Sanno: YoHo Music presents "Jazz In A Japanese Garden" (Sats.) Famous artists. Call club.

P.S. 77: Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon., Thurs.-Sat.).

Westchester Premier Theatre (Tarrytown, N.Y.): Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie Band, Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass (11/3-7); Jerry Vale & Caterina Valente (11/9-14); Liberace (11/16-21).

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Vera Auer

(11/5-6); Ernie Byrd (11/12-13).

Fearn's Harness Shop (Roslyn, L.I.): Jeff Cohen, Bill Miller (Thurs.).

The West End Cafe: Last minute schedule changes; call club.

Central Presbyterian Church (St. Peter's): Jazz vespers Eddie Bonnemere (11/7); Carol Mitchell (11/14) all at 5PM.

Massapequa Library (Massapequa, N.Y.): Alan Polanker, Tom Uzzo and Peter Grant (11/7).

Mugg's: Alan Polanker, piano (Wed.-Sat.).
Empire Room (Waldorf-Astoria Hotel): Chita Rivera (thru 11/6).

Reno Sweeney's: Stephane Grappelli (Mid-November).

Sweet Basil: Dick Hyman (11/2-7); Mike Nock (11/10-14); Woodwind Quartet featuring Paul McCandless (Suns. in Nov.).

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Fall session now thru 12/13.

Town Hall (Interludes 5:45 PM): Charles Mingus (11/10); Gus Giordano Jazz Dance Co. (11/17).

The Kitchen: The Negative Band (11/16).
Tramps: Patti Wicks (Sats.).

Hotel Diplomat: Sam Ulano presents Drum Fair Clinic and Concert w/Jo Jones, Freddie Waits, John Sarracco's 18 piece band, Sam Ulano Speak-easy Four, Russ Moy, Bill Rotella & others (11/7).

Storyville: Dixieland (Mon.); Jazz Today (Tues.); American Song (Wed.); Jazz Classics (Thurs.); Jam sessions (Fri. & Sat.).

Day School (Church of Heavenly Rest): Dick Hyman plays Joplin, Jelly Roll, Satchmo and James P. w/Bob Wilber, Pee Wee Erwin, Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosengarden (11/21).

Carnegie Hall: Pablo Jazz w/Count Basie Band, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass (11/26).

Carnegie Recital Hall: Rio Clemente Trio w/Milt Hinton and Ronnie Cole (11/26).

Great Gorge Hotel (McAfee, N.J.): "The Strides of March" jazz weekend sponsored by the New

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Upsala College (East Orange, N.J.): *Rio Clemente* (11/14).

All's Alley: Guest artists all week.

Bar None: *Dardenelle*, piano.

Barbara's: *Art Blakey, Jr.* & open jam (Mon.).

Bradley's: *Jimmy Rowles*.

Eddie Condon's: *Red Balaban* (Mon.-Sat.); guest (Tues.); guest group (Sun.); jazz lunch (Fri. noon).

Crawdaddy: *Sammy Price* (Mon.-Fri.).

Downstairs At Bill's Meadowbrook (Uniondale, L.I.): Name groups weekends.

Gaslight Club: *Sam Ulanov*.

Gregory's: *Warren Chiasson Trio* (Mon. & Tues.); *Brooks Kerr Trio* (Wed.-Sun.).

Jazzmania Society: *Jazzmania All Stars* (Wed., Fri., Sat.).

Jim Smith's Village Corner: *Lance Hayward* (Mon., Tues., Thurs.-Sun.); *Armen Donelian* (Wed.).

Jimmy Ryan's: *Roy Eldridge* (Mon.-Sat.); *Max Kaminsky* (Sun.).

Ladies Fort: *Joe Lee Wilson* and guests (Weekends).

Monty's: *Brew Moore Memorial Jazz Band* (Sun.-Tues.).

Richard's Lounge (Lakewood, N.J.): *Chico Mendoza and Ocho* (11/4-7); *Arnie Lawrence & Treasure Island* (11/11-14); *Cosmology* (opens 11/18).

Stryker's: *Lee Konitz* has returned (Thurs.); Call club for more.

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Stars* (Weekends).

Top Of The Gate: Big name talent all week.

Environ: New sounds (Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat.); Call them for details.

Memorial West Presbyterian Church (Newark, N.J.): Jazz vespers (Sun. 5PM).

Sam's Place (Brooklyn): *Irene Reid and Trio* (11/4-6); *Houston Person and Etta Jones* (11/11-13); *Larry Young Trio* (opens 11/18).

Surf Meld: *JoAnne Brackeen* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Bottom Line: *Don McLean* (11/2-3); *Melanie* (11/4-7); *Al Stewart/Diane Marcovitz* (11/8-9); *Cate Brothers* (11/10-11); *John Hammond/Persuasions* (11/12-14); *Aztec Two Step/David Forman*; *Ozark Mountain Daredevils* (11/17-18).

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea: Closed; annual vacation (10/29-11/7); *Eddie Harris* (11/9-28).

Lighthouse: *David Liebman* (11/1-3); *Grant Green* (11/9-14); *Milt Jackson* (11/16-28).

U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): ECM Jazz Festival (11/11); includes *Gary Burton, Ralph Towner, Enrico Rava, Jack DeJohnette, Eberhard Weber, Terje Rypdal, and John Abercrombie*.

John Anson Ford Theatre: *Jay Migliori Quintet* (11/7); *Kim Richmond & The New Hereafter* (11/14); (admission and parking free).

Roxy: *Gato Barbieri* (11/1-2); *Sarah Vaughan* (11/3-6).

Donte's: Jazz all week; details 769-1566.

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

Sand Dance (Long Beach): Jazz Thurs.-Sat.; details 438-2026.

Parisian Room: Top name jazz all week; details 936-0678.

Baked Potato: *Seawind* (Mon. & Tues.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.).

Hungry Joe's: *Orange County Rhythm Machine* (Mon.); Various artists (Tues.-Sun.).

Troubador: Occasional jazz; details 276-6168.

King Arthur's Restaurant: Big bands every Fri. & Sat.; details 347-3338.

Studio Cafe (Balboa): *Iliad* (Wed. & Thurs.); *Storyville* (Fri. & Sat.); Jam session (Sun. 12-6 PM).

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Jazz Showcase: *Dexter Gordon* (11/10-14); *Louis Hayes* and *Woody Shaw* (11/17-21); call 337-1000 for details.
Amazingrace: Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 328-2489 for details.
Ratso's: Name jazz and contemporary music nightly; call 935-1505 for details.
Ivanhoe: Name jazz and contemporary music; call 549-3410 for details.
Rick's Cafe Americain: *Bucky Pizzarelli* (11/2-20).
Orphan's: *Synthesis* (Mon.); *Ears* (Tues.); *Joe Daley* (Wed.); *Ed Palermo* (Thurs.).
Enterprise Lounge: *Von Freeman* (Mon.).
Wise Fools Pub: *Dave Remington Big Band* (Mon.).
Transitions East: *Muhai Richard Abrams Big Band* (Mon.).
Biddy Mulligan's: Chicago blues, occasional jazz nightly; *Windjammer* (Mon. and Tues.).

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: *Jim Pepper's Pow Wow* and *George Muribus Trio* (11/2-4); *Eddie Henderson Quintet* and the *David Liebman/Richard Bierach Duo* (11/5-7); *Jessica Hagedon* and the *Dave Liebman Trio* (11/8); *Jon Lucien* (11/9-14); *Steve Kuhn* (11/15); *Jack DeJohnette's Directions* with *John Abercrombie* (11/16-21).
El Matador: *Cedar Walton* with *George Coleman* (11/2-6); *Mose Allison* (11/9-20).
Reunion: *Salsa de Berkeley* (11/5-6); *Bill Watrous* (11/11-13); *Vince Wallace Quartet* (11/19-20).
Great American Music Hall: *Maynard Ferguson* (11/5-6); *ECM Festival* (11/13-14); *Chuck Mangione* with *Esther Satterfield* (11/17-20).
Boarding House: *Amazing Rhythm Aces* (11/4-6); *Peter Allen* (11/17-21).
Fairmont Hotel: *Mel Torme* (10/28-11/12).
The Blue Dolphin: Experimental jazz most evenings.
Pangaea: Experimental music weekends; call 824-6131 for information.
Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society (Half Moon Bay): *Bill Watrous* (11/14).
The Inn of the Beginning (Cotati): *Julian Priester* (11/22); jazz every Mon.
Butterfield's (Menlo Park): *Courtial* with *Errol Knowles* (Tues.-Sat.); special programs Sun. eves.

PITTSBURGH

Duquesne University: 1st WDUQ Benefit Jazz Festival, Rockwell Hall, names to be announced (11/13-14); for information call 412-434-6024, -6030.
Chatham College: *Eric Kloss* and *Barry Miles* in concert, Chatham Memorial Chapel (11/16).
Carlynton High School (Roslyn Farms): *Benny Benack* and the *Dodge Kids* (11/8 or 11/15).
Syria Mosque: *Frank Zappa* (11/7).
Soldiers & Sailors Hall: *Jean Luc-Ponty* and *David Sanborn* (11/12); *Tom Waits* (date unconfirmed).
Crawford Grill & Concert Hall: *Lou Donaldson Show* (10/25-11/6).
Ernie's Esquire Lounge (McMurray): *Al Dowe Quintet* with featured vocalist *Etta Cox* (Thurs., Fri., Sat.).
Sonny Dayes' Stage Door Lounge: *Spyder &*

Co. featuring *Eric Kloss* (Wed.-Sat.); *Mose Allison* (date unconfirmed); jam session every Tuesday.
Encore I (Shadyside): Local and name jazz regularly; for information call 412-471-1225.
Hines Hall: *Oznam Strings* (11/21).
Civic Arena: *Doobie Brothers* (11/16); *Parliament and Funkadelic* (11/19); *J. Geils Band* (11/26).

PHOENIX


Celebrity Theatre: *Al Stewart* (10/23); *Patti Smith, Southside Johnny* (11/9); *Be-Bop Deluxe* (11/12); *Jerry Jeff Walker, Vassar Clements* (11/18-19).
Boojum Tree: *Kai Winding* (11/1-6); *Armand Boatman Trio* (11/8 on).
Varsity Inn: *Grant Wolf's Night Band* (11/8, 11/22).
Civic Plaza: *Ohio Players, Brass Construction* (10/29); *Barry Manilow* (12/4).
Joe Hunt's: *Lou Garno Trio*.
Tucson Doubletree: *Jeff Daniels Band/Jan Manley* (to 10/23); *Dizzy Gillespie* (10/28-30); *Freeway* (10/25-11/20); *Arizona* (11/27 on).
B. B. Singers: *Jerry Byrd Quartet* (Tues.-Sat.).
Hatch Cover: *Charles Lewis Quintet* (Sun-Wed.).
Page Four: *Don Lampe Trio* (to 11/25); *Mary Kaye-Nadine Jansen Trio* (11/26 on).
Century Sky Room: *Soul Injection* (Fri.-Sat.); Jazz jams (Sun., 7 p.m.).
Lunt Avenue Marble Club (Phoenix): *Steve Springer Quartet* (Tues.-Sat.).
Marvin's Gardens (formerly El Bandido): *Monopoly* with *Prince Shell and Margo Reed* (Thurs.-Sat.); Jazz jam (Sun.).
Crazy Ed's: *Crazy Ed's Dixieland Band* (Tues.-Sat.).
No Name Saloon: *Hans Olsen* (Tues.-Wed.).
Valley Ho Hotel: *Joel Robin Trio*.
Reuben's: (Phoenix): *Phoenix*.

BALTIMORE-WASHINGTON

Left Bank Jazz Society (Baltimore): Name jazz every Sunday from 5-9 PM at the Famous Ballroom; Jazzline 901-945-2266.
Palace (Baltimore): Name jazz and rock nightly; details 788-7720.
Sportsman's Lounge (Baltimore): Jam sessions every Sat. from 3-7 PM.
Showboat Lounge (Silver Springs, Md.): Name jazz Tues.-Sun. details 301-587-5400.
Capitol Center (Largo, Md.): Shows featuring name jazz and rock.
King of France Tavern (Annapolis, Md.): Name jazz Mon.-Sun.; details 301-261-2206.
Cellar Door (D.C.): Name jazz, rock, and folk nightly; details 202-337-3389.
Childe Harold (D.C.): Name jazz, rock, and folk nightly; details 202-483-6700.
Ed Murphy's Supper Club (D.C.): Name jazz and rock nightly; details 202-234-3617.
Pig Foot (D.C.): Featuring guitarist *Bill Harris* (owner) playing nightly with his trio; also name jazz; details 202-337-4141.
Jazz Blues Alley (D.C.): Name jazz nightly; details 202-337-4141.
Sagittarius (D.C.): Jazz nightly featuring D.C. musicians; details 202-332-7440.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

Orchestra Hall: *Harry James* (11/11); *Crusaders* (11/14); *Chieftans* (11/17).
Longhorn Eating Emporium and Saloon: *Pat Martino* (11/18-21).
St. Paul Civic Center Arena: *Wayne Newton* (11/12-14); *Tower of Power* (11/24); *Foghat* (11/27).
Rainbow Gallery: Local jazz artists plus special events (Thurs. thru Sun., 9 PM to 4 AM).
Registry Hotel (Bloomington): Local jazz concerts, jam sessions, previews and discussions (Sat., 1 to 4 PM).

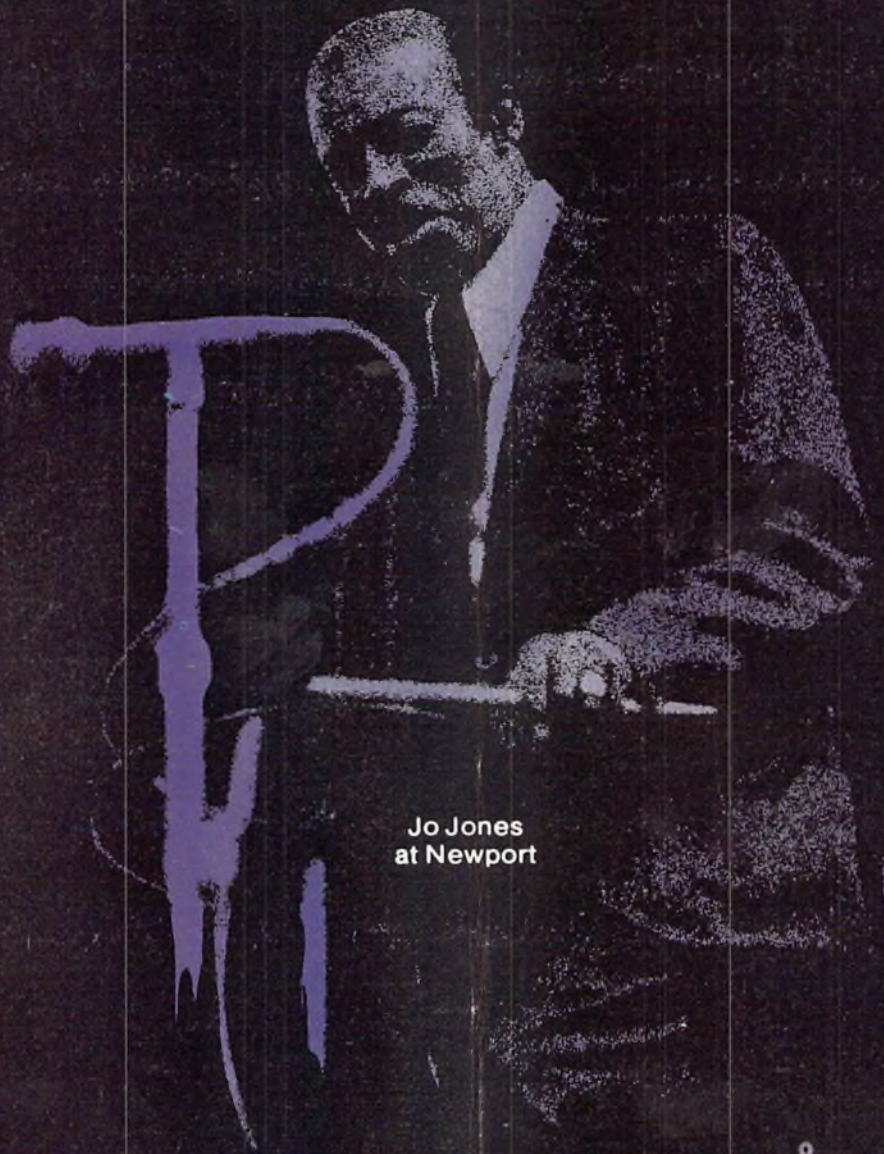


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