

FEBRUARY 10, 1977 60c

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music magazine

down beat®

HOW TO
ease the ABC's Part II

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GORDON**

**LEW
SOLOFF**

**ALBERT
MANGELSDORFF**

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Contents

- 12 **Dexter Gordon:** "Making His Great Leap Forward," by Chuck Berg. Dex stirred up a storm in the big city during his recent Village Vanguard dates. His future looks rosy and Columbia agrees.
- 14 **Law Solof:** "Seeking The Right Sound," by Arnold Jay Smith. The much-traveled trumpeter, a longtime main cog in the Blood Sweat & Tears machine, explains his recent comings and goings.
- 16 **Albert Mangelsdorff:** "Big Noise From Frankfurt," by Joachim E. Berendt, translated by Barbara and Helmut Bredikeit. Albert has long been a legend throughout Europe. This incisive interview reveals why.
- 17 **"Around The World— Random Impressions Of The International Jazz Scene,"** by Arnold Jay Smith, Fernando Alvarado and Masahiko Satoh. A travelogue that canvasses worldwide jazz happenings in Europe, Argentina and Japan.
- 19 **Record Reviews:** Jim Hall; Roswell Rudd; Ron Carter; Oscar Peterson/Joe Pass; Various Artists; Anthony Braxton; Miroslav Vitous; Opa; Tim Weisberg; Les McCann; Bucky Pizzarelli/Bud Freeman; George Crumb; Dee Dee Bridgewater; David Sanborn; John Payne Band; Jon Lucien; Doc Severinsen; Catalyst; Azar Lawrence; World's Greatest Jazz Band; Phoebe Snow; Waxing On—Thelonious Monk; Bill Evans; Kenny Dorham; Elmo Hope; Mongo Santamaria.
- 31 **Blindfold Test:** Sonny Stitt.
- 32 **Profile:** Volker Kriegel, by Arnold Jay Smith. Howard Riley, by Arnold Jay Smith.
- 34 **Caught:** Berlin Jazz Days '76, by Joachim E. Berendt; Gato Barbieri Sextet, by Gary G. Vercelli.
- 39 **How To Ease The ABC's—Part II,** by Dr. William L. Fowler.
- 44 **Book Review:** Dave Dexter's *Playback*, by John McDonough.

Departments

- 6 First Chorus
- 10 News
- 8 Chords & Discords
- 44 City Scene
- 9 News

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editor Jack Maher	associate editor Marv Hohman	production manager Gloria Baldwin	circulation director Deborah Kelly
	assistant editor Tim Schneckloth	contributors: Chuck Berg, Leonard Feather, John Litweiler, Len Lyons, Howard Mandel, Charles Mitchell, Herb Nolan, Robert Palmer, A. J. Smith, Lee Underwood, Herb Wong.	
publisher Charles Suber		education editor Dr. William Fowler	

Address all correspondence to Executive Office: 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606. Phone: (312) 346-7811

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Correspondents:

Baltimore/Washington, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, John H. Hunt; Cincinnati, Jim Bennett; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Denver, Sven D. Wiberg; Detroit, Bob Archer; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Los Angeles, Gary Vercelli; Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Don Goldie; Minneapolis/St. Paul, Bob Protzman; Nashville, Edward Carney; New Orleans, John Simon; New York, Arnold Jay Smith; Northwest, Bob Cozzetti; Philadelphia, Sandy Davis; Pittsburgh, D. Fabilli; St. Louis, Gregory J. Marshall; San Francisco, Andy Plesser; Southwest, Bob Henschen; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; Toronto, Mark Miller; Argentina, Alisha Krynsky; Australia, Trevor Graham; Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel; Denmark, Birger Jorgenson; France, Jean-Louis Genibre; Germany, Claus Schreiner; Great Britain, Brian Priestly; Italy, Ruggero Stassi; Japan, Shoich Yul; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Roman Waschko; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

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It seems they never pack your guitar case the way you pack your guitar.

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Pat La Barbera
(currently with
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Berklee really got me into music: writing, playing, and just concentrating on music. The first six months I had more harmony than most cats get in four years.

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After my second year, my brothers, John and Joe, came to Berklee to see what I'd been raving about.

I still feel very close to the school and visit whenever I'm near Boston.

John La Barbera
(arranger for Bill
Watrous' *Wild Life
Refuge and others*):



My experience in a state college was similar to Pat's. There was little that was practical, and compared to Berklee, everything seemed rudimentary.

My first impression of Berklee has remained: complete dedication to traditional values and exposure to all the contemporary idioms. My teachers opened me up to what arranging was all about. My trumpet teacher made me learn traditional trumpet repertory, and, for example, what precision means in playing a Broadway show.

I feel that Berklee gave me a musical background broad and deep enough to operate as a complete professional.



Joe La Barbera
(currently with
Chuck Mangione):

Berklee encouraged me to learn more about my instrument and more about music.

My teachers at Berklee equipped me with what it takes to play drums on a professional level—in any situation.

I'm most impressed by Berklee's facility for every kind of player, whether it's big band, small group, or arranging. I'll always remember the guys I got to play and learn with: Rick Laird, Miroslav Vitous, Alan Broadbent, Lin Biviano, John Abercrombie, and others.

I still go back to Berklee whenever I can. It's where I started.

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

I like the word "jazz." That word has been my whole life. I understand the cats when they take exception to the name, you know, but to me, that's my life.—Dexter Gordon.

It is important for me to be a jazz musician and to be considered one.—Albert Mangelsdorff.

This deeply held feeling about jazz is the universal, the tie that binds together a brotherhood of musicians that transcends place.

Much of this issue deals with the state of jazz and its players outside the U.S.A. The issue reflects a clearer image of what we have—and often choose to ignore—than the usual domestic view. Several truths reappear.

The U.S.A. does not have a monopoly on skilled and creative jazz musicians (although a case can be built on the claim that the best jazz rhythm players are born into the American beat). Certainly the U.S.A. does not have anything like a monopoly on jazz clubs, concert tours, or festivals. (And we do lack the many radio orchestras that offer jazz musicians good playing conditions in Europe.) Nor are we the only country to have hip jazz audiences. "Foreign" jazz audiences are not only hip: they extend to the jazz musician a precious compliment.

We get the kind of respect that comes with art.—Art Farmer.

However, for all the respect paid and all the proliferation of native jazz musicians throughout the world, the U.S.A. remains the crucible wherein the jazz musician's mettle is tested. Testing one's prowess before an audience is a universal requirement for a professional and can be done anywhere. But the final exams, the ultimate degrees of mastery, are only available here. Why? Because the applicants believe it to be so.

Hometown praise—from Sioux City or Smolensk—is good and sometimes even convertible to money. But peer praise is something else. It's ultimate. Jazz musicians believe, yea know, that you get your credentials checked in the U.S.A., in the jazz capital, musically affluent New York City. Then you go where you will, your case certified . . . or cancelled.

Read and reread the Dexter Gordon interview. It's a history of jazz appreciation and a portrait of a committed artist. Pick up, too, on Lew Soloff's New York City scene: the payoff for those years-of-waiting-around dues.

Recently published: *Tonal Shorthand* (by Bill Fowler, db's education editor) is a practical, simple system of representing harmony on scores and parts that does away with multiple meanings and ambiguous symbols. Send \$2.50 per copy (plus 35¢ for handling-postage) to db/Music Workshop Publications, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.

Next issue: more than several top guitarists—John Abercrombie, George Benson, Larry Coryell, Al DiMeola, John McLaughlin, Joe Pass, Pat Martino, and Pat Metheny—discuss the style and content of their playing; plus interviews with Jeff Beck, Benny Carter, and Teddy Wilson; profiles on Joe Lee Wilson and Peter Erskine; and other items of importance. db

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Flora Flogged

Whenever I read a popularity poll I try to take it with a grain of salt. Although there are other categories of your recent Readers Poll I find amusing, I must comment on Flora Purim's overwhelming popularity.

The state of jazz in America is in pretty bad shape when singers the quality of Carmen, Ella, Betty and Sarah, to name a few, are topped by someone who (according to a recent blindfold test) "doesn't worry about singing in tune."

Intonation is something that all serious musicians strive for and to dismiss it so readily confirms my belief that Flora isn't a musician and shouldn't be in the same category with more serious artists.
Arthur Payson Boston, Mass.

Fatherly Advice

In response to the letter by Ed Del Papa (12/16), I would like to ask Ed why he reads **down beat**. To look at the pictures?

As both a musician and a sociologist, I can advise you that jazz historically has experienced a trend towards the intellectualization of what once was a very primitive art form. Ed's negative attitude towards the depth of the motivational factor for compositions (and superior performances) is reminiscent of the hostile attitude that some jazz musicians displayed when they first heard that jazz bands (Fletcher Henderson et al) were beginning to use written arrangements.

Ed, I can only hope that your interest in jazz grows along with your maturity.
Craig D. Cohen Brooklyn, N.Y.

Read Beneath The Surface???

After having just read your interview with Steve Gadd (12/2), I remembered a good story. Last year when I had nothing to do one lonesome afternoon, I turned on the television and what was on but the *Mickey Mouse Club*.

On it was some little kid doing a tap dance, who then kicked Cubby out of his seat behind the drums and played up a storm. When this was over, out came the cubmaster (ears and all) and said, "Thank you, Steve Gadd."
Stuart Feil Philadelphia, Pa.

Heavy Hammer

After reading Steve Kindler's remarks about Jan Hammer (1/13) "hitting the peaks of . . . Mahavishnu music" and after relistening to Hammer's post-Orchestra work as leader and sideman, I realized that he is the only original member playing with the heat of the inner mounting flame.

Fresh, surprising solos and harmonies combined with an uncanny sense of time certainly show that he was the essence of the Orchestra's energy. I only wonder how much heavier his records would be if he signed with ECM.
Steve Cox Cleveland, O.

Who Knows What Evil . . .

All I can say is that if your Dr. Nostradamus is right (News, 1/13), then everybody should take a year-long cruise around the galaxy. *Strontium At The Savoy* and *Rastaman Beach Party?* Oh, no!
Lee Cline Houston, Tex.

In Tune Gilmore

By now everyone should know that (Bob) Dylan's art is not one of technical excellence. It figures that (Mikal) Gilmore would recognize this, as it seems no other reviewers have, and understand *Hard Rain*, if not the Rolling Thunder tour, for what it was—one helluva storm passing through. Certainly this much energy transcends the question of who is out of tune.

Marion Jamison Winterville, Ga.

Full Circle Pleasure

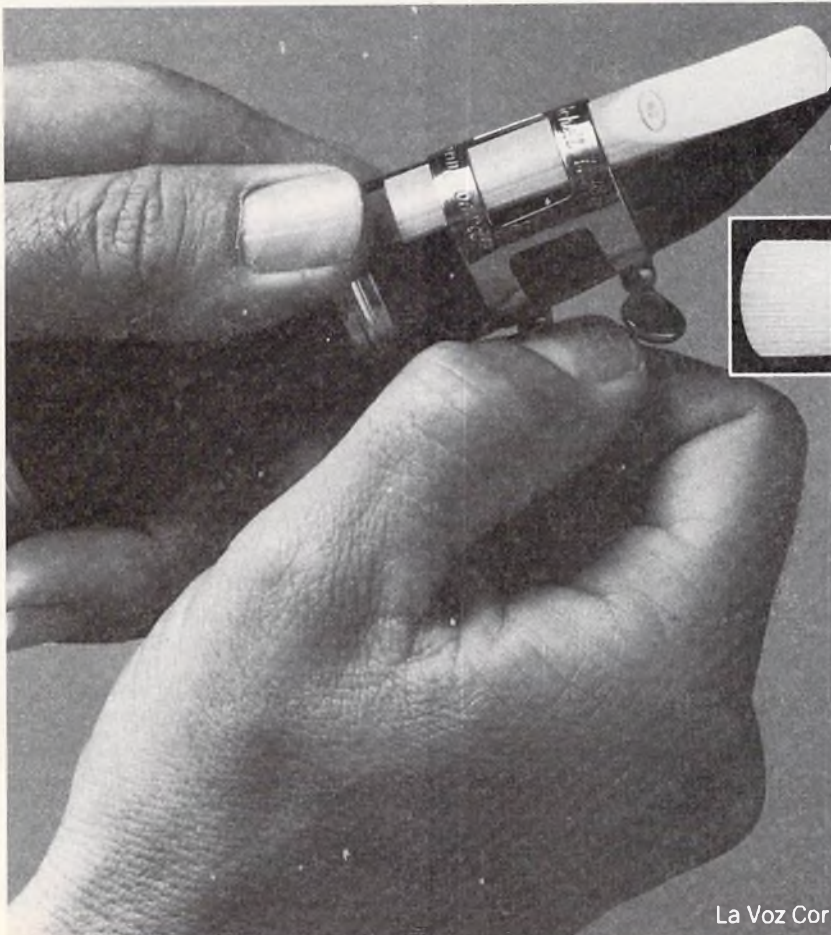
Recently at the Left Bank Society in Baltimore, Leon Thomas and Full Circle made two appearances. Or maybe I should say two experiences.

I've been attending concerts for a number of years, but the total love and good vibrations that were felt those nights at the Left Bank just cannot be put into words. It was the finest musical experience of my life.
Michael J. Paul York, Pa.

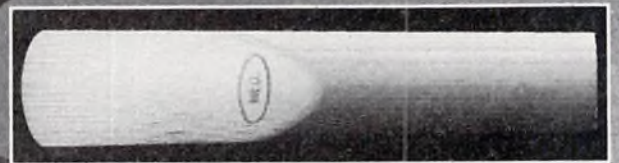
One Tally For Hamp

It's rather difficult to believe that an informative and well-constructed interview with Hampton Hawes appeared in the same issue (12/16) as the 1976 Readers Poll. And yet not one single vote was garnered by Hawes. How in the world can a stalwart such as Hamp, who has contributed so much to the human ear over a period of years, not be recognized in the Poll?

Johnny L. Cunningham Camden, Ark.



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N.Y. MARY NO MORE

NEW YORK—After little more than a year and two albums, New York Mary, the jazz rock ensemble put together by baritone saxophonist Bruce Johnstone, has bit the pop music industry bullet and is no more.

According to Johnstone, the group was terminated for financial reasons, specifically bankruptcy. Johnstone formulated plans for the band in 1975 while still with the Maynard Ferguson band; the idea he had at the time was to put together a unit that could do clinics, concerts and records.

The band's first album for

Arista, *New York Mary*, met with critical indifference yet placed fourth in the 1976 *db* Readers Poll rock/blues category behind Jeff Beck's *Wired*, George Benson's *Breezin'* and Earth, Wind and Fire's *Gratitude*. The band's second recording is called *Piece Of The Apple*.

The personnel in the first recorded edition of New York Mary were mostly Ferguson alumni, including Rick Petrone on bass, Allan Zavod on keyboards; Joe Corsello on drums, with help from Donald Hahn and Tim Breen.

Bruce Johnstone is presently on the road with Woody Herman.



Warner Bros. chairman Mo Ostin and Flora Purim get together to celebrate singer's label switch

BARNYARD DEES QUACKS ON

MEMPHIS—Disc jockey-turned-disco star Rick Dees has been named best songwriter of the year by the Memphis Songwriters' Association. Dees is the

now-famous perpetrator of *Disco Duck*, the barnyard/boogie success story, which at latest count has sold some three million copies.

PACE Awards Made

NEW YORK—The New York Fraternity of Record Executives (FORE) recently presented their third annual PACE awards. The awards (for Providing Avenues for Continuing Encouragement) are a two-part presentation. The 1976 recipients were Dr. George Butler of Blue Note/United Artists, who received the Mentor award, and Darnell Edwards, a student at Boston University.

"The New York Chapter of FORE (a non-profit corporation) was formed to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas and information among its membership and to improve conditions and expand career opportunities for blacks in the record industry."

This year's awards were presented at a luncheon at the Essex House hotel on Central Park South in NYC. Dr. Butler was cited for his multi-faceted contributions to the industry. He has produced artists from Little

Anthony & The Imperials to Carmen McRae, from Ferrante and Teicher to Horace Silver.

Ms. Edwards' exemplary scholastic career and her athletic and community activities won her the award.

"The organization's aims are realized in several programs continued through the past five years. More than 25 seminars have been held on professional and personal development subjects as well as on subjects of broad social concern."

President Jim Tyrell greeted the assembly. Actress Rosalyn Cash did a reading and Gil Scott-Heron read and extemporized from his poetry, eliciting responsive applause during and after each selection.

FORE's programs are supported by membership dues and voluntary contributions.

Write: FORE/New York, Inc., c/o Jim Tyrell, CBS, 51 West 52nd Street, NY 10019.

New Releases

Warner Bros. catalog adds include *In Flight*, **George Benson**; *Luxury Liner*, **Emmylou Harris**; *The Light Of Smiles*, **Gary Wright**; *Double Time*, **Leon Redbone**; *So So Satisfied*, **Ashford & Simpson**; *Music Fuh Ya (Musica Para Tu)*, **Taj Mahal**; *Makings Of A Dream*, **Crackin'**; *Passport To Ecstasy*, **Banks and Hampton**; *Boys Will Be Boys*, **Rabbit**; and *Method To The Madness*, **Undisputed Truth**.

Capitol latecomers include *Love's A Prima Donna*, **Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel**; *For The Cos Of Jazz*, **First Cousins Jazz Ensemble**; *Playing The Fool*, **Gentle Giant**; *Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly*; *Blackjack Choir*, **James Talley**; and *White On White*, **Brian Cadd**.

Fresh Polydor vinyl is *My Spanish Heart*, **Chick Corea**; *A Rock And Roll Alternative*, **Atlanta Rhythm Section**; *Vibrations*, **Roy Ayers Ubiquity**.

T.K. has released an album highlighting guitarist **Little Beaver**. The disc is called *When Was*

The Last Time.

New Kudu charttoppers are **Hank Crawford's Back**, **Hank Crawford**, and **A Secret Place**, **Grover Washington, Jr.**

New Vanguard efforts include *Sun Journey*, **James Moody**, and *Spring Flowers*, **Vasant Rai**, with backing from **Oregonians Glen Moore**, **Paul McCandless** and **Collin Walcott**.

The newest batch from ABC is made up of *Shades*, **Keith Jarrett**; *Ask Rufus*, **Rufus**; *A Man And A Woman*, **Dionne Warwick** and **Isaac Hayes**; *Changes In Latitudes*, *Changes In Attitudes*, **Jimmy Buffett**; *King Size*, **B. B. King**; *Last Night On Earth*, **Rhythm Heritage**; *Reaching For The World*, **Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes**; *I'm Everyone I Ever Loved*, **Marlin Mull**; *Tompall Glaser And His Outlaw Band*, **Tompall Glaser**; *Novella*, **Renaissance**; *The Ramones Leaves Home*, **the Ramones**; and *If The Lights Don't Get You*, **The Helots Will**, **Stanky Brown Group**. *db*

Frankenstein Jazz

NEW YORK—Bob Thiele, veteran record producer famous for his work with the Impulse and Flying Dutchman labels, has formed a new independent production company. Thiele's Doctor Jazz Ltd. will handle **Lonnie Liston Smith**, **Steve Marcus**, and a new Thiele conglomeration called the Mysterious Flying Orchestra. Musicians who will be members of the Mysterious

unit include **Tom Scott**, **Larry Coryell**, **Marcus**, **Smith** and **Groove Holmes**.

Thiele has also announced the formation of a new record company, to be called Frankenstein Records. "These are musicians in whom I believe and therefore I have created this label to give them a chance to be heard," Thiele said in regard to the initial signings for the new label.

Turkish Riffs

ISTANBUL—Spectacular percussionist **Okay Temiz** opened the resident gig at Istanbul's newest jazz club at the Galata Tower, built in 528. The tower stands at the edge of the Bosphorus between Europe and Asia with views over the Golden Horn, where man took to wings and flew from the tower for his first intercontinental flight in the 17th century. Managed by **Erol Kaynar**, the club has been a startling success, well-attended by an attentive audience who hear the music in one of the most fascinating historical places in the world. The Turkish audiences welcome fine foreign musicians who are able to make good direct personal contact with the clientele.

Besides Okay, the Galata Club

has featured South African bassist **Johnny Dyani**, Swedish baritone **Gunnar Bergsten** and a long list of well-known Turkish musicians. Swedish drummer **Conny Sjökvist** and his trio recently took up residency.

Okay Temiz also held his own fortnightly guest TV show, where he presented his starstudded choice of musicians. Okay features strongly in the forthcoming *Live In Ankara* Sonet production with the **Don Cherry Trio**. Now back in Sweden, Temiz has a new group, **Oriental Wind**, featuring pianist **Bobo Stenson**, **Haci** and **Lennart Åberg**, flutes and reeds, with **Nyofu**, electric bass and bagpipes. With their rocking brand of traditional Turkish folk jazz, **Oriental Wind** is proving highly popular.

young NEWS

DICK GETS DOWN WITH SUPERGROUP



BRUCE W. TALAMON

Critics and readers, observe! Bandstander Clark unveils most unlikely supergroup

HOLLYWOOD—The 25th anniversary of Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* will be celebrated during a two hour prime-time special entitled "American Bandstand's 25th Anniversary Special" on ABC Friday, February 4, 9-11 p.m. (Eastern Time). The program will be hosted by Dick Clark.

The "Who's Who" of entertainment stars of the past 25 years—more than 100 in all—will perform on the special, either "live-on-tape" or via film clips; the latter either recent or vintage.

Included among those appearing "live" will be Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, the Carpenters, David Brenner, Captain & Tennille, Johnnie Ray, Jim Stafford, Barry Manilow and Lady Flash, Stevie Wonder and Chubby Checker—who, at one point in his performance is joined in a wild, impromptu Twist by Cher, hopping on stage from the studio audience.

Making a special appearance will be Tony Orlando, to introduce Clark.

In addition, a one-time-only superstar band, conducted by Paul Williams, will "jam" a performance of *Roll Over Beethoven*. Members of the band include Gregg Allman, Chuck Berry, Jim Seals and Dash Crofts, Doc Severinsen, Johnny Rivers, Jim Guercio, Chuck Mangione, Mark Lindsay, Les McCann, Bobby Rydell, Nino Tempo, Donald Byrd, Steve Cropper, Charlie Daniels, Duck Dunn, Walter Murphy, Nigel Olsson, Booker T. Jones and Junior Walker, with vocals by the Pointer Sisters.

potpourri

Canada's fine jazz magazine was assisted on this early morn-
Coda, plagued by publishing ing jam by **Carl Fontana** (bone),
cost increases, is switching to a **Charles McLean** (alto),
bi-monthly schedule and upping **Badgley** (bass) and **Stan Harris**
newsstand prices. (drums).

Cleveland guitarist **Bill de Arango**, who recorded in the
Los Angeles celebrated **Ira**
'40s with **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Ben Gershwin** Day on December 6,
Webster, **Ike Quebec** and oth- with **Mayor Tom Bradley** feting
ers, has moved to Brooklyn and the famed composer's 80th
is playing in a trio with bassist birthday.
Wayne Dockery and drummer
Billy Hart.

The **Charlie Parker Founda-**
tion has awarded a scholarship
was recently burglarized of a to 10-year-old **Scott Robinson**,
trumpet worth \$5,000. The horn a drummer. A professional since
had been given to **Chuck Man-** the age of 8, "Scottie" has
gone by **Dizzy Gillespie** back already been likened to a bud-
when **Chuck** was in his teens, ding Rich. He will represent Kan-
and is engraved appropriately. sas City at the National Associa-
Museum boss **Howard Fischer** tion of Jazz Educators Conven-
has offered a \$100 reward for tion this month.
its return.

The **Lloyd Ellis Quintet** has Keyboardist **Ray Manzarek**
recorded an LP called *Las Ve-* has a new group called **Nite City**.
gas 3 A.M. on the local Vegas la- Their first album is due shortly
bel **Famous Door**. The guitarist on **Twentieth Century**.

Interaction Bazaar

NEW YORK—Jazz Interac- Reid, Billy Mintz, Chris Woods, Joe Newman, Bill Saxton, and Charles Magee, among others.
tions, the non-profit organization made up of players and just folks, recently offered its first annual Christmas Bazaar at Storyville. There were potted plants, clothing, both handmade and imported, records old and new, drawings, paintings, photographs, books and food offered for sale.

There was homemade ice cream (made right before your eyes), fresh brownies and other assorted baked delicacies at reasonable prices (cheap, is more like it).

While you browsed you were being royally entertained by the likes of Paul Jeffrey and the Octet, Taksim, Andy Bey, Rufus

Reid, Billy Mintz, Chris Woods, Joe Newman, Bill Saxton, and Charles Magee, among others. Packages of cheeses and liquors were raffled off as patrons were marched out of the place after six hours plus.

Storyville, by the way, is the former George Wein operated nitery that has recently been taken over by Rigmor Newman. Rigmor, the former manager of the place, is now in full command and is bringing a new entertainment policy more in line with what is expected of a niteclub in New York. There will be top name talent weekly, as opposed to the hit-and-miss of the "floating jam session" that pervaded the atmosphere prior to this.

Jazz At Mannes, Again

NEW YORK—In an apparent schoolyard play (the old double-reverse-lateral-fake-option pass-roll out to the right past the second sewer cover goal), Mannes School of Music is on-again with its jazz program for a degree majoring in Jazz Piano and Jazz Composition. According to pianist/instructor Jack Reilly, a three-year degree program will be offered beginning in September, 1977, in the school's extension division.

Frisco After Dark

SAN FRANCISCO—With the addition of the Old Waldorf and The City, San Francisco night club goers have a choice of eight establishments that offer nationally prominent, jazz-oriented acts. The list includes Keystone Korner, The Great American Music Hall, The Boarding House, El Matador, the Reunion and the Fairmont's Venetian Room.

The Old Waldorf is the latest club to open. With a capacity of 600, it is the largest niterie of its type on the West Coast. The club is located in the newly built Embarcadero area, surrounded by ultra-modern office buildings and apartment complexes.

The orientation of the Old Waldorf's booking leans towards jazz, blues and funk. Upcoming acts include Gil Scott-Heron, Les Paul, Tower Of Power, Ramsey Lewis, Jimmy Witherspoon, Woody Herman and Taj Mahal.

Seating is comfortable with unobstructed views of the stage

from throughout the room. The custom-made \$25,000 sound system works well, as does the elaborate lighting system. A complete dinner menu is offered.

The City, which owner Tom Sanford calls "San Francisco's largest gay entertainment complex," has developed into a showcase for major new talent. Columbia artist Jane Olivor and Warner Brothers' Randy Crawford recently made their San Francisco debuts there. Other bookings have included Morgana King, Gloria Gaynor, Martha Reeves, Gracie Glassman and Steam Heat featuring Willow Wray, and Melba Moore.

Can the San Francisco Bay Area support so much club activity? Most people in the business feel optimistic about the future, although competition for particular audiences will become more intense. As for the public, they will enjoy an unprecedented choice of first rate entertainers.

Scholarship Concerts

BOSTON—Larry Berk, president-founder of the Berklee College of Music, has announced a series of jazz concerts-for-scholarships at the College's new performance Center on Mass. Ave.

The Berklee Jazz Masters Series of concerts debuts Feb. 1 with Mercer Ellington (a Berklee alumns) and his band. Current

scheduling calls for Woody Herman and his band on March 8, Buddy Rich and his band on April 11, and Paul Winter's Consort on April 13.

Berk stated that all box-office receipts, after out-of-pocket expenses, will be paid into a special Berklee scholarship fund established in the name of the performing artist.

down beat NEWS

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DEXTER GORDON

Making His Great Leap Forward

by chuck berg

The October return of Dexter Gordon was one of the events of 1976. SRO crowds greeted him with thunderous applause at George Wein's Storyville. Music biz insiders packed an RCA studio control room to savor each passage as Dex and a cast of all-stars set down tracks for Don Schlitten's Xanadu label. Long lines of fans snaked up the stairs of Max Gordon's Village Vanguard waiting their chance to share Dexter's musical magic. The reaction to the master saxophonist's New York stop-over was nothing short of phenomenal.

There was also an avalanche of newsprint, spearheaded by Gary Giddins' perceptive piece for the *Village Voice* and Bob Palmer's appreciative overview in the *New York Times*. More significant, perhaps, was the genuine enthusiasm in the street. The standard conversational opener was "have you seen Dex?" The reviews corroborated these ebullient responses and certified Dex's return as one of the great musical triumphs of recent times.

At 53 Dexter Gordon is one of the legitimate giants on the scene. His credits include tours of duty with Lionel Hampton, Fletcher Henderson, Louis Armstrong, Billy Eckstine, Charlie Parker and a wide range of small groups under his own leadership. Influenced by Lester Young, Gordon in turn became an important model for tenor greats Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Today, he stands as a beacon of musical integrity and excellence.

I met Dexter at his suite of rooms at the South Gate Towers near Madison Square Garden. During our three hour conversation, Dexter revealed the warmth, encyclopedic memory and playfulness that have emerged as major facets of his music. The recollections and stories, intoned by his smoky basso voice and punctuated with a broad spectrum of laughs, rolled out effortlessly over the coffee and cigarette smoke.

. . .

Berg: On your album *The Apartment* (Inner City 1025), you quote the opening phrase of *Santa Claus Is Coming To Town*. Last night at the Village Vanguard there were more borrowings from *Santa Claus*. . . Do you celebrate Christmas all around the year?

Gordon: Just call me Kris Kringle. You know, things like that just happen. But I dig the tune. It sits nice. Actually, when those quotes pop out I'm usually not thinking about them. Of course if it's Christmas time, I'm more apt to be thinking about something like that. Usually it's just something that happens. It's kind of built in, built into the subconscious.

Berg: Dex, how does it feel to be back in the Apple to be the kind of reception that you've been getting?

Gordon: It's great to be back. Of course I've been going out to the West Coast for years, which has been very nice. But I had forgotten how fantastic and exciting New York is. There's no place like this in the world. *This is it*, you know. It's always been that way. This time, for me, it's been overwhelming because from the minute we got off the plane every-

12 □ down beat



JORGEN BO

thing has been fantastic, unbelievable. I really wasn't prepared for this kind of a reaction, "the return of the conquering hero" and all that.

Berg: The crowds have been absolutely ecstatic. Last night, for example, there were a couple of phrases in *Wee Dot* where you started at the bottom of the horn. Then, as you went up and up, one could feel the audience going right up there with you to the high F and beyond. It was a collective sharing that was quite unusual.

Gordon: It's been like that from the first note. The opening night at the Vanguard on Tuesday was sold out. And when I walked into the room from the kitchen, working my way around to the bandstand, I got an ovation.

Berg: I noticed the same thing last night. It was beautiful.

Gordon: I hadn't played a note. I just walked into the room, you know, and they applauded.

Berg: Well, you are a commanding presence. And the people appreciate the opportu-

nity to hear your music.

Gordon: It was really something.

Berg: Let me ask you about the recording for Don Schlitten's Xanadu label. I caught two hours of the session and it sounded great. Barry Harris, Sam Jones, Louis Hayes, Al Cohn, Blue Mitchell, Sam Noto and Dexter Gordon . . . that's quite a line up.

Gordon: Yeah. That was an all-star date. It was all beautiful. All the cats, you know, are just beautiful.

Berg: When can we expect that on the street?

Gordon: I don't know. I haven't really talked to Don about it. But this week we'll probably have dinner or lunch and talk about it. He's an old friend of mine, you know. An old tenor freak.

Berg: He is?

Gordon: Yeah. For Don, bebop's the greatest. We've done a lot of things together. He was my man at Prestige when I signed.

Berg: Dex, let me ask you about a rumor that's been running around town involving

you recording for Columbia. The story has it that a group of Columbia executives were so impressed by your performance at Storyville last week that they've set up a record date with you, Woody Shaw, Louis Hayes, Ronnie Matthews and Stafford James. Is that correct?

Gordon: Apparently so.

Berg: Will it be a live date?

Gordon: Yeah. It should be something else. It will be the second week in December at the Village Vanguard. That's a good time because I'll have the first week of December free. I'll be able to get to a piano to work some things out so we can do something new, something fresh. We have a whole week at the Vanguard. The first couple of days we'll put it together, iron it out, and then the rest of the week we'll record.

Berg: Dexter Gordon with the Woody Shaw-Louis Hayes Band . . . that should be a landmark! . . . In view of the tremendous welcome you've received, have you had second thoughts about moving back to the States? Are you tempted to set up a base of operation here and commute between Copenhagen and, say, New York?

Gordon: Well, all those things have occurred to me. But basically Copenhagen is home. We have a nice house and a garden. It's ideal really. Nothing special, but very comfortable. Of course, if I'm going to be commuting as much as it seems, maybe a place here is necessary. But, as I said, basically Copenhagen is home. So I don't visualize moving permanently to the States. Of course, you never know.

Berg: Let me ask a question for all the saxo-

all. My first teacher was a clarinetist from New Orleans, John Sturdevant. He was one of the local guys in L.A. and a very nice cat who had that big fat clarinet sound like Bigard's. I remember asking him about that which knocked him out. I said "How ya get that sound, man?" Almost all of those New Orleans clarinet players—Irving Fozola, Albert Nicholas, Bigard—have that.

When I started playing I had some kind of idea about music, about jazz, because I was into everybody. I used to make money cutting lawns in the neighborhood which I spent on second-hand records from juke box companies because a lot of the jazz things they'd never used. I'd get them for 15 cents. I had quite a nice collection when I was 12, 13



shoutin' on that. But then I got my first Basic record and that was it. I fell in love with that band—Lester, Herschel Evans, the whole band. Duke was just fantastic, but the Basic band really hit me.

After a couple of years I got an alto and started playing it with the school band and in a dance band with a lot of the neighborhood kids. Before that, though, we had what you'd call a jug band where the kids had home-made instruments.

Berg: What were you playing then?

Gordon: Well, I was the only one with an instrument.

Berg: You were the legitimate player.

Gordon: Yeah. The other kids were all trying to play something. The guy playing drums had a drum made out of a washtub, and pie pans for cymbals and something else for a snare.

Berg: Did you guys ever record? That would be a treasure.

Gordon: I don't know about that, man. Some of the cats had kazoos. Someone even stuck a trumpet mouthpiece into a kazoo. We played some amateur shows around the neighborhood, but then when I got the alto I started playing with different young browns around town. I started gigging too. Playing weekends in sailor joints for a dollar and a half a night and the kitty. So I started like that and kept going to better, more organized bands. Then when I was 17 I got the tenor.

Berg: When you got the tenor was it love at first sight, or rather love at first breath?

Gordon: Yeah.

Berg: Did you instinctively know that the

“ . . . The fact that you're an artist in Europe means something. They treat you with a lot of respect. In America, you know, they say, 'Do you make any money?' But over there it's an entirely different mentality.”

phone freaks out there. You play a Selmer Mark IV with an Otto Link metal mouthpiece. For all of us who have tried getting that big, full-bodied Dexter Gordon sound, what kind of set-up do you use?

Gordon: A #8 facing and a #3 Rico reed.

Berg: I'll try it. . . . There are a lot of younger musicians who don't know that much about your background. Therefore, I'd like to ask you about some of your early influences, who they were and what, specifically, you picked up from them.

Gordon: Well, I started listening at a very early age, before I even started playing, in my hometown, Los Angeles. We're talking about the '30s now because I was born in 1923. When I was nine and ten years old I was listening to the bands on the radio on my own. Prior to that my father used to take me to the theaters in town to dig the bands and the artists. He was a doctor and knew a lot of them: Duke, Lionel Hampton, Marshall Royal, Ethel Waters. They'd come by for dinner. And I'd go see them backstage, things like that. It was just part of my cultural upbringing. On the radio I was picking up late night shots, airshots from the East: Chicago's Grand Terrace, Roseland Ballroom, you know, and people like "Fatha" Hines, Fletcher Henderson and Roy Eldridge. So when my father gave me a clarinet when I was 13, I had done a lot of listening.

Berg: Clarinet, then, was your first instrument.

Gordon: Oh, yeah. Benny Goodman, Buster Bailey, Barney Bigard . . . I used to dig them

years old.

So I was listening to people like Benny Carter, Roy Eldridge, who is one of my all-time favorites, and Scoops Carry who played alto with Roy's little band. I also like Pete Brown. Of course I had heard Chu Berry, and Dick Wilson who played tenor with Andy Kirk, and Ben Webster. I first heard Ben on a record he made with Duke called *Truckin'*. He was

SELECTED GORDON DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

THE APARTMENT—Inner City IC 2025
 MORE THAN YOU KNOW—Inner City IC 2030
 STABLE MABLE—Inner City IC 2040
 SWISS NIGHTS—VOL. I.—Inner City IC 2050
 BOUNCIN' WITH DEX—Inner City IC 2060
 LONG TALL DEXTER—Savoy SJL 2211
 THE BETHLEHEM YEARS—Bethlehem BCP-6008
 BLUES WALK—Black Lion 309
 BLUES A LA SUISSE—Prestige P-10079
 CA PURANGE—Prestige P-10079
 DAY IN COPENHAGEN—BASF 20698
 DEXTER CALLING—Blue Note BLP 84083
 DEXTER GORDON—Blue Note LA393-H
 DOIN' ALL RIGHT—Blue Note BLP 84077
 GO—Blue Note BLP 84112
 JUMPIN' BLUES—Prestige 10020
 ONE FLIGHT UP—Blue Note BPL 84176
 OUR MAN IN PARIS—Blue Note BPL 84146
 SWINGIN' AFFAIR—Blue Note BPL 84133
 GENERATION—Prestige 10069
 TANGERINE—Prestige P-10091

with Billy Eckstine

MISTER B. AND THE BAND—Savoy SJL 2214

with Teddy Edwards, Wardell Gray, etc.

THE FOREMOST!—Onyx ORI 201

with Jackie McLean

MEETING—Inner City IC 2006

THE SOURCE—Inner City IC 2020

tenor was it?

Gordon: It was really after hearing Lester that I knew. And Herschel Evans and, like I said, Dick Wilson. Wilson's playing with Andy Kirk was beautiful. He was lead tenorist with the Kirk band when Mary Lou Williams was there. Mary Lou used to write lead parts for Wilson. She was about the first one I ever heard using the tenor to lead the section. They had a big hit called *Until The Real Thing Comes Along* and Wilson played lead on that. Just beautiful.

I listened to everybody. There were also some cats around town who had a lot of influence on me. Another teacher, a man named Lloyd Reese, was a multi-instrumentalist who was best known for his trumpet playing. He used to work with Les Hite. He was very popular in the neighborhood, a very good teacher. Many of the cats studied with him: Mingus, Buddy Collette, me. We also had a rehearsal band that met on Sunday mornings at the old colored local, Local 767.

Berg: Was that something that Reese organized?

Gordon: Yeah, for his students, plus other cats who were just beginning to write charts.

In the high school I went to we had a swing band plus the regular orchestra and marching band. There were a lot of people that came out of that band: Chico Hamilton, Melba Liston, Bill Douglass, Jackie Kelso, a very fine clarinetist, Vernon Slater, Lammar Wright Jr., Vi Redd, Ernie Royal. At another school in the neighborhood there was Mingus and Buddy Collette. So there was a lot of activity.

LEW SOLOFF

Seeking The Right Sound

by arnold jay smith

Need a trumpet player with technique, talent, taste, and a passion for good pizza? His name is Lewis Soloff and his credentials range from innocuous jingle-jungle and studio dates through Blood, Sweat and Tears to the Gil Evans and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestras.

His off-stand ideas are as varied as his solos. He has thousands of dollars worth of video tape equipment for his film-collecting hobby. "It's a good divertissement," he says. "It's relaxing and exciting." He knows about every small restaurant in New York, with fares ranging from hamburgers and ice cream to gyros and felafl. "When you play a wind instrument you take in large quantities of air, some of it your own carbon dioxide exhalations. Medical evidence states that carbon dioxide taken like that instills the appetite. Ever notice that tuba players are heavier than others?"

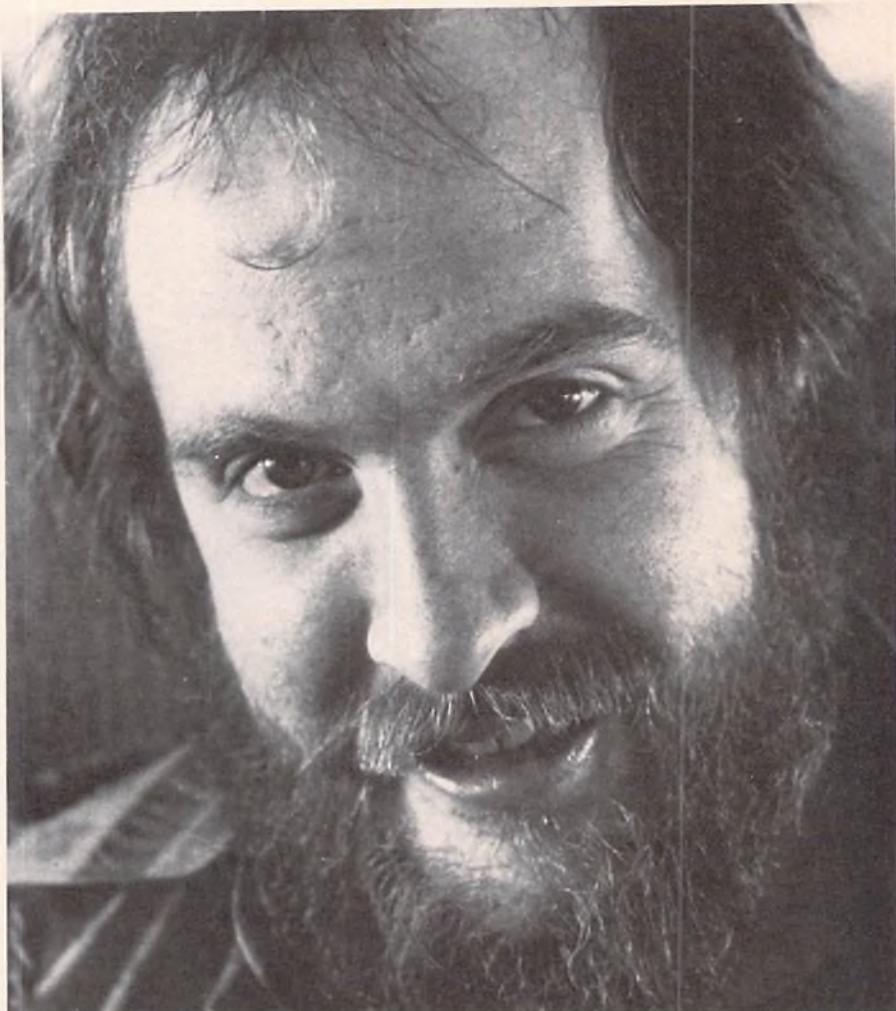
An interview with Soloff is like catching Dr. Scuss' cat in your hat—it's edifying, it keeps you on your verbal toes, and gets you searching for areas you haven't covered before. His apartment includes a basement studio where he practices Telemann, and others.

"My practice habits usually include a complete daily warmup. I don't want to go out there and hurt something. A minimum of 20 to 25 minutes is always my requirement with extra time tacked on just to be sure. When I'm down here in the basement playing the classics, I enjoy not doing the things written for trumpet. An oboe concert is a challenge because the technique is different and I learn new formats and approaches."

Lew has been using all means of eliciting the "right" sound. He has a collection of mouthpieces and trumpets that he utilizes for various occasions. He recently worked with Arnie Lawrence's Treasure Island. Lawrence tends to be electric in his own attachments and in his sidemen. His vibist and his harpist are both plugged in.

Smith: Have you ever thought of electrifying your horn?

Soloff: We never had the need to with BS&T. Each of us had his own mike and the speakers were enormous. We needed all we could get because any electric instrument can wipe out a trumpet or trombone, and definitely a sax. If it gets loud enough, it will wipe it out to your own ears. So you have to be very



careful where you play. The acoustics have to be just right. The trumpet is a physically hard instrument to play and the only time you enjoy playing it is when you forget how physically difficult it is. Against electricity, the trumpet is powerless.

I don't know enough about Varitone, and the like, to comment on it. I have experimented with a pickup, a Barcus-Berry, but they don't have enough attachments yet for me to go into it full time. I don't like it just for power because it doesn't have the purity of tone. I prefer playing acoustically, but I love what Miles does . . . but that's Miles. I also like what Randy Brecker has done with electric. The reason I chose those two, and the reason I like acoustic playing is because I enjoy small band playing rather than larger ensembles. There's more room for improvisation on my part. With BS&T there was more room for improvisation when I first joined; later not so much. Okay, that's a matter of economic life. I don't think I'm going out on a limb when I offer the suggestion that they were wrong in being nervous about tampering with their commercial potential.

Smith: You said that you enjoyed small groups rather than big bands. What do you call Gil Evans?

Soloff: In Gil's band there is so much freedom to stretch out that I don't consider it a big band. It's an unstructured/structured atmosphere. You never know on what tunes you are going to solo. You may have one spot on one night in some tunes, and others on other nights. There are some nights when you

don't solo at all. It's up to you. With Thad and Mel it was a big band, looser than most, but still a big band format. With Gil, you don't feel you are part of a trumpet section; the instruments blend with each other, and you don't have to play your part exactly with anyone else. It's like Duke Ellington's music—he always wanted his soloists to play in an individual way.

There are some areas I don't like with Gil. He orchestrates for electric and acoustic instrumentation together. Often it doesn't come out right. It did on *There Comes A Time*, but most of the time the sound is not quite there. The blend that Gil hears and wants to project is very difficult. It takes expensive sound equipment and the right room and musicians who can handle it.

Smith: What other trumpets do you play regularly?

Soloff: I truly love my piccolo trumpet. I got the idea from Alan Rubin, who is among the busiest studio men in New York. He is probably the finest trumpet player I have ever heard. I ordered one from Schilke and I asked when it would be ready. He told me he had to make one first for himself and then for so-and-so and then for me. I told him, 'Okay, I'll take the one you're making for yourself and save you the trouble later on.' I haven't played a horn that was any better. Now I'm trying to work the horn into my improvisational work. It hasn't been done as a feature for small group. You see, piccolo trumpet is an octave higher than the normal B-flat trumpet. It's not as easy to work around.

"I'll tell you what dues paying is. It's becoming a wonderful musician, graduating from a fine school outside of New York, coming to New York and saying, 'Okay, I'm here. What do I do now? Who do I call?' When that musician can't get work, the feeling of being wasted is dues paying."

Smith: Haven't you and Jon Faddis done some work in that area before?

Soloff: We worked together on an album with Bucky Pizzarelli and Bud Freeman where we played some piccolo. Jon and I have also worked together on a Sonny Stitt album called *Stomp Off Let's Go*.

We played on our own private tapes a number of times after we met. We became real good friends—roommates, as a matter of fact. One night, before we had ever played with each other, we ended up on the same stand with Thad and Mel, both of us subs. Bob Thiele had not heard us together before he hired us. He just liked the way we both played and we again ended up on the same stand, coincidentally. During the session, we had to cut down the time on one tune. Jon turned to me and asked if I would like to play together with him.

Smith: Do you like playing opposite someone on the same horn as you? Do you feel competitive or compassionate?

Soloff: Yeah, I like it, for the most part. With BS&T, while I was gathering a reputation which I wouldn't have had otherwise, it wasn't creative enough for me. The situation was not pointing me in the direction I wanted to go. When I came out I didn't feel very inspired. I got that inspiration from playing with Thad Jones and Mel Lewis where I sat next to Jon, or playing with Gil Evans and sitting next to Hannibal Marvin Peterson. Both of those people have, and had then, a tremendous amount of spirit in their playing. At that time I lacked that spirit since I had lost a lot by not being in a creative environment. Of course, there were others on other instruments, but those two guys on my ax helped me get my spirit back.

On the other hand, it's also a good thing at times *not* to play against your own instrument. I try to remain oblivious of the other guy. When I am with another trumpet player I try to forget the fact that he is playing a trumpet. Sometimes it gets the best of me and then I get into something I don't like to get into—maybe it's competition. I don't really consciously know what it is, but it's uncomfortable. I only like doing it when I don't think it's another trumpet.

I can think about the classical pieces for

two horns—either two trumpets, or trumpet and bassoon—and more and more I can formalize in my mind that it's just another horn. You see, a trumpet player has to take a lot of pressure. As a result, you find a number of similarities in personalities. Most of my good friends are trumpet players. . . .

Smith: Do you only play classical duets?

Soloff: Sometimes we play improvised duets, or we get off on a classical theme. When we play flute or oboe pieces it's like improvisation for us because it's different. The trumpet repertory is not as vast as the others and there aren't as many great trumpet duets around. If flute gets into too high a register, I can't handle it. To me classical music is fun. If I took it seriously, I'd cry every time I tried to play.

Smith: There are some items in the jazz catalog that might make good practice, such as Neal Hefti's *Duet*, written for Joe Newman and Thad Jones, and *Tootin' Through The Roof* that Ellington wrote with Rex Stewart in mind. There were those Harry James things also.

Soloff: Those are all well and good, but I rarely listen to the trumpet players that can be influential to me because I don't want to start copying. I tend to like them so much that I want to play just like them. I saw scores of Ellingtonia while I was playing in Mercer Ellington's pit orchestra for the Alvin Ailey Celebrates Ellington ballet festival. There were notations that simply said "Cat" (Anderson). No notes, just music ledger lines and the name. The lines were added so high on top that they almost went off the page: a stratospheric E-flat concert as the final note in *Harlem*. Some of the other lines were only five or six high concerts. You try for those, but it's always imitation—just to do it and have someone say "Just like Cat" doesn't make it for me.

Smith: I assume that mouthpieces have a good deal to do with those high notes and technique in general. I also noticed that you have quite an array on your windowsill. Any connection?

Soloff: As I said earlier, when you are not happy with what you are doing—when you are not feeling creative—you feel that your technique, accordingly, is not working either. I went through a lot of things before I realized

that the problem was within rather than without. The mouthpieces were among a lot of things that many groovy, helpful people laid on me.

Personally, I use different mouthpieces for different things. I'll often change mouthpieces when I solo, then back again for the ensemble, then again for a different solo—maybe even on the same tune. Generally, I use a Bach 3C mouthpiece for almost all playing. For classical, I use an old Bach 5C which is deeper than my present one. I had a big hole put in the throat of it to get a darker sound. When I have strenuous lead parts to play, I use a shallower mouthpiece. I can use my normal mouthpiece for an occasional high note, but for constant high register I use the smallest I have.

Smith: And your other equipment?

Soloff: I use a Bach trumpet, a Mount Vernon E-flat Stradivarius.

Smith: Are you doing anything with younger and/or student musicians?

Soloff: I have done some clinics, both high school and college. It is absolutely amazing when you hear certain individuals in the most unlikely places who play almost like the best of professionals. You might hear a band that has worked six months on arrangements and who can play them better than any band you ever heard. The weakness usually is in the soloists. The ensembles stand up better. There should be more emphasis on improvisation.

Most of the programs are centered around the big band in all the schools. If these programs are supposed to be "creative music," more emphasis should be on the individual.

Smith: Do you think that will lead the youngster into more lucrative fields?

Soloff: No. . . . It's very confusing, as far as going somewhere with it. The ability to earn income is related to the ability to read and instantly be able to play a written part. We are not talking about jazz now. Alan Rubin does not want to stretch out, although he certainly can. That doesn't stop him from making a fine living. Tom Malone describes Alan as a "closet jazz player." There always was and there always will be more money in commercial music than in jazz. There are exceptions such as Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock. I get confused myself when I remember the Beatles, who created some of the most successful things that ever happened. There's a lot of AM radio music that you and I don't listen to that makes the top of the charts. There are still a whole bunch of folks out there who would appreciate jazz or more of the instrumental music. What we have to hope for is that we can get enough people that like what we enjoy playing so that we can make a living playing it.

That's happened with Chick and Herbie and George Benson. They were out there playing all the time, waiting for their turn, hoping.

Smith: Were they waiting? I mean, Benson was poor, Miles was poor. I don't know too much about the others. I get the feeling that some of the others' parents allowed them to indulge themselves. They could afford to "wait around" and become famous and rich.

Soloff: I wasn't poor, either. I played the Catskill Mountains. My uncle was a musician and he introduced me around. What you are



VERYL OAKLAND

continued on Page 37

Albert Mangelsdorff

Big Noise From Frankfurt

by joachim e. berendt
translated by barbara &
helmut bredikeit

German trombone player Albert Mangelsdorff has been voted Europe's "Musician of the Year" more often than any other musician. For more than 15 years, he has appeared in American polls more than any other musician not living in the United States. As early as 1962, John Lewis named Mangelsdorff "one of the three most important trombone players in jazz"—and that was long before Albert's real development began. Since the early '70s, Mangelsdorff has created a new technique of playing polyphonic music on unaccompanied trombone. He is the world's only trombone player able to form chords on his instrument without using playback and overdubbing. His MPS record *The Wide Point* (MPS 20 22569-0) with Elvin Jones on drums won the 1976 prize of "Best European Jazz Recording of the Year" in two categories by the German Phono Academy. Mangelsdorff has played many times in the United States (four times at the Newport Festival). He has toured Asia (including Japan) six times and South America four times.

Berendt: What kind of music did you listen to at home during your youth?

Mangelsdorff: The stuff they had on the radio. My father was a classical music lover, especially Mozart. My father's brothers and my grandfather were musicians. So I was kind of predestined to become a professional musician.

Berendt: When did jazz enter that picture?

Mangelsdorff: My brother Emil Mangelsdorff (a noted saxophonist in Germany today) brought the first jazz records home. Back then, in the early '40s, that was swing—Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and, of course, Louis Armstrong. . . . There weren't any jazz records on the market. Jazz was forbidden by the Nazis. Once in a while, Emil would take me to the Hot Club—this club in Frankfurt that had been banned by the Nazis. We gathered there secretly. And when I heard the music there, I had no doubt that I wanted to make that kind of music myself.

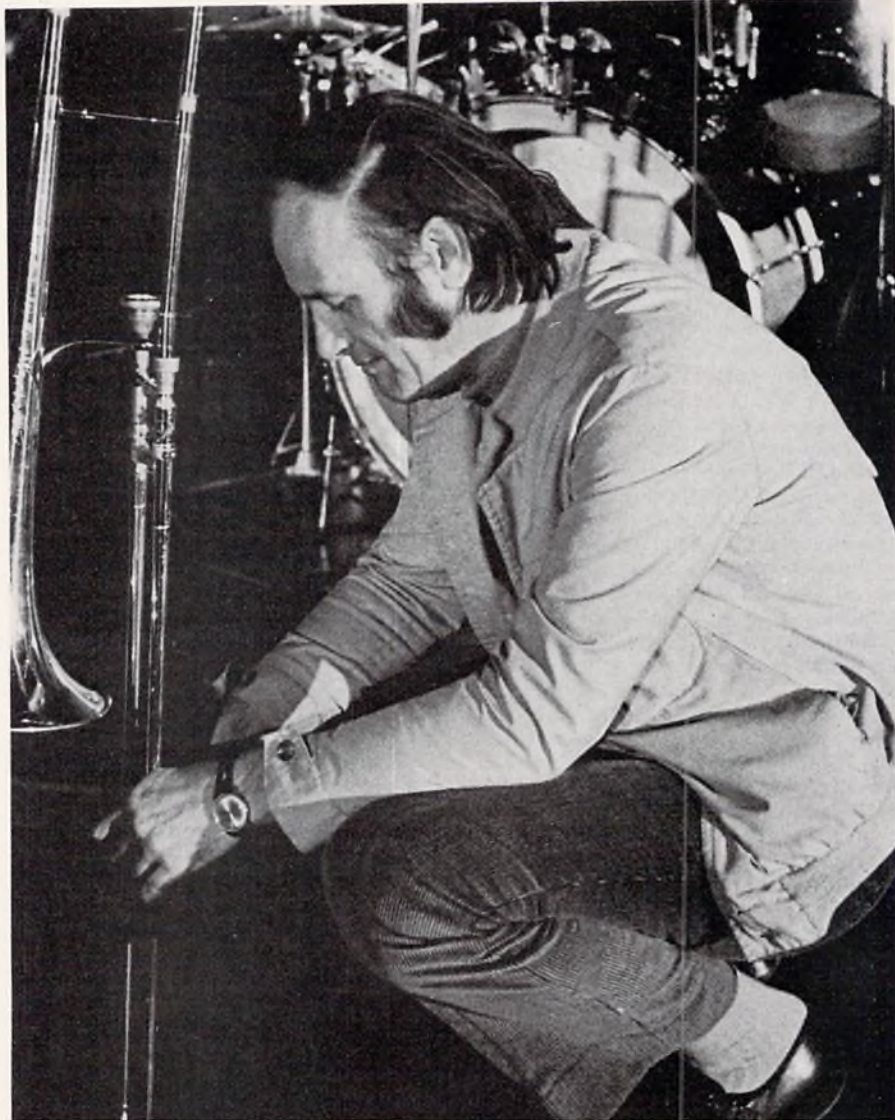
Berendt: How old were you when you reached that decision?

Mangelsdorff: Well, that was around 1940, so I was 12.

Berendt: Did you get into swing or dixieland at this time?

Mangelsdorff: No. When I really started to play, I started right away with modern jazz. Right after the war, you'd hear Charlie Parker

16 □ down beat



JAN PERSSON

"As nice as it may be to play some standard tune, you still ask yourself: What do I have to do with that? What you want to play as a jazz musician is always your own music, as beautiful as all those standards might be."

a lot on radio, American Forces Radio. I was fascinated by him. A little while later, in the early '50s, it was Lee Konitz who impressed me most. He was my first big influence. It was this amazing balance in his playing. It might also be that as a European, you are more drawn in that direction. But I'd still be listening a lot to Charlie Parker. And, of course, Dizzy Gillespie has always been important to me.

Berendt: In fact, a long time after that you played with him at the Newport Festival.

Mangelsdorff: In the early '60s, after the cool era, after all those beautiful sounds and harmonics that everybody used to revel in, a new development took place for me. I was on a tour of Asia that was very important for me. Soon after that, my development toward free music began. We heard Indian music and played with Indian musicians. In one way, you'd be resisting it, and in another way, you'd open yourself up to it more and more.

Berendt: Exactly! That's how all of us felt.

Mangelsdorff: All of a sudden, you'd notice that you could do without all this playing on

chord structures and themes and all that. I just didn't want to keep on playing standards forever. So, my playing started to get freer all by itself. Of course, you are familiar with *Intuition* (1949) by Lennie Tristano. That had fascinated me already at the beginning of the '50s. Actually, it is the first free recording in jazz history. I was already trying to play like that, at that point. That's why free playing in the '60s wasn't as revolutionary for me as it might have been for some other people. That musical revolution which everybody talked about—I never really experienced that.

Berendt: It was more as if you were rediscovering something that you had known before, but perhaps had forgotten.

Mangelsdorff: Not actually forgotten, only pushed to the background. Back then, we did a lot of collective playing, collective improvisations. . . .

Berendt: That was the real "new thing" in your music during the early '60s—those wonderful, exciting collectives. There was nobody else in Europe doing that—only Mingus in the United States.

AROUND THE WORLD

Random Impressions

Of The International Jazz Scene

WHY EUROPE?

by arnold jay smith

Dummer Horacee Arnold was engrossed in conversation in the kitchen/dressing room area of Max Gordon's Village Vanguard as I sauntered up to eavesdrop.

"The mortality rate in jazz in the United States is tremendous," he was telling a group of musicians from the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. The grimace on his face was one of pain while the others nodded in reluctant agreement.

The Orchestra had recently returned from a summer-long, multi-country tour that left some tired, others disgusted, still others exhilarated. The old-liners, Jerry Dodgion, Pepper Adams, Thad and Mel, took it all in stride.

"We really are accepted there, they treat us like kings," was Thad's succinct summary.

"It's hard, but it's worth it," came from Mel.

"I don't think I will ever be the same again. My whole outlook on life has been altered," was how a grim-faced Gregory Herbert put it, as he shook a head that held two of the most hauntingly glossy eyes in the place.

"You have to be hard to do that kind of a tour. It takes time and some getting used to," was Dodgion's reply to Herbert.

And Pepper Adams had the answer in a nutshell. In fact, that's one way to beat the trauma—nuts and health food. That's Pepper's game.

The comment most widely heard was that it provided a recharging of the batteries. "To hear all of those fans scream for more, night after night, is a tremendous lift, one we don't get as often here in the States," said band manager Sherman Darby.

Meanwhile, Horacee Arnold was concluding his complaining. "We are not appreciated, they (always the amorphous "they") know we want to, *must do it* (play jazz), so we are taken advantage of."

It's an old story. A jazz musician has a following stateside and is seemingly making it. Suddenly he drops out to be found in Denmark, or wherever, living in comfort, recording with everyone in sight on a regular basis, doing tours of countries he also has time to see as a "civilian." The irony of it all is that when he chooses to return for a visit, perhaps one of extended duration, he is godlike, triumphant, parading with oak-leaf clusters upon his chest, olive branches adorning his crown, packing houses wherever he travels.

"Gee, why did we let him go? Can we get him to stay?" The answer is most often a re-

sounding no. Or, "you had your chance, sucker."

Art Farmer: "I love it there (Denmark). No hassles, man. Oh, I don't get to play jazz all the time. What we have there are radio orchestras, all but gone here. We are always working, in one band or another. And we get the kind of respect that comes with art. That's it; I am an artist, you see, and Europeans look upon it as such."

Slide Hampton: "No, I'm not about to come back. I have some freedom here (Europe), to write, play. The choice is mine. I know I can come back to play most anytime. All I have to get are the bookings. But can I make a living at it?"

The bookings. There's a sore point. There are so many guys who manage to get some lined up in the States, only to find them nonexistent upon arrival. Farmer had that happen to him on his last trip. One club closed before he even got a chance to blow note one. It was the date that was to be the hinge pin for his other plans on the East Coast.

There is the other side of the coin, of course. On Dexter Gordon's recent tour of America he was fortunate enough to be under the guidance of Maxine Gregg of Ms. Management who booked him into the best venues in the country and got him record dates, including a live recording session from the Vanguard for Columbia. The most important aspect of Gregg's talents lay in her publicist bent. Gordon's name was on everyone's lips weeks before his intended arrival. Rumors flew that he was bringing other expatriate Americans back to these shores. (It never happened.)

What is there in Europe that makes them stay and play, or yearn to return?

Völker Kriegel (German guitarist): "Sure I would like to be world renowned. But what is the cost? I have all that I could want in Germany. There is enough radio work to keep me busy doing anything I want. I can play jazz as a soloist or leader, or I can do sideman dates, jazz or otherwise."

Farmer: "I do tours of the continent and it's considerably easier than the tours I do here. The time zones are the same, which makes it less tiring. There are no passport restrictions to speak of and the distances are much less to cover."

Kriegel, the German national, and Farmer, the American expatriate, are but two examples of musicians from diverse backgrounds who choose to remain in Europe. Both offer the same reason: exposure. Germany, Scandinavia, Switzerland, the Netherlands and one or two others have radio and television outlets that are government owned. The music that is broadcast covers the entire spectrum, including much jazz and "new" music.

Howard Riley (British pianist and composer): "England has had it, at least for the time being. You can't get new music played on the

air, not jazz or anything else. They seem to be following a middle road of European classical to dixieland jazz. You know, mass feeding. I have chosen the Continent, principally Germany, because they offer a wider range of exposure to differing types of musical expression."

There remains one glaring omission in all of this. No matter what may be said of the commercial aspects of American recording companies, we are able to "sell" the product through advertising on the airwaves. That cannot be done in Europe. The governments own the networks (sic) and there are no commercials permitted. The only time a label may be mentioned is during certain "review" programs wherein the discs are played and comments are directed to the listeners. Then the reviewer states the label and possibly where it can be purchased, almost as a public service. That makes for rich music, but poor artists.

The U.S. Federal Communications Commission has a loose restriction stating a record company cannot be mentioned during the air-play of the tune. We know this is often overlooked and it has led to cries of "payola," which is, indeed, what the ruling sought to avoid. Most jazz deejays announce the label to make it easier to ask for the record in record stores. In Europe that is a strict no-no. So how do collectors and fans avail themselves of the discs, which are, by the way, extremely expensive there?

Kriegel: "We can't afford to take out big ads, and the record companies don't often do it for us, although MPS helps more than some others."

Riley: "Mail order is what we rely upon. There are small, independently owned companies that advertise catalogs. It's that or merely word-of-mouth. That's really the only way to get them out there."

Albert Mangelsdorff (German trombonist): "There have been records that I have made that could have been distributed better. I do not get the distribution, generally speaking, that I should have. But, moneywise, I feel very comfortable."

Is Europe enough? Psychologically, the answer to that question has been a resounding "yea." Creatively, "maybe." But there is something else. Something that I couldn't put my finger on. The club scene is probably what is missing, the atmosphere to stretch out. There are clubs all over Europe but they do not bring in jazz acts.

Willi Fruth (recording director, MPS Records): "We have to supply the recognition factor for the artists. There aren't clubs around to do that. During Berliner Jazztage of course they all have the jazz. Other times, not so. When there are clubs in the countries, they are, how do you call it, mainstream, even earlier, dixieland. No one wants to take the chance on anything else. They have a recognition factor, too: public recognition."

There appear to be more clubs in West Germany than in all of the other central European countries combined. Scandinavia is an exception. The Domicile, in Munich, brings in top talent the year 'round. Ronnie Scott's, in Great Britain, is trying hard to get the live thing back in action there. Some disagree.

Mangelsdorff: "The scene over here (Europe) is very broad. You can find more different things in jazz which you wouldn't find in the United States. For avant garde jazz you can't find there what you find here. Anthony Braxton is better known here than in America."

George Gruntz (producer of Berliner Jazztage): "I dearly love this (avant garde) kind of music. I tried it this year for the first time and there was much opposition. But as you can see (he waved his arm in a wide arc in the direction of a packed house) it wasn't a complete failure."

His statement had a final tone of sarcasm to it, much in an "See; I told you so," attitude. Yes, the house was sold out for most of the Festival, but wouldn't it have been for most anyone? Those five days are an event as are the other festivals that pockmark central Europe throughout the year.

Gruntz: "We'll probably try it next year. We will be better able to tell then."

Mangelsdorff: "European audiences react differently, perhaps more emotionally. I know 'jazz feeling' is an American feeling, but I, being a European, think I have jazz feeling."

ARGENTINA

by fernando alvarado

When we refer to jazz in Argentina, most people take for granted that we're talking about jazz in the federal capital. However, Buenos Aires is not alone today—there are people interested in jazz in the most distant provinces. Needless to say the Buenos Aires musicians are nearer in quality to the North American musicians who occasionally visit Argentina. But the provincials exist and work hard. Examples are the New Orleans Jazz Band in Mendoza, some groups in Rosario, and some others in Mar del Plata, Dolores, and other places.

Argentina's 1976 jazz scene had its ups and downs and contrasts. On the plus side we had visits from Stan Getz, Joachim Kühn, Albert Mangelsdorff, Günter Hampel, Kid Thomas Valentine, and Paul Barnes. But the negative developments include an absence of new talent and a certain decline of places exclusively dedicated to jazz. At this moment, we must confess that our country does not offer many opportunities for the jazz musician who longs for authenticity. For this reason, some of our best players have gone abroad in search of a new atmosphere: Roberto Fernández, Gustavo Bergalli, Alfredo Remus, Héctor Bingert, Gustavo Kerestezachi, and some colleagues have all moved on.

The most important local activities were centered in the concert series organized by the recently founded *Club de Jazz*, the *Hot Club de Buenos Aires* (which unexpectedly re-started its presentations after a long recess), and the

Some people in the audience perhaps didn't know who I was, but don't get the impression that people in Europe go to a jazz concert just because it is jazz. That's not true. There are followers of musicians here as there are in America, people who get involved in certain musicians' music."

There are so many more opportunities to work in Europe, or the radio stations mostly, that a musician is happy. Jazz, being the personal expression of one's insides, is the first musical means of expressing that contentedness.

American musicians overseas are like big fish in little pools. No chauvinism is intended; that was the expressed opinion of Mangelsdorff. "Perhaps there aren't as many good musicians here as there are in America," he stated. "They have a base here to do the music they like plus they have a steady job."

Farmer: "Hell, I play a lot of shit with the radio band I'm with, but the opportunities for me to play what I want to, is worth it to me."

Switzerland, Austria and Holland are on the tour. When an extra-continental tour is organized it centers around South America. Personally, I don't know what the answer is, or even if we should be spending the time and energy searching for one. Marketing isn't the answer, but it's a start. Public education (nasty phrase, that) is where we have to go. In order for jazz to become what it is in Europe it has got to become part of the vernacular... again.

Teatro Santa Maria del Buen Ayre, which was dedicated almost exclusively to groups which play dixieland. In addition, there are informal gatherings in various "peñas"—places where people go to play just for the sake of playing. We have some excellent musicians who play with great fervor but can't become professionals since there are no places around where they can perform on a paid basis. To label them as "amateurs" in the English meaning of the word would be unjust, but since they play for free, they are only potential pros.

The best Argentine groups of 1976 were the trios of Rubén López Fürst, Jorge Navarro, Horacio Larumbe, and Matías Pizarro; and the small groups of Horacio Borraro, Santiago Giacobbe, and Alfredo Wulff. We must add the New Orleans Band of Mendoza, the Antigua Jazz Band, the Delta, and the Porteña which includes saxophonist Alfredo Espinosa. These are essentially groups of players who try to revive old styles. Among the musicians playing newer music (who are in a certain way the hope of Argentine jazz) is pianist Jorge Dalto. He is currently residing in the United States and is enjoying enviable activity there—he has played with George Benson and appeared on *Breezin'*. Carlos Fransetti is another pianist who has moved to the States. And above all is an Argentine creator of international reputation: Gato Barbieri. He is the only Argentine musician, with the exception of Lalo Schiffrin, who has had that kind of fame, and he deserves it.

An stimulating development is that the Italian trumpeter Enrico Rava, who had taken an Argentine drummer with him to record in Italy, came back to Buenos Aires, where he recorded with other Argentine players. Finally, it would be unjust not to mention the presence of Christian Kellens, a trombonist of Belgian ancestry, who has a long and very wide influence in our midst.

JAPAN

by masahiko satoh

The Japanese jazz scene today seems to be at its peak of prosperity. For example, according to a concert guide of a jazz magazine in December of 1976, there were 25 jazz concerts held in major concert halls throughout Japan, 15 held on a smaller scale, and 13 held on college campuses. In Tokyo alone there are nine jazz clubs that feature live music nightly. During 1976, promoters invited 31 groups from America to perform in Japan. That includes Count Basie, Gil Evans, and the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

Every month Japanese jazz magazines introduce and review over 100 Japanese, American, and European recordings. There are four major jazz magazines in Japan and their total circulation is said to exceed 100,000 issues.

But compared to the market for Japanese pop music, rock music and folk music, jazz is still listened to by a minority. It is not possible to state that all of the previously mentioned concerts gained profits. But it is a fact that the major promoters who sponsor the concerts and also the small scale fan clubs throughout Japan are able to continue their activities without management failures.

Again it's also a fact that the flourishing quantity does not necessarily relate to quality. Whether musical ignorance on the part of the listeners produces indigent performances, or whether listeners aren't growing because of poor performances, perhaps may be compared to the relation between the hen and the egg. Although the critics claim that Japanese jazz has attained world standards, the actual achievements seem small.

In November of 1965 when Sadao Watanabe returned after studying at the Berklee School of Music, there were only two live jazz spots in Tokyo—Jazz Gallery 8 and Pit-In. The performance fee, which was paid according to the number of customers, often did not cover the round trip train fare of the players. After five years, the jazz scene had developed activities on a scale close to that of today.

Sadao Watanabe (sax), Terumasa Hino (trumpet), George Otsuka (drums), and Masabumi Kikuchi (piano) had reached the top, becoming some of the first musicians capable of making their livings solely by playing and recording jazz.

Terumasa Hino was literally a superstar in the jazz world. He was sensationalized by magazines catering to young girls, attracting them more by his fashionable dress style than by his music.

Sadao Watanabe appeared on stage with *bossa nova* to a hall always filled beyond capacity. According to a readers' poll conducted by a jazz magazine, he won the first place in each of the five musical sections and was nicknamed "Emperor."

During this 1970 jazz boom, underground jazz rose to an epochal height. At that time Japan was in the midst of opposing the 1970 Japan-U.S. Security Pact. The young Japanese confronted the established authority, applauding any movement that might lessen the

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

JIM HALL

COMMITMENT—Horizon SP-715: *Walk Soft; One Morning In May; Lament For A Fallen Matador; Down The Line; When I Fall In Love; My One And Only Love; Bermuda Bye Bye; Indian Summer.*

Personnel: Hall, electric, acoustic guitars; Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Allan Ganley, drums; Don Thompson, piano (track 2); Joan LaBarbara, voice (track 3); Errol Bennett, percussion (track 3); Jane Hall, voice (track 5); Terry Clarke, drums (track 7).

Jim Hall has style, class, imagination, experience, and all the other requisite attributes of the mature jazzman. These qualities add up to a significant musical personality, a personality that informs his latest album and makes it into a grand and personal statement.

The grand aspect comes to light on *Lament*, an Iberian reworking of Albinoni's *Adagio In G Minor* by Don Schesky. Despite the absence of the indulgent strings and horns that mark Sebesky's work for CTI, there is a poetic lushness to this piece, carried by the cool subtlety of Hall's guitar and Farmer's roundly carved fluegelhorn lines. Changes in time and feeling move smoothly, naturally, with Carter's buoyant strength freeing Ganley to follow his delicate whims. Stalwart Flanagan brought the lyricism of his career to the session, and here employs it with taste and restraint.

Hall's personal side is quite frankly and charmingly exposed on *When I Fall*; his wife Jane handles the vocal with a complete lack of pretension and a palpable depth of feeling. The intimacy and sympathies of this cut explain some of the warmth in Jim Hall's tone.

Down The Line features Hall's familiar electric tones in duet with the voice of his recently acquired D'Aquisto acoustic guitar. The vehicle is a light minor blues, allowing lots of space for Hall's finely crafted textures and voicings. Other duets pair Hall with Thompson (*Morning*), Flanagan (on a wonderful *One And Only*), and Clarke (on *Bye Bye*, a terse calypso). Rounding out this well-rounded set are two quintet tracks, with *Summer* standing out in a swinging and subtle Sebesky arrangement. Farmer and Hall trade off initial theme statements, followed by a honey of a Hall solo. Working around the theme's opening figure, Hall extends it, inverts it, and generally asserts his unique mastery of the jazz guitar.

—bennett

ROSWELL RUDD

INSIDE JOB—Arista/Freedom AL 1029: *Sacred Song; Misterioso; Inside Job.*

Personnel: Rudd, trombone; Enrico Rava, trumpet; Dave Burrell, piano; Stafford James, acoustic bass; Harold White, drums.

An ethnomusicologist, composer and trombonist, Roswell Rudd has been an active part

of the New York music scene since the late '50s. He worked the New Orleans tradition with Wild Bill Davidson, Edmund Hall, Eddie Condon and Billy Butterfield. He was a prime mover in the Steve Lacy Quartet which focused its energies on the repertory of The-lonious Monk. He explored the new musical frontiers of the '60s as a member of Archie Shepp's band. He has also led a variety of groups which have tackled a wide range of music, including his own. In his last Arista/Freedom release (*Flexible Flyer*—AL 1006), Rudd included the startling voice of Sheila Jordan. This time out, Rudd has shifted to an instrumental quintet.

Since much of the strength of Rudd's music depends on inspired collaboration with his cohorts, it should be noted that Rudd's cast performs exceptionally well. Enrico Rava, who just debuted as a leader with the impressive *The Pilgrim And The Stars* (ECM 1063), contributes stratospheric blasts and fiery cascades with a distinctively focused yet mellow sound. Dave Burrell, an Archie Shepp regular whose *High One-High Two* (Arista/Freedom AL 1906) recently appeared, adds a varied assortment of colors and an especially earthy B-flat blues to *Inside Job*. Stafford James, who has been an essential cog in the exciting Woody Shaw-Louis Hayes group, plucks, strums and bows with abandon while Harold White keeps precise time and provides complementary accents.

In this set, recorded at Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea, Rudd guides the music's flow by leading the band from each tune's structural contours into the boundless zone of free collective improvisation. That it works so well is a tribute to Rudd's talents as a soloist and improvisatory composer. In these overlapping roles, Rudd's tectonic sense directs Rudd the soloist, who in turn channels the way to new tempos, textures and episodes.

—berg

RON CARTER

YELLOW & GREEN—CTI 6064: *Tenaj; Receipt Please; Willow Weep For Me; Yellow & Green; Opus 1.5; Epitaphy.*

Personnel: Carter, acoustic, electric, and piccolo basses, percussion; Billy Cobham, drums; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Kenny Barron, piano (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Don Grolnick, piano (tracks 2 and 4); Dom Um Romao, percussion (tracks 2 and 5); Ben Riley, drums (track 6).

If anybody is deserving of accolades and attention, it's the phenomenal and perpetual Ron Carter. And he receives them, like clockwork, in *db's* annual reader and critic polls, although I'll wager the votes aren't won on the strength of his spotty solo career. Unlike *Anything Goes*, which was about as exciting as a used Quaalude, *Yellow & Green* is merely an elusive, ephemeral affair, with few moments that linger or beg for replay. I was relieved to learn that Carter is no longer under the CTI thumb, but has returned to the Fantasy-Prestige-Milestone family, which may be something like moving from Antarctica to Argentina at this point. At least the climate's warmer. Although the core band (Billy Cobham and Hugh McCracken) appears on most of the tracks here, one assumes, in good faith, that *Yellow & Green* is an example of CTI outtake revenge, with Carter's contractual acquiescence.

The album suffers most distinctly from a listlessness, an on-the-nod performance style due in large measure to the incomprehensibly muddled recording job, as if somebody

cranked up the dynamic suppressor on what was already a muffin show. The band's rapport is affable, albeit rather self-consciously cool. Cobham plays tastefully and masterfully, but he's not really a cymbal or brush drummer. Kenny Barron, the single strongest performer here, is too often barely discernible in the underwater mix.

But Carter's flair for color comes through, untarnished. As he states in his liner notes, the word "blue" often appears in his song or album titles, and the choice is hardly unintentional. Carter, above all, is a blues player, the swinging, strutting, uptown bluesman, the racing bluesman (as was so evident in his years with Miles) whose style is as noteworthy for its nuance and shades of tone as for its melodic substance. *Receipt Please* and Monk's *Epitaphy*, with their surging hop rhythms, owe as much to Ron's pliant, colorful undertow as to their intriguing structures. Perhaps Carter's colorful dexterity is most apparent here on a piccolo bass self-duet, *Willow Weep For Me*, a sly, almost rockabilly reading of the lachrymose standard.

Carter, like his compatriot Billy Cobham, seems to play at his best on other people's dates, a team player more than a leader. Anyway, he has a new lease on a solo career and maybe his best albums are still ahead of him. Regardless, as Beaver Harris' *360 Degree Music Experience* or Tyner's *Trident* will affirm, Carter's still king.

—gilmore

OSCAR PETERSON— JOE PASS

PORGY & BESS—Pablo 2310-779: *Summertime; Bess; You Is My Woman; My Man's Gone Now; Ain't Necessarily So; I Loves You, Porgy; Plenty Of Nuttin'; Where's My Bess; They Pass By Singing; There's A Boat That's Leavin'; Strawberry Woman.*

Personnel: Peterson, clavichord; Pass, acoustic guitar.

*** 1/2

The fragile, spun glass ensembles of clavichord and guitar might at first seem a fruitful vehicle for jazz improvisation. It's certainly a fresh one, the medieval personality notwithstanding. But it's a disappointment in the final analysis, at least as tried here.


First, there is an academic tone that is irreconcilable with the material. *Porgy & Bess* was written to a very specific set of musical and theatrical intentions. One must disown all previous concepts of the score to begin to accept this treatment.

Assuming one can do that, however, there are other questions that remain. My own personal opinion is that *Porgy & Bess* is not only grossly over-recorded (in the last six months versions have been issued by Mel Torme, Armstrong/Fitzgerald, Laine/Charles, and this one), but that it is also a poor track for any in-depth jazz treatment. The tempos are generally dark and slow, and the thematic material tends to resist daring improvisation.

Peterson's performance here seems as good an example as any. It is clearly the work of a master craftsman, yet it lacks a sense of surprise or discovery. It is very conservative.

But there is a certain offbeat charm to the album, particularly in the blend of Pass' un-amplified guitar and the metallic ping of Peterson's clavichord. When they are not playing rhythm section to one another's solos, there is some delightful contrapuntal sparing, especially on a more brisk selection such as *There's A Boat*.

There is certainly nothing which disqualifies the clavichord from jazz activity. After



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all, Meade Lux Lewis and Charlie Christian once made some remarkable records using a celeste. This record is in that tradition, if not that league. —mcdonough

VARIOUS ARTISTS

BLUE NOTE LIVE AT THE ROXY—Blue Note BN-LA 663-J2: *New York City; Just Like The Sun; Without A Reason; Music; Paint Your Pretty Picture; Them There Eyes; Taint Nobody's Bizness If I Do; You're Everything; Captain Midnight; Night Breeze; Piano Interlude; Always There; Medley; Like A Lover; A Felicidade; Manha De Carnival; Samba De Orfeu; Blue Note '76; Places And Spaces; (Fallin' Like) Dominoes.*

Personnel: Alphonse Mouzon (with Robby and Rex Robinson, Tim DeHuff, Charles Fillilove and Rudy Regalado), tracks 1-3; Carmen McRae (with Marshall Otwell, Bernhard Baron, Edward Bennett), tracks 4-8; Ronnie Laws (with Tony Ben, Steve Gutierrez, Bobby Lyle, Donald Beck, Bill Rogers), tracks 9-12; Earl Klugh (with Hubert Crawford, Robert Budson, Leon Chanler; Ron Carter, bass overdub), track 13; Blue Note All-Stars (Jerry Peters, conductor: Gene Harris, John Lee, Gerry Brown, Bobby Hutcherson, Earl Klugh, Leon Chanler, Chuck Findley, George Bohannon, Fred Jackson, Gary Herbig), track 14; Donald Byrd (with unidentified group), track 15.

★ ★ ½

Staged and recorded at L.A.'s Roxy Theater this past summer, this Blue Note self-celebration is more pleasant background music than a compilation worth your concentration. Now, if such sounds disparaging, I don't mean it to. It's just that many of Blue Note's most challenging current artists—like Horace Silver, Chico Hamilton, Eddie Henderson, and Barbara Carroll—aren't represented here.

But, *Live's* resultant ephemeral character is at least uniformly imbued with a realistic live sound that's still crisply mixed and balanced.

Although Mouzon's tracks are the most pedestrian fusion, he does set a hot disco pulse (and take a respectable solo) on *Without*; also, Laws' set sustains a certain rough-edged, breakneck drive, in welcome contrast to the slickness of his latest album, and Byrd (actually recorded in Central Park) plays strongly all in and out of two tunes (plus I like the airy way his drummer essays disco). More consistent is McRae's set, though; it opens with *Music* and *Paint Your Pretty Picture*, pop-pish ballads with average lyrics that she invests with considerable feeling in a strong (if somewhat coarse) tone. And even though *Them There Eyes* and Chick Corea's *You're Everything* seem rush jobs, compensation is provided by her blues track, *Taint Nobody's Bizness*. As a piece of total execution, it recalls the *Great American Songbook LP's* finest moments. But most impressive is Klugh. He gets away with yet another *Black Orpheus*-and-offshoots medley by delicately and precisely playing each tune's head, improvising in a subtly expanding pattern and impressing as a clean, if conservative, soloist, less emotional than stringently musical.

In fact, I guess the only clear downer here is *Blue Note '76*, the all-star jam that never goes anywhere and on which no one stretches out. If *Live* had only included a bit more music that at least flirted with timelessness, it would have passed three stars easy. —rozek

ANTHONY BRAXTON

DUETS 1976, WITH MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS—Arista AL 4101: Side One: *Miss Ann; Cut Two; Cut Three; Side Two: Maple Leaf Rag; Cut Two; Nickie.*

Personnel: Braxton, alto sax, soprano sax, contrabass sax, clarinet, E-Flat clarinet, contrabass clarinet; Muhai Richard Abrams, piano.

★ ★ ★

1976 was a landmark year for Anthony

Braxton; first the staggering, multi-dimensional *Creative Orchestra Music 1976*, and now *Duets 1976, With Muhai Richard Abrams*, the first such collaborative excursion for these two in their 11 year musical relationship. Like Braxton, Abrams is a musician of multifarious interests, as comfortable with ragtime as he is with atonal music, and faithfully cognizant of the external differences and internal similarities of the two forms. Neither Braxton nor Abrams is an erratic, impulsive player; in fact, Braxton almost conservatively clings to structural composition theories, citing in his liner notes that even his most adventurous recordings (generally denoted on label as oblique, indecipherable mathematical configurations) are "designed for the 'controlled' open ended situation."

As a result, Braxton's approach, on initial exposure, may seem uncommonly cold and calculated, and in that very mathematical mode, it is. Braxton is more academic than intuitive, closer to the organizational premises of Stravinsky and Bartok than the existential struggles of Coleman or Coltrane. Of his three "new math" compositions on *Duets*, only cut three on side one, with its propulsive, rocking bass ostinato that dramatically evolves into dissonant, spacious progression on piano and rampant contrabass saxophone solo, conveys any immediate sense of spirit. But Braxton's music, even in its most unearthly, intimidating settings rewards continuous review. His affinity for balance, and his gracious, subtle humor, reveals one of the finest, least convoluted and mercifully unpretentious minds in all of modern jazz.

Both Braxton and Abrams, however, cut their strongest profiles here in more traditionally staid, rollicking and sentimental moods. Their version of Dolphy's *Miss Ann* is joyous and swinging, and Abrams offsets Braxton's winging reverie with baroque typewriter rhythm chords and morse code arpeggios. The closing track, *Nickie*, is the team's only unstructured improvisation of the set, a deeply stirring modal ballad, something akin to off-spring one would expect from the unlikely mating of Johnny Hodges and Lennie Tristano or Benny Goodman and Bill Evans: moody blue and poignant. More instinctive offerings like this and *Duets 1976* could have been titanic. As it stands, it's still one of the most imaginative albums of last year, a must-hear experience for all those who may wonder what's really happening in modern jazz, and what its best options are for the near future.

—gilmore

MIROSLAV VITOUS

MAJESTY MUSIC—Arista AL-4099: *X Rated; See You, November; Majesty Music; New Orleans; Do You, Don't You, Won't You?; Best Friends; Streams And Fields; Folks; Mount Shasta (Part II); Requiem For My Mother.*

Personnel: Vitous, acoustic and electric basses, 360 system, string ensemble, mini-Moog, acoustic and electric pianos, Clavinet, guitar; Jaroslav Jakubovic, alto, tenor, baritone saxes, flute; David Earl Johnson, congas, percussion; Rimona Francis, string ensemble, electric piano, vocals (tracks 1, 3, 6 & 7); Gerry Brown, drums (tracks 3 & 6); Lenny White, drums (tracks 1, 4, 5 & 9); Bobby Goldman, drums (track 8); Francesco Centeno, electric bass (tracks 4 & 5); Kenny Bichel, electric piano, string ensemble, mini-Moog (track 5).

★ ★ ★

Miroslav Vitous, one of the founding members of Weather Report, has been something of an enigma since leaving the group three years ago: his tours have been largely devoted to fragmental guitar effects, while his record-

ed efforts have lacked the power and focus of his first outing, *Infinite Search* (since reissued on Atlantic as *Mountain In The Clouds*). But *Majesty Music* shows encouraging signs that things are beginning to fall together for the Czech bassist.

Despite a tendency to overuse the string ensemble synthesizer (no doubt an attempt to recreate Joe Zawinul's use of electronic space), Vitous manages to come up with an enticing variety of rhythms and textures. There are a few standard disco/fusion stomps, typified by *X Rated*, which lean a bit heavily on two-chord riffing, but these are offset by tunes like *See You, November*, featuring composers Vitous and Jakubovic comfortably tossing the melody back and forth over a lilting Latin shuffle.

Jakubovic contributes two compositions to the session in addition to his collaboration on *November*. *Do You* has some very appealing melodic elements that unfortunately grow stale through thoughtless repetition and are eventually reduced to riff status. Formal considerations aside, Lenny White does his pounding, insensitive best to drown out the other players on the cut.

Most of the album's interest derives from the solos of Vitous on bowed bass and Jakubovic on baritone; Vitous retains his linear, internally-motivated drive, and is nicely complemented by Jakubovic's solid tone and angular melodizing. —bennett

OPA

GOLDENWINGS—Milestone M-9069: *Goldenwings; Paper Butterflies; Totem; African Bird; Corra Nina; Pieces (a. Tombo, b. La Escuela, c. Tombo, d. The Last Goodbye); Groove.*

Personnel: Hugo Fattoruso, keyboards, vocals;

George Fattoruso, drums, vocals; Ringo Thielmann, bass, vocals; Hermeto Pascoal, flutes; David Amaro, guitars; Airo, percussion.

* * *

Opa—a trio of South Americans consisting of Hugo Fattoruso (keyboards), George Fattoruso (drums) and Ringo Thielmann (bass)—offers a tight, polished blend of funk, Latin and jazz which reflects over a decade of professional experience. Formed in Uruguay during the early '60s as Los Shakers, the band achieved wide commercial success throughout their homeland, Brazil and Argentina. Determined to seek their fortune in the States, Opa scuffled for several years on the lounge circuit until crossing paths with Airo. The enthused percussionist invited Opa to join his working band, *Fingers*, and eventually produced *Goldenwings*, their first U.S. album.

The Fattoruso brothers and Thielmann are expert craftsmen. Their music is spirited and logically structured and works well as functional background music for dancing or dining. As art music, however, the various tunes just don't stand on their own. They are repetitive, formulaic and virtually indistinguishable from the music of dozens of other electronic fusion groups. The reasons for their musical failure, and the failure of most other fusion groups, are several.

First, the use of electronic instruments tends to strip away musicians' individuality. The Moogs and Arps are still new toys whose primary attraction is novelty. Coupled with the practice of overdubbing a battery of keyboards for various orchestral effects, the music suffers a loss of spontaneity and a slick, ultimately deadening, over-processed texture. Second, the funk rhythms even when colored

by percussionists like Airo have an overall numbing effect which increases with mixes that place the rhythm in the foreground at the expense of the solos. Third, the simplistic chunka-funk patterns and cluttered keyboard overlays form a closed web circumscribing even the most robust soloists. Here, Fattoruso, Pascoal and Amaro flutter briefly but never fly. Fourth, the notion that everyone is a composer has led to a spate of extraordinarily mundane "original" compositions.

In spite of my reservations, Opa still impresses me as one of the better commercial fusion groups. Opa's problem, like so many other new bands', is deciding on its overall goal. If the primary aim is to make big money by calculating the lowest common musical denominators, they will have to manufacture product which like much of *Goldenwings* utilizes prevailing pop formulae. But, if the aim is to make music that will live beyond today, they will have to follow their hearts. For this versatile group, the potential for either goal is great. —berg

TIM WEISBERG

LIVE AT LAST—A&M SP 4600: *The Good Life; Rainbow City; Discovery; Listen To The City; Your Smiling Eyes; Do Dah; California Memories; Castile; The Chase.*

Personnel: Weisberg, flute; Lynn Blessing, organ, piano, synthesizer, vibes; Todd Robinson, guitar; Doug Anderson, Fender bass; Ty Grimes, drums; Bobby Torres, congas and percussion.

* * 1/2

Tim Weisberg is *not* a jazz flautist; he'll be the first to admit it. His compositions are rigidly structured; the rides are planned as an architect's blueprints, and woe to the sideman who engages on flights of improvised fancy.

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Within this rather limited framework, Weisberg works well. His compositional abilities are considerable, and while he eschews the many emotive colors of the flute in favor of a continuous happy, lively persona, the intangible freshness and purity of his sound contribute greatly to his credibility as an artist.

Clinically analyzing his flute style on this live record, we see a perpetuation of Weisberg the triller, accentuating important moments with a series of rapid finger movements over the holes of his axe, producing an effect not unlike a bird call or a whistle. It is no accident then, that Tim's flute is a logical extension of his human voice, with his light, breathless touch and his bubbly cackles.

Prettiness, however, does have its limitations. Living solely in the upper register, and eschewing technique for happy-go-lucky effect, Weisberg's compositions are trivial at times. Several works on this album bear out the indictment; both *The Good Life* and *Listen To The City* are little more than soundtracks to a soft drink commercial, Pollyannish paeans to an abstract "joy." The more serious works, such as the opus *California Memories* are more credible; the ebbs and flows, while predictable, are rather picturesque. Ditto *Rainbow City*, definitely the most melodically memorable inclusion here.

There is something missing, however. Maybe, it's the plebian accompaniment; outside of occasional vibes and keyboard solos by the underrated Blessing, the other band members serve as little more than measure-filling sound props. All in all it points to a much more than capable flute player of flawless technique who, preferring to work in a predetermined musical world of aborted spontaneity, refuses to let us bear witness to the full scope of his rather considerable capabilities. —shaw

LES McCANN

RIVER HIGH, RIVER LOW—Atlantic SD 1690: *You Little Cheat*; *I'm Buck Home*; *Loved You Full In Every Way*; *A Hand From The Crowd*; *I'm A Liberated Woman*; *River High*, *River Low*; *I've Been Thinking About My Problems*; *Baby, Just So Much Faith*; *Everywhere I Go*, *People Ask Me A Question*; *Woman, Come Home!*; *What Is It That We Have To Do To Let Our Children Grow*.

Personnel: McCann, keyboards, vocals; Miroslaw Kudykowski, guitar; Jimmy Rowser, bass; Harold Davis, drums; Stuart Liebig, guitar and bass (track 5); John Mayer, piano (track 5); Paul Humphrey, drums (track 5).

* 1/2

On the basis of one embarrassingly dated collaboration with Eddie Harris, and its grating spawn, *Compared To What*, Les McCann has retained a reputation and—presumably—a contract. It's a wonder. *River High*, *River Low*, to my knowledge, is McCann's first all-vocal collection, and it serves as the perfect reason why it should be the last: How many times can you listen to the reworked *Compared To What* riff before you want to book flight to Angola? How large of a capacity do you have for snoring ballads?

McCann only knows two vocal stops: brittle and strained. The brittle he hauls out for his uptempo quasi-funk bantam-struts, such as *You Little Cheat* and *I'm A Liberated Woman*; at its best, the style begs r&b comparison, except I'm far too fond of real r&b singers to belabor any with the simile. The strained, sincere touch Les reserves for ballads, a style fairly reminiscent of Johnny Hartman, who, similarly, was too one dimensional for lengthy

listennings. McCann's collaborator, Rev. B., describes the apocalyptic-moralistic ballad *A Hand From The Crowd* as "a sleeper and a shocker," but it smacks more of shameless imitation (compare the opening verse to *Send In The Clowns*) and banal, armchair preachiness. "Violence we must uproot/And learn to live life right" is all very nice to say, but like so many others, Les confuses a sentiment with feeling, a warning with wisdom. In the undeniably pretty *I've Been Thinking About My Problems*, McCann views his problems through the same lens as the world's, in the best Jackson Browne sophomoric microcosm/macrocosm tradition: "I've been thinking about my problems/The split from brother to brother/It's clear if there's survival/We must find something other . . . We must care." The projection is simultaneously evasive and grandiose. McCann invokes once too often the cosmic notion, the deceptive premise that somehow by elevating our problems or insights to universal magnitude, we have universalized their application. Les and George Harrison should get together.

On one song, however, McCann turns in a remarkable, awing performance: *River High*, *River Low*, quietly majestic, with just Les' acoustic piano and plaintive, nearly agonizing gospel vocal. In that one song, he reveals all that he can be, all the emotion, the uncertainty, and the out-of-character quietude that hides behind flip symbols and gestures throughout the remaining songs. Les, don't tell me about the universe, the world; tell me about your heart, your home. I know you can, and I know you can, and I know it will mean a lot more to all of us. —gilmore

BUCKY PIZZARELLI/ BUD FREEMAN

BUCK & BUD—Flying Dutchman BDL1-1378: *Way Down Yonder In New Orleans*; *Easy To Love*; *Tea For Two*; *Sweet Sue Just You*; *Blues For Tenor*; *At Sundown*; *I Could Write A Book*; *You Took Advantage Of Me*; *Exactly Like You*; *Dinah*; *Just One Of Those Things*.

Personnel: Pizzarelli, acoustic and electric guitars; Freeman, tenor sax; Hank Jones, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Ronnie Traxler, drums.

* * * * *

A small miracle, *Buck & Bud* is the work of two mature masters whose distilled wisdom refracts into rainbows of rich emotional hues. Using a set of classic standards plus Bud's *Blues For Tenor*, the Pizzarelli-Freeman team conjures potent magical spells in complementary duo and quintet formats.

Bud, at the age of 70, has never sounded better. His big warm reedy sound, while stirring memories of Hawk, Pres, Ben and a host of other tenor titans, is completely his own. Also unique is his insistent brand of swing which pushes things along just in front of the beat. And then there is Bud's gift for combining the music's horizontal/melodic and vertical/harmonic dimensions into improvisatory sketches of emotional and tectonic import. Bucky is the perfect musical foil for Bud's extroverted exuberance. His ability to counterpoint and underscore a soloist's flights plus his engaging single-note and chordal solo styles make him one of the most complete and musical guitarists on the current scene.

The duo sessions are marvels of terseness and economy. Bud, with heart on sleeve, sings of love and life in *Easy To Love*, *I Could Write A Book*, *You Took Advantage Of Me* and *Exactly Like You*. There are also fresh readings of *Tea For Two* and *Dinah* which successfully

bring these overworked lines to life. With *Dinah*, for example, the medium-slow tempo and Bud's broad strokes at the bottom of the horn give the song a moving bittersweet plain-tiveness.

The quintet sessions are joyous frolics among men whose respect and appreciation for each others' talents is obvious. *Way Down Yonder In New Orleans*, for instance, features Bud's warm vibrato, Hank Jones' impeccable pianistics and Bucky's silvery single-note runs. *At Sundown* is a romp spotlighting Bucky's cascading chords and Bud's biting attack while *Just One Of Those Things* rolls along effortlessly, like the other quintet tunes, thanks to the inspired rhythmic interplay of Bucky's guitar, Jones' piano, Bob Haggart's bass and Ronnie Traxler's drums.

Buck & Bud has an almost timeless aura which makes neat categorizations nearly impossible. What can be said, though, is that the music feels good—good to the head, the heart, the gut, the fingertips and the toes. —berg

GEORGE CRUMB

MAKROKOSMOS VOL II: TWELVE FANTASY-PIECES AFTER THE ZODIAC FOR AMPLIFIED PIANO—Columbia Odyssey Y 34135.

Personnel: Robert Miller, piano.

* * * * *

The second of the three volumes in Crumb's *Makrokosmos* series naturally evidences many connections with its companions. For instance, the chanted syllables of *Crucifixus* (Vol. I) anticipate the more savage utterances of *Tora! Tora! Tora!* in Vol. II. And *Twin Suns* (Vol. II) is a dry run for *The Advent* (Vol. III), a more elaborate treatment of the same theme.

On the basis of these and other comparisons, it is clear that *Makrokosmos Vol. II* was a necessary way-station between the fragmentary allusiveness of Vol. I and the cosmic awe that pervades Vol. III. Yet, despite its importance in this respect, Vol. II is the weakest of the three works. The juxtaposition of the performer's whistling with inside-the-piano effects in *Voices From "Corona Borealis"* (Vol. II), for example, lacks the nostalgic appeal of the whistling in *Night Spell I* (Vol. I). And the tentative gropings for nirvana in *Agnes Dei* (Vol. II) don't quite express the tension between the sense of infinite distances and the feeling of oneness that holds together *Music Of The Starry Night* in Vol. III.

Regardless of these shortcomings, however, Robert Miller performs this difficult score with great skill and finesse. He is to be especially commended for the seamless fusion of his keyboard playing with tricky inside-the-piano techniques. —terry

DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER

DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER—Atlantic SD 18188: *My Prayer (Fast)*; *My Lonely Room*; *It Ain't Easy*; *He's Gone*; *Goin' Through The Motions*; *You Saved Me*; *Every Man Wants Another Man's Woman*; *My Prayer (Ballad)*.

Personnel: Bridgewater, vocals; Cliff Morris and Jerry Friedman (track 1), Pete Carr and Jimmy Johnson (tracks 3, 5, 7, 8), Melvin Ragin, Ray Parker, Jr., Dean Parks and David T. Walker (tracks 2, 4, 6), guitars; Harold Wheeler (track 1), Barry Beckett (tracks 3, 5, 7, 8), Tom Hensley and Joe Sample (tracks 2, 4, 6), keyboards; Herb Bushler (track 1), David Hook (tracks 3, 5, 7, 8), Wilton Felder and Henry Davis (tracks 2, 4, 6), bass; Alan Schwartzburg (track 1), Roger Hawkins (tracks 3, 5, 7, 8), Ed Greene (tracks 2, 4, 6), drums; Gary Coleman, percussion (tracks 2, 4, 6); Bobby Hall, congas (tracks 2, 4, 6); Linda November and Arleane Martell (track 1), Vivian Cherry (tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 8), Lani Groves and Gwindolyn Gutherie (tracks 3, 5, 7, 8), James Gilstrap, August Johnson, John Lehman, Carolyn Willis, Jackie

Ward, Marti McCall, Merry Clayton (tracks 2, 4, 6), background vocals.

★ ½

The Dee Dee I love isn't too audible here. The Dee Dee I love sings *Unexpected Days* on Stanley Clarke's debut, the Polydor LP, *Children Of Forever*; her voice is strong and aerated simultaneously, as she essays a gorgeous melody and appropriate lyrics with pure musicality and a hint of dramatic intelligence. (And she even sounds more like herself than Sarah Vaughan in doing so.)

But the Dee Dee here is subject to narrow production that hides her essence. *It Ain't Easy* and *You Saved Me* thrust her into a Gladys Knight role, which she glosses accurately enough, but never penetrates with feeling; *Every Man* makes her out a dilute female Oscar Brown, Jr., ineffectually sarcastic/cavorting. And the opening, disco track just freezes her gifts completely. The four remaining, more plaintive cuts do offer glimpses of her unique light-strong style, but more often she sounds simply a neo-Sassy (especially in descending inflections) while walking through some admittedly undistinguished pop-soul material and arrangements.

Even though the Dee Dee of *Children Of Forever* has apparently been judged commercially unsuitable by the powers that be, I'd still like to see her in the hands of a sympathetic, insightful producer, one adventure-some enough to prove the moneymen wrong. She *could* come up with a beautiful album, given such givens. —rozek

DAVID SANBORN

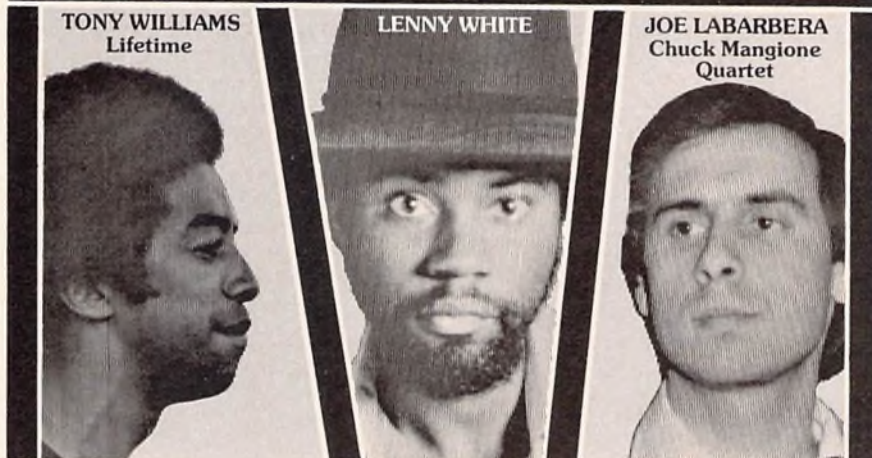
SANBORN—Warner Bros. BS 2957: *Indio; Smile; Mamacita; Herbs; Concrete Boogie; I Do It For Your Love; Sophisticated Squaw; 7th Ave.*

Personnel: Sanborn, alto and soprano sax, flute; Herb Bushler, electric bass; Hiram Bullock, guitar, vocals; Rosalinda de Leon, keyboards; Victor Lewis, drums, vocals; Jumma Santos, percussion; Patti Austin and Lani Groves, background vocalists; Paul Simon and Phoebe Snow, background vocalists (track 2).

What David Sanborn possesses above all is a tone, a signature that is recognizable a mile away. Furthermore, he is a remarkably precise and protean alto saxophonist; regardless of whether he's playing with David Bowie or Gil Evans, Sanborn finds an appropriate place within their schemes without misplacing his sound. While last year's solo debut, *Taking Off*, was really an extension of David's residency with the increasingly soulful Brecker Bros., *Sanborn* finds him under the guidance of Simon & Garfunkel's producer, Phil Ramone. Similar to its predecessor, this is a funk-based style of jazz, with a more complex bottom than one expects from that over-worked genre, but also a more even-tempered performance and production than seems appropriate. The arrangements are flawless, orderly, and restrained, a predilection that is too often to *Sanborn's* detriment and one which yields product more memorable for its craftsmanship than its substance.

As a study in technique, though, *Sanborn* qualifies as something of a modern textbook. David's a "model" improviser in the sense that he links his ideas cogently, performs evenly under pressure, and retains full command over his faculties in any environment. Often, and with a disarming breeziness, he will traverse the entirety of his alto's range in the space of a single phrase. For example, in *Mamacita*, he focuses on a simple motif, milking it for all its worth as he flutters up into his

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soprano range, then—without warning—horns down *hard* into his tenor register.

On *I Do It For Your Love* and *Smile*, a pair of ballads (the former by Paul Simon and the latter featuring Simon and Phoebe Snow on vocals), Sanborn is Johnny Hodges reborn, glowingly blue and heartbreakingly tender. With the exception of a perfunctory electric piano on *For Your Love*, and the superfluous echo on *Smile*, they are near superlative performances. *Concrete Boogie* and *Sophisticated Squaw* comprise the obligatory disco tracks, with Sanborn double-tracking his part on the opening theme in both tunes. *7th Ave.*, the finale, is drummer Victor Lewis' contribution and interestingly evokes one of Sanborn's most adventurous solos of the album, affording us a brief but intriguing glimpse of his avant garde side.

And that epitomizes the major weakness of Sanborn's solo work thus far: a reluctance to pursue, either emotionally or thematically, his more novel instincts. *Sanborn* is engaging stuff, and its namesake certainly has one of the classiest, most distinctive alto tones around. But it doesn't say anything we haven't heard before.

—gilmore

THE JOHN PAYNE BAND

THE RAZOR'S EDGE—Arista-Freedom AL 1036: *Lolita*; *Sounds From The Sea's Edge*; *Himiola*; *Ariadne*; *The Razor's Edge*; *New Spaces*; *Electric Lush*; *Past Days*; *Reaching*.

Personnel: Payne, soprano, tenor, baritone saxes, flute; Louis Levin, keyboards; Scott Lee, basses; Gerald Murphy, drums; Ricardo Torres, percussion.

*** 1/2

Arista-Freedom has over the last year successfully established itself as one of the most adventurous avant garde recording projects in recent history. Its catalogue, a veritable *Who's Who In Free Jazz*, includes Paul Bley, Dewey Redman, Oliver Lake, Andrew Hill, Julius Hemphill, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Frank Lowe, Marion Brown, Cecil Taylor, etc. Largely overlooked, however, are two fine young bands who, while tending toward a fusion of jazz and rock, have primarily been working the jazz end of the spectrum. These groups are New York Mary and the John Payne Band.

In my review of Payne's *Bedtime Stories* (Arista-Freedom AL 1025), I said: "Played with conviction and energy, the music reflects a high level of cohesion which suggests a working group with a fair measure of experience." That initial impression has now been positively reinforced. In fact, the band has definitely improved since its maiden voyage.

Lolita, a Levin original, is a tough lean line effectively filled out by Payne's overdubbed horns, sparkling percussive backdrops and energetic solos from Payne's tenor and Levin's electric piano. Levin's *Sounds From The Sea's Edge* is a programmatic seascape composed of surf sounds, an evocative echoed intro by Levin and Payne's misty fog-shrouded tenor. *Himiola*, by drummer Murphy, is an up-tempo percussive carpet with nicely overlaid angular lines and a free floating call-and-response dialogue between Levin and Payne on soprano. Lee's *Ariadne* is a 6/8 frame for Levin's acoustic piano and Payne's impressive flute playing, which seems indebted to the pioneering work of Jeremy Steig. In Levin's *The Razor's Edge*, a surging backdrop of synthesized and percussive accents underscores Payne's electronically processed arabesques.

New Spaces is a lovely Levin melody given expressive treatment by Payne's flute. The use of string synthesizer, however, is deplorable.

It intrudes itself into Payne's essay and saps the nuances of the flutist's varied attacks and timbral effects. Lee's *Electronic Lush* features some solid straightahead soloing that unfortunately is overwhelmed by overly busy electronic textures. Levin's *Past Days* is a warm nostalgic backwards glance into time featuring Payne's lush tenor and thoughtful solos from Levin and Lee. Here the band demonstrates itself a solid acoustic group. Payne's *Reaching* finds the sopranoist probing ever upward and Levin gliding effortlessly over an infectious bubbling background.

The effectiveness of the band's music is based on subtle and intimate interactions among players who know and respect each other. Also praiseworthy is the fine original material and the balance among the set's performances. *The Razor's Edge*, then, is a forward step for a band that shows both musical and commercial promise.

—berg

JON LUCIEN

PREMONITION—Columbia PC 34255: *Hello Like Before*; *If I Could*; *Spring's Arrival*; *Mi Vida*; *Laura*; *Gaku*; *You Been Away Too Long*; *And It All Goes Round And Round*; *Child Of Love*.

Personnel: Lucien, vocals, bass (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9), Fender Rhodes (tracks 2, 4, 6), cuatro (tracks 2, 4), Moog Synthesizer (track 2), background vocals (track 4), acoustic guitar (track 9), horn and rhythm arrangement (track 9); Harold Mason (tracks 1, 2, 7, 8, 9), Steve Gadd (tracks 3, 6), drums; Steve Thorton, congas (tracks 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9), percussion (tracks 2, 4, 6); Ralph MacDonald (track 2), Dave Carey (tracks 3, 5, 6), percussion; Dennis Budimir, acoustic guitar (tracks 1, 7), electric guitar (track 1); Greg Pucee, electric and acoustic guitars (track 1); Bobby Keller, flute (track 5); Justo Almaro, tenor and soprano saxes (tracks 4, 9), flute (track 4), percussion (track 4); Wah Wah Watson, electric guitar (tracks 2, 6); David T. Walker, Ray Parker, electric guitars (track 8); Wayne Shorter, soprano sax (tracks 1, 7); Mike Wolford (tracks 1, 7), Herbie Hancock (track 9), piano; Richard Cummings (track 3), Bobby Lyle (track 8), Fender Rhodes; Russel Taylor (track 3), Chuck Rainey (track 8), bass; Dorothy Ashby (track 1), Gloria Agostini (tracks 3, 5, 6), harp; Phyllis Hyman (track 3), Maria Fatima and Shirley Alves (track 4), background vocals; Ken Berger, Jerry Dodgion, woodwinds (tracks 3, 5, 6); Jimmy Buffington, Peter Gordon, Earl Chapin, Robert Johnson, french horns; Bert Collins, Joe Shepley, Oscar Brashear, Bobby Bryant, Dalton Smith, Albert Aarons, Fred Jackson, Jr., Jack Nimitz, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Urbie Green, Britt Woodman, Ed Kusby, Garnett Brown, Michael Wimberly, Maurice Spears, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Louise Ditalio, flutes; Benny Golson, horn arrangement (track 2), string arrangement (track 9), arrangement (track 8); Mike Abene, horn arrangement (track 6); Torrie Zito, string arrangement (tracks 2, 5).

*** 1/2

It's usually to their credit when artists show a strong style. But Lucien's pegs him in what's become a rut. Blessed with buttered West Indian diction, he likes to chant-sing island-flavored songs. Yet since this game plan's not a deep one, it's wearing thin now, five LPs since it began: though *Premonition* offers some geographically neuter arrangements for contrast, it still includes too much of the same old Lucien.

Jon is, to be frank, a limited vocalist, technically speaking. His range is so narrow that he often seems to be talking more than singing. Yet his deep-voiced style does project a dignified beauty and a warm emotionalism, qualities that alone can sell a singer. So, I figure that all Lucien needs are independently effective melodies to try—tunes his tentative chops won't need to embellish. The standard *Laura* is one such, here backed by a gorgeous Torrie Zito string arrangement; a more deeply understood rendering of the lyric I've yet to hear. Lucien's hypnotic *Mi Vida* is another winner; sprightly Caribbean but still striking-

ly chorded enough not to sound Lucien-clichéd. And yet another is Bill Withers and John Collins' *Hello*, a taut ballad with changes connecting to its lyric sense, that of one's reactivated interest upon meeting an old lover; Lucien's subtly building excitement parallels that of the arrangement, as the lyrics begin to suggest something may come of a chance meeting. (Also, *You Been* is just bouncily pleasant, easily enough for any singer to essay.)

But though *Spring* and *If* are pretty enough, Lucien's lyrics delve too much into his unfocused island stance; similar melodies permeate *Gaku* and *Child*. And *And It All* is cluttered, un compelling, "message" near-soul. Producer Lucien needs to turn that responsibility over to someone else, who can showcase his talents and avoid his musical liabilities through some incisive, necessarily distanced perspective. —rozek

DOC SEVERINSEN

NIGHT JOURNEY—Epic PE-34078: *I Wanna Be With You*; *Night Journey*; *The World's Gone Home*; *Spanish Dreams*; *You Put The Shine On Me*; *Now And Then*; *Little Tiny Feets*; *Lookin' Good*; *Open The Gates Of Love*.

Personnel: Severinsen, trumpet, flugelhorn, vocals; Fred Crane, keyboards; Ernie Chapman, bass; Bobby Thomas, Vic Stewart, guitars; Paul Leim, drums; Larry White, steel guitar; Ron Snider, percussion; Don Thomas, John Anderson, Jay Sanders, trumpets; John Osborne, trombone; Randy Lee, tenor and soprano saxes, string ensemble; background vocalists; Earl Moss, solo vocal; All Souls Gospel Choir of South Dallas (track 5).

★ ★ ½

This is slick stuff. There is a little bit of everything here in what might be called a nice disco concept package. The album is basically a disco-soul production. *Be With You* is something of a hit in that category, but it was done with a certain amount of exuberance and imagination, something a lot of big production LPs seem to be lacking; it manages to generate excitement and maintain a certain amount of good humor.

Severinsen, of course, is one of the finest trumpet technicians around with a great deal of range and power which he uses to ride over some of the more muscular disco arrangements like *Open The Gates Of Love*, a highly percussive tune, and *You Put The Shine On Me*. He also lets the disco-soul material open the record up to some very pretty and melodic playing as with *Now And Then*, a nice Severinsen tune with beautiful woodwind colors, and *Spanish Dreams*. *Little Tiny Feets*, a country-type tune using steel guitar and trumpet, show Doc to be very adept at turning out catch melodies.

Night Journey works well as an album designed for disco dancing, thanks to its heavy emphasis on brass and strong rhythms.

—nolan

CATALYST

A TEAR AND A SMILE—Muse 5069: *The Demon (Parts 1 & 2)*; *A Tear And A Smile*; *52nd Street Boogie Down*; *Suite For Albeniz*; *A Prayer Dance*; *Bahia*.

Personnel: Odean Pope, tenor sax, flute, alto flute; Eddie Green, piano, electric piano, Moog synthesizer; Tyrone Brown, bass, electric bass; Sherman Ferguson, drums, marimba, percussion; Sharon Scott, vocals; Farel Johnson, chant, percussion; Charles Elerbe, guitar; *Suite*—add John Blake, violin; three flutes (one doubling clarinet), viola, cello.

★ ½

This is a pleasant pop music album with generally modest ambitions, appropriately realized. The setting is soul-funk vamps, and a



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well-known drummer pointed out to me once that the percussion accompaniment on such songs as these are simply the things kids learn in drum and bugle corps. There's nothing memorable about the music, though it should be noted again that Coltrane has filtered through the popular consciousness like no other jazz artist in nearly four decades; here, he's disguised in a *Demon* tenor solo. This *52nd Street* has little in common with the famous one, the title track is sort of pretty, flute solo and all, and the *Suite* turns out to be an unpretentious thing mainly because it's brief and includes a giddy fiddle solo.

Bahia, a nostalgia trip for you Martin Denry freaks, and *Prayer*, with extensive, uninteresting flute and characterless vocal, actually are pretentious tracks. You could probably dance to the chunka-chunka rhythms of side one, but side two offers neither that nor much else to distract your attention. —litweiler

AZAR LAWRENCE

PEOPLE MOVING—Prestige P-10099: *Theme For A New Day; The Awakening; Kickin' Back; People Moving; Can't Hide Love; Canticle For The Universe; Gratitude.*

Personnel: Lawrence, soprano, alto, and tenor saxes; Patrice Rushen, Michael Stanton, Jerry Peters, Skip Scarborough, keyboards and synthesizers; John Rowin, guitar, synthesizer programming; Lee Ritenour, guitar; Paul Jackson, electric bass; Harvey Mason, drums; Mtume, percussion; Dick Ricardo, percussion (track 7); Oscar Brashear, Chuck Findley, trumpets; George Bohanon, trombone; Ernie Watts, alto sax; Buddy Collette, tenor sax; Cheryl Barnes, Josie James, Patrice Rushen, Michael Wright, vocals.

Azar Lawrence's tenure with McCoy Tyner and his first two Prestige albums (*Bridge Into The New Age* and *Summer Solstice*) constituted cause for bright hope. The multi-saxophonist offered a bold and uncompromising vision, a major voice in the new wave of sax players, all the more exciting because of his youth. One look, though, at the cover of *People Moving* and my heart sort of sank. Uh oh; Paul Jackson, Lee Ritenour, Harvey Mason, Patrice Rushen, Skip Scarborough producing. Looks like Azar goes funky. I wish I could report that the first and subsequent listenings assuaged that initial impression, not that funk *per se* is bad, but by this time it sure as hell is dull, and Azar's entry into the race is far more saddening than it is encouraging.

Throughout this travesty, Scarborough (who is really the major force there; I can't believe Azar is anything other than an unwitting pawn) encumbers Lawrence with a bedlam of worn gimmickry, airy synthesizer programming and over-dubbed horn sections that recall nothing so much as Stanley Turrentine's current state of constriction. Azar is unable to penetrate the spacey din, he flutters and floats, but never stings or soars. His heart and mind seem far removed from the whole affair. Occasionally he'll beam and sparkle like a lonely beacon of hope, yet even then, as on *The Awakening*, he's lost in Scarborough's clouds of thoughtlessness, or in *Can't Hide Love*, he's clobbered with detractive vocals and clunky rhythm arrangements. *Canticle For The Universe* alone, to my mind, comes the closest to disclosing Lawrence's shimmering effervescence or his psychic interactive wit. He plays a long, entrancingly lyrical solo, free of the contrivances that boggle his style throughout the rest of *People Moving*. (It's worth noting that Azar didn't contribute a single composition to this throwaway.)

What's the point of transforming genius into

buffoonery? Certainly "executive producer" Orrin Keepnews must realize the mistake, the tragedy being committed here. Does anybody really entertain any notions that Azar will become the next "crossover artist"? And, if so, what good is a broad audience that becomes a stinking albatross, that sentences brilliant musicians—like Herbie Hancock—to a life of parody? I'm sorry, but it's time for somebody to say "Enough of this mechanical funk jive! Get back to the business of making brave and worthy music." I'll be listening to Azar's first two albums for years to come, and I hope I'll be able to say the same about his next few, but *People Moving* can't even stand the test of right now. —gilmore

WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND

WGJB PLAYS RODGERS AND HART—World Jazz Records WJLP S-7: *Mountain Greenery; Have You Met Miss Jones; Isn't It Romantic; My Funny Valentine; Blue Room; You Took Advantage Of Me; Lady Is A Tramp; Dancing On The Ceiling; Where Or When; Bewitched; Thou Swell; Lover.*

Personnel: Yank Lawson, John Best, trumpets; Carl Fontana, George Masso, trombones; Al Klink, tenor; Peanut Hucko, clarinet; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

IN CONCERT AT THE LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL—Flying Dutchman BDL1-1371: *Indiana; The Man I Love; Indian Summer; Big Noise From Winnetka; Birth Of The Blues; Lawrenceville Blues; Old Folks; South Rampart Street Parade.*

Personnel: Yank Lawson, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Bob Wilber, soprano sax; Johnny Mince, clarinet; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Traxler, drums.

After a much too sedate survey of Cole Porter, the WGJB loosens up enough to take better (if not their best) shots at Rodgers and Hart. The charts are liberal with solo space, and Lawson's mighty lead trumpet struts and swings with appropriate swagger. *Mountain Greenery*, *Lady Is A Tramp* (with a clever arrangement by Tom Newsom) and *Swell* are chipper chunks off the old Bob Crosby block. A constricted *Blue Room*, whose changes have served great jazz ensembles since Benny Moten's classic 1932 recording, is disappointingly drab. *Advantage* also could have mustered more zip than it does.

With a four man brass lineup, this group has something of a big band sound to it. Hucko's smooth, piping clarinet is pleasant, and Gus Johnson keeps a soft sizzle burning under ensemble and soloist alike.

The Lawrenceville concert is quite another side of the WGJB, the one we are more accustomed to. This means an abundance of well-crafted, swinging dixieland, with an overly commercialized package of warhorses comprising the programs. Here we have the umpteenth version of *Winnetka* and another prancing, baton twirling march through *South Rampart Street*.

Yet Lawson glows sullenly on *Lawrenceville Blues* and Johnny Mince scores with a sparkling *Man I Love*. *Indiana* rarely misses fire and is here treated with lively, if somewhat commonplace, enthusiasm. Urbie Green, Hank Jones and Wilber are poised and authoritative, if not particularly successful in riveting our attention. The WGJB seems to have passed its high water mark (remember the *Roosevelt Grill* LP?) and judging from this concert sampling shows little sign of matching past achievements. It continues to be an entertaining show band, however, and can still generate some real power. —mcdonough

PHOEBE SNOW

IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW—Columbia PC 34387: *Autobiography* (Shine, Shine, Shine); *Teach Me Tonight*; *Stand Up On The Rock*; *In My Girlish Days*; *Mercy On Those*; *Don't Let Me Down*; *Drink Up The Melody* (Bite The Dust, Blues); *Fat Chance*; *My Faith Is Blind*; *Shakey Ground*.

Personnel: Snow, vocals, guitar; Sonny Burke, keyboards; David Pomeranz, piano (track 5); James Gadson, Ed Greene, Harvey Mason, drums; Reggie McBride, Chuck Domanico, bass; David Bromberg, Steve Burgh, Ray Parker, Jr., Greg Poree, guitars; Andy Narell, steel drums; Kurt McGettrick, Mel Martin, Hadley Caliman, Bob Yance, The Golden Age Jazz Band (track 1 only), various unspecified horns; Snow, Phil Kearns, the Waters Family, background vocals.

*** 1/2

The most obvious aspect of Phoebe Snow's talent is her voice: marked by a rich vibrato and a soaring range, her vocals are a uniquely expressive vehicle for her songs. As a songwriter, the immediate temptation is to compare her to Janis Ian. But Snow's tunes, though similar to Ian's in their introspection, are less manic and more exuberant, suggesting another tie: the musical pairing of Paul Simon and Snow, made real in last year's concert tour, is a natural. Both are pop eclectics, synthesizing the various musical strains that bathed their developing ears.

But whereas Simon matured some time ago, Snow is just beginning to come into her own, having recently weathered a string of personal crises. Her latest album contains some of her strongest statements, notably on *Drink Up The Melody*, with its refrain, "There ain't no music I can't use." Snow draws on blues, rock, reggae, and jazz to make good her boast, with results that rarely seem forced.

Stand Up On The Rock, reflecting its lyric, "comes from solid stock." The dominant parent here is gospel, with a strong strain of rock to vary the going. *Teach Me Tonight* leads with a broad hint of c&w, but slides into a riff-laden r&b groove; the lyrics' plea for satisfaction is hard to resist. *In My Girlish Days* is a spare, slow blues that brings out the edge in Snow's voice, an edge remarkably absent, by contrast, on a *Don't Let Me Down* replete with steel drums and an attractive re-registration of the Lennon/McCartney melody.

The set has variety, plus Phoebe's voice, and capable players. All that really holds this album back is the lack of a sensitive arranger's touch. It was such a touch that placed Zoot Sims' rich tone in complementary counterpoint to Snow's vibrant vocal lines on her debut LP, providing a lyric, swinging element that this album, for all its tightness, misses.

—bennett



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Blakey, leading the listener logically and naturally ever further into the pianist's startling, epigrammatic music. Two of the later efforts in this direction recently have been combined into a double set of location recordings.

The better known of the two is the celebrated Town Hall concert of Feb. 28, 1959, in which the pianist was presented in a program of his own music scored for 10-piece group by composer Hall Overton, who reportedly worked closely with Monk in the orchestrations. The event was highly successful, and the resultant album undoubtedly did much in completing the popularization of Thelonious as a major creative force in modern music. Even now, almost two decades later, the set holds up well.

Overton's arrangements were generally sensitive to Monk's music, underscoring and frequently amplifying its original, sometimes disturbing (to some) harmonic and rhythmic characteristics. As a means of softening the contours of Monk's music and rendering it more appealing, the performances hold their greatest interest. In terms of the overall body of the composer's music they add little, however, that was not already clearly evident—and usually with far greater strength—in earlier readings. Much the same is true of chief soloist Monk, whose work has a cursory, uninvolved quality to it. Then too, greater ensemble precision could have been required—but would not have helped all that much—but fuller rehearsal time apparently was not possible. These reservations noted, the performances are interesting enough and provide an appealing introduction to the man's music. Still, given the auspiciousness of the occasion, these are surprisingly tepid performances.

The second disc was taped 14 months later at San Francisco's Blackhawk with Los Angeles trumpeter Joe Gordon and tenor saxophonist Harold Land added to the pianist's then regular group—tenorist Charlie Rouse, bassist John Ore and drummer Billy Higgins. Not unexpectedly, it is the regulars who acquit themselves best, Monk and Rouse easily the most consistent and interesting soloists, frequently striking sparks from one another, setting a fast pace and a high standard. Gordon rises to the challenge of the music more often than does Land, who tends to rely overmuch on chord-running rather than dealing at all tellingly with the music's melodic-harmonic implications (which is exactly what makes Rouse's playing so effective). Land does have some fine moments, most notably on 'Round Midnight and Worry Later—strong, fluent and assured in comparison with his more faltering work on the balance. Still, the music is more often compelling than not, particularly when Monk and Rouse are up front. The rating is more for this set than for the Town Hall recital.

All Star Session is the title Milestone has bestowed on its reissue of two albums issued originally under the leadership of pianist Elmo Hope. The earlier of the two, dating from May, 1956, offers enthusiastic but not always well formed improvisations by trumpeter Donald Byrd, tenor saxophonists John Coltrane and Hank Mobley, Hope, and a rhythm team of bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Philly Joe Jones, the latter two by all odds the most satisfying players on the date. It's a standard blowing session typical of the period which fails to rise beyond the routine largely because the playing styles of the then young soloists, Coltrane included, still

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were in formative stages. A generation older than the others, Hope seems almost to have been wholly effaced by the newcomers' brashness; he comps nicely throughout but even during his solos offers little impression of any sort of strong musical presence, let alone individuality. It's as though he went into retreat, withdrew into himself for some reason. This is one of the pianist's least interesting sets of performances, "name" players notwithstanding.

Considerably more successful is the second disc which presents the pianist in two 1961 settings, a trio with Percy Heath and Philly Joe for four selections, to which are added trumpeter Blue Mitchell and tenor saxophonists Jimmy Heath and Frank Foster for three additional tunes, one of which is presented in two takes. It is in this set that one can begin to take the measure of Hope's original approach to music, all but one of the seven pieces his compositions. The sextet tracks offer careful, imaginative scoring and one of them, the lovely ballad *Eyes So Beautiful As Yours*, which is best likened to a cross-pollination of Thelonious Monk and Tadd Dameron, is an absolute gem, its long arching lines suffused with poignant, bittersweet yearning that touches one deeply. Hope is the sole soloist, sustaining the mood all the way through a series of gentle ruminations. The piece is the undoubted high point of the entire two LP set. In comparison, the remaining sextet performances are much more conventional, the themes, while carefully arranged, serving primarily to launch a succession of horn and piano solos. The music is well played and eminently listenable but not of the startling, thoughtful order of *Eyes*.

The four longish trio excursions permit one to sample a bit more fully—but not better—the pianist's sober, controlled, muscular melodism. Three of the pieces are originals, of which *La Berthe* is structurally somewhat unorthodox, yet despite occasional rushes of brilliance the performances are oddly unsatisfying, at least when judged against the most completely realized of Hope's recordings. For all their temperate strength and controlled quirkiness, these fail to cohere as fully as the pianist desired of his music, nor are his developments of the thematic materials as interesting or as organic as his best work revealed he was capable of delivering. These four pieces are only partially, intermittently of that order. There's nothing wrong with them, so much as they're not as "right" as they could have been or Hope would have wished of them. A slightly off day in the studio, one assumes.

The Evans Trio performances are marvelous—beautifully detailed, intricate, subtle works of musical lapidary performed by one of the very finest editions of the pianist's groups, the late bassist Scott LaFaro and drummer Paul Motian comprising an all but flawless pair of foils to the wizardly, deft pianist. It's easy to dismiss Evans' music, and some have, as background or cocktail piano music—and it does have something of that kind of surfacing to it—but it's far, far more than that. In the late 1950s and early '60s, when these two sets of performances were recorded, the pianist was performing with uncommon creative strength and probing, purposeful clarity and insight. Any number of performances here give the appearance of being gossamer and insubstantial as down but, as the years have shown, they have in actuality the tensile strength of drop-forged steel. There is a keen, ever questing, brilliant imagi-



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nation at work in these pieces, and it's rarely been captured as stunningly as in these ravishing musical gems, planned and cut and polished to glowing, luminous perfection. And the three-way interplay this group achieved made it possible. Absolutely beautiful, quietly spectacular.

In his own unspectacular, no-nonsense way the late trumpeter Kenny Dorham was a very satisfying, at times elegant post-bop player, particularly in his early and middle years (before his playing became more erratic and a bit mannered). Several of his recordings for Riverside have been culled for *But Beautiful*, a handsome album by which to remember the trumpeter's fetching work of this generally productive, happy period. As a sampling of K.D. in a variety of sympathetic small-group settings, it's nicely effective and full of quiet

strength. And the presence of a pair of complementary voices of the order of Sonny Rollins, heard on five 1957 selections (with Hank Jones, Oscar Pettiford and Max Roach—a very fine unit!), and Cannonball Adderley for five more from 1959, as well as three 1957 cuts with the late Ernie Henry, an underappreciated altoist of considerable promise, makes for a very interesting, valuable album indeed.

These may not be among the most deathless performances from the late 1950s but they hold up quite well. A great deal of heat is generated in the uptempo pieces and the ballad performances, which to my mind contain the most attractive music in the set, are full of sinewy lyricism and a goodly portion of invention. The sessions with Rollins and Adderley (this one designed to feature the trumpeter's

writing and scoring abilities) are worth the price of admission, for it is in these performances that the set's highest musical levels are attained. In honesty it should be noted that fine as Dorham was on these dates he was consistently overshadowed by his "sidemen," Rollins and Adderley. The three pieces with Henry are of greater historical than musical interest; the altoist quite often sounds forced and strident, and his lines marred by a groping, indecisive quality. Dorham compensates, however, with some of his best and most carefully structured playing, and it was a wise idea to include the three selections—made, incidentally, with bass (Eddie Mathias or Wilbur Ware) and drums (G. T. Hogan) only, and quite effective too. Dorham's vocal on *Since I Fell For You* if inoffensive, while his trumpet obbligato to Abbey Lincoln's *Don't Explain* is far more interesting and musical than her mannered singing of the Billie Holiday-associated piece. There's not exactly a plethora of Dorham recordings around, so this is a welcome addition to current discography.

It may well be, as is observed in the notes to *Skins*, that Mongo Santamaria's efforts at fusing post-bop modern jazz and Afro-Cuban music were highly important influences on the subsequent development of salsa and contemporary Latin music. There's certainly no denying either the popularity of his music or the success he's had with several recordings in this genre—*Watermelon Man* being the first in 1963, with additional success following five and six years later with *Cold Sweat*, *Cloud Nine* and *We Got Latin Soul*, all "hits" of some magnitude.

Still, it's hard for a jazz listener to work up much enthusiasm for the 19 selections in this set of 1962 and '64 recordings. There's little in the way of committed jazz playing despite the participation of such performers as Nat Adderley, Marty Sheller, Hubert Laws, Bobby Capers and Jimmy Cobb on the '64 session (the more overtly jazz-rooted of the two) and Chick Corea, Pat Patrick, Paul Serrano and Al Abreau on the earlier, more ethnically-centered date. Nor, for that matter, are the thematic materials all that compelling, being for the most part derivative of better-known hard-bop or "funky" pieces of the period. Exceptions include Sheller's *Dirty Willie* which, name aside, does have considerable jazz content, though deriving more than slightly from Miles' earlier collaborations with Gil Evans, and his *Dot, Dot, Dot*, which boasts a flaring Adderley solo and a very tasty Rodgers Grant piano spot. There are, of course, additional improvised solos scattered through the set, primarily in the 1964 material, but the overall impression with which one is left is not of any great or enduring jazz content. There's plenty of rhythmic vitality to the performances but this is a set I know I'll rarely play, as it pretty much exhausts its full expressive depths on one or two hearings. Except for partying music there's little reason to play this beyond those initial couple of times on the turntable.

—welding

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- Thelonious Monk, *In Person* (Milestone M-47033): ★★★½
- Bill Evans, *Spring Leaves* (Milestone M-47034): ★★★★★
- Kenny Dorham, *But Beautiful* (Milestone M-47036): ★★★★★
- Elmo Hope, *The All-Star Sessions* (Milestone M-47037): ★★★½
- Mongo Santamaria, *Skins* (Milestone M-47038): ★★★½

BLINDFOLD TEST



Sonny Stitt

by Leonard Feather

Sonny Stitt is one of the hardest survivors of the bebop era. Instead of settling into a rut after the formative years, he has continued to evolve within the framework he long ago established for himself as an alto and tenor player in a variety of small combo contexts.

Stitt may well have earned the honor of becoming the most-recorded saxophonist in the history of jazz. Though it is all but impossible to keep count, he has been recording as a leader since 1946, when his first quintet cut a date for Savoy. His pre-LP sessions have been reissued in albums, and the post-1950s dates, on a multitude of labels, may well run into the hundreds. A recent Schwann catalogue showed more than 40 Stitt LPs still available. Recently, in Hollywood, he joined forces with Frank Rosolino to cut a new set for the Catalyst label.

There have been only two previous Stitt blindfolds, in *db* 8/15/63 and 11/21/74. As usual, Sonny was given no information about the records played.

1. HERB ELLIS-RAY BROWN SEXTET.

Onion Roll (from *Hot Tracks*, Concord Jazz). Ellis, guitar; Brown, bass; Harry "Sweets" Edison, trumpet; Jake Hanna, drums; Plas Johnson, tenor; Mike Melvoin, piano.

I enjoyed it—it was very nice. I seem to recognize Oscar Peterson, and I think it was Herb Ellis playing; the bass line sounds like Ray Brown, and the trumpet was a cross between maybe Roy Eldridge or Clark Terry—I'm not sure. The tenor player seemed to follow my way of thinking a little bit, but I didn't recognize him because there's no what you might call label—like cliques and so forth. But I think the record's fine. I like anything sensible. It's a cute little song—yeah, you know. Three stars.

2. SUPERSAX. *Cool Blues* (from *Supersax Plays Bird With Strings*, Capitol). Charlie Parker, composer; Med Flory, alto; Frank Rosolino, trombone.

Well, that's a composition by Charlie Parker and I think the reed section was most magnificent because ... they had to read fly stuff—you know what I'm talking about? Fly specks. And they were well together, and the trombonist I think was Frank Rosolino and it was a well played album and interesting musically to me. This was Supersax, which I think is marvelous. It's difficult enough to write anything Charlie plays, but even more difficult to play anything he plays. I bet they had a lot of rehearsal for that.

The only thing I can see lacking is you cannot reproduce a solo, a man's solo. You can play the

notes but the feeling of the solo is the only thing lacking—because you're not Charlie Parker. It's a great replica though. I think it gets four stars.

3. JOHN COLTRANE. *Pristine* (from *Turning Point*, Bethlehem). Coltrane, composer, tenor; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Art Blakey, drums. Rec. 1957.

Well, I first recognized John Coltrane, and the trumpet player has me a little in between—a mixture of Clifford Brown, Fats Navarro and Lee Morgan, but I really don't know who he is. This was probably recorded quite some time ago, because John had changed his style after that, after he left Miles.

He had a big, fat tone, the trumpet player, but I don't remember him. Art Blakey was playing drums, I'm quite sure, and the piano player sounded like Barry Harris or Tommy Flanagan—I'm not sure of that either—but he had the same flavor.

It was a nice song, but very congested—I'm just telling the truth—and it's just something that is only for musicians or experts to listen to. The average musical aptitude of the listening public would be confused a little I think. It was too complicated for the average mind. The trumpet reminded me a little of Clifford Brown, but Brownie played better than that. I saw some flaws in his solo, creative imagination. It was just a little bit too crowded for me, you know. Overall three stars. Four stars for Coltrane.

4. SONNY CRISS. *My Ideal* (from *Out Of Nowhere*, Muse). Criss, alto; Dolo Coker,

piano; Larry Gales, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums.

All right, here I go again. I think it's Sonny Criss on alto, and it was a very fine song. His presence as an altoist was very good. His vibrato and his personality does come out on his horn. It was like a cross between Cannonball and Sonny Criss, and the little innuendos that each artist has—you know, he definitely mixes up most times.

The pianist I think was Dolo Coker, but I'm not sure. The bassist, well, he didn't play any solos, but he sounded like he had a Ray Brown background—he played authentically, you know. Overall, I'd say it's a very good album—I'd give it four stars. It's a pretty song. And I think he had excellent control over his instrument.

5. PAUL HORN. *Altura Do Sol* (*High Sun*) (from *Altura Do Sol*, Epic). Horn, flute; Egberto Gismonti, composer.

Well, it has a distinctive flavor to me of an Latin, Indian and African type of tune, with all the mysterious rhythmical backgrounds as far as the percussionist is concerned. And the flutist—I first had an impression that it was Herbie Mann, but I changed my mind. I think that might be Paul Horn—I'm not sure.

But it was a good record—Latin, you know. It has a distinctive Indian flavor to me—East Indian, with a little African accent. In fact, it's a combination—a conglomeration I should say, of all three types of rhythm. But I'm not really familiar with this type of music. I'd give it at least three stars.

6. STAN GETZ. *Times Lie* (from *Jazz Gala Concert*, Atlantic). Getz, tenor; Peter Herbolzheimer, arranger; Chick Corea, composer.

Well, to me this was a very interesting, well-played melody and arrangement, and it has to be Stan Getz playing that. I think that's the later form of Stan's way of putting it down with this type of music. It was a very well-played record—he always plays good anyway. I'd give it four stars.

I don't know who the big band could be. It seems like it might have been written by ... hmmm ... Nelson, or, I don't know, it could have been anybody, I guess. But I think I recognized Stan's playing in there. That's all I can say, except that it's a good record.

7. QUINCY JONES. *Superstition* (from *I Heard That!!!*, A&M). Jones, arranger/conductor; Phil Woods, alto; Stevie Wonder, composer, harmonica.

They had a big band ... and most of those groups who sing like that—that same form of rock or whatever, I'm not too familiar with because I don't spend too much time listening to rock and roll music. But I think it could have been ... the Temptations ... wait a minute, I don't know. Let's see now ...

I don't really listen to this type of music because it's loud and boisterous and there's no interest, no flavorful, musically-minded aptitude, to my way of thinking. But the people do enjoy it. They like that, and every man to his own poison. I can't quite cope with it. My kids listen to that type of music sometimes, but I have a wide variety. I have symphonic music, jazz, and let them go on and do their boogaloo.

I noticed the saxophone solo, but I have no idea who it is. Anybody could play like that. Two stars.

db

Profile

VOLKER KRIEGEL by arnold jay smith



To merely call Volker Kriegel a guitarist is to take this man's mien and wrench it from him. Kriegel is Germany's renaissance man. He paints, designs, writes and is an observer of the scene. I have seen his paintings (or rather miniatures), and have been told that they have been designed into a calendar. Though his music is generally not available in the United States, you can hear some of his output on the German Atlantic *Doldinger Jubilee Concert* (ATL 50070-Y) and *Doldinger Jubilee* (ATL 3-60073). He records with his own group exclusively for MPS/BASF, the latest endeavor being *Topical Harvest*. American conga player Ray Mantilla is a featured guest artist on the album. These recordings are difficult to obtain in the United States, but they are available. His catalog with MPS goes beyond *Topical Harvest*, for he is one of their more prolific performers.

33 years ago, Kriegel was a Christmas offering to his parents. He was born on December 25 near Frankfurt where he went to gymnasium (high school), then to the University where he studied the social sciences.

"I never wanted to become a professional musician, but during high school I became an amateur and gradually slipped into music. It was a matter of the number of engagements. There were so many that I thought that was where I should be. I was very happy to meet some people who thought I was good enough to make music a career. Albert Mangelsdorff, for whom I have total respect, was among those who, perhaps, changed my professional life. I suddenly was a musician."

In 1968, vibist Dave Pike was living in Europe. Volker and he got together to form the Dave Pike Set, which was very successful. They toured for four years throughout Europe, North and South America and Mexico.

"It was good experience for me. I still like Dave's playing. He went back to America about four years ago. Maybe after awhile the group was a little bit drained for ideas. It was then I got together with Eberhard Weber and we formed a group called Spectrum, which lasted for another three years."

Musicians in Europe do not bounce around from group to group in order to pick their spot financially or professionally. Musicians work with a group until they get it right, and until they've exhausted all of the possibilities within it. After finally leaving Weber, Volker formed his own group.

"We call it the Mild Maniac Orchestra and it includes three very young musicians. They are based in rock. The bass guitar player is 20, the pianist is 20 as well. Hans Peter Ströer is the bassist, Thomas Bettermann is the pianist and the drummer is Evert Valermann. We have recently completed our first recording.

"I mentioned before that I actually didn't want to become a professional musician because I had no musical education. I am a self-taught guitar player. Through the years I have learned to write and arrange, but it was a rough way to learn it. The reason for that was that I wanted to become a teacher, or maybe a professional artist, drawing, painting. It's so beautiful that it came out this way because I do all these things; I can play and write, draw my cartoons, write articles, write and produce radio programs about music and about social problems around music. It's very satisfying for me to be able to do those things; not just one thing, but all of them."

The music scene in Europe is very different from what it is in the United States as far as what avenues are open to the musician.

"I don't want to make a generalization for all Europe, but in Germany the scene is very alive as compared with other countries. For instance, in southern Europe there isn't as much activity. France, Spain, Italy, etc., do not compare to Germany. There are maybe two clubs each that feature jazz. I just spoke to Alan Skidmore from England and he was very sad about the English scene because it's sort of dying. London jazz musicians are looking for work. He decided to settle on the continent for that reason. We have a living club and concert scene here.

"Our radio stations, which are not commercial in the sense that they don't sell advertising and live on it, are doing a lot for our music. There are strong clubowners who take initiatives because of what is found on the radio. The artists that they bring in have been heard, or will be heard.

"There are very few clubs, however, which are straight jazz. There are those that have folklore readings, then something else, then jazz in between. As far as strict jazz clubs all over Germany, there are perhaps 20 or 30. I'm not sure of that number. There are two in Munich and only one plays anything other than dixieland (The Domicile)."

"My background is actually the classic jazz guitar tradition of Jim Hall, Barney Kessel and Wes

Montgomery, those beautiful people. I'm not a bebop player, because when I started to make music it was more the time of the Beatles than Charlie Parker's time. I have a deep love for those older jazz styles, but I never wanted to play them. I can't, so I brought in these sort of jazzy qualities in what I love to play and hear—rock music. This whole discussion between rock and jazz has been over for a couple of years (there, not here), so, not to add something to that, what we do is what we like. It's everything; it's all music. Jazz or not jazz should not be a moral question. The drag about all these discussions, the deep shit, all this criticism, is not about music. It's about moral categories, which is dumb. They speak about the style A as being the absolute truth and about style B as being completely manipulated shit. That's silly.

"As I see it, the quality of the rock music produced in this country (Germany) is not really on a high standard. I think that the jazz musicians in Europe are developed in international relations. Rock music is still dominated by the United States and England. The jazz scene is not dominated anymore in this degree by America.

"I spoke earlier about record distribution. We can't advertise on our TV or radio stations that 'the last tune can be found on MPS,' or anything like that. Support from the record company means advertising in the papers and the best advertisement, live playing.

"Which brings us to a major problem: making music over here. We have a union here which was started some three years ago to which all musicians belong. It's just a step in the direction of solidarity for artists. They were not trained to do something together; they were always competitive, against each other. We realized that there were so many questions that needed to be answered. Union Deutscher Jazzmuziker is its full title (Union of German Jazz Musicians) and our goal was to organize like the American union. The English had a union that prevented a living scene. Nobody came in to perform. That was negative. We had it exactly the opposite, no protection at all against producers' free enterprise activities, against record company business techniques. Our hope is that it will continue to change for the better."

During the Berliner Jazztage there was a piece composed and performed by Wolfgang Dauner and a symphony orchestra. It was called *Urschrei*, and it dealt with the problems delineated above by Volker Kriegel. Dauner wished it to be taken more seriously than it was. "It was a fine musical joke," Volker stated. "But it goes much deeper than that. We cannot deal with it as merely a work of art. When I see those people to whom that piece was directed, laughing and clapping, I become discouraged. Dauner wanted both, to create a piece of music, and to bring this very serious position to light. We cannot seriously go forward if we do not, at least, deal with the problems."

What do jazz musicians do? Are there road trips? These and other questions flew into my mind as Kriegel spoke. The geography is different. There's less jumping around from place to place and the time zones are the same throughout.

"If you live in Germany, and leave from Hamburg, which is the northern center, to Munich, it's only 800km, which is something like 500 miles, and that's it. There aren't any problems getting from country to country either, especially not within the European Common Market countries. It would be more difficult going to Poland, Hungary or Brazil."

Or America! Volker played the Newport Jazz Festival in 1971, and George Wein put him on between seven and eight p.m. "when the people were slowly first coming in." That's been his only touring exposure in the U.S.

"We have worked all over Europe. We did a couple of tours for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and stayed in Brazil for a long time. We did all of South America for three months, North Africa. As far as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, it's an astonishing jazz scene. There are a lot of festivals, and I've played them in Poland, Yugoslavia. The people there want jazz."

I pointedly remarked that horizons should be broadened by the European musicians as well as

the Americans. To people like Slide Hampton, Dexter Gordon, Leo Wright, Jimmy Woode, Art Farmer, Johnny Griffin, Kenny Drew, Art Taylor and Kenny Clarke, among so many others, Europe is home. There are those who have passed away, their last breaths being spent abroad. What about the other way around?

"I am satisfied with the European jazz scene. It is enough for me. I've never been confronted with such a question before. I'm not biting in my pillow because I'm not an international jazz star. It's very satisfying the way it is. I get a lot of response; economically it's okay. I can do my other work. And one more thing: I have no restrictions at all in what I produce. Besides, if I became a fulltime musician, and spent all that time on the road, I wouldn't be able to write. We had the opportunity to play on a television program where I was to introduce two films. One was an old Beatles film by Charles Braverman, a lot of slapstick animation, fast cutting. The other was a beautiful Japanese film. I was asked if I would like to show a couple of my own drawings, which I did. A friend later suggested a calendar. For two weeks, every night until dawn, I got it done.

"I wouldn't mind a little more publicity in America; everybody wants that. I think that that's more a problem of record distribution than what music we make. It would be a very good experience for me."

HOWARD RILEY

by arnold jay smith

Howard Riley, Welsh-born pianist/composer, has recently been awarded a United Kingdom/United States Bicentennial Fellowship in the Arts. He has chosen Buffalo, New York as his base for the full year's duration of the fellowship because of the Center of the Creative and Performing Arts there. He is a self-taught musician who is most at home in what he terms "new music" as opposed to the music he first heard as jazz.

He has worked in London for the last nine years with sidemen Barry Guy on bass and Tony Oxley, percussion. He also works solo and with the London Jazz Composers Orchestra, and he was fortunate enough to have worked with John McLaughlin before his trip to America.

He studied at Bangor University in Wales and at Indiana University in David Baker's jazz department (1966-67). Composition was his major at Indiana.

"Most of my work these days has been on the continent," Howard lamented. "I work in France and Germany more than in England as that seems to be the main outlet for the kind of music I play.

"There seems to be a problem in England and it's partly economic, of course. There just aren't enough outlets and consequently many musicians have to go abroad to work. It's ironic that one can become quite well recognized abroad and can't get work in his own country. There's very little broadcasting or air time, especially for the newer side of the music. The BBC, practically a monopoly, is cutting back on the kinds of music they'll put out. While Germany has, I think, twelve radio stations putting out new music of one kind or another.

"Another problem on the British scene is that everything is centered around London. That means, as a musician, if you don't live in London you don't really exist.

"The club scene has shrunk in the last four or five years. There's one major club, Ronnie Scott's, that concentrates on established talent, mainly American. For local musicians it is very difficult to get an outlet. The club scene is actually pubs, or bars, as you might call them. They are small, noisy affairs where you can't really go to listen, rather

than be sociable. So again we have the traditional variety of music."

Over the years, attempts have been made to rectify this. Riley was a member of the Musicians' Cooperative that was formed in 1970. They set up concerts on their own, toured the continent and generally got musicians together to run their own destiny. There is an attempt to form record labels that are musician-owned and operated, recording their own music.

"There's a label called Incus that released my last record. It is run by three musicians: Ev Parker, Derek Bailey and Tony Oxley. They've been quite successful over the last six years. That's a contrast from what it was in the '60s when I recorded for CBS, but in the '70s it's quite another story. The major labels have almost completely closed up to anything but rock, for the most part.

"Concerts come and go. What England lacks are regular festivals. When I work in Germany, it tends to be at festivals, which are often run by radio stations. In England you might get only two good festivals a year. Depressing, isn't it?"

English immigrants like Dave Holland and John McLaughlin might not have come to the U.S. if they had been able to find work at home. Some years ago, there was a very restrictive union that forbade the performance by non-natives of England. Thanks to people like Ronnie Scott such rules are all but abandoned.

"Interestingly enough, since American musicians are now appearing in Britain, it seems to have stimulated a very British approach to music which I think is one of the most interesting things to have happened in the last ten years. You've got musicians on the newer side who have developed their own characteristics, and they are very much British players as opposed to British players who copy Americans. The Americans were my original inspiration and I shall always admire them, but I felt the need to develop my own music. That's the feeling I get among quite a few musicians in England. The problems are not musical, but extra-musical—getting acceptance of the music."

His "new music" encompasses his base of American pianistics and the wiles of Anthony Braxton—who works well with some of the British musicians, particularly Bailey—and the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

"There's a dichotomy here. The Art Ensemble plays black music that is quite different from Braxton's, but they both fuse their compositions with elements of European music as well as what we traditionally know as jazz. What I mean by European is that the activity takes place in small groups and solo playing and the like. The original impetus of it, 10 or 15 years ago, was the free jazz in America. People like Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor had a big effect at first.

"There's a fairly broad base of origin. It isn't possible to say that one country has produced more than another. The music tends to develop its own peculiar characteristics depending on environmental conditions. The Dutch music has certain humorous elements about it. You won't find that in British music. In the end, if you play and you want an outlet, and it isn't in your own country, you just go to find it elsewhere."

There doesn't seem to be a difference between England and the Continent and the United States and the Continent. The parallel has been drawn right before our eyes. Here is a subject of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II (Riley), who sought musical liberation abroad, while we have our Dexter Gordons, Slide Hamptons, Ben Websters, Bud Powells, Phil Woods, Ted Cursons, et al, who sought their own musical expression in the same manner. Why this similarity 3000 miles apart?

"It's partly public and governmental apathy. In Germany you do have governmental support of the radio stations. The attitude in England is that it is an entertainment music, i.e., it is expected to pay for itself. The question that should be asked is, 'Is the music too complex to expect to draw that big an audience?' American musicians have tended to go toward, for the lack of a better word, commercial or popular areas, possibly to avoid that apathy. It's less satisfying to me, but it does seem to be the direction—crossover. Some have held out

for their own personal direction, such as McCoy Tyner and Cecil Taylor. These are the people I find more satisfying because there seems to be a musical reason for their development rather than a financial one.

"On the Continent, I have found that the younger people are interested in a wider span of music. I played a festival in Paris where the range was as wide as anything I have ever heard. The 500 people (it was a museum setting) enjoyed the lot."

The UK-USA Fellowship awarded Riley is set up to allow the artist to design his own program. Using Buffalo as a base, Riley will spread out to other areas of the country. His contacts in Buffalo are "straight," the classical side of the musical coin. Morton Feldman is there now. The goal of the Center is to bring together musicians from all over the world into an atmosphere that is conducive to making music. Buell Neidlinger and Don Ellis have been there. From the classical field there have been Zinko Globokar, trombonist, and English composer Cornelius Cardew.

"It's a unique center with quite a broad outlook. For someone who has come from a straightforward piano approach and has developed toward newer musical ideas, the Center is perfect.

"By straightforward, I can cite Stanley Cowell and Paul Bley as examples of my admiration. Bley was working in fairly conventional areas of the music in terms of his vocabulary. I started out very much influenced by the time approach, using chord changes, time and what-not, and developed out of that into an area where time has been abandoned and replaced by energy. The idea of the chord sequence has given way to freer improvisation. I tend to write straight music, or avant garde, and I regard that as separate from my playing activity. It has nothing to do with jazz, as such, at all: string quartets and trios. We never stop long enough to get static. Push on, I always say.

"The Center is a means of my continuing education. In England, I teach a day a week at the Guildhall School of Music, which was the first music school to introduce any jazz as a regular part of its curriculum. There is also a summer school called the Barry Summer School, in south Wales. It is an ideal situation in that probably the best musicians go down there representing all styles of jazz. For a fortnight you have students who want to learn more and want to talk and work alongside musicians who are the best in the country.

"There are those things happening, but, again, it's a very slow development. The big difference between there and America is that here you have quite a lot of groups going on. At Indiana, for example, they had three bands and at Buffalo there are a couple as well. It's almost non-existent in England. At the university level they haven't developed many facilities for playing regularly. It's bound to develop because it's going to be impossible for institutions to be narrowly devoted to what is, after all, basically western or classical music. It's going to take quite a while.

"Personally, I never studied music until my second year at the University. Until that point I was playing in jazz clubs from my teens onward. That was my education. My father introduced me to the keyboard when I was six. At 12 I went to it on my own. I am well-studied and I don't regret it because the things I learned about European or classical music have given me a very broad musical basis to work from.

"Frankly, it isn't necessary. If I were recommending it to someone who didn't want to do it, I'd say, then don't. Everyone should find their own way to do whatever they want to do. Through studying, I was directed toward things and discovered things that would have taken me years to find out for myself, if I had ever found them out at all. It's their interpretation of music that makes one school more desirable than another. In terms of world music, there are many more things than European/classical. It may take another 20 or 30 years for a loosening up, but it will get broader. The thing is that the word 'jazz' signifies to me a more creative attitude towards music, a willingness to take chances, to try things. And that is not the easiest thing to represent in an institutionalized setting."

caught... BERLIN JAZZ DAYS '76

Berlin, Germany

Even more than in previous years, the 1976 Berlin Jazz Days was a jazz marathon which taxed the audience's stamina and perseverance to their limits. Nine concerts on five days, 26 groups totaling more than 150 musicians, about nine hours of jazz per day from seven p.m. to three or four in the morning—few can endure that! The groups were "packed like sardines in the can," one of the participants remarked, adding that, in the final analysis, this showed a lack of respect for the individual musician and his personal musical performance, which ended up being "dealt with" like any commodity to be distributed. One scandalous piece of evidence for this: When the outstanding Art Ensemble of Chicago—who had come from America to Berlin especially for this festival—were still on stage at four o'clock in the morning after having played for hardly an hour, their electricity was simply cut off.

Highlights of the festival included the performances of singer Al Jarreau and pianist McCoy Tyner. Jarreau has an inexhaustible arsenal of vocal possibilities at his command. He comes out of a tradition that reaches back to Jon Hendricks, King Pleasure and other vocalists; to New Orleans and Louisiana, to the music of the Caribbean, and all the way back to Africa. Yet, he sounds highly contemporary. In his singing, you can hear drums and saxophones, trumpets and flutes, all coming from one man's throat, from the lowest bass to the highest flageolet, as if this one man from Milwaukee incorporated many different male and female voices. The ovations that Jarreau received, driving him on to more and more encores to the point of physical exhaustion, suggest that with this singer, a "mouth organ" in the literal sense of the term, the Berlin audience has found its new darling.

And McCoy Tyner proved once again in Berlin how right it is that he has been chosen jazz musician of the year time after time. With saxophone players Ron Bridgewater and Joe Ford, and the great Eric Gravatt on drums, he has what may be the best group of his career. He opened his appearance on the dulcimer, but he had tuned it as if it were a Japanese shamisen. In McCoy's powerful piano playing swings the music of the whole world: Asiatic and—particularly because of the great percussionist Guilherme Franco—Brazilian sounds. Tyner moved his Berlin listeners to a trance-like state of quasi-religious fervor.

If you can't listen to McCoy Tyner's music without thinking of John Coltrane, then hearing Gil Evans with his orchestra may evoke Miles Davis. But Gil's band was not really together. The music seemed to be floating in many different directions. One of the tunes was *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*, and possibly some of the musicians really didn't know the music's time. Evans' great tapestries of sound color were only unfolded during the second part of his performance. And even then, there remained a certain lack of security. Good solos came from the two trumpeters Jon Faddis and Lew Soloff—in a duo—as well as from trombonist Elaine Robinson, tuba player Bob Stewart, and, above all, from the fine saxophonist George Adams.

Jarreau and Tyner stole the show from the one musician who had been expected to be the

big star of this year's Jazz Days, Roberta Flack. After two or three songs, Roberta's "noble melancholy" began to seem monotonous and whiney. Elegy as a constant state of mind—that's not for a jazz festival. The Berliners booted.

European jazz was well represented this year. If anything that has been said about the emancipation of European jazz makes sense, then Amsterdam composer and saxophonist Willem Breuker is the "most European" of all European jazz players. He goes back to his European roots as an American player might go back to blues and gospel—but Breuker is a real jazz musician. In the music of his 11 member Kollektief, he incorporates European



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

folk music, marches and 19th century dance sounds, schmaltzy romanticisms and kitschy operetta bliss. He not only combines these musically, but also dramatically and, above all, critically and humorously. Once again, Breuker has proven that he is a "Kurt Weill of European jazz," with the permutation techniques and the political consciousness of Bertolt Brecht and Hanns Eisler.

German piano player Alexander von Schlippenbach's Globe Unity—almost an orchestral "Who's Who" of European free jazz—celebrated its tenth anniversary. The band was first introduced at the 1966 Berlin Jazz Days. And back then, even the most optimistic observer would not have foreseen the band's existence ten years hence. With great power and inspiration, Globe Unity played pieces contributed by Schlippenbach, tuba player Peter Kowald, and saxophonist Werner Brötzmann. One of the highlights was a trombone trio by Albert Mangelsdorff, Raul Rutherford, and Gunter Christmann—three of the best European trombonists.

There was a lot of other free music in Berlin—by the Braxton Quartet, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Kalaparusha (three groups out of the AACM background) and many more. Free music is alive in Europe—perhaps more so than in the United States.

The Berlin Jazz Days 1976 commissioned a commendably large number of compositions—not only to Willem Breuker and Alexander von Schlippenbach, but also to German pianist Wolfgang Dauner and Anthony Braxton. Dauner's piece *Primal Scream*, for large symphonic orchestra, featured the remarkable Israeli singer Rimona Francis and Polish violin player Zbigniew Seifert (who was considered the best jazz violinist on today's scene by many of the American musicians in Berlin).

Anthony Braxton wrote a kind of "double concerto" for two jazz horns and the Berlin chamber group Neue Musik. This performance was as problem-ridden as all fusion attempts between jazz and modern classical music have been in the past. A lasting impression was left only by the jazz content of this piece: the solos of Braxton and trombone player George Lewis. By using numerous mutes and sound manipulating devices, Lewis created the impression that not one, but about a dozen different trombonists were at work, each one with his own sound. With musicians like the Swede Eje Thelin, Englishman Paul Rutherford, and particularly German Albert Mangelsdorff, avant-garde trombone playing up to now has been almost a special domain of European jazz. George Lewis is the first American trombonist to break into this European phalanx of the trombone avant-garde. In his trio work with drummer Alphonse Mouzon and bassist Jaco Pastorius, by the way, Albert Mangelsdorff had one of the greatest performances of his long career.

The festival was great in the trumpet department too. Players like Jimmy Owens, Terumasa Hino, Jon Faddis, and, above all, Woody Shaw and Hannibal offered a wide spectrum of different trumpet styles. On the very first festival day, Hannibal's Sunrise Orchestra with tenorist George Adams presented some of the hottest music of all five days of the festival. Cello player Diedre Murray gives the Hannibal group a totally individual sound.

Two concerts were devoted to Latin jazz and jazz-rock. Dom Um Romao's quintet presented a fusion of free music with Brazilian samba rhythms. Among the many percussion instruments that Romao plays is, of all things, an electric berimbau, which he must be the first percussionist in the world to use. Airtó had come to Berlin without his group and because of this was somewhat limited. And yet, the Brazilian percussionist seemed like a demon, setting the hand-clapping audience in a trance-like ecstasy—like celebrating a Macumba ritual in the Berlin Philharmonic!

Ecstasy was also the reaction of the audience to drummer Alphonse Mouzon. His quartet was the unquestionable climax of the jazz-rock department. He had the listeners dancing on the galleries—and Mouzon himself often seems to be "dancing on the drums" when he is working out. The music that Mouzon plays in Europe has little in common with the disco and funk clichés on his Blue Note records. Alphonse seems to have understood quickly that his European audience expects jazz and instead of his guitarist, he brought alto saxophonist Gary Bartz with him to Germany. Bartz's long, unaccompanied cadenzas brought a touch of Bird to Mouzon's jazz-rock. Stu Goldberg, of Mahavishnu fame, was excellent on keyboards.

Other fusion groups of the festival were Miroslav Vitous, Jan Hammer, and Larry Coryell's Eleventh House, but it was interesting that the audience was not as enthused by Larry's loud jazz-rock as it was by the unaccompanied acoustic guitar duos he played with Belgian guitarist Philippe Catherine. Catherine is a master guitar player in a category with guitarists like Coryell or McLaughlin. Larry's rhythm section with Gary Brown

on drums and John Lee on bass must be one of the best teams in the business. Their duo, when both of them seemed to be playing solo at the same time, was a model of integrated section work.



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

Braxton

Neither Hammer nor Vitous have forgotten the tradition of their Czechoslovakian homeland. Jan must be one of the most vital, most creative keyboard players on today's scene. And Miroslav's con arco bass sounded as big as a baritone saxophone. Vitous also featured Rimona Francis. Her phrasing and timing are not particularly jazz-like as she comes from contemporary classical music. But the creativity, the improvisation abilities, and the flexibility of this excellent soprano singer have much more to do with jazz than with concert music. Rimona is an asset for any kind of group—be it Miroslav's jazz-rock or Wolfgang Dauner's *Primal Scream* band.

The Berlin audience—feared by musicians all over the world for its tendency toward booing—has become more open and tolerant. Regulars of the Jazz Days ironically called it an "historical event" when, for the first time in the history of this festival, a female singer was celebrated rather than booed. She was Betty Carter. Ms. Carter—part of the scene for a quarter century and still looking like a young girl in her movements—is simply a great performer. She turns bebop singing into a timeless art.

• • •

What we have to do at festivals like this, said McCoy Tyner, is to develop an awareness that we're standing in a long cultural tradition—just like the listeners at a symphony concert. For that reason, many festival visitors regretted that the 1976 Berlin Jazz Days presented an exclusively modern, in fact mainly avant-garde program. Of course, that's what a festival should do—feature the contemporary scene. The Berlin Jazz Days have always done that. But they also have always presented the richness of the jazz tradition—going back to the roots of the music in blues, in gospel singing, and in New Orleans. In 1976, for the first time, the Berlin Jazz Days have lacked in this respect. If George Wein's Newport-New York Festival was too conservative for many, then George Gruntz's Berlin Jazz Days were too "modern" for just as many festival-goers. Too bad the two can't meet in the middle.

—jouchim e. berend,
translated by
helmut & barbara
bredigkeit

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GATO BARBIERI SEXTET

The Roxy
Hollywood, California

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Joe Caro, electric guitar; Eddie Martinez, acoustic and electric piano, string synthesizer; Eddie Guagua, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Cachete, conga, assorted percussion.

To compare this set with Gato's highly acclaimed live performance at the Montreux Festival in 1971 (issued on Flying Dutchman as *El Pampero*—FD 10151) would be grossly unfair. Barbieri's music is continually evolving, unfolding new surprises to those of us who attempt to relate to him as a fixed symbol of a particular mode of expression. As Gato told me backstage, "If one becomes an image, he also becomes a cliché. I would like people to consider me not as an image, but only as a musician, a vehicle by which everyone can create their own images and dream of things that are meaningful to them."

On this tour, his group was showcasing tunes from his current A&M album, *Caliente*. Although Gato has now chosen to explore a more commercially-oriented idiom, he still possesses the fundamental qualities essential to the expertness of execution in any art form, commercial or non-commercial. Barbieri remains the possessor of a rich, warm, full tone that soothes the listener; yet he's still capable of interjecting the shrieks and passionate cries that characterized his lineage of recordings

for both Flying Dutchman and Impulse.

The Roxy's modest size affords an intimacy between the players and the audience, and Barbieri's rhythmic comrades took full advantage by opening with Santana's *Europa*. The serene introduction eventually built to a carnal crescendo, with Barbieri's unmistakable tenor-voice screaming within the confines of the consonant arrangement. On *Don't Cry Rochelle* and *Los Desperados*, the groups 4/4 rock rhythms again provided a fertile foundation for Gato's free associations.

Barbieri is a romantic architect. He constructs moods by catering to the emotions with a rich tonality. There's an obvious desire for a well-defined structure in his present efforts and yet the sound remains natural, tied to the primordial foundation of earlier works.

Purdie's drumming is clean, crisp, and supportive. I sensed a continual dialogue between Bernard and Gato on *Fiesta*, a buoyant tune that compelled movement among many of the listeners. Joe Caro ventured out on a brief, satisfying electric guitar solo, but his main role was that of an accompanist, brushing supportive rhythmic strokes. Gato uttered unintelligible moans and phrased multi-lingual figures that seemed to make sense emotionally, even if one couldn't discern their literal meaning. The choice of sounds didn't matter as much as the richly communicative mood they helped to create.

Barbieri's rhythm section is an amalgam of cultural diversity. It would be difficult to signal out any member, except Purdie, as being a contributor of more than supportive energies. Their strength lies in their collective interplay and sense of unity that complements the cen-

ter of the creative circle, Gato. While the sidemen proved competent, the crowd's attention was clearly focused on the warmth and passion provided by Barbieri, a man possessed by an unrelenting spirit. Gato has a commanding sense of presence on stage. He projects well visually, the animated subtlety of his motion mirroring the kinetic content of his expression.

On an extended version of *I Want You*, Martinez moved to acoustic piano, laying down a repetitive, danceable chordal structure. Although this tune is one of limited melodic development, Gato again stayed within its framework, while simultaneously pushing his instrument to the extremes of its range—a powerful and moving experience. Gato had taken command from the evening's very beginning and managed to sustain an intense spirit of complete communion for a full 45 minutes.

Gato Barbieri is one of the few contemporary communicators who is bringing "commercial" music to the people, not down to them. He's succeeded in developing music that's accessible to a wider audience; yet he has retained the dignity of his own unique approach and distinct style.

It seems that artificial encores have become an expected ritual at the Roxy and other Hollywood clubs, even when an artist has given fully of himself. Barbieri had put forth his best effort, but failed to respond to the crowd's sustained demand for more. Apparently, this is one cat that doesn't want to be petted with the pretentious formalities that characterize an opening night in glitter-city. Bravo, Gato. —gary g. vercelli



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talking about is the proverbial "dues blues." I'll tell you what dues paying is. It's becoming a wonderful musician, graduating from a fine school outside of New York, coming to New York and saying, "Okay, I'm here. What do I do now? Who do I call?" When that musician can't get work, the feeling of being wasted is dues paying. It's different from the economic dues of George Benson and his hash joints, or Wes Montgomery in Indianapolis, or any of a thousand others.

The young musician comes to New York to hear, to listen, to mature. If he or she doesn't want to be political, it's a matter of waiting, being in the right place at the right time and having someone hear you. I was born here, went to school at the Eastman School in Rochester and was offered a job overseas when I graduated. A drummer I knew simply told me that I might as well come to New York and start paying those years-of-waiting-around dues. It gets harder as the years progress. Money isn't always the answer. You can't buy a gig. It may make things easier to take, but when you are an aspiring musician faced with the decision of playing or eating before you even play, it's tough.

Smith: Should the direction be straight into the studios, pit bands, jingles, road companies, or whatever?

Soloff: I don't know what the answer is. The answer for me, of course, is all of the above simply because I've done it and it has stood me in good stead. Playing with a big band on the road is good experience, except for those who want to stay at home and make a living.

There is one area that has become not so much a steady living as good experience: Latin bands always need good horn players. There are numerous Latin clubs that have live dancing every weekend. I did that for quite a while and still go back to sit in from time to time. The whole idea is that you have got to be heard. You've got to stay out there, whether it's going out for weekends with a band, rehearsal hall, studio sub. Stay where you can be seen, stay exposed. You can never tell who is going to notice you and hire you for another gig, and another. That's called being successful in the music business.

Lew has some definite ideas about his own continued success. He wants a small band, "maybe six pieces." Style bothers him. "I have to develop my own style. I'm not sure of what I want in that direction. The way I find that out is to play more. This year I have gotten to play more jazz than ever before." His associations with Treasure Island, Gil Evans, and a trio with keyboardist and french horn player Peter Levin and bassist Jeff Berlin have kept him busy in jazz four nights a week. "My objective is to do more and more creative playing, to play whatever jobs are necessary while I'm getting this together. The most important thing in forming this creative group is to write my own tunes. That is essential before I can even begin to think about the band."

As we parted, Lew put on a 78 rpm recording from an extensive collection he had purchased from trumpeter Al Porcino. The soloist was Sonny Berman, the late trumpeter. Lew listened to some licks and said, "You know, I bet I could learn some of those old licks, play them a few times and they'd sound brand new."

I wouldn't bet against him.

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Then when I was just getting ready to finish school, I joined Hampton's band.

Berg: That must have been quite a transition.

Gordon: Yeah, it was. Hamp had just left Benny Goodman, which was one of the bands, you know. His association with the Goodman band, quartet and trio made him very popular. So he left Benny and formed his big band out on the coast.

Berg: That was the first big time gig for you?

Gordon: Oh, yeah. That was really my first professional gig. The other things were just more or less on a school level. When I joined the band the musicians in town said: "Dexter who? Dexter Gordon? Who's that?" I used to go around all over the place and talk to all the cats, you know, but they didn't know who I was. I was just another young player.

I started making the rounds when I was 15 because I've been this tall since that time. I could usually get into places without anybody saying anything. I had a baby face, of course, but being so big, people didn't bother me. I also used to get into dances because I'd talk to the cats. There would always be somebody who would let me carry his instrument case in. So I'd walk in with the band. It was a funny thing because later on I'd let the young cats walk in with me, you know, people like Jackie McLean and Sonny Rollins.

So anytime there was music in Los Angeles I was there. I even went by some of the places I couldn't go in. I'd just have to go stand outside and when the door would open I'd hear a little bit. There were some good musicians in Los Angeles, most of them from the Southwest.

I remember a good band led by Floyd Ray which was like a territory band. They had a lot of good young cats that I used to hang out with. One of the alto players, Shirley Green, used to show me some shit. They were good guys. But when I joined Hamp that was really a great leap forward.

Berg: How did the gig come about?

Gordon: Marshall Royal had called me one afternoon after school and said "this is Marshall." I didn't believe him. I thought it was one of the cats playing a trick. Finally he made me believe him and he asked me about joining the band. I still don't know why he called me. I'll have to ask him next time we get together. Why the hell did he call me? I don't understand. Anyway, we went down to Hamp's house for a little session. There was Sir Charles Thompson, Irving Ashby on guitar, Lee Young on drums, Marshall and Hamp. We just jammed two or three tunes and Hamp said, "Would you like to come into the band?" I said yeah.

Berg: That was your audition.

Gordon: Right. So three days later we were on the bus. Before that though I went home and told Mom and she said, "Well, what about school?" I said, "Mom, I can do it later." She knew there was no point in saying no or trying to put up a barricade. So on December 23rd during Christmas vacation we set out for our first date at Fort Worth, Texas, in a rickety old bus which was alright for California. When we got to New Mexico, though, the weather changed. It started getting winter and this was strictly a California bus.

Berg: A southern California bus.

Gordon: Yeah, a southern California bus. So by the time we got to El Paso there was a revolution on the bus: "We're not going no fur-

ther!" We had one of those band managers who was cutting all the corners. But he straightened things out so that we got a real bus in El Paso. We finally got to the Fort Worth Hotel the day after Christmas. I'd had no rehearsal or anything. In fact I didn't even have a uniform. They gave me a jacket with sleeves that stopped at the elbows.

The first couple of gigs, I didn't play a right note all night because I wasn't ready or used to his arrangements. I expected him to send me home every night. Fortunately, about three days later in Dallas we had a rehearsal, my first. So I kinda got it together. It started happening then, you know. But I still felt the cats were going to send me home or something. But they stayed with me, so in a month or so it was alright. I was very lucky because the band was on its way to New York.

We then opened at the Grand Terrace in Chicago around the end of January. The band hit instantly. We went in there for two weeks and stayed six months. Hamp was with Joe Glaser and Joe was connected with the Chicago scene. I think this was the gangster scene, you know, Capone and all that shit. They had all the joints. The Grand Terrace was the home of Fletcher Henderson and Earl Hines. The club was in trouble but when we came, bang, it happened. And we sat there for six months. I think we worked every night playing shows for acts, chorus lines, everything.

Berg: So you got a heavy dose of showbiz right from the start.

Gordon: Right, man. The whole thing. I don't know why, but my timing has been just fantastic at each stage of my career. I've been in the right place at the right time. I've been lucky. Anyway, the Grand Terrace was fantastic. In six months the band put it all together. We made a couple of replacements, Shadow Wilson on drums and Joe Newman on trumpet. Joe was going to school at Alabama State and we heard him on the way to New York. I kept bugging Hamp, "get that cat." So first chance we got, we sent for him. It was a fantastic band. All the first men were unbelievable—Marshall Royal playing lead alto, a cat named Fred Beckett playing lead trombone who we called Black Dorsey, and a first trumpet player named Carl George who later played with Kenton and who had a crystal clear sound like Charlie Spivak. So the first chairs were all perfect. For saxophones we had Marshall Royal, Illinois Jacquet and Ray Perry on alto and electric violin. He played violin like Stuff Smith but never really got the recognition because he died too early. Ernie Royal, Joe Newman and Carl George were the trumpets. All the cats were great.

It was really my school. I learned so much. Marshall stayed on my ass all the time. He'd say, "Hold that note down, hold that note down." It was something else, you know, because we were holding phrases of four, five, six bars and breathing in specific places together. Marshall forced me to learn about crescendo, decrescendo, piano, forte and all those things I didn't know anything about when I was in high school.

Berg: So Marshall was the section leader.

Gordon: Yeah. He thought he was the concert master for the band, too, but he was my immediate supervisor. I used to get so mad because it seemed like it would never be right, but later I told him thanks a mil. He taught me so much. Unbelievable. And, yeah, I learned a lot of shit from Jacquet too. He was also young, a few years older than me, but he

was already playing, already a soloist, with his shit together. A lot of people don't seem to understand that Jacquet's a hell of a tenor player. We used to sit next to each other which was great and we used to do a two-tenor number called *Porkchops*. It wasn't extensive, you know, but we played a few choruses together. I forget what the format was but it was nice.

Berg: Did you and Illinois ever sit down together and play or talk about improvisation?

Gordon: Constantly. Everyday, man. On the bus, off the bus, in the hotel, on the stand. We talked about what we wanted to do, who we liked. And he showed me a lot of shit like altissimo fingerings, playing over the high F.

Berg: How long were you with Hamp?

Gordon: I was with him until 1943, about three years.

Berg: Where did you go from there?

Gordon: Back to L.A. to gig around town. I worked in a band that Lee Young had at a place called Club A La Grand. There was a place around the corner called The Ritz which was an afterhours joint where we used to jam. This was when I ran into Art Pepper. He used to come around and we used to jam together. I then got him a gig in Lee's band working at A La Grand. I also worked with Jessie Price, the drummer from Kansas City who had been with Basie. Oh yeah, Fletcher Henderson came out with a nucleus of a big band and picked up four or five cats in L.A. to fill it out. I worked with him for about a month.

Berg: How was that?

Gordon: Great, man. His brother Horace was with the band and we worked in a nightclub called The Plantation. There's even a record on it that we did for the Armed Forces Jubilee show that was originally recorded on one of those big V-discs. I'm featured in the band with Fletcher. Can you believe that? I grew up listening to those cats. Fletcher used to write in the sharp keys, you know, to give the band a more brilliant sound. But I don't really like playing in the sharp keys. I like flat keys. For instance, I've always dug D flat because that's a beautiful key for tenor. It puts you in the key of E flat and your 5th is on the bottom.

Berg: Speaking of the bottom of the horn, I noticed a couple of low A's last night.

Gordon: Yeah. I grew up with this guy named James Nelson and he lived right around the corner from me. He was a couple of years older so naturally when he moved into the neighborhood I was right on him. His brother played the piano so I was there all the time. Anyway, James is the one that showed me that low A with the knee covering the bell. He used to take me around a lot too. When you speak of influences, there are so many people that I've been fortunate enough to learn from.

Berg: What came after Fletcher?

Gordon: All during this time Nat Cole had his trio out at a place called the 331 Club. It was very popular for quite some time. On Mondays, our off-nights, they'd have sessions and the guy promoting the sessions was Norman Granz, who was a student at one of the city colleges. So I used to go out there and play with Nat. During this time we also made some records. We played *I Found A New Baby* and *Rosetta*. I was very Lesterish at the time.

Berg: In *Jazz Masters Of The Forties*, Ira Gitler talks about your role as one of the first players to adapt Charlie Parker's innovations to the tenor saxophone. When did you start

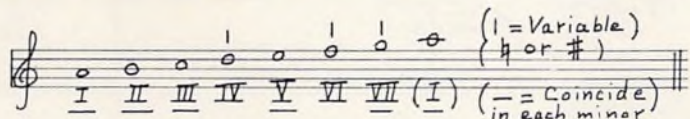
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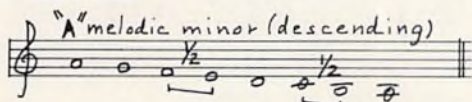
(Ed. Note: Part I of this article appeared in *down beat*, Jan. 27)

Minor Scales

In addition to the major scale and the modes discussed in Part I, traditional music theory recognizes four minor scale types—harmonic, melodic ascending, melodic descending and Hungarian. Their only difference lies in the positioning of scale steps IV, VI and VII (counting upward from the keynote). All the other scale steps coincide:

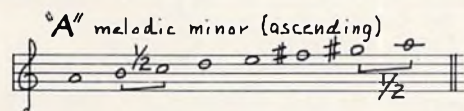


In their natural state of agreeing with their key signature, like neither sharps nor flats for the A minor shown above, the notes of a minor scale show half steps between degrees III and IV and between degrees V and VI, which arrangement puts the three variable notes in their low position, where they sound right in a descending line. They therefore constitute the variables for the descending melodic minor scale:

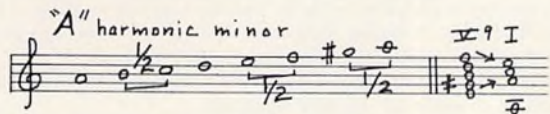


By raising any of the three variable notes, its natural downward flow can be reversed, a condition which lends zest-through-variety and exotic flavor to minor keys.

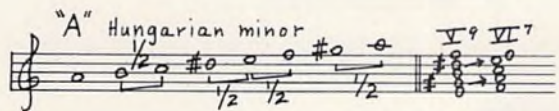
When, as a result of raising both VI and VII, they point upward towards the high keynote, the scale sounds right in an ascending line—it's the ascending melodic minor:



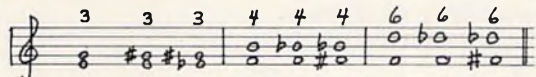
When degree VI is left natural and degree VII is raised, their directional flows contradict, what with VI pointing down and VII pointing up, a condition ideal for supplying opposite-motion urgencies within chords. Result: the harmonic minor scale:



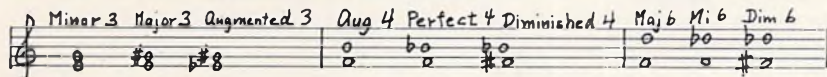
And when the IV degree is raised in the harmonic minor scale, still another half step occurs, still another downward tendency is reversed. This exotic scale setup forms the Hungarian minor:



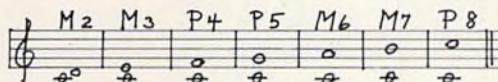
Music calls the pitch distance between two notes an interval. The number shows how many lines and spaces on the staff an interval encompasses.



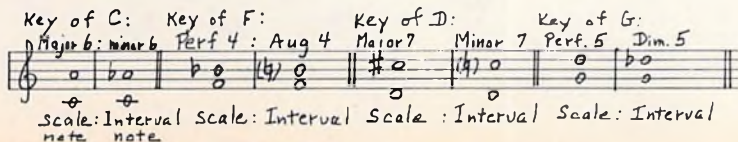
The word pinpoints the exact size of the numbered interval.



The major scale itself provides a universal yardstick for determining with absolute accuracy the entire name of any interval because each step in a major scale lies either a perfect (IV, V, VIII) or a major (II, III, VI, VII) interval above the keynote (I).



Comparing the upper note of an interval, therefore, against the same letter name in the major scale (or key signature) of the lower note shows whether the actual interval is augmented, major, minor, diminished, or perfect:



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Chord Nomenclature

Since traditional harmonic description developed long before chord symbols were invented, theory-class nomenclature might be unfamiliar to pop and jazz musicians. Such chord naming comes from some individual feature of a chord, or from a triad type plus the quality of higher chord components, or from the scale degree upon which a chord is built.

Triads containing perfect fifths take their names from the type of third they contain. (Ex. X) Triads containing augmented or perfect fifths take their names from their fifths. (In the augmented triad the third is large (major); in the diminished triad the third is small (minor).) (Ex. XI)

Ex. X

Ex. XI

Seventh chords whose triad types agree with their seventh types use the coinciding word to classify the whole chord:

Major triad plus major seventh interval = major seventh chord.

Minor triad plus minor seventh interval = minor seventh chord.

Diminished triad plus diminished seventh interval = diminished seventh chord.

Some other seventh types and their names follow:

Time Signatures

When two numbers, one above the other, constitute a time signature, the upper number shows how many of lower-number-type note values go by before a bar line occurs.

Lower number one means whole note (O), lower number two means half note (O), 4 means quarter note (Q), 8 means eighth note (Q), 16 means sixteenth note (Q).

When the upper number is divisible by three, one beat usually consists of three of the lower-number-type notes. Therefore, 6/8 time indicates two beats per measure, each beat containing three eighth notes. Or 9/8 time indicates three beats per measure.

Sometimes such compound time signatures divide into unbalanced metric groupings. If so, those groupings will be shown near the time signature.

For example:

When no numbers appear as a time signature, either C or C will appear. C (common) means 4/4; C (cut) means 2/2.

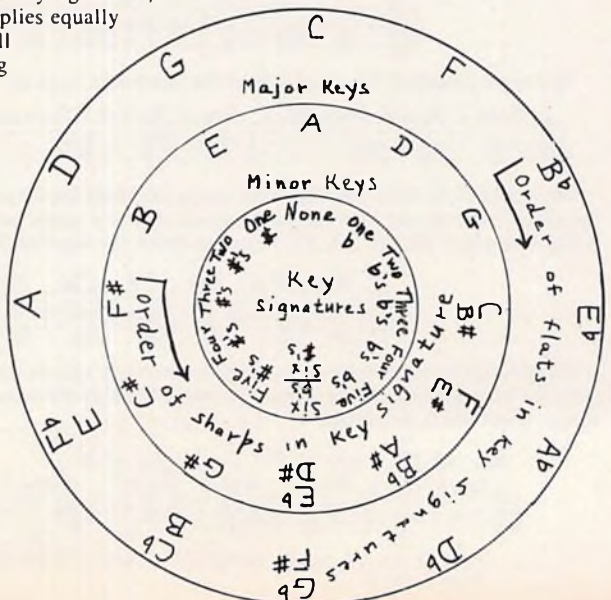
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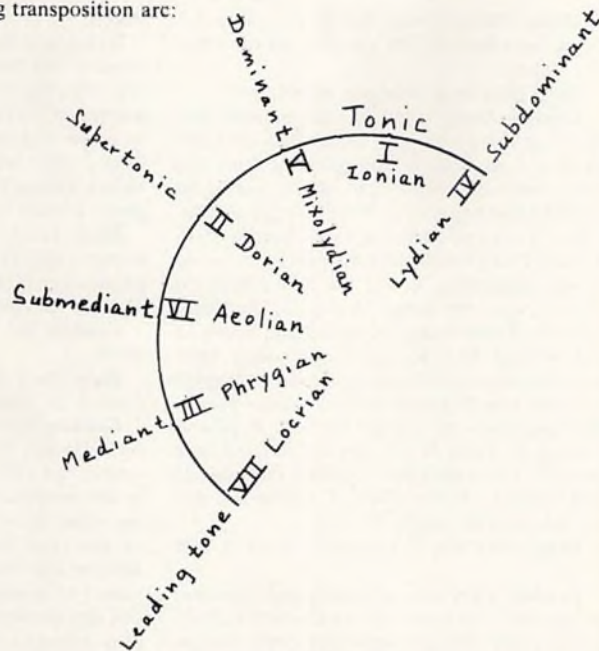
Here's a bare-facts version of the cycle.

The outer ring shows major keys.

The inner ring shows minor keys, and the center shows their key signatures.



And here's a super-imposing transposition arc:



To determine the relative scale degrees of any major key by title, by Roman numeral, and by modal starting note, position the arc so that Tonic (I) corresponds with the letter name of the desired key.

MANGELSDORFF continued from page 16

Mangelsdorff: Yes, and, of course, ten years before that, Tristano.

Berendt: It's often been said that free jazz started the process of self-discovery and self-identification of European jazz on its way, and there certainly is truth in that. Would you still say that there was also an American influence—by musicians like Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, John Coltrane, Elvin Jones, etc.?

Mangelsdorff: Why, of course, that's where it comes from. It certainly didn't start by itself.

But it was also a discovery, that you said to yourself that you wanted to play your own music. As nice as it may be to play some standard tune, you still ask yourself: What do I have to do with that? What you want to play as a jazz musician is always your own music, as beautiful as all those standards might be.

Berendt: Now today, you are again in a new period—or do you still consider yourself in the free jazz era?

Mangelsdorff: I feel—and it has been a result of my unaccompanied solo playing—a strong tendency toward more traditional forms simply because I believe that some of us did a little too much getting lost in free jazz. You had the feeling that you had left jazz. Many people today have to rediscover what jazz really is about. I want to be a jazz musician. I have been that from the beginning, and there are certain things in jazz, the elements of jazz, that you simply have to keep alive if you want to remain a jazz musician. It is important for me to be a jazz musician and to be considered one.

Berendt: Your solo career had gradual beginnings. I remember long cadenzas, wonderful unaccompanied solo passages which you already played a lot during the '60s. How, actually, did you get into playing polyphonic music on trombone?

Mangelsdorff: I didn't discover that. There was polyphonic music in the literature of the 19th century—maybe not for trombone, but for tuba, during the Romantic period. . . . However, while I was getting more and more into the possibilities of playing several voices at the same time on trombone, you came along, thank God, with that solo concert at the 1972 Olympic Games Jazz Festival in Munich, and I was able to play there—along with John McLaughlin, Chick Corea, Gary Burton, Jean-Luc Ponty etc.—all playing unaccompanied. It was the first concert in jazz history in which all the musicians played without rhythm section, and it was a great start for my new technique.

Berendt: Yes, and from that point on, things really started to happen for you. Today you are possibly Europe's busiest jazz musician, playing almost every day of the week. . . . Could you please describe how you do it, playing chords on the trombone?

Mangelsdorff: You play a note and you sing another, usually a higher note. In the interval between the played and the sung notes, overtones are created which become so audible that you end up with real chords. Sometimes up to six or seven notes. There are intervals that are relatively easy to make and then there are others that are very difficult—all that has to do with how far you can control your voice. That's why I feel I now should start training my voice.

Berendt: You really want to train your voice?

Mangelsdorff: I have to do it. I want to take lessons. I have to keep in practice anyway. I practice every day for a couple of hours. Otherwise I'll notice that something gets lost after a while.

Berendt: What gets lost?

Mangelsdorff: Intonation, assurance. Perfect intonation means the assurance that you can do everything or almost everything that comes out of your head or from your feeling.

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continued on page 44

listening to Bird?

Gordon: Well, the first time I heard Bird was in 1941. When I was with Hamp's band, Parker was with Jay McShann. It was here in New York at the Savoy when they would have two or three bands. We played at the Savoy opposite McShann. They had that Kansas City sound and the alto player was playing his ass off. Beautiful. That's when I first met Bird. I had heard the recordings he made with McShann with Walter Brown singing *Moody Blues* and *Jumping The Blues*. It was a rough band but the ingredients were there. Bird was just singing through all that shit. The other alto player was beautiful too, a cat named John Jackson who I later worked with in Eckstine's band. Anyway, the next year Bird went with Earl Hines. Then when Eckstine left Earl's band he took half the guys with him including Bird. So during that time I often ran into Bird in Boston or New York.

Bird and Lester both come from Kansas City and Bird was very influenced by Lester. So the Lester influence is part of the natural evolution for him and for me. Because I heard him right away there were similar feelings, you know. Also, Bird had other influences. There was a cat called Prof. Smith, an alto player around Kansas City who was important. Then Jimmy Dorsey. A lot of cats don't know that, but Bird loved Jimmy Dorsey. I loved him too. He was a helluva saxophonist, a lot of feeling. Bird dug Pete Brown too. When Lester came out he played very melodic. Everything he played you could sing. He was always telling a story and Bird did the same thing. That kind of musical philosophy is what I try to do because telling a story is, I think, where it's at.

In the '30s, cats were playing harmonically, basically straight tonic chords and 7th chords. Lester was the first one I heard that played 6th chords. He was playing the 6th and the 9th. He stretched it a little by using the same color tones used by Debussy and Ravel, those real soft tones. Lester was doing all that. Then Bird extended that to 11th's and 13th's, like Diz, and to altered notes like the flat 5th and flat 9th. So this was harmonically some of what had happened.

Like I said, I was just lucky. I was already in that direction, so when I heard Bird it was just a natural evolution. Fortunately, I worked with him and we used to hang out together and jam together around New York. It just happened for me that it was the correct path.

Berg: What was your gig with Louis Armstrong like?

Gordon: I joined Louis in Los Angeles. I was working at the time with Jessie Price and one night after the set somebody says to me, "Hey cat, sure like that tone you're getting." I looked up and it was Pops. The next night Teddy McRae, the tenor player who was the straw boss in Pops's band, came in. I had met Teddy before when he was with Chick Webb. Also, I think he took my chair in Hamp's band. Anyway, he asked me if I'd like to join the band. I'd been in Los Angeles long enough and I wanted to check Louie out, so I joined the band.

The band was part of several major feature films: *Atlantic City* (1944) and *Pillow To Post* (1945) with Ida Lupino. It was also nice because I was the major soloist in the band then, other than Pops I mean.

Berg: How was it working with Louis?

Gordon: Oh, great. Love, love, love. Just

beautiful. Always beautiful. It was just a gas being with him. He let me play all the time. He dug me.

Berg: How long were you with Louie?

Gordon: About seven or eight months. Actually, it was a mediocre band. They were just playing Luis Russell arrangements from the '30s, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, all those things. So nothing was happening. When we got to Chicago I knew that Eckstine had formed a band. In fact, I had heard some of their records and it was happening, it was the new sound. So anyway when we got to Chicago at the Regal Theatre, Eckstine's good friend and buddy, a guy named Bob Redcross who Bird later named a tune for (*Redcross*), came backstage and said that Eckstine needed a tenor player. He had heard me on the air with Pops and wanted to know if I'd join the band. I said yeah. So two weeks later I joined the band. It was fantastic. It was a hell of a jump, the difference between night and day.

Berg: Who was in Eckstine's band at that time?

Gordon: They were all young and unknown at the time, but later it proved to be a million dollar band. The arrangers were Jerry Valentine, a trombone player from Hines' band, and Tadd Dameron. Diz also had a couple of things in the book. For reeds we had John Jackson on lead, Sonny Stitt on third alto, Gene Ammons and myself on tenor and Leo Parker on baritone. The trombones were Jerry Valentine, Taswell Baird and Chips Outcalt. The trumpets were Dizzy, Shorty McConnel, Gail Brockman and Boonie Hazel. John Malachi played piano, Connie Wainwright guitar, Tommy Potter bass and Art Blakey drums. And our vocalist was Sarah Vaughan. Unbelievable, huh?

I joined the band in Washington D.C. at the Howard Theatre in 1944 and was with the band for the next couple of years except for a couple of months off at one point. But it was a fantastic band in a fantastic period, you know. This is when I met Tadd, my favorite arranger and composer. I did some things with him later.

Berg: After Eckstine came New York and 52nd Street. What was that period like?

Gordon: Ahhhhh . . . everyday there was something happening. This new music thing, bebop, was taking shape and becoming recognized, so it was a very exciting period. Everyday there was something exciting, something ecstatic, something. And all the cats loved each other and practiced together at Tadd's house, Monk's house, at sessions. Then the street started opening up for the cats. So, it was happening. I worked on the street a lot with Bird and Miles. Miles was just coming up then. He was still eating jelly beans at that time. Do you believe that? Malted milks and jelly beans. I worked with Bird at a place called the Spotlight with my sextet, with Miles and Bird, Stan Levey, Bud Powell, Curly Russell and Baby Lawrence, the dancer. Lawrence was the show but really he was part of the band.

Berg: How did playing with a dancer work out?

Gordon: Good. He danced bebop. The way those cats danced, man, was just like a drummer. He was doing everything that the other cats were doing and maybe more. Blowing 8's, 4's and trading off. He just answered to the music. There were several cats on that level but he was the boss. Baby Lawrence. Fantastic. He used to do some unbelievable

things.

Dancing in those days was a big part of the musical environment, you know. Everybody was dancing to the music, to whatever they wanted, different dances and everything. Just as music was growing, dancing was growing. Like I said, we used to play with all those shows, chorus lines and all that. To me it was great. I loved it.

Berg: That's quite interesting because I've gotten the feeling that musicians have generally resented backing up dancers, singers, whatever.

Gordon: No. I never have. Especially if it's good.

Berg: Many people have mentioned your influence on Trane. Did you know Trane?

Gordon: Not really. I knew him, but not well. He was from Philly. He was younger, of course, but I had met him here and there. Philly Joe reminded me recently, a few months ago when we were on tour together in Europe, of the time that Miles' band came out to Hollywood. Trane was playing his shit, but it wasn't projecting, he didn't have the sound. So one day we were talking and I said "Man, you play fantastic, but you have to develop that sound, get that projection." I gave him a mouthpiece I had that I wasn't using. I laid that on him and that was it. That made the difference.

Berg: That's incredible because there are many things in Trane's sound that are reminiscent of your sound.

Gordon: He was playing my mouthpiece, man! Again, it's the same line—Lester to Bird to Dexter to Trane. There was evolution, of course, but really the same line.

Berg: Let me ask you about Sonny Rollins. I talked to Sonny about a month ago and your name came up as an important influence. He speaks of you with great warmth. What was your relationship like?

Gordon: Well, Sonny and Jackie McLean were the young cats coming up in the late '40s, early '50s, you know. I wasn't really around them too much because as they were beginning to mature I was out on the coast. But again, it's the same story. They came up in the same line. Of course, they have their own things which is natural because we all learn and are influenced by different people and situations.

Berg: There's one thing that especially impressed Sonny and which has always intrigued me. That is the way you lay back on the melody or phrase just a bit behind the beat. Instead of being right on top of the beat with a metrical approach like Sonny Stitt and a lot of the great white tenor players, you just pull back. In the process there are interesting tensions that develop in your music. How did that come about?

Gordon: Yeah. I've been told that I do that. I'm not really that conscious of it. I think I more or less got it from Lester because he didn't play right on top. He was always a little back, I think. That's the way I felt it, you know, and so it just happened that way. These things are not really thought out. It's what you hear and the way you hear it.

Berg: What happened after 52nd Street? I know you moved to Denmark in 1962, but my knowledge of your activities during the '50s is sketchy.

Gordon: Well, during the '50s things got a little tough because like everybody else I had a habit. I was paying the dues. So my career was very spasmodic. Thankfully, I was one of

the lucky ones who got pulled out and started putting it back together again. I did do a few things during that time but not a great amount of work. There were some nice recordings with Bethlehem. And in the early '50s Wardell Gray and I were doing our thing, you know, the chase with a quintet.

Berg: When you moved to Denmark what was in your mind? Why did you make that decision?

Gordon: There wasn't any decision. In 1960 I started commuting to New York because I had signed with Blue Note. So I was coming here to record. Then in 1962 I moved to New York and was here for six or seven months. I met Ronnie Scott at a musicians' bar called Charlie's and he introduced himself and asked if I'd come to London. I said "Yeah, sure." So I gave him my address and he said he'd be in touch. A couple of months later he offered me a month's work in his club and a couple weeks touring around England. He said maybe he could get me a few things on the Continent. So after I left London I went to Copenhagen to the Montmartre. It developed into a love affair and before I knew it I'd been over there a couple of years.

I was reading *down beat* one day back then and Ira Gitler referred to me as an expatriate. That's true, you know, but at the time I hadn't really made up my mind to live there so I came back here in 1965 for about six months, mostly out on the coast. But with all the political and social strife during that time and the Beatles thing, I didn't really dig it. So I went back and lived in Paris for a couple of years. But the last nine or ten years I've lived steadily in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen's like my home base. So I more or less became Danish. I think it's been very good for me. I've learned a lot, of course. Another way of life, another culture, language. I enjoyed it. I still do. Of course, there was no racial discrimination or anything like that. And the fact that you're an artist in Europe means something. They treat you with a lot of respect. In America, you know, they say, "Do you make any money?" If you're in the dollars, you're okay, you're alright. But over there, it's an entirely different mentality.

Berg: What does the future hold for Dexter Gordon at this point?

Gordon: Well, it looks like I'm about to take a great leap forward.

Berg: Here, here!

Gordon: So, you know, it's moving. I'm very optimistic. About the future, and about music. These last five years, I think, have been good. All over Europe and here there has been a renaissance in music, and jazz in particular. And that's what we're talking about, *jazz*. I like the word "jazz." That word has been my whole life. I understand the cats when they take exception to the name, you know. But to me, that's my life.

Fortunately, we will be able to hear more of Dex in 1977. On wax, there will be the all-star date on Xanadu. There will also be the live session at the Village Vanguard with Woody Shaw, Louis Hayes, Ronnie Matthews and Stafford James on Columbia. And in May, Dex will be returning for an extended tour of the states under the auspices of Ms. Management in New York. All this represents a new plateau in Dex's career and, for us, the opportunity to share in the workings of one of the great hearts and minds in contemporary music. **db**

JAZZ/JAPAN

continued from page 18

strength of the established authority and supporting rock music and free style jazz.

Such musicians as Yosuke Yamashita (piano), Takeo Moriyama (drums) and Moto-teru Takagi (sax) perfected their initial powerful style during this time. Many newcomers appeared one after the other and the next epoch seemed to guarantee a ripening of jazz. But the time came when this enthusiastic period came to an end.

The opposition movement against the 1970 Japan-U.S. Security Pact was effectively halted. The young people returned to the campus frustrated, and in due course graduated to employment in enterprises that supported the very power structure that they had regarded with enmity. They became "salary men" and lost their vitality to maintain a "jazz energy". Since 1970, however, the jazz market has attracted a new generation of listeners by introducing commercial jazz, decorated to please the amateur listener.


During this time, many of the people who led the jazz scene yesterday and some of the newcomers with promising futures made up their minds to move to New York. Among those who left Japan, Kikuchi and Hino are the first names to come to mind followed by Yoshiaki Masuo (guitar), Ryo Kawasaki (guitar), Kosuke Mine (sax), Yoshio Suzuki (bass), Hiroshi Murakami (drums), and others. Some people optimistically feel that they went because they were internationally recognized, but this opinion is very questionable.

The opinions emigrant musicians had in common were: "I have no urge to examine myself closely in Japan," "I feel as if I'm being pursued by something," "There aren't any people in Japan that really understand our music," "I feel that if I stay in Japan I will end up a failure." Although they knew that life would be more difficult in America, they left with no misgivings.

If we acknowledge the premise that a jazz scene exists in Japan, we must confront the emigrants' opinion that their music is better understood in America than in Japan. My conclusion is that there is an inferiority complex in the Japanese jazz scene. New York is the center of jazz and Japan is an island in the Far East. There is a feeling that jazz played by Japanese is not genuine. This thought is always in the minds of the listeners and the players—they feel that their music is wrong if it isn't rated in America. They are overly cautious of jazz that isn't "mainstream" and they try to judge everything by what they believe to be American standards.

As for the even younger generation, who were born about the time Charlie Parker passed away in 1955, they never fell under his spell and feel that bop is to be loved like one would love an antique. It would be nonsense now to tell them not to talk about jazz if they don't know Charlie Parker. But about half of them are more attracted to bop than current jazz and listen to and play bop as they would collect old stamps.

What about the other half? They are doing nothing more than continuing their search for the right direction in order to get nearer to New York. All their confusions, bitter struggles and torments arise because they assume the existence of a "compass needle," but there is really no such thing. However, it seems that this feeling of dislocation cannot be easily dispelled when we remember how jazz was intro-



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BOOKS

PLAYBACK, by Dave Dexter, Jr. Billboard Publications; 252 pp.; \$9.95.

Red Norvo recently took a copy of Dave Dexter's book in hand and perused his comments on Mildred Bailey, Norvo's former wife. Dexter was recalling Bailey's reaction to Billie Holiday in 1941. "Do you like that black slut's singing?" Dexter recalled her asking. "I despise her rotten black ass." As Norvo read, his face grew dark. His head shook. He snapped the book shut, tossed it aside and said, "Ridiculous. Mildred never talked like that." He went on to describe the good feelings Mildred had for Billie and how they hung out together all through the '30s.

I don't know who's right. They both could be. In any case, Dexter's book is a subjective telling of his own career in the music business and all the famous folks he's hobnobbed with. Unlike Leonard Feather's reportage, Dexter is an active ingredient, both reporting and influencing events. We glimpse the music business more intimately here. Feather's people are talking for the record. Dexter captures his characters less guardedly. Take this priceless morsel of Ellingtonia. Sitting with Dexter in the back seat of a cab, Ellington is gazing out of the window, deep in thought. "Are you aware," he muses with aristocratic aplomb, "that I have undoubtedly screwed more wom-

en than any other man on earth?"

But this is not really a peek-a-boo book. It's a personal memoir embracing a considerable slice of American music. Dexter is in a position to speak with authority. He joined Capitol Records at its beginning—in 1942. And there he remained for 32 years at which point he was unceremoniously retired in 1974. But in between he helped make a lot of music history, much of it set down on these pages. He takes us through the Sinatra years at Capitol. We get candid and generally sympathetic glimpses of Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Nat Cole, Ellington, and an adoring portrait of Peggy Lee. Dexter doesn't stay with any subject very long, preferring to hop from topic to topic at a brisk pace. He goes into considerable detail on Capitol's Beatles period. Although he engineered the release of eight Beatles LPs, however, Dexter seems uncomfortable. He was not at home with the music, and it marked the beginning of the era when the artists really took over the companies. His viewpoint is from the middle management tier, not the pinnacle that Clive Davis wrote from.

Dexter devotes a generous portion of his tome to his years with *down beat*—1938 to 1942. Judging by the way he writes, he never had more fun. Even though he never did manage to get his own expense account.

But basically, this is about the record business and its people. Dexter's style is that of a very personal journalism, not unlike George Simon's better essays in his *Big Bands* book several years ago. It's a pleasure to learn when Dexter's the teacher. —*john mcdonough*

to jazz, Japanese pop music influenced by jazz, and rock 'n' roll almost from the cradle. To them a cymbal legato and a walking bass are self-evident truths and have already become a part of their feelings and senses.

Now is the time for this generation to pick up and play their musical instruments. It can finally be said that jazz has roots in Japan. If jazz can be a way of expression for man, it should be freed to all people, even though it originated in America. The "correct" direction for jazz is determined by what is expressed and what is audible. A group of musicians, followers of Masahiko Togashi (percussion), have been thinking of the meaning of jazz from such an aspect. **db**

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Sweet Basil: Jack Wilkins, Mike Nock (1/26-30); Richard Beirach, Frank Tusa, John Abercrombie & Raia (2/2-6); Ted Curson (opens 2/9).

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Don Hahn (1/28-9).

Hopper's: Charlie Byrd (1/24-25).

Caracalla: Benny Aronov (Fri. & Sat.).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Al Gafa (1/24); Mike Longo (1/26); Ron Carter Quartet (1/28-9); Jack Wilkins (1/31); Sheila Jordan (2/2); Chuck Wayne/Warren Chiasson Quartet (2/4-5); Jimmy Ponder (2/7); Double Image (Dave Friedman & Dave Samuels) (2/9); piano nights w/Mike Abene (1/27, 1/30); Jim Roberts (2/1, 3, 6, 8, 10).

Carnegie Hall: The Modern Jazz Quartet (1/25).

Patch's Inn: Don Elliott Quartet (Wed.).

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Winter Session (thru 3/12).

Storyville: New policy in effect. Call club for weekly acts.

Kings Palace (Brooklyn, N.Y.): Bi-weekly tributes to living artists by Harold Ousley.

Folk City: Albert Dailey & Friends (Sun. 4-8 PM).

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

Arthur's Tavern: Mabel Godwin, piano.

Surf Maid: Joe Lee Wilson & Jim Roberts (Mon.);

Nina Sheldon (Tues. & Wed.); JoAnne Brackeen (Thurs.-Sat.).

Cookery: Joe Turner.

Michael's Pub: Dick Hyman.

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

Brooklyn College (Brooklyn, N.Y.): Sarah Vaughn & Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Mercer Ellington (1/29).

Day School (Church of the Heavenly Rest): Barry Harris (2/13).

Town Hall Interludes (Wed., 5:45 PM): Hazel Scott (2/9).

Latin Casino (Cherry Hill, N.J.): Gladys Knight & The Pips (1/28-2/6).

Village Vanguard: Unavailable at presstime. Call club.

All's Alley: Frank Foster's Loud Minority (Mon.).

Bar None: Dardanelle at the piano.

Boomer's: Great jazz all week.

Crawdaddy: Sammy Price.

Eddie Condon's: Balaban & Cats (Mon.-Sat.); guest artist (Tues.); Guest group (Sun.).

Half-Note: Sunday sessions.

Gaslight Club: Sam Ulano.

Gregory's: Al Haig Trio w/Jamil Nasser & Chuck Wayne (Mon.-Tues.); Brooks Kerr Trio w/Sonny Greer & Russell Procope plus Hod O'Brien & Alicia Sherman (Wed.-Sun.); Gene Roland w/Loumell Morgan, Morris Edwards & Lynn Crane (Mon.-Sat. 4-8 PM); Warren Chiasson, Earl May & Dick Katz (Sun. 5:30-9:30 PM).

MANGELSDORFF continued from page 41

That you can execute what you think of. . .

Berendt: Could it be that the rhythmic element recently has become more important in your music than, for instance, in the cool era when the accent was on harmonics?

Mangelsdorff: Yes. I'm emphasizing that quite deliberately. To me jazz is rhythm; there were too many people who forgot that for a while.

Especially in solo playing, rhythm is so important because you have to play a certain rhythm if you want to keep your playing exciting. But here, you don't get the rhythm from a drummer or from any kind of rhythm section—so you have to make it swing yourself. I want the actual jazz elements to not be forgotten. That's why I'm especially interested in some of the great old jazz players. We've mentioned Dizzy, also Sonny Rollins. That's why I made my last records with drummers like Elvin Jones and Alphonse Mouzon. I love to play with American drummers. It's a different feel from what we have over here in Europe. I love American rhythm. That's why I have Jaco Pastorius, the bass player, on the record I cut during the last Berlin Jazz Festival.

Berendt: There are players who say, "I play for myself." And then there are others who play for their audience. Both positions are legitimate. Both are present in any playing. But still, could we make that clearer: who do you play for?

Mangelsdorff: I believe that I mainly play for the audience—not at any cost, because then I could be more successful with other kinds of music.

But, of course, there are also other types of motivation, and they are all there: wanting to carry on the music and do something for the music, developing the possibilities of the in-

strument . . . and these types of things. All that is important, but the most important thing is to stand in front of people and play for them. And what's really far out is that they're always young people. I've been playing jazz for 30 years now and you keep getting older, but my audience always stays young.

Berendt: My last question: You are the only European musician who is named again and again in the annual American polls—and for about 15 years at that. You achieved that without living in America. But the old rule nevertheless is still valid: If you want to make it in America, you have to live there. That's the only way the other European musicians who have been successful in the U.S.A. have made it—Joe Zawinul, Jan Hammer, John McLaughlin, Michal Urbaniak, Urszula Dudziak, Jean-Luc Ponty. . . Haven't you ever considered living in the United States?

Mangelsdorff: I have considered it often. In fact, during the early '60s, I wanted to do it. But I don't think I can get myself to leave what exists here, what I have helped to build up. I feel attached to the scene here. I certainly am not what you might call a typical German, I don't feel that way. But I do feel very much a European. Frankfurt, that's home! **db**

JAZZ/JAPAN continued from page 43

duced to this country.

Musicians who lived their youth before World War II found it necessary to learn to adapt to the jazz sound which rushed in simultaneously with the end of the war. Jazz is a product of the "outside"; it did not come into existence because of an impulse coming from the "inside." Japanese musicians of the '40s had to learn and acquire skills even in the simplest blues routines. Contrary to this, the post-war generation grew up hearing and listening

Jazzmania: *Jazzmania All Stars*.
Jim Smith's Village Corner: *Lance Hayward* (Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat.) add *Jane Valentine* (Sun.); *Jim Roberts* (Wed.).

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

Village Gate: Call them for name acts.
West End Cafe: *Franc Williams Swing Four* (Mon.-Tues.); *Jo Jones* & friends (Wed.); *Swing to Bop Quintet* (Thurs.).

Central Synagogue (celebrating as St. Peter's Church); *Jazz vespers* (Sun. 5 PM).

Memorial West United Presbyterian Church (Newark): *Jazz vespers* (Sun. 5 PM).

Stryker's: *Dave Matthews Big Band* (Mon.); *Ed-die Daniels* (Tues.); *Lee Konitz Nonet* (Wed. & Thurs.); *Chuck Wayne/Joë Puma* (Fri.).

Not available At Presstime. Call Club Or Jazzline (212-421-3592): *Angry Squire*; *Back-stage*; *Barbara's*; *The Barrister Lounge* (Bronx); *Beefsteak Charlie's* (12th St. & 5th Ave. only); *Blue Water Inn* (Seabright, N.J.); *Bottom Line*; *Brad-ley's*; *Broady's*; *Cleo's*; *Downstairs at Bill's Mead-owbrook* (Uniondale, L.I.); *Gerald's* (Queens, N.Y.); *Harley Street*; *Jimmy Weston's*; *Mikell's*; *Sam's Place* (Brooklyn, N.Y.); *Three Sisters* (West Paterson, N.J.); *Richard's Lounge* (Lakewood, N.J.); *Tin Palace*; *Tramp's*; *Vincent's Place*; *West Boondock*; *My Father's Place* (Roslyn, L.I.); *Max's Kansas City*; *Reno Sweeney's*; *The Other End*; *The Ballroom*; *The Dugout*; *Sparky J's* (Newark, N.J.); *The Continental Restaurant* (Fairfield, Conn.).

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: *Buddy Tate and Paul Quinich-ette* (tent. 2/2-6); *Roy Eldridge and Franz Jackson* (2/9-13); *Milt Jackson* (tent. 2/16-20); *Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh* (tent. 2/23-27); plans for *Kenny Burrell*, *Bill Evans*, *Joe Pass*, *Illinois Jacquet/Flip Phillips*, *Harold Land/Blue Mitchell*, *Machito Big Band*, *Charlie Byrd*, *Cedar Walton*, *Elvin Jones* and *Jackie McLean*.

Ivanhoe Theatre: Name jazz and contemporary music nightly; *Bobby Short* (2/1-3); *Sea Level* (2/7); call 549-3410 for details.

Amazingrace: Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 328-2489 for details.

Wise Fools Pub: *Rog Pemberton Big Band* (Mon.); Chicago blues regularly.

Enterprise Lounge: *Von Freeman* (Mon.).

Ron's Pub: *Yikes Quintet* (Mon.); *Jeanne Lam-bert* (Wed.); call 477-6540 for details.

Orphan's: *Ears* (Tues.); *Joe Daley Jazz Quorum* (Wed.).

Ratso's: Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 935-1505 for details.

Transitions East: Experimental music regularly; call 723-9373.

Northside Auditorium Bar: *Bobby Christian Big Band* (Thurs.).

Rick's Cafe American: Name jazz nightly; call 943-9200 for details.

Harry Hope's (Cary): Jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 639-2636 for details.

SAN DIEGO

Convention Center: *Grover Washington Jr./Bob James* (1/16); *Dave Mason* (1/26); others.

Oceanus: *Joe Marillo Quartet* (Wed.-Sun.).

Sportsman: Jazz jam (Sunday).

Chuck's Steak House: Call 454-5325 for jazz bookings.

KSDS-FM (88.3): "Jazz Live" (Thurs. 7 PM); jazz daily.

KDIG: *Esquire Holmes Show* (Sun., 6-9 PM).

Sports Arena: *The Alpha Band/Lynyrd Skynyrd* (1/1); *Electric Light Orchestra* (1/30); *Steve Miller Band* (Feb., tent.).

Bacchanal: *Al Kooper* (1/3).

Southwestern College: Jazz night (Tuesday).

Crossroads: Jazz and soul (Fri.-Sat.).

Back Door: *Pat Martino* (2/23-24, tent.).

U. of California (La Jolla): *Ry Cooder/Mike Seeger* (1/16); *Gospel Choir* (1/16); *Atomic Cafe* (1/25, 2/8); *Ronnie Laws & Pressure* (Feb., tent.); jazz-gospel concert (2/12); *Atomic Cafe* (2/22).

Folk Arts: Friends of Old Time Music record swap (1/30).

Albatross (Del Mar): *Island* (Thurs.-Sat.); *Nova* (Sun.-Wed.).

Le Cote d'Azur: *Island* (Mon.-Wed.).

Fat Fingers: *Kirk Bates* (nightly).

Culpepper's: *Mark Augustin* (Thurs.-Sun.).

Joe's Fish Market: *Storm* (Thurs.-Sat.); *Rich Hunt* (Wed.-Sun., lounge).

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea: *Esther Phillips* (1/25-30); *Yusef Lateef* 2/1-13); *Nat Adderley*, *Dee Dee Bridgewater*, *Franklin Ajayay* (2/15-20); *Hank Craw-*

ford (2/22-3/6); *Stan Kenton* (3/7); *Charlie Byrd* (3/8-13); *Matrix* (3/15-20).

Lighthouse: *Mose Allison* (1/25-2/6).

U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): *Woody Herman* (1/29); *U.C.L.A. Jazz Ensemble* (2/23).

Baked Potato: *Seawind* (Mon.); *Lee Ritenour w/Harvey Mason*; *Dave Grusin*, *Ernie Watts*, *Steve Foreman*, and *Charles Meeks* (Tues.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *Harry "Sweets" Edison* (Sun.).

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

Whiskey: *Don Ellis* (Mon.).

Hop Singh's (Marina Del Rey): Top name jazz, pop, and blues.

Little Big Horn (Pasadena): *John Carterensem-*



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Beverly Cavern: (Wilshire District): Jazz every Mon. & Tues.; call 662-6035 for details.

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Mulligan's (Allen St.): Live jazz Wed. w/*Dick Griff*.

Jack Daniels': Live jazz Tues. and Sun. with *Spyro Gyra*.

Ontario House (Niagra Falls): Live jazz Fri.-Sun. with *Transition*.

Odyssey: Live Jazz on weekends.

Statter Hilton Downtown Room: Live jazz Tues.-Sun.; *Monty Alexander* (1/18-31); *Phil Woods* (2/1-13); *Mary Lou Williams* (2/15-27); opening night is broadcast on WBFO at 9 PM, includes interview with artist.

St. George's Table: Jazz six nights a week (Tues.-Sun.).

Central Park Grill: Jazz jams Mon. 10 PM-2 AM w/*Carl Cedar, Duffy Fornes* and *Joe Perry*.

DENVER

Macky Auditorium: *Chris Williams* (1/29); *Genesis* (2/2); *Arlo Guthrie* (2/18); *C.U. Jazz Ensembles* (2/23).

University of Denver: *Two O'Clock Jazz Ensemble* (2/15); *One O'Clock Jazz Ensemble* (2/22).

Ebbets Field: Name jazz and contemporary groups regularly; call 534-0161 for details.

B. B. C.: Jazz and contemporary music nightly.

Club Gambu: *Gene Rush* (Tues.-Sat.).

Harvest House: Occasional jazz; details 443-3850.

Greenstreets: Forecast with *Lannie Garret* (nightly).

Zeno's: *Dr. Jazz* (Tues.-Sat.).

Oxford Hotel: Various groups (Tues.-Sat.).

Cherry Creek Inn: *Les James Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

Rogues Gallery: Jazz and contemporary music on the weekends.

CLEVELAND

Genesis Vegetarian Restaurant: Jazz Sunday evenings w/*Ron Kozak, Dreaan Ivy, Jamke Haddad* and others (thru 2/27).

Benji's Lounge (Sheraton-Beachwood): *Joe Cooper Trio w/Weasel Parker* (Wed.-Sat.); *Sam Finger's Dixieland Band* (Tues.).

Agora New World Of Jazz: National jazz acts (Tues.).

The Boardinghouse: *Bill Gidney/Chink Stevenson Duo* (Tues., Thurs., Sat.).

The Theatrical: *Jerry Tille* (thru 1/29); *Frankie Michaels* (1/29-2/12); *Glenn Covington* (2/14-28).

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Cleveland State University: Jazz Benefit Concert (2/27); w/C.S.U. Jazz Ensemble led by Prof. Al Blaser.

CINCINNATI-DAYTON

Bogart's: Occasional name jazz acts; call 281-8400 for details.

Buccaneer Inn: *Cal Collins & Co.* (Wed.-Sat.).

Dixie's: *Kenny Poole* (Sat.).

Emanon: *Ed Moss Trio & Teresa Ross* (Mon.-Fri.); *Bob Krueger* (Sat.-Sun.).

Maggie's Opera House: Occasional name acts; call 242-3700 for details.

Miami University: *Maynard Ferguson* (2/5).

KANSAS CITY

Music Hall: *Benny Goodman* (2/5).

Municipal Auditorium: *Dizzy Gillespie* (2/19); call 276-2705 for details.

Jewish Community Center: *Carl Fontana, Dick Busey* (2/26); call 361-5200 for details.

Arrowhead: *Gary Sivils Experience w/Diane Ball* (weekends).

Don Dees (Olathe): *Blend w/Leslie Kendall* (Mon.-Sat.).

Mr. Putsch's: *Sylvia Bell Trio* (Tues.-Sat.); Saturday sessions w/*Pete Eye* 2:30-5:30 PM.

Rockwood (Independence): *Mike Ning Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

Film Festival: (Jewish Community Center): Films of *Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Basie sextet*. Live jazz jam follows; call 361-5200 for details.

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Mark IV: *United Jazz Quartet* (Fri.-Sat.).

Top Of The Crown: *Means/De Van Trio w/Lori Tucker* (Mon.-Sat.).

Jeremiah Tuttle's: *Pete Eye Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

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Pat O'Brien's: *Jim Buckley's Five on Fourth* (Tues.-Sat.).

Papa Nick's: *Roy Searcy*.

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Emporium of Jazz (Mendota): *Hall Bros. Band* (Fri.-Sat.); frequent name traditional and dixieland groups; call 452-9922 for details.

Off-Night Music Hall (Minneapolis): Name pop, rock and jazz groups weekly (Mon.-Tues.); call 332-4474 for details.

Rainbow Gallery (Minneapolis): Local jazz (Thurs.-Sun.); occasional names; call 339-6509 for details.

Orion Room (Minneapolis): *Manfredo Fest Trio* (Mon.-Sat.); call 372-3772.

Registry Hotel (Bloomington): Local jazz groups and discussions (Sat. 1-4 PM); call 854-2244 for details.

Williams Pub (Minneapolis): *Eddie Berger All Stars* (Mon.); call 823-6271 for details.

Riverside Cafe (Minneapolis): Local jazz (Thurs.).

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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 over-drive 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?*

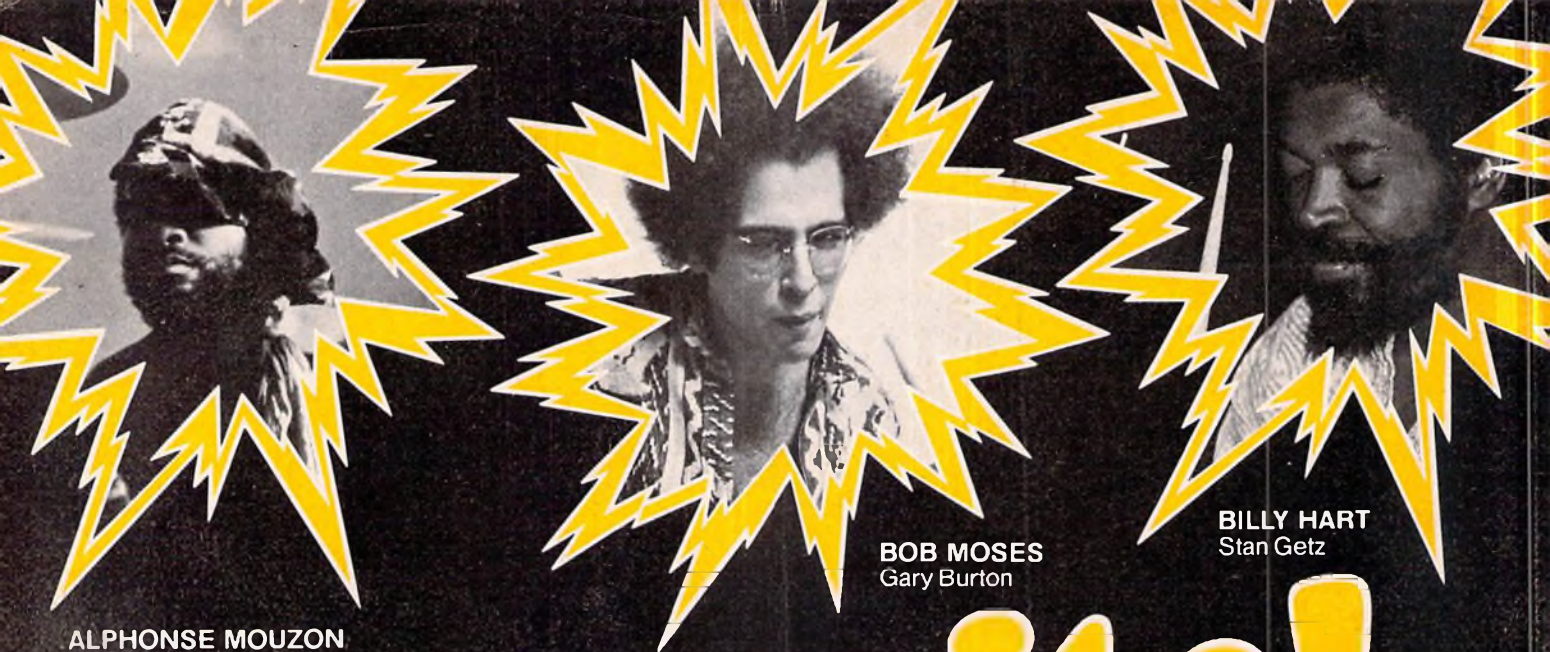
Ferguson: Right. Kids — sometimes — they'll have an M.F. Horn and they'll come up and want to play mine. To see if there's anything special about my horn. I say, "Well, you take my horn and I'll take yours, if you like." They're astounded by that. But, you know, they always take theirs back.

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