FEBRUARY 24, 1977 600 the contemporary muric magazine

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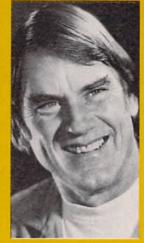
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• Rim Shots The collegiate clinic schedule for this year already includes Karen Ervin on March 7 at Southern Illinois University; Bobby Christian on March 8 at Anderson College, Anderson, Indiana; and David Friedman on March 4 at the University of Iowa in Iowa City.

 The Spotlight A new album by David Friedman has been released on the Enja label, "Futures Passed." This album features both vibe and marimba artistry.

• Trappings Response to reader questions.

When using four mallet technique, play single melody lines with the right mallet in each hand, commonly referred to mallet no. 1 and 3.

Chord-melody playing will confine the melody part to the far right mallet (no. 1) while the three remaining lower mallets supply the harmony. However, before attempting to play melodies with chords, the mallet player must be able to play every chord in every possible inversion.

Pro's Forum Clinician Tom Brown.

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| editor Jack Maher | associate editor Marv Hohman assistant editor | production manager Gloria Baldwin | circulation director Deborah Kelly |
|----------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|--|
| publisher Charles Suber | Tim Schneckloth education editor | Lyons, Howard Mar | Berg, Leonard Feather, John Litweiler, Len del, Charles Mitchell, Herb Nolan, Robert Lee Underwood, Herb Wong. |

Phone: (312) 346-7811

Advertising Sales Offices: East Coast: A. J. Smith, 224 Sullivan St., New York, N.Y. 10012 Phone: (212) 679-5241

West Coast: Frank Garlock, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA. 90028. Phone: (213) 769-4144.

Record reviewers: Bill Adler, Bill Bennett, Chuck Berg, Larry Birnbaum, Mikal Gilmore, John Litweiler, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Charles Mitchell, Dan Morgenstern, Herb Nolan, James Pettigrew, Michael Rozek, Russell Shaw, Kenneth Terry, Neil Tesser, Pete Welding.

Correspondents

borrespondents: Baltimore/Washington, Fred Douglass: Boston, Fred Bouchard; Butfalo, John H. Hunt, Cincinnati, Jim Bennett; Cleve-land, C. A. Colombi: Denver, Sven D. Wiberg: Detroit, Bob Archer: Kansas City, Carol Comer: Los Angeles, Gary Vercelli; Mlami/Fi. Lauderdate, Don Goldie, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Bob Protzman; Nashville, Edward Carney; New Orleans, John Simon; New York, Arnold Jay Smith; Northwest, Bob Cozzetti; Philadelphia, David Hollenberg; Pittsburgh, D. Fabilii; St. Louis, Gregory J. Marshal; San Francisco, Andy Piesser: Southwest, Bob Henschen; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; Toronto, Mark Miller; Argentina, Alisha Krynsky; Australla, Trevor Graham; Central Europe, Eric T. Vogei; Denmark, Birger Jorgenson; Finland, Marianne Backlen; France, Jean-Louis Genibre; Germany, Claus Schreiner; Great Britain, Brian Priestly; Italy, Ruggero Stiassi; Japan, Shoich Yul; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Roman Waschko; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

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discor **Basic Assault**

I would like to bring to the attention of the industry, and particularly the people who buy records, my total lack of participation and, in fact, knowledge of yet another Vanguard release (Basics) that I personally rejected, that is to say canned, many years ago. It is unfortunate that due to extensive litigation my previous ties with that same company have yet to be legally severed; consequently, I have no artistic control over what is released. Therefore, I can only say that the quality reflects the taste of Vanguard and not myself at this time in my life when I would possibly have chosen a different direction.

Once again, the artist is exploited by forces he cannot seem to control and his only defense (is) a verbal attack of sorts.

Larry Coryell

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Wilton, Conn.

Floating Harpies

One of the best things about down beat ... is that it gives recognition to deserving and yet almost unknown musicians. However, you have been ignoring all the excellent and yet unknown harp players floating around the country.

For instance, Sugar Blue from New York. The harmonica may be small, but some of the finest blues has been written for it and played on it. I say it deserves equal time. New York, N.Y.

Gregg Knapp

Curson Clarification

I wish to clarify one point in the Ted Curson interview (1/13). Curson says, "That was my original group" when talking about the group he used on The New Thing And The Blue Thing. However, that was not his group: it was Bill

Barron and Ted Curson's group, which they formed for their European tour in 1964. Anna Barron Middletown, Conn.

Don't Hoot The Piano Player

I recently read the Barbara Carroll Caught (12/16) written by someone called Arnold Jay Smith. Obviously, he only listens to the piano player, or else he's just hung up on Barbara.

Anyway, that's neither here nor there-the other two players in the group, bassist Jay Leonhart and drummer Ronnie Bedford, were almost fluffed over. Jay Leonhart is without a doubt one of the finest bass players in the world. Next to Ray Brown, that is! That's also ironic-Jay Leonhart . . . is a Brown protege. . . . Ronnie Bedford is what I would call a mother...

I believe an apology is due ... to Jay and Ronnie. (Mr. Smith) really ought to learn how to listen before he reviews. Harry Belmont New York, N.Y.

Exciting King

In response to John McDonough's review of Benny Carter's recent release, The King (12/2), McDonough has said something I truly disagree with. I can't understand how he can say that this album lacks "excitement" and is of little "significance."

First of all, this album is the first recording that the undisputed "king" of the alto has recorded in ten years. That itself is reason enough to excite any fan of Mr. Carter. Not only that, but all of the songs on the album are Carter originals. That fact is very significant because it not only reveals his talent as a musician but as a composer as well.

It is true that The King is a recording of mostly slow ballads. Carter's talent is so great that any tempo can complement his playing. whether it be medium, fast or slow.

All that I can say is "Long live the king!" Jeffrey P. Grifo Ripon, Wisc.

Eclectic Dispute

As a reader, subscriber or off-the-newsstand buyer of db since 1948. I am interested in a situation common among your record reviewers. Over a period of perhaps (the last) three years, some reviewers have been using the word "eclecticism" or "eclectic" in many reviews of records by many of the newer jazz groups. It seems that the word is always used in praise.

Each time I see the word, a statement made by Andre Hodeir in Jazz, Its Evolution And Essence comes to mind. On page 276 of my hardbound copy, Hodeir states that eclecticism is the "most detestable" of doctrines.

I have checked one source, the Encyclopaedia Americana, on eclecticism in the arts. On page 581 under "Eclecticism" a definition is given that is much in agreement with your writers' definition, except that the following words are added: "... works that, if not harmonious or beautiful in the classical sense, are at least novel."

Next, the article states that the word may be used unfavorably and mentions Saint-Saens as an example of a composer who has been described unfavorably as "eclectic." The article goes on to say that "eclecticism is often associated with decadence . . ." and a school of writers is offered as an example. The article also mentions a school of poets who are "sometimes praised" for their eclecticism.

On this meager evidence, it appears that a case may be made against eclecticism. Hawarden, Ia. Lyle McDale

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education in jazz

_by AI DiMeola

I went to Berklee when I was 17 (in 1973) and fresh out of high school.

Berklee was my first choice for a number of reasons: it had, and, I guess, still has, the biggest and



best guitar program in the country; it was suppose to be a great place to learn arranging and composition; there were teachers like Gary Burton; and alumni like Keith Jarrett, Alan Broadbent, the LaBarbera brothers,

Gabor Szabo, Mike Gibbs, and others.

I wasn't disappointed. Berklee was everything I had expected. I still remember how exciting it was to be in a school (and city) where so much was happening.

Every class was exciting. Everything I learned in each class applied to my instrument. It was all related. I found the harmony and theory classes very helpful; the arranging classes were phenomenal—anything you wanted to know was open to you.

I soon found that I was developing my own technique and what I hoped to be my own style in the midst of a very active, busy school.

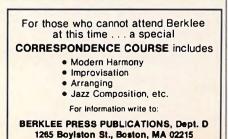
I left Berklee after my first year to join Barry Miles for about six months. Then after I had returned to Berklee, Chick Corea called me for Return to Forever. (He had heard me with Barry.) Things have been very busy since.

I strongly recommend Berklee to student musicians who are serious about their music. I would caution them, however, that it's not a place for hobbyists or casual players. The pace is fast and the work demanding, but I know of no other learning experience that is more valuable.

De Di Meda

(Al DiMeola is currently recording his second album for Columbia.)

for catalog and information write to: BERKLEE COLLEGE OF MUSIC Dept. D 1140 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02215



8 down beat

the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Acoustic is in. But electric is not out. That seems to be a fair summation of what ninc good guitarists say in this issue about their tonal direction. To a man, these particular pickers currently favor the "more personal, more natural sound" over the electric sound. But not entirely.

John McLaughlin, once the mightiest of all energizers, now believes his karma lies with the acoustic guitar. But he also believes that those who favor electric are not lost; the sounds they hear inside themselves will be expressed "whichever way they go."

Another former high energy player, Larry Coryell now flies with the doves. But he too thinks kindly of his hawkish past: "My love for the acoustic ... in no way diminishes my love for the electric. In fact, I have improved myself on the electric guitar because of my involvement with the acoustic."

George Benson and his protege Earl Klugh come down strongly on the acoustic side. Benson is, after all, the apparent heir of the Charlie Christian sound, a sound that Joe Pass calls "pure" electric. Pass, Klugh and Benson are cast in the jazz tradition of Christian-Montgomery-Burrell. Pass, as befits his elder status, speaks benignly of those who use electronic boxes: "guys are now getting some really decent sounds out of various devices."

The (Berklee) school of Pat Metheny-John Abercrombie-Al DiMeola champions a personal sound, preferably hornlike, but is not dogmatic about the means used to create it. Metheny says: "I'm trying to get a live sound that is closer to the sound I get on records.... I'm really interested in electronic devices that enhance the sound of the instrument rather than alter it."

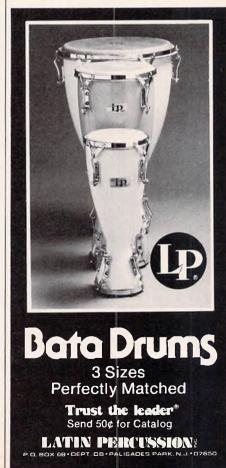
Tonal and stylistic considerations aside, has it struck you (as it has me) that there are a great many very good players out there? It's a comfort, especially in light of the oft-heard lament that all of today's music sounds the same. The musicians speaking in this issue and their jazz-related peers—offer those who do their own listening a considerable variety of excellent music, personal sounds and all.

The Benny Carter interview is not to be missed. But please add this fact to the many legacies Carter has given to today's musicians: he, more than any one person, did what was necessary to rid Los Angeles of its Jim Crow musicians' union back in 1953. And that was not easy, especially in those times.

The Jeff Beck interview promised for this issue has been delayed due to circumstances beyond our control; i.e., the author missed the deadline.

Next issue is weighted with keyboard players: interviews with George Duke and Andrew Hill; the question of evolving jazz piano styles is discussed by their eminences Paul Bley, Chick Corea, Duke, Bill Evans, Herbie Hancock, Ramsey Lewis, Patrice Rushen, McCoy Tyner, and Joe Zawinul; Profiles on JoAnne Brackeen, ex-Getz pianist, and Harold Danko, current pianist with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band; an interview with altoist Sonny Criss; drummer Shelly Manne takes his first Blindfold Test in ten years; and more, much more.





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ERROLL GARNER DEAD AT 53

Erroll Garner, the pioneering pianist, recently succumbed to a cardiac arrest in Los Angeles. He was 53. Garner, a long time sufferer of emphysema, died while en route to a hospital.

Garner's trademark was his powerful left hand, which neither played the runs of an Art Tatum (a contemporary of his 52nd Street days), nor dropped chords in the fashion of Bud Powell. Erroll's wont was to pound out the rhythm in a steady flow. Often his music was punctuated with a low-keyed moan, described by one journalist as being a remark of surprise at what he himself was doing.

Impish in stature (there was always a telephone directory between him and the piano bench), Erroll's touch was firm and definite, adept at composing flowery, intricate introductions, even to tunes he did not compose. His music was happy and inspired, rarely rehearsed. Many rhythm accompanists have lamented ever being able to play anything but basics while on the stand with him.

His own tunes were melodious and hummable. The most famous was Misty (1959), which has become a standard among vocalists as well as instrumentalists. The first recording of Misty was done with an orchestra under the direction of Mitch Miller (Other Voices, 1957). It was to be the only orchestra recording by Garner for many, many years because Erroll Garner never learned how to read music. It was a feat of superhuman proportions to get Erroll into a studio with a string section, woodwinds, et al. Intimidating was the word most used. Now, of course, with the use of tracking, he could lay down his music and let the engineers worry about the rest.

Two movies featured the Garner sound: A New Kind Of Love (1963), which elicited the second band recordings, and Play 'Misty' For Me.

His Concert By The Sea album (1956), taped in Carmel By-The-Sea, Ca., was a major seller for Columbia and is still considered to be among his foremost efforts. It has been credited for making Garner a household name. The recording is in collections of people who would never think of having a jazz album on their shelves.

Born in Pittsburgh, where he was a schoolmate of Dodo Marmarosa and an acquaintance of Billy Strayhorn, Erroll was self-taught. He came to New York at age 23 and began a series of gigs along 52nd Street, notably at a club called the Three Deuces. He played with Slam Stewart's trio for a brief period, then struck out on his own. Erroll rarely required accompaniment, but usually had a trio in tow. Recently, he added a conga player as well. He was a featured soloist with other groups, Charlie Parker's among them, but was not known as a rhythm pianist. Consequently the recordings he made were mostly under his own name.

Columbia Records was home for him for the most part, but there are sessions extant on Savoy, Roost, Mercury/Emarcy, Dial, MGM, London and MPS, as well as some minor labels such as Acorn and Rondo.

His emphysema condition kept him inactive in recent months, but Erroll was an inveterate world traveller widely revered as a major jazz figure wherever he played. But it was not Garner's metier to walk into a club and allow himself to be fawned over. Pianist Eddie Higgins remembers playing a date in Chicago. "Erroll walked in, quietly took a seat way in the rear and ordered a steak. While he was eating, the only person who noticed was me, and let me tell you, was I nervous!'

Eddie needn't have worried; Erroll would have presented him with nothing but kudos. That's the way he was.

10 down beat

Community Fest At Fisher

NEW YORK-They came from the five corners of the city and they danced, sang and played their way through most of the indigenous elements of the melting pot. All this happened when Lincoln Center and Con Edison recently joined forces to present fectionism. Geanie Faulkner, last the sixth annual Community Holiday Festival at the newly rebuilt Fisher Hall.

There were African dancers (Chuck Davis Dance Company), whose pulsating rhythms (emanating from three drummers) capped the evening. Paschal leading a quartet. Guzman's Downtown Ballet performed a legend in the form of Julia de Burgoa, named for the win excerpts and three madri-Puerto Rican poetess. The Long gals. Maxine Sullivan sang her Island Ballet Company danced to patented songs along with drum-Tchaikovsky's music in a Winter mer Gerard "Dave" Pochinet and Fantasy complete with snowman. a quartet.

Frank Foster conducted the Jazzmobile Workshop Ensemble through Sidewinder, Naima and Viva Torado. Foster has taken over the Ensemble and has whipped the band into a frenzy of sound with his own brand of perseen here with the New York Jazz Repertory Company's illfated Duke Ellington recreations during Newport/76, sang selections from Sam Rivers' black opera, Solomon And Sheba. Her backup included Michael Carvin

David Young, as director and piano soloist, conducted Gersh-

Opulence in New Orleans

bieri marks it as the high point of minated. There would have been his last tour. Gary Burton says no Renaissance-and no jazz for that if every club were like it, he that matter." wouldn't mind performing every day of the year. John Klemmer stretches out in the opulent dressing room and gestures ex-pansively. "This is fantastic," he sighs. "I'm gonna hate to leave here.'

Though less than half-a-year old, Rosy's-a million dollar jazz establishment in a tough, riverfront neighborhood here-has garnered a reputation as a musician's music club. More importantly, the club has brought more first-rate jazz groups into the city during the last three months than have been here during the last three years. In addition to the above-mentioned, headliners have included Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Stephane Grappelli, Larry Coryell, Roy Ayers, Gil Scott-Heron and Dizzy Gillespie-to name only a few. Rosy's has even managed to coax local recluse Allen Toussaint out of his Sea-Saint Studios hermitage for three nights worth of sold-out performances.

The club's opening took over a year and a half to accomplish. and locally the lavish venture has been regarded as something less than a highly commercial proposition-perhaps even a little eccentric.

"Anytime you take a risk, it seems eccentric to some people," contends Rosy Wilson, the young, independently wealthy jazz connoisseur who has personally financed her namesake.

"But if people didn't make little eccentric moves sometimes turn into a nightmare."

NEW ORLEANS-Gato Bar- culture as a whole would be ter-

From Rosy's first impulse to create an ideal live-music club. there were innumerable delays while she and her staff renovated the old riverfront building and scoured the country for the right equipment and furnishings. The 100-year-old club building was originally a warehouse-at one point converted into a saloon before falling into neglect.

Considerable thought and imagination have obviously gone into designing the club, and its companion restaurant. The decor is described by Rosy as a combination of Victorian artdeco and art-nouveau styles. By a strange twist of fate, a beautiful 30-foot marble-inlaid bar found by Rosy in an antique store turned out to be the very same bar that graced the premises decades earlier.

The club seats about 200 people in the darkly luxurious main hall. In addition to a state-of-theart sound system, the club also possesses a \$50,000 recording facility for taping live performances. The dressings rooms are equally lavish and there's a special parlor for Sunday afternoon salons and private jam sessions.

Manager Peter Shepherd says he doesn't expect the opulent club to be earning back its initial million dollar investment anytime soon.

"I'd be insane if I didn't have some qualms about the venture," admits Rosy. "It would be easy for such an idealistic dream to

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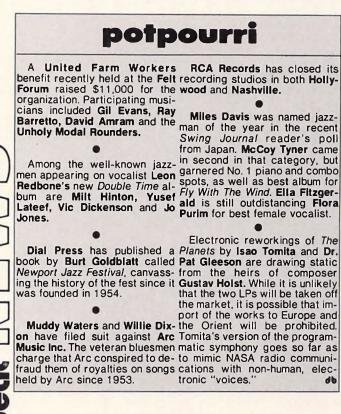


JAZZ AT SEA, AGAIN

NEW ORLEANS-"We sail sions and shows that will highfrom where it all began," shouts the brochure. A different kind of jazz cruise departs from the levees of New Orleans on May 15 for the Caribbean. Earl Fatha Hines, Lionel Hampton, Dizzy the last few years, is directing Gillespie Joe Williams and Roberta Flack will be aboard.

both Montego Bay and Nassau, sea, Montego Bay, another day but the pleasures are the ses-

light the festivities aboard ship. Exprinter, the inventor of those Showboat Cruises aboard the Rotterdam that have been carrying sun and jazz worshippers for this one as well. The itinerary includes a landlubbers tour of New The ship, the Daphne, makes Orleans (optional), two days at at sea, Nassau, and a flight back.



COMMUNAL JAZZ CLUB

ten complain but rarely do anything about out-of-tune pianos, indifferent audiences, and (worst of all) no place to play.

Well, two Minneapolis musicians-Steve Kimmel and Owen Ekman-have killed all three of those bad birds with one stone-a new club.

The Rainbow Gallery in the University of Minnesota's West Bank area has since last May been offering individuals and groups of just about every conceivable stylistic stripe an opportunity to strut their stuff. The 150, has become sort of a comafter-hours sessions from 1:30 to 3 have featured some of the Twin Cities outstanding jazz to help care for the place. That players in a variety of settings. Some excellent new groups have sprung up as a result of these sessions.

Audiences have been appreciative and large enough to more of course for name perenable the club to book its first formers. 12 down beat

MINNEAPOLIS-Musicians of- big-name attraction recentlysaxophonist Anthony Braxton, who did four nights and drew enough people for the club to break even. Kimmel, a vibraphonist, pianist and leader (the Whole Earth Rainbow Band) and Ekman, a clarinetist, artist and designer, would like to bring in name horn players to work with local rhythm sections. "We can provide some of the best jazz musicians you'll hear anywhere. Some people would be very surprised," says Kimmel.

db

The club, which seats about munal affair among musicians, who voluntarily have pitched in kind of unselfishness on the part of musicians has contributed to the solid financial outlook for the club. The place charges \$1.50 weekdays and \$2 weekends,

FINAL BAR

Freddie King, blues vocalist-guitarist, died Dec. 28 in Dallas (Texas) Presbyterian Hospital where he had been taken two days earlier when, following a Christmas night engagement, he had been taken ill. Death was attributed to a blood clot in his leg, internal bleeding and a collapsed lung, all stemming from the severe ulcer condition from which he had suffered for some years. He was 42.

One of the most powerful, distinctive stylists in the contemporary blues, King was born Sept. 3, 1934, in Gilmer, Tex., where he reportedly took up guitar as a youngster of six. His early recorded influences included T-Bone Walker, Muddy Waters, B. B. King, and singer-saxophonist Louis Jordan. King moved to Chicago in 1954 where he met and learned from Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Rogers and Eddie Taylor, among others. He switched to electric guitar soon after and rapidly mastered it, forming with close friends Otis Rush and the late Magic Sam a tight-knit circle of fellow guitarists who learned from one another and developed an alternative approach to that of B. B. King, who until then had dominated electric blues.

During the late 1950s King performed extensively in Chicago clubs, recorded as a sideman and, in 1957, made his first recordings for the small independent EI-Bee label. In mid-1960 he started a decade-long association with King Records' Federal subsidiary and almost immediately enjoyed success. Early in 1961 his You Got To Love Her With A Feeling made the Top 100 pop record charts and the next 11 months saw six more of his recordings-Hide Away, Lonesome Whistle Blues, San-Ho-Zay, See See Baby, I'm Tore Down and Christmas Tears-among the best-selling r&b records of the year. For the next 15 years he was one of the most popular, indemand entertainers on the so-called "chitlin' circuit," though the constant grind of travel and performing took its toll in decreasing health and the ulcerous condition which eventually claimed his life.

In the late 1960s he recorded a pair of excellent King Curtis-produced albums for Atlantic's Cotillion Records subsidiary, which helped to further consolidate his growing reputation. In 1971, at the urging of Leon Russell, he joined the roster of the then new Shelter Records, for which he recorded three well-received LPs. His most recent affiliation was with the Robert Stigwood Organization's RSO label, for which two sets were cut.

Not only did Freddie develop a compelling, totally distinctive approach to the electric guitar that has been emulated by countless performers since, he further enriched the blues with some of its finest, most enduringly powerful instrumentals and left a large legacy of recordings in which the traditional and the original were fruitfully balanced. King's was a strong, vital, strikingly individualistic musical personality, and his presence will be greatly missed.

Ned Washington, lyricist, three time Academy Award winner, and motion picture music scorer, died recently in Los Angeles from a heart ailment. He was 75.

Washington won his Oscars for Walt Disney's Pinocchio score and the hit song When You Wish Upon A Star from the same move. His other Award came from High Noon.

Many of Washington's tunes became standards. As one wag put it, you know your song is a standard when jazz musicians start to play it. And they played Washington's songs. On Green Dolphin Street became a Miles Davis vehicle and later was picked up by just about every jazz group and vocalist in the business. (The title, by the way, is really "On") His first "jazz" hit was I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, Tommy Dorsey's familiar theme.

Other songs from the Washington bag are The Nearness Of You, My Foolish Heart, Stella By Starlight, I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance With You, Smoke Rings, La Cucaracha, Cosi-Cosa and A Hundred Years From Today. His tunes filled the throats of such notable singers as Frank Sinatra and Maxine Sullivan.

Title songs from motion pictures included Dolphin Street, Foolish Heart, The Greatest Show On Earth, Take the High Ground, Rawhide, The High And The Mighty and Town Without Pity.

Washington is survived by a sister, wife and daughter.

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GUITAR SOUND FORUM Approaches and Directions of Master Pickers

compiled by lee underwood/tim schneckloth

It seems that guitar styles are being defined almost as much by the manner of the playing as the actual content. In other words, tonal qualities and electronic effects are taking on increasingly important roles.

To what degree is this true in your own personal approach? Do you feel that the actual *sound* of your playing is becoming a more important part of your statement?

LARRY CORYELL: In terms of conceptual evolution and creative expression, the sound is definitely the most important thing. It really does come first.

About a year and a half ago, I seriously took up the acoustic guitar, and it has revolutionized my whole attitude about life, because I don't have an amplifier to depend on.

I now play the electric guitar only on a very limited basis, because I find I can do my thing best on the acoustic. There are certain natural movements of the body and the hands, little nuances that can't be notated on paper, which contribute to the overall sound of the music when I am playing. They are completely lost when I play electric.

Since I've been playing acoustic, I've discovered a different response than when I play electrically, a kind of sensuality. On all my gigs now, I'll play acoustic solos, and my performances are now about 70% acoustic. The



Lion And The Ram, my latest record, is about 80% acoustic, with only one electric solo.

I really love the guitar, and acoustic and electric instruments are vastly different. I have come to regard the acoustic element as being the purest element of the guitar. My love for the acoustic, however, in no way diminishes my love for the electric. In fact, I have improved myself on the electric guitar because of my involvement with the acoustic. The last generation was a generation of tenor sax players. Now we have guitar players. But if we judge electric guitar playing only by pre-Hendrix standards, all we have is controversy. Today's electric guitar poses a new set of standards. You have to work with the sound; you have to be methodical. Then you can do amazing things. Steve Khan, for example, has an encyclopedic knowledge of electronics; so does Wah Wah Watson.

Some people complain that electric guitar players let the electronics do the work for them. What they don't understand is that's part of playing with electronics. You have to let electronics do what they do. The important thing is in knowing how to utilize the sound. Al DiMeola, for example, took two whole days to get the right electric sound on his new record, *Elegant Gypsy*. (The late) Tommy Bolin was one of the leading exponents of how to use electronics artistically. It takes a certain kind of talent in the mind to make electronics artistically valid.

Individuality is another problem. Somebody recently played what I thought was a Roy Buchanan record for me. It turned out to be some old, thrown-away tapes from sessions I myself had done for Vanguard back in 1968. The other day, I turned on the radio, and I said, "Gee, Jeff Beck is sounding great!" It turned out to be Ray Gomez.

Generally, if two people pick up an electric guitar they will sound almost the same. But if the same two people pick up an acoustic guitar, there will be a much greater contrast in the definition of their styles.

Certain people, however, can pick up either an electric or an acoustic guitar, and you know immediately who it is—Charlie Christian, Jim Hall, Barney Kessel, John McLaughlin, etc. Also, certain electric rock players have a sound too—Clapton, Hendrix, Santana, Beck. Their personality is in there.

I have a Gibson Les Paul electric guitar and a delicate sounding custom-made acoustic guitar by a guy in New Jersey named Augi Lo Prinzi.

As far as amps go, I've come to the conclusion that there is no one amp that's better than the next one. They all sound good—Acoustic, Ampeg, Marshall, etc. For me, the most convenient amp is the Fender Twin Reverb.

As for pedals, anything between the guitar and the amp makes too much noise. I have settled, however, for a bi-phaser, which has only a very low hum. I use it to achieve flange effect, which widens the sound.

My first guitar teacher told me a very valuable thing: whenever something new comes along, whether a guitar or a pedal or whatever, try it.

I've tried everything so far, and I'll keep on trying them as they come out. But I have graduated from the electric guitar to acoustic because of hassles on two levels: physically, the acoustic guitar is much easier to deal with; musically, the acoustic is much more personal and direct. The music comes right from my fingers, into the strings, and out into the audience.

AL DIMEOLA: Electronic qualities are very important to me, because when I record I use a different sound for each different section of the music, rather than one particular sound all the way through.

However, I rarely use electronic devices anymore, and I shy away from "effects." I will palm the guitar and mute it sometimes, but that is not an electronic device. Even when I used devices, it was minimal, just a phaseshifter.

I try to stay away from devices, partly because 80% of them are poorly made. They



break all the time. And once you start using them, they are hard to give up. Some people use five or six of them at a time. Every time you add a device, you lessen the volume and tonal quality of your instrument.

The sound of my instrument affects the way I am going to play a phrase or a piece. If, for example, a speaker in the amp is distorting, it will take my attention away from what I am about to play.

On an acoustic guitar, I can't sustain like I do on an electric, so I approach each instrument differently. I can hit the acoustic strings with more force, and the overall sound is different, which makes me play whatever I'm going to play in a different way.

On my other records, I don't feel as if I have fully stated what I am talking about. On *Elegant Gypsy*, however, I think I show what I mean 100%. For example, I like a lot of flamenco music, so if I'm going to play flamenco music, as in the *Elegant Gypsy* duet with Paco DeLucia of Madrid, it's got to be on my custom made steel string acoustic Ovation guitar, which gives me a nylon string sound.

I have my Ovation acoustic, which is *the* guitar for me. That's my sound. And I have four electric guitars, each with a different sound: two Gibson Les Pauls, an L6S Gibson,

and a Fender Stratocaster (for rhythm and slow melodies).

I have three different amplifiers, which I never combine: a Marshall amp with a 100watt head and four 12" speakers; a Fender Twin Reverb; and a small Boogie amp. Depending on what piece I am playing, I like to play loud. I can get my instrument to sustain that way, just like a violin, but it still sounds like a guitar.

I don't like to use a smaller amp with an electronic device to achieve the sustaining quality, because that is a very unreal sound to me. It's never that nice, thick, sweet, natural sound. A device is a device, that's all: that's where the sound is coming from.

Electronically, keyboards have advanced more than guitars in the last few years. You

I have heard many guitarists use electronic devices, and I have enjoyed the sounds that they get, but I grew up identifying with the sound of the acoustic guitar, and that is what I played. There were very few amplifiers.

My sound is not as diversified as many contemporary guitarists'. When I am playing electric guitar, I rely mainly on a hornlike sound, the saxophone. It is a kind of "pure" electric sound, following in the tradition of Charlie Christian, Oscar Moore, Wes Montgomery and Kenny Burrell.

I play a D'Aquisto guitar, made by Jimmy D'Aquisto in New York. It has one built-in humbucking pickup, one volume control, and one tone control. I use flat-wound, medium gauge D'Aquisto strings, and a Polytone amplifier called the Mini-Brute. It's small, 60

ers, you would probably have a difficult time trying to identify who's who.

However, a lot of the electronic things that were once used just for sheer sound, power. and noise are becoming more refined now. Science has improved, technology has improved, and people's ability to utilize technology has also improved. Guys are now getting some really decent sounds out of various devices, people like George Benson or pre-Shatki John McLaughlin, who has now gone completely acoustic. Both he and George have used electronics really musically.

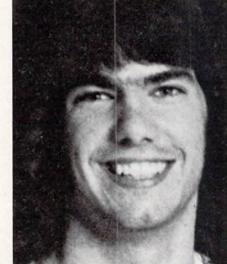
In the end, if the guy has talent, he will find or create some identity in his music. Regardless of their electronic devices, their talent will come through, and you can then begin to hear who they are.

For myself, I still believe the guitar should be played unamplified, or maybe with just a slight amplification to give you enough presence to be heard when you're playing for large audiences-like. Segovia plays for large audiences unamplified. Ultimately, I think the sound should just come from the instrument itself and your fingers.

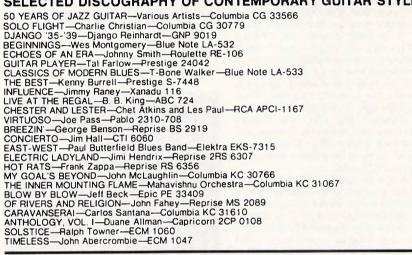
KENNY BURRELL: Getting a good sound has been important to me for a number of years. However, in a general sense, we are all becoming more aware of sound as an important element in music, thereby increasing the importance of the study of "sounds" and how they are achieved.

From the musician's standpoint, it remains extremely important to experiment and find the right equipment to help you get the sounds that you want.

PAT METHENY: It's true that in the last year or so I have been paying more attention to the tone of my instrument. But in some ways I think that this new interest in tone is sort of a backlash against the distortion and changes that have happened to the normal tone of the instrument. What I'm focusing on is a clearer, warmer sound as opposed to some sort of stimulation of the actual string vibration. What I am doing is trying to get a live sound that is closer to the sound I get on records. So I find that I am using echo and reverb more than I used to, but only \$ for presence and to enhance the normal sound 8 of the instrument. I'm really interested in electronic devices that enhance the sound of the instrument rather than alter it. I'm not interested in phase shifters or fuzztones or flangers or whatever they are.



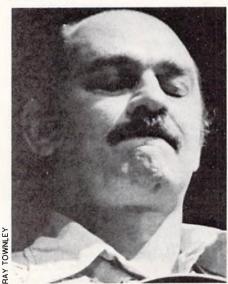
SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY OF CONTEMPORARY GUITAR STYLES



can get a synthesizer keyboard, for instance, to sound like a horn or a violin. However, to get that effect, you have to run the sound through a lot of circuits. It's the machine that does it, not the person.

It seems to me that what's saving the guitar is that the guitar seems to affect people differently than keyboards do. There is something more warm, more real, about a guitar sound. The guitar is much more personal.

JOE PASS: I would say yes, right off the bat. The sound-not to be confused with dynamics-is becoming a very important part of my statement.



watts, and has one 12-inch speaker. I use less than 1/2 of the power when I'm playing solo.

I try for a round, even tone on every string by just using treble and bass control and a little volume. And I try to get it by setting it on my guitar.

I'm using less and less of the amplified sound. I play more and more solo guitar, and I turn the volume on the amp down. I just crack it a little bit. That way, I can hear myself, and I like the combination of the acoustic-amplified sound.

I would use only an acoustic, but I often have to play in a trio or duo context, and miking is a problem. Sometimes the people in the sound booth think they know more about sound than the musician. When you get soft dynamically, they start jacking you up. So I need an amp.

I have used some of the electronic devices in studio work, but to really play with wahwah pedals, phase shifters and Echoplexes, you have to study them, work with them, and learn how to use them. They are not things you just plug in and play. Each device has its own particular characteristic, and that means time and work and listening to other people to find out what effects you can achieve, and which ones you like. But because I am oriented toward the acoustic sound, I never got involved with those devices.

Electronics do tend to strip guitarists of their individuality, because there are certain things you do with them that everybody else does. There is a common denominator there. When you use a wah-wah pedal, for instance, you will automatically do at least some things that other players do. In a room full of play-

TEDDY WILSON History In The Flesh

by John McDonough

"T

A here's a new hotel in Chicago where kings will come to sleep," according to the ads for the Ritz Carlton, which opened its doors early last year. Tucked discreetly away on the 12th to 40th floors of Water Tower Place, its low profile, 24-carat quality of hospitality has an impeccable, classic elegance utterly uncompromised by the clamor of 20th century egalitarianism.

To give you an idea of how low a low profile can really be in the hands of experts, consider this. The Ritz has a bar located off its main lobby. What do you think they call it? The Maroon Raccoon? Cezar's Bazaar? Certainly not. The Bar is quite sufficient, thank you.

I point all this out because in The Bar last spring and winter was a musician whose personality is the personification of so much of what the Ritz mystique is all about. Teddy Wilson and the Ritz go together like a couple of old aristocrats secure in the knowledge of who they are and totally immune to the temptation of trends.

Impeccable. Classic. Elegant. Writers dealing with Teddy Wilson have inevitably confronted those words for more than 40 years. The words haven't changed, because Teddy Wilson hasn't changed.

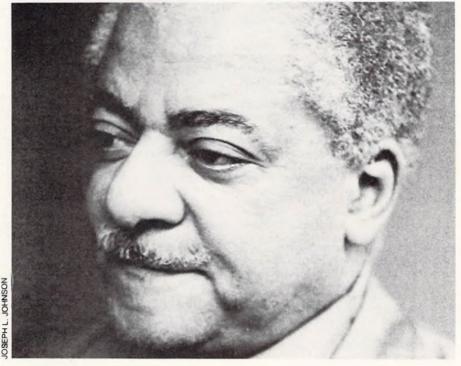
"I've made a deliberate effort not to change my foundation," he emphasizes. "Just to keep it polished and refined, but not to tamper with it basically. I felt that I found something I could believe in years ago, and I still believe in it. I still enjoy playing it. What I do for money is exactly what I do for my own pleasure."

For Wilson that style has no end in sight. He sees further branches to be explored, branches from the trunk, he says. "And it's a solid trunk."

Wilson first took up piano shortly after his family moved from Austin, Texas to Tuskegee, Alabama. He was six years old, and the year was 1918. But it was a false start. Boredom soon set in, and the lessons stopped. Later on he took up violin, only to discover that he couldn't play it in tune. Suddenly he began to appreciate the relative simplicity of the piano, with its ready-made tones all sitting there waiting to be plunked out. He also became acquainted with a young fellow down the block-John Lovett-who played an interesting piano. Lovett used a smooth, melodic right hand against a steady, full-bodied bass line on the left. So Teddy wandered back to the piano with only a chord book and a willingness to experiment.

When Teddy says today that he has made a deliberate effort not to change his style, he means it quite literally. He insists that his approach was solidly grounded by the time he was 14 or 15 (1927) and matured before he reached 20.

"The basic concept is that of one hand play-



ing against the other," he says. "The right is melodic. The left is accompaniment. Sometimes an accompanying line is thrust into prominence for a brief period in the form of an accent of some sort or maybe a thumb note. It's a fascinating way to play. I became very familiar with Fats Waller and Earl Hines when I was in high school. Although they both played very differently, they still used this contrapuntal technique as opposed to a block chord style.

"Earl had tremendous octave technique for playing single note lines. It worked so wonderfully with a big band prior to good amplification. By the time I came along, acoustic volume was less essential to a style, so I could concentrate on single notes in single octaves.

"I was moving toward all this when I was in high school. Then I went to college and took a music theory major. That clinched it. It further reenforced my musical convictions because I began to learn in musical terms what I was already doing through my own experimentation. I learned about rules of harmony, the history of composition, the disciplines of European music. I began to understand these basic concepts not only in terms of the keyboard but in terms of orchestra and voice as well. The relationships of sounds. The course started with the quartet form and moved from there. I began to relate what I had been hearing in Hines and Waller to the basic rules of harmony that all great musicians and composers must learn."

Although Wilson's awareness of music theory is thorough, he's never considered playing any other instruments. He laughs at the idea of playing the electric piano, adding "I was never interested in playing the organ either." When reminded that Waller and Basic were and are organ practitioners, he quips, "I was never interested in hearing them play the organ either."

Yet he did seriously consider at one time developing a classical repertoire, with a view toward performing with symphony orchestras —much as Benny Goodman today leads a double life in jazz and the classics. He worked with the Grieg A Minor and the Gershwin Concerto In F. But the demands made on his time as a jazz artist made it impossible for him to bring such a repertoire up to his standards. Probably the closest he came to becoming a classicist was when he adapted the first movement of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto into You're My Favorite Memory and recorded it with Helen Ward singing the Pat Johnston lyrics.

At Tuskegee High School Teddy studied a trade—printing—which he had every intention of making his career after graduation. But when he looked for a job, he found he had to join a union. The problem was that unions had little enthusiasm for black members in those days. In fact, segregation ruled the AFL without compromise or apology to anyone. Deprived of a printing career, Teddy went on to college to study music. The union bosses had their way, bless their bigoted little hearts.

Wilson's professional career began when he left Tallageda College in 1929. He worked in the midwest with such forgotten bands as Leonard Gay and Speed Webb, whose band Wilson equates with the early Basic band. It must have been good! No recordings survive, but there is one amazing photograph from the fall of '29. Peering from behind their instruments, in addition to an 18-year-old Wilson, are Roy Eldridge and Vic Dickenson. Then to Detroit and on to Chicago where he settled for a few years. He worked with Jimmy Noone and made his first records with the Mike McKendrick band in a session that would have been forgotten were it not for Louis Armstrong, who used the band for support on the Victor Basin Street Blues and Cabin In The Pines among others.

His first important records came in the fall of 1933. John Hammond was helping Benny Carter put together his first big band in New York, and he loaned Carter the money to fly Wilson in from Chicago. Eight sides were cut in October-four with the nine-piece Chocolate Dandies and four with the big band-and they remain classics today for many reasons (Prestige 7643). Sid Catlett is on them, although his presence is less imposing than it would become on many of his later records. Chu Berry is heard too, and his presence is very imposing indeed. But it's Wilson, with more solo time than anyone else, who remains the most striking figure 43 years later.

These are in many ways the beginnings of modern jazz piano on record-as Leonard Feather says, "the first step toward the bop era's ultimate rejection of the use of the left hand for steady rhythm and concentration on the right hand for horn-like improvisation." Wilson's bass line bobs with the beat, to be sure, but there are frequent half note and whole note chords that provide background for a right-handed phrase. But the real story is in the right hand. It was probably the most distinctly linear approach to piano yet heard. The harshness of Hines was smoothed out into a style that was genuinely innovative and yet within the technical grasp of those who would follow his lead. It was for precisely that reason that Wilson and not Tatum became the most influential pianist of the '30s and early many of those small band sessions were instrumentals. Certainly the classic of them all is a loping fragment of inspiration called Blues In C Sharp Minor, vaguely reminiscent of Blues For Israel because of the walking bass figure of Israel Crosby. It features some of the finest blues piano ever recorded-every note lean, muscular, commanding, an essential part of the whole. These and many of the other unsung instrumental classics from this series can be heard on Teddy Wilson And His All-Stars (Columbia KG 31617), a cornerstone addition to any jazz record collection. They are among the most sophisticated jazz performances of the '30s.

Concurrent with the Brunswicks were the Benny Goodman Trio and Quartet sessions for Victor. Through these, Wilson reached his largest audiences and exerted his greatest influence. down beat reviewed the first of them in October 1935. "Not 'til I heard this record," commented reviewer Warren Scholl on After You've Gone and Body And Soul, "did 1 fully realize what a great hot pianist Wilson was. Right now he's the best hot colored piano player in the business, and don't let anyone tell you different. At times one may detect a little of Earl Hines in his playing, but generally Teddy plays like Teddy Wilson, which is more than can be said for a lot of other hot musicians.'

A month later the first records under Wilson's name appeared in the down beat review columns. These were the famous solo sides done for Brunswick. In the absence of a rhythm section, Wilson's left hand seemed to

"I've made a deliberate effort not to change my style.... I found something I could believe in years ago, and I still believe in it."

'40s. All the elements are in place and mature in the 1933 Carter sides. His choruses on Krazy Kapers, I Never Knew and particularly Blue Lou (after a sleepy Bill Dillard interlude) are the work of a master. One could seriously wonder if he ever made a better group of records.

After the Carter band dissolved, Wilson drifted into the Willie Bryant orchestra, a band which boasted a level of solo talent far beyond what it deserved. Along with Teddy, there was Cozy Cole, Ben Webster and Benny Carter. All this for a band much of whose book consisted of commonplace arrangements, vocal choruses and novelty items. But Wilson did get a chance to try a shot at arranging. Liza was the specimen he selected, and the results are admirable. Although many of the orchestrated parts tend to alternate between quivering sentiment and buoyant ensembles, it wears its years well.

July, 1935. Back in New York now, Wilson began his famous series of Brunswick dates with Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, and assorted musicians from the major bands. Again, John Hammond was the instigator, having secured a commitment from Brunswick's Harry Grey to start a jazz series built around Wilson. The result was a string of classic sessions matched in the prebop era by only the Goodman Sextets, the Armstrong Hot Sevens and possibly the Hampton Victors.

Virtually the entire weight of Billie Holiday's reputation rests on the records she made with Wilson-undoubtedly because she rarely made any as good thereafter. Wilson did, however. It's therefore easy to forget that work a little harder, adding a slightly stiff quality less apparent in the presence of a good rhythm section.

By 1939 Wilson's cosmopolitan sophistication had attached itself to a rising generation of musicians, including such diverse practitioners as Billy Kyle, Nat Cole, Mel Powell, Eddie Haywood, and Thelonious Monk. Others might easily say that these pianists came as much from Hines as Wilson, and in a sense they'd be right. Wilson and Hines are in many ways opposite sides of the same coin. But through the key decade of the '30s, the subtle-

SELECTED WILSON DISCOGRAPHY

- BENNY CARTER, 1933-Prestige PR 7643 TEDDY WILSON AND HIS ALL-STARS, 1936/40-
- Columbia KG 31617 THE TEDDY WILSON PIANO SOLOS-
- French CBS 62876
- BILLIE HOLIDAY: LADY DAY-Columbia CL 637
- BILLIE HOLIDAY: THE GOLDEN YEARS---
- Columbia C3L 21 BENNY GOODMAN 1937-38 JAZZ CONCERT NO -Columbia OSL 180
- TEDDY WILSON BIG BAND-
- Swing Era LP 1010 and Tax 8018 TEDDY WILSON SEXTET: 1944 VOL. I—
- Jazz Archives 28
- TEDDY WILSON SEXTET: 1944 VOL. 2-Jazz Archives 36 BENNY GOODMAN: ALBUM OF SWING

CLASSICS—Book of the Month SRL 7673 PRES AND TEDDY—English Verve 2683-025 KRUPA, HAMPTON, WILSON—Clef MG C-681

(out of print) TOGETHER AGAIN—RCA LPM 2698 WITH BILLIE IN MIND—Chiaroscuro 111 STRIDING AFTER FATS—Black Lion BL 308 TEDDY WILSON ALL-STARS-Chiaroscuro 150 ties of Hines' style were less accessible to the car, surrounded as they were by the clamor of a big show band. Wilson on the other hand was the ultimate chamber musician. "What I got out of playing with Teddy," commented Goodman in the mid-'60s, "was something, in a jazz way, like what I got from playing Mozart in a string quartet." By that he meant a disciplined logic, a sure sense of form and a meticulously crafted technique-all in miniature. Those who listened to Wilson-particularly other musicians-got much the same thing. And it was in the small groups, not the big bands, where the future course of jazz was being charted in the years before World War 11

When Teddy decided to form his own big band in 1939, he remained essentially a chamber musician. It was the special nature of his band that made that possible. It was a light sounding band that accented reeds rather than brass. Its lincup included four saxes, three trumpets and two trombones. It recorded 20 sides in four sessions between June, 1939 and January, 1940 (Swing Era Records LP-1010 and a Tax LP contain most of the output), and folded prematurely after about a year's operation.

Wilson's chamber style lived within the band, but was curiously never really a part of it. There was rarely any ensemble format devised in which piano and orchestra would function together. The band would lay back and suddenly it was the Teddy Wilson Trio for a chorus. Yet both sounded marvelous on their own terms. It was a band of great integrity. Ben Webster was at the peak of his powers both as soloist and arranger. And he bestowed his gifts generously on the Wilson band. His chart of 71 must rank as a classic of swing scoring, every bit as striking as the reed passage he created for Ellington's Cotton Tail. Unlike most sax section scoring, in which the lead line was played in the high alto range, it was a tenor-Webster's own-that was the lead horn. All harmonies were built above the melody with the fourth voice being Rudy Powell's alto. All this is according to Powell himself, who discussed the band at length with John Simon several years ago for Coda Magazine.

There were other outstanding charts as well: Exactly Like You and Early Session Hop by Buster Harding are two of the best. Wilson himself did some writing, his first since the Willie Bryant days. A second version of Liza comes out mostly piano, the band coming in to trade fours near the end. There were also several ballad charts. I once expressed the opinion that Sweet Lorraine was heavy handcd. Until, that is, Wilson pointed out several interesting features in the writing. At several points Wilson scores in contrary motion. He explains that the reed voicing in the final portion provides each of the four players with a completely separate line. One moment the parts are scored within the same octave. The next moment they suddenly spread in opposite directions fanning out across three octaves. This is a technique with a long tradition that goes back at least through Mozart.

Teddy was an experimenter, perhaps more so than he is given credit for. The stature of his talent was paid extraordinary tribute when S his talent was pare extraordinary trees in the early '40s Duke Ellington asked Wilson to write for his band.

If the band had any faults, they were mere § specks on a vast canvas of excellence. It had s unerring taste, a brilliant solo nucleus, a superior rhythm section and above all a will"There was a time when I wanted to play faster than anybody or play more kinds of music than any other guitarist. I don't concern myself with those kinds of things anymore. All I am trying to do is express what I am about."

EARL KLUCH Man Of The Moment by herb nolan

I n a way, each had been seeking the other. "George Benson said to me two or three years ago that I should listen to this young guitarist in Detroit whose name is Earl Klugh." Dr. George Butler, president of Blue Note Records, looked across to where the 23-year-old guitarist from Detroit sat poised on the edge of the hotel lounge couch looking more like an eager graduate student than what Oui magazine had recently referred to as the "coming new jazz guitar star."

"But whenever 1 was in Detroit I couldn't track him down," Butler continued. "Then a couple of years later 1 got a call from a guy who used to work for United Artists asking if 1 would be interested in a guitarist and he mentioned Earl's name. Because of my respect for George and what I'd heard of Earl's playing—especially the fact that he played acoustic guitar—I knew 1 was going to sign him even before he arrived on the coast. Earl was just the kind of thing 1 was looking for. 1 suppose fate was on my side."

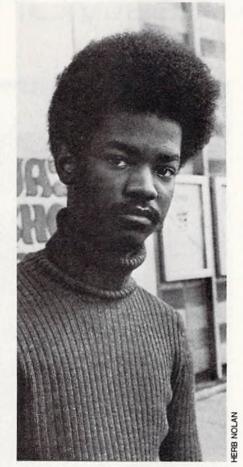
If fate was fond of Blue Note, it had also come creeping into Klugh's corner, because Earl had in effect taken himself out of circulation and off the road and had been holed up in Detroit for almost a year. Late in 1974 after a stint with George Shearing, Klugh had decided to head for home and work on some life decisions as well as his music.

"After I graduated from high school and started traveling on the road with a lot of bands," said Klugh, who was accompanying Butler on a BN promotional trip, "well, number one I wasn't making any money exactly, except to sustain myself. In addition, I became aware of the fact that I could go on doing this endlessly. I could end up being 60 years old doing exactly the same thing, never having done what I really wanted to do. What I went back home to do was to figure out how to go about approaching what it was I wanted. What I wanted was to get involved in recording my own albums and traveling with my own band—being my own man. But making the transition from sideman to leader.

... Well, there's no set procedure, you can't go somewhere and say, 'Okay, I have been a sideman for three years so now it's time to be a leader.'

"I think I went home to clear my head about a lot of these things and focus on what I had to present to people, what I could project as being positive that would make someone interested in what I was doing."

Almost a year to the month after heading



back to the Motor City and keeping a low profile except for local gigs, Klugh met Butler and the convenant was made, the compass quit spinning and directions began to take form. Since signing with the United Artists subsidiary, Klugh has cut two albums, both of which have achieved healthy commercial acceptance. Beginning this year, Earl plans to travel with his own band.

Klugh was surprised at the success of his first two recordings, yet pleased that his musical ideas were indeed communicating. Despite the fact that he didn't have a band and for the most part was only performing in Detroit, his first record remained on the jazz charts for four months, finding a spot on the pop charts as well.

"It's amusing to me that the first album did as well as it did," the guitarist confided, "because 1 did what 1 wanted to do musically."

This is not unusual, according to Dr. Butler. "First of all, we are not imposing any restrictions on our artists, we like to have the artist feel and we want to know that there is an arena for creative expression. We are not going to force the artist to play something that is going to come off mechanically; we are going to allow him to express himself. The fact that we sign someone ... is indicative of our faith in that artist. If Earl wants to pursue a certain area our only concern is that it is done well and that he comes up with a quality product."

And what Klugh says he is focusing on musically are melodic kinds of pieces that encompass feelings ranging from jazz to country and western.

"What I am trying to stay away from," he said, "is the overly funky disco kind of thing, yet at the same time, keep the music where someone who doesn't understand anything about jazz music will enjoy what I'm playing. You know, I've never really been a heavy, heavy player like a Pat Martino, that's never been my thing. My thing has been sort of straightahead playing, and keeping the melody out front. I'm not interested in setting the world on fire as far as being the fastest guitar player or anything like that."

Earl Klugh, however, has made a place for himself in a world choked with electric guitar players. Though still only in his early 20s he has been able to establish an identity of his own with the classical acoustic guitar. Although he is conversant with the electric instrument—he toured for four months with Chick Corea and Return To Forever—the acoustic guitar has remained firmly at the center of things.

"I think it allows my personality to come through," he explained several years ago while still with George Benson. "It has a warmer, prettier sound to my ears. I think if I had heard electric guitar and only electric guitar, I wouldn't have been so interested in pursuing the instrument."

When Earl started playing guitar at age ten, after almost seven years of piano as a base, folk music was a flourishing popular music. So the first guitar he got was a classical acoustic. In the beginning he wasn't doing much more than chords and Peter, Paul and Mary. But when he was 13, Klugh heard Chet Atkins: "I really liked the way he played," recalled Earl, "you know, the way he used chords and melody. I'd never been aware of him before, so I went out and bought about 20 albums and sat in front of the record player copying them for almost two years."

Another early influence was George Van Eps playing seven-string guitar. After Klugh acquired some technique, he began to play what Van Eps played on seven-string by moving up a key and playing his material on the six-string guitar. Earl was particularly intrigued by the way Van Eps played bass lines and chords, and he also liked finger style players as opposed to pick players.

Klugh once described himself as an unorthodox guitarist, in that he doesn't use the correct sitting position or hold his hand at the proper arch. In short, he doesn't look like the instruction picture in a basic guitar book. He also uses a combination of right and left hands to play single lines and get the notes out.

By the time he was 16, Klugh was teaching guitar in a music store down the street from his home. It was there that he met Yusef Lateef, who was so taken by his guitar playing that he gave Earl a solo spot on his *Suite 16* album for Atlantic. It was a short simple track, with Klugh doing an unaccompanied interpretation of *Michelle*.

The following year Klugh met George Benson at a rehearsal in a Detroit night club. They played a couple of things for each other and a musical relationship was born that would he as significant as any in Klugh's life.

His Royal Majesty Of Reeds

BENNY CARTER

by michael bourne

C arter's countenance is deceptively mild. His ready wit, smile, his soft, quick speech also give slight indication of the iron will encased in his brilliant mind. Of imposing stature, he moves with the poise and grace of those accustomed to walking with kings. Perhaps that explains why those who know him best call him "king." —Rex Stewart

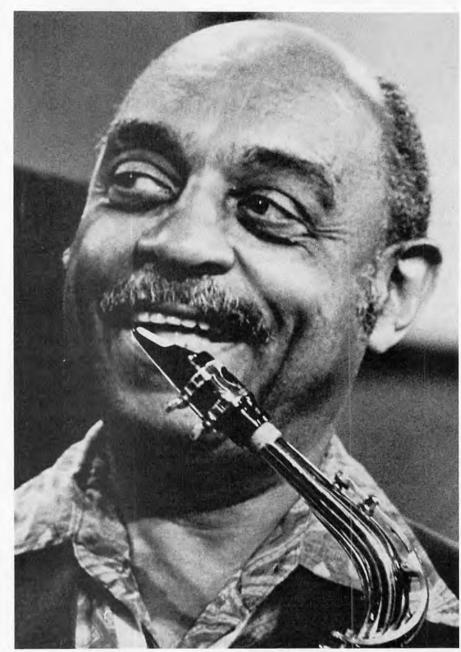
It's not just Benny Carter's graciousness that makes him "The King." He's been playing and arranging for around 50 years, more than half that time in fiercely competitive Hollywood. He's the archetypal musician's musician and a source of style on the alto sax. even though Carter isn't as well known as some other sources. Perhaps it's because he's never played the star; he's always played the music. From the beginnings in Harlem in the '20s through the years on the road, in Europe, recording, composing and arranging for almost all the big bands in the '30s and '40s, and writing for TV and the movies in Hollywood, Carter was and is a working musician and always an artist. Benny Carter isn't "King" by conquest, but by the acclamation of other musicians.

Carter recently played a jazz nitery in New York for the first time in 30 years and was as brilliant as ever. And he's recorded again, for Pablo, including encounters with Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie and an album of Carter pieces aptly entitled *The King*. The sound is timeless, almost like singing. The style seems effortless, yet always vigorous. Gary Giddins wrote in the *Village Voice* at the time of the gig that Carter's style is a "genteel classicism"—a sound refined, swinging but always cool to the touch.

We talked at Michael's Pub, about Carter's style, the years in jazz and Hollywood, and many other things.

Bourne: Are you aware that you're a source of style, of how many musicians have acknowledged you as an inspiration?

Carter: I'm not really the one to say that, or to claim that, but I have read that other players have said that. I think we all do something differently. We all do something that's our own. What it might be I couldn't tell you. Cannonball Adderley has claimed that I have influenced him somewhat, in some directions. I believe Marshall Royal may have said that. A lot of people say we sound alike. I'm not really the one to say that. I'll leave that to you



and yours.

Bourne: Who did you listen to in the beginning?

Carter: When I started playing in the early '20s, there was really no one to listen to on alto. I remember listening to Frankie Trumbauer on C melody, who I must say was my first inspiration on saxophone, and the first instrument that I did get was a C melody. I can't remember any other outstanding alto players other than a fellow named Boyd Senter who did a lot of recording in that period. I don't remember much about him, but he did a lot of recording; you heard him a lot. He probably did more recording than Frankie Trumbauer, but what Senter did wasn't what I wanted to be into.

Bourne: You're among the few musicians with a command of dissimilar instruments with different embouchures—the alto sax and the trumpet.

Carter: I don't really have the command of the trumpet anymore. I'd like to be able to develop the command I had at one time. But I

SELECTED CARTER DISCOGRAPHY

THE KING—Pablo 2310-768 FURTHER DEFINITIONS—Impulse A-12 ADDITIONS TO FURTHER DEFINITIONS—Impulse A-9116 1933—Prestige S-7643 BIG BAND BOUNCE—Capitol M-11057 TATUM/CARTER/BELLSON (Volumes 1 & 2)— Pablo 2310 732-733 MONTREUX '75—Pablo 2310 768

certainly don't have command of it now. I haven't played it since 1958. I happen to be very fond of the instrument. If it was a matter of making a choice, I'd like to lay down the alto sax and just devote my time to the trumpet. I like the trumpet that well.

Bourne: What should a good solo be?

Carter: You mean an improvised solo? I think it should have some form, some shape; it should be something like a painting, depending on the mood, the moment, the nature of the song itself. It's difficult for me to describe it. It is an art form. I use the term "jazz" advisedly, because I really prefer not to use it; it attempts to describe too many types of music. It's all music.

Bourne: What effects have musical changes had on you—what Lester Young and Charlie Parker were doing, and the changes since then?

Carter: I never attempted to follow anything they did, although I have listened quite a bit. I heard Lester play alto in 1932 before he ever came to New York and before he played tenor. He was a fantastic alto player. He had an entirely different style. He played many more notes than he played on the tenor. The style really felt more on the natural swing—a sort of buoyancy rather than trying to get many notes on a bar. He played also more like Charlie Parker in those days. It's hard to believe if you haven't heard it.

Bourne: What were your beginnings?

Carter: I was born in New York. I had some piano from my mother, a little from my older sister, and from my older sister's teacher. I studied piano for about a year and then 1 decided that I really didn't want to be a piano player and I got away from music for about three years. When I was 14, I decided I wanted to play trumpet. This was because I had a cousin that played trumpet you wouldn't believe. I wouldn't even attempt to describe it to you, because nobody can believe that anybody played trumpet like that in those times, the early '20s. His name was Cuban Bennett, and after hearing him I really wanted to play the trumpet. But then I got sort of sidetracked into the saxophone. I got a trumpet years later.

Bourne: You were starting about the time jazz was in its beginnings.

Carter: It was just starting to happen. I think my first gig was a matinee at a place called John O'Connor's Inn, not to be confused with the later Connie's Inn, and something happened one afternoon. They needed a saxophone player and the saxophone player didn't show up. It was a Bubber Miley gig and Bubber Miley was a neighbor of mine and a man that I admired greatly, looked up to. He used to let me carry his horn for him when he was going on a gig sometimes. So he really gave me my first engagement at John O'Connor's, a matinee for \$1.25. Rex Stewart said something about it, something like Miley gave me another \$1.25 to stay away.

Bourne: You were a kid then.

Carter: Yes, I was.

Bourne: What was your first important gig? **Carter:** It was pretty big when I was offered a job with Charlie Johnson's Club Harlem Orchestra, or Paradise Orchestra, at Small's Paradise. I gained a lot of experience playing with fine musicians, and from there I went to Fletcher Henderson.

(Carter also worked with Duke Ellington for a time, as well as Chick Webb and McKinney's Cotton Pickers before starting a big band himself in 1933.)

Bourne: What started you as an arranger? You were playing all this time, evolving your style.

Carter: I was still copying Frankie Trumbauer's solos for a while, notably *Singing The Blues*; that was one of my feature pieces.

Bourne: Note for note?

Carter: Yes, note for note. I think we all go through that.

Bourne: Robert Altshuler at Columbia, who's a collector and greatly appreciative of you, praised you as the "Abe Burrows of jazz" —that whenever anyone needed some good arranging, you were called, just as Abe Burrows was called to fix plays that weren't working. You arranged for just about everyone.

Carter: I arranged for a lot of them. I started arranging when I was with the Charlie Johnson band. Before Charlie Johnson I did work with a band that maybe a lot of people don't remember: Billy Fowler's orchestra. I just started doing it. I learned it as I went along, studying the printed orchestrations of people like Arthur Lange, Archie Bleyer, Jimmy Dale, Jack Mason. Don Redman.

(Rex Stewart wrote that Carter's beginning as an arranger was typically forthright. Carter simply announced: "I think I'll learn to arrange." He did so by reading and listening to other arrangers, by listening to natural sounds, trains and frogs and the like, and trying to recreate those sounds in music. But above all, Carter learned by doing. Through the '30s and '40s Benny arranged for almost everyone—Fletcher Henderson, Cab Calloway, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, et al.)

Bourne: What did you do differently for the different bands you arranged?

Carter: I would just make a Benny Carter arrangement, whatever that is. I just wrote what I heard and it came out me.

Bourne: You were a band leader yourself.

Carter: Yes, a number of times. The first big band I had was sort of inherited, the Horace Henderson band about 1929. That was the Wilberforce Collegians out of Wilberforce University. Horace left the band and the other members of the band elected me the leader. I had no intention at the time of attempting to become a leader. Following that, the band did break up. I formed a band in 1929 to go into the Arcadia Ballroom at Broadway and 53rd Street. In that band, Doc Cheatham was playing lead trumpet. Doc knew that I was interested in the trumpet and encouraged me greatly and taught me a few things about the instrument—how to blow it correctly, produce the kind of sound he thought I wanted. The sound I really wanted was the sound he was getting.

Bourne: You became "The King" in the '30s.

Carter: I was the king in name only. At one time Irving Mills flirted with the idea of a royal orchestra agency. He was going to call it Royal Orchestra Inc. or something like that. He had Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, King Carter and Baron Lee, who I believe was really named Jimmy Ferguson. He was really na musician; he was a comedian and a very nice, personable man, just the type of guy who would lend a dignified image to a bandleader.

Bourne: Was the rivalry friendly? You were involved in many a battle of the bands.

Carter: It was a friendly rivalry, just like it is with everything else.

Bourne: You composed some good songs then.

Carter: I wrote some nice songs. My trouble is that I never really worked at them. A lot of them I recorded; a lot of them I didn't.

Bourne: Who were you inspired by then?

Carter: I was an admirer of so many people -Duke Ellington, Fats Waller.

Bourne: Do you think you're credited enough for what you were doing then?

Carter: I have no complaints. I guess that sounds Pollyannish, but I've had a successful carcer. I've done a lot of things I've enjoyed doing, I've met a lot of wonderful people. I've had a lot of help from people. I try to give that help to other people, pass it on. I don't think I've been denied. I think I might've achieved more had I worked harder at it.

Bourne: Do you think you were ever denied because you're black?

Carter: That's a difficult question to answer. I don't know whether I automatically shut out the truth of that unconsciously, but I don't have the time to crab about it. I'm too busy doing what I do. I don't think it held me back too much, and I think sometimes it might've been an advantage. I mean, about this black and white thing, you're certainly well aware, as I am, of the situation that has existed and still exists. There are many drawbacks and many barriers, but I think if one works harder at attempting to surmount those instead of sitting back complaining about them, I think we can get more done.

Bourne: You were in Europe about the time the big band era was happening.

Carter: I left the U.S. in '35 and returned late in '38. I was off the scene for three years when things were really happening. I had a job over there. I went over to play with Willie Lewis' orchestra in Paris. I had an orchestra in Holland in '37 with Dutch, British, Jamaican, Cuban, West Indian musicians.

Bourne: You returned to work in Hollywood on Stormy Weather.

Carter: I didn't go there to do that. I took a band into the Swing Club in Hollywood, and during that time I was called upon to do some arranging work in *Stormy Weather*. I went back and forth for a couple of years with the band. The band broke up about '46 and I just stayed and made my headquarters in Hollywood.

Bourne: You worked more and more in Hollywood after that, doing what?

Carter: Arranging, orchestrating, a lot of \Re movies. I didn't start composing. I had a couple of songs that were in pictures. I didn't do a actual composing of a complete score until I started doing the series *M Squad*, which was in 1958.

Bourne: What songs?

"... I've had a successful career... I've had a lot of help from people. I try to give that help to other people, pass it on."



DIZZY GILLESPIE/ MACHITO

AFRO-CUBAN JAZZ MOODS—Pablo 2310-771; Oro, Incienso y Mirra; Three Afro-Cuban Juzz Moods (1. Calidoscopico, 2. Pensutivo, 3. Exuberante).

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet soloist; Victor Paz, Raul Gonzalez, Ramon Gonzalez, Jr., Manny Duran, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Barry Morrow, Jack Jeffers, Lewis Kahn, Jerry Chamberlain, trombones; Mario Bauza, Mauricio Smith, Jose Madera, Sr., Leslie Yahonikan, Mario Rivera, woodwinds; Brooks Tillotson, Don Corrado, french horns: Bob Stewart, bass tuba; Carlos Castillo, electric bass; Jorge Dalto, electric piano; Dana McCurdy, synthesizer; Julito Collazo, R. Hernandez, African drums; Frank "Machito" Grillo, Pepin Pepin, Mario Grillo, Jose Madera, Jr., percussion; Mickey Roker, drums; Chico O'Farrill, conductor/composer/arranger; Machito,

* * * * *

This collaboration between Arturo "Chico" O'Farrill, Frank "Machito" Grillo and John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie promises to stand as a landmark in each of these musicians' careers and as a landmark in the history of Afro-Cuban big band jazz.

Side one is devoted to O'Farrill's Oro, Incienso y Mirra which was written specifically for Diz and Machito on the occasion of a Latin-American concert held at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on January 5, 1975. An episodic unfolding of diverse celebratory moods, the music features a buoyant Diz with characteristic boppish cascades, impishly teased/squeezed notes, muted whisperings and mouthpiece puckerings; Chico's finely crafted composition with its sparkling colors and perfectly balanced ensemble and horn sections; and the inspired and effervescent playing of each section of Machito's band. Aside from a sterling performance by Diz, I was most impressed by Chico's writing. His handling of the woodwinds and brass in juxtaposition with the Afro-Cuban rhythmic elements is exemplary. Also praiseworthy is O'Farrill's recognition of the synthesizer's coloristic possibilities. Here electronics are a useful and complementary extension of the big band palette.

The Three Afro-Cuban Jazz Moods were originally sketched for Clark Terry for the 1970 Montreux Jazz Festival. After several performances with Diz, however, Chico reshaped and added, so that what is presented here is essentially a new work. As with Oro, the shifting moods are joyous, spirited and carnivalesque. Chico, in his warm and informative liner notes, suggests that the music can best be described as "Latin jazz with a rock feel in some spots." The fusion works because the pulsating rock elements are embellished by Machito's marvelous rhythm section and given perspective by Diz's solos and the fully orchestrated sections of O'Farrill's first-class charts.

Afro-Cuban and big band, Afro-Cuban Jazz Moods is a must. For everyone else, be adventurous and listen. This is music that speaks directly to head, heart and soul. —berg

MCCOY TYNER

FOCAL POINT-Milestone M-9072: Mes Trois Fils; Parody; Indo-Serenade; Mode For Dulcimer; Departure; Theme For Nana.

Personnel: Tyner, piano, dulcimer; Gary Bartz, clarinet, sopranino, soprano and alto saxes: Joe Ford, fute, soprano and alto saxes; Ron Bridgewater, soprano and tenor saxes; Charles Fambrough, bass; Eric Kamau Gravatt, drums; Guilherme Franco, percussion.

* * * *

After the tutti-frutti excesses of Fly With The Wind, McCoy Tyner returns to his strength with Focal Point. Backed by his working band, with the addition of Gary Bartz's reed arsenal, Tyner has put together a powerful album built over the familiar, surging bass lines that are so much a part of his music. And to keep things interesting, Tyner here makes extensive use of overdubbing of his hornmen, creating a thickness of texture reminiscent of Song Of The New World, despite the absence of brass voices.

This is vintage Tyner, marked by battling left and right hands, vying for the listener's attention, all but denying the rhythmic continuity that Tyner somehow consistently achieves. In this respect, much credit is due to Eric Gravatt, who performs throughout with intensity and taste; Tyner's style meshes well with strong, extremely physical drumming, as witness his various collaborations with Elvin Jones, the archetypal power drummer in jazz. Gravatt here plays from strength, keeping fine time while providing savage but appropriate punctuation. Purody, a duet for piano and drums, illustrates this sympathy quite clearly: Gravatt and Tyner's precise, probing left hand wrestle gracefully, with broad cymbal splashes accenting the pianist's shimmering harmonic murals.

Mes Trois Fils and Departure arc more or less standard Tyner charts, solo-oriented constructions benefitting from their reed-rich ensemble passages. Mode fascinates with its modulations from the simplicity of the dulcimer's line into the complexity of Mc-Coy's concrete harmonization. Indo-Serenade recalls the lushness of Sama Layuca, and features fine solos by Ford on flute and Bridgewater on soprano. Closing out the session, Theme For Nana also provides its most refreshing moments; this is the Tyner of Ruby, My Dear from Trident, mcllow, thoughtful, but never maudlin. This is the Tyner I'd like to hear more of, perhaps integrated with the searing, swirling intensity that has made his reputation. -bennett

NEW YORK MARY

A PIECE OF THE APPLE—Arista AL 1035: Rush Hour; Back To Being One; Midnight Magic; Zoo Mouth; Mr. Mystery; Just As Long As We Have Love; (Walkin' Down) Greasy St.; Aftermath.

Personnel: Bruce Johnstone, baritone sax, alto sax, fuue: Rick Petrone, electric bass, phaser bass; Joe Corsello, drums and percussion; Ron Friedman, trumpet, electric trunipet, fluegelhorn; Robert Aries, electric giano, synthesizer, phaser; Gene Bertoncini, electric guitar (tracks 2, 6 and 7). The Don Elliott Singers, vocals (tracks 3, 5 and 8): Pete Levin, Clavinet and synthesizer (track 1).

* * *

New York Mary's debut album last year left me hungry for more. They seemed a little too good to be true, a funk band that wailed instead of walked, that swung instead of sweated, and that played instead of plodded. The soloists weren't afraid to think, to transcend their cramped framework and superimpose a personal vision when the notion struck. Unfortunately, their follow-up, A Piece Of The Apple, only fleetingly matches that description. The difference between NYM's first and second albums is about the same as the distance between the first two efforts of their cousins-in-spirit, the Brecker Bros., or the difference between vision and concession.

Saxophonist Bruce Johnstone, bassist Rick Petrone, and drummer Joe Corsello remain from the original line-up, but Donald Hahn's provocative trumpet has been replaced by Ron Friedman's more lyrical yet staid style. Most of the album falls in the formalized funk league, and the title is a regrettably apt portrayal of their present intentions.

Still, though, when these guys cut loose, they burn ass like it was nobody's business. Johnstone, in particular, is a resounding joy, and one suspects that, with his proclivity for substantive, inventive, and complex solos, his true affinity may rest with bop, not funk. In any case, he is the single most creative saxophone player to choose the funk idiom as his primary vehicle that I've ever heard, bar none. His gutsy, aggressive breaks on Rush Hour and Zoo Mouth (?) are reason enough to have this album around. Trumpeter Friedman has a resonant, romantic car for ballads, equally as evocative and emotional as Johnstone, yet not the confrontive foil that Hahn was. Besides drummer Corsello (who wrote the lovely Midnight Magic) and bassist Petrone, the rest of NYM would appear to be of the pickup variety: Whoever's in the studio at the right time is a band member, which only jumbles whatever integrative qualities the group might otherwise attain into an anonymous morass.

A Piece Of The Apple sounds more like a polished demo then anything else; it fails to fully divulge the wide-ranging inclinations of the band's principal members. —gilmore

CHARLIE HADEN

CLOSENESS DUETS—Horizon SP 710: Ellen David; O.C.; For Turiya; For A Free Portugal. Personnel: Haden, basses; Keith Jarrett, piano; Ornette Coleman alto sax: Alice Coltrane barn; Paul

nette Coleman, alto sax; Alice Coltrane, harp; Paul Motian, percussion.

* * * * *

Haden is one of the leaders of improvisational music. From the first, he's been the throbbing bottom for Ornette's change of the century, and more recently become the rock for Jarrett's and Turiya's impressionistic effusions. Though a figure with the JCOA, Haden is seldom heard in the clubs and concerts of the hinterland, and too infrequently recorded. His first project as leader since the public display of *Liberation Music Orchestra* satisfies the immediate need.

Each composition here is Haden's, yet each is self-effacing, constructed to exemplify his chosen partner. The dedicatory *Ellen David* is nearly as much Jarrett's as his solo *Facing* You, with his characteristic webs and skeins of classical phrases, slurred runs, and modest diminuendos. *O.C.* is basic Ornette, from its raggedly climbing facade to its adventurously imaginative variations. Alice's lush, Oriental pluckings are sensitively accompanied by the bassist's sliding, double stops, and fullness of tone. *Free Portugal* casts Haden and his frequent percussionist as sidemen to an MPLA assault.

Charlie's sound is all closeness. He has a frank, open way of getting next to his col-

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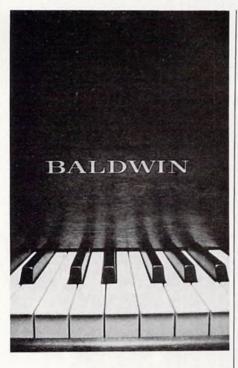
ALICE COLTRANE: Radha-Kisya Nama Sankistana. "The moment is reflective of the music and the music is reflective of the moment." Alice's piano' artistry highlights her second W.B. LP. Ed Michel co-produces.



MICHAEL FRANKS: Sleeping Gypsy: Franks' The Art of Tea ("Popsicle Toes") was last year's sleeper. Recording with Tommy LiPuma in Brazil and California, Franks goes further still in establishing himself as a threat on jazz and pop charts.



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Teddy Wilson's Accompanist



leagues, and the listener. His rich sound may be boosted by a Barcus-Berry, but his technique includes dynamic and harmonic precision, with innumerable ways of strumming and picking time.

Though his strokes sometimes sound familiar and learned, they prompt fresh, forceful responses and provoke themselves to new tangents. Also, Haden is a proud soloist, from the tradition of bassmen who constantly solo -Mingus, LaFaro, Paul Chambers. And he's a political man, insisting on flaunting Portuguese repression with a statement supporting "the black peoples' liberation movements of Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea." Motian's role is subtle, with folkish rhythm instruments, and the MPLA anthem is spliced over the duct, until the puff of guns attacking a Portuguese barrack splotches the music. We accept the contiguity of the music and the struggle, and suspect, hope, Haden is winning his own personal wars. -mandel

BETTY CARTER

WHAT A LITTLE MOONLIGHT CAN DO-Impulse ASD-9321: You're Driving Me Crazy; I Can'r Help II; By The Bend Of The River; Babe's Blues; Foud Play; You're Geting To Be A Habin With Me; Isle Of Muy; But Beautiful; All I've Got; Make It Last; Blue Bird Of Happiness; Something Wonderful; What A Lit the Moonlight Can Do; There's No You; I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire; Remember; My Reverie; Mean To Me; Don't Weep For The Lady; Jazz (Ain't Nothin' But Soul); For You; Stormy Weather; At Sundown; On The Alamo.

Personnel: Carter, vocals: Kenny Dorham (tracks 1-6), Ray Copeland (tracks 1-12), trumpets; Melba Liston (tracks 1-12), trombone: Gigi Gryce, Jimmy Powell, alto sax (tracks 1-6); Benny Golson, tenor sax (tracks 1-6); Jerome Richardson, tenor sax, flue, bassoon (tracks 7-12); Sahib Shihab, baritone sax (tracks 1-6); Wynton Kelly, piano (tracks 1-12); Sam Jones (tracks 1, 3-6). Peck Morrison (tracks 1-12); Sam Jones (tracks 1, 3-6). Peck Morrison (tracks 1-12); bass; Specs Wright, drums (tracks 1-12). Personnel on tracks 13-24 unknown; orchestra arranged and conducted by Richard Wess. Tracks 1-12 arranged by Golson and Tommy Bryce; conducted by Gigi Gryce.

* * * * */* * * *

As Bob Porter's liner notes explain, Betty Carter's "second record date is contained in the first two sides of this album. ... The year was most likely 1958 and the location New York ... the remaining sides were likely a result of Ray Charles' enthusiasm for Betty. Charles had arrived at ABC Paramount in 1959 and was, at that time, the biggest artist on the label. He would later record an LP in tandem with Betty. ... Here, there is a crack New York studio band, arranged and conducted by Richard Wess, who used to provide those nice charts for Bobby Darin." And now that you know from whence it came, let me add that this LP is wonderful; I give it five stars for sides one and two, four for sides three and four.

On the 1958 session, Carter sings the best I've ever heard her; fans of her current Betcar albums, aware of her unique technical daring, may be surprised at the considerable lyricism she also shows here, even on straight bop tunes like Babe's Blues. Check the lush softness in her voice when she finishes a line-I don't hear it now, 18 years later. (Sometimes, too, it even rises wholly to the surface, as during an exquisite echoey moment on I Can't Help It.) And of course note her perennially quirky diction, still flexible enough to allow her pipes free rein, even to the point of chordal descent in the middle of a word. And this early in her career she also had a well-developed theatrical intelligence: the words she chooses to slur, deepen or over-enunciate are

usually crucial to the sense of a lyric. (Considcring someone like Frances Faye's chance to sing *Porgy And Bess*, it's remarkable Carter's never had a chance to bring her gifts to a standard score.) Though some of the charts have pitch and taste problems, Betty sounds cozy in an easily swinging jazz atmosphere; she gives us every pleasure a great jazz singer should.

Wess' touch, however, commercial for 1959, seems to inhibit her, especially in comparison to the earlier session. The nicest moments of the later date involve strings or lighter colors, as on There's No You and My Reverie; elsewhere, Carter sounds a mite confused by blatant, often pseudo-jazz orchestrations, perhaps unsure if she should really cut loose and circumvent the broadness. As is, she sometimes winds up only half-creative, even guilty of a few inappropriate excursions. She also has a coarser vocal style than on the earlier date, closer to that heard on the sessions with Charles that were to follow. Sure, she won our hearts forever with her softness in duct on Baby, It's Cold Outside, but in light of the 1958 tracks, it's a softness more starkly wan than warmly emotional.

However, as Porter notes, Betty still sings the Wess arrangements with as much jazz feel as she can muster, and hence my four stars. She's still much herself, and the interesting choice of tunes—as on the earlier date—is a breath of fresh air in this age of Paul Williams. This is simply an excellent reissue, and I'm amazed at what new light those 1958 tracks throw on Carter's carcer. What's going to come out of the vaults next? —rozek

EDDIE JEFFERSON

STILL ON THE PLANET—Muse MR-5063: I Got The Blues, Workshop, Sherry, Ornithology, Keep Walkin'; Zap! Carnivorous!; Pinetop's Boogie; Chameleon.

Personnel: Jefferson, vocals; Wayman Reed, trumpersonnel: Jefferson, vocals; Wayman Reed, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Richie Cole, alto sax; Mickey Tucker, keyboards; Rick Laird, bass; Eddie Gladden, drums; Harold White, percussion; Betsy Fesmire, vocals (track 7).

The multi-talented Eddie Jefferson after some 30 years of paying dues is *Still On The*

Planet and apparently on the verge of receiving the exposure and recognition he so greatly deserves. In addition to the popping album under consideration here, Eddie recently made a TV appearance with Annie Ross and Jon Hendricks for PBS's *Soundstage*. So, at last, things seem to be happening for Eddie.

Jefferson is one of the main contributors to the jazz vocalist's lexicon, primarily because of his ability to adapt lyrics to jazz standards and classic instrumental solos. His innovation established the approach used by singers like King Pleasure, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, Mark Murphy and Oscar Brown, Jr. For this outing, Jefferson has assembled a top-rate ensemble, fine charts by Mickey Tucker and lines culled from such diverse sources as James Moody, Hank Crawford, Benny Harris, Charlie Ferguson and Herbie Hancock.

I Got The Blues, taken from a Moody-based solo on Lester Leaps In, is a toe-tapping curtain-raiser. Eddie's great voice with its mellow lived-in maturity, the snappy background horn licks, and the chullient solos from Wayman Reed's trumpet and Richie Cole's alto are perfectly proportioned. Sherry, a retooled Crawford line, finds a throaty laid back Jefferson working in front of an infectious midwest shuffle. The up-tempo groove for Ornithology brings out Eddie's spirited scat work

and bubbling solos from Reed, Cole and Tucker. Pinetop's Boogie introduces the earthy vocalizing of Betsy Fesmire while Chameleon is Eddie's funk 'n' roll treatise on contemporary morality. On each tune Eddie and the soloists are supported by the super sympathetic rhythm work of Tucker (keyboards), Rick Laird (bass), Eddie Gladden (drums) and Harold White (percussion).

Hopefully, Still On The Planet will help catapult Eddie's career into a new orbit. His engaging wit, way with words and swinging musicality combine with the talents of his cohorts to make this a sparkling package that should be accessible to just about everyone. -berg

EDDIE LOCKJAW DAVIS

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Pablo 2310 778: Lover; Wave; On A Clear Day; The Chef; Gigi; Last Train From Overbrook; Good Life; I'll Never Be The Same; Watch What Happens.

Personnel: Davis, tenor; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Bobby Durham, drums. * * *

This is basically a middle of the road tenor session that holds interest for several reasons. First, Davis is a master phrasemaker and manipulator of time. At a fast clip he skims over the tops of his notes with a tight, surefooted determination, pausing occasionally to chew a phrase or hold a note and hurl it against the beat. On ballads such as Good Life or Never Be The Same he is the classic romantic. Whatever the tempo, though, his tone is big, sometimes turning into a harsh squawk. other times summoning up a deep resonance. He finds compelling statements to make within unlikely material, particularly on Watch What Happens.

The Tommy Flanagan Trio, familiar to anyone who has caught an Ella Fitzgerald concert in recent years, makes up the rhythm team. Flanagan has a following all his own, and they will not be disappointed by his performance here, although they may have wished to hear more of him. This is, after all, a tenor LP, however. Tommy is generally restricted to a chorus near the end of each track. His block chord work on Overbrook is absorbingly gentle -mcdonough

PATTI AUSTIN

END OF A RAINBOW-CTI 5001: Say You Love Me; In My Life; You Don't Have To Say You're Sorry; More Today Than Yesterday; Give It Time; There Is No Time; What's At The End Of A Rainbow; This Side Of Heaven; Sweet Sadie The Savior.

Personnel: Austin, vocals. Instrumentalists not listed. * * *

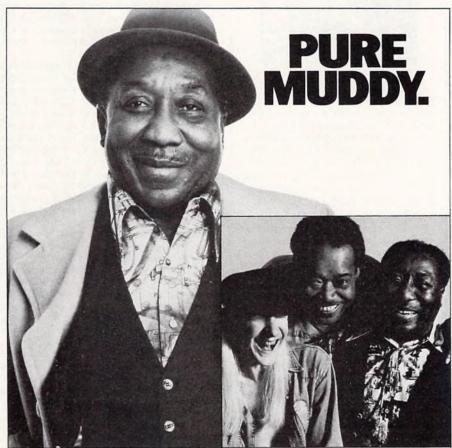
Patti Austin's first solo effort is a pleasant surprise, pleasant because of its consistent dreamy mood, and a surprise because it showcases Austin as a songwriter as much as a singer (she wrote eight of the nine songs). While her material should hardly give Stephen Sondheim or Joni Mitchell any reason to quake, it nicely extrapolates on her genteel persona. On the basis of Patti's depersonalized appearances on recent Bob James and Roberta Flack projects, she truly sounded like a background singer who should remain in the background. Not so. End Of A Rainbow may not be a pot of gold, but it's a fine first

ray. The obvious vocal comparison, in both range and dynamics, is Minnie Riperton, but Austin's phrasing is truly closer to a jazz spirit, with a skating, free form elegance, and an inflective and interpretive knack. Even in her occasionally showy restraint, Patti is no daisy, no more than Sarah Vaughan or Carmen Mc-Rae (although some engineer or producer-Creed, could that be you?-insists on drenching nearly every vocal with a dispiriting echo track). Sure, it comes off as being a bit schmaltzy or "poppish," but that's no crime in this writer's estimation. It's a relief to hear a jazz or soul vocalist make a record that doesn't try first to numb you with its rhythm section, then "arouse" you by plugging a vibrator into the console, a la Donna Summer. Which isn't to say that this is facile, sexless music. You Don't Have To Say You're Sorry is perfect fare for those romantics who opt for late hour low lights and wine, and equally enjoyable the morning after.

Austin's songwriting is simplicity incarnate, and it would be interesting to know just how

she approaches the craft, what instruments, theory, or instincts she employs. For the most part, her songs are resplendent rounds, closer to a hook than a chorus, a bridge than a verse. As one might suspect, after a while the effect is a bit drowsy, resulting in a narrow mood. In fact, the two tracks that attempt to break the spell, the funky More Today Than Yesterday and the gospelish Sweet Sadie The Savior, seem miscast, particularly in their placement as side closers, something like a cold shower during detumescence.

Overall, however, End Of A Rainbow makes a tasteful aperitif. And notice how no arranger, musicians, or even a producer are credited anyplace on the album? Creed's learned his lesson: He isn't about to create any more sidemen who become ingrateful superstars for other labels. -gilmore



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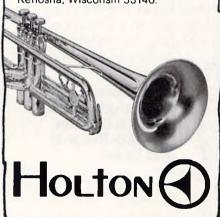
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TOM WAITS

SMALL CHANGE—Asylum 7E-1078: Tom Trau-bert's Blues (Four Sheets To The Wind In Copenhagen); Step Right Up; Jitterbug Boy (Sharing A Curb With Chuck E. Weiss, Robert Marchese, Paul Body And The Mug And Artie); I Wish I Was In New Orleans (In The Ninth Ward); The Piano Has Been Drinking (Not Me) (An Evening With Pete King); Invitation To The Blues; Pasties And A G-String (At The Two O'Clock Club); Bad Liver And A Broken Heart (In Lowell); The One That Got Away; Small Change (Got Rained On With His Own .38); I Can't Wait To Get Off Work (And See My Baby On Montgomery Avenue).

Personnel: Waits, vocals and piano; Shelly Manne, drums; Jim Hughart, bass; Lew Tabackin, tenor sax; Harry Bluestone, Israel Baker, Nathan Kaproff, Na-than Ross, George Kast, Murray Adler, Marvin Limonick, Alfred Lustgarten, Sheldon Sanov, violins; Sam Boghossian, David Schwartz, Allan Harshman, violas: Ed Lustgarten, Kathleen Lustgarten, Ray Kelley, Jesse Ehrlich, celli. String section arranged and conducted by Jerry Yester.

Tom Waits is out there by himself. A surreal yarn spinner, self-proclaimed raconteur, musician, songwriter/poet and collector of cliches, he is the inimitable chronicler of the down and out, alienated American experience

This is his fourth album and Waits has filled it with songs that, like his past work, evoke images of strip joints, sailors without ships, hustlers, late night bars, all night grills and people who work the third shift and toast their early morning reality with a shot and a beer.

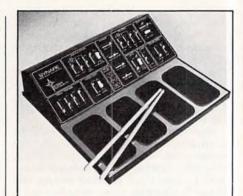
Above all, Waits is a poet, one of the finest contributing to popular music (if one wants to put that classification on it), and maybe one of the few people to effectively weld poetry and jazz. The only other person who comes close to him is Bob Dorough doing Langston Hughes and Lawrence Ferlingetti on an old World Pacific record called Jazz Canto.

His songs can be raucous and bawdy like Pasties And A G-String, which is sung to Tom's popping fingers and bump and grind percussion, or they can be poignant and lonely like Small Change, one of this album's more effectively dramatic cuts, describing a small timer who "got rained on with his own .38," as small time in death as he had been on the street. Accompanied only by Lew Tabackin's bluesy tenor that sounds like an indifferent sob, Small Change is definitive Waits, filled with poignant, introspective imagery that works on more than one level. Step Right Up, where Tom comes on like a carnival barker with backing from a full walking bass, is like that; the whole world becomes a bargain basement filled with every cheap hype comeon you've ever heard.

Waits' music, however, is not the universal nature that everyone can relate to. It requires a feeling for the places, language and street lifers with which he populates his songs. In addition, it begs more than a passing acquaintance with a body of hardnosed, macho literature that includes Kerouac, Hubert Selby, Jr., and Charles Bukowski.

As a singer Waits is a superb phraser with a wonderful melodic sense. But if one has followed his recorded output from the beginning, his voice is becoming increasingly harsh, raspy and gnarled to the point where it almost sounds out of control. On Small Change he sings like a would be Louis Armstrong who has spent too much time hanging around with Joe Cocker.

Unlike his last record, Nighthawks At The Diner, Change does not capture Tom Waits, the improviser. In live performance Waits is above all a true jazz-based improviser who never does a song or a set the same way twice,



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intertwining music and monologue with an endless series of one liners and off-beat allusions.

Small Change demonstrates that Waits is more involved with his unique material than ever before. Whether the public chooses to embrace his vision of underbelly existence is something that remains to be seen. One thing's for sure—Waits has proven he has the artistic courage to stick to his guns. For that alone he deserves strong applause in this age of gutless compromisers. —nolan

BILL EVANS/ EDDIE GOMEZ

MONTREUX III—Fantasy F-9510; Elsa; Milano; Venutian Rhythm Dance; Django; Minha (All Mine); Driftin'; I Love You; The Summer Knows. Personnel: Evans, acoustic and electric piano;

Gomez, acoustic bass.

* * * * *

Bill Evans is a magician whose bag of tricks still sparkles and amazes. The surprise of this set, recorded at the 1975 Montreux Jazz Festival, is Evans' energy and vitality. This, undoubtedly, can be largely explained by the absence of a drummer. With only the support of Eddie Gomez' bass, Evans plunges into each tune with unusual gusto and abandon.

The driving percussive side of Evans emerges most dramatically in Clive Stevens' Venutian Rhythm Dance and Cole Porter's I Love You. With the Porter standard, a forceful dialogue between Evans and Gomez is built on alternating 2 and 4 bar phrases. After Eddie's compelling pizzicato essay. Evans returns with a set of dazzling single-note runs which build to a critical mass before fragmenting into a final sketching of the melody.

Evans' penchant for triple meter is given expression in Earl Zindar's *Elsa* and Dan Haele's *Driftin'*. The breezy *Elsa* provokes assertive cascading right-hand lines and pungent left-hand punctuations from Evans, and insistent passionate arco strokes from Gomez.

Also impressive is John Lewis' Milano. Using an additive process, Evans' initial rhapsodic tracing is gradually filled in with bolder colors and lines until it emerges as a rich glowing cityscape. Django, another Lewis composition, opens with a reflective backward glance, evolves to an inspired up-tempo tribute, and then returns to the bittersweet ruminations of the initial statement.

Throughout, the special Evans-Gomez chemistry is at work. Their intertwined exchanges, their ability to elaborate on and extend each others' ideas, and their overall mutually supportive empathy form one of the most productive feedback loops in improvised music. My only reservation concerns Evans' use of electric piano. While the contrast it provides is perhaps sufficient justification, the intrinsic clash between the metallic sonorities of the electric piano and the woody resonances of acoustic bass is just too obtrusive. That Evans and Gomez come so close to making this odd couple work is a tribute to their -berg vast musical resources.

WAH WAH WATSON

ELEMENTARY—Columbia PC 34328: Goo Goo Wah Wah: Love My Blues Away; Cry Baby; My Love For You Comes And Goes; Together (Whatever); Sunset Bouleward; Love Ain't Somethin' (That You Get For Free); I'll Get By Without You; Bubbles; Good Friends.

Personnel: Watson, guitar, synthesizer, voice bag, echoplex, vocals: Ray Parker, Jr., guitar: Ollie Brown, drums; Louis Johnson, bass; Sonny Burke, acoustic and electric piano, synthesizer; John Barnes, Clavinet; Joe Sample, piano: Clarence McDonald,



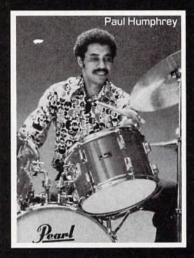
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piano; Mark Davis, piano (track 6); Willie Weeks, bass (track 6); Herbië Hancock, electric piano, synthesizer (tracks 9) and 10); Bennie Maupin, soprano sax, echoplex (track 9); Ernie Watts, tenor sax (tracks 2 and 5); Aaron Snith, druns (track 1); Wilton Felder, bass (tracks 2 and 7); Henry Davis, bass (track 8); James Jameson, bass (track 4); David T. Walker, guitar (track 4); David Grusin, electric piano (track 8); The Waters Family, vocals; Dale Warren and Bob Manchurian, orchestration.

* 1

Wah Wah Watson's debut album as a leader falls into a laid back pop-soul bag—riff-oriented tunes embellished by electronic effects and pedestrian horn, string, and vocal arrangements. This formula has produced a lot of enjoyable music, but Wah Wah is having some problems here.

First of all, he is a limited singer. His vocal style is sometimes mellow to the point of being soporific. The lack of bite in his singing extends to much of the instrumental work. The riffs seem almost flabby; they lack the riveting quality that is necessary for the success of this kind of music.

The ballads on this record are beautiful songs with considerable flaws. Love My Blues evokes both the Motown and Gamble-Huff styles but lacks melodic variety. The song goes on too long, beating one nice pattern into the ground. My Love For You is a pretty tune marred by a vocal arrangement that sounds like Ray Conniff gone funky.

Cry Baby utilizes electronically altered vocal effects reminiscent of Stevie Wonder at his most self-indulgent. Wah Wah's guitar playing here is typical—competent, yet gimmicky and finally forgettable. Goo Goo Wah Wah begins with a series of big chords before shifting into Wah Wah's standard display of sound effects over a choppy rhythm.

Sunset has a catchy, bouncy, New Orleans-Allen Toussaint feel which provides a needed dash of harmonic variation to the album. The strings and horns are obtrusive but bearable. The kazoo effect, however, borders on the idiotic. *I'll Get By Without You* has a good downin-the-alley feeling with a descending note pattern, that eventually regresses to yet another interminable repetition of a funky riff.

Bubbles, an instrumental featuring Wah Wah's current confreres Hancock and Maupin, sports a strong, melodic electric piano spot while Wah Wah gets a distant horn-like effect on guitar.

If Watson wants to continue working the pop-soul genre, he should strip the fat off the arrangements and generally tighten things up. His chops deserve a better setting than they get on this album. —schneckloth

JEAN-LUC PONTY

IMAGINARY VOYAGE—Atlantic SD 18195: New Country: The Gardens Of Babylon; Wandering On The Milky Way; Once Upon A Dream; Tarantula; Imaginary Voyage (Parts 1-IV).

aginary Voyage (Parts 1-IV). Personnel: Ponty, electric and acoustic violins, organ, synthesizer; Daryl Stuermer, electric and acoustic guitars; Allan Zavod, piano, electric keyboards; Tom Fowler, electric bass; Mark Craney, percussion.

* * *

Ponty, through his early exploits with Frank Zappa, is largely responsible for bringing the violin into the front lines of rock and fusion bands. John McLaughlin picked up on the sound, bringing Jerry Goodman into the original Mahavishnu Orchestra, and bringing Ponty himself aboard his second edition of the band. Having "paid his dues" under these pioneers in modern electric music, Ponty was well equipped to put together his own band. The outrent product of thet programming in the

The current product of that progression is

on display on this recent Atlantic release; the most obvious aspect of this outing is that Ponty picked up a lot of licks along the way. This is not to say that Ponty is a limited player; far from it, he solos with authority and originality, relying far less on his electronic bag of tricks than many of his fusion fellows. But as a composer, Ponty's chief talent seems to be stringing together riffs and snatches from his past mentors' work, adding a few lifts from other genres for good measure.

For instance, the title suite is definitely cast in the Mahavishnu mold, and comes through sounding rather high-flown: Part III, however, is a fine moving 6/8 shuffle that should be liberated from the pretentious baggage that surrounds it. *New Country* takes a familiar square-dance fiddle riff, drops a beat, and adds the unexpected dynamics of fusion to fill out the sound. The result is rather appealing, and is further enhanced by Stuermer's fine solo.

Tom Fowler makes his propulsive presence felt throughout the session. Zavod's keyboards are somewhat indulgent, a trait all too common among today's electric keyboardists. Drummer Craney is never too obtrusive, which is high praise in terms of fusion taste and practice. —bennett

STUFF

STUFF—Just Sunshine (Warner Brothers) BS 2968: Foots; My Sweetness; (Do You) Want Some Of This; Looking For The Juice; Reflections Of Divine Love; How Long Will It Last; Sun Song; Happy Farms; Dixie/Up On The Roof.

Personnel: Cornell Dupree, Eric Gale, guitars; Richard Tee, piano, electric piano, organ; Gordon Edwards, bass, percussion; Steve Gadd, Christopher Parker, drums, percussion.

* * * $\frac{1}{2}$ As legendary session players of the mid-tolate '60s, Dupree, Edwards, Gale and Tee beautifully accompanied a host of r&b singers. Now, in the '70s, along with younger studio musicians like Gadd and Parker, they've brought soul to mainstream pop. (Why even as I type this, Paul Simon is on TV in front of me, and I can see/hear that Richard Tee is playing electric piano behind him.) As Stuff, all six essay the same kind of gospel-rooted backing tracks the four older members rode to notoriety: tracks that could, as is, ably support

any vocalist. But due to Stuff's awesome chops

and tightness, such literal "background" music here becomes independently substantive. Be warned, though. The band is so laid back, and their charts so unpretentious they may not bowl you over at first. But just listen closely, and you'll soon sense Stuff's rare rightness (similarly, I took a long time to understand why the late Al Jackson made so many Stax records so great). Dupree sentiently carries most of the lead and solo time, staying in the upper register just an eyelash from flurries of exquisitely bent notes; laconic overall, but seemingly capable of improvising adroitly as long as you'll listen. Gale plays second guitar, doubling lines on the heads and now and then soloing in the lower register, restrainedly for him, but up to the mood at hand. Tee clarifies his status as the ultimate soul comper, a stance that also colors his solos, patterns of minimal, precious bursts. And even though Gadd (whom I think drums on most of the tracks), Parker and Edwards could be mixed more prominently and clearly, they all contribute to a popping bottom which they accent by subtly variegating individual parts. The rightness, though, comes more from

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7373 N. Cicero Avenue, Lincolnwood, Illinois 60646 51 Nantucket Boulevard, Scarborough, Ontario Canada how all this fits together; the band's clockwork intensity generates an irresistibly driving feel, making you want to dance in the spirit of the church (not coincidentally, the added "percussion" above means tambourines).

Which brings to mind this record's only other problem besides an at-times weak mix (a failing more obvious after one has heard the band's crisp edge live): such a wonderful feel should last longer than four minutes and a fade, or else one feels something like the worst kind of frustration. I'd like to see a two record live LP for an encore, especially since the group is so tied to Manhattan's studios that its concert presence will rarely otherwise reach non-New Yorkers. —rozek

DAVE BURRELL

HIGH ONE-HIGH TWO-Arista-Freedom AL

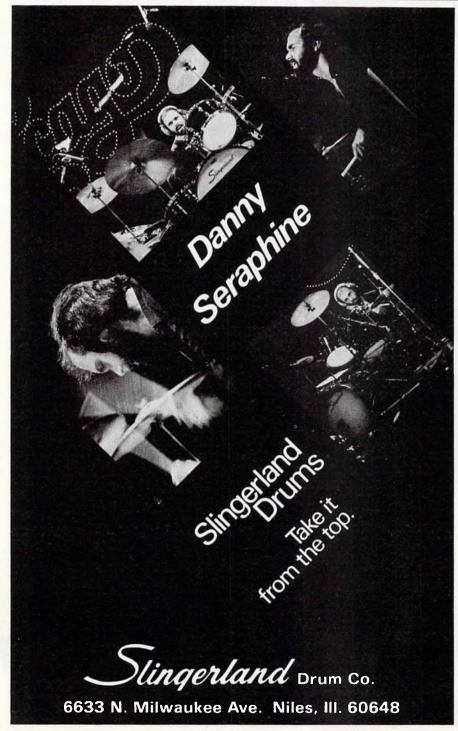
1906: 1, West Side Story Medley. 2, Oozi Oozi; Bittersweet Reminiscence; Bobby And Si; Dave Blue; Margie Pargie (A.M. Rag). 3, East Side Colors. 4, Theme Stream Medley (a. Dave Blue; b. Bittersweet Reminiscence; c. Bobby And Si; d. Margie Pargie (A.M. Rag); e. Oozi Oozi; f. Inside Ouch).

Personnel: Burrell, piano; Sirone, bass; Bobby Kapp (tracks 1, 2, 4), Sunny Murray (track 3), drums; Pharoah Sanders, tambourine.

* * *

High One-High Two is a two disc set which captures the eclectic pianistics of Dave Burrell. Recorded in 1968, Burrell's sketches include cocktail tinklings, Ramsey Lewis-inspired sound-alikes, and Cecil Taylorish swirls. Though providing pleasant moments, there are problems which flaw the overall project.

One of these involves Stanley Crouch's liner notes. Crouch's enthusiastic embrace of Burrell, and the avant garde, places his annota-



tion in the tradition of flag-waving arts boosters like "personal cinema" exponent Jonas Mekas. While I wholly support Crouch's desire to nurture alternatives to the mainstream, his uncritical hyperbole endangers the acceptance and understanding of that which he loves. The music simply falls short of the verbiage that introduces it.

Crouch, for instance, ranks Burrell with Cecil Taylor and Don Pullen. Since most people who come to this music will not have previously heard Burrell and therefore nothing of his more recent work, it is impossible to fully assess Crouch's claim which is not supported by the album itself. It is disappointing, then, that Crouch fails to provide any solid information on the pianist. Who is Dave Burrell? What are his roots? What has he been doing these last eight years to justify being classed with Taylor and Pullen?

Crouch's neglect in commenting on drummer Bobby Kapp, who performs on three of the four sides, and on the presence of Pharoah Sanders playing tambourine are further mysteries. One has to question, as well, Crouch's musical judgment in regard to his evaluation of bassist Sirone's "exceptional intelligence and sensitivity." While the bassist has his day on the free-wheeling East Side Colors, much of his playing on the more traditional material is just not supportive of Burrell's efforts. (Today, Sirone's mature work is an integral part of the Revolutionary Ensemble, an exploratory trio composed of the bassist, violinist Leroy Jenkins and drummer Jerome Cooper. Their most recent offering is the provocative The People's Republic-Horizon/A&M SP-708.)

In spite of the conflicts created by the disparities between the liner notes and the music, it is clear that the Burrell of 1968 was an accomplished musician. His broad and ambivalent stylistic range, however, suggests the lack of a forceful artistic vision. Nonetheless, Burrell's performance is sufficiently interesting to prompt questions about his activities over the last eight years. (One clue is provided by three recent Archie Shepp releases: There's A Trumpet In My Soul, Arista-Freedom-AL 1016; Archie Shepp/Montreux One, Arista-Freedom-AL 1027; and Archie Shepp/Montreux Two, Arista-Freedom-AL 1034. In these, Burrell's efforts are more focused. That, however, may be due to Shepp's guiding spirit.) _herg

JOE HENDERSON

BLACK NARCISSUS—Milestone M-9071: Black Narcissus; Hindsight And Forethought; Power To The People; Amoeba; Good Morning Heartache; The Other Side Of Right.

Personnel: Henderson, tenor sax, Moog bass (track 4); Joachim Kuhn, piano; J.F. Jenny-Clark, bass; Daniel Humair, drums; Dave Friesen, bass (track 5); Jack DeJohnette, drums (tracks 4 & 5); Dr. Patrick Gleeson, E-Mu Polyphonic Synthesizer.

Black Narcissus is one of those curious bastard products made possible by technical advances in the recording studio. This album grows out of four sessions, Amoeba and Heartache from Berkeley in April, '75, the rest out of Paris, October, '74. Summers added the percussion tracks in Berkeley after the fact, at which point it was Dr. Patrick Gleeson's turn. Operating out of San Francisco, the veteran of Herbie Hancock's septet laid the tracks that give signs of the coming onslaught from polyphonic synthesizers. Those signs are ominous.

The novelty aspects of the single-fire synthesizer are just beginning to die off, and they still impede the musical functions of string ensembles and other recent synthesizer variants; the poly Moog and its competitors promise to be like three-ring circuses in relation to these primitive sideshows. Their effect on ensemble sound seems sure to be drastic, at any rate, and could, if this record is any indication, have a rather deleterious side effect.

The fault here may be as much a mixing problem as anything else, but it bodes not well: Gleeson's often quite musical overlays tend to overwhelm the other instruments, save for Henderson's tenor, either rendering them inaudible (like the piano, which is tantalizing in its emergences), or absorbing their timbral characteristics (as in the case of the bass).

Beyond that, however, the album still has some rough spots: Amoeba is as amorphous as its name implies, redeemed only in part by DeJohnette's slippery drumming. Power To The People isn't much better, carrying on for 12 minutes and change over a single four-beat bass riff. The Other Side Of Right adds a touch of echoplex to Henderson's sax with rather tinny results. Good Morning Heartache is Henderson's best effort of the LP, but Glecson's heavy-handed additions do their best to steal the show. Too many cooks, as the saying goes.

JOE BONNER

ANGEL EYES—Muse MR 5114: Angel Eyes; Love Dance; I Do: Variations On The Little Chocolate Boy: Celebration: Interlude.

Love Dance; 1 Do: Variations on the Linte Called Boy; Celebration; Interlude. Personnel: Bonner, piano (tracks 1-5), bamboo flute (track 6); Billy Harper, tenor sax, (tracks 4 and 5); Leroy Jenkins, violin (tracks 4 and 5); Juni Booth, bass (tracks 2, 4, 5); Jimmy Hopps (tracks 2, 4, 5); Linda Sharrock (track 5), vocal.

Joe Bonner is a 28-year-old pianist whose career has recently entered the "new talent to keep an eye on" category. Best known for his tenure with Pharoah Sanders. Bonner has also had productive associations with Roy Haynes, Woody Shaw and Freddie Hubbard. His 1975 recording debut was a challenging solo effort entitled *The Lifesaver* (Muse MR 5065). Now with the release of *Angel Eyes*, Bonner has definitely established himself as a major new pianistic voice.

Bonner, despite strong affiliations with the avant garde, is an eclectic whose diverse sources include McCoy Tyner, Cecil Taylor and Bud Powell. His eclecticism also extends to his selection of material, which in turn influences his stylistic orientation. On his solo rendition of Matt Dennis's *Angel Eyes*, for example, Bonner employs an overall lush treatment. His reharmonizations and bop-based phraseology, however, effectively cut against the romantic grain to impart unexpectedly provocative dramatic and musical textures.

The remaining compositions are all Bonner originals. Love Dance, which has become a jazz standard thanks to Woody Shaw, is an engaging trio setting which finds Bonner shifting from graceful lyricism to stormy tempestuousness. For Variations On The Little Chocolate Boy, the trio is augmented by Billy Harper's surging tenor and Leroy Jenkins' passionate violin in a series of oscillations between rhapsodic and in-tempo episodes. With the ironic Celebration, Bonner adds Linda Sharrock's versatile voice for a six-part dialogue ranging from melancholy and frustration to rage. The assertive solo statement I Do makes effective use of Tynerish swirls and powerful left-hand chords while Interlude reveals Bonner's reflective side through the medium of bamboo flute. -berg

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3CINOFOLO

Pat Martino

by russell shaw

Pat Martino, one of the most respected guitarists on the contemporary scene, almost made George Benson board the bus for home when George heard Pat pick at a club in a city he had just moved to. Pat's playing is that profound; a self-described mixture of various different elements, it can turn from surreal to funky and back again with the simple twist of a chord.

A native of Philadelphia, Martino got his start as a sideman for several great soul and jazz figures—Groove Holmes, Jack McDuff, Willis Jackson, and Lloyd Price, among many others. Eventually though, his playing was noticed, and he split time between solo recording ventures for the Muse label and further work as a guitarist for hire, playing for and with such people as Joe Farrell, Chick Corea, Dave Holland, Don Patterson, and ... well, the list is endless.

In 1975, Warner Brothers Records, inaugurating both a conscious and determined drive to forge a niche in the jazz arena, signed Pat. To date he has issued two widely acclaimed albums. With the vast promotional apparatus of Warner's at his beckon, his commercial success may exist on a similar plane with his aesthetic excellence.

This was Pat's first Blindfold Test. He declined to render individual star ratings on the selections played, stating that it was most difficult for him to stop being a musician and momentarily assume the role of critic.

Pat was given no information about the records played.

1. AL DIMEOLA. The Wizard (from The Land of the Midnight Sun, Columbia). DiMeola, guitar; Mingo Lewis, composer.

OAKLAND

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That's AI DiMeola. I think AI is a great player. That particular music was geared to showcase his technical virtuosity, and it did just that. It is always pleasing to hear someone that has those kind of chops. It is kind of Foreverish, leaning heavily on the connection of various different ostinatos. I would like, though, to hear AI playing in a situation where he didn't lean as much on his technical virtuosity as on his technical nuance. However, I don't want to rate this or any of the other records in terms of stars—it has always been hard for me to be a critic.

2. TERJE RYPDAL. Over Birkerot (from Odyssey, ECM). Rypdal, guitar, composer. Is that John Abercrombie, or maybe Philip Catherine? I have lots of good feelings about this track, particularly the originality, a lead instrument playing against a singular tonality. The guitar, though, is very hard to distinguish; it sounds like a synthesizer. With all those Eastern and raga elements, the whole thing is different. He does that kind of stuff well.

3. JOHN ABERCROMBIE AND RALPH TOWNER. Romantic Descension (from Sargasso Sea, ECM). Abercrombie and Towner, guitars; Abercrombie, composer.

One of the guitarists playing is Ralph Towner. He's one of my favorites. Is that John Abercrombie playing most of the rides? It is not hard to tell, because I saw John recently in the Village and he played similar stuff. Also, we shared a record date together with Barry Miles. I can't say that the technical aspect impressed me most on this one—but aesthetically I like the idea of two guitarists working so well together. Wow, Ralph and John are two really quiet, mellow players. 4. CHET ATKINS. Sonora (from The Night Atlanta Burned, RCA). Atkins, guitar; Mike Loudermilk, composer.

The first thought I had was Les Paul. No, Chet Atkins? Far out. I enjoy listening to people having fun. Intellectually, I got no satisfaction, but it touched my heart. I lean towards players whose playing is not a burden on their music. If the music can communicate through technical proficiency, that's the type of music I like. Chet is one of those people. He plays what he wants to play; he's an amazing technician.

5. PAT METHENY. Round Trip/Broadway Blues (from Bright Size Life, ECM). Metheny, guitar; Ornette Coleman, composer.

Definitely that's Pat Metheny. There's a certain attitude towards harmonics that's developing in Boston; Gary Burton, Swallow and Pat all have it, and it really shows. It is kind of hard to describe, but to me their sound revolves around the use of space. As a listener, I like to play with space and time, and so material like this is conducive to my thinking, and what I want to hear. I like Pat; his ideas are very pungent.

6. ROY BUCHANAN. Filthy Teddy (from Second Album, Polydor). Buchanan, guitarist, composer.

I can't imagine who that could be. Whoever it is is definitely a getdown, funk guitar player. There's something special about that breed; the way they will hang on a note and get the very most out of it, using basic physical devices based on the beat. Who is it?

Shaw: Roy Buchanan.

Martino: Oh, sure. We were on the bill together at a recent Newport thing called Guitar Explosion. It's dynamite!!

7. JOE PASS. You Are The Sunshine Of My Life (from Pass At The Montreux Jazz Festival, Pablo). Pass, guitar; Stevie Wonder, composer.

Joe Pass! Joe's a cross of every major bop guitar player that ever existed. In him, he's got a lot of Billy Bauer, Wes, and quite a bit of Joe Pass. He has a unique way of attacking the instrument, soft, yet it burns. He's one of the living greats; he'll always be remembered.

8. LARRY CORYELL. Kowloon Jag (from Aspects, Arista). Coryell, guitar, composer. Larry Coryell? He's definitely a master of the guitar, but I personally find his steeliness abrasive. It is possible to apply warmth to this type of music, but Larry is so technical. There's a certain warmth that most guitar players can get from a big, fat sound of the instrument that I found wasn't there in this case. I've heard other things from Larry that have impressed me a great deal more.



PETER ERSKINE by arnold jay smith



here are a few big bands that have survived various economic blitzes and the rigors of the road: lack of sleep, buses, the moods of the leader, eating on the fly, ugly clubowners, college audiences that won't allow you to pack up and make the next stop. It takes the strength to drive to the end of endurance and beyond. That stamina (Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Buddy Rich, Count Basie and Maynard Ferguson notwithstanding) largely belongs to youth. It is a wellspring that powers Kenton, Ferguson, et al, and an example is Peter Erskine. His drums have been on the Ferguson stand since mid-1976. He is the offspring of a psychiatrist father whose hobby is music. Peter endures the road with an open mind and a desire for experience

"We've done some wild outings. We were in Vermont which was very wet (there were record floods the weekend of the Vermont Jazz Festival). My mom, who will endure a great deal for me, wore a new suit and, yeah, she slipped in the mud.

"Originally I only joined Maynard's band for the summer because I wanted to finish college."

College is Indiana University at Bloomington where Peter is a music major studying with George Gaber. He left in 1972 to join Stan Kenton for three years, but he decided to return. Then Fergy called and Peter was out again "just for that summer tour. It was love with that rhythm section. The first eight bars was it, but I let them decide.

"Maynard is amazing, both physically and mentally. He's into a yoga thing and he sets a good example for all of us. Taking advantage of the body, of all your potential resources, is where it's at. For example, as it pertains to drumming, sitting so you can use your diaphragm to breathe is advisable when you are playing a lot of high-powered music. You can really poop out otherwise. Watching Cobham was the same experience. Drummers can learn a lot just by watching how he uses his body.

"Another point to watch is the way he uses his hands. I use both grips, matched and traditional. I started with the traditional, but the matched grip seems so much more practical in getting around the drum set. Again, It's more functional with that high-powered music. As far as setups are concerned, I would say that the smaller, bebop setup is better suited to the traditional grip—everything is nearby and easy to hit. But with these larger drum sets, it's almost like a multi-percussion setup. The most logical way to hit anything is holding both sticks the same way. I mean, did you ever see a caveman send a message out on a log with one club held between the third and fourth fingers?

"I let the music dictate. When we are playing a bebop thing I use traditional; a heavier jazz or rock tune calls for matched grip. Gene Krupa utilized it for back beat all the way back then."

At 22, Peter has been playing trap drums for 17 years. His former-bass-playing father from Linwood, N.J. does not use music as therapy. He's basically Freudian and music and Sigmund don't often mix. Peter's teacher, John Civera, had the patience and guidance to allow Peter "to be a kid" as well as teaching him the rudiments.

"I would surprise myself by playing for long hours in our basement. I never thought of myself as having an incredible amount of free time like so many drummers in their youth. I'll say this, though; I was a better drummer than a baseball player. The team would call me 'Butterfingers,' so I figured I'd better stay with sticks instead of bats."

The local high school offered few unusual programs so "Butterlingers" Erskine applied to and subsequently attended Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan. There he met Bob Mintzer, Chris Brubeck and many others. Most students were classically oriented, as the school offers a full arts program including dance, drama, visual arts and the like.

"Dave Sporny led a jazz band there and I did most of my growing in that band. After three years there, I went to Indiana for a year as a music major. Then Stan called.

"My dream when I was little was to play with Stan, but I was confused. I had long hair and used the matched grip. When the band did clinics, the music teachers would ask if Stan approved of that 'rock and roll' grip."

Peter's first appearance with the Kenton band was at Newport/New York in 1972. The band was

on the same program as a Woody Herman reunion so Stan brought along June Christy. June had her own charts. "It was my audition so the band just thought it was her own drummer," recalls Peter. "It was just playing down some 4/4 stuff. Stan dug it, I packed and met the band out in Ohio.

"I had no idea what the road was like. I thought we never checked into hotels. But Stan, outspoken as he is, gets along because he is dedicated. He is also, I might add, outspoken for the sake of being outspoken. I love the man for the music he has given us. It was part of my growing up and I learned a lot playing with that band in terms of concepts of time playing. Willie Maiden was on the band at the time and he used to sit me down and take time with me. Stan's book was beautiful for a drummer—we did straightahead things, Latin things. I brought more of a rock influence to the band than it had had before."

The road can get stifling, as young Peter found out. So when the opportunity arose to spend some time in one place, he took it. "It was nice getting to know the same people for a while. I opened up, intellectually, again. I was visiting New Jersey when I got Maynard's phone call via his manager's wife. Maynard promptly declared that he was out to ruin my educational career as best he could.

"I miss school. I was taking some nice courses outside of music like 'Twentieth Century Japanese Culture.' I had been to Japan with Stan and the people interested me. That's what college was all about—walking across campus, getting out of the damn music building, which almost becomes a trap for some people. I was not spending as much time in the practice room as I should have. It was a bit of a funny time for me. I've gone through a lot of changes in terms of ambition. Right now I'm trying to flow with what I'm doing.

"I have so much more to learn about writing. I've learned a lot already, but if I can get my discipline a little more together, I'd like to get more into it. It seems to be such an exciting and creative field, especially if you can get your music played."

Erskine has dabbled in the other percussive arts too. He studied mallets with Billy Dorn, late of the NBC Symphony under Toscanini. Peter has also played trumpet and piano, but he hasn't pursued any of these in much depth.

"I think a drummer has to know about keys, formats for songs, their construction. There are some young drummers who are told 'take a chorus' and they don't know the musical basics. You can play a lot more musically when you understand how the thing is built."

Peter's influences include Art Blakey, Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, "directly and indirectly, through other drummers. For instance, where did Grady Tate come from, or Cobham? So many guys won't mention that they learned from a Roach, even though they indirectly have, or from Krupa, or Baby Dodds. Dave Tough, and the whole scene.

"Some kids are very strongly influenced by Buddy Rich. But if they would open up their ears to a lot of things, than a synthesis would result and ultimately their own personality comes through and they would throw out some of those early influences.

"Musically speaking, we always try to evolve. That has been said so many times by so many people, but it bears repeating. Be happy playing, but don't omit sincerity and the importance the music carries to you. Each time you play it's something that you're giving. It's a chance you shouldn't blow."

JOE LEE WILSON

by david kastin

Joe Lee Wilson is one of America's unexploited natural resources. His stage presence is made up of equal parts visceral power and beatific grace; a union of body and soul. Some kind of super-hero transformation takes place when he starts to sing; he seems suddenly larger than life, of mythic proportions. Although Wilson's singing has made him



one of the heroes of the New York loft jazz scene, and even though he describes himself as a "space singer," his own roots go deeply into the blues.

Wilson was born in Oklahoma and started singing as a kid in churches and school. He began his professional career in 1958, and after a number of years of paying dues in clubs from L.A. and Mexico to Brooklyn, Joe Lee feels like he's come full circle.

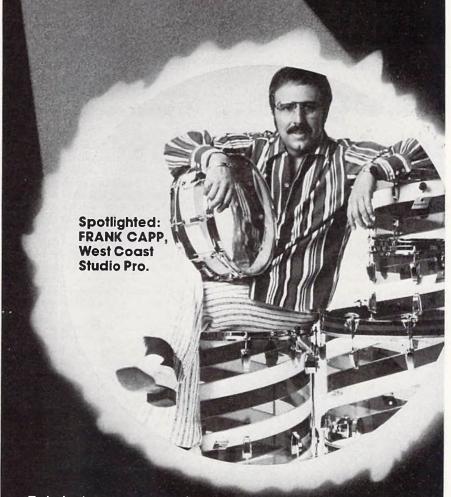
When he talks about the burgeoning local loftjazz movement, he calls it a "kind of church community; it's more religious than religion." As he continues, he even gets a little mystical. "Every person is a magnet," he explains intently. "Artistmusicians are strong magnets, and this brings people to you. Yeah, it's religion." At the same time, Joe Lee continues to see himself as a student. He searches out the history of music from the musicians who have lived it. "Eddie Jefferson, Jimmy Heath are walking history books and I've learned a lot from them."

Wilson's more formal musical education began at the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music where he had a scholarship to study classical singing. He left after a year to get into the jazz program at LA.'s City College. As he sees it, it wasn't a move to some less legitimate form. "Jazz," he says, "is the black man's classical music. Singing jazz is just as hard as singing opera." Joe Lee's next statement reminds me of an hysterically funny moment in the Bob Dylan documentary Don't Look Back. Dylan is jiving some earnest Mr. Jones from *Time* magazine: "I'm just as good a singer as Caruso," Dylan straightfaced. But when Joe Lee turns to me, and in his rich booming baritone says, "I consider myself to be in competition with Caruso," I find no special reason to smile.

He credits his classical training with helping to provide him with the instrument to do the kind of singing *h*e wanted. "Most jazz singers—Eddie Jefferson, King Pleasure, Jon Hendricks—don't have big voices. They have a pleasant voice and a style, but don't use the voice as power, per se. That's got to be developed from the stomach, from the diaphragm. I wanted to use my voice as power, like that guy... the big baritone...Paul Robeson. I try to get a sound like an opera singer. In that sense, I guess studying classical music did help." Besides, as Joe Lee had told me earlier, "I knew I was born to sing."

Joe Lee's vision of himself as a singer of black "classical" music makes it somewhat easier for him to rationalize the New Music's lack of mass appeal. While he recognizes that money and good promotion could probably sell it, he also believes that like all great art, serious jazz is never really

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going to have a huge popular base of support. His sentiments have more than a hint of ironic elitism: "I've always preached that jazz is for a select few. It's like if music is a big vat of milk, and after a few days the top comes up. Jazz is the cream."

It's in response to the failure of the commercial jazz marketplace that Joe Lee has involved himself with the Ladies Fort, a downtown, basement "loft" which is now entering its third year of operation. Since he opened it, it has become more than simply a place to rehearse or a necessary alternative to more prestigious club and concert dates. It's Wilson's conviction that such outlets "lift the music to a higher level than you could ever get in the clubs." His feelings have evolved into a philosophy spelled out on a chalkboard at the entrance to the Ladies Fort. "Joe Lee's idea," it reads in part, "is that artists will feed each other in more ways than one and fuse together a better lifestyle for all humanity."

While he readily acknowledges that the venture is not exactly going to reap enormous financial rewards, the bite of Big Apple expenses makes it difficult just to keep from going under. Joe Lee sees public funding as an appropriate resource and he's currently applying for a New York State Council on the Arts grant for the Ladies Fort (or rather the Music Factory, as he plans to rename it). That way he can continue to "give exposure to deserving musicians"—and still eat.

Despite the fact that Joe Lee Wilson is hardly a household name, one shouldn't get the impression from the hard facts of life listed above that he is in any serious danger of starving—either for grits or recognition. Since coming to New York in 1962, Wilson has worked on occasion with Sonny Rollins, Miles Davis, Pharoah Sanders and Jackie Mc-Lean among others. His recordings with Archie Shepp are widely respected. (Wilson's highly dramatic reading of Ellington's Come Sunday on The *Cry of My People*, is considered a small masterpiece.) In **down beat's** 1976 Critics' Poll he won first place in the appropriate category of Male Singer Deserving Wider Recognition.

Two albums under his own name document Wilson's current style and manage to capture the kinetic intensity of his singing. The first LP *Livin High Oft Nickels And Dimes* (Oblivion Records) was released in 1974. His newer album, *What Would It Be Without You* is on Rashied Ali's independent label, Survival. It features Joe Lee's regular band, Bond Street, with Rashied Ali sitting in on congas.

It doesn't take Norman Mailer to recognize that the names of the two companies for which Wilson has recorded seem loaded with symbolism. Together they encapsule the life of the serious jazz artist in America—oblivion and survival. It's a phrase that belongs on Joe Lee Wilson's coat of arms.



JIMMY LYONS QUARTET Studio Rivbea, New York City

Personnel: Lyons, alto saxophone; Karen Borca, bassoon; Hayes Burnett, bass; Henry Letcher, drums.

It is hard to understand why Jimmy Lyons' name is not mentioned in the same breath with other great names of the modern saxophone like Coltrane or Coleman. The most logical explanation is Lyons' association with Cecil Taylor, who tends to overshadow him.



In any event, Lyons played in his usual exceptional fashion during this concert, displaying his truly individual, magnetic saxophone concept, basically a mixture of the best harmonic/rhythmic aspects of bebop and freer modal/atonal ones developed by Taylor, Ornette and Trane. Each solo pulsated with enough drive to make the bassist and drummer almost superfluous (that they kept up and even spurred Lyons along at times testified to their capabilities). Lyons demonstrated great technical facility and fleetness, coupled with a brilliant, vibrant tone. No one plays the alto sax with more fervor—he literally cursed at

Lyons' Plane of Creativity ... Snow's Potential for Greatness ... DeFranco's Stylish Comeback ...

himself when he felt he was on the verge of a breakthrough during a solo. Yet, he usually overcame his mortal limitations and ascended to the plane of creativity he was seeking.

As if Lyons' playing was not enough to be thankful for, bassoonist Borca was nearly his equal. The tone of her instrument blended well with Lyons' alto, either while playing the jagged, witty, twisting themes, or interweaving with Lyons in dual improvisations. Her solos were more tentative and conservative than Lyons' but almost as inventive. She revealed the true potential of the bassoon as a jazz instrument, and it is much greater than one would have expected.

Burnett and Letcher fit well, not drawing undue attention to themselves but still contributing. Burnett, a huge man, took a couple of short, quietly communicative solos and might have sounded better if properly miked. Letcher is a busy, yet refined drummer who utilizes all the shadings and effects he can create from his kit. All in all, a fine rhythm team.

Jimmy Lyons should be heard by all seckers after great music, for he's one of the best contemporary saxophonists. —scott albin

PHOEBE SNOW State Theater, Minneapolis

Personnel: Snow, vocals and guitar; Wayland Pickard, keyboards, trumpet, tenor saxophone; Garard Baudry, drums; Steve Burgh, guitar, mandolin; Sal Guglielmi, bass; Roy Galloway and Michael Gray, backup vocals.

Phoebe Snow showed in her Twin Cities debut that she is a gifted singer/performer with unlimited potential. She needs only mature guidance to become truly great.

She did a 90-minute show with many high points and a few excesses that can and should be corrected in future concerts. She showed a performing personality that was natural, totally uninhibited, girlishly giggly and extremely patient with an unruly audience interested mostly in "getting down and boogieing."

Her voice and singing style are highly distinctive as those who've heard her on records must realize. She has a natural vibrato that cannot be duplicated, a slurring that is most unusual even for those considered jazz singers. Her siren-like leaps up the scale and her obbligatos are other characteristics of a unique style.

Miss Snow already seems embroiled in the singer's dilemma—the conflict between being called a jazz singer (and winning the critical praise and small but loyal audience that goes with it) and being a pop/rock singer and gaining the big audiences and money that accompany that kind of success.

On recordings so far, she has tried to do it all, but on her recent tour she seemed to be opting for the more commercial way of doing things. But she is only 24 years old and is by her own admission, still searching.

Her program this night was gospel-dominated-to excess, I thought. She opened with Shakey Ground, and during the evening did more gospel-oriented material, such as Faith If Blind, Shine, Shine, Shine, and Stand Up On A Rock. As good a gospel singer and blues shouter as she is, I kept wondering whether the music world needs another and if that should ultimately be Phoebe Snow's major contribution to popular music. Besides that, when singing this material, Miss Snow frequently was shrill and far too loud. She was on the loud side all night, in fact, partly because of her failure to handle the microphone properly (when are young singers going to learn?) and partly because of the usual deaf sound control person.

She was at her best and most unusual, I think, singing ballads and lightly swinging tunes—in other words, the same kind of material found in the repertoires of singers named Fitzgerald, McRae, Vaughan, and so on. A major difference, though, is that Miss Snow sings mostly original material, the majority of which is melodically and harmonically appealing, if lyrically somewhat vague at times.

Her blues version of the 1955 DeCastro Sisters hit, *Teach Me Tonight*, was nicely suggestive and much more adventurous than her recorded version. She did an appealing little dance with her backup singers at one point in the tune. She displayed a sultry side on *Faith If Blind*, and her unique phrasing (a quality that always will separate her from other singers) was shown to best effect on *No Regrets*. This tune started slowly then eased neatly into a medium-tempo and ended with Miss Snow scatting a few bars and hitting a really high one. The audience ruined the tune, however, by clapping all the way through it. Miss

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For Catalogs and Information write: Gretsch, 1801 Gilbert Ave., Cin., OH 45202 38 □ down beat Snow's ebullience and some fine three-part harmony highlighted *Shine*, *Shine*, *Shine*. Her treatment of the Lennon-McCartney gem, *Don't Let Me Down*, was moving, and she added her own touch with a sly laugh after the lines: "The first time he done me, he really done me good."

Although her lyrics are a trifle confusing at times, I loved some of the lines from *Fat Chance*, which she says was inspired by all the diets she's been on (Why are so many great female singers on the plump side?). "When will you get next to me: don't keep your distance; jump into my fantasy; will you love me, fat chance." A failure to grasp or appreciate her lyrics may be the listener's fault more than hers.

Poetry Man, her big hit, was lovely and sensual, but the saxophone break by Pickard was a poor substitute for Zoot Sims' effort on the recording. The slight Latin touch was very nice. Harpo's Blues, done in a nice mediumtempo with tasteful guitar and piano backing, was an example of the kind of material she does best. The less interference with her voice, her phrasing, and her feeling for a tune, the better.

It seemed at times that Miss Snow and her musicians were intimidated by the audience's shouts of "get down" into over-performing and occasionally abandoning their tastefulness for showy excesses. She deserves a mature audience and she'll get one. I think, if she chooses material that best suits her unique talent and performs it the way she feels it, not the way Columbia, some over-exuberant audience or anyone else thinks it ought to be done. I'm already a fan; she'll have to prove to me that she can't be one of the great ones.

-bob protzman

SIXTH ANNUAL PITT JAZZ SEMINAR Carnegie Institute Music Hall, Pittsburgh

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Max Roach, drums; Jimmy Heath, saxophones, flute; Jean "Toots" Thielemans, guitar, harmonica; Terry Pollard, piano; Abraham Laboriel, electric bass; Nathan Davis, soprano sax.

Few universities can boast of an annual jazz event that has the excitement, the music and the respect of the Annual Pitt (University of Pittsburgh) Jazz Seminar. Once again Dr. Nathan Davis managed to put together Pittsburgh's biggest jazz happening. Davis, assistant professor of music and director of the jazz studies at Pitt, is also a noted writer, composer and player, having spent some time with Art Blakey in Europe. The seminar was a threeday event with two and a half days of discussion, lectures, films, clinics and jamming. A gospel concert was added on Friday evening and on Saturday night all the guest artists got together for a grand finale concert.

On the whole, the entire Saturday evening sort of "belonged" to Clark Terry and Max Roach. The emotional momentum of the concert was surely with them, as they were presented with awards for their "Outstanding Achievement in the Arts." One expects exceptional performances from these two consummate musicians and we were treated to some of their best playing. The surprise show-stealer was Jean "Toots" Thielemans. Whether he's on guitar (and he's very good) or on harmonica (did he invent it?) he swings with a naturalness few can match.

The show opened with Charlie Parker's *The Hymn*. The tempo burned and Max Roach was on fire from the very first bar. Clark Terry soloed wildly, Jimmy Heath followed on tenor and the audience could feel what was to come.

The second selection was the classic God Bless The Child done in three parts. Clark Terry interpreted first on fluegelhorn and had everyone's body and soul controlled by his fingertips. He has that talent for squeezing, bending, stretching and just barely touching the notes of a composition like this, and he used his talent well. Jimmy Heath next did his variations on flute with Roach tastefully on brushes. Heath's compositional abilities always come through in his solo improvisations, and this was a particularly lyrical and beautiful interpretation. To have to follow these two should have been a rather large task, but Toots pulled it off, making the harmonica sound sweet and pure.

Just as it seemed the place was going to be mellowed right out of reality, Roach began to heat up and the group swung into Clark Terry's *Mumbles*. The animated Terry began moving around the stage "mumbling" at a blistering tempo and apparently understanding everything he said. His exuberance at one point nearly lost him his glasses. He then topped off the tune by doing a trumpet solo upside down... the trumpet was upside down, that is.

The second part of the program included a Heath piece (A Time And A Place) that demonstrated not only Heath's fine playing but also his skills as a jazz composer. Also featured was a composition by Davis in memory of Bill Powell, who was a prominent Pittsburgh jazz radio personality for many years. Roach then performed his three-part drum solo piece Tryptich. Roach was dazzling as he impressed the audience with his command of the drums.

Throughout most of the concert pianist Terry Pollard remained mostly in the background. On the last tune, however, it was her solo that set the tone for the rest of the playing, a fast-paced gospel flavored solo that heated things up considerably. Laboriel followed on bass and for the first time all evening he showed the flashes of brilliance that should be in his future. The solo got so hot that, at one point, Heath tried to cool him off by fanning him with his hat. It didn't work.

Amidst the applause, the group finished with a double tempo version of the theme from the Flintstones TV show (arranged by Clark Terry), an energetic ending for a highly successful seminar and concert. -d. j. fabilli

BUDDY DEFRANCO Blues Alley, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; John Phillips, piano; Billy Taylor, Jr., bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums.

In February 1974, Buddy DeFranco left the Glenn Miller Orchestra, which he had fronted for eight years, to resume his career as a jazz soloist. Since then, DeFranco—one of the few post-Swing clarinetists—has made a comeback of sorts. He has taught at stage band clinics; toured the U.S., Canada, and Sweden and has recorded for a number of labels (Famous Solos, Choice, Sonet).





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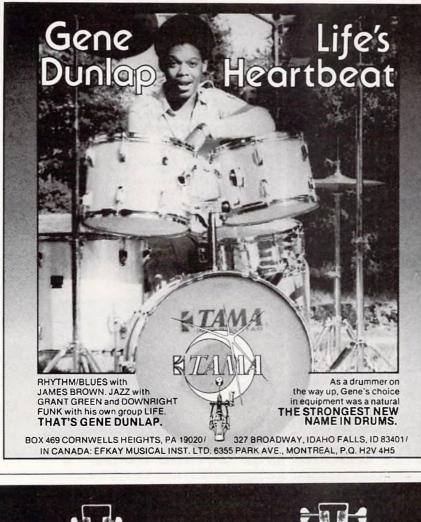
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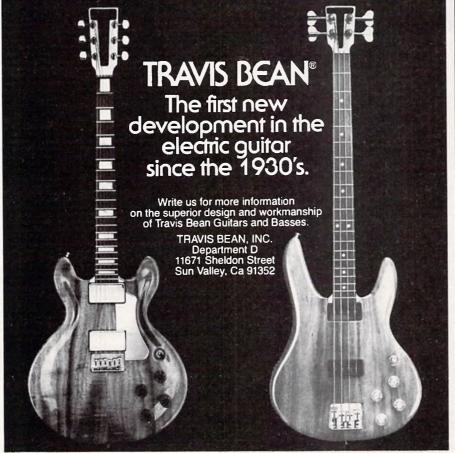
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DeFranco's recent two-week engagement at Blues Alley was a demonstration of his undiminished prowess as an instrumentalist. He had a full, ripe tone and perfect control in all registers, and he accomplished difficult technical feats with ease. His digital dexterity, though, was subservient to his musicalitythere were no gratuitous technical displays.



This sensitivity was also reflected in DeFranco's choice of material. All of the standards-What Is This Thing Called Love, Sophisticated Lady, Speak Low, You'd Be So Easy To Love, The Song Is You, and How Long Has This Been Going On-were challenging songs that DeFranco explored with obvious pleasure. Of the ballads, the seldom-heard How Long was especially well-done. Song, played at the end of the last set, was the evening's best example of DeFranco's expertise at fast tempos, although his treatment of Charlie Parker's Billie's Bounce, taken at a similar speed, was nothing to sneeze at, either.

DeFranco has an affinity for bossa nova, both standard (e.g. Jobim's Meditation) and original. Two of the latter, Another Gift and Lolito's Theme, were composed by Toronto pianist Bernie Senensky. Lolito's was a particularly interesting bossa-4/4 hybrid. Also in a Latin vein was Ray Santisi's Moon Mist. Both Gift and Mist were vehicles for some of De-Franco's most inspired playing that night, and it may well be that his greatest contribution to this decade's jazz will stem from his investigation of bossa nova material.

The Blues Alley house rhythm section did a commendable job of backing DeFranco. Phillips' voicings-a mixture of Red Garland, Bill Evans, and early Herbie Hancock-fit well with the clarinetist, and the pianist's solos were always enjoyable. Taylor and Reichenbach, though competent soloists, made their most significant efforts as part of the rhythm section-both men laid down solid, unobtrusive time keeping.

Overall, it's good to have Buddy DeFranco back in jazz circles, as his thoughtful, lyrical approach is refreshing and badly needed. In addition, at a time when certain younger jazz players are examining the possibilities of the clarinet, a master like DeFranco is an appropriate model. Masters, after all, are not exactly common. -bill kirchner

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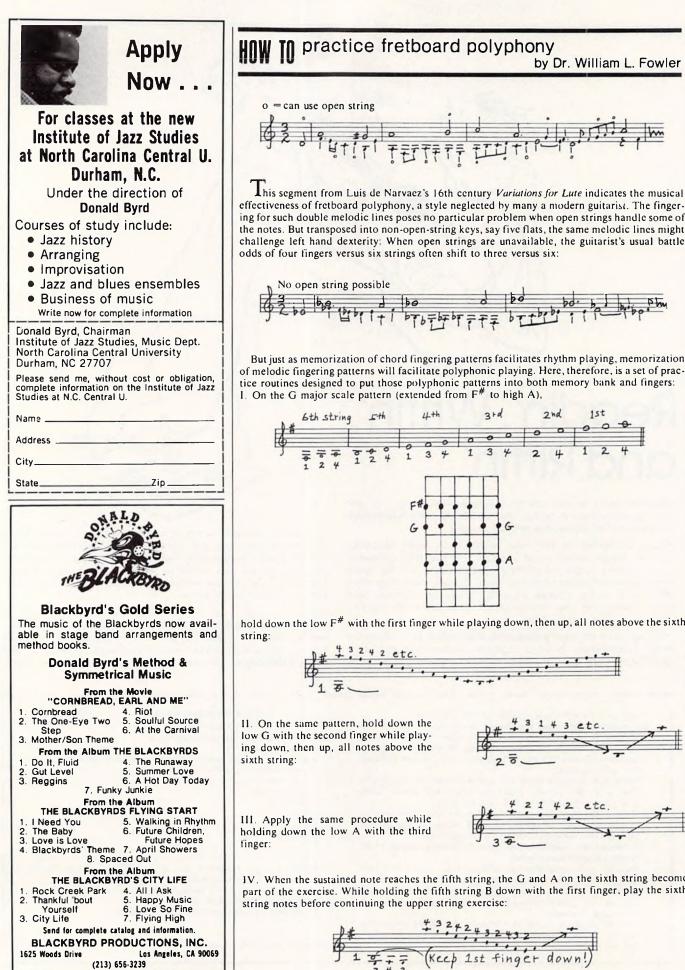
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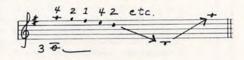
hold down the low F[#] with the first finger while playing down, then up, all notes above the sixth



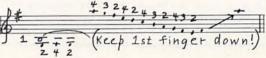
11. On the same pattern, hold down the low G with the second finger while playing down, then up, all notes above the



by Dr. William L. Fowler



IV. When the sustained note reaches the fifth string, the G and A on the sixth string become part of the exercise. While holding the fifth string B down with the first finger, play the sixth string notes before continuing the upper string exercise:

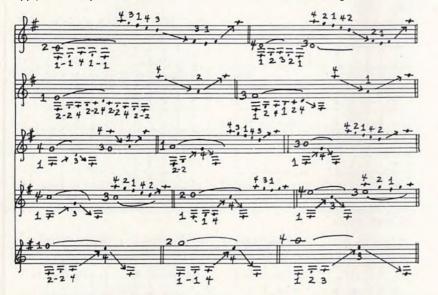


But just as memorization of chord fingering patterns facilitates rhythm playing, memorization of melodic fingering patterns will facilitate polyphonic playing. Here, therefore, is a set of practice routines designed to put those polyphonic patterns into both memory bank and fingers: 1. On the G major scale pattern (extended from F[#] to high A),

No open string possible bo bo bo bo bo bo

effectiveness of fretboard polyphony, a style neglected by many a modern guitarist. The fingering for such double melodic lines poses no particular problem when open strings handle some of the notes. But transposed into non-open-string keys, say five flats, the same melodic lines might challenge left hand dexterity: When open strings are unavailable, the guitarist's usual battle odds of four fingers versus six strings often shift to three versus six:

V. Apply the same procedure to consecutive sustained tones in ascending order:



When all these exercises have been completed, every double-note vertical combination within this particular scale pattern will have been played.

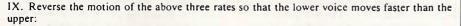
VI. Change the rate of motion between lower and upper lines to one against two:





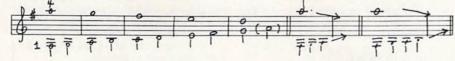
VIII. Change to one against four:

VII. Change to one against three:



3 2 4

T



X. Mix the motion rates between upper and lower voices as an improvisation exercise:



XI. Move the same pattern up the fingerboard where fret spacing is closer.

XII. When the fingerings of this particular major scale pattern reach second-nature ease and improvisation on them flows naturally, shift the entire practice routine to other scale patterns, one by one. Here, for example, is another major scale pattern this time second position D major:

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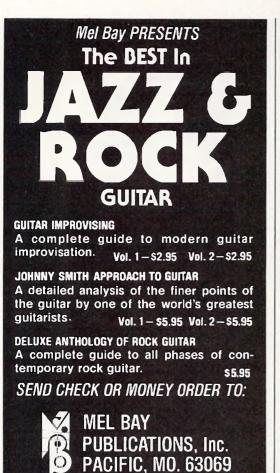
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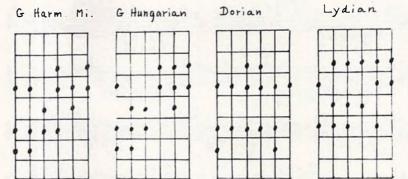
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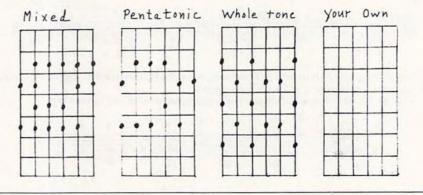
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XIII. And here are a few modal and minor-scale patterns to keep your memory and fingers busy for a while:



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KLUGH

continued from page 19 Benson then was very interested in Earl's classical guitar sound, a sound rarely heard in a jazz scene populated with electric players. Whenever Benson was in Detroit they'd get together and work out little duets until they developed a sound they found mutually appealing. Klugh would describe it as sort of an overlay of sound reminiscent of George Shearing. They first used it together on Benson's White Rabbit.

In 1973 Earl Klugh joined Benson, in effect creating a rather different quartet utilizing rhythm section, with George on electric guitar complemented by Klugh's classical acoustic. For Earl, playing with George Benson night after night was an important learning experience. "While he is improvising, George utilizes more ideas than most players do," Klugh observed while he was with the band. "He does things with octaves that haven't been done before, and he does two note and three note things that are quite different from what most jazz players are doing."

These days Klugh will fiercely defend Benson against the criticism that George has sold out to commercial interests. "I don't see any difference in the music he's making now than what he did five years ago. He's always done the same kind of thing; he always sang, and his records have always been orchestrated. He hasn't changed his format one iota, so it's very amusing to me to hear people say that just because he is making money he's sold out. He's supposed to stay poor all his life, I guess.

The thing with George Benson is you can have some guitar players, who I don't care to name, who if they made their most artistic record would never match George if he played The Star Spangled Banner. In a lot of ways the man has reached the ultimate goal of many musicians who have worked all their lives. He's playing his music and it's getting mass acceptance.

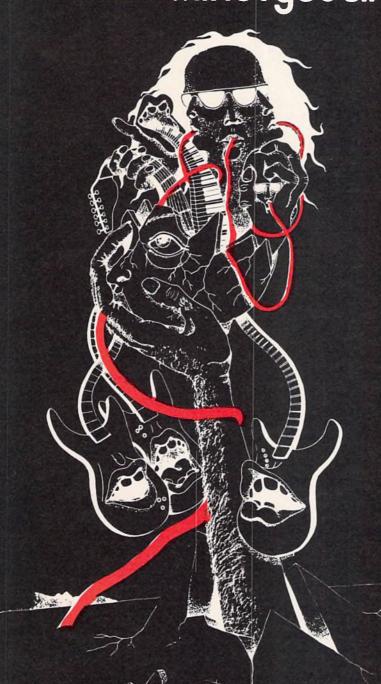
"I think Breezin' is a class LP from beginning to end. If you look at some of the early things George did for Verve, like Giblet Gravy, you realize that they were aimed at the commercial market just as much, maybe more so. George plays some things on that record that not ten guitar players in America could play. But people still want to call it a commercial record because the man is making money.'

Eventually, the evolving nature of working musicians caught up with Klugh and he left Benson's band. At that point he made a move that might have confused and annoyed people who were beginning to take note of his acoustic guitar work; he responded to Chick Corca's call and joined Return To Forever as a high energy electric guitarist.

"I guess it shocked a lot of people who thought I was the ambassador of the acoustic guitar or something, but musically Return To Forever had a lot to offer me. So there wasn't really any conflict. Of course, what my preferences are and what one does to make a living are often two different things."

Earl was not unprepared for the new role. He had tried playing some high energy electric guitar and was aware through records of what was going on. "But you can't say anything about anything until you experience it,' he said. "I guess I played electric guitar in much the same way George Benson playsthat same school of guitar playing-and I had listened to a lot of electric things. Carlos San- 9 tana particularly intrigued me, so I figured I & could handle that style. When Chick called I figured this was a good opportunity to experia band of that caliber. I think it's something every musician should experience, regardless

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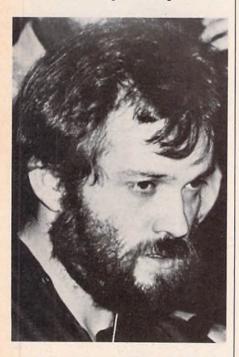
GUITAR FORUM

continued from page 16 And also, I've really gotten tired of the multiamplifier sound. The thing I flashed on when you first asked the question was that there's so much emphasis on all these new developments in terms of sound. To me, the sound aspect of the instrument has really stagnated in the last few years-ever since Hendrix. To me, that was the last major breakthrough in terms of sound. All the so-called jazz-rockers basically play with a sound that's around Hendrix-based on that sound. In my case, although I enjoy listening to Hendrix a lot, that particular sound doesn't kill me. I suppose I would be drawn more to sound that is closer to "jazz guitar"-1 really don't like to use those sort of labels.... But I really like to hear the clear tone of the instrument with a little enhancement.

I see so many other people using that rock and roll sound and I want to have something different happening. Oddly enough, the most different thing I can come up with, compared to the other people my age who are playing music, is to get a sound that's clear. Others might turn on a fuzztone and play real fast-you can play real fast with a fuzztone and it doesn't matter what you play. It just sounds exciting, with a raw edge and all that. What I'm interested in is the more subtle aspects of tone-trying to get a more hornlike sound.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE: Yeah, I think the sound is becoming more important. Not through a lot of electronic gimmicks neccessarily, but just in terms of trying to get a personal sound out of the instrument. I think that's been a problem with a lot of musicians. Most of the guitarists I liked were always the very distinctive ones: Jim Hall, Barney Kessel, Kenny Burrell, Wes. ... They had a very personal sound. I think that's what I'm after.

The music has changed too. It's gotten a little



more complex, a little further out, maybe; it employs different electronic things. I'm trying @ to use those but still achieve a personal sound. And the sound is very important to me. I know if I can't get the right sound I don't play the same way. I don't play as well as I would when the sound is just right for me.

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continued from page 47

the scales and playing the right notes. Now I'm realizing that ... if the sound is right I can do more than play the right notes. I can really express something.

I think there are certain things with the acoustic instrument that are more satisfying in a way, especially if you're just sitting down to play the guitar. I don't play the acoustic guitar as much live on gigs as I do on recordings or just at home. I find myself continually picking up the acoustic guitar just because it's more satisfying.... I'm thinking of looking into a Gibson Birdland. A friend of mine just got one recently. It's a beautiful instrument—very unusual size and body shape. I'm thinking of looking into one of those and maybe slightly modifying it so I can use it at low volumes and slightly higher volumes.

Finding a sound gets very weird. It's an immediate response to the sound of the room. Whatever type of club or rehearsal place you're in, you immediately start adjusting. I tend to put a lot of treble on the amplifier whereas before I used to put on a lot of bass. But my ears have changed—now I want a clearer sound. I almost always put full treble on the amplifier and adjust it from the guitar. I usually end up putting a lot of bass on the guitar, which is kind of strange. But that seems to give me a clear sound and yet a very mellow sound. I still like the dark qualities, like, say, Jim Hall's sound....

The only thing I've been using recently (which I've become quite addicted to) is the Echoplex. I use it like a flavoring, to sweeten the sound up; not for its repeating function. I use it just to get a more sustained sound. It can almost be used like an equalizer, in a strange way. Also, I like to use a volume pedal just so I don't have to go back to the amplifier. I love the swelling sound, pedal steel sound, violin sound, whatever you want to call it.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN: Personally, I don't think you can separate them. A person has his sound.... It's like a small plant. You can develop it or ignore it but, either way, that's your sound.

I don't agree with you about the electronics and everything. Whether people play acoustic guitar or electric guitar, they have a sound that they hear inside their own head—that's the sound that they go for. Whichever way they go



for it, that sound is going to be expressed.

When I first started playing, I played acoustic guitar. I never stopped playing it.... Even when I was playing electric guitar publicly, all my practice was done on acoustic guitar. My first expression of a growing desire to show the beauty of the acoustic guitar was back in 1970 when I made an acoustic album called *My Goal's Beyond*. It's been coming. The group Shakti has been in an underground existence for about three years now. In the middle of '75 it became evident to me that ... what I thought was the greatest development of my artistry was in the acoustic guitar. It was a matter of personal integrity.

Every action one makes is a statement of one kind or another. To me it's just an affirmation of something I believe within myself.

PAT MARTINO: That's quite a question. First of all, I think that the styles and sounds are really determined not so much by what you play as where you're playing. In other words, your environment really shapes and conditions your performance. And, of course, just being sensitive to the media is going to also shape and formulate a style of your own.

All of this is of ultimate importance. If you're creating in a viable sense, you must keep up with many things, especially technology. I find that today, more than ever before, technology plays more of a role in my music. It's not because of gimmicky motives or trying to be pertinent. It's purely because what we're offered today as creators are marvelous instruments. I think that these are the things that should determine style. I think musicians should take advantage of technology.

Years ago, you'd buy an amplifier and find your own settings. Rarely would that setting change. In fact, some guitar players would go as far as gluing or taping the pots so that they could never be changed. I think today ... a viable player can recall any timbre or sonority from his instrument that he chooses. ... Before, it was sort of a search-and-find type of thing where you'd find the setting and say, wow, I'm never going to get away from this because it's so beautiful.

It's still the same today. The only difference is that timbre and sonority are incorporating a larger vocabulary of sound forms.

I'm much more concerned today with multiple levels of improvisation in performance. When I was younger, I was really getting first into the improvisational arts. I was concerned with lines and resolutions to tones, how those lines could pertain to chords. Today I'm interested not only in those factors, but also the timbres, the attack—the envelopes of the event itself.

At times it's a lot easier. . . I can play a very simple melody and draw all the improvisational things that years ago would have taken a lot more notes.

So now that my head is cleared of the technical aspects of my playing, I can take advantage of pure sound. ... It's becoming increasingly more important to utilize instruments that give me added control of those factors.

GEORGE BENSON: Of course, it always has been. That's part of your personality. It's like getting to know the finer points. That's one of the things I work on. It's not just having something to say: the manner of saying it is very important. When you're trying to get a statement across you want to show some intelligence and foresight.... You have to speak clearly and with authority.

The amplifier setting is very important. But

most of it has to begin somewhere—it's like an automobile. You begin with workmanship. Before you put all that coating and lacquer on, you've got to have good paint on there first.

It's like a pianist. There are no two pianists that have the exact same way of pressing those keys down. The same thing applies to guitar; even more so, because it's more critical when you make contact with those strings.

The first critic I can remember that ever spoke about me mentioned something about my tone, and I've been aware of it ever since. This was back in '64 or '65.... I'm still trying to improve my tone today.

It becomes a personal thing—the shape of your fingers, the amount of meat on your fingers, where to hit that fret. It's not just hitting the middle of the fret. you know, it's finding a place where the sound is most conducive to your way of thinking. . . . It takes time. It's very, very personal.

I know what I want out of the instrument now



and I know pretty much how to get it. But every time I get a chance to make an improvement—if I discover something new—I try to make that a part of what I already do. To improve, you know, keep showing improvement.

Another thing you have to keep in mind: getting different sounds out of the guitar. You don't want to get a monotone like in speaking.... Sometimes I strum on the back of the guitar to give it a very thin sound, which is common among guitarists. Instead of turning on the back pickups (which I don't have on my instrument) I just use a strumming technique back near the bridge.

At this point I haven't found anything (in terms of gimmicks) that will not take away from my personality: although I like some of the things I hear other guitarists doing. I don't like electronics as a whole, but I realize that they do have a value in the industry today and they do create other sounds for the guitar that give it more variety.

It's very easy to get away with distortion on a live performance. But in the recording studio there's a fine edge—sometimes you want that edge because it helps create a little excitement in your playing. But I don't like to take away from the clarity of the instrument.... A pure guitar sounds very much like a human voice to me. The instrument actually comes alive at a certain point as far as my ears are concerned. When it gets to the distortion range, it comes on like an ugly voice to me, like a man shouting.

48 down beat

WILSON

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ingness to use the full measure of its resources without compromise in quality. Naturally it failed. MCA, which had been selling the band cheaply anyway, finally broke it up in 1940.

With the demise of the band, Wilson returned to what he had always been (even during the band period), a brilliant soloist. The war years found him in league with Ed Hall, Benny Morton, Sid Catlett, Slam Stewart, Al Hall and either Emmett Berry, Bill Coleman, or Joe Thomas in a tight knit little group based at Barney Josephson's Cafe Society Uptown and Downtown. There were some wonderful records done with Ed Hall on Commodore (currently out of print) plus a number of non-commercial transcription sessions. The Teddy Wilson Sextet: 1944, Vol. 1 & 2 (Jazz Archives 28 and 36) showcases a typical Cafe Society group in superb form. An Everest and Trip LP under Wilson's name features a sparkling mid-'40s combo with Red Norvo and Charlie Shavers.

By the time of the Norvo-Shavers sides, however, Wilson had given up the small band and rejoined Benny Goodman. Although he was playing as beautifully as ever, this period -1945—brings to an end what might be called the Teddy Wilson era of piano. The years of innovation and influence were over.

With the onslaught of bop and Lennie Tristano's subsequent forays into free jazz (Digression And Intuition), Wilson, whose influence hovered remotely over the clean, linear right hand lines of Al Haig and even Tristano on straightforward pieces like Crosscurrent, melted into studio work and teaching. There were frequent reunions with Goodman (a superb trio session for Capitol with Jimmy Crawford on drums and a series of 1955 Basin Street sessions issued by Book Of The Month Club Records) and tours to various European countries. He was staff musician first at WNEW and then at CBS through the early '50s. In the second half of the decade he resumed his career as an active jazz soloist, generally working in a trio format with his old colleague from the '30s, Jo Jones.

There were three albums from the '50s that were of special interest. All were for Norman Granz. The first was Juzz Giants '56 which put Teddy back into a line-up of heavyweights: Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson (a reunion of the Speed Webb hand?), Lester Young and Jo Jones. The second, recorded the next day, was Teddy, Lester and the rhythm section. And the third was a rematch of Wilson, Hampton and Krupa. In spite of the presence of old friends, however, there's a different quality to Wilson's playing. The crisp, lean horizontal right hand of the trailbreaking '30s had grown varied with octaves and chords, which sometimes interrupt the fragile momentum he builds with a purely linear approach. It's this quality in his playing which has occasionally earned him the label of "cocktail piano." But it's not something that was new to his playing in the '50s. Go back to his first solo sides of 1935 and you'll find it just as prominently. Yet, listen to the same Teddy Wilson on the Goodman small groups or his own Brunswicks of that same era, and you'll hear a much more deliberately horizontal solo. Were there two Teddy Wilsons?

The answer seems clear. Wilson the soloist felt a more orchestral approach was needed in the right hand. Wilson the ensemblest was content to be one of the "horns." After 1945, however, Wilson found himself less and less in

22

KLUGH

of what kind of music they were playing. The overall musicianship in the band was tremendously high."

Klugh stayed with RTF through one national tour, learning a great deal about composition from Chick, Stanley Clarke and Lenny White. "It was an interesting experience." Klugh admitted, "but to be honest I don't think it worked 100 percent. There was a lot more I feel I could have done in that context. I'll never be John McLaughlin," Earl smiled. "But it was an experience I enjoyed."

After that Klugh recorded with Flora Purim, worked with Shearing, and then retired to Detroit before joining Blue Note and launching his own band. Now established as an important new voice on the guitar scene, Klugh says he is concentrating on his solo guitar playing and composition. The kinds of things that appeal to him musically and influence his own music are the work of Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Barbra Streisand, Burt Bacharach, Chuck Mangione, and of course George Benson.

"I think I have sort of reached a point," he paused. "There was a time when I wanted to play faster than anybody or play more kinds of music than any other guitarist. I don't concern myself with those kinds of things anymore. All I am trying to do is express what I am about, and that can be expressed in 50 notes or one note, whatever it takes."



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CARTER

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(Carter arranged and/or composed for the jazz movies The Five Pennies and The Gene Krupa Story; and for countless non-musical movies, including The Snows Of Kilimanjaro, The View From Pompey's Head, and many movies on which he is uncredited. Among the songs Carter composed before and for the movies: The Cow Cow Boogie, When Lights Are Low, Lonely Woman, Blue Star, Dream Lullaby, Blues In My Heart.)

Bourne: The composers for the movies in the '30s and '40s were mainly classicists, Eric Wolfgang Korngold, Max Steiner, et al. You were among the first to get jazz into the movies.

Carter: Jazz had a great impact. I like to think that I had some small part in it.

Bourne: Were you up against the black/ white thing again?

Carter: It probably held me back somewhat. My attitude is that I never feel that my color holds me back from anything, because I look around me and I see white composers, white musicians of equal talent, some of poorer talent, some of superior talent, and they haven't done as well as I have.

Bourne: Did you do much ghostwriting? Carter: I think everybody has done their share of that. But I didn't do it because I was black; I did it because I wasn't in. Really, I don't feel what I did should be called ghostwriting. Most of what I did was writing for which I got no credit, but it was not all composition. It was arranging-much of which is composition-but it was development of already established themes, working on something the composer for the picture had written. They did not always give credit to orchestrators, adapters, arrangers; white or black. The theme to M Squad was a Count Basie thing; it may have been a head arrangement. I never saw the music till later, but at the time he did it, he did it with the full orchestra, and that was always used as the opening theme and the end theme. But since there were different characters in addition to Lt. Ballinger, who was Lee Marvin, each week I had an opportunity to get away from the theme and do things on my own, just as I did when I did the Chrysler Theatre series. The Chrysler Theatre series had no continuing characters. It was an anthology, a different picture every week, and the only thing that tied it together as a series was that Bob Hope would come out and present the week's show, always a different story, a different theme song, a whole different score.

Bourne: Music for TV and the movies isn't music in and of itself.

Carter: It's not a piece of music written to stand on its own, although there's a great deal of movie music that does stand on its own, away from the picture. But the important thing is that it works with the picture. It's got to add another dimension. Even if you don't hear it, you feel it.

Bourne: What other TV did you do?

Carter: I did the pilot for Name Of The Game and I did some segments.

Bourne: Was there ever a time it was nothing but work?

Carter: It's always been work, but it's always been a combination, work and pleasure.

It most definitely is work. It's a business.

Bourne: You've been working almost all the time in Hollywood for years, not doing as much jazz.

Carter: All of my writing has not necessarily been in the jazz idiom either. I've done a great many dramatic scores.

Bourne: You did get out every once in a while; the recordings with Art Tatum, for instance.

Carter: I went out with Jazz At The Philharmonic a number of times.

Bourne: The Impulse LPs in the '60s.

Carter: I happened to be in town. I was working on a picture with Sammy Davis Jr., A *Mun Called Adum*, and I was asked if I'd do the album. I'm not sure I had a horn with me at the time. I got a horn together and we did it. It was great fun, Phil Woods, Coleman Hawkins.

Bourne: Was A Man Called Adam representative of a jazzman's life?

Carter: It might've been representative of some jazzman's life, no jazzman I ever knew, but maybe someone Sammy Davis or the writer of the script knew.

Bourne: Time magazine cited you in their bicentennial issue as an exemplary jazzman, someone who's timeless. They cited your work with Maria Muldaur.

Carter: I think that served us both well, that collaboration. I was introduced to another group and she was as well. Her producers at Warner Bros., Joe Boyd and Lenny Waronker, called and asked if I'd like to do something with her. They told me about her, brought her to my home. I met her and I liked her, and the rest is as you know it.

Bourne: You're recording again, new LPs at Pablo.

Carter: The first is with Milt Jackson, Joc Pass, Tommy Flanagan. The second is with Dizzy Gillespie. The third is with Count Basie, Clark Terry, Lockjaw Davis. The great pleasure is having people like that to play with. It's inspiring and, at the same time, challenging.

Bourne: Michael's Pub is your first gig in New York in 30 years. Is it any better than it was years ago in clubs? There's a better piano surcly.

Carter: That's true. It's very nice there. But I don't remember that we had bad pianos at the Famous Door. We found some pretty bad pianos when I was out on the road with the big band.

Bourne: Do you ever think of going on the road again, on the bus and all that?

Carter: I wouldn't mind it too much with the good buses today. I just played a tour in Europe on a bus that was just fantastic, just as comfortable as a plane.

Bourne: People seem to be listening more.

Carter: I hope so. There are certainly more records being made and being sold, and you can attribute that to a renewed interest as well as an added interest of younger people coming up, graduating from rock and roll. There is a greater interest.

Bourne: You're certainly alive and creating after 50 years in the biz. What will be remembered? Do you ever wonder, or care?

Carter: Maybe I should, but I don't. I just did it and I'm going to keep on doing it. I'm doing it more for me than for anyone else.

Bourne: What's next?

Carter: That's what I keep asking myself only after you ask mc. Other than that, I make it for today and hope I'll be here tomorrow to make it again. **db**



JAZZ PEOPLE, text by Dan Morgenstern, photographs by Ole Brask; foreword by Dizzy Gillespie; introduction by James Jones; Harry N. Abrams, Inc.; 300 pages; \$25.00.

mposing and tastefully artistic at first glance, Jazz People is much more than a coffee table display piece. For Morgenstern and Brask have performed a service to all jazz lovers with this high quality collaboration. The majority of the 170 plus black and white photographs are the work of Brask, and it is the veteran cameraman's astonishing collection of intimate shots, ranging from the broodingly sensitive to the uninhibitedly joyous, that sets the tone for the lucid Morgenstern text.

True, much of what Dan conveys may be familiar terrain to the serious jazzophile. The breezy yet sincere commentary is obviously more geared to the fledgling fan than the committed fanatic. This is not to imply that the book is a high-priced primer: the inside info and amusing anecdotes interspersed throughout are gems that even the most knowledgable can enjoy.

Dizzy Gillespie's foreword prepares the reader for the theme of the text. Diz points out that "our music is a language, a great communicator," that "all you need is to be able to hear and mouth a phrase, and then translate it to your instrument," in order to thereby transcend any and all language barriers.

His statement is borne out by what follows. Morgenstern has organized the book into two lengthy sections, *The Music* (some 80 pages long) and *The People* (about 200 pages).

The Music section is a long narrative subtitled "Where Jazz Came From, Where It's Been, Where It Is. Where It's Going." Morgenstern achieves a most difficult feat here, providing a smooth-flowing history of the music, stopping along the way to discuss the role of jazz in overcoming racial boundaries and in altering the whole of the American entertainment industry.

The panorama of musicians is an inclusive one, with brief but pertinent biographies of such legends as Buddy Bolden, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet (Brask's photo of the soprano genius fishing a stream with an old chateau looming in the background is especially stunning), Fats Waller, Bix Beiderbecke, Jack Teagarden, Lester Young and Charlie Parker, with a slew of other notables mentioned in passing.

Immensely readable though it is, this first segment somewhat fails to live up to its title. Instead of telling us where jazz is currently going, the emphasis is decidedly historical and even somewhat biased against present trends.

The more lengthy part of the book, *The People*, is divided into seven chapters. There are individual segments dealing with Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Eddie Condon, in which each musician and his most famous sidemen are examined.

The remaining chapters have no central giant as subject, instead serving to canvas a large number of musicians. "More Giants Of The Golden Age" and "Some Modern Masters" run almost the entire gamut of the jazz world, the former providing glimpses of violinist Stuff Smith, ageless pianist Eubie Blake, Mary Lou Williams, and Roy Eldridge; the latter looking at contemporaries Cecil Taylor, Gil Evans, and Charles Mingus, among others.

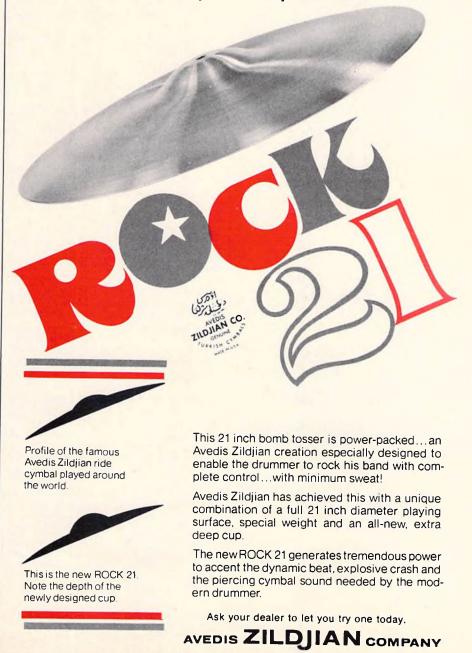
The chapter titled "The Singers" centers on the accomplishment of female vocalists, with the spotlight afforded to Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Ella and Sarah. Morgenstern states his belief that there have been few worthwhile male jazz singers (with the exception of Louis Armstrong and Jimmy Rushing), a point that will doubtless cause heated debate among Mel Torme and Joe Williams supporters.

The most messianic chapter is the concluding one, "Keepers Of The Flame." Although Morgenstern is adept at keeping the stridency out of his narrative, the very title of the chapter intimates that the individuals featured within are imbued with the holy mission to preserve and protect the world of jazz from all would-be musical violators. Hopefully, this is a tongue-in-cheek ploy by the author.

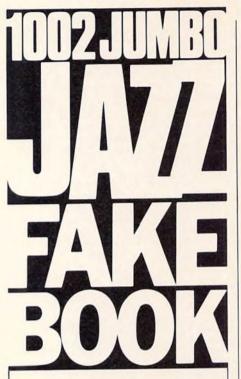
Among the erstwhile "flamekeepers" are Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, Ruby Braff, Marian McPartland, Ray Bryant, and Milt Hinton. In fact, only two younger musicians gain admission to the select flamekeeper clique, they being Anthony Braxton and Jon Faddis. Let's hope that our younger multitudes can withstand the ravages of being left out in the freeze and denied the graces of such sanctified heat.

Apart from such obvious favoritism, a few

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other points of contention are in order. The introduction by novelist James Jones (From Here To Eternity, Go To The Widow Maker) seems more than a little self-serving, with Jones at times sounding positively mummified; also, the fact that many of the major voices in contemporary jazz are barely mentioned begs the question whether Morgenstern deems these younger musicians weighty enough to deserve the appellation of "jazz people."

But all in all, Jazz People emerges as a successful labor of love by two individuals steadfastly involved with the world of jazz music. Although one may disagree with some commissions and omissions, it is impossible to fault the manifest truth that shines forth from the written and pictorial treasury included between these covers. A man unmoved by such a story has truly lost the rhythm in his soul.

<u>marv</u> hohman

WILSON

continued from page 49

the company of other horns. In solo and trio settings, a more vertical pattern became established in his playing. By the time of the nid-'50s LPs, it seemed to be his established sound. His playing became a mixture of incisive, laconic swing woven into a more orchestral piano style. Both are consistent with his basic stylistic principles, but the postwar years saw a shift in emphasis.

After a period of steady recording activity in Europe during the '60s, new Wilson albums once again began appearing domestically, some made overseas and others done in New York for Hank O'Neal's Chiaroscuro Records and Marian McPartland's Halcyon label. The bulk of his more recent work is available on various Black Lion/Audio Fidelity issues. Although the temperament of his playing is unchanged and constant, 1970s Teddy Wilson is easily identifiable from other periods. Certain phrases appear and reappear in all manner of environments and juxtapositions. They drift into his playing, are used until all possibilities are exhausted, and gradually drift out to be replaced by others. Some of his freshest playing can be heard on his own Blues For Thomas Waller (Striding After Fats, Black Lion BL-308).

If Wilson has undergone subtle changes over the years—and they have been subtle it's been part of the process of natural evolution. The changes have been on his terms, no one else's. His integrity is unblemished by compromise to fashion or trends. He's gone his own way. And being a soloist, he's mostly gone it alone. It stems from the fact that Wilson has never thought of himself as anything but a musician.

For a man whose career stretches back as far as Wilson's, he is remarkably unsentimental about his past glories. He shows little interest in talking about his days with Billie Holiday or Benny Goodman. Appearing recently on a radio program hosted by author/ journalist Studs Terkel, he specifically requested that the old Holiday. Goodman and Carter discs not be dragged out for his comment. "Just play what I have out now," he asked.

There are several reasons for this. First, talk about the past naturally bores a man with an active present and future. Second, Teddy is genuinely proud of his current work. And third, there is nothing to be gained financially from selling records that yield no profit or royalty to him. Particularly when his present ones do. And anyone who knows Wilson will tell you that he is-to put it delicately-conservative with his funds. Or in the words of a colleague, "Teddy hangs onto a dollar until the eagle is about to die of suffocation." Once when a Timex Jazz Show was being assembled, Wilson successfully held out for \$5000 when everyone else-many superstars-accepted less. Another time, Teddy was approached by CBS to sit for a filmed interview on the Chicago music scene in the '30s. He requested a guarantee that the interview would be telecast on a date to be agreed on, or he would receive a flat fee for his recollections. He didn't get either. And CBS didn't get Teddy. The logic of it all was that of a businessman, not an egomaniac, however. If he was to give his time for the interview, he explained, he felt he had a right to gain from the publicity value. If not, he expected other compensation.

Teddy gives nothing away. It's a supreme tribute to his talent and musicianship that, 43 years after his first important records, people are still buying Teddy Wilson.



NEW YORK

New York University (Loeb Student Center): Highlights In Jazz presents Gary Burton/Steve Swallow and Barry Miles/Eric Kloss playing duets. Cavril Payne will sing on the same program. (2/16) Fifth Anniversary show.

Guillver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Double Image (Dave Friedman & Dave Samuels) (2/9); Sonny Fortune (2/11-12); Ted Dunbar (2/14); Mack Goldsbury Jazz Explosion (2/16); Jackie & Roy (2/18-19); Joe Pass (2/21); Mike Milello (2/23); Jim Roberts (2/10 & 13); Hod O'Brien (2/15, 17, 20, 22, 24).

Village Vanguard: Jimmy Heath (2/8-13); Tony Williams, Hank Jones & Ron Carter (2/15-20); Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra (Mondays).

Hotel Carlyle (Bemelman's Bar): Teddi King.

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

P.S. 77: Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon., Thurs.-Sat.). Michael's Pub: Bucky Pizzarelli/Bob Wilber/Red Norvo.

Cookery: Joe Turner (Mon.-Sat.); Chuck Folds (Sat. & Sun., noon); Sammy Price (Sun. 8 PM).

Surf Mald: JoAnne Brackeen (Thurs.-Sat.); Joe Lee Wilson (Mon.); Nina Sheldon (Sun.).

Arthur's: Mabel Godwin.

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

Storyville: Call club for weekly groups.

King's Palace (Brooklyn): Bi-weekly tributes by Harold Ousley.

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

Patch's Inn: Patti Wicks, Richard Davis (Mon., Tues.); Don Elliot (Wed.); Tony Shepherd w/Ron Coleman (Thurs.-Sat.).

Caracolla: Benny Aranov (Fri. & Sat.).

Sweet Basil: Ted Curson (2/9-13); Bob Mover Quartet (2/16-19).

Hopper's: George Shearing (opens 2/21).

Ethical Humanist Society (Garden City, L.I.): International Art of Jazz presents Stella Marrs (2/13).

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): Lena Horne, Vic Damone, Count Basie and Orchestra (opens 2/21).

Alternative Center For International Arts: Native American Music and Dance (2/11); Julius Hemphill, Jessie Hill (2/21); Tahuantinsuyo-Music of the Andes (2/18).

Damian's Jazz Club (Bronx, N.Y.): Abbey Radar Quartet (Mon.-Fri.).

All's Alley: Frank Foster's Loud Minority w/Charlie Persip & Earl May (Mon.); call club for others

Bar None: Dardanelle at the piano.

Boomer's: Call them for top acts.

Crawdaddy: Sammy Price & friends.

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

Gaslight Club: Sam Ulano and the Speakeasy Four.

Gregory's: Al Haig, Jamil Nasser, Chuck Wayne (Mon.-Tues.); Brooks Kerr, Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, Alicia Sherman (Wed.-Sun.); Gene Roland & group (Mon.-Sat. 4-8 PM); Warren Chiasson, Earl May & Ben Aranov (Sun. 5:30-9:30).

Half Note: Jazz is back again.

Jazzmania Society: Mike "Mazda" Morgenstern's Jazzmania All Stars (Wed., Fri., Sat.).

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

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

Mikell's: Jazz and funk.

Stryker's: Dave Matthews Band (Mon.); Lee Konitz Nonet (Wed. & Thurs.).

Village Gate: Top acts weekends.

West End Cafe: Franc Williams Swing Four (Mon., Tues.); Jo Jones & friends (Wed.); Swing to Bop Quintet (Thurs.); call club for weekends.

Environ: New sounds weekends.

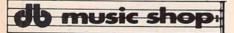
Central Synagogue (St. Peter's Church): Jazz vespers (Sun., 5 PM)

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

New York Jazz Museum: Jazz and lunch (Fri.). On The Air (WNYC-FM 93.9): American Popular

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CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: 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; call 337-1000 for details.

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Enterprise Lounge: Von Freeman (Mon.).

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

Rick's Cafe Americain: Buddy De Franco (2/1-19); Urbie Green (2/22-3/12); call 943-9200 for details.

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Wise Fools Pub: Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mon.)

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Lighthouse: Bobby Hutcherson (2/8-20); for further information call 372-6911.

U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): U.C.L.A. Jazz Ensemble (2/23); Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre (3/16-20).

Santa Monica Civic: Janis Ian (3/11); for further information call 393-9961

Hollywood Palladium: Occasional concerts; details 466-4311

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SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: Art Ensemble of Chicago (2/10-13); San Francisco All Star Big Band w/ John Handy, James Leary and others (2/14); Yusef Lateet (2/15-27); Lee Konitz/Warne Marsh, Pat Martino Quartet (3/1-6); Art Lande's Rubisa Patrol (3/7); Robben Ford (3/8-13).

Old Waldorf: Ramsey Lewis (2/8-10); Tower of Power (2/11-12); Roy Ayers (2/16-19).

Great American Music Hall: Top name jazz, rock and blues; call 885-0775 for details.

The Reunion: Grant Geisman (2/10-12); Bennett Friedman Big Band (2/14); Art Pepper (2/17-19); John Marabuto Big Band (2/21); Courtial (2/24-26); Cal Lewiston Big Band (2/28); San Francisco All Star Big Band (3/7); Salsa de Berkelev (Tues.).

Fairmont Hotel: Peggy Lee (2/3-16); Peter Nero (2/17-3/2 tent.); Ben Vereen (3/3-16).

The City: Dorothy Morrison (2/8-13); Jane Olivor (2/16-19 tent.).

Boarding House: Nat Adderley, Dee Dee Bridgewater, Franklin Ayjay (2/8-13); Sons of the Pioneers (3/1-6).

Cesar's Latin Club: Salsa and Latin (Thurs.-Sun.).

Earthquake Mc Goon's: Jazz (Tues.-Sat.).

Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society: Sweet and Hot Jazz (2/13); Harry Brouhaha Big Band (2/20); Billy Cobham drum clinic/performance w/guests in late Feb.

Zellerbach Auditorium (Berkeley): Hubert Laws (2/20).

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Longhorn Eating Emporium And Saloon: Jazz nightly, top names monthly, Paul Lagos and the Minnesota Space Bop Orchestra, Natural Life often.

Orchestra Hall: Charles Aznavour (2/10); Preservation Hall Jazz Band (2/26); Count Basie Orchestra (3/5); Two Generations of Brubeck (3/12); Ferrante and Teicher (3/17); Chet Atkins (3/20); Dizzy Gillespie and Earl "Fatha" Hines (3/31).

Guthrle Theatre: Roy Buchanan, Flying Burrito Brothers (2/13).

State Theatre: Kool and the Gang (2/16); Bread (3/11); Todd Rundgren (3/20); Janis Ian (3/27).

Cottman Memorial Union (Univ. of Minnesota): Jazz ensemble (2/13).

Walker Arts Center: Peter Lang (2/12); Augsburg College Jazz Ensemble (2/22); Steve Kimmel Trio (2/25).

Guild of Performing Arts: Air (2/12); Lucky Rosenbloom (2/27).

Augsburg College: Augsburg Jazz Ensemble (2/12); Augsburg Jazz Festival (3/26).

The Whole Coffeehouse: (Univ. of Minnesota): Luther Allison (2/11-12); James Lee Stanley (2/18-19); Reginald Buckner (2/25-26); Ben Sidran (3/4-5).

University of Minnesota (St. Paul campus): Jazz series, artists to be announced (2/23, 3/2, 3/9). Bronco Bar (Chenhassen): Charles Mingus (2/7-8).

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

MONTREAL

Seville Theatre: Esther Phillips (2/23). Rising Sun: Various jazz groups nightly.

Rainbow: Various jazz groups (Tues.-Thurs.). Caté Prag: Jazz Knights (Thurs.).

Mojo: Sayyd Abdul Al Khabyyr (Thurs.-Sun.).

Clevitos: Dixieland (Fri.).

Friday's: Al Peters (Sat.).

Cock & Bull: Al Peters (Sun.).

Art House (Ottawa): Jazz Ottawa Piano Workshop (2/27); Jazz Ottawa A.G.M. (3/6).

Black Bottom (Ottawa); Jazz Ottawa Jam Sessions (Tues.); Apex Jazz Band (Fri.). Wildtlower Caté (Ottawa): Frank Koller Trio

(Thurs.). Chez Luclen (Ottawa): Capital City Jazz Band

(Fri.). Bar Elite (Québec City): Jazz and other groups

nightly. L'Harmonique (Québec City): Jazz and pop

groups nightly.

CINCINNATI-DAYTON

All American Lounge: Jam sessions, Sunday nights.

Bogarts: Rock and jazz featured regularly; details 281-8400.

Buccaneer Inn: Cal Collins and Company (Wed.-Sat.).

Dixie's: Kenny Poole Trio (Wed., Sat. and Sun.). Emanon: Bob Krueger (Mon.-Tues.); Ed. Moss

Trio and Teresa Ross (Wed.-Sun.).

Gilly's: Reopening soon. Maggie's Opera House: Details 242-3700.

Miami University: Brian Auger (2/12); Roy Buchanan (2/26); Gary Burton (3/5).

PHOENIX

Marvin's Gardens: Threshold (Wed.); Monopoly (Thurs.-Sat.); jazz jam (Sun.).

Phoenix Civic Plaza: George Benson (3/8).

Page Four: Margo Reed/Armand Boatman Trio (to 2/17).

Boojum Tree: Charlie Byrd (2/14-15); Joel Robins Trio (to 2/26); Harvey Truitt Trio (from 2/28); Teddy Wilson (3/2-3).

Saguaro High: Stan Kenton (3/8).

Central Arizona College: Stan Kenton (3/9).

Valley Ho: Keith Greko Trio.

Mabel Murphy's: Charles Lewis Quintet (Sun-Wed)

Celebrity Theatre: Dave Mason (1/24); Dolly Parton/Dillards (1/30); Billy Joel (2/21); Janis Ian (3/9).

Scottsdale Center: Ravi Shankar (3/15).

B. B. Singers: Mike McFadden.

Tucson Doubletree: Eddie Harris (1/13-15); Dick Fazio Trio (Sun.); Charlie Byrd (2/16-19); Les McCann (3/17-20); Home Cookin' (to 2/27). Collseum: Steve Miller (tent., 2/7).

Dooley's: Taj Mahal (1/27); call 968-2446 for late details.

Varsity Inn: Grant Wolf's Big Band (alternate Mondays).

NEW ORLEANS

Rosy's: Earl "Fatha" Hines (2/3-6); McCoy Tyner (2/8-10); Pat Martino (2/11-13); Stanley Turrentine (2/15-20); Esther Saterfield (2/24-27); Jimmy McGriff (3/8-13).

Jed's: John Lee Hooker (2/4); Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown (2/5); Sonny Terry & Brownie Mc-Ghee (2/10-12); Poussart-Dart Band (2/15); David Bromberg (2/16-17); Professor Longhair (2/18-21).

AI Hirt's: AI Hirt and band (Mon., Thurs., Fri. and Sat.).

Blue Room (Fairmont Hotel): Tony Bennett (3/17-26).

Blue Angel: George Finola and band (nightly).

Lu and Charlie's: Alvin Batiste group (Fri. and Sat.); Ellis Marsalis, solo piano, (Thurs.); Angelle Trosclair piano and vocals, with Lon Price, saxophone (Wed.); Frank Puzzullo (Tues.).

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