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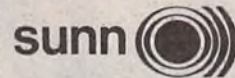
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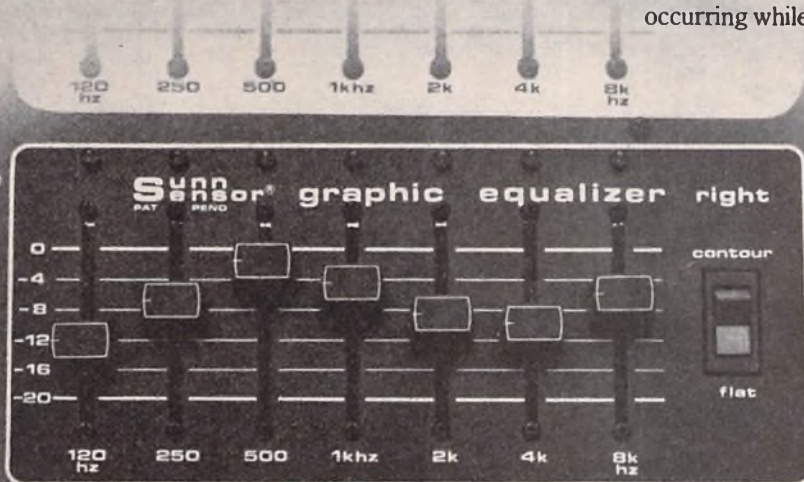
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education in jazz

—by Joe Corsello and Rick Petrone
(of New York Mary)

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Joe Corsello

Since leaving Berklee, I find that whether I'm playing a concert with Benny Goodman, or backing Peggy Lee, or playing with New York Mary—all personal goals for me—I always use the skills and training I learned at Berklee.

I'll never forget my first experience there. It was one of overwhelming excitement. Not only were the courses much more than I expected but playing with other Berklee students (and faculty) was a thrill in itself. I've never come across another school where the faculty is made up of such formidable jazz players and arrangers.

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Joe Corsello

The more we travel around the world playing concerts and doing music clinics, the more I appreciate what I learned at Berklee. I still appreciate not only the courses, but the opportunity to play and communicate with other musicians of different backgrounds and styles.



Rick Petrone

So when students ask us where they can get what they need to make it in today's music world, I recommend Berklee. It will make everything so much easier for them later on.

Our recent tours with New York Mary have brought us back to Boston several times. We're amazed at the courses and facilities that Berklee continues to add: improvising and arranging courses, labs, electronic music, and even a recording studio and performance center.

If we could turn back the clock, we would re-enroll in Berklee today!

Rick Petrone

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Just how rewarding is originality? Does there come a time when one can trade "inner rewards" for the rich texture of money? When is pay time?

The first to speak to these questions in this issue is Jack DeJohnette, the drummer-leader of Directions (with John Abercrombie, guitar; Ron McClure, bass; and Alex Foster, saxes). DeJohnette believes that he now has the right formula for public recognition without sacrificing any of the musical freedoms upon which the group is built. Each player voices his own commitment to what McClure calls their Music of the Moment, in which spontaneity and improvisation are paramount. So far the public's payoff has been acceptable and encouraging. The group has remained together over a year and there are more LPs and live dates booked ahead. For now at least, they are getting paid for playing what they want.

Such is not entirely the case with New York Mary, and co-leaders Joe Corsello and Rick Petrone are willing to shift directions to increase their income. Their dilemma is peculiar to today's values.

Both drummer Corsello and bassist Petrone took their jazz basic training at Berklee and their graduate work with Marian McPartland, the Anglo-American answer to Nadia Boulanger. Thus armed, Corsello went on to Benny Goodman and Peggy Lee, while Petrone passed the Maynard Ferguson endurance test. Last year they decided to pool their sidemen money and their leader ambitions and organized New York Mary (why not New York Marian?). The group quickly met with much critical acclaim, including seven individual and group places in the 1976 *db* Readers Poll. These multi-honors are, according to Petrone and Corsello, part of their image problem. "Look at the diversity," they say, "jazz group, rock/blues group, rock/blues album, etc. . . . It's not that we don't want to be eclectic . . . but we've got to be recognizable enough to draw people." So New York Mary intends to go on trying to impress a recognizable image on the minds and purses of the public. They still intend to emphasize original music, even if the tunes bear a "pop" label. (Despite printed rumors, New York Mary's demise is grossly exaggerated.)

Walter Bishop, Jr. is an out-and-out inside jazz pianist, composer and teacher who has undergone all the frustrations that accompany publicly unrecognized talent. He is talking about Charlie Parker (and himself) when he says: "You can't imagine what it feels like to have that much talent, to almost singlehandedly change an art form . . . and walk around virtually unnoticed. . . . Sometimes you find no one is listening. It ends in total frustration."

Fortunately for us all, Bishop survived. His prescription for staying whole and straight is to give where it is most appreciated: teaching the young musicians, "the ones that are going to keep it alive." He considers himself well rewarded.

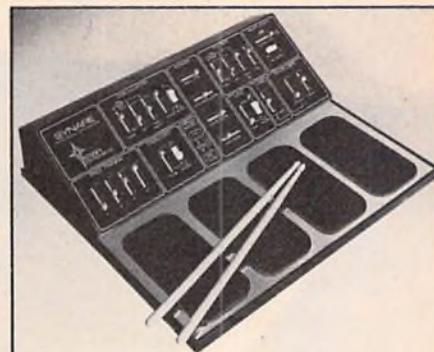
Next issue: some soul searching among, to name a few, Sonny Rollins, Otis Rush and the Blackbyrds; plus other worthy jazz relatives in search of roots . . . and money. **db**

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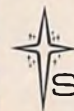
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Crotchety Reprimand

Your publication deserves a severe reprimand for publishing an interview with the "crotchety and cantankerous" Ruby Braff (1/27). Keeping in mind his contribution to the development of jazz, it still seems necessary to say that remarks of the kind attributed to Braff do not belong in a national publication, much less in *down beat*.

Braff's comments on Trane, Mingus, and Miles reveal an essential ignorance of some of the most positive innovators in the music, as well as a lack of respect for his musical brothers. . . . Braff can play Holiday Inns for the rest of his life for all I care, but he should refrain from commenting on what he obviously doesn't understand.
John Motavalli Bridgeport, Conn.

Thank you for the article on Ruby Braff. . . . It portrays perfectly an out of touch, bitter, petty man who makes trivial and archaic music and then has the audacity to slander such creative giants as Mingus, Miles Davis and Coltrane with typical vulgarity.

His statement that the new black music has been motivated by a hate of whites also reveals a trace of racism, and the suggestion that Irving Berlin is a . . . more important composer than someone like Mingus is a ridiculous as Braff himself.
James G. Shell Roanoke, Va.

Here It Comes Again

I know, as everyone else does, the importance of a recent issue in jazz music, but I feel

that it is a mistake to label this controversy "electric vs. acoustic." The real issue is between illusion and reality, and to substitute the words "electric and acoustic," respectively, is distortion and oversimplification.

An "illusion" album is one where overdubbing and multiple tracking and many layers of tone color and sound are employed (this is easier done electrically than acoustically, hence the confusion) which makes individual notes by individual people very difficult to hear.

Is this type of album valid? That is the controversial question.
Alan Percy Pittsburgh, Pa.

20th Century Force

In response to Rob Shepherd's letter concerning the Ken Terry piece on George Crumb: RIDICULOUS! Mr. Shepherd refers to John Cage as an "artistic fraud" while lauding Henry Cowell as a "really innovative musician."

Come on, Rob, Henry Cowell was a good old boy with some interesting ideas, but Cage is the composer who will be remembered as the major innovative force of the 20th century. Comparing Cowell with Cage is like comparing the rhythm section with the full band. Besides, Henry Cowell knew almost nothing about mushrooms.
Chuck Estes Fullerton, Cal.

Sandy Floors Buddy

I don't consider myself a big jazz band, par-

ticularly of the big band era, but after suffering through so much of Buddy Rich's pompous commotion, I decided to check the cat out. I found a cheap record amidst the limbo of cutouts titled simply *The Best Of Buddy Rich*.

I liked what I heard very much and decided to give this man a better deal by purchasing some present day work: *Speak No Evil*. Oh well, you can't win all the time. So back to the cutouts, Buddy. You've lost one more potential fan.

With an old collection of Sandy Nelson records, who needs *Speak No Evil*?
Jonathan F. Phillips Warren, O.

Disappointing Mingus

As an ardent Mingus listener, I was really disappointed to read his opinionated, divisive, purist remarks in the *Bass Lines* feature (1/27). It's one thing to prefer acoustic instruments, as some people like myself do, because it is felt that they offer a greater variety of tone, timbre, texture and so forth. But to have a mental block against electric instruments is to cheat yourself of a lot of great music.

David McAninch Lamoni, Ia.

Marauders United

I hope you can do me a big favor. I am an avid '60s rock fan and really dig many '60s rock stars, especially the Monkees. I, along with three friends, hope to begin a "Monkees Marauders United" club newsletter if enough people write in to me. . . . I'll continue reading *down beat* till the Statue of Liberty runs away.
Vic Lipari San Jose, Cal.



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MILT AND HOAGY HIGHLIGHTED



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

Hinton celebrants (from left): Cohn, Francis, Faddis, Calloway, Hinton, Kleinsinger

NEW YORK—The bottom, the rock bottom, that's what the bass player is often depicted as. Milton Hinton has been playing the part since high school and in celebration of his 66th year Jack Kleinsinger recently saluted this smiling gentle-man at one of his "Highlights In Jazz" concerts.

Being held for their sixth year, these monthly concerts have in the past saluted Lionel Hampton and Zoot Sims and are becoming something of an institution. Musicians of every stripe perform at these salutes; most are friends of the honoree.

New York University is home for "Highlights" and the place was packed beyond endurance for the Hinton fete. To list the "names" in the audience would probably mean leaving someone out so we won't.

On stage were Cab Calloway, Ron Carter, Al Cohn, Richard Davis, Jon Faddis, Budd Johnson, Panama Francis, Harold Mabern and Chet Amsterdam. Eddie Bert dropped by, as did Major Holley, who did not bring his ax

and so grabbed Milt's to play some choruses.

The evening was well-paced with solos, duets, trios and larger groupings that were deftly stage-managed by Kleinsinger. The finale had Carter, Amsterdam and Hinton playing in tandem.

The preceding month, Kleinsinger held one of his biennial jazz portraits of a composer. This time it was Hoagy Carmichael and the stars were Helen Merrill, Richard Sudhalter, Jimmy Rowles, Chuck Wayne, George Duvivier and David Lee, Jr. It lacked the tightness that the Hinton show had, and the tunes were, unfortunately, mostly down-tempo. Yet it had its moments, mostly with Sudhalter on cornet. An attempt at a cute piano-vocal duet (Merrill and Rowles) fell short of its goal, obviously due to a lack of rehearsal time.

It was Carmichael's 77th birthday and the leitmotif of *Star Dust* was played at least in part by every performer.

BS&T To ABC

LOS ANGELES—ABC Records has announced the signing of Blood, Sweat & Tears featuring David Clayton-Thomas to an exclusive, long term recording contract, calling for a solo album by Clayton-Thomas and instrumental albums by the group.

In addition to vocalist Clayton-Thomas, BS&T's present lineup

consists of David Bargeron, brass, congas and synthesizer; Larry Willis, keyboards; Bill Tillman, saxophone, flute, background vocals; Tony Klatka, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Forrest Buchtel, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Mike Stern, lead guitar; Danny Trifan, bass, and Roy McCurdy, drums.

Garner Memorial

NEW YORK—A memorial service for the late Erroll Garner was recently offered here.

Celebrating the mass, which was held at St. Ignatius Loyola Church on Park Avenue, was Father Peter O'Brien. Portions of the Bible were read by New York's pastor to the jazz community, Rev. John Gensel, and pianist Mary Lou Williams.

Although "nervous," Father O'Brien and the others read to the sparse attendees from St. Luke and St. Mark, telling the assembled that Garner's wont was "sheer joy." He played and he comported himself that way.

Ms. Williams, who played the organ throughout the service, concluded with a rendition of *Misty*.

HELSINKI NEWS

HELSINKI—Nordjazz, an organ working for the enhancement of jazz activities in Scandinavia, held its annual January meeting in Helsinki. Also present were the Faroe Islands, first time ever in the four year history of Nordjazz. A grant from Nomus (Scandinavian Cooperation in Music) comes as a concrete proof that jazz is also gaining recognition in the more arctic parts of the world.

Nordjazz elected the Arild An-

dersen Quartet the band of the year. The band, which performs its own compositions, has the following line-up; Arild Andersen (Norway), bass, Juhani Aaltonen (Finland), reeds, Lars Jansson (Sweden), keyboards and Pal Thowsen (Norway), drums.

The Finnish jazz pianist/composer Heikki Sarmanto, a classically oriented musician with lots of sophistication, was elected jazz pedagogue of the year.

potpourri

Ethnomusicologist **Robert Kaufmann** of the University of Washington will lead an African Music Safari as part of an accredited world music tour program. Leaving New York on June 21, the trip will last three weeks and include intensive examinations of Ghanaian drumming, performances in Kenya, Ivory Coast, and Senegal, as well as a five day East African game safari. Write for details at Travelarts International, 8242 Fourth NE, Seattle, Washington, 98115.

Announced the signing of the San Francisco group the **Grateful Dead**.

The **Clackamas Community College** in Oregon City, Oregon will sponsor its sixth annual jazz festival for high school stage bands from March 10-12.

Salsa orchestra leader **Tito Puente** is scheduled for a guest shot on ABC's *Donny And Marie Show*. All the action can be heard on the March 18 segment.

Talk about new heights for alto sax! **Bob Seger's** rock group **The Silver Bullet Band** recently spotlighted their saxophonist, a cat known simply as **Alto Reed**, atop one of their gigantic speakers. The Seger speakers were "flown" (hung) from the ceiling of Detroit's Cobo Hall, and Reed was hoisted secretly through the darkness to his solo spot.

Quincy Jones' new *Roots* album includes music he composed and/or supervised for the recent ABC television novel that had much of America glued to their tubes during January. Among those employed for the soundtrack were Senegalese master drummer **Zak Daiuf**, percussionist **Bill Summers**, **Letta Mbulu**, her husband **Caiphus Semenya**, **Rev. James Cleveland**, and actor **Lou Gossett**, who did his own fiddlin' as a character in the film.

Pianist **Ran Blake** is currently heading the "third stream music department" at the **New England Conservatory Of Music**. Established four years ago, the curriculum is based on **Gunther Schuller's** description of a music that can fuse jazz-like improvisation with traditional European compositional procedures.

Houston's **La Bastille** has been purchased by a group of Louisiana businessmen and recently reopened.

Arista Records recently an-

The **Berklee College of Music** in Boston presents its ninth annual jazz ensemble festival on April 30. The 16 hour fete includes workshops, clinics, demonstrations and concerts conducted by Berklee faculty members.

Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago has established a jazz hall of fame. Wall plaques line the hallway to the club. Musicians honored so far include **Billy Butterfield**, **Buddy DeFranco**, **Ruby Braff**, **Urbie Green**, **Joe Venuti**, **Red Norvo**, **Bucky Pizzarelli** and **Zoot Sims**.

Philadelphia's **Settlement Music School** is sponsoring a series of jazz performances for inmates of the Holmesburg Prison. The first concert in the new series featured **Grover Washington, Jr.**

Best wishes to stride pianist **Joe Turner**, currently confined to a wheelchair following a fall on an icy New York street.

Broadcast Music Inc. recently conducted a BMI Music Clinic called "The Anatomy of the Popular Song," in conjunction with the **University of Colorado at Denver**.

A&M Records has named **Dr. Don Mizell** director of product management for the label's **Horizon** subsidiary.

young NEWS

Toshiko-Tabackin Go Gold



Publisher Kojo Kato of *Swing Journal* gives award to Lew and Toshiko

TOKYO—It was a long journey for a short acceptance speech, but Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin decided it was worth their while. Learning that their album *Insights* had won *Swing Journal's* Gold Disc award as record of the year, they planned to Tokyo, where the magazine's gold statuette was handed to them at a gala ceremony attended by 283 record company representatives, TV/radio and press men.

Insights, recorded by the Toshiko/Tabackin orchestra in Hollywood for Japanese RCA, has not yet been released in the U.S. Meanwhile, a previous LP by the band that has been issued here, *Long Yellow Road*, was nominated for a Grammy in the big band jazz album category.

"I'm thrilled by the *Swing Journal* award," said Toshiko, "because we were up against so

much terrific competition." The Silver Award (second place) went to Charlie Haden's *Close-ness*, on Horizon. Irene Kral's *Where Is Love?*, a Choice Records set on which she was accompanied solely by Alan Broadbent's piano, copped the Vocal Album of the Year honors.

Road Time, a double LP set taped live by Toshiko-Tabackin last year during their first tour of Japan, will be released on American RCA in April. The band takes off for Japan again to start a two week series of concerts around Japan beginning May 10.

Despite the many credits Toshiko and Tabackin have racked up during the past year (they won the *db* critics' poll in the TDWR category), they have yet to tour the States and have mainly been playing dates in California, as well as clinics in other parts of the U.S.

Harlem Campaign

NEW YORK—Harlem, one-time hot spot for the white social-minded, now lies near ruin. Paradise featuring Vicki Sue Robinson and the cast of *Guys And Dolls*.

The nightclubs and theatres are either shuttered, gone to strip or seed, or are about to end it all. The world-renowned Apollo Theatre is up for rent to all comers and soon may be sold and destroyed.

The Committee to Save Art and Culture (CSAC), a non-profit organization, is staging an all-out campaign to bring headline entertainment back to Harlem. Their first offering was shown in November at the New Small's

For more details write: The Committee To Save Art & Culture
315 West 125th Street
New York, N.Y. 10027—Suite 305

Clayton Comeback

NEW YORK—Buck Clayton, former Count Basie alumni Dickie Wells, trombone, and Earle Warren, and leader of a series of recorded "jam sessions," has not been an active jazz participant of late. At a recent gathering of the Overseas Jazz Club, Buck was welcomed back to the playing fraternity by fellow trumpeters Charles Magee and Doc Cheatham, plus Richard Sudhalter on cornet.

Others in the band included

former Basie alumni Dickie Wells, trombone, and Earle Warren, alto. Eddie Barefield was on tenor as was Ray Turner. Sam Parkins was the clarinetist. Piano chores were handled by Chuck Folds and Red Richards, with Duke Clemons on bass and Jackie "Impeccably Tailored" Williams, drums.

Clayton, while nowhere near his peak, got some good licks in. He'll be around for awhile.

Big Band Explosion

NEW YORK—Suddenly, it's the 1940's again in the Apple. Bands have proliferated and seem to be making a dent in the weeknight schedules of some clubs in the New York Metropolitan area.

We all know about the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation holding forth for 11 years at the Village Vanguard. But what we don't know is that on Mondays when the band is away, Danny Stiles' big band takes over. Stiles, former co-leader with Bill Watrous of the defunct Manhattan Wildlife Refuge, has taken some of the charts, added some of his own and others; and put together a screaming group. The ages are bridged by young Richie Hohenburger on guitar and veteran saxophonist Joe Romano. The band plays a place in Nyack, N.Y., called The Office, on Wednesdays, and Max Gordon should be putting him into his cellar Vanguard to sub for Thad and Mel.

The new policy at Storyville calls for the addition of Monday night big band sessions. The kickoff for the weekly affairs was Sam Rivers and a group of friends from Studio Rivbea, his place in SoHo. Mostly made up of Rivers' charts, the band sounded either poorly rehearsed or overly laden with students. The solos, however, were strong, coming mostly from Rivers and the musicians who have played with him. When he was up with a rhythm section that included Dave Holland on bass and Warren Smith on drums, the band shone.

Smith has his own group called the Composers Workshop Ensemble. The band plays at Smith's Studio WIS on Mondays and features Jack Jeffers, Omar Clay and Sharon Freeman, among others.

Meanwhile, back at Storyville, owner Rigmor Newman has plans to bring Gil Evans into his place. By the time you read this, it will have been a foregone conclusion. Evans' big band has been looking for a workout on a steady basis. They did have the sub gig at the Vanguard: we haven't been able to ascertain why they don't any longer.

Dave Matthews started a big band night at the deceased Five Spot and moved it over to Stryker's. He has been holding forth on Monday nights for some time now. The charts are mostly his own, with some fine studio cats filling the chairs.

Matrix, a "nontet," plays at a place called Pip's lounge in Clifton, N.J., and Lee Konitz's nonet is still at Stryker's two nights of the week.

New Releases

Fresh vinyl from A&M's Horizon label includes *25th Anniversary Reunion*, Dave Brubeck Quartet; Don Cherry, by the trumpeter of the same name; *And Timepiece*, Gerry Niewood; and *Mel Lewis And Friends*, Mel Lewis.

The parent label has issued *Love On The Airwaves*, Gallagher and Lyle; *Roots*, Quincy Jones; *Be Bop N Holla*, Andy Fairweather-Low; and *White Rock*, Rick Wakeman.

Warner Brothers adds include *Ra*, Todd Rundgren's *Utopia*; *Sea Level*, by the group of the same name; *Carolina Dreams*, Marshall Tucker Band; *Sailboat*, Pink Floyd; *Live From Australia*, Jonathan Edwards; *Feel The tin City Limits*, the Earl Scruggs Music, Ray Stevens; *A-A-A-Ah*, Review; *Sweet Evil*, Derringer; *The Name Is Bootsy, Baby, Boot-* and *Love At The Greek*, Neil Diamond.

Spector's Greatest Hits, a dozen album highlighting the producer's top accomplishments.

Chiaroscuro has released *Idol Gossip*, Gerry Mulligan; *Snake Rag*, Louis Armstrong; and *Jazz Party Time*, Buck Clayton.

Tiny Adelphi Records has come up with some goodies in *Low Class Conspiracy*, David Murray; *The Portal Of Antrim*, Jessica Williams; and *Starburst*, Reuben Brown.

Columbia newies include *Anti-* *Marshall Tucker Band*; *Sailboat*, *mals*, Pink Floyd; *Live From Aus-* *Jonathan Edwards*; *Feel The tin City Limits*, the Earl Scruggs Music, Ray Stevens; *A-A-A-Ah*, Review; *Sweet Evil*, Derringer; *The Name Is Bootsy, Baby, Boot-* and *Love At The Greek*, Neil Diamond.



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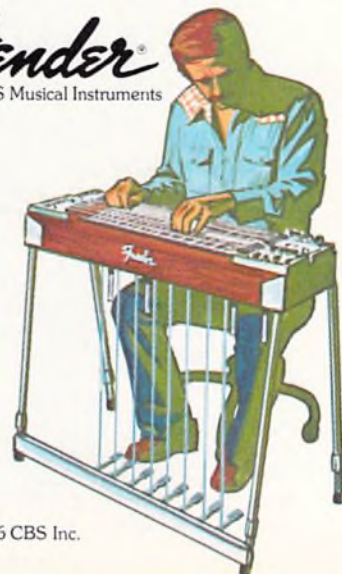
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JACK DeJOHNETTE'S DIRECTIONS Experimental Inheritors

by bill bennett

In the mid-1960s, reedman Charles Lloyd led a quartet comprising himself, a young pianist named Keith Jarrett, bassist Ron McClure and drummer Jack DeJohnette. Lloyd would later go on to become an aesthetic father figure to the flower children of the Peace Generation: *Rolling Stone* would embrace him, and his record company would take up the "flower power" chant. That in itself is not so unusual—the Beats and their cultural descendants have tended towards sporadic eruptions of forced passion for modern jazz. Jack Kerouac, through his character Dean Moriarty, clung to the spirited freedoms of Dizzy Gillespie and . . . George Shearing? Like Shearing, Lloyd was a popularizer, even though he dealt with a later evolution of musical thought, taking the teachings of Ornette Coleman and other free jazz pioneers and somehow making them palatable to a larger audience.

But there were virtues as well as sincerity in Lloyd's musical essays, and, more importantly, considerable talents among his sidemen. Lloyd has since become a semi-retired cult figure, while Jarrett has developed a large and devoted following, along with a swollen ego to match his enormous musical gifts. But at least one member of that quartet, Jack DeJohnette, has kept faith with those directions originally plotted by Lloyd, pursuing a music of freedom and integrity that will support itself in the marketplace. In the intervening years, he has tried various approaches to the art vs. audience trade-off, some more successful than others. But he feels that he has now hit upon the combination he's been looking for in the latest edition of Jack DeJohnette's *Directions*.

Directions finds DeJohnette teaming with guitarist John Abercrombie, saxophonist Alex Foster, and bassist Ron McClure, his old rhythm teammate from the Lloyd combine. The addition of McClure, the band's newest member, ties in nicely with Jack's description of *Directions* as "an extension of the Charles Lloyd Quartet—a parallel kind of thing." The same freedoms that Lloyd encouraged permeate *Directions*, for a fact, but there is something new, a devil-may-care sense of risks being taken, that makes this music at once more exciting and less pretentious than Lloyd's. And this is a group just settling down, just coming into its own. Achieving what Jack calls "the nucleus for one of the greatest bands going" is the culmination of a complex process, involving DeJohnette's development as a leader, the evolution of jazz and its absorption of elements from other popular genres, notably rock, and the actual selection of the talents to flesh out Jack's musical vision.

Followers of DeJohnette's career will remember *Compost*, the crossover band introduced to *db* readers by Jack himself in 1971. Jack recalls that "when I got into *Compost*, I wasn't ready to lead a band: that's why I



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HERB NOLAN

ROBERTO MASOTTI

wanted to get into a cooperative situation. That sort of gave me time to get myself together. Taking a band out brings on a lot of responsibilities, it's a big step." But in the sense that DeJohnette had the most firmly rooted reputation in the group, it was inevitable that many listeners would look upon him as the band's leader, in spite of its actual cooperative structure. This situation put certain leadership pressures on him while withholding the attendant benefits. Together with a certain artistic dissatisfaction, this dictated Jack's departure from the band. "Musically, I had really grown. I wanted to get back to exploring, instead of just playing 4/4 time, being in a band where I had to play rock—although we did have numbers where we played straight-ahead." Jack left the band as Columbia was on the verge of releasing *Compost Festival*, an exuberant Latin wailer, as a 45.

Compost, then, gave DeJohnette valuable practical experience as well as clearer perspectives on the jazz/rock interface—precisely the tools he needed to update the Charles Lloyd experience. Working with *Compost* made him aware of the aesthetic dilemma facing the creative musician. "Some people really liked that music, but the record people thought it was too jazzy, and the jazz people thought it was too inside." Lloyd, of course, had taken the outside route in reaching his audience, and DeJohnette saw his chance to get back to the outside while incorporating some elements of electronics, providing a reference point for rock-oriented listeners. Jack's stint with Miles Davis' raucous, rockish band undoubtedly helped to focus his high-energy aspirations.

Thus the guitar, the quintessential rock instrument, is a central premise in the argument for *Directions*. The particular guitar in question is a rather ordinary Gibson Melody Maker, the choice of John Abercrombie, who is anything but ordinary. In DeJohnette's words, "First of all, I was doing things with John—experimenting." Easy enough to believe, for experiment characterizes Abercrombie's playing, backed by a reserve of experience and a uniquely complementary ear, making him a singularly qualified candidate for the kind of group Jack had in mind.

From that base, the extension of the *Directions* concept continued, as DeJohnette felt the need for a horn. "I put out some feelers about a hornplayer. I called a few people and set up an audition in the city—I was living in the country then. So Alex happened to be staying with the guy whose house we used for the session, and he asked if he could sit in. After his first couple of notes, I knew I wanted him in my group. I called him up the next day, and we got together and played some—we played a lot."

All that was lacking, then, was the bass, more than ever the foundation and thrust of a jazz ensemble. Having worked with many of the finest bassists on the scene, DeJohnette was very conscious of the range of styles available to him; filling the bass chair was to prove his most difficult task in getting *Directions* together. "Dave Holland was originally supposed to have been part of the band, but Dave had a lot of other things going, too. Dave wants to be able to play with a lot of people, which creates problems for a working group. But he'd rather do that, so what could I say?" Holland remains peripherally in the picture as a member of *Gateway*, a cooperative trio including DeJohnette and Abercrombie. The three are slated for a European concert tour this July, with the possibility of another recording session to whet the appetites of state-side audiences.

With Holland's decision not to join *Directions* on the road, DeJohnette got in touch with an old friend, Peter Warren. "He'd spent time with Braxton, Joachim Kuhn, and other people in Europe into a free, avant garde thing. He really had that together; he had tremendous spirit. Whatever would happen, he could instigate things; he had big ears, too. But he didn't have his bebop roots together, and we needed somebody who was a little better equipped in that area, but who could play free, too. . . . It just didn't work out for this band." The bass trial balloon next floated into the grasp of Mike Richmond, a strong Fender bass man recommended by both John and Alex. Richmond lasted through the re-

ording sessions that produced Directions' most recent ECM LP, *Untitled*, but DeJohnette soon realized that "I wanted a little something more, I wanted a little more wisdom, a cat who could play everything. Ron McClure came to my mind. He's got a good harmonic concept, he's got good chops, and those big ears I like. Plus he sort of knew my playing, though we never really got into each other's playing until this band."

McClure left a gig with Blood, Sweat and Tears to rejoin DeJohnette. As he describes it, "Obviously, there was a transition—playing a different instrument, the acoustic bass, and going from almost total structure to almost no structure. But when Jack and I played together with Charles Lloyd, it was basically the same format as with the Fourth Way and other groups that I've played with, in terms of dealing with structure. Basically, I've dedicated my life to playing this kind of music. I've had offers to work with singers, like Sarah Vaughan and Dionne Warwick, but I stayed primarily with jazz groups until Blood, Sweat and Tears called me up and made me an offer I couldn't refuse. With them, it was reading charts and maybe a solo a week, but at that point I really didn't care. I mean, there were four horn players, a piano player, a drummer, and a guitarist, who all wanted to solo, and as far as I could see I was just the last in a long line. But now, as far as a place to play, this is an excellent opportunity to improvise in a group situation."

The group situation that Ron joined was not

"This band is concerned with the improvisation of music more than anything else. . . . The most important thing is to keep the spontaneity happening, always trying to change your thing."

the present quartet, however. A fifth member, pianist Warren Bernhardt, had been added just before the *Untitled* sessions. DeJohnette describes the keyboard experiment: "Originally, the idea was to have a quartet. But then John started saying, 'Well, it would be nice to have a keyboard, someone to comp behind me.' A few piano players were mentioned, and I knew Warren from Chicago, so we said, 'Let's try it out.' We were trying it out because to have another member meant more money, more expenses. It's hard to do.

"We had Warren flown over to Oslo to make the *Untitled* album, on which he played really well, and contributed a composition, *Morning Star*, which is really nice. He stayed with us up until the end of last year. But it got to be a little much financially to keep the fifth piece, and at times the sound of the band was not clear. Musically, Warren is a great piano player and composer, but the overhead to run this band is really heavy. Getting back to a quartet really made things quite a bit clearer, and it made things a little better financially for everybody, so I had to drop the piano."

There is no fear of changes in this band, which is one of the strongest characteristics of the spirit of Directions. Experimenting was an essential ingredient in the initial conception of the group: Jack jamming with John. And now an experiment, Warren Bernhardt's trial period, has helped to refine that conception, to bring each player's individual function into sharper focus. The addition of Bernhardt's extra layer of sound forced everyone to listen that much more closely, at the same time prompting them to realize a higher level of in-

terplay which eventually rendered the fifth piece superfluous. In one sense, then, Bernhardt was so good, so catalytic, as to play himself right out of a job. In another, darkly practical sense, his musical value to the group diminished to the point where it was outstripped by his expenses, a hard reminder that economics do play a part in the cultivation of a musical garden. Warren's departure apparently resolved a potentially divisive situation.

"As it's worked out," Jack explains, "I think everybody likes it, Ron especially. There's more room for him to play. And it's much clearer, so we can look forward to playing. We never know what we're going to get into. It's good for Ron, too, because he'd been working for two years with Blood, Sweat & Tears, playing mostly electric bass. I love acoustic bass, and Ron's got one of the best sounds I know on the acoustic. We use both acoustic and electric; it's really nice to have that, to let a lot of kids know that there is such a thing as the acoustic bass. We've done gigs where we come out with the acoustic bass and people say, 'You're going to play that thing? How do you play that guitar?'"

"That's right," McClure agrees, "it's an endangered species." He goes on to describe Directions in general, and himself in particular, in the post-piano phase. "This group is a function of four individuals who, in turn, function on their own energy and imagination. It's especially better as a quartet, because it's easier to focus in on what everybody else is doing,

We're just beginning to get to the point where we can interrelate musically, because now there's enough space: there's just four of us now. I don't have to listen to two sets of chord changes. Whether Warren and John were clashing or blending, there was just so much sound. It was too much. . . . It would have been the same with any piano player, if it had been John and Herbie Hancock. It's just a very difficult thing to do. When I was with BS&T, we had Larry Willis and George Wadenius. They were constantly hassling about comping and changes. It was ridiculous! These guys could never work it out, which is why I think guitar players and piano players should form groups of their own."

DeJohnette expands further on his views of his band: "We had a nice wholeness with the piano, but I feel that it's much more clear now. It puts the pressure on everybody else, a healthy kind of pressure—you have to listen closer. Sometimes, with John and Warren, it wasn't a question of one's ability to play, it was that with Clavinet and guitar and everything going on at once, it was a bit too much. . . . A lot depends on what the role of the pianist is supposed to be. Warren is one of the great Clavinet players, and he specializes in synthesizer too—not overdoing it, like so many people do. I think he excels in those areas. So it wasn't that. But you take five virtuoso players, you try to put that together and make it come out as one statement, that just isn't easy. But even though everyone's into it simultaneously on stage, there is a way of projecting that statement to the audience. Sometimes it gets hard when there's all that energy

going on at once. You're trying to wait for spaces, and all those little spaces are filled up. But with the quartet, even if it gets a little busy, there's still some clarity. And I think that, automatically, with four, we tend to leave more spaces, to wait a bit. John, particularly, has played out a lot more, he's comping a lot more. It's easier for him in terms of setting up harmonic things, colors and all that. There's not as much pressure on him as there was before we had the piano. He used to feel like he had to be filling everything up, when a lot of times he didn't have to be playing anything. So he kind of feels relieved."

At this point in the interview, Abercrombie rouses himself to concur with Jack's assessment. "When Warren was in the band," he explains, "I hardly played at all, in a comping sense. Which in some ways was nice, because I could sort of stand back and listen to the band. I found I had to do this a lot, because everybody was playing a lot. I had been continually playing like crazy, so I decided to stop and listen. Now that it's so much clearer, I don't have to do that. I can hear each player very clearly while I'm playing. With Warren, I didn't have to play as much, and now, I still don't have to play as much, but I hear more clearly what it is that I'm doing."

Bearing these comments in mind, *Untitled*, a very fine album in its own right, becomes an engrossing study in group dynamics. To begin with, there are two selections on which Bernhardt does not play: *Pansori Visions*, inspired by a Korean musical troupe and performed by DeJohnette on Moroccan hourglass drums and Abercrombie on a very loosely-tuned American mandolin guitar, and *Struttin'*, carried by drums, guitar, and sax. On *Flying Spirits*, Bernhardt's Rhodes piano lays down a thick harmonic carpet, as Abercrombie concentrates on single note accents along with his versatile array of guitaristic effects. On this track, Bernhardt's playing does not seem particularly intrusive or busy, although when the group drops from tempo, the Rhodes' phased chords step on DeJohnette's delicate cymbal shadings, a distinctive part of the drummer's style throughout his career.

Fantastic finds Bernhardt on cowbell through the opening and close of the piece, with the Rhodes and Clavinet carrying his funky fills through the theme and solos. Again, the keyboards don't seem out of balance—in fact, the listener has got to pay attention to pick them out from among the wah-wahed layers of rhythm, and in doing so, becomes aware of an overwrought quality to the group's sound.

The Vikings Are Coming and Bernhardt's own *Morning Star* highlight his work at the acoustic keyboard. The former places the pianist in a loosely arpeggiated major mode reminiscent of Zawinul's *In A Silent Way*, establishing a pastoral base for the languid, echoing counterpoint of saxes and guitar. *Morning Star* is the most structured piece on the LP, skillfully harmonized and appropriately arranged around Warren's full, ringing sound. It is in the acoustic mode that Bernhardt will be most missed.

Lastly, the broadly burlesqued wail of *Malibu Reggae* sends Bernhardt camping out on the organ; he is right in character, setting an admirably quaint tone for the piece, but unfortunately also obscuring Abercrombie's wry pluckings—until, that is, the guitarist comes bawling through the tune's beautifully farcical breakdown ending. And anyway, as De-

"What we did was pretty rare. . . . We were out there selling original material, tunes that nobody ever heard of, doing concerts where nobody goes out whistling the tunes because they never heard them, and probably will never hear them again. . . ."

NEW YORK MARY

an epitaph
revoked

by arnold jay smith

Rick Petrone and Joe Corsello are journeyman musicians. Yet they have put aside some of their own musical directions to form New York Mary, a group that has already made inroads into the consciousness of the record buying public. Their live dates have been successful, but as they have appeared as the "warm-up" half of a double bill, there is serious doubt in their own minds as to what direction their group should take.

New York Mary, originally a tune by another charter member of the group, reedman Bruce Johnstone, caught on, so the name stuck. (Johnstone recently left to form a "bebop" group, which has since disbanded; he has since taken over the baritone sax chair with Woody Herman's band.)

Bassist Petrone and drummer Corsello, along with Johnstone and keyboard player Alan Zavod, met in the Maynard Ferguson band and decided to experiment with a new concept: a rock/jazz group made up of all jazz players. Labels have become a rock about their collective neck.

"We have gone to record stores who have told us that they don't know where to put us," lamented Petrone.

"They have told us that they have certain bins in certain areas of the store. Where do they put our records?" Corsello went on. "We get off on jazz, Latin, pop, rock, originals, standards, you name it. So what do the listeners go off saying? 'Hey, that was some great _____ we heard, wasn't it?' I mean, you fill in the blank."

Petrone was more emphatic. "It's not that we don't want to be eclectic. It's just that if we are in competition with other groups for the same dollar, whether jazz, rock, or whatever, we have got to be recognizable enough to draw the people into the place where we are playing. It's that simple."

One would think that placing in no less than seven categories in the 1976 *db* Readers Poll would make them happy. The contrary is the case.

Petrone: Look at the diversity: jazz group, rock/blues group, rock/blues album, where are we really? I made it in both acoustic and electric bass. That's a great compliment, but while I favor double bass, I haven't played one in public to any great extent in some time.

Corsello: And I made it for both drums and percussion. I rarely play anything but drums.

Petrone: We originally started the group as a trio, saxophone, bass and drums. Because of the limitations of that, we decided to add keyboards, another horn and guitar. We went to six pieces, then to five. Now we are back to six.

Corsello: Actually, John Hammond, who was at Columbia at that time, put us into that direction. More colors, he told us.

Petrone: We had some tunes and one in particular written by Bruce for a friend of ours known as New York Mary. There were those of us who said, "Later for that," but we got some mail that was favorable, so here we are.



ticular written by Bruce for a friend of ours known as New York Mary. There were those of us who said, "Later for that," but we got some mail that was favorable, so here we are.

Corsello: None of us are from New York and neither is Mary.

Petrone: Joe and I have been through a variety of musical environments together, namely Berklee College of Music in '64-5, and Marian McPartland's trio later, in '70-1.

It was with Marian that I tried electric bass, but it didn't sit too well with her. But she made me understand why it didn't fit and that was very important to me. I left Marian to go with Maynard, and I met Bruce. After two and a half years of being on the bus, paying those kind of dues, I decided that it was time to get off and try something. Bruce had the same idea, which was to play originals only. Fortunately, there were enough people who backed us.

Corsello: I stayed with Marian long enough to finally do an album with her (*Marian McPartland Plays The Music Of Alec Wilder*, Halcyon HAL 109). Then an offer came to play with Benny Goodman, which I thought was pretty funny. You don't know what's happening on the outside when you are involved 100% with yourself. I thought the whole thing was a put on. As it turned out, I traveled to Rochester and the place was sold out, 5000 people and they were all over the stage. He liked me and asked if I would join the group he had at the time. It was not easy breaking away from Marian. We had met through Sal Salvador, the guitarist, who had hipped her to my talents. So when we finally did meet, it was like we had known each other for a long time. I left Gene Bertoncini's group, with whom I was on a tour, and stayed with Marian for roughly three years. It was a whole different class of people, like Alec Wilder. It was a rarified atmosphere, playing the Hotel Carlyle in New York and meeting Jacqueline Onassis and the like. Marian was put out that I had joined Benny because she had another few months for me to do. I'm upset about that.

Petrone: It was the two and a half years that I spent with Marian that made me realize the right way to back a keyboard player playing acoustic bass. She taught me more about harmonies and harmonic structures of the bass

than I had learned up to that point, and that's including five years of college and hanging around with a lot of heavy bass players. You never learn it unless you have that development happening. Each night she would take me aside and write out charts for me, bass lines, and say, "Why don't we try this line next time."

Corsello: That's interesting because I wanted something in that direction and my choice was Peggy Lee. I opened at the Waldorf and was I nervous. It was one of those things I wanted to conquer in my career, a large orchestra backing a singer. I was house drummer at Michael's Pub for about 20 weeks, with Milt Hinton and Hank Jones, backing people like Red Norvo, Joe Venuti, everyone who came in. I did that for about seven weeks, including the road in 1973, and we got off the road at the time that Maynard got off the road. Rick and I just sat down and decided that this could go on forever. Let's make up our minds. It wasn't the money because we were both making nice bread. We just couldn't stand seeing kids and so many others getting out there with groups we knew we were better than. We wanted a musical satisfaction we weren't getting at that point.

Petrone: Playing with Maynard all around the country, while Joe was with Benny and Peggy, has got to have been the most rewarding time I have spent with any person in music that I could call a leader. All the stuff that has been written about him goes by the boards until you sit down in the bus, catch him just before bedtime, or just as he wakes up. That's where you really find out what a man is about. While Marian showed me what it was like to play acoustic, Maynard showed me what it was to perform in front of five and ten thousand people. There's a difference. With a trio you think about the music first, then about the audience. When you play an environment where it's slam bang from bar one, you've got to reach the guy that bought the two dollar seat, as well as the others, and Maynard. You don't have to impress Maynard because if you hadn't done that already, you wouldn't be there to begin with.

To get a wink from Maynard after you've just done a ten minute cadenza is very rewarding, let me tell you. He took me from being a

bass player who was learning his instrument to being a bass player that was willing to take some chances. And that's what led to the decision to get started with the group. We had the musical integrity to write some things; now we had to get the fortitude to move ahead. You can't continually talk about a group; it must be in the performance. You can't really conceptualize it until you play it.

First there was the trio and then we got Alan Zavad, who was with Woody at the time. He had left Maynard prior to that in 1975.

Corsello: When we put the band together we didn't really want to work just anyplace. Prostituting your talents is hard to say, but that's what we were trying to avoid. We were all still freelancing even *after* we were together. The rooms that we were playing were pretty much packed every night. So you are going to get a certain amount of "fans." I use that term advisedly because of the kind of mail I've been getting. We weren't home three days after we did the Agora Ballroom in Cleveland when Arista sent us a manila envelope of letters from people telling us that they were New York Mary freaks. They wanted pictures, itineraries, like that.

Petrone: What we did was pretty rare. It's like what Beethoven did. We were out there selling original material, tunes that nobody ever heard of, doing concerts where nobody goes out whistling the tunes because they never heard them, and probably will never hear them again unless they go out and buy the album. It's good to know that there are those who appreciate what we are doing. They obviously voted for us in the db poll. We would go off almost in tears because the people were standing up for us. And we were opening for some big acts: Tony Williams, Thad and Mel, Kenny Burrell, Dave Liebman, John Klemmer. I hope to be able to convey what it means to a musician, to go out and play his own music that he slaved and worked over, not borrowing music from anybody and having the people clap and dig it.

Bruce wrote most of the tunes on the first album, two tunes on the second, but that's it. Right now Joe and myself are writing most of the new material. Now we are even getting stuff from others, which is another kind of compliment, unsolicited. "Here, try this," they tell us. And we're finding some good material. The original premise of the band was to have everybody write so you get different concepts on *all* the material. The reason for the Johnstone prevalence was that he had all of it in his case. He didn't write it originally for this band. As he went on, he wrote specifically for us. The rest of us were writing for New York Mary and we had some catching up to do. Now we have 30 or 40 tunes in the book.

Corsello: The two of us are the nucleus of New York Mary, but every group of people we play with becomes part of us. When we are on stage we like to feel, and make the audience feel, that we are all a part of what we are doing. We use only the best, like trumpet players. The first one we had was Lew Soloff, and on down the list to Mike Lawrence.

I don't want to make it sound like the guys are sidemen. We are a corporation; Rick and I handle most of the affairs of the band, but that's not to the exclusion of the others so that they feel second class. We take advice from everyone. We were both sidemen, after all. We took whatever good or bad there was to take from different leaders and we wrote it down, actually made a list of what we would and wouldn't like to do because we did it with

a particular leader and didn't dig it, or loved it. We hired three other people for each date and we made up our minds that we would try whatever they suggested at least once. It was like bringing new members into a family.

Financially, we are separate. I hasten to add that. If we go out and do a week for x dollars, there is no way possible we feel we can split that money up five or six ways. That would be very unfair because the sideman does not necessarily understand the expenses of running the band. There's the agent, the p.r. office, we just bought a van, gas, tolls, tickets to fly, etc. There's a prestige factor involved and it may work against us. Who cares if you're working for Joe Corsello and Rick Petrone. It's usually, "Hey, what'd we make this week?" What's this we? It's not a cooperative. We, as leaders, hired those guys to work under *our* banner. It's just not fair of them to ask for a split.

Petrone: We work clinics and workshops and invariably we are asked how we enjoy our newfound money. They think that since they are buying a ticket we must be rich. There is no conception of what must go into a band like this. For instance, sometimes it takes 24 hours to get to someplace where you play a 20 minute set. The sidemen often take an attitude that because we are not as well known as some, they don't have to put out for us. If it were someone else they would. If we can't come off the stage happy and if the guys on the stage aren't happy, there's no point in doing it. There's more money in sideman work, frankly, and we don't need aggravation without some kind of inner reward.

Corsello: We have been having some problems with direction, though. Bruce wanted to play more, so he left to do that. The first album was a funk album, no ballads, no pretty music. And I love pretty music, melodic things. We are going in a pop direction now because we want to play the larger halls. We need the acceptance. We see artists who do not have our talent making it. It's the record company backing that sells out the houses, gets the airplay, promotes.

Petrone: For the record, here's what happened one week in Raleigh. Grover Washington, Jr. was in one town, Stanley Turrentine was in another one, Roy Ayers was in another, Judy Collins was someplace else and we were in the other town, all within 15 miles from the farthest point. Now who is going to take their car, drive 15 miles to hear NYM when they still don't know who they are? You could go to the other places and know what you are hearing. With us they leave saying, "Nice funk, nice samba, nice baritone work, drummer took good solos," but they still don't know what we are doing. We have got to get identifiable, *now*, not when we have a hundred records out.

Corsello: What it amounts to is trying to get something of a reputation for yourself. At that point you can go in any direction you want to and you'll have your following and can do what you want. I'm insecure and it's been a struggle to get on a bandstand. I can see it in kids. They feel that rock music is here and all you have to do is get up there and pound away. We did a clinic in Quinnipiac, Conn., and it was tough finding someone who knew enough and was courageous enough to come up and demonstrate it. I'd just like to hear people say that I'm a good drummer, not a good rock drummer, or whatever. It's a problem for me to direct myself in one area even if it means that I'll be better off later.

Petrone: And we don't work New York Mary the year round, either. We work three or four months and take a break. Maybe it's a head clearing thing, but I rather feel that it lets us do the other things we like to do, playing with other groups, being the sideman again.

Corsello: Playing with the World's Greatest Jazz Band and seeing the personnel change every time we played made me realize that just to play dates for the money was not what was best for us. We would like our personnel to stabilize, but only at the point when we have the best possible people. And that takes time, playing time. It costs us money every time we have to get sidemen. But if we get that happy feeling, and come off the stage proud of the fact NYM was up there, it becomes worth it.

Petrone: You have to take a break because you cannot write on the road, you cannot audition new talent on the road. You have to take time to listen to what's out there and time to rehearse. You can't rehearse on the road because everybody's too tired from traveling. One of the most important things that Joe and I do is go out and catch up on what we missed and try to assimilate that with what we are doing or would like to do. So it's now really a break; it's just a rethink period.

Corsello: Sometimes we even take breaks while we are on the road. But that's rare and it's all in your own mind. For instance, we were at the Agora opposite Thad and Mel and all we wanted to do after a long tour was play a short set and split. But I was lucky enough to be able to watch Mel Lewis. He has got to be the most refreshing time player in the business. I forgot about all the hours, all the miles that it took us to get there. I could have kissed him. Kids should really open their minds up to people like Mel.

Petrone: I had the opportunity to play with that band when I got off Maynard's band and I did thank Mel. He carried me and lifted the whole band.

It's not often you get that feeling even when you are in the audience. I remember a set at the Bottom Line where the LA Express was opposite Larry Coryell. LA Express was tight, slick, not always complex, unified, and the people were polite to them. When Larry came out it was, well, Larry's music is louder, high energy, and the people screamed, threw things up in the air. The *down beat* reviewer put away LA Express. The thing that hurts us is to realize that the music LA Express was putting across isn't really that much out of our league. For the same reason, we can't get any attention and they've got a name.

...

It's got to be horribly frustrating for these two 30 year olds, steeped in improvisational jazz music, to seek widespread public acclaim on another level. Their minds tell them that's where they must go; and they know exactly how to get there. Yet each time they lean in one direction an inner gyroscope rights them.

"We want to make the move with as much taste and style as we can," Rick states. "We'll never be rock players."

"And we don't want to be. It's just another label, meaningless and limiting," Joe adds.

Together they have the perseverance and the talent to make New York Mary work for them.

"If we do what we are going to do, make all the steps count, do it right . . . then I think we will create the music we want to create and have people appreciate it without losing our musical integrity." db

WALTER BISHOP, JR. *Jazz Warrior* *Marches On*

by brett j. primack

While the big bands were stomping at the Savoy and packing them into the Paramount, a small, dedicated coterie of musicians were developing a new sound. Although some called it just plain noise, bebop was to forever alter our jazz consciousness. And as a teenager in Harlem in the early '40s, Walter Bishop, Jr. found himself in the midst of this musical revolution.

After hearing bop, Bishop enlisted and he's been fighting the jazz wars ever since. Even after serving with Art Blakey, Miles Davis and Charlie Parker, Bishop continues to pay dues. In the '50s and '60s, that meant leaving music, making a living elsewhere. But through it all, Bishop still plays his music and is passing on the tradition.

1977 finds "Bish" back in New York City after an extended stay in California. He is teaching, recording and holding down the piano chair in both the Clark Terry Quintet and Big Bad Band.

On the eve of a new recording for Muse and a European tour with the Big Bad Band, Walter graciously consented to an interview. Our conversation took place at the Charles Colin Studios, where he regularly teaches. Inside a practice room, against the background sounds of musicians getting their chops together, Walter sat overlooking an upright, smoking frequently and munching potato chips. After sharing our disappointment with the exclusion of jazz from the Inaugural Eve Entertainment Gala, the conversation immediately turned to bop.

Primack: How did you first get turned onto bebop?

Bishop: I think I might have heard it playing from a record shop or something right here on 125th Street. And I stopped. The sound of it was different, it really intrigued me. I said, wow, that's some wild stuff. And of course the scene at that time was very exciting because it was like a wave sweeping up a lot of the more aware and proficient players like Dizzy and Monk and Parker and, of course, Max Roach, the vanguard. So everybody was anxiously awaiting their next release to see what was happening.

Primack: I know one of the guys who really turned it around, especially for piano players, was Bud. When did you first hear him play?

Bishop: Bud was with Cootie Williams and he did some recordings with a small segment of Cootie Williams' group, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Eddie Vinson, and the rhythm section for Cootie Williams. They did some tracks and I really heard Bud Powell. To me, he was like the Bird of the piano, the Dizzy of the piano. Up until that time, when a pianist took



a solo, that's when people started to talk or go to the bathroom or order drinks, anything. They wouldn't listen too much because the piano wouldn't come through as dynamic as a horn player standing up there. Bud sort of took it out of that and brought it out front because he was dynamic and projected as strongly as any of the horn players did. When I heard that, when I heard his style, I said that's for me. Immediately, I knew I wanted to play like that, the first time I heard him.

Primack: His playing was so incredibly intricate, especially compared to most of the players at that time. Could you copy him?

Bishop: I got it mainly through records. I'd always go to see him, you know. And one summer we hung out together and he paid me a hell of a compliment. When I was working with Miles down on 52nd Street, he came and sat and listened. And he said, "I was listening to you play and it's weird. It's almost like

listening to myself play. You weren't playing the same notes, the same lines, but I could tell where you were going." And then he said something like, "When I die, I want you to perform my music in concert."

Bud was a different kind of a guy. Like Bird was universal, Bud was so immersed in music that outside of music he wasn't so much into other facets of life.

Primack: Identifying so closely with him and his music must have made it hard to see him go through all the personal changes that plagued him, especially in his later years.

Bishop: Yeah, well, I think he started out by playing crazy, then he had some mental problems, and he started getting shock treatments. Then he really went off. The last time I saw him perform was just before he died. It was pretty sad. He was just a shell of himself, a bad imitation of himself. He just wasn't there anymore. He was led on and off the bandstand. He used to burn holes in the piano, literally burn holes in the piano. Oh, it was pretty sad to go like that.

Primack: Speaking of sad—just as your chops were coming together, the Army snatched you. Did you get to play at all in the Army?

Bishop: Eventually I had it worked out so that I was close to St. Louis, Missouri. There was a club in St. Louis that used to hire jazz groups, bands from the east. At one point, I used to stay in town, and I'd wear civilian clothes. I'd always be at this club, the Riviera, where big bands would come through. Cootie Williams came through, Dizzy's first big traveling band came through with Joe Harris, James Moody and maybe Kenny Dorham. Anyhow, a bunch of my friends were in that band and I used to go and sit in with the band practically every night. It was very depressing, you know.

One time I was in a service club, and I looked in the wastebasket and saw a record that somebody had broken up and thrown away. I picked it up and it turned out to be a jazz classic: *Buzzy* with Bud Powell, Miles, Dizzy, J. J. Johnson. I said, oh, my goodness, incredible. Eventually I discovered some bebop musicians from St. Louis. Jimmy Forrest was there.

And, a funny thing about Clark Terry—this girlfriend I had was a photographer at the club. At one point she told me her boyfriend was in the Navy and coming home on a furlough, so she wouldn't be seeing me for a while but she'd like me to meet him 'cause he was a musician too. So she introduced me to him and it was Clark, on leave from the Navy. Yeah, that was the first time I met Clark. But there was an alto player in town named John Easton, a really good alto who sounded like Bird.

When I discovered these guys, it was kind of like home. It was weird. I was walking down the street disgusted one night, seriously considering going AWOL, and I heard some music. First I thought it was a record; it sounded like Charlie Parker. I saw this window, open, with dark lights and I realized that this was where the music was coming from. So I ran around to the front of the building and found out it was a club. I was frantic. "How much does it cost to get in?" Money was spilling from all my pockets. If she had said a hundred dollars, I would have paid it, I didn't care. I got in there and these cats were up there playing, and playing good like Eastern style, New York style. The piano player's name was John Carter and I said, "Hey man,

do you allow any sitting in?" And he said, "Yeah, OK." I couldn't even wait. He said, "OK, later." But this happened to be one of my favorite tunes, and I was so frantic that I probably would have pushed him off the stool. Oh man, I was like in heaven. I played chorus after chorus and when I finished, I had a crowd of people around me and I was dripping sweat. Whew! So after that, I more or less had the keys to the town.

Primack: Once you got discharged in '47, you must have been really hot to get back to New York and get on the scene. Where did you go to hear music?

Bishop: The club that I used to frequent when I came out of the service and before I went in the service was Minton's Playhouse on 118th Street.

Primack: What was happening at Minton's?

Bishop: There was a regular group there and people sitting in and jamming. One night in particular, Monday night, was reserved for jamming. And they hired a group, maybe a quartet, and cats would be lined up waiting to get up there and play. . . .

Primack: A new player could really establish himself at a jam session.

Bishop: Yeah. They were one of the main sources.

Primack: Who were some of the guys who hung out at Minton's?

Bishop: "Lockjaw" Davis, he worked around Minton's a lot. Gene Ammons, Dexter Gordon, a whole slew. Some made it and some didn't. But there was this excitement. I just couldn't wait to go by Minton's. I used to get run off the bandstand practically every night.

Primack: Were you sitting in?

Bishop: Yeah. There were a lot of tunes that I didn't know. So I would get hung up on a certain tune one night and the next day I would lock up at the piano and I wouldn't leave until I had it down. And I'd go back and they'd call some other tune that I didn't know and I'd be embarrassed. But it went on and I built up my repertoire.

Primack: What was your first gig?

Bishop: Art Blakey. Art Blakey heard me. My first gig was with Art and I stayed about 12 or 14 weeks. At that time, Monday was a big night at Minton's. Blakey had a quartet with Sahib Shihab on alto. I really kind of got it together in that group. And then Miles, he used to come up on Monday nights; he and Max were working down on 52nd Street. He pulled me out of Art's band. I went down to 52nd Street with Miles, Max and Tommy Potter. From there, eventually I got to Bird. It was '51 when I started with Bird. I was with him about three years—'53 and a little bit in '54 before they started sending him out as a single.

Primack: Playing with Bird must have been. . . .

Bishop: It was fantastic. Something inspirational. All the years, three years or more that I worked with him, he never once told me how to play for him. He just inspired you. He inspired you to do your best. Incredible. He had an enormous capacity to listen to music—all kinds of music. Like one time we were in a club or something and he pulled me over to the jukebox and said, "Listen to this, listen to this." And it would be like country-western, something that I never was into, never dug. And he'd say, "Dig this part, it swings," and I'd listen and it swung. There'd be something there that he would hear that I wouldn't until he pointed it out. He drew from all kinds of

music. He loved the classics, he was into Hindemith, Stravinsky. He'd sit up and listen to all of the *Firebird Suite* for hours. Bird's life-style encompassed many things. He liked this, he liked that. He was amazing because with all that he obviously put into his instrument, he still had enough left for life.

He wasn't like some musician who was a genius in his field and outside his field he knew nothing. Bird was into philosophy, religion, all kinds of things, all kinds of people. As sophisticated and difficult as his playing was, he could come out and play you some down home blues that would get to anybody that was alive.

Primack: What about the excesses in Bird's life? Sex, drugs, overeating?

Bishop: He had illnesses—an enlarged heart because he was so overweight. His capacity for life was incredible. I saw him do things that other people wouldn't have been able to stand up behind. Consume so much drugs, whiskey, food, whatever. He was a man of enormous appetites. Just like when he played his horn, the universe came out. He lived that way. He really did.

Primack: In the '50s, bebop wasn't exactly a household word. Did the lack of public acceptance make Bird a bitter man?

Bishop: Often the bitterness was submerged by being high, that's why people get high, that's

SELECTED BISHOP DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

VALLEY LAND—Muse 5060

SPEAK LOW—Muse 5066

with Miles Davis

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS—Prestige PR 24022

DIG—Prestige—PR 24054

with Charlie Parker

THE VERVE YEARS—Verve VE2-2512

why people get into that. You can't imagine what it feels like to have that much talent, to almost singlehandedly change an art form, from one form to another, and walk around virtually unnoticed. I mean, you have no idea of what kind of weight that is. . . . You'd be killing yourself or blanking out by staying blind. Bird loved to get high. That lessened the frustrations.

Primack: A lot of cats must have got hung up that way.

Bishop: If you have so much to give and you can't give it, what happens? You shrivel up and die. Living is giving love and receiving it. You try to give it, which means you do the best you possibly can on your instrument and give all that you can. Sometimes you find out no one is listening. It ends in total frustration.

Primack: Were you on the "Bird With Strings" tour?

Bishop: Yeah.

Primack: Did Bird gain greater public acceptance with strings?

Bishop: No. We played a club outside of Pittsburgh in a town called East Liberty, a fabulous club called Johnny Brown's. Beautiful club. Everything went down great. Bird was straight. We made time. Everything went down beautifully except no people came. The biggest crowd we had was when Ezzard Charles, who was a contender then, came by. He was a music fan and he brought all of his entourage with him, his trainers. . . . But the drag about that gig was that nobody came to the club. Bird was immaculate in his tux and he played his tail off. But we hardly had any people. Besides the string players, we had Roy

Haynes, Teddy Kotick and myself. Every now and then, we'd let the strings lay out and we'd just cook it small group style.

Primack: After playing with Bird, you went through some hard times. You left music for a while, didn't you?

Bishop: I've left music a number of times to do day work.

Primack: What kind of day jobs did you do?

Bishop: All kinds of jobs. Post office, treasury department, Ford Motor Company, all kinds of jobs. It was menial because I wasn't trained for anything. I didn't complete high school. I had six months to go and I left to join some band. I didn't think I needed it because at that time, I knew what I wanted to do.

Primack: During the lean times, the times you couldn't find work, couldn't you have worked in other kinds of music, like society bands?

Bishop: I don't know if I would have accepted that, society bands. There's not enough creativity. I always felt that I'd rather do something else outside music than prostitute my talents to make money in music. I couldn't accept music on those terms. I'd rather do something else and play for my own enjoyment.

Primack: After a few years you did some gigs at Birdland on Monday nights.

Bishop: Uh huh. Then I had some trouble with the law in the mid-'50s and I couldn't get a cabaret card. At that time, you had to have a cabaret license to work. It was five years before I got it. So I had to do other things. I was limited to one night engagements here and there. Then I had problems with drugs that lasted six or seven years in the '50s. . . . I felt that if I had to give up music to stay away from that, that's what I had to do. So I stayed out of music for a while.

Fortunately, when I got back into it as a necessity, a means of livelihood, I had built up sort of an immunity and could see that wasn't where it was at. And it was all right. When I got back into music, I didn't have the same cravings or any of the same needs. . . . Getting high made me mellow. The frustrations and bitterness seemed to disappear, so it seemed to be an answer.

Primack: You obviously no longer use drugs. What gets you straight today?

Bishop: A variety of things. Teaching has been a big asset to me because I can still be involved in music and give of myself and feel my worth. It's very difficult. When I first got married, my wife was having some problems with me. Like after I was out of work for two or three weeks, I started to feel worthless, a non-contributing member of society. She would point out to me that beyond music, I was a man. I had things to offer as a person beyond talent. It didn't hinge on whether or not I was working, playing in front of people, or not. So by teaching, I can see the results of my labor. Sometimes that's hard to do. . . . if you're not performing.

Primack: When did you get into teaching?

Bishop: In California in '69. I wanted a change from New York. I had the same frustrations in New York for years; not being able to get recorded under my own auspices regardless of what I did. So I said the hell with it and I went to California. It was quite a different lifestyle, but I learned a lot about myself in California. I became more introverted because that's the way it is out there.

I got into other areas of life. I got serious about philosophy and the religious aspects of life. That enlarged me as person and I realized

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.

A SECRET PLACE—Kudu KU-32: *A Secret Place*; *Dolphin Dance*; *Not Yet*; *Love Makes It Better*.

Personnel: Washington, soprano and tenor saxes; Dave Grusin, piano; Anthony Jackson, bass; George Mraz, bass (track 2); Harvey Mason, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Eric Gale, guitar; Steve Khan, guitar (track 2); John Gatchell, trumpet; Gerry Niewood, alto sax.

Ever since the release of *Inner City Blues*, Grover Washington, Jr. has been cruising comfortably, straight down the middle of the road towards success. The mild disco formula that peaked with *Mr. Magic* is beginning to wear very thin, however, and Washington's latest effort flirts with boredom the way some recordings flirt with inspiration. The resulting coy sound is a great disappointment from a player who shows such fine chops on the road; chalk up another victim to Creed Taylor's already overlong list.

Part of the problem lies with the sidemen: Jackson's conception of the bass is apparently extremely limited, and pianist Grusin's electrified awkwardness seeks its own level, which is not one of energy or interest. Harvey Mason and Ralph MacDonald are a predictable rhythm team, though in terms of using the same old licks, it's hard to top Eric Gale. Gatchell never solos, and doesn't play much at all, in fact. And while Niewood may well be soloing at the end of *Love*, it's a case of far too little far too late.

The rest of the problems stem mainly from the material performed: the title track runs for better than eight minutes, subsisting entirely on a tiresome two-chord vamp. *Not Yet* and *Love* are more properly tunes, albeit slick and not particularly challenging ones.

Herbie Hancock's *Dance* provides the album's strongest moment, though it is little more than a moment, sandwiched between free tempo sections of very little interest. Mraz walks firmly through the middle section, with Khan's subtle comping tastefully perking up the group's texture. Washington's brittle tenor sound becomes somewhat more mellow on soprano, though he nowhere shows the power of which he is capable. And that, finally, is *A Secret Place*'s great letdown.

—bennett

RAY CHARLES/ CLEO LAINE/ FRANK DEVOL

PORGY & BESS—RCA CPL2-1831: *Summertime* (A, B); *My Man's Gone Now*; *A Woman Is A Sometime Thing*; *They Pass By Singin'*; *What You Want Wid Bess?*; *I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'* (A, B); *Buzzard Song*; *Bess, You Is My Woman*; *Oh, Doctor Jesus*; *Crab Man*; *Here Come De Honey Man*; *Strawberry Woman* (A, B); *It Ain't Necessarily So* (A, B); *There's A Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York* (A, B); *I Loves You, Porgy*

(A, B); *Oh, Bess, Oh Where's My Bess* (A, B); *Oh Lord, I'm On My Way*.

Personnel: Charles, Laine, The Reverend James Cleveland Singers, vocals; DeVol, conductor/arranger; Al Aarons, Bill Berry, Oscar Brashear, Buddy Childers, Harry Edison, Ray Triscari, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Jr., Jimmy Cleveland, J. J. Johnson, Benny Powell, George Roberts, Britt Woodman, trombones; Gary Herbig, William Hood, Sam Most, Bill Perkins, Jerome Richardson, Wilbur Schwartz, Bud Shank, Ernie Watts, clarinets; William Green, Plas Johnson, saxes; Tommy Morgan, harmonica; Charles Veal, Jr., Harry Bluestone, Thelma Beach, Israel Baker, Ronald Folsom, Karen Jones, Jacob Krachmalnick, Anatol Kaminsky, Marvin Limonick, Paul Lowekron, Nathan Ross, Ambrose Russo, Ralph Schaeffer, Daniel Shindaryov, Marshall Sossion, Spiro Stamos, Bernard Kundell, George Katz, Richard Kaufman, Marcia E. Van Dyke, violins; Myer Bello, Rollice Dale, Norman Forrest, Pamela Goldsmith, Alla Harshman, Dan Nuefeld; Yakiko Kamei, violas; Ronald Cooper, Douglas Davis, Marie C. Fera, Anne Goodman, Ralph Kramer, Harry Shultz, David Speltz, Ronald Leonard, cello; Chuck Berghofer, Charles Domanico, Jim Hughart, Max Bennett, bass; Joe Pass, John Morell, Lee Ritenour, guitars; Catherine Gotthoffer, Denzell Gail Laughton, Dorothy Rensen, harp; Vic Feldman, Ralph Grierson, Joe Sample, Paul Smith, keyboards; Washington Rucker, drums; Larry Bunker, Alan Estes, Emil Radocchia, Jerry Williams, percussion; Erno Neufeld, Gerald Vinci, concert masters. Ray Charles instrumentals: Charles, keyboards; Ray Parker, guitar; Scotty Edwards, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums.

When I first heard about this two disc boxed set, I was somewhat skeptical. After the Louis Armstrong/Ella Fitzgerald and Miles Davis/Gil Evans versions, and the other countless interpretations of individual standards like *Summertime*, I wondered why the world needed yet another elaborate jazz-oriented mounting of *Porgy And Bess*. What I failed to take into account was the entrepreneurial genius of producer Norman Granz. Bringing together the seemingly incongruous talents of Ray Charles, Cleo Laine and arranger/conductor Frank DeVol, Granz, like Merlin, has concocted a dazzling musical position.

Instead of opting for a straight reading of the complete score, Granz divided the production into two basic configurations—the first, consisting of Cleo and/or Ray backed by DeVol's orchestra; the second, of Ray playing keyboards in either solo or quartet settings. Another innovation in the Granz masterplan was providing two versions of seven of the songs, one from each of the two basic sessions. Thus, we hear Ray's instrumental rendition of *Summertime* followed by Cleo's with the orchestra. If such repetition sounds redundant, let me assure it's not. Each version, like the interlocking halves of the symbol for ying and yang, complements the other by clearly revealing the rich contours and inner workings of Gershwin's musical version.

For me, the set's biggest surprise is the keyboard work of Ray Charles. As Benny Green points out in his sparkling annotations, Charles is a great admirer of pianist Nat Cole. This swinging Cole-inflected side is most palpable in the venerable *I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*. The Cole influence, however, is only one aspect of Ray's overall approach. Other startling dimensions of his stylistic breadth include his intensely sultry organ touch in *Summertime*, his ethereal celeste solo *Strawberry Woman*, and his poignant use of electric piano to underscore the pathos of *I Loves You, Porgy*.

My basic impression of the sessions with Cleo and Ray is how right Granz was in his casting. Both singers possess earthy, lived-in voices which credibly express the pains and passions of Catfish Row's denizens. One of Cleo's many high points is her mournful *My*

Man's Gone Now. Ending with an arresting melismatic arc, her performance freezes the complex of emotions evoked by the concept of loss. Among Ray's highlights are the gospel-tinged *Oh Lord, I'm On My Way*, the ominous *Crab Man*, and the bluesy come-hither promise of big city excitement in *There's A Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York*. Of the duos, my favorite is the gritty, rollicking *I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'*. For each of the vocal tracks, Frank DeVol must be given credit for setting the stage. His charts and conducting create just the right ambiance for each song.

In conclusion, I feel obligated to again mention the role of the producer. In a project of this magnitude, the producer's vision, his ability to hear the final performance in his mind's ear, is the generating force. The risks are huge. But, they are absolutely necessary if our musical culture is to thrive and grow. Producers of imagination like Granz who are willing to back their dreams are consequently a significant resource, a resource which makes possible such unexpected pleasures as this *Porgy And Bess*.

—berg

CHICK COREA

MY SPANISH HEART—Polydor PD-2-9003: *Love Castle*; *The Gardens*; *Day Dance*; *My Spanish Heart*; *Night Streets*; *The Hilltop*; *The Sky—Part I*; *Children's Song No. 8, Part 2*; *Portrait Of Children's Song No. 8*; *Wind Danse*; *Armando's Rhumba*; *Prelude To El Bozo*; *El Bozo, Part I*; *El Bozo, Part II*; *El Bozo, Part III*; *Spanish Fantasy, Part I*; *Spanish Fantasy, Part II*; *Spanish Fantasy, Part III*; *Spanish Fantasy, Part IV*.

Personnel: Corea, acoustic piano, mini-Moog; Moog 15, Arp Odyssey, Yamaha organ polyMoog; Rhodes piano, male choir; Steve Gadd, drums; Stanley Clarke, acoustic bass (tracks 2, 6, 9 and 14); Jean-Luc Ponty, violin (track 9); Don Alias, percussion; Gayle Moran, vocals; Arriaga Quartet, strings; John Thomas, John Rosenberg, Stuart Blumberg, trumpet; Ron Mass, trombone.

*** 1/2

The last time I wrote about Chick Corea in these pages, I concluded with the view that Corea's "combined senses of melodicism, affordability, and intelligence are unparalleled in modern music." My opinion remains little changed, although—as the rating above indicates—*My Spanish Heart* doesn't incite my flag waving instincts. Of the "new wave" jazz composers and performers, I still find Corea and John McLaughlin to be among the most congenial, multifarious, and resilient. Both, however, are prone to stretching the recycling ideas to occasionally tiresome lengths. *My Spanish Heart* is nothing short of being artfully arranged, flawlessly performed, and immensely listenable. But it teases too much, fidgets with fragmented phrases, opens doors without breaking any new portals.

Like *Leprechaun*, *Spanish Heart* is largely a one man show, an approach well-suited for a composer's caprices, but also one that reduces most improvisatory passages to exercises in artificial dialogue. A majority of the Spanish or flamenco themes Corea offers here are clever reworkings of the already familiar *Senor Mouse*, *What Game Shall We Play Today*, and *Spain* motifs, except they lack the compactness that made those attempts so unforgettable. The recording job is splendid throughout. Corea's interweaving harmonic and melodic lines are liquid and appropriately romantic, the sparse horns are truly majestic, and Moran and Gadd's contributions are impeccable and unobtrusive. All of which speaks well for Chick's technical finesse, but doesn't mean that this is music for the ages.

The protruding, poignant moments, though, suggest that some keen editing would have



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produced a rather remarkable single album. *The Gardens* pits a heart-rending cello voice against Corea's expansive chording and deft interludes, while its cousin, *The Hiltop*, opens with a light but reflective exchange between Corea and Clarke then swells into a bustle of contrary motions and a magnetic crescendo. In *Armando's Rhumba* (with Jean-Luc Ponty) and *The Sky* we hear a side of Chick too often obscured, a glimpse into his staggering, melodically complex vocabulary, sort of a modern metronomic Monk.

If *My Spanish Heart* suffers from any central failure, then it's Chick's weakness for distraction and an emulative flair that too often borders on imitation (copping riffs from Brahms and Rachmaninoff is not a serious demerit, but then neither does it smack of Spanish romanticism). Interestingly, given Corea's recent self-avowed allegiance to volume as a means of attracting an audience's attention, it is the introspective moments here which work best. No mole hills, no mountains, but maybe a new profile is taking shape. —gilmore

PAUL BLEY

PASTORIUS/METHENY/DITMAS/BLEY—Improvising Artists Inc. 373846: *Vashkar: Poconos; Donkey; Vampira; Overtoned; Jaco; Batteries; King Korn; Blood.*

Personnel: Paul Bley, electric piano; Pat Metheny, guitar; Jaco Pastorius, electric bass; Bruce Ditmas, drums.

Bley is admirably willing to play with iconoclasts of all ages, amplified or otherwise. His unique touch guides and informs his powerful trio of young innovative sidemen, even though the electric piano is his sole voice throughout this set. Previously Bley has used the electric instrument in combination with other keyboards, as on *Scorpio* and *Dual Unity*. This new LP was taped in a single day, during the summer of 1974, in New York City.

In his better known acoustic piano work, Bley is immediately recognizable for his contemporary phrasology, which resembles sophisticated conversation. Bley works on the peculiarities of his machine too, urging various overtones from the upper octaves, and discovering a nearly uninterrupted hum by hitting the same note repeatedly and quickly.

The repertoire tests his sidemen's mettle, allowing them freedom of expression just as some of the same tunes did for Eddie Gomez, Milford Graves, Marshall Allen and Dewey Johnson in 1965 for ESP. *Vashkar* has pounce and snap; the guitar twinges as the piano asserts itself then waits. Pastorius tells time by tapping a double burp from his bass. When Bley moves to jewelled high tones, Ditmas is on his cymbals. Metheny's thin picking and wah-wah wash develop into a solo inverting the theme. Jaco muscles in and Ditmas climbs onto his beat. Bley sits silent, as he did when Ornette's early group worked things out on his gig.

As Metheny, one of Gary Burton's virtuoso proteges, strums a pattern, Pastorius thumbs his ax to the feedback point and plucks harmonics. Jaco is vigorous, with good intonation and command of double stops, but sometimes shows little apparent logic. Ditmas, who has worked with amplified percussion, is hard on the beat, especially explosive at the end of side two's long jam and exacting statement of themes.

Jaco, Pat and Bruce prove capable of absorbing Bley's teachings and surrounding him in a context of their own preference, the near-



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ly funky *Vampira*. Better yet, they demonstrate there is a vanguard of plugged-in players extending the possibilities and vocabulary of the newer technology. It's not odd at all to find Bley sitting there with them. —mandel

JOACHIM KUHN

SPRINGFEVER—Atlantic SD 1695: *Lady Amber; Sunshine; Two Whips; Spring Fever; Morning; Mushroom; Equal Evil; California Woman.*

Personnel: Kuhn, keyboards; Philip Catherine, guitar; John Lee, bass; Gerald Brown, drums; Zbigniew Seifert, violin (track 1); Curt Cress, drums (track 1).

While there are some lovely moments in Joachim Kuhn's new release, the compositions and playing fall too often into the realm of the cliché. This is too bad because Kuhn, as evidenced in the Jarrett-inflected *Spring Fever*, seems to have the vision, intensity and technique to make him a first-class young pianistic voice.

The remainder of Kuhn's originals are variations of the prevailing pop/funk/jazz formulae that glut the current scene. *Lady Amber*, for instance, opens with an electronically induced cosmicness and then slides into a funk ostinato that grinds beneath rather predictable flights by Seifert, Catherine and Kuhn. *Two Whips* presents Catherine's heavy metal guitar and Kuhn's funky acoustic fills and ends up sounding like background music for an American-International motorcycle flick, superficially tough but inwardly soft. *Morning*, after some sunny shimmerings, reduces itself to more funk.

The playing of Kuhn, Catherine and Seifert, while hemmed in by Kuhn's limited materials, is spirited and technically sophisticated. Lee and Brown, however, are only allowed to pro-

vide routinized machine-like support. Hopefully, Kuhn will in his next album follow the lead set forth by his acoustic performance in *Spring Fever*. This is the direction that offers him and us the greatest potential for musical satisfaction. —berg

GRUPO FOLKLORICO Y EXPERIMENTAL NUEVAYORQUINO

LO DICE TODO—Salsoul SAL 4110: *Cinco En Uno Callejero; Se Mi Olvido; Trompeta N Curero; Ao Meu Lugar Voltar; Corte El Bonche; La Mama; Dime La Verdad; Aguemimo.*

Personnel: Milton Cardona, congas, palo, claves, bata; Gene Golden, congas, shekere (gourd rattle), bata; Jerry Gonzalez, congas, traps, shekere, claves; Frankie Rodriguez, congas, hoe bell; Manny Oquendo, timbales, bongos, maracas, cowbell; Virgilio Marti, vocal (track 2), congas, palo; Julito Collazo, vocal, congas, traps, shekere, bata; Heny Alvarez, vocal, palo; Alfredo "Chocolate" Armenteros, trumpet; Jose Rodrigues, trombone; Reinaldo Jorge, trombone; Andy Gonzalez, bass, marimba; Gonzalo Fernandez, tenor sax, wood flute; Oscar Hernandez, piano, electric piano; Alfredo De La Fe, violin; Nelson Gonzalez, tres (Cuban guitar); Willie Garcia, vocal (tracks 5, 6, 7); Ubatan Do Nascimento, vocal (track 4); Porthino, traps; Guilherme Franco, Brazilian percussion; Gail Dixon Clay, violin; Noel De Costa, violin; Ashley Richardson, viola; Ron Libscomb, cello; Felix "Corozo" Rodriguez, vocal; Marcelino Guerra, vocal; Chief Bay, shekere; Bess Taylor, shekere; Heny Alvarez, Ruben Blades, Diane Cardona, Milton Cardona, Willie Garcia, Renee Golden, Betty Gonzalez, Nelson Gonzalez, Jerry Gonzalez, Marcelino Guerra, Zunny Lopez, Virgilio Marti, Fifi Pintor, Sandra Ramos, Frankie Rodriguez, Sandra (Fela) Wiles, chorus.

Lo Dice Todo—We Say It All—is the follow-up to the Grupo Folklórico's groundbreaking first release, the double album *Concepts In Unity*, and if they don't quite say all there is to

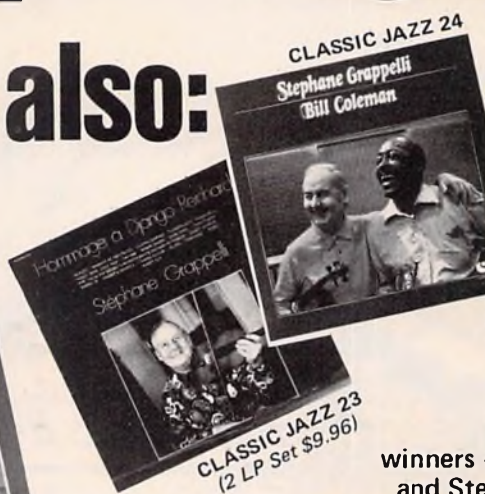
be said in Latin music, they certainly say a mouthful. The Grupo Folklórico is a diverse ensemble of veteran musicians who have played in some of the best Latin bands down through the years to the present day (most are currently so employed). They have teamed up under the production of Rene Lopez and Andy Kaufman, noted collectors and musicologists, to create a rich original amalgam of traditional and contemporary sounds, blending the idioms of different cultures and periods with a combination of self-awareness and swing rarely to be found in any genre of music.

In this album, the Folklórico delves further out along the roots and branches of Latin music. *Cinco En Uno Callejero* begins the festivities with an international potpourri of Caribbean rhythms. The traditional Cuban rumba and guaguanco are next interpreted in the Folklórico's characteristic style, featuring trumpeter "Chocolate" Armenteros, whose historical stature might be compared with that of his contemporary, Dizzy Gillespie. Brazilian trombonist Jose Rodrigues contributes a red-hot samba with the help of a few guests, including ex-McCoy Tyner percussionist Guilherme Franco. Another guest artist, Latin-jazz fusionist Bobby Paunetto, conducts his own jazz-tinged chart, *Corte El Bonche*. Tradition is given an original twist in *La Mama*, combining the sacred Bata drums of Nigeria, used in Afro-Caribbean cult rituals, with a secular conga section to reinterpret a classic guaguanco. A slow bolero follows, evoking Cuban and Puerto Rican cabarets of the '40s and '50s. The album closes with a chant in pure West African style, made contemporary by the avant gardish solo of master

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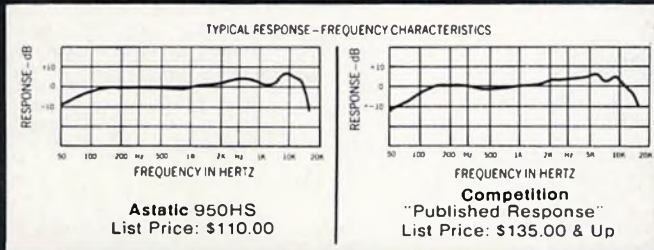
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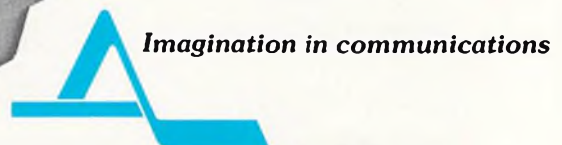
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flautist Gonzalo Fernandez, who plays a Rol-
 linsesque tenor saxophone in addition to the
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 exceptions, to be weathering the doldrums,
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 purpose to affirm the richness and continuity
 of their musical heritage, a heritage looming
 as an important and widening influence be-
 yond the confines of the Latin community.

—burnbaum

THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND

HIGH LONESOME—Epic PE 34377: *Billy The Kid; Carolina; High Lonesome; Running With The Crowd; Right Now Tennessee Blues; Roll Mississippi; Slow Song; Tennessee; Turned My Head Around.*

Personnel: Daniels, electric, acoustic and slide guitars, fiddle, banjo, vocals; Tom Crain, electric, acoustic and slide guitars, vocals; Joel Digregorio, piano, organ, vocals; Charlie Hayward, bass; Fred Edwards, Don Murray, drums and congas; Toy Caldwell, steel guitar (tracks 7 and 8); George McCorkle, acoustic guitar (track 1).

★ ★ ★ ½

About a year ago, Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich incited a minor feud with Charlie Daniels by launching a mindless, denigrating attack on country music. The irony of the incident, for me, was that Kenton and Rich came no closer to being spokespersons for "serious" music than Daniels could reasonably be considered a proponent of the country idiom, at least at this point in their respective careers. To be sure, Charlie has played more Nashville sessions than there are massage parlors in Times Square, but in the last few years he has boldly and somewhat artfully cast his lot as a champion of Southern Rock (in fact, even wrote its anthem, *The South's Gonna Do It Again*), a genre about as genuinely country as L.A. Rock. Now, to be fair, I make no professions of being a great fan of Southern Rock. I am put off by its overstated machismo and overworked outlaw metaphors, and simply weary of its twin lead guitar clichés. But when it's good—like all rock—it's incontestably powerful. I may wince at Lynyrd Skynyrd, Elvin Bishop and Point Blank's inflated good ole boy crudity, but I can't deny that their music often puts a stranglehold on me.

Charlie Daniels epitomizes both the strengths and excesses of the idiom, while showing signs that he may be on the verge of transcending—or at least challenging—some of the genre's central notions. Aside from a plethora of songs commemorating Southern states (including the irresistible *Tennessee*), *High Lonesome* sticks to the chronic topics of cowboy camaraderie and outlaw ethics, although it wisely avoids the glorification of random rowdiness and violence. *Billy The Kid*, built around potent fandango counterpoint lead guitars and a thunderous, brake-free tempo, effectively combines the awe and repulsion, the pity and fear centered around the runty, psychopathic western murderer, without attempting to pay obeisance to his distorted myth. In a similar vein, *Running With The Crowd* advises: "Be fast with the ladies and slow with the men/Be kind to your horses and true to your friends/And treat every mother's son fair," which might be palatable if it weren't for the apparent contradic-

tions and all this outmoded cowboy silliness.

More often than not, though, Daniels' songs are an excuse for lengthy jamming, and on a musical level, this band has it all over the latest Rich and Kenton travesties. When Charlie and co-guitarist Tom Crain lock into a tricky series of lightning-fast phrases and glissandos, their rapport is virtually telepathic. Take note, "Kung-Fu" Buddy: I've heard more ably executed jazz tempos from this band than your recent flatulent disco assemblies have even attempted. In spite of Daniels' heavy reliance on homey homilies and Southern chauvinism, his musical sensibility is not to be ignored.

—gilmore

JACK REILLY

TRIBUTES—Carousel CLP 1002: *Devenir*—To: John Coltrane; *Nabla*—To: Alban Berg; *Kyrie*—From: *Mass Of Involvement*; *Suffering*—To: Leonard Bernstein; *Pensive*—To: Anton Webern; *Leiberman's*—To: Zoot Sims; *Someone To Watch Over Me*; *In Memoriam*; *Ben Webster (A Prelude, B Passacaglia)*; *Half Step*—To Lee Konitz; *No Name*—To: Arnold Schoenberg.

Personnel: Reilly, piano.

★ ★ ★

Three years ago pianist/composer Reilly made an auspicious debut on *Blue-Sean-Green*. Accompanied by bass and drums he ventured into some intriguing polytonal, cross metric experiments, tossing in some straight-ahead cookin' a la Oscar Peterson for good measure.

Now we have *Tributes*, Reilly's further exploration into eclecticism. This time he stirs the brew singlehandedly, blending in, as his subtiles intimate, portions of such early twentieth century radicals as Berg, Webern and Schoenberg, along with an almost equal helping of the big daddies of mainstream jazz piano—Hines, Tatum, Powell, et. al.

The result, albeit ambitious, never quite gels. While pieces like *Devenir* and *Nabla* are models of harmonic sophistication and keyboard architecture, they seem to lack any deeply felt content and sound like some rather uncommitted recital pieces—academically correct, polished, yet unmoving. More satisfying is *In Memoriam*; *Ben Webster*, a tribute to the saxophonist with whom Reilly toured in the early '70s. The first section of this piece (*Prelude*) typifies the stylistic synthesis for which Reilly seems to be striving: a delicate Chopinesque melody slips into a relaxed stride, then merges into *Passacaglia*, which boasts a catchy, lopsided *basso ostinato* supporting a minorish, riff-like melody, all of which is a reminder of the rhythmic drive and intensity missing from most of this album.

The clincher, though, is the rather incongruous inclusion of *Someone To Watch Over Me*. From this lightweight tune Reilly produces a florid miniature concerto, much as Art Tatum did. And yet, the total effect seems calculated, even antiseptic, a fitting description, unfortunately, of these *Tributes*' cumulative impression.

—balleras

GEORGE BENSON

BENSON BURNER—Columbia CG 33569: *Bayou; Hammond's Bossa Nova; Willow Weep For Me; Clabber Biscuits; Chicken Giblets; Mama Waiter; Goodnight; The Man From Toledo; My Babe; Minor Truth; Slow Scene; Flamingo; Redwood City; The Cooker; Return Of The Prodigal Son; Push, Push; Benson's Rider; Doin' The Thing; Bright Eyes; Myna Bird Blues; What Do You Think; Keep Talkin'; Peg-Leg Jack; Jaguar; Hello Birdie; Ain't That Peculiar; Forevermore.*

Personnel: Benson, guitar; Lonnie Smith, organ; Ronnie Cuber, baritone sax; Jimmy Lovelace, drums. Additional personnel: Al Michelle, Melvin Sparks,

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*** / * 1/2

For those who have ever seen George Benson in concert—unhindered by the hard and heavy touch of the various producers and arrangers that leave their marks on his music—the title of this Columbia reissue anthology is quite redundant. In his live appearances, as on his 1966-67 work here, Benson burns steadily and spectacularly, with a bright intensity that easily eclipses the pale lambency of an album like *Breezin'*. Right now, as the crossover fans anxiously await a new Benson opus, *Benson Burner* serves to anchor the lighter-weight flotsam floating around under the guitarist's name, and marks a convenient starting point for those

interested in Benson's earthy roots. And much of this twofer is fine listening as well.

In the mid-'60s, Benson was working in a delightful quartet format patterned after his two-year stint with organist Jack McDuff. The instrumentation—guitar, organ, baritone sax, no bass—is today appealingly fresh, even if it was, at the time, simply indicative of the r&b lounge bands that populated Benson's hometown Pittsburgh. Lonnie Smith's bass lines on the organ's pedal register, combined with his percussive chordings, place him securely in the truncated rhythm section, and he fulfills both this role and that of soloist with a great deal of warmth, even if the fireworks are missing. But Benson and front-line partner Ronnie Cuber, the superb baritone saxist whose name now appears on a plethora of Latin jazz and salsa credits, set off enough sparks on their own outings to fill many

of the gaps that Smith might leave. The organist, in turn, is worth studying for the variety and taste of his fills and backing swells. Lovelace binds it all together into a quartet of impressive, even uncommon, cohesion.

The songs are almost all under four minutes, the solos for the most part short; a track-by-track rundown would be impractical and unnecessary. The standouts include *Bayou*, a bebop burner that flies on Cuber's liquifying solo and George's heat-filled riffing; *The Cooker*, another frantically up-tempo exhibition for the speedy contours of both sax and guitar; and *Hello Birdie*, featuring a Benson solo that literally has everything—avantish lines, soulful earthiness, space, control, thematic development and inventive embellishment.

In addition, Benson's greatest strengths reveal themselves when he "burns" the least: a gloriously romantic *Willow Weep* and the gracefully mod-tempo *Flamingo* are the two outstanding examples in this set. There are also a number of tracks featuring a rock-and-roll styled ensemble enlivened by Blue Mitchell and the late King Curtis, and a few of these are interesting as well.

In 1977, Benson's stock-in-trade is assurance; his playing is authoritative and confident at any speed and displaying any emotion. Ten years ago, this was not quite the case. At the faster tempos, the guitarist is clearly at times out of control, dropping beats simply to catch up and even growing strident in ideas and tone as the strain begins to wear. Cuber, by contrast, is far more mellow and lugubrious in his quicksilver passages, and his playing here will hopefully remind many listeners of his sizable capabilities. Nonetheless, it was Benson who, though not always as coherent, was making the more ambitious music on these dates; and the opportunity to hear him actually pushing the boundaries of his instrumental style—retaining the traditional approach that is still his today, and yet allowing it to carry the burden of innovation by piling on some truly far-flung ideas—is not only instructive for the scholar, but a gas for the fan.

The second rating for this set involves the production, or rather the production *values*. Obviously, *Benson Burner* would not have been compiled if not for the man's current successes, and that's not bothering me; it is any label's prerogative to make money. But this project cries out for a more detailed and informed annotative approach than it's been given. The disappointing, cliched and overly cute liner notes wax on honorifically about each track, but tell us little about Benson's music. In fact, they don't even say enough about the tracks: discographical details about recording dates, the varying personnel on those dates, etc., was certainly to be expected. Finally, on six of the 27 tracks, Benson doesn't even solo, and he is indistinguishable in the ensemble; the total time of those tracks equals nearly one side of the four here. Explanations may not be required, but they sure would've been nice. —tesser

TERJE RYPDAL

AFTER THE RAIN—ECM 1-1083: *Autumn Breeze; Air; Now And Then; Wind; After The Rain; Kjare Maren; Little Bell; Vintage Year; Multer; Like A Child; Like A Song.*

Personnel: Rypdal, electric and acoustic guitars, string ensemble, piano, electric piano, soprano sax, flute, tubular bells, bells; Inger Lise Rypdal, voice.

Terje Rypdal, like the avant garde rocker Eno, strives for a dynamic constancy in his music, a relentless staggering of dense harmonic layers and melodic rounds. But where Eno's goal is stark-still passivity, Rypdal is at-



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tempting to cultivate a new conception of musical movement and progression without the breathing room of space or tempo fluctuations. Everything occurs in even proportions in Rypdal's music, the tonal colorings, the manifold counter melodies, the spacious modal and harmonic bases, and the unswerving, sinuous, *mezzo-forte* guitar. In Terje's world, musical momentum is a mobius strip, played at full volume.

In last year's *Odyssey*, Rypdal's endeavor reached an impressive peak, but that was an ensemble effort, fired and melded by the element of interaction, of mutually inciting and supportive dialogue. *After The Rain*, however, is Terje's one-man-band act, and, as a result, it suffers from a dirge-like singlemindedness. The swelling string ensembles, airy piano arpeggios, and seamless envelopes of clustering sustains remind one of nothing so much as a Moussorgsky melodrama heard under heavy sedation. Various moments—the reflective *Kjare Maren*, the somber flute vehicle, *Wind*, and the pair of solo acoustic guitar tracks, *Multer* and *Now And Then*—entice but never engage the listener. *After The Rain* is more akin to a sketch than a painting, an album of bare, underdeveloped vignettes, stirred only by Rypdal's seemingly monochromatic moodiness and devoid of the urgency that permeated *Odyssey*. On one track here, the closing *Like A Child, Like A Song*, Terje lays down a simple, repeated major-seventh chord progression while lacing it with a powerfully evocative clear-cut melody line, reminiscent of *Ebb Tide*. It's a tantalizing fragment from one of the most potentially innovative European musical minds, one that should know better than to sit around in a closet talking to himself.

—gilmore

ROGER GLENN

REACHIN' — Fantasy F-9516: *Reachin'*; *Rio*; *Don't Leave*; *E.B.F.S.*; *Overtime*; *Kick*; *Gloria*; *Rezo Chango*.

Personnel: Glenn, flute, alto flute, bass flute, vibes; Mark Soskin, Rhodes electric piano, acoustic piano, Clavinet, mini-Moog, ARP ensemble; Larry Mizell, Rhodes electric piano, ARP string ensemble; Ray Obiedo, electric guitar, acoustic guitar; Paul Jackson, electric bass; Gaylord Birch, drums; Baba Duru, Moodi Peters, batás; Eric Young, Butch Haynes, shakeres; Pete Escovedo, lead vocal (track 8).

★ ★ ★ ½

Glenn seems in the pilot seat of this fleet album, at ease with his flutes as his tight, light rhythm section hits a good fast pace. Somehow these gents renew interest in the familiar territory they tour.

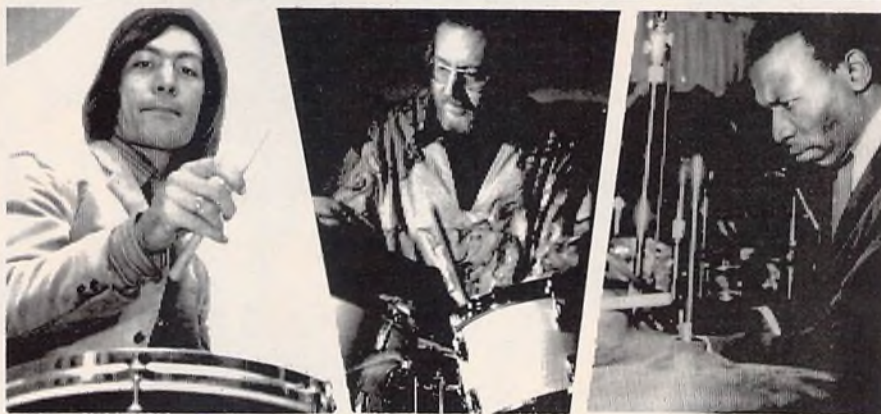
Overdubs abound on the title track, and *Rio* seems to develop the same material a little further. Glenn's pickup allows the warmth of the instrument to emerge and dominate, without drowning out the pointillistic Clavinet backgrounds.

They could have left the string ensemble out of *Leave*; it clutters the sound along with Glenn's undistinguished vibes. On *E.B.F.S.* and *Gloria*, Glenn turns his low flute slowly—it's always nice to hear the soft full purr of a flute. I'm a sucker for it. But he can *Kick* it out too—not mindlessly, but with control and melodic intention.

Chango is the piece that doesn't fit. It's an authentic sounding South American chant without modern instrumentation, and it makes one wonder where Glenn is from and where he really wants to go. This pleasing, danceable product is hopefully only a first step.

—mandel

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BLINDFOLD TEST



VERLYL OAKLAND

Stanley Clarke

by Leonard Feather

Stanley Clarke is the first musician in the history of jazz to establish himself by the age of 25 at a level of success verging on superstardom through the unlikely medium of the bass. Other bassists have gained respect and a measure of financial security, but Clarke has it all: A multiple life as virtuoso electric player as well as master of the upright, a similarly twofold career as leader of his own group (on a wildly acclaimed tour that ended in December) and sideman with Return to Forever, a home in Beverly Hills, a record contract with Nipper, the power of his role as producer, and many significant credits as composer of both short and extended works.

Born in Philadelphia on June 30, 1951, Clarke started out as a classical musician, studying at the Philadelphia Music Academy, before he became aware of jazz. He began on violin, later taking up cello before he settled on the bass as the perfect vehicle for his large hands and big frame (he's 6'3").

Clarke's recent outing as a leader found him in the company, among others, of pianist David Sancious, with whom his acoustic duet interludes were the highlight of a totally exciting presentation. During this period his most recent LP, *School Days*, featuring guest appearances by John McLaughlin, George Duke and Billy Cobham, was making its way up the jazz charts.

This was Stanley's first blindfold test since 10/11/73. He was given no information about the records played.

1. JACO PASTORIUS. *Opus Pocus* (from *Jaco Pastorius*, Epic). Pastorius, bass, composer; Lenny White, drums; Wayne Shorter, soprano sax.

That was a record by Jaco Pastorius, and I know that was Lenny playing drums because Lenny was the guy who told me about him—that there's this new guy I should check out. I've met Jaco and known him for some time—I used to see him in Florida a lot.

The tune I don't remember, but I'll tell you what I like about it. The steel drums; and that was Wayne Shorter, right? Nice. I'll give it three stars. There's actually some other tracks where Jaco really plays his stuff—he's a great electric bass player, and the thing I like about him is that he's a very melodic. Very. And he writes pretty nice. This isn't his best.

I think his best composition on this album is one track where he does something with harmonics—a very short piece, but it's very nice. A nice melody there. But he's a great bass player. *Portrait Of Tracy* is the one I like; it's a nice usage of harmonics.

2. HUBERT LAWS. *Going Home* (from *The Chicago Theme*, CTI). Laws, flute; Ron Carter, bass; Bob James, arranger; Anton Dvorak, composer.

The first thing that came to my mind was the pressing of the record—how it was cut, and it sounded like it was a CTI pressing. So I figured it was a CTI record, and I knew it was Ron Carter on bass, and I thought for a second it was Hubert Laws, but Laws usually plays cleaner than that, so I figured it was maybe Joe Farrell; not that Joe

doesn't play clean, but Hubert has a certain way he phrases.

The arrangement was nice, and I liked the melody, which is very familiar, but I'm not sure what melody it is. I'd give it three stars. The train effect at the beginning and end, that was nice. That's unusual for CTI, if it was CTI. I haven't heard them get into stuff like that.

3. EDDIE HENDERSON. *Fusion* (from *Inside Out*, Capricorn). Henderson, trumpet, composer.

That was either a Miles Davis group, or a group trying to play like Miles—like the type of groups he had in the early '70s or late '60s. I'm really not sure though; I didn't hear enough of Miles to know whether it was him or not. But it didn't sound like him, maybe because of the way it was mixed or something—the trumpet was kind of back in the track.

But it was definitely that style of music, which is all right. I mean, I thought it was lacking melody. I could kind of latch onto it by just following the rhythm and hearing all the little blurs here and there. It's fun to do that. However, I'd give it two stars, just for the sake that it was very interesting.

4. JOHN KIRBY. *Fantasie Impromptu* (from *John Kirby And His Orchestra*, Columbia). Kirby, bass; Frederick Chopin, composer.

I have no idea who it was, but it was great. I can tell you all the things I liked about it. I'm not even going to begin to try to name who... It has a lot of elements in it, like heavy classical elements. I can tell the musicians, especially the piano player, are classically orientated. The composition was

great—you could tell it was a composition, and the guys played it great.

It sounds like it was in the late '30s. The piano player impressed me and the drummer was nice too, and the horn section. I'd give it a four.

Feather: Have you ever heard of John Kirby?
Clarke: No.

5. JOHN KLEMMER. *Here Comes The Child* (from *All The Children Cried*, Cadet/Concept). Klemmer, tenor sax, composer; Wolfgang Melz, bass; Richard Thompson, piano; Bob Morin, drums.

For a second I thought maybe it was John Klemmer—I wasn't sure. Anyway, I loved the piece. It was really romantic and that's the thing I liked about it. It flowed. The melody had a nice flow to it and the piano player I really liked. The bass player was excellent, the drummer was good and the tenor player was great. They played well together—I like that kind of playing. I'd give it three and a half stars.

Feather: You were right. It was John Klemmer.

Clarke: The thing I like about John, he's one of the horn players around who really knows how to play a melody. I like that. I think I want to give it four stars.

6. RAY BROWN. *Blues For Eddie Lee* (from *Brown's Bag*, Concord). Brown, bass, composer; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor.

Was that Clark Terry? When I heard all these licks—I even heard some Miles Davis licks—but the trumpet sound was a little fat to be Miles; so since it was so fat, I know Clark Terry has a fat sound, or maybe Thad Jones, but he doesn't play runs like that. The sax player I didn't know. I couldn't even tell who the bass player was. It sounded like there was two basses there—some-one playing a solo and a line underneath, so I really don't know if he was overdubbed.

But it was great. It was fun. I love the blues, and they played the shit out of it. It was happy blues. That's the kind of blues I like. It's funny, the recording quality sounded like it was recorded recently, so that's why I'm not sure about it being Clark Terry. But anyway, I'd give it three stars.

7. CHARLES MINGUS. *Mood Indigo* (from *Mingus*, Impulse). Mingus, bass; Duke Ellington, composer; Jaki Byard, piano.

That was either Mingus or Henry Grimes, or Paul Chambers, but I don't think it was Paul Chambers. At first I did because it sounded like his bass, but when I was listening to it, the playing was just a little bit too laid back for Paul. The composition was all right. It was kind of a mellow, laid back piece, which was nice. It sounded like a bass player's album, recorded maybe in the early '60s.

At first I thought the pianist was Bill Evans, but as it got into the track it changed a bit—too many instruments there for that. Then I thought maybe it could have been Hank Jones. But it's a good record. I'd give it three stars.

Feather: You didn't mention Jimmy Blanton. Obviously you must have been exposed to his records.

Clarke: Yeah, he's one of my favorites. Jimmy Blanton, Oscar Pettiford, Mingus—with Mingus I didn't start listening to him until more recently, but definitely Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford. Another one which you'll find really strange—one of the first bass players I ever heard was Chubby Jackson. My parents had gotten this stereo—a new Motorola—and along with it came a demonstration record, with Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, Count Basie. And there was this one track with Chubby Jackson. And I was just a little kid, and still practicing, and I said what the hell is that! db



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Profile

RANDY CRAWFORD

by gary g. vercelli



Not many contemporary singers would have the courage to face a capacity crowd of over 5000 enthusiastic jazz fans at the World Jazz Association's fund-raising concert, held in November of 1975 in L.A.'s spacious Shrine Auditorium. It was quite a challenge for a single stylist to join forces with an all-star band in a convincing portrayal of Bernard Igner's *Everything Must Change* after having become familiar with the song's lyrics only on the previous evening, at the request of Quincy Jones (who conducted the orchestra). But meeting such challenges is no novelty to Randy Crawford, a diminutive yet spirited songstress, who began her professional career at age 15 in a small Cincinnati night club. In fact, the 24-year-old Ms. Crawford has already spent a summer headlining in an exclusive club on the French Riviera, performed with George Benson in New York and Canada, and signed a contract with Warner Brothers Records.

Randy's first opportunity to secure national exposure came about a few months before the W.J.A. concert, when she was selected by the late Cannonball Adderley to play the role of Carolina opposite Joe Williams in the folk musical *Big Man: The Legend of John Henry*. The fruits of the artists' collective energies are documented on a two-record set (Fantasy F-79006).

Randy remembers Cannonball as a kind of Santa Claus, because "he brought so much joy to everyone he worked with." Although Adderley auditioned a number of singers for the part of Carolina, he was particularly impressed with Randy's rare ability to wed strength and emotion in a natural, spontaneous manner.

It was Randy's personal manager John Levy (formerly a featured bassist with Billie Holiday, Art Tatum, and George Shearing) who had brought this honest interpreter of lyrics to Adderley's attention. Ms. Crawford speaks highly of Levy, who has also handled the careers of Nancy Wilson and Roberta Flack. "It's encouraging," notes Randy, "to have a former musician, who is naturally sensitive to the needs of an artist, looking out for you. I would never have gotten the breaks to perform in such creative circles without John's constant encouragement and belief in my abilities."

Getting the breaks, as Randy puts it, is only half the battle in the struggle for recognition and

longevity in such a competitive industry. Possessing enough raw talent and musical substance to capitalize on such good fortune is clearly another matter, one that Randy fully realizes with every performance.

Randy celebrates life on her premier outing for Warner Brothers, *Everything Must Change*. While the two live tracks culled from the W.J.A. concert demonstrate her ability to operate in a jazz context with ease, the remainder of the album is devoted to an exploration of pop idioms. Here is an accessible presentation that ranges in scope from subtle soulful genres to direct country truisms.

Regardless of the mode she chooses, the bottom line of Randy's appeal clearly lies in her ability to bring any tune to life, giving lyrics new meaning and melodies fresh dimensions. Randy has the necessary tools to carry off a sustained cry, creating a religious aura. Even at her most soulful moments, however, her flexible delivery never sounds forced. Her approach to any music, soul, country, or jazz, is one without dilution.

Producer Stuart Levine chose to surround Crawford with competent, established session men, including Eric Gale, Pat Rebillot, and James Gadson. All arrangements of the album's studio tracks were handled by Larry Carlton of the Crusaders and veteran William Eaton. "I had never met Larry or Bill before the session," said Randy, "but I immediately sensed that they wanted to involve themselves with this project as if they were really members of my band, rather than approaching it as just another studio situation. I felt they respected my talent as a vocalist and genuinely liked me, which really helped give the work a cohesive, earthy sound.

"I'm all about telling a story," continues Randy, "painting pictures with words and creating moods that are hopefully pleasing to everyone." Her sturdy, well-grounded voice brings an added quality of emotional impact to the already lyrically engaging compositions of Lennon/McCartney, Paul Simon, and Keith Carradine. Randy is careful to maintain a balance between her approach toward the musicality of a song and her love and respect for its lyrics. "The lyrics of a song are extremely important to me. Although I recognize the validity of certain pop tunes, I just won't sing bubble-gum music. I feel that if I'm going to perform regularly, which necessitates my having to sing certain songs over and over again, I had better like and believe in the message. That's why I'm so selective in my choice of material. I feel this will pay off in the long run."

Born in Macon, Georgia, the fifth of six children, Randy Crawford was raised in Cincinnati, Ohio. When asked about her early influences, Randy was quick to reply that both of her parents have rich, well-toned voices. "We were encouraged to sing in the house as children and, of course, in church. We're really a family of singers, but I'm the only one who decided to make a career of it. My mother's dream was to have been an entertainer, but she had children at a young age and other responsibilities that precluded her giving this field serious consideration."

Randy is not at all hesitant about remembering the professionals that paved the road she wants to travel. "Aretha Franklin was the only person who really touched me deeply as a child. What that woman did to *Skyline* and other standards was truly staggering! A lot of people aren't too familiar with this period of Aretha's development. Some of her most spiritual recordings were put forth on Columbia before she achieved mass recognition with *Atlantic*." Randy also singles out Gloria Lynne, Dinah Washington, Nina Simone, and Billie Holiday as personal favorites, but describes the power and soul of early Aretha as singularly unique in terms of emotional appeal.

Randy frequents concerts and is familiar with the work of many of her contemporaries, including

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Deniece Williams, Jean Carn, and other gifted singers whose roots, like Randy's, stem from early religious exposure. "While others may influence me to a degree," admits Randy, "I really feel I've been able to develop my own style, especially since I've learned to read music and play piano." Ms. Crawford feels that a fundamental knowledge of the keyboard is bound to help any singer improve, noting that some of our most original song stylists, like Carmen McRae, are proficient pianists.

While Minnie Ripperton has proven she's able to sustain lengthy periods of novel falsetto explorations and Flora Purim has demonstrated an ability to utilize electronic devices as creative tools in search of unique sounds, Randy's forte lies not in the search of sounds not yet discovered, but in the constant refinement of her natural, pure tone. She's not adverse to others exploring esoteric areas by using their voices as instruments or experimenting with electronics. But she feels most comfortable when devoting her energy toward investigating the emotional roots of her rich cultural heritage.

Noting the ease with which she handles her *Big Man* assignment, I asked Randy if she has any intentions of embarking upon an acting career. "If the opportunity presents itself I'd be interested," she answered, smiling. "Like all singers, I've had the practical experience of acting for an audience on an off night. It's not always easy, but I feel I'm developing a level of consistency in both my moods and delivery." Randy is more than a singer; she's a musical actress.

If consistency is an indication of professionalism, Randy Crawford's stable performance record proves that she is well on her way toward establishing herself, not only as a singer of great sensitivity, but also as a mature woman of sincere, honest expression.

JACK PETERSEN

by tim schneckloth

The Southwest has a legacy of innovative guitar playing. Charlie Christian, Barney Kessel and T-Bone Walker have all left indelible stylistic marks on their respective genres. Jack Petersen is a Texas guitarist who is continuing this tradition of originality by helping revolutionize guitar education.

Born in Elk City, Oklahoma, Petersen moved to Denton, Texas at the age of five. "I started playing guitar when I was about 16," he recalls. "I took some private lessons from a guy named Bob Hames. He had a lot of records, and he turned me on to a lot of different styles. He said, 'Man, you've got to learn it all.'"

In the early '50s, Jack attended what is now North Texas State University and began gigging in dance bands. In 1955, he joined the army and was stationed in Seoul, Korea. "I played in the Eighth Army band and met a lot of musicians from all over," he says. "You do an awful lot of playing in the army. I was working 11 gigs a week.

"When I got out of the service, I went on the road with Hal McIntyre's band. We went over to Europe—that was my year for world travel, I guess. When I got off Mac's band, I stayed around the Dallas recording scene."

All along, Jack had been soaking up stylistic influences. "Charlie Christian was first. And Tal Farlow with those long lines, Johnny Smith for chords, Howard Roberts, Oscar Moore. Then there was Les Paul with those trick recordings. He really made the guitar popular in those days. It was a wild sound to me at that time—all that massive guitar."

From '58 to '62, Petersen put this knowledge and experience to work in the jingle factories of Dallas. "Toward the end, I was producer, composer, the whole works. We did the IDs for radio stations all over the country. People don't realize how much is involved in one of those things. In 20 seconds, you've got to write a whole symphony."

The early '60s brought a move to Boston where Jack started the guitar department at the Berklee



HERB NOLAN

College of Music. "They brought me up from Texas because there was such an interest developing in the guitar. I had a few ideas about teaching, but I had been mainly a *player* for years. I went up there with the idea of developing a way of teaching guitar that would fit in with the Berklee concept. I had some very good students—John Abercrombie, Mick Goodrick, John Tropea. At that time they were very young players, about 17 or 18 years old, and were trying to find an open C chord. It's interesting to hear them now; what they've developed into."

While at Berklee, Petersen came up with a guitar lab concept that has radically affected guitar education. "You know, guitar players don't have the greatest reputation in the world as sight readers," he feels. "There's a lack of instruction. I got this idea of teaching reading by having guitars play in sections. I expanded it to 12 guitars in three units of four. One unit will play the brass section, one will play the reeds, one will play the trombones. They have to read single note lines just like a horn player—no chord symbols."

When he left Berklee in 1965, Jack returned to the Dallas studios before going back to teaching at his alma mater, North Texas State, two years ago. "I have two student guitar ensembles now which consist of 12 guitars each. When I went to North Texas as a student, they had one band—there weren't enough students for two. Now they've got them going from one in the afternoon to 11 at night. The competitive atmosphere is healthy. When the students get out of the halls of ivy, they're prepared because they're used to the competition.

"I tell my students that nobody's out there waiting for them. They have to learn every bag they can just to make ends meet. If they're lucky and practice extremely hard, they might be able to play the way they want to someday."

Jack has also been involved with the summer National Jazz Camps program for some 18 years. "The students come from all corners of the U.S. and all over the world. Some of them have never played with a group. It's amazing to me how they get together after one week and sound like a professional ensemble."

Teaching improvisation brings up special problems for Petersen. "It's such a touchy subject. I don't think anyone can really teach it. What the teacher can do is give the student the tools to work with and show him what can be done, what scale is involved, devices within the scale. You can be a guide."

As an arranger, Jack has scored for groups as diverse as the Matteson-Phillips Tuba Consort and the Dallas Symphony. "I was always interested in writing for strings. It was always mysterious to me. Then I looked at the guitar and said 'Hell, this is a stringed instrument. Why don't I just write exactly what I play here and double the bass maybe an octave lower.' And it worked." Jack, together with Rich Matteson and Phil Wilson, has recently started a publishing company called Outrageous Mothers to distribute their arrangements.

Jack is quite optimistic about the future of the guitar. He keeps an open mind about high amplification and electronic tone modification. "I listen to see if there's a musician behind the sound. Like John Abercrombie—he's so talented and musical that anything he uses sounds good. You can use these things very effectively or you can use them very badly. John Tropea plays a Top 40 sound, but he really gets cooking."

This optimism extends to Jack's vision of guitar education. "I think there will be higher standards put on the instrument because of the interest in it.

The technique can always get better.

"Opening doors to young players—I really enjoy that. Seeing that beam in their eyes when they say, 'Oh, is that it?' Every student I've ever had that's done well was really interested in music, the writing and everything."

If Jack's predictions about his students are correct, Texas will once again be unleashing a series of guitar monsters on an unsuspecting world. "These guys are working like mad," he says enthusiastically. "I think I'm going to turn out a crop of guitar players like I did at Berklee!" **db**

strength and imagination. Less concerned with notational symmetry than some of his colleagues, he prefers to follow an impulse as it squiggles towards free expression. Yet his phrases follow each other with the logic of necessity. His musical mind sculpts lyricism out of his studied physical abilities and his artistic sensibility.

Shaking off applause following his soprano outbursts, Jarman hooked his alto around his neck and blew the two horns at once, depicting the same spacious theme he'd developed on the vibes. Rather than using one sax as a drone or playing parallel lines, Jarman blew in controlled spurts, achieving a unity of sound from the saxes' harmony.

"When the piano player takes a break at 1:30 in the morning in the big city, he's almost gone, halfway gone, and he sings this song." That's how I heard Joseph as he picked up his bass clarinet. The "pianist's song" was a satisfying, walking excursion, the portrait of a musician pleased with his own playing and working overtime on tangential melodies. Jarman played the horn's natural low register and a whinnying screech.

On alto, Jarman blew from the pit of his stomach, putting this listener in a state between wakefulness and dreaming. I didn't register the details of his ferocious playing until he ran the pads breathlessly—I could hear then with clarity what he was imagining. He closed the first half of his concert with a series of clear notes struck on the raised nub of a heavy, lipped gong.

Jarman returned after a brief intermission, performing on both gongs and bass clarinet at once. Striking four of the gongs, he imitated their tones on his horn slowly, softly, and richly. At climactic moments, the gongs seemed to clash against each other, as the sax mended them. Jarman stood the stance of a warrior—feet spread, shoulders squared. He took up his alto, really his first instrument, and let loose a singing solo, tracking down all the variations of a singularly natural fingering. Then from a front row came the affirming gasp music aficionados sometimes lose when particularly awed. But since the entire audience had been intently concentrating on the music, that "ahhh..." was an intrusion. This annoyance was followed by the barely audible humming of a phrase Jarman had just played.

Joseph took his horn from his lips as he reached the top of a run, and marched off-stage. Silence from the crowd. "That's all, it's over," he said from behind a curtain. "If we applaud will you come back?" someone in the seats pleaded. No answer.

I think the culprit was a fellow who arrived ten minutes into the second half, sat in the front row, and wore an orange nylon ski parka. We left the theater in shock: the music had taken us so far from everyday concerns that we had no preparation for being hauled out of our reveries so abruptly. I wish we could have listened on and on to Joseph Jarman. —Howard Mandel

caught

JOSEPH JARMAN University of Chicago

Personnel: Jarman, various reeds and percussion.

Joseph Jarman's winter concert—performed solo in a small theater at the University which has hosted scores of AACM concerts since 1965—was a dramatic, absorbing event. Jarman, an adventurous musician (composer, reeds player, and percussionist, fully 1/3 of the Art Ensemble of Chicago) had last performed locally in a duet with Art Ensemble batter Don Moye. On this cold Friday night, however, he stood alone, in face and arm paint, bells wrapped around his ankles and walnut-sized rattles strung about his waist, capped by a bright beanie pinned with organizational buttons. His instruments were set up carefully: from a two-tiered stand hung six gongs and a cowbell; two huge gongs sat between the stand and a vibraphone set; seven saucer-sized cymbals were within reach beyond the vibes. Two additional cymbals stood before the vibes, and Jarman's woodwinds formed the front line of his performing area, arranged by height: soprano, flute, alto sax, and bass clarinet.

Striding from the curtains surrounding the theater seats, Jarman announced *Sunbound*. Using a large padded mallet, he struck the hanging gongs in a pattern eliciting glowing vibrations that bathed the audience.

Without pausing, he moved to the vibes, puzzling out a tonal sequence with hard mallets. Jarman's sensitivity to quiet gave his skeletal phrases weight within the small variations of his tone row. Unwilling to break the flow of the music, he swept the vibes with one mallet while holding his flute to his lips with the other.

Jarman's sound on flute is full and urgent, embellished with flutter tonguing and overblowing. Twice he walked back to his hanging gongs to try a pure tone against their shiny surfaces. Leaning into the discs, he was rewarded with a faint echo following his intonation.

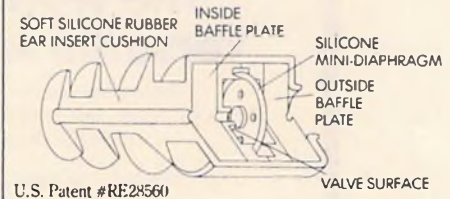
He switched quickly to soprano, the smallest member of the sax family. It's like a piccolo alto sax—fixed in E flat, but straight like most sopranos. Jarman has stunning command of this seldom-heard horn, stretching its assumed limits of range and reliability to encompass a throaty, forceful, sometimes two-toned roar, as well as a piercing, in-tune fluidity.

When Jarman improvises, it's as though he's trying to connect with some deep, inner source of energy, intuition or will and sing it forth. He pours all of himself into the moment, flexing his body to twist old breathing habits and fingering patterns into new feats of

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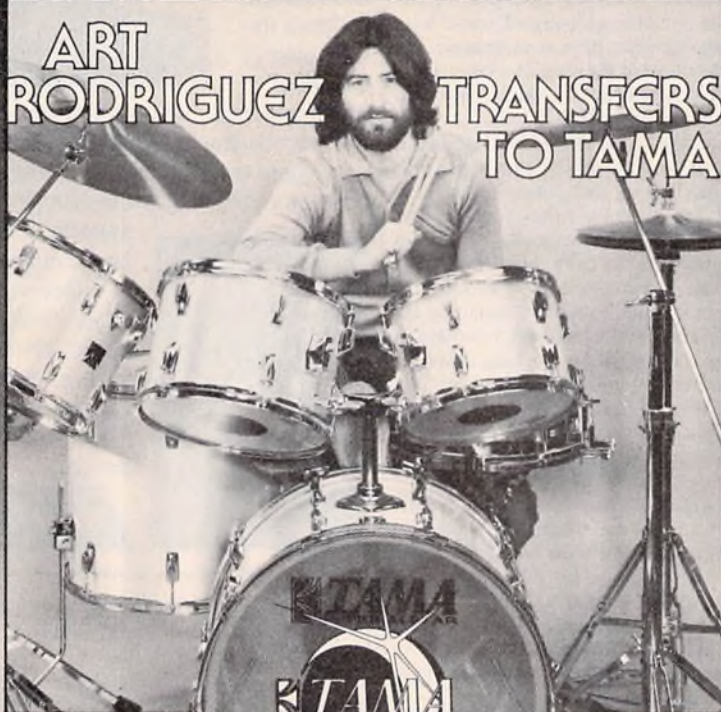
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RANDY WESTON

Ahmed's Restaurant,
Cambridge, Mass.

Personnel: Weston, piano.

The big man strode to the baby grand and sat down, his gangly frame hunched over the keys and his legs askew. Large powerful hands hammered a brief fanfare fortissimo that scattered conversation. Then the spidery fingers, each as long as a white key, started to jab at a droll, cantankerous ditty. The tune, with its stuttering, dissonant clusters was somehow familiar, but the treatment was not, indeed it was full of surprises—a bass line that walked a strange path, downbeat rests, upbeat accents, inserted trills, and bizarre chords that fit.



MEL REEVES

The biggest surprise of all was that here—suddenly—was Randy Weston, playing his old hit *Hi Fly* in the tiny basement of Ahmed's Restaurant in Cambridge. Randy was in Boston for his third annual solo gig for Elma Lewis and her School for Black Arts in Roxbury. When his old friend from Tangiers and New York, Ahmed Bouhini, learned that Randy was arriving, he asked him to play at his couscous room cum club. In his arms-wide, magnanimous ("large-souled") way, Randy embraced the idea.

Solo playing is fairly new for Randy but it is in its way as rich and eloquent as his combo stuff—filled with subtle harmonies, bristling with percussion, pounding like surf, playful as butterflies. He plays a composer's piano: all 88 keys. Like Ellington, he thinks in broad sweeps and impromptu blueprints. He has Monk's wit and wry humor, but tempers his stodginess, more and more of late, with Tatum's flair and grace. He is at home with both grand tapestries (*Uhuru Suite*) and needlepoint (*Casbah Kids*).

Weston played *Body And Soul* with some wild inversions and an arpeggiated coda, and *Buena Cosecha* (a hearty samba inspired by travels in South America) was both weighty and subtle. *How High The Moon* became a suite: six choruses, six tempos. Then came African homage: the long hypnotic hymn *Blue Moses*, the pride of *Blues To Africa*, and the stern tale of drought, *Sahel*. "Africa," Randy said, "is in my blood and thoughts constantly."

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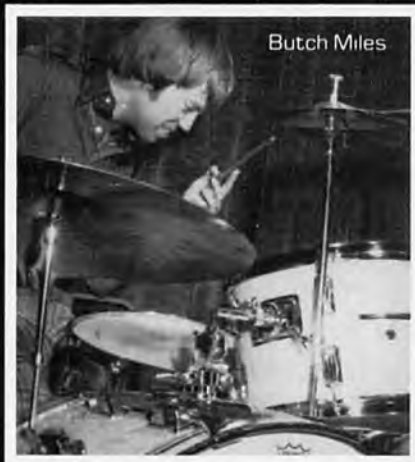
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The next night was something else again: no tours-de-force, but a dialogue between old friends. Ray Copeland, Randy's old pal from Brooklyn Boys' High and the Moroccan and Nigerian campaigns, dropped by with his flugelhorn. They leisurely traded choruses on *Berkshire Blues* as Ray warmed chops cooled through teaching at Berklee and playing too little. *All The Things You Are* started medium and slowed for solos. Randy played thirds behind Ray's introspective then ebullient cascades. The crowd, digging these bop giants in a larger than life setting, egged them on after each chorus.

A requested *Casbah Kids* again tinkled aloft, and *Blue Moses* rolled like waves, with Ahmed himself on his Moroccan *tambor*. The crowd hand clapped on the beat as Weston rebuilt the pyramids in basalt blocks. Laughing, lingering, handshaking, backslapping, well-wishing and good feelings continued long after the music ceased, and some of us were reluctant to go. —fred bouchard

BOB DOROUGH

Bradley's, New York City.

Personnel: Dorough, vocals and piano; Bill Takas, bass.

Dorough is neither the best known nor most easily appreciated singer in jazz today. He sings in a very low key style similar to Blossom Dearie's (he recorded with her in the '50s and they still sing each other's songs), which no doubt turns off a lot of "macho" male listeners. But his phrasing and interpretive abilities are second to none. As a composer, he wrote the buoyant *Devil May Care*, which Miles Davis recorded, and penned the lyrics for *Comin' Home Baby*. He also did *Nothing Like You* from Miles' *Sorcerer* LP. For years Dorough has had a loyal following, and fans (including many musicians) have always admired his treatment of Hoagy Carmichael's *Baltimore Oriole*.

That tune and others were made available again recently on Bethlehem's reissue of a 1956 Dorough date, *Devil May Care*, retitled *Yardbird Suite*. It is Dorough at his best, and hopefully will bring him more attention and work.

Bradley's, a small, noisy bar in Greenwich Village, has engaged Dorough before, but this was his first New York gig since the reissue. Twenty years have passed, and he still sounds and looks basically the same. His voice is perhaps slightly lower now, but his body is as thin as ever.

As Dorough ran through his repertoire of standards and originals, like *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Am I Blue*, *Devil May Care*, *It Could Happen to You*, Ellington-Strayhorn's *I Don't Mind*, and Carmichael's *Hong Kong Blues* and *Baltimore Oriole*, it soon became apparent that he plays the piano as well as he sings, improvising surely and imaginatively. His sole accompaniment was Bill Takas' thoughtful, interacting bass. Takas was on the '56 date and has played with Dorough (among others) ever since.

What Dorough does to either a much-sung or unsung tune is refreshing to both the listener and the song. His soft voice is full of wonder, humor, naivete, experience, passion and heartache. Coupled with his subtle way of phrasing and his keen awareness of lyrical nuances, he usually recreates a tune and makes it his own. Singers who can do that are rare, and shouldn't be neglected. —scott albin

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DIRECTIONS

continued from page 13

Johnette points out, "We used to play *Malibu Reggae* before Warren joined the band."

In any case, Warren Bernhardt has left Directions, having further opened the band's ears to themselves and to each other, and leaving no ill will in his wake. His presence in the band provoked self-analysis and thought and learning, and pride may be taken in that.

Abercrombie, for instance, sees himself in an expanded role, one in which "I can actually be a link between a lot of different things, rhythmically and harmonically. Now, when Alex is playing, I feel more like a piano player. The function is to play things under Alex that will sound good while working with Ron's bass note and rhythmically working with Jack."

It is worth noting that Bernhardt's influence was mainly along rhythmic and harmonic lines, as noted by Abercrombie. Consequently, the one member of the band more or less untouched by the presence or absence of the pianist is reedman Foster. "I just play the melody, take a solo, you know," demurs Alex. "I think I have the most limited role in the band, really. Everybody else is playing all the time. It really wouldn't make sense for me, especially on some of the tunes we have, to be playing all the time."

"Well, you play in and out, anyway," Jack interrupts.

"Yeah, well," Alex continues, belittling his role, "occasionally when I'm not soloing I'll play a few notes, but it's not really like a comp. . . . And it sounds kind of weird to have just one horn riffing. If we were playing something funky, and I was playing some kind of background thing—sometimes it works, but it has to be spontaneous."

The spontaneity of the "new" quartet allows for lingering traces of its departed fifth member. During an engagement at Washington's Cellar Door last January, in the midst of a wide-open reading of *Flying Spirits*, Abercrombie ran off two successive lines from *Morning Star*. "I remember playing one of those figures," the guitarist explains, "and then I realized what it was, or one of the things it could be, so I played it again."

Morning Star is one of the few tunes in the band's book for which Warren's absence creates problems. "We haven't figured out just what we want to do with that tune," says Jack, "whether we want to play it or just delete it. We might have to treat it in a different way. I could play it on the piano, and then have a little vamp while I go over to the drums. Or I can imagine having the soprano and guitar playing, which would be nice at the beginning—but then the whole piece is changed, because it revolves around the piano. But I don't care, we'll change it, rearrange it for what we've got going now. In fact, it could work really well with just the bass, bowed." This is a prime example of how the music of Directions develops. As Jack points out, "It's always in an experimental stage."

But there is method to their madness, there are arrangements to define the parameters of improvisation, and there is input from each and every one of the four. "Arranging is one direction I'd like to go in, as well as playing," says McClure. "I'd like to play things with a lot of structure, and then improvise out of that. If you can't tell the difference, then there's something happening." But the bassist is quick to point out that "there's actually nothing new under the sun in music. I've done this before, played this kind of music—we all have. It's just that it isn't widely accepted.

People want to hear a solid beat and a repetitive bass line and a melody they can sing and words they can remember."

Jack takes off from there, chanting, "It's repetition, really, it's repetition, really, it's repetition, really, it's repetition. . . ."

Then Abercrombie picks up the theme. "We just don't take all that stuff that seriously. We're serious while we're playing, but it's *not* that we're out here to be serious virtuosos and just play fast as hell, or that we're out to play the most complex shit in the world. We're just out here to listen to each other play, and if we happen to all go crazy at the same time, we go crazy."

"The point is," says DeJohnette, "that everybody's here because they want to be here. We could all be doing something else. I've got this group together, and I'm trying to keep it together to play the kind of music I want to play, without anybody telling me I have to do this, or I have to make a hit and my record has to sell a hundred thousand or I'll be dropped. I'm not under those kind of pressures, being with ECM, so I consider myself to be in a good position artistically. Their records do sell, and we do see some royalties, and we have a great amount of creative freedom."

"Music of the moment" is what Ron McClure calls it, and DeJohnette agrees wholeheartedly. "This band is concerned with the improvisation of music more than anything else. We have tunes—I write, every one of us writes music—but the most important thing is to keep the spontaneity happening, always trying to change your thing. Like today we're going to have a rehearsal before the show. We're bringing in some new music, we're always changing things. We're very conscientious of *playing* our tunes. Even though they're the same tunes we've been playing, we play

continued on page 42

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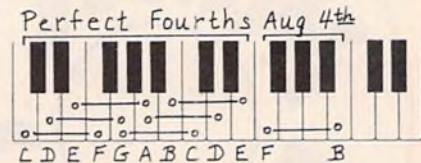
visualize keyboard chords Part II

by Dr. William L. Fowler

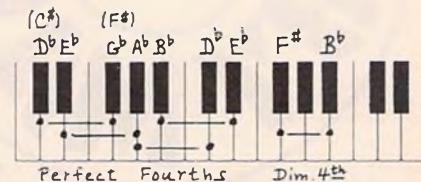
Part I of this article (down beat, Mar. 10) contained procedures for visualizing major and minor thirds; major, minor, augmented and diminished triads; and diminished seventh chords, all germane to continuing through Part II. As in the Part I keyboard illustrations, dots (•) again indicate black keys, and circles (o) again indicate white keys.

Perfect Fourths

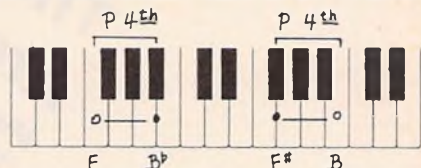
Except for F up to B, every pair of white keys separated by two internal white keys forms a perfect fourth:



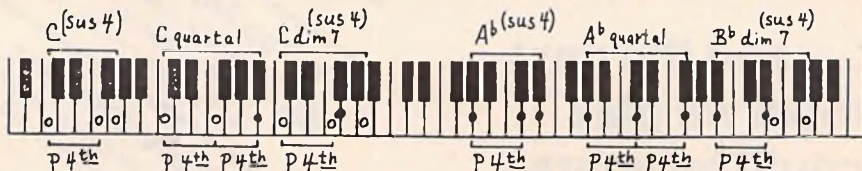
And except for F# up to Bb, every pair of black keys separated by one internal black key also forms a perfect fourth:



Every black-over-black or white-over-white perfect fourth contains either the B-C or the E-F half step somewhere within its extremities. But the white key fourth from F up to B contains neither—it is not a perfect fourth: it encloses five internal black and white notes rather than the four which separate all perfect fourths. It must therefore shrink by a half step to become perfect:

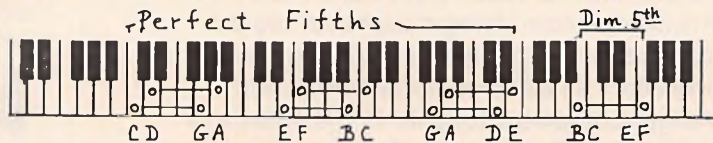


Although not essential to the erecting of chords built entirely from conjoined thirds, the visualization of perfect fourths aids in forming suspended fourth chords and quartal harmony:

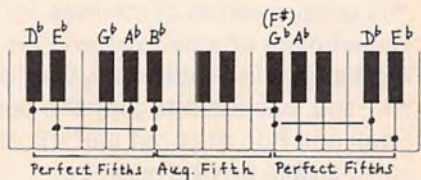


Perfect Fifths

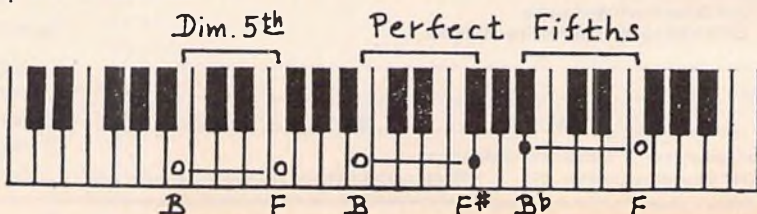
Except for B up to F, every pair of white keys separated by three internal white keys forms a perfect fifth:



And except for Bb up to F#, every pair of black keys separated by two internal black keys also forms a perfect fifth:

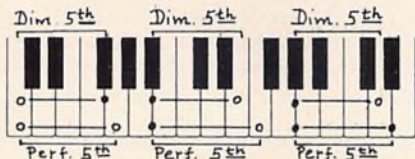


Just as in perfect fourth patterns, every black-over-black or white-over-white perfect fifth contains either the B-C or the E-F half step. But the white key fifth from B up to F contains neither; it therefore encloses one too few internal notes to be perfect and must be enlarged by a half step to reach that state:

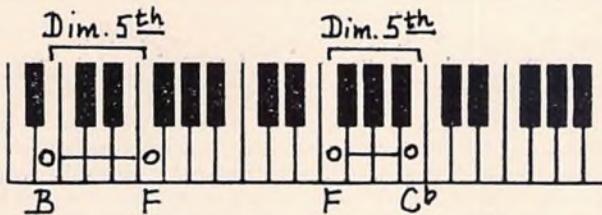


Diminished Fifths

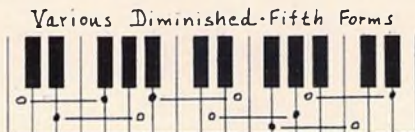
Contracting any perfect fifth by a half note forms a diminished fifth:



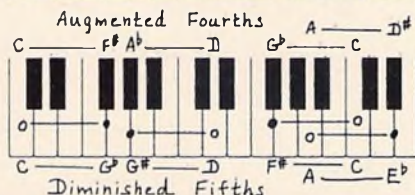
All the perfect fifths formed by similarly colored keys, therefore, change to black-over-white or white-over-black except F-Cb, which looks exactly like F-B on the keyboard and thus visualizes as two white keys, as does the B-F diminished fifth, also:



In practicing diminished fifths, the player first should locate the two white key pairs, B-F and F-B, then should recognize that all the others contain two black notes somewhere within their black-over-white or white-over-black extremities:



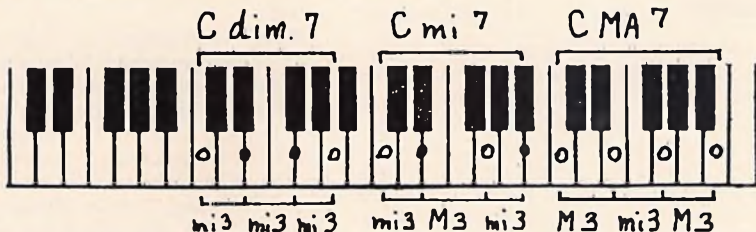
For future reference, the player also should recognize that each keyboard diminished fifth visually coincides with an augmented fourth:



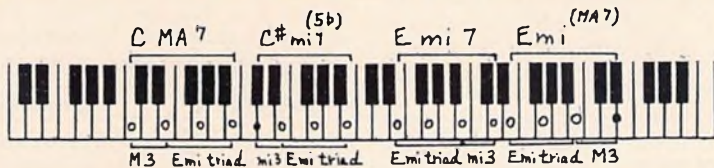
Seventh Chords

Viewing seventh chords, whatever type they might be, as three conjoined thirds, as a triad plus a note added either a third above or a third below, as two overlapping triads, or as two alternating fifths, provides four methods of visualization, any one of which might prove the easiest for any given seventh-chord type.

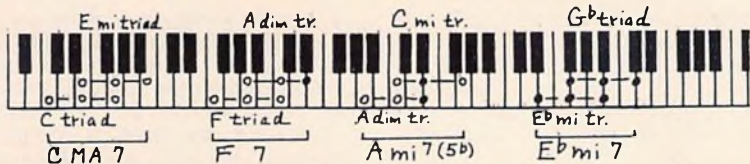
The conjoined-third method proves easy when the pattern of third-types are symmetrical. Minor-minor-minor, for example, forms the diminished seventh; minor-major-minor for the minor seventh; major-minor-major forms the major seventh:



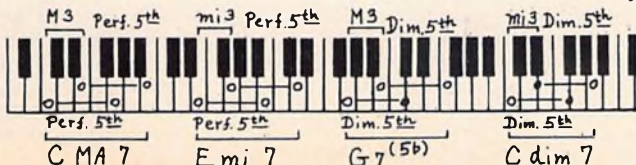
The triad-plus-a-third method proves easy in forming any seventh chord—only two facts need be remembered. In this method, the note added a third below a triad becomes the root of the seventh chord, while the note added a third above a triad becomes a seventh of that triad:



The overlapping-triad method again requires only two remembered facts. In this method, the top two notes of one triad coincide with the bottom two notes of another:



And the two-alternating-fifths method proves easy when both fifths are the same type, either both perfect or both diminished. In this method the bottom notes of the fifths lie either a major or a minor third apart:



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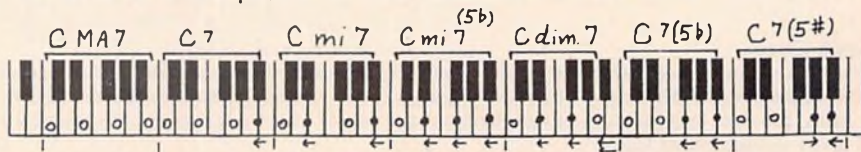
Although around 19 different types of seventh chords theoretically exist (three positions of the third times three positions of the fifth times two positions of the seventh plus the diminished seventh chord), fewer than half appear sufficiently to warrant practice in their visualization. Here are examples of the more commonly-used seventh types in each of the four methods:

	Major 7	Seventh	Minor 7	Minor 7(5b)	Diminished 7	Seventh(5#)	Seventh(5b)
Conjunct triads	M3, m3, M3	M3, m3, m3	m3, M3, m3	m3, m3, M3	m3, m3, m3	- Non-applicable -	- Non-applicable -
Triad plus Lower 3rd	M3, m3 triad	M3, dim triad	m3, MA triad	m3, m3 triad	m3, dim triad	- Non-applicable -	- Non-applicable -
Triad plus Upper 3rd	MA triad, M3	MA triad, m3	m3 triad, m3	dim triad, M3	dim triad, m3	- Non-applicable -	- Non-applicable -
Overlapping Triads	MA triad, m3 triad	MA triad, dim triad	m3 triad, m3 triad	dim triad, m3 triad	dim triad, dim triad	- Non-applicable -	- Non-applicable -
Alternating Pitches	M3, P5 / P5	M3, dim 5 / P5	m3, P5 / P5	m3, P5 / dim 5	m3, dim 5 / dim 5	MA3, dim 5 / Aug 5	MA3, Dim 5 / Dim 5

To settle on what method works best for what type chord, the reader should try each method with each type on several different keyboard notes. And if any chord type still seems awkward to visualize, there's still another method to try, the method of comparing the components of any given chord type to the components of a major seventh on the same root. The following chart shows where to move a third, fifth, or seventh from the major seventh model to form other common seventh chords:

C MA7	C ⁷	C mi ⁷	C mi ⁷ (5b)	C dim 7	C ⁷ (5#)	C ⁷ (5b)	C ⁷ (sus 4)
B	→ B ^b	→ B ^b	→ B ^b	→ B ^{bb}	→ B ^b	→ B ^b	→ B ^b
G	G	G	→ G ^b	→ G ^b	→ G [#]	→ G ^b	G
E	E	→ E ^b	→ E ^b	→ E ^b	E	E	→ F
C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C

And for one final example, here are some visualizations of this method:



The next (and last) installment of this article will treat how to visualize extended chords, inversions, and open position voicings.

BISHOP

continued from page 17

that teaching wasn't a drag and that by teaching, you learn. So I got into writing and teaching but not nearly as much performing as I would have liked because California doesn't lend itself to that unless it's in the studio. . . .

After my wife and I separated, California took on a different aspect. We did well while we were together because if I wasn't working it was cool. She always had a good job. I was creative in another way in California. I got into theorizing and that's what enabled me to have a book published on the jazz methods I came up with. I would have never done that in New York. The book's called *A Study In Fourths*.

Primack: It is just for piano players?

Bishop: It's for all players. I have all kinds of students. They play all kinds of instruments. Since they know their instrument technically already, I work with them in terms of creating single lines, composition. I don't have anything to do with the playing of their instruments. They already know that.

Primack: You really dig teaching musicians how to improvise. Do you feel your students are more sophisticated, especially in their knowledge of music, than the younger musicians of your day?

Bishop: Sure, the whole world is more sophisticated about their knowledge of everything. Music is no exception. They're more studied. Musicians used to be more self-taught. There was no place to go to get instruction in jazz improvisation. You'd try and get it the best way you could. There was no one teaching it.

Primack: What about the kids playing jazz

today?

Bishop: The younger musicians are the ones that are going to keep it alive. Those are the ones that are going to keep it going. I have a lot of faith in them because they won't come up half-assed. They will have attained the musicianship through study. I was doing a lot of playing professionally before I could even read or anything. They've studied, so they're proficient musicians. There are so many of these schools across the country that have lab bands, and it's fun to perform at some of these clinics. Learning it from musicians as opposed to getting it from theoreticians, you know, that's really the key now to what's happening.

db

DIRECTIONS

continued from page 38

those tunes to trigger the different ways of interacting. So it's a very loose format, but one that has structure and discipline at the same time."

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CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Carnegie Hall: Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds (3/11); Steeleye Span (3/18).

New York University (Loeb Student Center): Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights In Jazz" series w/Eubie Blake, Sam Wooding and his band featuring Rae Harrison (3/16).

New School: National Jazz Ensemble w/guest Carrie Smith (3/12).

Sweet Basil: Ron Carter Quartet (3/9-13; 3/16-20).

Hopper's: Milt Jackson (thru 3/12); Joe Williams (opens 3/14).

Studio Wis: Warren Smith's Composer's Workshop Ensemble (Mon.).

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): Joe Lee Wilson & Bond Street (3/11-12); Al Haig Quartet (3/18-19).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Reno Brooks (3/10 & 14); Marlene Verplanck (3/11-12).

Village Vanguard: Woody Shaw Quintet (thru 3/13); Zoot Sims Quartet (3/15-20).

King's Palace (Brooklyn): Bi-weekly tribute by Harold Ousley to living musicians.

Surf Maid: JoAnne Brackeen (Thurs.-Sat.); Nina Sheldon (Sun.).

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

Arthur's: Mabel Godwin, piano.

Soul City (Roosevelt, L.I.): Roy Haynes & the Hip Ensemble (3/11-12).

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

Nassau Coliseum (Uniondale, L.I.): Eagles (3/15-16)

Madison Square Garden: Eagles (3/18).

One Station Plaza (Bayside, Queens): Ted Pittzcker & Brian Torff (Tues.).

Ethical Humanist Society (International Art Of Jazz): Roland Prince (3/13).

Westchester Premier Theatre (Tarrytown, N.Y.): Mitzi Gaynor (thru 3/13).

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme w/Milton Berle.

Larson's: Ellis Larkins.

Pip's Lounge (Clifton, N.J.): Matrix (Mon.); jazz weekends.

Half-Note: Lee Konitz & Ted Brown Quintet (Mon. & Tues.); Ron Roullier Big Band (Sun.).

On The Air (WNYC-FM, 93.9): American Popular Song w/host Alec Wilder. Songs of Tony Bennett (Part I: week of 3/13); Jackie Cain Sings Tommy Wolf and Alec Wilder (week of 3/20).

New York Jazz Museum: Weekly concerts (Sun. 2-5 PM).

Alternative Center For International Arts: Dewan Mothar and Badal Roy (3/12).

Great Gorge Resort Hotel (McAfee, N.J.): The New Jersey Jazz Society presents "The Strides of March" weekend. Call them for full star-laden lineup and details—201-239-0838 (3/25-27).

All's Alley: Frank Foster & the Loud Minority w/Charlie Persip and Earl May (Mon.). Call club for balance of week.

Barbara's: Call club for jazz all week.

Beefsteak Charlie's (12th St. & 5th Ave.): Call them for top acts.

Bar None: Dardenelle at the piano.

Boomer's: Name performers all week.

Bradley's: Pianists and duos.

Cookery: Chuck Folds (Sat. & Sun. 12 Noon); Sammy Price (Sun. 8 PM); call them for headliners.

Crawdaddy: Sammy Price & friends (Mon.-Fri.).

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 w/Jamil Nasser & Chuck Wayne (Mon. & Tues.); Brooks Kerr w/Sonny Greer, Russell Procope & Alicia Sherman (Wed.-Sun.); Gene Roland w/Loumell Morgan, Morris Edwards &

Lynn Crane (Mon.-Sat. 4-8 PM); Warren Chiasson, Earl May & Jack Wilkins (Sun.).

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

Jazzmania Society: Mike "Mazda" Morgenstern All Stars.

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

Jimmy Weston's: Bernie Leighton (Sun., Mon.).

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

Ladies Fort: Weekend jazz.

Patch's Inn: Don Elliott Quartet (Wed.); others balance of week.

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

Storyville: Name groups weekly.

Village Gate: Top acts weekends.

Environ: Concerts (Tues., Thurs., Sat., & Sun.).

Central Synagogue (St. Peters Church): Jazz vespers (5 PM Sun.).

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

Jazzline: 212-421-3592.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea: Stan Kenton (3/7); Charlie Byrd (3/8-13); Matrix (3/15-20); Dizzy Gillespie (3/22-27); McCoy Tyner (3/29-4/3); Carmen McRae (4/5-10); Mongo Santamaria (4/12-17); call 372-6911 for further info.

Lighthouse: Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis (3/24-27); call 372-6911 for further info.

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

(4/29). Philip Glass Ensemble (3/15, Shoenberg Hall).

Santa Monica Civic: Janis Ian (3/11); Jean-Luc Ponty (4/16); call 393-9961 for further info.

Dorothy Chandler Pavilion: George Benson (3/14).

Hollywood Palladium: Gino Vannelli (4/15, tent.); call 466-4311 for further info.

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

Roxy: Rock, occasional jazz; call 878-2222 for details.

Parlisan Room: Top name jazz artists all week; call 936-0678 for details.

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

Baked Potato: Seawind (Mon.); Lee Ritenour (Tues.); Don Randi (Wed.-Sat.); Plas Johnson (Sun.).

The Cellar: Les DeMerle and Transfusion and guests (Sun. and Mon.); clinics and seminars (Tues.).

The Improvisation: Jazz every Mon; Supersax, Phineas Newborn, Ed Shaughnessy Big Band often; call 651-2583 for details.

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

Odyssey Theatre: Jazz Mon.; Joe Diorio and Henry Franklin Quintet often; call 826-1626 for details.

Century City Playhouse: Occasional avant garde concerts; Leo Smith, Buell Neidlinger, Charles Orena, Vincent Gola, etc.; call 474-8685 or 474-8388 for information.

Jazz Gallery (Studio City): Luis Gasca & Friends (Wed.-Sat.); details 761-1101.

Emanuel United Church (85th and Holmes): Horace Tapscott and Pan African People's Orchestra

(last Sun. of month).

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

Radio: Leonard Feather (KUSC 91.5 FM, Sun. 8-9 PM); Gary Vercelli (KCRW 89.9 FM, Sun. 5:30-10 PM); Lawrence Tanter (KJLH 102.3 FM nightly 11 PM-3 AM); Marvin Cherry (KBCA 105.1 FM, nightly 10 PM-2 AM).

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: Bill Evans (3/6-8); Ahmad Jamal (3/9-13); Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis/Jimmy Forrest (3/16-20); Hank Crawford (3/30-4/3); Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis (4/20-24); Mose Allison (4/27-5/3); Kenny Burrell, Zoot Sims/Al Cohn, Yusuf Lateef in May.

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

Ratso's: Joe Beck (3/16-20); Eddie Harris (4/15-17); call 935-1505 for information.

Ivanhoe Theatre: Shakti with John McLaughlin (3/11-12); Shawn Phillips (3/29-31); call 929-1777 for details.

Rick's Cafe Americain: Urbie Green (thru 3/12); call 943-9200 for details.

Orphan's: Occasional jazz; call 929-2677 for details.

Wise Fools Pub: Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mon.); other jazz and blues acts regularly; call 929-1510 for information.

Northside Auditorium Bar: Bobby Christian Big Band (Thurs.); call 327-1277.

Enterprise Lounge: Von Freeman (Mon.).

Transitions East: Music regularly; call 723-9373.

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The Bljou Cafe: Cedar Walton (3/7-8); call 735-4444 for details.

The Borglia Tea Room: Bob Cohen Trio (Sat.); Donna Jean Glasgow (Fri.); call 574-0414 for details.

Cafe Society: Cabaret singers; call MA7-3230 for details.

Calvary Church: Jazz Sundays (4 PM); Ron Thomas (3/6); Walt Dickerson (3/13); Bob Zenkel (3/20); Byard Lancaster (3/27); call EV7-4715.

Carroll's: March lineup includes Bill Lewis and Us; John Washington; Wally Hendrix; Jimmy Johnson Quartet; call 545-9301 for information.

Charley's Playboy Lounge: Name and local talent; call GR2-2367 for information.

Dino's Lounge: Name and local talent; call 382-8363 for information.

The Foxhole Cafe: Big names, avant garde; call 386-8388 for details.

Gert's Lounge: Herb Nix Trio (Thurs.-Sun.); jam sessions (Mon.).

Grendel's Lair: Jazz Monday nights; call WA3-5559.

Khyber Pass: Jazz Mondays, Wednesdays, weekends; Heath Allen Group (3/4-5, 3/18-19); George Bishop often.

Main Point: Larry Coryell (3/4-5); call LA5-3375.

The Long March Coffeehouse: Jazz weekends; March lineup includes Bill Lewis and Us; George Bishop; Bernard Samuel; Lex Humphries Quintet. Lecture/demonstration "Jazz In American Society" by Byard Lancaster and Schmucl ben Moshe (3/20).

The Painted Bride: Monday piano series w/John Bunch Quartet (3/7); Ray Bryant Duo (3/14 or 3/28, tent.); Edgar Bateman Quintet (3/21); Julius

Hemphill and cellist (4/4); call WA5-9914 for details.

The Royal Cafe: Hollis Floyd Combo; call SH7-9956 for information.

The Spectrum: Rufus, Santana, and Brick (3/20).

Tower Theatre: Muddy Waters, James Cotton, Johnny Winter (3/6).

University of Pennsylvania: John McLaughlin and Shakti (3/6).

MONTREAL

Place des Arts: Preservation Hall Jazz Band (3/22).

Fine Arts Museum: Philip Glass Ensemble (3/27).

Rising Sun: Willie Dixon (to 3/13); Charles Tolliver (3/15-20); Bill Evans (3/22-27); Esther Phillips (3/29-4/3); Archie Shepp (4/4-5).

Rainbow: Various jazz groups (Tues.-Thurs.)

Cafe Prag: Jazz Knights (3/10, 3/17, 3/24, 3/31); Apex Jazz Band (4/7).

Mojo: Sayyid Abdul Al-Khabyr (Thurs.-Sun.)

Clevitos: Dixieland (Fri.).

Friday's: Al Peters (Sat.).

KANSAS CITY

Off The Wall Hall (Lawrence): KANU live jazz jam (9 PM, 3/1).

VII Arches: Meeker/Harris Duo (Tues.-Sat.); Carol Comer (Wed.).

Alameda Plaza Roof: Frank Smith Trio (Mon.-Sat.).

Pandora's Box: Dry Jack w/Bill Hemmans (Thurs.-Sat.).

Mr. Putsch's: Sylvia Bell Trio (Tues.-Sat.).

The Levee: Riverside Jazz Band (Sat. and Mon.).

Plaza III: Steve Miller Trio w/Julie Turner (Mon.-Sat.).

Rockwood (Independence): Mike Ning Duo (Tues.-Sat.).

Mark IV: United Jazz Quartet (weekends).

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

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

Arrowhead: John Elliott Quartet w/Carol Comer (weekends).

PHOENIX

KXTC-FM (92.3): Jazz all day; soul after midnight.

Dooley's: Goose Creek Symphony (3/1-2); Sea Level/Alpha Band (3/3, tent.); Cecilio & Kapono/England Dan & John Ford Coley (3/7, tent.); Vassar Clements (3/14); Elvin Bishop (3/21); Outlaws (3/28); Gino Vannelli (4/20, tent.).

Side Door: Captain Menagerie (Tues.-Sun.).

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

Arizona State U.: Led Zeppelin (3/6); jazz ensemble (3/1, 3/10, 4/5); small jazz groups (3/22); Dan Haerle, solo jazz piano (4/12); Herb Johnson jazz scholarship benefit (4/19); Jazz Arts Quartet (4/26); Jazz forum (Weds., 7 PM, Gammage).

Ramada East: Keith Greko Trio.

Century Sky Room: Howard Gayle Band.

Boojum Tree: Teddy Wilson (3/2-3); Harvey Truitt Trio (thru 4/23); Kai Winding and Blue Mitchell (4/3, tent.); Jimmy Witherspoon (4/24-26); Joel Robin Trio (4/27 on, tent.); Michael Hoffman Trio (Sundays); Eddie Harris (5/8-10).

Coliseum: Queen (3/1).

Celebrity Theatre: Janis Ian/Tom Chapin (3/9); Bread (3/29); Harry Chapin (4/29).

Civic Plaza: Genesis (3/29); Marshall Tucker (4/14).

Marvin Gardens: Threshold (Wed., Sun.); Monopoly with Prince Shell and Francine Reed (Thurs.-Sat.); George Souza (Sun.).

U. of Arizona (Tucson): Janis Ian (3/8).

Tucson Doubletree: Les McCann (3/17-20); Maynard Ferguson (4/6).

Scottsdale Center: Bill Evans Trio (4/30).

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