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the contemporary music magazine

down beat®

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SARAH VAUGHAN

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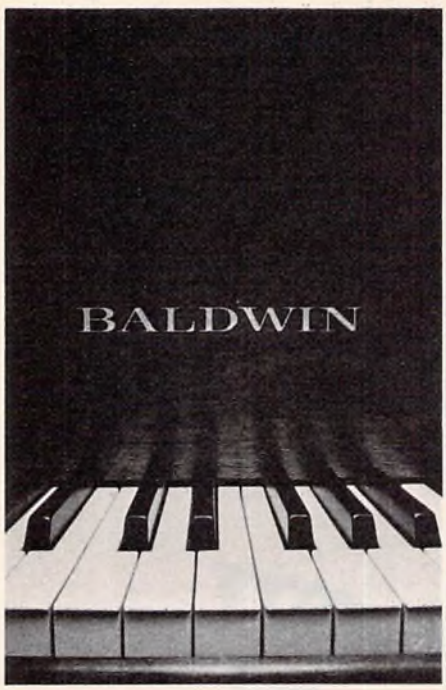

Burt Bacharach's Accompanist

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And have you noticed, lately, when there's news about brass, the news is Olds? You oughta blow one.

The men of Olds (top to bottom): Barrett O'hara, Ernie Tack, Ralph Craig, Paul Faulice and Phil Teele.

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Norlin

the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Watch it. Reading the features in this issue is liable to make you angry. It did me.

The anger is not directed at the likes of Ray Charles, Sarah Vaughan or Mike Moore. Rather it's the anger at a system that is too dumb to treat their talents as a precious natural resource. Waste makes me mad.

Ray Charles does not suffer from lack of honors or monied rewards. But who in our vaunted music education system has ever honored Ray Charles by making a forum available for him to teach young musicians? Or why shouldn't our prestigious schools of music grant Ray Charles an honorary degree, Doctor of Humanities? It's not that Ray Charles needs the honor. We do.

Sarah Vaughan, the Mistress of the American Art Song, is repeatedly honored with awed praise but not much else. It's like she says: "Honey, I have never had a gold nothing." Why not? A good example of why the Divine Sarah—and other non-pop musicians—cannot get sufficient media exposure to sell a million records is this year's Grammy awards TV show.

Jazz got one live shot: Sarah Vaughan singing her heart out—and spellbinding the studio audience—early in the show. Then Ella Fitzgerald was pronounced the winning jazz vocalist and was hustled off the stage before she could say anything. The rest of the live action was white and black pop. The names of the winners of the other three jazz categories (Solo, Group and Band—as well as 24 other minority categories) were read in a monotone by Paul Simon(!) with all the fervor of a subway conductor. The nominees weren't even mentioned.

Who is at fault? No one and everyone. The Recording Academy is at the mercy of the Network which lives on Ratings. Size of audience + buying potential = Big Money. The same formula applies to what is and is not played on radio.

There is another formula which our society uses to evaluate its artists: Big Money = Success & Happiness. Our young musicians are relentlessly bombarded with upside-down value judgments by an entertainment industry in profitable partnership with mass media.

Mike Moore, who talks about much of this in his interview, may well be right when he says that "one of the earmarks of the downfall of a society is freakishness in the arts masquerading as ingenuity and creativity."

For a more encouraging note, please read the Frank Rehak profile. His story embodies the struggle between self-pity and self-esteem that has claimed the lives of too many of our artists.

Next issue: Dr. Patrick Gleeson, the studio wizard, explains how he fashions jazz from his synthesizers; two flutists, Hubert Laws and Ian Underwood, explain their own special and different worlds; profiles on Sadao Watanabe and Art Lande; Billy Cobham appraises other musicians (and thus himself) in the Blindfold Test; and other changes. **db**

chords and discords

Especially Tailored

The March 24 issue was tailor-made to my personal tastes. Jack DeJohnette, Walter Bishop, Jr., Joseph Jarman and Randy Weston are some of my favorite musicians. Thanks for covering the scene so well.

Harris Martin — Detroit, Mich.

In Need Of Norman

Your magazine is excellent but you need an in-depth article (preferably accompanied by an interview) on Norman Granz. I see his name in print and hear it on the airwaves . . . relating to every possible aspect of jazz. . . . But what do I and scores of other jazz enthusiasts actually know about him? Not much, or at least not enough. . . .

I could say similar things about Leonard Feather and John Hammond.

Enlighten us!

Tom Swiderski — Madison Heights, Mich.

Narrow-Minded Evil

It really bothers me to read letters like "Sandy Floors Buddy" (chords, 3/24). Talk about your narrow-minded people! To judge a musician, any musician, on the basis of one bad album is insane. Especially a musician of Mr. Rich's high caliber.

Buddy and his bands have been in the vanguard of the return of the big bands since 1966. You can go back even further, if you want, and include his drumming with Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, J.A.T.P., Harry James and others. His recordings of *Mercy, Mercy, Channel One Suite* and *West Side Story* have become classics. Sure, Buddy talks a lot, but he backs up all of that ". . . pompous commotion . . ." with his chops. And I don't mean his karate chops.

Speak No Evil is a bad example of Buddy Rich and his band. Go back, if you dare, and listen to *Big Bad Machine*, which was released all the way back in 1975, and before that to *Different Drummer* and *Big Swing Face*, just to name a few.

Sandy who?

Robert J. Cook — Richardson, Tex.

More Respect, Please

I was bothered by Chuck Berg's review of my liner notes for Dave Burrell's *High One-High Two* because they spent more time on me than on the musicians, making them a supporting cast in a criticism directed at me. What he had to say about me could've been done in one sentence, and were he so concerned about clearing up mysteries, he could've used the rest of the space for that, just as serious reviewers in periodicals like the *New York Review Of Books*. If he didn't want to do it like that, he could've saved it for an essay on overly enthusiastic and irresponsible critical writing as Harvey Pekar did a long time ago to get at LeRoi Jones and some others. It is a serious matter because players like Burrell, Sirone and Murray get so little attention in your magazine these days.

Another thing that I found a huge drag was Ruby Braff's running off at the mouth, particularly given his significance to the music's history. Had Charles Mingus, Miles Davis and John Coltrane never been musicians, the course of African-American improvisational music would have been greatly different, as each of them made enormous contributions as instrumentalists, composers, arrangers and bandleaders. I think that is the first point because in no way can the same thing be said about Ruby Braff. Secondly, I could easily imagine a black musician getting along quite well without playing any of "whitey's tunes," as he calls them. I heard Duke Ellington, Mingus and Monk do it many times. The question is whether or not people like Irving Berlin or any of those Tin Pan Alley cats would've written what they did if they hadn't heard African-American music, especially Louis Armstrong, who taught people how to write by the way he played. And, finally, I think that he and all other serious white players should know that they owe more of their musical existence to African-American players than the other way around. Just a bit more *respect*, gentlemen.

Stanley Crouch — New York, N.Y.

Rembrandts Of Funk?

This letter is addressed to John Krajicek, whose letter appeared in the 3/10 chords section. His letter stated that there is no art in funk music.

Maybe you should look farther, John. I admit the Brothers Johnson are not the most creative people in funk today. But what about Tower Of Power, the Brecker Brothers, and Earth, Wind and Fire? Is there no art to their music?

Eric Bolvin — San Jose, Cal.

Jimmy Celebrates

NEW YORK—Cornetist Jimmy McPartland, the man who took Bix Beiderbecke's place when Bix left the Wolverines, recently turned 70. In his honor his ex-wife, pianist Marian, threw him a surprise party at the Hotel Carlyle here. Ms. McP. plays nightly at Bemelman's Bar of the Hotel, but the party was at the Cafe Carlyle across the hall.

Acting as host was Willis Conover, who read telegrams and joked about a famous clarinetist's parsimony. Jimmy elucidated and offered some vignettes of his own.

On the stage with Jimmy, who, nonplussed as he was, blew some fine Chicago-style tunes, were Marian, Mousey Alexander, Vic Dickenson, Bobby Pratt, Mike Moore, Bob Wilber and Joe Marini. In a final session, John Lewis sat in with Roy Eldridge, Jay Leonhart and Eddie Locke.

Both the audience and the stage were laden with choice press invitees and friends of the McPs: George Shearing, Eddie Barefield, John Bunch, Richard Sudhalter, Dill Jones, Dick Hyman, Cliff Leeman, Warren Vache, Clem DeRosa, Teddi King, Buddy Tate, Herb Hall and the widows of Eddie Condon and Bobby Hackett.

Jimmy was exuberant, causing Conover to say, "He's really only 17 and will outlast the lot of us."

Jimmy's own advice for perpetual happiness is, "Divorce your wife and you'll get along fine with her evermore."

Silver Anniversary

CHICAGO — Blue Note records recently saluted pianist-composer-lyricist Horace Silver for his 25 years of achievement on the label with a luncheon at a posh Chicago restaurant. Hungry writers and radio people feasted on early afternoon drinks, chicken in mushroom sauce and chocolate parfaits, while the effervescent Silver smiled his way through questions calling up some of his accomplishments.

"I've always wondered," began a guest, "what's the rest of the story about Nica?"

"Well, you know Nica was a jazz fan . . . that's all the story there is, really," answered the writer of *Nica's Theme*.

"Have you ever taken any of the works with words to the stage?" queried another.

"I'd like to, if someone had the money to back a concert with vocalists. I'd like to do that with my *United States Of The Mind*. But it necessitates quite an outlay. . . ."

"I'd think you would be able to get support for that sort of concert in Europe," opined another.

"Nobody's asked me yet," Horace admitted.

One woman standing in front of the pianist was simply grinning in delight. Horace raised his hands and his eyebrows, asking silently if he could help her.

"You're standing in front of your poster," she giggled. "It looks just like you." Indeed, the cover of *Silver And Voices*, a blow-up of which hung over a relish table, depicted the very head—shoulder length hair, blue denim snap-brimmed cap, mocha complexion—before it.

"I kind of fell into this project—this whole series," Horace shrugged. "My producer had the idea for the first one—*Silver And Brass*, then we thought, 'Why not woodwinds? Why not voices?' I think it's worked out very well."

"On your new record, I like the soloing best," the *Nica* aficionado mentioned.

"But of course," Horace assured him. "What else is jazz but soloing?"

Gateway City Fest

ST. LOUIS—A big band performance by composer-pianist George Russell recently highlighted a "Festival of Contemporary Jazz" that occurred in St. Louis and vicinity. Russell also gave a workshop, and his rehearsing of the big band (comprised of St. Louis musicians) was open to the public.

The festival also included performances by the J. D. Parran Ensemble, electronic composer Thomas Hamilton, the Marty Ehrlich Trio, the Papa Glenn Wright Trio, and a saxophone quartet comprised of Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett, David Murray and Julius Hemphill. Hemphill also collaborated with playwright Malinke and the Double Helix Video Corporation on a multi-media musical play entitled *Twilight Boogie*.

The festival was sponsored by the Community Association School for the Arts (CASA) and the St. Louis Conservatory, with assistance from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Missouri Arts Council.

Song Fest Winners

LOS ANGELES—The American Song Festival has announced its winners for 1976. First prize in the Amateur Instrumental/Jazz category went to *Stories Past*, Bob Francavillo, Endicott, N.Y.

Semi-finalists in the same category were *Further Up And Further In*, David Fullen, Columbus, Ohio; *Starship*, Steve Hulse, Marietta, Georgia; *Lament*, Hulse; *Young Street*, Steven Reed, Kalamazoo, Michigan; and *If You Only Knew*, Charles Ryle, Knoxville, Tenn.

50 MUSICAL YEARS

Chorus queens from Gold Diggers Of 1935

LOS ANGELES—The Academy Of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences celebrates its 50th Anniversary on May 4. Music has been a vital ingredient of films since long before talkies revolutionized the industry a half century ago, with movie palaces hiring pianists or organists to accompany the action on the silent screen.

After the advent of Vitaphone in Al Jolson's *The Jazz Singer*, music became an integral part of most pictures, whether as theme music or solo numbers. As soundtracks and recording equipment became more sophisticated, movie musicals became more popular and increasingly lavish, reaching their peak in the late 1930's and '40s.

It was in 1934 that the Academy created categories to recognize achievements in musical filmmaking. These categories currently are: Best Original Score; Best Original Song Score And Its Adaptation; and Best Original Song. The honor roll of best song winners includes: *Lullaby Of Broadway* from *Gold Diggers Of 1935* (1935); *Thanks For The Memory* from *Big Broadcast Of 1938* (1938); *Swinging On A Star* from *Going My Way* (1944); *All The Way* from *The Joker Is Wild* (1957); *Days Of Wine And Roses* from the picture of the same name (1962); *The Shadow Of Your Smile* from *The Sandpiper* (1965); and *The Way We Were* from the picture of the same name (1973).

db extends best wishes to the Academy on its golden anniversary. May the next 50 years be even better.

Teo Toils On

NEW YORK—Independent producer Teo Macero is one busy man these days. He is currently producing a record series called "Teo Macero Presents," with releases already totally five. The discs are currently available only in Japan on the CBS/Sony label. There are offerings by Tommy Flanagan, with Roy Haynes and Ron Carter; Chris Connor, with Mike Abene, Michael Moore, Jimmy Madison and guest appearances by Lee Konitz and George Adams; Tal Farlow, with Mike Nock and Lyn Christie; John Lewis, with Connies Kay and Moore; and Japanese songstress Kimiko Kasai, with Richard Evans' arrangements.

Macero has plans for an upcoming Nino Simone release. In addition, he is introducing Yarbles, a contemporary jazz group, and Mulato, a Latin rock-jazz group.

Another Macero ballet will be performed at the Julliard School of Music from May 7 through 9. This one will have an orchestra comprised of eight percussion, piano and saxophone.

Teo has also completed the score for a CBS documentary called "Miracle Months." The film deals with the intrauterine development of a fetus and utilizes new photographic techniques.

In his spare time, Teo is helping Miles Davis organize a new band that Miles plans to take to Japan. Look out!

down beat NEWS

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HADEN SEEKS BASS

CHARLES STEWART

NEW YORK—Bassist Charlie Haden is missing his instrument. The bass is expensive to replace, since it is an imported item. The description of the string bass is as follows:

Make: Pollmann, West Germany (stamped in the wood on upper bout).

Lion's Head Scroll.

Orange-brown lacquer.

Ornate carving around the edge of top and back.

Initials W.D.E.S. stamped at bottom of scroll on back.

Flame maple with spruce top, rosewood tailpiece and aluminum endpin. Black velvet bib.

On inside of the top of the bass is a Pollmann label No. 005 (or 006) series.

Case: Tan vinyl with white piping, brown leather patch for bridge.

Anyone having seen the bass should call Horizon Records in N.Y. at 212-826-0430. There is a reward being offered.

MATRIX SIGNS WITH RCA

CHICAGO—RCA Records has signed the big band group Matrix to an exclusive contract. The group's first RCA waxing should be out late this spring.

The personnel of Matrix is: John Harmon, keyboards and composer/arranger; Kurt Dietrich, trombone; John Kirchberger, sax and flute; Fred Sturm, valve bass trombones, composer/arranger; Larry Darling, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals and synthesizer; Jeff Pietrangelo, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Mike Hale, lead trumpet, fluegelhorn and composer; Randal Fird, bass and vocals; Michael Murphy, drums. Watch for an upcoming article on the group.

Iris Bumps And Scores

NEW YORK—Salsa came to Radio City Music Hall for the first time recently and it looks like a good home. The art-deco movie palace showed off its multi-level stage elevators and curtains as the well-behaved audience cheered their favorites.

The excellent conjunto called Tipica '73 opened the show with a multi-percussion performance that had two and three timbales and/or bata drums improvising at once.

Vocalists Ismael Miranda and Cheo Feliciano each entered atop an elevator that settled to the rear of Tipica '73. As the singers made their way to the proscenium, they were in full voice with the help of self-contained mikes. Miranda was especially exciting on the uptempo items. Feliciano had a throat infection and was forced to sing ballads. He is a master of the art and should he ever decide to cross over, he'll do well.

Ralph Lew has been doing a hustle review for some time. He brought his entire show onto the Radio City stage. It was a treat for the eyes, as his four dancers turned and swooped to the Latinized beat of the ballroom craze. His "history of rock 'n' roll" was hardly that, but it, too, was visually interesting in costume and stage effects.

The star of the show was Iris Chacon, a Puerto Rican TV and nightclub performer. Ms. Chacon possesses a rather large posterior which she gyrates in front of the audience. The remainder of her anatomy is equally on display. Her voice is limited and her retinue consists of a talentless group called Standing Ovation.

It was a classy audience that packed these two shows at the large theatre and they loved every minute of Chacon's shenanigans.

potpourri

Guitarist **Earl Klugh** will be the guest soloist at a concert of the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee's Heritage Symphony on May 22.

●

Voice Of America recently broadcast an **Asleep At The Wheel** concert to Russia.

●

Benny Carter recently led a jazz discussion at Princeton's **Afro-American Studies Center.** He also performed with the school's jazz ensemble.

●

Ornette Coleman has signed with **A&M Records** and should have an album out on **Horizon** sometime in the near future.

●

The **Xanadu Jazz All-Stars** recently performed at Oberlin College. **Barry Harris'** trio was augmented by alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson.**

●

Guitarist **Barney Kessel** will present a guitar seminar in Washington, D.C. on April 30 and May 1. The seminars are sponsored by Songsmyth Master Seminars.

●

The **Vancouver** (Canada) **Jazz Society** has obtained a lease on an auditorium located above the Royal Canadian Legion at Fourth Avenue and Trafalgar in Vancouver. The society will be increasing its activities and has already planned a spring series of 24 concerts by six different groups.

●

Cal Tjader will headline the **Fifth Annual Jazz Faire,** sponsored by the Santa Clara County Music Merchants Association on Saturday, April 30. Tjader will conduct a clinic following the concert.

●

The **Indiana University School of Music** will present its annual **Summer Music Festival** from June 24-July 31 in Bloomington. Among those participating this year are **Lukas Foss, Walter Susskind, Isadore Cohen, Leonard Davis, Vladimir Orloff** and **Harvey Phillips.**

●

The **International Trumpet Guild** will hold its 1977 conference at the **University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign** campus from May 18-21. Performers will include the **Army Brass Quintet,** the **Western Brass Quintet, Robert Nagel** of the New York Brass Quintet and recording sessionmen **Marvin Stamm** and **Glenn Stuart.**

●

The **Seventh Annual International Trombone Workshop** will be held May 30-June 3 at **Peabody College** in Nashville, Tenn. This year's faculty will include **Buddy Baker, Bill Watrous, Charles Vernon, Kai Winding, Slide Hampton, Ron Barron, Albert Mangelsdorff** and **Gerald Sloan,** among others.

●

The **Public Broadcasting System's** *Soundstage* has been renewed for a third consecutive year. The show is produced in Chicago.

●

Carol Kaye is scheduled to give an electric bass clinic-concert May 14. The low tones will emanate from the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society, Half Moon Bay, Cal.

●

Harvard University will present a concert by the **Harvard Jazz Band** on April 27. Gathered in the Cambridge campus' Sanders Theatre will be such special guests as **Lee Konitz, Phil Woods** and **Baird Hersey.**

●

Sacramento's **Dixieland Jubilee** gets under way May 27 and runs for four days with guests such as **New Black Eagle Jazz Band, Peanuts Hucko, Abe Most, Queen City Jazz Band, Desert City Six, Pee Wee Erwin** and dozens more.

●

Gene Bertoncini will be guitar instructor during this summer's jazz workshop at Rochester's Eastman School of Music, June 27 thru August 5. A special Arranger's Lab will be held July 11/29. db

FINAL BAR

Bettye Miller, Kansas City's fine female jazz pianist, died of cancer February 28th. She was 49 years old. Ms. Miller who, with husband/bassist Milt Abel, deservedly acquired the largest and most loyal following in the area, was noted for her classically-oriented utilization of full keyboard. At the same time, her subtle blues lines could be pungently wicked; her droll adaptations of rock tunes, an exercise in eclectic cleverness. A sometime-singer, she hushed her listeners with a deep, throaty sound steeped in lyrical pathos. Graduated from Lincoln University, she began her career in Philadelphia with Ethel Waters and Ada Brown. She recorded for various companies and appeared at the Dunes in Las Vegas, Mr. Kelly's in Chicago and the Embers in New York, before settling in Kansas City. She was not to be outdone in soul and sensitivity and will be missed by her many fans and fellow-performers.

THIS PICTURE MADE DRUM HISTORY.

We asked Alex Acuna, star drummer of "Weather Report", to put his Rogers outfit to the tape measure test. He set up – took apart – and then reassembled his complete Londoner Seven outfit plus his extra floor tom, sets of bongos and timbales, and his pair of hi-hats and five cymbals. The result: a precise duplication of height and angle that was never before possible. It means that a drummer can quickly and easily match each set-up every time – so he plays the same "instrument" for every performance!

The "Memri" gives more accurate set-ups in less time. The "Loc" keeps it there. MemriLoc hardware: it gives you more time to do what you enjoy most... drumming. See it now at your Rogers dealer.

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MEMRILOC®

RAY CHARLES *Senior Diplomat*

by pete welding

"When I was a youngster, in my teens, I wanted to do things like make a record one day. I wanted to do things like play in New York, at Carnegie Hall, have a big band, have a million-seller or a gold record, win a Grammy. I wanted to make a movie and star in it. And I've done all these things.

"I've even gone to the White House, which I must tell you, and I don't want to overdramatize it, but I come from a little small town in Florida, in the South, blind, and in those years although I felt that I was accustomed to the situation, still I never would have thought as a youngster in this little town that I would ever set foot in the White House! I mean, really, I got to be honest. I tell you! And to talk to the President of the United States! I mean, shit, that's heavy. But I've done that too. I've gotten keys to cities, had mayors honor me with this and that. So, I've had these honors and I treasure them. You can never take those memories away from me. I've been a very blessed man."

Ray Charles was reflecting on his life in music, which by any yardstick has been formidable. One entire wall in his spacious office was filled, from floor to ceiling, with plaques, awards, framed certificates and other honors he had garnered in his nearly three decades of performing. And were he to display all the gold and platinum records he's won in that time it would probably take all the remaining wall space.

Charles is, let's face it, one of the major performers of our time, a brilliant, compelling singer whose distinctive, emotion-drenched delivery and thrilling dark-hued voice are capable of energizing virtually any type of song. In his long career he's had hits, and many of them too, with blues, r&b, the modern soul music he almost singlehandedly created, country and western material, popular ballad standards, novelty tunes and contemporary songs (just last year he won a Grammy for his deeply affecting version of Stevie Wonder's *Living In The City*). Nor is there apparently any end to his ability to remake any kind of song material into pure Ray Charles. Simply, he is one of the master song stylists of our age who, through the deep power and strong personality of his singing, can transform anything that marvelous voice touches into pure gold, distilling from it all the best it possesses.

The major accomplishments of his career are too well known to warrant retelling here. Suffice it to say that from the middle 1950s, when he electrified popular music with his brilliant fusion of r&b and gospel music, later extending the basic style to incorporate such diverse elements as country music and standard ballads, Charles has been one of the most widely successful and broadly accomplished performers in all of popular music. Nor has his appeal been limited by national or linguistic boundaries, for he is now (and has been for some time) one of the leading concert attractions in world music, his greatly successful tours taking him and his show through Europe, South America and Asia where he remains one of the favorite of all American musical attractions to perform annually.

While he is what is referred to as an "established" artist, Charles is not content to rest on past laurels. He continues to record and to perform with tremendous enthusiasm, with the same fervor, passion and painstaking attention to detail he always has lavished on his music, driving his associates no less than himself to perform at peak expressiveness. He will settle for nothing less. For all his success, Charles appears to be a driven man constantly trying to prove himself. In his mind, the reason is simple.

"See, you don't know whether or not what you do is going to be a success. You don't know that; nobody does. What you do know is that you put your all into it. And as long as you do that, if you really be honest with yourself—of course be sure you're putting your all into it—long as you do that, I don't give a shit what happens. You can't do *no* more! So there ain't no point in worrying about trying to keep up with what you did last year."

An interesting point, that. Given the old showbiz adage, "If they liked it once, they'll love it twice," aren't there tremendous pressures placed on a performer who achieves great success, pressures to continue with what has proven so successful? To keep on producing basically the same kind of things so as not to jeopardize that success?

"The pressures are ones that you will get yourself," Charles observed. "You got to be sure that you don't allow that to happen. You can't stop some of it from happening to you because it's going to happen. I mean, what can you do? You're going to feel it, you *got* to feel it. You can minimize it, however. The point is not to let it control you. You must control it. How do you do that? You control it by saying to yourself, 'Everything that I do, at the time I do it, I'll give it my all.' And then, after that, you just walk away from it. I mean, don't get no hangups in trying to outdo yourself. What you do, when you do it, is give it all you got *then*.

"You see, the thing about creating anything—the next day or the next week, whenever it is, you always can hear or see something in what you have done that, now that it's out, you wish you had done before it came out. You will *always* see that and you will *always* feel that. But you can't let it mess you up.

TIMOTHY ISOM

# of Soul

You've got to say to yourself, 'When I do this today and I put my seal on it, I know that from what I felt at the end of that day I gave it all I had.' Now, once the song is out on the street, next week I might feel that I wish I had done such and such on it. Well, if it's really something good that was not on the record, that's okay too, because when I perform I can make it up there, make the performance of the song better than the record was. So I have that opportunity.

"Now, these things are not errors; I don't mean that. It's what you feel on a given day. That's the thing about creating, and thank God for it. I'm glad that life lets you not just stay with the rub-board all the time. I mean, thank heaven there was somebody to say, 'Wait a minute. The rub-board's fine but I got a feeling that if we make this thing do this, and go like this, we won't have to use that rub-board. We can use something else.' That's what you're doing when you sing, when you perform, when you make a record: to know that you've given it all you got and at the time that record was to your mind as good as you could make it. Besides that, many times what worries you about a given thing, the public may never notice it, 'cause you're looking at it through a microscope."

Does he feel his singing has changed in any way over the years he's been performing?

"I think my voice has leveled out more, in the sense that it's not as light as it was in my twenties. My voice was very light then. I think it has taken on more of a seasoned sound over the years, but that's about it. And also some of that, I'm sure, is due to the fact that I know how to control it better. I do think, however, that there is an honest difference in the sound of my voice than, say, at 21 or 23 than what it is now at 46. It is a little heavier, gotten a little more weight to it. Now, that's the voice itself. But what I think has happened more so, though, is the fact that I have learned from doing a lot of singing, and singing under adverse conditions. I mean singing many times when the mike's bad or singing many times when you don't feel good, you're sick—and you learn how to take your voice and get the most out of it. You learn what it will do at the time and what it won't do at the time. You study yourself, I think, the same as you study an instrument; your voice is an instrument. I know I do. If I happen to be hoarse, I pretty well know what I can do. I'll test it when I'm singing on a gig. I'll find out, I'll run it through its paces in a song to find out what it's going to allow me to do on that night. And I'll adjust to that.

"While it's true that your satisfactions become different as you learn more about your voice and what it's capable of, as you grow as a performer, it's also fair to say that you are more critical of yourself because you know what you're capable of. That's why I really understand what people mean when they talk about the difference between a guy who is a thrower and one who is a pitcher. It's the same in music. In my case, I've already set a philosophy for me, I've already set my guidelines. My guideline is that on any given night, the minute I hit that stage you can be sure if it's 500 or 5000—if anything, more so if it's 500—I'm going to give it all I got. The reason for that is, if there's 500 people in the audience, I want those people to walk out and tell their friends, 'Well, honey, there wasn't too many of us there but he put on a bitch of a show. You really missed it.' I prefer that to, say, 'Hey, man, wasn't too many of us there, and I'm sorry I went 'cause the show was a drag.' I'm just that way. That's for openers. I believe this is the attitude one should direct his attention to. But above all, and I really and truly mean above all, I have to be good to me. I must please *me,* and I'm a hard sonofabitch to please. And that's the truth."

That tells us much about Charles' philosophy as an entertainer, how he views himself and his approach to music. But where is he now? Where does he stand in reference to contemporary music and contemporary musical thought? What does he think about the music of today? Does he listen to much of it and, if so, what sorts of things does he find himself attracted to? How does he view himself within the context of the current music scene or is he, in a sense, above and beyond it? Where, for example, does his career stand now?

"I think my career has been very steady, very level for some time now. I guess one could always say one could do better, have better things happening to them, but then one could have a hell of a lot worse things happening to them too. So what I'm really saying is that my personal feeling about my career is this: it has been very even in the sense that the public has genuinely supported me. You know, every time you add on a year in this business, to my mind, you're really doing something. Most artists can come out and make a couple of hit records and they may stay out three, four, five, maybe six years, and that's usually about tops. So when you think that over the last ten years I'm still able to go places and play and fill the house—certainly, you know, 80 percent—well, that's gratifying.

"I wish I had a command of language sufficient to really describe how it makes you feel inside to know that you have people who really love what you do, people all over this world, and I mean they are very loyal to you. I mean, we can play in a little town in Japan—I don't mean Tokyo 'cause Tokyo's a big town and a lot of people speak English there—but I'm talking about the little towns in Japan. The auditoriums are packed and three-fourths of the people don't speak any English. And yet they're there, and you know they love you 'cause they can't say anything to you except they want your 'autogram' or something, meaning an autograph, and just touch you, shake hands with you. I don't know of any word that can do justice to describing how that makes you feel, especially as long as I've been in this. So you know it's not an overnight thing that's going to fade. And the people are very, very genuine in their reactions. And that's beautiful. It's like my listening to Spanish singing; I don't understand the words but I can understand the feeling.

"My audiences are made up, I think, of my old fans and new listeners. Both of them. Little kids that I run into at airports, in hotels and places, they run and get their parents, their mothers, and say, 'That's Ray Charles.' And of course when kids can come to places where youngsters are allowed, they're there.

"I still record too, different ways. I mean, I still record my bluesy thing or my rhythm-y thing or soul thing or whatever the right name is—I don't know; they got so many, I lose track. And I still will do a song like, say, *Country Roads,* which the people really love, or *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life.* I still sing *Georgia On My Mind,* and the people still love it. I don't do medleys of my hits, although I know I should do at least one.

"My feeling is that what we try to do is to take the songs that we know have proven themselves—not only at the time they were recorded but even over the years—songs that people still love to hear, and we try to get about 65 or 70% of the songs that we know people have spent their money to come to hear. The programs may change. For instance, I might do *Born To Lose* one night; at another show instead of doing *Born To Lose* I may do *You Don't Know Me* or *Take These Chains,* which were very big songs too. One may change the position of songs and also, me, I'm very spontaneous. I don't sing written notes. I sing whatever I feel on *that* night. So *Georgia* is never the same, not because I'm trying to make it different but just because that's how I sing.

"We have quite a big band book, that's true. And of course you're always changing things. There are new things we're recording all the time and we add them. And arrangers bring me things, instrumental things for my band to play. See, I'm a great lover of big bands. I love to hear a band really shout. I have great admiration for bands like Duke's and Basie's and Woody Herman's. Woody Herman, he's one of my true favorites. He always comes up with some hell of a sounding cats.

"As for listening, I listen to jazz a lot today. I guess I'm probably like everyone else—I mean you listen to the people you really like. I don't really know who all is out there today, and that's why I mentioned Woody Herman's band. I listen to the radio; you always listen to what's going on around you—if you love music. So I listen to the jazz stations, the so-called pop stations, to the soul stations. I always listen 'cause, first of all, I want to know what's happening in my world. That's for openers. But secondly, like anybody else, it depends on my mood and what kind of music I think I would like to hear, providing I'm not going to play records, my own tapes or whatever.

"My own favorites, I'd start off with Charlie Parker or Art Tatum, guys like Clark Terry, Dizzy Gillespie, Lockjaw Davis and Johnny Griffin. Stan Getz can play his ass off too, I'll tell you. A lot of people don't realize that, but he plays! Of course that's just a few. There's a guy I love to hear play—he hasn't been around all that long—Niels (Henning Orsted) Pedersen. I think he's from Denmark. He reminds me of Ray Brown, only I think he has really gotten more deeply into it. Just like if you think of a guy like Jimmy Blanton, and then along came Ray Brown; it's the same type of thing with Pedersen. He's taken it along from Ray Brown.

"I still listen to Artie Shaw; I'm a great lover of his. I got to tell you that even during the era when everybody was saying the King of Swing was Benny Goodman—you know, that's the way he was considered—then and even now I still feel that Artie Shaw played as much as him but with more feeling. That's my honest opinion. To me there was a guy that really and truly was a bitch of a musician. He had a great band.

"As far as popular music goes, I like Aretha. I like Stevie. I feel he's going to develop, in my mind, into one of the Duke Ellingtons of

this century. I mean, he's young now, but then Duke was young too when he got started. But you can see it there, it's *there* now and as he gets older and, of course, if he's dedicated—see, that's one thing about what Duke was, God rest his soul—you got to be dedicated with this stuff. And if he's really dedicated to it, he's going to be tremendous, because he's got youth on his side.

"Why I say Stevie is more like Duke, or would be the coming Duke Ellington of our time, is because he is a composer, and that's what I mean. And Stevie, even in addition to that, where he has some plusses too, is that he does a couple of other things exceptionally well. Forget for a moment the records—I ain't talking about his records. He really and truly is a bitch of a harmonica player. I have to say that. I think he is next to Toots Thielemans. Now that's kind of heavy, ain't it? But I believe it. I think he understands the harmonica quite well. And he plays piano, synthesizer and so on, and I think somebody told me he plays drums as well. So he can obviously be a great entertainer on stage, to start off with, not to mention his singing, performing and producing on records.

"I think what sets him apart, however, is his writing. He's a good writer now, which means that he cannot do anything but improve if he's dedicated and works at it. Look how his writing has improved over the years. I think that if he doesn't have anybody to hassle his mind that kind of improvement will continue; the main thing is if people will leave him alone and let him do that. Because that's important too, to many artists. Some artists don't have as much strength as others when it comes to how much hassling they can take, and I don't know for sure whether Stevie is strong that way or whether he's one of these kinds of people who one day may just say, 'Oh, fuck it, why should I have to go through such. . . .'

"I also like Chaka Khan; I think she's a nice singer. I have a fellow here called Darrell Fletcher who records for my company [Crossover Records]. He's a young boy and he's really going to be very good. There are many others. Billy Preston's out there. I think Earth, Wind and Fire is a very decent group. See, these are all singers that are in what I would call the soul field.

"Well, that's what I do when I'm home. I listen to people like that. I don't listen to much rock music because I don't know too much about it. But for me, what I do, is just do me, whatever comes out, that's it. But there isn't any point in my getting into nothing like, say, the Rolling Stones' music. It's not that I *can't* get into it; that has nothing to do with it. I know exactly what's happening and going on there, obviously, because I think I'm a halfway decent musician, and so I know what's being done there. But my point is that it's not my kind of thing and, for me, I prefer to stay more in my little feelings. I don't care whether I'm singing a country and western song or whatever, I prefer to stay in my feelings. Now, I use certain things that are used today in contemporary music, like I'll use a synthesizer, an Arp, or a wah-wah or a phase shifter. You got to keep up with things, after all, but I'm still me.

"As for selecting material to record, I select it the way I've always done. If I hear something I like, I do it. I have a little file of things I've heard and liked, and sometimes I come down here [to the office] at one o'clock, two o'clock in the morning when it's quiet and I play a lot of demos and tapes that people send me—not only from publishing companies but from ordinary people who think they got a song. I have been known to do songs that people send me that way. It's a matter of what I like. I don't have no producer. I do what I want to do, so if I feel the song, if it turns out I like the song, really like it, I'll record it. That's all there is to it.

"I think there are certain things that happen when you have groups that are really good recording groups. That's a field of its own, in a certain sense. See, some people you say, well, they're good performers but they don't record good, and some people are good at recording but don't perform well, and so forth. But I think the name of the game is within the artists themselves. How limited are the people who are doing what they're doing? That's what it boils down to being. I think the better you improve your musicianship, the easier you're going to find it is to communicate. Just like you perfect anything. I used to hear people say, 'Oh, Willie Mays made a spectacular catch. It looked so easy, like he wasn't doing anything!' That's the way it's supposed to be, supposed to look. So, I think that's the key to singing or playing an instrument or whatever it is you want to do—you got to really work at it. And of course you've got to have some natural talent too.

"It's a matter of what I like. I don't have no producer. I do what I want to do, so if I feel the song, if it turns out I like the song, really like it, I'll record it. That's all there is to it."

"I feel that the kids of today, and this is not a putdown, I just think it's an honest statement, I think the sad thing is that far too many youngsters don't take the time to really learn their instruments like musicians used to. So, as a result, there's not that much creativity in music nowadays. I'm not talking about a guy who goes and makes a record and has a hit; I mean that has nothing to do with how well you play. See, I think that what's helpful, and what cats had to do in earlier years is that they did have to try to expand their musical ability. Just because it was a matter of survival, so that was the motive for their doing that. Probably now, with the affluent situation being what it is—I mean there ain't nobody really that hungry, when you get right down it—it means there is no motivation unless a kid just happens to care and really wants to see what he can really do with his instrument. Instead of saying, 'Hey, man, I can play two chords like Bob Dylan' or 'I can play a lick like B.B. King'—and that's it.

"Musicianship is de-emphasized. I think what a guy should want to do is to really go and learn his instrument and find out what the hell is going on with it. Actually learn it inside out, 'cause I'll tell you something. You can take some of the older guys and set them in a one-on-one situation with a young musician—you know, like you play basketball one-on-one—and the kid, you know, he gets smothered. This goes for young listeners too because, for whatever reasons, I think they are not exposed to enough of what instruments can do, and what musicians ought to be able to do with these particular instruments. This is not saying that if you know a certain trend is in for making a record you can't do that. You can do that and a lot more besides. Studying the instrument thoroughly is not going to hamper you as far as that goes. You will be able to do it all. After all, there are many, many guys who, whatever situation you put them in, they can take care of business.

"That's what I see as the pity of it now. I'm not saying this is true of all rock musicians, but I am saying that it is for far too many. Because, you see, you got certain guys who came along and did a lot of creating, particularly in jazz. You take a guy like Louis Armstrong; well, he's *gone* now. Duke Ellington is *gone*. Charlie Parker is *gone*. Art Tatum is *gone*. Charlie Christian is *gone*. Coleman Hawkins is *gone*. So, basically what you have left is, say, you got Dizzy Gillespie left, you got Oscar Peterson, you got Milt Jackson. But most of these guys are getting up in age. There ain't nobody coming along; well, I shouldn't say there ain't *nobody*. But if there is, it's like one or two people maybe coming along. But for the most part, with the youngsters and the availability that kids have now for so many things and opportunities that a lot of us didn't have when we were coming along, it's sad that there aren't more people to come along to pick up that slack.

"As to playing rock and contemporary music, if you're a good jazz musician you can go right ahead and go on and do that. Say, look, if that's what they call for, I can do it, man. You just put your mind to it and really go on and go ahead and do it. 'Cause, you see, you got to feel it and you got to *know* how to do it. You can't go the other way. That's what I'm talking about. See, I could take Milt Jackson under any conditions and say, 'Look, man, this is the kind of shit we're going to play—some lowdown filthy blues, or we gonna play what they call rock.' Here he is, he's got it. It ain't necessarily his thing; that ain't what he likes to do to make himself happy and comfortable, 'cause he likes jazz and that's the world he wants to be in. But he can sit right there and play the shit out of it. No problem. I'm telling you, I've seen him do it. Play the hell out of some blues.

"And that's the thing I'm talking about. Out of that you take what you particularly like to do and you do that. Because that's what makes you happy, and you're cool and you're saying to yourself, 'Well, hell, I could make more money doing such and such kind of music, but I like this. It makes me happy and I'm comfortable and I dig it, so I'm going to do this and make less money.' But your choices have not been limited by your lack of knowledge; because you know more, you can choose more wisely. That's what I mean."

There can be no doubting the sincerity of the singer's concern over what he feels are serious deficiencies in the musicianship of many young performers today. Given the painful difficulty with which he acquired his own musical education Charles appreciates, as do few performers, the value of a solid grounding in the fundamental principles of music and a thorough mastery of the full potentialities of whatever instrument is studied. He is genuinely saddened, and perhaps even nonplussed, by the present devaluation of what are, to his mind, proven, time-honored principles. He views them as critically valuable, necessary aids to genuine and, what's more important, sustained creativity, qualities he finds woefully absent in much of contemporary music, a

lack that stems in large part from the incomplete knowledge that far too many young performers bring to their musical productions.

This, it seems to me, is not so much the "sour grapes" thinking of one on the downslope of the so-called generation gap—and Charles is, after all, 46 years old—or an inability on his part to come to grips with a new musical conception that is in many ways radically different from his own or that of his generation, as it is a matter of his recognizing real and serious shortcomings in a great deal of contemporary music, particularly rock and related forms. If he pays little attention to them, as appears to be the case, it is undoubtedly the result of their simplism, the narrow compass of their forms and devices and concerns, and the limited range of their potentialities for creative expression and continued growth. Rock is not expansive enough for Charles, one feels, and this is the major reason he largely is indifferent to it. The level of its musical thought is too low, and this the singer feels is the direct result of the general lack of real musicianship among younger musicians. Coupled with and compounding this problem is the related factor of present day radio programming practices, a subject Charles views with some concern.

"I think radio as it is today," he observes, "is too sterile in the sense that there ain't nearly enough variety available to the listener. That is, on *our* radio, here in America. When I travel around the world, visit different places, Asia, Europe, South America, wherever I go, everywhere except in America the people have a chance to hear some other kinds of music, even if they listen to just one station all the time. If you like to listen to that station, what they do for you, they're going to play you some of the things you like but they're also going to play some other kinds of music too. So at least you know what else is happening besides the same shit you hear hour after hour.

"You turn on a station here, though, and what you're going to hear all day is basically the playlist. That's it. Somehow that's sick; I think it's crazy. You see, what's bad about it is the effect it has on people. It makes the people, the listeners, limited too. I think radio could do a hell of a thing by expanding its programming. Because, you see, if you turn on your favorite station and you like basically what they play, that gives them the opportunity to let you know, say, what the number one song is in France. That's what they do in Europe, for example. I don't mean that they give you a steady diet of it, but at least you get to know what the top songs are in France, in England or in Italy. And that's good. Or they will also let you hear, say, one short minuet or something like that. And that's good for people. Because you can't blame the people for not knowing or liking a certain thing if they don't get to hear it. See, I can't tell you that I don't like olives if I'm not exposed to them. It's the same thing with music: I got to have it, got to hear it a couple of times.

"What I mean by that—take, for example, a certain type of music you're familiar with, the first time you heard it you didn't necessarily like it. Right? Haven't you heard songs and said to yourself, 'Well, I didn't like that thing when it first came out but the more I hear it, it kind of grows on you, doesn't it?' That's what I'm talking about. You got to give people the chance to find out if they like something, and what you do is integrate it with other things you know they like. I don't think you need to stuff things down people's throats. That's not it. I think the trouble with a lot of programming today is that what they try to do is go all out in just one direction—in other words, they're going to give you all of it at one time, or nothing.

"I think what you have to do is to kind of wean people into something, just like you wean a baby off a bottle. And radio can do that, just like television can do that.

"In fairness I should say that I think that, if anything, there probably is a little more variety in the music on radio now than there was in the 1940s. Certainly at least in the sense that for the most part soul music, as we call it nowadays, was very minute on radio in those days. I mean, you might have one specialized station that might have done it, but for the most part you wouldn't hear any 'race music' on the radio as such. Chances are you wouldn't catch a WNEW playing anything like that then. Now in the '40s I was only 10, 12, 14 years old and I was raised in an area of the South but I don't believe, at least not from the stories I've heard from people in other parts of the country who were listening to radio in those days, that it was that much different in other places. As regards 'race music,' that is.

"See, that's what it was called then—'race music.' We would say 'soul music' now, which is in essence the same kind of music it always was. I mean, people who were singing the blues and everything else they sung, they sung with some *feeling*, either if they liked it from a bluesy or a spiritual feeling. I was raised up with that. I've watched that kind of music come up with at least four or five different names, starting out with 'race music.' It's still the same thing. I can get you some old records and, of course, you won't have the Fender bass and you won't have the electric guitar, but the shit, it's the *same*. You understand what I'm saying? I mean, it's what it *is*, and that's it!"

After having recorded for a number of large record firms in the past, notably Atlantic Records and ABC Records, Charles currently releases his recordings on his own label, Crossover Records, an outgrowth of his earlier ABC-distributed Tangerine Records operation.

"When I got with ABC," he recalled, "I had a dual purpose with them. I was an artist *and* a producer. See, I didn't produce anybody else; I only produced myself but I was the producer because my contract called for that. In other words, in this contract I was paid so much on a record *as* a producer besides being a performer. And I mean it was very substantial, I must say. It was a hell of a contract, perhaps the first of its kind, to be honest.

"But then around '61 I wanted this record company and ABC allowed me to have my own record label. Which means, at the time, in '61, I couldn't record for it but I could have other people record for it and ABC would distribute it. We had Percy Mayfield, Louis Jordan, Terrell Prude, John Anderson's big band and mine too. We also had a group called The Vocals which eventually became the Fifth Dimension. Those were the main artists. It wasn't a big company. Even my company now [Crossover Records] is not a big company. Except the difference now is that *I* record for it. Well, I started Tangerine in '61, as I say, and that went on until '65, so this was about five years of that. And, then, I started recording for myself in 1965, and ABC continued to distribute it for me up until about 1973. That's when Crossover was started.

"We release, I would say, about four singles and two or three albums in the course of a year, something like that. The roster consists of myself, the Raelets, Joel Webster, Darrell Fletcher and the Sims Twins. And that's about it, five artists. As a producer, I'm involved with some of these, with myself naturally, and the Raelets. And whenever I'm asked, because many times the kids will come to me and ask if I'll help them out. Like, many times Darrell seems to get inspiration, he says, from me and he'll ask me to do something or to help him with something. But mainly I'm involved only with my recordings and the Raelets', and that's it.

"For the last 12 or 14 years I've been working pretty much the same way. I take the first three months of the year off from performing and touring. This serves a dual purpose. It gives me a chance to be at home for a while, that's for one. It also gives me a chance to devote a continuous amount of time to recording, like every day, so whatever your ideas are you don't have to put them off. It gives me a chance to do a little television, some interviews, and do a little producing, things like that.

"Besides, to my mind, this time of year is kind of rough. I have worked in this time of the year and I've found that, for the most part, it's a little rough in the sense that it's wintertime and the first three months till about the end of March the weather's bad. And people have just had Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's. Which means that by the time they've gone through all that buying and giving and such, everybody's for the most part a little broke. So I don't want to hurt the concert promoters. I like for the cat to be able to make some money. So I figure I'll cool it for three months and kind of let the pocket books fill up a little.

"As to my goals, I've pretty much done everything I've wanted to do. I *would* like to be more involved, or spend more time working

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SELECTED CHARLES DISCOGRAPHY

THE GREAT RAY CHARLES—Atlantic 1259
THE GENIUS OF RAY CHARLES—Atlantic 1312
THE BEST OF RAY CHARLES—Atlantic 1543
THE GREATEST RAY CHARLES—Atlantic 8054
RAY CHARLES LIVE—Atlantic 2-503
COME LIVE WITH ME—Crossover 9000
RENAISSANCE—Crossover 9005
MY KIND OF SOUL—Crossover 9007
HALLELUJAH I LOVE HER SO—Atlantic 8006
YES INDEED!—Atlantic 8025
WHAT'D I SAY—Atlantic 8029
THE GENIUS SINGS THE BLUES—Atlantic 8052
THE RAY CHARLES STORY—Atlantic 2-900
THE RAY CHARLES STORY, VOL. 3—Atlantic 8083
THE RAY CHARLES STORY, VOL. 4—Atlantic 8094
GENIUS HITS THE ROAD—ABC 335
RAY CHARLES AND BETTY CARTER—ABC 385
MODERN SOUNDS IN COUNTRY AND WESTERN MUSIC, VOL. 1—ABC 410
GREATEST HITS—ABC 415
MODERN SOUNDS IN COUNTRY AND WESTERN MUSIC, VOL. 2—ABC 435
INGREDIENTS IN A RECIPE FOR SOUL—ABC 465
SWEET AND SOUR TEARS—ABC 480
HAVE A SMILE WITH ME—ABC 495
LIVE IN CONCERT—ABC 500
COUNTRY AND WESTERN MEETS RHYTHM AND BLUES—ABC 520
CRYING TIME—ABC 544
RAYS MOODS—ABC 550
A MAN AND HIS SOUL—ABC 590X
GENIUS PLUS SOUL EQUALS JAZZ—Impulse AS-2
with Milt Jackson
SOUL BROTHERS—Atlantic 1279
SOUL MEETING—Atlantic 1360

SARAH VAUGHAN

Never Ending Melody

by arnold jay smith

It's hard to believe that three decades have passed since Sarah Vaughan started out as the piano-playing singer with Earl Hines' band. Yet her approach to songs is as musically oriented as ever. While Ella Fitzgerald, her mentor, is more of a seat-of-the-pants improvisor, Sassy still utilizes chord changes and studiously weaves through them in her highly individualistic way. Newer stars like Flora Purim and Dee Dee Bridgewater have lately acknowledged their debt to Ms. Vaughan in more than a verbal manner.

In the context of 1977, we find Sarah presently involved with the production of her first album for Atlantic. It will be an album of Beatles tunes, some familiar, some more obscure, all tasteful, and Sarah has been finding the lyrics and music challenging enough for her massive talents. In this interview, Sassy and her husband/manager Marshall Fisher discussed the new album and many other current developments.

• • •

Vaughan: This is the most exciting album I have ever made in my life, because I was involved. I was *really* involved in this album. I could say, "No, I don't like that," and they would take it out. . . . In fact, they are going to start mixing when I get back home to California and I will be there to help. It's the first time I have ever been so involved with an album. Before this I would go into a studio less than a slave.

The album came about when we were in Nice on Bastille Day, and you dare not go out alone on Bastille Day. George Wein couldn't get us a car so we stayed in the hotel and listened to the radio. Someone was singing a tune that I liked and it was a Lennon-McCartney tune. I picked up the phone and called Marty Paich, my arranger. Then we got through to Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic and have been working on it ever since.

Smith: What was your last recording before this?

Vaughan: That was *Live In Japan*, the one that was nominated for the Grammy. Lord knows, I don't know why it was, either. It must be three years old. It was badly edited—sometimes you hear the bass, sometimes the drums. But nobody else in the average world out there would notice that anyhow. It made a star out of John Giannelli, the bass player.

Smith: Speaking of bass players, some singers have told me that they are getting their changes from the bass rather than the piano. Have you ever felt that way?

Vaughan: I never thought of it that way. If the bass player is off, it would throw me off. I rely on the piano because of that. I can't think of anything that will throw me more off pitch than an out of tune bass. I listen to bass notes when I play the piano. If I can't get a chord I will play the bass notes and that will help me get the chord together.

DAVID REDFERN

I've had some of the best bass players, too. I would have liked to have kept Percy Heath forever. We have Walter Booker now, who is excellent.

Fisher: Let me throw some statistics at you to exemplify how difficult it has been to keep a bass player. We have had Jimmy Cobb on drums for seven years; Carl Schroeder has been on piano five years. In the six years I've been with Sarah we have had ten bass players.

Vaughan: I wish all the good ones would have stayed, but everybody wants a good bass player. If the money is better elsewhere than what they're gettin' with us I'm sure they're going to leave. I don't blame them.

Smith: I've noticed something in your staging. The sound is always so perfect lately. You hardly ever mumble to the sound crews anymore. Your mike stays live when you need it to be. The bass and piano are crisp and highly audible.

Vaughan: We use our own system.

Fisher: Marshall has a Helpinstill piano pickup. It's a magnetic unit and it has six pickups that cover the whole harp. You can balance it out and eliminate hot spots. It completely obviates any possibility of feedback. The only open mike on stage when Sarah is singing is hers. There's a Polytone pickup on the bass, the Helpinstill in the piano and we don't mike the drums. There are 88 keys being amplified, not just a few as with mikes.

Smith: How does that help you, Sarah?

Vaughan: It makes the sound correct, something I've always been striving for. With our own system we have two speakers on the stage and we control our sound. The other sound in the auditorium does not bother ours at all. There are always engineers out there who just play with dials. At times I may want dynamics so I'll pull the mike away from me. That's a cue for the dial turner to turn the gain up and ruin the effect. I get mad and that makes for bad show, I'll tell you.

Smith: How much trouble is it to travel with all of this equipment?

Vaughan: We have a truck and a driver here in the East. We travel around in the truck and it contains all our instruments. When we go to Washington, for example, we just throw everything into the truck and go. You'd be surprised how much expense that cuts down.

Smith: Also, I would imagine, less aggravation, less tension and therefore less strain on your voice. I've always thought that a singer should be a musician. There are too many out there who don't know anything about the music.

Vaughan: Well, I don't know. Some people have very good ears. Look at Erroll Garner; he could not read one note of music. People who just have a feeling for music can be just as good as those who know a lot about it. I don't know if Frank Sinatra reads or not, but who cares? I think half the people in this business can't read. When I want to hire musicians I sometimes am very shocked when I find out that so many cannot read music. But they have some darn good ears.

Smith: Even the young musicians can't read? Are there other problems?

Vaughan: You'd be surprised. We were working the Troubador once and one fella was playing the Fender bass and he was absolutely out of sight. I wanted to hire him on the spot. We found out that he does not play upright, but he could read, I'll say that for him.

Fisher: Curiously enough, on the Grammy telecast the bass player that Jack Elliot, the musical director, hired was excellent. But he only played Fender, by his own choice. I'm sure he originally played upright. Sassy wanted her own trio sound so they got Monty Budwig.

Smith: What about electric and acoustic piano?

Vaughan: Electric piano is for certain spots. We went to see Betty Carter in a club in L.A. When we got there, nobody was working because the club only had an electric piano. I thought that was a little odd, but in this business you think that everything has happened. I got news for you, there are 20 million more things we don't know about that are gonna

pop up—each stranger than the next. So, Betty didn't work that night, and I don't blame her. I wouldn't have worked with only electric either. A whole show? My goodness, it runs you nuts.

We had David Hungate on electric bass on our session and I could handle that. We even had electric piano, but only in spots. The Paich arrangements call for that.

Fisher: By the way, Marty and his son David arranged the new album. David did the Boz Scaggs one, *Silk Degrees*.

Vaughan: That was double platinum. It's hard enough to get gold. How do you get platinum? Honey, I have never had a gold nothing. My biggest record was *Broken Hearted Melody* and they still ask for it and it drives me nuts.

Smith: How do you avoid that?

Vaughan: That's easy. Record stuff that you love so you don't mind singing it for the rest of your life.

Smith: You had your pop period. *Broken Hearted Melody, Please Mr. Smith, Waltzing Down the Aisle With You. . . .*

Vaughan: After all that I did with "Fatha" Hines and Billy Eckstine, I never was able to understand how the recording people could get those tunes for me. But they got 'em. They were the kind of tunes you don't have to go far to get. They are just lying around in piles. A lot of the time the record company owns the tunes, or whatever.

Fisher: We just sent Sarah's first tune over to Alan and Marilyn Bergman to put lyrics on it. No title yet, though.

Vaughan: They are so good to work with. I hope they like it. I've already been thinking about some changes I want in it. I imagine, as good as they are, they would have to like the tune before they would put lyrics to it.

Smith: Jazz musicians rarely play a tune the same way in person as they record it. How is it with you?

Vaughan: I have trouble recording things the same way twice. Once I put it down, I can't remember how I did it. For the Beatle album I was asked to put down a vocal line with the rhythm section so they could get a feel. Now Marty is saying that the first voice I recorded was better than the later one.

Smith: Ron Carter has said that the first take down is best.

Vaughan: Oh, Ron Carter. Would I like to have him! If I had the money I'd pay him and he'd work for me, too. Wouldn't you, Ron? I worked with him in Las Vegas for a Monk Montgomery musicians' date. Harvey Mason was on drums. It was like I had been working with them all my life. Those are the kind of musicians I like. You say "A flat" and go.

Smith: That's the way Lena Horne feels about George Duvivier.

Vaughan: George Duvivier. I could take him along with me too.

Smith: Who else do you like to work with?

Vaughan: I like symphony orchestras.

Fisher: We used the Santa Barbara Symphony as a rehearsal orchestra once. There's a very rich cultural community down there. We also did something with the San Jose Symphony—we ran down the Marty Paich string charts that we did at Carnegie Hall during Newport '76.

Because of the symphonies in those comparatively small communities, there are more good places to work. Tulsa now has a performing arts center. There are more good halls being built every day all over the country. So we are staying out of the hotels, out of the saloons as much as possible.

Vaughan: I age in night clubs. I get old and evil. Since I stopped drinking I really get old and evil. When I was drinking a little bit I could cope with it better. I can't now—the noise, the rudeness. I don't mean the loud talkers; even I do that in clubs sometimes. I mean the drunks who sit at ringside and put their feet upon the stage, or sit with their backs to you. Then you have to think of something to say so you don't cuss 'em out.

Smith: Carmen McRae just slaps her hand on the piano hard and says it in four letter words.

Vaughan: I can't do that. I cuss with friends only, you know how musicians are. There are ways. You can make a joke out of it. . . . Then they get to shutting each other up.

Smith: Let's go back a moment to where you said that you will record a tune that you like so you won't mind doing it the rest of your life. You are in contact with your audience. That's your approach. You feed off them.

Vaughan: That's right. It's the people out there who make you perform. Vegas could be that way, but they cater to the gamblers, and the shows just happen to be there. The gamblers would go even if there were no shows. With all the entertainment out there, I don't know why they can't get a variety of stuff going. I don't know what they have against jazz.

Monk Montgomery is doing his darnedest to improve that. We were at the Sahara and saw Ella, Basie, Joe Pass and Oscar Peterson and then went downtown to the Tender Trap and saw Diz. That was the first time you could ever do that. And it's all because of Monk. He needs all the help he can get. I'd have given up a long time ago. I don't mean for them to stop doing what they are doing in Vegas, but there is enough room for others. I used to work there all the time, when they had the lounges. Now there's something. If they would bring back the lounges! That's where the swingin' crowd would go. Don't forget the swingers.

Smith: Have you always performed with strings when you could?

Vaughan: We just wanted to play Carnegie Hall with strings, so we did. The music had already been written.

Smith: You did an a cappella version of *Summertime*. Was that the first time?

Vaughan: Well, I was in South America and I was asked by a producer, Herminio Bello Carvalho, to sing that without music. The first time was not quite a cappella. The mike was giving me so much trouble that I threw it down on the stage and sang to 2500 without the benefit of amplification. So it sort of started out as an accident.

I don't do it more often because at the end of the tune Carl usually hits the key I'm supposed to be in. I'm usually a little off and I hate that. I like to start and finish in the same key. Sometimes I'm a half step away and it drives me nuts. So if anybody says I have perfect pitch they are mistaken.

Fisher: We did a concert with the National Symphony in Washington, D.C. that was structured from full symphony down to 36 pieces, then to trio, to bass only and finally a cappella. We closed on the a cappella number. Very dramatic.

Vaughan: That's fine sometimes. I never plan a show. I feel that if you plan, it's not going to come out right. I just pick me a show and go. Then when I get out there and they look a little strange, I'll pull out something that I'm sure everybody will know. I can't go wrong with *Misty* or *Tenderly*. I usually close with one of them, but I'll put it in the middle of the show if the audience is looking at me as if they don't know who the hell I am.

"You've got to have fun up on that stage because you're going to do the same songs every night. If you don't have some fun, you are going to quit this business soon. You can't let some drunk get you mad, either."

SELECTED VAUGHAN DISCOGRAPHY

LIVE IN JAPAN—Mainstream MRL 2401
MORE FROM JAPAN LIVE—Mainstream MRL 419
ECHOES OF AN ERA: THE SARAH VAUGHAN YEARS—Roulette RE 103
SARAH VAUGHAN WITH MICHEL LEGRAND—Mainstream MRL 361
SWINGIN' EASY—Trip TLP 5551
1955—Trip TLP 5501
GREAT SONGS FROM HIT SHOWS—Trip TLP 5589
AFTER HOURS—Columbia CL 660
IN HI-FI—Columbia CL 745
SINGS GEORGE GERSHWIN—Mercury MGP-2-101
GOLDEN HITS—Mercury SR 60645
AFTER HOURS AT THE LONDON HOUSE—Mercury MG 20383
AT MR. KELLY'S—Mercury MG 20326
AT THE BLUE NOTE—Mercury MG 20094
WONDERFUL SARAH—Mercury MG 20219

I might pick out an opening tune figuring it will go over socko and it doesn't. So I'll start changing tunes right away. That's why I like to be next to my trio so I can whisper to them.

Smith: You do *Feelings*, which has to contain the most inane lyrics to come around in the last ten years, with such a rich harmonic line that it belies those lyrics.

Vaughan: I'll tell you something else. The song has no ending either. You have to make up your own ending. I guess I'm a little tongue-in-cheek. I stick in the "woe, woe, woes" and lately I make the ending kind of dirty: "I'm feeling you and you're feeling me and I gotcha, etc." I like inventing those things. Again, it keeps me interested on stage.

Erroll passed and now *Misty* has taken on new meaning to me and the audiences. (*Sarah was the first person to record the Garner tune with lyrics.*) I also do one of the Beatle things and dedicate it to Erroll. *Golden Slumbers* has such a beautiful lyric and it fit, so I used it.

Smith: Do you ever want to play the piano again?

Vaughan: I *always* want to play the piano, but since I don't play that well, I only play behind closed doors. Every now and then I get the urge to play on stage. It's the hardest thing I have to do. I get so nervous. All ten of my fingers tremble and that's why I make so many mistakes.

I would like to talk about the new album, if I may, not because I want to plug it, but because I'm so happy with it. The tunes are only ones that Lennon and McCartney wrote when

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"It's a strange time we're living through, and I think that people have to realize that it's all part of a society going too fast. Jazz is only about 75 years old, and yet you're criticized for playing anything that sounds like it was ten years ago. But we play classical music that goes back two or three hundred years."

Fundamental Advocate

MIKE MOORE

by bill kirchner

Bassist Mike Moore is one of those rare musicians who receives the esteem of just about everyone who knows him. Example: "Any piano player who can't sound good with Mike Moore behind him," declares veteran pianist John Bunch, "should look for another line of work." Or, for the testimonial to end all testimonials, witness Whitney Balliett's recent *New Yorker* encomium:

"Moore has breathtaking technique, more than enough taste to keep it in check, and a melodic imagination that converts each solo into a succession of new and beautiful songs, may they be four or 14 bars in length. He has become—despite the ever-increasing army of young bassists gathered beyond the walls—our premier bassist, and is one of the best new jazz musicians to emerge in the past decade."

One may reasonably ask why such an extraordinary player—who is at least as capable as several bassists who record frequently and who place highly in various magazine polls—has gotten so little recognition outside of a small circle of musicians and critics. The answer, I believe, lies in Moore's preference for music that is currently unfashionable. For instance, one of his most rewarding associations was with the now-defunct Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet. In this context, Moore found musical satisfaction that he missed in other ensembles.

"I just am more traditional—at least I've grown that way in the last couple of years. In playing with a lot of people I was never very happy, because the solos went on for days. As for the tunes, you'd be playing some jazz player's original song that wasn't as good as George Gershwin's tunes. In Ruby's case, he lives by the ideals that I find so important, and he was a very big influence on me. He really reaffirmed my faith in playing beautiful songs and playing them sanely and melodically for people. And I realized that when we played for people we could please anybody; we could please a truck driver off the street or we could please a jazz fan.

"The roots were all there in jazz, it was very organized, and we rehearsed a lot. We did a Rodgers and Hart album—with all the verses—and we did an all-Gershwin album. I was very happy in that band, even though I didn't have a lot of solo room, because it was such a great experience to learn that music and to be with those guys. Through that, I've realized that I would rather be playing that kind of music than playing free music; I saw that free music is kind of a dead end street, not that there aren't some guys who do it beautifully. I just really enjoy playing songs of the great composers like Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Harold Arlen and Alec Wilder."

Not surprisingly, all of the musicians that Mike regards as his "heroes" have possessed the qualities that he finds so important. "Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman—besides being great players—communicated with so many people and had great respect for melody. The melody was their prime concern. And they were good showmen; they could get up in front of thousands of people and entertain them *and* play music. That's one thing that has been missing from jazz for a long time. I think that the music business was in

better hands when it was in those guys' hands exclusively.

"It got very hip during the bebop era to turn your back on the audience, figuratively speaking. Along with that came the long solos and, later on, the boring compositions with one chord in them. People wanted to go someplace that they could identify with, so it was as much the jazz musicians' fault for driving them into rock 'n roll. Louis Armstrong and Lester Young and Duke Ellington never had any trouble finding an audience, but many younger players—I'm not speaking of Bird, because he was a master—had an attitude of 'To hell with this audience, they don't understand me.' But people could understand Duke Ellington, who wrote some of the strangest music in the world. Duke had the attitude of communicating with people and taking the audience into consideration.

"Today we see a lot of young jazz players going too far the other way, wearing costumes and playing rock 'n roll. They don't have to do that either, because if people get a chance to hear something good and it's presented to them in the right way, they'll go for it. Louis Armstrong is a great example; there's no stopping something that's that strong. Slam Stewart, whom many young bassists don't appreciate, creates an uproar every time he plays a solo, because it's so strong and musical and communicates so well. You go into a VFW hall and play a bowed solo, people will say, 'Ah, Slam Stewart!'

"You know," Mike continued, "I've heard it said that one of the earmarks of the downfall of a society is freakishness in the arts masquerading as ingenuity and creativity. In painting, it's not hip anymore to like Norman Rockwell. But somebody can take a crap on a canvas and call it 'conceptual art,' and who's gonna criticize him? In this neighborhood, there are these little Soho galleries with some of the worst stuff you've ever seen in your life. There's no way they can tell me that it's as good as Michelangelo. Likewise, they can't tell me that a bunch of musical crap is as good as Louis Armstrong or Lester Young just because it's 'new.'

"It's a strange time we're living through, and I think that people have to realize that it's all part of a society going too fast. Jazz is only about 75 years old, and yet you're criticized for playing anything that sounds like it was ten years ago. But we play classical music that goes back two or three hundred years.

"There are only 12 notes to work with in our scale. The secret is working with less. You don't need bigger amplifiers and more noise; you need a good sound and some nice melodies. It's that simple."

Along similar lines, Moore was also critical of certain players' use of musical patterns and exercises in their solos. "Ninety percent of the tenor players are playing these patterns—with the same sound. It might have been an interesting exercise in the beginning, but they don't use it in the right way. I've practiced some of these patterns on the bass to familiarize my-

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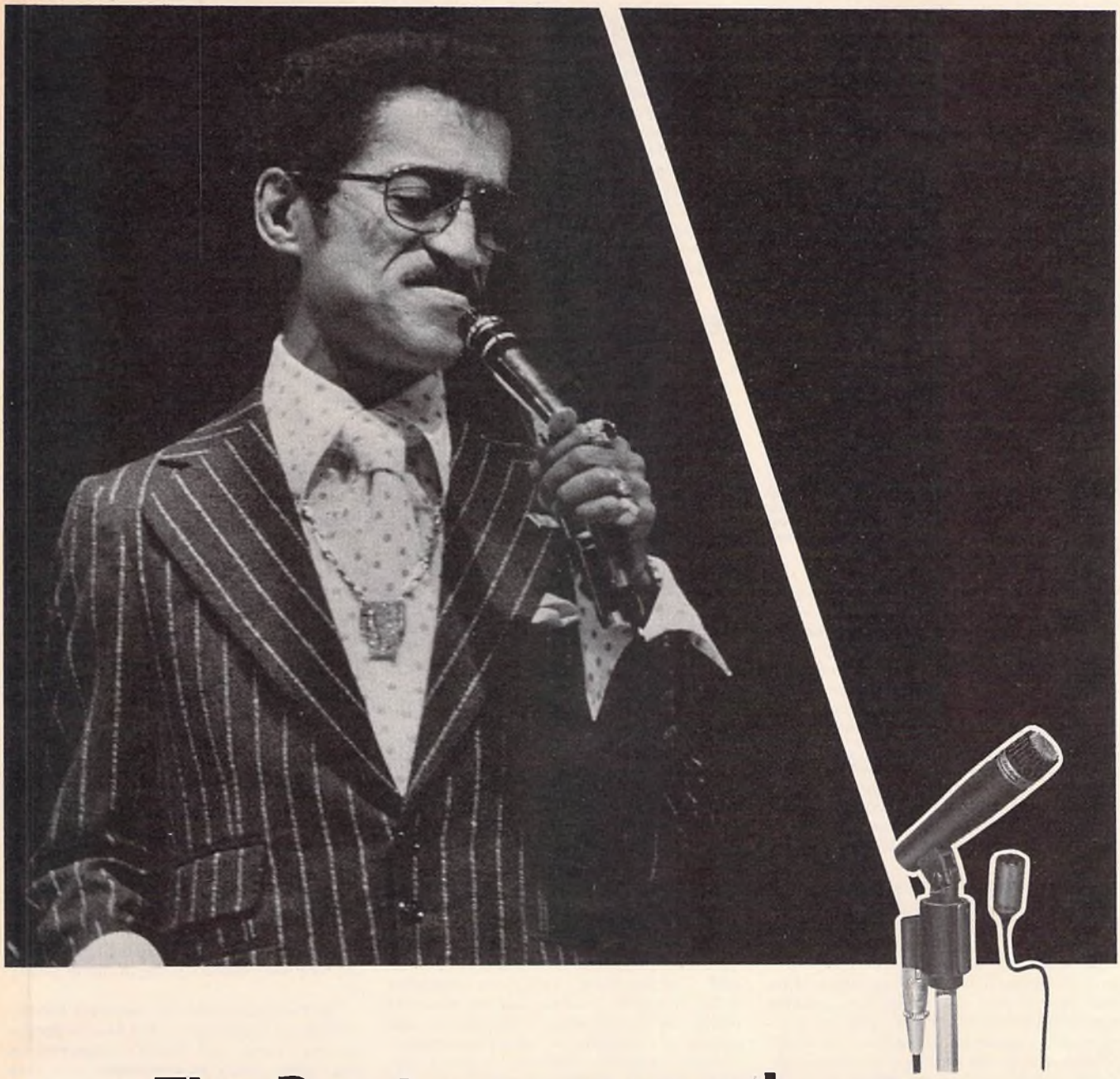

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Ratings are:
***** excellent, **** very good,
*** good, ** fair, * poor

MILES DAVIS

WATER BABIES—Columbia PC 34396: *Water Babies; Capricorn; Sweet Pea; Two Faced; Dual Mr. Tillman Anthony.*

Personnel: Side one—Davis, trumpet; Herbie Hancock, keyboard; Tony Williams, drums; Ron Carter, bass; Wayne Shorter, soprano and tenor sax. Side two—Davis, trumpet; Herbie Hancock, keyboard; Tony Williams, drums; Ron Carter, bass; Wayne Shorter, soprano and tenor sax; Chick Corea, keyboard; Dave Holland, bass.

****

Water Babies is the first issue of a long-rumored multi-volume collection of unreleased Miles Davis, from the mid-'60s to the present day, to be released over the course of the next couple of years. For those who have no active experience of the pre-*Bitches Brew* Miles, *Water Babies* may seem cool and remote; for those who remember the '60s Quintet, it will prove indispensable.

The first side—featuring the Quintet—bears three Wayne Shorter compositions, an extension of the modal-blues style that graced the earlier *Kind Of Blue* and that was to be shortly resurrected for the pivotal *In A Silent Way* sessions. Where in the former, Miles was concerned with freeing his melodic pursuits from a harmonic regimen and in the latter with forging a rock scheme to a serene, metronomic ambience, these tracks find Miles experimenting with rhythmic space, perhaps the major achievement of his latter-day career. Miles and Shorter play the straightmen, etching themes in tandem, blowing so calm that it occasionally borders on dispassion, like pearls passing through an envelope of viscous oil. Testing the theory that—on grounds of familiarity alone—the pulse is a given, understood element, Tony Williams invents continuously shifting rhythms, seemingly capricious spurts, rolls and flickers that punctuate the proceedings with chaos, and therefore impose a new order. Conversely, Herbie Hancock is the introspective anchor, gently dropping even, buoyant chords.

The second side, recorded with the *Silent Way* band (minus Zawinul and McLaughlin), also aims to redefine musical space, but the two tracks included vacillate to little good effect. *Two Faced* sounds like an embryo of *Bitches Brew* or *Pharoah's Dance*, with Corea's spiralling thunk-funk chords and Williams' uncharacteristically heavy-handed attempt at pounding out a Latin-imbued rhythm. Here space means a rambling void, a conception Miles has realized becomingly on *Live-Evil* and *Agharta*, but *Two Faced*, clearly, was a sketch, not a blueprint. *Dual Mr. Tillum* employs a seesawing funk progression that threatens (for nearly 14 minutes) to gel and soar, but instead spins in place.

Water Babies invites some curious questions about the new Miles archives series: Why not release the albums in a chronological order, or at least arrange them so that each record depicts a narrow period, rather than this scatter-gun approach? Why was no information listed other than personnel? And why—oh why—the lamentable cover art? On the basis of side one alone, *Water Babies* comes highly recommended, a welcome addendum to the Davis library. But after *On The Corner*, Miles recorded volumes that were never released. Where are they? Where are the tapes recorded with Sam Rivers a decade ago? And, more importantly, where is Miles now? —*gilmore*

TED CURSON

JUBILANT POWER—Inner City IC 1017: *Reava's Waltz; Ted's Tempo; Song Of The Lonely; Airi's Tune; Searchin' For The Blues; Marjo.*

Personnel: Curson, trumpet, piccolo trumpet, flugelhorn, cowbell; Chris Woods, alto sax, flute; Nick Brignola, baritone sax, saxello; Andy LaVerne (tracks 1 and 2), Jim NcNeely (tracks 3, 4, 5, 6), piano; David Friesen, acoustic bass; Steve McCall (tracks 1, 2), Bob Merigliano (tracks 3, 4, 5, 6), drums; Sam Jacobs, congas.

**** (*)

One of the joys of 1976 was the emergence of Ted Curson's thundering septet. Combining the best of small group improvisational freedom with big band pizzazz, Curson has built his unit from the blueprint fashioned by his former mentor, Charles Mingus: "My aim is to make this a very modern Mingus-like band, but with even more activity in the background, a very flexible sense of time, and more freedom for the guys in their solos. The backgrounds, you see, make it more interesting for the soloists. They give the horns a boot in the ass. The horns aren't out there all alone; they're really supported!" The overall impact, in the words of New York *Times* critic John S. Wilson, is "jubilant power," a phrase which perfectly captures the magnetic energy generated by Curson and crew.

To project Curson's brand of fire, the trumpeter has assembled a cast of relatively unheralded players who should emerge as recognized masters as the septet rolls on into the new year. In selecting his band, Curson has said: "The first thing I look for in a musician is fire as well as creativity and the ability to really play *together* with everybody else. And of course, everybody has to say something." This the company of Woods, Brignola, NcNeely, Friesen, Merigliano and Jacobs (and LaVerne and McCall in the earlier incarnation of the septet) does, and does with remarkable elan and vitality.

In the tough, sinewy *Reava's Waltz*, the band establishes its hard-hitting, neo-bop approach. Among the solo highlights is Friesen's gritty amalgam of double stops and lightning single-note runs. For the burning *Ted's Tempo*, there are searing probes by altoist Woods and baritonist Brignola. With *Song Of The Lonely*, Curson's burnished tone poignantly limns the melody before giving way to McNeely's intensely personal pianistic ruminations. *Airi's Tune* is energized by Jacob's congas and Merigliano's punctuations. *Searchin' For The Blues* is a nicely off-centered homage to the spirit of Monk while *Marjo* is a balladic tribute to Ted's wife, Marjorie.

Throughout, the ensembles, solos, riffs and rhythmic backdrops reveal a dramatic forward motion based on perfectly aligned juxtapositions between tightly and loosely structured segments. This is a group that swings with abandon.

The only shortcoming is a bit of faulty engineering; therefore, the parenthetical 5th star. In spite of this, *Jubilant Power* should propel Curson and his men to new audiences and successes in 1977. This is clearly Ted Curson's year. —*berg*

MILTON NASCIMENTO

MILTON—A&M SP-4611: *Raca(Hasa)-Race; Fairy Tale Song-Cade; Francisco; Nothing Will Be As It Was-Nada Será Como Antes; Cravo E Canela-Clove And Cinnamon; The Call-Chamada; One Coin-Tostão; Saídas E Bandeiras-Exits And Flags; Os Povos-The People.*

Personnel: Nascimento, guitar, vocals; Novelli, bass, double-bass; Toninho Horta, electric and 12-string guitar; Roberto Silva, drums, percussion; Airto Moreira, drums, percussion; Laudir De Oliviera, percussion; Hugo Fattoruso, organ, piano; Herbie Hancock, piano; Wayne Shorter, soprano and tenor sax; Raul de Souza, trombone; Maria Fatima, vocals (track 7).

****

Wayner Shorter claims that his wife first suggested that he record an album with Brazilian singer/songwriter Milton Nascimento. The resulting collaboration on Shorter's *Native Dancer* left listeners enchanted with Milton's remarkable vocal and melodic gifts.

But on Milton's latest, it seems that a degree of Americanization was the price paid for strong distribution and attractive packaging.

Yet there is more than enough pure Milton here to establish him as one of the premier vocalists of the day, and one whose unique talents are not likely to be duplicated. The countertenor range, a male voice in the register of a woman's alto, is a prized rarity in classical music, Alfred Deller being perhaps the foremost example. Possessed of such a striking instrument, Milton projects his own hauntingly beautiful melodies with almost dreamlike intensity on the wordless chants *Francisco* and *Chamada-The Call*, accompanied only by guitar. The other tracks feature, with some few changes, the same Brazilian-American ensemble heard on the Shorter LP, with Wayne and Herbie Hancock contributing their own distinctive flavorings. The overall feeling here, however, is more Brazilian and percussive than the jazzy fusion stylings of *Native Dancer* were.

The Portuguese lyrics, by Brazilians Fernando Brant, Ronaldo Bastos and Marcio Borges, are truly poetic, and Milton's interpretations make them doubly so. Unfortunately he does not seem nearly so comfortable with the several English selections, the lyrics of which are quite inferior to the Portuguese—I mean Tinkerbell and Peter Pan, really. But even these are palatable if one ignores the words, and the strengths of the album as a whole should ensure this brilliant artist of a large and loyal following in the U.S. —*birnbaum*

MICHAEL WALDEN

GARDEN OF LOVE LIGHT—Atlantic SD 18199: *White Night; Garden Of Love Light; Delightful; First Love; Meditation; The Sun Is Dancing; You Got The Soul; Saint And The Rascal; You Are Love.*

Personnel: Walden, drums, tympani, acoustic and electric pianos, electric bass; Raymond Gomez, Devadip Carlos Santana (track 4), Icarus Johnson (track 7), Jeff Beck (track 8), guitar; Will Lee, bass, background vocals; David Sancious, electric and acoustic pianos, organ, synthesizer; Sammy Figueroa, congas; Cissy Houston, the Victory Song Nightingales, Patty Scalfa, Tanima Weiss, Carol Shive, Stacy Jones, Norma Jean Bell, vocals; Lois Collin, harp; Don Mero (track 9), synthesizer.

**

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countless centuries. Yet when such conviction is listed at $6.98, some of the spark of purity fades. Yes, record stores all honor bank credit cards nowadays, and if you don't pay the bill, the collector on the phone won't give a damn if the defaulted item is a 42 minute vinylization of truth or a piston ring for your '69 Chevy. It's all merchandise.

This crew of new age hucksters have, like the medicine show barkers at the turn of the century, taken account of man's ills and so charge for their presumed "cures." In this specific instance, Walden exclaims that "love is gonna take us there to the garden of love light. . . . And if your mind is having a rainy day, just ask your soul to blow the clouds away." How cute.

What of the musical background shrouding this mystical mush? Unfortunately, triviality abounds. A more adventuresome effort could have made the elementary school limericks palatable, yet when all we get is a series of clean, but oh-so-hackneyed guitar lines from Raymond Gomez, plus some lazy, sustained chordal bleats from Sancious, something is wrong.

The star? Mike acutally hits a few creative licks; his utilization of tympani on *White Night*, bass drum stomping on the title track, plus subtly restrained cymbal work during *Sun Dancing* attest, if nothing else, to Walden's better than average talents sticking out through the muck. Yet all positive points are countermanded; both the intro Barry White riff on *Delightful*, and the cosmo-Mantovani string indulgences on *First Love* point to a drummer-composer with a paucity of original ideas. In light of the newness of Walden's solo career, perhaps critical leniency would be in order, yet in music, as in criminology, there always seems to be a large percentage of repeat offenders. —*shaw*

CHICK COREA/ HERBIE HANCOCK/ KEITH JARRETT/ McCOY TYNER

CHICK COREA, HERBIE HANCOCK, KEITH JARRETT, McCOY TYNER—Atlantic SD 1696: *Margot; Love No. 1; Tones For Joan's Bones; This Is New; Lazy Bird; In Your Own Sweet Way; Einbahnstrasse; Doom.*

Personnel: Corea set—Corea, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Joe Farrell, tenor sax; Woody Shaw, trumpet. Hancock set—Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Cobham, drums. Jarrett set—Jarrett, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums. Tyner set—Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This sampler of acoustic music is a provocative reminder of the rich musical harvest yielded in the '60s. In that more idealistic decade, serious musicians considered themselves artists in pursuit of beauty and truth. While such musicians are thankfully still in our midst, too many good players have deserted that noble quest in hopes of riding "Disco Buck" to the bank. Therefore, this brief glimpse into the not too distant past is an especially welcome jetty of fresh air in the presently polluted musical world.

Corea is represented by two tracks from his 1966 *Tones For Joan's Bones* (Vortex LP 2004). The title track, with Swallow and Chambers, is a medium bright outing reflecting Corea's boppish roots. The pianist's sparkling right hand figures are juxtaposed with dark left hand clusters evoking a brooding, tense atmosphere. For Kurt Weill's *This Is Now*, the trio is augmented by Farrell's tenor and Shaw's trumpet for a series of tough, sinewy episodes.

Hancock's efforts were culled from Ron Carter's 1969 *Uptown Conversation* (Embryo LP 521). Carter's *Einbahnstrasse* is a jaunty sketch that sets up playful interactions among masters Hancock, Carter and Cobham. In addition to the impeccable ensembles, there are witty and buoyant solos from all. Carter's *Doom* opens with an eerie arco passage that gives way to an appropriately distorted call and response dialogue between bass and piano. Cobham's haunting accents tick off the final moments like a deranged surreal clock while Carter sputters below Hancock's ominous ostinato.

Jarrett's tracks are taken from his 1966 opus, *Life Between The Exit Signs* (Vortex LP 2006). *Margot*, a lyrical 3/4 line, is a graceful reverie suffused with the pianist's melancholy warmth. *Love No. 1* is in a similar vein. Jarrett's long twisting rhapsodic strands are given empathic support by the warm tones of Haden's bass and Motian's sensitive sticks.

Tyner's tracks recorded in 1960 are being released here for the first time. While Trane's tenor is missing from this session featuring his then current rhythm section, the saxophonist's spirit is represented by his paradoxically energetic *Lazy Bird*. Set at a whirlwind gait, Tyner's dazzling right-hand runs and left-hand jabs combine with the taut tensile thrusts of Davis and Jones to launch *Lazy Bird* into the wild blue. Brubeck's *In Your Own Sweet Way*, counted off at a more relaxed clip, evokes the more lyrical dimensions of Tyner's persona. Nonetheless, the tensely charged rhythmic bed set down by Davis and Jones keeps the energy highly concentrated.

While providing a brief look at some of the roots of four of our most gifted keyboardists, *Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Keith Jarrett, McCoy Tyner* is an album that more than holds its own with most "contemporary music" being produced today. —*berg*

JOE PASS

VIRTUOSO NO. 2—Pablo 2310-788: *Giant Steps; 500 Miles High; Grooveyard; Misty; Joy Spring; Blues For O.P.; On Green Dolphin Street; Windows; Blues For Basie; Feelings; If; Limehouse Blues.*

Personnel: Pass, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the circus of modern music, improvisation without accompaniment is the closest thing you'll find to working without a net; the instrumentalist has no one to rescue him from vanality or mindless abstraction and the freedom of the style is matched only by its attendant dangers. Sustaining an album of solo work presents a new worry—the medium eats up material faster than TV. And then there's the little matter of tools. Despite the chordal capabilities of the guitar, the fact that both hands are required to produce any or all notes severely limits the independence enjoyed by the piano. Clearly, an album like *Virtuoso No. 2* (the second in a series of Joe Pass solo discs) presents a formidable challenge. And Joe passes with mostly flying colors.

Apart from his blinding speed, shattering technique and encyclopedic harmonic knowledge, Pass' success in solo playing lies in his talent for spontaneous arranging; his ability to pair melodic improvisation with a stated or implied bass line or inner voicings, and occasionally to flaunt all three at once. Pass mixes

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in his flighty single-note runs judiciously, usually balancing them against a chorded substructure. And his frequent use of stop-time passages is the surest reminder that Art Tatum is his inspiration within the solo mode.

The range of material on this bonus-length album—a full 60 minutes packed into two sides—is broad and well-programmed; Coltrane, Corea, Clifford Brown, Bronislau Kaper and the blues are all represented compositionally. Even a couple of sleepy middle-of-the-road tunes which have found their embellished way into elevators across America (*Feelings* and *If*) are serviceable here. Many of the tracks receive a fantasia treatment: *500 Miles High*, for example, drifts out of a free-floating introduction to dreamily toy with the tune's chorus-ending melodic hook, and *Giant Steps* moves into a gentle samba with surprising ease after its rubato opening. And, as on Pass' previous solo album, there are the one or two tracks where everything coalesces—chords, counter-lines, meaty jamming and brilliant arrangement—into the epitome of his art. In this case, it happens on *Green Dolphin Street*, which is peerless.

But this is a five star rating with a serious reservation. Part of *Street*'s perfection is that it abounds in the rhythmic variety lacking elsewhere on the LP. Pass' single-note runs usually fall into a pattern of such steadily-accented, relentless eighth notes that, at times, they become barely swinging etudes. Practically every tracks suffers a little from this rhythmic constraint, the distinct feeling that the notes are trying to escape. There is the glimmer that many times a run has been mechanically plucked from past experience merely to gap the chords.

And there's the matter of priorities—even in a player as obviously gifted as Pass, the content of the solo is often secondary to the problems of juggling everything into a propulsive solo performance. The question that's beginning to peek out of these grooves is whether that loss is justified by the virtues of solo guitar. Pass is indeed excellent at this high-wire act on six strings; but the pitfalls are there, and real, and it's a long drop. —*tesser*

FREDERIC RZEWSKI

NO PLACE TO GO BUT AROUND—Finnadar SR9011: *No Place To Go But Around* (Rzewski, composer); *P. Jok (Mix)* (Anthony Braxton, composer); *Third Sonata* (Hanns Eisler, composer).

Personnel: Rzewski, pianist.

★ ★ ★ ★

Don't worry if you can't pronounce his name; it's his music that counts. Rzewski plays Schoenberg as if he were McCoy Tyner, Barber as if he were Liszt, and Bartok like a madman without actually cribbing a bar of music from anyone. The result is a fascinating montage that cuts back and forth between past and present, romantic and avant garde, tonal and atonal.

Once in a club I heard a pianist play snatches of classical, pop, rock, ragtime and jazz favorites in a continuous improvisation. Rzewski does something like that, but on a more accomplished level. This is Gottschalk playing cakewalks, Joplin playing rags. It is a genius that flows from incredible technique.

In stark contrast to the completely filled-in *No Place To Go But Around*, Braxton's *P-Jok (Mix)*, improvised from the composer's schematics, is a pointillistic series of dabs at the canvas. As Braxton suggests in the jacket notes, Rzewski is fitting parts of a puzzle together for him. The resulting picture looks like a few interesting ideas and a lot of missing pieces.

Hanns Eisler's *Third Sonata* is atonal and strongly rhythmic. It is music which elicits admiration for its grace and clarity, but doesn't afford much emotional sustenance. Rzewski's choice of it makes sense only in that the middle section of his own piece carries an element of Eisler's style to its logical extreme: improvisation. However, he needs no justification from the past for his music; its originality speaks for itself. —*terry*

STAN KENTON

JOURNEY TO CAPRICORN—Creative World ST 1077: *Too Shy To Say; Pegasus; Granada Smoothie; 90° Celsius; Journey To Capricorn; Celebration Suite.*

Personnel: Kenton, piano; Terry Layne, Roy Reynolds, Dave Sova, Greg Metcalf, Alan Yankee, Bill Fritz, reeds; Jay Sollenberger, Dave Kennedy, Steve Campos, Joe Casano, Tim Hagans, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Mike Egan, Jeff Vusitalo, Allan Morrissey, Douglas Purviance, trombones; John Worster, acoustic and electric bass; Gary Hobbs, drums; Ramon Lopez, Latin percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

As his latest album attests, Stan Kenton at 65 is still going strong. Having just recently passed that milestone post, the white-thatched bandleader maintains a whirlwind schedule of concert and club dates, frequently performing at shopping malls and community centers before audiences seldom exposed to jazz. Indeed, Kenton has made his mark as much through education as performance; his band has spawned as many college instructors as renowned players. Since 1966 Stan has annually conducted hundreds of clinics and workshops throughout the country and his band of recent years has been a showcase for young talent. Here his present youthful ensemble manages to preserve the classic Kenton sound in up-to-date arrangements by Mark Taylor, Alan Yankee and the redoubtable Hank Levy. Contemporary material by Stevie Wonder and Chick Corea is adapted with remarkable compatibility to the overall band concept.

Wonder's *Too Shy To Say* opens with Kenton himself in fine pianistic fettle as the band proceeds to make the tune its own. The same swinging feeling permeates the entire session, combining all the hallmarks of the Kenton legacy—Latin rhythms, driving traps, progressive harmonies, sharp dynamics, sonorous horns and strong solo work—in a festive, mostly uptempo blend. The culmination is an extended treatment of Corea's *Celebration Suite;* the affinities between the musics of old master and young are manifestly evident and bespeak the continuity of the progressive tradition to the present day. Not the least of the album's virtues is the clarity of the recording, courtesy once again of Kenton's own Creative World label. —*birnbaum*

PINK FLOYD

ANIMALS—Columbia JC 34474: *Pigs On The Wing (Part One); Dogs; Pigs (Three Different Ones); Sheep; Pigs On The Wing (Part Two).*

Personnel: Pink Floyd, members unidentified.

★ ½

One recalls the early, trailblazing work of Pink Floyd—their infinite number of motor-like synthesizer machinations and their eloquent and nonindulgent employment of space, time and silence to create many an ethereal setting marked the high point of embryonic electronic rock. Now, bands like Tangerine Dream and Jade Warrior have taken the initial Pink Floyd encyclicals and expanded on

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them using mechanically derived lyricisms of a higher evolutionary stage.

Meanwhile Pink Floyd, surpassed in the space race, has long officially abdicated their position of leadership in this area, preferring to transpose some of the more surface elements from their former sound into a personae of mass accessibility. At first, their creations were both valid and eloquent; *Dark Side Of The Moon* managed to fuse Moog bleeps with an anchoring, rhythmic base. In addition, a beautiful, brass-dominated single, *Us And Them*, was pulled from its grooves.

With *Wish You Were Here*, the process of decline truly began. Perhaps *decay* would be a better word, for many of the elementary sine waves and blips present were rote reworkings of stuff that sounded new on the last album. But on *Animals* the lack of anything musically or lyrically significant really shows. Once again, the keyboard lines are distinctly unimaginative and frequently protracted to indulgent lengths. The lyrics, clouded by oblique allegory, fail to rescue the uninspired package, which by the way, is also retarded by a series of plodding, boring multi-overdubs on guitar.

In summation, the piece has virtually no continuity, few moments of anything but the most cursory, jaded licks, and even unlike its predecessors, no single. Yet unfortunately, this is as close to "electronic space rock" as most ears are going to get. The overwhelming pity is that Pink Floyd, an ensemble with a name *plus* previously demonstrated talent, has either run dry, or through a series of gimmicks (such as strategically inserted sheep, dog and pig noises) decided to appeal to the Least Common Denominator. —*shaw*

THE BLACKBYRDS

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Fantasy F-9518: *Time Is Movin'; In Life; Enter In; You've Got That Something; Party Land; Lady; Unfinished Business.*

Personnel: Kevin Toney, keyboards; Orville Saunders, guitar; Wesley Jackson, sax, flute; Joe Hall, bass; Keith Killgo, drums; Lew McCreary, bass trombone; Charles Loper; George Bohanon, trombones; Chuck Findley, Steve Madaio, Gary Grant, Nolan Smith, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Alan Robinson, Marilyn Robinson, Vince DeRosa, french horns; William Green, Jackie Kelso, tenor and baritone saxes, flute. With vocals by the Blackbyrds, Mildred Lane, Jerry Spikes, Charles Barnett, Kenny Moore, Marti McCall, John Lehman, Alex Brown, Myrna Matthews, Bill Medford, Jim Gilstrap; solos by Ernie Watts (flute), Tommy Morgan (harmonica), and Ray Parker (guitar).

★ ★

The cover of this LP depicts the Blackbyrds in a '30s-style roadster, with a newspaper falling by the wayside, bearing the headline "Unfinished Business." The newspaper is called the Washington *News*, and it refers, I suppose, to the days then the original Blackbyrds were students at Howard University, studying under Dr. Donald Byrd.

In those halcyon days, Kevin Toney, Keith Killgo, et al., were frequent visitors to the bandstands of D.C. clubs like the Top O' Foolery, where they played aggressive, swinging jazz. Those days are gone, however, and the Blackbyrds no longer play jazz.

What they do play now falls into the disco category; that is, the music is definitely danceable, provided the lyrics don't put you to sleep on your feet. The vocals are cast in the style that has become associated with Blue Note's crossover product, and which the Blackbyrds did much to develop in their collaborations with their former mentor, Byrd: the technique is to float a layer of hushed, husky vocal riffs in the midst of the instrumental tracks. The effect is one of muted monotony.

That vocal effect is unfortunately characteristic of the LP's instrumental aspect, as well. Toney's keyboards are all but lost in the heavy blanket of reverb; Killgo is locked into the disco dull drums; Saunders works the wah-wah all night long; Hall funks along, never tying one note to the next; Jackson is generally indistinguishable from the rest of the horn section. (His one noticeable solo, on the title instrumental, reveals, not surprisingly, a funky approach to his horn.)

In closing, I would cite one portion of the "liner notes:" "For information regarding the Blackbyrd Fan Club, write to: Blackbyrd Productions, 1625 Woods Drive, Los Angeles 90069." I guess that about says it. —*bennett*

WAXING ON . . . .

One of the standard approaches to blues history posits that the major impetus towards the development of the electrically amplified ensemble approach that ultimately dominated postwar blues style derived from the efforts of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter

and other major figures in Chicago, to which so many Southern blacks had migrated during the war years. And while it's indisputable that their recordings, primarily those of Waters who early achieved conspicuous record success, acted as catalytic forces for the rapid development of the music no less than setting some of the major parameters of the style, it's erroneous to suggest that, in anything beyond purely figurative terms, Chicago is the cradle of the modern blues.

As is handily underscored by several of these important reissues, there was in the postwar period a mass movement to the use of amplification, the development of viable ensemble approaches, and the integration of several stylistic sources—among which were the traditional blues of the rural South, jump band music of the late '30s and early '40s (as for example that of Louis Jordan), studio blues styles of the later prewar period, etc.—a movement that occurred simultaneously throughout the U.S., in the cities of the Deep South no less than in Chicago or Detroit. Simply it was a period of great musical ferment, with a bewildering variety of approaches—from crude country blues to relatively polished small-band efforts, and everything in between—all vying for ascendancy. And reduced to perhaps its simplest terms, it amounted to little more than a sudden, unprecedented rush of recording activity that saw, first, hundreds, then thousands of blues performers recorded by the independent record operations that mushroomed all over the country, all looking for a "hit" and trying everything and anything to get one.

Chicago was, of course, an important center of this activity; it had, after all, supported a large performing scene as early as the 1920s and by the '30s had become one of the major recording centers for jazz and blues, a position it maintained through the middle '40s. Lured by the city's performing and recording opportunities, it is small wonder that so many blues performers settled there. But there were many other cities that boasted similar opportunities, to much lesser degree of course, and the postwar blues took rapid shape as a mass movement, with important records being produced all over the country. For many years John Lee Hooker operated from Detroit; B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf, Junior Parker and Bobby Bland got their starts in Memphis; Elmore James and Sonny Boy Williamson II in Jackson, Miss.; Lightning Hopkins and Smokey Hogg in Texas; Lowell Fulson in Oakland; T-Bone Walker, Charles Brown, Joe Liggins, Saunders King, Pee Wee Crayton, Roy Brown and Roy Milton, among others, in Los Angeles, and so on.

Some of the prewar antecedents of the modern Chicago blues are indicated in the first of the Nighthawk reissues, *Windy City Blues: The Transition (1935-1953)*, and the material strikes a nice balance between the influences and techniques of the commercial studio-recorded blues associated with the Chicago scene (the so-called "Bluebird beat") and the more spontaneous, rough-edged rural styles that were beginning to shoulder them aside during the war and immediately after. The major thrust of the performances included comes from the clean, polished sound of the commercial blues records of the 1930s (which were deservedly popular and quite influential), though this has been leavened to varying degrees by the rural exuberance of some of the performers' individual styles, those of Sonny

Boy Williamson I, Tony Hollins and Robert Lockwood in particular. The music is transitional in the sense that a number of the impulses of the rural blues of the Deep South (especially the Robert Johnson-based performances of Lockwood and the later Mississippi blues style of Hollins) that were to assume even greater importance in the postwar Chicago blues are already clearly present in some of these recordings as auguries of things to come.

The promise of that burgeoning influence is more than fulfilled in the material contained in *Chicago Slickers (1948-1953)*, which provides a splendid representation of a number of the main tendencies in the formative years of the postwar Chicago blues. With the possible exceptions of Little Walter's *I Want My Baby* and *Just Keep Lovin' Her* and Earl Hooker's striking Robert Nighthawk imitation *Sweet Angel* (with marvelously sympathetic accompaniment by an unknown harmonica player), the performances reveal strong country blues influences, either directly (as in the case of Floyd Jones, Johnny Shines, Homesick James and Big Boy Spires) or indirectly (Nighthawk, Forest City Joe and John Brim). And, too, despite the performers' widely varying backgrounds and experiences, there is considerable stylistic homogeneity to these performances, most made with electrically amplified instruments in small ensembles ranging from piano-guitar duets (Sunnyland Slim and Leroy Foster's *Train Time;* John Brim's *Dark Clouds* and *Lonesome Man Blues)* to four-piece band efforts, and every combination between the two. The importance of rural blues traditions in the shaping of the postwar idiom associated with Chicago is underscored in many of the selections, most notably in Johnny Shines' powerful *Ramblin'* (based on Robert Johnson's *Walking Blues),* Floyd Jones' *Early Morning* (which draws equally on Tommy Johnson and Charlie Patton), Nighthawk's *Maggie Campbell* (Tommy Johnson again), Homesick James' more generalized traditional offerings *Lonesome Old Train* and *Farmers Blues,* and so on.

The strong Mississippi bias of so much of the best of the Chicago blues of the period is nowhere made more clearly evident than in the music of Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. Waters' early recordings for Chess displayed his solid mastery of such typical regional musical elements as mixed meters, asymmetrical structures and powerfully expressive slide guitar, all of which are evident in many of the recordings comprising *Muddy Waters,* a recent rerelease of the earlier double album set *McKinley Morganfield, A.K.A. Muddy Waters* (Chess 60006). The set also surveys a number of Waters' later recordings featuring full ensemble (six to seven instruments) and much more rigidly fixed structural uniformities, with a corresponding diminution of rural impulses, and much less personalized or traditional song materials.

The same is true to a lesser degree of Howlin' Wolf, whose music from the start had a distinctive character as a result of his solid grounding in the traditional blues of his native state, and particularly his longstanding emulation of Charlie Patton. A superbly expressive, dark-voiced singer and fine, if somewhat limited, harmonica player, Wolf remained enduringly faithful to these musical premises and, despite the occasional use of inappropriate song materials (particularly in his later years), his recorded output maintained a phenomenal consistency in reference to his basic musical allegiance. It may have been, of course, that he was less versatile or adaptable than Waters and others, but for whatever reasons his music over a long recording career remained close to the Mississippi blues styles with which he started recording in 1948, a fact made manifest in *Howlin' Wolf,* again a rerelease of the earlier set *Chester Burnett, A.K.A. Howlin' Wolf* (Chess 60016).

Singer-harmonica virtuoso Little Walter was something of a different case, for his music, even his earliest recordings, revealed little indebtedness to rural styles. An early influence was John Lee "Sonny Boy" Williamson, the first bluesman to attract as much attention for his harmonica work as for his fine singing and writing. But this was quickly subsumed in a style that was as original as it was compelling, and Walter early became the most influential performer on his instrument of the postwar period, challenged only by Rice Miller (Sonny Boy Williamson II) and Big Walter Horton. Walter was probably the first truly modern bluesman; a younger man who had grown up with the new styles being hammered out in Chicago, his music in all its important respects was shaped solely by those developments and by his incorporation of certain stylistic and conceptual elements from the jazz-influenced jump band music of the early and middle 1940s (Louis Jordan, for example). In consequence, his recordings from 1952 on were thoroughly "modern" in character, both in terms of song materials (most of them original compositions) and performance style. His singing was brisk and straightforward, with an easy and rhythmically resilient handling of line, and his harmonica sorties were simply astonishing, ever pushing the instrument to its limits of expressiveness and inventive fluency. These are handsomely surveyed in *Little Walter,* another rerelease of an earlier collection of his Checker recordings from 1952-9, *Boss Blues Harmonica* (Chess 60014).

The Waters, Howlin' Wolf and Little Walter sets are essential albums for any blues collection that pretends to completeness, for these are among the cornerstones of the modern Chicago movement.

A footnote to these recordings of Chicago

blues is provided in Barrelhouse Records' *Chicago Boogie*, which brings together 14 selections recorded circa 1947 by the Ora Nelle label, operated by the proprietors of Maxwell St. Radio, a small radio and appliance store located on the city's open-air flea market where so many bluesmen have performed over the years. Only four of the selections had been released in any form previous to this LP, which is a remarkable document of the raucous, informal music one might have heard on the sidewalks of the Maxwell Street area in the late 1940s. Heard are Little Walter and Jimmy Rogers (one released, three unreleased performances); Walter and Othum Brown (one released and one unreleased take); Johnny Young and Johnny Williams (two released selections, one unreleased take); the otherwise unidentified "Boll Weevil" (two unreleased selections); Sleepy John Estes (two unreleased selections); and Johnny Temple (one unreleased track). Recorded sound is gloriously atrocious, but the music is spirited, raw-sounding and more than occasionally moving.

Memphis ranks with Chicago as one of the major blues centers, having early established itself as an important locus of performing and recording activity. This continued into the postwar period, with such important performers as Howlin' Wolf, B.B. King, Bobby Bland and Junior Parker, among others, getting their starts there, but there was a large local activity composed of a number of lesser lights as well, many of whom were recorded in the early 1950s by Sun Records' Sam Phillips. Nighthawk's examination of some of this activity concentrates on harmonica-oriented recordings and, even with this bias, manages to provide a nice cross-section of early postwar blues tendencies there. The music ranges from raw to relatively polished but handily indicates the rapid consolidation of style and instrumental practice that characterized the music's development throughout the country during the early '50s. Many of the recordings could have just as easily been made in Chicago, so similar is the stylistic orientation of these Memphis recordings to those of Chicago-based performers of the period, underscoring the wide distribution of what soon became codified as the major approach for the performance of blues in the postwar period. Music ranges from the overly country-based harmonica playing of Hot Shot Love, through the idiosyncratic work of one-man band Joe Hill Louis (whose music spans country and city, often within the space of a single recording), Woodrow Adams' very country-inflected singing and playing and Walter Horton's spirited and fluent playing, to the relative urbane singing of drummer Willie Nix (with splendid backing by James Cotton, Joe Hill Louis and pianist Billy Love).

Despite the presence of a fair number of blues performers as well as a busy performing activity, Detroit never really developed into a major center of the music and, save for the phenomenal John Lee Hooker, few of its performers became known beyond the environs of their city. The chief reason for this stems from the failure of Detroit-based record labels to achieve any great success, even on a local level, effectively hampering any but the most limited of recording activities. Still, Nighthawk's survey of the early postwar recordings from this city reveals no great lack of talent or potential for development. But, sadly, it was not to develop beyond the rudimentary stages indicated by these recordings. Singer-harmon-

ica player Eddie Burns and singer-guitarists Baby Boy Warren and Iverson Minter (known nowadays as Louisiana Red) are the best known of the men represented here, and their recordings—which account for eight of the album's 16 selections—are fine mainstream modern blues efforts, among the most accomplished Detroit recordings of the period, but not terribly distinctive in any important respects. Of the others, strong country or prewar recorded blues influences predominate, with singer-guitarist L.C. Green evidencing a firm grounding in the blues of his native Mississippi, harmonica player Walter Mitchell drawing on both Walter Davis *(Pet Milk Blues)* and Robert Johnson *(Stop Messin' Around)*, Robert Henry recreating Sonny Boy Williamson's *My Little Machine*, and so on. Nothing terribly outstanding, mind you, but solid traditionally-oriented blues.

Much the same was true of the West Coast during this important transitional period, at least in respect to country-based music, of which no great amount appears to have been recorded, in comparison with the more sophisticated styles of such performers as Joe Liggins, Charles Brown, Cecil Gant, Roy Milton, Roy Brown and so on. This latter music was recorded extensively and enjoyed considerable success locally and nationally but, as Muskadine's *Alla Blues* set makes all too evident, the country blues in California scarcely developed at all beyond the initial recordings of a number of performers. Not surprisingly, the major impetus comes from the traditional blues styles of Texas and Oklahoma (from which states most West Coast blacks had migrated), and these musical traditions are represented in the recordings of Lowell Fulson, John Hogg, Normal "Slim" Green, Black Diamond (James Butler) and Ernest Lewis, though the latter derived much of his repertoire and aspects of his guitar style from various recorded sources. Of the others, harmonica players King Davis and Sonny Boy Johnson, as the latter's name suggests, draw heavily on the music of Sonny Boy Williamson, while singer-guitarist Little Willie Cotton performs in more or less standard prewar Chicago fashion, and vocalist-pianist Goldrush in the widely distributed sturdy barrelhouse piano style. In all, the set offers a number of interesting performances, but in the main the country blues traditions in California must be considered something of a blind alley. The 16 selections in this appealing, instructive album almost exhaust the best recorded examples of this tendency. —*welding*

Various Artists, *Windy City Blues: The Transition (1935-1953)* (Nighthawk 101): ★★★★ ½
Various Artists, *Chicago Slickers (1948-1953)* (Nighthawk 102): ★★★★
Various Artists, *Lowdown Memphis Harmonica Jam (1950-1955)* (Nighthawk 103): ★★★★
Various Artists, *Detroit Ghetto Blues (1948-1954)* (Nighthawk 104): ★★★★
Muddy Waters (Chess 2ACMB-20): ★★★★★
Howlin' Wolf (Chess 2ACMB-20): ★★★★★
Little Walter (Chess 2ACMB-202): ★★★★★
Various Artists, *Chicago Boogie* (Barrelhouse 04): ★★★
Various Artists, *Alla Blues: Country Blues in California (1947-1954):* ★★★★

BLINDFOLD TEST

HERB NOLAN

Dave Liebman

by leonard feather

Around the time of this, his first blindfold test, David Liebman's career was entering a new phase.

"What I had been doing the last few years with Lookout Farm," he told me, "was a specific kind of music—a sort of collection of all the influences in my life. But all along, I had the idea in the back of my mind to reassemble a type of band that I had for a while before I was with Elvin Jones, six or seven years ago, after Ten Wheel Drive.

"The idea involves Pee Wee Ellis, who was with James Brown—he wrote *Mother Popcorn* and *Cold Sweat*—and who's been with Esther Phillips for the past few years. This is a kind of music that I once explored and feel like returning to; not just a rock rhythm section that could play funky music, but an upgrading of that kind of music.

"It's a crossover kind of thing, because I just feel at the moment that I want to play with that kind of rhythm, away from the guys who play jazz rhythm. And there's a big difference, it's hard to find musicians who can do both really effectively."

Based in San Francisco while getting the new group together, Liebman visited Hollywood to do the interview. He was given no information about the records played.

1. McCOY TYNER *Indo-Serenade* (from *Focal Point*, Milestone). Tyner, piano, composer; Gary Bartz, clarinet, soprano sax, overdub; Joe Ford, two flutes, overdub; Ron Bridgewater, two tenor saxes, overdub; Eric Kamau Gravatt, drums; Guiherme Franco, percussion.

That's McCoy, and I'm not sure if that's a recent album, but he often adds horns so it could be a new one or one from a few years ago. It could have been Gary Bartz on clarinet—I haven't been able to keep track of who his horn players are in the last few years. There's Bridgewater . . . and a good alto player, flute player—I don't know if he's the one on this one. Joe Ford.

Yeah, I think McCoy's music is ethnic music to me and that tune was a real example of that—like an African kind of call. I love his playing, and I guess that's Eric Gravatt and I love the way he plays. His music, whatever the band is, sounds the same a lot of the time, and I think he's kept his style and really crystallized it.

The horn solos were not that impressive to me. Also on a lot of McCoy's records I don't like the recording quality of the horns in particular. That coupled with . . . they didn't sound like they had real strong tones or strong command of the instrument; but they sounded, you know, good.

McCoy's forms, to me, are very simple forms—they're not very evolved forms. The handling of soloists is pretty much the same most of the time—rubato intro, rubato ending. You know, a pretty standard form. It's okay. Usually on his records I can't wait for him to solo; he's one of the most inspiring musicians alive, in my life. When I hear him play a solo after a few other solos, sometimes I would much rather hear him play a long tune—do a trio album or something. That album he did with Coltrane where he played solo, I thought it was one of his greatest albums.

The thing about McCoy is to hear him stretch out over a long period, because he does a lot of the same things over and over again, but after a few minutes he would go somewhere else, and you never kind of get that chance. When he was with Trane you were able to hear him go past a certain point into other directions. I would rate it three.

2. SEAWIND. *Praise* (from *Seawind*, CTI). Bob Wilson, composer, arranger; Larry Williams, piano; Pauline Wilson, vocals; Bud Nuanez, guitar; Kim Hutchcroft, saxes.

Well, it's hard for me to say who that is. I don't know. There were shades, at times, when the alto player sounded like Dave Sanborn; but it wasn't him, I'm pretty sure. Just shades of that way of playing blues lines, you know. But he never went high or had the biting tone that David does.

I thought some of the writing was pretty good. I thought it had a lot of possibilities with that melody chorus, but then it went on too long and there was a bridge that I didn't like. But the piano interlude was kind of nice. It was nice with the voice and flutes and things in the back. It didn't go anywhere—the improvisations themselves . . . the guitar solo was too short and he didn't have a chance. The saxophone solo was good—it was a competent solo, but it wasn't remarkable.

I think in this kind of music it's . . . I'm putting together a band that's going to be similar to that—not with horns. I'm doing it with Pee Wee Ellis—two saxophones fronting. I think what it's coming down to now with that kind of music, because there's so much of it and it's become a style and a way of playing, that it really is, in a way, like it was with bebop. There were a lot of bebop bands, but you dug bebop for different soloists and the way they soloed, and the way those bands put that music together. So a thing like that is really going to depend more on solo content—more than it was a few years ago in this kind of music. The solo content on this wasn't that high on the average.

It was kind of big bandy at times, and then it was Lonnie Liston Smith . . . the Crusaders. It had kind of a lot of different things. It seems like it's manufactured for a date. For its genre, three stars, but it's not equivalent at all with the three stars I gave for McCoy. On a level of music I would give it two overall.

3. TED CURSON. *Marjo* (from *Jubilant Power*, Inner City). Curson, composer, trumpet; Chris Woods, flute; David Friesen, bass.

I'm not too sure who that is. The trumpet player sounded like he could do more than he was doing there, but he sounded like he might be a little off. But he had beautiful tone and great control. Very beautiful tone, and his phrasing was very safe and very good. He wasn't like Freddie or anybody like that who really takes chances. The flute player sounds like a saxophone player who doubles, because his tone was a little off and his intonation was at times a little off. That's a hard thing to do. But he played some nice lines . . . the solo was a safe solo also, but very well done.

The bass player seemed to be a modern type of bass player. He had that real string kind of sound—a high sound. In a way this tune could have been more effective with an older type sound on the bass, even though he played very well.

Nice, kind of pretty tune. It could be an older cat who was using younger cats. You know, a guy who played bebop, or maybe lead trumpet. He has very good command of the instrument. Three again, I think. Or three and a half.

4. HANK CRAWFORD. *I Can't Stop Loving You* (from *Hank Crawford's Back*, CTI). Crawford, alto sax; Eric Gale, guitar; Don Gibson, composer.

That's a pretty true rendering of that song. It's well done for what it is. It was funky. The saxophone player interpreted the melody really well. The guitar player took a really nice solo. Those are experienced cats in that kind of music I think. There wasn't really very much of interest, but for a true rendering . . . I think Ray Charles wrote that tune. Two stars.

5. ELVIN JONES. *Once I Loved* (from *The Prime Element*, Blue Note). Jones, drums; Joe Farrell, alto flute; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wilbur Little, bass.

First of all, that might be Joe Farrell playing alto flute, but a few things lead me to think it may not be, and I don't know who it is in that case. Whoever it was, he's a great flute player and he played a beautiful, beautiful solo. That was a pretty perfect rendering—everything. The solo was good . . . he stretched it out . . . he started getting more complex. His tone was faultless; there were no intonation problems. It was beautiful. Looks like it's five stars.

The trumpet player—the sound of the mute and the way he was backing up the flute for a minute reminded me of the way Dizzy . . . and even the background was like *On The Riviera* or one of those albums, you know. But that wasn't him. I don't know who the trumpet player was. There were moments that he sounded great. In the middle of the solo he played some really nice lines. That would get four stars.

6. DAVE BRUBECK/PAUL DESMOND. *Alice In Wonderland* (from *Brubeck & Desmond, 1975: The Duets*, Horizon). Brubeck, piano; Desmond, alto sax. Fain-Hilliard, composers.

Yeah, that's Brubeck & Desmond. It's a tune I know but I can't think of the title. It sounded like a Bill Evans tune, but it could be one of Brubeck's better known ones. I don't listen that much to Brubeck; I did when I was younger, of course, and I heard a little Bill Evans and there was a pretty strong influence I thought. There were some really nice reharmonizations in the melody. Very good harmonic thing.

And Paul Desmond is great. This might even be the Horizon duet album. That's four stars. That was good Brubeck. I enjoyed that. **db**

Profile

SEA LEVEL by russell shaw

JACKSON GOFF

The lineage is respected. After all, many Allman Brothers jams were immensely fortified by the piano work of Chuck Leavell, the percussive voicings of Jaimoe, and the stalking bass of Lamar Williams. Yet while the Allmans have scattered to the musical winds, the true creative base of the near-legendary rock sextet has recently actualized another incarnation—a quite interesting quartet known as Sea Level.

While former colleagues of Sea Level managed to acquire more headlines, Messrs. Leavell, Jaimoe and Williams were quietly honing a perception of amplified percussive modality heavily dependent on lyrical, rolling keyboards, throbbing bass, and drumming utilizing the force of the foot pedal. It was only natural, then, that when the ABB broke up, these three innovators would opt for commonality in a creative situation.

As part of the Allmans, Leavell, Jaimoe and Williams were to be often found jamming during sound checks or prior to a concert in the dressing room. Thus, Sea Level was a natural outgrowth of those informal and experimental experiences. "It started a long time ago, back in the old days," said Leavell recently.

Along with guitarist Jimmy Nalls, Leavell is often credited with being both the leader and inspirational backbone of this new quartet. Ever modest, he disdains the label of authority, but nevertheless, via his articulate demeanor, he serves as the band's most perceptive spokesman.

As the band's chief composer, Leavell often provides Sea Level with most of their solo rides. An uncommonly skillful pianist, his strengths are multiple: ability to chordally maintain without an irritating drone, an exceptionally fluid right hand, and an attitude towards jamming that must in fact be one of the most non-egocentric in the galaxy.

Growing up in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Leavell was at an early age subject to the municipally omnipotent influence of University of Alabama football, an activity which rules supreme in that Dixie burg. Chuck admits that he was into the gridiron for awhile "only on the playground, actually, but music spoke to me with a truer voice. After taking lessons for a year at six, I went back to it at 12. I said 'why not.' Of course, people were making fun of me for being a sissy, but I did in fact have an ulterior motive—I could get out of class early if I'd go to the piano lesson."

Despite his early efforts on piano, "I actually learned guitar first. Later when I saw all the guitar players getting better and better while I wasn't learning that much, I reconciled myself to piano. I have not regretted it one bit."

It took awhile before Leavell reaped the slightest scintilla of financial reward from the ivories. "My first paying gig was two dollars," Chuck recalls. "We couldn't believe it. We got together and worked up two or three songs; then somebody said so and so is having a party and offered to pay us eight dollars to be split four ways."

Before long, Chuck's bank account improved as his reputation spread. In 1970, Leavell was a member of Alex Taylor's backup band playing the melodic soft rock that seems to be part and parcel of the Taylor lineage. It was back then that Chuck met Jimmy Nalls, who was added as Taylor's guitarist and mans the same axe for Sea Level today. Later, Chuck served a brief tenure with Dr. John.

Lamar Williams and Jaimoe also had many years of preparatory dues, dating back to mutual membership in a group called the Sounds of Soul. Three years of touring spread Jaimoe's reputation as one of the more versatile drummers out of the South. Soon, session gigs came his way; with people like Percy Sledge, Otis Redding, Joe Tex and Johnny Jenkins. At one of those sessions, Jaimoe (now known as Jai Johanny Johanson) met Duane Allman, forming a friendship that was pivotal in determining the initial roster of the Allmans a few months later. Meanwhile, Lamar was in the service.

Obviously, a lot of water rolled under the bridge for the next half-decade. Our virtual exclusion of the particulars is justified by the fact that the musical contributions of the Allmans have been annotated to the shrinking inventory of several acres of timberland. If only for formality though, it should be stated that when they were at the top of their game, there were none better; they provided fans with streams of artistic climaxes and their legacy perpetuates.

With all the hullabaloo about completely extraneous factors dominating Allmans talk early in 1976, many mistakenly viewed the formation of Sea Level as relating to some personality-inspired temper tantrum. Not so. "It was a matter of us saying to ourselves, 'Let's do it,' " proclaims Leavell.

While many would expect an enormous amount of pressure at their debut gigs, Leavell discounts this as an active factor. "We all had a good deal of confidence right from the start," he says. Indeed, the initial Sea Level experiences were ones without the customary airport limos and assorted other ego trappings available to superstar acts. In addition, they often played before 20 rather than 20 thousand. Did this bruise their self-concept?

"No, not at all," Chuck sincerely states. "Listen man, I'm having a ball. I wouldn't call this roughing it."

"We are doing a lot of dates at chicken houses and Dairy Queens," cracks Jai. "Actually, I like it better that way. When you are playing before 50,000 people, you can't see them, they are just a big glob. In a club, you can see their faces. I like it better that way; I want to reach the people."

The comparative intimacy of their live engagements has provided a fertile experimental ground for several new compositions the quartet has been working on. "Actually," says Chuck, "most of our arrangements come out of jam sessions; like one of us will hit a crazy lick at Jaimoe's house."

How does Chuck relate his Sea Level voicings to his progress as a musician? "Well, I am doing things differently. I've added clavinet and organ, and I've begun to experiment with effects such as the Mu-tron and a couple of phasers. I like the Mu-tron for its wah wah effect. I am getting more and more into technical shit. As a matter of fact, I'm getting closer to fooling with a synthesizer, but I've not really learned to play an acoustic piano yet.

"I need to work on technique and practice. All of the years I've been playing, I did it the best way I could, rather than learning the best way to do it. My left hand is not as good as my right. I admit it; it really hurts. Complex independent patterns still give me trouble. I've got a long way to go before I become a virtuoso pianist. I'm happy with the way I play, but that doesn't mean I feel I'm where I should be in terms of technique."

Jaimoe also comments on his musical development. "I'm trying to relearn some of the technique I had when I played on sessions with people like the Manhattans, Patti Labelle, and the Five Stairsteps; also some stuff I used to do with the Allmans. It is coming back, and there are also some new things I am looking into. I'm thinking about learning to play lots of percussions. Actually, a lot of our music could use stuff like marimbas." For Lamar, his newly purchased standup bass represents a forthcoming creative target, as does "some acoustic guitar work" by Jimmy Nalls.

The year 1976 ended really well for this band—acceptance on their own merits was finally theirs. Along with that came the benefits of a recording session with Capricorn Records, as well as release of their first album, *Sea Level*. Containing several of their works, along with tunes by Paul Simon and studio keyboard whiz Neil Larsen, the release is an issue that, according to Leavell, "we all feel really positive about and proud of. It represents a step for us. Call it evolution, not revolution."

"Nobody has learned how to play the trumpet. It's endless."

Leblanc Duet No. 3, featuring Maynard Ferguson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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HOLTON

FRANK REHAK

by marv hohman

The life of 50-year-old trombonist Frank Rehak has had its share of ups and downs. Once one of the most luminous stars in the New York studio jungle, Rehak saw all his riches and self-respect, and almost his life as well, slip away due to the ravages of drug addiction.

Now a member and band director of Synanon, the organization famed for its rehabilitation of alcoholics and drug addicts, Rehak has found a new lease on life.

The Rehak story began in World War II, when the New York-born classically-trained cellist/pianist first picked up a trombone. "I only took up trombone because one day the Navy said that anybody not in the danceband is going to have to load ammunition. This was right in the middle of the war and there were kamikaze pilots flying right down gun barrels. So I said, 'Man, I don't want to be at the other end of one of those things. I know how to play trombone.' And they gave me a horn right on the spot. I didn't know anything about trombones except from playing baritone horn that they had the same size mouthpiece. I knew if I held the slide all the way in I could play bugle calls. So I promptly did that . . . and later that afternoon I played my first job in a danceband.

"So I started practicing about five or six hours a day. I got off the ship right away and got stationed in Hawaii. There were a lot of bands in Honolulu at the time, so I had a chance to watch many trombonists. By the time I had been doing that a year, I started a little jazz band. I spent the next three years in Hawaii working all over the islands at officers' clubs."

After the war was over, Frank returned to New York and wasted no time joining Art Mooney's band. "We used to wear green jackets with a four-leaf clover on them. I didn't stay with Art very long. Gene Krupa came to town and he was holding auditions. At that time Urbie Green and Frank Rosolino had just joined Gene and he needed another trombone player. When I auditioned and got the job I was more surprised than anybody.

"I spent the next year and a half in Gene's band. Right after that I went with Jimmy Dorsey. I quit the very first night I was on the band. This was in the early '50s and I did it because Jimmy was such a lush that he just went crazy. . . . Anyway, it ended up that I spent three years with him, he talked me into coming back after that first night. Despite his drinking habits, Jimmy was a great guy to work for and a good musician as well."

The beginning of the problem that would plague Frank for years began right after he left Jimmy's group. "I left the band in Austin, Texas and drove back to New York with Nick Travis. I had never fooled around with drugs to any extent. But on the way back Nick said, 'It sure would be nice to have a little taste of horse,' as we called it in those days. I figured it'd be fun to do, just to relax, so when we got to New York instead of getting a little we went up and bought an ounce of heroin. In those days that was a lot, it was very strong. And that started me off on the next several years."

Back in the big city, Frank quickly found himself to be much in demand, so much so that his bankroll spiraled steadily. With the monkey on his back, however, it didn't take long for things to get disordered. "Everything I saved up dissipated within the next two years; I went through many thousands of dollars. This was all around late '52, from then through '55. . . . By the end of '55 I was useless to anybody. I had been arrested three times, nobody would touch me with a ten foot pole, I couldn't get a job. I had gone out with Woody Herman for a short time, he fired me. I was just a wreck, a bona fide junkie."

Frank made the New York underbelly scene, frantically scrounging around, doing anything to get enough money for his fix. "One morning in early '56 I woke up and I was lying on this guy's floor. I said to myself, 'What the hell am I doing?' I had gone through a fortune, I'd lost a wife, a home, a car. And here I was, lying on this floor without a job or home. It was totally ridiculous. So I said, 'Okay, that's it.' I called my folks and went out to Long Island. I worked out there as a plumber for almost a year, kicked the habit, learned to do stuff with my hands."

But the entire grisly episode was far from over, as Frank found out upon returning to the New York scene. "I went back to the city one night and walked in on a fistfight between two friends of mine, one was a trombone player. With his mouth bleeding, he asked me to work for him that night at Birdland. He prevailed on me to take the job and by the end of the night I had thrown away a couple of bags of heroin that guys had given me, made a display of throwing it down the toilet. So the word got out that I wasn't using anymore, that I was really

straight.

"But I never went back to plumbing. Come Monday morning, I was still working at Birdland. Over the period of the next six weeks I started doing dates again, I started practicing, somebody loaned me a horn, I got myself back in shape. Quincy Jones called up a little later and asked if I wanted to join up with a band featuring Dizzy Gillespie that would be going around the world. I didn't ask the price or anything, I just said yes. That was a great band that Dizzy took, we went to Pakistan, Lebanon, Turkey, Syria, all through South America.

"When I came back to New York, I got a call from CBS wanting to know if I would join the staff band. Of course. So I went on, primarily to do the *Garry Moore Show*. I did that for a few years, during which time I won a **db** poll, the new star award. By that time, Urbie was in New York, I was there, and one or both of us was doing almost every recording date. We were just running from one studio to another. I went right back to the top, amassed another fortune, opened a music store. Urbie and I bought an airplane together. . . .

"The music store was on the corner of 53rd and Broadway. That's some very prime turf. I had it made."

Or at least he thought he did. "Opening day came and we had a big celebration. In walked this straggly character and he said, 'Boy, I remember you when you used to. . . .' And I said, 'Aw, man, get out of my shop, I haven't done that stuff in years.' And he said, 'Why don't you just have one little snort to celebrate the grand opening?' Of course, being a weak fool nut, two minutes later I was in the backroom with him and I had a little sniff of some heroin. I said to myself that I could handle it. But all of a sudden he started coming by more often, every two weeks, every week, every five days, every three, and before I knew it I was grabbing horns out of the window and giving them away for a bag of stuff. It was the whole thing over again.

"To make a long story short, I almost killed myself again. I went out of the country a few times, got arrested again in Jamaica. . . . Anyway, came 1969 and I called Woody and said, 'I'm back in shape, I'm not using anything and I want to come back with the band.' Woody, being softhearted, said, 'Great. We need a trombone player, come on back.'

"So I went back with the band. I was in worse shape than I'd ever been in my life, I weighed about 125 pounds. I left the band seven weeks later, with Woody saying that if I didn't go to Synanon and get some help he was going to leave me by the side of the road. At that point guys were putting my clothes on me and fixing my tie and propping me up so I could play a job.

"The last night with Woody was in Detroit. I just said, 'Gee, if I don't get some help right away I'm going to die tomorrow.' I just had that gut level feeling. So after the job a couple of guys loaded me in a plane. One of the guys had kept telling me I should go out to Synanon, they were supposed to have a good jazz band and a lot of pretty women. When the plane landed in California, I was still about 80,000 feet up, just roaring around. Somehow I managed to get to Synanon."

Frank totally immersed himself in the Synanon environment, gradually pulling himself out of his illness. And although he and many others have been successfully treated for addiction there, he is quick to point out that Synanon is not just a drug rehabilitation center. "We began that way 18 years ago, but we're doing so many different things now. It's akin to a small town anywhere, except we don't use drugs, we don't drink, we don't beat each other up.

"The biggest thing that makes Synanon different from communes is the Synanon Game. The Game is our form of government. We carry on uninhibited conversations with each other, with 10 or 12 people in a circle. If we have beefs with each other, if we want to discuss something important, whatever . . . we get a group opinion on it. It's amazing the way it works. Most Games last about two and a half hours but some go on for 72. You can do anything in a Game except commit physical violence, you can lie, exaggerate, ridicule, be cynical.

Whatever emotion you want to express is perfectly valid. We tape every Game. We have an FM radio hookup with the Games played over the system to the other Synanon branches throughout the country."

Frank is proud of his new role as Synanon band director, a position he has long wanted to hold.

"When I came here in '69 there was a band, Art Pepper was still here, many other guys who have since left. Nobody has stayed in Synanon who was from the music business. I'm the first one who has decided to make it his home. We have never had a musician who could devote full time to the music program, primarily because in the early years we were very poor. All the music playing was done by guys in their spare time.

"Four years ago I was given the chance to start a music department. I just had a couple kids come down to join a couple of our people who wanted to learn how to play music. I only had a Sony tape recorder.

"Now I have about 170 kids I'm teaching music. I'm exclusively teaching people who live in Synanon. A big part of our business these days is rebuilding young kids who get into trouble, kids who get busted stealing, dealing drugs, whatever. We call these kids the Punk Squad.

"Right now I'm mostly interested in recording music for our own radio station, for the wire, so that all of us can hear it. There are six resident houses now, our big place is in Tomales Bay, we have three ranches up there. We have a house in Santa Monica, one in San Francisco, and we have the home place up in the Sierras. Then we have a mission in Chicago and intake houses in Detroit and New York. Then we have a little group of people over in Berlin, there's about 35 people in that house.

"We're growing all the time because we're in the people business." **db**

caught

TED CURSON SEPTET
Sweet Basil
New York City

Personnel: Curson, trumpet, piccolo trumpet, fluegelhorn; Chris Woods, flute, alto sax; Nick Brignola, soprano, tenor and baritone saxes; Jim McNeeley, piano; Dennis Irwin, bass; Bob Merigliano, drums; Sam Jacobs, percussion.

Ted Curson's star continues to burn bright. Returning to the States in early 1976 after a decade-long sabbatical in Europe, Ted assembled a septet to play his brand of uncompromising music. The critics, musicians and public listened at the Tin Palace, Newport Jazz Festival and Village Vanguard. The verdict was unanimous. This was a band whose neo-bop/acoustic approach had the power and intensity to rival any fusion/electric group and bring jazz back to its potent basic roots.

1977 started with a bang. Curson and company reigned supreme at Storyville. More significant was the release of *Jubilant Power* (Inner City 1017) which captures the septet's turbines churning at full speed. By doing so, it is spreading the Curson gospel and serving as the trumpeter's calling card for bigger and better things.

About the septet's approach, Curson has said: "My aim is to make this a very modern, Mingus-like band, but with even more activity in the background. . . ." This blueprint was perfectly illustrated by Curson's turbulent *Ted's Tempo* which opened the set I caught.

Commencing with a floating rhythmic vamp and fanfare-like horn ensemble, *Ted's Tempo* galvanized around a blistering pulse. Curson on trumpet was first up. After spitting out coiled snake-like lines for several choruses, the horns entered with a nasty hard-edged riff which pushed Ted into his upper register for a series of piercing climactic trills. Nick Brignola followed with a shower of twisting cascades. The band's punctuating riff nudged Nick even further. Curson then blew a whistle and the band ceased playing. Shifting to fluid overdrive for his stop-time choruses, Brignola provoked the kind of cheers usually reserved for ninth inning heroics at Yankee Stadium. Hitting third was the redoubtable Chris Woods. Building from a set of interlaced motifs, the altoist locked into a tough, scorching groove that fed into the pianistic flow of Jim McNeely. Batting clean-up, McNeely cleared the bases with a dazzling array of single-note line drives.

Next was the Monkish, medium-paced *Searchin' For The Blues*. Buoyed by Bob Merigliano's tasty accents and Sam Jacobs' congas, the horns strutted with Curson's swaggering line. Ted, this time on fluegelhorn, cut across the relaxed tempo with the kind of risk-taking abandon that has made him one of the most exciting contemporary brassmen. Chris then followed with gutsy blues-tinged outpourings. Nick was next. Driving his baritone from the lower depths up into the harmonics, Brignola again proved that he is one of today's top bari players. After fine solos by McNeely and bassist Dennis Irwin filling in for David Friesen, the band returned to the jaunty head.

The last tune was a new arrangement of Curson's poignant *Tears For Dolphy*. The sense of loss alluded to in the title was perfectly echoed by the front line ensemble of Ted's fluegelhorn, Chris' flute and Nick's tenor. This time the solo spotlight focused solely on Woods. The flutist's ethereal lyricism logically extended the composition's thematic and emotive content. It also revealed another facet of Woods' impressive talent.

The appreciative crowd at Sweet Basil gave the band the kind of warm response it gets wherever it performs. And why not? There is the irrepressible Curson, his provocative charts and the battery of outstanding soloists. There is also the septet's total commitment to the neo-bop approach. These help make the Ted Curson Septet one of the hottest groups playing. —*chuck berg*

STUFF
The Bottom Line
New York City

Personnel: Richard Tee, keyboards; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Gordon Edwards, bass; Steve Gadd, Chris Parker, drums.

Even without the services of guitarist Eric Gale, this group of master studio cats turns the audience around and around. Their brand of music, played in suite form, was slick, melodious, rhythmic, laden with technical prowess and all of those "proper" adjectival phrases. The group is entertaining as hell, stimulating beyond belief, with mastery of their instruments oozing out of every nuance. But something's missing—a soloist, a front line, a different color. These guys have been playing rhythm for so long that they've forgotten they have to solo once in a while.

My Sweetness opened almost in a whisper and didn't get much louder. It was a nice bossa nova and easy funk. Add them together and you get dynamite reggae. Tee had the spotlight on organ all the way through.

He moved to piano as Dupree took over the melody. There was still no sign of excitement until the two drummers took a break which "spontaneously" led into a long solo, each leading the other while the non-soloist comped in tempo. This segued into a very down version of *Dixie*, from their first Warner Brothers release. Tee opened on organ, but switched to piano as Dupree took a solo.

Love The One You're With started things in a good gospel groove and the colors started to show. Richard was on piano while Steve's soft march changed the texture. *Happy Farms* was a little different—it was a gospel hustle. Tee's chordal work aided the overall picture of the dance being performed. It wasn't until Gadd changed up and propelled the best Dupree of the night that we got some feeling instead of mechanics.

The set continued with more of the same gospel build up in *The Letter;* a bit of country by Dupree on *How Long Will It Last;* and a proper finale, *Oh, Happy Day,* replete with effects from some tables conveniently supplied with toy tamborines.

As I stated at the outset, it was all good, clean, even interesting fun. But it fell short of expectations. If Stuff is serious business and not just a break from humdrum studio hacking, they must invest in a strong solo voice.
—*arnold jay smith*

KRZYSZTOF PENDERECKI
Carnegie Hall
New York City

Personnel: Syoko Aki, violin; Peter Lagger, bass; the Westminster Choir; the Trinity Choristers of Trinity Church, Princeton; Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale, Krzysztof Penderecki, conductor.

Like his conducting on this occasion, Penderecki's music emanated power and authority. Although the North American premiere of his *Magnificat* wasn't overwhelmingly successful, the rest of the program offered a good cross-section of this major composer's work.

Penderecki first gained international recognition in 1961, when his *Threnody For The Victims Of Hiroshima* won a UNESCO award. In the same year, the composer wrote *Polymorphia*, the second work on the Carnegie Hall bill. The two pieces bear a strange relationship to one another. Penderecki based the second half of *Polymorphia* on the brain waves of mental patients, recorded on encephalographs as they listened to a tape of *Threnody*. Adapting these wave patterns to a score that calls for 48 strings, he created sounds like those one might hear while approaching a beehive from a distance.

The extended violin techniques (e.g., having the players clap on their instruments) in the first half of *Polymorphia* were derived from the music of Iannis Xenakis; yet Penderecki made them his own by realizing more of their expressive potential.

Capriccio For Violin And Orchestra (1967), which followed *Polymorphia*, is one of the most technically brilliant and evocative showcases for violin written in this century. The solo part is notably difficult: the soloist must master the technique of playing notes of uncertain pitch by bowing behind the bridge, and is frequently required to play the highest possible note or notes on specific strings.

Syoko Aki, the soloist in this performance, proved herself a real virtuoso by meeting all of these requirements and more. In addition, when some of the same demands were placed upon them, the orchestral string players sounded no less proficient than Ms. Aki.

The score for *Capriccio* calls for a large ensemble that includes four saxophones (soprano, two altos and a baritone), a contrabass clarinet, harmonium and an electric bass. With all these tonal colors available, structure is much less important than effect. Therefore, when the saxophonists laid down a jazz-like series of riffs on a bed of aleatory strings, the juxtaposition didn't seem in the least unnatural.

Unfortunately, neither the structure nor the length of *Magnificat* (1973-74) fit that work's content. The *Et Misericordia* section, for example, with its dark colors, was so long that it almost outweighed the more hopeful *Gloria* which concluded the work. The myriad choral parts recalled such past works by Penderecki as *St. Luke's Passion* and *Utrenja*. But due to the brevity of *Magnificat*, the diffused tonal clusters that prepared magnificent climaxes in those earlier compositions had no chance to build here.

Except for one of the countertenors, who sounded like a tenor singing falsetto, the vocal soloists were excellent. Especially pleasing was bass Peter Lagger's solo in *Fecit potentiam* and the rich, wavering mix of the other solo voices, all male, as they curved around and through one another in the *Misericordia*.

—kenneth terry

BILL HARRIS
Hirshhorn Museum Auditorium
Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Harris, acoustic and electric guitars; Marshall Hawkins, bass; Harold Mann, drums; Buck Hill, tenor saxophone; Kenny Reed, trumpet.

Among guitar cognoscenti, Bill Harris has a sizable following that he has developed through teaching, touring internationally, producing and distributing his own records, and performing at his own club in D.C. His usual performance medium—unaccompanied acoustic guitar—sets him apart from most post-Charlie Christian jazz guitarists. And unlike the music of many of his peers, Harris' music is not primarily of the play-off-the-changes-in-strict-time stripe. Rather, his method is one of subtle melodic paraphrase and frequent deviation from tempo in order to explore the innards of a phrase.

Appropriately, this unique stylist was the first Washington-based musician featured in the Jazz Connoisseur series sponsored by the Smithsonian's Division of Performing Arts. Much of the concert was a showcase for Harris' unaccompanied flights, and he used this opportunity to illustrate both his mastery of his instrument and his varied repertoire. The latter was an eclectic's dream: Harris' own Basieish *Ethyl*, an unnamed Spanish-influenced piece, Ellington's *Prelude To A Kiss, Lover, The Way We Were, Stompin' At The Savoy, Tenderly, The Shadow Of Your Smile*, and *Django*. All of these renditions except *Django* were brief; Harris took his time on the John Lewis masterpiece and fully dissected it, moving in and out of tempo and injecting some fitting gypsy strums. Seldom has the spirit of Django Reinhardt been depicted so strikingly in a performance of this composition.

Harris' longest and most ambitious effort, his *Wes Montgomery Suite*, was not as effective, but only because he attempted too much. The *Suite*, a tripartite work, had a number of contrasting themes and moods, but Harris was simply not able to do them all justice on solo guitar. It was like hearing *The Rite of Spring* played on piano or watching Disney's *Fantasia* in black-and-white. There is no denying, though, that Harris demonstrated his command of some exciting—and musical—effects. In any case, the guitarist mentioned that he had previously performed the *Suite* with orchestral accompaniment; I hope to hear such a performance someday.

Harris was then joined by some fellow Washingtonians for a more conventional set. *Autumn Leaves* was done in tandem with Marshall Hawkins, one of *the* underground jazz musicians. (Little known outside of Washington, the 37-year-old Hawkins is a brilliant accompanist and one of the most electrifying bass soloists around.) The duo was subsequently joined by drummer Harold Mann, who took a nice mallet solo on *Caravan*.

Altogether, then, it was a hearing of some heavyweight jazzmen. Martin Williams and his staff (Peggy Martin, J. R. Taylor, and B. C. May) deserve a bow for presenting these musicians in a dignified but informal setting.

—bill kirchner

HOW TO re-view the choir

by Dr. William L. Fowler

Outside, the Floridians were shivering in their January Big Freeze. But inside the National Association of Jazz Educators Convention headquarters hotel at Daytona Beach, the University of Miami Chamber Singers were

radiating warmth from one of their famed Sunshine Celebration concerts. The discriminating audience, though, an audience of jazz band leaders, choir directors, and pros, were perceiving far more than suggestions of sunshine. They were feeling vibes of confidence from a group that knew it was reaching everyone. They were seeing facial expression and body movement whose language matched every musical mood. They were bathing in luxuriant multiphonic amplification. They were hearing a choir whose polished facets paralleled the richness, purity, and inner fire of gemstones, varied facets which only intensified the total luster, facets which reflected unusual leadership.

Since such precision, musicianship, and eclecticism couldn't have happened by chance, this observer sought out Miami's Music Dean, William Lee, and his choral faculty to find out how all that professionalism came about in a college choir. And as the story unfolded, it became more and more apparent that choir directors throughout the country could benefit from learning something of the Miami method. . . .

Each of the ten degree programs within Miami's School of Music (applied music, church music, music education, music literature, music engineering, music merchandising, music therapy, studio music and jazz, theory-composition, and accompanying) aims straight at student comprehension of comprehensive subject-matter, subject-matter professionally related to that particular field, subject-matter made as practical as possible through constant student activity in actual music-making, from singing to synthesizing. Each program provides its own core of subjects, to which enriching subjects from any other program's core or from the university at large may be added. A vocal major can seek knowhow in recording techniques or sound synthesis or acoustical science, for example, by cross-registering into the extensive music engineering curriculum, which augments its own solid core of current circuitry by delving into music business and legalities, math and physics, and musical performance plus writing. Some 13 distinct vocal ensembles provide a wide variety of recording opportunities for students manning mixing panels and placing microphones, opportunities which also sharpen microphone techniques for singers.

Of those various credit-producing ensembles (Civic Chorale, Chamber Singers I and II, Choral Conducting Workshop, Concert Choir, Singing Hurricanes, Men's and Women's Glee Clubs, Jazz Vocal Ensembles I and II, Graduate Chorale, Opera Workshop, and Early Music group), Chamber Singers I generates the most outside activity, if only because its stylistic diversity prepares it for any vocal program emphasis—Madrigal to Rock, Opera to Broadway, Renaissance to Now.

Every Chamber Singers program, though, illustrates a comprehensive stylistic variety. A variety broadened by literature specifically arranged and composed for the Singers themselves, most often by in-house faculty and students. An MENC concert might contain forty minutes of classical repertoire, but it also will contain twenty minutes of pop-rock-jazz, whereas a NAJE concert will reverse that emphasis. Because variety makes for interesting programming, the choir might move from Pop to Renaissance to Opera to Gospel to Charles Ives, to whatever. It avoids long works and long verbal introductions to those works. Numbers do get announced, but a passout printed program furnishes background information on credits and choir alike. As part of its out-of-town activity, the choir regularly tours European countries. Four years ago, the overseas tour included Rome; three years ago, Vienna; two years ago, Rumania; last year, Poland; and again this year a trip to Poland for a Krakow Conservatory symposium featuring that Conservatory's director, Krzysztof Penderecki. Like many a sister tour-minded school group, the choir raises much of its expense money via the fund-raising concert route, the rest coming from choir members themselves and from hiring out as demo record makers for choral publishing houses.

On its tours and at each concert, individual choir members assume particular responsibilities: Make the reveille phone calls. Check the membership roster. Load the equipment into the van. Take care of the costumes, the programs, the accompaniment instruments, the box lunches. Find a drug store, a doctor, a music store in a strange city. Solve all the problems, ordinary and extraordinary, which crop up on any extended tour.

Responsibilities such as these, says Lee Kjelson, Director of Miami's Choral Program as well as several of its choirs, help prepare students for the actualities of the music profession, actualities Dr. Kjelson and his faculty associates have long experienced. In large part, the Miami choral program has grown out of the Kjelson-plus-associates experience:

"In 1967, I came to the University of Miami from Cal State at Hayward. That same year we started the Chamber Singers, who at first were

traditionally oriented. Within a year, the choir had firmly entrenched itself both inside and outside the school. We doubled its rehearsal time from twice a week to four times to expand its program material. Soon it was performing at State and District MENC Conventions.

"In 1971, I went to Hawaii to design some curricula and to Guam to do some choral clinicking. Because my time was not tied up in constant conducting and choral training, I had a chance to hear many other choirs and consequently to evaluate my own ideas. I was struck with the ethnic pride of the islanders. Hearing those choirs and seeing the enthusiasm they generated from their ethnic materials reaffirmed my interest in being a conductor. I came back to Miami in 1972 filled with ideas for expanding the choral activities at the university. I wanted to express Florida through the idea of sunshine. That's why the Sunshine Celebration came about.

"I wanted the Chamber Singers to get into the vocational aspect of singing as well as the musical aspect. Diverse musical styles within the choir would furnish a base for later professional work. Where would the singers be after they graduated as teachers, performers, writers? They'd be wherever the musical world could offer to put them. It seemed to me that schools typically ask their students to learn madrigal singing in one group, classical singing in another, pop singing in another, jazz singing in still another, and so on. I felt that singers and arrangers/composers seriously interested in joining the music profession should be capable in any of the vocal styles. I wanted a choir which could authenticate any idiom its writers might choose, which could accurately demonstrate the quality of any work back to its writer. In such a choir, performing diversity could benefit writer and performer equally.

"But to gain authenticity in each of the styles it performed, the choir would need at its rehearsals a faculty capable in all those styles, for the rehearsals would really be music labs with several processes going on simultaneously—choreography and facial expression, enunciation and pronunciation, microphone techniques, audience communication, as well as stylistic development. We now have that faculty. They're all capable and compatible.

"Larry Lapin, whose responsibilities in conducting and writing center around the jazz and pop portion of the repertoire, teaches theory and composition, and performs professionally. He's a living model of versatility for our students.

"Robert Gower, the third faculty conductor for the group, also teaches theory and composition. As principal pianist-accompanist for the choir, he authenticates every musical style the choir sings. And Jerry Ross, the principal choreographer for the University Ring Theater, volunteered his services to the Chamber Singers after seeing a benefit concert last year. He can make utter motionlessness an expressive language.

"Although Bill Porter has major responsibilities within the Music Engineering program, he supervises sound reinforcement for the choir. At the NAJE Convention, he set us up with a Shure Vocal Master System augmented by a small Yamaha mixing board, allowing 14 microphone inputs. The microphones were Electrovoice, Shure, Sennheiser, and AKG. Bill's another really experienced Miami faculty member. He has engineered more than seven thousand recording sessions

for people like Anita Kerr, Chet Atkins, Buddy Rich, Barbara Streisand, Al Hirt, and Elvis Presley. We got him from Nashville via Las Vegas. His moves were our luck.

"The faculty and I feel one person could best select the members of the choir. So I personally handle the auditions. I look beyond the essentials—good voice, reading ability, sense of pitch—into pleasing personality and social sensitivity. I look for singers who also might be instrumentalists, arrangers, composers, or potential business personnel. The Chamber Singers never restrict membership to vocal area majors: they admit fine voices coupled with strong talent from throughout the university. But rarely does a new student go directly into that group. Participation in one of our many other choirs allows both a new student and our faculty to become acquainted."

If the proof of a professionally-oriented training program lies in the post-graduation activities of its members, the Kjelson format has indeed succeeded! Some two dozen alums from the Chamber Singers alone hold professional musical positions in a dozen states and nearly that many disciplines.

David Roberts chairs a college music department. Victor Bilanchone and Robert Wright direct college choral departments. William Lowry helps administer a Washington, D.C. arts organization. David Roberts and Gary Fry compose and arrange for three publishers. Jeanine Carey practices music therapy. Rebecca Roberts fills operatic solo roles in Strasbourg, France. Curtis Rayam triples among Santa Fe and Houston opera companies and a featured lead in the Broadway production of Joplin's *Treemonisha*. Willie Waters directs personnel for San Francisco's Opera West. And others perform as public school and church music directors and as featured vocalists at studios and clubs.

But a more immediate proof of effectiveness in a training program lies in its own performing groups. At their NAJE concert, the Chamber Singers furnished ample positive evidence. Because the Convention stressed jazz, Larry Lapin appropriately occupied the chief conductor's chair, while Bob Gower's piano-bass-drums accompaniment group functioned as a jazz combo.

After painting the clouds with Florida sunshine in their opening medley, the 25 member group dove right into an alternating series of audience-mood alterations.

They set their audience a-shufflin' to a Basie beat in Larry Lapin's vocal version of his own big band original, *Cuckoo Sport*, complete with sectional riffs and scat solos.

They knelt in motionless prayer for *Pity Me, God* from Honneger's *King David*. Probably never before has such lack of movement so moved an audience.

They preached the True Gospel throughout former member Oliver Well's *Climbing Higher Mountains*.

They gave their regards to Broadway in a historical capsule with a Wiz ending.

Conductors from the choir ranks led both singers and listeners into Renaissance France through sweet madrigals.

Alto Rachelle Nelson pulled out a soprano flute, then pulled off a Frank Wess-ian solo during Chuck Mangione's *As Long as We're Together*.

By separating into antiphonal men's and women's choirs and intoning Latin, the singers revisited 17th-century Italian cathedrals.

They conjured Puritan superstitions in a most original *Sound Canticle on Bay Psalm 23* by Gregg Smith, original in its placement of a mixed quartet on stage, while the other singers formed a thin arc around the audience perimeters, original in its polymodal and polytonal echoes moving around that arc against the quartet's sturdy hymn-harmonies.

They bebopped, they balladeered, they danced into a predestined ovation.

Choral singing has long been a most accessible, most rewarding activity in American education, from K to Ph. D. Many types of choir, each specializing in some particular style, have found places in our schools. Many individual college choirs have broken new educational ground—the Fisk Jubilee Singers of post-Civil War days, for example, or Hal Malcolm's Mt. Hood Community College Jazz Choir in recent years. And now Miami's Chamber Singers combines choral specialties within one group to mark another educational advance.

Appetites whetted by this column's taste of the Miami vocal feast can sample the whole menu at upcoming summer choral workshops on the Coral Gables campus, where Kjelson & Associates will be serving up the brain food.

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VAUGHAN

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they were together. We didn't even look at any they wrote after they broke up. Of the familiar tunes, we did *Here, There And Everywhere, Yesterday* and *Fool On The Hill.* Some of the others are *Come Together, Blackbird, Get Back, Golden Slumbers* and *Honey Pie,* on which I purposely sing off key and the arrangement, by David Hungate, is straight from 1927. First we put on the rhythm track; a couple of weeks later we laid down the brass and others. I understand that they put voices on too. One standout was *Something.* We did it in bossa nova tempo because I wanted it to be different. We used a Brazilian singer Marcus Valle and that did it. It added the proper South American flavor.

Smith: You did an album with some great bossa charts behind you. I don't remember the name of it, or if it ever was released. Do you remember it? It featured Jimmy Rowles, I think.

Vaughan: Funny you should remember that. Good question. Where is that album? It was one of my favorites and it's become one of the best kept secrets in the industry. Yes, it did feature Jimmy and one of his tunes, a fun thing called *Frazier The Lion.* Here was a real live lion who had no teeth, was ancient, had his tongue hanging out of his mouth and was siring cubs all over the San Diego Zoo. Johnny Mercer's lyrics were adorable. Had the album come out in time, Frazier would have been immortalized. There was delay after delay and he died before he could hear it.

We were supposed to record the thing live but the patrons in the club where we did it wouldn't allow us to—they were that noisy. We did it in the studio with a few invited guests and they didn't double the applause. It sounded like George Schlatter on *Laugh-In.* You know, the end where you heard only one person applauding.

Smith: On the topic of clubs. . . .

Vaughan: I have two favorites. The Roxy is one. The people who come there come to hear. They know they have to buy drinks so they buy them. The other is the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. The building has been there a long time. It was a bordello, a restaurant. It's ornate marble, two stories with a little balcony around the outside. The owner, Tom Bradshaw, is the nicest man, a nice boss. Most nightclub people are terrible. Very seldom do you get along with them.

I've never played the Bottom Line although from what I hear, I think that I'd like to. Also, I hear Max Gordon is a good man to work for, but the Village Vanguard scares me with its size.

Fisher: After you've worked places like Fisher Hall, Carnegie, some specials like Brooklyn College, it's difficult to work a room in New York. I know the Bottom Line would be a hip room to work—the Continental Baths was a hip room, too. But the figures aren't there.

Vaughan: There are hotel rooms that aren't too hip. We were in one room in Puerto Rico on the tour. People just cruised off their ship and into our room. They were polite, but that's it.

Smith: Do you ever think of the dollars rock groups command at large venues such as concert halls and stadiums?

Vaughan: I don't think rock groups can do clubs, so they have to do large places. If it weren't for concert halls, stadiums, Madison Square Garden and places like that, I don't think they could make it.

Fisher: A concert hall is the ambience that you want to perform in. The audience comes there specifically to hear you. The whole building is set up so that you can do nothing else. There is also communication. She can hear them and they can hear her. In a club you can have a waiter walking in front, a drunk, dishes, an out of tune cash register. Now something like Yankee Stadium is too big. One summer we did Royal Stadium, the Astrodome and a few others, and we felt that we were ripping off the audience and ripping off Sarah because she couldn't hear herself. She had to pick out which echo she was going to sing with. Simple numbers don't mean that much. Hollywood Bowl with its 14 or 17 thousand people is workable.

Vaughan: The atmosphere there is nice. There's an intimate feeling because of the trees and all.

Smith: In these places where you use an orchestra, whose charts are they?

Vaughan: All Marty Paich.

Smith: What charts does Carl Schroeder write?

Vaughan: Mostly the trio charts. He wrote an uptempo Gershwin band thing we did. When we work with Mercer Ellington, for instance, there are some Benny Carter charts in there, too. Carl is trying to get into writing; he will sit down at the piano every day of the week, all day. He's going to be writing soon, you can bet on that.

Smith: Do you play with your voice?

Vaughan: Oh, do I ever. How can I have fun? You've got to have fun up on that stage because you're going to do the same songs every night. If you don't have some fun, you are going to quit this business soon. You can't let some drunk get you mad, either.

Smith: Do you test your audience?

Vaughan: Yes. If they respond favorably to something I do, a twist or a turn, I do it more. Sometimes I do something and they start whoopin' and hollerin' and I ask myself, "What'd I do?"

Half the audiences are young, very young. On one date I saw girls scrambling for tables upfront. Young girls.

Smith: Is it an appreciation of your musicianship or just that their parents told them about you?

Vaughan: The way they respond, I figure it's the musicianship. I haven't changed my shows. I just keep doin' what I'm doin'.

There's so much talent just lying around out there and they're driving cabs or something. Then somebody comes along with a gimmick and makes oodles of money. How come they can't take what's here?

Fisher: One of the biggest problems with record companies is trying to convince them to let Sarah do what she does. Someone wanted to make her into a Bessie Smith years ago. Someone else wants to do this or that with her. She is absolutely the best judge of what she does best.

Vaughan: "Let's find a hit," they tell me. What's a hit? *The Lord's Prayer* is a hit! And why are others making all the bread? The producers and executives didn't make all this music. We did. I think we should be making more money than we are. But that sounds like an old story.

My daughter is in love with Alice Cooper, with all his costumes and makeup. Now, I couldn't tell the difference between Alice Cooper and Elton John there for awhile because I don't have the time to listen. But it seems to me that these people have the right idea to get the money. Get the audiences to come and buy and then once you got 'em, do your own thing. I can't do those kinds of things, but bless those who can. They're not going to drown. I love music and I can't do all of those things just to get money.

If this Beatle album doesn't do anything, I'll be a little disappointed maybe, but I did what I wanted to. Of course I want a gold record, but just like the rest of my life, if it don't happen it just don't happen. I was glad to have been nominated for a Grammy and I know the album didn't deserve it. Ella came backstage after the show and actually apologized for winning. She said it should have been mine. She almost had tears in her eyes. I'm never going to say that we'd better record some shit just to get some gold or a Grammy. My musical integrity prevents that. **db**

MOORE

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self with the harmonic possibilities that they present, but I don't want to practice them anymore.

"I think it's important every day to do exactly what you want to have happen from your instrument. Don't practice scales and arpeggios and patterns, but instead practice playing music. Play a song into a tape recorder and see if it makes musical sense. Does it warm you? Does it move you in any way? Because that's what we're trying to do. We're not trying to see how many 'outside' notes we can play. That's the thing that so many guys missed with Coltrane: there was a great emotional involvement with what he was doing. It's not 'free' to cop a lick or a pattern off of a John Coltrane record; the main thing is to try to generate your own melodies."

Mike Moore is a strikingly original musician with individualistic ideas about music. Individuality, though, is nothing new for the 31-year-old bassist. "I can remember being very moved by jazz when I was in fifth or sixth grade. My father was a jazz guitarist, and he had a lot of King Cole trio, Oscar Peterson trio, and Benny Goodman trio and quartet things. I would come home and put jazz records on and try to find somebody besides my father to listen with me, though my friends never seemed to be very interested. But that was what I wanted to do all along—to play jazz."

However eager he was to play jazz, the young Cincinnatian did not neglect opportunities to get an extensive classical background on his instrument. "When I was 15, I began studying with the first bassist in the Cincinnati Symphony. Then I studied with a very good bass player, also with the Cincinnati Symphony, named Frank Proto. He plays both jazz and classical and has written some method books and some bass concertos. When I moved to New York, I studied with Orin O'Brien, a lady who plays bass in the Philharmonic."

As a result of this training, Moore possesses one of the richest arco sounds of any jazz bassist. "One of the things that's so wonderful about the upright bass," he explained, "is that you have that option to play with the bow. It's challenging and it's one of the most musical things you can do on the instrument. And it's one of the things that really separates it from

the Fender bass. I'm glad I started young with the bow. I had a plywood bass and I was playing it pizzicato and thought I was getting quite good. One day my father brought me a bow and said, 'Here, try it with this.' So I played with a bow for about five minutes, and it depressed me so badly that I put the bass in the corner and didn't touch it for about a month. But then I started studying, and I haven't regretted it."

During his adolescence, then, Moore was getting a valuable exposure to both classical and jazz bass playing. (His favorite jazz bassists were Slam Stewart, Jimmy Blanton, Red Mitchell, Scott LaFaro, Gary Peacock, Steve Swallow and Ron Carter; more recently, he also has enjoyed the work of George Mraz and Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen.) So when he was offered his first "name" gig with Woody Herman in December 1966, Moore was prepared, even though it soon became clear that he had some maturing to do. "That was my first time away from home and on the road. When I first went with Woody, I wanted to play like Scott LaFaro, and I thought I was going to 'free up' Woody Herman's band. After a few months of playing there, I realized what my role was. Playing bass in a big band is definitely a very prescribed role. And it's a big responsibility—I've always heard it said by guys like Dizzy that the first thing you've got to get in a big band is a good bass player. I got my time playing together in a big band. It was like carrying a rhinoceros around on your back every night, and at the time I didn't use any amplification, so the strings were a mile off the fingerboard. I really developed some strength."

After a year with the Herman band, Moore left and returned to Cincinnati. In 1968, he moved to New York. "The first good thing to happen to me," he related, "was to work with Marian McPartland. It was good exposure, and I learned a lot of music. We did two albums together and she recorded four of my tunes, which was nice of her. Bobby Hackett, Marian and myself did a tape one time of some tunes that she had written, and I heard that it turned up as an album in Europe. I'd love to have a copy of that album. Hackett is another influence of mine, again because of his great respect for melody."

From there, Moore joined the Freddie Hubbard quintet that included Junior Cook on tenor, George Cables on piano and Lenny White on drums. He also has performed with the Gil Evans Orchestra, the aforementioned Braff-Barnes quartet, trumpeter Chet Baker, saxophonist Lee Konitz, pianist Jimmy Rowles, pianist-arranger Mike Abene, and guitarists Jim Hall, Jack Wilkins and Gene Bertoncini. Moore finds the duo with Bertoncini to be particularly stimulating. "I think that duo playing with guitar is the most demanding bass playing there is. The guitar player only has four fingers on his left hand to play the chords. He can't fill up as much space as a piano player can, so he has to leave quite a bit for the bass player, who acts as the rhythm section, generates melodies and plays solos. Plus Gene's arrangements are very challenging." Bertoncini and Moore are equally skillful with jazz standards such as *Nardis* and with modern classical pieces by Maurice Ravel and Joaquin Rodrigo. Utilizing such resources as arco bass and phase-shifted acoustic guitar, the duo achieves an astonishingly full, quasi-orchestral sound.

In addition to his other activities, Moore has recently worked with one of his idols, Benny Goodman. "I get excited even when Benny walks into the room—just for what he represents to me. This is a man who never sold out in his whole life, who never looked down or played down to the public, and who played exactly the kind of music he wanted. And he's world-famous and has made a fortune playing music. He can be difficult, but so far he and I have had no trouble at all. If he says something to somebody, he's not malicious; he's just got a sound in his head that he wants to hear. And he figures that if you're working in his band, you ought to be trying to get what he wants."

Moore talked a bit about the current Goodman small group. "It's very loose; to me, it's actually a little *too* loose. The things that I really admired about him were the trios and quartets with Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton. It was very rehearsed, but they still had a loose, swinging, happy, exciting feeling. I think that Benny now is allowing himself the childhood that he probably never had because he was playing and supporting his family when he was in his teens. It's a jam session. They have a few tunes worked out with the horns, but for the most part he's just out to have fun. He's liable to call you up and say, 'Let's record up at my house tomorrow.' And you know he's probably never going to put the record out, but it's a paid jam session for Benny. He can afford to do it, and that's the way he gets his kicks. He loves to play."

With all this experience and his exceptional ability, Moore has become a much sought after bassist in New York, especially for small, intimate ensembles. He is reluctant to plunge into studio work and rock, saying of the latter: "I worked with Maria Muldaur for a six-week tour, playing Fender. It paid very well and it was a good band. I won't do it anymore though, because I was away from the upright and I really don't enjoy playing Fender as much as I do the upright."

When asked about his musical goals, Mike indicated that he wants to do "a lot of different things." Besides performing, he is studying piano with Tony Aless. ("I really want to play the instrument like a piano player. That in itself will help me with my writing, because everything in Western music is based on the keyboard.") His main ambition, however, is "to get a group thing happening, because that's when I develop the most. When you're young, it's good to go from one job to another and to get a lot of varied experience. Once you find out what you want to do, the best thing to do is to be with two or three other musicians who feel the same way. Then you help each other along, and that's when you get really great group music.

"It's hard to get a group going, though, because everybody's under heavy financial pressure. I'm in a trio with Mike Abene on piano and Mike Gari on guitar, and we have that problem. Mike Abene is very busy writing, there aren't that many jobs, and none of us is a real business head as far as getting out and hustling up work. So unless you have a record and somebody will help take care of bookings for you, it's tough."

In spite of the problems that go along with being a creative musician, Mike Moore is satisfied with his current lifestyle. "I'm making a living playing jazz on the upright bass; nowadays, not too many persons are doing that. As long as I can make a living playing bass and good music, I'll be happy." **db**

CHARLES

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with young talent—you know, with young performers where the talent is there, maybe it's kind of raw but it's there—and producing, helping them to come along. I'd like to spend more time actually doing that.

"I got to say this again, and I really mean this from the bottom of my heart, I'm very thankful to the public for all of this. Because they've seen to it—without them, obviously, I feel that I couldn't have done these things. They're responsible for it. I think one of the most marvelous things to have happen to you is to have people in small towns, most of them don't speak no English, come and hear you. I had an incident happen to me one time when I was in Jamaica. It was raining cats and dogs, and we were playing in an outdoor place, and the people were there and sat in that rain through the whole concert. The band had a little shed, so it wasn't raining on us, but in getting to the bandstand, two of the people literally had to carry me on their shoulders, that's how much mud they had in this place. I will never forget that as long as I live. Because, anybody who will do that . . . I don't know if I would sit in the rain and walk in the mud if *Christ* came. I mean, He'd have to do a little talking to get me to do that!

"My music is all me. I give the world my soul, my insides. That's the way I characterize my music, 'cause whatever I'm playing, whatever the branch of music it is—if it's country and western or if it's a blues or if it's a love song or if it's a fun song like *Smile With Me* or if it's jazz—whatever it is, I give the public all. They get all of it. They get all of me. So that would be the only way I know, sincerely, to characterize my music." **db**

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

New York University (Loeb Student Center): Highlights In Jazz presents the Jazz Supersession w/ *Ray Barretto, Hal Galper, John Tropea, Randy Brecker, Mike Brecker, Wayne Dockery, Billy Hart* (4/27).

Smucker's (Brooklyn): *Dave Sanborn/Ralph MacDonald* (4/21-23); *Stuff* (4/24-26); *Tipica '73* (4/28); *Larry Coryell/Michal Urbaniak* (4/29-5/1).

New School: *National Jazz Ensemble* w/ *Mike Brecker*, guest (4/23).

New York Jazz Museum: *Danny Moore Quintet* (5/1) and 2 PM every Sunday.

Kitchen Center: *Anthony Braxton/Joseph Jarman/Roscoe Mitchell* (4/29 & 30).

Rutgers University (Livingston College, New Brunswick, N.J.): *Ron Carter Quartet* (4/26).

Rutgers University (Newark, N.J.): *Jimmy Heath Quartet* (4/27).

Storyville: Jazz Interactions presents Music in the Tradition of Lennie Tristano (4/24); *Cecil Payne & the Jazz Zodiacs* (5/1). Sessions begin at 7 PM.

Hopper's: *Monty Alexander* (thru 4/23); *Stan Getz* (4/25-5/7).

Village Vanguard: *Betty Carter* (thru 4/24); *Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra* (Mon.).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): *Roland Hanna and the N.Y. Jazz Quartet* w/ *Frank Wess, George Mraz* and *Richie Partt* (4/22-23); *Joe Morello Quartet* (4/27-30); *Vic Juris* (4/25);*Ryo Kawasaki* (5/2); *Rosemary Conte* (4/20); *Warren Chiasson Trio* (5/4); *Red Richards* (4/21 & 24); *Keith MacDonald* (4/26, 5/1, 3, 5).

The Ladies' Fort: Live Loft Jazz Festival: *Billy Lyles* (4/21); *Dizzy Reese Ensemble* (4/22); *Genie Sherman & Friends* (4/23); *Lewis McMillan Mini-show* (4/24); *Gil Coggins Trio* (4/25); *Marty Cook's N.Y. Sound Explosion* (4/26); *Spirit of Life Ensemble* (4/17); *Ray Anderson & the People* (4/28); *George V. Johnson, Jr.* (4/29); *Marvin Blackman* (4/30); free jam session & festival awards party (5/1).

Carnegie Hall: Concert for the benefit of Lenox Hill Hospital featuring *Frank Sinatra* among others (4/27).

Cookery: *Big Joe Turner* (thru 5/7); pianists weekend afternoons.

Barbara's: *Bob January Big Band* (Sun. 3-7 PM).

Skinflints (Brooklyn): *Mike Mandel* (Thurs.).

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): *Sonny & Cher* (4/25-5/1).

Village Corner: *Lance Hayward* or *Jim Roberts* (nightly); *Jim Roberts Jazz Septet* (Sun. 2-5 PM).

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Spring session thru 5/29.

Studio Wis: *Warren Smith's* composer's workshop ensemble (Mon.).

One Station Plaza (Bayside, Queens): *Brian Torff & Ted Piltzecker.*

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Vic Cenicola & Teddy Zaremba Quartet* (Sun.); *Dave Tesar Quartet* (Mon.); *Wild Fire* (Tues.); *Jazz Conformation* (Wed.); *North Jersey Jazz Co.* (Thurs.); big stars weekends.

Larson's: *Ellis Larkins* w/ *Billy Popp.*

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

Arthur's: *Mabel Godwin*, piano.

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

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

York River Club: *John Bunch* (Mon. & Tues.); *Frank Owens* (Wed. & Thurs.); *David Daniels* (Fri. & Sat.).

Westchester Premier Theatre (Tarrytown, N.Y.): *Robert Goulet* (opens 5/3).

Bar None: *Dardanelle* at the piano.

Sweet Basil: *John Abercrombie/Mike Nock/Dave Holland/Jack DeJohnette* (4/19-23); *Zoot Sims/Joe Puma* (4/26-30); *Roland Prince* (5/1-3); *Ted Dunbar Trio* (opens 5/4).

Crawdaddy: *Sammy Price* & friends.

Eddie Condon's: *Balaban & Cats* (Mon.-Sat.); guests (Tues. & Sun.).

Gaslight Club: *Sam Ulano & the Speakeasy Four.*

Gregory's: *Al Haig Trio* (Mon. & Tues.); *Brooks Kerr Trio* (Wed.-Sun.); *Gene Roland* (Mon.-Sat. 4-8); *Warren Chiasson* (Sun. 5:30-9).

Cleo's: *Mabel Mercer.*

Jazzmania Society: *Mike Morgenstern All Stars.*

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

Office Bar: *Danny Stiles Big Band* (Wed.).

Rainbow Room: *Sy Oliver.*

All's Alley: *Frank Foster's Loud Minority* w/ *Charlie Persip* & *Earl May* (Mon.).

Recovery Room: *Norma Shepherd.*

Reno Sweeny's: *Blossom Dearie* (Thurs.-Sat. 5:30-7 & Sun. 3).

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Jazz seven days a week.

Stryker's: *Dave Matthews Big Band* (Mon.).

West End Cafe: *Franc Williams Swing Four* (Mon. & Tues.); *Jo Jones* & friends (Wed.); *George Kelly's Jazz Sultans* (Thurs. & Fri.); *The Countsmen* (Sat. & Sun.).

Environ: Loft jazz (Tues., Fri. & Sat.).

Unavailable At Presstime. Call Club Or Jazzline (212 421 3592): *Angry Squire; Barrister Lounge* (Bronx); *Beefsteak Charlie's* (12th St. & 5th Ave. only); *Boomer's; Bradley's; Broady's; Bottom Line; Christy's Skylight Gardens; Abraxas Townhouse* (Brooklyn); *Blue Water Inn* (Seabright, N.J.); *Dr. Generosity's; Gerald's* (Cambria Heights, Queens); *Bemelman's Bar; Cafe Carlyle; Downstairs at Bill's Meadowbrook* (Uniondale, L.I.); *Jimmy Weston's; Michael's Pub; Mikell's; My Father's Place* (Roslyn, L.I.); *Other End; Patch's Inn; Pip's Lounge* (Clifton, N.J.); *Tin Palace; Village Gate; West Boondock; Max's Kansas City; The Continental* (Fairfield, Conn.); *The Ballroom; Sparky J's* (Newark, N.J.).

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea: *Freddie Hubbard* (4/19-24); *Earl Klugh* (4/26-5/1); *Bill Evans; Art Farmer/Cedar Walton Trio* (5/3-8); *Rahsaan Roland Kirk* (5/10-15); *Eddie Harris* (5/17-6/5); *Esther Phillips* (6/7-12).

The Lighthouse: *Gap Mangione* (4/19-24).

U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): *MJQ* (4/29); U.C.L.A. Jazz Festival featuring Oliver Nelson Memorial concert w/ *Freddie Hubbard, Shelly Manne* and others (5/27); *Herbie Hancock, Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band, Rahsaan Roland Kirk* (5/28); *Grover Washington, Jr.; Al Jarreau; Dexter Gordon/Woody Shaw* (5/29).

Hollywood Palladium: *Billy Preston* (5/24); salsa concert w/ *Ray Barretto* and *Johnny Pacheco* (5/29).

Donte's: Jazz all week featuring top studio musicians; call 769-1566 for details.

Santa Monica Civic: *Gato Barbieri* (5/22).

Hop Singh's: Top name contemporary music.

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

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

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

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

The Improvisation: Jazz Mon.; call 651-2583.

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

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: *Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis* (4/20-24); *Kenny Burrell* (5/4-8); *Dexter Gordon* (5/18-22); *Yusef Lateef* (5/25-29); call 337-1000 for further information.

Ratso's: *Jean Carn/Dexter Wansel* (4/20-24); call 935-1505 for details.

Ivanhoe: Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 929-1777 for information.

Amazingrace: *Oregon* (4/22-25); call 328-2489 for information.

Wise Fools Pub: *Anthony Braxton/Muhal Richard Abrams* (4/19); *Streetdancer* (4/26); *Otis Rush* (4/27-30); *John Lee Hooker* (5/16-17); *Roger Pemberton Big Band* (Mon.); call 929-1510 for details.

Rick's Cafe Americain: Jazz nightly; call 943-9200.

Ron's Pub: Jazz regularly with *Jeanne Lambert, Tommy Ponce, Yikes.*

Quiet Knight: Contemporary music regularly; call 348-7100.

Jazz Hotline: 421-6394.

SAN DIEGO

Southwestern College: Jazz festival (4/22-23); *Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band* (4/23); *Warren Jeffries Big Band* rehearsal (Wed. night).

NC's Lounge: *Ted Picou/Jimmy Noone* (Sun. 4:30 PM).

Convention Center: *Chick Corea* (4/5); *Marshall Tucker* (4/20); *Modern Jazz Quartet* (4/30); *Harry Chapin* (5/4).

Billy Bones: *Nat Brown Group* (Wed.-Sat.).

Aspen Mine Company: *Tony Ortega Quintet* (Sun.-Mon.).

Mercedes Room: *Kirk Bates* (Tues.-Sat.).

Pal Joey's: *Flo Bringham's New Orleans Preservation Band* (Fri.-Sun.).

Port Royale: *Mike Wofford Trio* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Sports Arena: *Jethro Tull* (4/8); *Led Zeppelin* (6/19).

Crossroads: *Hollis Gentry/Butch Lacy Quartet* (Thurs.-Sun.).

La Paloma: call 753-4397.

Back Door: call 286-6562.

El Cortez: *Jacob's Band* (Tues.-Sat.).

La Costa: *Joe Marillo Quartet* (Tues.).

Jose Murphy's: *Joe Marillo* (Sun. aft.).

Albatross: *Nova* (Tues.-Sat.).

Mandolin Wind: *Preston Coleman* (Sun.).

Chuck's Steak House (La Jolla): *Zzaj.*

PITTSBURGH

Allegheny Community College (West Hall, N.S. Campus): *Monty Alexander Trio* (4/20, 12 noon).

Carnegie-Mellon University: *Pure Prairie League* and *Joan Armatrading* (4/22).

Chatham College: Third Annual Musical Folk Fest w/bluegrass, folk and blues (5/1).

Civic Arena: *Burton Cummings/America* (4/18).

Heinz Hall For The Performing Arts: *Woody Herman and His Young Tundering Herd* w/ *Harry James & Band* (4/27); *Les Brown and His Band Of Renown* w/ *Paula Kelly & the Modernaires* (5/17).

Zebra Room (Homewood): *Carl Arter Trio* w/

Tiny Irwin and *Chuck Austin* (Fri.-Sat.); jam Mon.

Tender Trap: *Don Aliquo/Ron Bickel* Duo (Fri.-Sat.).

Sonny Dayes' Stage Door Lounge: *Spider & Co.* featuring *Eric Kloss* (Wed.-Sat.); open jam session every Tues. night.

Pink Poodle (Bloomfield): Live jazz every Fri.-Sat.

Nino's East (N. Versailles): *Reid Jaynes Trio* and *Bob Cardillo Quartet* on alternating weekends (Thurs.-Sat.).

Ernie's Esquire Club (McMurray): *Al Dowe Quintet* w/ featured vocalist *Etta Cox* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Encore I (Shadyside): *Harold Betters Quartet* (Wed.-Sun.).

Crazy Quilt: *Grant Green* (4/18-4/30); *the Soul Dukes* (5/2-7); *Charles Earland & Odyssey* (5/9-14, tent.).

Crawford Grill: Name jazz regularly (Mon.-Sat.).

Christopher's: *Frank Cunimondo Trio* (Wed.-Sat.).

MINNEAPOLIS—ST. PAUL

Orchestra Hall (Minneapolis): *Herbie Mann* (4/17); *Lettermen* (5/12).

Guthrie Theatre (Minneapolis): *The Crusaders* (5/5).

St. Paul Civic Center: *Fleetwood Mac* (5/4).

State Theatre (Minneapolis): *Renaissance* (4/20).

Walker Art Center (Minneapolis): *Sid Farrar* (4/29).

Longhorn Eating Emporium and Saloon (Minneapolis): Local jazz Thurs.-Sun.; big names monthly; call 333-0346 for details.

The Haberdashery (St. Paul): *Irv Williams Trio* (Fri.-Sat.); call 222-7855.

Zelda's (Minneapolis): Local jazz (Tues.-Fri.); call 339-3200 for information.

Rainbow Gallery (Minneapolis): Local jazz (Fri.-Sun.); jam sessions Thurs.; occasional special activities and big names; call 339-6509.

The Whole Coffeehouse (U. of Minnesota): Pop, rock, folk, jazz, local and national groups, weekends; call 373-7600.

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

Registry Hotel (Bloomington): Local big band jazz (Sun.); call 854-2244.

Riverside Cafe (Minneapolis): Local jazz Thurs.

Walker Community Church (Minneapolis): Local jazz, pop, rock, etc. (Sun.); call 722-6612.

Guild Of Performing Arts (Minneapolis): Local jazz; call 333-8269.

Fiorito's Drinking Emporium (St. Paul): Dixieland jazz weekends with the *Mouldy Figs;* call 222-3331.

Peacock Alley (Minneapolis): Occasional local jazz; call 332-9269.

The Cozy Bar (Minneapolis): Occasional local jazz; call 522-9996.

CLEVELAND

Agora New World Of Jazz: Concerts every Tues.

Benji's Lounge (Sheraton Beachwood): *Dewey Jeffries Trio* (Tues.-Sat.).

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

The Firehouse (Park Centre): Jazz weekends.

Ramada Inn (Rockslide): *Duke Jenkins Trio.*

State Theatre (Playhouse Square): Name jazz acts booked weekly (Tues.-Sun.).

DENVER

Ebbets Field: *Sea Level* (4/24).

Zeno's: *Dr. Jazz* (Tues.-Thurs.); *Queen City Jazz Band* (Fri., Sat.).

BBC: Jazz and contemporary music; call 861-7877 for details.

Oxford Hotel: *N.S.R.* (4/26-5/1).

University Of Denver: D.U. One O'Clock Jazz Ensemble (5/3); *Doc Severinsen* (5/7).

La Bonita: *Little Big Band* (Mondays).

Little Bear: *Three Frogs* (4/21-23).

Broadway: Occasional jazz; for information call 534-9390.

La Fiesta: Latin and Latin jazz; call 825-9351 for details.

Emerson Street East: Jazz and contemporary music; call 832-1349 for details.

Freddie's: Occasional jazz; call 237-3898.

BUFFALO

Shea's Buffalo Theatre: *Two Generations Of Brubeck* (5/13).

Trallamadore Cafe: *Sam Haynes Hip Ensemble* (4/22-24); *Sam Rivers* (tent. late May); call 836-9678 for information.

Statler Hilton Downtown Room: *Earl "Fatha" Hines* (4/19-5/1); *Charlie Byrd* (5/3-5/15); *Marian Mc Partland* (5/17-5/29); live Broadcasts opening night on WBFO.

Holiday Inn (Delaware Ave.): Live jazz weekends; *New Wave* (4/25-26).

Anchor Bar: Jazz Fri.-Sun. *with Johnny Gibson Trio.*

Pierce Arrow: Live jazz Thurs. with *Jon Weiss Quintet* featuring *Susan Slack.*

The Odyssey: Live jazz Sat. with *Spyro Gyra.*

Mulligan's: Occasional name jazz; call 836-4267.

Jack Daniel's: *Spyro Gyra* (Sun. and Tues.).

KANSAS CITY

Wichita Jazz Festival: Features *Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, McCoy Tyner, Milt Hinton, Clark Terry, Alan Dawson, Hank Jones* (4/22-24).

Kansas City Jazz Festival: Roster unconfirmed at press time (5/1); call 361-5200 for information.

Memorial Hall (K.C. Kansas): *Chick Corea* (4/20).

Signboard: *Oleta Adams* thru 5/14.

Mr. Putsch's: *Waverly Street Band w/ Gloria Edwards* (Tues.-Sat.).

VII Arches: *Frank Meeker Trio* (Tues.-Sat.); add *Carol Comer* Wed.

Jeremiah Tuttles: *Pete Eye Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

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

Uptown: Occasional name jazz; call 753-1001.

LAS VEGAS

Shy Clown (Reno): *Melba Montgomery* (4/25-30).

Aladdin: *Jethro Tull* (4/10); *Marshall Tucker/Hank Williams, Jr.* (4/17).

Attic: *John Palmer Sextet* (nightly); *Las Vegas Jazz Society* (one Sunday per month).

KLAV-FM: Monk Montgomery's "Reality" (Sun. 6-8 PM).

Jazz Room: Call for details.

Tender Trap: Call for details.

Musician's Union: Jazz jam (Wed.).

Sahara: *Pete Barbutti* (5/16-29); *Si Zentner* (4/14-5/11); *Bobby Douglas* (5/12-6/8); *Terry James* (6/9-7/6); *Red Norvo & Mavis Rivers* (7/7-8/3); *Tony Bennett* (7/14-27).

MGM Grand: *Barry Manilow/Lady Flash* (to 4/13).

Hacienda: Las Vegas Jazz Society (Sun.).

Vegas Hilton: *Gladys Knight* (4/12-25).

CINCINNATI-DAYTON

All American Lounge: Jam sessions (Sun.).

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

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

Emanon: *Bob Krueger* (Mon.-Tues.); *Ed Moss Trio* and *Teresa Ross* (Wed.-Sun.).

Gilly's: Reopening soon.

Maggie's Opera House: Call 242-3700 for information.

Memorial Hall: *Sonny Rollins* and *McCoy Tyner* (4/23, tent.).

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