

JULY 14, 1977

60c

the contemporary  
music magazine

# downbeat®

## WAYNE SHORTER

## PROFILES:

**DON PULLEN**

**BARRY HARRIS**

**GUERIN**

**BLAKE**

**MORAN**

**EWART**

**VICARI**

**MARK COLBY**

**EDDIE HIGGINS**

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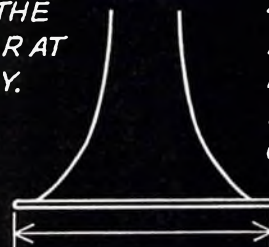


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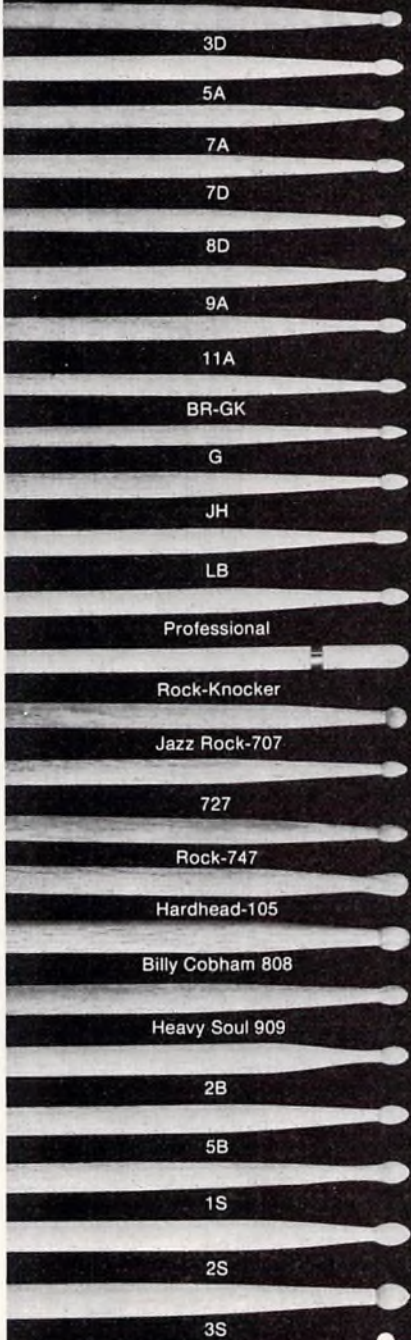
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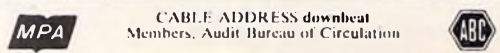
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# "Nobody has learned how to play the trumpet. It's endless."



## Leblanc Duet No. 3, featuring Maynard Ferguson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**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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## education in jazz

by Clark Terry

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The Berklee teachers also have the kind of dedication it takes to turn out students who are aware of discipline, self-respect, sharing with one another, and who know the value of love in yourself and in the music.

My personal ties with Berklee and its staff go way back. In fact, I remember playing in what is now their new Performance Center when it was a movie and show "palace". Now it's one of the best halls in the country . . . another plus for the students and Berklee.

Because of my past associations with Berklee and its staff, I'm honored that they are establishing a scholarship in my name.

What with festivals and tours and clinics, I do a lot of traveling. And it seems no matter where I am in the world, there's a Berklee trained musician wailing through the charts—keeping our music alive and growing. That's got to be the best recommendation any school could have.

*Clark Terry*  
1980

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## the first chorus

By Charles Suber

This is *down beat's* 43rd anniversary, a proper occasion to report on its ever growing readership.

The total paid circulation of this issue will approximate 105,000 copies; about 86 per cent by subscription: 14 per cent from newsstand and music store sales. This issue will be read in 142 or 144 countries. (We're never sure about Albania or Paraguay.) But so much for numbers-of-copies. More importantly, who buys *down beat*, and why?

We made a survey. We mailed a two page questionnaire to each new or renewal subscription received on two separate days, a procedure that insures a random geographical spread. Of the 1,338 questionnaires mailed, 739 were returned filled-in! That's a 55.2 per cent return which would make professional pollsters utter such cries as Great Gallup!, Holy Harris!, etc. But that's the *db* reader: loyal and true blue. (Note to newsstand readers: we want very much to take your measure as well. Please write to this column for a questionnaire.)

The results of this recent subscribers' survey follow (with parenthetical comments).

- Average age, about 25 . . . 92 percent male. (The average reader is two years older than before . . . more women are reading *db*.)

- 90 per cent describe themselves as musicians who get paid for playing as a pro or semi-pro (the latter condition dominates). About 12.5 per cent are teachers. (Percentages usually exceed 100: *db* musicians can and do play and teach at the same time.)

- The *db* musicians own and play an average of about four and a half instruments each. There's a lot of crossing-over between families of instruments: horn players playing keyboards, keyboarders playing guitars, and everybody beating on a percussive object. As close as we can tell, the instrument-family ownership is, in the order of their use: woodwinds, stringed instruments, keyboards, percussion, trumpets, trombones and other lower brass.

- The kind of music played on the above instruments is described by the readers as: "jazz"—76%; "blues"—50%; "rock"—49%; "pop"—40%; "classical"—33%; "avant garde"—20%; "country"—13%. (Few respondents used "funk" or "fusion" or "soul" to describe their choice of idiom.)

- Extending the survey answers to all subscribers, it would seem that they spend about \$21 million a year on albums plus an additional unknown amount on singles. (It is doubtful if *db* readers buy many singles.) They play these discs and tapes on rather expensive hi-fi equipment. One third of the respondents say they have more than \$900 invested in sound repro gear.

- Income? We don't ask the question for two reasons: one, it's none of our business; two, we know from years of experience that there is little correlation between a musician's income and what he spends on anything that will improve his performance and enjoyment.

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# discords

## Ugly And Ig'nunt

I dug the "ugly" tone of Stanley Crouch's remarks in *Chords and Discords* (5/5), but his comments show he sure is "ig'nunt" of what jazz music is all about. Black power rhetoric is all the fashion these days, both musically and verbally, but I couldn't give any respect to Crouch's plea, as he, like many "freedom-at-all-costs" players and their champions, these days assumes the unrealistic pose of a speaker of false truths, objectively making no sense as well as no music.

What is true is that jazz is a music of swing and soul, it has no skin color, no native origin other than the USA, it derives its power of communication from the interaction of the heart and mind alone, and I'd appreciate it very much if Mr. Crouch and others of his intellectual persuasion would try to depoliticize their references to jazz in their future writings.

In addition, Mr. Crouch's ears are in pretty disrespectful condition if he can't hear Ruby Braff.

Jeff Barr

Van Nuys, Cal.

## Hardly Mercenaries

In regard to William Young's letter in your May 19 issue. I hardly consider Stanley Turrentine, Roy Ayers or Herbie Mann mercenaries, as he implies. I am a 13-year-old multi-instrument musician and appreciate all types of jazz music, be it Billy Cobham, Miles, Trane, Pat Metheny or George Benson.

I was quite frustrated over Young's narrowmindedness. I hardly consider people who play funky/jazz clowns or people just out to make money. Open up your ears, listen to

and appreciate all types of jazz.

Chris Hanger

Detroit, Mich.

## Praise For Dr. Bill

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the editors of *down beat* for the series of articles that appeared in the Jan. 27, Feb. 10 and April 7 issues written by Dr. William L. Fowler. I think that further articles of this nature are a great service to your readers.

The April 7 article on "How to visualize keyboard chords" was extremely clear and well done. Your magazine is read and reread by my many students. Thank you and keep them coming.

Rex Holbrook

Seattle, Wash.

## Promotional Joker?

Record reviewer Kenneth Terry proved himself to be a real joker by rating Isao Tomita's latest gimmickry (5/19) over the superior realization by Dr. Patrick Gleeson of Gustav Holst's *The Planets* (1/27). The only advantage I see in Tomita's over-promoted butchering is that it can entertain a two-year-old.

No doubt, Mr. Terry will get more promos from RCA for his display of bad taste.

Brent Engle

Cincinnati, Oh.

## Santamaria Capsized

I would like you to publish this letter in reply to an inaccurate remark made by Mongo Santamaria in your April 21 issue.

Mr. Santamaria stated that "the Cubans who came here during the revolution were higher class. They are the professionals, and they know less about conga than you do." I

would expect a stereotyped remark like that from an ignorant gringo, but not from Mr. Santamaria who happens to be as Cuban as myself. Evidently, in trying to reach the American market, Mr. Santamaria has lost contact with his own people.

In reality, the Cuban exiles are an extremely heterogeneous people. They represent every socio-economic, ethnic, religious and political group found in the island. The professional and upper-class Cubans make up only about 25% of the exiled population.

Many prominent Cuban musicians also fled the enslaved island: violinist Pupi Legarreta, flutist José Fajardo, bassist Cachao López, vocalists Celia Cruz and Roberto Torres, conguero Orlando López and many more. Luis Tamargo

Inglewood, Cal.

## Great Experience

Last Saturday night I had the best playing experience of my life and I owe it to Arnie Lawrence.

He came for a weekend clinic/concert and I was fortunate enough to play trumpet in both the backup bands. He inspired me to do things I never was able to do before.

Today I sat down and got out all my old db's to see what had been written on this beautiful human being. Out of my three year collection I found him only twice, once under "Profile" and once under "Caught."

Please turn as many people on to him as you can with a complete interview. The two days I spent with Arnie were two days every musician would love.

Dan Page

Mentor, Oh.

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## FLORA PLAYS COUNTY JAIL



HERB NOLAN

Flora talks with trustee at jail

CHICAGO — "I don't want to talk about the American prison system, I just want to make these people happy." Flora Purim was waiting behind a gymnasium stage at Chicago's Cook County Jail, an institution deemed by many to be one of the toughest, most overcrowded correctional facilities in the country. Indeed, as Flora waited to perform, Cook County's warden was in court, indicted for allegedly abusing prisoners.

She had arrived only a few minutes before, walking past about 1000 cheering inmates, with her clenched fist raised.

Flora Purim, of course, is no stranger to prison. Three years ago she was locked up on California's Terminal Island following a conviction for possession of a conviction for possession of cocaine with intent to sell. She maintains her innocence on the latter half of the charge. It was

while at Terminal Island that she first received news that **db** readers had voted her the number one female singer.

After almost two years behind bars she emerged. She says she is tougher now, more aggressive (no longer light as a feather, she stated in a newspaper interview) and somewhat bitter about the American prison system.

Although she had performed previously on Terminal Island, Flora said the Cook County concert was the first in a series of free concerts that she and Airto hope to give in jails throughout the country.

Delayed by a faulty rental sound system, the show began almost an hour late. But when it finally did get going there was no question that Flora Purim, Airto and their band would succeed in their desire to bring brief happiness to the jailed inmates.

## GIL & MILES FUSION?

NEW YORK—Amid increasing rumors that Miles Davis is forming a new band to tour with, it was recently intimated that Gil Evans would soon be touring with him.

Evans, you may recall, was instrumental in formulating two distinctive styles in Miles' musical life. The first came in 1949 when Evans arranged and conducted the now famous *Birth Of The Cool* collection that has been credited with ushering in that period in modern jazz.

The next time an Evans-Davis collaboration proved earth-shattering was with *Miles Ahead*, *Porgy And Bess* and *Sketches Of Spain*, where Gil created new sounds in jazz orchestrating that have yet to abate. It was on the *Sketches* album that the first jazz reading of Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez* was rendered.

Evans was recently feted at a 65th birthday party. Regarding his current plans, Gil said, "It's not firm yet, but we are talking about a new thing with Miles. We are not sure of the size of the band, nor where we will go with it, but we had one rehearsal with just rhythm and Miles was pleased that he could play as well as he did. So were we all."

Davis' pianist Kikuchi stated that he expected some of Miles' more recent sidemen to be with him. Nothing was firm as yet, so no names can be mentioned here. A source close to Evans indicated that a rock superstar bassist may be on the band. Gil himself will supply charts and appear as second keyboardist.

As far as the Evans orchestra is concerned, "it was hardly working here anyhow," Mrs. Anita Evans, Gil's wife said. "So when we say that it is breaking up, we simply mean that it is not going to get together even for those spare gigs." The band is planning two weeks in England and Japan in early 1978.

## New Releases

Fresh material from Capitol includes *The Salsa Machine*, Johnny Martinez; *Say My Friend*, the Rance Allen Group; *Book Of Dreams*, Steve Miller; and *Secret Damage*, Strapps.

Steve Kuhn and Ecstasy; and Danca Das Cabecas, Egberto Gismontl.

Hot wax from RCA includes *Piano Solos—1929-1941*, Fats Waller; *Crescent City Blues*, Little Brother Montgomery; *The Complete Tommy Dorsey, Volume II*, Tommy Dorsey; *Joe Haymes And His Orchestra—1932-1935*, Joe Haymes.

A&M newies include *Right On Time*, the Brothers Johnson; *Now, the Tubes*; and *Izitsa*, Cat Stevens. A&M's Horizon subsidiary has finally released Dave Liebman's *Light'n Up Please*.

Inner City has issued *Free Spirits*, Mary Lou Williams; *Dark To Themselves*, Cecil Taylor; *Steam*, Archie Shepp; *A Dream Without Reason*, Heldon; and *Cosmos*, Sun Ra.

Island vinyl adds include *Out Of The Mist, Illusion*; *Ultravox*, the debut disc by the group of the same name; *Blowin'*, the Jess Roden Band; and *So Far So Good*, John Martyn.

ECM has released *Passengers*, the Gary Burton Quartet with Eberhard Weber; *Motility*,

Recent imports of interest include *Rattus Norvegicus*, the debut disc by the English group the Stranglers IV, who are said to sound remarkably like the Doors; *Mirage*, Klaus Schulze; *Erotic Neurotic*, the Saints; and *Junco Partner*, James Booker.

## BERKELEY RECAP

BERKELEY—The entire month of May was designated "Jazz Month" in the San Francisco Bay Area, culminating with the 11th Annual UC Berkeley Jazz Festival recently held at Cal's Greek Theatre. Prior to the Festival itself, local jazz talent appeared at the parks and on campus around the bay, in a series of free concerts organized by the student-run Festival Committee. Two pre-Festival evening events were held on the UC Berkeley campus, featuring Mark Levine, Muscarella and other top-notch local performers.

In addition, the Committee sponsored a series of free clinics and workshops led by musicians who appeared at the Festival, which included Grover Washington, Jr. and Woody Shaw. Leonard Feather also

hosted a two-day seminar on jazz, with lecture, films and recordings.

While this year's lineup was not quite as adventuresome as last year's, the Berkeley Jazz Festival presented an interesting blend of essentially mainstream styles. Performers included Herbie Hancock; Elvin Jones with Ryo Kawasaki; Grover Washington, Jr.; Dexter Gordon featuring Woody Shaw; singer Al Jarreau; Ella Fitzgerald; and the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band.

Opening each night's show were locally-based groups such as Caldera, the Pyramids, and Bishop Norman Williams. This year's inductees into the UC Berkeley Jazz Festival Hall of Fame were Eubie Blake and Earl "Fatha" Hines.

## CANADIAN BAND FEST

TORONTO—Though only a few years old in Canada, the stageband movement continues to flourish at a remarkable rate, thanks largely to the efforts of the Canadian Stage Band Festival. After 15 regional competitions across Canada, involving over 200 bands, the CSBF recently held its fifth annual national finals at Seneca College and York University in Toronto. In the festival's three classes (junior, senior, and open) the winners were, respectively, the Hamilton Junior High School band from North Vancouver, directed by Rick DiPasquale; the Salisbury High School band from Edmonton, directed by Dennis Prime;

and the University of Regina Jazz Band, directed by Edward Lewis.

Over 30 bands took part in the finals, traveling from as far afield as Truro, Nova Scotia and New Westminster, British Columbia. Adjudicators were Carol Britto, Ron Collier, Hagood Hardy, Bobby Herriott, Phil MacKellar, Phil Nimmons and Bram Smith. Clinics were offered by Maynard Ferguson and his orchestra, Jim Petercsak and Jamey Aebersold, and concerts were given by Ferguson, Moe Koffman and two bands from Toronto's Humber College. (Humber will be representing Canada at the 1977 Montreux Jazz Festival.)



## "A" TRAIN JAM-BOREE



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

### Instrumentalists in subway crunch

NEW YORK—In belated celebration of Duke Ellington's birthday and because they just plain wanted to do it, a group of musicians recently took the famed "A" Train for its most swinging ride since Billy Strayhorn penned the piece some 30-odd years ago.

The subway line, which runs non-stop between 59th Street in midtown Manhattan and 125th Street in Harlem, was packed with press corps from all the major networks, local channels and other assorted news media as Storyville sponsored the fairy tale trip.

Ellington alumni Matthew Gee on trombone and Norris Turney on alto headed the group that also featured Al Lucas, bass, Sonny Donaldson, piano and Walter Bolden, drums. Dancer

Chuck Green joined the group at Storyville later that afternoon.

The celebration didn't end as scheduled. As conductors tried to coax the people out of the train, more choruses were added. Then the band struck up *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, *Perdido* and yet another chorus of "A" Train. Crowds gathered; some even surly enough to demand the musicians exit so they could get to work. "What am I going to tell my boss?" one shouted. "That I was late because there was a band on the 'A' Train playing *Take The 'A' Train*. They won't fire me; they'll lock me up!"

Max Arons, Local 802 prexy (AFM) quipped, "I don't know what we should demand. We have no pay scale for subway trains."

## WICHITA SWINGS

WICHITA, KAN.—Rumors that the Wichita Jazz Festival is in excellent position for Monterey-type status and draw were recently confirmed at the sixth annual outing.

Lou Donaldson's bop chops were oblivious to the piercing loudness of his sound system as he swung his way through a bunch of biggies: *Buzzy*, *Fine And Dandy* and *Polka Dots And Moonbeams* (which featured Joe Williams soundalike Art Hicks).

Always a premium assortment, this year's WJF All-Stars was no exception, with Hank Jones (piano), Milt Hinton (bass), Alan Dawson (drums), Zoot Sims (tenor), Al Cohn (tenor), Carl Fontana (trombone) and Clark Terry (trumpet). The first of two sets included 10-year-old drummer Scott Robinson on golden oldies *I've Got Rhythm* and *Caravan*.

Clark's articulation, Zoot's irascibility, Al's intensity and Carl's mellifluousness were better explored the second set, during which Fontana stood out on *Emily*. Cohn, Fontana and Terry played competitive solos on *Secret Love*, and A-Train featured everybody.

Guitarist Jerry Hahn opened with a blues and was accompanied by his two talented sons, Miles, age 15 (bass) and Herb, age 14 (drums) plus "member of the family" Chris Taylor (piano). The quartet's concept of Ornette Coleman's *Humpty Dumpty* completely shot down the traditionalist view of free-form as pointless cacophony.

The Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra never lost sight of the fact that jazz can and should be a joy trip. Opener *Mach II* featured Ed Xiques on soprano and pianist Harold Danko, surely one of the most gifted big band keyboard elocutionists around. Sounding like tastefully orchestrated traffic in spots, the chart exhibited well-honed interplays and well-executed overlays. Bone blower Billy Campbell rendered a nifty free-form solo on *Willow Weep For Me* accompanied only by Rufus Reid's sensitive and supportive bass.

Wrapping up the 13-hour-plus festivities was *db's* Jazzman of the Year, McCoy Tyner, visibly tired from a string of one-nighters and a near no-show due to an airline screwup. His sextet opened with 25 minutes of *Mes Trois Fils*, McCoy taking atonal flights of fancy and comping ornately behind Joe Ford (soprano) and Ron Bridgewater (tenor). Operating within a structured free-form motif, the unit sustained itself throughout atop drummer Eric Gravatt's explosive Afro-rhythms and Guilherme Franco's percussive assortment.

## JAZZ EXPLODES ON CHARTS

CHICAGO—By now it is surely no secret that many jazz artists have achieved prominent positions on the *Billboard* pop album charts throughout the past year. But the last few months have been the most noteworthy yet, with many artists breaking into the more stratospheric reaches of the Top 100.

Of course, the most obvious example of a jazzman scoring big is George Benson, whose *Breezin'* disc has now surpassed some four million in sales. While Benson's followup album, *In Flight*, has failed to match the incredible success of *Breezin'*, it has nevertheless climbed the pop ladder dexterously, holding forth in the Top 20 for several weeks before gradually descending. At present, *In Flight* has passed the 500,000 unit marker and may yet attain one million unit certification.

But Benson is far from being the only jazzman evident in the *Billboard* charts. Weather Report's latest, *Heavy Weather*, has made it into the Top 30 as this goes to press, thus marking the greatest commercial success the *db* award-winning group has demonstrated in its entire history. What's more, Columbia has

chosen to issue a special 12-inch disco-suited version of one of the album cuts, the effervescent *Birdland*. Although it may be a bit premature to speculate, *Birdland* has a strong chance of leaping up the singles chart, something the Zawinul-Shorter gang doubtless would have thought impossible a few years back.

Chick Corea and Return to Forever are also receiving their widest mass acceptance yet via the recent *Musicismagic* album. Although RTF's *Romantic Warrior* and Chick's own solo efforts such as *The Leprechaun* and *My Spanish Heart* were no slouches saleswise, *Musicismagic* hit the charts with a bullet and rapidly skyrocketed upward. At press time, the album ranks number 38.

Arranger/composer Bob James is no stranger to *Billboard* chartdom. His latest CTI opus (by all reports his last for the label, since he has now signed with Columbia), *BJ4*, wasted no time in assaulting Top 40 terrain. Combining the more mellifluous elements of disco/soul with a derivative and accessible neoclassicism, James has definitely struck a responsive chord within the record-buying audience. If

his track record at CTI is an accurate indicator, it won't be very long before such Columbia artists as Hubert Laws make their Top 40 breakthroughs.

Maynard Ferguson is another artist riding the crest of the current wave. Although his albums invariably make an indentation in the Top 100, Maynard's *Conquistador* is his hottest item to date, having jetted its way to the Top 40 in eight brief weeks following release. Spurred along by the energetic Ferguson treatment of the *Theme From Rocky* (the soundtrack of which has been comfortably resting in the Top 10), Fergy suddenly finds himself in even greater than usual demand. From the looks of the furious chart action so far, *Conquistador* has a shot at selling 500,000 units, a figure Maynard must hardly believe.

Other discs showing strong upward movement include Herbie Hancock's *V.S.O.P.* (Columbia); Al DiMeola's *Elegant Gypsy* (Columbia); the Brecker Brothers' *Don't Stop The Music* (Arista); George Duke's *From Me To You* (Epic); Ronnie Laws' *Friends And Strangers* (Blue Note); John Tropea's *Short Trip To Space* (Marlin); Eric Gale's

*Ginseng Woman* (Columbia); and Norman Connors' *Romantic Journey* (Buddah).

Discs that have obviously peaked but nevertheless continue to show chart action include Quincy Jones' *Roots* (A&M); Gato Barbieri's *Caliente* (A&M); Jean-Luc Ponty's *Imaginary Voyage* (Atlantic); *Jeff Beck With The Jan Hammer Group Live* (Epic); Donald Byrd's *Caricatures* (Blue Note); Miles Davis' *Water Babies* (Columbia); *Sea Level*, by the group of the same name (Capricorn); Marlena Shaw's *Sweet Beginnings* (Columbia); and the by-now grandfatherly *Breezin'*, which still manages to retain a firm niche in the Top 100 after some 60 weeks.

All this activity demonstrates that jazz is indeed a significant component of the overall contemporary pop scene, and that if marketed and merchandised intelligently, the public is more than eager to embrace and accept it. The barriers have definitely been broken down; the only thing that remains to be seen is just how many jazzmen will catapult into the upper echelon of the charts, in the process becoming household topics of conversation.



## potpourri

Having discontinued rock in favor of the new Space Mountain, **Disneyland** is boosting the scope of its big band jazz program. Scheduled for summer appearances are **Buddy Rich** (6/18-25); **Mercer Ellington** (6/26-7/2); **Les Brown** (7/3-9); **Louis Bellson** (7/10-16); **Freddy Martin** (7/17-23); **Bob Crosby** (8/7-20); **Count Basie** (8/21-27); and **Stan Kenton** (8/28-9/3).

Guitarist-violinist **Elek Bacsik**, the Hungarian jazz gypsy who has pitched his tent in Vegas since 1967, has been appointed to the National Association of Jazz Educators.

Young trumpeter **James Zollar** recently won back to back "out-standing jazz musician" awards at the Orange Coast College and La Jolla Jazz Festivals in California. Called "a monster trumpet player" by **Jimmy Lyons**, Zollar has been invited to play in the all-star band at Monterey, and has won a scholarship to the **Stan Kenton** clinic at Orange Coast College.

**Roy Ayers** and **Ubiquity** played a concert at Lorton Reformatory in Virginia near Washington, D.C. Former Lorton inmates **Yango Sawyer**, who heads two organizations aimed at convict rehabilitation and prison reform, was instrumental in setting up the appearance.

A big benefit was recently held for the ailing **Richie Kamuca** at the **Hollywood Palladium**. Among those performing were **Tony Bennett**, **Bill Berry**, **Doc Severinsen**, **Steve Allen**, **Ray Brown** and **Herb Ellis**.

As this issue goes to press, pianist **Hampton Hawes** has just passed away following a cerebral hemorrhage. A Final Bar will appear next issue.

Next issue will feature a run-down of the recent jazz cruise to Cuba. Seafaring dignitaries included **Dizzy Gillespie**, **David Amram**, **Stan Getz**, **Earl Hines** and others. The voyage occurred on the MTS Daphne and was the first tourist ship to dock in Havana for some 16 years. **Leonard Feather** served as host and **db** New York staffer **Arnold Smith** was along for the ride.

The **Seventh Annual Potomac River Jazz Club Jam-O-Ree Jazz Picnic** will be held at Bob's Park, Jessup, Maryland on Saturday, September 17, starting at 12 noon. The traditional jazz event will feature over a dozen different bands in an open air rustic set-

ting. The grounds are located between Baltimore and Washington on the B-W Parkway.

For anyone wondering about the whereabouts of **George Barnes**, George is now living in Concord, California with his wife, Evelyn. He's busy teaching and leading a new quartet, this time with drums (brushes only) by **Benny Barth**, acoustic bassist **Dean Reilly** and 2nd guitarist **Duncan James**. Expect an album out soon on Concord.

It seems like New York's subways are becoming a new underground movement for strolling musicians. Recently, **Tony Price**, playing his tuba, and **Larry Benz**, playing his trombone, boarded a BMT with another 128 members of the Opera Orchestra of New York to do a concert at Pace College. I guess it was all done at a fast pace.

Dallas will be the site of the 1978 **NAJE (National Association of Jazz Educators)** convention. The fifth NAJE fest will be held at Dunfey's Royal Coach Castle on January 5-7 of next year.

If things go as planned, **Carlos Santana** will soon be playing a gig in Cuba. According to Carlos' manager, **Bill Graham**, the group is just waiting on final approval from the Cuban delegation. By the time you read this, everything will most likely be straightahead.

**Stevie Wonder** has received Germany's most prestigious music award, the Grosser Deutscher Schallplattenpreis, for his album *Songs In The Key Of Life*.

**Sarah Vaughan's** long-awaited **Atlantic** album of Beatie tunes has been scrapped, thus causing friction between Marshall Fisher and the label. Sassy's Atlantic contract has been dissolved.

**Eddie Palmieri** has signed with **Columbia**, further demonstrating the company's interest in salsa.

**Detroit** will get a version of the **George Wein Kool Jazz Festival** on August 13. Set for the Pontiac Silverdome, participants will include **Natalie Cole**, the **Pointer Sisters**, **Tavares**, the **Temptations** and the **Mighty Clouds Of Joy**.

Songstress/pianist **Nina Simone** has reportedly quit show biz and plans to become a resident of Switzerland. **db**



HERB NOLAN

**Airto** receives db award plaques from assistant editor **Tim Schneckloth**

## Lofty Celebration

NEW YORK—The second annual New York Loft Jazz Celebration recently occurred at Environ, Jazzmania Society, Ladies' Fort and The Brook.

Last year's Celebration was credited with taking the sounds of lofts out of the lofts and putting them into the headlines. Mike Morgenstern of Jazzmania handled a brief press gathering by announcing the stars of the event. As last year, there was 'round the clock jazz, with a

combination ticket costing \$10 that covered the entire three days.

Some of the attractions at the various lofts were:

Environ: Interface, Brass Proud

The Brook: Arthur Blythe

Jazzmania: Two late-night early morning bashes; a bagel brunch; two basses and two bass clarinets in tandem

Ladies' Fort: Sunny Murray, Ryo Kawasaki, Earl Coleman

## WOLF TRAP ACTIVITY

VIENNA, VA.—The Wolf Trap Farm, a park for the Performing Arts, has moved into its 1977 season with its typical eclecticism in programming. In addition to the usual full complement of classics and ballet, the festival will present a variety of jazz styles including **Tony Bennett** with **Count Basie** (June 20-21), **Benny Goodman** (July 2), the **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** (July 17-18), **Esther Satterfield** (July 24), and **Grover Washington, Jr.** and **McCoy Tyner** (July

25). July 26 will be a big band night, as **Helen O'Connell** and **Bob Eberly** join **Tex Beneke** and his band on stage.

Wolf Trap will also host **Gunther Schuller** and the **New England Conservatory** in a program of American dance music on June 19, as well as the **National Folk Festival** on July 29-31.

The Wolf Trap festival was created by an act of congress in 1966 and is administered by the **National Park Service**, U.S. Department of the Interior.

## FINAL BAR

**Samuel Lanin**, retired orchestra leader, recently died in Hollywood, Florida. He was 85 years old.

Lanin, older brother of **Lester**, the famed bandleader, was a sideman in many famous bands, and later led some of his own. Lanin was born in Philadelphia and studied clarinet there with **Victor Herbert**. Shortly after World War I, he led a band that opened the famous **Roseland Ballroom** in New York City. He subsequently worked there for 13 years.

Sidemen in Lanin's bands included both **Dorsey** brothers, **Benny Goodman**, **Glenn Miller**, **Artie Shaw** and **Bix Beiderbecke**.

He is survived by his wife and his brothers, **James**, **William**, **Howard** and **Lester**.

**Tom Anastas**, baritone saxist with **Charlie Barnet**, **Maynard Ferguson** and **Woody Herman**, recently died in Boston of heart failure. He was 37. A Berklee graduate, Tom had returned there as instructor in woodwinds and ensemble in 1974. During his military service, Tom became staff arranger and director of the **Concert Jazz Ensemble** of the U.S. Army Pacific Headquarters in Honolulu. He also spent time as a staff musician in several Las Vegas clubs.



*Les Has Never Been More.*

# Les McCann

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Esmond Edwards  
and Les McCann.  
On ABC Records  
and GRT Tapes.*



# WAYNE SHORTER

## Imagination Unlimited

by conrad silvert

**W**ith Wayne, you're not just hearing a man playing the saxophone. You're hearing a man coming through the sound of the horn. He's a warm, creative and humorous person, and you experience those qualities as he plays.

—Herbie Hancock, May 1977.

**S**o many of the saxophonists who have played with me try to sound like John. And that's why I like Wayne Shorter, because his sound is really fresh, very picturesque. We played together in the '60s, but it's been a long time. I'd like to record another album with him.

—McCoy Tyner, April 1977.

**W**ayne is a great little writer.

—Miles Davis, October 1975.

**T**hose who feel that too little of Wayne Shorter has been seen and heard in the recent past are getting several opportunities this year to experience him in a variety of settings. First, Columbia has finally released *Water Babies*, a talked-about but previously unheard Miles Davis "missing link" session from 1969; four of its five tracks are written by Shorter. Second, Weather Report has released what probably will be the band's best-selling album to date, *Heavy Weather*, with two Shorter compositions (*Harlequin* and *Palladium*) and his renascent tenor is featured on Josef Zawinul's *A Remark You Made*. Third, Herbie Hancock's *V.S.O.P.* set (recorded live at Newport 1976) is out, featuring Shorter in an acoustic context. Fourth, as this is being written, Weather Report is completing a two-month American tour, while another summer tour is being planned with Joni Mitchell. And fifth (but not least), from mid-June through mid-July, Wayne will be a part of what promises to be a landmark mini-tour by the "V.S.O.P." quintet: Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Tony Williams and Freddie Hubbard. It appears that the era of Shorter's all-too-limited public exposure is over.

Shorter's unusual personal history begins with the somewhat astonishing fact that he didn't pick up a musical instrument until he was 16. But in little more than a year after his grandmother bought him a second-hand clarinet, he was standing on a Newark, New Jersey stage jamming a blues with Sonny Stitt. Having studied music for just a year, he entered NYU as a music education major and gigged, jammed and woodshedded as much as he could. Then, after graduation, came one year of work and two more in the U.S. Army, dur-

ing which he was able to get away for several gigs with Horace Silver. The rest is well-known: the six years with Art Blakey (1959-64), an equal length of time with the pace-setting Miles Davis quintet, and then the formation, with Josef Zawinul and Miroslav Vitous, of Weather Report (and, of course, the dozens of albums recorded for Blue Note and other labels, both as leader and sideman).

Shorter paid relatively few dues before reaching the top of the jazz heap; Miles Davis, in fact, was trying to "steal" him away from Blakey for years before it finally happened. From the beginning, musicians recognized in Shorter a rare originality and a potential to carry forward the tenor tradition currently being advanced by Sonny Rollins and Coltrane. But he developed a highly individual style that stood apart from any particular tradition, even as it echoed aspects of so many older



THOMAS R. COPI

players. Especially with Miles, he veered away from an older style of soloing, where stamina shared the pedestal with ideas, toward a more conceptual method of "playing through the music," as Miles has called it. This "new" Wayne Shorter became perhaps even more visible to the public after 1969, when he first picked up the soprano with Miles; through Weather Report's early years, for several reasons including a better dynamic sound balance with Zawinul's electric keyboards,

Wayne played soprano nearly exclusively. But on his next solo record, he says, he'll be playing tenor and soprano "half and half."

As one of the most influential composers of the last two decades in jazz, Shorter's writing has evolved in lines parallel to his playing. He began composing shortly after picking up that first clarinet in 1949, and was a major contributor to the Art Blakey book, and even more so with Miles. (Zawinul credits *Nefertiti*, for instance, as the track that turned his head toward what he calls "the new mind.") But it was on his many albums for Blue Note during the latter half of the '60s that Shorter's pen really bloomed. With albums such as *The All-Seeing Eye*, *Odyssey Of Iska*, *Schizophrenia* and *Super Nova*, Shorter was stretching the boundaries of jazz, and, I feel, despite several critics' claims to the contrary, he was beginning where Coltrane and Dolphy had ended. Having thoroughly absorbed the history of his instrument, Shorter was painting scenes with a vast palette of colors, even as his playing still celebrated Hawkins, Young, Parker, Webster, Jacquet, Rollins and Coltrane.

After the formation of Weather Report, Shorter curtailed his solo activity rather suddenly, in many people's minds cutting short his creative growth before it reached full maturity. But, especially in light of current developments (and the surprising *Native Dancer* album of 1975), perhaps what Shorter was doing was trimming his leaves and roots and branches, while transplanting his essential self into what has proved to be the very fertile soil of Weather Report. Still, though Weather Report's albums, standing alone, have comprised a definitive genre of contemporary music, one gets the feeling that Shorter has been accumulating a great many things to say that haven't fit in with his role as co-leader with Zawinul. Hopefully, the enthusiasm which greeted *Native Dancer*, coupled with the excitement that the V.S.O.P. tour is bound to generate, will stimulate Wayne to step out on his own more frequently during Weather Report's fallow months (which, with 1977 a probable exception, number six to eight each year).

**D**uring a series of interviews at his L.A. canyon home, at Devonshire Sound Studios in North Hollywood and by telephone to various East Coast Weather Report tour stops, Shorter described the history of his musical life. A common theme tying together facts and anecdotes was Wayne's belief that music cannot be separated from the rest of his life, a philosophy that echoes the tenets of Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism, which he has been practicing regularly (indoctrinated by Herbie Hancock and others) for more than three years. Speaking of the present and future, he related events to "human revolution" and the benefits of Eastern reasoning over Western; he tended to use mystique-laden abstractions. But, when he related his personal history, especially the early years, Wayne enthused with a matter-of-fact, down-to-earth humor, getting visibly excited on frequent occasion, and often illustrating the mention of a particular tune with a double-time impromptu vocal rendition; his vocal impressions of Art Blakey and Miles Davis were equally hilarious and accurate.

Wayne traced his artistic career to an early fascination with drawing and clay sculpting. Neither of his parents were musicians, though they liked to sing and dance around the house. Wayne attended Arts High in Newark, studying painting; he had won a state-wide contest



with oil, "The Football Game," at 13.

"Before I was 16," Shorter said, "I listened to the radio a lot, especially 'Make Believe Ballroom.' I remember hearing bebop—Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Monk—in '46 and '47. And in my third year of high school, I began hanging out a lot at the Adams Theater, around the corner from Arts High, and seeing Duke Ellington and Basie and Stan Kenton and Dizzy's big band. They had huge, shimmering curtains—I remember Illinois Jacquet would be playing behind it, then it would open." (Wayne sings a flamboyant Jacquet line.) "Dizzy's band would play *Things To Come*. And I said, 'This is the shit.'"

After counting 53 absences in one year, Shorter's high school authorities called in his parents, discovering he had forged 53 excuse notes, and further discovering his fascination for the jazz being played around the corner. A music teacher named Achilles D'Amico offered to take the truant painter under his wing and make a musician out of him, though he only had one year of high school remaining in which to minor in music.

"I didn't know anything about harmony, just ear stuff. But I remember one thing D'Amico said: 'I'm going to play three records. This is where music is going to go.' And he played *The Rite Of Spring*, a Charlie Parker tune and *Xtabay* by Yma Sumac. And his class was hard—modern harmony, orchestration, terminology—like, where do the oboes go, the range of all the orchestral instruments.

"And then I got a tenor, a big, high-pitched kind, and at that time me and some other guys formed a band called The Group, varying from nine to 13 pieces. I was really under-

**"People used to talk about us . . . say, 'Man, you're crazy, you're weird.' But I didn't even lift my little finger to be crazy or weird or out. Anything you can imagine can happen; the flesh is not separate from the spirit."**

weight. I'd just run out of the house and to the rehearsals. We played every Dizzy Gillespie arrangement, just from his records. And our trumpet player couldn't play the high parts, so I played his part on clarinet. Remember Stan Kenton's *Peanut Vendor*? I played that broad spread, and that's why I have a nice, broad spread on soprano now, because I tried to make that clarinet as wide as a trumpet."

One day The Group was engaged in a contest against a band led by Nat Phipps. "We thought bebop was very special, so my brother Alan would play his horn with gloves on. We'd come in there on a sunny day with galoshes on, wrinkled clothes; we thought we had to have *character*. Alan brought his horn in a shopping bag. We'd make chairs into makeshift music stands, set blank sheets of music paper down, then go through all the arrangements by heart. And it shocked the people, you know. We won the contest." (Shorter later gigged extensively with Phipps.)

"After I had my tenor just a year, Sonny Stitt's manager called me and said Stitt wanted two of the best players in Newark to stand alongside him on certain numbers during his gig. I was nervous because I could only play in the keys of C, B-flat and G, and I was just working on E-flat. So Sonny says, 'Okay, we're going to play a blues in E-flat.' And I thought I'd better find the right note to thrill everybody. And the people loved it. Then Stitt asked me if I wanted to go play New York with him, but I was still in school." He similarly turned down a contract with Savoy: "The union lawyer told me not to sign it, that I wouldn't get a cent, that I should wait."

After graduating high school with dual honors in music and art, Wayne worked one year at a Singer Sewing Machine factory, saved \$2000 and passed the entrance exams for music education at NYU. He went there four years, from January 1952 through 1955, traveling a daily commute from Newark.

"It was a Bohemian atmosphere in Greenwich Village, with Marlon Brando, James Dean and Anne Bancroft walking around. I didn't know them, but I used to go to Birdland every chance I got. I'd get home at two in the morning, then get up at five and go to class again. I made \$23 a night working on weekends with Nat Phipps' band, and I wrote 23 arrangements. When the mambo was really hitting it, I wrote *Mambo Moderato* and *Mambo X*. And Horace Silver published one of the first things I wrote, *African*.

"One day I was in Teddy's Lounge after school, sitting with my schoolbooks and having a taste. And Stitt was there—he remembered me and said, 'Wayne, go get your horn.' And we had a battle on Charlie Parker's *Donna Lee*, took turns soloing. This went on quite a while, first a whole chorus, then eights, fours, twos, then one . . . the audience was on their heads. Stitt was playing very smoothly, all the transitions, while I was going for the originality, off to the side—I didn't play jerkily, but I had to say it and make it count, in and out of keys, till people said, 'Tricky! Cute!' I always said to myself, 'Make it count when you play.' And I think Stitt must have told people, 'There's a bad cat in Newark.'"

Living in Newark, Shorter was able to visit 52nd Street often—"I used to see Bird at Birdland, and once when he wore his pinstriped

suit working for Norman Granz." And he jammed with musicians like Walter Davis: "He played piano just like Bud Powell. And I watched Bud, too, jamming with Lester Young, and Warne Marsh with Lee Konitz, and Sonny Rollins with Miles.

"I used to wish I could play the horn the way piano players played, like Bud. I'd strain my fingers, ache, knowing I was hitting new ground. I wished I could play like a violinist and get those jumps like Trane was doing near the end [*he sings two notes separated by a wide interval, very fast*]. It's really hard to jump those tenths, man, and close up that air space. And to make it a part of the *music*. You have to have a combination loose and tight embouchure for those jumps, and time it with your feeling, and then it will happen. But if you try to *make* it happen, no good—it sounds like an exercise."

Just as he was getting to a point of "noticing the little influence from what I was doing beginning to permeate through more people, I was taken into the Army. And I said, 'Oh, shit!'"

A crack rifleman, the best among three companies, Shorter was asked to remain in the Army a third year to teach marksmanship. But he ended up in Special Services, memorizing more than a hundred marches to play with an Army band.

"I started going to the old Blue Note in Philadelphia on weekends, and one day Horace Silver spotted me and asked if I had my horn. I said yeah, and I knew Horace's music, so I just played the parts, soloed, everything. Then he asked me to come to Canada

with him on my furlough. So I did about three gigs with Horace while I was still in the Army, but I didn't get to record with him."

Later, after he joined an all-Army band and shifted base to Washington, D.C., Shorter began hanging out at Abart's: "I saw Coltrane with Miles, they both had dark glasses on. A few years before, he was still getting himself together, leaning against the wall, stumbling and lunging after some new shit. But then he was getting out of his dope problem, and at Abart's, Trane was really cooking, leaning into the microphone, saying something.

"Then, after I got out of the Army, one night there was a jam session with Lee Morgan and Coltrane, just before *Soul Trane* came out. They asked me to come up, I had my horn, and we played *Night In Tunisia*. Oh, man, that tore the place up. And at intermission Trane called me back into the kitchen, and said, 'You're playing that funny shit like me, all over the horn.' And he invited me by his house, at 103rd and Broadway. When I was there, he played a little thing on the piano over and over, the chords to *Giant Steps*, augmented thirds. Then he played it on the horn, zoomed through the shit all different ways of upside down and inside out. And he had a mirror, he would stand and look in it while he played. The first thing a teacher will tell you is to look in the mirror and keep your fingers close. Bird did, Trane did, Hank Mobley kept them close. Sonny Rollins can do both, keep his fingers close and far away. Make a note *pop*. But Trane made his notes pop with keepin' them close [*he sings a rapid mimic of Coltrane*]. With Sonny Rollins, it's his West Indian shit—he hits the keys like they were

steel drums.

"I was playing gigs with the house band at Minton's, and Trane would call up and say, 'Are you coming over today?' We did this consistently, and we'd play for each other, and Trane would say, 'Here, play my horn,' and his horn was *easy* to play—mine was hard. He had a mouthpiece you can't get anymore, a brass Otto Link. Don Byas and Ben Webster played one like that. I remember meeting Coleman Hawkins later on when I was on tour in Europe with Blakey—we'd sit on the bus and talk about life."

In 1959, Wayne met Josef Zawinul, fresh off the boat from Vienna, and Slide Hampton, who were both in Maynard Ferguson's band. They invited him to audition for the vacant tenor chair; he had to compete with Eddie Harris and George Coleman! Shorter won, but he only stayed four weeks: "We were at a Canadian jazz festival, and the Jazz Messengers came on. And they were modern-looking and sounding, but they had no tenor player—Hank Mobley had gone. Blakey was playing Monk's tune, *Evidence*. Blakey would say [*he continues, imitating Blakey's gruff voice*], 'We'd like to play a tune by the high priest of bop. He calls it *Evidence*, but we call it *Justice*.' Lee Morgan saw me from the bandstand, and after the set he came running over and said, 'Hey, Wayne, you want to play with us?' And I said, 'Shit, yeah!'"

Thus ended Shorter's and Zawinul's brief early association: "After that, we'd hang out whenever we saw each other; we'd go next door to Birdland, to the Green Lantern, and play the jukebox and talk about music." But



# STAFF

some  
people  
behind  
the  
music

## DON PULLEN by arnold jay smith

On Don Pullen's new album, *Tomorrow's Promises* (Atlantic), there's a tune called *Big Alice*. It's not about New York City's Con Ed generator of that name that has given out so many times. Pullen's Alice is the 400 pound, 6-foot-5 president of his fan club, which has a membership of . . . Big Alice.

The tempo of *Big Alice* is as old as a stick on a log. I referred to it as reminiscent of *Bo Diddley*, the tune by the man of the same name which reached top ten status in the '50s. "Oh, it's that all right," Pullen said. "But it's older than that. Ever hear of the hambone— you know, the dance and song everyone in the South used to sing? Well, that's the same rhythmic pattern. It's African."

Pullen dropped out of pre-med school to play the piano. He had been taking music electives at Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, Va. (He was born in Roanoke) all the while but "the music took me another way and I had to follow."

Don developed a style that is best described as "inside-outside." He plays tunes in a pleasant manner, comps chords and takes his solo chores seriously, or he can be as avant garde as he pleases. He established his reputation with Charles Mingus during a three-year stint with the bassist. He recorded four albums with Mingus: *Mingus Moves*, *Mingus At Carnegie Hall*, *Changes One* and *Changes Two*, all on Atlantic.

While *Tomorrow's Promises* is his first album as a leader in America, he has recorded in that capacity in Europe and Canada. "I recorded for Black Saint, Horo (both Italian) and Sackville (Canadian). In the '60s Milford Graves and I put out one independently. Just a duo. That was American, but it was private. This is my first for a major company.

"I had trouble recording anything in America. One of the reasons was because I was being programmed. I have the ability to play all different styles. Part of the difficulty was that if a critic heard me with Milford or Albert Ayler, they would say, 'Oh, he's avant garde.' Then they might hear me in a little night spot playing organ, 'fatback,' and they might not be looking for that either. Then they would hear me in a setting like Mingus. I got some promises and now, from here I keep on moving."

He took lessons from a neighbor, but there was always music in his home. His uncles sing, dance and play guitar. "My grandfather was a little man with a big baritone voice who was also a preacher."

After Johnson C. Smith, Pullen went to Chicago where he met up with Muhal Richard Abrams, the founding father of the then unborn Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). "Richard was an important thing in my life. At that time I really didn't know what I wanted to do, but he formulated it without ever telling me. After leaving him, the problem resolved itself."

Confidence was what was needed. Don had only heard musicians on records so he never knew what he sounded like. "I was listening to Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, the 'new' music. I had no idea of what to do with myself."

A sidestep from Chicago placed Don in New Haven, Conn. as a bookkeeper for Good Humor! Why mention such an obscure piece of information, you might ask. It shows something about Don Pullen, the man—he had never done bookkeeping before, but he told them he could and he did. The incident was to repeat itself some five years later. "I was working on an assignment for King Records doing an album for Arthur Prysock. I was arranging, writing, conducting. I had never done that before either. But I said I could and I did. It worked so well that I even put strings on the date. And I was having trouble with violas and how to put them down on paper."

After New Haven came New York and meetings with the avant garde elite. "I didn't know anybody in New York except a bass player friend of mine, Lew Worrell from Charlotte. He introduced me to Giuseppe Logan, Milford Graves, Albert Ayler, Sunny Murray, the whole scene. There wasn't much work around town at that time (1964). It was not the right time for the new music. Critics and musicians were putting the music down. I didn't want to be pigeonholed. There are those purists who think I should play only one way. I think a person should play from his own experience; that's the only thing your music can talk about, how you live.

"That's not to say I didn't try to play the new things. When I was in Chicago with Muhal, he had a big band that was so out that I didn't know what the hell was going on. But by the time I left, it was second nature. So there really is nothing I can't learn to do if I want to."

With little work, Pullen took gigs working behind singers and playing organ on the chitlin circuit of New York. All the while he kept his personal ideas alive by playing for himself. He gave up organ to do trio work in and around the city. Then, in 1972, drummer Roy Brooks introduced him to Mingus with whom he remained for three years.



continued on page 78



"You have to 'grow' an audience. You know, get them so that they know you and go with you. Certain tunes can do that. Sometimes you have to play things that you are not really fond of. So playing only one way is defeating the purpose. If you do something rhythmic and then take it out—you can be out as hell, as long as you have something rhythmic under it—you have them along with you. And later they will still be listening to you. At the same time the purpose of the artist is to elevate the public. You know, the public is never at the point where the artist is intellectually. It's the artist's job to teach the public. The only way to do it is to do the things they can relate to. If you can do that artistically, then the level of the music doesn't suffer at all."

I asked Don how long it took for him to start clicking. "I haven't clicked yet. A lot of people know me—critics, musicians. But as far as the public is concerned, very few know me. I mean, I'm not as well known as, say, Stevie Wonder. You see, I'm a young old man. I've got a lot of experience for my few years (he's 32). I don't want to wait around. I left Mingus because it was time I went on my own. I went to Europe in '75 and did a solo piano tour which was very successful. Then I started playing around with a trio with Bobby Battle on drums. Bass players and horn players have been coming and going. So I haven't really found what I want. There's a Chicago crew here, you know. Muhal, John Stubblefield, Lester Bowie and more. And all of them can play. I have been doing a lot of work with them. Hamiet Bluiett, although not from Chicago, is the avant garde forefront; also Chico Freeman. There's so much good musicianship out there that I will probably have a whole Chicago band. Now, I wasn't into it too heavily, but I did absorb what was there. I don't know whether I'm going to use a trio or quintet, or what. I would like to have a lot of different cats know my music so I can call anyone at any time."

Pullen feels there will be a lot of eyebrows raised over his new album. "There's some funk and stuff in there that will surprise my friends. But it's all a part of me. With the proper promotion I will be better known and it will get it out there to the younger listeners. Ilhan Mimaroglu, the producer of the album, has had the faith in me to work with me all the way on this. If he has anything to say about it, the record will get the promotion it deserves."

db

## BARRY HARRIS

by allen lowe

For Barry Harris, recognition in his home country has been the problem. Unwilling to compromise his art to satisfy commercial demands, he has labored on the jazz scene for some 30 years in relative obscurity. But to those who have come to hear his playing, on record and in live performance, there is nothing obscure about the beauty of his music. With a style both intense and lyrical, Harris has built upon a modern jazz foundation rooted in the tradition of people like Art Tatum, Fats Waller, Bud Powell, Lester Young and Charlie Parker.

"I was born in 1929 in Detroit. My mother started me playing the piano," he recalls. "I learned my first piece when I was four years

old, and she showed it to me. She plays well today, though she's half blind . . . she's the one. My mother was a church pianist. That's how I grew up, playing for the little choir, playing for Sunday school, stuff like that. Then I started getting little jobs. I just had to go one way or the other, so I went to jazz.

"When we started high school, we got our little band together, went to an amateur show, won first prize, started gettin' little jobs. There was an alto player then, we didn't have a bass player, so he started playin' the bass and he played the bass from then on. His name was Ernie Farrow. He's on records with Yusuf and on records with me. He died a few years ago. That's the cat I really grew up with musically, all the way. . . . It's been music all the time in my life."

Harris names Bud Powell, Art Tatum and Al Haig as his earliest influences. Coming of age, he encountered fellow Detroit musicians like Sonny Red, Donald Byrd, Pepper Adams and Jones brothers Thad, Hank and Elvin. The Detroit musicians organized themselves.

"We had a music society with membership of about five thousand way back in the '50s, so that young musicians could come up and play with older musicians. A lot of young musicians learned to play there, like Charles McPherson and Lonnie Hillyer. They really had



DON SCHLITEN

the opportunity through our little jazz organization. We had a heck of a thing . . . a jazz club, and we gave concerts every week. We had a close kind of thing."

Harris built up his reputation in Detroit working in various units, often as part of the house rhythm section for musicians passing through town like Charlie Parker and Lester Young. "In Detroit I was working at a place called the Rouge Lounge," he says, "and I accompanied Lester Young for a week, and that was an honor. The most interesting thing I could tell you was the way he counted off the tempos. It was like a shrug of a shoulder. . . . It was a long time ago, but I can tell you it was indeed an experience that I'll never forget."

Harris first left town with a guitarist named Emmett Slay. Slay got him into the musicians union and then, Harris remembers, "I went to Cleveland to work at a bar next to a theater, then I went back to work at that theater on a Mantan Moreland show."

The next time on the road was with Max Roach's group, shortly after the auto accident that took the lives of Roach's co-leader, trumpeter Clifford Brown, and the group's pianist, Richie Powell. Following that trip, Harris returned to Detroit. "The next time I left, I really left with Cannonball (Adderley) in 1959 or 60. I've been in New York really ever since then."

Harris doesn't go out to listen to other musicians very often, explaining that "the music has no class now at all." Even when he first came to New York the scene wasn't very good, he feels. "I didn't hang out that much when I came to New York, because most of the real jazz scene was just about gone. I was with Riverside Records and mostly every day you'd find me on 46th Street right off Eighth Avenue. I'd be practicing. Riverside had a studio and they gave me the key to it. It was right across the street from their record company, so I'd go there and practice most of the day. That's what I did mostly in New York. I never hung out that much. I don't hang out now that much.

"I don't go to clubs much, 'cause musically I can't deal too much with most of what's going on—the commercialism, the avant garde musicians. . . . See, it's not to take anything away from anybody, but . . . we had a golden age in jazz, and fortunately I was young. I heard a lot of the golden age of jazz—Pres, Coleman Hawkins, Yard. . . . This puts an ideal in your head. This is not even to congratulate myself or anything, because I've never been able to play to this ideal that's been established in my head. So it's really quite hard for me to listen to these cats playin' nowadays, 'cause they don't go along with this ideal in my head of the greatness of these other musicians, and that's what I can't stand.

"It would be different if these avant garde cats could really play. . . . See, there has to be some evolution involved with difference. You keep playing good and you keep playing good and you evolve into something. You don't play good and say 'Oh, I gotta be different' and then come out the next day and *be* different. Your own thing can only be based on what you've experienced yourself, what you've experienced in your life, and some people just haven't experienced that much to be doin' their own thing yet."

Harris worked and recorded with Coleman Hawkins for several years, a time when Hawkins was in his 60s and still expanding and exploring his musical horizons.

"That was another experience. I was with Hawkins maybe two or three years regular. We had a little thing, you know. The first time I ever played with Hawkins, I sat in with him and he called this tune. I wish I could think of the name of it—it was an old standard, and it was in A flat. It took me about a chorus to remember the song, 'cause I knew it in my head, but I don't know if I'd ever played it. But I played it with him, and then he said, 'Ah, you Detroitis,' 'cause he liked Detroit pianists. So we started hangin' together, and that was nice.

"I learned a lot from him . . . I probably grew up a little. Cats that I had really maybe idolized too much, like Charlie Parker, they didn't seem quite as important after I played with Coleman Hawkins. 'Cause I heard Coleman Hawkins play *All The Things You Are* one night, and then I knew that none of these cats were really the end. See, the end is always there to get to. I mean, the thing that distinguishes 'all right' from 'genius' is a matter of application of one's self, how to go about it right—not that I've gone about it right in my life. I've tried, you know, tried to be a good musician. I take lessons now and my teacher's a mess, he tears me up. But he's a good teacher. I really dig him. In my time of playing the piano I've had a feeling of this thing, this ideal, that he knows about for real.

"What is this ideal? It's probably the world.



The ideal grows as you grow. It's probably just like when the scientists reach the moon and then they know they want to go to Mars. The whole thing is to really be striving for whatever this thing is . . . and this is what keeps you alive. . . .

"I've taught quite a few musicians that are well known. It really started out when I was a youngster, 'cause maybe I was just a little ahead of the next cat. So it was just like we really grew together. I have a few that I teach now, but I wouldn't want to make it regular. I feel sort of funny about charging for teaching jazz, teaching music. . . .

"Finally going to Japan and finally going to Europe made me aware that there are some people who are listening to me to try to learn about jazz—just like I listened to somebody else. That is good, because that way I will practice hard and I will try to make my records be as good as I can possibly make them. That's bad that I had never realized before that there were people in the world who were listening to me to learn how to play jazz. . . .

"I've been able to make it here (New York) a little bit, not much. I make enough to send my family some money sometimes. The last few years I've been much luckier than I've been in my life, and I've still never made any money in my life. I've made a lot of records and I've never received a royalty check off a record in my life. And yet, everywhere in the world I've been, I've seen my records. It's pretty weird. . . .

"Jazz has never been given a chance, it's been so shunted aside. I feel sorry for the people who didn't have a chance to really hear. We all know about Bach. We all know about Chopin. Then why don't we all know about Art Tatum? Art Tatum was the greatest pianist that ever lived, maybe. Improvisation, everything. And Bud Powell—we're supposed to know these names. They're supposed to be just as commonplace as Bach. When you think of Bach and Beethoven, you're supposed to think of Bach, Beethoven and Bird. Or Bud.

"This thing is pretty warped . . . you work for peanuts . . . but this is the age of the peanut, anyway." **db**

## JOHN GUERIN

by sam bradley

Since the "record boom" of the mid-'60s drummer John Guerin has been a busy man. He's done literally thousands of record dates (from Wayne Newton to Frank Zappa, the Osmonds to John Klemmer) and played on dozens of television and movie soundtracks under the direction of Pat Williams, Dave Grusin, Oliver Nelson and other top Hollywood writers. Over the years, John has done everything from Phil Spector dates with a 12 tom-tom set to Doublemint gum jingles. Unlike many studio musicians who withdraw from the contemporary playing scene to meet their busy schedules, John has continued to gig at local clubs with such prominent players as Roger Kellaway, Tom Scott, Ray Brown and Howard Roberts—no easy chore after a heavy date in the studios and a six a.m. movie call the next morning. "There were times," says John, "that I'd get to a gig after eight straight hours in the studios, playing in restrictive musical contexts. Yet as soon as the first tune was called, I'd forget all about the

tiredness, and feel a new source of energy within. That's the magic that music holds."

It was at a tiny L.A. club called the Baked Potato that John, along with four other top Hollywood studio players, began gigging on Tuesday nights. This gig eventually led the L.A. Express out of the studios and into the concert halls, opening the show and accompanying Joni Mitchell in concert. Upon hearing the group, the singer-songwriter invited them to play on the initial sessions of what became her *Court And Spark* album.

"We came to that first session really walking on eggshells," says John, "realizing the delicacy of her style, yet also knowing that we had to retain our own identity as a band. As the album started to unfold, we all knew that we were on to something. There was a lot of musical give and take, and a new experience for both of us. Joni's a self taught player, yet she'd communicate allegorically what she wanted musically from the band. Much of what we did was to take two unique concepts and create something which drew from both sources without a loss of either personality."

Opening the show on Joni Mitchell's concerts, the L.A. Express was playing for an audience of thousands, a far cry from the Baked Potato days. As John says, "It requires a different sense of balance; you really have to project. The inner subtleties I play in clubs or in the studio won't work in front of that many people. It necessitates developing another type of expertise. Every beat has to communicate."

John collaborated with Ms. Mitchell on the title track of *The Hissing Of Summer Lawns*. "I'm very proud of that album. It's a portrait in sound of the American Dream, marriage and suburbia, in a myriad of shapes and forms. The album has touched a lot of people where they didn't want to be touched. Joni has a way of articulating self exploration in a very heartfelt way. We're talking about another innovator, really. In her own way she's as vital as Miles and Trane were in theirs."

Looking back on his role as one of the elite members of the Hollywood recording scene, John reminisces, "There's a wonderful friendship and camaraderie that exists among studio players—because of the music—that you don't see in other vocations. They're an amazing bunch of people. Not only are they talented and well equipped, they're a very humane group of guys, and that's a general statement that is very true. If I were just a studio musician and had no other desire as far as creating on my own, I couldn't think of a better way to make a living."

Over the years John has been called upon to play a myriad of musical styles, from country and western to jazz, from pop to funk, from movie scores to Latin music. "It's hard to adapt to all those styles and not lose any of your own personality and integrity as a player," says John, "and I fought with that for a long time, going through a lot of self-analysis. After all, when someone calls me to do their record date, they're doing so on good faith. I'm there to complement whatever style is being played. It's learning a technique—knowing what your instrument provides in any given musical bag. If I'm playing a pop date, I'll play the standard fills that fit in that context and make it happen musically, making the best statement I can, now and then slipping in something totally new and pushing the boundaries forward. I can't help but play jazz in whatever I do, because that's me, part of my

background and love. Fortunately music is so much a part of one family that the essential thing is keeping your ears open to the feeling behind the style, which is something I've been able to do."

For John drums were "something I was completely drawn to and have never had any thought of straying from since." He began tapping with "pencils, forks, sticks and anything else I could get my hands on," at age three, after watching his uncle who was a novice traps player. John's parents were swing fans, and Benny Goodman, Count Basie and Woody Herman were regularly heard around the Guerin household. As John's own musical tastes developed, he began listening to Monk and Horace Silver and later was completely won over by the Miles Davis Sextet with John Coltrane and Bill Evans. "All of my heroes



then were East Coast players. There was a real difference then between East and West Coast music, and to me the West Coast just wasn't saying that much.

"I made the decision to go to New York when I was 19. At the time, the groups I wanted to play with were black: that was my kind of music. Having been raised in California, the scuffle and lifestyle of New York was more oppressive than I cared for. I also didn't want to martyr myself out—not that there was any kind of Crow Jim or anything—I just wanted to live right. I still love New York: I get a rush every time I play there. The city will always have a certain mystique for me—regardless of whether it's the recording center anymore, or whether Birdland's still around. I still feel the ghosts of the greats who played there."

As a group, the L.A. Express has been through several personnel changes since their inception. Guerin and bassist Max Bennett remaining the two constants. Tom Scott has left, and Peter Maunn, a young San Franciscan, has taken over on reeds. Another young player, David Luell, who has a background of eight years as a classical violinist, is the band's guitarist. Victor Feldman, a veteran of several years of studio playing as a percussionist and pianist, is now playing keyboards with the group.

"We're all very proud of Vic's continued growth," says John. "His background extends back to the Cannonball Adderley and Miles Davis groups of the late '50s and early '60s. He's continued to remain open to all the new music that's happened, completely embracing the electric piano and synthesizer. Max Bennett's the same. He started out as an acoustic bassist with Stan Kenton and some of the top big bands of the '50s. Not many people have adapted as naturally to the Fender bass as



Max has. There's an age difference of 23 years from the youngest member of the band to the oldest. For a group of five guys to get together with that extreme age difference and contribute so fully to one another speaks for what music is all about."

For years John Guerin remained one of the men behind the sounds, anonymously creating the spark and nuance that gave life to the music of others. Now, as a member of L.A. Express, John's making his own statement on record and in concert and expanding his own personal musical vision—a vision he outlined on the liner notes of *Shadow Play*: "Our music today reflects a special, free feeling of expression. The synthesis of complex musical conceptions united with pure simplicity has produced a broad stage on which to create. The five of us along with our brilliant contributors are playing that stage." **db**

## RAN BLAKE

by Ien Lyons

There is a somewhat venerated, rather cynical maxim which goes: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Like any generalization, it has exceptions, and Ran Blake is one of them. When Gunther Schuller assumed the directorship of the New England Conservatory of Music ten years ago, he brought the 33-year-old pianist with him. As of this year, Blake is chairman of the Third Stream music department.

Blake is a friendly, frantically busy, seemingly nervous man who is so uncompromising about his music that he preferred working as a hotel desk clerk and a waiter in the Jazz Gallery to playing more accessible music. There are only four albums of his music (a fifth is on the way, to be released on the Owl label in Paris): a piano/vocal duet with Jeanne Lee on RCA ('62), solo piano on *The Blue Potato* on Milestone ('68), solo on ESP, and this year's *Breakthru* on IAI, which Paul Bley asked him to record after the two of them played in Europe together. Oddly, *Breakthru*, while hardly in the mainstream, is lighter and less radical than Blake's earlier work. In fact, he swings.

"People asked why I didn't make it more daring," he said. "Frankly, I was in a happy mood in Oslo, where we recorded. I'd been listening to Lester Young, to Chris Connor doing *Spinning Wheel*. I became less internal." Most of the songs are gems of clarity with stunning dynamics: his use of the bass register even captures the attack of a string bass.

*Sophisticated Lady* and *Tea For Two* on side two, with their Monkish chords and mock-stride technique (respectively) tell us only a partial truth about Blake's background. Like the Third Stream, he is a hybrid. "I studied gospel, counterpoint, later persuaded Bard College to let me major in jazz when only Berklee and North Texas were doing that kind of thing. For a while, I didn't know where I came from. It wasn't the black heart of Africa, but it wasn't Mozart either. Finally Gunther helped me sift these things together. Of course, I haven't completed the synthesis. It's probably like psychoanalysis: you're never finished. Privately, I studied with Mal Waldron and Mary Lou Williams. Who am I? I come from Bartok, Stravinsky, Debussy, early jazz and Monk—definitely not the last 20 years of jazz."

20 □ down beat

Though teaching has neither blunted nor tarnished Blake's ability to perform, it does prevent him from making a habit of it. Five years ago he couldn't get gigs when he wanted them. "Now," he says, "I have five percent more opportunity to play than I can take advantage of." That's hardly a windfall, but it's an encouraging improvement. In any case, teaching has become a chosen priority. The object of his four year program, which begins with a full year of nothing but ear training, is to enable a student with a serious interest in two music forms to "draw a self-portrait" using a synthesis of these forms. "Gunther coined the term 'Third Stream,'" Blake explained, "which for him meant a synthesis of jazz and classical music. To me it's got to mean, first of all, European (classical) music of today, not of the baroque era which the Modern Jazz Quartet loved. That's not a knock at the MJQ, by the way, because if I could play the blues like John Lewis, I'd jump for joy. But I also have to bring in other forms of ethnic music. Most of the students come to us from the African tradition, or Afro-American, but there are South American ethnic musics. And we have an exciting singer in Boston, Eleni Odoni, who improvises in the Greek ethnic style. So Third Stream is an improvised duality. I suppose it could include written composition, too, but for me the higher thing is where it's cooked internally during the performance."



In a way the standard song-titles of *Breakthru* misrepresent Blake as a throwback, and not solely because he is a musical iconoclast. After living in Greece for several years, he was further radicalized—at least in thought—by the military coup. His *Blue Potato* album is overtly political, with music dedicated to Che Guevara, and a recent composition is titled *The Death Of Allende*, the assassinated Marxist president of Chile.

"Of course, I'm against tyranny," he said, "and I hate violence, although we do know that violence is called for at times. Personally, I'm afraid I like a quiet restaurant with a red-checked tablecloth and a bottle of wine, so I can't be considered part of the radical left. In terms of repertoire, though, I can't limit myself to writing about a guy touching a woman or bluesville Kansas City or how to smoke a joint."

It should be added that when Blake does draw upon older material, he is often recomposing: "It's more than an arrangement. An artist who recomposes brings a lot of his own personality into the music. Some people might argue that I destroyed Billy Strayhorn's *Lush Life*, even if my harmonies sound like his at

times. They think arrangement is higher than recomposition. To me, recomposition is always greater—like Monk, who makes everything his own. He's my hero. Of course, it could be pretentious. Some people will always complain if you don't keep the composer's original intention in mind. The arranger is more selfless. Recomposing is harder to do, though, and you can fall flat on your ass."

Blake almost always performs solo. After all, there are only six musicians (none of them well known) whom he would consider working with. "It's always one-to-one. Working with more musicians is an orgy I'm not prepared to deal with. I'm not saying that proudly. It may be a limitation on my part, but it wouldn't make sense to me. They don't know my plot; I don't know their plot." Blake performed alone at Keystone Korner in San Francisco recently, doing his own material and recompositions. He did not fall flat at all, but was applauded with cries of encore. **db**

## GAYLE MORAN

by Howard Mandel

Gayle Moran may look like a wisp of a woman in her long dress, singing from the second keyboard spot in Chick Corea's *Return To Forever*, but she's a determined trouper. Less than halfway through RTF's recent tour, she was hit by an auto.

"I don't move around much when I sing," she explained pluckily, "so it doesn't cramp my style much."

Gayle has moved around a bit in her career so far; she explains the highlights of her life-to-date tour quite succinctly.

"I'm an American, though I don't sound like it, I know," she testifies. "I've picked up this little accent being on the road a lot.

"I was raised in Michigan, near Detroit. I grew up in a religious environment—my father was a minister—so I had all the gospel type singing behind me. That's also how I got into performing in front of people—at the church. Also, I learned to play by ear there. I would accompany other children who were singing, and would have to find their key. I didn't think anything of it—I was a little bit of a prodigy, starting to play piano when I was three years old, and picking things up easily. So when I was six, seven and eight I was playing chords in all the different keys.

"When I was in high school I had my own group for a while, with about 20 musicians, including singers and brass players. I arranged for them and had a lot of responsibility, which I loved. We played an assortment of styles, some folk, some not-very-adventurous jazz, some Swingle Singers syllable things, and some gospel style music, too.

"I went to college at the University of Washington, Seattle, where I received most of my training as a piano major with a minor in voice. I started on a masters degree in performance there. But teaching didn't appeal to me—I wanted to perform. I taught college for a year when I was 24; sight singing, ear training, theory, voice and piano, at Azusa, California, where there is a private school. But I love performing best of all.

"After I left graduate school I started in different musical groups right off. I appeared in a lot of different places, in different settings. One was the Norman Luboff Choir, which sang classical material and which I toured



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with: then there was a folk type group called Renaissance, and I did clubs for two or three years. I had a steady job, for over a year, in an elegant room in the Hilton Hotel in Cleveland, Ohio. It was the prettiest room, seating 100 to 150 people. The bar was in a separate room, so I didn't have to compete with that. I accompanied myself—it was just my own thing, and people would come to hear whatever I was doing. I mostly sang the old songs, Cole Porter and prior. I learned the tunes from a big fake book and it took some work. With RTF, I sing *Come Rain Or Come Shine*, which I learned back then.

"I went from that room into *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I've always liked to try different musical things.

"Chick was the one who recommended me for Jatra, a group I was in with Michael Walden and guitarist Omar Mesa, when they wanted a woman and a pianist. It was a jazz-rock type group, but we didn't make any records, or any money, or even have any management. We were starving musicians who wanted to make music in New York City.

"John McLaughlin heard me with them, and then I went with him. I'm on the album *Apocalypse*, with Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, which I think is really beautiful, and on *Visions Of The Emerald Beyond*.

"I first met Chick through some musician friends almost five years ago. He heard me sing and liked my voice. At the time he had already put a band together, with Flora Purim as the vocalist—and I didn't even think of singing with that type of group at the time. I was into those standards and show music. When I had decided to go into performing, it was taking a step out on my own. I didn't really know what kind of music I wanted to do—I just knew I wanted to perform. Through school I had concentrated on piano, and I was practicing it eight hours a day. Since I've been out of school I've concentrated on voice, though Chick and I play classical duets together for fun.



"When we first met we talked about music a lot and were really good friends. Then when I went off to New York and got into this band Jatra I was gone a lot and Chick was gone a lot, so we would write letters and we became good correspondents. Then when we were in one spot for a longer period we became close and started seeing a lot of each other. It's just grown from there.

"Since we've been close we've wanted to work together—but only at the right time, not just because we are close. It seemed this would be the right time to try it out and it's been fun.

22 □ down beat

I've been rehearsing and working with the band since before the record (*Musimagic*) which we started in December, '76 at Caribou studios.

"I had a nice interview recently in a women's newspaper from Boulder. I don't remember the name of the paper but it was about women in the arts. The interviewer was a musician herself, so she was quite interesting on her own, but I thought I detected a bit of female chauvinism in her questions. She asked me if I felt left out because the relationship between Chick and Stanley Clarke is so strong on stage. I answered, are you kidding? I think it's great. They're magic together, those two. And I'm right between them, watching.

"I like women musicians—a few years ago if I saw a woman jazz pianist I'd watch her closely and with great respect because she was so rare. I admire a lot of women in classical music, where they are more prevalent. It isn't that women can't play, but they've been in different places as to what they thought they *should* be doing—being housewives, or raising children. But do you know of Toshiko? And JoAnne Brackeen, a wonderful pianist? She even has a family—her husband is a musician and she has children. If I was younger I might have an interest in that. I think that in ten years I'd like to have a family. I don't mind children but right now music is more important to me. I'm 34 years old and I don't care to do both right now. It's too much. Being on tour is enough.

"I just want to grow and expand and do more writing and performing. Being a leader is not so desirable to me right now. I've watched Chick and what he's faced with—it's an incredible responsibility, so much more work than meets the eye. I just want to be part of a group that wants to make beautiful music—this group now is ideal. It has structure. I'd like to improve my improvising, but I don't see any one kind of group to play with. It doesn't matter if there are four or 20 musicians.

"I hope to do a solo record this summer, mostly of my own tunes. I've been doing some writing and I include a couple songs of my own on the RTF program. Perhaps I'll include one standard. Chick would produce—we don't have a contract for me, yet, but we're working on that. It's not set, but I have people and music in mind. There might be string players on it.

"In the rare moments I get to listen to music for pleasure, I enjoy the classical standards—Brahms, Beethoven, Debussy, some Stravinsky. I've been getting more familiar with the work of John Coltrane. And I like Keith Jarrett's piano playing, Eberhard Weber's music and what Stevie Wonder is doing.

"I like the acoustic piano. We have a Yamaha Grand electric piano on tour that sounds a lot like an acoustic. I play the Hammond organ, the polyMoog and bass lines on the miniMoog. We also have a concert grand Steinway that we travel with—it's my favorite.

"I've looked at a lot of different spiritual paths—my friends all seem to want to improve themselves. After meeting Chick, I had my first exposure to Scientology. I noticed there were things about the way he lived, the way he approached life and music that I found beneficial and attractive—but I didn't know if that was him or part of Scientology. I'm very slow to get involved in movements—I usually watch them for a while. So I observed Scientology, read about it and listened to people talk about it for a couple years. Then I

thought I'd try it and see if it could help me. I thought I was pretty well off already, which in a way I was, though there was certainly room for improvement in my own personal, private problems, and in my music. So I tried it and it has really helped. I've been using it, things from it, for three years now. The practical stuff." db

## DOUG EWART

by John Litweiler

The musics of Chicago's AACM and St. Louis' BAG have long since moved from their spawning (under) grounds into the mainstream of jazz. An interesting side effect is that, whereas such AACM founders as Muhal Richard Abrams and drummer Steve McCall had long careers before achieving more than



PIERRE FRANCIS

purely local success and respect, relatively young men now leave Chicago's wings as soon as their techniques and outlook become distinctive. Lately, the most prominent are three AACM School grads, Chico Freeman, a talented tenorist with Elvin Jones, and the team of Doug Ewart and George Lewis, respectively the outstanding alto saxophonist and trombonist to emerge from Chicago in this decade.

Of course, the pair's achievements haven't been limited to their work together. Over six years they've joined amid different combinations—an Abrams big band, a McCall ensemble, Fred Anderson's sextet, an early Ewart group, a later Lewis quintet, a quartet. First, their friendship is so convenient for bouncing off fresh ideas. Second, Lewis and Ewart are very different personalities, and like their friends Lester Bowie and Roscoe Mitchell, or Leo Smith and Anthony Braxton, their contrasts are complementary. To a casual listener, Ewart gives the sense of a poised, self-assured craftsman, however daring his musical flights or fanciful his lyricism. You feel an immense knowledge of techniques and possibilities combine with a straight-ahead attitude to performance. His music can be a moving, enlightening experience; one comes to feel that Ewart's studies and career are part of a long-time design.

He spent his first 17 years in Jamaica, surrounded by ska and calypso music. "Ska was more a fusion of calypso and jazz. Ska would use a lot of standard tunes—you might hear a calypso tune, or *Namely You* (from Broadway's "Li' Abner"), or a gospel tune might be performed as a ska. Some of those calypsos have tricky rhythms. Though ska uses the off-beat accent of calypso, it doesn't have some of the tension—it's a cooler, smoother type of



music. The American experience locked up more with ska, and calypso is more the West Indian thing. You could almost balance ska 50-50 between rhythm and blues and calypso.

"My cousin had a pretty rounded record collection. I particularly remember Charlie Mingus and Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker, of course, and later Eric Dolphy. I got an alto, really desiring a trumpet, but I stayed with it, and now I really don't think I'll leave it for the trumpet. That's how funny things can be. I found Mingus' line concepts, as a composer, more developed than the other stuff I'd been listening to. In terms of a whole, you know, in terms of several instruments. Naturally, after hearing a lot of cats in a quintet or quartet setting, his eight-piece groups were more intriguing. The virtuosity he had on his instrument, the strength of the band, were very dramatic. I admired James Moody because of his musicianship on flute and especially alto.

"It was refreshing to hear Dolphy because after growing up listening to a lot of cats, I was looking for something else. When I first heard the AACM, then, that was just perfect, not just because it was ahead of its time, but because it was time for me. Eric was one of the cats who seemed to have carved out another area on the alto. He extended the range of the instrument, and his harmonic, melodic and rhythmic concepts put the music onto another plane. His dedication to his instruments was so obvious. When I met (Joseph) Jarman, then, I thought Jarman was an extension of that school."

Douglas Ewart graduated from Chicago's Dunbar High and immediately became a tailor (like Sidney Bechet, of course). But he'd been familiar with the AACM's music from its beginning, and when the AACM opened its classes for young musicians in autumn, 1967, he entered. The school was on Saturdays on the south side's old Abraham Lincoln Center. "There was a theory class taught by Braxton and Muhal, and you had instrument lessons by Bowie, Leroy Jenkins, Leo Smith and the others, depending on your instrument. My teachers were Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell. There was a string, brass, reed, percussion, theory situation.

"Each person got a lesson, with all the other students looking on. You didn't only study the technique of the instruments, you learned tunes, their structure, you started trying to play chords, the whole thing. You were required to play tunes—*All The Things You Are*, *Naima*, *Afternoon In Paris*, standard tunes—with Roscoe accompanying you on the piano. I only studied alto with them. I had a B-flat clarinet after my alto, then flute, then the bass clarinet. Then the soprano came, and the bassoon much later. After I had decided to play, I decided that it was possible to play these other instruments on a pretty high level—after listening to Eric Dolphy and being around the AACM. I tried to become involved in several instruments early in study so it wouldn't become a burden later.

"I've only had this tenor two years. I've always wanted to play one, but finances, you know. A friend had one in a pawn shop and couldn't get it out, so he gave me the pawn ticket." Though alto is his major instrument, he may soon become equally moving on tenor. Certainly the power is there.

An important part of his life entered after a friend left a recorder at his house. "I wanted to make a flute before I even played one. So I made one—it wasn't much of a flute—but I

kept trying to make them. I got a chance to see flutes from India and Africa, and I constantly tried to research myself. I got some bamboo that a rug was rolled around and did my first experiments with that. I made some flutes for Jarman and Mitchell and John Stubblefield, and they were very encouraging. Just a piece of steel and a coat hanger were my tools at that time. But then Jarman and (artist) Larayne Black gave me money to buy bamboo, and I bought a lot of all different kinds.

"Then it was like the little mad cat in his basement—I stayed up all day and night working on the stuff." Doug acquired steel bars, rasps, and developed his accuracy on the bamboo instruments—and then with brass, steel and aluminum flutes, too. ("Each gives a different texture.") Over the years bamboo remained his favorite medium for flutemaking, all of which was self-taught.

To simplify Doug's description, first comes the long process of drying the bamboo, and that length of time depends on whether the material is dense or fibrous, the fibre coarse or fine. The actual work follows; the inside cleaned and holes made, the flute is then finished inside and out with tung oil, a Chinese wood preservative and finish. When Jarman showed him photos of African flutes, Doug was inspired to decorate his flutes, as well. Studies and experiments with enamel paint, batik decoration, water burning and lacquer coatings led to his current skill.

Depending on the bamboo used and hole positions, Doug's flutes may be in the usual key of C—or any other key, too, with a corresponding variety of range. Each flute requires a different embouchure, of course: "It calls for study, to realize its power. The Japanese people have evolved the bamboo flute into one of its highest elements, the Shakuhachi flute in particular." Doug takes pride in making his first Shakuhachi flute, from pictures and descriptions, without actually having seen one. "A Japanese fellow saw this one and liked it so much that he gave me that one."

Though Douglas Ewart doesn't boast, it is true that Henry Threadgill has formed flute quartets using Ewart flutes, that Stubblefield, Azar Lawrence, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, that "people I don't know have my flutes," and that he and his flutes have appeared on the PBS-TV show "Look At Me" (joined by his small daughter)—and that performing, not flutemaking, is his major art.

To these ears, his maturity as a soloist came in the '70s. When Doug said, "Maybe subconsciously, since I admired their music and played with them. There is a tradition that's shown in one's influences, and your noticing that means I've done some of the things I'd like to do." Ewart solos may be structured in sequences, in witty rhythmic positionings, or in waves of intensity, in the most masterful ways. "You might look over a piece in rehearsal and think, 'I like this approach,' an intense approach, for example. But at the concert, how I solo in a collective setting is influenced partly by how the cat before me soloed. If he's played a very intense solo, I'll approach mine differently, because the audience has heard intensity. You can't lock the music in—I might play as I had prepared. It depends on what you think of variety at that point in the music."

And his career took him from the Abrams big band to Fred Anderson's group, on George Lewis' recommendation—and he has remained with Anderson and Lewis to the

present. When Anderson toured Europe last winter, Doug remained home; engagements with George Lewis, primarily Quadrisection concerts, were too pressing. Quadrisection is Ewart, Lewis, and their woodwind partners Mwata Bowden (who can play surprisingly barrelhouse "outside" baritone solos) and Joseph Johnson. With the four doubling instruments, Doug is especially pleased with the opportunities for blending instruments—in improvisation and composition, since he and Lewis are the group's composers.

Composing and orchestration are, to date, two final facets of his work. "I composed *Biafran Children* for Muhal's big band. Fred Anderson is pretty open to allowing you to develop your concept, so on a piece I might play alto on the line—with the tenor, trumpet and trombone—solo on bass clarinet, and maybe play the head back on soprano. I've been very fortunate to be with Fred: the people with him are very, very human. My own emphasis is on being versatile but I'll concentrate on composing when the situation demands. George and I have a concert coming up, and I want new music, so I'll sit down and spend time writing that."

Recently, too, Doug has directed Henry Threadgill's music for a play, composed the film soundtrack for *One Man Dies* (performed by Ewart, Lewis and percussionist Hank Drake) and composed music for the latest Chicago production of the play *Blood Knot*. Only during the past year has he appeared frequently in the cast. But like his AACM predecessors, Douglas Ewart is now becoming not just a local but a national treasure. **db**

## J. D. PARRAN

by gregory j. marshall

The Black Artist Group of St. Louis had a big band in the late '60s and early '70s that boasted a powerful reed section of Oliver Lake, James "Jabbo" Ware, Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill and J.D. Parran. Of those five only J.D. Parran still lives in St. Louis, musically spreading the word about BAG where it all happened. His versatile abilities on various saxophones, flutes and clarinets have since been heard in numerous different musical contexts, including a BAG-rooted quintet he now co-leads called Third Circuit 'n' Spirit.

Born and raised in St. Louis, John Davis Parran, Jr. began playing tenor at the age of 11, though he had been involved with music prior to that. "I was singing in church. My father played soprano, C-melody and tenor saxes in the church band," explained J.D. "I was part of a saxophone trio in grade school, also a band called the Jazz Messengers. We weren't even playing any jazz... things like *Tequila* and *Peter Gunn*. I didn't have a lot of records then and with AM radio and the stuff other kids played at parties you didn't get to hear too much jazz."

At 15 J.D. seemed headed for a career in engineering but decided against it. He remembers the day. "I was walking down the street with my tenor worrying about my geometry homework with tears in my eyes, knowing that I didn't want to be an engineer. I wanted to be a musician." During high school J.D. spent many Saturday afternoons down at the local musicians union hall learning how to read jazz-dance charts from Vernon Nashville. He also began studying clarinet with O'Hara



Spearman, who is now supervisor of instrumental music in the St. Louis public school system. Spearman advised J.D. to study clarinet with Dr. Lewis Hilton at Washington University and Les Scott at Webster College.

"It's a funny business being a saxophone major in a college," commented J.D., "because colleges aren't prepared to teach saxophone. Not many college teachers are saxophone experts—even in a classical vein." And if they were? "The only way you can build a performance curriculum is off the repertoire, and the saxophone repertoire is not in that great a shape. That's why I feel Oliver Lake's *Altoviolin* (performed on Lake's Arista-Freedom LP, *Heavy Spirits*, with alto sax and three violins) is so important: it's a published work. I'm going to perform it."

Comparable to the saxophone's upstream struggle in classical waters is the plight of the clarinet in jazz. J.D. points out that at the beginning of the century the clarinet was a prominent instrument in jazz, but that it quickly gave way to the saxophone because of the latter instrument's more potent volume potential. With a Barcus-Berry reed pickup, J.D.'s alto, bass and contrabass clarinets can



ROBERT L. SHELLY

now compete admirably with electronic instrumentation, putting them more on equal ground with his saxophones.

In the late '60s, the Black Artist Group of St. Louis was formed. Dozens of black musicians, dancers, poets and artists united into one organized artistic powerhouse. Besides teaching some of the lesser experienced players, J.D. also played in the BAG big band and numerous smaller ensembles. One of these ensembles, the Human Arts Ensemble, put out two recordings on their own Universal Justice label, *Whisper Of Dharma* and *Under The Sun*, that J.D. feels are accurate representations of that period. Fortunately, Arista re-released *Sun*, and rumors that they will do the same for *Whisper* have been circulating for some time.

In 1971, having completed his Masters in music, J.D. took off for New York to learn what wasn't being taught in college. While in New York he played in the big bands of Frank Foster and Jabbo Ware, recorded with Jackie Lomax, Paul Butterfield (with fellow St. Louisan Dave Sanborn) and with Joe Farrell, Snooky Young and Howard Johnson on the Band's *Rock Of Ages* LP. He also did Broadway pit work (*Company*) and resumed studies with Les Scott, who was then playing on Broadway and with the New York Philharmonic. Most importantly, J.D. studied theory with George Coleman, or as he phrased it, "theoretical inroads to developing melodic harmonic concepts ... that are so different

from anything they teach in college.

"Colleges are not trying to turn out composers; they're not trying to turn out players; they're trying to turn out teachers. What good is that knowledge if it's not practical? And it turns out not to be too practical in a modern American music where theory is not just worked out on paper but utilized mentally. You have to be able to do this in order to improvise."

After New York and a government-subsidized educational expedition to Africa, J.D. returned to St. Louis in 1974 to discover that funding for the Black Artist Group had just about run out. BAG, though officially defunct, was spiritually intact with members moving all over the world, many settling in New York. J.D. settled in St. Louis where he manages to keep busy. During the day he teaches improvisation and jazz history/appreciation across the river at Southern Illinois University in Edwardsville. He also sings and plays with the SIU Gospel Choir, serving as their faculty advisor. Even so, J.D. still considers himself a student, constantly absorbing new energy and influences, fusing them with his own individualistic musical personality into "styles that use a lot of improvisation."

Collaboration also interests J.D. With playwright-actor-mime artist Malinke, J.D. worked on several multi-media presentations. J.D. credits Malinke with "giving guidance to everyone in BAG" during his tenure as chairman and organizer. Another collaboration that worked exceptionally well was one with electronic composer Thomas Hamilton and symphony percussionist Rich O'Donnell. For an educational film about the frustrations of being a teacher, the trio "complemented the more melodious logo themes with pure grating electronic and percussive sounds that denoted the tension that the film dealt with." For *Crimson Sterling*, a Hamilton-composed work that was performed at one of St. Louis' bicentennial celebrations, J.D. played alto sax, alto flute, alto clarinet and nagaswaram to a backdrop of pre-recorded electronic tape while O'Donnell performed on his own inventions.

BAG trumpeter and long-time friend Floyd LeFlore has collaborated constantly with J.D. Together, the two co-lead a flexible, hard-blowing bop unit called Third Circuit 'n' Spirit, a group which also incorporates into its sound the finer elements of funk, electronics and the avant garde. Like many other groups that are musically relevant in St. Louis, Third Circuit plays regularly at an atmospheric club called BB's Jazz, Blues and Soups.

J.D. is optimistic about Third Circuit and the future in general. Although he has already accomplished quite a bit in his 29 years, the multi-talented instrumentalist feels like he's just getting started. **db**

## KIM RICHMOND

by lee underwood

"There are exceptions, of course," said Kim Richmond, "but I find that the really top-notch artists nearly always have it together not only with their instruments and their art, but mentally as well.

"When they have their heads together, they respect anybody who does well what he chooses to do, and it doesn't matter if that happens to be more commercial than what they themselves are doing. They just give cred-

it where it's due and say, 'Hey, that's his thing.'

"Everybody's got to do their own thing anyway. We're not all going to be great jazz artists. I don't feel as if I've missed a goal. I feel that I've just expanded it."

Kim Richmond is not another "superstar-to-be," at least not at this point in his life. Nor is he one of the thousands of losers who flock to Los Angeles every year, only to find their hopes and dreams strewn like cracked bones across the desert sands.

Kim arrived in Los Angeles ten years ago, became a copyist, then an on-the-road alto player with Stan Kenton, Louis Bellson and Clare Fischer. With Kenton he recorded *Stan Kenton Conducts The Jazz Compositions Of Dee Barton* (Capitol ST 2932); with Fischer he recorded *Thesaurus* (Atlantic SD 1520).

Today, he lives very comfortably in a two-story house in classy Sherman Oaks, and the scope of his musical activities is no less than astonishing—he is an arranger, a composer, a performer, a band leader, a music publisher and a school teacher. He is also married to a woman who dances on *The Carol Burnett Show* and dabbles in real estate on the side.

"I have a real problem budgeting time, of course. I obviously can't do all of it at once. So some days I work 12 hours or more. Other days I fall back, regroup and don't do anything at all."

As an arranger, Kim's credits include Helen Reddy (for whom he is presently the musical coordinator), Pat Boone, Juliet Prowse, Tony Orlando, Percy Faith (with whom he also played alto sax for four years) and, recently, Motown Records.

As a composer, Kim wrote commercials for three years, did a segment of *Kojak*, several episodes of *Harry O*, the dramatic underscore for the film *Nashville Girl*, the final stages of Walter Murphy's music for the film *The Savage Bees* and the theme music for an upcoming series of TV shorts called *The Junior Hall Of Fame*.

He was born in Champaign, Illinois some 35 years ago ("I've resolved to be 26 forever"), the son of a lawyer who played piano as a hobby. Kim briefly studied piano with his father, then took up clarinet, later adding the other reeds.

His "all-time idol as a stylist on alto" is Charlie Mariano. He lists Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Duke Pearson, Art Pepper and the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band as other major past and present favorites.

"Originally, I wanted to become a great classical clarinet player, and a great jazz saxophone soloist. The only reason I started writing in junior high school was because there were so few arrangements available that I wanted to play. *Combo Orks* just didn't make it. I've been writing ever since."

After graduating from the University of Illinois with a degree in Composition and Education, he enlisted in the Air Force and wrote and conducted for the Airmen Of Note and The Symphony In Blue.

When he moved to L.A. in 1967 (because "it's not a high-pressure city as far as your feelings go"), he not only copied music and toured with Kenton et al, but established his own big band, "using charts I had written either in the Air Force or out here on commission.

"That led to publishing music for the school stageband market, which I still have going today—Mini-Tiger Music Publishers and Cam-





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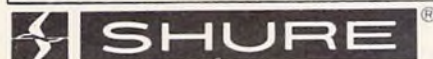
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"The whole idea was to put out charts that are on a performing level with professional standards. I never did want to water down my charts or write down to a level lower than the professional L.A. standards I work with. Because the high school and college bands of today are dynamite, I can therefore write on an artistically challenging level for bands and small jazz ensembles. This year I'm expanding into vocals."

As a performer, Kim recently played a concert at the Pilgrimage Theater, using his own compositions and arrangements. With four vocalists and his ten piece band—The New Hereafter—he scanned virtually the total range of popular musical styles: jazz, rock, Latin, gospel, funk, jazz/rock, etc. The audience danced in the aisles.

He recently performed the opera *Porgy And Bess*. He regularly plays on casuals and with backup bands and small jazz groups. "I also have the Kim Richmond Concert Jazz Orchestra with five saxes, four trumpets, tuba, french horn, piano, guitar, bass, drums and two percussionists. We rehearse a lot and perform occasional concerts."

Kim does not apologize for being a commercial arranger/composer. "On a pop level, if it feels good, and it has all of the basic things, like good time, good intonation, etc., then I enjoy doing commercial music."

"When I was the musical coordinator for the *Tony Orlando And Dawn Show*, one of the producers said to me, 'There's no room in this show for art.' And he's right. We've got to face it: this music is for mass consumption, and the public is not up to what we know as jazz."

"I don't know how to define 'commercial,' really. If it is commercial, it works; if it is not commercial, it doesn't work. I don't know, I'm just supposing, but if a producer has to react to it with his intellect at all, then the music is 'uncommercial.'"

When Kim writes something that he feels is artistically viable, but "not commercial," he resolves the situation by dropping it.

"Maybe that makes me a craftsman more than an artist," he said. "I think 'craftsman' is a key word. I teach a music styles class at Dick Grove's Music School, and I always tell them, 'We're not training to be artists here. We are learning how to be craftsmen. We are learning how to use our tools. If you are an artist above and beyond that, then that's great.'"

He is occasionally required to arrange material that he does not personally like, "but there may be that little thing at the end of the bridge that I do like, so I'll bring that out as  
26 □ down beat

much as I can. In all cases, I'll try to find something to help the tune that will still not throw the artist performing it.

"I don't always feel good about it, nor is the money in itself enough reward. The money is almost an afterthought."

"I think it's a sense of accomplishment more than anything else—especially when I'm working with something I might think is rotten material."

"For example, on Percy Faith's *My Love* (Columbia KC 32380), I arranged *Pillow Talk* and *The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia*. I did not like *Georgia* at all and yet the arrangement is quite successful."

Today Kim wants to be even more involved in the various aspects of the music business than he already is.

"I know I'm not going to be at the very top in every area I work in but I am very satisfied to be in on it. I don't feel in competition with anybody at all. I just feel music is my outlet for all of the things I have in me."

"That main thing is to keep learning. I would never be able to stay with just one style. I can't help but change over the years. And the people I really respect, like John Coltrane or Miles Davis, for example, are people who constantly change, constantly evolve and constantly learn. Learning is the key to it all."

db

## FRANK VICARI

by herb nolan

**T**he word is roadrat. Up front it sounds like a monumental put down, but for the musician who has paid his dues riding the band buses across the country playing one-nighter after one-nighter it's an affectionate label—the back-of-the-bus-dirty-laundry badge of performer durability.

Saxophonist Frank Vicari qualifies, since for most of a decade he was on the road. "I spent most of the '60s on the road; I stayed on straight through for four years with Maynard Ferguson and then I went with Woody Herman. But with Woody I kept getting on and off. I was trying to decide then whether I wanted to stay in New York City or what. I was trying to feel my way then, but I also wanted to be on the road and play because I missed that."

"It's just something about performing that you never get by living in one place," said Vicari with an East Coast twang that tells you he's spent most of his life around New York.

"If you want to stay in town that means you have to play any kind of gig. New York is getting better, there's a lot of clubs you can play but it's very difficult to try and make a living at it. How many times can you perform in the same city even as big as New York? There are so many great musicians in town everybody has to have a chance. So in order to make a living you're going to have to play some other kind of music. That's why I come out on the road; I'd still rather come out and perform than play someplace where it becomes an obscure money gig. Play a Broadway show? Forget it."

That's Frank Vicari on New York City and the road life. It's part of his living rationale. Recently the veteran reed player has been on tour with singer-poet Tom Waits. "Working with Waits is a very free thing," he observed. "I can't remember a single night where we

treated something exactly the same way and that to me is the true essence of jazz in the sense you are creating something new within a certain framework. It just keeps things alive and fresh all the time."

When he's back in New York there's another experience, the Dave Matthews band. "It's a very professional band, I enjoy it a lot musically; he uses instrumentation as an effect in a way that is reminiscent of Gil Evans. And he's young so his writing is very fresh. . . ."

Dave Matthews, Tom Waits, New York's studio sessions—for Vicari it's a constant quest for new musical experiences.

"I've always been the type of person who likes to be involved in different things; I can say I don't want to be stuck in one thing, because I get bored. I've been in situations when I was on the road with bands—as much as I enjoyed it, there were times when I said I just don't feel like playing this music."

"I've been playing for a lot of years out there," said Vicari, who refers to himself simply as an old man when asked about his age. "And I've become very selfish in a way. I have to enjoy what I am involved in. And if I don't, rather than drag everybody's ass or bring the leader down, I just get up and leave and go on to something else. I like to enjoy whatever I'm doing and I expect to keep doing that through my life. When I look back now, all those years were one great experience after another; not that I'd like to go back, it's just that they are done with and I want to keep going forward."

From where Frank Vicari grew up in New Jersey it was 20 minutes to downtown Man-



HERB NOLAN

hattan and the music. "I remember when I was young, people used to take me by the hand and lead me to New York so I could hear all those people play. I even recall someone taking me to 52nd Street. As young as I was, I don't even remember the names of the clubs, but I can remember one night walking down 52nd Street going from one club to another and seeing Charlie Parker, Lester Young and people of that vintage. At the time I was really too young to realize the opportunity but it certainly must have had some impact."

Like many young musicians, Vicari started playing the clarinet in the high school band. But within a couple of years he began to concentrate on the tenor saxophone. While still in high school, he started playing professionally, doing dances and that sort of thing around Elizabeth and Newark. Then after school he led a jazz group, and everything was going just fine; he was meeting people, getting work and the future looked bright. Then tragedy struck.

"I was drafted. It was right at the end of the



Korean War. Of course, I didn't want to go, but things were different then, we weren't as slick as the kids got to be in the 1960s. I figured music would save me and it did. Whenever I went, I just took my clarinet and held it up saying, 'This is all I know.' So they had to put me in the band. See, I had the feeling like they were going to try and put me someplace else, but I kept telling them 'I'm only a musician, I can't do anything else!'

"But it was a period of time when I should have been out in the music business really establishing some heavy things. . . . The scary thing is that when I got out, the things I had been doing before were all gone. All the jazz thing had disappeared and all the jazz clubs had turned to rock and roll. When I faced that, man, I said, 'Oh, wait a minute, what am I going to do now?' I just started working any kind of gigs, even day gigs, just to stay alive."

Frank Vicari did survive and it tempered his own philosophy about making a living and working as a performing musician. "I don't need that much money," he said, "you know what I mean, I've learned not to need that much. There are things money will buy which usually turn out to be luxuries and that I don't need. As long as I live my life style the way I think it should be then I am happy. There have been some rough times but a lot of happy ones; music has gotten me to a lot of places. I live from day to day but I've never felt insecure about it. I know guys who if they don't have their date book filled up three months in advance feel nervous. I don't care if my book is empty, because I know the phone's going to ring and something's going to happen—I just believe that way. I don't feel I've missed anything. The only thing I don't have that somebody else may have is a bank account." db

## MARK COLBY

by arnold jay smith

Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., schooled in Miami, Florida and a member of the Maynard Ferguson finishing emporium, Mark Colby played his first licks on clarinet at age eight. His father, a professional big band drummer and vibist, brought home the instrument one day and decided his son was going to take music lessons.

Mark's first teacher was a friend of the elder Colby's, Bill Schlagle, but the interest didn't immediately jell. Then, like so many of us, the age of enlightenment dawned when he was listening to some old Benny Goodman albums. "That was the first real music I had heard," Mark said. "From then on I knew that's what I wanted to do."

At 11 he got serious about the clarinet, and a year or two later he took up saxophone. "I heard Stan Getz and that did a number on me, too. So from age 11 or 12 I knew I wanted to be a musician."

The Colbys moved to Miami when Mark was 13 which enabled him to attend the University of Miami. He earned a masters degree from the Studio Music and Jazz Program. "I was already playing professional gigs around the area—weddings, bar mitzvahs; later I cut shows for the acts that came into town."

A turning point of his early professional career came with the meeting of Ira Sullivan, the local pied piper. "I started sitting in with him at the Rancher Lounge. He was very en-

couraging, so I got the chance to play early."

Mark and fellow MF sectionmate Bobby Militello worked with Sullivan recently. "He (Sullivan) stays in Florida because he's very family oriented; he loves the weather and he gets off on being the musical guru of Florida. When anybody comes to town, the first thing they do is check out Ira Sullivan. He encourages the students at the University. They come out and play with him at the Unitarian Church on Monday nights. (Sullivan holds weekly jam sessions.) It's very unusual. Here's a musician who is totally unselfish. Most musicians would not want to share a gig with anybody. Some of those jam sessions get out of hand and that makes it hard to keep a gig."

There has always been an active scene in Miami. There is a hard core of good musicians and they love to play there. But the town seems unable to support any permanent performers. Eventually, the Rancher Lounge was torn down for an office building. Since then nothing has attained enough stature to be called a jazz club. "People used to come to the Rancher and hang out. So many jazz musicians got their start there."

When pianist Eddie Higgins moved to Florida he played his first gig there. Colby's was among the last groups to play the Rancher. It was 1972 and Mark's group was made up of Danny Gottlieb on drums, Mark Egan on bass, and Mike Gerber on piano. "It was a growing experience playing the Rancher with this group. We were all able to do so much before we had our heads filled with other things. Later in '72 I put together a group with a pianist who teaches at the University of Miami, Ron Miller. We played all original music and two albums are still in the can at Criteria Records. Basically, they weren't commercial enough."

Bob James chose Mark as one of the few Ferguson sidemen to appear on Maynard's first non-band LP, *Primal Scream*. "Who knows?" Colby mused. "Maybe Bob will write some charts for me. He's a realist. He gets involved with what is here. Some people can't be that way."

"Electronic music is here. We should use it. I haven't done any electrifying at all. The only thing I did was on the *Primal Scream* album where they put me through a flanger, which is like a bi-phaser that spins the sound around. I've fooled around with an Echoplex on a gig. Other than that I haven't done much experimenting. We carry so much equipment on the bus that it would be almost impossible to put another amplifier on. I'd like to try it when the time is ripe, when the opportunity presents itself. I wouldn't use it to replace the acoustic sound. It does make sense to use it in certain environments in certain kinds of music."

During his U. of Miami tenure, Mark kept the Ron Miller group together. He received his degree in May, 1975. A month later he got a call on a Monday night that there was an opening on Maynard's band; he was there on Tuesday. "I opened on Wednesday in Baltimore, played opposite Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich in Atlantic City later and played the Newport Jazz Festival in New York that July. It was like a boyhood fantasy. I had always wanted to go out with a band. I felt it was part of my music education. It's been a marvelous experience and I'm glad it's been Maynard's band because we get treated very well and get along well. Management (Willard Alexander) is terrific too. We look forward to playing. We anticipate getting up on the bandstand every night."

The critics and public alike are talking about the current edition of Maynard Ferguson's band as being the best he's had. There are also murmurs that Buddy Rich's band is the most exciting he's ever had. Ditto Kenton and Basie. Colby offered some insight.

"I think there is just a tremendous resurgence in music, period. Ten or 15 years ago, either you were into the new thing or not. There are so many different elements of 'jazz' music. You can't call any *one* thing jazz. There is as much diversification as there are artists: Chick Corea, Basie, Herbie Hancock, Sonny Stitt, Art Blakey. There's just more of a market for everything. Maybe audiences are being more open in their acceptance. We get them from 15 to 50 years old and they all seem to groove on it, whether we are playing bebop or a ballad. There's no real crossover, just music. There is something rather imposing in seeing 13 to 18 people on a stage concentrating all of their energy and effort in one direction. I think people get off on that after so many years of seeing two guitars, a bass guitar and a drummer. They're ready for something else."

"Electronics has changed things a lot. It has become a matter of necessity just to get yourself heard. On the other hand, I like playing with Ira Sullivan, for example, because it allows me to play in a totally different manner than I play in the band. I like to adapt myself to whatever environmental situation I'm in. But I must keep my own identity and per-



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

sonality."

Why, then, does Maynard utilize Colby to excite the audience? His solos are basically screaming interpolations on soprano, although his tenor work is put to good use on some bop outings that Fergy throws in to keep his concerts honest.

"I like doing both of them. I wouldn't be happy playing one way all the time. My personality goes either way. I like to sound like Ben Webster then turn around and play Brecker Brothers or whatever is happening today. That's something I get off on. It's satisfying to me to be able to do all that."

"Surprisingly enough, we are not all called upon to double. Bobby Militello plays flute. I play all the reeds but I'm rarely called upon to play anything but soprano and tenor. When Bruce Johnstone was on the band he played mostly baritone, occasionally taking a flute spot, but very rarely. When Bob came in he sounded like a bari player right from the git-go. I was amazed at the sound he got. I can play any reed and sound good at it, but I'd need practice for a couple of weeks. I really like soprano. To get used to alto, for instance, takes a different embouchure; the air stream is



slightly different. When we do clinics you can see the difficulty most kids have in switching. Most have started on clarinet or flute and switch to saxophone. What they don't really understand is that each instrument has a different concept of air that goes through the horn, the size of the mouthpiece. There are differences here, too. The bores are different, but the facing size depends on the player. Some like very close facings to get big sounds. It takes experimentation to get the right size. Start with a medium and find what feels comfortable. So many kids try to play what the pros play. So they go out and buy it and wonder why they can't play it. There's a physical difference in each player.

"Right now I'm playing a Selmer tenor, clarinet and flute and a very old model Buescher soprano. I bought it from some kid at the University for \$25. Recently I had it gold-plated and it made the sound even nicer. It's got more of an english horn-oboe sound to it. The only other horn I liked was a Selmer, but this particular Buescher fits me right now."

We touched on some of the "out" instruments, such as the contrabass sax that Anthony Braxton is playing. Colby stated that while they may be important to what those particular musicians are into right now, his own musical vocabulary doesn't include them at the moment. "Braxton is dealing with mathematics: everything is very structured, with very little room for spontaneity. It's too structured."

Mark Colby has been at it seriously since he was 11 years old. He finds his career the most satisfying thing he could do with his life. "Musicians in their way are kind of like mystics: they are able to communicate with all kinds of people. It (music) transcends language and race barriers. It's fulfilling and it doesn't matter what avenue I take." **db**

## EDDIE HIGGINS

by arnold jay smith

**H**aydn Higgins, aka Eddie, has been playing the piano for 26 years. He has been a leader and sideman with George Brunis, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Jack Teagarden, Ira Sullivan, Al Grey, Wayne Shorter, Lee Morgan, Cleveland Eaton and Frank Foster. Born on Cape Cod, Eddie felt that he needed some big city playing, but New York was too close, L.A. too far, so he picked Chicago. And now he's in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, playing cocktail piano in a private club high atop downtown Lauderdale. When I asked if I could catch a set, he replied, "You wouldn't enjoy it. It's just straight tunes while they dine."

Then Higgins sat down at the new Yamaha concert grand that sits in the picture window of his home and rattled off a string of those same "straight" tunes his way. Then came an original he wrote for his beautiful wife, Miko (who is a dynamite cook, by the way) and then one of the most moving versions of *Lush Life* I have ever heard.

Those of us who are steeped in jazz have heard the name Eddie Higgins for some time. He still gigs annually in his adopted home, Chicago (he lived there for 20 years) and when he summers on the Cape he plays with a trio and does concerts weekly with a larger

ensemble when available.

He talks about himself easily and gave a capsule bio for **db** readers so "as not to bore them with miniscule details.

"I started out going through the jazz changes," he began. "My first love was dixieland, then Chicago style, then swing, big bands, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson. I went through ten years of obligatory lessons from age four, hating every minute of it, rebelling against discipline. I'll tell you, though, at age 14, when I needed those lessons to concentrate my career upon, they were there. The technique was there; I didn't fold due to lack of chops. I could play anything I could think. From then on I had the motivation and progressed quickly."

It was classical music at first, with hopes of a concert career for the young near-prodigy. But jazz stole him away when bebop reared its head.

"When I heard Charlie Parker and Diz about 1947, they completely changed my life," Eddie stated almost matter-of-factly. "I had pictures of Charlie Parker on my wall—real hero worship. So when people ask, 'Who were your teachers?' I reply, 'Bud Powell, George Shearing, Lennie Tristano, Oscar Peterson, like that.'"

Like everyone else, Higgins learned from recordings. There wasn't much encouragement in a small New England prep school (Phillips Academy). There wasn't even sympathy or understanding—it was solo all the way. So off he went, west. Northwestern University's music school had him, then the army,



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

a family, a trio gig until 1970 and the move down south.

While I was visiting with the Higginses, Erroll Garner passed away. Eddie had awakened me early that morning to tell me the sad news. The two had known each other very well.

"As the house trio at the London House in Chicago, I got to know everyone who came through. I worked opposite Oscar Peterson through various phases of his career—14 times in 12 years. That was an education in itself. Erroll was special. He was quiet, almost shy. The important thing about him was that he was such an individualist. He was a natural swinger and stylist and that had a lasting effect on my playing. I impersonated Erroll as we all have. Your left hand takes the part of the rhythm section while your right delays a little behind the beat. So simple. Yet he was the first to do it. It's very difficult nowadays for young musicians to grasp the importance of doing something that is individually theirs.

"Musicians are divided basically into originators and those who assimilate the work of

others. There are very few of the former. Louis, Bird, Coltrane, Monk and Garner are in that company. There are others, of course, Oscar Peterson is my favorite pianist. I also like Joe Zawinul, Bill Evans, Tatum. I prefer a pianist who uses the full instrument in an orchestral way. The utilization of the entire range of the keyboard, dynamics, touch. That's very important, touch. One of the sad things about the advent of electronics is that pianists, or rather keyboardists, as they are now called, should theoretically be at home with the Rhodes, Clavinet, synthesizer, organ—the implication being that it makes no difference. I think it makes a big difference because a pianist utilizes all the things that go into playing the piano. I play all those instruments and have recorded with them, but I think of myself as a pianist. I use touch, shading, dynamics. So the piano players I admire play that way."

Glancing down Higgins' list of "favorites" we see names like Tatum and Peterson, Evans and Wynton Kelly. While the first two are orchestras unto themselves, the last two play significantly less left hand than their predecessors. Eddie stated that he saw the differences but "they all play pianistically. They approach the piano as an instrument even though they play differently. It's not what Evans does, but how he does it. That's why I don't like Monk as a pianist. His composing talents are something else again.

"Evans' influence lies in what he did with his bassist Scott LaFaro as much as what he did by himself. I'm even doing some of the classical things he did with Claus Ogerman, a Bach and Faure's *Pavane*. That was the first time I had heard the possibility of doing those kind of things in a jazz setting. He cut across barriers long before it was fashionable. All my life I have been opposed to categorizing or whatever name you give it. That's not only in jazz terms, either. What it does is set up a barrier between the artist and anyone who is trying to understand what he's trying to say. All I want is for someone who is listening to my music to just listen. Music is meant to be listened to and not written about. The music will be there even after there is no one to tell the public about it. Music will continue to exist even after all the records and critics are gone. Often the composer doesn't think about what he writes; he just writes. The writers tell us, and often him, what it is he did. Analysis is never before the fact; it's always after. Writers make labels. I play. My influences are broad and they come from other facets of music. It's all in my gray matter, everything I hear."

Eddie's background goes beyond playing. He made a passing reference to his arranging capabilities. He was a studio technician, a sound engineer and a record company executive. It all was an effort to find another aspect of music that he liked better than playing. There were other interests, but they were sailing, tennis and the outdoors. So he did the best thing; he took up residence in a place where he could indulge his athletic and his musical talents at will.

"It was a balanced life I was after," he said. "I knew I had to get out of Chicago to do it. But there's no jazz audience down here. Oh, there's Ira Sullivan with whom I played in a quartet. Now that was a dream fulfilled. Here I was where I wanted to be, doing what I most wanted to do." He also gets the opportunity to play Chicago once each year, usually in October, at a club called the Backroom on the near



north side. Eddie enjoys those annual gigs because he feels he is playing to people who come to hear his music. He also gets to see friends of long standing.

"I don't get my rocks off playing here in Fort Lauderdale. I do, on occasion, get a thrill like when Flip Phillips worked a week with me. The audience didn't know what was going on but they sensed that we were having a great time and reacted to that.

"It's difficult to get a jazz audience anywhere but big cities. Of the 3% of the listening audience that are jazz oriented, most are in New York, and the majority of the rest are in Chicago and L.A. That doesn't leave much for Fort Lauderdale. We in the whole Miami listening area just lost our only full time jazz station. The club I played in with Ira, the Vanguard, has closed.

"The whole story of what happened to jazz over the past 25 or 30 years is the story of the control of the music passing from the knowledgeable to the disc jockeys—the people who don't care about music, only about ratings. It's very simple to play to the lowest common denominator, but it's very difficult to upgrade your audience. The longer good music is absent from the radio, the less likely that it will ever come back."

So, here's veteran Eddie Higgins living the good life at 45, in the sun of south Florida, sailing, playing tennis and the piano. What aspect of music is paramount in his mind when giving advice to comers in the field?

"Versatility. There are two ways to go at a career in jazz. You can develop something individual or special of your own that is identifiable, commercial, salable, where your style is your identification. Or you can be as versatile as hell and do as many things as possible. If you do one thing well, and you're successful at that one thing now, you may be stuck with it later, trapped. It's difficult to be objective about yourself. I hold my strong suit to be my versatility. I could play with Jack Teagarden and can also do electric things and enjoy every stop in between." **db**

## DICK GROVE

by lee underwood

Dick Grove, founder and director of the Dick Grove Music Workshops and its extension, Music By Mail, leaned back in his Studio City office-chair and said, "The bottom line is: *Let's get to the bottom line.*

"I have people coming here who have B.A. or Masters degrees, but they know very little about music in terms of what is required to succeed commercially today. They know how to teach traditional music in high school, which is great, but they don't know how to make it as a professional free lance composer, arranger or performer in jazz, rock or pop.

"Many of our other students come out of rock when they realize they need to learn how to read. Others are professionals who have been playing by ear, or who come here to brush up on their harmony, arranging, conducting, basic reading, or whatever.

"No matter how far-out a musician wants to get, whatever limitations he has usually stem from his lack of understanding of the basics. At Dick Grove, we focus on learning how to use what tools we have available, and how to use those tools professionally in serving the



needs of today's clients.

"In other words, we tell our students where it's at. We are here to teach people the contemporary realities of music and the music business so the free lance musician can earn a living."

Six years ago Dick was an established Los Angeles studio composer/arranger for television (*Andy Williams, Bill Cosby, Dean Martin, etc.*) night club acts (Nancy Wilson, Paul Horn, Eartha Kitt, etc.), and recording artists (Buddy Rich, Gerald Wilson, Nancy Wilson, etc.).

He was also involved in teaching clinics. He wanted to use some of his own books and charts for his classes, so he founded his own publishing company. To bolster his knowledge, he began visiting schools to find out what the problems were.

"I found that a lot of the teachers, as well as the students, did not understand even the most obvious things that professionals take for granted." He found no books that keyed in on those "obvious things"; what books he did find discussed problems and gave examples, but they failed to provide an effective step-by-step methodology.

In 1973, beginning with only four classes, Grove founded his Music Workshops school in Studio City, California, just north of Hollywood.

Today, only three-and-a-half years later, he has over 1500 students, and provides 117 classes in 40 different areas, including Improvisation, Sight Reading, Music Business, Composition, Arranging, Conducting, Theory, Orchestration, Record Production, Record Mixing, Music Copying, Big Bands, Brass Ensemble, Flute Ensemble, Rhythm Section, Percussion, Drums, Keyboards, Bass, Guitar, etc.

Grove designs his courses and writes his books for all levels of development. "For example," he said, "Sight Reading I is designed for people starting straight from scratch. We then scale it all the way to advanced levels. Improvisation has seven levels; Guitar has five levels. In all areas we can slot a person where he needs to be. He does not have to repeat anything he knows, or, if he likes, he can start from the beginning."

One of the strengths of the Workshops is that all of the teachers are established professionals. Dick Grove, Ladd McIntosh, Jack Smalley and Jon Crosse teach full-time. "We then have 40 specialists who teach from one to five classes, including Buddy Childers (brass), Alf Clausen (big band), Jimmy Stewart (guitar) and Alex Cima (synthesizers).

"For the seminars, we invite different pro-

fessionals in. In a drums seminar, for example, we'll have, say, Louis Bellson, Ed Shaughnessy and John Guerin; for guitar we'll have Howard Roberts, Herb Ellis, Lee Ritenour and Mundell Lowe. We do the same thing for Keyboard, Arranging and Improvisation seminars.

"For the Music Business class, I bring in five different experts: a lawyer, who explains how lawyers think and what contracts are all about; John Levy on personal management and agents; another man on unions; another one on publishing; and another, Dave Pell, on record production."

Students do not have to attend school every day, Monday through Friday, for four years. "A student can take as few or as many classes as he wants," said Grove. "He can take only one class if he likes; or he can take a full-time program, which is six classes, the equivalent of 18-20 units at college. Each class is held for two hours every other week at \$5 per hour. One class is \$50 over a three-month period. If he takes six courses, he pays for five and gets the sixth one free."

Practice by itself does not make perfect. It is the way one practices that gets the job done. Grove therefore provides not only the content of the class—chords, harmonics, reading, etc.—but the organization, the priorities, the guidelines, the direction: in a word, the proper methods.

He teaches reading not by counting, "but from a physical standpoint, where the eyes read it, and the body keeps the momentum and the direction. In improvisation, we cover chords and scales, but we also emphasize the way you put them together rhythmically. It's the rhythmic phrasing that is the key to tying in with a rhythm section and making it jazz. Harmonically, most books don't help you understand the ramifications of the II-V-I progression. Everything is II-V-I. People could play or teach for years, but unless they do it from that point of view, it's only a million bits and pieces."

Just recently (February, 1977), Grove established his extension division, Music By Mail. "We offer 12 courses at present, structured in eight lessons, at \$100, which includes all materials (\$30-40 worth of books, postage, etc.) and the teachers' time.

"We use cassettes, whereby we can talk to the students and they to us. We send all cassettes out by first-class mail, so there is no delay.

"The 12 courses at present include Beginning Sight Reading, Rhythmic Sight Reading, Modern Harmony I & II, Big Band Arranging, Song Composition, Improvisation, Rock Lead Guitar, Guitar for Songwriters, Rock Keyboard and Synthesizer.

"In June we're adding a Herb Ellis guitar course and a Roy Burns drum course. We plan to keep adding courses to Music By Mail until we have duplicated the school."

In summary, Grove said, "Everything we do is geared to the practicalities of today's music. We have a wide range of classes and levels. We are smaller than the only other school I know of this type, so we don't have 600 guitar players.

"Our teachers are not graduate students but professionals who know how to teach. You don't have to attend for four years; you can take only what you need. And whatever you get from us is going to be tangible and useful, because we employ practical, realistic teaching methods." **db**



# BOBBY LEWIS

by john mcdonough

**P**rosperity can come to a professional musician in two ways. There is the easy way of stardom and fame. And then there's the hard way—studio work and anonymity. Lest you think the easy money be in the studios, consider that there are more musicians who've built successful careers on their general popularity than have found security in the studios.

All this is by way of bringing us to two of the most successful studio musicians in Chicago—Bobby Lewis and Jerry Coleman. As for Bobby, in many ways he is typical of the double life such musicians often lead.

Bobby Lewis, like Thad Jones or Clark Terry in New York, is an outstanding jazz trumpeter. And like Jones and Terry, he can be found several nights a week leading a jazz ensemble in a regular gig. Everyone who comes to the Wise Fools or Orphan's along Lincoln Avenue to see Bobby perform admires the remarkable qualities of imagination and style characteristic of his work at any given moment, even though they may not have heard of him.

"I've always enjoyed and needed to play jazz," Bobby insists. "And these places allow me and my colleagues to do it. Your creative mind will rot away if you don't get out and test yourself in situations like these constantly."

But the gigs that pay the bills and keep Bobby comfortably situated in a Wilmette home are not on Lincoln Avenue, but on Michigan Avenue, which is ad agency row in Chicago.

"The work on radio and TV commercials can be very lucrative. Every musician who plays on a television commercial not only receives a fee for the session but royalties or reuse fees every 13 or 26 weeks, based on how many times the commercial has run. Network spots can be like an annuity sometimes. The money just keeps coming in little chunks."

Next to New York, Chicago is the center of the ad agency business in the country. Companies like Leo Burnett, J. Walter Thompson, Ogilvy & Mather and Foote, Cone and Belding generate huge amounts of cash on behalf of clients like Sears, Kentucky Fried Chicken, 7-Up, Schlitz and McDonald's. Lewis is heard on many every day.

"There's also a lot of recording activity here for the record industry," Lewis points out. "We did a Natalie Cole album for Chuck Jackson and Marv Yancy recently. And Curtis Mayfield always records here. I was on all the sessions recorded for the soundtrack of *Superfly*, for example."

What does it take to be successful in such a diverse musical environment?

"Bernie Glow once said that attitude is as important as musicianship in a studio. A lot of guys can meet the musical standards, but they don't have a positive attitude toward the material they're called on to perform. You have to come to studio work with a completely professional commitment to get it done right without any waste of time. You can't go around believing that TV commercials are nothing but crap and you're too good for it just because you're an excellent musician. *Everyone* who gets studio gigs is an excellent musician, but the ones who think they're too good for the material are the first to be weed-

ed out.

"A misconception about studio musicians is that they're just high paid hacks. Not true. The creative interpretation they give of a piece of program music is one of the ways it becomes distinctive and takes on identity. That can make it fun. The musician becomes an element in the creative process. Even a 60-second commercial deserves your best efforts and feelings. It has a function that is just as legitimate in its own way as anything Duke or Gil Evans ever did. And you're also playing with the best musicians under the best possible circumstances. It's worthy of a guy's best efforts."

Studio work has occupied some of the most famous musicians at one time or another. In the early 1930s in New York the most in-demand men for such routine work were Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan and Artie Shaw. Even today when a good music house (the name given to organizations ad agencies retain to write jingles, compose background music for commercials and produce the recording sessions) sets up a session, the crew could include "names" like Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, Chico Hamilton (who also writes much of the music), Marvin Stamm, Doc Severinsen, Harry Edison, Louis Bellson, and, believe it or not, Billy Cobham.

"Just about any sort of studio work today, whether it involves a TV commercial or a record album, is really under the control of the engineer. The technology of recording has advanced to the point where he has tremendous power. Every instrument has its own track, and musicians are often spread out all over the studio surrounded by baffles and isolated from each other to give the engineer the separation he needs to put together the 'perfect' record on his board. Sometimes the drummer is in a booth and you can't even hear him. There isn't even a conductor. The drummer just counts it off, and it's all on the music. The trick is to be able to play naturally in an unnatural situation. Sometimes you're just overdubbing a single part onto a track, and you're the only guy in the studio."

Bobby began getting his considerable talent together early. He began at age ten in 1946, and was a quick enough student that he was in the school band within a few months. Although he was an accomplished musician at 12 or 14, Lewis insists that his technique is still improving. "I'm better today at 41 than I was five years ago," he says, as if he expects to be better in yet another five years. He played his way through college in Wisconsin, and toured with Jack Teagarden in the late '50s. He became active in studios around 1964 and '65.

The prosperity of the studios has allowed Bobby to give a large part of his time to jazz after hours. A decade ago he was playing with Warren Kime at places like the Plugged Nickel on Wells Street for a few dollars a night plus the door. The after hours scene is still pretty much the same financially, even though it's moved a few blocks north along Lincoln. Lewis has played Monday nights at the Wise Fools since 1969. "I put a lot of time in on this because I want to play. It's not only fun. It's a necessity."

Lewis has two working groups. There is Ears, a sort of free-floating ensemble that can move easily from style to style without ever becoming unconvincing. Then there is Muggles, a straight swing dixieland group powered by the redoubtable Barrett Deems on drums.

Barrett's really the celebrity in the group, having toured the world with Louis Armstrong through the 1950s and more recently with the Benny Goodman Sextet. Both groups are based at Orphan's.

And finally there's the Forefront, probably the most prestigious and certainly the most formal of the Lewis groups. This is a four-trumpet ensemble (Lewis, George Bean, Art Hoyle, Russ Iverson—the four most in-demand horns in town) that features original compositions by Bobby and other writers, including Joe Daley and Les Hooper. The four-part *Trumpet Section Suite* (by Lewis) was underwritten by a grant from the National Endowment For The Arts. The group has produced two fine LPs.

Lewis has been able to do all these things because of a unique combination of friendly resiliency and supreme musical craftsmanship. He made it in the toughest jungle there is—the studios. He can make it anywhere. **db**

# JERRY COLEMAN

by john mcdonough

**I**f Bobby Lewis leads a double life as a studio musician and jazz artist, then drummer Jerry Coleman does so to perhaps an even greater degree. For Coleman presides over the house trio at Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago. And across Rick's bandstand walk some of the greatest legends of American jazz.

Jerry was born in 1936, and developed his musical interests as well as proficiency early. Jerry received his first drum at the age of four when his father observed that it was the quickest and most economical way to divert him from pounding the furniture to pieces.

Coleman comes out of Nebraska, a state which has given the country William Jennings Bryan and Johnny Carson, but not a large share of musicians. He was actually playing in local dance bands at the age of ten, even though he never formally studied drums as a musical instrument until he reached college. He couldn't even read a drum score until then.

"The first jazz drummer who really knocked me out," says Jerry, "was Sid Catlett when he was with Louis Armstrong in the late '40s. By the time I went to the University of Nebraska I had a real interest in jazz, but schools in those days were very unfriendly to jazz. The only thing you played was classical and light classical. Today that's changed, although I still see some of that rigidity applied in jazz programs. The only thing you play today is Maynard and Buddy Rich charts. The only thing is the big band. As a result I've judged clinics where a lot of crap got played. A curriculum is inherently conservative and unsympathetic to innovation."

Coleman came to Chicago in 1963. It took him about four years to establish the reputation for professionalism that has made him an integral part of the studio scene. "You don't make a lot of money as a musician specializing. You can be the greatest jazz player in the country, but that won't do you any good if an ad agency needs 30 seconds of corn muffin music. For me, what helped was the vast range of musical experience I've had, part of which goes back to my days in Nebraska where you took any gig that came along because a gig was a gig. You don't turn a job down because it's in a polka band. I played marches in the army. It may not be my own cup of tea, but it





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helps you get all the rudiments down. It's invaluable for your chops. When it's your own gig, you can apply these tools any way you like. But first you have to acquire them. That's the main reason I've been able to make my living fully as a musician and be successful at it.

"I always liked what Hubert Laws said when someone asked him why he did commercial jingles. He said, 'What else do I have to do during the day?' And he's right. Not only



that, when he walks into a studio he sees the heaviest jazz players around on the date. For myself, I consider it a subsidy. It gives me the freedom to play my own music. It takes the financial pressure off of playing jazz. Les Hooper is a great composer, and he subsidizes himself writing jingles."

TV jingles are often written to precise visual cues. Beats sometimes have to fall on exact frames of film. At 24 frames per second on movie film, there's small margin for error. So to keep musicians, particularly drummers, on the track, producers use a sort of space age metronome called a click track, an electric signal fed through headsets. When you have to execute 18 time changes in 30 seconds, such a gadget is a necessity.

"In the old days the drummer could watch the clock and slow it down or speed it up in the last seconds," Coleman recalls. "That was really the test of a drummer, to end precisely on the button. The click track is a technique of the craft. Once you learn it you can do it. Studio work is all technique, not performance. But I'll say this. I never knew any drummer who ever made it in the studio scene who didn't also swing, who didn't feel jazz. These are guys who play studios but who learned to love music first. I see kids today, 16 and 17, who are aware of the money to be made in studios and are shooting directly at those gigs. But in mastering the techniques, some are missing the essences of jazz, the sense of swing. There are a lot of subtleties to feeling music, and they have to be learned too."

Coleman is unique among Chicago studio musicians who play jazz after hours. Unlike most, such as Bobby Lewis, who rotate from week to week with various groups, usually playing just for the door, Jerry Coleman is fortunate to have a steady five night a week stand at one of the most well situated and generally pleasant jazz clubs in town. Rick's room is totally lacking in the sleazy, clip-joint aura that marks too many other well-booked rooms. As musical director, he presides over an effervescent little trio composed of Willie Pickens on piano and Tod Coolman on bass. But what makes it dreamland for all concerned is the booking policy developed by Bill Snyder over

the last two years. Artists come in not for a night or two, but for two to four weeks—long enough so that Coleman and company can really wrap themselves around the guest.

"The one thing I am dedicated to most of all on my instrument," says Jerry, "is being as good an accompanist as I can. I say that because so many drummers seem to ignore it. And a job like this at Rick's really makes you aware of that roll for the drummer. Different artists expect different things from a rhythm section, or the way they play dictates a different approach. Everyone who has been here is a great player, but they play differently. Buddy DeFranco, for example, plays with so much energy and intensity that the rhythm section is brought up to that level too. Joe Venuti, on the other hand, is more self-sufficient. He doesn't need the accentuation of the rhythm section. It's best to let Joe make the whole statement. With Buddy there's more frenzy, like Bird, like Coltrane. For searching and new ideas every night, there's nobody playing more than Buddy. I put him with Joe Henderson. Marian McPartland is different still. Very subtle, lots of coloration. I used brushes a lot with her."

Coleman is an astute student of the drum tradition in jazz, past but mostly present and future. He sees the influence of the Catletts, the Buddy Riches, the Jo Joneses vanishing among the younger players. Billy Cobham is the major influence Coleman sees in the clinics he attends.

"Kids hear most of their music by records," he observed. "They hear the recording sound and they try to absorb it and play like it. But the recording medium today is an instrument unto itself. The producer and engineer sometimes end up having more creative control over a session than the musicians. So kids hear this and try to sound like it. They tape up their drums and the rest. The result is that they lose the naturalness that marks the sound of all the great drummers.

"Take the drum sound on just about any CTI record. It bores me to death. It sounds like the same drummer, and they just give him a different name on each LP. Maybe the drummer is a computer. It's sterile. The only one who really comes through on those CTI's is Harvey Mason on the Chet Baker-Gerry Mulligan concert LPs. He's marvelous, and the only one with any individual sound."

Coleman tells students to concentrate on getting a beautiful sound on the drums. A beautiful sound will always record well, he insists. When a musician lets the engineer create his sound, he adds, he might as well telephone in his work. The musician becomes swallowed up by technology, and the personal sound is lost.

"I'm still a purist," he says summing it up. "I still think the musician should make the music." db

## WILLIE PICKENS

by tim schneckloth

To say that Willie Pickens has a busy schedule would be a gross understatement. "Grueling" would probably be a better description. By day he is band director at Wendell Phillips High School on Chicago's South Side. When night falls, he teaches at the American Conservatory of Music and backs visiting jazz dig-

nitaries at Rick's Cafe Americain until the wee hours. "It is hard," the pianist says, "but I guess you have to condition yourself. Every time you get a break, you have to rejuvenate."

Intense musical activity is nothing new to Pickens anyway. His professional career began at the age of six. "Before I really got involved as a pianist," he recalls, "I was a tap dancer. I was doing that from the age of six through 12 or 13. I guess I had a kind of professional act because I had a tuxedo, top hat and the whole works."

At the same time, Pickens was slowly discovering the piano. His parents' house in Milwaukee always had an instrument available for experimentation. "My mother was an amateur pianist and I started playing by ear at a young age. We would plunk on the piano and I'd play things like boogie-woogie—simple things that I used to hear on recordings." Pickens' father also exposed the young man to a wide variety of musical styles. "At the time, he was a professional saxophonist and he had all kinds of bands and I would sit in. At one time he had an all-Latin band, other times they'd do novelty stuff with lyrics like Louis Jordan's.



D. SHIGLEY

"At the time, I was listening to Erskine Hawkins, John Kirby, Benny Goodman's band, the old Billy Eckstine band. And when I heard Art Tatum on the radio, it was hard for me to believe that only one person was playing. That stood out in my mind.

"Then another era came along—Les Brown, Stan Kenton, Claude Thornhill. Every Sunday I used to go to the Riverside Theatre where they featured the big bands. I heard just about all of them—the corny ones and the great ones."

As Pickens grew older, he began to take music more seriously. "I guess it was my first year in high school when I started taking my first formal lessons. After that I went to the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music, and I studied there until I went in the army in '51. When I got out, I went to the University of Wisconsin under the G.I. Bill and I studied to be a music teacher—instrumental and vocal.

"Upon graduating in '58, I had a call from a bassist friend who had been in Chicago for a while. He said, 'Come on over, I got a job for you.' So we worked a club called the Domino as a duo for about two or three months. And I just stayed in Chicago, working lounges and bars on the North Side—the Bistro, the Playboy, the Living Room, the London House.

"In '61 I started rehearsing with Eddie Harris. We did about four recordings and one of them propelled him to some kind of recogni-



tion. That was the *Exodus To Jazz* album, which had a couple of my compositions on it. We went on the road briefly—Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia—but I didn't stay on the road too long. For one thing, the money wasn't good enough to warrant me staying out there."

When Pickens returned to Chicago, he found himself in a flurry of activity through his association with local jazz entrepreneur Joe Segal. The list of people Willie accompanied is too lengthy to relate, but it includes Dexter Gordon, James Moody, Gene Ammons, Eddie Jefferson, Art Farmer, Freddie Hubbard, Blue Mitchell and Harold Land for starters. And in 1966, he extended his working hours by beginning his teaching career and facing the problems of inner city education.

"When I went to Kenwood High School, I started their first band there. In fact, I was teaching band in the lunchroom. They didn't have any instruments, either, so I was more or less trying to hold the kids' attention with basic theory. After about six months, we got a donation of some instruments and got the program going. Then I was transferred to Wendell Phillips where I've been ever since.

"In 1971 I started teaching jazz improvisation and private jazz studies at the American Conservatory. We have a jazz ensemble that meets on Mondays—six instruments and a vocalist."

More recently, Willie began his additional gig as house pianist at Rick's. Over the past year he has backed Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Urbie Green, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Buddy DeFranco and Billy Butterfield. As a stylistic departure, Pickens did a piano trio concert in December '75 with Muhai Richard Abrams and Amina Myers. How does he manage to fit into such diverse situations?

"It is hard. You don't know exactly what they want most of the time, so you have to sort of listen and see just what they're doing and play something that will complement what they're doing. Some people like you to play a lot behind them, some like you to lay back, some like different effects. So you're almost like a man on a tightrope.

"Very often you don't even have a rehearsal. Sometimes you don't even know what songs they're going to play—they expect you to find the key and know the tune right away. It's demanding but it's fun."

As a high school band teacher, Pickens has equally demanding problems—namely, keeping his students' interest and enthusiasm at a good level. "By and large," he states, "the student body is oriented more toward the rock things. If you play other things, they call it funeral music or dead music. Of course, recently I've been forcing the old stuff back in because I know how important it is to have a solid background. I tell them that they hear rock all the time, and when they come to school they should see another side. It seems to me that they should have something of a traditional education, at least something that would encompass some fundamentals and strong theoretical background." At the American Conservatory, however, the teaching situation is a little different. "They're at a little higher level there. By that time, they've made up their minds that this is the direction they want to go."

Another project that Willie has been deeply involved with is an annual Duke Ellington memorial project in Chicago. "When Duke Ellington died, we all felt that something

should be done as a memorial to him and his music and what it stood for. So we got this group together and organized a concert at Grant Park and said we're going to do this every year. We have big bands, combos, trios playing Ellington's music and a few specially composed things."

In the midst of all this activity, though, Pickens is able to keep his thinking ordered and his broadminded attitudes intact. As he says, "I've listened to literally all types of pianists and all types of music. If it's at a high level, I can enjoy it." **db**

## DALE CLEVENGER

by Larry Birnbaum

Dale Clevenger has for the past 12 years played french horn with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. A jazz fan from youth, his improvisatory talents never had a chance to bloom until a little over a year ago when he began to sit in with Ears, an aggregation of local studio musicians who, in Thad and Mel fashion, break weekly from the studio routine to play some music of their own in relaxed surroundings. Clevenger is a native of Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he played in the renowned Chattanooga High School Marching Band. After four years at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh he went to New York City where he immediately began working in shows as a pit musician. A six-month season with the Kansas City Symphony was followed by a broader spectrum of session work in New York until he auditioned for the Chicago Symphony. In Chicago he continued to play studio dates for jingles and record sessions, frequently working with Ears-men Bobby Lewis, Cy Touff, and G. Clifford Brown, who invited him to sit in. Since then his interest in jazz has expanded and his development as a player has, albeit belatedly, begun to blossom.

As he explains it, "When I was in high school I listened to a lot of jazz, but I knew my direction was going to be classical. I had many friends who played jazz, in bands and so forth, and at their houses we would listen to jazz records—Ferguson, Kenton, those were the big things then, and Charlie Parker—but they never invited me to play with their group. They never assumed that I could, with my particular instrument. There were very few horns that were ever used as improvisational instruments, so I specialized in just symphonic playing. I went through high school and college and watched my close friends play jazz and I just kept wishing I could do it but I never did anything about it. It was always the assumption, apparently, that you couldn't do both.

"When I got to New York and started freelancing, I realized very quickly that I must at least be able to read jazz and to play jazz-type figures, to read them on the page and have them interpreted as sounding like bop—otherwise I couldn't work, I wouldn't be able to do jingles and records. A couple of big bands invited me to come and read with them—Ray Starling had a big band and a couple of other fellows—but they were just reading bands, they wrote the charts out and everything was still reading, but you had to be able to play at least some jazz. One of the stars of these bands was a guy named Bill Watrous—he came to New York the same time I did. Still, the main

thrust in the back of my mind was to be a symphonic horn player. I tried to do as much sitting in as possible, but it never really blossomed to the point of being able to stand up and take a chorus by myself.

"I've been doing, in addition to the symphony work, record dates, jingles, television, radio, a show here and there, and occasionally I'm called upon to read something with a jazz figure. In fact, I've played on many occasions with Bobby, Cy, and George on dates where the producer had written out a jazz figure, and because I was able to do it well to some degree they began to take notice, and about two years ago Bobby asked me to come down and sit in. I said, "What do you mean, man? I can't improvise and you don't have any music." He said, "Oh, come on down, you can learn the tunes." So finally I said okay. Well, I came down and almost literally sat under the piano, and just tried to learn some melodies, some chord changes. They graciously allowed me to continue to be a guest—I don't play every piece because I don't know every piece, for one thing. I usually cannot play the uptempo things, the hop stuff from the '50s. I can read it if it's written out, if I study it.

"Right now blues or blues-related things are more my bag, or three or four chord things like *Maiden Voyage* or some Mangione things. I did some work with Cy about writing out a blues—the changes and some things to do. I've bought many, many jazz records that I never had. I've been listening more—I turn my radio to a jazz station now instead of symphonic. But it's a matter of getting up there and just doing it and I can do it better now than when I started. I consider myself a student. This is a new idiom for me, and I simply want to branch out and finally, 20 years later than I should have, learn to do what the rest of these guys are doing and that is to improvise, compose, say my own thing on the spot. There have been many times when I just totally flopped but it doesn't matter as long as once in a while I can turn a phrase and take a ride that somebody really enjoys.

"It's really a relaxation for me, it's different than what I do at the orchestra. I think freer. I use a different kind of technique, there's a different criterion, nobody criticizes me if I miss a note or if I play out of tune. In the symphonic world there are a lot of comparisons going on, which first horn is better than which, and so forth. In the jazz world, at least around here, they tend to limit that somewhat. A fellow plays like his conditioning, his background, his personality, and you know, you don't say somebody's personality is better than someone else's, you just accept what it is.

"On the horn I can't bend notes as easily as they do on trumpet or any straight piston valve instrument because I have a rotary valve and the air doesn't go through the valves in exactly the same way. I put my hand in the bell, whereas they don't, and I can bend notes that way.

"Classical players will play anything that's written but they may not have the feel, the lilt—that's why it won't sound so jazzy, it'll sound square, as it were. But on the other hand if you ask a jazz player to play three notes in succession, with the same criteria that a symphony player has to meet, a lot of them won't be able to do it—they'll have a different kind of attack, a sound that's unacceptable in the symphony, it would tend to be too strident and harsh. That's why you don't have to compare them—they're just different idioms. I

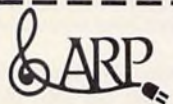




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certainly think these guys are every bit as serious as the people in the symphony.

"I enjoy what I'm doing with Ears. Unless I'm sick or out of town I'll be here. I'm just happy that they let me come down because I really enjoy it." **db**

## LARRY COMBS

by Larry Birnbaum

"**Y**ou'd be surprised at the number of symphonic musicians who have an awareness and an ability to play jazz," says Larry Combs, E-flat clarinetist with the Chicago Symphony. Every Tuesday night, Combs and colleague Dale Clevenger depart from Orchestra Hall for the less prepossessing atmosphere of Orphan's, a northside pub where they are featured guests with Ears, a group of local jazzmen who take a weekly break from studio commitments to enjoy an evening of relaxed jamming. The name of the band is a pun on "eras," and jazz of all eras, from dixieland to contemporary, is what they are all about. Co-led by veteran trumpeters Bobby Lewis and Cy Touff, the group features trumpeter G. Clifford Brown, drummer Dick Borden and a varying number of Chicago notables who drop in to have some fun and polish their chops on a variety of material both old and new.

For Larry Combs, who plays sax as well as clarinet with the band, the transition from Bach to Bird is not as unnatural as it might appear, for as he says, "I was always interested in being a jazz player from the beginning. When I was a kid in high school I used to play dance jobs and tried to learn how to play jazz and listened to jazz records. Then when I went to the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, there was a long period where I didn't really know whether I would be a legit player or a jazzman. For a while I played with Chuck Mangione's group in Rochester and I was on Chuck's very first record, but I was left by the wayside because they got very ambitious and wanted to go on the road and I was still in school.

"But I've been playing in symphony orchestras on and off since 1961. After I got out of school I went to New Orleans and then to Montreal and somehow in all of those situations I never got the opportunity to play any jazz. It was just straight clarinet—symphonies, chamber music, etc., but after I came to Chicago I heard about this group and came in once to sit in and I've been playing ever since, nearly a year now."

If Combs missed out on a career in jazz he has no regrets about it today. "Believe me, I'm very glad it happened that way because I think the jazz field is very competitive. I don't feel my major thrust of talent lies in that direction although I really enjoy doing it and I've always had a reasonably acceptable feel for it. I think if I had decided to be a jazz player I probably would have been a failure.

"The thing I like about Ears is that they don't type themselves into any specific era. Most of the jazz that I played when I was playing jazz seriously in the early '60s was kind of middle-of-the-road hard bop. These guys can certainly play that, but they also play more contemporary things and older things too, so I can draw on what I already know and learn about earlier styles and more contempo-

rary things that I missed by not playing for such a long time. I would say it's a learning process for me. I'm most comfortable in kind of a Charlie Parker idiom, though, because I'm a saxophone player—not that I feel I have a great command of that idiom, but that's what feels at home to me. I hear some of the younger reed players playing an extension of the Coltrane thing and I very much appreciate that, but I don't seem to be able to do that, maybe just because of my place in history and where I started to learn how to play jazz—it just didn't go that way.

"Personally I would like to envision the thing with Ears just staying where it is because if it got to be any more ambitious, I for one probably wouldn't have the time to go on with it. So I wouldn't like to see that happen with this group, although it probably will because it's getting very good. But for me it's just a one night a week thing—that's as much as it can be. Just for fun. We do have a really busy time at the symphony and for me to take a night off every week is sometimes extending it a little bit. Sometimes we have to get up the next morning and play a very difficult rehearsal at ten o'clock. But it's worth the sacrifice.

"You know, I don't do this out of any feeling of frustration with my job. I get plenty of chances to solo with the orchestra, but my main interest in the classical field is not as a soloist but as an orchestral player—it's what I've wanted to do all my life. It's a different kind of expression with Ears because at least part of the time you're composing on the spot, you're creating, and as a rule what we're playing at Orchestra Hall is already written down and we're merely interpreting it, although that's a very complex and difficult thing in itself. But it's a different feeling, it's just an entirely different endeavor. That's part of the attraction. I don't think I'd like to replace one with the other, ever."

Asked to compare jazz and classical techniques, Larry demurs. "It's a very difficult comparison because the demands are so much different. It depends on what you mean by technique, because in the symphony our techniques are very rarefied in that they regard not only how fast you move your fingers or how many notes you can play per second but exactly what the quality, attack and intonation of each of those notes are, and some of those demands aren't put on jazz players. Now you take a guy like Coltrane who literally practiced eight or ten hours a day—he could do incredible things on the saxophone. But you know, a very fine classical flautist, or oboe player, or violinist can do incredible things too, but in a different direction, a different discipline.

"There are many highly respected symphonic musicians and composers who love jazz, appreciate it and actually draw from it in their own work. Even in an orchestra that is very rooted in traditional repertoire like the Chicago Symphony, we have a good number of guys who are able to fit into either type of playing. It may have been true at one time that symphony players couldn't improvise, but it's not true anymore. There is an increasing crosscurrent that makes you think of Schuller's term 'third-stream music.' Maybe that's become passe now, maybe it never really happened, but I'm still not convinced that it couldn't. Let's face it, the terminologies classical and jazz—that's what's really passe. I think that now and in the future, it's just music." **db**





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# RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

## TAL FARLOW

A SIGN OF THE TIMES—Concord Jazz CJ-26: *Fascinating Rhythm; You Don't Know What Love Is; Put On A Happy Face; Stompin' At The Savoy; Georgia On My Mind; You Are Too Beautiful; In Your Own Sweet Way; Bayside Blues.*

Personnel: Farlow, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Hank Jones, piano.

\*\*\*\*\* 1/2

## BARNEY KESSEL

SOARING—Concord Jazz CJ-33: *You Go To My Head; Get Out Of Town; Seagull; Like Someone In Love; You're The One For Me; Beautiful Love; Star Eyes; I Love You.*

Personnel: Kessel, guitars; Monty Budwig, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

Carl Jefferson of California's Concord Jazz label is to be highly commended for this simultaneous issue of outstanding albums by two of the most gifted guitarists of our day. The Farlow release is nothing less than a major event, for it marks the return of the "living legend" to the recording studio after almost eight years, following a previous hiatus of 13. Indeed Kessel has also had problems finding his artistic niche, having achieved a comeback of sorts in Europe in the late '60s after many years of studio work in Hollywood. So if Mr. Jefferson has succeeded—as obviously he has—in providing these sometimes balky geniuses with a congenial creative environment, he surely must be doing something right.

The styles of Farlow and Kessel are rooted in the same musical soil—one is tempted to say the same Oklahoma soil but for the fact that Farlow hails originally from Greensboro, North Carolina. Nonetheless it was the "okish" sound of Charlie Christian that, as for so many others, provided the impetus for both their careers—Kessel cites Christian as his "sole influence," while the self-taught Farlow recalls learning every Christian solo by rote from the Goodman 78s. The parallels extend further: separated in age by only two years, both did stints with Artie Shaw, both worked with bassist Red Mitchell and, more importantly, both got to New York in time to be awed by Charlie Parker and the be-boppers—Kessel's famous Dial recording with Bird remains a guitarist's landmark. Kessel also played in the celebrated Oscar Peterson trio of the early '50s, which, along with the groups of Tatum and especially Nat King Cole, set the pattern for the drumless bass-piano-guitar ensembles in which Farlow spent most of his public years. Both men work in a contemporary mainstream mode, incorporating post-bop influences in a swing context. And last but not least, both are possessed of the kind of mind-boggling technique that drives

fledgling guitarists to the pawnshop in despair.

But enough comparison—each of these albums is a gem in its own right. The Farlow session is the sort of classic that producers dream about—Tal, Hank Jones and Ray Brown—what more could one ask? The musicianship is impeccable, the dialogue brilliant, the whole a masterpiece of understated elegance in which technique never displaces feeling. Although this is Tal's date, Jones and Brown are equal partners with plenty of room to stretch. The man who was once called the Art Tatum of the guitar never overwhelms, but his prodigious technique has improved with the years, as he punctuates his remarkably articulated, blues-inflected runs with tasty comping chords, at times uncannily playing two lines at once and occasionally laying out to accompany Jones with his patented "hongo" drumming on the guitar lid.

The Kessel LP is more a tour de force, with Barney laying down more chords in five minutes than most rock stars learn in a lifetime, to say nothing of his boppish runs in quicksilver tempos. Yet for all his virtuosity, Kessel never loses touch with the emotion, and his empathy with Budwig and Hanna as they rework a set of standards (including two Kessel originals) is a model of collective inventiveness.

The reemergence of these two giants on home turf should give the younger generation of guitarists pause to reevaluate the potentials of their instrument. For students, these albums are must listening. And hopefully, if Concord pres Jefferson can be relied on, there will be more to come. —birnbaum

## JACK DeJOHNETTE

PICTURES—ECM 1079: *Picture 1; Picture 2; Picture 3; Picture 4; Picture 5; Picture 6.*

Personnel: DeJohnette, drums and keyboards; John Abercrombie, guitars.

\*\*\*\*\*

Somehow, we can take more comfort in denouncing music which we deem alien, especially music which treads previously unexplored terrain. The unfamiliarity of experimental music enlists surprise on our part; it fails to reassure our programmed expectations, which can be a temporarily liberating experience, although not always a challenging one. In *Pictures*, Jack DeJohnette has fashioned the most distant and obtuse album of his career, sporadically remarkable but more often impenetrable. Given the critical mainstream's past proclivities for dismissing Coltrane and Dolphy's aberrant yearnings as misguided and mistaken, one rightfully pauses before committing the same injustice towards either DeJohnette's spirit or fruit. But *Pictures* is a predominantly insular affair in spite of guitarist John Abercrombie's participation on half of the tracks, and, as Keith Jarrett has so arrogantly and expensively demonstrated, self-dialogue only goes so far before it short-circuits into defective, tertuous artistry.

*Pictures* is arranged to recreate continuous aural epiphany, opening with the arcane and closing with the revelatory. *Picture 1* pits a pummeling, variegated martial cadence against a swelling and fading discordant organ drone for an extravagant effect. In sequence with *Picture 2*, a colorfully inflective but overly long drum solo, these opening tracks raise a fence of barbed wire rhythms that only the faithful, curious or undaunted may surmount. *Pictures 3, 4* and *5* are guitar-drum duets, a shifting of frames to disclose richly mysteri-

ous colloquial perspective. In *3* and *4*, Abercrombie detonates, spewing staccato funky shrapnel in odd intervals over DeJohnette's disjunct tempos, while *5* is a tense, Moorish excursion. Together, Abercrombie and DeJohnette conjure a steamy emotion, creating a musical unity from disension so constant that it becomes a fluid response. *Picture 6* is a compellingly moody piano and cymbal duet, splintered into terse movements by sharp fragments of silence. A gentle left hand rainfall arpeggio and slender descending minor key right hand linelock into an ominous triumvirate of oceanic cymbals, hissing high hats and a sweltering, Milesian organ for the album's most powerful and chilling performance.

Ultimately, *Pictures* is more admirable than listenable, more tentative than contemplative. Jack DeJohnette's multifarious mind may be more far reaching than most of his contemporaries, or it simply may be more far removed. Either way, it merits our attention, if not always our veneration. —gilmore

## MEL LEWIS

AND FRIENDS—Horizon SP-716: *Ain't Nothin' Nu; A Child Is Born; Moose The Mooche; De Samba; Windflower; Sho 'Nuff Did; Mel Lewis-Rhythm.*

Personnel: Lewis, drums; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; fluegelhorn; Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet (track 6 only); Michael Brecker, tenor sax; Gregory Herbert, tenor and alto sax; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass.

\*\*\*\*\*

What's expected of Mel Lewis? He's not renowned for either writing or arranging and, true to form, he contributed no written music to this album (his first in 18 years). Even in the big band he co-chairs, Mel is the silent partner to the composing, playing and personable emceeing of Thad Jones. (Indeed, Jones' stamp is all over this album: he wrote three tunes, provided all of the brilliantly textured small band charts, and served as "musical supervisor.") And when the talk centers on sizzling soloists, Mel's name rarely leads the list. All of which means that if you're expecting a panoply of puissant polyrhythms from a powerhouse percussionist, save your bucks.

But for one of the solidest, most versatile mainstream dates this year, Lewis is your man. His drumming has one salient characteristic. He plays *time*—just plain here's-the-beat, keep-it-steady *time*—with matchless authority, rooted in his light, swingy pulse and a web of understated accents and fills that help lead soloists into their best work. Lewis is a living clock.

But if he's a near-perfect accompanist, his talent for making "friends," as the LP title says, is no less impressive. The cast could win an Oscar for general excellence; and the specific merits of Hubbard and Brecker rate separate envelopes. Both play better here than on any of their own recent disco essays, like young veterans off the junk and making productive, if only temporary, contributions to society.

Hubbard's tone is a hot knife churning through the hefty chords of *Ain't Nothin' Nu* like they were whipped cream; on *A Child Is Born*, he revels in well-focused fire during the tune's unexpected samba portion; and on *Sho 'Nuff Did*, he shows that a motivically developed solo is still within his ken. Brecker also offers his share of insight and turmoil, and his playing is even more electrifying. The glorious immediacy of his style—a real "soul Trane" fusion of sheets of sound and fresh funk—is the showcased attraction on the



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opener; and on *Moose The Mooche* (a rock-beat version of the Parker classic that takes its cue from the clipped, angularly revised line of Jaco Pastorius' *Donna Lee* rendition), Brecker achieves one of those rare, truly uplifting moments with a literally dripping tenor break.

Not to slight anyone else, though. Hank Jones, lately accused of being too gentle, silences all critics with a superb display of alert aggression and hearty comping; his solo spots shine. Carter walks and talks with his usual, slightly skewed acumen, Bridgewater constructs one clean and logical solo, and saxist Herbert gets in plenty of fine licks, as well as a model blues solo on *Sho 'Nuff*.

Lewis is hardly spectacular—an adept, sometimes clever soloist who relies on uneven spaces to attain an unsettled, appealing jerkiness—but that's not really his job. Rather, he is what he has always been, a cooker, a dependable stoker and a sensitively shifting backdrop to the main act. And Lewis, in addition, is unassumingly perceptive; because when the main act is as well put together as this album, all he is is all you need. —tesser

## JOHN HANDY

**CARNIVAL**—ABC AS-9324: *Carnival; Alvina; Watch Your Money Go; I Will Leave You; Love's Rejoicing; Make Her Mine; All The Things You Are; Christina's Little Song.*

Personnel: Handy, alto sax on all tracks, lead vocals on tracks 4 and 6; Lee Ritenour, guitar (track 1), keyboards (tracks 6 and 8); Mike Hoffman, guitar (tracks 2, 3 and 4); Larry Carlton, guitar (track 5); Reginald "Sonny" Burke, keyboards (tracks 1, 2, 4, 5 and 7); George Spencer, keyboards (track 3); Rudy Coleman, bass (tracks 1, 2, 3 and 4); James Jameson, Sr., bass (track 5); Vincent Jefferson, bass (tracks 6 and 8); James Gadson, drums (tracks 1, 3 and 5); John Handy IV, drums (tracks 2 and 4); Harold Jones, drums (tracks 6 and 8); Eddie "Bongo" Brown, conga drums (tracks 1 and 5); Tom Nicholas, conga drums (tracks 2, 3 and 4); Paula DaCosta, conga drums (tracks 6 and 8); Esmond Edwards, percussion and production.

\*\*\*

From *Carnival's* cover we can glean the kernel of John Handy's new persona: a cavorting, gleeful harlequin, laughing all the way to his new savings account. The burgeoning retreat to commercial sanctity will continue to be a sore point among "purists," particularly avant garde hardliners who once supported Handy's exoticism. But it should be remembered that Handy's decampment, like Sonny Rollins' similar courtship of "pop-soul," is also a recultivation of ineradicable blues roots. *Carnival* is safe fare, only slightly more dynamic than John Klemmer's somnolence of late, and just a shade cobalt bluer than Grover's bluest. Although occasionally ingratiating to a point of qualmishness (*Watch Your Money Go* and *Christina's Little Song*), *Carnival's* euphoria is uncontrived. Handy wears his grin with good cause: The "born again" altoist may have played more dramatically in the last decade, but never more sweetly.

Handy's effulgency is central to this album's magnetism. In the celebratory calypso title cut, he wings off on a looping, cottony flight, digging hard into a gritty, one-note perch. *Alvina*, a soft blue funk number with a deviative martial current, gently invokes the sinuous, heartbreaking urbanity of cousin-in-spirit Johnny Hodges: Handy flutters with the sensuality of a timid lover's kiss. But John ties his own tongue on *I Will Leave You*, a breathy, off-key and eccentric vocal effort that verges on nausea more than melisma. The Mose Allison-inflected gospel-blues replication, *Make*



*Her Mine*, is infinitely more palatable.

Throughout, the supporting musicianship is sympathetic and infectious, and the fairly gilded arrangements never obfuscate the soloists' particulars. If John Handy's carousel horse takes him on a ride up the charts, at least it's bearing a lambent romantic. And if it bucks him, he'll rejuvenate. Handy's learned that much from the blues, and then some. —  
*gilmore*

## JIMMY SMITH

SIT ON IT!—Mercury SRM-1-1127: *Give Up The Booty*; *Can't Hide Love*; *Cherrystones*; *My Place In Space*; *Born To Groove/From Me To You*; *Slippery Hips*.

Personnel: Smith, organ, synthesizer; Herbie Hancock, piano; Lenny White, drums; Abraham Laboriel, bass; Alan Silvestri, guitar; Steve Forman, percussion; Stanley ("The Barron") Behrens, harmonica; George Bohannon, trombone (track 1); Ernie Watts, tenor sax (track 1); Fred Jackson, alto sax (track 1); Kim S. Hutchcroft, alto sax (track 3); Nolan Smith, trumpet (track 1); Chuck Findley, Jerry Hey, trumpet (track 3); Afreeca Trees, vocal solos (tracks 2 and 6); Vennette Gloud, vocal solo (track 1); Carmen Twillie, Vennette Gloud, William Champlin, background vocals. Arrangements by Alan Silvestri, Eugene McDaniels, Carmen Twillie and Jerry Peters.

★ ½

So where's Jimmy Smith in all this jumble? While it's no news that this organist has never been averse to casting a cool appraising eye in the direction of the Top 40 charts, few jazzmen turned would-be chartbusters have allowed themselves to be so completely smothered alive in such a morass of rarefied funk and supercharged disco.

Granted, Smith's self-effacing playing may be partly a matter of recording presence; the mix here pushes Smith's keyboards back against the far wall of the studio. Up front, bass, rhythm guitar and drums loom oppressively.

In fairness, Smith does sneak in a few tasty licks on tunes like *Can't Hide Love* and *Slippery Hips* before being stomped down by his crew. Afreeca Trees' teasing vocal on *From Me To You* is certainly a cut above the assorted background harmonies and spoken voice-overs sprinkled through the rest of this album. Jerry Peters' pucky brass chart on *Give Up The Booty* is another bright spot. But overall this is a nondescript release, a boring venture into lowest common denominator music, one which gives little indication of Smith's sometimes prodigious talents. —*balleras*

## GEORGE DUKE

FROM ME TO YOU—Epic PE 34469: *From Me To You*; *Carry On*; *What Do They Really Fear*; *Scuse Me Miss*; *You And Me*; *Broken Dreams*; *Up On It*; *Seasons*; *Down In It*; *Sing It*.

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, vocals, percussion (track 5); Stanley Clarke, acoustic bass (tracks 1, 8), electric bass (tracks 7, 9); Byron Miller, electric bass; Leon "Ndugu" Chancler, drums; Mike Sembello, electric and acoustic guitars; Diane Reeves, vocals; Emil Richards, percussion (tracks 1, 6, 8); Ernie Watts, Bill Green, flutes, piccolos, saxophone; Bobby Bryant, Walt Fowler, trumpets; Glen Ferris, Lou McCreary, trombones; Murray Adler, William Kurasch, Jay Rosen, Pamela Goldsmith, Polly Sweney, Allan Harschman, Jacqueline Lustgarten, Raymond Kelley, strings.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Duke, the multi-stylist of the multi-keyboard, contends that "it is possible to maintain your artistic integrity and be commercial at the same time." I'll agree that it's possible, but not by condescending to the audience. Duke's integrity survives to the extent that, as promised, he stops short of mondo disco, but his funkadelic fusion approach is

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not exceedingly more respectable. Considering his background with the likes of Adderley, Ponty and Zappa, one could rightfully have expected better, but his airplay-oriented vocal arrangements fall flat and only the instrumental work redeems this otherwise pedestrian performance.

The opening track, a choral ode orchestrated in Stravinsky-cum-Tommy fashion, apparently augurs Duke's theatrical ambitions. From there the first side descends into mostly forgettable funk, with lyrics out of the school for soft-soap sermonettes—why they bother to print these things up is beyond me. Duke's singing is no Wonder, although the instrumental work is consistently sharp and the additional brass and string sections are used with merciful restraint.

The instrumentals on side two highlight the album with some of the better fusion work I've heard lately. Guitarist Mike Sembello's chops are tops and drummer Ndugu gets behind Duke and Stanley Clarke to inject some real r&b punch into what too often comes off as a limply ethereal genre. George never really extends himself on the multi-ivories and his attempts at levity are rather tepid as he does not sufficiently distance himself from the idiom he seeks to parody. If I'm looking to hear funk I'd rather listen to the real thing—I even prefer lyrics like *Get The Funk Out Ma Face*.

—birnbaum

## DIZZY GILLESPIE

DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST, 1940-1946—Smithsonian Collection P2 13455: *Pickin' The Cabbage; Hard Times; Bye Bye Blues; Boo Wah Boo Wah; Stardust 1; Stardust 2; Kerouac 1; Kerouac 2; Jersey Bounce; Little John Special; Woody 'n You; Disorder At The Border; I Stay In The Mood For You; Blowing The Blues Away; Opus X; Interlude (Night In Tunisia); No Smoke Blues; Something For You (Max Is Making Wax); I Can't Get Started; Good Bait; Salted Peanuts; Be Bop; On The Alamo; Cherokee; Interlude (Night In Tunisia); March Of The Boys; In The Middle; Co Pilot; Groovin' High; Confirmation; Diggin' For Diz; Dynamo (Dizzy Atmosphere); 'Round Midnight.*

Personnel: Gillespie, with his own groups and the bands of: Cab Calloway; Les Hite; Coleman Hawkins; Billy Eckstine; Oscar Pettiford; Joe Marsala; Boyd Raeburn; George Auld. Also Sarah Vaughan.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you look at the development of jazz up to say midcentury, you'll find a series of progressions and breakthroughs that are usually thought of in conceptual terms by historians and analysts. But perhaps they miss an important point, a point so simple that it precludes analysis. Maybe each succeeding generation of jazzmen expanded the range of the music simply because they played their instruments better than their predecessors.

As one listens to the foundations of bop—jazz's most technically demanding instrumental form—being laid during the course of this outstanding anthology of early Gillespie, one (this one, at least) is constantly struck by the fact that all the most characteristic elements of the new music depend on sheer virtuosity. Specifically, the way bop rhythms broke time into such intricate clusters and configurations, while still demanding that each note, no matter how microscopic, be precisely articulated. Accuracy was essential, not only in the middle ranges but in the highest octaves as well.

Armstrong had once expanded the range of the trumpet higher than anyone else, and his achievement became the standard to which others aspired and soon achieved. Once musicians mastered that level, Roy Eldridge ap-

peared and demonstrated that sustained legato lines of eighth notes could be performed with power and precision in the higher ranges and that musicians should be prepared to move easily across the entire range of the instrument. Eldridge made the Armstrong standard obsolete and became the model for the next generation.

One member of that generation was Gillespie, who at the outset of this chronicle (1940) had already absorbed Eldridge's mastery completely and found himself with a surplus of virtuosity on his hands. What he did with it became the basis of the next leap forward for jazz. Whereas Roy would execute dazzling high octave lines at fast tempos, Dizzy would do them in double time and never lose a note. Whereas the swing generation had found happiness in the eighth note, Gillespie was forever breaking swing's comfortable symmetry with triplets and unexpected rests. The rhythms more than the harmonics of bop were what tripped up the swing musicians who tried their hand at the new music. Many traditional musicians were left hopelessly isolated by such advanced virtuosity, which is perhaps why some became so openly hostile.

But one didn't have to match the complex rhythms of the new music to enjoy a productive relationship with its creators. Many of the records heard here place Gillespie alongside musicians who are no more than early '30s rhythmically—Coleman Hawkins (*Woody 'n You, Disorder*), for example; but the results are classic because Hawkins had ears that could hear beyond just rhythm. Similarly with Don Byas on *Peanuts, Be Bop* and the early *Stardust*.

The first record reveals the characteristic elements of the essential Gillespie vocabulary. The last four double time bars on his *Little John* solo, for example. Or the second four on the *Woody 'n You* bridge. Or his way of starting a solo with two clarion chirps on the beat and then tumbling into the chorus through a cascading spray of notes. Any of these devices could have come off one of his latest Pablos. Martin Williams concludes his excellent liner essay with the observation that the '40-46 period was only the beginning. Much development lay ahead, he assures us, although he doesn't specify. I'm not so sure, though. In nuance, perhaps. But certainly not in basics.

This is an excellent complement to the Prestige *In The Beginning* set (P 24030). No Charlie Parker performances are included, but a number of unusual and offbeat items are offered that will interest collectors: a rare alternate on the Guild *Groovin' High*; Sarah Vaughan's *Interlude*; the first of several *I Can't Get Started* versions; plus the 1946 Dials (*Confirmation, Diggin', Dynamo, Midnight*) with Milt Jackson not currently in domestic release. The important work Gillespie did from February 1946 to the end of the decade was mostly for RCA Victor. The ball's now in their court.

—mcdonough

## MAYNARD FERGUSON

CONQUISTADOR—Columbia PC 34457: *Gonna Fly Now (Theme From Rocky); Mister Mellow; Theme From Star Trek, Conquistador; Soar Like An Eagle; The Fly.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet and flugelhorn; Mike Migliore, alto and soprano sax; Mark Colby, tenor and soprano sax; Bobby Militello, baritone sax and flute; Stan Mack, Dennes Noday, Giuseppe Loon P. Mosello, Ron Tooley, trumpet; Randy Purcell, Roger Homefield, trombone; Peter Erskine, drums; Gordon Johnson, bass; Biff Hannon, keyboards.





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George Benson, Jeff Layton, Eric Gale, Lance Quinn, guitar; Bob James, Kenny Ascher, keyboards; Gary King, Will Lee, basses; Harvey Mason, Allan Schwarzberg, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Phil Kraus, parade drum; George Young, alto sax; Joe Farrell, tenor sax; Jon Faddis, Marvin Stamm, Randy Brecker, Alan Rubin, Bernie Glow, Marky Markowitz, Jim Bossy, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Paul Faulise, Dave Taylor, Julian Priestler, trombones; Brooks Tillotson, Donald Corrado, french horns; Patti Austin, Lani Groves, Gwen Guthrie, Linda November, Ellen Bernfield, Vivian Cherry, Richard Berg, Martin Nelson, vocals; Alfred Brown, Harry Cykman, Max Ellen, Paul Gershman, Harold Kohon, Charles Libove, Harry Lookofsky, Charles McCracken, Marvin Morgenstern, David Nadien, Eugene Noye, Max Pollikoff, Matthew Raimondi, Albert Schoenmaker, Alan Shulman, Richard Sortomme, Emanuel Vardi, strings.

★ ★ ½

Maybe Maynard figured his big band wasn't quite ready to go it alone in the disco derby. But for whatever reason, he augmented his group with enough top studio players to form their own symphony orchestra here. Everything shouldn't be put on Maynard's shoulders though, as it would seem that the date belonged to Jay Chattaway, who arranged and conducted all but one of the tunes. The results are not too bad as these things go, but if I'm going to listen to disco my preference runs toward the r&b variety, which is generally performed with a greater feeling for the idiom. In any case, all your favorite session hands from Eric Gale to Harry Lookofsky have pooled their enormous collective talent with Maynard's own skillful ensemble, producing some immaculately performed drivel, albeit not without a certain appeal. And not to be too harsh, let me hasten to add that Maynard has at least been gracious enough to allow other soloists some space to play, and there is some tasty work between the lines by band members and guests alike.

The tunes are all catchy, bouncy stuff—Bob James' *Sour Like An Eagle* (the only non-Chattaway chart) is nice and I admit a weakness for *Theme From Rocky*, although by year's end I'll probably regret having said that. George Benson gets to take a few licks on the otherwise pallid *Mister Mellow*, and Bobby Militello and Mark Colby of Maynard's men smoke a little flute and tenor respectively. As for the rest, it's amazing how 50 musicians can be mixed down to sound like three or four, but I still can't tell the players without a scoreboard. And of course Maynard, the conquistador, soars like an eagle over the entire proceeding with his customary virtuosity. His only competitor in the high register might be a fellow named Adolph Scherbaum, who must be flown out to record every version of Bach's second *Brandenburg Concerto* lest the trumpet part be dubbed with a piccolo. But can Scherbaum play fluegelhorn? —birnbaum

## ALICE COLTRANE

RADHA-KRSNA NAMA SANKIRTANA—Warner Brothers BS 2986: *Govinda Jai Jai; Ganesha; Prema Muditha; Hare Krishna; Om Namah Sivaya.*

Personnel: Coltrane, organ, electric piano, percussion; Jagadaya, Sarada Devi, Saishwar Roberts, Brahmajyoti Lee, Purushattama Hickson, Shankari, Mahashakti, Rudrishya Pace, Ramakrishna, Sarasvati King and Shanti Kuronen, vocals, percussion and handclaps; Sita Coltrane, tamboura; Arjuna John Coltrane, Jr., drums.

no stars

There's nothing wrong with religious beliefs as a focal point for one's music. If so, there'd be room for attacking the Happy Goodmans, the Brooklyn Allstars, and Jan Peerce's Kol Nidre recordings. However, there is a tendency on the part of secular observers to dismiss such efforts as artistically bankrupt ef-

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forts of the pious. This ignores the fact that holy music is among the most developed and eloquent means of expression man has ever devised.

Along with the sincere ones, there have always been the shucks. Many a hyperegotistical coke fiend becomes a docile, swami-quoting soul when in public view. In the final analysis, no critic can, or has a right to, discern sincerity on the part of any performer who uses a religious doctrine as the core of his work.

One can, however, make value judgments about the validity of the rendering. In all candor, the virtual nonexistence of a tonal base and clarity on this record indicates product not worthy of serious consideration. Ms. Coltrane, in an effort to transcribe traditional Hindu melodies to her limited organ, piano and harp horizons, has failed to even scratch the surface of the deep textures normally present in this stuff.

Sounding like a transcription of Hare Krishna chanters out in the street, *Govinda Jai Jai* comes off very weak. Alice's organ musings are exceptionally erratic; notes are missed on the most basic of shifts. She'll be playing the same two keys for three minutes—then whoops—an embarrassing gauchism. The chorus, at times an off-key rabble, hardly helps.

On harp, Ms. Coltrane is not quite as bad, but still shows a singular lack of technique. Her attack on the instrument seems to consist solely of a plucking, gliding motion, similar in design to those Jerry Lee Lewis keyboard sweeps. Unfortunately, little embellishment is attempted after a couple of derivations on *Ganeshha*. Alice seems lost. Eventually, she returns to the womb of subterfuge.

If Alice had been the wife of a Detroit auto worker, she'd obviously be a nonentity. Yet the lineage lives on, not only in her but in offspring Sita and Arjuna John. Sita plays tamboura on *Ganeshha*; yet the drone, like the kazoo, requires little musical talent. Side two, entirely composed of *Om Namah Sivaya*, spotlights Arjuna John on drums. The tyke might have potential, but when playing behind mother's one chord buzz little rhythmic input is needed.

No, it's *not* the idiom. Precedent for quality exists in the many Nonesuch Explorer records of Indian music. What a pity then that this rich liturgy has been subjected to the designs of a sincere, but virtually talentless lady who married the right man. Her Impulse material worked well when surrounded by swirls of strings; now, fronting a nondescript group of vocalists, her faults are glaringly observable and insufferable. —shaw

## ERIC GALE

GINSENG WOMAN—Columbia PC 34421: *Ginseng Woman*; *Red Ground*; *Sara Smile*; *De Rabbitt*; *She Is My Lady*; *East End*, *West End*.

Personnel: Gale, guitars; Bob James, keyboards and synthesizers, steel drums (track 4); Richard Tee, acoustic piano and organ; Anthony Jackson, bass (tracks 1, 4); Steve Gadd, drums (tracks 1, 3); Ralph MacDonald, percussion and drums; Gary King, bass (tracks 2, 3, 5, 6); Andrew Smith, drums (tracks 2, 3, 5); Grover Washington, Jr., tenor sax (tracks 1, 6); George Young, soprano sax (track 5); Bill Eaton, Zack Sanders, Patti Austin, Lani Groves, Ray Simpson, Vivian Cherry, vocals; Jon Faddis, Alan Rubin, Lou Soloff, Randy Brecker, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Dave Taylor, trombones; Eddie Daniels, Mike Brecker, George Young, saxes.

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fluid yet disparate sensibilities whose musical presence guarantees rich tonal and textural variegations, the little touches that heighten a performance's grain. Upon the first hearing or two, *Ginseng Woman* struck me as yet another of Bob James' interchangeable funkzack contrivances, but that was when I held the music before me in analytical scope. When it fell in the background as party or occupational music, it fit pleausrably. Gale is a rarity among modern guitarists; he never indulges in stagey, merciless riff exercises nor is he likely to spin that one mind-snapping phrase that will cause everybody to reevaluate their theocracy of the six-string. With all due respect, Eric Gale is a background guitarist, content to work dampened miracles, and his unassuming mien can be quite prepossessing.

The title track, a soft but busy hustle article, is cluttered fluff of the sort that would obfuscate nearly any musician's personality. Gale's technique, however, is so malleable—anonymous, some might suggest—that it slips into and complements readily. Whatever other prostrations and excesses one may care to hold producer Bob James accountable for, his arrangements never lack depth or color, nor do they plot every turn or step of a soloist's break. Gale may have to be back in line when the florid disco turnarounds and choruses come around, but in between he's given room to jam a bit.

*Red Ground* and *East End, West End*, both Gale originals, are strong examples of Eric's bouncy, mellisonant lyricism, his symmetrically even tonal envelopes and gliding chord progressions. The latter, with a six-way percussive interlude and Grover Washington, Jr.'s earthy sax, is predicated upon a transposable riff rather than any continuous melody as such, which befits Gale's background aptencies. Background music, elevator music, mood music, whatever term one prefers, is music that abets moods, not dictates them. The influence is subtle but potent. Eric Gale hasn't yet made his best music, but with a record as insinuating as *Ginseng Woman*, he may never need to. —gilmore

## WAXING ON....

First, the dispensable yet mandatory plaudits: the eight album series of newly released Verve two record sets is not unlike a crew of archeologists finding extra verses of Revelations buried in the desert near Bethlehem. The sheer weight, impact and virtuosity herein is occluded by dope-ravaged, coarse Billie Holiday efforts and some pre-ESP Paul Bley; yet as a whole this package includes some of the best work ever recorded by most of the jazz legends active in the '40s and '50s.

Rare jams are in order, too; the union on record of Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker and Lester Young, is straight out of a dream. The playing, especially on *I Got Rhythm* from the *Jazz At The Philharmonic* platter is, despite the inflexibility of a wooden Buddy Rich (definitely out of his element here) characteristically flawless.

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Some of the premier work on these discs is that of the widely disparate legends of song, Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday. For our dose of Ella, anthology preparer Robert Hurwitz has included one of Ella's mid-'50s artists tributes—this one to Cole Porter.

Long scorned by parochial jazz pundits as little more than a slick, camp pop rhymster, Porter was so much more: a true poet, a semantical trafficker in the many shadows of psychological subtlety; a sarcastic social satirist; a brilliant composer. Sometimes he flirted with banality: such hokiness as *Let's Do It* nevertheless were and still are eclipsed by clever, O. Henryish twists like *Miss Otis Regrets*, *Love For Sale*, and of course, the delightful *I Get A Kick Out Of You*.

This writer saw Ella in concert relatively recently. At 59, she still reigns, yet in 1956 when *The Cole Porter Songbook* was vinylized, the Queen ruled unchallenged. Interestingly enough, the 32 songs here are delivered in virtually rote fashion, with a very low dependence on scatting. Ella always has had her detractors, who have viewed her four decades of ooo-wops as a technique of rather subterfugal convenience. These agnostics have minimized the lack of might and timbre of her "straight" vocalese. Yet as an actress, Fitzgerald is superior to the task. The lyrical inuendos, multiple entendres and sheer elegance of Porter demands not the vibrato of a Maria Callas, nor the polished sass of a Sarah, but the relatively pristine, sweet evil of Ella Fitzgerald. Favorites? A carefree *It's All Right With Me*, the always appropriate *Anything Goes*, a near-vampy *Love For Sale*.

From the anterooms of nobility to the gutter is a long fall. Believe me, I know this is 1977, and I feel like a total toad belittling Lady Day. A better than competent soul crooner has had the nerve to play Billie on screen in a casting move as ludicrous as if Goldie Hawn was signed to play Harlow. Yet despite its dependence on romanticized fabrications and exaggerations, *Lady Sings The Blues* did manage to capture some of the despair of Billie's last years: beatings by cruel lovers, jailings, racial and personal persecution, alcoholism, heroin addiction.

Unfortunately, most of *Stormy Blues* was recorded during a period of her deepest travails—in 1954 and 1955. It shows and sticks out in a series of overly slurred words via tonal fluffs and a stoical detachment far more graphic than the curiously removed demeanor which marked her best work.

The modern-day blues belter Bonnie Bramlett once said, "Billie died for all our sins." As Christian and charitable an emotion as that might be, it does not prohibit an askant look at this double album of muddled, substance-induced slurring. Outside of blind love, wistful reverie or latent sadistic impulses, this record is simply not necessary. The excellent accompaniment of Harry Edison and Willie Smith, so useful in other incarnations, sounds like a musical score to a death rattle.

To a large extent, this Verve octet is a latter-day sampling of work by declining heroes. Yet while in Lady's case, the results are disgraceful, Charlie Parker's *The Verve Years* finds an artist undiminished albeit troubled.

In 1950, Bird's problems were intensified by a nasty peptic ulcer, one which required hospitalization. When he could stand up, however, he played on, sublimating the worries of his tragic days, blowing frustrations into that revered alto.

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Norman Granz, who originally produced this album (along with the others) managed to capture some of Parker's best work with strings. At first audit, the thought is a non-sequitur: with the exception of Ornette Coleman, series of violins, cellos and their often milky ilk have had a tendency to castrate the basic force of the saxophone, not to mention a near-inevitable sense of structural rigidity they so inappropriately introduce.

Parker, however, liked to work with strings. The copious liner notes of Chris Albertson imply that the symphonette was included for commercial considerations, yet for some strange reason, the hybrid mesh works well. It's interesting to hear Bird take on the challenges of *I'm In The Mood For Love*, backed up by harps, violas and even an oboe. Admittedly, inclusion of such patrician influences

brings out, even for adaptive purposes only, a more restrained Parker; yet the perspective of variety is a functional annotative tool.

Another intriguing aspect of the Bird issue is the presence of the many Latinized tracks. Parker was fascinated with Latin designs in his later years: here his trailblazing work with famed percussionists Luis Maranda and Jose Manguel is included. An intense, driving *Fiesta* is the best example here: a meshing of conga-bongo drive (abetted by the persistency of drummer Roy Haynes with Parker's mad dashings). If the man were alive today, he'd hate disco. Where have all our heroes gone?

Which brings to mind the Pres himself. *Lester Swings* has its bright moments, yet as brought out in the remarkably objective liner notes of Neil Tesser, there are some slack moments. Occurring in 1950 and '51, these ses-

sions were held at a time when Young was starting to lose just a bit of his breath and sustaining power. There is much that does remain, however.

For those who only are familiar with Nat "King" Cole as a singer, side one of the Young record should be required listening. Cole can play; he flies effortlessly on the 88s. His not-talent screaming banshee daughter notwithstanding, the Cole name will always be cherished, for many different attributes.

Cole and Pres obviously meshed. The dual solos on *Man I Love* work succinctly: the drumming of a surprisingly restrained Buddy Rich adds a toe-tapping element of continuity and rhythmic anchor.

On the second side, pianist Hank Jones takes over for Nat, as the incomparable Ray Brown fastens the floorboards. Jones is not very flashy, hardly coming up for air. Yet something in Brown's playing brings out the worst in Buddy Rich, resulting in an overindulgent stream of super-accelerated paradiddles. *Up N' Adam* is a case in point.

In total contrast, restraint rules supreme on the fourth side. Even on the persistent *Frenesi*, the personnel changes make themselves felt. Jo Jones and John Lewis, both masters of subtlety, tap, solo briefly and then get out of the way as Lester plays one of his most tonally evocative excursions of the period.

As a musical diplomat of Metternichian proportions, the Pres was frequently involved in summit conferences with other dominant players of the time. Usually the results of these negotiations would be most productive, with memorable communiqués the frequent result. All of which leads us to comment on Bird And Pres on *The '46 Concerts—Jazz At The Philharmonic*.

If money whirlies impede your purchase of this entire Verve release, stick to this one. The grooves within contain an education, spiritually enlightening moments that definitely qualify as history.

In actuality a series of jams, these cuts are taken from memorable live concerts in Los Angeles early in 1946. Bird was at the peak of his powers; Pres' decline was still a couple of years away; Coleman Hawkins was at the top of his game; pianist Mel Powell and tenor man Charlie Ventura were two hot young commodities. What resulted? Bliss.

*Crazy Rhythm*, appropriately titled, is a whirlwind of sound. Young's tenor twists and turns like some diabolic waterspout, Diz climbs effortlessly, and Willie Smith contributes several bluesy phrases. On the even more carefree *Sweet Georgia Brown*, each player swings. Even Powell, whose meanderings on the ballad *Man I Love* speak of hotel bar triteness, plays some remotely individual phrases.

*Blues For Norman*, one of the slices on which Parker plays, is vintage Bird. The breathy pops are there, but so is the Parker conception of the blues. The criminally underrated trumpeter Howard McGhee, who time seems to have forgotten, shows off his Eldridgian passion in the intro. While at times a lick-copper, who adeptly fused sax styles onto his horn, McGhee certainly created more legitimate musical moments than all of Freddie Hubbard's lame neo-disco slime.

*I Got Rhythm* is the favorite in these quarters, with peerless extravaganzas from Willie Smith. Buck Clayton, Hawkins, Bird, Pres, the competent Charlie Christian disciple Irving Ashby and the salient Ken Kersey behind the ivories. Buddy Rich, gauche once more with

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an uninspired Las Vegas temper tantrum of directionless focus, occludes the flow briefly.

For a pickup band, there are little flashes of oneupmanship. There is ego and good-natured competition, yes, but the clockwork solos are done with a sense of unity and cohesiveness rare in jam sessions. Those Newport '72 dates don't even come close.

Admittedly, we'll be belaboring the obvious here, but these days the great Count Basie band is full of aging types who just don't have it anymore. Yet the mid-'50s tunes of *Sixteen Men Swinging* hearken back to a time when Basie's music was danceable, rather than fodder for nostalgic folk. It's one of the Count's best bands. Key voices are trumpeter Joe Newman (whose Gabrielisms on *I Feel Like A New Man* make one wonder why more individual acclaim has not been his), a cymbal-riding Gus Johnson and woodwinder Frank Wess. Wess' late decline is tragic; in the space of over two decades, he's gone from a tour de force like *Basie Goes Wess* to playing vapid flute on Van McCoy albums.

Johnson, a drummer whose tom work has influenced a whole slew of younger trappers, really goes to work on the Ellington staple *Perdido*. Probably the greatest big band drummer who ever lived, Gus directs the traffic with waves of unabashed flurry and mastadon bass notes.

Basie, the keyboardist, also is in plentiful evidence, especially delivering some attractive organ work. Yet the most virtuosic piano stylings on the Verve issues are undoubtedly on the *Masters Of The Modern Piano* album.

While any record featuring the likes of Bill Evans, Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley, Mary Lou

Williams, Wynton Kelly and Bud Powell would garner attention by proxy, such a weird amalgam of different styles necessarily engenders continuity problems. Not only that, but the characteristically definitive Verve catalogue runs a bit short in this department. We are served up some 1957 Cecil Taylor, a relatively mild Taylor time when melody was favored over tone clusters. Ditto the Bley excursions, which in the light of his later ESP work, are quite pedestrian. Part of this is due to the fact that Paul's work is actually that of the Giuffrè Trio, which he so ably participated in. Yet with the case of the omonopoeic *Whirr*, the voicings and muse were not Bley's.

Bud Powell, however, is superbly represented. The vehicle here is a trio composed of bassist George Duvivier and drummer Art Taylor, a blues-laden groupette who shift effortlessly from the Monk-like simplicity of *Willow Grove* to a cocktailish *Stairway To The Stars*.

The sides featuring Williams, Evans and Kelly are not indicative of their very best but don't commit any desecrations either. Especially welcome is Mary Lou's *Zodiac Suite*, a driving yet spacy number backed by Diz and Lee Morgan.

Evans' contributions, *My Foolish Heart* and *Beautiful Love* (both done with Arnold Wise and Chuck Israels), go back to 1966. While it is not true that the latest thesaurus lists "Bill Evans" under synonyms for subtlety, it nevertheless would be justified in doing so. In all, an effort of logical, complicated truthful twists.

What can one say about the final member of this collection. Wes Montgomery's *The Small*

*Group Recordings*? As the justifiably vengeful jacket copy of Chris Albertson stresses, this is among the last creative Montgomery. Waxed in the mid-'60s, these works were suffixed by bland pop like *Windy* which formed Wes' loci just before his untimely death. In a moment of cynical paranoia, one cannot help notice the parallels to George Benson; both started off as modal jazz players but were commenced into directions more appropriate for Tony Motola.

There is not one wasted lick here. *No Blues* testifies in the quiet way that only Wes could; the stoking exchanges of Montgomery, Jimmy Smith, Ray Barretto and Grady Tate make one winsomely wish for the old days. The album serves as a most excellent Montgomery primer. —shaw

Ella Fitzgerald, *The Cole Porter Songbook* (Verve VE 2-2511):

\*\*\*\*\*

Charlie Parker, *The Verve Years (1950-51)* (Verve VE 2-2512):

\*\*\*\*

Wes Montgomery, *The Small Group Recordings* (Verve VE 2-2513):

\*\*\*\*\*

Various Artists, *Masters Of The Modern Piano (1955-66)* (Verve VE 2-2514): \*\*\* 1/2

Billie Holiday, *Stormy Blues* (Verve VE 2-2515): \*\*

Lester Young, *Lester Swings* (Verve VE 2-2516): \*\*\* 1/2

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Various Artists, *Jazz At The Philharmonic-Bird And Pres: The '46 Concerts* (Verve VE 2-2518): \*\*\*\*\*

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# BLINDFOLD TEST



## John Handy

by russell shaw

John Handy is the type of jazz musician who views his musical responsibilities seriously. For several years, the saxophone player has been passing his knowledge to the younger generation by means of teaching activities in the San Francisco Bay area, where he makes his home. Coupled with an increasingly hectic touring schedule, Handy has fully forsaken the semi-retirement he deemed "personally necessary" during the first half of this decade; having two recent albums on the best seller charts has made him a commodity much in demand.

Although punctuated by lulls, the Handy name has been prominent for over 15 years, starting in 1961 when he signed on with Charles Mingus. Following enrollment in this master class, he headed a series of groups on the West Coast; one, a quintet christened The Fourth Way, also offered violinist Mike White (later to achieve prominence on his own).

Stating that he "was just 100% turned off with . . . the business of getting gigs and dealing with agents," Handy soon "retired," stopped recording, and played gigs at extremely sporadic intervals. Yet working in San Francisco, it was nigh impossible for him to avoid the creative cross-fertilization of musical cultures which has long been characteristic of the region.

A meeting with master sarod player Ali Akbar Khan in 1971 pointed the alto player in new directions, which eventually culminated in an ecumenical cross of lyrical jazz, avant garde, funk and blues, with an occasionally liberal mixture of Eastern tonalities.

Fortunately, Handy has "unretired," and the world's ears are better for his reemergence.

This was Handy's third blindfold test.

He was given no information on any of the records played.

**1. DAVID SANBORN.** *Butterfat* (from *Taking Off*, Warner Bros). David Sanborn, alto sax; Steve Khan, guitars, composer.

First of all, I don't know who it is. There are so many new saxophone players, so many new musicians. A lot of the guys sound a lot alike, especially when they use steel mouthpieces.

I think it was very well played. They accomplished what they went after. There weren't any fantastic adventures or excursions, but it was appropriate for a good dance record. For a record in this kind of vernacular, I'd give it about three stars, not because it's any worse or any better, but simply for the mode. Who is it?

**Shaw:** David Sanborn.

**Handy:** I know who he is. I've never met him, but like a lot of young, mature musicians, he can play better than that. But he wants people to listen to him.

**2. SONNY FORTUNE.** *For Duke And Cannon* (from *Awakening*, Horizon). Fortune, alto sax, arranger.

It sounded a little bit like Charles McPherson, Sonny Stitt, and it sounded a little like me. It's a saxophone player who's obviously absorbed a lot of the jazz heritage through people like Sonny Rollins, Bird and people of that genre. He played it like someone out of the '40s and '50s would, pretty straight. Whoever that is, I'm sure he doesn't always play that way, but that's the path he chose. It was a good record. I'd give it about three stars.

**Shaw:** That's Sonny Fortune.

**Handy:** I started to guess his name. Sonny Fortune is one of my favorite alto players. Haven't heard that much of him but what I have heard has been terrific. I've liked him better on other things but this came off well. Good job.

**3. ANTHONY BRAXTON.** *Miss Ann* (from *Duets, 1976*, Arista). Braxton, alto sax; Muhai Richard Abrams, piano; Eric Dolphy, composer.

I don't know the title of the tune but I think it's an Eric Dolphy composition. Whoever the saxophone player is . . . I'm not quite sure. Was it Anthony Braxton? I like Anthony a lot more now than when I first heard him. I'd like to hear him play something else. I liked the composition better the way Eric played it.

Anthony, though, is a very studied saxophone player. For my taste, I like a sax with more of a heavier texture in the sound. I guess it was okay. Maybe two stars.

**4. DAVID MURRAY.** *Extreminity* (from *Low Class Conspiracy*, Adelphi). Murray, tenor sax, composer.

I think he should sanitize that saxophone. I'm sure this guy can play better; maybe something will happen out of the direction he's going in.

Maybe I don't know that much about music, but this is the kind of playing that discouraged me about a lot of what was going on in the mid-'60s. That was also one of the reasons I stopped performing. Many musicians I wanted to hire then wanted to play that way.

Hopefully, this chaos is only a stage he's going through. It turns me off, because the saxophone can be very irritating when it's squeaking like that. This can be controlled.

There are certain things in that which take a certain amount of skill. But for that type of playing, it is difficult to tell the difference between a stone amateur and a guy who tries to do something new. For his enthusiasm and what he believes in, he

might rate five. For me, at this time of the morning, I wouldn't rate it any more than two or so.

**5. BOOTS RANDOLPH.** *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (from *Cool Boots*, Monument). Randolph, tenor sax; Joe Zawinul, composer.

It sounds like *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, which was written by Joe Zawinul and performed by Cannonball.

This version wasn't very impressive. It sounded like Boots Randolph, with a little bit of his yakety sax in there. He's a very professional player. It was very well played, but there was more tension and believability after he switched to the higher register. It came through better than some of the other things you played. I'd rate it three stars; he was holding back.

**6. PHIL WOODS.** *Sails* (from *Floresta Canto*, RCA). Woods, alto sax, arranger; Gordon Beck, keyboards; Chris Gunning, composer.

It sounded like Phil Woods. The Bird disciple player in him was apparent.

Phil has such a talent; I couldn't imagine him playing anything bad. I liked the tune; I wasn't too crazy about the arrangement. He obviously didn't get the chance to stretch out, but for the kind of things a lot of us are doing now, I think he did it very well. Phil is one of the great saxophone players in jazz. For that performance and composition I'd give it four.

**7. STAN GETZ.** *Lush Life* (from *Captain Marvel*, Columbia). Getz, tenor sax; Billy Strayhorn, composer; Stanely Clarke, bass.

It was Stan Getz. How could a fellow Aquarian play anything bad? Stan is a beautiful lyrical player. I liked what he did, but I didn't like the bass; I thought it was a little too dry for that kind of song. It lost a lot of the texture and the colors that were meant to be in there. It's not the greatest Getz I've heard by any means. For Stan, I'd give it three.

**8. DAVE LIEBMAN.** *Sweet Hand Roy* (from *Sweet Hands*, Horizon). Liebman, alto flute and tenor sax; Badal Roy, tabla, ektar and vocal; Liebman, Roy, composers.

I don't think the tabla was applied to it too well. This type of fusion is not as good as I've heard with Ali Akbar Khan and people like that.

**Shaw:** That's one reason I played it for you, because you've been following a similar direction. It's Dave Liebman, with Lookout Farm, including Badal Roy.

**Handy:** I haven't heard Dave Liebman on flute much, but I do like his saxophone playing a lot. As for Badal Roy, he does some good things too. But it sounded to me like they need to work some more at this type of fusion and define what and where they want to take it. I think musicians, when they get into music of other cultures, need to have time to acquaint themselves with it. With this, there wasn't much improvisation; the jazz aspect fell short. I'd give it about two.

**9. DAVE BRUBECK AND PAUL DESMOND.** *Balcony Rock* (from *Brubeck/Desmond, 1975, The Duets*, Horizon). Brubeck, piano; Desmond, alto sax; Desmond and Brubeck, composers.

That's a San Francisco Bay area saxophone player, Paul Desmond. I like that composition; I've heard him play that in person.

We all happened to go to the same school at one point, the one that I'm teaching at—San Francisco State University. We all faced the problem of playing jazz and trying to graduate.

As a person, Paul is a gem; he's sweet. Sweetness is also an appropriate word for him as a saxophone player. He plays beautifully. I heard him a few months ago in San Francisco, working with a couple of local guys I can't recall. His music is delightful, entertaining and good for the spirit.

I'd have to give this about three stars, because with this, as with some of the others, I've heard the artist play more complicated, involved stuff. db



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# caught...

Weather Report: Turbulence in St. Louis . . .

Williams and Taylor: Cumbersome Embrace . . .

## WEATHER REPORT

**Personnel:** Josef Zawinul, keyboards; Wayne Shorter, tenor and soprano saxes; Jaco Pastorius, bass; Alejandro Acuna, drums; Malono Badrena, percussion.

## AL DIMEOLA

**Personnel:** DiMeola, guitar; Stu Goldberg, keyboards; Chuck Burgie, drums; Eric McCann, bass; Lee Pastore and Eddie Calon, percussion.

## Fox Theatre St. Louis, Mo.

Attendance for this double bill was very low, less than a third of the house. Although the small turnout can be attributed in large measure to the country-rock concert competing nearby, electric jazz just didn't have the drawing power to match the size of the hall.

The whole production was under a bad sign from the moment the lights went down—the P.A. system immediately went haywire with a loud, raucous buzzing that lasted all night. Both groups were obliged to play through the monitors, a very unfortunate state of affairs since the resulting mix was haphazard at best and unbearable at worst. Only the exceptional natural acoustics of the Fox allowed the performance to continue at all.

The rush to get out on tour left the Al DiMeola group short on rehearsal time and long on new material, all from the current album *Elegant Gypsy*. Chuck Burgie spent an inordinant amount of time waiting away at the hi-hat while Pastore and Calon noodled around attempting to sound Latin, as much at

odds with each other as with the rest of the music. At times the group resembled a rhythmic tape collage with the guitarist refusing to play chords in favor of rapid runs.

The keyboard work of Stu Goldberg was the only aural element supporting and giving purpose to the sometimes overdramatic and apparently under-rehearsed sound. The interplay of guitar and keyboard was especially notable in the call and response portion of *Elegant Gypsy*, the synthesizer mimicking the guitar with percussive attack and harmonic overtones. Bassist Eric McCann was unable to bring much drive or direction to the proceedings, being lost in a drone of percussion and DiMeola's vigorous guitar rave-ups.

In addition to his dry-toned speedy runs, the guitarist displayed a distinctive "percolator" tone by dampening the strings at the bridge with the heel of his hand while picking away at nearly his full speed (and that is quite fast). The notes were otherwise played conventionally, except for a brief series of octaves (as close to chording as he got during the entire set). It could be that Al's "no devices" orthodoxy may enable him to do for the "percolator guitar" what Duane Eddy did for the "twangy guitar" back in the '50s.

Weather Report's set was plagued by the continued lack of sound reinforcement, as members of the crew scurried about in all directions to no avail. But the group did the best they could under the circumstances.


The program included a broad cross-section of previously recorded pieces and a large number of upbeat tunes from the current album *Heavy Weather*. On the introduction to *Cannonball*, Zawinul's synthesizer could hardly be heard, and as a result, he often relied on his Rhodes equipment with built-in speakers



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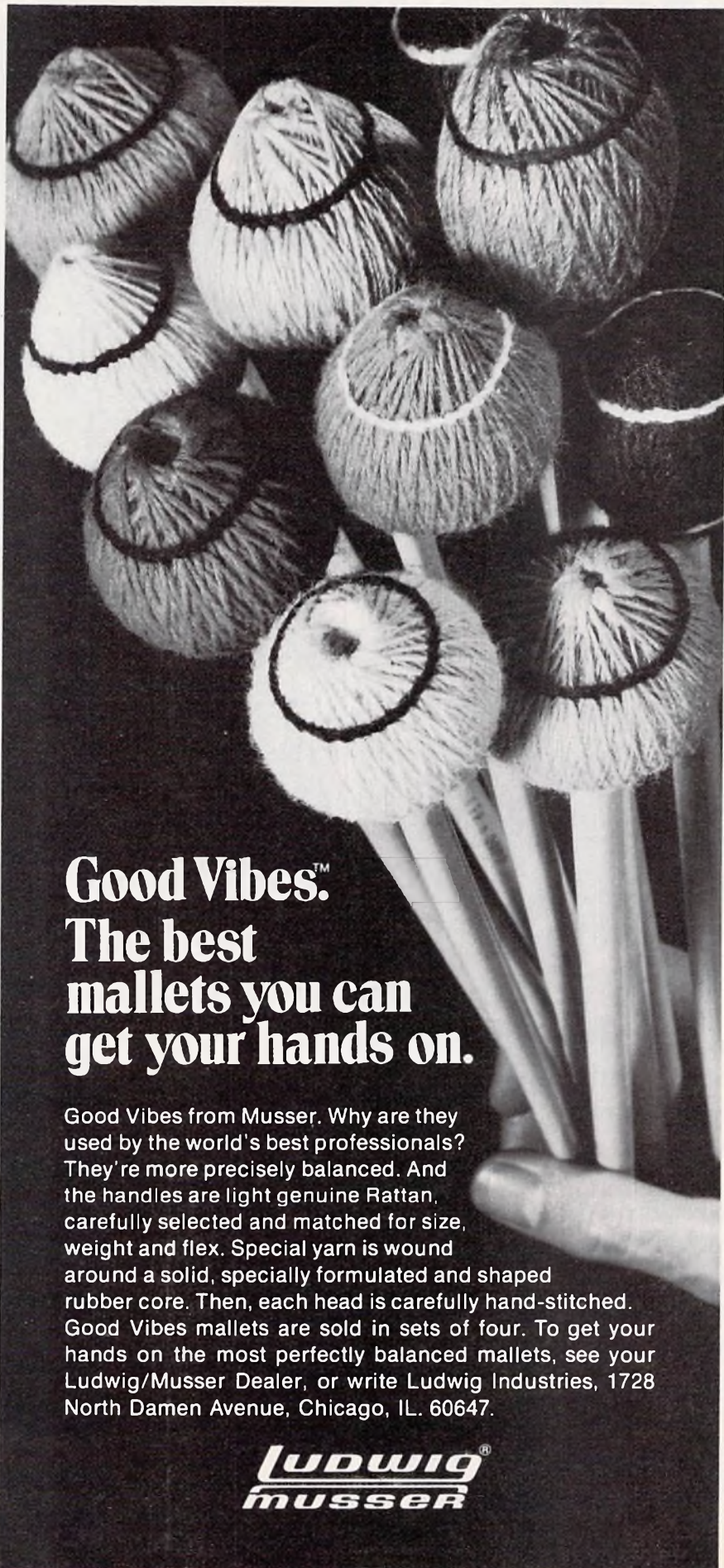
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that could be turned up to a decent volume. One of the standout tunes of the evening was *Birdland*, a number by Zawinul with a refrain that started toes tapping every time it turned over. The drums and percussion of Acuna and Badrena were solid and controlled (lacking only in volume). The bass moved in and out of the groove as Shorter switched between tenor and soprano, carving sweet chunky rings around Zawinul's keyboard. The sound got marginally better as the show continued, but the vocal mikes were out completely on *Rumba Mama*, putting a damper on Badrena's introduction.

Jaco Pastorius took advantage of the lack of P.A. by turning up his amp for an involved bass solo which broke down into octaves and percussive harmonics and hammer-ons. He moved into chords and into a melody, building the complexity and intensity up until, leaning over to turn all the controls all the way up, he went into a "back to the roots" tribute—the melodic refrain to *Third Stone From The Sun* by Jimi Hendrix. This was immediately recognized and responded to by the crowd; it was a beautifully unexpected moment.

Despite the technical difficulties, the small but enthusiastic crowd demanded two encores. One of these was *Teen Town* which began as an echo of *Mysterious Traveler* and broke down into a boogie rhythm, the horns and keyboards each taking a chorus, then back to bass and percussion with an infectious, lightheaded mania. The goodtime feeling was contagious, and everyone got off—no small achievement on this weeknight.

—bob shelli

## MARY LOU WILLIAMS/ CECIL TAYLOR Carnegie Hall New York City

**Personnel:** Williams, Taylor, piano; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

This excitedly anticipated concert with Mary Lou Williams, boogie-woogie and bebopper deluxe, and Cecil Taylor, darling of the avant garde, was billed as an "embrace." It was anything but an embrace—even the pianos were noticeably separated. The resulting duets left some of the audience visibly disturbed, some vocally irritated and others mildly satiated, for, if nothing else, two giants of the acoustic keyboard did make it to the same stage together.

Taylor's presence on the same stage with an avowed "jazz" musician may have been ill-advised. His music is not, strictly speaking, jazz—whatever that is. Taylor is a contemporary pianist as were Arnold Schoenberg and Bela Bartok. In fact, during spots in the first part of the concert his running exercises sounded a little like excerpts from the latter's *Mikrocosmos*, or the former's solo piano works. Next time out, I'd like to hear him paired with some young firebrand of the "classical" area (whatever that is). Such a concert would probably be much more rewarding than this one was.

The opening set ran around 45 minutes. It opened in a funk-gospel attitude with Williams glancing at Taylor periodically for some sign as to when her turn would begin. Taylor never looked up and never gave an inch. He ran roughshod over all of the nuances that Williams tried vainly to interject. She threw in





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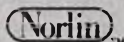
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moments of her own *Roll 'Em*, and the audience recognized the strains with applause. But Taylor rolled right on, getting stronger by the minute. He seemed to be playing his own show. It was a remarkable test of endurance on Williams’ part to remain as stalwart as she did, feeding chords when she could. Taylor took a long solo spot as Williams comped wherever she found space. When it came time for Mary Lou, she led into an easy stride piano using the instrument’s orchestral qualities to their fullest. Taylor never even tried to comp: perhaps he can’t. That question came to mind almost immediately.

The first sign that they could even hear each other was when Taylor picked out some boogie tempo in his fashion. It looked, for the moment, like they would finally get it off together. Alas, it was not to be.

Taylor makes enough music for any six people. He is a virtuoso at what he does. He has dazzling technique, but lacked discipline this night. He was almost rhapsodic in spots, inventing patterns and textures that can never be written down: there are just too many notes. Where Mary Lou looked for spots to fill in, Cecil looked to run some more. You knew there was a beginning, but after ten minutes into the untitled piece you began to wonder if they knew when to end it.



GIUSEPPE PINO

Structure was completely absent, if it was necessary at all, and even after Cranshaw and Roker came out there still was no cohesiveness. If any part of the first half was supposed to “swing,” you would expect it to happen with a rhythm section, especially one of Mary Lou’s choosing. Taylor ran through that signal as well, but only after we caught a glimpse of what the concert might have turned into. Taylor actually syncopated some with the rhythm section, and there was a clue to what we should have been hearing. When Cecil paused long enough to listen, it came together—his way.

The second half was a bit better conceived. They opened in a down mood, almost Debussy-like. There was obvious sharing between the duo this time, but there was still no sign of “exploring the history of jazz with love” (the concert’s subtitle).

Cecil sat out on the concluding piece as Mary Lou and rhythm did a Latin abstract. Williams didn’t sound like her usually lucid self, and her tonality was not what it should have been. Taylor’s final solo was his most structured of the night. He referred to a rhythmic pattern in his left hand with some consistency, giving the entire improvisation a firm anchor. His concluding nod at Duke Ellington was fitting as he made use of some familiar broken chords.

We expected a solo encore from each, but we got some tossed away Mary Lou probably as a placebo to pacify her audience. She didn’t perform any of her own tunes, but did *A Night In Tunisia* and *I Can’t Get Started* before concluding with a blues. Cecil never did come out for a concluding bow, leaving only more questions.

—arnold jay smith



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they weren't again to play together until the *In A Silent Way* session in 1968.

Shorter's first record date as a leader, cut in 1959, included several original compositions (such as *Black Diamond*) already revealing his taut, resilient and forward-looking melodic sensibility. "Down In The Depths was interesting," Wayne added. "And *Calloway Went Thataway* was named after the doctor who delivered my first daughter. I think one of the first things I wrote which perked up people's ears was *Marie Antoinette*—it was different, but not deliberately—and Elvin Jones played on it.

"Art Blakey used my tunes right from the

beginning. I wrote *Sakeena's Vision* about his daughter, who is now 19, and *Sincerely Diana* was about Art's wife. I was getting away from the old 12-bar structure, you know, the melody can go somewhere else, or come back to itself, but in another way."

The years with Blakey, when Shorter played alongside Lee Morgan and later Freddie Hubbard and Curtis Fuller, produced one invigorating album after another, each featuring fresh writing by the young turks whom Blakey was so adept at inspiring. Among the gems are *Three Blind Mice* (Blue Note) and several sessions excerpted on the Milestone reissue *Thermo* (originally produced by Orrin Keepnews), which features tunes by Cedar Walton, Hubbard and Shorter. *This Is For Albert*, Shorter says, was written for Bud Powell; Blakey claimed Bud's real first name was Albert, not

the "Earl" generally listed in jazz texts.

According to Shorter, Miles Davis was pestering him for years to quit Blakey and join his band, even being so bold as to telephone Blakey's backstage dressing areas. "And Miles' lawyer would call and say, 'What's the matter with you, man, don't you dig Miles?'" And Blakey walked around and muttered, "He's trying to steal my tenor player."

Finally, after a call from Tony Williams and Herbie Hancock, Shorter called Miles and agreed to join the band; the first concert was opposite Duke Ellington at the Hollywood Bowl. "I was playing a rented Bundy and everyone noticed a difference, partly the horn and partly me. It wasn't the bish-bash, sock-em-dead routine we had with Blakey, with every solo a climax. With Miles, I felt like a cello, I felt viola, I felt liquid, dot-dash . . . and colors started really coming. And then a lot of people started calling me—'Can you be on my record date?' It was six years of that."

Much of the revolution in Miles' music which took place in the mid-to-late '60s was sparked by Shorter's compositions (on *Miles Smiles*, *Sorcerer*, *Nefertiti*), which increasingly got away from the old head arrangement concept. "The seed," Wayne says, "was planted on *Miles Smiles* with *Dolores*. And check out *Orbit*—with that false start built in. And then *Nefertiti* came out over and over, but complete. We weren't planning it that way back then. If you try to visualize the music too much while you're doing it then you stop playing altogether. Like, water is something a fish knows nothing about.

"The music had a different way of climaxing with Miles. It's like a woman expressing herself through softness and saying this is more explosive than any A-bomb or cobalt bomb."

"Even when I was 16 and before I played an instrument, my mind had room for all kinds of changes. My brother and I used to think things up at three in the morning, we'd imitate things to come, like science fiction. We were building up a whole library of things not yet heard. But it wasn't so miraculous or stupendous, just something kind of special. People used to talk about us in those years, say, 'Man, you're crazy, you're weird.' But I didn't even lift my little finger to be crazy or weird or out. Anything you can imagine can happen; the flesh is not separate from the spirit."

It is indisputable that Weather Report has made some music that few people could have predicted. Shorter's collaborations with Zawinul, and currently with both Zawinul and Jaco Pastorius, have produced a liberated, spontaneous sound that nevertheless has a definite, if not traditional, structure. It is also music which doesn't seem to have any geographical, cultural or stylistic limitations. As far as Shorter's current writing is concerned, origins of his temperament may be traced back to the late '60s, with *Super Nova* perhaps being the best example, because three of its tunes—*Capricorn*, *Water Babies* and *Sweet Pea*—had been previously recorded on Miles' *Water Babies* session. The difference in the two versions of *Capricorn* is fascinating: the quintet makes it an uptempo, forward-leaning theme, the musicians dancing and darting like a gym full of shadow-boxing fighters; but on *Super Nova*, accompanied by a cauldron of percussive ingredients, Shorter slowly states the theme on his soprano, painstakingly drawing out every nuance with a Middle-Eastern,

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"The way we recorded those tunes on *Water Babies* [with Miles] was like, naked. Raw. The music is not all dressed up and fancy. It's just straight out-and-out acoustic *tone*. Columbia's packaging of the record is watered-down, but they did choose the most consistent stuff. And we didn't do 23 takes of something—all those tunes were recorded in one day."

Shorter had bought his first soprano as well as a new tenor—both Selmers, which he still has—shortly before the *Water Babies* session. "I just went to the store and bought it, and that same week went to work with Miles and started playing it. And he was pleasantly surprised, he dug it. Playing soprano hasn't affected my composing, but it does affect interpretation. I use a rubber Otto Link mouthpiece on both the tenor and soprano, but I think the biggest thing which affects my sound is my build, skeletal structure, the way I use my diaphragm. But that's a physiological question. There are other things—story, drama, comedy, whatever. *Feeling*."

There is a great deal of unadorned Shorter to be heard on Herbie Hancock's *V.S.O.P.* set, recorded at Newport last year. "We felt good about that concert," Shorter says, "because that's what it really was, a retrospective. At the end, Tony said he didn't know if his right arm would hold up, that he hadn't played like that in years. And Herbie had this faraway look of happiness in his eyes, like he was saying, 'They can never take this away from me.' And Ron Carter was still being Ron Carter, a little devious, a little comedic. I hadn't played standing next to another horn player in years, since Miles. And Freddie's opening solo had a lot of fire. Afterwards, both Freddie and I had amnesia—we couldn't remember a thing we'd played. But people said when we played those four songs, the trumpet and tenor had unity, the attack was right on target."

Shorter's last album, *Native Dancer* (Columbia) had a truly unique sound, with his hypnotic soprano duets with Milton Nascimento's evocative, sometimes eerie falsetto: Shorter also plays behind Nascimento on the recent A&M album, *Milton*. *Native Dancer* has a particularly *open* feeling: "With my friends coming from Brazil, I didn't want to impose this music or that arrangement on them. We all contributed music, and there were no hassles, nobody just reading parts." The U.S. State Department, he adds, is considering making the album part of a cultural exchange program.

Like the music on *Native Dancer*, in some ways, Weather Report's music sports an air of internationalism without getting bogged down with portentous (or pretentious) weight or messages. "With Weather Report," Wayne says, "we don't want to be heavy, heavy, heavy. We want the music to be fresh. It's like with my playing—I can feel waste when it's coming, where it just *sounds* like you're playing music, but you're just playing notes."

"When we go out on this quintet tour [Shorter, Hancock, Hubbard, Carter and Williams], generations who never saw us perform in the '60s will get a chance to see what these people look like playing together. It's like seeing if an actor can play more than one Shakespearean role, the hero or the gangster. We'll use the material on the *V.S.O.P.* album as a springboard, and then someone will say, 'Hey, we used to have fun on this one, let's play so-and-so.' There will be some surprises, maybe a few new tunes. We'll really entertain ourselves. There won't be any chance of getting bored." db

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# HOW TO energize chord progression Part I

by Dr. William L. Fowler

"All the changes in the universe may be regarded as energy running about from one form to another."—Sir James Jeans

Maybe so in physical science. But in music, some changes energize; others enervate. While musical motion directly caused by harmonic and melodic pressures radiates energy, motion not resulting from those causal forces may portray little more than tonal color, and motion directly contradicting those forces tends to sap harmonic strength.

Musicians seeking fresh harmonic energy sources can hardly expect to find them in the fossil fuels of strict tradition, a tradition which still frowns on false relations, still condemns consecutive fifths, still restricts its ending chords to simple tonic triads, still shackles its practitioners to preconceived chord progression. Instead, energy-seekers might expect to revitalize their harmonic processes from new applications of the acoustical causes for tonal activity. But to do this efficiently and effectively, they first must recognize just which forces and motions can convert into harmonic energy. . . .

(Unless otherwise indicated, all examples will be in the key of C.)

**Example A**      **Example B (Ex. A reversed)**

At its several points of harmonic torpidity (shown by x's), Example B lacks any of the energizers found in Example A (shown by numbers):

1. Change of position (chord inversion).
2. Change of harmonic area.
3. Root motion to a note not heard in the previous chord.
4. Presence of active tones resolving in the direction of their tendencies.
5. Buildup of tension while remaining in the same harmonic area.

### Scale-note Activity:

Unless energized by accompanying harmony, the three notes of the tonic triad (rest tones) remain inherently inactive:

Tonic triad = Rest tones

Scale degrees

When those same notes become either non-harmonic appendages or chromatically-altered components of a chord, though, they acquire an urgency to move:

The other scale notes (active tones) display inherent activity in the direction of the closest rest tone:

Natural active tones (Dis equidistant)

Scale degrees (C major)

Notes a half step away from rest tones contain maximum directional urgency, especially when they have been chromatically altered to put them closer to those rest tones:

Chromatic active tones (Blue notes, too)

In major and minor scales, the leading tone contains more inherent activity than any other note. But added to the major tonic triad as a major seventh component, it loses its inherent activity by locking into the overtone series of the bass note (even in inversions!), where it remains harmonically content. This same phenomenon applies to the leading tone when it becomes the fifth of a root position mediant minor triad (III):

Inactive leading tone (B)



**Change Of Position (Chord Inversion):**

Dissonances between natural overtones subconsciously heard over a bass note and consciously heard chord components also sounding above it cause varying degrees of harmonic urgency. Three root position chord types—major triads, major sevenths, and major ninths—contain no such dissonances whatever, for their components match, in unison or by octave, natural overtones from their roots:

All other root position chord-types contain at least one such dissonance:

First inversion minor triads contain only one, itself a milder dissonance (whole step) than the dissonance (half step) in a root position minor triad:

Second inversion triads contain two dissonances:

And inverted dominant seventh chords always contain three:

To determine the intensity of overtone-versus-component dissonance in any chord, one need only compare bass note overtones to actual chord components, shifting octaves when necessary:

Through such a comparison between a root position chord and its own inversions, the order for increasing harmonic energy without changing chord root can be found. A progression for calculation purposes follows:

**Change Of Harmonic Area:**

Every chord in any given key occupies one or another of the three harmonic areas in that key—subdominant, dominant, or tonic. Harmonic activity characterizes both the subdominant and the dominant areas, while the tonic area serves as their ultimate goal. When the subdominant note is itself a chord component and the more active leading tone is not, the harmonic area becomes subdominant (suspensions don't count: their resolutions do):



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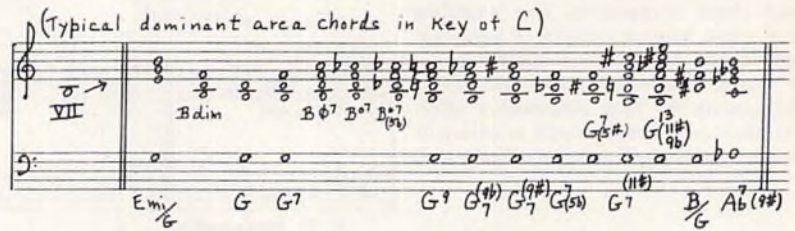
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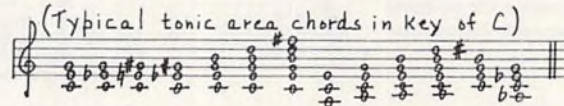
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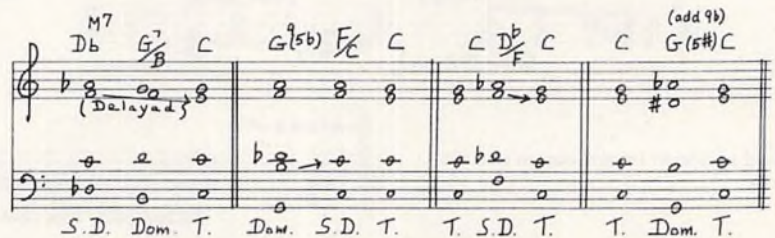
When the leading tone is a chord component (except when inactive), the harmonic area becomes dominant:



When neither the subdominant note nor the active leading tone are principal chord components (root, 3rd, or 5th), the harmonic area remains tonic:



Because the predominant directional energy of the subdominant pushes downward, while that of the dominant area pushes upward, and that of the tonic area remains relatively neutral, any change in harmonic area also changes directional thrust, thus resulting in refreshed harmonic interest:



(Part II of this article will appear in the next issue of **down beat**.)

## FIRST CHORUS

continued from page 6

It's the wide difference between a necessity and a luxury.

• Editorial preferences ("What do you always read?") follow a pattern similar to that of previous years. Record Reviews are the most read item, followed closely by the Blindfold Test, News, How To/Music Workshop, Features/Interviews and Profiles.

We have long been aware, as have our advertisers, that **db** readers read every word on every line. The close attention paid to **db**'s content is also exhibited in the readers' increasing possessiveness. Years ago, a copy of **db** was shared by an average of four or more persons. Today, mainly because of the magazine's emphasis on education and information, the **db** reader shares his copy (grudgingly, we think) with only two others.)

Some words on our continuing editorial policy are apropos. Here are fragments of our First Chorus, July 10, 1969, on the occasion of **down beat**'s 35th anniversary: "We will continue to publish a well written, honest magazine for the serious, modern musician, regardless of his age. . . . We want our readers—and that includes students, educators, and professionals—to add to their knowledge and performance of music by something we have published. We want each issue of **db** to be used as well as read. . . . We are preparing for only one certainty: that music will continue to be a mirror of our times. . . ."

Let me conclude this report with a "thank you" from all of us here at **down beat**. Thank you for keeping us honest and happy in our work. Speaking for myself and the staff, it's a pleasure talking with you.

Next issue: the results of the 25th annual International Jazz Critics Poll. **db**

## CITY SCENE

### NEW YORK

**Newport Jazz Festival:** Carnegie Hall, New York University (Loeb Student Center), Alice Tully Hall, Rainbow Room, Avery Fisher Hall, Waterloo Village (Stanhope, N.J.), Staten Island Ferry, Roseland Ballroom and the streets of New York City; call 212-873-0733 for full updated schedule (6/24-7/4)

**New York University** (Loeb Student Center): Highlights In Jazz presents Blues Sung and Swung w/ Helen Humes, Ray Bryant, Joe Newman, Charles McPherson, George Duvivier, David Lee, Jr. (6/15)

**On The Air** (WEVD-FM 97.9): Jazz Through The Night w/ Marty Wilson Sat night-Sun. morning 1-8 AM; Sun. night-Mon. morning 11 PM-5 AM.

**Madison Square Garden:** Fleetwood Mac (6/29); Pink Floyd (7/1-4); Emerson Lake & Palmer (7/7-9).

**Cork And Bottle:** Orchestra Broadway/Charanga '76 (6/17); Candela/Orchestra Ideal (6/18); Guarare/Orchestra Broadway (6/24); Pacheco/Orchestra Ideal (6/25); Pacheco/Orchestra Broadway (7/1); Candela/Orchestra Ideal (7/2); Charlie Palmieri/Charanga '76 (7/8); Ismael Quintana/Sabor (7/9)

**Office Bar** (Nyack, N.Y.): Danny Stiles Big Band (Wed.)

**Axis:** Eon w/ Richard Beirach, Frank Tusa, Eliot Zigmund (6/17-18).

**Gulliver's** (West Paterson, N.J.): Jimmy Giuffre Trio (6/17-18); Chris Woods (6/24); Clark Terry (6/25); Ray Bryant (7/1-2); Pete Prisco (6/20); Dennis Quinn (6/27); Derek Smith Trio (6/15); Walter Perkins Quartet (6/22); Clark Terry (6/29); John Fircincelli (6/16); JoAnne Brackeen (6/21, 23, 28, 30).

**Village Vanguard:** Dexter Gordon (6/28-7/3).



**Folk City:** Albert Dailey (Sun. 4-8).  
**Cookery:** Adam Makowicz, piano (thu 6/17).  
**Barbara's:** Bob January Big Band featuring Shad Sands (Sun. 3-7).

**Small World** (Harrison, N.J.): Jam session (Mon.). *Small World Ensemble* (Tues.); jazz guitar (Wed.); guest night (Thurs.); different jazz groups (Fri.).

**Studio Wis:** Warren Smith Composers' Workshop Ensemble (Mon.).

**Eddie Condon's:** Red Balaban & Cats (Mon. thru Sat.); Scott Hamilton Quartet w/ guests (Sun.).

**Village Corner:** Jim Roberts Jazz Septet (Sun. 2-5 PM); Lance Haywood or Jim Roberts, piano other nights.

**Westchester Premier Theatre** (Tarrytown, N.Y.): Paul Anka opens (7/7).

**Surf Maid:** Pianists all week.

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

**Sweet Basil:** Ron Carter (6/14-18); Nina Sheldon (6/19-20); Jimmy Ponder (6/21-25); Eon w/ Richard Beirach, Frank Tusa & Eliot Zigmund (6/26-27); Randy Brecker (6/28-30).

**Bottom Line:** Burton Cummings (6/15-16); Tom Paxton (6/24-25).

**New York Jazz Museum:** John Clark Quintet (6/18); noon concerts (Fri.).

**Three Sisters** (West Paterson, N.J.): Pepper Adams Quartet (6/17-18); Roland Hanna & New York Jazz Quartet (6/24-25); Pattie Rich Quartet (6/19, 26).

**All's Alley:** Frank Foster & Loud Minority (Mon.).  
**Bar None:** Dardanelle at the piano.

**Beefsteak Charlie's** (5th Ave & 12th St.) Jazz (Wed.-Sun.).

**Boomer's:** Good jazz all week.

**Cleo's:** Mabel Mercer.

**Gaslight Club:** Sam Ulano.

**Hopper's:** Top name jazz acts and fine food.

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

**Lorelei:** Tone Kwas Big Band (Mon.).

**One Fifth Avenue:** Patti Wicks.

**Other End:** Brings back jazz. Check them out.

**Pat's Inn:** John Bunch & Mike Moore (Mon.); Gene Bertanocini & Mike Moore (Tues.); Derek Smith (Wed.); Tony Shepherd (Thurs.-Sat.).

**Pip's Lounge** (Clifton, N.J.): Jazz all week.

**P.S. 77:** Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon.).

**Smucker's** (Brooklyn, N.Y.): Top acts. Call them.  
**Stryker's:** Dave Matthews Band (Mon.); call club for balance of week.

**Storyville:** Always a good show.

**Tin Palace:** Different type acts nightly.

**Sonny's Place** (Seaford, L.I.): Seven days of jazz on L.I.

**Village Gate:** Weekend jazz. Top names.

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

**Jazz Vespers:** St. Peter's (N.Y.) at Central Synagogue (Sun. 5 PM); Memorial West Presbyterian (Newark, Sun. 5 PM).

## CHICAGO

**Jazz Showcase:** Art Farmer (6/8-12, tent.); Stan Getz (6/15-19, tent.); Illinois Jacquet/Arnett Cobb (6/22-26, tent.); plans for Art Pepper, Eddie Jefferson in July; call 337-1000 for details.

**Ivanhoe Theatre:** Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; *Weather Report* (6/1-2); call 348-4060 for listings.

**Amazingrace** (Evanston): Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; McCoy Tyner (6/10-12); call 328-2489 for information.

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

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

**Quiet Knight:** New Earth Rhythm Band (Tues.).

**Raito's:** Name jazz and contemporary music nightly; call 935-1505.

**Orphans:** Ears (Tues.).

**Colette's:** Jazz nightly; call 477-5022.

**Elsewhere:** Blues nightly. John Brim, Sunnyland Slim, Homesick James, Eddie Taylor often.

**Backroom:** Jazz nightly; Eldee Young Trio, Judy Roberts often; call 944-2132 for information.

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**Lighthouse:** Milt Jackson (6/1-12); Al Giffa (6/14-19); Mose Allison (6/28-7/10).

**John Anson Ford Theatre:** The Quartet with Shelly Manne, Lew Tabackin, Mike Wolford, Charles Domanico (6/19).

**Hollywood Bowl:** Jazz Meets The Philharmonic featuring the L.A. Philharmonic w/Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae, Bobby Hutcherson, Earl Klugh, cond by Calvin Simmons (8/12-13).

**Greek Theatre:** Nancy Wilson/Spinners (7/13-16); John Klemmer/Herbie Hancock (7/19-20); Jean-Luc Ponty/Renaissance (8/10-11); Cleo Laine/Bobby Short (8/24-27); Shirley Bassey (9/25-27).

**Charthouse:** Jazz Fri. from 3:30 to 8:30 with Four Or More.

**Cellar Theatre:** Les DeMerle Translusion (Mon. 8 and 10 PM), various artists (Sun. 3-5 PM and 8 and 10 PM); regulars include Milcho Leviev, John B. Williams, Emmett Chapman and others.

**Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza Hotel):** Herb Ellis/Barney Kessel Quartet (thru 6/25).

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

**Odyssey Theatre (W. L.A.):** Jazz every Mon.; details 826-1626.

**The Improvisation:** Jazz every Mon.; details 651-2583.

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

**Emmanuel United Church (85th and Holmes):** Horace Tapscott and Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra (last Sun. of every month).

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

## BOSTON

**Sandy's Jazz Revival:** Helen Humes and Ray Bryant Trio (6/17-26); Toshiko/Tabackin Big Band (6/27); Stan Getz (6/28-7/3); Herb Pomeroy Orchestra (6/20, 7/11, 8/15); plans for Monty Alexander, Wilber/Davern Soprano Summit, Clark Terry, Barney Kessel, Stephane Grappelli, Kenny Burrell.

**Jazz Workshop:** Mose Allison (6/13-19)

**Merry-Go-Round Room:** Johnny Hartman (6/13-18); Anita O'Day (6/20-25).

**Jazz Boat:** Leaves Boston's Long Wharf for cruises nightly at 7:30 and 9:30; call 492-5667 for information; New Black Eagles Jazz Band and Steamboat Stompers (6/15, 9/7); John Payne/Louis Levin Band and Larry Carsman Quartet (6/22); NBEJB and Yankee Rhythm King (6/29, 8/10); Herb Pomeroy Big Band and Animation (7/6); NBEJB and Jeff Stoughton's Hi Society Jazz Band (7/13, 27, 8/24); Gary Burton Quartet and Herb Pomeroy Trio (8/3).

**Dream Boat:** Sails from Boston's Long Wharf; call 492-5667; Bo Winiker Swing Orchestra and the Bobbysoxers (6/28, 7/12, 26, 8/9, 23, 9/9); Silver Stars Steel Orchestra (7/19, 8/30); Godspell (8/16).

**Scotch and Sirloin:** Maggi Scott Quartet with Terry Keef, Keith Copeland.

## ST. LOUIS

**Mississippi River Festival (Edwardsville, Ill.):** Chuck Berry, Bobby Vee, Gary Bonds (6-24); Boz Scaggs (6-29); Sylvers (7-1); Roy Ayers and Stanley Turrentine (7-13); Fred Waring (7-15); Concord Jazz Festival featuring the L.A. Four (7-22); Renaissance and Jean-Luc Ponty (7-27); George Benson (7-29); Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger (8-3); Mel Tillis and Jody Miller (8-5); Kris Kristofferson (8-10); Tex Beneke (8-12); Jackson Browne (8-17).

**BB's Jazz, Blues, and Soups:** Reopened, improved, and enlarged; call 241 0971 for details.

**Major Beaux's:** Jazz Wed.-Sat.

**Regal Sports:** Sunday jazz matinees and jam sessions, 4 to 9.

**Kennedy's Second Street Company:** Jazz Wed.-Sat.

**Fourth and Pine:** Local and national acts, call 241 2184.

**Mississippi Nights:** Local and national acts; call 421 3853.

**Upstream:** Con Alma, weekends.

**Heman Park:** Quartet Tres Bier (6-20); Singleton Palmer (7-4); Jeanne Trevor (7-11); George Hudson (7-25).

## SAN FRANCISCO

**Great American Music Hall:** Elvin Jones (6/9, tent.); Zoot Sims Quintet (6/10-11); Eric Andersen (6/12); Persuasions (6/13-14); Sonny Stitt (6/15-16 tent.); Cal Tjader (6/17-18); Ronnie Scott/Randy Crawford (6/28); Norton Buffalo Stampede (7/1-2); Jackie and Roy (7/8-9); Mose Allison (7/15-16)

**Keystone Corner:** Rahsaan Roland Kirk (6/7-12); Elvin Jones Quintet (6/14-19); Pharoah Sanders (6/21-26); Milt Jackson w/ Bobby Hutcherson (6/28-7/4).

**Old Waldorf:** John Mayall (6/10-11); Michael Bloomfield and friends (Mon.).

**The City:** Waylon Flowers (6/2-5); Frank Loveale (6/7-11); Rip Taylor (6/14-19); Ren Woods (6/21-26, tent.); call 391-7920 for details.

**Christos:** New Life Big Band w/ Bishop Norman Williams (Mon.-Tues.); Eddie Henderson Quintet w/ Julian Priestner (Wed.-Sat.).

**Berkeley Square:** Pure Honey (Mon.); Mark Naftalin (Tues.); Steve Keller w/ the Brian Cooke Trio (Wed.); John Burr (Thurs.); Casa Bonita Garden Orchestra (Fri.); Les Harris Trio (Sat.-Sun.); call 843-6733 for details.

**Boarding House:** Jesse Winchester/Midnight Bus (6/7-12); call 440-4333 for complete schedule.

## DENVER

**Red Rocks:** Willie Nelson (6/16); Boz Scaggs (6/21-22); Kris Kristofferson (6/25); Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (7/9); Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams, John Klemmer, (7/14); America (7/17-18); Jerry Jeff Walker (7/23); Joni Mitchell (8/1-3); Grover Washington (8/5); Jackson Browne (8/12); Emmylou Harris and Jimmy Buffett (8/13-14); Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter (8/20); Neil Sedaka (8/21); for information call 770-9733.

**Ebbets Field:** Jesse Winchester (6/16-19).

**Mile High Stadium:** Lynyrd Skynyrd, Marshall Tucker Band, Heart, Atlanta Rhythm Section, Outlaws, Climax Blues Band, Foreigner (6/26).

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