

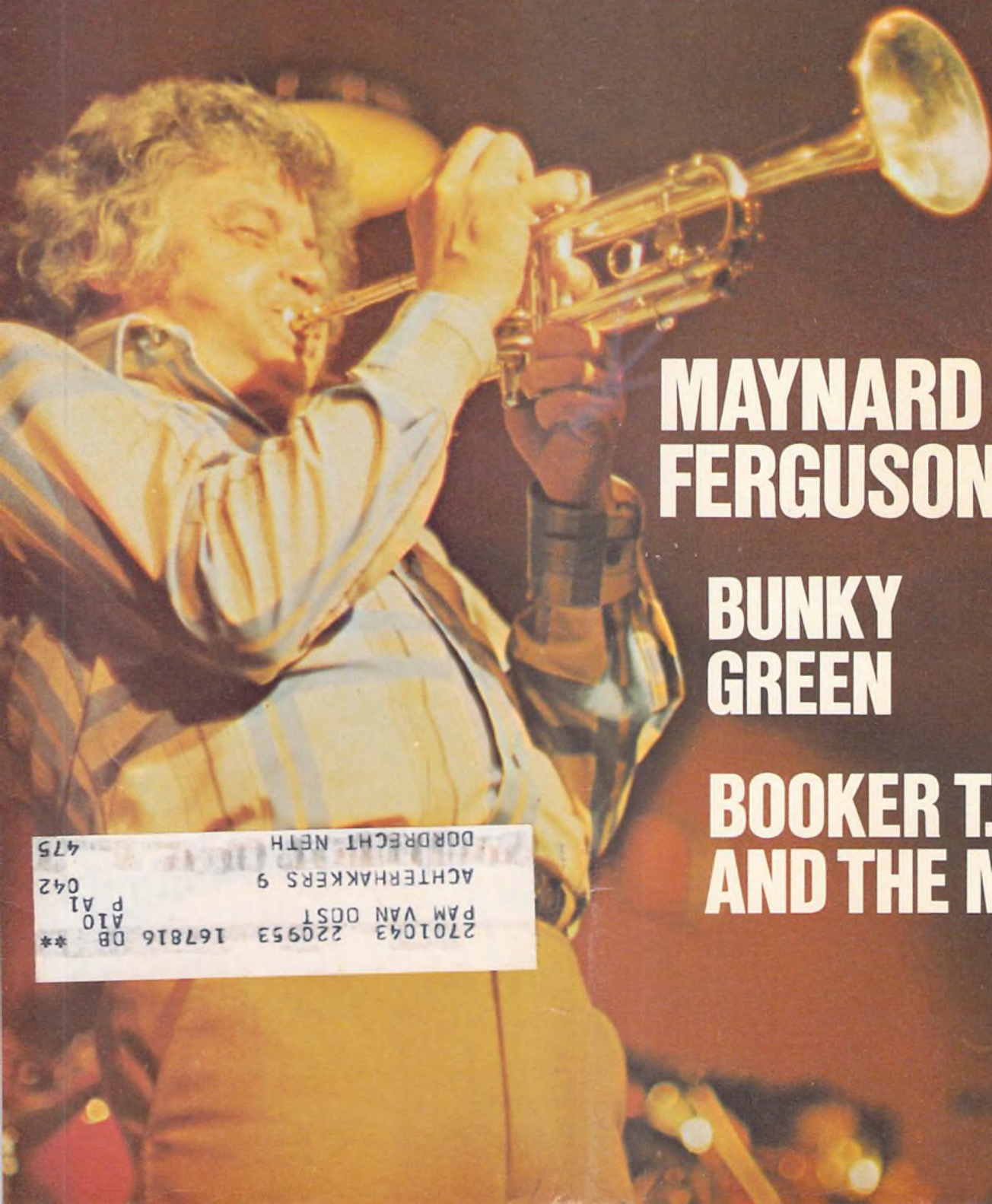
OCTOBER 6, 1977

60c

the contemporary
music magazine

downbeat®

**NEWPORT
REPORT '77**



**MAYNARD
FERGUSON**

**BUNKY
GREEN**

**BOOKER T.
AND THE MGs**

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PAM VAN OOST
ACHTERHAKKERS 9
DORDRECHT NETH 475
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With the likes of Liza Minnelli and Robert DeNiro in the film "New York, New York", the story of a singer, a sax player, and a band leader struggling for recognition in the post World War II era, re-creating the Tommy Dorsey style was vital.

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Martin

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Woody Herman

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My experience with Berklee musicians, and with school music programs in general, reflects the higher standards needed today for a successful professional career in music. I find that it is no longer a luxury to have a very good, comprehensive musical education. It is a must! Young people today have so much to say that is valid that it is up to us to help and encourage them to find a way.



The musicians I see now have been exposed to more and they've had guidance at the very early levels which wasn't available years ago. A young musician can learn more now in two semesters than it took us years to find out. It's a different system, a different world. And Berklee is a big part of it.

For example, take arrangers. I've always looked to members of the band for writing. This is the best way to get material tailored to the band's personnel. An inside arranger knows the musicians' strengths and styles. We've been fortunate to have several writers from Berklee, such as Tony Klatka, Alan Broadbent, and Gary Anderson. I remember when Tony left our trumpet section to study at Berklee and what he said when he came back. He said that he had learned things in one week that explained what he had been thinking about for five or six years!

Berklee and the whole school jazz movement are not only creating a source of new musicians. They are conditioning the public to a better music. What's been happening is that the high schools' and colleges' heavy involvement in jazz is creating a sophisticated audience that will be the best in the world in a few years.

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Woody Herman

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

"Back to school" is an empty phrase for many, many students interested in a music education.

Instrumental music programs in elementary and high schools are in trouble for both unavoidable and avoidable reasons: declining enrollments, lack of money, tired teachers and harried administrators who do not know—or will not communicate—the advantages of a music education to their students and to their communities. These problems are national, their severity varies. The problems and their variances are illustrated in a recent informal survey made by American Music Conference (AMC), the education arm of the music industry which is committed to a positive program to halt and reverse the attrition of school music.

First, the good news.

The most encouraging news is from the state of Washington, which has mandated its public schools to add instrumental music to their curricula. Seattle had previously lost 63 elementary school music teachers, who will now be reinstated over the next two years. (Many states mandate "music," which is interpreted as vocal music instruction; but I think that Iowa may be the only other state to require instrumental music instruction.)

Oklahoma is using foundation and governmental grants to conduct pilot projects in nine schools this fall in making music—and other arts programs—part of the school's core curriculum.

Colorado reports that, by and large, its music programs remain strong. While Denver's school enrollment has declined by nearly 30,000 students, instrumental participation in grades 4-6 has increased by eight per cent. Currently, about 29% of the total enrollment in Denver is involved in music.

In Illinois, the pendulum seems to be swinging back (except in Chicago where it remains dead center). Many school districts are reinstating music programs now that their uninspired teachers have retired or otherwise been removed. In some instances, administrators have used the threat of music cuts to generate community support and thereby increase budget allocations for music.

Even though Arizona's population is growing, its school enrollment is shrinking. But, so far, no music programs have been curtailed. Tucson noted an increase in instrumental participation during the last school year to 32.1%. (The system teaches 21 instruments for free.)

New York City has begun to rehire many of its music specialists let go as part of the Big Apple's fiscal crisis. In the rest of the Empire State, many communities seeking referenda approvals were recently successful. Additionally, districts closing underused buildings are making the money saved available for curricular use.

Most of California has been able to recover from the shock waves induced ten years ago by a stone-age Superintendent of Education. L.A.'s elementary music programs are still nothing much, but the city now boasts that one of every six high school students is involved in music. San Francisco has been losing 3,000 students per year (nearly 30% over the past several years), which reduced the



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continued on page 56

Patrice Rushen. If she did any more with a Rhodes, she'd be Wonder Woman.



Patrice, you've played with people like Jean-Luc Ponty, Stanley Turrentine, Lee Ritenour and Flora Purim for some time. You wrote, arranged, produced, played and sang on your new Prestige album, *Shout It Out*. And you're studying film scoring?

Yes, and I just finished arranging the strings and horn tracks for a real talented singer here in L.A. And oh yes, I play a little Fender® bass.

That's a lot for someone so young.

Well, I started early. My folks enrolled me in a pre-school music program at the University of Southern California called "Eurythmics." I started piano—classical—at five. But I didn't get into jazz until I joined the Jazz Ensemble at Locke Junior High. I sat on pillows to reach the keys.

When did you get your first Rhodes?

In high school, a Suitcase 73. Going from piano to Rhodes was easy because the feel is so similar. I still compose on my 73 and take my Suitcase 88 on the road. That's all my gear because Rhodes has a very special color and texture to its sound and blends so well whether I'm playing traditional jazz or jazz-funk like in *Shout It Out*.

Do you customize?

No, I get any effect I want with just the vibrato. Of course, the instrument is so adjustable you might say it can be customized for any player by the dealer when he sets it up. Both of mine were adjusted for the timbre and touch dynamics I like. They feel natural and comfortable. When I need a change, the switch from standard to stretch tuning is a snap. The sound is something else.

What does the future hold for Patrice Rushen?

A lot, I hope. After all, I'm only twenty-two!



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I am not in the habit of writing letters to magazines, especially complaining about some reviewer. I have been in the position myself and realize that every person's tastes are markedly different. The critic's job is only to give his opinion and any reader who takes the writer for anything more is being unfair to himself and the reviewer. But I must make a comment about Russell Shaw's review of the recent Verve reissues in the July 14th issue.

Calling Natalie Cole a "no-talent screaming banshee" is strictly a matter of the aforementioned taste. But saying that Frank Wess' "late decline is tragic" is a total mistake. Shaw cites Wess playing "vapid flute" on Van McCoy albums. But what about his stunning and consistent work as part of the brilliant New York Jazz Quartet?

The evening before I received my *down beat* in the mail I listened to Wess play a glorious set along with the rest of the quartet (Roland Hanna, George Mraz and Richie Pratt). Wess is one of our most eloquent, facile flutists and he is ever expanding. If Russell Shaw has any doubts he should go listen to the quartet. Go Wess, young man!
Lec Jeske No. Woodmere, N.Y.

One For Good Taste

I am a drummer and I often find that among other drummers, the general emphasis is on the technical aspect of drumming rather than the musical. Drummers . . . seem very concerned with whether a drummer plays anything difficult or complex or how many paradiddles he plays in a measure and whether or not he plays polyrhythms and such like.

All those things are fine and good but they are not more important than musical taste.

Many drummers are all chops and no taste and they sound terrible! Give me Mel Lewis any day. Sure, if you're really swinging, like Alan Dawson. . . . But if I had to choose between chops and musical taste, I would choose the latter without hesitation. . . .
Andrew Puleo Guilford, Me.

Old Fogies?

First of all, I would like to say that I enjoy reading *down beat* very much. In spite of my general overall satisfaction with the magazine, I do have some complaints. My complaint is about the record reviews.

I realize that reviewing is a totally subjective area, but I sense a rather broad bias present among many of your writers. I have this impression that most of your reviewers are old men in smoking jackets who have an embarrassingly low tolerance for anything made after 1960. . . . I suggest that you employ younger writers to review the more current records, or at least writers that have less of a bias toward older music. . . .
Odugu Eric Denson Louisville, Ky.

Saugus Hurrah

I was so happy to see the news of Dizzy Gillespie's show with the Woody Herman band at Saugus, Mass. I happened to be one of the "amiable detente of North Shore suburbanites." I enjoyed the show immensely and loved the great character of The Diz. It was a real pleasure to see Saugus, Mass. and Dizzy Gillespie in the same article in *down beat*!
Ed Varney Saugus, Mass.

Desmond Farewells

Paul Desmond—God, how he could play! Soaring and swinging on *Oberlin* with Brubeck . . . astonishingly creative and lyrical on *Desmond Blue*.

I never heard him play a bad solo in all the many years I listened to his magic. He was a gentle, sincere man, totally dedicated to his music. . . .
Rob Patrick Knight Reno, Nev.

When I learned nine months ago that Paul Desmond had cancer, I hoped that someone in a managerial position would read my mind and make those recordings that any Desmond listener would crave—those recordings with a sympathetic rhythm section and proper material and tasteful production, which, for so many years, did not exist. (Thankfully, *Pure Desmond*, *Desmond Live* and *Brubeck And Desmond* tend to fill the void.)

I promised myself six months ago that I would try to convince some recording entrepreneur somewhere to record Desmond with Bill Evans or with the members of the MJQ, thinking that either setting would be favorable. But it was too late, even then, and I'm sorry. The world has been robbed of a great talent.
Bob Brown Houston, Tex.

Quack Quack, Cont.

We have just been listening to Maynard Ferguson's new album, *Conquistador*, and were wondering whether he and Bob James will soon collaborate on a future album featuring *Disco Duck* as a title cut. . . .
Andy Koczon and Ed Violet Coronado, Cal.

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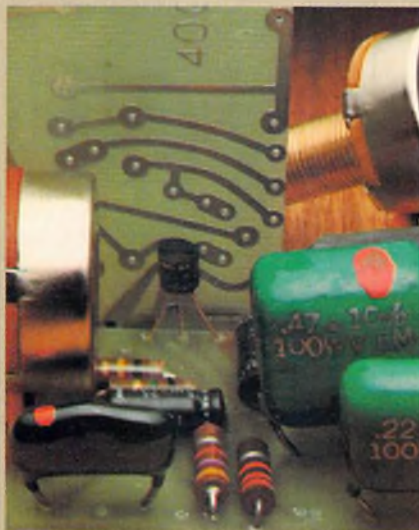
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BLACKOUT—CHAPTER 2



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

Performing by candlelight during the Big Blackout are Mark Soskin, piano, and Elaine Caswell, vocals

NEW YORK—A major power failure recently engulfed this city, marking the second such blackout in less than a dozen years.

"New York City is closed today," was the way some enterprising radio newsmen put it. The Apple was indeed stripped of its usual hustle but not without its hassle. In the Greenwich Village area, rich in night clubs and small eateries, the camaraderie that is usually *de rigueur* rapidly disappeared, as temperatures, humidity and tempers rose.

In the clubs, there was some action. At Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate, McCoy Tyner's group was about to go on when the blackout fell. "It's frustrating when you are an acoustic piano player like McCoy and still can't go on;" was how D'Lugoff described the scene. At the outdoor cafe attached to the Gate, fans were packed four and five deep at tables that are the proverbial postage stamp size. "We chose not to sell tickets to avoid any kind of panic buying or freebees," D'Lugoff continued.

Tyner, who shuns electricity in his instrumentation, was casually strolling down Sullivan Street near the Gate at about 9:20 p.m. when he stopped to chat with **db**. After niceties were exchanged he each proceeded in the opposite direction. "I never made it to the corner," Tyner related later. The lights went out at about 9:30. Ironically, Tyner was involved in the last major blackout in 1965. That one covered the entire northeast corridor. "I was about to open right here at the Village Gate with John Coltrane's group when we went dark," Tyner related. "It was opening night and we had to postpone it." Neither D'Lugoff and Tyner consider it a jinx. "I've played here many times since then," Tyner said. "Yeah, and we did good business too," D'Lugoff chimed in.

On the street level of the Gate where the bar is located, Mark Soskin sat at the piano as Elaine Caswell tried some tunes on for size. "We used to play together and we just met here accidentally,"

Caswell stated. Californian Soskin, in town to record an album with drummer Billy Cobham, dropped by the Gate to catch Tyner, an idol of his. "It's exciting, if nothing else . . . and you don't need a plug or lights to play the piano."

Further west on Bleecker Street lies the last of Manhattan's jazz joints. Boomer's is a haven for the sitters-in and hosts some of the finest musicians in town, who don't customarily drop in until later in the evening. This night the blackout caused consternation. "I don't really want to play," one musician muttered. The Cedar Walton All-Stars were scheduled to perform, and Cedar made the valiant attempt at sitting at the piano for a chorus or two. But the blackout did not move him to do much more than plunk a little.

That was the mood around the city. The attitude of the public was quite different from the folklore-laden '65 failure. "We are angry as hell this time," one patron said. "Why did we have a power failure when we were promised it could never happen again? As usual, we were lied to by Con Ed." The frustration grew to anger. "I'm grounded and I don't like it," was the way one jazz clubhopper put it. He was referring to the fact that expatriate fluegelhornist Art Farmer was at the Village Vanguard with pianist Jimmie Rowles. The Vanguard was shuttered. There wasn't even a crowd around it, like there were around the other clubs.

There was one live spot along Seventh Avenue South and that was Sweet Basil. The club and restaurant has now opened an outdoor cafe, but the music goes on only inside. Alto saxists Lee Konitz and Bob Mover were accompanied by pianist Benny Aronov and bassist Dave Shapiro. "We hit when the lights failed. That must have been about 9:30," Shapiro said. "It's a steamer in there," Aronov said pointing at the open doors from his vantage point atop a parked Volkswagen at breaktime. Indeed, "steamer" was an understatement. The crowd at the bar trailed out into the street and every table was filled beyond capacity. The room had the feeling of a jazz club in the South of the '30s, at the peak of summer.

At one point a photographer with press affiliations was taking some pictures of the scene. "Have a little consideration with that flash, will ya," came a surly remark. "Close your eyes," the photographer shouted back. The first party rose, beer bottle in hand as the photographer handed his camera to his date and reached for the five-battery-long flashlight he had been carrying. Cooler heads prevailed as the photographer walked past the annoyed beer drinker saying, "Okay, I'll just air brush you out of the New York Times photo for tomorrow's editions." The drinker demurred.

That's the way it went. It was a tense time and was missing the humor of the '65 debacle. There was one story told by a waitress at Boomer's. The club is situated adjacent to a gay area. One gay, regaled in all his finery, was directing traffic in a flamboyant manner at the corner of Christopher and Bleecker Streets. A police car equipped with bullhorn blared, "Nice work, Hollywood. Straight-ahead, brother."

Jazz Alive Stirs Airwaves

WASHINGTON—A live series of radio programs will be offered this fall on 160 affiliated stations and 15-30 non-affiliated stations of the National Public Radio "network." The series, called "Jazz Alive," will all be non-commercial and will be an on-going continuation of the pilot series begun last spring.

In that series the likes of Keith Jarrett, Dexter Gordon, Anthony Braxton, Gary Burton, Earl 'Fatha' Hines, and Thad Jones & Mel Lewis were presented in live performances. The programs were hosted by Billy Taylor, Michael Cuscuna, Stanley Crouch and Leonard Feather, among others.

The current series, 32 caught-in-performances, will get under way the week of October 2 with Ella Fitzgerald at the Jazz and Heritage Festival in New Orleans. It includes the only known performance of Ms. Fitzgerald and Stevie Wonder, who was coaxed up from the audience to do a duet on *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life*.

The second of the weekly programs will feature Charles Mingus and Eddie Blackwell, also from New Orleans, and the third with Eubie Blake.

The remainder of the initial half-dozen scheduled live action sets will come from Montreux, featuring the likes of Oscar Peterson, Clark Terry, Dizzy Gillespie, Ray Bryant and the rest of the Pablo records crowd. Also look for Rick Wakeman, Don Cherry and Sonny Fortune, Don Pullen, Cab Calloway, Joe Williams and a group including Billy Mitchell and Arnett Cobb.

Check local listings for exact stations and times in your area.

PUNK COMES TO VILLAGE GATE

NEW YORK—Art D'Lugoff has always had his mind on jazz. But jazz being what it is, it did not always bring in the dollars needed to keep his Village Gate alive. He opened the Top Of The Gate and alternated jazz with off-Broadway show fare. A few became successful enough to go onto Broadway or remain at the Gate for many performances. Most notable among those has been *Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris*.

"Jazz has always been what I wanted to book into my club, but sometimes you have to do other things to keep the jazz alive and pay the artists what they deserve," D'Lugoff said. This time around it's rock. "Punk rock, to be exact," D'Lugoff said. "I'll even put the jazz groups upstairs (in the Top of The Gate) to make them more visible."

There is a flaw in the D'Lugoff logic. The "straight" Gate gives credence to a music that might be a put on, a stepping stone for some of the lesser talents to gain a foothold on bigger things. There is thought in the industry that a spot like the Gate could motivate the loud "punk" into becoming louder. While D'Lugoff is claiming altruism towards jazz, he is also taking a major step in becoming a progenitor of the punk scene, something that his Greenwich Village neighbors might rebel against. Putting rock downstairs is only keeping the decibels further away from a new apartment house that was built atop the Gate. D'Lugoff has had trouble with tenants complaining about the loudness of such acts as Larry Coryell and Lonnie Liston Smith. What happens when the punks amp up?

potpourri

Jazz drummer **Dick Berk**, who doubles as a character actor in L.A., landed his best role to date in the film *New York, New York*. Berk plays a drummer in Robert DeNiro's jazz group and he even has a scat scene with the leading man. Incidentally, DeNiro's famous character research led him to take saxophone lessons from veteran jazzman **Georgie Auld**.

The **Zurich Jazz Fest** opens September 1. **Sam Wooding**, who claims to be the first black jazzman to record in Europe and tour Russia (both in 1926), will have his **Chocolate Kiddies** on the bandstand.

Jazz pianist **Barbara Carroll** recently teamed with songbird **Rita Coolidge** for two blues numbers at the A&M Records convention in Los Angeles, including *Am I Blue* from *It's Only Love*.

Monk Montgomery's "Reality Of Jazz" radio show, on KLAS (1230 AM) in Las Vegas, is fea-

turing a Long Distance Open Line to out-of-state musicians. Talk to him between 6 p.m. and 9 on Sunday nights.

Jan Garbarek has cut a new album in Europe with **Kenny Wheeler**, **Dave Holland**, and **Jack DeJohnette**. The saxophonist is slated for a U.S./European tour with **Keith Jarrett** in October.

Dave Brubeck's new *The Light In The Wilderness*, complete with 60 voice choir, was recently premiered by **Two Generations Of Brubeck** at the Immanuel Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles.

Dutch jazz-rock group **Focus** is regrouping after the departure of guitarist Jan Akkerman. Keyboardman **Thijs van Leer** has enlisted the help of **Phillip Catherine** and **Eef Albers** on guitars, former **Jean-Luc Ponty** drummer **Steve Smith**, and American vocalist **P. J. Proby**. db

MILWAUKEE SET TO SWING

MILWAUKEE—The Milwaukee County Jazz Galaxies Festival was held on Sept. 3 and 4. Many jazz workshops were included in the fest.

All four free workshops in county parks started at 1 p.m. Saturday, September 3. Two locations had to be changed to accommodate larger crowds.

Musicians who were in attendance were Ruby Braff, Patrice Rushen, and Bill Summers.

"Martin Luther King Center is ideal, as are the other parks, for these outdoor workshops," said Ben Barkin, producer of the festival for Milwaukee County. "Milwaukee businesses and foundations donated the money, recognizing that these workshops would become an important cultural activity.

"I can just see thousands of kids, and older folks, too, bringing their bongos and congas, their guitars and horns, to the parks, filling them with music and joy."

CONCERT AT GRACE

SAN FRANCISCO—Patrick Williams has been commissioned by Fr. Jack Yaryan to write a composition for a concert to be given as part of The First Annual St. Francis Jazz Festival Concert to be performed in Grace Cathedral, Sept. 30th & Oct. 1st, Fri. & Sat., at 8 p.m.

There will be four concerts:

The fourth workshop was held at Humboldt Park where guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli of New York conducted at the new bandshell with Milwaukee jazz guitarists Don Momblow and George Pritchett.

"These free workshops add a wonderful and meaningful dimension to our jazz festival, providing something special for the music student as well as the jazz fan," said John D. St. John, 19th district county supervisor and chairman of the county board's special jazz committee.

Two workshop artists brought rising young musicians to work with them in Milwaukee. Marcus Miller, 17, New York, a bassist who Lenny White says is on his way to greatness, backed White at the drum workshop. Darryl (Munyungo) Jackson helped Summers conduct a "craft" workshop, showing how friction drums, metal scratchers and other percussion instruments are made.

Pat's two, an afternoon concert by high school finalists who will have played at Monterey Jazz Festival, and Sunday concert at 5:30 p.m. with Dizzy Gillispie.

Patrick Williams' piece is featuring Hubert Laws, 40 piece string orchestra (Oakland Youth Symphony) and chorus of 30 voices.

K.C. Commemoration

KANSAS CITY—The man whose name is synonymous with Kansas City jazz, Count Basie, will be honored by the Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation here on September 30, October 1 and October 2. Part of the commemoration will include the presentation of an honorary Doctor of Music degree by the

University of Missouri at Kansas City.

Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, as well as many other jazz luminaries, will be present to extend personal congratulations and sit in with the Basie band, which will perform regularly during the three day celebration.

THE FUTURE IS UP TO YOU

CHICAGO—This issue includes a ballot for the 1977 **down beat** Readers Poll (see page 28). Don't forget to vote early for your favorite artists;

you alone may decide whether this is the year for surprising upsets.

Beat the deadline and back your winners!

MEMPHIS MUSICFEST

MEMPHIS—Jazz, blues, gospel and country music was performed by some of the country's leading artists Labor Day weekend during the second annual Memphis Music Heritage Festival.

The two-day event—sponsored by the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., which has a multi-million dollar brewery in Memphis—took place Sept. 3-4 on the Mid-America Mall, the world's longest pedestrian mall, in downtown Memphis.

Featured performers included saxophonist Eddie Harris, vocalist Anita O'Day, the Jessy Dixon Gospel Singers, jazz pianist and composer Mose Allison and the Dukes of Dixieland.

A score of local and area performers also appeared during

the festival.

New this year was a major display of arts and crafts by area artists and an expanded food area. The entire program was free to the public.

"Memphis Music Heritage Festival '77 was virtually a command performance after the wonderful reaction and audience response to our first festival on the Fourth of July last year," said Gene Peters, Schlitz president and chief executive officer.

More than 100,000 people viewed the musical performances and riverfront fireworks display last year.

The program ran from noon-7 p.m. on Saturday, September 3, and 1-8:30 p.m. on Sunday, September 4. A fireworks display was presented.

Williams Joins Duke Staff

DURHAM, N.C.—Mary Lou Williams, jazz pianist, composer and arranger, has been appointed to the music faculty at Duke University.

Ms. Williams first won national recognition in the heyday of the big bands through her musical association with such bandmen as Andy Kirk, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

She will come to Duke on Sept. 1 with the title "Artist in Residence in Jazz Studies."

Duke music chairman Frank P. Tirro says Ms. Williams will be teaching an introduction to jazz course which surveys the musical, aesthetic, sociological and historical aspects of jazz, and a

course in jazz improvisation.

Additionally, she will direct the activities of the Duke Jazz Ensemble and will continue her performances throughout the country during holiday periods, Tirro said.

"Mary Lou Williams is one of the few women, other than singers, who have been able to crash the long-standing barrier of what has been the all-male world of jazz," Tirro said.

A Guggenheim Fellow in musical composition, Williams holds honorary doctoral degrees in humane letters or fine arts from several colleges and universities, and has been awarded numerous grants for composition and performances of her works.

Atlantic Gang Sparks Montreux

MONTREUX—Atlantic recording artists played a big part in the opening nights of this year's Montreux International Festival. The first night's lineup included Don Ellis and Survival and Don

Cherry (featuring Sonny Fortune). The following evenings included a performance called "Atlantic Super Disco Live" that featured Ben E. King, and the Average White Band.

down beat NEWS

VERYL OAKLAND



Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophonist, died of cancer in Los Angeles on July 23, a day before his 47th birthday.

Kamuca was born in Philadelphia and played with the Roy Eldridge band as a teenager. At 17, he played opposite Charlie Parker in a trio consisting of himself, Stan Levey and Red Garland.

During the '50s he played with the bands of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Chet Baker, Maynard Ferguson, Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne, as well as doing frequent West Coast studio work.

Returning to New York in the early '60s, Kamuca played with Roy Eldridge (Kamuca's favorite all-around musician) and the Gary McFarland/Gerry Mulligan band. Richie began work with the Merv Griffin TV show band in '64 and returned to LA in '71 when the show moved west. Kamuca was active in the '70s with Bill Berry's LA Band and co-led a quintet with Blue Mitchell in 1975.

When it was discovered in early '77 that Kamuca had cancer, a benefit performance was given for him that included Steve Allen, Doc Severinsen, Milt Jackson and others.

Several albums under Kamuca's name are available on Concord Jazz. Some of his work is also available on records by Bill Berry (Beez) and Shelly Manne (Contemporary).

Richie is survived by his wife of 16 years, Doris.

Milt Buckner, pianist and organist, died in Chicago recently, following an apparent heart attack. He was 62 years old.

Buckner was perhaps best noted for his "locked hands" style of piano playing, which he originated in Detroit in 1934 to give a small group he was playing with more depth. He played piano with Lionel Hampton from 1941-48 and again from 1950-52. His worldwide reputation was made with that band, where he was the featured soloist on *Hamp's Boogie Woogie*. The locked hands style of piano playing, which incorporated both hands playing parallel chordal patterns, was widely copied, most notably by George Shearing and later by Red Garland. Block chords are still an invaluable tool of an accompanying pianist.

Buckner was a happy performer. He was always ready to inject a quote from some familiar tune during his solos. He performed mostly on piano with the bands of McKinney's Cotton Pickers and Jimmy Raschell, but later switched to organ to make himself more ubiquitous for the lounge circuit he wished to court. His arrangement of Hampton's *Flying Home* was a favorite feature even as a solo vehicle for himself.

Most recently Buckner was touring with all star groups in the road shows of George Wein's various festivals and co-leading a quartet with ex-fellow Hampton sideman Illinois Jacquet. He had set up his organ for a performance at the Jazz Showcase. When he returned to his hotel room he complained of "not feeling well," called Jacquet to his room and died.

Joseph Black, pianist and arranger, died recently in Jamaica, Queens, New York after a six-month illness. He was born in Brooklyn in 1924, graduated from Frank K. Lane High School and served in the Navy during World War II.

Black appeared with the bands of King Kolax, Herbie Fields, Illinois Jacquet, Erskine Hawkins and Sam "The Man" Taylor. He toured Japan with Taylor and visited Greenland and Alaska with Snub Mosely and other groups. For the past nine years, Joe appeared with bassist Jimmy Butts and his trio, playing leading hotels and supper clubs in the east and midwest.

12 □ down beat



RANDI HULTIN

Sleepy John Estes, blues singer/guitarist, died recently in his home town of Brownsville, Tenn. in the aftermath of a stroke. He was 77. His death came on the day he had been scheduled to depart for a two-week concert tour of Germany and Switzerland.

Estes began recording in 1929 for Victor and Bluebird, cutting such well known tunes as *Little Laura* and *Lawyer Clark*. During the pre-war period, he also recorded for Decca and Champion.

In 1941, Estes' association with Victor/Bluebird ended, and his recording activities were sporadic for some time. During this period, Estes hoboed and farmed, traveling and playing the streets of Memphis, Chicago and Brownsville with his longtime friend and partner, Hammie Nixon. Estes suffered from a chronic blood pressure problem that caused him to periodically fall asleep for short intervals, hence his nickname. His eyesight had been failing for some time, and he went completely blind in the early '50s.

Estes was "rediscovered" by filmmaker David Blumenthal, working on a tip from Memphis Slim, who had learned Estes' address from Big Joe Williams. Soon after, Bob Koester of Delmark Records brought him to Chicago to record.

Estes' critically acclaimed 1963 album, *The Legend Of Sleepy John Estes* (Delmark), started him on a string of concerts including several tours of Europe and the Far East with the American Folk Blues Festival and the Memphis Blues Caravan.

When *The Legend Of Sleepy John Estes* was released in Japan in 1974, it became the fastest-selling country blues LP in history, hitting the Japanese Top 100 album charts. Estes and Nixon made two triumphant tours of Japan in the '70s and were the first country blues artists ever to appear there.

Unlike many blues artists, Estes constantly composed new material. His writing is well known for its wit and poetic qualities, and his work lives on with a new generation of listeners and performers.

Caesar A. Dameron, saxophonist, restaurateur and AFM union official, died recently in Cleveland.

Caesar was highly influential in the early musical education of his late younger brother Tadd, well known composer, bandleader and pianist. Caesar played in Tadd's band as well as his own. Caesar's band was established in 1934 and was based in Cleveland. The band broke up in 1960 and Caesar began a new career as a restaurateur, business agent, and eventually became assistant to the president of Cleveland's AFM Local No. 4.

The elder Dameron brother was a graduate of Cleveland College, Western Reserve University, and attended Cleveland Institute of Music. He was a true friend, particularly in later years, to many of the young jazz artists in the Cleveland area and was a consistent booster of music education.

Dameron died of a stroke in his Elgin Ave. home after an illness of some length. Survivors are Dorothy, his wife, a son and two daughters.

KBCA Grips Mainstream

LOS ANGELES—KBCA, this city's 24-hour commercial jazz station, has once again undergone a change in format. For some time, the station's emphasis had been centered on cross-over music, with much attention

paid to rock and soul/disco hits.

The Los Angeles jazz community is now being fed a healthier diet of real jazz, with KBCA's improved format and Santa Monica's KCRW providing 70 jazz hours a week.

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



Leblanc Duet No. 3, featuring Maynard Ferguson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can take your music to where Maynard Ferguson always performs. The ultimate. With instruments designed by Maynard, crafted by Holton.

For full-color spec sheets, just call, toll-free, (800) 558-9421. Or write to Leblanc, 7019 Thirtieth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140.



HOLTON 

MAYNARD FERGUSON

Conquistador Of Double High C

by arnold jay smith

Maynard Ferguson has been leading bands virtually all his life. Where his music has gone is indicative of the man himself. The bold, brassy approach to almost anything MF plays is no accident. Fergy is a trumpet player (no kidding!) and he loves the sound of brass behind him. Other leaders may prefer a mellow sound—Woody Herman features saxophones a good part of the time, while Thad Jones uses combinations of brass and reeds.

While arrangers have often been credited with putting the stamp of identification on a band (Sy Oliver with Jimmie Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey, Fletcher Henderson with Benny Goodman, Thad Jones with Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Ernie Wilkins with Count Basie, and on and on), no one arranger does anything without the consent of the leader. Ferguson had Dons Sebesky and Menza, Slide Hampton and later Jay Chattaway, but each wrote for the man who thought "band." It was Fergy who channeled the arrangers' energies, and it is Fergy who acts as a pipeline through which that energy is transmitted.

Smith: How have you molded the major styles of the bands?

Ferguson: When it comes to molding the band (that's probably a good expression), it has to do with my personality and the way my brain works. It has to do with change and making sure that I am enjoying what I am playing. Combine that with the fact that I enjoy being a performer as well as being creative and it comes out the way it does. Sooner or later every big band emanates the personality of its leader. This is true of our band, particularly in the last two years.

Further, I would like to emphasize that the young learn from the old and are programmed to do that. It is important for someone of my age to get the thrill of being influenced by all the young music, not just the creative guys in your own band. It's definitely a multi-way street and not just *the* leader and *the* sidemen.

Smith: Do you feel that you, as an individual, are being changed by what's happening around you in the pop idiom?

Ferguson: No. When you say "pop" that's misleading. "Creative musician" would be better. Take our alto player, Mike Migliori. He's only 22 and yet he plays the hell out of *Airegin*, which is one of the arrangements that still stands up in our book. He's such a fine bebopper as well as being a great rock player. The same thing is true with Biff Hannon, our keyboardist. He can do it all, too. He's into microMoog, polyMoog and those games. The improvement in the last year and a half has been a delight.

Smith: Do you consider yourself a filter, a flow-through, a catalyst?

Ferguson: I tend to go through life with innocence and instinct being my main things. I don't sit down and really plan things. Oh, we'll get into the rehearsal hall and I'll change arrangements around. I tend to make recording companies nervous by not playing charts the same exact way each time. Take *Conquistador*, the title tune, not the whole album. It is played with quite a variance in person as opposed to the original way. There are two dif-



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

ferent ball games in my head. When I am playing in person I like to feel that we are playing in that particular way for that particular moment. In the studio you tend to use the modern methods for recording and that's different.

Smith: Continuing with my pipeline theory, does it work when you hire personnel?

Ferguson: I once said, "I look for good intonation and stamina; good execution and stamina; the guy's got to be able to really have a great time, swing hard in both rock and jazz idioms . . . and have stamina. . . ." I look for all those things, but I also look for someone who is compatible, because the band feels like a family now on the bus. That's important because there are so many talented musicians coming up right now. I have been in a very fortunate position recently because I have the band that a lot of guys want to be on. The problem is in choosing them. I tend to be rather shy about auditions because I find that is one of the world's most uncomfortable mo-

ments for a bandleader. I'd hate to be someone putting a Broadway show together and lining up 150 people and telling them, "You've got 90 seconds to impress me." Some of my famous rejects when I worked just that way have been Don Menza and others who eventually ended up with me but were rejected originally. Without mentioning names, in certain cases the chosen weren't as sensitive or as nervous at that audition. . . .

The level of the orchestra has to be so high because it is a small big band. We look harder for the right person for the spot. We don't have the luxury of a fourth and fifth saxophone; we don't have a third, fourth and fifth trombone. So the individual requirement is based on also being a soloist. The way the current book is now, during the course of the evening, everyone on the band solos. I'm not talking about the package things where we go on for one hour; when we do a complete program they all get their turns. It's not done as an act of kindness. I sternly object to that. It's because that person fills a certain musical thing as an individual artist. Migliori's solos do not sound as good in my head when played by Bobby Militello, who is equally as brilliant a musician, certainly. I hear Migliori on that solo. So one of the most important things I can do as a bandleader is to learn how to present talent. And I enjoy doing that. I enjoy more than ever being involved with Jay Chattaway in the production of my own albums. I find that very exciting. You may have noticed that I am doing more writing now than ever before. When you are a multi-instrumentalist and running a big band, you spend very little time writing. Now I catch myself doing it more and more.

Smith: Mark Colby is leaving the band, so this decision-making as far as personnel is concerned is very apropos. What have you done about a replacement?

Ferguson: No problem there. Mark recommended one himself. He's from the University of Miami as is Mark. I heard about him from the UM music department and both Migliori and Militello told me he was tremendously talented. As for Mark, I'm sure we are not burying him in the show bands of Miami; it's just something that he feels he should do with a new wife and family.

Smith: You have always had spark plugs in the band—Rufus "Speedy" Jones, Slide Hampton, Menza, Sebesky. Do you encourage that kind of individual effort?

Ferguson: I do very much. That's why I have always kept small big bands so that people can come on my band and get the opportunity to express themselves and feel a part of something as opposed to being 15th violinist in the symphony orchestra. I'm sure he (the violinist) is very happy to be a part of the orchestra, but he has little opportunity for creativity on his own. We have too little opportunity to expose that individualistic approach. I have been fortunate with the success of the band because they are so versatile. We redid *Airegin*, which I enjoyed very much. An incredible take, no intercuts, no overdubs—bang!—that was it. Some of the other things where we

stack and track I also enjoy. Working with Jay Chattaway has been a joy.

Here's an example of something or other. I took Jay out of the Navy band and had him write charts for me. I introduced him to the people at Columbia, where he is now a staff arranger. He had never played with anybody I am conscious of. Both Stan Mark, my lead trumpet player, and Randy Purcell, my lead trombonist, both ex-Navy men, hipped me to this fine young writer. Talk about a tough audition. He brought down two arrangements and one went on the very next album.

Smith: You no longer have an acoustic piano on the band.

Ferguson: That's very funny. We no longer have one because most places don't have a good enough one. Sometimes we do use both. Biff plays four keyboards now including regular piano.

Smith: Has the use of electricity affected the personality of the band both musically and otherwise?

Ferguson: I had been aware of these instruments for some time. But I always had a feeling that until I felt I could be convinced of a beautiful, swinging or exciting way to use a particular electronic instrument, I was determined not to have it in the band just because it would be hip. It would be just as phony not to use one because it wasn't hip. It just has to feel good to me. The addition of the polyMoog has been a very artistic element in the rhythm section. The other rhythm players, Gordon Johnson on bass, and Peter Erskine, drums, love it, as do the others in the band. When we added organ effects and the other heavy sounds, we felt it added some new colors to the band. If I thought it didn't, I wouldn't use it anymore.

Smith: Do you look for writers who can deal in that idiom?

Ferguson: We certainly haven't made it a one or two man thing as far as writing is concerned. It may look like that in the last few albums, but we are still interested in writers. However, our schedule does not allow for the thorough going over of new charts. I remember looking at a sheath of ten arrangements I had in a closet and knowing that I would not get to them in the foreseeable future.

The age of the cassette is marvelous for us. It has cured the audition of the writer and the player. When Mike Migliori heard that Bruce Johnstone (former MF baritone sax player) was leaving and I needed a bari player, he said, "Boy, have I got the cat for you and he's a great flute player, too." Instead of just talking about it, he brought out a tape. Now there was a chair that everyone thought would be difficult to fill, but it took care of itself almost overnight. With writers it can happen that way, too. The cassette has helped me choose them as well. In answering the question directly, I would say that most of today's writers are writing for the instruments they hear and see. The electronic things come naturally. I don't have to look for them.

Sometimes you may lose in one section and gain in another, but generally speaking everyone is into doing his own thing and it all works out in the end. I want to hear them, the writers, the players, when they *like* themselves—like when they played with another group, band, college group or band, or whatever. From that you can get a good idea how a guy sounds when he is relaxed and playing in a situation where he feels good. That's much better than sitting him down in your band and throwing a tune at him and watching him

nervously run through it while you're thinking. "Next!" I mentioned Menza before because I adored his playing and simply made a mistake. You know, "Wrong, Maynard, wrong!" I was rushing through auditions and really blew it.

Smith: How do you pick your rhythm sections?

Ferguson: Funny story about Gordon Johnson, my bass player. His father is a bass player with the Minneapolis Symphony, so naturally Gordon majored in flute at Eastman School. But as soon as he was through there he became the bass player he is, and he is excellent on string bass, fretless and fretted electric bass guitar. Peter Erskine has incredible time and is incredibly versatile. There's that old saw about the bandleader who is asked how many pieces in his band and he replies, "13 musicians and a drummer." Not so Erskine. He's got machine gun power and uses it. It's interesting that the other guys in the band watch Peter solo. Aside from the contrapuntal rhythms, they are enjoying his musicality.

I pick the musicians for my rhythm section the same way I pick the rest of the band.

Smith: How have the new composers influenced you vis-a-vis the pipeline theory?

Ferguson: The pipeline is a great expression because what I feel is a part of me and I am part of it. Once again it's influence. People like Chick Corea and others are a great influence on me. The young composers are an influence whether they write for me or not. We have a stereo system on the bus and the number of times that someone will turn around and ask, "What's that?" or "Who's that?" is incredible. There are 17 people on that bus, all coming in with their own cassettes, but the master set will go on when Tony Romano, our sound man, gets aboard. One minute you'll hear Charlie Parker and the next Tower of Power, and everyone seems to get off on it all. What we are all doing is in the music vein. The terms like "crossover" change daily and are meaningless. It's the writers (journalists) who try to nail it down. If I want to disagree with myself tomorrow at two o'clock, I reserve the right to do so. If I feel a musical or creative change within myself, I don't want to feel that I committed myself today to something I don't want tomorrow. Musical freedom and creativity should be the personal right to change or to not change. Individual concept is what great American music is all about.

Smith: But I get the feeling that you are playing and saying, "The record's available." Why not more bebop, more of some of the old book? Things that are different from what the audience could listen to at home? I know some in the band would like that as well as I would.

Ferguson: Ah, but then it would be your band. You will be delighted to know that *Airegin* is on the new album and we went to Columbia studios and did it on one take, all together in the studio. It's the same Mike Abene arrangement, too.

In music education, the philosophy to me is that all the young musicians must have a knowledge of the past in order to be creative and do their own thing in the present and the future. By the same token, when people play my old albums for me, I hear things that bore me and are dated. Then, of course, there are the vintage things. I am infamous for changing arrangements, but that one (*Airegin*) was left alone. I felt that the album should be more

representative. That's why I have become involved in production. It's fun as a producer to sit there, finally get the sound right, and the tune hits, bang. And when it's over you just stand up and say, "That's it. Next tune." There are tunes that will stand up that way and there are others that won't.

Smith: Will you ride a winner like you have now?

Ferguson: The best is the proverbial next one. No, I don't think I'd ride *Conquistador*. I want to go onto something bigger and better. It's exciting to draw 20,000 people to Philadelphia and have them standing and cheering for you . . . when you play *Airegin* and *not* the hit. Can you imagine? 20,000 people cheering *Airegin*? That's more terrific to me than 230 people in Birdland.

Smith: I'd like to move into the schools for the remainder of the interview. I know you have done numerous clinics. How can big band clinics be improved? Or should they be?

Ferguson: We are building a strange and beautiful thing with the whole music education system. People get worried about "will the kids learn their individual thing?" Shouldn't the education be fuller and rounder? There should be as many clinics for the small group with the individualist learning to play bebop or something and be an improviser of whatever. When you teach a student the whole thing, he will choose his own direction. You have given him or her the choice of what there is to get into. The full band clinic is a healthy one that has certainly worked for us. It's one of the greatest things this country has done in the last 15 years. While it always was our music that has been the ambassador overseas, it has become our music and our music education that people have become more aware of.

When we used to go to Europe we would say there's nothing like a European audience. They had the spirit of adventure. The attitude was, "Hey, I wonder what the heck Maynard's going to play tonight." Here it was "Oh, Ferguson. It's going to be *Maria* and *Ole* or I'm going to be pissed off." That's not to say that the music was second rate. You can tell by the tunes I chose to mention. The same thing would be the imposing of your "hit." You get that anywhere in the world where they are aware of your recordings. The point is that it isn't as predominant any more.

Now every one of those students is not going to become a great musician, but look what we have done for them (by becoming "pop"). We have given them a wider scope of music to choose from. Not only that, but being in the stage band has become hipper than being in the marching band. You know, with those saxes swaying and those free tickets to football games. That's fun, but would it get you into the real music thing after college? They are still in the marching band, but the serious stuff comes out of the stage band. One of these days we will be able to call them "rock" bands or "jazz" bands in the American educational system, but for now I will not do a critique on that.

Smith: Are these bands a substitute for apprenticeship? Is there a place for the students when they get out? Are all of these graduates going to have a burgeoning effect on big band redevelopment?

Ferguson: Let's not get strung out on "Will the big bands ever come back?" What I am hoping to see is new young bandleaders come along. I think they will. A lot of young guys

like Dave Stahl, Lin Biviano (forgive me for the guys I leave out) came out of school systems. I hope that my success as a pop chart-maker has helped a lot of guys gain acceptance in what is basically their art form. At least let it be easier for them.

Interestingly enough, the guys in our band enjoy playing *Rocky*. And they also thrill to *Airegin*. This is what I mean by the widening of the young people's minds. If you go back to when we were 20, never mind whether we were hipper or not, we were a little bit narrower. Perhaps we didn't have as hip a choice, and couldn't take the wide road when we were 20. Perhaps we had to be unhip on all the fringe things. I'll always be a jazz musician in my heart in terms of how I play because I think that way before I think of playing rock and roll. The kind of jazz thing I like to do is to keep moving and changing without anyone else directing me. I don't like musical policemen. The people who say, "The new thing is this" are just telling me what the new thing is to them. If it feels new and boring, I'm not going to do it. If it feels new and exciting, maybe. If it feels new and exciting but isn't my thing, I'll stand aside and admire it. Good examples are the Don Ellis and Hank Levy types of things with the complicated rhythms. The important thing is that the two of them have given the directions we need to make the big bands sound their own way.

Smith: What about apprenticeship?

Ferguson: Yes, I feel the stage bands are good apprenticeship, real good. However, I won't judge at stage band contests, because I won't tell a young person he is worse than another. I am able to control my competitive instincts, and after I get through telling you about that I will also tell you how totally imperfect I am at it. But I'll tell you, when one of those bands comes home with a first place finish, they have no trouble getting a new sound system from the trustees or whatever. Being a son of two school principals, I understand that game.

I tend to be turning around slowly and condoning what I put down, and that is the school festivals where they compete. I do enjoy the critique and helping them. You try not to play God, but eventually you have to say, "Hey kid, you're 48th." I find that very hard to do. The kids may be used to it, but I'm not. I would like to see the music thing treated less like the National League vs. the American League, the NBA or the NHL. But it does work in this society. I know that a lot of things I learned in India can't be applied in this country, nor do I want to.

Stage bands are good because they allow a controlled situation where the students don't have to hard-knock it while they are learning. They can also get their academic chops together as well. Sometimes not, of course, but that's another story.

Smith: Do you think it's necessary for the schools to give combo playing courses as well as big band courses?

Ferguson: Whether we are doing our rock things or our bebop things, we are still very much involved in how often we are a quartet. You will be amazed how often we are a quartet—more than any big band since Ellington. The small band thing is not something I wish to impose on people as an opinion that should be registered as *the way*. It's just that a small big band works for me. Somewhere inside of me something thinks in a looser manner. None of the solos in the band is timed. It's all

wait on the soloist. If he is getting it on, let him go. I mean you've seen me bring 'em in wrong, man! That's because I was listening to the soloist and not paying attention to the tune. When my band is hot I become a customer. I'll be smiling and saying, "Hey, listen to that." All of a sudden, "Gee, where are we?" They're looking at me and I'm checking with them. They have since floated the beat around seven different ways and I don't know where "one" is. Once Colby, Migliori and Militello each gave me the wrong "one." And I hit on it! Oooh. But it's that looseness that makes me proud of the band, the combo freedom that allows some cat to really get into something knowing that he won't be called up short of his ideas.

I would encourage all kids that are into the small group thing to not be narrow and get into playing in a big band. They will discover things that they will use even when they get out of college and get into small groups again. The reverse is true as well. I encourage them to go into the marching band, too.

Smith: What about high-noting and its possible detrimental effects on young chops, perhaps like a young pitcher throwing a screwball too early in his career?

Ferguson: It can be worked up to. There have been so many books written on it. I think I'm the only one left who hasn't written a book on how to play high notes. As long as it isn't overemphasized, high-noting is not harmful. When I played with Jimmy Dorsey, I considered myself to be one of this country's great fourth trumpet players. I took great pride in playing real good fourth parts. Later, when I was on Kenton's band, except for the parts that read "ad lib," every high note was written out as such. That's the way to play high notes: not on the night you feel good, but on the night you feel bad. Otherwise you are interfering with the writer. If you are going to play a double high C, you might as well have it voiced so it sounds beautiful rather than a screech or an annoying squeak. Still later, when I was the solo trumpet player, it was orchestrated beneath me. That's a different ball game from being lead. The use of high notes should be kept in the realm of music. You should be able to attack the notes, play it piano, play it double forte. Whatever you can do in the other ranges you should be able to do up there. Then you can say you own the note. Otherwise you can't apply it in a totally musical sense. The day of the screech trumpet player is over. I may have been guilty of having done that with all the high velocity playing I was involved in. With Charlie Barnett and Kenton, when the writer discovered I had the facility to do that, they began writing for that.

It doesn't matter how early a young trumpet player starts playing high notes. It only matters if he does it wrong. Then he will hurt himself. I always had tremendous air power and I'd like to tell you that I was a genius at age 13 when I learned how, but honestly it was innocence, instinct and a touch of ignorance. I have added almost another octave to my range in the last two to two and a half years.

Smith: How about yourself? Do you have to warm up to it? You start on top from the very first tune.

Ferguson: Yeah, I have to warm up to it nowadays. If you work out and you feel good at the outset, why continue the warm up just to practice the "required" amount of time? If you feel you've got it, stop. It's all air power, not

lip power. They'll say, "What a lip that guy's got." The lip just manipulates the mouthpiece.

Smith: I always see all those shiny instruments up on stage but you hardly play all of them. What are they?

Ferguson: Holton-Leblanc is the company that I design instruments for. I designed the MF horn, which is the large 468 bore. Then there's the 420, which is slightly smaller bore, called a medium large. Then there's the two contemporary instruments that I designed that are such fun for me. One is called the Firebird, a combination slide and valve trumpet. Two people who have been playing it beautifully have been Don Ellis and Al Hirt. They are getting into it because you get the sensuous quality of a slide instrument and the speed of a piston instrument. The bell is slightly uplifted to get it out of the way of the slide. Then, of course, there's the MF Superbone, the valve and slide trombone.

The mouthpiece I have is my own design and is the same type I've been playing for the past 28 years. I now use it slightly deeper than I did a few years ago. What's more, I'm up to a #19 bore. I go by the straight bit of the drill. 19 is very big. They are sold exactly as I play them by Jet Tone and Bill Ratzemberger. It's always been a thing of professionals to buy an instrument and throw away the mouthpiece. Every time they give you a new instrument they give you a new mouthpiece which is usually lousy. A marvelous instrument with a bad mouthpiece seems to be the way it usually is. Perhaps that is because mouthpieces are so personal.

Most of the guys in my band, and it is not mandatory, by the way, play the instruments I design, either smaller bore, or even one with a different bell than it was designed for, a regular Holton with an enlarged bell.

I had an experience with a young man who told me that some music shop owner told him that his horn was out of tune. It was an MF horn, and I said, "Let me have that." He hesitated but gladly offered it when I offered him mine. I told him to stop by the next night during a concert and I would have it back for him. Well, during the concert not only did I play that horn, but I passed it around to all the guys in the section and asked them to have a whack at it. The kid was in awe all night. Of course he took back his own horn even though I told him he could keep mine. I told him that it was either him, the store manager or the teacher, but it wasn't the horn. He might have thought that mine was hand crafted in England and sent back there for the double high C valve to be rubbed on the inside bore.

Smith: What of those other two instruments I see there: they look like french horn and mellophone?

Ferguson: Oh, those are a french horn and baritone horn. I hardly get to play those anymore. Certain tunes call for them and we don't use them as often.

There's a recording of *Londonderry Aire (Danny Boy)* on which Ferguson runs the gamut, but especially low-noting. He says that it all depends on how he feels. "When I feel whatever I am and whatever I do as being up, when I feel all that power inside me, and I'm loose, I can do it all. When you see me having fun up there it is the real me. I do not impose that on Miles Davis or anyone else. That's the way I stay loose, by remembering that I'm really enjoying myself up there. I can only tell the young cats how it works for me." **db**

BUNKY GREEN

ALTO TRANSFORMER

by herb nolan

“No one had it all together!” Bunky Green exclaimed as he stabbed at his steak and eggs.

“I’m sure Charlie Parker would be the first to admit it, and he was the one who had it more together than anybody. I’m certain he would say, ‘No, I didn’t have it *all* together, I was simply in the process of trying to get it together—Trane the same thing.”

Bunky didn’t pause. “That’s where I am at this point.”

No, Bunky doesn’t mean he is not together but rather that he is in the midst of that personal process that explores one’s art, refines it, and examines it in hopes of finding irresistible ways to manipulate the creative core. Perhaps it will lead to some profound discovery, an explosive burst of pure originality that would send an artist hurtling past his contemporaries. That rarely happens, since there are only a few in every generation with the genius and quirky psychic energy (madness?) to change the world. But the process must continue because when it stops it is time to die the way the warmth and glow fades in an untended fire. For Bunky Green the process goes on.

During the 1960s, Green was considered by many to be one of the swingiest, most hard-driving young alto saxophonist playing in the tradition of Charlie Parker.

“I could play everything,” he said at one point. “I mean I could play all Bird’s classic things, typical things, phrases like Bird, tone like Bird.”

During that period, Green was recording, including albums of his own and one he co-led with Sonny Stitt: he toured with Charles Mingus; he worked regularly around Chicago and his home town of Milwaukee with Ira Sullivan, Wilbur Ware, the late Nicky Hill, Wilbur Campbell and Jodie Christian; he led a nightclub pit band; and he hustled, hung out and took what he could get. Bunky Green paid the usual dues, you might say—but that was



HERB NOLAN

then.

“It was about seven years ago that I actually felt I was reborn,” he said, meaning it in the playing sense, not necessarily the fundamental Christian context. But since his family—especially his mother—was very religious, “reborn” comes as a natural phrase to him.

“That’s when I stopped following and started playing—or trying to play—what I was hearing instead of staying on the bandwagon where everybody wanted to be out of Bird or Trane, or out of this thing or that thing. I love John Coltrane and Charlie Parker so much I think I finally got their message and enough courage to be me.”

There was more to it than that: Bunky almost completely removed himself from the music scene and became totally committed to academics. A musician who was primarily self-taught, Green went to Northwestern University, studied classical saxophone, practiced a lot, and rarely performed.

“When I first went to college everybody said, ‘Well, man, you’re going to kill your soul—you’re going to lose it. You should be out here playing, you are wasting your time.’ Oddly, most of the people who told me that are now going to school,” he added as an afterthought.

“Then you’d hear blatantly dumb statements like, ‘If you don’t stay out here and suffer and eat out of garbage cans you’re not going to have any soul.’ I don’t think any garbage can is going to give you soul, what gives me soul is a good meal. I’ll have a lot of soul, I’ll feel good and I can go play on a full stomach. But lots of kids believe that stuff about having to suffer before you can create.

“In the environment I grew up in we didn’t have much money, but my people always gave me time, they bought me a saxophone, always

listened, and we came out of an environment where the money wasn’t that great, and the people around us were dealing with a lot of poverty, so I know about that. I don’t think in terms of my formative years that it made much difference. I base that on . . . well . . . I know kids who are going to school studying jazz, and they come from some fantastic monetary backgrounds—no hassles—they’ve got plenty of money and some of these kids are playing their tails off—I mean they are playing great. I think it’s a matter of having that basic talent and being able to hear. If you can hear it, you can play it.”

Green had locked onto an improvised verbal groove, his voice bouncing with emphasis and vocal dramatics like a giddy kid chasing a berserk football. He was enjoying himself.

“I believe more in experiences and they can be all good experiences. What’s wrong with experiences like going to Switzerland and sitting up in the mountains, looking around and almost feeling completely free? The feeling that if I desire, I can fly? If you play your horn and you are playing something like *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever* maybe you will get a picture of those mountains with that whole vastness—I think that would help your soul a little bit too.” Green grinned.

“Play the blues, man, gotta play the blues! I’ve played the blues all my life—the blues are beautiful. I love to play the blues, but I don’t think it’s necessarily true that the blues are the result of straight out suffering. I think Bessie Smith had a lot of talent—she suffered too—but beyond that a lot of people suffered at that same time with Bessie Smith, right? Are they Bessie Smith?”

“You know what money means to me?” Green continued without hesitation. “Here’s the fun of money: to have enough to say, ‘Here

“When I first went to college everybody said, ‘Well, man, you’re going to kill your soul—you’re going to lose it. You should be out here playing, you are wasting your time.’ Oddly, most of the people who told me that are now going to school. . . .”

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BOOKER T. AND THE MGs

Time, Soul and One Magic River

by tim schneckloth

The area surrounding Memphis, Tennessee has traditionally been one of the major caldrons of American music. It is the home of W. C. Handy, Sam Phillips' Sun Records, the great Delta bluesmen. It is a junction where different streams of music have come together in strikingly original combinations that still live on.

When Sam Phillips recorded Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis et al on Sun Records in the '50s, a fusion of r&b, country and other influences was born that shook the world up considerably. Stax/Volt Records had a similar effect in the '60s—artists like Otis Redding, Rufus Thomas, William Bell, Eddie Floyd, Carla Thomas and others came up with a new sound in soul music that was unique in its eclecticism and awareness of its roots.

The members of Booker T. and the MGs were significant forces behind the evolution of the Stax/Volt sound. Booker T. Jones, Steve Cropper, Donald "Duck" Dunn and the late Al Jackson, Jr.—as session men, producers, composers, and artists in their own right—had much to do with defining the sound. As Booker puts it, "We put the signature on the 'Memphis sound' so we ended up being called the people who developed it."

It's been 15 years since Booker T. and the MGs hit the charts with *Green Onions* (recently revived on Roy Buchanan's *Loading Zone* album, produced by Stanley Clarke and featuring Steve Cropper) and the passing of time has brought a lot of changes. The members of the band now live in California and the scope of their activities has broadened considerably.

Organist Booker was the first to move west. He split with Stax in 1970 and the group dissolved. Arriving on the coast, Booker plunged into production work with his wife Priscilla Coolidge, Bill Withers, and the Memphis Horns.

Steve Cropper, guitarist, continued doing session work and production in Memphis through the early '70s before following Booker to Los Angeles in '75 after Stax/Volt folded. Plans were made for a reunion of the group later that year until Al Jackson, one of the most influential soul drummers ever, was shot and killed in Memphis that October.

Jackson's death was a shock for the remaining three musicians, and it took some time to get over the blow. "It took us about a year to get emotionally back on our feet,"

"It's the territory, and the river, and the three states and all that. It's roots. There would have been a 'Memphis sound' anyway—if it hadn't been us, it would have been somebody else."



Booker says. "After it happened, there was no way we could play together as Booker T. and the MGs for about six months. To see each other reminds us of him."

The group's present incarnation boasts the rhythm section of original member Donald "Duck" Dunn on bass and Willie Hall, Jackson's successor, on drums. Does a personnel change in such a cohesive and long-lived group cause any difficulties?

"I don't think it changed our approach, but there's no way we could keep it from changing the overall music, because there's only one Al Jackson," Cropper feels. "Nobody in the world can duplicate him. . . . But Willie, I think, is the closest we could come to a drummer that fits Al's description—heavy backbeat, heavy kickbeat. Willie sort of came from the same school. He was around Al in the studio. But Al used to make it work. He kicked it right in the can."

With the new lineup intact, the group secured a contract with Elektra/Asylum Records and recorded their 16th album, *Universal Language*, in Los Angeles. The band seems to have made the adjustments to West Coast working and recording conditions.

"I think every area has its differences," Cropper says. "I really like the way they cut an album here. They're a little bit laid back; they don't watch the clock quite as closely as in a lot of areas. So while the session is rolling, it's real loose and pleasant."

"When we play together, it's like we always play. I can't tell any difference in our style from being in LA."

"We recorded in LA a lot when we were working in Memphis," Booker adds, "because we couldn't get into the studios there."

"We couldn't even book our own studio!" Cropper laughs. "When was it that we first went out there? August '65? We did all the TV shows—*Shindig*, *Hullabaloo*, *Lloyd Thaxton*."

The band's methods of arranging and composing haven't changed much since the relocation either. "Booker has an idea, or I have an idea—a set of changes, a little melody. . . ." Cropper begins.

"Steve and I usually get together before the session with our little scraps of ideas and see

what we can put together that sounds good," Booker elaborates. "Maybe we'll do it an hour or two before we go into the studio. Some things just happen completely spontaneously in the studio."

"A lot of times," Steve says, "we will write something and end up not cutting it that night. Instead, we'll cut something that we just came up with fooling around. We always look for those little hook melodies and spin off that."

The band's recording techniques are designed to keep this loose, spontaneous feeling at a maximum. "We do it all live," Booker states. "The only reason there are overdubs on the new album is because there were things I thought I should play on other instruments—harmony and melody—and you just can't do it live. You've only got two hands. It's the same thing with Steve—he played solo and rhythm."

"There never was harmony guitar in our music before because it hadn't come along yet," Steve explains. "It wasn't the big thing. . . . Now it's been the big thing for five or six years. The Allman Brothers did it, the Eagles picked up on it. Joe Walsh, everybody else."

"Duck has a bass part on the album that sounds like one bass line played at one time, but he actually did it in three parts," Booker gives another example.

Even though the group stays current with musical trends and recording practices, they maintain links with the past through the tools of their trade. They use vintage instruments and seem to feel a strong affection for their axes.

Cropper, long recognized as one of the more original rock guitarists, sticks with the old Fender Telecasters. "I've changed a little bit since the old days—I used to play a Telecaster with a rosewood neck and I've since gone to a Telecaster with a blonde neck. Also, I've got a humbucking pickup and five or six different MXR attachments—flangers, phasers."

"In the old days, though, for about the first eight years we recorded, it was one guitar, one cord, one amp and that was it. They started this rumor about me one time. I had this little bitty cheap amp—I've still got it—and they

accused me of putting newspapers in the speaker to get that little fuzz. But it was just a cheap amp!"

Steve has run through a few guitars in his time, though. "One of them got stolen in Copenhagen during an intermission. The other one I had loaned to one of the guitar players in the Bar-Kays while they were touring with Otis, and I thought it went down in the plane [referring to the tragic 1967 plane crash that took the lives of Otis Redding and several of his accompanists]. But I found out that the day before he'd left, he'd gotten his own guitar back and left mine at his house. So after everything had sort of cooled down after the crash, I had one of the guys go over to his mother's house to ask for the guitar. And she just went into hysterics because that was really the only thing she had of her son's. It was really mine, but she didn't see it that way. I just let it go. I hated to lose it, but. . ."

Duck Dunn also has affectionate feelings toward his instruments. "I play a '58 Fender Precision. I've got a '57 too. It used to belong to Bill Black [famous Memphis bandleader and bass player on Elvis' early sessions]. Bill Black's brother brought Bill's bass down to this guy and said he wanted to trade it in for a Leslie. I was standing around, and I said, 'No matter what, trade him!' So I got Bill's bass."

Booker still sticks to what Cropper calls "the old workhorse"—a Hammond B-3. "They haven't made anything better," Booker feels. "I bought an X66 and I never play it." Jones has been experimenting with synthesizers of late, however. "I'm just using it as a sound, just an accessory. I have a Maxicord. I just picked it out. You can get big ones that do a lot, big ones that don't do much—this is a small one that does a lot."

Even though the band's present is enshrined in California and their new record label, they look back fondly on their home town of Memphis and the music they grew up with and helped to create.

The term "Memphis sound" is often bandied about in referring to the work of the Stax/Volt roster, but the phrase causes problems—there have been many "Memphis sounds" and Booker T. and the MGs see the Stax sound as a synthesis of different musics associated with the area.

Booker tries to put his finger on their specific "Memphis sound." "I'd say—they'll probably say I'm wrong—but I'd say it started with Rufus Thomas, Rufus and Carla, actually. [Rufus' first hit record was *Bear Cat* on the Sun label in 1953.] That's where our band really got together the first time—with him."

"Rufus brought Al in, David Porter brought me in, from high school. Steve was already working at Stax with Chips Moman. He was a big part of it too."

"What happened was that all these white people from Messick High School and all these black people from the south side just came together in the middle of Memphis and cut these records. . . . Most of the white guys had played with Elvis or Jerry Lee or Carl Perkins or had been influenced by them. Then from Al Jackson's daddy's band at the Flamingo Room came the other set—the completely black set: Howard Grimes, Al Jackson, Rufus Thomas, myself from downtown on Beale Street. That's where it really came alive—when those two elements came together at Stax."

When they did come together, the results were almost instantly successful. As the rhythm section for the Stax house band (also known as the Mar-Keys) Booker T. and the MGs played on a string of national hits including *Gee Whiz* (Carla Thomas, '61), *Last Night* (Mar-Keys, '61), *Green Onions* (Booker T. and the MGs, '62), *You Don't Miss Your Water* (William Bell, '62), *These Arms Of Mine* (Otis Redding, '62), *Walking The Dog* (Rufus Thomas, '63) and *Pain In My Heart* (Otis Redding, '63). These records reflect the varied influences that went into them—one can hear gospel, country, blues and rockabilly fused into a totally distinctive style. "It was the influence of success that dominated what happened," Cropper says. "If we'd failed, I don't know what would have happened. We'd probably be out selling peanuts or something," he laughs.

But Jones, Cropper and Dunn don't like to take any personal credit for molding the sound. Cropper seems to feel that the music was in the air all the time, waiting to be expressed. "It's the territory, and the river, and the three states and all that," he says. "It's roots. There would have been a 'Memphis sound' anyway—if it hadn't been us, it would have been somebody else. We happened to be the ones who were there. All we did was keep striving each week to make another record as good as the last one."

It's interesting to note that the band was quite young during Stax's early successful years (at the time *Green Onions* was recorded, Booker was 16, Steve and Duck were 21) and all the members started soaking up influences from their surroundings very early.

"We were coming up in a forest of big bands," Steve recalls. "There was a real shuffle there. Like, Willie Mitchell [Memphis bandleader and musical director on Al Green's hits] was into the shuffle thing. Ben Branch and "Bowlegs" Miller [Memphis tenor players] were into the shuffle thing. That was in '59 or '60."

"You know what the biggest thrill of my life was?" Duck interjects. "Ben Branch asked me to play with him. I used to love to go to work."

"Yeah, it was fun, man," Booker says fervently. "Groove so hard. Willie Mitchell kind of updated that blues over the beat. He was the first one to make everything kind of uptempo."

"B. B. King influenced me a lot in terms of blues," Steve states. "And a lot of the things that Bobby Blue Bland was doing—*St. James Infirmary* and things like that. Don Robie [of Duke/Peacock Records in Houston, the label of Bland, Junior Parker, etc.] used to cut stuff at Stax. It still came out of Texas but it was recorded in Memphis. Later, they developed the big band down there with Wayne Bennett and Joe Scott."

"The way we did *Summertime* had that sort of old blues style. And *Behave Yourself*, of course, was a blues thing."

Booker confirms the blues influence. "*Behave Yourself* was the kind of thing that we would normally sit down in the Club Handy and play. . . ."

"Get in B-flat and boogie. . . ." Steve breaks in.

". . . the club was within 50 feet of where W. C. Handy wrote," Booker continues. "He must have had a room in the hotel. You could see his statue from there."

While the blues and r&b influences were virtually at their doorstep, the young Mem-

phians drew many jazz licks from records.

"Jazz is a heavy influence; we can't get away from it. We listened to too much jazz as children," Booker states. "I grew up with Gil Evans, Miles Davis, Ray Charles, Hank Crawford, Fathead Newman, the Jazztet with Benny Golson. I listen to a lot of that Latin stuff—Eddie Palmieri."

"My jazz was Cannonball Adderley, Bill Jennings, Hank Garland," says Steve. "When I first started, I listened to Chet Atkins, but I couldn't do that double finger-picking stuff."

"Jack McDuff is the one that's responsible for me playing the organ," Booker feels, "because I saw him one night with three pieces and it sounded like 12."

Since they are a commercially successful r&b instrumental group, a case can be made for the band as a present day jazz influence. As more and more jazz players go into the funk idiom, Booker T. and the MGs seem more and more important in retrospect. How do they feel about this?

"You know, there was a time when it was almost a sin for a real good jazz artist to bow down to something commercial, something as remotely simple as a two-note bass line," Steve muses. "I don't know if they're scared of it or. . ."

"No, it's like you were selling out," Booker interrupts. "It's like not being a Christian."

"Well, I never looked at it that way," Steve continues. "I'm in music for the entertainment. I don't read music, but I like to listen to it."

Booker, on the other hand, is a highly schooled musician. He attended Indiana University in the '60s and got a good technical background in jazz. But improvisation seems to play a fairly limited role in the group's music.

"Our improvisation is more controlled than that of most jazz groups," Booker feels. "You know exactly how much you're going to play, when you're going to play."

"See, I'm not against playing a two-bar lick for ten minutes," Steve says. "I love it—drive it right into the ground. A lot of guys get bored to death after the first eight bars when it's restricted like that."

"And Booker's the same way. When it's my turn to take a lead solo, he doesn't mind sitting there playing some backing changes that will enhance what I'm doing, rather than stepping all over each other. I never did like to play too long a solo, though. My hands get tired."

"I must admit, though," Booker confesses, "on *Melting Pot* I just let go and I didn't care how long it took, I was going to get off. That's the only time I really forgot about the time."

The ultimate artistic worth of a lot of pop music is a hard thing to gauge. The brilliance of much of the Stax/Volt catalog, in spite of its relative newness, has been almost universally recognized, and the group seems aware of the value of their past work.

"You know," says Booker, "when you think about the future, when a person goes in and buys the Stax catalog, he would be a fool to go back on the market and put it out under some other name. So it'll live again, probably, under the name of Stax."

"Well, that music will never die. Scott Joplin came back, so I'm sure some old Otis Redding tune will come back," Steve declares.

Cropper should know; he collaborated very

continued on page 46

NEWPORT '77

Farewell To The Apple

Eddie Palmieri (Washington Square Park):

With the introduction of pop to the Newport Jazz Festival and the exclusion of jazz from the Kool Jazz Festivals, what better way to open the 1977 *affaire de jazz* than with a Latin band? And what better band than that of Eddie Palmieri, the McCoy-influenced pianist who has recently signed with a major record company (Epic).

Fighting an atrocious sound system, Palmieri swung hard with the likes of Mario Rivera and Ronnie Cuber in his sax section. He led with every part of his body, waving his arms



PALMIERI

and swaying for emphasis and direction. The music exuded excitement even if it couldn't be heard very well.

The concert called "Salsa En La Calle" was part of Jazzmobile's contribution to the Newport Jazz Festival. The cacophony of dialects coupled with the Greenwich Village setting made for happy moments and set a good many pairs of feet to dancing. —arnold jay smith

Sarah Vaughan/Clark Terry (Carnegie Hall):

How many singers do you know who can get away with doing two Gershwin medlies plus two other Gershwin tunes in the same concert? Probably not many. Sassy opened with an uptempo *The Man I Love*; did a "jazz" medley of Gershwin (which included the verse to *But Not For Me*), an a cappella *Summertime* (which recreated the spontaneous standing ovation of the '76 NJF) and a "symphonic" medley which included a baroque moment with falsetto intact. It was during the latter medley that this reporter realized the writing talents of Ms. Vaughan's musical director Carl Schroeder. He reworked the three-tune trip from a symphony orchestra down to a trio. He may be the most Sarah-simpatco pianist since Jimmy Jones.

The rest of the concert was about as uneventful as a chain reaction. Sarah's solo work has so improved that she tosses away major intervals with ease. From the no-one-around *Summertime* to the bass-only *East Of The Sun* 20 □ down beat

and *West Of The Moon*; from the intricate *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life* to the inane *Feelings*, she ran a gamut of vocal exercises that would have tired anyone else.

With Clark Terry present for two tunes (and later a surprise visit from Dizzy Gillespie) Sarah tore up the place. A killer *Shaw 'Nuff* showed her at the peak of her bebop scat form, as Terry added some mumbles of his own. Diz appeared late in the program with a bouquet of roses, and when Clark brought the trumpets out, they ripped into *Ow*. With bop anthems like these ringing in our ears, we completely forgot that the entire festival was dedicated to Erroll Garner and that Sassy had been scheduled to perform her rendition of *Misty*. But Erroll would have liked it better this way anyhow. —arnold jay smith

Pointer Sisters/Malombo (Carnegie Hall):

Why put a pop group in a jazz concert if they are not going to do something special for the occasion? The Pointer Sisters are capable of a much better show than they gave. They rose to fame by cutting through the pop muck and coming up with the surprise '30s or '40s tune with their own brand of sparkle. With a sound system that muddled the lyrics, the three performing sisters ran through *Salt Peanuts* and an Ellington medley that showed some of the spark that made them famous. They worked the Ellington tunes into the fabric of a theme that sounded like an Ellington composition in itself, even though it was merely based on Duke's chords. *Shakin' Fat Blues* didn't sound off-handed enough to be any kind of blues; it was very rehearsed and well-run-through.

Malombo, an African trio with guests Herbie Mann on flute, Buddy Williams on drums and Jeff Berlin on bass, played five tunes. Their music might be called "Afrikaan"—nice harmonies with harmless rhythms. Phillip Tabane played guitar, flutes and sang; Gabriel Thobejane played conga drums and emphasized the beats with hollow nuts strapped to his ankles. Bela Mseleku, a recent addition, played piano with the group. Their Newport appearance was not as impressive as their first New York showing at the SoHo loft Environ. Perhaps they need the intimacy of a loft-type club. —arnold jay smith

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra/Elvin Jones/Hank Jones/Betty Carter/Dizzy Gillespie (Carnegie Hall):

Ms. Carter is the epitome of true musicianship in the vocal arena. The lyrics take a back seat to the phrasing and improvising around the chords. The tunes she picks are among the most difficult and least performed in the repertoire. Carter sang *Deep Night*, for instance, with all its frantic chord changes and wide ranging melody. *But Beautiful* was lyrical poetry.

Her animated demeanor onstage enhanced the performance, giving one the feeling that she was participating to the fullest. The range of tempi covered the entire spectrum—from an impossibly up *Music, Maestro, Please* to

a super down *Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most*.

For 25 minutes Thad Jones, Mel Lewis and the orchestra destroyed Carnegie. But alas, for only 25 minutes (the cost of overtime in these halls is prohibitive, so George Wein chooses to cut sets short when necessary). Standout soloists included Frank Gordon (trumpet) and Dick Oats (tenor) on *The Second Race*, as well as Jerry Dodgion (alto) and Pepper Adams (baritone) on Dodgion's *Thank You*.

The much ballyhooed reunion of the Jones family was an unrehearsed pastiche of jamming that didn't come off well at all. Thad's cornet work is about as controlled as it has ever been; Hank played his usually impeccable piano; Elvin never did get off the ground, but merely kept pace—and the whole was considerably less than the sum of its parts. On *My Funny Valentine*, though, Thad showed a romantic side of himself that rarely gets explored in the context of the band.

—arnold jay smith

Mel Torme/Gerry Mulligan/Herb Pomeroy (Carnegie Hall):

What might have been a disaster was turned into a smashing success by the professionalism of Mel Torme. After a down tempo, albeit swinging, set by Gerry Mulligan and his sextet, the Herb Pomeroy band played for 20 minutes. The muddled sound of the hall proved their undoing—few of the nuances of the section work could be delineated. Pomeroy had announced an Ellington medley featuring trombonist Phil Wilson, among others, when he was called offstage and told that he



MULLIGAN

had five minutes left. He returned to announce that since this was the case, he would not play anything.

Torme came out with Mulligan and the band and cut a show that may prove to be among his best. His charts were standouts. The Marty Paich arrangement of *Blues In The Night* was a tribute to the late Johnny Mercer and included a symphonic intro which segued into the instrumentation and harmonies of Stravinsky's *Circus Polka*. This non-blues

DOMINIQUE

RON HOWARD

"blues" tune featured Mulligan in a genuine blues chorus followed by Torne weaving in and out of the AABA format.

—arnold jay smith

Double Image/The Revolutionary Ensemble/Art Pepper (Alice Tully Hall):

With the L.A. oriented Art Pepper and the Windy City roots of the Revolutionary Ensemble, it was somewhat mystifying to read in the "official" program that we were about to be presented with "An Insight Into The New York Jazz Scene." Geography aside, the evening turned out to be an object lesson in musical structure. On one side of the spectrum was the open-ended Revolutionary Ensemble. At the other, the tightly compact structures of Art Pepper. Reflecting both extremes was the fluid Double Image.

Composed of malleeters David Friedman and David Samuels plus bassist Harvie Swartz and drummer Mike DiPasqua, Double Image presents technically complex music vibrating with rich coloristic/timbral hues. Highlights included the mellifluous parquetry of marimba, xylophone, acoustic bass and drums; deft segues between lyrical and percussive passages; and sensitive dialogues among various combinations from the quartet. Structurally, the pendulum swung freely from highly intricate ensembles to elastic free-form episodes. Double Image is an energetically fresh group that should have impact on the way we think of mallet instruments.



VALERIE WILMER

JENKINS

The Revolutionary Ensemble (the trio of violinist Leroy Jenkins, bassist-trombonist Siron and percussionist Jerome Cooper) has a double problem. First, it has been touted by much of the New York critical establishment as one of the second comings of the avant garde. Secondly, the group, by virtue of its rather immodest name, proclaims itself as one of the cutting edges of the "new" music. For the skeptics, the group's performance at Alice Tully Hall only confirmed suspicions that here were pretenders whose sound and fury signified precious little. The truth, perhaps, lies somewhat in between.

First, these are musicians whose seriousness should not be questioned. They play with an authentic passion, energy and dedication. Their set, however, was certainly far from compelling. The basic shortcoming was structural laxity. Opting for an open form with few melodic/harmonic/rhythmic markers that relies heavily on the power of the moment for inspiration, the music tended to diffuse into rambling doodles. Also, the catalogue of

"avant garde" sounds presented by each musician on his respective instrument/s was hardly "revolutionary." In fact, the Ensemble's most moving episode was a lovely African folk-inspired segment featuring Jenkins' work on what appeared to be an African xylophone.

The last set by Art Pepper (with pianist Onaje Allen Gumbs, bassist Gene Perla and drummer Joe La Barbara) was far and away the evening's highlight. Having triumphed over a 15-year long struggle with what writers euphemistically refer to as "personal demons," and over the New York critics during his previous week's stint at the Village Vanguard, Art tremulously expressed gratitude for his first concert appearance in New York. His alto voice, though, was firm, confident and assertive. Romping through such originals as *Blues For Heard* and *The Trip*, Art displayed total command over the vocabularies of bop, Tranesque modality and perfectly spotted harmonics. His inspired swinging, along with that of Gumbs, Perla and LaBarbara, earned repeated rounds of enthusiastic applause from the audience.

—chuck berg

Art Blakey/Gary Burton/John Lewis/Charles Mingus/Joe Pass/Steve Swallow/Joe Venuti (Carnegie Hall):

The concept of the solo performance, be it recorded or live, is an idea whose time has come. The record bins are crowded with individual outpourings from artists plying all genres. The same can be said for the schedules of clubs, concert halls and lofts.

The format's main attraction lies in its function as the ultimate challenge to the artist's musical resources. Without the aid and comfort of empathetic colleagues, it's either sink or swim. Consequently, the night of the "Solo Flight" was one of the most eagerly awaited Festival events.

The first to challenge the demanding one-man obstacle course was the long-standing musical director of the MJQ, pianist John Lewis. With his sure, deliberate touch, he brought forth full sonorous textures of orchestral dimensions. These were augmented by earthy blues figures, and a firm walking bass in such compositions as Monk's *'Round Midnight* earned the hearty approval of the capacity crowd.

Next up was vibist Gary Burton. His masterful quad-mallet technique was channeled into mesmerizing swirls of overlaid centrifugal and centripetal forces. Departing somewhat from the solo format, Burton brought out electric bassist Steve Swallow whose rhapsodic playing exploded all the usual generalizations made about the relative singing and percussive qualities of acoustic and electric versions of the bass. In tandem, Burton and Swallow demonstrated their finely tuned brand of musical ESP.

The acoustic bass was represented by Charles Mingus. With piano accompaniment, Mingus bowed and plucked with less than full authority. A rather thin arco sound and a passel of pitch problems were the main shortcomings. Nonetheless, the bassist's confident lines and charismatic presence were more than enough to satisfy the audience.

In bib overalls, Art Blakey almost looked like a fugitive from *Hee Haw*. The country air was soon blown away as Art used brushes, sticks and mallets to demonstrate his place as one of improvised music's master dramatists.

After intermission, guitarist Joe Pass wove magical spells with his mellow tone, graceful lines and mature tectonics. Next was the per-

petually youthful Joe Venuti. Blending such diverse styles as jazz, country, blues, gypsy and classical, the violinist brought the crowd to its feet with his playful version of the evolution of jazz violin.

To conclude the evening, the soloists pooled their talents in a friendly meeting of divergent generations and traditions. Imagine, Blakey, Burton, Lewis, Mingus, Pass and Venuti all on the same stage—and enjoying it. After their spirited version of *C Jam Blues*, the crowd demanded, and got, an encore—a relaxed rendition of *Scrapple From The Apple* somewhat marred by Venuti's overpowering amplification.

—chuck berg

McCoy Tyner (Avery Fisher Hall):

Tyner opened with an impressive rendering of *Prelude To A Kiss* which produced an ovation that had not been heard so early in a concert for some time. After an intricate introduction, he entered into the Ellington melody. Every so often his left hand would move into a stride pattern that gave an impression of what Art Tatum might have sounded like if he had begun life in the '70s. It was a breathtaking display of pianistics.

Adding Charles Fambrough on bass and Eric Gravatt on drums, Tyner rolled into John Coltrane's *Moment's Notice*—powerful, driving and continually swinging. But with the addition of the balance of his band—Ron Bridgewater and Joe Ford, reeds; Guilherme Franco, percussion—the music became intense, overpowering and angry. It never let up, and some in the audience remarked that it became *too* intense, almost exhausting.

The entire second half of the concert was devoted to McCoy and a woodwind ensemble conducted by Bill Fischer. Here we found dynamics, changes of mood, tempo and color. All the tunes came from *Fly With The Wind* (Fantasy). The addition of the strings smoothed the strident edges of Tyner's music. Both saxophonists became flutists at one particularly beautiful moment. During another piece Tyner and Fambrough played off against the strings and woodwinds with the reeds and percussion laying out.

—arnold jay smith

Phil Woods/Maynard Ferguson (Carnegie Hall):

The Woods/Ferguson concert at midnight was a study of the widely different paths open to today's musicians. Woods, the extraordinary altoist, has shaped his playing according to the highest musical precepts of the jazz tradition. Ferguson, the gifted trumpet virtuoso, has opted to exploit his talents in a show biz oriented career geared to big audiences and big bucks. As for musical value, Woods the artist clearly overshadowed Ferguson the entertainer.

Woods opened the bill in the company of his current group—guitarist Harry Leahy, pianist Mike Melillo, bassist Steve Gilmore and drummer Bill Goodwin. Their repertory consisted of tunes from his current double-pocket set for RCA (*The Phil Woods Six—BGL2-2202*). Calling on his big singing sound, fluid technique and uninhibited sense of swing, Phil spun out dazzling solos rich in melodic, harmonic, rhythmic and dynamic subtlety. His outstanding work on both alto and soprano was ably supported and supplemented by fine contributions from his cohorts.

After intermission it was show time. As the band launched into a blues, a young lady took

the mike to inform us (as if we didn't know) that it was time for MAYNARD FERGUSON. That brought out the man himself complete with white jump suit and wind-swept coiffure. Ah, so chic. The band launched into a screamer and MF emoted in the high energy Vegas manner with gyrations that would have compelled Ed Sullivan to present him from the waist up. Ah, how risqué. Musically, the band pulled out all stops from MF's screeching high notes to a concluding romp down the aisles of Carnegie. Ah, there's no business like show business.

Embedded within the flash and glitter were



WOODS

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

genuinely musical moments. Baritonist/flutist Bobby Militello and several other players offered fiery solos which mark these young men as talents deserving wider recognition. As for Ferguson, it must be said that his virtuosity is unique. Also, his willingness to showcase his sidemen and to clearly announce their names suggests a generosity of spirit not always found among band leaders. —chuck berg

Solo Piano (Carnegie Hall):

Two nights at Carnegie Hall were devoted to solo piano. The first was a four-part concert featuring Teddy Wilson, Adam Makowicz, George Shearing and Earl Hines; the second was an evening dedicated to the pianists of Oscar Peterson.

George Wein introduced the first concert, reminding the audience that the entire festival was a tribute to Erroll Garner. As Teddy Wilson stepped to the piano, he looked perfectly comfortable in the Carnegie/solo venue. He began by romping through an Ellington medley (*Satin Doll*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *Take The "A" Train*) that was full of humor, grace and nimble glissandi. A Gershwin medley followed that featured some startling chords as well as a walking left hand on *Summertime*.

Wilson's final number was Garner's *Passing Through*. The tune's beginning and bridge had a spare, almost classical feel which alternated with exciting, busy chording in between.

Adam Makowicz was up next, displaying a style that was somewhat more angular than Wilson's. His playing often had a very lyrical, pastoral quality, punctuated rhythmically by his tapping foot.

Makowicz's Garner tribute was a romantic, sweeping technical display which the audience found very moving and applauded enthusiastically.

Shearing opened with *Lullaby Of Birdland* 22 □ down beat

in a loping tempo. He injected humor with his customary sprightliness and unexpected thumps and trills.

Greensleeves began with a one-note-at-a-time melody statement. Shearing then added a counterpoint melody and went into minor sevenths, telling the story three different ways. He finished with a version of *Misty* that began in a straightforward manner, moved into a florid bridge and went back to the theme, striding this time with true Garneresque humor.

Hines displayed more youthful exuberance than anyone else on the bill, exploring the entire piano with zest, enthusiasm and curiosity. He was all over the piano on *I Get A Kick Out Of You*, rolling and reshaping the tune with total pianistic. He transformed a lightweight tune like *Close To You*, creating meaning and beauty through injections of the blues.

The Peterson concert the following evening extended the concert atmosphere. It was treated as an auspicious occasion and Peterson's playing was appropriately virtuosic. A Basie tribute, *Time Is Right*, began with a touch of Basiean sparseness combined with a Kansas City blues feel. Peterson's dynamics were at work here, drawing colors through deft contrasts in volume. *Misty* had a Tatumish beginning and the bridge was played delicately with fluttering arpeggios and vibrato. "*A" Train* was a most eccentric train ride—Peterson simulated whistles and artfully gave a careening impression.

The second half featured Joe Pass in "dialogue" with Peterson. Pass played with logic and control as he traded blindingly fleet lines with Peterson. As an extra surprise, Dizzy Gillespie came out and the trio took off on *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Oscar was striding exuberantly, Pass' foot was working as fast as his fingers, and Dizzy blew controlled, vital lines.

As the performance ended to a standing ovation, Basie peeked out from behind the curtain, giving one the feeling that the entire Pablo roster of artists might be lurking on the premises. —tim schneckloth

Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin/Charles Mingus (Avery Fisher Hall):

One of the Festival's unequivocal high points was the New York debut of the powerful Akiyoshi-Tabackin big band. With carefully crafted charts from the pen of Akiyoshi, spirited tenor and flute forays by Tabackin, and a cast of top Los Angeles players filling out the various sections, this is the group that over the last two years has proved anew the musical validity of the big band format.

For their Avery Fisher concert, the band turned to a fresh battery of Akiyoshi compositions. (The concert, by the way, was recorded by RCA's Japanese subsidy and will hopefully soon be available in the States as well.) Like Ellington, Akiyoshi shapes her orchestrations around the unique musical talents within the band. Therefore, the solo voices of such stalwarts as saxophonists Gary Foster and Dick Spencer, trumpeters Bobby Shew and Steve Huffstader, and Tabackin weave in and out of the flowing ensemble tapestries.

The highlight of the band's set was *Minamata*, a 22-minute tone poem inspired by the catastrophic mercury poisoning in the small Japanese fishing village referred to by the title. Opening with melancholy utterances from a Japanese singer and drummer (via tape playback), the band entered with an ominously suspended chord over which fluegelhornist Shew floated moving melancholy lines. A sud-

den segue to a breakneck tempo opened the door for the surging Tabackin tenor. Melding the lexicons of Hawkins, Webster and Rollins into his own unique style, Tabackin again demonstrated why he is one of today's major saxophone voices. A turbulent outing by altoist Spencer, a frenzied free-form collective improvisation by the band, and an almost Ivesian superimposition of the tapcd singer over the ensemble were other memorable moments in what Akiyoshi has described as "the best I've ever written." The audience's thunderous applause was a solid affirmation of that judgment.

After the almost two-hour set by the Akiyoshi-Tabackin band, the stage was turned over to the ever-turbulent Charles Mingus. With trumpeter Jack Walrath, tenorist Ricky Ford, pianist Robert Nelams and drummer Dannie Richmond, Mingus and company tackled several braces of the bassist's originals. Their energetic interactions were carried out with vigor and panache. —chuck berg

David Amram and Friends (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center):

David Amram is one of the most remarkable forces on today's music scene. Aptly described by Leonard Feather as a musical renaissance man, Amram has been a composer-in-residence with the New York Philharmonic, a film composer (*The Young Savages*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *Seven Days In May*), an opera composer (*The Final Ingredient*), author (his autobiography, *Vibrations*, was published in 1968), a teacher/clinician and an indefatigable booster of improvised music.

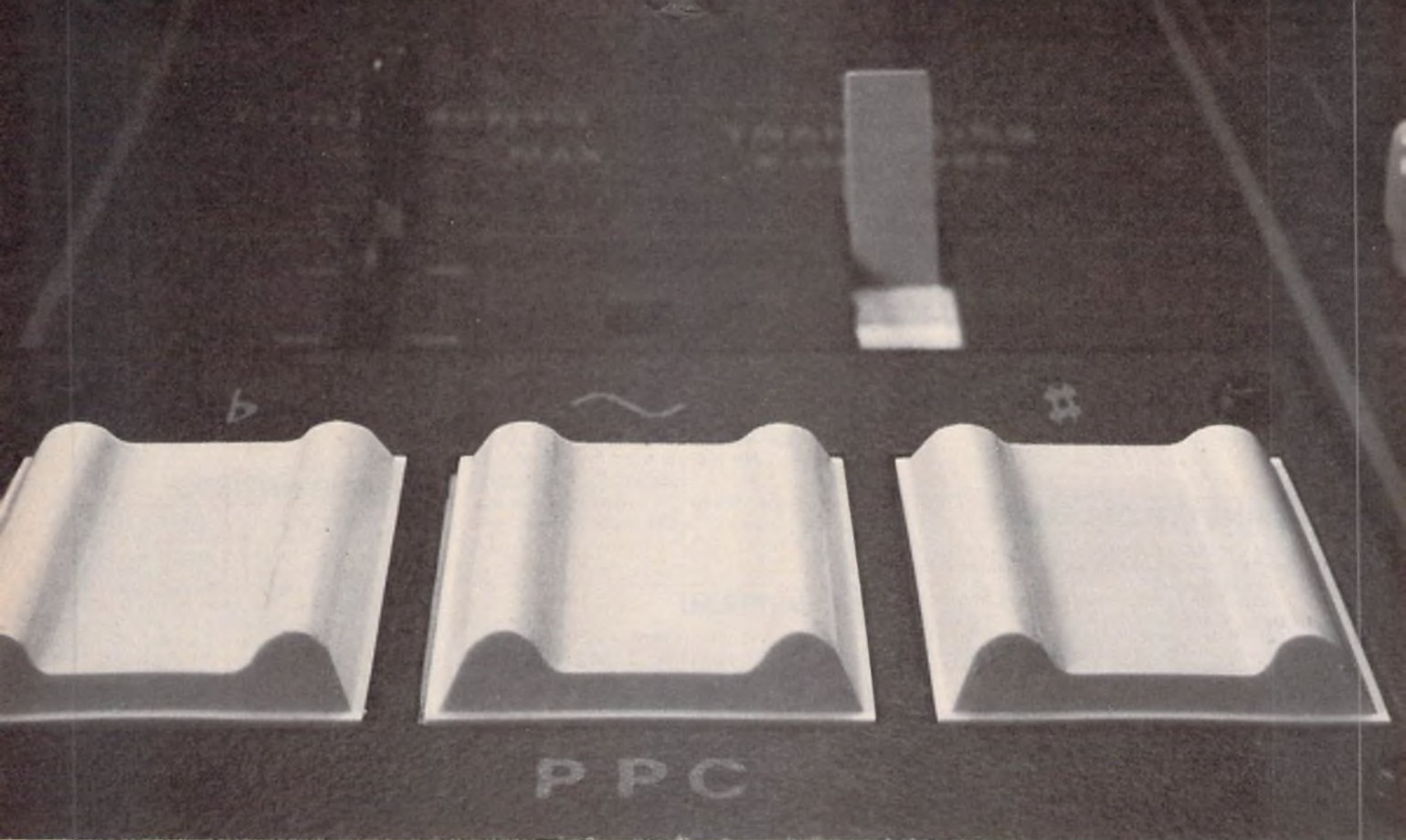
In the company of an all-star cast of New Yorkers (saxophonists Jerry Dodgion, George Barrow and Pepper Adams; brassmen Thad Jones and Jimmy Knepper; guitarist Charlie Chin; bassist Eddie Gomez; and percussionists Beaver Harris, Ray Mantilla, Ali Hafid, and Mantwill Nyomo), Amram's "Family Jazz Concert" promised to be an energizing family event, especially for the kids.

The afternoon opened nicely. Amram with fife and a battery of percussionist marched down the aisles of N.Y.U.'s Loeb Center and mounted the stage. Amram then explained the fife band's place within the jazz tradition. As the discussion went on, however, it became clear that the concert's premises were not well defined.

The basic question which was apparently not fully considered was the afternoon's target audience. Faced with a crowd comprised largely of kids from three to ten, Amram struggled mightily to narrate the story of jazz in comprehensible terms. Alas, his efforts seemed more apropos for high schoolers. For kids, the commentary was just too didactic.

There were other problems. Compositions such as *Maita Washna* were based on musical variations just too subtle for a generation plugged into the electric pulsations of *Sesame Street*. In general, shorter performances and selection of more familiar tunes would have done much to hold the youngsters' attention. An admirable attempt to engage the kids through handclapping fell flat because of the complexity and confusion of directions issued from the stage.

It should be pointed out that the afternoon's fare was billed as "One World of Music—A Jazz Concert for Children of All Ages." Therefore, my carping about Amram's problems reaching the three to ten-year-old portion of his audience may be unjustified. It



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★★ good, ★ fair, ★ poor

ORNETTE COLEMAN

DANCING IN YOUR HEAD—Horizon A&M SP 722: *Theme From A Symphony, Variations 1 And 2; Midnight Sunrise.*

Personnel: Coleman, alto sax; Bern Nix, 1st lead guitar; Charlie Ellerbee, 2nd lead guitar; Rudy MacDaniel, bass; Shannon Jackson, drums; the Master Musicians of Joujouka, non-tempered reeds, strings, drums (track 3); Robert Palmer, clarinet (track 3).

★★★★★

Call it Joujouka jazz, after the North Africans who apparently inspired Ornette's irrepressible electric band. Consider *Dancing* "free rock" or disco sax, or even grin music: the music remains startling and energizing, positive proof that Ornette is a natural in the avant garde, quite capable of remaining his eccentric self while urging the unity of all musical forms. Ornette dubs his concept "har-molodic", writing "the rhythms, harmonies, and tempos are all equal in relationship and independent melodies at the same time."

What does it all mean? Listen to the last track, *Sunrise*, recorded in Morocco in early '73. Our saxist from the Southwest improvises from a tonal center over traditional music that ignores the conventional European scale in favor of unison squalling over thumping drums. Archie Shepp tried this in '69 with Algerian and Touareg musicians, but displayed less affinity for the context. Ornette works his own statements around the indigenous material without obliterating it, and can draw a phrase from the Moroccans to turn into a barbecue lick. Sure, he's a black American with ideas of his own, but his impulses are simpatico.

Now, the 11 and 15 minute variations on a theme from *Skies Of America*. When Ornette recorded with the London Philharmonic, he survived lackluster support. The double guitars here don't shrink—they sound good, even loud. Nix and Ellerbee tend to choke their strings tight. One chops out a country shuffle, and the other answers by dribbling forth a quirky line. They keep on coming, calling up the tonal spectrum of the North African musicians, providing a denser, less linear backdrop than Coleman's occasional guitarist, James "Blood" Ulmer.

Meanwhile, MacDaniel's electric bass hews close to the hummable 12-bar theme, though he finds several aspects to emphasize. Jackson wallops his drums, which sound punchy, even flat, but somehow suitable—and his bells and cymbals brighten the mix.

Without Ornette, this arrangement might be truly harmolodic. The quartet is as cohesive as thatch—it can be tugged and stretched, but won't come apart. Ornette runs his short, fiery threads all through it. His tone is an electric 24 □ down beat

blast, though his horn is unamplified. Though his designs seem splattered on the surface, they take complete account of the pattern running underneath: indeed, the broad strokes he blows are the strongest strands shaping the assemblage. In this sense, Ornette's contribution is not equal in relationship to his context—he's clearly a star, and a soloist. But as a composer, he has synthesized a fabric durable as any traditional music, with little obvious reference to Western formulas. There's a nod in the direction of an Africa still mostly unexplored, and a retrieval of the most popular American instrumentation for strictly personal ends. No Albert Ayler pseudo-soul, nor even as commercial a compromise as Don Cherry has flirted with, endangers Ornette's reputation. He remains the only guide who fearlessly rides the blues into the future, mapping a music accessible to any soul, encompassing a rich and joyful world of passionate sound.

—mandel

AL JARREAU

LOOK TO THE RAINBOW—Warner Bros. 2BX 3052: *Letter Perfect; Rainbow In Your Eyes; One Good Turn; Could You Believe; Burst In With The Dawn; Better Than Anything; So Long Girl; Look To The Rainbow; You Don't See Me; Take Five; Loving You; We Got By.*

Personnel: Jarreau, vocals and percussion; Tom Canning, keyboards; Joe Cornero, drums; Abraham Laboriel, bass; Lynn Blessing, vibes.

★★★★ ½

In the opening passage of his new live *Look To The Rainbow*, Al Jarreau delivers a rubbery scat phrase that cuts any other single moment on the record, or any other exercise in his recorded repertoire, for that matter. Sounding not unlike the scattering offspring of an unearthly mating of Johnny Mathis and Daffy Duck, Jarreau transfixes his audience with a liquified, non-verbal twanging riff, punctuated with an alluring, drag-and-push timing. Elsewhere, in the late Paul Desmond's *Take Five*, Al revives the tonality, except this time he injects it with a sinewy Nagaswaram flavor and Yiddish inflection. Huh? A crooning duck that sings with a nasal Jewish accent? Well, not exactly, although like such a chimerical creature, Al Jarreau is hardly typical of any one vocal school, a trait which in the end may prove more detrimental than praiseworthy.

As anyone can attest to who has seen him perform live, Jarreau has the makings of a true phenomenon. His fluid talents derive from the elastic contours and contortions of his mouth: sprawling lips that frame a resounding airy cavity, and a tough, adeptly thudding tongue, possessing a remarkable percussive quality. Top that off with a cornet-like tone and his scalar facility—he can turn chromatic slides and tricky minor-key descents with disarming precision—and you have a potentially killer combination. Unfortunately, Jarreau elects to dilute the package by straining it through a plethora of his own material, an agreeable enough but formless collection of songs built around one or two phrase riffs. That approach, which borrows heavily from the gospel tradition, allows ample room for improvisational bents, but makes for forgettable songwriting.

Jazz singing—by any standards, Jarreau can fit the bill—has always been enhanced by the quality of the song as much as the singer, even in the scat style, and invariably Al is at his best on the non-originals. Leon Russell's funky-goopy *Rainbow In Your Eyes* is tailor-made for Jarreau's mellifluous proclivities,

while the swaying, Jackie & Roy-like *Better Than Anything* and *Look To The Rainbow* are his straightest readings of the set, and probably the most effective. Too often on his own material, Jarreau has a tendency to riff non-stop, occasionally with musically detractive and confusing results. Consequently, he renders his own best instincts dispensable by virtue of their proliferation. To be sure, he is an inventive singer of protean ability, but an unremarkable songwriter and an indulgent improviser. As good as he is, and we have reason to believe that his talents will ripen sharply, he doesn't yet possess the acumen to sustain a two-record set. More disciplined arrangements and a more demanding producer are in order.

—gilmore

VARIOUS ARTISTS

J.A.T.P. IN TOKYO, 1953—Pablo 2620 104: *Jam Session Blues; Cottontail; Nearness Of You; Flamingo; I Surrender Dear; Sweet And Lovely; Stardust; Embraceable You; Old Black Magic; Tenderly; Blues; Alone Together; Swingin' Til The Girls Come Home; Indiana; Cocktails For Two; Don't Be That Way; Stompin' At The Savoy; Sunny Side Of The Street; Body And Soul; Why Don't You Do Right; Lady Be Good; I Got It Bad; How High The Moon; My Funny Valentine; Smooth Sailing; Frim Fram Sauce; Perdido.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Willie Smith, Benny Carter, alto sax; Flip Phillips, Ben Webster, tenor sax; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; J. C. Heard, Gene Krupa, drums; Ella Fitzgerald, vocals; Raymond Tunia, piano (Fitzgerald tracks only).

★★★★ ½

The 1953 JATP tour originally produced a box set of three 12" LPs plus a "bonus" 10" record under the title *JATP, Volume 16*, all of which presumably was recorded at one or more recitals as the troupe made its way across the land. Once the U.S. was covered, however, producer Norman Granz decided to take it to Japan. Only Lester Young did not make the overseas part of the 1953 season. Although Granz recorded in Japan, the tapes were never released until a couple of years ago when they came out on English Verve. Now finally they come to America in an attractive box set.

When one compares this new version of the 1953 show to the original Clef version, there are obvious similarities. Consider *Cottontail*—or *Challenges* as it was referred to on the original package. It was nothing more than a battle, first between Webster and Phillips and then Eldridge and Shavers. A trombone solo by Harris separated the two. The order of soloists and, for the most part, the number of choruses are the same on the American and Japanese versions. In the case of Webster's solos, his first two choruses are virtually identical. The others play less by rote. Eldridge, Shavers, Phillips and Harris produce substantially different ideas, although the spirit and feeling are the same.

The findings are similar in comparing *Jam Session* with its counterpart on the original LP. The formula was to let each solo build to a boisterous, shouting climax. So within a given selection you find a series of self-sufficient islands of emotional accumulation, each completely independent from the other. But I don't mean to suggest that it doesn't all work extremely well. If a fraction of the excitement heard here could be captured on some of the more recent jam session attempts, it would be a treat. It all seemed very easy back then. And of course it was taken for granted. But perhaps it wasn't as easy as it seemed.

The ballad medley is anti-climatic after such fireworks. Furthermore, it becomes al-

most sleep-inducing in its length. The classic Oscar Peterson trio with only guitar (Ellis) and bass (Brown) is classy and impeccable.

Then there's the Gene Krupa Trio set with Peterson and Benny Carter. Oscar assumes the roll of bassist here and there, and seems to restrict his playing to his least challenging levels. The purpose of the trio is so obviously subordinated to the idea of showcasing Krupa that the horn and piano become almost superfluous. It's an odd combination. Each artist is quite superb at what he does, but together it's all somewhat out of balance.

The last LP is entirely Ella, who was not included in the Clef set because of contractual conflicts. Her musicianship is radiant on *Sunny Side*, *Valentine* and *Perdido*. If she falls back on clichés occasionally (*Sailin'*, *Sauce*), redemption is never far away. —mcdonough

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI- LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND

ROAD TIME—RCA CPL2-2242: *Tuning Up*; *Warning: Success May Be Hazardous To Your Health*; *Henpecked Old Man*; *Soliloquy*; *Kogun*; *Since Perry/Yet Another Tear*; *Road Time Shuffle*.

Personnel: Akiyoshi, piano, arrangements and compositions; Tabackin, tenor sax, flute; Steven Huffstetter, Bobby Shew, Richard Cooper, Mike Price, trumpets; Bill Reichenback, Jim Sawyer, Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Phil Teele, bass trombone; Dick Spencer, Gary Foster, alto saxes; Tom Peterson, tenor sax; Bill Byrn, baritone sax; Peter Donald, drums; Don Baldwin, bass; Kasaku Katada, kotsumuzumi (track 5); Yutaka Yazaki, ohtsumuzumi (track 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

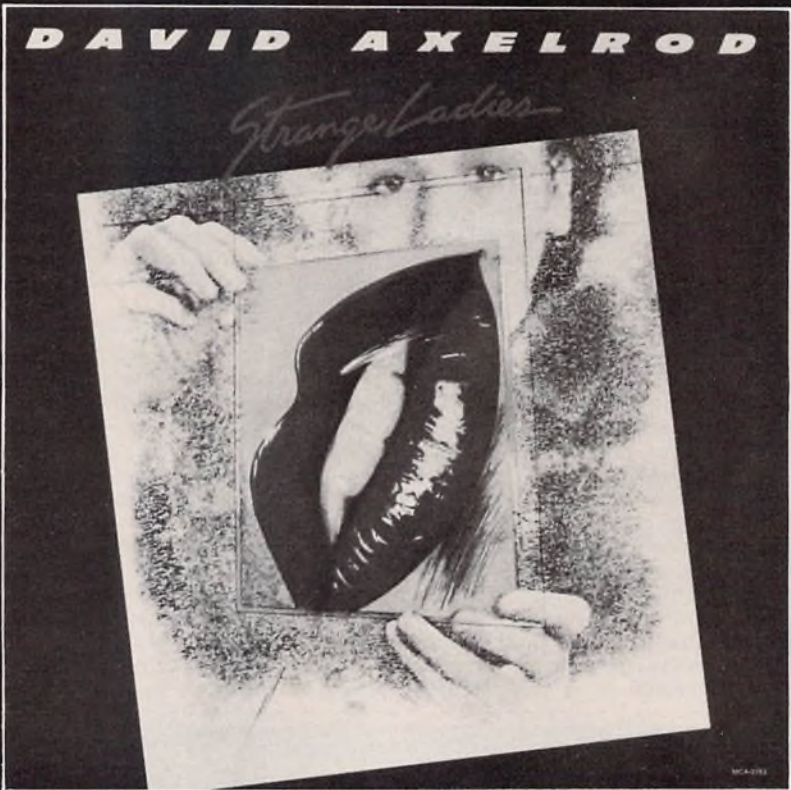
Akiyoshi juggles her big band forms and capable soloists brilliantly on this two LP set, recorded during the band's early '76 Japanese tour following the surprise success of their first album, *Kogun* (unreleased in the States). Co-leader and husband Lew shares the blowing space with a brace of contrasting altoists, a competitive brass section and thoughtful slide specialists. But it is the particular achievement of Toshiko, who has cracked the all-male echelon of composing bandleaders, that makes this assemblage sound like no other.

How to typify Akiyoshi's sound? First of all, these are not experimental sides—all the players are studio pros, and the compositions are firmly mainstream matter. Only *Kogun* extends itself past the usual instrumentation to include indigenous Eastern devices. The execution of all passages is rehearsed and assured.

However, this band stretches out. Each number includes lengthy solo spots balanced against ensembles that swell with distinctive voicings—flutes, broadly harmonized saxes, blendings within the brass, and a lightly supportive rhythm section—and break down into a fast succession of effects that fit tight as a collage and move along like a montage.

Tuning, almost 17 minutes, is the kind of meat-and-potatoes riff that blues bands have used since Basie's early days. As it is a warm-up, it only features a confident Tabackin tenor turn, bari-man Byrn marking time against a chorus of trumpets, a tasty mid-range statement by Reichenback taken out by the flutes (there is more doubling than the liner notes credit), Spencer pinching the upper reaches of his register. Shew's easygoing horn overtaken by Huffstetter's, a compliment of saxes in ratio, another more mellow tenor chorus, and an ending that spoofs cliché. They leap right into *Warning*, with Donald pushing a Latinac beat on hihat while Huffstetter sets up the melody—again the flutes back the brass which

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open the package. The whole band rises softly to support the soloist with full punctuations that fall away to let Foster, quite cool, play with Getz-like bossa nova fluidity. The brass continue their hook while the low reeds weave underneath. Donald rolls and punches, kicks and splashes his traps while the bass bounces along. The horns read the score again—the saxes ingratiate themselves—a piccolo rides atop the whole arrangement. That's just side one, of four.

Side two is *Henpecked*, in entirety. Tabackin begins alone, inflecting as purely as a shagahachi player. Then with the rhythm trio's help he vexes his complaint. Shew is another henpecked one, echoing Lew's punchlines. Spencer testifies to similar abuse, as does Reichenback. The orchestra acts as a village chorus, interjecting surprise or calling witness, until finally each section takes the part of a complainant and argues to conclusion. Throughout, Baldwin's bass has been a sturdy staff for the old men, and Akiyoshi's underrecorded comping has spurred them along.

Tabackin's flute, classically toned then flatter tongued, opens *Soliloquy*, until the piano enters waltzing and the flutes support the sweet resolve of a single trumpet. The band splits into fragments, each reflecting a theme or variation—and at controlled volume, each part is audible separately as well as in relation to the complex whole. Foster follows with another bright alto spell. Akiyoshi takes a brief solo, rather correct and upright. The band comes on strong—but not terribly loud. Its counterpoint leads into a flute cadenza. Muted brass call the question.

Kogun: a moaning, and a mourning flute.

The click-thump of a primitive instrument pierces the steady rise and fall of the massed reeds. A flute offers a charming melody, which is abbreviated for another pass at the Oriental theme, supported by tympani. Again, the pianist is cogent, if straightlaced. Then high toots pop against insistent sax licks. Figures interlock, sections splinter and overlay each other. Tabackin's flute reappears. His notes float gently, as he has mastered tone-bending techniques that evoke simple reed tubes. His tone is furry here, and his breath gasps are just part of the vocalization his solo demands. The processional theme (in 5/4) is once more aired, then the ghostly moaning and the click.

For a flagwaver, Akiyoshi provides a slippery line—and the band dazzles the audience. Tabackin nudges his tenor through legato runs that knot about themselves, while the band bursts in periodically. Then he segues into a jowly, romantic tenor ballad of his own composition (*Tear*).

The *Shuffle* is a classy way to put the show on the road. Spencer gets to show off his bluesy squeals, and the orchestration blares a bit—but tastefully. The flute leads a tight reeds-in-unison melody run-through, and you can hear people clapping time. Finally, the squiggly trumpet, and two saxes just a step apart, lead into a raving end.

This band relies on a half-dozen soloists who can cut through the thickest textures. Akiyoshi's long phrased songs are distinctive, but largely starting points for the blowing, and are not always incorporated into an improvisation. The rhythm section is not distracting, but works well behind each hornman, like a house trio behind a featured soloist, and Don-

ald swings the ensemble. Yep, it's those ensembles, meshing gloriously and filled with original thinking by an artful jazzwoman, that keep us listening. Turn your box up when everyone starts jumping in, and try to hear what's happening. Those sections and Akiyoshi's arrangements, wedded, make this big band's road time worth preserving and cherishing.

—mandel

FRANK FOSTER

HERE AND NOW—Catalyst Cat-7613: *Sweet Mirage*; *Shunga*; *Been Here And Gone*; *Square Knights Of The Round Table*.

Personnel: Foster, tenor sax; Artie Webb, flute; Richard Williams, trumpet; Roland Price, guitar; Harold Mabern, piano; David Lee, bass; Freddie Waits, drums; Azzedin Weston, congas.

★ ★

This release is interesting if for no other reason that it makes the point that however dreary the musical situation, a musician of Frank Foster's caliber may still have a fair chance of surviving, and at times even prevailing. But the result, as this release also demonstrates, may contain some disquieting incongruities.

For example, *Sweet Mirage*, a breezy reggae number, dolled-up with mystery background vocalists and synthesized-sounding strings, begins as a something-for-everybody pop track, but then segues into an inexplicably long, angry solo by Foster. The mismatch is striking as Foster's brittle, intricate lines are set against the lushest of mush.

Happily, the remaining tracks are less schizoid. *Shunga*, a minorish, strictly-for-blowing chart built on a simple 9/4 vamp, has shorter and better integrated solos than *Mirage*. On *Been Here And Gone*, a sprightly let-

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the-good-times-roll number, Roland Prince (who like bassist David Lee and Foster himself is an Elvin Jones alumnus) plays fluid, blues-tinged guitar, and his lines seem genuinely inspired.

But the only consistently interesting piece is *Square Knights Of The Round Table*, a Foster original, presumably also arranged by him. While this chart is no *Shiny Stockings*, its straight-ahead bluesy mood does manage to stir up some convincing interaction between the rhythm section and soloists. Prince toys with some modernized Charlie Christian, and pianist Mabern contributes energized bits of leaps and unexpected chordal punctuations. Foster's presence is especially commanding. All of this, of course, is a tantalizing hint at the album this might have been. —*ballerus*

KEITH JARRETT

STAIRCASE—ECM 2-1090: *Staircase; Hourglass; Sundial; Sand*.

Personnel: Jarrett, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the latest of what seems to be an endless stream of solo piano LPs, Keith Jarrett apparently has finally found his niche. On his new two record set, he maintains a high caliber of technical expertise without reverting to any of the pretentiousness of his previous Bremen/Lausanne or Koln concert albums. *Staircase*, the first solo piano project since *Facing You*, is perhaps his most satisfying album of keyboard music.

One aspect of the recording not immediately obvious yet unequivocally central to its success is the instrument chosen for this performance. Reputedly Jarrett and producer Manfred Eicher were so impressed with this particular studio piano that within a matter of hours they had leased the facilities and recorded the album. It takes an artist with the sensitivity of Keith Jarrett to successfully utilize the patent subtleties of this fine instrument's harmonics and exquisite tone colorings.

Jarrett has wisely chosen to improvise on several different musical motifs rather than trying to incorporate all of his ideas into a few extended pieces. Subdividing these pieces into suites, and altering his improvisational base in each, results in a generally more approachable album than previous similar efforts with the possible exception of *Facing You*.

True, fleeting traces of the self-indulgencies that marred Bremen/Lausanne remain, but they are incidental and detract little from the overall enjoyment of the music. The freshness and exuberance demonstrated on *Facing You* returns on *Staircase*, revealing the intricate dichotomy of Keith Jarrett, a master technician who maintains the novice's awe and respect for the possibilities of his instrument.

—*less*

PHIL WILSON

WILSON—THAT'S ALL—Famous Door 109: *Outrageous Mother; Nostalgia; Famous Door; These Are The Days; Sleepy Time Down South; There Will Never Be Another You*.

Personnel: Wilson, trombone; tracks 1, 3-4, 6—Al Cohn, tenor sax; tracks 1, 3-6—John Bunch, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Mouscy Alexander, drums.

★ ★ 1/2

Wilson is a swing trombonist who knows some Dicky Wells phrases, can play staccato notes almost as fast as Frank Rosolino, has a triplet run that descends to his horn's depths and an insect up-slur, and wields a childlike sense of humor. Is this all? Nearly, if this LP is

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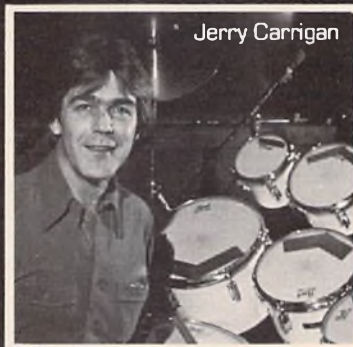
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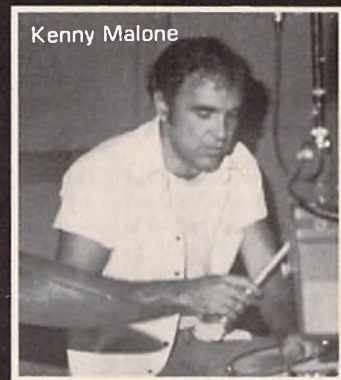
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an accurate document. He does swing nicely, and his *Famous* solo is structured so that the clichés last a little longer. Most of the time he hits his notes accurately, too, and that's the name of this game. Trombone facility is his trip, and one suspects his reputation as a college trombone clinician bears the onus of "Phil Wilson is good for you."

His one-man trombone chords in the otherwise unpleasant *Nostalgia* medley are an interesting touch that he hasn't yet figured how to use, but maybe that's the matter's heart. Modernists such as Lester Lashley and Paul Rutherford represent the major advances in trombone style since the great era of Wells et al., partly because their technical advances are inseparable from their styles. Wilson's facility is a cover for lack of style. His slick tricks are grafted onto '30s-based, but dehydrated, ideas, and his constant fooling with the tone sounds trivial next to his craft's masters. The whole *Outrageous Mother* set-up and *Closer Walk With Thee* intro to *Sleepy Time* suggest why the camp had become passe. I may be doing Wilson a disservice, but this LP leads to no healthier conclusions.

Cohn may not be at his best, but the contrast is in his favor in *Famous Door*, *These Are The Days* and *Another You*. The faster pieces include some inventive phrasing. The tone is unusually strong and alive on this recording and the net effect is vigorous music. His *Another You* works especially well, and though he seems to play down in the unaccompanied duet, his counterpoint even lifts Wilson a bit in the final choruses. Bunch's solo moments are mainly mechanical and, interestingly, both piano and drums are recorded underneath the bass. Since Hinton naturally pushes the beat, the listener must adjust to the fractional time-lag.

—litweiler

GERRY NIEWOOD AND TIMEPIECE

GERRY NIEWOOD AND TIMEPIECE—A&M Horizon SP-719: *Joy*; *Soft Focus*; *Aqua*; *Anyx*; *Muhattan Bittersweet/Snow*; *Ralph's Piano Waltz*; *Masada*; *Thorn Of A White Rose*; *Timeless*.

Personnel: Niewood, soprano sax, alto sax, flutes; Dave Samuels, vibes, electric vibes, marimba; Ron Davis, drums, conga, percussion; Michel Donato, acoustic bass; Rick Laird, electric bass.

Reedman Niewood, ex-Rochesterite and easily the standout member of the old Chuck Mangione Quartet, has put together a new group featuring Rick Laird and vibist Dave Samuels. Those who prefer their jazz light, bright and white may find these pretty pastels just right. But to my palate they're just pleasantly pallid.

It's all nice, breezy stuff, an updated version of the sort of airy fluff pioneered by Herbie Mann, Shelly Manne and other West Coast men back in the '50s and '60s. No fusion here—Laird's occasional bass and Samuels' electric vibes are the only plug-ins on the session—just natural, relaxed blowing on appealing tunes by John Abercrombie, Jan Hammer, Laird and Niewood himself. Gerry takes turns on soprano, flute and alto, while Samuels gets enough room between comps for some Burtonesque mallet-work, as drummer Ron Davis and bassist Michel Donato fill in with crisp but unobtrusive taste.

This LP will doubtless find its way into college dorms where it will, I'm sure, provide ideal accompaniment for wee-hours study sessions—turned down low, of course. The packaging is excellent, by the way, as on the 28 □ down beat

entire new Horizon line, but I'm told that their more adventuresome product is meeting resistance on the racks so we'll probably be hearing more of this sort of thing in the future.

—hirnbaum

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER

WORKS—Atlantic SD 2-7000: *Piano Concerto No. 1*; *Lend Your Love To Me Tonight*; *C'est La Vie*; *Hallowed Be Thy Name*; *Nobody Loves You Like I Do*; *Closer To Believing*; *The Enemy God Dances With The Black Spirits*; *L.A. Nights*; *New Orleans*; *Two Part Invention In D Minor*; *Food For Your Soul*; *Tank*; *Fanfare For The Common Man*; *Pirates*.

Personnel: Keith Emerson, grand piano, organ, synthesizer; Greg Lake, guitar and vocals; Carl Palmer, drums, tympani, vibes, marimbas and percussion; London Philharmonic Orchestra (track 1); Joe Walsh, guitar, vocals (track 8); The Orchestra de L'opera de Paris (tracks 13, 14).

★ ★ ½

How susceptible we mortals are to the substitution of flair for substance, effect for thought, show for content.

The main thing proven on *Works* is that in musical physics, the whole is often greater than the sum of its parts. Together, Emerson, Lake and Palmer have always made chartered, flowing sense; a strong concept of team play and tonal unity has aborted any pomposity. Their masterworks—*Take A Pebble*, *Karn Evil 9* and most of the *Tarkus Suites*—have proven to be a capably representative easel for Emerson's bombastic figureheads, Palmer's tympanic conceptions and Lake's latent folkie yet exquisite chords and smooth voice.

At their best, ELP work has always had an omonopoc effect; the various war suites on *Brain Salad Surgery* were orchestrated with Moog-played bugle simulations and the military cadences of Palmer. Such close interrelationship between lyric and music persists here: the Emerson, Lake and Pete Sinfield composition *Pirates* is backed up by the swirling tempos of the Orchestra de L'opera de Paris, playing glissandos that are often used to portray the rolling waves of the ocean in seagoing classical works.

Unfortunately though, ELP as a unit only occupies one-fourth of the disc space here. The other three sides are each devoted to individual performances by the three band members. Here is where the boredom sets in, as the lone musicians, for the most part free of customary accompaniment, all reveal serious technical deficiencies.

First a word about Keith Emerson. All this "virtuoso of the piano" hype has gone too far. What can he do that any second year classical music keyboard student can't? His solos are often little more than parallel rolling plunges down the scale, a sleight-of-hand trick that leaves teen audiences spellbound yet would pull only a C plus grade at the senior recital. In addition, his itinerant, quiet tinkling, interspersed throughout *Piano Concerto* to give the work some variety, are the exact type of structures I recently saw a 12-year-old Japanese prodigy design on the news. I mean, there are thousands of keyboard players as good as Keith Emerson in the practice rooms of our universities. And his synthesizer work? He's little more than a modulator, a knob-twister who has little cognition of the limitless pictorial potential the instrument possesses.

As evidenced by the *Concerto*, Keith is also drying up as a composer. With the London Philharmonic at his command, he involves them in little more than brief bleats, futilely surrounding his equally inane attempts at maestrodrom.

Greg Lake, on side two, can sing only one

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3. **Jazzman and Rock/Blues Musician of the year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz/rock/blues in 1977.

4. **Hall of Fame:** Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to contemporary music. The following previous winners are not eligible: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Bix Beiderbecke, Clifford Brown, Charlie Christian, Ornnette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Woody Herman, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Stan Kenton, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonius Monk, Wes Montgomery, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Django Reinhardt, Buddy Rich, Sonny Rollins, Pee Wee Russell, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Art Tatum, Cecil Taylor, Jack Teagarden, Fats Waller, Ben Webster, and Lester Young.

5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with these exceptions, valve trombone, included in trombone category; cornet and fluegelhorn, included in the trumpet category.

6. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

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type of song, a semi-mystical Moody Blues cop. It can deal in trippy images (early King Crimson) or be a slightly sappy love song, as in the elegant *Closer To Believing*. Strings are worked in perfectly, yet with that one exception, the material bogs down into folk club melodies and ambiguous, spiritual buffoonery.

Carl Palmer, an exceptional rock drummer, unfortunately maintains a non-productive pose here. Carl is starting to depend on funk cliché (a plastic, horn-infused Chicago clone called *L.A. Nights*) or in machine-gun military drumming (Prokofiev's *Enemy God*). Carl, who gave us so much rock percussion history on previous LPs, has apparently canned his sense of subtle timing in a quest to join the ever-growing Society of Mechanoid Trappers.

The bitch about such a two record set is that you have to listen for untold minutes before encountering anything interesting. In the wink of an eye, when a rare inspired lick fails, it's back to the drek. At least it's not disco. —shaw

JOE BECK

WATCH THE TIME—Polydor PD-1-6092; *L-o-v-e; Stand Up And Be Somebody; Ain't It Good To Be Back Home; Happy Shoes; Watch The Time; Polaris; Now's The Time; Dr. Lee.*

Personnel: Beck, electric and acoustic guitar; Michael Brecker, sax; Alan Mansfield, keyboards and guitar; Tom Flynn, lead vocals; Doug Margetts, bass guitar; Rudy "Bongo" Romero, percussion; Jack Waldman, keyboards; Frick & Frack, cowbells.

★ ★

Guitarist Joe Beck is currently being touted as a veteran session hand with a style of his own. Now that may well be, but there is little evidence on this piece of commercial hackwork that Beck is much more than a competent and versatile player with more technique than imagination. The three instrumentals stand out, as well they might against a background of watery gruel evidently intended for AM airplay.

Although the album deigns the disco treatment, the lightweight rockers here are as juicyfruit to bubblegum, still sweet and sticky but with just a little more taste. The chief malefactor is vocalist Tom Flynn, who ought to be caterwauling in front of some two-chord heavy metal outfit—on *Happy Shoes* he outdoes himself with an imitation of Janis Joplin choking to death on a hambone. His accomplice in crime has to be lyricist George Fame (could it be the same?), who is probably on the lam now that the FDA has outlawed saccharine. The bandwork behind the vocals is basically well played studio fluff, and Beck's tunes are merely mediocre.

As for the instrumentals, *Ain't It Good To Be Back Home* is a bluesy vamp tune and *Dr. Lee* is a nice uptempo boogie. *Polaris* is easily the best track—RTF imitations seem almost de rigueur these days but this one at least gives Beck a chance to stretch out and show off his fusion chops.

This LP is being heavily promoted and I don't doubt it will do well despite the awful cover art, and maybe Joe will feel secure enough to get serious next time. If his ambitions are at all directed toward art though, he would do well to heed the admonition of his own title track and "watch the time before it passes you by." —birnbaum

CHUCK FLORES

FLORES AZULES—Dobre DR1001; *Flores Azules; Primavera; Es Tiempo; Padali; Bye Bye Blackbird; Isela.*

Personnel: Flores, drums, bells, cowbell, tambourine; Bobby Shew, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Bob Hard-

away, tenor sax, flute; Dick Johnson, acoustic and electric piano; David Troncoso, acoustic and electric bass, congas; Gary Weisburg, vibraslap (track 4); Gene Harbin, vocal (track 5).

★ ★ ½

Chuck Flores is a West Coast drummer and percussionist who's worked with the bands of Maynard Ferguson and Woody Herman, more recently with Bud Shank. Laurindo Almeida and the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin big band. Additionally, he composes, having penned four tunes on this release, his first under his own name and leadership.

As a drummer, Flores is often more impressive for what he suggests than what he actually plays: his touch is light, restrained, controlled, and his brushwork is compelling, especially on the moody *Es Tiempo*.

As a composer, Flores' strength lies in his ability to write in a variety of idioms. *Flores Azules* is a minor blues, with Horace Silverish brass/piano call and response patterns. *Primavera* is a pleasant but forgettable bossa nova, and *Padali* is based on a clever bit of polymetrics, with the horns in 5 and 7 above a half-time bass line in 6. Throughout, arrangements and solos alike are craftsmanlike and serviceable; they make their points and get where they're going, resulting in a cautiously energetic, unpretentious small group session.

—balleras

THE BRECKER BROS.

DON'T STOP THE MUSIC—Arista AL 4122; *Finger Lickin' Good; Funky Sea, Funky Dew; As Long As I've Got Your Love; Squids; Don't Stop The Music; Petals; Tabula Rasa.*

Personnel: Randy Brecker, trumpet, fluegelhorn, electric trumpet; Michael Brecker, tenor sax, flute; Chris Parker, drums; Steve Gadd, drums (tracks 4 and 6); Lenny White, drums (track 7); Will Lee, bass; Don Grolnick, keyboards; Doug Riley, keyboards; Steve Khan, electric guitars; Jerry Friedman, guitar (track 1), electric piano (track 5); Sandy Torano, guitar (tracks 1, 3); Hiram Law Bullock, guitar (tracks 2, 3, 4); Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Sammy Figueroa, congas (track 7); Doug and Beverlyillard, Will Lee, Christine Faith, Robin Clark and Josh Brown, background vocals.

★ ★ ★

How will we look back on the disco-funk movement in jazz a generation from now? Chances are it will redeem itself by popular acclaim alone. If jazz history has taught us anything, it's that critical consensus subverts itself. One need only go to the library to see how poorly received was bop at its creative apex in the late '40s, but today it's an inherent critical fave. So, while many of us (myself included) burn out our eyes and minds at typewriters trying to counterbalance the detractive funk influence, it persists nicely, without compunction. And the Brecker Bros.—truly some of the most protean hornmen in any idiom—

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remain among its major commercial progenitors. *Don't Stop The Music* provides fair evidence that if they weren't so consumed by their marketing potency, the Breckers could elevate the form. Ultimately, that may mean little to their fans, but at least it would give us critical spoilers less to brood about.

Only *Finger Lickin' Good, As Long As I've Got Your Love, Don't Stop The Music*, with their bastardized rock and soul progressions and sterile, inane vocal backings, succumb to the processed guilelessness that shapes the disco creative mentality, and even they include enough moments of overpowering textural display and exciting staged confrontation to merit perusal. The Breckers' curious style of rehearsed freneticism reaches peak levels on *Squids* and *Tabula Rasa*. The former threads a ballsy guitar line and staggering tenor sax part through dense Romanesque horns, while the latter—the album's most impassioned performance—foments an electrified current of Moorish elegance and turbulent modality for a delightful sensory effect.

But the most lasting moments are the ballad settings, *Funky Sea, Funky Dew* and *Petals*, exemplary blends of mobile grains and tense, malleable harmonies. The honeyfied polish of Miles dominates, and it coaxes the brothers to their most eloquent moments. If the Breckers are content making music for artful hip masters, then may it always be as seductive as on this album. Nonetheless, it's a self-imposed constriction, a narrow presentation of a name that could stand for much more. —gilmore

4 GIANTS OF SWING

S' WONDERFUL—Flying Fish 035: *Medley (Take The A Train; Satin Doll; Sophisticated Lady; C Jam Blues); There Will Never Be Another You; Limehouse Blues; S' Wonderful; Summertime; Lady Be Good; Rhapsody In Blue; I Got Rhythm; Caravan.*

Personnel: Joe Venuti, violin; Eldon Shamblin, guitar; Curley Chalker, steel guitar; Jethro Burns, mandolin; Robert Hoban, piano; Jim Tullio, bass; Angelo Varias, drums.

★ ★ 1/2

S' Wonderful offers a series of pleasant, unambitious performances by jazz violinist Venuti and a trio of well-known country music veterans. Mandolinist Burns is one half of the comedy-music team Homer & Jethro; Shamblin was for many years lead guitarist and arranger for Bob Wills' Texas Playboys and most recently has been a member of Merle Haggard's band; Chalker is one of the pioneering pedal steel guitarists who helped develop many of the instrument's by now widely familiar effects and who also performed for a time with Red Norvo.

The common ground on which the four here meet is swing-styled jazz. There are no uses of or references to country music, which is perhaps unfortunate for, while Messrs. Burns, Shamblin and Chalker are admirable and often genuinely creative contributors to that idiom, they are at best indifferent jazz players whom Venuti outclasses by several light years. As a result, the music never attains to anything beyond the merely proficient, with the violinist the only one of the featured players to perform with any sort of easeful invention, imagination or authority. But what a trite program!

If greater thought and more careful preparation had been lavished on this project it might have yielded better, more memorable results, but the spontaneous nature of the sessions has worked against this. Venuti is the only really substantial, spontaneously impro-

vised player here, and it shows time and again. Most of the rating is for his role in the proceedings—which have produced pleasant but undistinguished music. He's the sole swing giant here. —welding

ZBIGNIEW SEIFERT

ZBIGNIEW SEIFERT—Capitol ST-11618: *On The Farm; Quasimodo; Way To Oasis; For The Love Of You; Chinatown; Nasty Gal; Would You Ever; Song For Christopher.*

Personnel: Seifert, violins, piano, organ, synthesizer; James Batton, electric piano, Clavinet; Rob Franken, synthesizers; Hubert Eaves, piano, organ, Clavinet; Dwight Brewster, Clavinet, electric piano; Mike Mandel, synthesizer; Reggie Lucas, electric guitar; Stefan Diez, electric guitar; Joe Caro, electric guitar, acoustic guitar; Philip Catherine, electric guitar; John Turner, electric bass; John Lee, electric bass; Hakim Emanuel Thompson, drums, triangle; Gerry Brown, drums; Daryl Brown, drums; Mtume, percussion, vocal; Jon Faddis, Michael Lawrence, trumpets; Michael Brecker, tenor sax; Dave Taylor, bass trombone; Chris Hinze, flutes; Cheryl Alexander, Tawatha Agee, vocals.

★ ★ 1/2

I have never had the opportunity to hear Zbigniew Seifert in performance but I trust (or at least I hope) that he does not ordinarily place himself in this sort of commercial context. Seifert, who has attracted critical approbation in Europe, is either the Polish Gato Barbieri of the violin or he has submitted himself to the studio wizards of Hollywood for marketing reasons. I suspect the latter, but in any case he appears to be a player of some virtuosity who deserves a better showcase.

Seifert is credited with most of the tunes but it's hard to believe that he would voluntarily cramp his own style with such stultifying arrangements. His rich and distinctive string tones are repeatedly submerged in the modal murk of a typical disco-funk crossover mix and frequently all but overwhelmed by thudding drums. Seifert's classical background is clearly manifest but his talent as an improviser remains moot—I'd like to hear him jam against something more inspiring than a one-note bass line.

I would say that only four out of the eight tracks represent at least semi-serious attempts to make music, the rest serving strictly as filler. *On The Farm* and *Quasimodo* on side one are up-tempo rockers and *Chinatown* on the flip side is a heavy-metal fusion number. The final cut on the album is considerably superior to the others—the haunting elegiac strains of *Song For Christopher* are probably more indicative of where Zbig is really at, and it would be nice if he would get together with some like-minded colleagues and play his own music. —birnbaum

WAXING ON . . .

If you already own the classic *Best Of Count Basie* MCA set issued in 1964 (and still in the catalog) and invest in this generously programmed (by Leonard Feather) supplement, you will have in hand all but three of the 59 sides Basie made for Decca during the first two years following the band's migration from Kansas City (1937-39).

This was the music that established the reputation on which Basie was to ride for the next 40 years, which makes it basic to any Basie collection. More important, though, it redefined the most fundamental notions of what big band jazz should be about. This makes it

basic to any jazz collection.

The *Best Of Basie* cornered the cream of the early Basie book 16 years ago. So this set of necessity rakes up the leftovers. But that's a relative term, leftovers. It hardly seems applicable here, except in the most relative sense. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the band on these records is the way in which it dominates even the most trivial material by sheer force of power and personality. Who wouldn't be justified in arching an eyebrow at the sight of *Boo Hoo* in the Basie book, and with Jimmy Rushing singing? Or what about a bewildering blink of surprise at *Mulberry Bush* or *London Bridge*? Well, put aside all preconceptions about how these pieces could be played. Here they become quintessential swing. And the pop standard *Glory Of Love* is pure big band improvisation from the first bar.

There are only two instrumentals by the band on this set. The bulk (15 tracks) feature Rushing, who tended to favor the blues and the poorer pop songs. His ultimate achievement here is *Evil Blues*, in which the band purrs like a contented fat cat. When he chose pop material well (*Exactly Like You*), he became the supreme jazz singer. But even on *Boo Hoo* he glows.

Helen Humes got the tunes Rushing rejected, which left her with some excellent material (*Sing For Your Supper, Daddy, Rapture*). Saxist Warren has one forgettable vocal chorus on *Our Love*.

Basie threw out the rule book in shaping this band. Innovators have little use for rule books anyway. He treated the big band as if it were a small group. Where every other band leader tended to equate growth with instrumental inflation, Basie expanded the language of the band by shrinking it. In a musical bull market, Basie was the sly old bear. At the heart of it all was the greatest rhythm section of the 20th century, a time-keeping organism that touched the monolin and achieved eternal wisdom.

The essential Basie philosophy is set down in its purest form on the ten piano solos with rhythm that round out this collection. Basie was (and is) a deceptively profound piano soloist. The steely perfection of the rhythm team comes through especially well on these sides.

The contributions of soloists such as Lester Young, Benny Morton and Buck Clayton are less imposing here than on the companion MCA set. Clayton is particularly noble on *Miss Your Baby*, to be sure. But his best and most sustained work is found elsewhere. And Young didn't come to really dominate the Basie sound until the Columbia period after 1939. Yet this is still a great collection, which suggests that the Basie orchestra had a life of its own that transcended the enormity of its solo genius.

That would make it a pretty good band! It remains among the freshest orchestral sounds to be heard in the spring of 1977, 40 years after its creation.

Another complete individualist of the keyboard is treated in a second package of this six volume addition to the Leonard Feather Series. Art Tatum made his first important records for Columbia in 1933. This set contains his second seminal session for Decca in 1934—seven solo probes into Gershwin, Porter, Carmichael, et al. There are also two solos from 1937 and the first LP issue of his initial combo sides, also from 1937. If they

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TED CURSON ★ ★ ★ ★ (★)

JUBILANT POWER—Inner City IC 1017
Personnel: Curson, trumpet, piccolo trumpet, flugelhorn, cowbell; Chris Woods, alto sax, flute; Nick Brignola, baritone sax, saxello; Andy LaVerne (tracks 1 and 2), Jim McNeely (tracks 3, 4, 5, 6), piano; David Friesen, acoustic bass; Steve McCall (tracks 1, 2), Bob Merigliano (tracks 3, 4, 5, 6), drums; Sam Jacobs, congas.

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

To project Curson's brand of fire, the trumpeter has assembled a cast of relatively unheralded players who should emerge as recognized masters as the septet rolls on into the new year. In selecting his band, Curson has said: "The first thing I look for in a musician is fire as well as creativity and the ability to really play *together* with everybody else. And of course, everybody has to say something."



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

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

—berg



sound less unusual today than they did in the '30s, they're at least no less impressive for their sheer craftsmanship. Feather points out that Tatum was "utterly self-sufficient." This is not only a consequence of his virtuosity, but his conceptual independence too. The solo sides are essentially free from passing fashions of their day. They are timeless. The combo pieces show their age and sag when the horns play.

The second record of this double LP set turns to James P. Johnson, whose striding swagger walks a path between ragtime and swing. Eight solos on Fats Waller associated melodies are less interesting compared to the smooth panache of Tatum. He swings more snappily with the addition of a rhythm section on four cuts. The last piece, *Just You*, finds him jogging easily with Dave Tough and a Condon crew snipping at his heels.

For a more consistent and homogeneous Tatum solo collection, *The Keystone Sessions* on Varese is nothing short of superb. Tatum is fierce on Massenet's *Elegie*, moving from meandering impressionism to aggressive rhythmic intensity. He is a blitzkrieg of fingers throughout, stitching the essential elements of harmony and melody together with fragile arpeggios. They are like rococo bridges thrown over the open space between chords.

Getting back to the MCAs, the Jimmy McPartland set begins with some fine 1953 reworkings of a dozen Beiderbecke pieces. The personnel are all from the Condon stock company (Hucko, Wettling, Caceres, Freeman, etc.) and bite into things with exhilaration if not inspiration. McPartland's horn is a commanding surrogate for Bix. Except for *In A Mist*, the spirit of the original generally prevails. Side three has two peppy sessions that look back to the Chicago days. And side four features Beiderbecke's other disciple, Bobby Hackett, in pretty, though routine, ballads.

A happy JATP mood dominates the first LP in the *Jazztime USA* set, a varied collage of concert cuts recorded by Bob Thiele in the mid-'50s. The Terry Gibbs group sparkles with Gibbs and Don Elliott. The Georgie Auld combo is more exciting still, with Specs Powell sparking the rhythm section as Charlie Shavers and Mundell Lowe perform at peak level. There's a curious dropout at the end of Tony Scott's solo on *Lucky Duck*, which may have been on the original master. The second LP is more diverse and generally less interesting. Marion McPartland provides most of the real class on *Sheik Of Araby*. Mary Lou Williams (with Harold Baker and Vic Dickenson), Coleman Hawkins, Oscar Pettiford and Stuff Smith are engaging in their solo spots. A couple of r & b organ tracks and a Jackie Paris vocal are downers.

The popular song is well served in the 32 tracks that comprise the set that spotlights early Carmen McRae. Although Ben Webster surfaces briefly on *Bob White* and a couple of others, this is not a jazz album but a pop set in the finest, most enduring and timeless sense of the phrase. One gospel selection, *Eye Is On The Sparrow*, is a moving detour off the program's mainstream.

The Sammy Davis collection is full of flash, stagecraft and overstatement (something evident in the album's ludicrous title). There's also a keen ear for a lyric at work here, but it's more the ear of an actor and entertainer and less the ear of a musician. The sense of phrasing, and the bending of notes are all part of a

performance that extends beyond the record. Davis is a superior singer heavily influenced by Sinatra. But he's a greater entertainer. He was that when these sides were made in the mid-'50s and remains so today.

Speaking of entertainers, let's consider Louis Armstrong in the early '30s. His Victor records of that period, assembled here in complete form plus two alternatives, seem to represent the best and worst elements of his musical approach. Armstrong's technique peaked out for some of the most perfectly conceived instrumental climaxes in all of recorded jazz (*Basin Street*, *Sleepy Time Down South*, *I Got A Right To Sing The Blues*, *That's My Home*, a few others). On the other hand, there were sloppy, often corny bands. Moreover, the choice of songs was nowhere near the standard of the Okeh recordings after 1929. Good songs and good musicians were always a ballast against Louis' instinct toward self-indulgence. There's too little of the former and too much of the latter here. There are profound riches here, but much fog too.

The Bluebird series from RCA initiates yet another complete treatment, this time with Charlie Barnet, whose early days from 1935 to '39 are gathered here. This was an immature and largely conventional dance band underendowed with significant soloists and overstaffed with routine vocalists, including Barnet. For those without a special soft spot in their head for '30s bands this holds little.

Bluebird's second volume on Artie Shaw covers the first six months of 1939, when Buddy Rich sat in the rhythm section like a coiled spring. Shaw's band was simple, uncluttered and clean. In Helen Forrest he had the premier girl vocalist of the period. Many would say any period. *Traffic Jam* reaches a level of intensity and drive rarely matched in studio sessions. It has the all-stops-out power of a live lark.

Which brings us to the third and fourth volumes of the Jazz Guild series of Shaw broadcasts from the *Melody And Madness* show. *The Chant*, Shaw's answer to *Sing Sing Sing*, rolls on for nearly ten minutes, advancing, retreating, changing, dodging, lunging and prouetting at one point or another. Shaw's clarinet is coy and episodic and really fails to develop a sustained tension. But Rich's spirit makes it work nonetheless. *Double Mellow* was recorded under the title *Comin' One* but is really the final riffs of *Lady Be Good*. All that's on volume four. Number three has nothing to match the length of *Chant*, but there's a rousing *Diça Diça Doo*, *Carioca* and a needle sharp *Back Bay Shuffle*. The sound is super on all tracks with an immediate, concert hall quality.

Purely for entertainment, the big band days had Kay Kyser, who wasn't so much a band-leader as he was a ringmaster. Kyser played no instrument, but he nevertheless assembled a stable talent that he pranced through set routines via radio, stage and cinema. Like all the best show bands, Kyser's was thoroughly professional, versatile and capable of reproducing just about any orchestral sound required. Novelties were his big suit. But if a little swing or jazz was called for, he could at least produce the illusion of swing. TV host Mike Douglas was part of the postwar Kyser troupe and he is heard on several tunes here. The skimpy programming (five tracks to a side) by Columbia shortchanges the customer, although some might argue in this cast that the less music, the better the album.

Not so in the case of Charlie Parker. The *Apartment Jam Sessions* on Zim Records is one of the purest excursions into Parkerland ever offered. Recorded in an apartment studio in 1950, the altoist is the only soloist, and he's at his most passionate throughout. Though other musicians presumably played, their solos were not recorded for lack of tape. So we get opening and closing ensembles with lengthy Parker flights in between. *All The Things You Are* and *Little Willie* are nearly definitive. One only wishes that the silent gaps between ensemble and solo had been edited out. The pauses are jarring. There are four other cuts recorded under similar circumstances, though without a bass. The ear somehow expects a pulse to appear, but it never does. It's like listening to a long coda. It's all of small concern to Bird. The sound is most satisfying on the seven tracks with bass.

Sound is a main obstacle on the *Pershing Ballroom* LP. It's tinny and shrill, occasionally featuring as much tableside chatter as music. Two pompous ballads by an anonymous singer don't help either. But all Parker's solos are complete, as are most of the titles save for the deleted work of tenor Von Freeman. Bird's standard repertoire is heard in addition to a stabbing tour de force on *Get Happy*. It was a good period for Parker, and his devotees will appreciate this one. More casual listeners may be in over their heads.

Some of the finest Coleman Hawkins available anywhere is found on the *Centerpiece* LP, comprised of two live and unissued dates from 1959 and '62. The '62 material is particularly surprising. His commercial recordings of this period hint at a slight dissipation. But the rolling, pneumatic momentum generated here shows Hawkins not only in command but at his height. *Bean And The Boys* (or *Lover Come Back*) is explosive and irresistible. Side one is nearly as good and also features Benny Golson in some excellent choruses on *Perdido*.

—mcdonough

Count Basie, *Good Morning Blues* (MCA24108): ★★★★★

Art Tatum/James P. Johnson, *Masterpieces, Vol. 2/Plays Fats Waller* (MCA2-4113): ★★★★★

Art Tatum, *The Keystone Sessions* (Varese International VS B1021): ★★★★★^{1/2}

Jimmy McPartland, *Shades Of Bix* (MCA2 4110): ★★★

Various Artists, *Jazztime USA* (MCA2 4113): ★★★★★

Carmen McRae, *The Greatest* (MCA2 4111): ★★★★★

Sammy Davis Jr., *At His Dynamite Greatest* (MCA2 4109): ★★^{1/2}

Louis Armstrong, *1932-1933* (RCA Bluebird AXM2 5519): ★★★★★

Charlie Barnet, *The Complete: 1935-1939* (RCA Bluebird AXM2 5526): ★★

Artie Shaw, *The Complete: Volume 2* (RCA Bluebird AXM2 5533): ★★^{1/2}

Artie Shaw, *Live 1939, Volume 3* (Jazz Guild 1005): ★★★★★

Artie Shaw, *Live 1939, Volume 4* (Jazz Guild 1007): ★★★★★^{1/2}

Kay Kyser, *The World Of Kay Kyser* (Columbia CG 33572): ★

Charlie Parker, *Apartment Jam Sessions* (Zim ZM 1006): ★★★★★^{1/2}

Charlie Parker, *At The Pershing Ballroom* (Zim 1003): ★★★

Coleman Hawkins, *Centerpiece* (Phoenix LP 13): ★★★★★

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BLINDFOLD TEST



Monty Alexander

by Leonard Feather

Montgomery Bernard Alexander offers the liveliest proof around that the West Indies has more to offer us than calypso and reggae. Though there is a touch of the Caribbean in some of his work, his more evident influences are mainstream-modern, with a strong accent on Nat Cole, Oscar Peterson and Ahmad Jamal.

Born June 1944 in Kingston, Jamaica, Alexander spent the 1950s studying with local teachers, emigrated to the U.S. in 1962 and was heard in Miami by Jilly Rizzo, who hired him to work at Jilly's New York bistro.

He has led his own trio most of the time since then, but achieved a measure of jazz prominence through his occasional association with a series of all star combos that generally included Milt Jackson and Ray Brown. Much of his work is spiced with an element of excitement that dispenses with electronics and concentrates on the not-quite-yet-lost art of swinging.

This was his first blindfold test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. STANLEY COWELL. *Blues For The Viet Cong* (from *Blues For The Viet Cong*, Arista). Cowell, electric piano, composer; Steve Novosei, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums.

Well, this was a piece of music that didn't move me too much. They're all good musicians who play in the modern idiom. It seemed that the drummer was in charge, only because of the way it was recorded, because the electronic keyboard instrument—whatever it was—was so much in the background and the drummer is so rhythmic—he's doing so many interesting things that he's overpowering the whole thing. That's what I felt.

Their keyboard player was very interesting, but you couldn't hear him because he was so hidden. So for musicianship and what they were doing in that idiom I'd have to say two stars. I have no idea who it was.

2. FATS WALLER. *Handful of Keys* (from *Fats Waller Piano Solos*, RCA). Waller, piano, composer. Rec. 1929.

Marvelous! That's gotta be Fats. That's marvelous, man. You know, at first you hear that left hand—which is so definite—it's like a different person. You just don't hear piano players playing like that. And even over the years there's so few that could do that kind of thing the way he did—it's like two different guys are playing.

That left hand is so rock-solid, you know, and if you listen to what he's doing—really swinging. And that's the kind of playing that first got me going; well, it was more a boogie woogie oriented playing—the boogie things instead of stride. Stride—for anybody who hasn't been exposed to that—it's a very difficult thing to do. You just have to imagine you have no right hand at all, and go from there.

That's happy music. That makes me feel happy. This sounds like early '30s. This is five stars.

3. BILL EVANS. *The Second Time Around* (from *Quintessence*, Fantasy). Evans, acoustic piano; Ray Brown, bass.

Is that a lady playing? A very gentle approach. Very good—I liked the player very much. The bass player was trying to fire everybody up, but they didn't want to go with him. The bass player was hot. The pianist was kind of laid back, you know.

Some of it is very much like somebody who loves Bill Evans' playing, but I don't think it was Bill Evans because I think Bill generally colors more than that. His harmonies are very colorful. But when I think of a tune like that I automatically think of a more hard-driving way of playing it—that's what I would have been trying to do, but I don't want to put myself into the picture. It wasn't necessarily a swinging thing. It seemed like it wanted to, but it didn't go that way. But the bass player was. I'd say that was about three stars.

4. RANDY WESTON. *Berkshire Blues* (from *Berkshire Blues*, Arista). Weston, acoustic piano. Rec. 1965.

The man has a sense of humor. This wasn't played particularly out of the ordinary, but he was searching for something there and I don't know if he found it, but he was searching. He had a great sense of humor in his playing. He loved to go off into that discordant thing every now and then. He reminded me of Monk, though. That's why I thought it might be Randy Weston. Of course there's a lot of Duke Ellington in there. It might even have been Duke for all I know.

I really don't know how to rate that. I enjoyed it. I'd play that. I'd buy that record. I guess I'd give it four stars.

5. EARL HINES. *Love Is Here To Stay* (from *Earl Hines Plays George Gershwin*, Classic Jazz). Hines, piano.

Assuming it's who I think it is—and you can nev-

er be sure about anything, except taxes... it was early in the morning, probably, when Earl Hines got up to make that record, because he didn't feel like doing it. But then as it got going he decided to start rippling the ivories.

But when he wants to play—whew! Look out. He's one of those people, you know. It's that consistent thing with him, all the time... when he's ready, everybody look out.

Dorothy Donegan is another one. Ooooh, please! Dorothy Donegan is the most unrealized great piano player around. I really think so. When she's ready to play, she puts them all under the table. When she's ready.

But this man's a showman—really a good entertainer. I'm assuming that it's Earl Hines. It puts him in clubs where most other players don't play—he has an entertaining program. But when he's ready to play, he can do it.

When he first started going, he didn't really feel like it. It seemed to me that he said, well, okay, I'm making an album today—I'll go down here and do it. He came into it kind of easily, but as he got into the tune he said, hey, wait a minute, I'm getting a little life coming out of me now. And by the end of the tune he made his point. But he didn't start out with the enthusiasm he ended up with.

I think it was Fatha Hines, and I'd say four stars.

It seemed like he wasn't familiar with some of the changes that the composer had written originally, and I think certain parts of the tune he was playing incorrectly—as far as the composer was concerned—but not as far as Hines was concerned. Which makes it okay.

6. MARY LOU WILLIAMS. *Olinga* (from *Zoning*, Mary Records). Williams, piano; Dizzy Gillespie, composer.

I love that tune. It was Dizzy's tune, *Olinga*. But I really didn't care for the treatment. It was okay... I have no idea who was playing. It really didn't go anywhere.

There's something so exotic about it, and whenever I hear Dizzy playing it... it's a very African-flavored piece of music. You have to go there—I don't mean you have to be African, but you gotta go there some kind of way. But I didn't get that feeling from this.

So I'd say on the strength of musicianship, two stars.

7. STEVE KUHN. *The Child Is Gone* (from *Motility*, ECM). Kuhn, piano, composer; Steve Slagle, soprano sax.

Well, that's very weird. Weird not because of the music, but because of the way it ended. I particularly enjoyed the saxophone player—he had a nice sound. It seems like the kind of thing Lonnie Liston Smith does—love music kind of thing. I call it love music. But it's strange that the saxophone player didn't come back to take it out. It's like the guy in the booth said alright, time's up. Take it out.

I'm glad I came over, Leonard, but I thought we were going to play some swinging music. So far the only guy who's got it going for me was Fats Waller. That's what I liked. I'm not a critical person but...

8. OSCAR PETERSON. *Honeysuckle Rose* (from *Oscar Peterson Et Joe Pass, A Salle Pleyel*, Pablo). Peterson, piano; Pass, guitar.

Yeah, that was hot! That's as hot as it gets—but just two guys playing by themselves, no basses, no drums. Just go up there and play. The chemistry between those two guys is just great.

This is one of the most memorable things I think Oscar has done recently, he and Joe Pass. It's almost like going back to the *Live At Stratford* kind of feel, you know. They play so well together. And Joe is so well rounded—he knows exactly where he's going to go with Oscar. Everywhere Oscar goes he's right on his tail, like catch me if you can, and he's always there. Joe Pass. It's great that in the last few years the people are realizing... but he was always a bitch.

But I loved that. Thank you. You saved the day. Five stars.

db

Profile

JEAN CARN by gary g. vercelli

At age 30, songstress Jean Carn stands at the forefront of contemporary black music. Along with Aretha Franklin, Dee Dee Bridgewater, Marlena Shaw and few others, Jean is responsible for shaping the current direction of an idiom that's commercially successful, artistically refreshing, and wonderfully human.

Having established herself as a sensitive, credible jazz lyricist during a productive association with her former husband, keyboardist Doug Carn, Jean has recently embarked upon a solo career, in an effort to broaden her commercial appeal as well as her creative horizons.

Many people are already familiar with Jean's flexible, spirited voice, having heard her three collaborations with Doug, issued on Black Jazz records. The Carns received critical acclaim with their vocal versions of many contemporary jazz classics, including McCoy Tyner's *Contemplation*, Lee Morgan's *Search For The New Land*, and John Coltrane's *Naima*. Although Doug was solely responsible for writing the lyrics to these standards, it was Jean's confident voice that brought these lyrics to life and made them so believable.

"Doug and I thought it was such a shame that some of the great jazz classics had gone unnoticed by such a large portion of even the jazz listening audience. We felt that by putting words to these classics, we could acquaint a greater number of people with this music. What we did wasn't anything new," explained Jean, adding, "Leon Thomas, Eddie Jefferson and King Pleasure had all come before us, but no one had really done it on such a contemporary, progressive level."

Because of Jean's uncommon vocal range, none of the original material was adapted in any way, excepting, of course, the addition of the lyrics. "We left every tune in the same key as the originals. Doug and I felt that these classics shouldn't be tampered with... that would be like trying to change the Bible. John Coltrane and Lee Morgan are gone, and therefore can't speak about this. But if they could, I'm sure they'd say either do it right or leave it alone! It was out of respect to them that we kept the arrangements intact."

The impact of the Carn's artistic partnership was felt and enjoyed by even the most fastidious members of the jazz community. "The audience that we appealed to was a very astute, hard to please group. They wanted to be entertained, but they also wanted a music and lyrics of substance." The Carns succeeded at providing both, focusing right at the unpretentious heart of jazz.

Although this was an artistically satisfying period for Jean, she found herself facing unpleasant financial circumstances. "We sacrificed like all jazz artists do," recalls Jean, "but it was a sacrifice that was richly rewarding, in terms of the personal satisfaction of reaching people whose opinion we respected."

Doug and Jean shared compatible artistic ideas, but their personal differences led to a separation, and Jean went on to join the Norman Connors band. During her stay with Connors, Jean told me that she was entertaining notions of going it alone, but wanted to wait for the right time, when she'd find a producer who could match her voice with the proper pop material, thus affording her greater visibility and exposure, while also allowing her to retain the jazz infused elements common to her previous recordings. Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff were able to provide this auspicious direction.

"Kenny Gamble contacted me shortly after I left Doug. He explained that he had followed my career ever since our first recording for Black Jazz and would like to produce me if ever I decided to work as a single. I made him aware of my con-

cerns: I wanted to broaden my audience and my concepts, so as not to be labeled Jean Carn, jazz singer, as opposed to Jean Carn, singer. It's unfortunate, but a lot of people still don't understand jazz; they have not cultivated an appreciation for it."

Jean felt that if her message was to reach these people, she'd have to develop a new approach, one that would involve bridging the disciplines of jazz and pop-oriented music. This transition occurred in Philadelphia, where Jean now pursues popular music with the same dedication and enthusiasm that she devoted to her earlier endeavors in the pure jazz realm. "The Philadelphia sound is unique," says Jean, "for its incorporation of consciousness-raising with a music that people can dance to."



Jean believes she learned more, working with Philadelphia International's stable of producers and arrangers in preparing her premiere solo LP, than she had in her ten previous outings—doing sessions with Earth, Wind and Fire, Azar Lawrence, Mtume, and Norman Connors. "I was surprised and pleased to find that I'd be allowed to exercise a certain degree of control in the recording and post-production situations. Gamble and Huff create a productive ambience that's conducive to the artists getting closer to the entire recording experience." On her latest album, Jean wrote out her own background vocal arrangements and made use of the studio's multi-track capabilities by singing these parts herself.

Jean has been a jazz lover and enthusiast ever since she can remember. "My dad was a great appreciator of the music; he used to take me to see every band that came through Atlanta." By the time Jean was five, she had already begun piano lessons, and soon after was amazing friends and family by singing with the church choir. Jean's mother suggested voice lessons at age 12, and a few years later, Jean busied herself with the B-flat clarinet, playing in her high school band.

As a music major at Morris Brown College in At-

lanta, Jean acquired a working knowledge of the bassoon, english horn, and oboe. She also accepted an offer to sing with the jazz band, and her artistic union with Doug was born. Upon graduation, the Carns moved to California, where Jean worked briefly as a legal secretary. It wasn't long, however, before she opted for studio work and recording with her husband.

When asked about her early influences, Jean surprised me by mentioning not singers, but a long list of horn players, including Coltrane, Rollins, and Stitt. "I think if a singer listens closely to the great horn players, it will afford her a lot more flexibility in comprehending exactly what a singer is capable of doing. So many songs are written in a limited manner, because most voices have only so much range and flexibility. When a composer writes with a horn in mind, a lot more territory can be explored. Most of the things we did on Black Jazz were originally written for horn players.

Although Jean Carn's music has of late moved in more of a popular direction, Ms. Carn treats all types of music with the affection, power, and emotion of a black angel incarnate. In the future, Jean would like to expand her recording scope, supplementing her current pop repertoire with gospel, c&w, even operatic music. Jean also looks forward to eventually working in the production end of the business, most likely as a developer of young talent. "There are a lot of great singers working non-musical jobs and not feeling fulfilled doing so. I'd like to bring some of these artists to the public's attention." **db**

MARK LEVINE

by bob ness

Pianist and valve trombonist Mark Levine, 39, had his first album as leader released last March (*Up Til Now* on Catalyst) and is currently recording his second. He's been on a number of other recording dates as a sideman beginning in 1966 on Houston Person's *Underground Soul*. He recorded three albums with Luis Gasca: *Little Giant*, *For Those Who Chant*, and *Born To Love You*. He is also on Moacir Santos' *Saudade*, Gabor Szabo's *High Contrast*, Joe Henderson's *Canyon Lady* (Mark wrote the title tune that made the album a hit), and two albums led by saxophonist Ray Pizzi: *Appassionato* and *Conception*.

Last January Mark received a \$2500 grant from the federal government's National Endowment For The Arts. The grant was for writing some new pieces for large ensembles. The album *Up Til Now* really opened things up and Mark credits it with getting him about 25 gigs in the first four months of its release, including the Pacific Coast Jazz Festival, the Berkeley Jazz Festival, and Keystone Korner in San Francisco.

The acoustic piano is Mark's roots and main instrument. He'll play the electric but feels it is very limited. "You just can't get the same range of expression on it. If you play more than five or six notes in any one chord, you get a thickness of texture that tends to obscure the tonality, and you can't get overtones."

Like many jazz pianists he began studying classical music at the age of five, but by the time he was 12 he had discovered his older brother's record collection. "He had a whole lot of Benny Goodman records which I got into first," says Mark. "About six months later I got to the Stan Kenton records and about six months after that I got to the one Charlie Parker record he had. With each new discovery I completely forgot about its predecessor."

By that time his family moved from New Hampshire, where he was born, to Daytona Beach, Florida where his piano teacher gave him a good basic grounding in jazz harmony. Also about this time he picked up the trombone and studied it with an old Chicago-style trombonist. He started out on slide, switched to valve and then switched to trumpet for a couple of years in college (Boston University) before switching back to valve trombone.



"The attraction to jazz from classical music was that it seemed a whole lot more free and alive. Even though I studied classical for seven years, I never really considered myself into it fully. It was good for learning the instrument, and exposure to that music was good later on for learning jazz harmony, seeing the parallels and relating it to Bach and Beethoven, and seeing where contemporary harmony comes from."

I asked Mark if he ever interpolates an exact phrase of, say, Debussy into a ballad improvisation either because it fits or as an inside joke or as a tip of the hat, like "hello, Claude." "No, I don't," Mark replied. "It's been 20 years since I really played classical music so it has ceased to be a direct influence. I remember once making a very detailed study of Stravinsky's *Petrouska* and trying to use some of the things in it, melodically, in what I was doing. And around 1960 I was playing with a big band in Boston and myself and a couple of others who were writing for the band attempted to incorporate some classical pieces into the band's arrangement's but beyond a lot of enthusiasm I think we only played them on a gig once.

"Actually, a lot of what's being done today—like Art Lande's *Red Lanta* and *Forgotten Fantasies* by Richard Beirach and Dave Leibman—is what I would call contemporary classical music with jazz roots in places. A lot of what is on ECM is like that. Obviously, a lot of the barriers between classical, pop, Latin, jazz, etc. are coming down and part of the reason is that many of the musicians now are highly trained in the various disciplines and can move freely from one bag to another. The opposite extreme was the Gunther Schuller/John Lewis abortive *Third Stream* catastrophe. To me, that era was silly. I was in New York when it was going on and they were serious about what they were doing, but the music was too serious and their attempts to combine jazz and classical music were too self-conscious and the result sounded like a hybrid rather than something natural."

The three main teacher-influences in Mark's life have been Jaki Byard, Hall Overton and Herb Pomeroy. Byard was his teacher during his college years. "The liveliness in Jaki's playing attracted me. He generates a lot of excitement and he's probably the most eclectic player around. He's a walking history of jazz piano from James P. Johnson to Erroll Garner and on up. I'd been listening to Bud Powell and Horace Silver before hearing Jaki in the mid-'50s, and he opened my ears up so much that I immediately went out and bought some Willie 'The Lion' Smith, Lucky Roberts, and Fats Waller albums.

"After graduating from college I went to New York for two years and studied with Hall Overton who opened up my ears to Thelonious Monk. I sort of became a Monk freak for a year or two. He's one of the authentic geniuses of the 20th century who followed his own instincts and didn't let anyone turn him around on his way to forging a completely unique way of playing. Even some of the great pi-

ano players aren't as unique as Monk. Cedar Walton is a great player and so is Hank Jones, but they aren't originals like Monk. Fats Waller, Earl Hines, Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver, Jaki Byard, Bill Evans, Herbie Hancock, McCoy Tyner, Monk—those are piano players who developed truly unique styles.

"Herb Pomeroy was probably the best teacher I ever knew. I studied with him after Hall when I went back to Boston for four years. Herb could really organize the material and focus in on what the student wanted and consequently he was tremendously helpful and still is today. He taught me about harmony and how to apply it to small band arranging. In six months he taught me a lot and much of what I do today is directly out of what I learned from him. This was in the early '60s when I went to the Berklee School of Music and it was truly a jazz school. I live in the San Francisco Bay Area and while most of the larger colleges and

universities in California have jazz bands, there isn't a single full jazz program. I know that at San Jose State (which may have one soon), San Francisco State, and the University of California at Berkeley there is a tremendous amount of resistance from the music faculty. They don't want to let jazz in as part of the legitimate expression of music."

Despite this resistance from music faculties, Mark finds that "a phenomenon is taking place in the educational field. Up until a couple of years ago I found virtually no interest among high school students in learning how to play jazz and learning the fundamentals of contemporary jazz, namely bebop. Now I get students who come in and want to learn how to play Bud Powell. The horn player/teacher who lives above me gets kids who want to play like Bird. They want to learn bebop harmony, and one of the reasons is that a lot more of the great bebop records are available now as op-

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posed to five years ago. All those re-releases are selling and I foresee it continuing for a few more years at least. Personally, I get a lot out of teaching because it forces me to organize my material, and as I fill in gaps in my own knowledge, I learn too. It's also a tremendous satisfaction to see the students grow and play better and better."

Another important part of Mark's musical life is Latin music. He plays valve trombone regularly with Benny Verlarde's Super Combo at the Reunion in San Francisco, and he includes Eddie Palmieri as one of his biggest influences. "He's just as im-

portant to me as the others, and Latin or salsa music has been a large part of my life for the last ten years. I was on the road once with Mongo Santamaria for six months and I worked with Willie Bobo's band for over a year. Salsa music is really alive. Rhythmically you can get into a groove that is a different type of swing but it still swings. It's like dancing on your instrument."

The comments of his regular reeds player, Mike Morris, give an interesting insight into Mark's musicianship: "One thing that I find in Mark's playing is that he really relates to horn players. He's a horn

player too, so he's aware of the things that are helpful in accompaniment. A lot of piano players actually get in your way, but Mark really knows when to lay out and when to play and the right thing. . . . He establishes a groove and he takes a lot of the work or responsibility away that you usually have as a soloist so that you're more free to create. He's a very honest player. He's always pushing himself to be better and he's inspiring to everybody around him. He's got lots of chops but he's more interested in making a strong musical statement than in flashing his technique." **db**

LARRY MCGEE by bill milkowski

Larry McGee packed away his Gibson Les Paul after another night of high energy wailing and soulful playing with the Norman Connors group. There's a Hendrix flair to this 29-year-old guitarist, from his rampaging riffs to the silky green head band he sports on stage, but his past work with musicians like Lonnie Liston Smith and Jack McDuff gives him a foundation steeped in jazz.

His roots go back to Pittsburgh, Pa., where he played in a number of rhythm and blues groups, following in the footsteps of another local guitarist, George Benson.

In fact, when Benson left his home town to go on the road with organist McDuff, his spot in a local six-piece group called the Altairs was filled by McGee. After putting in some time on the r&b circuit with groups like the Drifters, Peaches & Herb and the Marcelles, McGee again filled in for Benson, who left the McDuff quartet in 1971 to make it on his own.

McGee has been carrying on a love affair with the guitar since he first heard Elvis Presley twang out a few notes back in 1957.

"Yeah, after I saw him I related to the guitar. I fell

right into it and felt I really wanted to play. But the first cat I really got inspired by was Benson when he was playing with McDuff."

Wherever he tours with the Norman Connors group, McGee carries with him in an old shoe box a collection of pictures from all the bands he's been in and all the guitars he's ever owned. He points with pride to old snapshots of himself playing a Gretsch or a Gibson 175-D or his own custom made guitar loaded with built in phase shifters and synthesizer controls. When he was playing on the jazz organ circuit with McDuff, Smith, Groove Holmes and Eugene Ludwig, McGee was content to have a simple hollow body jazz guitar. But now that his tastes are turning toward the modern electric sound he feels the old hollow body is just not enough. He digs all the latest devices and electronic innovations on the market and eventually hopes to be playing a guitar with all of these options neatly built into his instrument.

"I like this Les Paul, but it's not freaked off enough. It's just how some people like their car. Some like it real neat, some like it sophisticated and some like it freaked off, juiced up, far out. And

that's the way I like my axe. I'm trying to be that way, so why can't my instrument be that way?"

Besides Elvis, Benson and Hendrix, Larry also cites Al DiMeola as an influence on his playing.

"He's exciting. He's mixing that classical guitar in with his electric, and those two things are more interesting. It's like meeting a woman. If I can talk to her about two things, it seems I'd be more interesting to her than if I could only carry on a conversation about one thing."



The guitarist that McGee is most inspired by today is a Canadian named Nelson Simon. "He touched me the best. He's got the technique of a Pat Martino, only he hasn't been distorted by any commercial medium at all. He's not into playing for money or getting exposed, he's just dedicated—no smoke, no drink, practice seven hours a day. He's just straightahead and so deep that a lot of cats couldn't take more than a half hour of him because it would depress them. It's like relating it to a cat who's in top physical shape and comes to the beach with a big body. He takes off his shirt and you take off yours and you know that he's not just built better than you, but that it took all this time and sacrifice for him to get that way."

McGee could probably sit down and talk about his favorite instrument for hours, but while rummaging through his collection of pictures backstage he summed up his experience with a brief thought.

"Elvis let me know that I wanted to get associated with guitar. Benson inspired me to get into my guitar. Wes (Montgomery) really sunk in and made me love jazz, and Hendrix gave me the vision on music—not just music as notes but as feeling, energy, colors and expression of the way you really feel. He opened up my head." **db**



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RICHARD BEIRACH AND EON

Carnegie Recital Hall
New York City

Personnel: Beirach, acoustic piano; Frank Tusa, acoustic bass; Eliot Zigmund, drums; Terumasa Hino, trumpet.

What is success? For some, the traditional view has involved the achievement of some personal goal involving beauty and/or truth. For others, the idea of success has been manifested through the acquisition of wealth, power and fame. Consequently, idealism and materialism are the polar opposites forming the dialectic grid with which one must struggle in the quest for success.

For the contemporary musician, the tension between artistic and commercial goals is obvious. Does one march to the beat of the drummer within or to the cadence of the marketplace? Or, does one attempt to strike a balance, to have his cake and eat it too? While there are valid arguments for any of these courses of action, there is a special respect that extends to those musicians whose efforts are exclusively devoted to bringing forth their inner visions and dreams. Such a musician is pianist Richard Beirach.

After graduating from the Manhattan School of Music in 1972, Beirach served a rig-

orous four-year apprenticeship with such leaders as Stan Getz, Jeremy Steig, Lee Konitz and Dave Liebman. His most significant achievements came during the three-year association with Liebman and Lookout Farm. Since the group's decision to disband late last year, Beirach has vigorously pursued the establishment of Eon, a sophisticated uncompromising improvisatory trio.

Comprised of Beirach, bassist Frank Tusa (another Lookout Farm alumnus) and drummer Eliot Zigmund (also with Bill Evans), Eon's music flows from coequal interactions channeled through open-ended structures. The inherent flexibility of such an approach never borders on anarchy, however, largely because of Beirach's classical orientation. As a result, the music is both formalistic and fluid—formal, in that it possesses mature structure informed by balance, proportion and shape; fluid, in that these time-honored elements are realized through spontaneously evolving gestures.

Beirach's *Bones*, which opened the concert, was a perfect illustration of Eon's fluid formality. Introduced by the pianist's sweeping solo statement, Tusa and Zigmund entered the surging up-tempo current with energizing streams of melodic, harmonic and rhythmic counterpoint. Led by Beirach's swirling elaborations, successive waves of increasing intensity built to the first major climax. With the pianist sitting out, Tusa stepped forward

with an exciting arco and pizzicato episode punctuated by Zigmund's luminous coloristics. Tusa's ostinato then set the stage for Zigmund who freely dipped into the drum set's wide range of lyrical and textural possibilities.

Beirach's *Sunday Song* provided the pianist with an opportunity to display his rich solo approach. The composition, an introspective study overlaid with romantic overtones, called on Beirach's precise yet graceful touch. The initial improvisatory sketch, a logical extension of the opening statement, was executed with ascetic leanness. This led to a pointillistic probe based on varied combinations of melodic fragments drawn from the composition itself. The next section, a series of rhapsodic developments, fully revealed the pianist's dazzling technique. After a retracing of the tune, the rapt audience sat still for a moment and then burst into heartfelt applause.

The second half of the concert brought together the talents of Eon and Terumasa Hino, the fine Japanese trumpeter who frequently works with Beirach at Sweet Basil. The intensity added by Hino's hard-edged, brassy style was especially effective in Beirach's swinging, up-tempo *Paradox*. Exhibiting the kind of fire associated with the Miles Davis of the early and mid-'60s, Hino exploded with twisting, snake-like, neo-boppish lines. In this, as with the other tunes, Beirach proved himself an admirable accompanist by providing the trum-

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In the realm of acoustic piano, Beirach has now developed to the point where he deserves to be placed with Evans, Tynes, Corea and Jarrett. An upcoming solo album for ECM should help increase his visibility. For Eon, the future looks equally bright. The combined energies of Beirach, Tusa and Zigmund are formidable. Hopefully, the group will soon record so it too can start reaching out for new audiences. In the meantime, several fine recordings eloquently point to the future: two Beirach-led trio dates (*Eon*—ECM 1054; and *Methusalem*—Trio PA 7128), and a Beirach-Tusa duo (*Sunday Song*—Trio PA 7142).

—chuck berg

GEORGE DUKE

Bijou Cafe
Philadelphia, Pa.

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, vocals; Ndugu, drums; Byron Miller, electric bass; Icarus Johnson, guitar; Dee Hendricks, Deborah Thomas, Sybil Thomas, vocals.

One basic ground rule: music has to be somehow better than the silence that precedes it so that it can charge the silence that follows. The George Duke Band seems to abhor the idea of silence; they must know how badly they would suffer by comparison.

George Duke is the center swirl of his band's static frenzy, and he is apparently the source of the distasteful feeling the band communicates. Simply in the way he approaches his music and designs his sets he betrays a distrust for basic music-making. For example, the fundamental question of adjusting the music to the room: it is reasonable to expect a thoughtful musician to adjust certain aspects of his technique to such things as the size and acoustics of the room in which he is playing or the size of the ensemble with which he is playing. Duke is obviously above this. I am not merely whining about volume: sound is the basic aim, isn't it, and even electricity is not so potent that it eliminates the need for sensitivity. Duke and his band simply wailed away at ear-splitting volume in this relatively tiny club, and all that his music ended up communicating was banal contempt for itself and for us.

Masochism stalks throughout this music. Another example: Duke and his relation with the piano itself. He seems dissatisfied with the instrument's potential, and is enough enamored of rock that he does everything in his power—whooshes, bleats, whines, feedbacks, wah-wahs—to make the keyboards sound like the electric guitar. Why? He even plays standing up much of the time. When the only time you get to hear a piano *sound* is in his handful of fine rocking gospelish intros, you begin to get the feeling of a man trapped in a bad marriage with an instrument that can no longer satisfy him.

Whoever writes for the band suffers from the same laziness. Isn't it obvious how transparently mechanical and formulaic this stuff is? The big giveaway is often the bassist, and one's heart went out to Byron Miller, formerly of Santana, for the cruelty of composition that forced him into endless repetitions of bass phrases that could not even charitably be called "hypnotic," which is the word people tend to use to describe boring music that they

sort of like anyway. There simply was no need for a bass player, except to provide that certain twang, and Miller's obvious talents were wasted. I assume he was as bored as he looked; more contempt.

It became clear the instant that the rest of the group dropped out to let Ndugu solo that any excitement the band generates comes directly from his drums. The others came to seem an intrusion; Ndugu was not only the source but the outer limit as far as the band was concerned. No wonder he was the only one who seemed to be truly enjoying himself; his lengthy drum solo was the evening's only high point. It mixed the most sophisticated Max Roach theme and variations approach with gutsy vernacular rock and calypso patterns, culminating in a mallet dance that sounded much like an itchy Chico Hamilton. I cannot imagine how the rest of the band could manage not to feel irrelevant in the face of this storm.



BRUCE TALAMON

Speaking of irrelevant, there was the vocal trio, about whom, as they say, the less said the better. Duke spent so much of the evening ogling them, sensibly, that he apparently forgot to adjust the band's dynamics so that their merely-adequate voices and zodiac-maudlin lyrics could be clearly heard. This actually may have been his wisest decision.

Duke has a following, there is no doubt; many of them were here tonight. It is uncomfortable to put oneself in the position of assuming that the enthusiastic audience for this muzak must be composed of the deaf or the idiotic. I know this is simply not true, but I confess I cannot understand the appeal. One thing is certain: this is at best dance music, not concert music, and cannot take the scrutiny of a listening environment with the victims seated at closely packed tables. Under such circumstances, one inevitably picks out individual strains in the band, and quickly senses that Miller has nothing to do, that Johnson is a capable practitioner in a remarkably confining style, that Duke is confronted with a hostile keyboard, that the singers are beautiful but embarrassing, that Ndugu has the whole thing in his pocket with room for more. Flaws would not be so clear or at least would not matter so much if we could just get up and

dance, and stop this frustrating concentrating.

But how can a band expect to turn on an audience when it cannot seem to turn itself on?

—david hollenberg

AMINA MYERS

Environ
New York City

Personnel: Myers, piano and vocals; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone sax and flute; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums.

Some months ago, a fine concert was held at Town Hall in New York featuring Machito's big band, Johnny Hartman and Sonny Stitt. Amidst much superlative music, Stitt's young organist made a lasting impression. She was soulful, fleet and original, easily the best organ player these ears had ever heard play with Stitt. Her name was Amina Myers.

She surfaced again recently at the Manhattan loft Environ, backed by two-thirds of the excellent trio Air, with Bluiett substituting for Henry Threadgill. This time she played piano and sang her own compositions, and once more proved to possess great talent, warmth, and, for one so young, maturity.

Wearing silver satin slacks and a silver sequined hat like those Sun Ra's dancers sometimes wear, Myers—yet another Chicago AACM arrival in New York—presented seven original tunes through two sets. Nearly all were to some degree devotional or inspirational, and gospel-tinged.

The combination of Myers' earthy voice and diverse piano stylings meshed beautifully with the expressive playing of Bluiett, Hopkins and McCall. Bluiett is always at his best playing blues-oriented material, and Hopkins' bass playing is firmly rooted in, and often blatantly saturated with, the blues. McCall is quite simply one of the leading drummers of the Chicago AACM school and has shown in the past that he can be an asset to anyone's music.

Myers' first set was highlighted by a piano feature called *Nisamehe* (I Don't Understand), which unabashedly delved into the area of down-home gospel, played with great flair and technique and much spiritual feeling. Hopkins responded with a minor masterpiece of a solo, flying over the strings with a full-bodied tone. *Every Day Is A New Day* revealed Myers' more modern pianistics, bordering on Tyner and even Cecil Taylor.

The second set's tunes were all memorable, all distinctive. On *Do You Want To Be Saved*, Myers sang sweetly and fervently in an Aretha Franklin vein, and her assisting trio took up a vocal response to her call. *The Night* was a contrast, near-atonal at times, enchanting and thematically brilliant. It was followed by a blues titled simply *The Blues*, yearningly sung by Myers, after which Bluiett launched into a gutsy, driving, resolving baritone solo, followed by another rich contribution from Hopkins, who was the foundation of the group throughout the evening. (Indeed, Myers had written out passages expressly for bass, and Hopkins frequently, and effectively, played the themes in unison with Myers' piano or voice.) The music concluded with *All Praises To The Creator*, a theme remindful of Sun Ra, communicated avidly by Myers both vocally and instrumentally. McCall was finally unshackled, and he soloed extensively and well.

Amina Claudine Myers is a name to remember. Watch for it.

—scott albin

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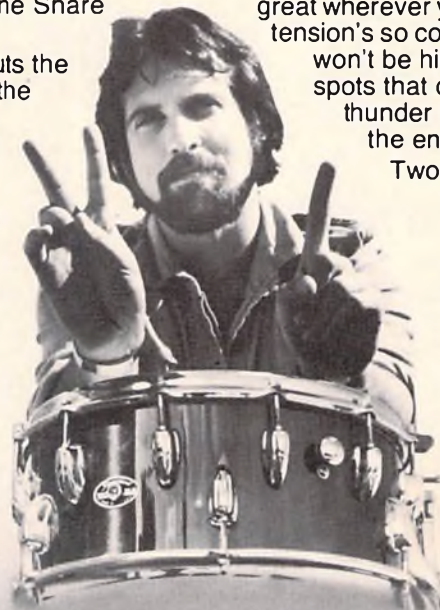


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closely with Otis throughout most of Redding's career. "When I wrote with Otis, he always had 15 ideas with him at all times. He was one of the most creative people I've ever known. He always had a guitar with him on the road, so he'd be out there for three months having all these ideas. Then he'd come into town, go into a hotel room and start finishing them. The ones he'd finish would be the ones we'd cut the next day."

Redding's work seems to be another American music that has mythic qualities—a suspension of time and place that marks much great American art. Strangely, other musics associated with the Memphis-Northern Mississippi Delta area have these same qualities—

the blues of Charlie Patton, Son House and Robert Johnson; the country and rockabilly of Jimmie Rodgers, Harmonica Frank and Elvis. What is it about that part of the country?

After a pause, Booker answers, with perhaps a touch of homesickness, "Maybe it's the river. Because it goes from New Orleans to St. Louis. And Chicago's a part of it too. We all played on the river a lot on the boats. You'd go down there at nine or ten o'clock and they'd have a dance, and you'd play for two or three hours while you were going down the river.

"Maybe it sounds crazy, but maybe that river has something to do with that much music coming from there. There's no other river in the world that feels like it when you look at it, when you get close to it." db

should also be said that the music was top notch. For that alone, Amram and friends should be congratulated. —*chuck berg*

Ornette Coleman (Avery Fisher Hall):

This concert was billed as the reunion of Coleman's old group members—Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins—and the introduction of his new group, Prime Time. The reunion, however, turned out to be more extensive than expected, and the music suffered for it.

The first set presented us with the advertised front-line of Coleman, Redman and Cherry, but also guitarist James Blood Ulmer, bassists David Izenzon and Buster Williams (Haden was a no-show), and drummers Higgins and Ed Blackwell. The combination of double basses and drummers, and Ulmer's persistent, unebbing chording behind all soloists, produced a clutter that destroyed most of the beauty of Ornette's usually sharply-etched, economical, well-balanced music. The rhythmic pulse became uncentered and muddled, and the rhythmic polyphony distracted from the solos of Coleman, Redman and Cherry, and even more so when the three horns were improvising simultaneously. The set was further hurt by the five Coleman compositions, none of which could be considered among his best, except for the last, *Sound Amoeba*. Only in the latter did the group begin to approach the sound of Ornette's old groups, and this was because each of the eight musicians soloed unaccompanied, reminding us that a hallmark of Coleman's best music is, and should remain, its simplicity. It should be noted that individually each of the eight improvised well throughout the set; the fault lay in the constant guitar comping (Ornette should not allow it for the same reasons he eliminated the piano from his group twenty years ago), and the conflicting tensions produced by the overgrown rhythm section.

After intermission, Ulmer came out with a quartet for one concise, very danceable tune that was easily the most polished single piece of the night. He has improved greatly as a player in the past few years and is now a top-notch, important guitarist.

Coleman's Prime Time then made its debut, a band he has admitted to having formed in order to make enough money to present symphonic performances of his large-scale works. His first group ever with commercial potential, it is, at best, good in small doses. The guitarists and drummers set up catchy, funky r&b backgrounds, over which Ornette solos, with Charlie Ellerbee feeding him riffs and complementary comments. This very basic format fails to sustain interest for very long, because the r&b backdrop is too predictable, unchanging, and one-dimensional to match or enhance Coleman's variegated extended improvisations.

One hopes that Prime Time proves to be commercially successful for Ornette, but lovers of the old trios, quartets and quintets—whose excellence the reunion just hinted at—will have to be content with his great old recordings. —*scott albin*

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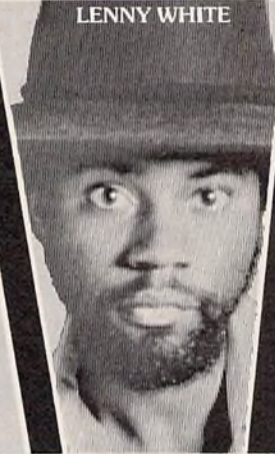
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transcriptions but often too poorly rehearsed to carry them off. This night they were right on the money. Trumpeters Jon Faddis, Jimmy Maxwell and Joe Newman "played" Roy. On *Rockin' Chair* a trumpet solo was ingeniously arranged for the sax section. Bob Wilber's alto sax took a chorus of reflection on the valve technique of Little Jazz, and then the sax choir dug into the lead sheets.

The other solos were from Eldridge's days with Artie Shaw, Gene Krupa and his own groups. Anita O'Day, who was a singer with Krupa, did passable versions of *Boogie Blues* and *Let Me Off Uptown*. On the latter, the "Roys" of the trumpet trio reprised the "Blow-ho, Roy, blow" and the succeeding solo passage.

The Hines segment was another matter altogether: Fatha was present, for one thing. Budd Johnson, whose charts were performed for the salute, took some good solos, most notably on *The Very Thought Of You*. Other standouts were Newman, Frank Foster, Cecil Payne and Norris Turney. Bob Wilber's clarinet was heard in the Jimmy Noone spots on *Monday Date* and *Apex Blues*. Maxwell did the spectacular introduction and solo on *West End Blues*.

Earl's playful jibes at himself and his facile narration highlighted the segment dedicated to him. Hyman spontaneously conducted an ad lib reprise of *400 North*, an Eldridge blues, as Fatha comped and ran across the keys for the encore. There was even a surprise appearance by singer Joe Williams doing *Rosetta*; he later joined in the closing blues.

—arnold jay smith

Roy Haynes/Art Blakey/Max Roach (Avery Fisher Hall):

Predictably, the Festival's salute to three of today's top drummers was one of the more vital events on the Newport/New York schedule. Opening with the Hip Ensemble of Roy Haynes (with saxophonist Bill Saxon, trumpeter John Mosley, guitarist Marcus Fiorillo, and bassist Dave Jackson), the concert was off with sticks, brushes and mallets flying.

Haynes' Hip Ensemble, which has enjoyed frequent successes in the New York area, plays with an attractively bubbly looseness. A perfect accompanist, Haynes helped his younger colleagues' solo efforts with just the right accent and punch. Especially effective were the flights of guitarist Marcus Fiorillo. The only flaw came when an over-excited technician attempted to underline a Haynes' solo with a kaleidoscopic display of reds, blues and greens. Clearly, Mr. Haynes needs no such support.

Next was the indomitable and indestructible Art Blakey. Along with tenorist David Schnitter, trumpeter Valeri Ponomerov, altoist Robert Watson, pianist Walter Davis and bassist Dennis Irwin, Blakey steered a course that perfectly showcased the talents of all hands. Among the high points were Davis' rhapsodic impression of Bud Powell's *Glass Enclosure*; the steaming tenor work of the ever-improving Schnitter; the fiery Clifford-inspired trumpet of Soviet transplant Ponomerov; the quicksilver lines of altoist Watson; and the nonpareil individual and group efforts of Blakey. A departure from the program came when Blakey invited Joe Morello to sit in. Their simpatico was apparent in a series of provocative drum dialogues.

Concluding the concert was the Max Roach Quartet. With tenorist Billy Harper, trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater and bassist Reggie Workman, Roach led the group through the lean, muscular *It's Time*. Bridgewater's razor-sharp precision, Harper's acid-etched trajectories and Workman's booming bass bombs set the scene for Roach's solo spot. Bringing his hi-hat and stool to the front of the stage, Roach proceeded to inscribe the definitive encyclopedia of hi-hat technique.

Unfortunately, the Quartet was forced to abandon the Hall after only 20 minutes because of the midnight concert of George Duke and Don Ellis. In spite of the disappointment, the audience's enthusiastic response was ample proof that the beat goes on. —chuck berg

George Duke/Don Ellis (Avery Fisher Hall):

George Duke's Newport/New York appearance was more than merely another gig. Duke had something to prove. He wanted to establish that he is a pianist to be taken seriously. The audience's warm responses and the critics' favorable reviews were firm indicators that Duke had accomplished his goal.

Like many contemporary artists, Duke has been roundly criticized for crossing over to the camp of the switched-on funksters. It was a surprise, then, when he ambled out onto the stage of Avery Fisher with top hat, tails and walking stick. But as he strode toward the challenge of the solitary Steinway grand basking in the limelight at center-stage, his purpose soon became clear.

During his half-hour-plus solo turn, Duke dazzled with his powerful attack, fleet technique and musical maturity. From earthy gospel-inflected episodes to ethereal arabesques,

and tempi embracing everything from *lento* to *presto*, Duke wove his motifs into a marvelously varied soundscape. And in the process, George Duke demonstrated that, indeed, his is one of today's strongest keyboard voices.

After intermission, the curtain opened on the Don Ellis band complete with string quartet. Here was Hollywood excess at its most nauseating. As the band charged into Ellis' theme from *The French Connection*, a disembodied, god-like voice from backstage ticked off the landmarks of Ellis' career. With that, the blond golden-boy bounced onstage. What followed was a rather raggedly performed series of pretentious compositions that seemed more like out-takes from Ellis' TV scoring activities than serious jazz-oriented writing. Ellis is undoubtedly one of the most gifted musicians on the scene. His current direction, however, is a musical cul de sac. He is capable of much more. —chuck berg

Herbie Hancock/Freddie Hubbard/Wayne Shorter/Ron Carter/Tony Williams/John Klemmer (Avery Fisher Hall):

The reunited forces of Hancock, Shorter, Carter and Williams (whose accomplishments under the tutelage of Miles Davis during the '60s have taken on near legendary status), have been brought together with the smoking trumpet of Freddie Hubbard under the banner of V.S.O.P. (For you non-brand sippers, that's Very Superior Old Pale.) While a few observers have written off the Hancock quintet as so much musical nostalgia and even regression, the overall reaction of the capacity crowd at Avery Fisher was overwhelmingly favorable.

This reassemblage is not a mere walk

down memory lane. Rather, it is a period of reflection and synthesis. It is also a time to go back to the basic roots and interpersonal relationships that helped shape these five musicians' development. And, it is a rediscovery of the inalienable assets of acoustic music. In sum, it is an experience that should redirect and rejuvenate the future output of each of the musicians. The appearance of "The Quintet" therefore qualifies as one of the events of the 1977 jazz calendar.

Actually, the quintet was reborn at last year's Festival during the first set of the Herbie Hancock Retrospective. (The 1976 group can be heard on the recently released *V.S.O.P.*—Columbia-PG 34688) Like last year, the repertoire consists of such standards as *Maiden Voyage* and *Nefertiti*.

As for the playing, it was simply first class. Ensembles crackled with intensity while solos brimmed with virtuosic musicality. All of the music's nuances were handled with finesse. It was an event.

Opening the concert was the quintet of tenor saxophonist John Klemmer with keyboardist Ted Saunders, bassist David McDaniel and percussionists Carl Burnett and Hal Gordon. A robust player who has successfully borrowed from such diverse sources as Rollins, Getz and Coltrane, Klemmer convincingly essayed ballads, funky finger-snap-pers and blistering scorchers. The only distractions were the leader's karate get-up (did he expect to be mugged on the stage of Avery Fisher?) and his rather awkward "spontaneous" choreography. While these may help "sell" the music elsewhere, they appeared to many New Yorkers as synthetic southern California posturing. —chuck berg db

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GREEN

continued from page 17

we are,' right? We finish eating, you dig, and I say, hey, I got an idea. Let's go to the airport right now with no planning and fly to Paris because so and so is playing over there: use money to have more experiences in life because we are passing through and we'll never get out alive."

Bunky Green looks younger than his 42 years. He has strong, classically handsome, finely etched features and the sinewy neck muscles of a saxophonist who plays hard. He feels comfortable with himself, not the type, one might say, to blow his cerebral fuse or grind his fingernails into the palms of his hands in frustration and anger. He likes where he is: things are coming together.

After more than six years as something of a nonperson in the world of performing jazz musicians, he emerged with a masters degree and more than 40 hours toward a doctorate: he has a comfortable college teaching job that offers security he never had before: he has a new contract with Vanguard Records and two new albums of his own out, along with a third on the label on which he is featured with Clark Terry, James Moody and Elvin Jones.

But during the extended intermission that took Green through his own set of changes, there was that recurring question of "Why aren't you out there, Bunky?"

One of the major reasons was that musicians were no longer listening to each other. "That's a pet peeve because I always felt one of the basic ingredients of jazz was the conscious interplay between the individual minds performing on the bandstand. In other words, we are all listening to each other. You're picking up cues from me and I'm picking cues from what you are doing. If I'm soloing, then it becomes a matter of taste, a matter of not crowding or stepping on your phrases—listening to the way I play.

"Anyway, I was becoming very frustrated. I mean here are these great players, we're working together, but we are not listening to each other. I got tired of it, it wasn't fun anymore. I think you are supposed to enjoy yourself—a little bit.

"Of course I had to clean up my act and get myself together before I could criticize. I'd hear musicians say, 'However the music comes out that's cool, that's jazz.' Nooo. . . Listening. . . Louis Armstrong and those cats, listen to them, you can tell they were listening."

As Bunky Green floated through his own changes, he began to synthesize all the things he'd been hearing into a concept uniquely his own. It wasn't a stylistically radical change, he says, but one that opened him to things that have been lurking in the back of his mind for years, things he hadn't had the courage to try before.

"People were always telling me you got to play like Bird 'cause that's where it's at. I love Bird but I don't want to play like him; I love Trane but I don't want to play like Trane," he said at one point.

In retrospect, Green sees Ornette Coleman as one of the most important people in the recent development of jazz.

"When Ornette showed up he turned quite a few players around just simply because everybody was looking for something fresh—just a breath of fresh air. He freed people up. You know, there's always an upheaval every 15 years or so, so Ornette's approach was timely in terms of the harmonic system. It took cats

away from the basic Western harmonic system and gave people like John Coltrane a new freedom, and they went on to break down the tonality. Incidentally," Bunky added, "that's where I think music is going at this point: we are all searching for a new approach to tonality. . . ."

"If that was Ornette's only purpose, to be an agent to free people up, then he was essential. After Ornette, that systematic approach started evolving through Trane to outside playing; in other words, Trane made this free approach applicable to chord changes, and eventually everybody started to employ the concept of inside/outside playing, but more systematically than before."

Chico Freeman, a young Chicago musician who's making a name for himself in New York with Elvin Jones's group, was mentioned as a saxophonist who utilizes the inside/outside approach to great advantage.

"The reason he does what he does," said Bunky, "is that when he studied with me, I taught him how to play on changes. I told him how to handle changes—what to do with them. I told him about all the options to use harmonically; I gave him the theoretical knowledge behind it. It's like Trane, once you know how it's done you are not supposed to be harnessed by the system, you are supposed to make the system work for you. That's really what it's all about, all the great players—or artists, not just music—are never harnessed by the medium they are working in, they stretch that medium, they push it, and they make it fit their own personal feelings.

"Well, what I've done," said Green talking about his own playing, "is sort of organize a systematic approach to playing in and out, but it has my stamp on it, the stamp of Bunky Green."

He went on to talk about rhythm. "Before, I seldom thought about rhythm," he said, "I just played changes—played lines—and that was it. I gave more thought to lines than I gave to rhythm. My playing was kind of a continuous flow of lines, but now the lines are more broken. Before I would play and very seldom take a breath because there was very little space." He gestured toward his new album. "You'll find on *Transformation* that there is a great deal of space.

"*Europa* is a very simple, almost rustic, tune," he said, citing a specific example, "and on that tune I play spaces. I never did that before, and now I'm finding out that in music the spaces are as important as the notes. I'm learning how to deal with space and space is part of music—but nobody told me that before. Maybe things were moving so fast I never had time of focus on it. *Just play as much as you can, man, that's playing.*

"No, hey no, the space is music, it's like a color, like you have this one big canvas and it's as if someone gave you a pair of scissors and you make a cut here, you cut out there and pretty soon you have the image you want.

"The way I'm playing now," he continued, "I tend to conflict with rhythm sections. It's my fault in a way because I play outside the changes a lot and rhythmically I play against the rhythm."

In the company of James Moody and Clark Terry on the Vanguard album *Summit Meeting*, Green observed, it doesn't sound as if he swings as much as they do on some cuts. "In terms of my swinging style, it's not swinging like Moody and Clark. Rather than ride the rhythm like they do, I'll purposely set up

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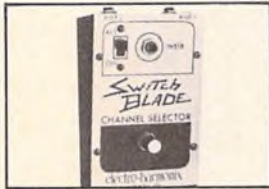
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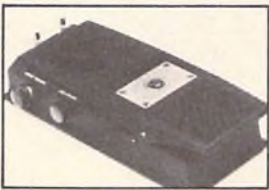
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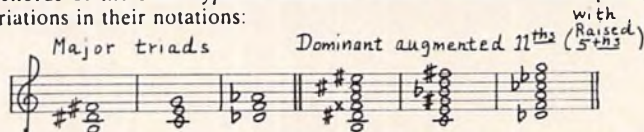


HOW TO coordinate chordal sound with sight

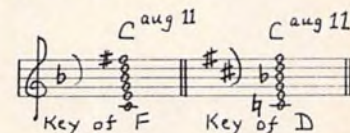
by Dr. William L. Fowler

Some musicians can hear any chord they see and can see any chord they hear. Others would like to learn how. Maybe an article on the dissimilar looks of similar sounds might help. . .

Each type of chord, say dominant seventh or minor triad, produces a particular sound, a sound different from that of any other chord-type, a sound which allows the ear to recognize whatever chord-type it might be hearing. And every chord within a type produces that particular sound quality unique to its type. But few sound-alikes look alike. The intervallic similarity which gives chords of the same type on different roots a uniform sound quality also causes sharp-flat variations in their notations:

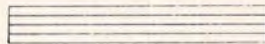


Even exactly the same chord structure on exactly the same root might require different arrangements of accidentals in different keys:



To identify chord-types, then, the eye must have its own means of interval identification and comparison, some accurate way to recognize structural similarity within visual diversity. Here's one such method this author has found to be easy and quick.

It begins with a look at the staff: *The Staff*

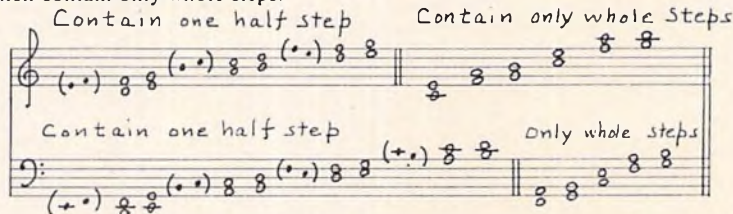


The successive lines and spaces in the staff represent a set of natural letter-names in the same unequal order of whole and half steps the C major scale exhibits—from C up to the next C, whole, whole, half, whole, whole, whole, half.

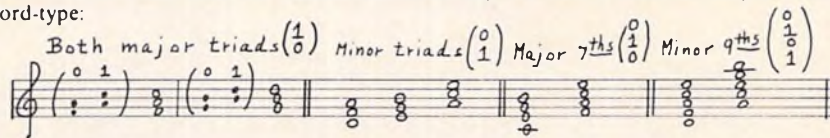
Within each octave, two half steps occur (E-F and B-C), while all the other adjacent letter-name pairs indicate whole steps. A clef sign fixes the line or space locations for all the letter-names, thereby also fixing the locations of the half steps. On the bass clef, those half steps lie in the center line; On the treble clef, they lie in almost symmetrical order, just outside both top and bottom lines and just above and below the center line:



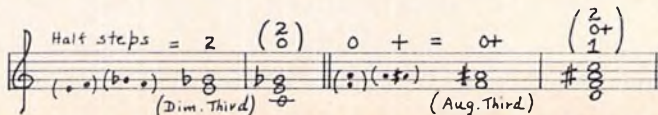
In either clef, then, those natural thirds which contain a half step can be distinguished from those which contain only whole steps:



Assigning the numeral 1 to the thirds containing a half step (minor thirds) and the numeral 0 to those containing none (major thirds) sets up a concise yet simple way to show stacked-third chord structure. And when the number-formats of any two chords coincide, they're the same chord-type:



Because non-altered chords predominating in music and always form from major and minor thirds, 1 and 0 will predominate in number-formats. Chromatic alteration of some chord component, however, might augment or diminish some third between components. In such case, the numeral 2 can show that a diminished third contains two half steps, and a zero followed by a plus sign (0+) can show that an augmented third contains a major third plus a chromatic extension:



Here are the number-formats for some chromatically-altered chords:

The above examples in the key of C now can provide the basis for numeral-recognition in all chromatic settings.

When accidentals match, the numeral remains the same as when both notes are natural:

Except when involving the augmented third (0+), a one-semitone expansion of any given third subtracts 1 from its numeral:

Again excepting 0+ involvement, a semi-tone contraction of a third adds 1 to its numeral:

When expanded, 0 becomes 0+: When contracted, 0+ becomes 0:

A vertical lineup of third-indicators will show the exact construction of any root-position tertian chord in close voicing, thereby allowing positive identification of its type. The following chart shows the number-formats for many chord-types now in relatively common use:

Triads (enharmonic)

aug (0) major (1/0) minor (0/1) dim (1/1) sus 4 (2/0+) (0+ = 0+) (2 = 2)

Sevenths

major (0/0) minor (1/0) dom (1/0) dim (1/1) half dim (0/1) sus 4 (0+/0+) sus 4 (2/0+)

Ninths

major (0/0+) minor (0/1) dom (0/0) dim (1/1) dom (1/0) sus 4 (0/0+) maj 9 (1/0+)

Elevenths

major (0/0+) minor (0/1) dom (0/0) dim (1/1) dom (1/0) sus 4 (0/0+) (assuming major triads require raised elevenths)

Thirteenthths

major (0/0+) minor (0/1) dom (0/0) dim (1/1) dom (1/0) sus 4 (0/0+) maj 13 (0/0+)

The system can be expanded to include number-formats for many non-tertian constructions. Since 0+ already equals the sound of a Perfect fourth, it can indicate quartal chords:

And since 2 already equals the sound of a major second, an additional classifying numeral (1/2 to mean minor second), allows number-formats for tone clusters:

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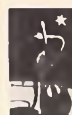


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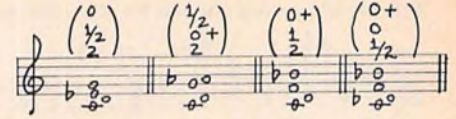
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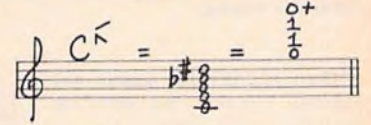
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The system now accommodates mixtures of secundal, tertian and quartal harmony:



In addition, therefore, to associating the notational look of a chord with its sound as an aid to visual hearing, the number-format system offers a method for delineating the intervallic forms which chord abbreviations symbolize (Cut down classroom confusion!). Tonal Shorthand, for example, pinpoints the actual notes in any chord built on any root, while Number-Format identifies and thus classifies that chord's internal relationships.



CHORUS

continued from page 6

city's state funding to the point where elementary music was jettisoned.

Ohio is relatively stable because of a state law passed two years ago that requires four art specialists for each 1,000 students. In spite of this, Dayton has had to reduce its staff, and Columbus eliminated elementary music last November with no sign that it will be revived.

Kentucky is another state allocating state funds for arts specialists. So Louisville, for example, has been able to fend off some music reductions in spite of consolidation of city and county school districts.

And now the really bad news.

Detroit's elementary and middle schools have been without instrumental music since last November when the citizenry nixed a tax increase. The system's 110 music teachers have been reassigned.

The Pennsylvania Board of Education adopted a policy in 1976 recognizing "the essential role of the arts is human growth and development." The Board neglected to back up this fine phrase with money, so Philadelphia continues to sink under the load of a \$173 million deficit. Amidst the ballast being tossed overboard are music supervisors and all elementary instrumental music.

The Missouri legislature has enacted a new educational financing equalization formula to help its city and rural schools. But no relief is yet at hand for St. Louis, still floundering from a ten-year-old financial crisis. There is no music in St. Louis elementary schools today.

The most obvious conclusion from this survey is that the roots of school music education—the elementary grades—are being hacked away by blunt fiscal instruments. Experience tells us that high school programs are likely to wither, and even die, from the lack of feeder programs. And the country loses nourishment.

This survey marks the beginning of an in-depth "School Music Census" currently underway by the Music Educators National Conference (MENC). Concurrent with this census is an AMC-MENC research program designed to prove the proposition "Why music education is essential to the individual and the community."

There are other significant programs being undertaken by AMC on behalf of music education. For further information, and how you can help yourself and others, write Les Propp, President, AMC, 1000 Skokie Blvd., Wilmette, IL 60091.

Next issue fixes on arrangers and composers, namely McCoy Tyner, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Frank Foster, Ray Pizzi, Zbigniew Seifert and Herb Pomeroy. Naturally, there will be several other things of import.

GREEN

continued from page 50

rhythmic conflicts. If the drummer is playing 1-2-3-4," he explained, "I will start playing three against you. Where there is a natural strong accent I'll change the accent."

Although Green likes to conflict with rhythm sections, he still knows that his playing has to be compatible with whatever musical environment he's working in—you don't play out of context. His first album for Vanguard, Transformation, is heavily rhythmic, including a good deal of Latin flavor. And although he plays some free passages and pays only token visits to the chord changes and time, he also plays hard and funky and swings relentlessly.

Bunky Green is a musician who can do pretty much what he wants to do and he feels good about it. "Finally, I've gotten to the point where I can practice and put in a lot of time on my music; now I have the time to get to my horn, that's what's so hip about it. By going to school I bought time for myself, I have a job that calls for an obligation but not as much as when I was working every night playing jazz. Remember, I had to play shows to make money and that means five nights a week playing some garbage. Now I can be very selective. First of all, I ask people who call, 'What type of job is it?' I couldn't do that before, I'd say, 'Where do you want me to be, you name it.' Now I ask how long and how much does it pay, things I couldn't say before.

"Let's face it, every musician that's out there playing just jazz is totally used. The changes he goes through are unbelievable. Right now I feel very good about being able to say, 'Hey, I don't want it.' I don't have to go through all that stuff anymore, I went through it. Maybe as a result people say Bunky's changed, the cat doesn't want to work. First of all, prior to this time I got very few calls, and when I was called it was by someone who was making \$75,000 a year and wanted me for something like a scale job. He said, 'Well, man, the bread isn't too much, but we're going to have a lot of fun, we'll get a chance to blow.'" Green's voice mocked. "I don't need a chance to blow, I get plenty of chances to do that.

"So that's what it has come down to and I'll be extremely vocal. I just don't have to deal with it anymore. . . . It's not a bitter thing."

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see page 28

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Cellar Theatre: Les DeMerle Transfusion (Mon.); various artists (Sun. 3-5 PM and 8 and 10 PM); regulars include Milcho Leviev, John B. Williams, Charles Owens, Emmett Chapman, John Klemmer and Benny Powell; call 487-0419.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: David Bojorquez/Latin Soul (Wed. and Thurs.); Jimmy Smith plus special guests (Fri.-Sun.); open jam session (Mon.).

Jazz Radio: Zan Stewart (KBCA, 105.1 FM, nightly 11 PM-2 AM); Leonard Feather (KUSC, 91.5 FM, Sun. 8-9 PM); Gary Vercelli (KPFK, 90.7 FM; Sat. 3:30-5 PM); Bill Evans (KCRW, 89.9 FM, Mon. 11 PM-2 AM).

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: Horace Silver (9/8-11); Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (9/12-17); Michael White (9/18); Listen with Mel Martin (9/22-25); New York Jazz Quartet w/Roland Hanna and Frank Wess (9/29-10/2); Yusef Lateef (10/4-16); call 781-0697 for further information.

Great American Music Hall: Tony Williams Lifetime (9/8); call 885-0750 for complete schedule.

Boarding House: Top name rock, pop and jazz; call 441-4333 for details.

Reunion: Bennett Friedman Big Band and Don Piestrup Big Band alternate on Monday nights; salsa, big band music seven nights; call 346-3248 for information.

Blue Dolphin: Experimental and new music most nights; call 824-3822 for information.

Old Waldorf: Dwight Twilley (9/9-10); Andy Gibb (9/16-17); call 397-3884.

Kuumbwah Jazz Center (Santa Cruz): Makin' It By The Bay Jazz Ensemble w/Idris Ackroff Quartet, others (9/23-24); jazz, films, programs most nights; call 408-427-2227 for schedule.

Berkeley Square: Lee Harris Quartet (Sat.-Sun.); Billy Philadelphia (Mon.); Art Lande (Tues.); John

Burr and John Echstrom (Wed.); Danny and Alicia Daniels (Thurs.); Casa Bonita Garden Orchestra (Fri.); call 843-6733 for information.

Concord Pavillion (Concord): Taj Mahal and the Oakland Symphony (9/10).

Venetian Room (Fairmont Hotel): Bernadette Peters (9/8-14); Tony Bennett (10/13-26); call 772-5163.

U. C. Berkeley (Greek Theatre): Bob Marley and the Wailers (9/9).

Circle Star Theatre (San Carlos): Brothers Johnson (9/9-11); Cleo Laine w/John Dankworth/Don Ellis Electric Orchestra (9/16-18); George Benson (9/23-25).

Jazzline: 415-521-9336.

Eullpia Cafe (San Jose): Idris Ackroff (9/10); Pepper Adams (9/17); Mark Levine (9/23-24); First Light (9/30); call 408-293-6818.

PHILADELPHIA

Carroll's: Jazz Wed.-Sun.; regulars include Lex Humphries, John Washington, Ace Tesone/John Bonnie, Jimmy Johnson (Wed.-Sun.).

Dino's Lounge: Jazz nightly; call 382-8363 for details.

Foxhole Cafe: Jazz regularly starting Sept.; call 222-8556 for information.

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

Letters: Occasional jazz.

Long March Coffeehouse: Festival 9/10; call coffeehouse for location; includes Bill Lewis and Us, Byard Lancaster Trio, Lex Humphries Quintet, John Washington Trio and La Alternativa. Regular weekend jazz Sept. and Oct.

Grendel's Lair: Occasional jazz; call 923-5560 for information.

Khyber Pass: Jazz Mon., Tues., weekends; call 627-9331 for details.

Painted Bride: Monday jazz series; Al Stouffer Quintet (10/10); Joe Federico (10/17).

Red Carpet Lounge: Occasional jazz, Richard Groove Holmes often.

Take One (University Hilton): Jazz Sept. and Oct.; call EV7-8333 for schedule.

Royal Cafe: Hollis Floyd Combo (Mon., Thurs., Fri.).

Spectrum: Bob Marley and the Wailers (9/24).

Main Point: Occasional jazz.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: Chico Hamilton (9/7-11); Joe Pass (9/14-18); call 337-1000 for information.

Amazingrace (Evanston): Jazz or folk music regularly; Gary Burton Quartet (9/2-5); Dillard's (9/9-10); call 328-2489 for information.

Ivanhoe Theater: Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 348-4060 for information.

Enterprise Lounge: Von Freeman (Mon.).

Wise Fools Pub: Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mon.); jazz, rock and blues other nights; call 929-1510.

Orphans: Ears (Tues.).

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

Biddy Mulligan's: Chicago Grandstand Big Band (Tues.).

Backroom: Jazz nightly; Eldee Young, Judy Roberts often.

Collette's: Jazz nightly; call 477-5022.

PHOENIX

Arcosanti Festival (Cordes Junction): Gary Burton/Richie Havens/Dave Liebman/Louis Arnold Steel Band/Richie Beirach's Eon/Paul Winter Consort/Stewart Gordon (10/1-2); tentative plans for McCoy Tyner, Hubert Laws, Jackson Browne; call 948-6145.

Monaco Club: Richie Oropeza Trio (Sun.).

Flamm's: Jerry Byrd Trio.

Celebrity: Paul Williams (8/20); Kenny Loggins (8/28); Be-Bop Deluxe (9/16).

Glenn Miller Lounge (Holiday Inn, Tempe): New big band venue.

Boogie Tree: Monty Alexander (to 8/20); Joel

Robins Trio (8/21-9/3); Sawyer's Singer Machine (9/4-10/1); Dizzy Gillespie (10/9-10, tent.).

Crazy Ed's: Dixieland (Tues.-Sat.).

Joshua's: Charles Lewis Quintet with John Hardy (Sat.-Mon.); Morning Sky (Tues.-Fri.).

Scottsdale Center: Preservation Hall Jazz Band (10/5); Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band (11/4).

Mantiki: Hans Olsen (Tues.); Blond Sun Band (Thurs.-Sat.).

No Name Saloon: Hans Olsen (Weds.); Paul Morris (Sun.).

Dooley's: Jazz night (Sun.); call for info 968-2446.

Jed Nolan's: Big John & Music Hall Madmen (Tues.-Sun.); Jazz jam (Mon.).

Marvin Gardens: Monopoly with Francine Reed (Thurs.-Sat.).

Jazz In AZ: Meetings (first Thursday of month).

KANSAS CITY

Signboard (Crown Center): John Lyman Quartet (Fri. and Mon., 4:30-7:30).

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

Mark IV: United Jazz Quartet (Fri. and Sat.); sessions Sun. night.

Uptown: Occasional name jazz; call 753-1001.

Top Of The Crown: Steve Denny Trio (Mon.-Sat.).

VII Arches: Meeker/Harris Duo (Tues.-Sat.).

Alameda Plaza Roof: Frank Smith Trio w/Milt Abel (Mon.-Sat.).

The Inn: Jim Buckley Combo.

Arrowhead: Gary Sivils Experience (Fri. and Sat.).

Jewish Community Center: Friends of Jazz subscription series (name artists in concert monthly including Stan Getz and Pat Metheny; call 361-5200.).

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

Orchestra Hall: Cleo Laine (9/9); Billy Davis and Marilyn McCoo (9/17); Vicki Carr (9/18); Melba Moore (10/8); Lou Rawls (10/27).

The Whole Coffeehouse (University of Minnesota): Sonny Rollins (10/7-9); Dexter Gordon (10/14-16); Odetta (10/21-22).

Guthrie Theatre (Minneapolis): Melissa Manchester (9/11); Upper River Mississippi Jazz Band (10/9).

Emporium Of Jazz: Art Hodes (9/9); The Hall Brothers (Fri. and Sat.).

St. Paul Civic Center Arena: Fleetwood Mac (9/12); Arrowsmith (9/23).

Walker Arts Center (Minneapolis): John Einweck Trio with Vicki Mountain (9/28).

State Theatre of Minneapolis: Firefall (9/29).

Florito's Drinking Emporium (St. Paul): Moldy Figs (Fri. and Sat.).

The Commodore (St. Paul): Wolverines Classic Jazz Orchestra (weekends).

The Radisson (St. Paul): Tom Prin Trio with Jeanne Snell (Tues.-Sun.).

New Riverside Cafe (Minneapolis): Jazz weekly.

Rainbow Gallery (Minneapolis): Jazz weekends.

Registry Hotel (Bloomington): Big band jazz (Sun.).

William's Pub (Minneapolis): Eddie Berger and the Jazz All Stars (Sun.).

ATLANTA

Lark And The Dove: Jerry Farber Quartet (Tues.-Sun.).

Dante's Down The Hatch: Paul Mitchell Trio (nightly).

E.J.'s: Dan Wall Trio featuring Al Nicholson.

Paschal's La Carousel: Toby Boone Quintet (nightly).

Keyboard Lounge: Dixieland jazz w/Ernie Carson and Sammy Dunbar, Charlie Bourneman and Herman Forchic (Wed., Fri.-Sat.).

Midtown Pub: Contemporary jazz (Mon.-Sat.); call 872-4031 for details.

Jazz Forum Hotline: 404-921-3478.

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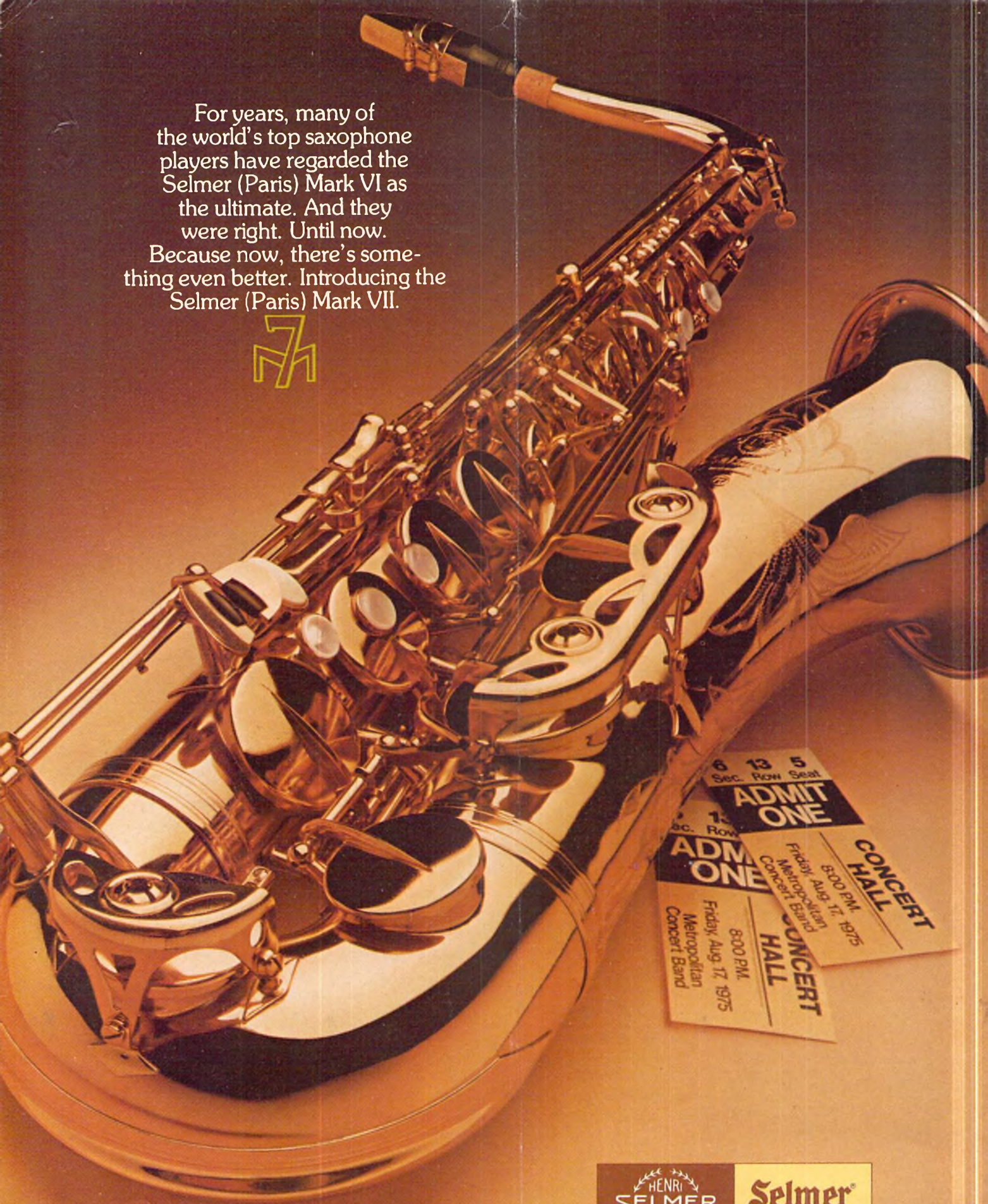
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