

SEPTEMBER 7, 1978

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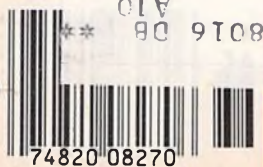
JAZZ AT THE WHITE HOUSE

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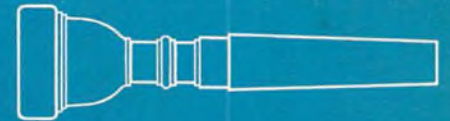
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education in jazz

by George Wein

I guess I've known about Berklee almost as long as I've known about jazz. It was in Boston, and I was from Boston, and although I never studied there, it seems that I kept bumping into fine musicians who did. My impression, at that time, was that



Berklee was a small school specializing in jazz instruction that must have been doing a pretty good job of it if the student musicians I met were any indication.

Even after leaving Boston and getting more deeply involved in producing jazz festivals, I still found myself constantly reminded of the kind of musicians that Berklee was turning out. Among former Berklee students who have performed in festivals I have produced, these names come quickly to mind: John Abercrombie, Gabor Szabo, Gary Burton, Keith Jarrett, Bill Chase, Toshiko, Pat LaBarbera, Alan Broadbent, Sadao Watanabe, Al DiMeola, Quincy Jones, and half of various Woody Herman and Buddy Rich bands!

After too many years, I recently had occasion to spend some time at Berklee. It's still very much involved with jazz, but a great deal more has happened since my Boston days. In addition to a thorough grounding in jazz techniques, students are now trained in all phases of professional music; such as, studio work and scoring for television and films.

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George Wein

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

The most moving musical event I have ever witnessed was the June afternoon when jazz was honored at the White House.

It started as a not-too-extraordinary event. The White House responded to a George Wein overture, via a Rhode Island congressman, to recognize the 25th anniversary of the Newport Jazz Festival. No one knows for sure why the President agreed. It could have been good politics, or a welcome change after Panama, or the proper instinct of a "civilized man" (a characterization of Jimmy Carter by John Hammond before Carter's election).

Anyway, there we all were in Washington for another of jazz's moveable feasts. The faces and voices in the lobby and coffee shop and bar of the Capitol Hilton were remindful of the Viking Hotel in Newport on festival eve. And as we have done in the past, we went over to the festival grounds in the early afternoon for the musician's talkover rehearsal.

Present your credentials at the East Gate and up the walk to the house, through cool, long corridors, and then out onto the South Lawn, down a gentle slope to the shade of the band shell where the musicians were visiting, sipping cold drinks and exchanging wherefroms and wheretos. Some veteran players were lamenting the paid jobs they passed up to play a free date for George Wein. It was like being in the musicians' dressing room tents at Newport—except no one was blowing a horn. George Wein implored the musicians to stick to the schedule. No one objected or asked for more time or a better spot. That didn't seem important.

The President came down to say hello. To our "thank you for this day," he replied: "Thank you for coming. I'm glad to be able to do this."

Before the 800 or so guests arrived, we sat under a tree and looked about. The great white house . . . Tara, darkies entertaining in the bottoms, fragrances of flowers and jambalaya . . . great oak trees (where is the strange fruit?) . . . Lincoln memorial . . . guard dogs sniffing . . . soldiers on the roof . . . first jazz age and Harding and Coolidge . . . Nixon and Leonard Garment and the Ellington party . . . now, 7:30 and Jimmy Carter is on stage.

For the first time, a national political leader—a President of the United States—acknowledges that racism has impeded the full acceptance of jazz, our most important indigenous art form. (The full text of his remarks is on page 14.)

The opening sets were polite. Then the musicians sensed the President's interest as he sat on the ground 15 feet from the stage . . . and they began to cook. The crowd caught the musicians' quickened spirit and began to cheer and carry on like at a real-world festival.

The music kept building as an almost full moon came out over the Washington Monument and the golden, half-light of dusk settled over the darkening trees. Then Stan Getz burst forth with *Lush Life* and the memories crowded in: Strayhorn-Duke-Pops-Mahalia-Bird-Billie-Trane-Cannon-Desmond-Rabbit-Brownie, and all those musicians who brought us this beautiful, free and noble music.

No one wanted to leave. No one wanted to break the spell. Even after *Salt Peanuts*, people kept together, wanting more. But finally, as Whitney Balliett said, we all shuffled off slowly "at roughly the speed of a slow blues."

Next issue: Ornette Coleman, Flora Purim, B. B. King (Part I), and Roswell Rudd, plus profiles of several lesser knowns. **db**



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No way was I a prodigy. I first played the accordion because it was fun and later the piano for the same reason. When I started getting serious about music, I became aware of technique and style. And that's when the Rhodes became my piano because I dug the tonal quality. But as a kid, I rarely practiced.

Rarely practiced?

Not when I was growing up. I hung out, had fun. Others may have progressed faster, sooner. But in the long run, their lack of life experience caused them to peak early. I haven't peaked yet. When you peak you stop creating.

Just how do you create?

Sometimes in the usual way—thinking through a melody on my Rhodes and scoring as I go along. But creativity is funny and unpredictable. Take *Juggler* on our album, *Heavy Weather*. I was just improvising and unknown to me, Brian Risner, our engineer, taped my playing. A year later, he ran the tape for me. I wrote it down exactly and *Weather Report* recorded it. You never know when you're creating.

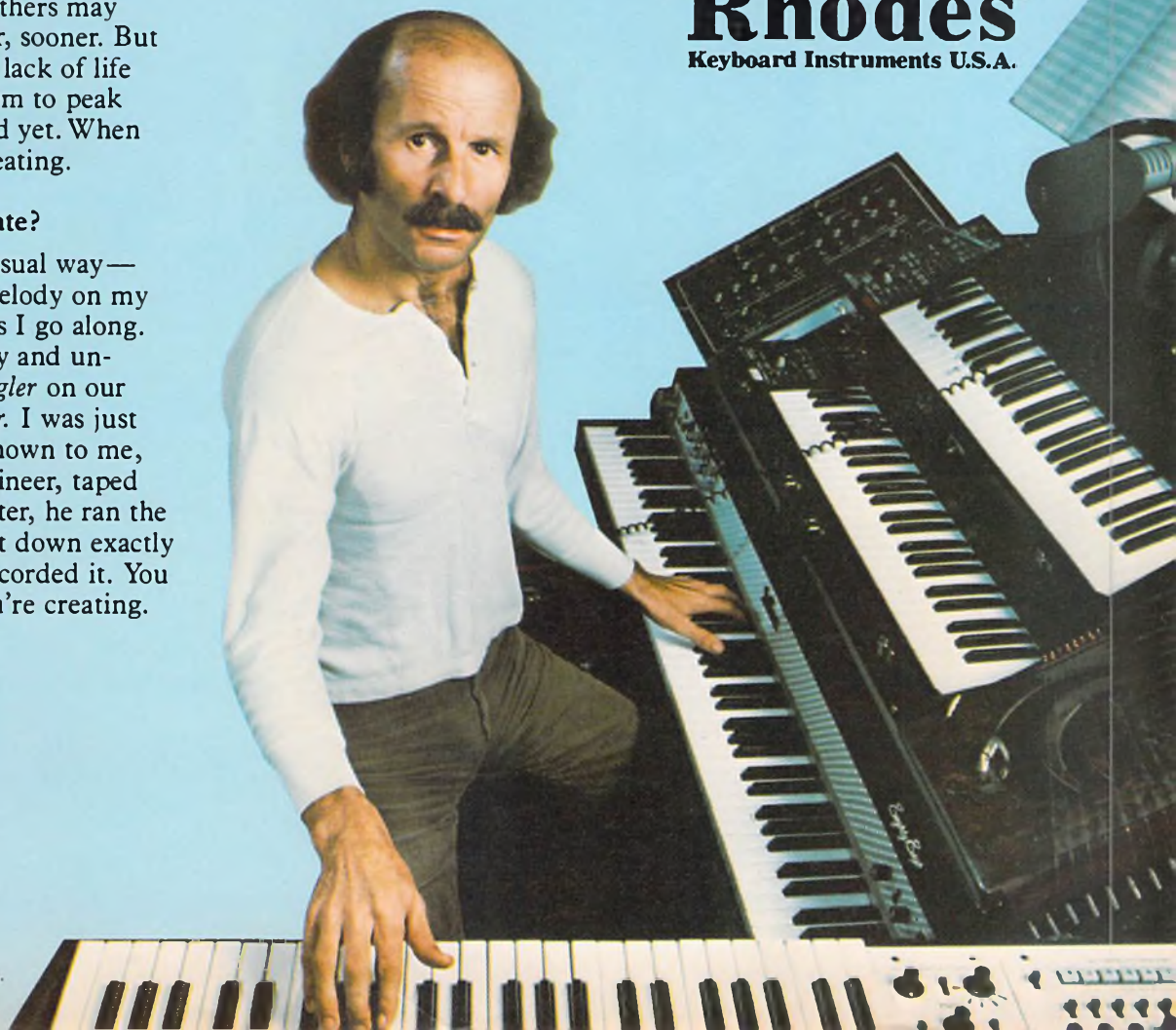
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Coltrane Lives

Why don't you guys do a cover story on John Coltrane? He's putting out more good music from the grave than a lot of these living cats.

Michael White

Atlanta, Ga.

Full Of Love Friesen

The recent exposure you gave bassist David Friesen (Profile, 4/6, and Blindfold Test, 6/1) has been highly informative, uplifting and greatly appreciated.

It's refreshing and encouraging to hear music so full of love that it touches the very depths of one's soul. A lengthy interview with him would be wonderful. To David I say, continue on the narrow way.

Marc Dancy

Rocky Mount, No. Car.

Larry And John

Thanks for the complete story on John McLaughlin. It was very inspiring to read about the growth of a true artist.

I was shocked to read about the recent death of Larry Young. I was even more shocked that you didn't mention the fantastic contribution he made to music. Larry happened to be one of the greatest organ players that ever lived, and the wide range of harmonics and sound textures he achieved on the Hammond B3 have yet to be duplicated by anyone. Larry had a deep understanding of the spiritual side of music and his absence will be deeply felt by those who knew him and his music. . . .

David Snider

New York, N.Y.

Hunting For Tony

Speaking of a resurgence of interest in the clarinet, how about some mention of the modern master Tony Scott, who presumably is still alive and playing somewhere in Europe or the Far East. His series of big band and small group recordings in the '50s and early '60s, culminating with extraordinary "fusionist" originality in the album *Tony Scott* (Verve 6-8788), surely represents the most important jazz playing by a clarinetist since the work of Pee Wee Russell, whose sonority is echoed in Scott's ballad playing. (His contemporary heirs would seem to be Perry Robinson and, in some respects, Russell Procope.) Listen to his glistening, whirling version of *My Funny Valentine* and you hear why he has been styled the Charlie Parker of the clarinet. Tony Scott, where are you?

Howard Eiland

Arlington, Ma.

Guitar Backlash, Cont.

Having ridden a bicycle as a boy many times to various Oklahoma City clubs to hear Charles Christian, and being a musician and a friend of the Christian family for many years, I feel that a response to Bill Davis' letter is in order. . . .

I would like to suggest that Mr. Davis'

galaxies of scales be propelled either outward into interstellar space or inward into his you-know-where.

Fred Beatty

Oklahoma City, Ok.

Mr. Davis' letter in the May 18 issue raises the question as to the maturity level of the readers of this magazine: one would infer from the language and tenor of the letter that Mr. Davis is relatively young. If he is young, then he is excused for writing such an idiotic letter.

Somewhere along the line he picks up a technical phrase or two, understands a little something about it and what it means—now he's an expert. According to him, the only true musician, a DiMeola or Coryell, can go up and down scales.

Gez, isn't that terrific!!!!!! It takes more than knowing scales, whatever kind to be a good musician, a top notch musician—an artist, if you will. DiMeola and Coryell may consider themselves artists, or maybe a tone deaf critic may consider them artists. (A jazz critic

is one who knows how to drop and spell names like Stravinsky or Bartok and maybe the names of one or two of their compositions. Which reminds me, why does a jazz critic or his alter ego—the jazz lover—when commenting about the compositions and/or writing ability of a particular jazz artist say, ". . . and is the author of many tunes, among them are . . ." and go on to mention *just two titles* when one expects hundreds—*very stupid.*) Anyway, they get acclaim for what other musicians get rapped for—that is to say blandness, sameness, riffiness—in other words, flash music that really sounds like a TV sound track or background for a movie.

No, these two gentlemen are *not* in the same league with *true* artists such as the late Charlie Christian, Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow and probably *the* two best jazz artists—Johnny Smith and Herb Ellis. DiMeola and Coryell *have a long way to go.*

Readers, jazz lovers, jazz critics—*please grow up.* Don't be shallow minded about past musical history. Don't be so immature about everything else.

John Galich (age 17)

Los Angeles, Cal.

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NEWS

Birthday Revelations



VAUGHAN PUBLER/ATLANTIC RECORDS

At birthday celebration (l. to r.): Gunther Schuller, Arnold Jay Smith, Charles Mingus

NEW YORK—As part of a birthday celebration, members of the New York Philharmonic, under the direction of Gunther Schuller, played Charles Mingus' *Revelations*. While the birthday bash was improvised by Charles' record company, Atlantic, the music wasn't. The occasion was one of Cooper Union's "Prospective Encounters" and, as Mingus jokingly chided Schuller later, "it was supposed to swing more," referring to one section of the short piece.

The work, originally conducted by Mr. Schuller at Brandeis University in 1957, was recorded on Columbia Records again under Schuller's baton, so

the three were not strangers to each other. Composition, composer and conductor were well acquainted with the unusual scoring for trumpet, alto sax, tenor sax, string bass, trombone, drums and harp.

The presentation, while strikingly disarming when first heard with its infusion of classical and jazz elements, lacked something in this performance. Perhaps the other pieces on the program detracted from it. There were works by contemporary artists, little-known, mostly premiered performances with similarly unusual voicings. The Mingus opus did not stand out as was anticipated. It was most exciting during its Duke Ellington section.

McShann Rocks Mariposa

TORONTO—As surely as politics makes those proverbial strange bedfellows, music festivals—especially ones as eclectic as Toronto's Mariposa Folk Festival—bring together all manner of interesting and unexpected combinations of personalities.

Music at Mariposa this year ranged from country dancing and Ghanaian drumming to a fiddle workshop and a concert by Ravi Shankar protegee sitarist Shambhu Das, with blues, jazz and traditional and contemporary folk in between. All was within earshot of each other—events were held simultaneously on six stages—and all occurred under gorgeous blue skies.

Among individual events, one could hear a program entitled "Piano Styles" offered by the venerable Kansas City musician Jay McShann and the young

Toronto blues lady Jane Vasey, who concluded their hour-long concert with an impromptu piano-four-hands boogie. And earlier, on another stage, "Blues # 1" saw onetime-Torontonian Leon Redbone, all mumbles and growls, singing beside the 74-year-old blues singer and mandolinist Yank Rachell.

Other highlights among the jazz and blues-related events: several mini concerts by McShann's trio (guitarist-bassist-violinist Claude Williams, a marvelous musician, and drummer Paul Gunther) and by the Zion Harmonizers, a six-man gospel group of great strength from New Orleans; and a high-powered concert by Toronto's Downchild Blues Band (of which pianist Vasey is a member), totally out of keeping with the low-key, informal character of Mariposa but a rousing success.

POTPOURRI

Martha Glaser, a loyalist if there ever was one, is sifting through unreleased master tapes by the late Erroll Garner. The possibility of a posthumous disc is strong.

Patrice Rushen is the latest jazz name to jump on the burgeoning bandwagon at Elektra/Asylum. Associated with Fantasy since her recording debut, Rushen joins an Elektra roster that includes Lee Ritenour, Lenney White, Starbooty, Phillip Catherine, Terry Callier, Dee Dee Bridgewater and Michael White. And as they say, they've only just begun.

Cecil Taylor received a warm welcome during his recent Club 7 gig in Oslo, Norway.

Roy Ayers has collaborated with Japanese lyricist Kohan Kawauchi on a new single tagged *Look At Me*. Kawauchi has racked up 35 gold singles in Japan and Ayers obviously hopes that the dust will rub off. *Sukiyaki* with some boogie, anybody?

Gap Mangione has raised several thousand dollars for the Toledo, Ohio zoo. The elder brother of the chart-topping Chuck performed at a location designated as "Jungle Jazz 1." Beastial critics were unavailable for comment.

Passport leader Klaus Doldinger has been honored with the Federal Services Cross, an award presented by the West German government. Usually an award bestowed only on classical musicians, the barnstorming Doldinger more than deserves

the recognition.

Soul crooner Al Green has diversified his interests by opening a new establishment called Al Green's Hair Salon. That's right—ardent admirers can now get finger waves from the acrobatic vocalist himself, for a few dollars more.

Russia's Tallin Jazz Festival turned out to be a surprising success. Featured performers included the Leningrad Dixieland Jazz Band, Helmut Annuko and his big band, and vocalist Giuli Tchovelli.

Hope things fare better this time around division: Alan Douglas, who was responsible for releasing the first series of posthumous Jimi Hendrix albums, has announced that more Hendrix reissues and outtakes will soon be available on double album sets. The disc that is of most interest to Douglas is tentatively called *Nine To The Universe*, and will feature the late Larry Young on organ, guitarist Jim McCarty, bassist Billy Cox and drummer Buddy Miles. Douglas admits that he has contributed his patented snipping scissors to the project. Judgment should be reserved.

The CTI jazz-rock group Sea-wind has pacted a new deal with Ken Fritz Management.

Benny Goodman was named recipient of the first California Jazz Award. Presented to the King of Swing by Gov'nor Jerry Brown, Benny heard state senator and jazz buff Alan Sieroty declare that he hoped the award would become annual. db

RODGERS ESTABLISHES FUND

NEW YORK—Richard Rodgers, composer for Broadway, television and an occasional symphony orchestra, has donated one million dollars to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters to establish the Richard Rodgers Production Award.

Acknowledging new or hitherto unrecognized talent working in the medium of the composer's field, the award will be made not to the composer but to the production, hopefully engendering a production of some sort.

The guidelines of the award will be as broad as possible. The recipient should be an original work, a play with music, a revue, an operetta, an adaptation of a classic or a Broadway show.

Attending the presentation

were Mayor Edward Koch, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers and their family, Jacques Barzun, president of the Academy, composer William Schuman, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and invited guests.

Rodgers stressed his "confidence and abiding love for my birthplace, New York City, and a conviction that it is the artistic center of the nation." For that reason, he went on, the award must be made in New York. Like the Nobel Peace Prize, if an award is not made in any one year, the income from the funds will be added back into it.

All materials remains the sole possession of the individual who created it and in no way will the Academy financially profit. The first award will be made in 1979.

NEWS

Jazz Struggles In Atlanta

ATLANTA—In a speech to a capacity crowd at last year's Jazz Day In The Park, part of Atlanta's annual Arts Festival, Mayor Maynard Jackson promised to "make Atlanta the jazz capital of the United States." In the year that has since passed, jazz activity in the Atlanta area has barely held its own. The Midtown Pub, a small club that featured national acts and straight-ahead local groups, closed its doors this winter. WYZE, an AM station that featured jazz during daylight hours, changed to a gospel-dominated format. And recent concerts by Woody Shaw, Sarah Vaughan and even Grover Washington drew poorly. That leaves several college radio stations with jazz programs, and a few clubs featuring "cocktail jazz." But there is hope.

Activity swelled during this year's Arts Festival in May. In addition to the three day Kool Jazz Festival at Atlanta Stadium, the Jazz Forum of Atlanta sponsored their second annual Jazz Day In The Park. The event was a great success, but unhappiness with the Forum's choice of

groups led other musicians to a splinter festival that ran concurrently. At the Neighborhood Arts Center Pavilion, on the other side of Piedmont Park, three groups were featured: the Ojeda Penn Quartet, the Alan Murphy-Bill Braynon Sextet, and Life Force, featuring Joe Jennings and Howard Nicholson. Jennings, a leading force on the Atlanta jazz scene, told **db**, "Some of the better players weren't contacted to play the other festival so we had our own concert to give more people an opportunity to play."

Jennings, who teaches jazz history at Morehouse College and is also Musician In Residence at the Neighborhood Arts Center (an inner city arts education program), believes there is a jazz audience in Atlanta. "It needs to be centralized. There's enough people to support two or three full time jazz clubs if they put quality groups in them on a consistent basis. The Midtown Pub wasn't doing bad. They didn't close because of financial reasons, they just had to get out of the building. Listen, the audience is here!"

Bo Vaults Generation Gulch

NEW YORK—There is nothing in this world or any other, so far, that compares to the innermost feelings you get from a big band. Witness the tracking methods on today's disco records simulating the big band effect; the brass stabs, the woodwind ensemble work—all are present on today's recordings.

Imagine if you could dance to those sounds live. It's been done in the person of Henry "Bo" Thorpe. Thorpe, a musician, journalist and public relations man from Rocky Mount, N.C., has put together a band he calls Bo And Generation II. "It's the second generation of big bands," Thorpe told **db** at the band's engagement at the Riverboat here. "We've got that sound that's reminiscent of Miller, Dorsey and the others, but not quite the same thing."

His sound does emulate the clarinet lead of the Miller reed section in spots, and some of the fire that was Dorsey's brass in others, but the beat is 1970s danceable and the tunes are arranged for electric instrumentation.

The group has played a guest spot at N.Y.'s Belmont Race Track, done a *Danny Thomas & Friends* TV spot, played a reception for President Carter and has appeared at the Plaza Hotel here. The band has also played colleges and high schools. "And the kids love it," Thorpe went on to say. "Even their parents get up and dance when they hear the sounds."

Thorpe sings along with a trio of fresh-looking youngsters. In fact, the whole band is made up of fresh-out-of-school kids, with some notable exceptions. Fred Gaud was the trumpet star of the Manhattan School of Music Band and Ed Xiques has been both alto and baritone chair with Thad Jones/Mel Lewis. Drummer Brian Brake has been around, with Jimmy Owens and Irene Reid of late.

There are "back-dated" charts of such tunes as *Native New Yorker*, *I Love You Just The Way You Are*, *You Light Up My Life*, *Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue*, and all of the Bee Gee hits.

12 □ down beat

Sax Month At Basil's

NEW YORK—Sweet Basil, the restaurant/night club which has been presenting some of the more esoteric jazz in this city (and packing audiences in as well), is about to embark on a full month of saxophone artists.

Chico Freeman, Arthur Blythe and Bob Mover are among the stars who will appear during the month of September with other vacancies still being filled.

"We intend to have only saxophonists for the entire month,"

one of the owners told **db**. "This is not the first time we have done this kind of mini-festival here," he went on to say. "We had a guitar festival here some years ago. But we think saxophones are the instrument that is best conveying jazz to audiences."

Basil's guitar festival took place in 1976 (**db**, 3/25/76), and it was a major factor in the development of the restaurant as a place where jazz of differing modes could be heard.

KEYBOARD MAGIC X THREE

NEW YORK—In an unusual display of keyboard talent, three acoustic piano players presented their particular viewpoints in concert at Cami Hall here.

Presented by Jim Harrison and Hilly Saunders, who have been presenting fine concerts for some time now, Duke Jordan, Walter Davis, Jr. and Barry Harris each brought along a bassist and drummer to amplify their perspectives.

Jordan explored tunes from a slightly askant point of view. He delivered *Misty* like an Erroll Garner-cum-Thelonious Monk, taking Garner's chords from his original performance and breaking them up into single notes with an angularity that Monk might employ in the tune. His *Jordu* and other originals shone under his approach.

Peck Morrison, bass, and Jimmy Wormworth, drums, provided just the right ancillary tools Jordan needed.

Davis' technique is impeccable, his virtuosity superb. His classicism appears throughout his performances. His rhythm section, comprised of Tom Barney on electric bass and Kenny Washington, drums, was the best of the evening. Washington is clean and crisp when soloing, yet sharp and right where the beat needs to be when time-

keeping.

Davis' attack is a strong one that leaves no doubt as to what he wants to say. He changes tempi intra-tune and moves outside the changes with an ease that few possess.

On tunes like Bud Powell's *Un Poco Loco* and the Cole Porter standard, *Just One Of Those Things*, one can feel his Bud Powell influence. But he takes Powell one step further. With power, inventiveness and directness, he moved from out to in.

Harris is beautifully melodic. He plays tunes like *We'll Be Together Again*, *My Devotion* and *Cherokee* in such a manner that they are clearly understandable. No ellipticism here—Harris is straight-ahead and always swinging. His set, cut short due to the length of Davis', included two blues, the last being a down home, funky item that had the audience cheering. He was accompanied by bassist Bill Lee and drummer Leroy Williams.

Davis returned to join Harris in a four-handed calypso number. The two changed positions on the bench, each taking a turn at soloing.

It was a refreshing evening with these three piano monsters, who (as emcee Larry Ridley pointed out) don't get enough concert exposure.

FINAL BAR

Matty Matlock, clarinetist in the big band era, died in Los Angeles from complications of a heart condition and Parkinson's disease. He was 69.

Born Julian Clifton Matlock in Paducah, Ky., Matlock played for five years with the Beasley Smith band and some other lesser known groups until he joined Ben Pollack's band, replacing Benny Goodman.

Five years later (1934), he and some colleagues from Pollack joined the Clark Randall Orchestra. Bob Crosby was brought in to front that orchestra and the Bobcats were born. It was with Crosby that Matlock garnered his fame as a soloist and arranger on such tunes as *March Of The Bobcats*, *Paducah Parade* and *Sugar Daddy Strut*.

He moved to California and joined Eddie Miller in 1943, and remained there ever since. He played with Pee Wee Hunt, Red Nichols, Bunny Berigan, Jack Teagarden, Bobby Hackett and appeared as a featured musician in Jack Webb's movie, *Pete Kelly's Blues*.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters and seven grandchildren.



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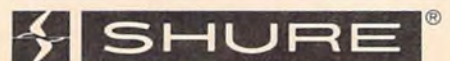
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STATEMENT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

JIMMY CARTER ON JAZZ

The following speech by President Carter kicked off the jazz festivities at the White House.

You are welcome to the first White House jazz festival. I hope we have some more in the future. This is an honor for me—to walk through this crowd and meet famous jazz musicians and the families of those who are no longer with us, but whose work and whose spirit and whose beautiful music will live forever in our country.

If there ever was an indigenous art form, one that is special and peculiar to the United States and represents what we are as a country, I would say that it's jazz. Starting late in the last century, there was a unique combination of two characteristics that have made America what it is: individuality and a free expression of one's inner spirit. In an almost unconstrained way, vivid, alive, aggressive, innovative on the one hand, and the severest form of self-discipline on the other. Never compromising quality as the human spirit bursts forward in an expression of song.

At first this jazz form was not well accepted in respectable circles. I think there was an element of racism perhaps at the beginning, because most of the famous early performers were black. And particularly in the South to have black and white musicians playing together was not a normal thing. And I believe that this particular of music—of art—has done as much as anything to break down those barriers and to let us live and work and play and make beautiful music together.

And the other thing that kind of separated jazz musicians from the upper levels of society was the reputation jazz musicians had. Some people thought they stayed up late at night, drank a lot and did a lot of carousing around. And it took a few years for society to come together. I don't know. I'm not going to say, as President, whether the jazz musicians became better behaved or the rest of society caught up with them in drinking, carousing around and staying up late at night.

But the fact is that over a period of years the quality of jazz could not be constrained. It could not be unrecognized. And it swept not only our country, but is perhaps the favorite export product of the United States to Europe and in other parts of the world.

I began listening to jazz when I was quite young—on the radio, listening to performances broadcast from New Orleans. And later when I was a young officer in the Navy in the early '40s, I would go to Greenwich Village to listen to the jazz performers who came there. And with my wife later on we'd go down to New Orleans and listen to individual performances on Sunday afternoon on Royal Street, sit in on the jam sessions that lasted for hours and hours. And then later of course, we began to learn the individual performers through phonograph records and also on the radio itself. This has had a very beneficial effect on my life. And I'm very grateful for what all these remarkable performers have done.

25 years ago the first Newport Jazz Festival was held. So this is a celebration of an anniversary and a recognition of what it meant to bring together such a wide diversity of performers and different elements of jazz in its broader definition that collectively is even a much more profound accomplishment than the superb musicians and the individual types of jazz standing alone.

And it's with a great deal of pleasure that I, as President of the United States, welcome tonight superb representatives of this music form. Having performers here who represent the history of music throughout this century, some quite old in years, still young at heart, others newcomers to jazz who have brought an increasing dynamism to it, and a constantly evolving, striving for perfection as the new elements of jazz are explored. George Wein has put together this program, and I'd like to welcome him now and thank him and all the superb performers whom I met individually earlier today. And I know that we all have in store for us a wonderful treat as some of the best musicians in our country—in the world—show us what it means to be an American and to join in the pride that we feel for those who've made jazz such a wonderful part of our lives.

Thank you very much.

LIVE—FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

Black music has chased the golden calf of respectability almost from the beginning. First there was Paul Whiteman's Pygmalion approach to the music, which had relatively little to do with real jazz. Then in the late '30s true jazz came to Carnegie Hall. There was the famous Benny Goodman concert and then the celebrated Spirituals to Swing programs that brought Goodman, Basie, Lester Young, Charlie Christian, Sidney Bechet and Big Bill Broonzy together in one concert. Many others would play Carnegie from then on.

The symbolic importance of Carnegie Hall brought artistic recognition to jazz. A measure of official public recognition came in the mid '50s when first Louis Armstrong, then Benny Goodman and Dizzy Gillespie made State Department tours to friendly nations overseas. Then there was Goodman's famous mission to Moscow in 1962. Finally the White House itself began to embrace jazz, first in the Kennedy days and then Nixon in 1969. For Nixon the occasion was Duke Ellington's 70th birthday. It was the most popular thing he ever did in a public career spanning 30 years. But Nixon was honoring a man, not an art.

On June 18, seven days before the start of the 25th annual Newport Jazz Festival, President Carter corrected that oversight. He and the First Lady hosted an unprecedented picnic party on the south lawn facing Constitution Avenue that honored and was honored by a history of jazz

that embraced everything from ragtime through avant garde.

The President honored jazz, Newport founder George Wein honored the musicians, and the musicians honored each other in a concert of extraordinary quality and integrity considering the brevity that necessity imposed on all concerned.

Before the concert began, Wein went about impressing everyone with the "serious time problem we have." Eubie Blake was limited to a strict five minutes. "Well, I'm no stage hog," Eubie said in mock seriousness. Wein reminded him that he'd probably go on for 90 minutes if nobody told him not to. And he might have. The 95-year-old pianist and composer had had a red letter weekend. His new show, *Eubie*, opened in a Philadelphia tryout the night before to unanimous rave notices.

The idea began, appropriately enough, not with the President but with George Wein himself and a New York enthusiast called Les Lieber. Wein first contacted Rhode Island Congressman Fernand St. Germain on the idea of a White House occasion marking the Newport Festival's 25th anniversary. St. Germain agreed and encouraged Wein to suggest it to White House Social Secretary Gretchen Poston. This he did, and the planning promptly began. Wein assembled a list of 35 musicians with a view toward including all who have "played a vital role in the history and evolution of jazz." All would come at

their own expense, according to the Newport office. This is what the list looked like:

Eubie Blake, Kathrine Handy Lewis, Dick Hyman, Doc Cheatham, Mary Lou Williams, Teddy Wilson, Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, Roy Eldridge, Clark Terry, Illinois Jacquet, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner, Max Roach, Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock, George Benson, Tony Williams, Dizzy Gillespie, Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Lionel Hampton, Chick Corea, Louis Bellson, Ray Brown, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Benny Carter, Gil Evans, Gerry Mulligan, Billy Taylor, John Lewis, Sam Rivers, George Russell and Joe Newman.

As you can count, the list spilled over the imposed limit of 35. So several assumed the role of "musicians in attendance" and limited their activities to introducing other musicians. These included Sam Rivers, John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan and others. But in some cases the music beckoned too strongly. During *How High The Moon*, Mulligan borrowed a clarinet from a member of the Tuxedo band and joined in.

In addition to the players, Wein's list reached out to include other members of the jazz world. John Hammond was there with his wife Esme. So was Jerry Wexler, Bruce Lundvall, Clive Davis, Ahmet and Nesuhi Ertegun, George T. Simon, Stanley Dance, Leonard Feather, Dan Morgenstern and Elaine Lorrillard, who, with husband Louis, under-

wrote the first Festival at Newport in 1954. Other invitees (some of whom did not attend) included: Buddy Rich, Gregg Allman, Herb Albert, Harold Arlen, Lucille Armstrong, Dave Baker, James Baldwin, Harry Belafonte, Dick Cavett, Lena Horne, Quincy Jones, Boz Scaggs, Flip Wilson and Andrew Young.

The invitations went out early in May with requests that recipients remain quiet about the approaching event until the official announcement came from the White House June 1. Of course, word got out before. John S. Wilson broke the story in the *New York Times* weeks before.

The weather could hardly have been better as musicians arrived early in the middle of the afternoon, June 18. Groupings were arranged and tunes tentatively selected, although no rehearsals were attempted. President Carter appeared, greeted everyone, and posed for photos with each musician individually. "These guys were never prouder to be jazz musicians," Wein said later. "It wiped me out."

It was only one of the many moving moments, however. Eubie Blake, whose career is older than jazz itself, opened the program with *Boogie Woogie Beguine* and his own classic *Memories Of You*. He then jumped up, took a deep bow and bounded off stage to rejoin his wife Marion in the audience. His sheer presence was moving by itself.

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THE SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE BAND



Excellence Makes Room For Some Yuks (And A Tut)

BY BRET PRIMACK

It began with a phone call. Tom Malone, the trombonist and arranger with NBC's hit comedy show, *Saturday Night Live*, made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

"Why don't you stop by Saturday? The band's doing a number with this week's host, Steve Martin. His latest single is *King Tut*. We're dressing as Egyptians."

"Has the band worn costumes before?"

"When Lily Tomlin hosted, we dressed as an all-nurse band while she sang *St. James Infirmary*. We've also been angels, bees and Frankenstein monsters."

"How did you play with a mask on?"

"They left space for our lips."

The call was for noon. At ten after, approaching NBC security and a bank of elevators that led to "Broadcast Central," I collided with Mauricio Smith, who was doing a juggling act with his saxophone cases.

"Let me give you a hand, man," I offered, grabbing his baritone and flute cases, leaving him with the soprano, alto and tenor.

"This business is getting to me," Smith revealed, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Too much to carry."

Nearly 11 hours before showtime, Studio 8-H was buzzing with scores of production people. Up on the bandstand, Alan Rubin and Lou Marini were already in place, warming up. Tom Malone and Bob Cranshaw were next to arrive. Then came musical director Howard Shore, with shades protecting him from the dim light. As other band members made their way through the studio maze of crew and sets, Smith accompanied them on jew's harp.

"You gonna take a solo on *Contusion*?" quipped Alan Rubin, referring to the band's arrangement of Stevie Wonder's tune.

And then, from out of nowhere, the ubiquitous Howard Johnson, baritone in hand, arrived. It was time for dueling baritone saxes, with Smith and Johnson exchanging riffs and eventually horns.

By 12:30, Shore's cool was broken by a look of consternation—the drummer, Steve Jordan, had yet to arrive. A subdued John Belushi, one of the Not Ready For Prime Time Players, mounted the stage, eyeing Jordan's traps.

"Wanna play drums?" Shore inquired.

Belushi rolled up his sleeves. "Sure. I used to be a drummer, you know."

16 □ down beat



EDDIE BASKIN

In coffin—Lou Marini; standing, left to right—Bob Cranshaw, Mauricio Smith, Tom Malone, Lew Del Gatto, Howard Shore, Bert Jones; seated—Cheryl Hardwick, Paul Shaffer, Alan Rubin, Steve Jordan, Howard Johnson.

With his replacement poised and ready for action, Jordan, resplendent in sweat pants, shirt and jogging shoes, leaped onto the stage. His arrival was greeted with a chorus of loud boos and Bronx cheers. Belushi was obviously disappointed.

Transformation time was there, as some very spaced-out looking characters became a slickly polished, highly professional unit. They ran through the opening theme, written and arranged by Shore, with a tasty solo sax by Lou Marini. Wrapping that up, a voice from the beyond suggested, "Let's move everybody to the *Tut* set."

Tom Malone was kind enough to explain what was happening. "Steve Martin wrote this parody of the King Tut exhibit that's been touring the country. It's a rock thing, something like Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs would do. I did the arrangement for the show, which we recorded on Thursday. Now we're going to practice lip synching while Steve Martin sings his part live."

The set was impressive. At the bottom of two humongous feet rested an upright coffin, to be occupied by Tut himself, Lou Marini. During the "break," two dancers were to pry open the lid and Marini would pop out and blow 12 bars of "get hot tenor." On either side of the coffin stood the band, playing and boogieing against a backdrop of ancient Egyptian graphics.

Martin had yet to arrive, so bespectacled Paul Shaffer sang his part. Even without the costumes, it was apparent the band was "into" it. The jokes began when the two shapely dancers, Doreen and Tawn, arrived.

"Ladies, you're in the tomb with me," Marini commanded. As the ladies practiced their "Egyptian hustle," Marini blew a few bars of *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

"I'm here!" announced America's fastest rising young comedian, Steve Martin, to no one in particular. Another runthrough and it was costume time.

Rubin was the first to reappear. "Would Freddie Hubbard do this?"

As "Tut" took his place in the coffin, Bert Jones warned him, "You better be nice or just before airtime, when you're inside, I'll glue the lid."

Musical director Howard Shore and his assistant, Janine Dreyer, wanted Pharoah Sanders to play the saxophone tooting Tut, but couldn't get his phone number in time. Besides, would Pharoah agree to wearing gold makeup?

"Are we going to have cue cards?" asked Mauricio Smith.

"No," Marini answered. "We'll just Tut it up."

"Pretend you didn't see this," Howard Shore pleaded. "They force us to do this. It's a form of humiliation that we all enjoy."

As the dancers practiced opening and closing the lid to his temporary home, Marini cautioned them, "Make sure you shut the door. But watch out for my saxophone. I could lose my front teeth!"

Later, Marini told me how he felt about carrying on in this manner. "On the one hand, I had these little thoughts going through my head like, 'This is music? What are you doing?' But it's show biz and it's fun. Nobody thinks it's anything other than exactly what it is. If Dizzy can laugh at himself, if Cannonball could laugh at himself, there's no reason why Lou Marini can't."

Three more runthroughs and they had it.

Breaktime. During the course of the 13 hour day, the band has many long periods of waiting. Most are spent in "The Departure Lounge," a dressing room above the studio. While the band "unwinds," the runthrough taking place in the studio is heard over a speaker.

Notes from The Departure Lounge:

Bert Jones has a plan. He wants to purchase a stink bomb and place it in Tut's coffin right before airtime.

Lou Marini, unaware of any plotting, embarks on a painstaking search for the right reed. Jones is bursting at the seams, but Cranshaw's stabilizing presence serves to restrain him. Finally, Marini leaves to play flute duets with Lew Del Gatto. Jones explodes.

John Belushi, mouth agape, catches grapes thrown by Bert Jones.

Cheryl Hardwick poses Steve Jordan for a salacious photograph.

Alan Rubin wonders how many "tuba t-shirts" Howard Johnson has in his possession.

Lou Marini, in gold Tut makeup, asks stunned visitor George Young, "Why are people out there staring at me?"

A voice from the squawkbox interrupted our fun. "Saturday Night Live band to the bandstand, Saturday Night Live band to the bandstand."

It is time for a runthrough of a number featuring the Blues Brothers, aka Belushi and his fellow Prime Timer, Dan Aykroyd. Dressed as gangsters in black shoes, black suits, thin black ties over white shirts and pitchblack shades, Aykroyd, with trusty harp in hand, and Belushi, windpipes intact, were ready to get down. Just before they were about to "hit it" with the band, there was a technical snafu. More waiting. The band took advantage of the time to do some rather intense group jamming. Magically, the entire studio came alive. Belushi and Aykroyd caught "the vibe." They became *Guys And Dolls* characters doing some fancy footwork. That faded into Aykroyd as a used car auctioneer. Big laughs! But Alan Rubin upstaged him as the buyer, whose "rap" was even more fast and furious than Aykroyd's. Special mention must be made here for Aykroyd's harmonica playing. It was wonderful.

Another break. More fear and loathing in The Departure Lounge. Then a break for dinner. And finally, the dress rehearsal. By then, I was exhausted from just watching! Maybe it was all that unwinding.

To get the full effect, I chose to watch the actual show on my home television. The band sounded impressive. Really tight. *Tut* was hilarious. Johnson, Rubin, Malone and Del Gatto, in full regalia, proved too much. But after hearing the band in person, I found myself wishing they'd do more playing on the show itself. In fact, during the first three seasons, the band has had only one feature. They've done comedy, but only one "serious" number.

In TV land, only one thing matters—the ratings. Back in the fall of '75, the arrival of *Saturday Night Live* on the NBC schedule was met with a wait-and-see attitude by television executives, those stern-faced media overlords who determine which shows live or die. The show was, to their twisted way of thinking, different. Broadcasting live from New York every Saturday night at 11:30, it displayed irreverence, a no-no on the tube, ratings wise that is. The youthful department of the staff and cast, even the band, all people of a certain "head," was cause for concern. But as *Saturday Night Live* begins its fourth season, all fears have been laid aside. On any given Saturday night, the show averages an audience of 25 million.

When producer Lorne Michaels hired Canadian Howard Shore to be musical director for *SNL* in the summer of '75, Shore came to New York to find NBC no longer had musicians on staff. The remains of the once highly-active NBC staff had relocated along with *The Tonight Show* to L.A. And so Shore set about the task of putting together a group for the show. "I was in a great position at the time. I came to New York but I didn't know anybody and I was impressed by everybody! Here were all these people who were names from record covers. I also had the luxury of being totally naive. I had no qualms about calling anybody up. I didn't care. I didn't know about any of the cliques. I didn't know who played with who or who liked who or who hated who. It

was unique in that sense and I think the band shows it. It has so many different kinds of personalities in it."

Bob Cranshaw agrees. "There are different kinds of personalities and different kinds of musical experiences within the band. Maybe four people in the band have really been into jazz. The rest of the people, some of them have been into classical music, others have just been into rock and never really played any jazz. . . ."

Lew Del Gatto adds, "Everybody in the band is coming from a different place. The reed player who sits next to me, Mauricio Smith, is very big in the Latin thing. He's been a star in the Latin field for years. Bob Cranshaw, his thing is obvious from his work with Sonny Rollins. Cheryl, who plays piano, is a good legit piano player besides all the other things she can do. Rubin is the consummate studio trumpet player. He's a studied cat. Malone is a cat who plays a million instruments and he never really studied any of them. He's got so much talent. Marini, he's a unique cat, he plays great and is a good writer. Steve Jordan, the drummer, he's just a kid. Next to him is Cranshaw, a grandfather! It comes from all different kinds of concepts but it comes together nice."

Paul Shaffer thinks that "this band is the right combination of the guys who can read and the guys who can play!"

Shore again: "Somebody who had lived in New York and worked in New York for all these years would have never put that combination together. It probably would have been more studio-oriented. The trend would have been to get people who were all playing the studios.

"The first person in New York I met was Howard Johnson, and I knew Howard only from reputation, nothing more. Most people don't know who he is in the U.S. I think he's more popular in Japan and Europe and that kind of leaks over into Canada. I knew who he was in Canada. People here don't know him. Anyway, between Howard, myself and Paul Shaffer, we put the concept of the band together. The concept of course at that point was just instrumental. Later the concept developed more as to the group. But in the beginning, I knew I could have just so many musicians and it was a matter of what that particular instrumentation was going to be.

"We consider ourselves to be a group that happens to play on a television show. Some-

show, but basically to function as a band.

"The music that it plays? When it first started, all of the music came from a band I had in Toronto. I love Memphis and the music that comes from there. That was basically the music I was interested in. With this band I fronted in Toronto, we were making 12 bucks a night. And then I came here to do this. That was the music that I wrote for the *Saturday Night Live* band, which was the great irony of all time to me. I was playing at Grossman's Tavern on Spadina Street and the musicians were having difficulty relating to what I was trying to do. I was making zero money and then I came to NBC and basically just did the same music. I took my music and wrote it for this band and they played exactly what I wanted to hear. I couldn't get that in Canada. . . ."

"You know, I've always liked the Barcays. If this band sounded like the Barcays every night, it would be great! But I haven't tried to restrict the band. Over the years, we've tried many different types of arrangements. The initial concept of it was great musicians from lots of different areas of music, but all great players, playing basically very simple music. Let me tell you, when this horn section plays whole notes, it warms my heart."

Lew Del Gatto comments on the band's sound. "It's more like a small group, even though it's a 12 piece band. The fact that there aren't more horns gives it a more intimate kind of group sound. It sounds more like the records you hear because records don't have that many horns on them, the pop and funk records. We play funky, down kind of charts."

Lou Marini adds that. "The band is called upon to play many different kinds of things, backing comedy acts and musical acts that come on the show. The book is eclectic in that respect but it pretty much reflects pop and rock and roll music of the past 20 years."

And Paul Shaffer says, "This band can play old Searchers, Dave Clark Five and Zombies material better than any band on TV!"

Besides warming up the audience, playing the opening and closing themes, backing acts, and sometimes performing on camera (with or without costumes), the band also plays for the studio audience during commercials. Paul Shaffer digs this. "When we play for the studio audience during the breaks, it's the most important thing for me, even though it doesn't get out on the air. Sometimes the band really gets off on those commercial breaks."

"It's a funny band and we have a good time. We have a lot of fun and that's what music should be about. Music should be happy."

times we have to be very straight. Sometimes like a little pit band, we have to back up other acts. But we feel like we're part of the show. As unique as the show is to any other TV show, the band is like that to me as well. It doesn't really seem like it belongs in a TV studio doing what it does. It was a band put together to play the music that it does. It was basically made for the feel and the style, and the fact that we have to do all this other stuff is to our credit. We're able to do it with some elan. Most other TV groups are the opposite. They're put together to function on the show. This band was put together to function as a band and to do whatever it had to do on the

But Lou Marini points out some drawbacks. ". . . The part that gets to be a drag sometimes is being there for hours and hours and not really being able to play. That's the thing that bugs me. It's like having a Rolls Royce. The band has the capability, then you only get to play two or three warmup tunes. Sometimes on the show, about the time the chart really starts getting into it, it gets cut off. It's frustrating. But at the same time, it can be exhilarating."

What's it like working on a comedy show? Alan Rubin says that, "Under most circumstances, it's probably one of the most fun gigs to be at, because of the beautiful rapport be-

tween everybody involved with the show. So many of the writers are very musically-oriented, like closet musicians and the way they relate to the band. Everyone is extremely pleasant to each other and it's as much fun to be there, to be part of the show and playing while it's on the air, as it appears when you're watching it at home. It's really a ball, even though it's usually a 13 hour day."

Tom Malone says, "Whenever a group of people from the band get together, it just becomes a comedy show. Everybody kind of gets into that comedy writer's frame of mind from being around the production so much, being around the people, especially with the scripts going over and over. It seems like all the cast and writers, at one time of the day, sneak up to The Departure Lounge. A lot of lines that have gone in the show have been thrown out in there or on the bandstand. It's just one idea of making the show better. People help out. It's kind of a concerted effort, whether you're a musician or a writer, an actor or whatever. Everybody kind of chips in."

For Lew Del Gatto, it's one of the better television gigs. "When *The Tonight Show* was here, I used to sub when Skitch had it, when DeLugg had it, and also when Doc had it. And this job is a lot more fun than that. And that job was good. The band was always good but this is a lot more fun. The band gets involved more in this show. It's a laugh doing numbers."

Bob Cranshaw thinks so too. "It's funny when everybody puts on costumes 'cause we can laugh at each other. We have a good time making fun of each other. After the first season, when we put on those nurses' uniforms, after that it didn't make any difference. That first one was kind of hard to do because people saw me dressed up in pantyhose and shit. It was just out. . . ."

Tom Malone believes that "it's a happy band. It's a funny band and we have a good time. We have a lot of fun and that's what music should be about. Music should be happy. It's like when you think of Clark Terry, you think of happy music."

What about the show itself being done live?

Paul Shaffer feels that "the fact that the show is live gives it a little bit of an edge. It's almost like playing a live concert. It's less like your everyday studio gig. Most TV shows are in a prerecorded situation. The musicians really don't get to feel that they're part of the show. But in a live show, they go through rehearsing and actually perform live on the air. You get a little of the excitement of a live performance."

Bob Cranshaw agrees. "Live is like playing in a club. The excitement of people seeing it live, you're caught up in that. And I enjoy it 'cause it's just like playing a gig. All you rehearse is one thing. When you get on the job, it's one and done. You do it one time and it's over so you really try and do it the best you can at that time 'cause you know that's the only chance you got. Next week is another show so everybody really puts their energies into it. The rehearsing, the standing around, the sitting—it's all for that one hour and a half, from 11:30 to 1. That's the whole thing. After it's over, usually I stay up awhile. You're so up after the show. But by the same token, your body is physically through. Yet I'm ready to play another set."

Let's meet the members of the *Saturday Night Live* band.

18 □ down beat

On trumpet there is Alan Rubin. "I studied with the same teacher Maynard and Doc studied with. When I was 14, I lived in Queens and I'd come for my lesson an hour early just so I could hear Doc take his lesson. This is when he was playing first trumpet on the old Steve Allen show." The next year, Rubin joined the Newport Youth Band.

He continued his studies at Juilliard and on the Borscht Belt. He worked Catskill gigs with friends Arnie Lawrence and Marty Morell. After three years at Juilliard, the day before his 21st birthday, Rubin split and went on the road with Robert Goulet, playing lead trumpet. It was only a matter of time before he became the hottest studio trumpet player in New York.

"It doesn't matter what part they put in front of you. You should be able to play it unless there's some kind of capability that's not your specialty, like real scream high notes or something where they need somebody who's got that. The things I think a really good player should strive for are sound, intonation and a really good time. The music, of course, has to be played beautifully with an authentic and sincere interpretation. But the three most important factors for me are the sound, the intonation and the time; underline all three but double underline the time.

"I enjoy the players that I play with in the studio, the quality of the players, more than I do most of the music. The best thing about the whole business is the guys."

Howard Shore thinks highly of Alan Rubin. "He is an exceptional trumpet player, a leading factor in the band's kind of mental state. He's kind of like the ringleader guy, a tremendously outspoken guy but very gentle. He's very protective of the band. A lot of heart. He has the feel and I love him."

Tom Malone doubles as trombonist and arranger. "When I was ten years old, we lived in Mississippi and I started playing in the school band. I played tuba first. I was really interested in music but the level of the band in this little town wasn't too good. So I would take up another instrument and learn to play the music in school and then pick up another instrument and do the same. There wasn't any real challenge to playing in that high school band. That's the way I kind of got my musical interest out." Today, Malone plays 14 instruments professionally.

After playing in the One O'Clock Band at North Texas State, Tom joined Woody Herman. His diverse credits also include Blood Sweat & Tears, Doc Severinsen's Now Generation Brass, Gil Evans, Billy Cobham, Frank Zappa and the final Band tour. (in the summer of '76), currently immortalized in *The Last Waltz*.

Besides his arrangements for the SNLB, Malone has written charts for Gil Evans, BS&T and for the soon-to-be-released Marilyn McCoo-Billy Davis album.

"I usually do the arrangements for the comedy bits in the show. Paul Shaffer has a lot to do with that too. They have to be done from week to week. Like if there's a song to do, Paul will figure out some kind of basic format with whoever's going to sing it and they'll make a format tape of some sort with piano and voice. I write the arrangement around that format. I can change chords, I can do whatever I have to do. But it always has to be stylistically correct because there's no telling what the piece might be. Like we've done *West Side Story*. Broadway-musical types of things for certain themes. We've done stuff

like cool Hugh Hefner-*Playboy* type of stuff. He was the host one time and we did *Thank Heaven For Little Girls*, with a Dave Pell octet type of arrangement.

"A lot of different artists come on and they have tunes they want to do but they don't use horns. So we've had to beef them up for the production of the show. That's been a lot of the writing too.

"I wrote arrangements in high school for the Pep Band, wrote rock and roll stuff for that. I also played in soul bands. I used to transcribe stuff from records, mostly two or three horns. We used to make transcripts because we wanted to cover records that were popular at the time. I kind of started out doing it like that. I wrote my first big band arrangement when I was 16.

"On the show, we work fast. For *Tut*, I did a transcription off the record and added some horn parts. We sort of reproduced the record in a way. I got the final word on Wednesday night. I wrote the arrangement in a couple of hours on Wednesday night, took it to the copyist who copies it and gives it to the studio by the next day. Then we recorded it. That's the way it's done.

"For the arranger, that's the real hard cold reality of the business. Since the show has been on, when it comes down to getting stuff done for the deadline, it's hard to under-emphasize the importance of that kind of thing. Kids who want to do arranging and want to do it in the commercial biz should relate to that. It's one of the hard cold things about it, the time thing. Especially on television where everything is last minute. At the show, they don't read the scripts till Wednesday afternoon and then they order the music."

Mauricio Smith is one of the band's saxophonists. Panamanian-bred, Smith has been in New York since the late '50s. He's played all kinds of gigs, from symphonies to Don Ho and Chubby Checker, but his specialty is Latin work. He's gigged with Machito and played and arranged on Mongo's immortal *Watermelon Man* session. "I don't find any difficulty in playing different types of music because I've been doing it all my life. I do it constantly. I play everything. And whatever I play, I feel it just the same."

Shore on Smith: "He kinds of adds a unique element to the band. When the band sounds too slick, it doesn't sound too good to me. It doesn't sound as real. Mauricio helps to give it a different feel along with Howard Johnson and Bert Jones. I like looseness and Mauricio adds that only because his playing style is different. When you put people together from different areas of music, they have slightly different concepts of where the time is, how to play this phrase, etc. And that's what gives it a nice edge. Mauricio is also an individual. His solos are wonderful. They sound real and inspired. His alto is great, and he also plays piccolo and chromatic harmonica. He has the feel and I love him."

Saxophonist Lew Del Gatto paid his dues in the Catskills. He gigged with Skitch Henderson, Buddy Rich, Sal Salvador and even Ol' Blue Eyes himself, Frank Sinatra. But most of his work has been in the studios, where he also arranges. In fact, he arranged one of the first disco hits, *Doctor's Orders*, for Carol Douglas. Jazz, however, holds a special place in his heart. He fondly remembers a gig with Richard Davis and Sonny Brown. "Ideally, I'd just like to play jazz. But that's out of the question economically. You've got to go where the reality of the situation is. In the studios, the

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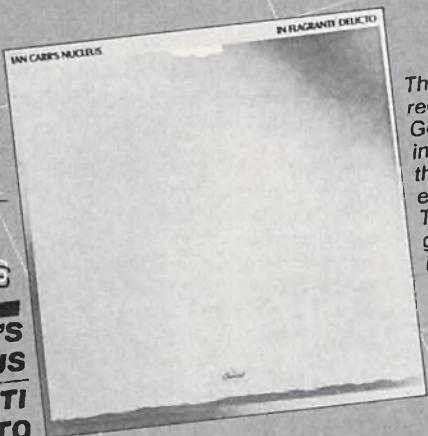
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NEWPORT TURNS 25

SCOTT ALBIN • CHUCK BERG • HOWARD MANDEL • DAN MORGENSTERN
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This year's Newport Jazz Festival saw jazz filling lofts, clubs, ballrooms, auditoriums, street corners and street fairs, a ferry boat, waterfront picnic sites and even a spacious outdoor amphitheatre at Saratoga, where about 30,000 listeners heard a two-day marathon. In addition to Newport Tributes to Clifford Brown and Lionel Hampton, there were tributes outside the NJF to Women In Jazz, Sun Ra's tribute to Fletcher Henderson, and Gimbel's tribute to the festival itself, including in-store concerts and a linen sale! Media coverage was extensive, with Channel 13 rebroadcasting all jazz-oriented *Soundstage* telecasts, including the '75 and '76 down beat Readers Poll award shows. All in all, it's likely that more than 100,000 people heard some live jazz during the ten day period.

The first Newport Jazz Festival was held on the tennis courts of the Newport Casino on July 17th and 18th, 1954. The festival was born when Newport residents Louis and Elaine Lorrillard contacted Boston pianist and impresario George Wein in an effort to bring some excitement to the otherwise tranquil seaside resort. The festival was an immediate hit. By '57, it included four nights of concerts at a football stadium. In 1971 an ugly riot forced

Wein to bring the festival to New York City. At the end of last year's festival, Wein announced he was calling it quits, but thanks to Schlitz, the festival remains in New York. And for a topper this year, Wein added two days of concerts at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, a sprawling upstate complex.

There were amplification difficulties at several events. Considering the importance of the festival, this was inexcusable. Neither Carnegie or Avery Fisher seems equipped to handle electric music. Even acoustic instruments suffered. In some instances, the problem was simply overamplification. At the "Schlitz Salute To The American Song," Stan Getz requested all amplification be turned off. The audience heartily concurred.

One scheduling conflict marred an otherwise smooth flow. Sonny Rollins and McCoy Tyner, at Carnegie Hall for a 7 PM concert, went up against Betty Carter, Dexter Gordon and Max Roach, at Avery Fisher for a 9 PM start. This "planning" resulted in a major walkout during McCoy Tyner's turn; between each tune after 8:30, lines formed at the doors to get out of Carnegie.

Except for an Ornette Coleman-Cecil Taylor pairing and a midnight view of "The World Of Sam Rivers," the avant garde was

not represented. And Rivers' first of two sets, an unexpected but dynamic fusion workout, could not be called "New Music." Latin music was better represented, with seven events. Three of those shows were presented by the Jazzmobile. A last minute addition was the Cuban sextet Irakere, which stole the show that was originally billed as "Three Pianos And Two Guitars." At the Jazz-Latino concert, Dizzy Gillespie jammed with the combined orchestras of Tito Puente and Machito.

The leading figure of bebop was everywhere. Diz played with Basie and Rich, was featured in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*, and could be seen in the rerun of his *Soundstage* tribute as well as in David Cherok's film program. Having sat in with Basie, Diz staggered off the stage declaring, "This is the first time this ever happened in show biz. I walked on this stage sober and now I'm walking off drunk." Of course, not everyone was so intoxicated by the masses of big name jazz at NJF. Some were simply punch-drunk on the solid nine days of revelry and music. Few festival-goers were completely satisfied with the selection of acts. But this was simply a result of the impossibility of being everything to everyone all at once—and NJF did have something for every jazz fan.

SAM RIVERS (Carnegie Hall)

If the progressive forces in today's jazz had a session of triumph at Newport in New York, it was supplied by Sam Rivers' quintet and orchestra at Carnegie Hall, at midnight of the fest's second Friday.

Many listeners were astonished at Sam's opening band, consisting of Ted Dunbar on electric guitar, Mike Nock on keyboards (including Rhodes piano and a synthesizer), Dave Holland on bass and Bobby Battle replacing Barry Altschul on drums. Except for the Impulse album *Sizzle* and the orchestral

Crystals, Rivers has championed acoustic free improvisation in the '70s, depending upon the sensitivity of his rhythm mates rather than charts or even heads.

But from the start it was clear that Sam planned to present an audience of new music partisans (and the smallest audience for any fest show) with a well balanced, carefully conceived and entertaining program. There was no acquiescence to faddism from his plugged-in accompaniment; Dunbar and Nock played themselves, not clichés. Battle anchored things with a steady 4/4, while Holland was simply brilliant, as always.

Rivers, wearing giant-lensed tortoise shell glasses, read two-year-old compositions off

his music stand, displaying the fearsome individuality, energy and range that has established him as a hornman to respect. His choice of material was near parody; on soprano, he went beyond Rollins; on silvery tenor, he established a ballad with Pharoa-esque slow trilling, then explored it with the discipline of Getz and the assurance of Dexter. His themes were thorny but comprehensible, and he worked from a position of certainty and control, recalling his unfairly forgotten Blue Note albums.

Rivers would essay a phrase, rework it to abstraction, then rephrase and start again. His flute feature at first was a disappointment—the instrument clashed with the synthesizer

Hamiet Bluiett, Chico Freeman, Sam Rivers, et. al.



and his intonation momentarily faltered—but after a solo of speed fluttering the audience was exuberant and Rivers visibly pleased.

For the concert's second half, Rivers unveiled a big band. Oliver Beener, Jack Walrath, Malachi Thompson and Frank Gordon were the trumpeters; Ray Anderson and Dave Chamberlain had trombones; Hamiet Bluiett handled the baritone sax, while Chico Freeman and Ricky Ford played tenors and J. D. Parran alto; Joe Daley played tuba, baritone sax and french horn; Holland remained on bass and Warren Smith took the drum chair. Starting on soprano, Sam got right into a dance as the full orchestra repeated an angular, complex theme, then fell away so he could develop it over the rhythm. Though sound quality had been a problem at Carnegie all week, Rivers' main man Marty Caan had solved the balance difficulties; the horns were richly harmonious, and bass and drums distinct.

The untitled pieces were arranged to frame Rivers on his various instruments, backed by the sections, alone, then challenged by one or two players stepping from the sections, then sections in contrast and ensemble. Tempo varied from a forced march to out of time sequences, as when Holland bowed in duet with Rivers' flute. Freeman was cheered for his large sound and exciting manipulations; Bluiett raised chaos in three registers on his bari; Daley, on french horn, played bravely but was overcome by the trumpets, 'bones and Sam himself in a chase arrangement.

Rivers' piano playing has continued to improve. His spidery fingers are stronger, his technique more flexible, his hands more independent, and he had no trouble keeping up with a burning rhythm section before a percussive piano resolution paved the orchestra's entrance. The final number opened with the brightest and boldest theme yet, and flowed into and out of ritualistic fierce free blowing, encompassing ensemble disorganization and reorganization until a theme was reprised, a long note issued, another long note, then a third—and it was over, to a standing ovation and greedy screams for (impossible!) more.

—mandel

BUDDY RICH/MEL TORME (Avery Fisher Hall)

Torme has sung with Rich's band before; tonight he was in as fine a musical mind as I have ever heard him. He opened with a Marty Paich chart of *Down For Double*, the Count Basie-Buck Clayton favorite, singing the reed riff lines. Ballads like *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life* and *Soon It's Gonna Rain/Here's That Rainy Day* are grist for his vocal improvisational mill. On the latter, he was joined by a mellifluous Stan Getz, who noodled in and out of the line with an ease that younger musicians may never learn. Torme's use of bent notes and "valve tricks" came to the fore as he played with Dizzy Gillespie on *I Can't Get Started*. Torme hummed behind Diz as the master trumpeter had trouble at first. But later Diz rose higher as he took a coda that left the band applauding and the audience on its feet.

The by-now famous Ella Fitzgerald-Torme duet from the 1976 Grammy Awards TV show has been expanded and re-written for solo voice, and Torme was up to every tongue-splitting riff. The opus began with new lyrics to *Lady Be Good*, retitled *Ella Be Good*, and in its course ran through every familiar quotation Ella every injected into a song. As the *Air*



Buddy Rich, Dizzy Gillespie, Mel Torme

Mail Special finale of the piece concluded, the audience rose as one and cheered.

The encore was an anticlimactic uptempo 4/4 version of *Send In The Clowns*.

Highlights of Rich's show included fast brass figures, splendid solo, and a *Channel One Suite* that gets better each time it is played.

The segue between sections two and three has been expanded into a head riff blues with saxophonist Steve Marcus taking the solo honors on tenor. Marcus has matured into a fine all-around reed player. Here his codalike efforts took the form of real old-fashioned honking rhythm and blues.

Rich's solo is as exciting now as it has been for the last three decades. His rolls between tom-toms and bass still sound like thunder; his licks are still the cleanest and fastest in the world. I know every paradiddle and press roll by heart—and it still leaves me breathless.

Stan Getz played *Round Midnight* and a blues with the band, and Gillespie played *Milestones*, with Don Butterfield added on slide-valve tuba. With events like these, the festival approaches its true potential. We should not be content to listen to groups play their standard nightclub or concert sets. Here, George Wein had the right idea: put the stars into unusual combinations; get those jam sessions happening. It makes for so much more fun. And music.

—smith

SARAH VAUGHAN AND HER TRIO/THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS (Carnegie Hall)

Thad and Mel opened the 25th festival with a set that showed off both the orchestra's tightness and some of its individual talents. Pepper Adams and Jerry Dodgion are the only veterans remaining in the present band, but the youth movement that has reached all of the big bands in the '70s hasn't hurt the band's quality. Particularly impressive were Richard Perri's tenor on *Yours And Mine*, bassist Ray Drummond's consistently propelling work, Dick Oats' tenor solo on *Little Rascal On A Rock*, and several inventive piano solos by Harold Danko.

The elders held their own. Thad's cornet shone during the opening tune, *Lowdown*, and Adams delivered one of his jagged, gutsy baritone solos on *Thank You*, a nice chart by Dodgion, whose distinctive alto was featured on *Backbone*. Mel Lewis' precision drumming

was, as usual, a delight throughout.

Sassy had just been married and her spirits were sky-high—perhaps excessively so, as she tended to dress most songs with too much of her formidable vocal acrobatics, especially melismas and leaping intervals. She kept reminding one of Art Tatum at his florid worst. When she stuck more closely to the lyrics and melody line, as with *Send In The Clowns* (no one sings it better), *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good* and *Once In A While* (accompanying herself on this last on piano), she was wonderful. But when she began to embellish the melody with horn-like devices, she often didn't stop until the lyric and essence of the tune were lost in the process.

We heard a great singer in an exciting, but sub-par, performance; however, her regular trio—Carl Schroeder, Walter Booker, Jr., and Jimmy Cobb—were undeniably superb.

—albin

DAVE BRUBECK GERRY MULLIGAN (Carnegie Hall)

20 years ago a Brubeck-Mulligan concert would have been a relatively exciting adventure. For today's followers of the contemporary scene, the bill failed to evoke even a murmur.

The full house at Carnegie Hall, in contrast to the audience for most of the other concerts, was clearly a part of the class that went to college in the '50s when the pianist and baritonist were campus heroes.

Brubeck and his sons—keyboardist Darius, bassist Chris, drummer Danny—went first. Though Brubeck has made solid contributions to the evolution of improvised music, his efforts during the concert were confined to chordal slabs and repetitious riffs. Darius, behind a battery of electronic keyboards contributed little *Star Wars*-like effects and not much more. Electric bassist Chris offered only tedious ostinatos. The one bright spot was Danny. His dynamic endeavors on drums, however, failed to ignite the quartet.

The Brubecks' overall effect was to evoke a sound more akin to a mechanical musical toy than inspired improvisation. Most of the crowd, however, gave an enthusiastic response to such Brubeck staples as *Take Five* and *Unsquare Dance*.

The evening was saved by the revival of Gerry Mulligan's concert band. Suave arrangements of standards such as *My Funny Valentine* and *Come Rain Or Come Shine* pro-



Clifford Brown Tribute: Harold Mabern, Nick Brignola, Bill Hardman, Chris White, Danny Moore, Junior Cook, Warren Smith, Ted Curson

vided excellent balance between ensembles and solos.

In addition to the smoky reediness of Mulligan's bari, solo spots were primarily filled by the burnished trumpet of Tom Harrell, the mellow valve 'bone work of Bobby Brookmeyer and the satiny tenor of Charlie Rouse. The rhythm section chores were handled with aplomb by bassist Jack Six and drummer Mel Lewis.

Hopefully, the Mulligan concert ensemble will be revived more frequently in the future.

—berg

**MCCOY TYNER, BILL EVANS,
MARY LOU WILLIAMS,
PHILIP CATHERINE, LARRY
CORYELL, IRAKERE
(Carnegie Hall)**

Each of the pianists explored a different range of emotions and resources. Mary Lou Williams' expansive duets with bassist Buster Williams explored the many boulevards of the blues, old and new. As always, she portrayed traditions with the insights of a modernist, and her set moved from the days of stride and boogie woogie to a Coltraneish modern blues. Buster Williams gave the duets an orchestral breadth, and soloed brilliantly.

Bill Evans preferred not to amplify his piano, thus preserving the nuances and delicacies of his touch. Evans' gentle, inward-looking music was firmly swinging and impressionistic, most moving of all his rendition of an obscure, multilayered Ellington piece, *Reflections In D*.

Larry Coryell is settling into his maturity on the guitar—with some grey hairs to match. In Philip Catherine he has the perfect foil. Their duets were boisterous and full of interplay, and only on *Transvestite Express* did the changes in mood become overly schizophrenic. *Father Christmas* was dedicated to Charles Mingus (amen to that—please stick around Mingus); it had an opening theme redolent of Mingus' *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*, and Catherine took a curvaceous solo on a *fretless* Telecaster. Django Reinhardt's *Nuages* was a jewel: Catherine used Django's solo on *When Day Is Done* as an intro, and Coryell's solo carefully built a melody into humorous blues phrases, a lightning coda, and, as a final salute to Django, the *Marseilles*.

McCoy Tyner brought the rhythmic feeling to an even higher level. His improvisations seemed to reflect a single-minded vigor: fierce Tatumesque flurries with the right hand; roll-22 □ downbeat

ing percussive figures in the bass, his left foot stomping in ecstasy. His improvising has become somewhat predictable, but on a tune like *I Want To Talk About You* his intensity was balanced by moments of sublime reflection. Tyner simply overwhelmed the piano.

George Wein had urged the audience to stick around for an added attraction—Irakere—which means jungle. I questioned the appropriateness of a new Latin band appearing before such a non-Latin crowd, and began to smell hype. But a look around the audience caught Dizzy Gillespie and Tito Puente among the observers, and I began to sense excitement. Well, Irakere simply devastated the crowd. Led by keyboardist-composer Chucho Valdes, a gifted player who has transcended some Herbie Hancock influences, Irakere combined traditional Cuban rhythms and songforms with fully integrated borrowings from bebop, free jazz and contemporary jazz-rock. The rhythm section was tight and burning, the compositions varied and surprising, and the soloists lyrical and impassioned; particularly trumpeter Arturo Sandoval, who turned three or four shades of red while reaching for some notes in the stratosphere. At one point Sandoval stood directly in front of Gillespie and unleashed a whiplash cadenza that blew the master away.

For an added kick, Maynard Ferguson and Stan Getz (who had to be pushed to the microphone) joined the band for a round-robin horn dialogue that was a joy. There were cries in the crowd for Tito Puente, but the godfather remained apart from the jam, watching. Maynard made a nice statement about how "merging of all musics of all cultures is where it is at." The band initiated a drum dialogue, then took to the aisles. This really fired up the crowd, which demanded an encore. It was near the cutoff time, but CBS prexy Bruce Lundvall was there with his checkbook. Thanks, Bruce. Irakere was spectacular. It is good to know that there are cats in Cuba (everywhere for that matter) who speak the universal language of freedom and bliss—magic. We'll be hearing more of Irakere, for sure.

—stern

**TRIBUTE TO CLIFFORD BROWN
(Loeb Center, N.Y.U.)**

The high mark of "We Remember Clifford," the tribute to the brilliant young trumpeter Clifford Brown, who was killed in a car crash in 1956 and whose music remains a jazz

touchstone, came early in the program.

It was an intensely personal and moving 40-minute monologue by Max Roach, who spoke lovingly of Brownie the man (expert chess player and pool shooter, responsible family protector, level-headed businessman, good companion and clever wit) and the musician (an inspiration to his colleagues, always growing and learning).

All was from the heart, but Roach also spoke from his soul, describing the harrowing night when, after hearing of the tragedy, he locked himself into his hotel room with two bottles of cognac and attained a state of heightened consciousness. There was no trace of self-dramatization, and one felt privileged to be allowed to share Roach's thoughts with him.

There followed a stunning demonstration of Roach's musical mastery. Performing a solo on the high hat only (dedicated to Jo Jones), he managed to coax more color, variety and rhythmic drama from this Spartan setup than most drummers could wring from a whole kit.

Roach had almost brought Brownie back to life with his words, and then put us in touch with musical greatness with his playing. The others on the program, while fine musicians all, simply did not attain a comparable level.

A hard-working rhythm section backed the entire cast of featured players: Ted Curson, Bill Hardman, Danny Moore, trumpets; Junior Cook, tenor; Nick Brignola, baritone; and singer Helen Merrill. The members of the busy backfield were Harold Mabern, piano; Chris White, bass; and Warren Smith, drums. The latter two emerged rarely for brief solo spots, but Mabern, who'd opened the concert with a florid, unaccompanied *I Remember Clifford*, took hefty solo slices on every number. With due respect to his talent, it was a case of overexposure.

Hardman came off best among the trumpets. Curson was mostly flash and stayed in the stratosphere, while Moore, closest to Brownie in sound and conception, was hampered by uncertain intonation and long-windedness. Partnered with Cook, with whom he co-leads a quintet, Hardman was consistently musical, probing more deeply than his fellows.

Merrill also stood out, though not in the best of voice or with the best of support. Hardman joined the trio at one point, recalling Merrill's album with Brownie. She established and sustained a mood, and displayed empathy with her material. (In contrast, *Joy Spring*, for one example, as performed by



Eddie Jefferson and Richie Cole at 52nd Street Jazz Fair



Sonny Rollins

Hardman and Cook, was taken at a tempo that blurred the contours of Brownie's lovely bebop melody.) The singer's three numbers, inexplicably, were split—two tunes in part one and one in part two, an example of producer Jack Kleinsinger's feverish style.

Brignola's speed, control and burly sound enlivened the second half, and the concluding jam on *Cherokee* was akin to a bebop JATP. But, Roach aside, there was only the faintest trace of Clifford Brown's true legacy, which, after all, is on the music's highest plateau.

—morganstern

SONNY ROLLINS/McCOY TYNER (Carnegie Hall)

Rollins treated us to a blend of originals like *Arroz Con Pollo*, *Hear What I'm Saying* and similar rhythmic exercises and old standards, one of which—*Moon Over Miami*—it was hard to remember him ever doing before. As always, his tenor sound was thick and charged, and his playing compelling. The supreme gift Rollins can give an audience is one of his long unaccompanied introductions or codas, and he was in a generous mood for this concert, letting out with several of these extended, unpredictable, rhythmically and harmonically ingenious masterpieces. He also proved once again his knack for taking nondescript and dull material (a couple of his original compositions qualified) and enhancing it through his total command of improvisational devices and techniques.

Sonny briefly played an intriguing type of electronic flute that responded merely to the touch of fingers on keys—no blowing necessary. But he gave up on it quickly, shaking his head as if dissatisfied or bored with it; he didn't play soprano at all. Al Foster's drumming and Sammy Figueroa's congas provided a continuously solid yet variegated foundation for jazz's greatest living saxophonist.

Many people left Carnegie Hall before and during Tyner's performance to go over to Avery Fisher for Dexter, Betty and Max (was it necessary to schedule one concert at 7 PM and the other 9?). Some might have left for another reason—Tyner's set was monotonous and tiring. The music lacked depth despite the large orchestra and chorus. The Tyner compositions were for the most part bland and ponderous, and his arrangements did little to alleviate that impression, except for some sensitively vocalized themes by the chorus. Tyner's convoluted, churning solo spots occasionally magnetized one's attention, but not

much else did.

The other prominent soloists were George Adams and Joe Ford. Adams' tenor playing was meandering and too mannered and gimmicky; on soprano he was more succinct but still a little sloppy. Ford's horn solos were better, and the highlight of the set was a feathery duet between Tyner's piano and Ford's flute. Eric Gravatt's fine drumming would have elevated Tyner's offerings, were it not for the obnoxiously busy Guilhermie Franco and his overwhelming arsenal of percussion paraphernalia. Ten gallant voices and a squadron of brass and reeds couldn't subdue Franco this evening.

—albin

ORNETTE COLEMAN'S PRIME TIME/ CECIL TAYLOR UNIT (Carnegie Hall)

This meeting of avant garde frontiersmen was one of the most eagerly anticipated of the Newport concerts; what transpired was a pointed comparison of differing approaches to freedom.

Cecil Taylor's sextet was buoyed by the presence of bassist Sirone and drummer Steve McCall. Sirone played with alligator-wrestling intensity, and McCall demonstrated an unparalleled command of dynamics—he breathed with the music, holding plenty of energy in reserve.

The rhythm flow was captivating, but the sound system was a problem. Sitting in the front row, I was unable to hear the bass range of the piano, a Bosendorfer. Ramsey Amin's acoustic violin endeavors were also obliterated. Altoist Jimmy Lyons ran the rhythmic rapids with spiraling Birdlike lyricism, but trumpeter Raphe Malik, though offering some attractive rippling figures, was unable to develop a sustained improvisation.

At times Taylor actually tempered his mood with softer interludes. During one such breather he engaged Sirone in a spirited dialogue that contained a distant echo of ragtime; another breather featured a dark, probing piano solo.

Nevertheless, I feel Cecil Taylor's music is in trouble. The group played with passion and sincerity, but Cecil is playing more energy than ideas, more piano than music. He seems ashamed of riffs, chords and, unfortunately, the blues. His group music (unlike the thrilling solo recital that blew President Carter's mind at the White House) inspired the body, but numbed the mind.

Ornette Coleman's performance with Prime

Time was an absolute triumph—one of the most galvanizing musical experiences I've ever had. Ornette's freedom is more compelling than Cecil's, and a lot more fun too. At last year's Avery Fisher Hall appearance Prime Time seemed uneven and unsure—still grappling with Ornette's concept. This year they were a well-oiled juggernaut from beat one. The addition of drummer Ron Shannon and bassist Charlie Haden made a big difference. Shannon was able to lock into strong, danceable grooves or free explosions of energy with equal feeling. Shannon, and the much improved Denardo Coleman, set up an ever-changing tribal ritual, particularly the short, telling drum duet on *Asa*. Haden is still, as Bob Blumenthal put it, "the primal poet of the bass." His presence steadied the band and allowed electric bassist Jamaladeen Tacuma to be melodically free. On *Earth Souls* Tacuma took the finest electric bass solo I've ever seen, sounding like Ornette in his use of intervals; he built chords and singing lines into a furious riffing episode of triplets. Haden followed with an aquatic sounding solo that began with guitar-like development, progressed to sitarish melodies, and ended in sweetly voiced octaves. Perfection.

Ornette is doing for rock what he once did for jazz with his double quartet on *Free Jazz*. Though Ornette might take exception to the term rock (he calls his new sounds *meta music*: "... the meeting place for learning to be an individual of self-expression."), his double trio is evolving rock-based rhythms, and Ornette's improvising is less linear and swinging than in the past (not that it doesn't groove—it's just a different feel). The most obvious analogy is to Miles Davis, but whereas Miles' conception was chordal, Ornette's is totally melodic (harmolodic, he calls it). The effect, as with Miles, is of wheels within wheels—like Calder's mobile sculptures—so that each musician has his own area of tonality and can play his own separate melody as part of a group music. Yet even with six simultaneous episodes occurring behind him, Ornette's soloing made it sound as if they were comping for him.

On alto, Ornette would play long slow tethered notes against the surging rhythm, allowing his melodies to float far behind the beat, then he'd triple up the time for a conclusion. The alto is his storytelling vehicle, but his trumpet and electric violin are effective colors. On trumpet he sounds, not surprisingly, like Don Cherry, and on his arco duet with Charlie Haden on *Earth Souls* he used slashing

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STARS ON THE RISE

HAMIET BLUIETT

BY CHIP STERN

Many instruments in the saxophone family have a long, fully developed history, but the development of the baritone saxophone is still embryonic. It has been the bulwark of big band reed sections, and many players use it as another tone color. But its application as a creative solo instrument in jazz has been limited. Maybe this is because there were not any seminal figures (read: Parker, Coltrane) to cop from.

People are going to start copping from Hamiet Bluiett, if they haven't already gotten



JACKI OCHS

to it. He is the most important baritone player to come along since Harry Carney. His album *Birthright* (India Navigation—IN 1030) is an extraordinary solo blues recital, a loving journey through past and present; a portrait of friends and family; a culmination of rich historical and musical roots; and a revolutionary vision of his instrument. "I'm really glad that I've received the recognition I'm getting, like the **down beat** Critics Poll. That's nice. I'm glad people are accepting me without me saying anything in the press, because that means they are getting into my music. I'm not interested in talking about sociology. When I was in Europe, all of the writers there were asking me about the politics in America. But I'm a musician. The music comes first.

"There are other people who are better equipped to deal with those issues. Sure I have opinions, but I ask these people 'Do you know I am working on a five octave range on the baritone saxophone? Let's talk about that.' Some musicians really get caught up in dealing with things extraneous to the music, running at the mouth, and that creates confusion; and some say nothing, so I'm trying to get a balance. Like the term free jazz. I don't play free jazz—I expect to get paid for my music.

"The general range of a saxophone is 2½ octaves. I can get the higher octaves. I'm up to 4½ octaves now, but I need other reeds to finish the job. You can't get good cane anymore. Things that used to be readily accessible when I was coming up are difficult to come by now. Acoustic instruments are an endangered species. When I made my first album I wanted to use a piano, but they didn't have one at the 24 □ down beat

Ladies Fort. So I said wow, and I decided to call the album *Endangered Species* (India Navigation—IN 1025).

"My playing is unconventional in the instrumental sense. I play the whole breadth of the baritone from Great C concert to C Altissimo and beyond, from the upper bass to the flute register. But what seems unconventional today can be conventional tomorrow. I use smear and overblowing techniques, compound notes and other mental approaches on the horn. So I feel I'm slightly ahead of my time on the instrument, but I don't know how much.

"I do my composing and arranging from an improviser's standpoint. I don't even deal with people who can't improvise because they don't know what I'm talking about. I use a minimum of paper; I'm more about total improvising, using writing to provide a structural framework and direction. This doesn't mean I don't enjoy other people's writing, because I've played with Oliver Nelson, Mingus and Sam Rivers. They do detailed writing, and I dig it, but it's not my approach."

Hamiet Bluiett was born and raised in Lovejoy, Illinois, a town that was the first stopping point for escaped slaves on the Underground Railroad. Bluiett's aunt, Mattie Chambers, was the choir director for the Quinn Chapel A.M.E. Church. She started giving him music lessons, and by the time he was four, Hamiet could read music. In the fourth grade, Hamiet began studying clarinet with George Hudson. "I wanted to play saxophone, but he told me that if I started on clarinet I would have a good foundation for all the reeds, and it turns out he was correct."

Hamiet's father encouraged his son to get as much education as possible, believing that knowledge could always be beneficial if you figured out what to do with it. So Hamiet attended Southern Illinois University where he picked up flute, and then the baritone saxophone. "I'd gotten attracted to the baritone by hearing a guy named Bobby Joe from Alton, Illinois—Miles' home town. I was eight or nine, I was playing clarinet, and I'd never seen a saxophone that size. Something about the size and the sound captivated me and I said 'Damn, that's the horn I want to play.' I didn't get to play it until I went to college. I'll tell you why I really got into baritone. We went out and played some joint near the college that the gangsters ran; we were playing r&b and walking the bar. I had a clarinet. So this chick put a \$20 bill in the bell of the tenor player's horn, but they couldn't put no money down my bell 'cause I had a clarinet, and if they stuck it up the bell that was too much of a problem. So the next night when I came in I had an old silver plated baritone, 'cause I figured I needed a saxophone. I got a smaller sound out of the baritone than I got from the clarinet. Everybody got a good laugh out of that. Then I got another brilliant idea; I decided I would get a bass clarinet and play it like a tenor. So I was doing that when I heard some recordings of Eric Dolphy playing things I couldn't believe on the bass clarinet. So he cooled me out, and I concentrated on the baritone.

"I ended up being a college dropout be-

EGBERTO GISMONTI

BY HERB NOLAN

For five years Egberto Gismonti would regularly fade into the dense tropical forest of the Amazon to spend weeks living and working along side the Xingu Indians of Brazil.

It's an association that has had a profound impact on the 30-year-old musician and composer, who is emerging as one of the most original and dynamic instrumentalists to come out of a country whose music has already been broadly absorbed by musicians in the United States.

Gismonti's second album for ECM, *Sol Do Meio Dia*, is dedicated to the Xingu and is perhaps a concise overview of a musical vision which is closely tied to his living philosophies. The record follows *Danca Das Cabecas*, which won the 1978 German Grammy for the best record in popular music.

To talk about his music it is important for Gismonti to speak about his relationship with the Indians of the Amazon basin, people who are living in a time where primitive is rapidly becoming obsolete.

"The only solution to the problems of our society," he explains, "is to look to the primitive people. They don't play with life. By living with the Indians I learned about life and about my direction, and I think now I am very close with my music. Two or three years ago I had a number of directions I could take, you know big orchestras, or sambas, or classical, now I think I have one music that contains all the information I had before."

Egberto Gismonti, a classically-trained



pianist and self-taught guitarist who also plays a variety of wood flutes as well as a strange reed instrument from Thailand, finds it difficult to express the importance of his association with the Xingu, partly because his primary languages are Portuguese and French, and partly because it is an abstraction.

"I will learn English, I need that, to talk about the music and energy that comes from the Indians of Brazil. I don't want to speak of the problems they have, but the good feelings

that come from them. Our culture is based too much on industry and we are like this. . . ." said Gismonti holding his hands apart, "but the Indians are like this. . . ." He brought his hands together. "They are harmonious with themselves and their environment and it is this energy that is in my music. I think we need that harmony to live. They are not lost in the world, we are lost.

"I am not interested in seeing technical," he continued, "I am not interested in phrases, not in chords, not in melodies, I am interested in the feeling of the music. I am more concerned about the feeling—just the feeling. I know that to play these things we need to know about chords, melody and the rest, but I don't look for these things, I am not interested in that, I'm really not," said Gismonti, who says he has found the Indians' belief that a musician, his instrument and his environment constitute an invisible entity.

Egberto Gismonti lives in Rio de Janeiro. He studied piano for 15 years and was being trained as a classical pianist. But all the time he was studying at the conservatory he also played popular music. Finally he decided to play his "own music," which is deeply rooted in Brazilian forms and rhythms but also reflects the influences of jazz and classical. His favorite American pianist is Herbie Hancock who, he says, comes closest to the integration of music, musician and instrument.

For Gismonti, the guitar began a few years after he began his classical training, but he had to teach himself because there were no guitar teachers. He says his major influences were Brazilians, like Baden Powell, as well as Wes Montgomery and Django Reinhardt.

In Brazil, Gismonti, who is also composing for films in his own country and Europe, tours twice a year, once in the north and once in the south of Brazil, with a four or five piece band that often includes Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos, who is closely associated with Gismonti's music.

"I have Nana with me for this music because he is not only a great musician but a great person." Nana is the only other musician on Egberto's first ECM recording; he also performs with Jan Garbarek, Ralph Towner, and Collin Walcott from Oregon on the new release.

In Brazil there are no clubs as such, so Gismonti plays theater concerts which usually draw from 1000 to 1500 people. The fairly large crowds who come to see Gismonti perform have also caught the attention of the Brazilian government, which may not find his propositions about harmonious energy, freedom and closeness to natural environment compatible with a military regime. He admits to having passport problems on his recent tours of the United States and Europe.

It was in Europe, where he studied for two years and worked with contemporary classical composers, that Gismonti began to attract attention, primarily because he composed and orchestrated a new repertoire for Marie Laforet as well as touring and recording.

Three years ago he toured the United States for the first time, working and recording with Airtio, Flora Purim, Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock and Cal Tjader, among others.

Despite his association with American jazz musicians, Gismonti says he looks more for Brazilian music. "We have the Brazilian feeling in our music like Miles has the American feeling. I think we Brazilians can't play good jazz—our heads think in two not four. . . ." **db**

BAIRD HERSEY

BY FRED BOUCHARD

There are new sounds blowing in the winds these days, but none fresher than those of Baird Hersey, 29-year-old guitarist/composer out of Boston. Baird's 11-man little big band, Year Of The Ear (the surreal name is a clue to their music), has released an album for Arista Novus, *Lookin' For That Groove*, that extends the powerful live performances they have wailed in Hub clubs since 1975. The band's stability has been an important factor in Hersey's being able to write for specific personalities much in the Ellington manner (two changes in three years—percussionist David Moss and tenor sax John Hagen have worked with Baird for five years). But what makes Hersey's sound so unique and bold is its eclecticism, drawing freely from traditions as diverse as Miles Davis and Balinese gamelan.

The slender, soft-spoken and modest Hersey was interviewed shortly after Ear's gala homecoming at the Paradise Theater.

"I was born in New York City (March 30,



ERIC JACOBSON

1949) but it didn't get into my blood as we soon moved to Williamstown, Mass. My father had had to make a decision between being a concert violinist and a writer; as he chose the latter, he always encouraged me to pursue music. I played sax and clarinet for a year in high school, but when the lead guitarist left town, I moved into the rhythm chair. I've always wanted to get back to sax; in many ways I'm a frustrated tenor player. (Sometimes it shows in wild reed passages.)

"Wesleyan was so-so for composition but strong in ethnomusicology: I immersed myself in the latter and it has had its influence on me now. I studied African, Indonesian, Indian music, Japanese *shakuhachi*, Tibetan. Black music began happening there, and I got to study a while with Ken McIntyre. I listen to a lot of African music now. I don't analyze it, just listen and let it sink in and find that it resurfaces in my writing.

"Bill Dixon, the trumpeter and composer who worked with Cecil Taylor and the avant garde, had a big impact on the way I hear things and my approach to writing. At Bennington College, Dixon, who also used large improvisational ensembles, told me 'Whatever it is you're seeking, push it further, always move a step beyond what's comfortable.'

While Dixon was getting me into Ellington and jazz traditions, I was also studying Penderecki, Ligeti, Carl Ruggles. Those four, plus Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman and Coltrane are my favorite composers. I should add as influences Miles for his concepts and chance-taking and James Brown for his writing for rhythm."

Two groups with which Baird played that had bearing on his later work with Ear were Swamp Gas, a Long Island rock group whose Buddah LP Baird wrote and co-produced, and the Collaborative Ensemble out of Bennington with Moss, Hagen, a bass and five dancers. "We worked intensively on our vocabulary, never using pulsative time or anchored tonality. We played some colleges, but there were limited numbers of people we could reach with it."

Once he got to Boston in 1974, Baird started putting together a band. It took a while to get the right people, and Dave Leibman was asked in to guest spot on some tapes. Club dates came afterwards. The band was really an earful: wild, loose, no standard rep tunes, but the press was supportive. Boston's many jazz stations played the tapes; then the record, dated but valid, and club dates drew well at Pooh's Pub, Zircon, Jazz Celebrations, Coalition's All-Night Concert, Globe Jazzfest.

"Perseverance and luck got us with Novus. Producer Steve Backer had heard us at Sandy's Jazz Revival in Beverly and said: 'The concept is interesting. I'll follow you and see how it matures.' At the Globefest, he was aware we were moving along. I sent him a tape at Arista, and it was just a matter of being in the right place at the right time. I couldn't be more pleased. I have a great deal of respect for him because he obviously knows the music (Abrams and Lake and Air) but he also has good business savvy."

Hersey's commissioned compositions outside Ear include major studies for masses of individual horns: *Creation And Holocaust* (25 saxes, 1976) for the Creative Music Foundation Benefit, a piece for Boston Sackbut Week (16 trombones, 1977), and *From The Tower* (huge unison horn sections, 1977) for the Harvard University Stage Band. "I try to investigate all the possibilities of a given instrument, to find all the new sounds and textures that haven't been explored. If you work with one particular instrument you can capture the similarities as well as the diversities—vast unisons as well as fine layerings of sound."

By then the band's personnel was pretty well firmed up, and Baird asked that their names (as well as notable side associations) be noted: Daniel Mott (showbands) replacing Kenny Mason and Mark Harvey (Jazz Coalition director) on trumpet; Tim Sessions (Elegua), trombone; John Hagen (Arthur Williams Band), Len Detlor (Abintra), Stan Strickland (Sundance, Webster Lewis), reeds; Arnie Clapman, congas (Louis Lebin); Ernesto Provencher (Sundance), bass; Tommy Campbell (TCB, Tiger's Baku), drums; David Moss (teacher, soloist), percussion.

The Hersey guitar, which sounds more often like Milesian Mahavishnu's arch keening than Freddie Green's smooth strumming, is often the source and medium of inspiration for the Hersey compositions. "Pieces come out of my guitar, initial materials like melody, chords emerge directly from playing and improvising. I haven't used a piano in over a year. I practice on acoustic because it's quiet and portable, but it has little bearing on my cur-

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EARL TURBINTON JR.

BY JOHN ALAN SIMON

The chances would seem better than even that you've heard Earl Turbinton's saxophone work somewhere. And yet not only is his name far from being a household word, but he's barely surviving as a musician these days.

"I've starved in New Orleans," says Turbinton. And the 37-year-old musician-composer isn't talking metaphorically either. Yet like many other progressive players in the Crescent City who've been able to achieve a measure of commercial success elsewhere, Turbinton has nevertheless decided to stay where dixieland still reigns king.

"I'm not exactly hopeful," he laughs. "Just more determined this time." To an outsider, the reasons for Turbinton's reluctance to leave the city of his birth might seem merely sentimental. But he contends that there's something about New Orleans music, and his sense of a destined part in its creation and fulfillment prevents him from leaving. "I've played with many of the masters throughout the world," he explains. "But the baddest cats I've ever played with are right here in New Orleans. It's the only place I've ever encountered musicians who play authentically and fluently, funk, dixieland, gospel music, classical, bebop—all idioms, innately and fluently without having to study at Berklee or conservatories or copy off records. They're just born with it in New Orleans. This is where the music first got off the boats. I've tried to disprove it, but the only other place where I've seen such overwhelming wealth in music and musicians is Africa."

Turbinton's own musical odyssey perfectly exemplifies the concept of New Orleans eclecticism. The blues ramblings of B. B. King's *L.A. Midnight* album, Josef Zawinul's *Rise And Fall Of The Third Stream* and *Concerto Retitled* albums, Buster Williams' *Pinnacle* and the African-tribal chant rhythms of the Wild Magnolias—all have been relatively recent examples of his work.

Last year, he toured with David Forman, then worked on the as yet unreleased follow-up to the rock singer-composer's critically acclaimed Arista album. "Right before that in New York, I also did some movie score work with William Fischer, the very brilliant arranger who also did the strings for McCoy Tyner's albums." He helped me get on some



KATSUJI ABE

BILL LAMB

BY GARY VERCELLI

Inside young trumpeter Bill Lamb burns a quiet, creative fire. Although soft spoken and quite reserved in conversation, Bill quickly transforms into a dynamo of energy and enthusiasm when he hits the stage or enters the studio.

At age 22, Bill has already spent a year with the Buddy Rich Orchestra and has contributed to diverse musical settings, including recording sessions with Tower Of Power, the Brothers Johnson, John Mayall and Elvin Bishop. Bill has toured with Count Basie and Quincy Jones and is now busy organizing a band for singer Paulette McWilliams (the former lead singer of Rufus).

A native of Southern California, Bill was a



PAUL M. LESTER

music performance major at L.A. City College. "I studied music exclusively," remarked Bill. "I knew exactly what I was in school for: to develop my sight-reading ability and to refine my approach and technique on trumpet."

Bill feels his early big band exposure at the high school and college levels has proven itself invaluable. "You can get more feeling for phrasing in a big band situation than in a small rock group. There's much more of a flowing, musical climate, whereas rock situations tend to be more rigid. Playing with big bands really helps develop your reading ability, too."

Bill's first "real job" was with the Quincy Jones Orchestra. "I was recommended to Q by Clark Terry, who became aware of me through big band collegiate competition in Chicago." Bill recorded on *Mellow Madness* and traveled to Japan with Quincy's band.

"Quincy's really into the subtleties and nuances of the music. He's got an orchestra in his head and the respect and love of the people he directs. Traveling with Quincy really helped broaden my musical horizons."

dates with Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter, too—the cats I idolized."

Turbinton's first session has faded from the archives of his memory, but he estimates that it must have been when he was 16 or 17. "I was on almost all the early New Orleans hits that Allen Toussaint produced with Irma Thomas and Lee Dorsey and all the other people," he recalls. During the days of the New Orleans rhythm and blues renaissance, Turbinton and his younger brother, the gifted keyboardist Willie Tee, would hang around Cosimo Matassa's famous studio just yearning for a chance to play. "We managed to get on a lot of the things that NOLA records did dur-

During that 1975 tour of Japan, Bill cultivated some valuable friendships. Frank Rosolino taught him just how versatile a trombone player can be in a big band. "I learned a lot by just observing Frank on a day-to-day basis, and by exchanging ideas with him." Since then, Bill's taken to doubling on trombone and bass trombone, thus broadening his appeal for studio dates.

When asked about those who have influenced his identity as a soloist, Bill quickly named Clark Terry and Maynard Ferguson. "I have a lot of respect for what Maynard's done as a musician and a leader. He's kept his band together for a long time.

"I enjoy the sound Maynard gets," continued Bill. "We both play large-bore trumpets, which deliver that real full sound. With a large bore and my six-inch bell spread, there's more metal and more vibration coming out... hence, a stronger, fatter, thicker sound. Also, Maynard and I both use Jetone mouthpieces. They give you a little more range and lasting power on gigs, and that's really im-

portant when you're working night after night."

Bill views the trumpet as more of a rhythmic instrument than a melodic one. "On the trumpet, you've got the ability to play notes short and tight, like a drummer. There's also a similar physical release on the two instruments... physical strength on both these instruments can definitely complement your technique. I've played drums for eight years now, and sometimes I find myself practicing more on them than on my horn... but the relationship between them continually fascinates me."

Bill's many talents have led him into a few working situations that have been a far cry from his personal taste in music. "My preference in jazz leans toward straightahead, swinging big band material, but working in an r&b context sometimes offers me a refreshing change of pace."

Regardless of the idiom Bill Lamb is called on to interpret, this young man has the chops to carry out any assignment in a most impressive manner. **db**

ing that period. We got work from the same people who exploited Professor Longhair and Chris Kenner on their publishing rights, paying them \$20 and \$25 for their tunes. But it was a proving ground.

"After that I went on the road, playing behind Jerry Butler for three years. During the '60s, I played behind almost every Motown act—Diana Ross and the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, the Temptations, the Four Tops. We did the whole chitlin circuit from the Apollo Theatre to the Howard Theatre in Washington, D.C."

Turbinton's proclivity for the saxophone started at an age when most boys are asking

KAI WINDING

His Long And Winding Road

by NICK CATALANO

I'm in Florida shooting pick up shots at Disney World for a television show. Somebody suggests that we dine that evening at Walt Disney World Village at Lake Buena Vista and mumbles something about a lounge where they have jazz. Later we drive into the Village and once again, I'm impressed with the planning and creativity of the Disney people. I'm beginning to think that they should have helped design the planet we live on. We're directed to the Village Lounge and on the marquee I see the name Kai Winding. Kai Winding. . . My thoughts go back 20 years to the first jazz show I produced in college—Kai Winding and Beverly Kenny. I remember shouting at the student council members, trying to convince them that a jazz show could draw well. It was a good thing that Kai packed the joint that night or my fraternity brothers would have drowned me.

The Village Lounge at Disney World Village is quite simply one of the best jazz rooms I've ever been in. The combination of wood, plants and comfortable swivel chairs together with a no cover, no minimum policy immediately raise the eyebrows of anyone who has been in some of our northern cosmopolitan clip joints. The jazz trio is just finishing as we settle into our plush surroundings. Winding is announced as we order drinks.

From the shadows Kai approaches the bandstand. As the lights hit him my eyes blink. He looks elegant—thick graying hair, understated sport jacket and tanned looks combine to complete a handsome picture. Quite frankly, I'm a little surprised. After all, it's been 20 years. As the band shuffles around getting ready, I keep thinking back to that college concert and memory association stirs rapidly. "Was it Denmark where he was born?" I muse. I smile as I recall all the trivial facts I had collected in a short time as I emceed the show at Manhattan College in New York. ". . . Ten years ago Kai Winding was first selected as the *Metronome* All-Star for 1948. He and J. J. Johnson have created a legacy in jazz that is already a legend. . . ." Or something like that. It certainly had been a thrill.

The Village Lounge becomes propitiously attentive as Kai announces the opening tune, *Meditation*. As they begin, I sip, shuffle and glow inside. He's beautiful! The tone is richer than ever and the intonation is superb. When I was playing, I recall always pitying the trombonists when it came to intonation. As a saxist, all I had to do was press a key. The group has the sound of well-rehearsed unity, but I've already been told that the rhythm section of Bubba Kolb on piano, Louise Davis on bass and Harvey Lang on drums is the house band and that the club has been booking only soloists. The next tune is announced as a "recent recording for Gateway Records, an old Billie Holiday tune, *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*." Kai begins a rapid count and the band immediately plunges into that uptempo excitement so reminiscent of the early days. My



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

memory stirs again as the trombone purrs with that delicious economy and effortlessness that was such an outstanding trademark of the Kai Winding style.

After the set, I re-introduce myself and the memory association recalls the cordiality and warmth which was the same 20 years ago. When I suggest an interview, he is very receptive and I shout for one of the crew to go to the TV truck and hustle a tape recorder.

Catalano: Kai, how long have you been living in Spain?

Winding: I've been living about six months now in Spain. It's the Costa Del Sol, which is the south Mediterranean coast of Spain. It's incredible, really nice.

Catalano: What is the situation in jazz with regard to the kinds of players?

Winding: Well, there are some very fine jazz players in Europe; not only of course a lot of expatriate American musicians, but there are native European musicians who are sounding great, doing extremely well.

Catalano: How about the festivals?

Winding: Through the years I've been going to Europe almost every year doing festivals and concerts. This year I'm doing Nice, which I did last year, which is in my estimation one of the best jazz festivals in the world. I'm doing Antwerp this year, and some things in Holland, and later on in England and Belgium. Of course, practically each country in Europe has its own jazz festival going at some time or another during the summer. And quite a bit of activity in jazz clubs. In Europe, also, radio and television is quite active in jazz. Soloists like myself appear on radio and television much more so than in the States.

Catalano: How much of your working year now is spent in Europe?

Winding: I'm coming to the States twice a year, primarily to do my clinics and concerts in schools during the spring and fall seasons. So those are the two times I'll be coming over and doing some jazz clubs along with that and recording. The rest of the time I work in Europe and, as much time as I can, I relax in Spain.

Catalano: Everybody who has followed your career remembers bebop days, the great J & K Albums.

Winding: J. J. and I started recording together in the mid-'50s. We were only actually together as a team for about two years, 1954 through 1956. During that period we did—with all the reissues and everything it's more—14 or 15 albums. And of course, a lot of them are still around. J. J. and I have been great friends through the years. We knew each other before the association, and it was a rather short association, but subsequently we did do some more recording. But now it's been a good ten or 15 years since we did the last thing together.

Catalano: Since the old bebop days—I suppose that's as valid a generic term as possible—what do you see as the most important legacy of bebop?

Winding: Well, I think that we did, when I say "we," I mean my contemporaries who were the proponents of bebop, like Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk and so on and so forth. . . I think that music is still very valid today and I think that the young musicians are very much attuned to it. I see it in the schools, and they want to pick up on it. As far as things I've listened to since then, obviously a lot of things have been happening, like Coltrane and other free form things. A lot of it is valid as far as experimentation goes.

RECORD REVIEWS

***** EXCELLENT / **** VERY GOOD / *** GOOD / ** FAIR / * POOR

FLORA PURIM

EVERYDAY, EVERYNIGHT—Warner Brothers BSK 3168: *Everyday, Evernight, Samba Michel, The Hope, Five-Four, Walking Away, I Just Don't Know, In Brasil, Las Olas, Blues Ballad, Overture, Why I'm Alone.*

Personnel: Purim, vocals; Harvey Mason, drums; Alphonso Johnson, bass; Lee Ritenour, electric guitar; Michel Colombier, electric piano, synthesizer; Aírto Moreira, percussion; Laudir de Oliveira, percussion; Michael Brecker, sax; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; David Sanborn, sax; Raul de Souza, trombone; Chester Thompson, drums; Byron Miller, bass; Jay Graydon, electric guitar; Oscar Neves, acoustic guitar, cavaquinho; George Duke, electric piano; Jaco Pastorius, bass; Dennis Belfield, bass; David Foster, electric and acoustic piano; Michael Boddicker, synthesizer, bass; George Sopuch, electric guitar; Al Ciner, electric guitar; Herbie Hancock, acoustic piano; Roy Galleway, Mitch Gordon, John Lehman, Niura Band, Lani Hall, Regina Neves, Yana Purim, Sybil Thomas, Marcos Valle, Bud Cockrell, Pattie Santos, background vocals.

* * *

Flora Purim today walks a middle road between art music and commercial palaver. *Everyday, Evernight* maintains a resolutely popular approach, thanks largely to the collaboration of composer/arranger Michel Colombier, a conservatory musician who turned to jazz and became the French Quincy Jones before coming to the U.S. to do the hit "rock opera" *Wings* with Paul Williams and other saccharine popsters.

Here Colombier and Purim have fashioned a cleanly balanced mixture of uptempo foot-tappers and soulful ballads in the venerable tradition of Brazilian pop music. With streamlined charts and tasty solo work to frame Flora's patented warblings, the effort is more successful than most commercial outings, retaining a patina of sophistication and refinement despite the inclusion of fashionable disco-fusion clichés. As usual, Flora is surrounded by some of the most facile musicians on the studio scene, and the contributions of the Brecker brothers, Dave Sanborn, George Duke and Raul de Souza threaten to overshadow her fragile vocals. At its best, as when Herbie Hancock and Jaco Pastorius blend with Flora's mellifluous vocals, the album can sound fresh and seductive; elsewhere, cloying string arrangements and funky clone vampers drag it down to the level of lush wallpaper.

The title track is a disco thumper distinguished by the meaty solo work of Sanborn and the Breckers, and not much else. George Duke lays down an unmistakably Dukish vamp to open the vigorously percussive *Samba Michel*, with Aírto and Laudir de Oliveira beating out a swinging tattoo. The Colombier touch is evident in the syrupy strings behind *The Hope* and in the movie-muzak feeling of *Five-Four*, but Flora's pretty intonation on the former and fleet scating on the latter are redeeming. Flora waxes melodic on the verses of *Walking Away*, but the intrusions of a fami-

liar "hook" chorus and formula-funk bass line break the poetic spell.

Colombier is capable of genuinely pretty pop fluff, as on *I Just Don't Know*, and also of almost classic banality on *Overture*, which is slick standardized Brazilian pop at its most formulaic. He and Flora are at their classy best on the moving *Blues Ballad*, in Portuguese, with Sanborn providing strong support in a beautiful dialogue with Purim. But the only point at which the album transcends the pop mold is *Las Olas*, with Hancock and Pastorius in a soaring romantic escapade and Purim proving her real mettle as an improviser.

Flora's distinction as a stylist camouflages her limitations as a vocalist: in turning further toward the middle-of-the-road, she risks the submersion of her style in alien surroundings. The success of Colombier's orchestrations lies in his ability to tailor popular yet sophisticated accompaniments that truly complement her own proclivities. That and the unusually sensitive solo work by sidemen who justify their lofty reputations lift this album above the ranks of pedestrian commercial outings.

—birnbaum

WARREN BERNHARDT

SOLO PIANO—Arista Novus AN 3001: *Ecaflote, Morning Star/Evening Star, Painted Sidewalks, Tales Of A 39 Man.*

Personnel: Bernhardt, acoustic piano.

* * * * 1/2

The success of Keith Jarrett's ECM piano recordings has resulted, happily, in the proliferation of solo piano recordings by jazz—or shall we say *jazz-influenced*—pianists. Many pianists have tried to cop Jarrett's particular type of musical synthesis as a personal style. But on the other hand, with all of classical and jazz literature to draw from, the possibilities of new synthesis and discovery is limitless. Best of all, the record companies are getting on the case and giving a lot of pianists the chance to be heard.

Steve Backer, director of the new Arista-Novus jazz series, has been involved with the release of solo work by Dollar Brand, Mal Waldron, Roland Hanna and Cecil Taylor. Novus's first solo release is by Warren Bernhardt.

Bernhardt is an eclectic professional who has covered all the bases from James Brown to Jack DeJohnette. As a member of Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs he was one of the founding fathers of the jazz-rock crossover; he was also involved in one of the great lost jazz-rock big bands, White Elephant. Bernhardt's *Solo Piano* is a distinguished work that creates a seamless synthesis of piano influences, including, though not cloning, Jarrett.

The first side might be lumped with Jarrett, seeing as how it deals with open-ended impressionistic improvisation, but Bernhardt's

left hand is far less rhythmically and modally insistent. *Ecaflote* begins with fragmented melodic phrases over the droning inner strings of the piano and builds into a warmly evocative dance full of ringing right hand lines and pirouetting two handed figures. *Morning Star/Evening Star* was the prime performance on Jack DeJohnette's *Untitled*. It is a tone poem dealing with images of starlight upon bodies of water; the "Morning Star" witnesses the birth of the day and the unfolding of flowers as it recedes into the light; the "Evening Star" is an elegant sea of light on the black stillness.

The music on the second side begins in an impressionistic vein, but *Painted Sidewalks* soon resolves into a web of '60s jazz influences, redolent of Hancock and Tyner, though without the latter's key-crushing intensity; it is more linear, less incantatory. *Tales Of A 39 Man* is an eerie, often terrifying improvisation between Bernhardt and engineer John Holbrook. Holbrook uses a variety of electronic effects to alter the overtones of the piano and create feedback. It sounds as if Eric Satie had met Otis Spann for a jam session in the men's room at the N.Y.C. Port Authority Terminal, but the emotional power is somewhat diminished by its excessive length.

Still, *Solo Piano* is a very individualistic synthesis of piano styles by an anonymous and gifted musician's musician. We'll be hearing a lot more of Warren Bernhardt, you may be sure.

—stern

WILLIE NELSON

STARDUST—Columbia JC 35305: *Stardust, Georgia On My Mind, Blue Skies, All Of Me, Unchained Melody, September Song, On The Sunny Side Of The Street, Moonlight In Vermont, Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Someone To Watch Over Me.*

Personnel: Nelson, guitar and vocals; Jody Payne, guitar; Booker T. Jones, organ and piano; Bobbie Nelson, piano; Paul English, drums; Rex Ludwig, drums; Bee Spears, bass; Chris Ethridge, bass; Mickey Raphael, harmonica.

* * * * *

When Willie Nelson was growing up in Texas, the only musical tradition he felt a debt of fidelity to was the one that poured through his radio at night. And in that part of the South that meant a healthy dose of the mainstream of popular music, as well as the more natively prevalent strains of country, gospel and blues. As a result, he loves the songs of Richard Rodgers and Duke Ellington as much as he reveres those of Lefty Frizzell and Bob Wills, and, beyond that, the voices that animated those songs. It doesn't take that much of a leap of recognition to hear that Hank Williams and Billie Holiday probably knew the same muse, the same spirit of dark reverie. And once one accepts that, it only takes an extension of curiosity and will to bridge the country and urban traditions of songwriting. Nelson has long been singing in a style that derives its mannerisms more from jazz than any other idiom, albeit the seemingly easy, colloquial style that characterized Crosby and early Sinatra. Willie's an intimate, reflective singer, given to lingering over his lyrics with a lover's care, and to only the slyest turns of phrasing and melisma. He is, in short, believable, or, better yet, a man for whom believing and singing have become correspondent.

Stardust, claims Nelson, is a collection of his "ten favorite songs," and, indeed, it's a consummate offering of pre-'50s American popular romanticism (see listing above). Producer-arranger Booker T. Jones has aimed

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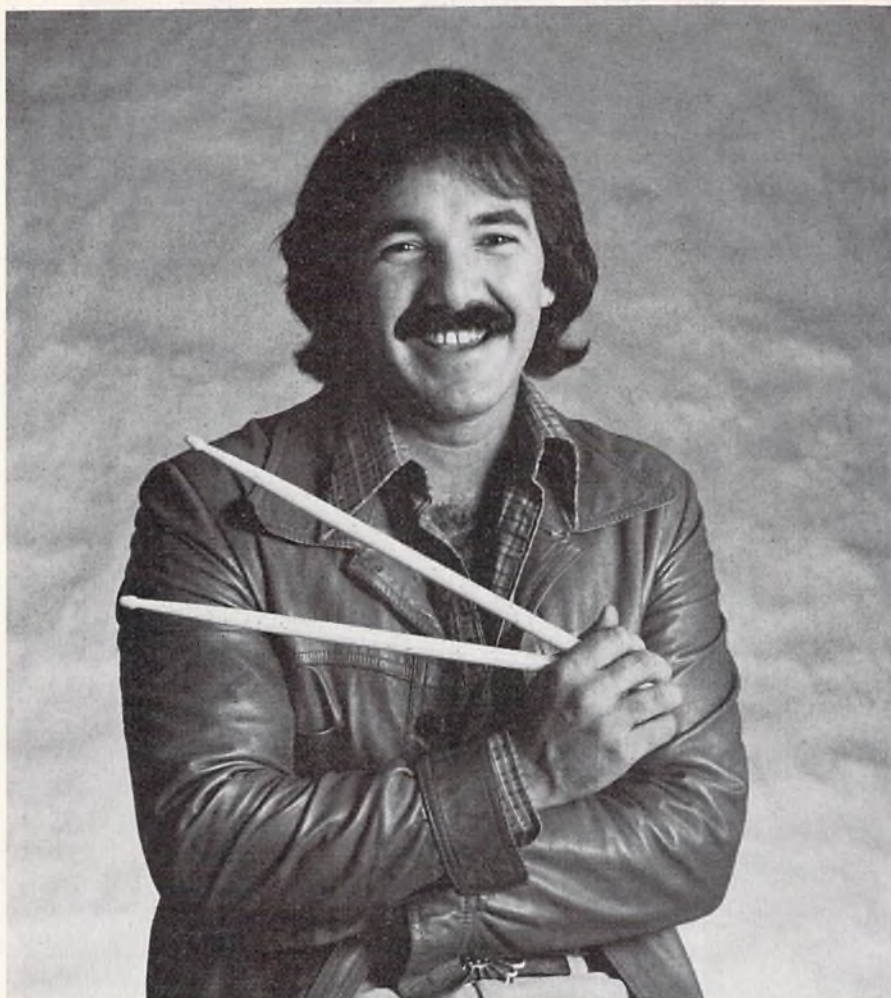
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straight for the natural heart of the material, meaning an emphasis on melodies and vocals (which in Willie's case are determinedly one and the same), and the careful construction of a mood, late night and wistful. The arrangements are stoically sparse, with only the softest backbeat, the delicate asides of Nelson's nylon lead guitar, the occasional alto-like wail of Mickey Raphael's harmonica, and Booker's own gossamer organ strains abetting the color. It all makes for a deceptively low-key, seemingly pastel presentation of these songs, but one that wears untiringly and timelessly. Some things, Nelson seems to be saying, are constant, and they don't need the dressings of contemporary vogue before we can embrace them.

Not surprisingly, *Stardust's* most sterling performances are also its most museful, melancholy ones. For it's in the expressions of longing and remembrance that Willie most easily reigns. He reads *Georgia On My Mind* as a blue elegy with an almost bitter underbite, transforming it into a potently personal recitation. In *Blue Skies*, his terse, matter-of-fact delivery completely belies the surface optimism of the lyrics, revamping it into an ironic dirge. But it's in the trio set of *Unchained Melody*, *Moonlight In Vermont* and *September Song* that Nelson applies his most affecting skills. Each song is meant to measure the passage of time and love, and Willie's vocals wring those measurements from his heart, leaving little doubt that much has been lost, but even less doubt that something more still lies ahead. Whether that more is a promise of pain or recovery is hard to say, but it's that glimpse of strength, even in his most lachrymose, drunken tones, that elevates Nelson. He keeps more than aesthetic company with his songs, and it makes for a music that tells us a bit about what we have left when we think we've surrendered too much. To my mind, that's a music we can't do without. —*gilmore*

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR

LIVE ON THE QUEEN MARY—Harvest SW-11790: *Tell Me Pretty Baby*; *Mess Around*; *Everyday I Have The Blues*; *Tiptina*; *I'm Movin' On*; *Mardi Gras In New Orleans*; *Cry To Me*; *Gone So Long*; *Stagger Lee*.

Personnel: Longhair, vocals and piano; anonymous sidemen on guitar, bass, drums and percussion.

* * * * *

Although he remains impoverished and virtually ignored outside of New Orleans and its environs, Henry Roeland Byrd (aka Professor Longhair) has had an incalculable effect on contemporary music. A pianist of freewheeling genius, 'Fess learned his stuff from such Storyville greats as Kid Stormy Weather and Sullivan Rock, all the while creating his own unique Spanish rumba style.

'Fess has appeared on nationwide r&b charts only once, way back in 1950, via a likely cut called *Baldhead*. Although other New Orleaners such as Huey Smith, Fats Domino, Smiley Lewis and the Spiders became hot properties in the '50s, Longhair somehow retreated from the limelight. He seldom embarked on tours and cultivated the image of an idiosyncratic and somewhat hard-to-handle recluse.

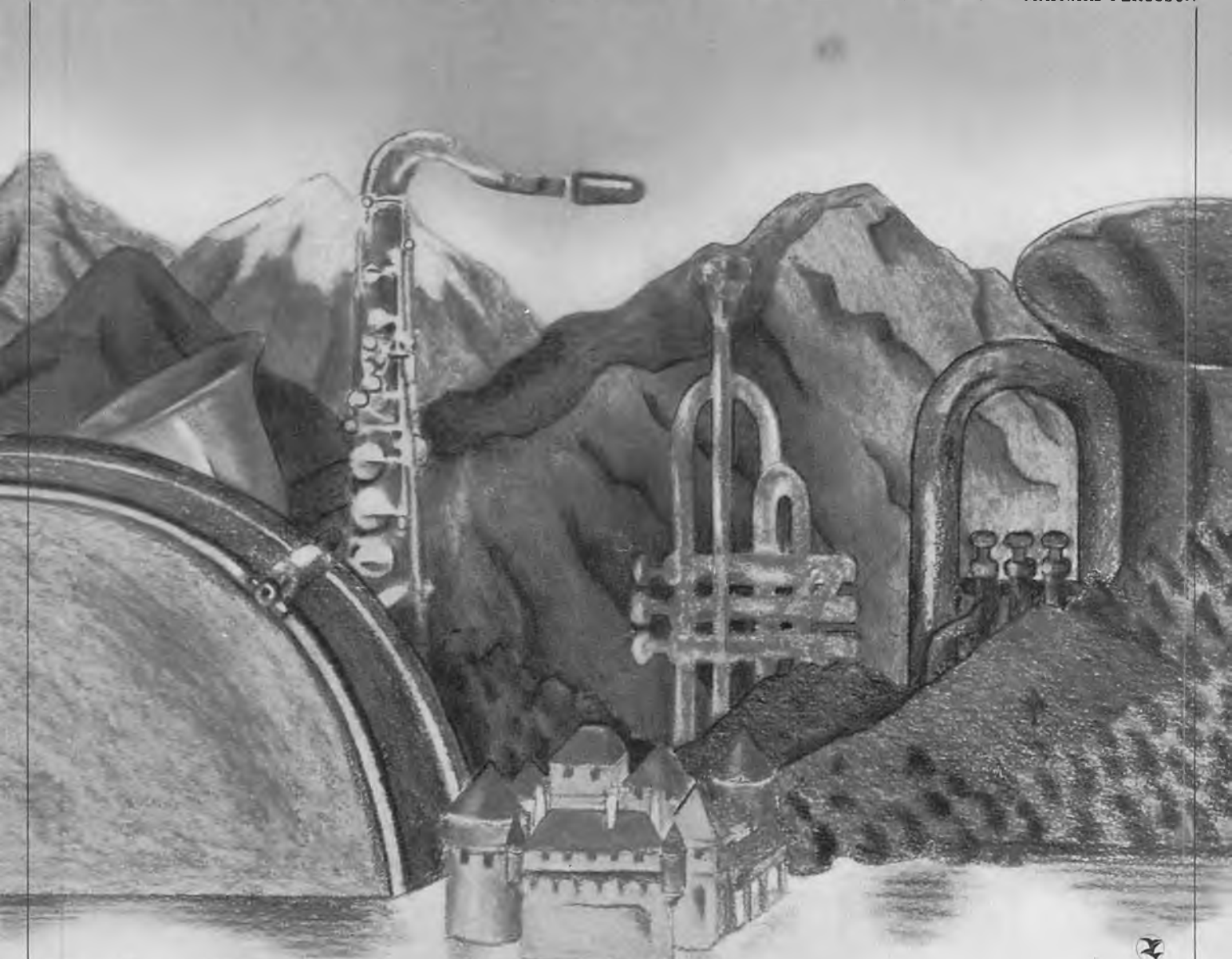
When Atlantic released an album comprised of early '50s Longhairiana a few years back, the disc was only snapped up by critics and ardent r&b freaks. But no fresh material was forthcoming with the exception of a disc cut in '74 for the French Blue Star label and which never received Stateside distribution.



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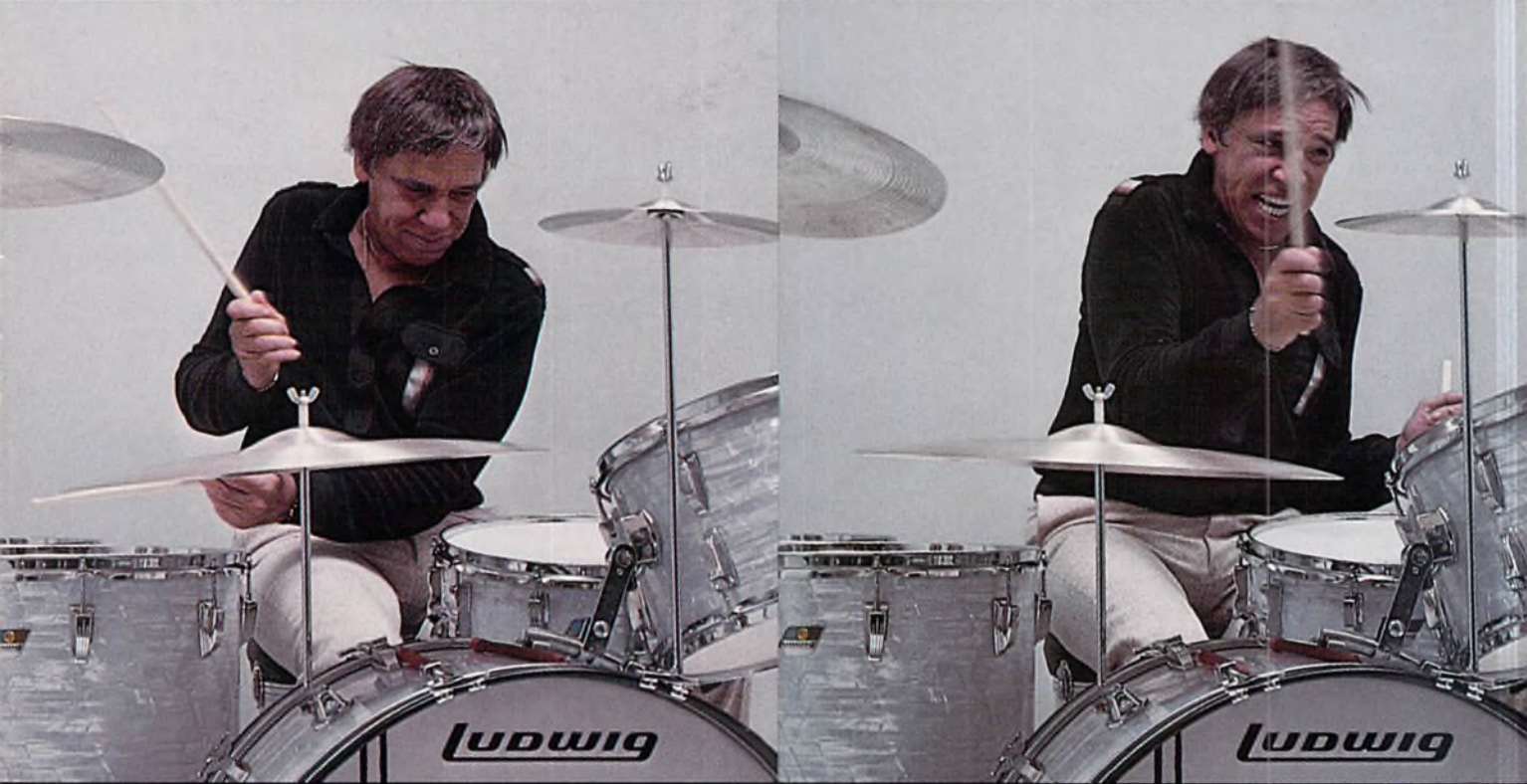


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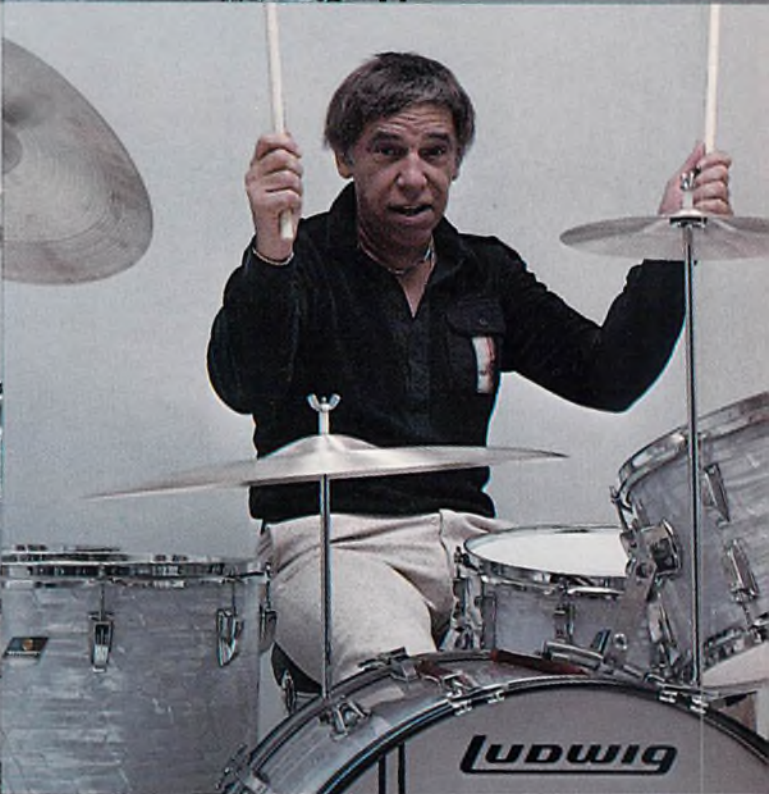
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So *Live On The Queen Mary* comes as a most welcome surprise, a much-needed new chapter in the history of an artist whose discography remains painfully thin. Recorded on the good boat herself in Long Beach, California, this spring '75 document confirms the effervescent glory of the 60-year-old Byrd, who joyously sweeps his way through nine cuts.

'Fess' own *Tell Me Pretty Baby* gets things off to a brisk start, his rhumba boogie into winding into that distinctively laconic vocal. Ahmet Ertegun's *Mess Around* is romped with a passion, as the triplets cascade from the speakers. Count them if you can. Longhair's immortal *Tipitina*, first cut in '54 for Atlantic, stays true to the original, right down to those mournful vocal wails.

Hank Snow might not recognize this version of his *I'm Movin' On*, since the Prof has altered the lyrics and funkyed it up even more than Ray Charles. It is probably the most intriguing cut on the album because it shows just what the 'Fess magic is all about. *Mardi Gras In New Orleans* (another Byrd original) has served as Fat Tuesday's theme song for the past three decades, and still manages to sell some fifteen thousand copies per year. The rendition included here is appropriately infectious, with 'Fess mysticizing those lines about the Zulu king.

Solomon Burke's early '60s smash, *Cry To Me*, is somewhat of a departure in repertoire. And while Longhair's vocal possesses none of the strident emotionalism of Burke's, he nevertheless manages to growl his message across. He runs the length of the ivories on the instrumental *Gone So Long*, playfully sticking in a phrase from *Here Comes The Bride*. *Stagger Lee* concludes the set. One of the great New Orleans songs (originally made famous by Leon "Archibald" Gross in 1950 under the name of *Stack-A-Lee*, then revamped into a nationwide smash by Lloyd Price in '58), 'Fess adds his own lyrics, with his throbbing keyboard underlining the violent yarn and that contrasting deadpan delivery.

Everybody tends to overuse the term "living legend" today. But if anybody deserves the appellation, Professor Longhair does. Grab this one up and cherish it. It may turn out to be a rare bird indeed.

—holman

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

BOOGIE WOOGIE STRING ALONG FOR REAL—Warner Bros. BSK 3085: *Boogie Woogie String Along For Real; I Loves You, Porgy; Make Me A Pallet On The Floor; Hey Babebips; In A Mellow Tone; SummerTime; Dorthaan's Walk; Watergate Blues.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor sax, clarinet, harmonica, flute, electric kalimba; Sammy Price, piano (tracks 1, 3, 5); Tiny Grimes, guitar (tracks 3, 5); Arvell Shaw, bass (tracks 3, 5); Gifford Brown, drums (tracks 3, 5); Percy Heath, cello (tracks 4, 8); Hilton Ruiz, keyboards (tracks 4, 7, 8); Sonny Brown, drums (tracks 1, 4, 7, 8); Philip Bowler, bass (tracks 1, 4, 7, 8); Steve Turre, trombone (tracks 1, 4, 7, 8); William S. Fischer, electric piano (track 1); Eddie Preston, trumpet (track 1); Kenneth Harris, flute (track 1); Selwart Clark, Linda Lawrence, Julien Barber, violas (track 1); Harold Kohon, Sanford Allen, Kathryn Kienke, Regis Iandiorio, Tony Posk, Yoko Matsuo, Doreen Callender, violins (track 1); Eugene Moye, Jonathon Abramowitz, Charles Fambrough, cello (track 1); Jimmy Buffington, french horn (track 1).

Rahsaan was something of a miracle man: a human of great strength and resourcefulness, as well as an imaginative, powerful musician. He overcame Job's own lot of ills, and was a full-tilt bandleader, a soloist of energy, intensity and humor, a composer with a firm sense of tradition. His achievements were recorded

on many fine albums, and his performances will never be forgotten by his large audience.

Boogie Woogie String Along For Real was Rahsaan's last recording, made after he taught himself to play his instruments one handed to foil his disabling stroke. While he refined this technique far beyond expectations, it inevitably diminished his range and flexibility. The improvisations here are not as sustained as Kirk, their creator, intended—but his spirit is ever buoyant.

The support of an orchestra on the title track, of his last working band on *Walk*, (and with ringer Heath) *Babebips* and *Watergate*, and of a swinging quartet of veterans on *Pallet* and *Mellow Tone* relieved Rahsaan of some of the responsibility for virtuosity. But his raucous horn is still the motivating force behind *Boogie Woogie*, his easy singing belies the problematic clarinet work on *Pallet*, he urges everyone on *Walk*, and gruffly decides *Watergate* ("Take 'em away. Don't give 'em no break.").

Both *Pallet* and *Mellow Tone* are taken at a crisp pace, largely due to Price's showy piano playing—and Grimes gets no solos. The quartet does not appear on *Porgy* or *SummerTime*, two brief duets between Rahsaan and—music box?—that are slim filler. Heath's cello conception is not unlike Ron Carter's piccolo bass idea, though not so firmly in the lead and nearly swept away by the anarchy of Kirk's sidemen on *Walk* and *Watergate*.

Who but Rahsaan Roland Kirk could lead such a troupe? Who but he could encompass and imagine this lifetime of music? Rahsaan was one of a kind, and if his final project is lesser than his greatest albums (*Rip, Rig, And Panic, I Talk With Spirits*, among others) it is still representative of the breadth and depth of an amazing musician's art.

—mandel

BEN WEBSTER

DID YOU CALL?—Nessa N-8: *Sweet Georgia Brown; Don't Blame Me; Did You Call?; Barcelona Shout; Ben's Blues; The Man I Love; My Nephew Bent; How Long Has This Been Going On.*

Personnel: Webster, tenor sax; Tete Montoliu, piano; Eric Peter, bass; Peer Wybolis, drums.

* * * *

Recorded in Spain in 1972, this was Ben Webster's last studio recording. It combines Webster with the Tete Montoliu trio but the saxophonist is the dominant force. He's leading all the way.

The unusual quality of this Webster recording is its totally relaxed—almost sleepy—but highly lyrical feeling. Ben Webster with his distinctive hard-edged blustery tone could be a fierce, charging player. However, here there is a delicate intimacy. There is in fact just one up tempo tune, *Barcelona Shout*, but surprisingly Webster plays a couple of normally up tempo songs at diminished tempos. The most striking example is *Sweet Georgia Brown*, which Webster plays like *My Man* instead of the romp it usually is. His approach is an easy, whimsical exploration of the melody. Ben does the same thing with Duke Ellington's *In A Mellow Tone*, slowing it to a walk and changing the title to *Did You Call?*

What is evident here is Ben Webster, the unique stylist, with the uncanny ability to structure his material and outline fresh boundaries as master of the tenor.

The recording is among a new batch of well packaged and superbly annotated albums from the small Chicago independent Nessa and an essential addition to the Webster discography.

—nolan

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HUBERT LAWS

SAY IT WITH SILENCE—Columbia JC35022:
*The Baron; False Faces; Love Gets Better; It Happens
Every Day; Say It With Silence.*

Personnel: Laws, flute, alto flute, piccolo; Ronnie Laws, tenor and soprano sax; Eloise Laws, vocals; Debra Laws, vocals; Barnaby E. Finch, Joe Sample, Mark Gray, keyboards; Robert Vega, Robert Popwell, Mike Richmond, electric bass; Patrick Kelly, Melvin Robinson, Hiram Bullock, Barry Finnerty, guitar; Greg Errico, Anthony Lewis, Dan Gottlieb, drums; Victor Feldman, Sue Evans, percussion; Jerry Peters, Mike Mandel, synthesizer; Woody Murray, vibes; Bobby Bryant, Snooky Young, Ray Brown, Alan Rubin, Lew Soloff, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Thurman Green, Maurice Spears, Wayne Andre, Tom Malone, Tony Studd, trombones; Sidney Sharp, Israel Baker, Henry Ferber, Ronald Folsom, Arnold Belnick, David Montagu, Alfred Breuning, Don Palmer, Joy Lyle, violins; Harry Shultz, Jerome Kessler, Jesse Ehrlich, cellos; James Buffington, Don Corrado, Lawrence Wechsler, french horns.

Here is yet another album of ultra-pasteurized formula music that completely trivializes the talents of its participants. Hubert and Ronnie Laws produced *Say It With Silence*, so there can be no breast-beating about insensitive outsiders depriving artists of musical control. The entire Laws family can take credit for this quiescent disc.

Critical analysis is simply pointless. There isn't anything wrong with the music per se, and Hubert Laws' mastery of the flute is indisputable. His playing on *Say It With Silence* is facile, refined and boring—very boring—an over the counter prescription for musical Quaaludes. But putting down this record will not in any way diminish its market value. Suffice it to say, if you like genteel disco beats with dreamy waves of strings and horns, this should prove an agreeable recording.

The title tune has its moments, mostly because drummer Dan Gottlieb and bassist Mike Richmond invest the chart with something resembling creativity, but even they can't salvage much from the overblown production.

Hubert Laws is resting on his laurels and playing it extra safe—with a bullet. If you want to hear some creative flute playing, check out some old Eric Dolphy discs or the current work of Sam Most, James Newton and Charles Austin.

—stern

RON CARTER

PEG LEG—Milestone M-9082: *Peg Leg; Sheila's Song (Hasta Luego, Mi Amiga); Chapter XI; Epistrophe; My Ship; Patchouli.*

Personnel: Carter, basses; Kenny Barron, piano (tracks 1-4, 6); Jay Berliner, guitars (tracks 1, 2, 6); Buster Williams, bass (tracks 1, 3, 4); Ben Riley, drums (tracks 1-4, 6); Jerry Dodgion, George Marge, Walter Kane, Charles Russo, woodwinds.

Ron Carter's latest for Milestone is an engaging studio session embellished by Robert Freedman's woodwind quartet writing and the tasty rhythm work of pianist Kenny Barron, guitarist Jay Berliner, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Ben Riley.

The title track features Carter's piccolo bass in tandem with Williams' double bass. It's a unique combination that works well because of the fine-tuned empathy between the two bassists. Essentially, Carter takes a horn-like soloistic approach, and register, while Williams anchors the harmonic flow from below. For the medium groove, prancing *Peg Leg*, Carter struts with a spirited wiry gait.

Chapter XI and *Epistrophe* also have the two-bass combo up front. Carter's *Chapter XI* is a happy-go-lucky, call-and-response frame

with a charming *Sesame Street* children's song quality. The two bassists and Barron share solo spots. The clarinet choir is a nice spice except for several passages where intonation is a problem.

Monk's *Epistrophy* is taken at a brisk tempo. Swirling woodwinds highlight Carter's and Barron's pungent solo work. Williams, as usual, undergirds the romp with his impeccably, sure-footed walking.

Sheila's Song is a hauntingly romantic portrait of an obviously special lady. The Spanish flavor alluded to in the subtitle is further intensified by Berliner's acoustic guitar and Carter's overdubbed castanets.

An effective change of pace is Carter's sensitive reading of the Weill standard, *My Ship*. Backed only by the woodwind quartet, the bassist launches a distinctively winning charter cruise.

Patchouli is a lilting bossa nova buoyed up by tasty acoustic guitar comping and woodwind fills. As in most of the other tracks, the superb pianistics of Kenny Barron sparkle and dance.

In addition to the principals, the woodwind quartet deserves special mention. The finely honed ensemble playing of Jerry Dodgion, George Marge, Walter Kane and Charles Russo adds a special touch of class. —berg

EDGAR VARESE

THE VARESE RECORD—Finnadar SR 9018: *Ionization*; *Octandre*; *Integrales*; *Density 21.5*; *Interpolations For Deserts*.

Personnel: Julliard Percussion Orchestra & New York Wing Ensemble, Frederic Waldman, conductor; René Le Roy, flute.

BOULEZ CONDUCTS VARESE—Columbia M 34552: *Ionization*; *Arcana*; *Ameriques*.

Personnel: New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez, conductor.

It's not every album of avant garde music that has liner notes by Frank Zappa. He wrote them for *The Varese Record* because it includes the contents of a long out-of-print recording (EMS 401) which sparked his love for Varese's music many years ago. On that album was everything there is on this one except the 1954 version of the electronic *Interpolations For Deserts*, available here for the first time on disc.

These tape pieces work quite well without the instrumental parts of *Deserts*. Taken as a whole, they emphasize discontinuity: the juxtaposition of radically different classes of sounds creates a spooky, dream-like effect. This is especially vivid in the third *Interpolation*, where one hears sounds like thunder, moaning and the rasp of chains being dragged across pavement.

Ionization (1931), scored for 35 different percussion instruments, features an incredible variety of expression within its brief span. Both of the performances on these LPs are imaginative, but Boulez's version surpasses Waldman's for sheer clarity and rhythmic articulation. On the other hand, the Finnadar version, which offers a deeper bass drum and a more sibilant production, seems to capture the Dadaist lunacy of *Ionization*.

Octandre, *Integrales* and *Arcana*, all written between 1923 and 1927, show their composer's debt to Stravinsky. However, the first two works are very lean and astringent; in them, Varese stripped his motives to their barest essentials, thus carrying one of Stravinsky's tendencies to an extreme. *Integrales*, which adds percussion to the wind



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orchestration of *Octandres*, is the more interesting of the pair with its haunting oboe melody. But the motoric rhythms and bold harmonies of *Arcana* make it a more substantial piece than either of the other two.

Boulez's conception of *Ameriques* (1922) emphasizes the work's wonderful orchestration while demonstrating the inner logic of its rhythms, which to Varese were like melodies. This interpretation may seem a little remote and mysterious at times, but its dryness serves to soften the harsher dissonances.

In contrast to *Ameriques*, *Density 21.5* (1936) was composed for a single instrument. Flautist René Le Roy's performance of this piece, which laid the groundwork for today's "extended" playing techniques, has an endearing, puckish quality. But a more expressive rendition of *Density 21.5* by Harvey Sollberger is available on *Twentieth-Century Flute Music* (Nonesuch HB-73028). —terry

FRANK STROZIER

REMEMBER ME—Inner City IC 2066: *Remember Me*; *Kram Samba*; *Neicy*; *Sidestreet*; *For Our Elders*; *Get Out Of Town*; *Hit It*.

Personnel: Strozier, alto sax, flute; Danny Moore, flugelhorn; Howard Johnson, tuba; Harold Mabern, piano; Lisle Atkinson, bass; Michael Carvin, drums.

* * * *

"Remember me?" asks Frank Strozier. At 41, Strozier has been a sideman and studio musician for years, but he is not a familiar face. His name did not even appear in last year's readers or critics polls. It should have though, because this cat can play.

He composes pretty well, too. The first five tunes are Strozier originals, and they prove to be good vehicles for his ideas. *Remember Me* is a lyrical jazz-rock tune written for flugelhorn. Strozier's solo here is typical: fleet rhythmic lines which flow in and out of more avant garde passages. *Neicy* is a catchy waltz which shows off Strozier's flute chops. *For Our Elders* begins as a trio for alto, bass and drums, allowing Strozier to play outside while Atkinson and Carvin anchor it down. Pianist Mabern enters later, adding a harmonic basis as well. Cole Porter's *Get Out Of Town* receives one of its more creative interpretations. It cooks from the beginning, with Strozier playing a bluesy introduction over a jazz-rock vamp.

Tubist Howard Johnson adds an exciting dimension to the album. The tuba's sound has a lot of weight—enough to deliver the punch of an electric bass without overpowering Atkinson's traditional bass approach. In addition, Johnson plays two fine solos (on *Kram Samba* and *Sidestreet*). He has an astonishingly fast and fluid technique on the unwieldy instrument. The other soloists are less impressive. Neither Moore nor Mabern are able to match Strozier's wealth of ideas. Their playing is patterned and pale beside Strozier's and Johnson's.

Remember Frank Strozier? Not really, but I certainly won't forget him after this. —clark

COUNT BASIE/ OSCAR PETERSON

SATCH AND JOSH AGAIN—Pablo 2310 802: *Roots*; *Red Wagon*; *Home Run*; *Sweethearts On Parade*; *Li'l Darlin'*; *The Time Is Right*; *Cherry*; *Lester Leaps In*; *She's Funny That Way*; *Lady Fitz*.

Personnel: Peterson, Basie, piano; John Heard, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

* * * *

The prototype Satch and Josh session was quite a revelation. Who would have imagined

that such a startling rapport would have been possible between the laconic swing of Basie and the elegant verbosity of Peterson? But rapport there was, and the results were astounding.

This sequel is therefore very welcome. If it is less astounding the second time around, it is only slightly so and mainly because we are not taken quite as much by the newness of it all. Basie and Peterson sprang quite a surprise on us the last time. This time we're on to their remarkable ways.

I have two major reservations about this album, however, that go beyond the simple fact that the cat's out of the bag. First, the rhythm section sounds muffled and tubby by comparison. The overall sound (of Bellson particularly) is less bright than before. More important, the absence of Freddie Green's pulsing guitar leaves bassist Heard sounding one dimensional. The second reservation centers on tempo. The pace of the album is considerably slower than in the first. The result is less urgency and tension. There was a sense of brisk challenge before. Now everyone seems to walk through the program thoroughly relaxed. It's not that the album is weak because of it, just different. The one track that gathers real rhythmic momentum (*Home Run*) lapses into excessive repetition near the end.

It's a tribute to the two pianists that, even with these reservations, there is still so much nuance and cleverness to enjoy here. *Lester Leaps In* (taken at a slower tempo than the version on the first record), *Sweethearts* and *Red Wagon* are quiet delights. —mcdonough

LONNIE LISTON SMITH

LOVELAND—Columbia JC 35332: *Sunburst*; *Journey Into Love*; *Floating Through Space*; *Bright Moments*; *We Can Dream*; *Springtime Magic*; *Loveland*; *Explorations*.

Personnel: Smith, electric keyboards and acoustic piano; Donald Smith, vocals, flute; David Hubbard, soprano sax, flute; Ronald D. Miller, electric and acoustic guitar; Al Anderson, bass; George Johnson, drums; Marcus Miller, bass (tracks 1, 3, 4); Lawrence Killian, congas and percussion. Rhythm arranged by Smith; strings and horns arranged by Bert de Coucaux.

*

Lonnie Liston Smith and his Cosmic Echoes have become something of a cult success story in the world of pop jazz. Their club appearances are religiously attended by hordes of the hip and flashy, who zealously respond to the soprano warblings of brother Donald and the ethereal noodlings of the electronically gimmick-laden leader. Smith's recordings inevitably find him residing in an imaginary Eden of exotic lushness, singing psalms of the manna that is sure to come, somewhere in that great garden just over the horizon, light years away from the slum ghetto jive and slimy street hustle.

In that sense, Smith can be compared to another consummate huckster—the revivalist preacher. Each man is able to invoke fanaticism—and in the process gobble up the gold that is willingly thrust at him. And in the end, the eager messianic receives a lot less than expected in return for his squandered doubloons. Indeed, what you see and hear is what you get. Like it or lump it.

Evidently, popjazzers just can't get enough of the swindle. Smith's premier outing for Columbia is a continuation of this doctrine of soothe and plunder—a seamless voyage into the vegetative wonderworld of *Loveland*, where juicy papayas yearn to be sucked and there is nary a Venus flytrap to be found.

Nondescript and numbing describes the opening *Sunburst*. Brother Don appears on *Journey Into Love*, which is highlighted by such repetitive nonsense as "Come with me on a trip through the galaxy/flying high away from the misery/your feet won't leave the ground." But neither this cut nor *Floating Through Space* is psychedelic in the least. In fact, both may be harmful to cognitive processes. Smith's adept talent at creating a five minute piece that starts nowhere, goes nowhere and ends nowhere is best exemplified here. Lest anyone be duped, *Bright Moments* should not be confused with the monumental Kirkian piece of the same name. One doubts whether Lonnie has ever even heard Rahsaan's masterwork. If so, nothing sunk in.

More tedium lurks on the flip side. *We Can Dream* trots Donald out for more escapist inanity. *Springtime Magic* is notable for its total absence of Cosmic legerdemain. The syrupy title cut drips beatitudes addressed to eternity, evening breezes and "lending souls to each other." The grand finale, *Explorations*, opens with an out-of-character trumpet blast, but quickly returns to the formulaic as Hubbard's soprano sax collapses into Miller's electric axe. Lonnie trusses up the sagging structure with his customary keyboard shell game. Exploratory? Not unless you're the type that has a passion for Russian roulette scalpel games.

Yet for all the recycled trips and aimless meandering oozing from the grooves of his records, Smith continues to grow in popularity. Perhaps he is the modern-day sugarsmith, a charlatan cipher able to endlessly forge fattening confections for the gluttonous sweet-lust of his admirers. Lap it up, sybarites, and say later for the diabetes. —hohman



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THE DIXIE DREGS

WHAT IF—Capricorn CPN 0230: *Take It Off The Top*; *Odyssey*; *What If*; *Travel Tunes*; *Ice Cakes*; *Little Kids*; *Gina Lola Breakdown*; *Night Meets Light*.

Personnel: Steve Morse, classical, electric, pedal steel and synthesizer guitars; Allen Sloan, violin; Andy West, electric bass; Mark Parrish, keyboards; Rod Morgenstein, drums.

* * * * *

The Dixie Dregs are an impressive quintet of Southerners who've created a genuine hybrid of bluegrass, classical, rock and electric jazz strains, a sound somewhere in between the Gary Burton Quintet on *Throb* and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. (Jerry Goodman and Jan Hammer tried something of this sort on their album *Like Children*, but they were not nearly as successful, falling prey to easy heavy metal devices and dubious vocalizing.)

Guitarist Steve Morse is equally at home on a screaming electric guitar or on a nylon string classical guitar, and he sets the musical direction for the group with his variegated composing touch. He has dispensed with vocals entirely, choosing instead to overlay some traditional forms with an ever-shifting matrix of ensemble and improvised embellishments. The southern roots are rarely stated in an explicit manner, but emerge in the quality of the sounds used (like Sloan's high, lonesome sounding fiddle) and the harmonic textures, as on the arching *Night Meets Light*. The guitar-violin duet *Little Kids* is a whimsical childlike dance, more in a classical vein than anything else, but the country spirit comes out anyway.

When the Dixie Dregs want to, they can be as down home as anyone.

Gina Lola Breakdown is a shitkicking hoe-down number that would do Bill Monroe proud, but generally their music leans more in

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the direction of rock. On *Ice Cakes*, a twangy guitar intro leads to round-robin trading of solos that is similar to John McLaughlin's *One Word*. *Odyssey* is a rocker that draws on the British tradition of groups like Emerson, Lake and Palmer and Yes, and *Travel Times* employs a Charlie Daniels-type boogie hook that leads to a powerful solo by Morse.

This is not a star vehicle band, like so many of the rock groups today. The rhythm section of keyboardist Mark Parrish, bassist Andy West and drummer Rod Morgenstein (check out his solo on *Gina Lola Breakdown*) have tremendous reserves of energy, but don't feel compelled to show off. Their playing is carefully crafted and appropriate, whether rocking out, as on *Take It Off The Top*, or being gently evocative, as on the title tune.

A lot of so called fusion music is a hummer to jazz and rock listeners alike, which is why the Dixie Dregs are so refreshing. *What If* never panders to some fashionable common denominator. All of the music on this album rings out with conviction. The Dixie Dregs are an imposing force in contemporary music.

—stern

BOBBI HUMPHREY

FREESTYLE—Epic JE 35338: *Home-Made Jam; My Destiny; I Could Love You More; Sunset Burgundy; Freestyle; If You Want It; If You Let Me; Good Times.*

Personnel: Humphrey, flute, vocals; Stevie Wonder, harmonica (track 1); Ralph MacDonald, conga and percussion; Richard Tee, keyboards; Eric Gale, David Spinozza, guitar; Anthony Jackson, Marcus Miller, bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Arthur Jenkins, Jr., Clavinet; Gwen Guthrie, Lani Groves, Zachery Sanders, Frank Floyd, Vivian Cherry, Raymond Simpson, background vocals.

★ ★ ½

Taken as understated dance music, this fares well enough. Ms. Humphrey, a competent but certainly not inspired flutist, cuts the heads here gracefully, but solos in tedious, sing-song patterns. Since she tends to play off the changes rather than through them, her lines seem static and decorative. Often, as on *Freestyle*, her solos are sweetened by clichéd vocal backgrounds—whether commercial concessions or cohesive devices, it's unfortunate these crutches are necessary. That it's possible to make music like this get up and go is demonstrated by Stevie Wonder's cameo harmonica solo on *Home-Made Jam*—nothing fancy, yet it moves with certain conviction.

A few years back, a reviewer in these pages likened Humphrey's singing to that of a "weak Diana Ross." The comparison still holds. Humphrey's light, breathy voice is teasingly textured, enlivened by the coloratura device of slurred descending arpeggios. Her phrasing, as one would hope, is hipper than that of the average r&b or pop singer. But overall, Humphrey's vocals, like her instrumentals, gather little momentum.

As for the rhythm section, the best that can be said is that they're self-effacing, chugging along in a danceable enough way, taking no risks and providing perfunctory encouragement. *Freestyle* is a neatly styled, not terribly interesting release.

—balleras

DAVID FATHEAD NEWMAN

CONCRETE JUNGLE—Prestige P-10104: *Knock Me Off My Feet; Save Your Love For Me; Blues For Ball; Dance Of The Honey Bee And The Funky Fly; Concrete Jungle; Sun Seeds; Distant Lover.*

Personnel: Newman, soprano, alto and tenor saxes, flute; Pat Rebillot, keyboards; Jay Graydon, electric guitar; Abraham LaBoriel, electric bass; Idris Muhammad, drums; Bill Summers, congas and percus-

sion; Gene Orloff, Harry Lookofsky, Sanford Allen, Regis Iandiorio, Kathryn Kienke, Yoko Matsuo, Stan Pollock, Anthony Posk, violins; Alfred Brown, Linda Lawrence, violas; Kermit Moore, cello; Jimmy Owens, Milt Ward, trumpets; Earl McIntyre, trombone; Kenneth Harris, flute; Babe Clarke, tenor sax; Clarence Thomas, baritone sax; William Fischer, arranger.

★ ★

There is one word for this album: dull. Everything is dull—the material, the arrangements and the playing. It might be alright as a TV soundtrack, but it won't stand on its own. It's faceless pop-jazz. The two stars are for Newman's rich tone and fluid way with notes.

Stevie Wonder's *Knocks Me Off My Feet* is MOR funk, and the tune itself is too close to *Isn't She Lovely* for comfort. The cut is memorable only for Newman's gritty-loungy alto sound and for one good guitar riff. On *Save Your Love For Me*, Newman gets a strikingly clear tone on soprano, but that alone is not enough to save the ballad. Newman switches to tenor for McCoy Tyner's *Blues For Ball*. He sounds pretty good, but the music just slogs along. I gather that *Dance Of The Honey Bee And The Funky Fly* is supposed to be programmatic, but it's all program and no musical substance. The title cut, Bob Marley's song, is only a pale imitation of reggae. Newman's flute is a poor substitute for Marley's voice. For much of the tune, Newman plays in a very narrow range. It is possible to make interesting rhythms with three notes, but Newman doesn't do it. Fathead's own *Sun Seeds* is a series of funky clichés sandwiched between a melodramatic opening and closing theme. Need I go on?

Who is to blame for this innocuous release? It's difficult to blame the session players. None of them gets a chance to stretch out, except for one forgettable piano solo on *Blues For Ball*. Newman must shoulder some of the blame. After all, it is his album and he just isn't that hot. But it is the material and arrangements that really stifle this album. So most of the fault lies with William Fischer, who arranged, conducted and co-produced it. Newman deserves better and so does the public.

—clark

LETTA MBULU

LETTA—A&M SP-4688: *Open Up Your Heart; Buza (There's A Light At The End Of The Tunnel); I Need You; Baile Baneso; I Can Depend On You; Hareje; Mamani.*

Personnel: Mbulu, vocals; Arthur Adams, Mitch Holder, Lee Ritenour (tracks 3 and 5), guitar; Hotep Cecil Barnard, Michael Boddicker (tracks 3, 4 and 6 only), keyboards; James Gadson, Roger A. Bethelmy, drums; Paulinho da Costa, percussion. Horn section: Steve Madaio, Oscar Brashear, Gary Grant, Charles Findley, trumpets; Lew McCreary, Charles Loper, George Bohannon, trombone; Jim Horn, Herman Riley, Eric Watts, Earle Dumler, William Green, sax; Henry Sigismonti, David A. Duke, Arthur Maebe, Vincent DeRosa, french horn. Background vocals: Julia Tillman, Maxine Willard, Luther Waters, Oren Waters, Caiphus Semanya.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Like other Third World artists given the opportunity to record for a major American label, Letta Mbulu has had to come to grips with the question of how to reach an international audience without sacrificing artistic integrity and a unique cultural heritage. After more than a decade in American exile Ms. Mbulu seems to have solved this problem by being willing to expand and open up to "impure" influences, i.e. American pop music, instead of trying to hedge around her South African roots. Rather than selling out, Mbulu has captured the best of two worlds, and thus, like all true artists, has reconciled a dilemma

and in the process turned it into a source of creativity.

The satisfying balance on *Letta*, the singer's second album for A&M, between African and American elements, is due in part to the inspired use of two arrangers, allowing veteran soul producer Paul Riser's horn and string charts to add the desired r&b backdrop and refinement to Caiphus Semenya's African rhythm tracks. But most of all it is achieved on the English texted songs by the tension that rises between Mbulu's soaring, jubilant *high-life* singing and the simplicity of the lyrics which in a more traditional setting would have been empty and conventional pop lines. Mbulu's dark, rich contralto is anything but simplistic, and her South African shadings, the "otherness" so to speak of her art, is what makes these minimal songs—they are actually not much more than incantations, consisting of one or two repeated verses—so fresh and charming.

And it works both ways for Mbulu: while it is her triumphant native readings that stand out on the English texted songs, it is the effective pop hooks, funky keyboard embellishments and jazzy guitar colorings that come into relief on the more ethnically derived songs.

One hopes that Letta will dare to broaden her base even further on her next albums, for the question still lingers whether she would not be realizing an even fuller potential were she to rely to an even higher degree on English lyrics. While one as yet detects greater abandon, a more exhilarating quality in her handling of African texts (which of course may be due to the close link between rhythm and language) the loss in the transfer to the English songs is readily compensated for in the deeper emotional impact these hold for an international audience.

—gabel

AL DiMEOLA

CASINO—Columbia JC 35277. *Egyptian Danza*; *Chasin The Voodoo*; *Dark Eye Tango*; *Senor Mouse*; *Fantasia Suite For Two Guitars*; *Casino*.

Personnel: DiMeola, guitars, percussion; Steve Gadd, drums (tracks 1-4, 6); Anthony Jackson, bass (tracks 1-4, 6); Barry Miles, keyboards (tracks 1-4, 6); Mingo Lewis (tracks 2-4, 6), Eddie Colon (track 6), percussion.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Al DiMeola is one of the bright young guitar wizards who bears watching. With his polished technique and fluency in the idioms of jazz, rock and classical, he has the breadth for bigger and better things.

Egyptian Danza segues from a 6/4 to a flowing 4/4 and features a lively dialogue between DiMeola's electric and Barry Miles' keyboards. *Chasin The Voodoo* is a taut rhythmic frame with lightning lines doubled by DiMeola and Miles. *Dark Eye Tango* opens with a moody statement before shifting to a lighter samba.

Senor Mouse is a Latinized romp with clean hits, doubled lines and bubbling percussion. *Fantasia For Two Guitars* is an effective one-man show with DiMeola overdubs of acoustic guitar, mandolin, castanets, hand claps, foot stomps, muted congas and bongos. The title track is a rhythmically engaging cooker with energetic work by DiMeola on electric.

Though the music of *Casino* is served up with spirit and professional polish, the glitter and finesse are largely at the surface. What DiMeola lacks is a strong individualistic style. That should, however, come with additional experience and maturity.

—berg



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BLINDFOLD TEST



John Klemmer

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

Touch (1975), *Barefoot Ballet* (1976) and *Lifestyle* (1977) all sailed high up the charts and gained for tenor saxophonist John Klemmer, 32, an international following of enthusiastic fans. His latest album, *Arabesque* (ABC AA-106B) was being released at the time of this test.

Out of respect for his colleagues, John elected to bypass the rating system. "As I've said in previous Blindfold Tests, I don't believe in the Judaic-Christian ethic that we're 'born in sin,' so let me start by giving everybody five stars. If somebody else wants to take the stars away, they can, but I'll just go ahead and make only my personal comments."

Born in Chicago, Klemmer began playing saxophone at age 12, jammed in straight-ahead jazz clubs as a teenager, led his own group at 19, and cut his first LP, *Involvement*, at age 20, a debut bop-oriented album that immediately received five stars in *down beat*.

His 13 LPs to date have included musical elements from hard bop, MOR, avant garde, funk and rock. Today he is widely known not only for his sumptuous melodic lyricism, but for his use of the electronic Echoplex in conjunction with the tenor saxophone.

He was given no prior information about the records played.

1. PAUL WINTER. *Wolf Eyes* (from *Common Ground*, A & M). Winter, alto sax; David Darling, cello; timber wolf, howls.

That was a Paul Winter record some friends have told me about, but I hadn't heard it until just this minute. I absolutely loved it, especially the chamber music quality in it, the alto playing, and the introspective mood.

I have a feeling that some people might think this blending of music with sounds from nature is gimmicky. I don't think that at all.

All sounds—even the sounds of electronic instruments—are based on the sounds of nature. Being inspired by nature and imitating nature—in this case, the sound of the wolf call—is perfectly legitimate and valid, and Paul did it exceptionally well.

I love what he did here. Through the alto, and throughout the whole piece, he most eloquently and accurately caught the mood and the emotion conveyed in a wolf call. Enchanting. And to me, for my particular tastes, I enjoy this much more than a heavy beat with a wah-wah Clavinet. It does more for my soul.

2. JOHN COLTRANE. *Feelin' Good* (from *The Mastery Of John Coltrane, Volume 1*, ABC). Coltrane, tenor sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; Art Davis, second bass.

John was one of the masters, and he is still an inspiration to me, not from the standpoint of emulation, but from the standpoint of what he lived and what he created—pure inspiration.

One of the things I always loved about him was his lyricism, an aspect many people fail to recognize. He had a great sense of melodicism, and he knew how to swing. When he first came on the scene, a lot of people felt he was anti-jazz.

I absolutely loved that cut. It was fascinating musically and it swung and kept my interest. That was Elvin Jones on drums, Jimmy Garrison on bass and McCoy Tyner on piano. The title of the tune escapes me, but I really enjoyed the changes of feelings, going from rubato to a ballad feel to a two swing feel.

John had a tremendously powerful impact on the music world, including pop and rock. A lot of people, especially saxophone players, imitated him.

Now, it's not that John screwed them up. It's that they screwed up what he did. These imitators emulated the end result of John's whole lifetime of work. They did the emulation and the imitation, but without acquiring the background or going through all of the phases of growth he went through. The results are superficial.

3. EDDIE HARRIS. *Ooh* (from *That's Why You're Overweight*, Atlantic). Harris, acoustic tenor sax solo, unaccompanied.

I would be surprised if I were wrong in saying that's Eddie Harris. He's a friend of mine. We used to play on gigs together in Chicago every once in awhile. I consider him to be an incredibly heavy musician. That unaccompanied acoustic solo track is an example of his extraordinary musical ideas, of his control over the horn, and of his swinging. He has an amazingly light touch, which enables him to play at that phenomenal rate.

Many writers focused on me and my work with the Echoplex to the exclusion of Eddie and his work, but I've been told he was playing Echoplex back in 1965. I had never heard him doing that when I started playing the Echoplex with Don Ellis' band in late 1968, so there was no influence there of that kind. I've always felt Eddie was a brilliant player.

I love and respect him so much that I'd like to

see him doing more of this kind of stuff, really playing, really getting into the horn and the music this way.

4. ERIC DOLPHY. *Geewee* (from *The Berlin Concerts*, Inner City). Dolphy, alto sax.

The musical world suffered a great loss when Eric Dolphy died. His control over the horn, his technique, his ideas, those astonishing leaps from the high register to the low register—all incredible. And he swung his ass off.

He had such passion to his playing. He was an innovator who died before he fully flowered. It's interesting that there are few saxophone players who have imitated him. Along with that passion, there's a happiness and a joy, like a celebration. I don't know who the other musicians were.

5. ZOOT SIMS. (*I Wonder*) *Where Our Love Has Gone* (from *Zoot Sims Meets Jimmy Rowles*, Pablo). Sims, tenor sax; Rowles, piano; George Mraz, bass.

I love that style of playing the Webster/Hawkins school, that big, full breathy tone, a style I spent some time imitating myself. It's really refreshing. Was that Scott Hamilton? I assume it was Scott because of the modern quality of the recording.

That style is all tied in with lyricism and swing. Whoever the sax player was, I enjoyed his tone, his relaxed quality, his intonation and his ideas. The rhythm section was relaxed, and the piano player was comping very nicely. It was a fine, clean, in-tune bass solo. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

6. JAN GARBAREK. *Tranellight* (from *Esoteric Circle*, Arista). Garbarek, tenor sax; Terje Rypdal, guitar.

I'm not sure who that was. I think of Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders. . . . It has a combination of Coltrane's influence with the fullness of the Zoot record you just played. I like the rubato approach, too, which is very, very freeing. I enjoyed its rawness, although sometimes the guitar seemed to clash a little bit with the saxophone.

7. ROLAND KIRK. *One Ton* (from *Volunteered Slavery*, Atlantic). Kirk, tenor sax, flute, nose flute, vocals.

The first time I ever met Rahsaan Roland Kirk was in a Greyhound bus station late at night in early 1968 at the Newport Jazz Festival in Rhode Island.

I went up to introduce myself, but he said, "Shhhh! Listen!" I stood there very quietly for awhile, then said, "What are you doing?" He said, "Don't you hear it?" I said, "Hear what?" "Listen to the overtones of that bus engine!"

Roland was an innovator, and he was one of the few artists who could successfully mix passion and humor. It's very difficult to use humor in music.

I of course enjoyed the sounds of the vast array of instruments Roland played, and his enthusiasm and his swinging. I believe he was very underrated throughout his life.

I also love the rawness of his playing, so full of the rawness of a black American's life, you know? It's a sense of streetness, of realness, of urgency and celebration. He and his music always struck me as being incredibly human; unsophisticated, yes, but in a very real and natural way. **db**

CAUGHT!

THE 6TH ANNUAL db HAPPENING

THE GRAND BALLROOM,
RADISSON HOTEL, CHICAGO

This year's NAMM convention was brought to a rousing conclusion by yet another in the continuing series of db Happenings. The recently refurbished Radisson proved an excellent host to the conventioners, who relished the casual atmosphere that pervaded both the Happening and the McCormick Place exposition center. The three and a half hour Happening showcased some interesting music and intriguing instruments, with a liberal smattering of headline names.

By the 8 o'clock opening time, the Ballroom was packed to overflowing. Dr. William L. Fowler (well-known for his informative *How To* column which regularly appears in db) served as producer and master of ceremonies for the proceedings.

The kickoff set was provided by the University of Iowa's Percussive Jazz Quintet, under the direction of Thomas L. Davis. Sponsored by Slingerland, the energetic unit whipped through a series of contemporary pieces with fervor. In addition to Davis, the Quintet included Linda Carolan, Kent Wehman, Mike Myers and Ron Rohovit. The group began

with a tribute to its Midwestern neighbor, *Back Home In Indiana*, a sprightly bounce number with bass and vibes predominating. Drummers Myers' own composition, *Jamaica Blue Mountain*, followed, with the lush, tropically swaying intro seguing into some pyrotechnical tradeoffs between Davis and Ms. Carolan. Wehman and Carolan led the way on Pat Metheny's *April Joy*, a hauntingly melodic piece. Gerry Niewood's *Creek* featured an introductory explosion of percussion before settling down. Dazzling solo work by Davis and a fluid electric piano break by Wehman served as high points for the rousing rendition. In all, the Percussive Jazz Quintet delivered a solid set that whetted the interest of the somewhat heat-stricken throng.

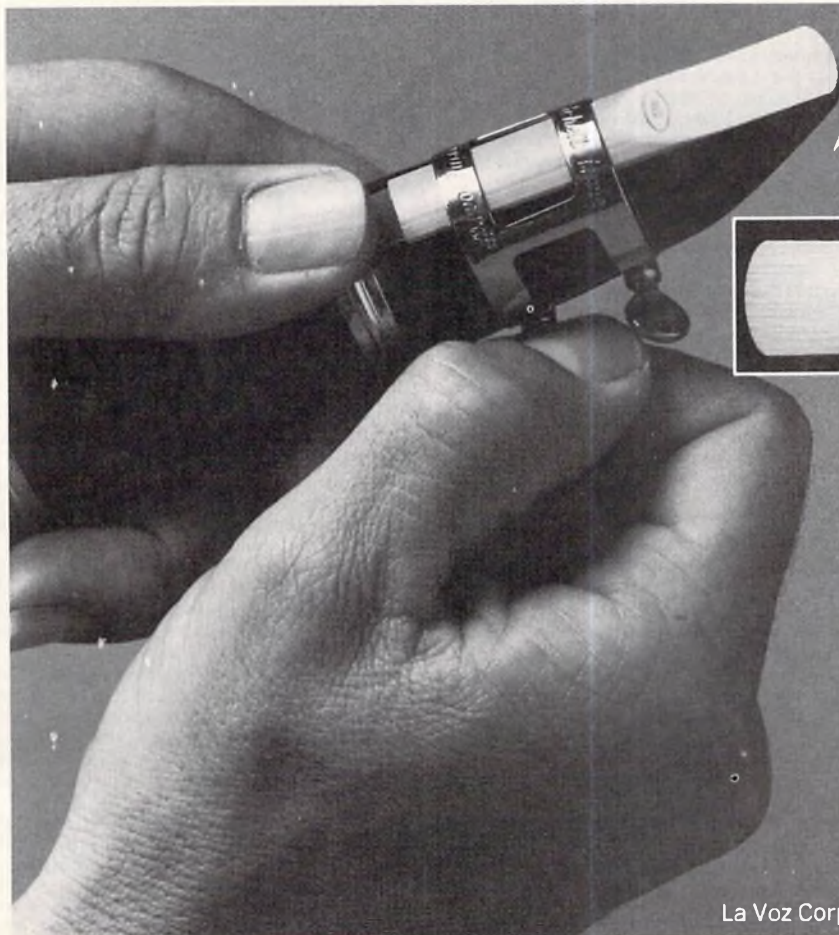
Ed Walsh and Geoff Farr from Oberheim Polyphonic Synthesizers presented a brief but impressive set. The first number featured Walsh on *Here's That Rainy Day*, which had been specially arranged for Oberheim by Oscar Peterson. The eerily insinuating arrangement uncoiled into a densely textured tapestry of complex beauty, only slightly marred by a ragged ending. *Shufflin' On 14th St.* showcased the entire line of Oberheim wizardry, with Farr and Walsh pulling out all the stops, jacks and plugs to create a unique blend of sounds that included everything from chomping wood blocks to wailing harmonica screeches. Their protracted space age amble-boogie left

many in the crowd agape.

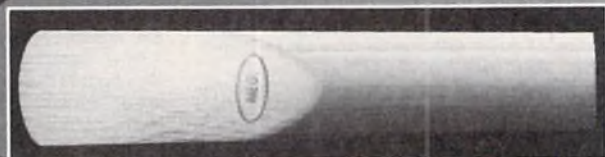
Los Angeles' Guitar Institute of Technology was represented by a guitar quartet. Sponsored by Gibson, the group was comprised of Howard Alden, Charles Fechter, Mitch Millan and Keith Wyatt, with direction provided by coach/instructor Bryant McKernan. Debussy's *Golliwogg's Cakewalk* opened their set and demonstrated that an exercising warhorse can indeed be made to stand on its own. *Scraple From The Apple* pleased the jazz fans in the audience. Bach's *C Major Fugue*, from *Art Of The Fugue* followed, with the quartet maintaining delicate control throughout. A selection from Ravel's 1902 *String Quartet In F* proved to be an impressionistic delight. Then it was back to the modern via a version of Clifford Brown's bop classic, *Joy Spring*. Howard Alden shone on this piece, and if you listened carefully you could detect bits of Burrell, Roberts, Montgomery, Hall and Reinhardt all flitting in and out with amazing rapidity. Two brief movements from Mousorgsky's *Pictures At An Exhibition* took us on a lyrical stroll.

And then it was back to downstate Illinois, circa 1857, for a spirited *Owl Creek*. Transcribed for "guitar quartet minus one plus banjo," this slice of rural Americana highlighted more legerdemain by banjoist Alden. Definitely the hit of the Guitar Institute's set, the quartet exited on an upbeat.

Trombonists Frank Rosolino and Phil Wilson were next, with support from Larry Novak on piano, Steve Laspina, bass, and Bobby Rosengarden, drums. Sponsored by Conn, Baldwin and Slingerland, this quintet of pros wowed the crowd with a blowing session of sheer exuberance. Beginning with a



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Wilson-penned item, the trombonists gradually worked themselves into a frenzy. With Phil attired in his customary athletic sweat suit and the pepper-gray coiffed Rosolino decked out in immaculate suit with black shirt, the pair provided a study in marvelous contrast.

All *The Things You Are* received a regal improvisational workout, as Frank's gutsy solo melded into Phil's meandering epic blast. *Lover Man* was a wonder of synchronicity, capped with some astonishing tradeoffs. The concluding *Billie's Bounce* was highlighted by Wilson's railroad growls and alleycat moans, plus an outrageous scat-chant by Rosolino, complete with auctioneer call. Rosengarden added to the good-natured zaniness by delivering his own solo on penny whistle. If anyone had doubts that two bonemen could

summon up the muse, those worries were more than dissolved by the torrid set.

A lamentable mixup occurred next, since time limitations necessitated the cancellation of a set by Red Norvo and Howard Roberts.

Next up was self-admitted "star" Buddy Rich and his 15-piece aggregation assaulted the stage. Buddy's 40-minute set featured many of his more recent charts, all delivered in rousing fashion. Rich's current band is comprised of Steve Marcus and Gary Pribek, tenor sax; Chuck Wilson and Andy Fusco, alto sax; Chuck Schmidt, John Marshall, Mike McGovern, and Allan Falik, trumpets; Dale Kirkland, Glenn Franke and George Moran, trombones; Greg Smith, baritone sax; Tom Warrington, bass; and Bob Kay, piano.

Presiding over this brood of young but ac-

complished musicians was none other than the Ludwig von Beethoven of drums himself, Buddy. Marcus and Schmidt especially shone throughout the set, as did Rich's climactic drum solo, a ten-minute attack of highspeed magic. Pleased by the band's performance, the audience filtered out of the ballroom in somewhat of a daze, further testimony to the powers of the seemingly ageless Rich.

Special mention should be made of the sterling contributions rendered by Electro-Voice and sound engineer Billy R. Porter and the Pyramid Sound Company of Chicago. The clarity of the audio was excellent.

In all, this installment in *db Happening* history happened for all those in attendance, providing a high point in the five day convention schedule.

—marv holman

BLUIETT

continued from page 24

cause I was spending more time in the academics than in the music, and my heart was in the music. I was really more interested in what chord it took to get from one tone to the next—I wanted to know that bad, and they couldn't get to it. They were busy telling me about what some Roman had done, and I just said later for that. It was hard starting out on the baritone because I didn't have many reference points I could draw from. I had to find my own way. Finally I heard Harry Carney and I said good, I knew I had been right; I really heard what the horn could do, and I knew I had years of hard work ahead of me.

"I couldn't believe the gentle power that

man had. When he played with Ellington it was like a big band plus another man. And he wasn't ripping and running all over his horn. He'd get all this strength and emotion from one note. I thought that was real genius. When I used to tell people that he was my biggest influence they look at me like 'oh, come on man.' But it's not how much you play; it's your musicianship, your concept. When musicians borrow from another musician they are taking his concept. It's easier to take theirs than to make up your own. I've been lucky to have played in composers' bands because it was all fresh. You couldn't find a reference from a record. You had to make up your own statement. So I wasn't playing like a Parker clone or a Coltrane clone. Since I was playing the

baritone, all I could fall back on was me."

Hamiet did a stint in the Navy, and when he returned he went to St. Louis where he participated in the Black Artists Group (B.A.G.) with Lester and Joseph Bowie, Bobo Shaw, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, etc. "We would create a total audio-visual format with actors and dancers, and our playing had to correspond to what they were doing; it was like musical pantomime. So when you see some of these cats playing, it is really out of context. You are getting the audio portion, but not the video."

Hamiet didn't come to New York until he was 29. "St. Louis was great, but there are limits to your creativity there. New York is the performing capital of the world, but I was just

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terrified to come here. I had worked hard to get a personal sound on the baritone, but I just didn't think I could make it here. I came to New York to study. I figured I would be here for around two years and then I would try and play out. But within two weeks I was performing with Sam Rivers, and I sat in with Freddie Hubbard, Pharoah Sanders, Elvin Jones, Reggie Workman and McCoy Tyner—names so enormous I didn't figure I could play with them. But people ended up telling me that I was a much better musician than I thought."

As he became known on the scene, Hamiet freelanced around with people like Tito Puente, Leon Thomas, Howard McGhee and Cal Massey before joining one of Charlie Mingus' most powerful groups. "That band shook people up everywhere it played. Don Pullen was in that band, and he's one of the baddest cats around because of the scope of his playing. To play with Mingus you have got to be a real good musician with a broad scope of the past through the future. I dug him and he dug me, but I had some serious emotional problems at that time. People dug me, but the critics were writing that I wasn't playing music: I was playing 20,000 watts of electricity, and would someone please turn me off.

"People don't realize that creating is very painful because what you are doing is breaking rules. That's how you come up with something new; and it's hard to break rules because you want to satisfy, and in the process you are not satisfying. I would play something that I thought was out of sight, and people would be looking at me like they wanted to kill me. I was twisted, and turned, and tormented, and I didn't show up for some of Mingus' gigs because I was afraid to play for people because of the way they reacted. You know when I decided to forget about that stuff? When I read an article in which Coltrane said that *he* was afraid to play certain things for people. So I found out that creating at that level is a frightening thing, and I just got tired of being afraid to play what I can play and editing it before it came out. So I developed this attitude where I was like 'samurai baritone man,' deadlier than the magnum—now I'm not frightened any more."

Hamiet Bluiett is charting the future of the baritone saxophone. His "free-form telepathic" approach to music is bold and emotional, but with a deep respect for the rich blues roots that form the basis for jazz. "There's always room for improvement. I'll never be as good as I can be, and in knowing that I'll continue to grow. People's ears are getting more sophisticated, and I'm very optimistic about the future. The money and gigs and opportunities are not quite there, but I feel them coming. People are getting hip to the fact that what is called free music is really highly structured, so I keep working to extend my vocabulary so that I'll be ready for new developments.

"You know, the term 'free' tends to lump a lot of people together, and I don't want to be lumped with anybody. I'm a very emotional person. I need a lot of time by myself so that I can go out and deal with the scene. I'm a family man, and I love to spend time with my children. All of these emotions come out in my music. I'm not holding any of it back. I have a fiery personality: I get angry, and frustrated, and sad, and laugh, and cry; I can be touched and touch others. Can you touch others when you play? If you can't do that, you ain't playing music." **db**

46 □ down beat

TURBINTON

continued from page 26

their parents for bicycles. "I knew I wanted to play the saxophone from the age of six. There was a cat in the neighborhood who played Charlie Parker records all day long—loud. My parents didn't want me to listen to it though, they said it was dope fiend music. I didn't get my first saxophone until I was 12, but I always knew I was supposed to play one and just kept asking."

The family was poor, but lessons were 25 cents from "Professor" Victor. "He didn't teach you to read notes. He wrote the notes out on a piece of paper if you could read, but otherwise he gave you the number of fingers in one color and the number of beats in another color, and he would take big band arrangements even and break them down to that system."

Turbinton names Louis Jordan as his first idol. Other early inspirations included a "rediscovery" of Charlie Parker, "then Cannonball Adderley, Miles Davis, as far as his sensitivity to special notes that resolve or blend with certain harmonies being played. For ballads I've always liked Trane, Stan Getz's pretty sound. Dexter Gordon is lush and wonderful—he's my favorite of the old tenor players."

After the merry-go-round of Motown soul, Turbinton was introduced to John Coltrane during one of the master saxophone mystic's sojourns in New Orleans. It was a meeting that changed Turbinton's life and the direction of his music. "Trane spent five days alone with me when he was here. At that time, Trane was like God to me." Later important influences included studying composition in 1967 with Roger Dickerson and a mystery person that in Castenada-Don Juan style, Turbinton refers to as "his benefactor." "I can't tell you his name, but he was an old man that Louis Armstrong introduced me to ten years ago—a dixieland jazz musician. His major message is that music is a gift to a musician to support himself with and that music is to alleviate human suffering and as a counterbalance to war and bombs."

Last year, Turbinton rented a night at Rosy's, New Orleans' posh nightclub, and recorded a marathon set with guest players from all walks of the city's musical life—from dixieland septuagenarian Danny Barker to jazz vocalist Angelle Trosclair—to serve as a demo tape of his composition and versatility.

"This last year, I've turned down three record contract offers for about \$50,000, but none letting me record the way I wanted to record. I've refused to go for deals like that because my mama had to make her own underwear so that I could have music lessons. And I'd rather give half of my publishing rights to a non-profit organization for a minority scholarship or to help rape victims than to record companies that want to control what you play and how you play."

Turbinton admits that his reputation for being outspoken on the subject of record company deals may have hurt his commercial prospects. "I look at myself now at 37 years old and in this last year I haven't even been able to afford an apartment. My daughter and I have been living with my parents. I've made a vow not to do anything but music, but there have been periods when I haven't made \$200 a month here."

But despite financial pressures and the difficulty of raising a teenage daughter as a single parent, Turbinton is a man of seemingly unlimited energies and enthusiasms. Younger musicians in New Orleans consider him an al-

most boundless source of inspiration. Among other humanitarian projects, he's been involved in organizing concerts at the parish prison in New Orleans, and during the '60s, he founded the Jazz Workshop to offer inner city kids free music lessons.

"I've been a Rosicrucian since I was 19 years old. Jesus Christ, Muhammad, Duke Ellington, Dante, Charlie Parker, Shakespeare, Whitman and John Coltrane—all these men embody the same consciousness. They are divine manifestations, master prophets and teachers, but no more divine than any man can potentially be.

"I used to think I was a very hip saxophone player, but now I feel like I am only a kind of keypunch operator, doing some things so that the vibration flows through my being with the vital life force of the breath. But it's really the Creator who is playing the music that comes from me.

"At this point, I want to emphasize an aspect of my playing that I haven't really demanded of myself. I've been satisfied up until now with what comes out innately, but now I'm listening more as to how it's resolved in terms of the harmonic structures.

"Listening to Dexter Gordon recently confirmed a lot of things for me. You hear most young saxophonists playing a zillion notes a minute—it's fluent and proficient but it sounds to me like just patterns—overanalytical, all these different methods of improvisation that work in almost any given situation. But it doesn't have any uniqueness or individuality. It just goes through and passes you by.

"On the other hand, Dexter's playing 'sings' a thousand different melodies on every tune he plays. Sometimes he quotes, but at other times it's just little melodic phrases unique to him. Bird sang. Cannon sure did sing. Even Trane, with the tremendous amount of output he played in technical terms, on top of that you could always hear that singing, reaching quality in his playing.

"At this point I'm trying to get as free of playing cliches as I can—whether it's the old melodic cliches or the pattern cliches of the free thing, which I was involved with. The system of improvisation I'm trying to evolve doesn't really exclude anything.

"There've been times when we've lived without the lights turned on, no telephone and not enough to eat. I could have worked Bourbon Street and played five nights a week for six hours at \$175. But I would have been forced to play bullshit, to wear black pants, white shirt and bow tie and do requests for drunken tourists. It would defeat my purpose to play in those kinds of environments.

"But I'm going to try to stay in New Orleans." **db**

HERSEY

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rent work because it'd be lost in big ensembles.

"I try to hear the ensemble and the individual guys I'll be working with. For example, when Stan Strickland joined the band, I celebrated by writing *It's Been A Long Time*, a gentle ballad that reflects what a sweet, melodious player Stan is. The writing and arranging goes on in my head, big sections at a time. When arranging is at hand, I listen for register, strength, doubling, textures. The texts by Piston, Garcia and Russo helped some with direction. But as Duke said, 'Forget the rules, make it sound good.'" **db**

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SAT. NIGHT

continued from page 18

money is there to be made and you stay relatively in one spot.

"I just did a disco-country record. It's just a disco beat with banjo, pedal steel guitar and fiddle, things like that. For a pop concept, it works pretty good."

Lou Marini is yet another saxist. Marini's first inspiration was his father, a band director and professor at Bowling Green University in Ohio. After playing in the One O'Clock Band, Marini worked with Woody Herman and Joe Morello, finally coming to New York in '71 to play with Doc Severinsen's Today's Children. He also subbed in *The Tonight Show* band and spent a year and a half with Blood Sweat & Tears but left because it was "... too confining musically and I didn't like the direction it was going. But that's where I met Lou Soloff and Tom Malone."

Since the "Sweats," Marini's been freelancing. "I never worked on Broadway or did club dates. It's always been recording and playing in bands like Thad and Mel, Turning Point, with Frank Zappa, etc."

"I'd like to lead my own group in several situations. I would like to have a commercial-sounding, funky r&b band, sort of out there, though. And at the same time, I'd like to play in a quartet and do bebop. Well, not exactly bebop, but serious jazz playing. I'd like to write for all different kinds of combinations."

Shore is enthusiastic about his principal soloist. "He's a great player. He plays the tenor and alto solos on the opening and closing themes. Jr. Walker is an idol of mine, just because of the simplistic way he can play. Lou is from the other school. He came out of North Texas and he's taken that experience and added this other thing and made some kind of combination between them. I find it's still developing, but with the real basic blues tenor playing and also his jazz style. He's got both things happening. I can hear it on his alto as well."

Howard Johnson plays baritone sax, tuba, flugelhorn and penny whistle. No stranger to these pages, he was featured in the May 4th issue.

Howard S. on Howard J.: "Howard adds a different element, a different approach to the band. When he plays blues, he plays southern blues. It's a different concept, since he plays country style saxophone. I wrote this one piece, *In The Downwind*, for Howard. It's a Mingus-inspired thing and Howard plays a baritone solo all the way through. It was wonderful. He can play in a lot of different areas and whatever he does sounds real to me. I've had other baritone players come in to sub, good players, but it never sounds as good as when Howard's there."

Bert Jones serves as guitarist. After coming to New York from his native Panama 12 years ago, Jones worked his first gigs with Harry Belafonte and Wilson Pickett. How did an unknown Panamanian guitarist and arranger break into the scene? "You know what you've got to do, you've got to climb the ladder." Now he produces and arranges jingles. Two of his latest are for Red Rose tea and Gallo wine "Yes, I do get free wine." This gig? "I love it because I'm playing with some of the baddest mothers in the city!"

Paul Shaffer plays keyboards. The only member of the band to receive fan mail on a regular basis, Shaffer hails from Thunder Bay in Ontario, Canada. As a teenager, he moved

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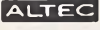
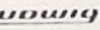
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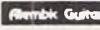


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to Toronto and played piano in a jazz group with former Pharoah Sanders guitarist Munoz, in "kind of a cosmically-oriented jazz experience." His first important gig was as musical director for *Godspell* in Toronto. "Making that connection with Steve Schwartz is what got me to New York." With Schwartz's help, Shaffer got a visa and came to New York to be keyboard player and assistant conductor for the Broadway hit, *The Magic Show*.

While doing *The Magic Show*, a friend suggested he audition for a TV situation comedy about musicians. Co-producers Norman Lear and Don Kirchner (who Shaffer impersonated on a recent *SNL* doing one of his infamous *Rock Concert* introductions for the Blues Brothers) liked Paul enough to sign him. *A Year At The Top*, a series about rock performers who sell their souls to the devil, did not sell at the time so Shaffer continued his playing career. When Howard Shore arrived from Toronto, he called upon Paul for the *SNL* gig. Two years later, the pilot sold. Paul left *SNL* for Hollywood, where six episodes of the series were taped. They aired last summer. But once again, fate intervened and the series was not picked up. "So I'm back in New York doing the show and studio work.

"Doing the series was a tough decision. I had to think about it for quite a while 'cause I like my life in New York as a musician and I was starting to do pretty well at it. This had to be a whole change of life, moving to L.A., trying to be an actor instead of a musician. It was a difficult choice to make. But ego wise, I couldn't resist it. It was a good experience in retrospect, but I'm happy it didn't become my career. I'm happier back in New York doing what I'm doing."

Lately Shaffer's been concentrating on session work, playing and arranging for Barry Manilow, Engelbert Humperdinck, Burt Bacharach and John Mayall, among others.

Howard Shore on his fellow Canadian: "There are no words to describe the greatness of Paul Shaffer. This man is able in all situations. He's the best keyboard player of all sorts. He's got a strong identity of himself; if he doesn't have the right clothes on, he gets upset and can't play a great solo. He's done an amazing amount of different things musically, from studios to Broadway shows and live TV."

Ms. Cheryl Hardwick handles the keyboards. From Pittsburgh, Hardwick's early training was classical. Then she came to New York to attend Juilliard. "It was classical all the way until seven years ago when I discovered I could play gospel piano." With her newly found "chops," she worked two Broadway shows, *The Wiz* and *Sugar*. She's also done musical comedy writing and arranging, written club acts for performers, and played on *Sesame Street*.

How did she break through? "I didn't have any connections. I just came here because I was going to do concert work. When I left Juilliard, it was because I didn't see how I could pay rent. It was really necessity that drove me to try and find work and make money. Teachers I knew from Juilliard would leave the school during the summer and take shows out on the road. I would go along as assistant conductor. Because of the people I met through the summer experience, theatre seemed to be the quickest way: people always needed an accompanist and a rehearsal pianist for Broadway. It was part time money while I was in school, so I guess that's why I

leaned in that direction first."

Any discrimination? "If there has been discrimination, it's been very subtle. It could be just because somebody would prefer working with another man. You pick somebody you can get along with for whatever reasons. Sometimes it goes that way, but generally I haven't had any problems. Nothing's been closed to me specifically because I was a woman. If anything, it's been opened, because about the time I had something to offer, the time was right politically for people to start thinking about hiring women. So I never had to go through that. Maybe five years before, I probably would have felt enormous oppression. But as it worked out, I didn't have to go through that."

She has some suggestions for a woman con-

templating a career in music. "Just be as good as you can in anything you pick, that's all. And don't get starstruck. You should only be struck by the awesomeness of music. Not people."

Bob Cranshaw plays Fender bass. Since his arrival in the Apple nearly 19 years ago, Cranshaw has played with the best: Sonny Rollins, Carmen McRae, Quincy Jones, Lee Morgan, Ella, Horace Silver—you name it. This is actually his third TV gig, having been part of Billy Taylor's orchestra on the David Frost show and playing on *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company*. In addition, he does jingles, recording dates and gigs with folks like Eddie Kendricks, Charlie Rouse, and Zoot and Al, to name but a few.

"I just like to play. I really don't think

continued on page 50

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SAT. NIGHT

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about what, I just play my interpretation of whatever it is. And I don't do all one thing. To me, all of it is straightahead. I'm a rhythm player and I enjoy playing rhythm for whatever the horns are. I enjoy it regardless."

Bob Cranshaw by Howard Shore: "He's just wonderful. You know he's real good and you know he can play real well, but on the other hand, whatever he plays, he has an amazing dedication to it. He always plays with heart."

Steve Jordan is the drummer. At 21, Jordan is the baby of the band. From the Bronx, Jordan attended the High School of Music and Art but "got my shit together when I started studying with Freddie Waits." By 18, he was on the road with Michal Urbaniak. Since then, he's worked and recorded with Cat Stevens, Sonny Fortune, Don Cherry and Herbie Mann, among many others. He joined the SNL band in the fall of '77.

"This show is a great opportunity. It's the only live show with music in the country. I learn a lot from guys like Alan Rubin and Paul Shaffer, who's not only a musician but a musicologist as well. Listening to Paul is sometimes like an anthology of music, the way he can go back to the '50s and '60s. . ."

Jordan's advice for young drummers: "The best thing is to be wide open, totally objective. Listen to every type of music. In other words, when you start listening to one thing and getting into just one thing and one thing only, it's going to automatically limit what you can do. And that's why a lot of people don't do a lot of things. So many people are limited. That's why you see the same guys on all the records. Those are the most versatile guys.

"There always seems to be a thing against studio musicians because people don't understand what it is. You never know how great these people are until you work with them and see how versatile and how well-schooled and disciplined the players are. That's what a lot of people lack. They can't just walk into a date and be on their toes and cut what they have to within two or three takes."

H. S. on S. J.: "He's young, way ahead of his time. At 21, which is amazingly young to be doing what he's doing, the success that he's had in New York has probably been a rush. I think he has some kind of magic to be that young and be able to play that well naturally. He still has a lot to learn, but now he's playing with musicians quite a bit older. Cranshaw has twice the age and experience, and yet Jordan holds his own beautifully."

Last but not least, there is Howard Shore, musical director. Shore, 31, hails from Toronto. He started on clarinet but switched to alto and led a Blakey-inspired group in high school. Then it was off to Berklee. "I was a composition major. Those were important years. You were learning so much, everyday you'd consume amazing amounts of information. At Berklee, the system was quite good. They prepared you to go out and work. We covered a lot of different things."

Returning to Toronto, he worked as an apprentice, "ghost writing arrangements for off-Broadway shows and record albums. The people were in the habit of leaving everything to the last minute so they would get hung up the night before and the kid would get a chance to write a couple of arrangements. That was exciting, writing arrangements for record dates the next day."

Shortly thereafter, Shore joined Lighthouse, the 13-piece fusion group that arrived just af-

ter Blood Sweat & Tears had their first hit. RCA, sensing "possibilities," signed them up. A few weeks later, they were on the road. For the next four years, they averaged 250 one nighters per. "It was a constant life of never being home. But I did arranging and wrote my own features that I sang and played flute and tenor on. However, it was ruining my life. I was leading an odd life and I wanted to get out of that."

Once again, he returned to his native Toronto. "I stayed in Canada and wrote. I started listening to and playing a lot of different types of music. I was doing film scores, mostly for the Canadian government. The Canadian government subsidizes the arts. They manage to filter down money to big and little independent film companies and I got these commissions. People would say, 'Could you write so many minutes of music, we'll give you this much money to record it?' So I was playing with and hiring a lot of musicians. I was writing and we were recording these little film things. I did do concerts now and then. I also played free music in basements in Cabbagetown.

"In Canada, there's a lot of opportunity to do a lot of different things musically. I really didn't get big at it and I didn't make a lot of money. I guess a few people do. It does seem frustrating when you're there. But looking back on it, it seems like there was a lot I learned. Before I came here to do SNL, I had worked in almost every area of music that I could have—in films, TV, radio, record albums, concerts and live broadcasts. Basically, I had a lot of experience but no name value.

"I've known Lorne Michaels, the producer of SNL, and I've worked with him before. We worked together while I was with Lighthouse and I also worked as musical director of his Canadian television specials. After producing his own show in Canada, he moved to L.A. because he wanted to write television. He was a writer on shows like *Laugh-In* and then he met Lily Tomlin and started doing great television. Then NBC approached him to do SNL. He wanted to work with people that he had worked with before. He was kind of taking a chance, hiring me. This was the first show he did for NBC and they didn't know me at all. I was just some guy from Canada. And in Canada I was known by only an elite few."

It seems logical that the *Saturday Night Live* band should record and go on tour. But thus far, no recording company has made a decent offer. That's bewildering, considering the fact that the band has weekly nationwide exposure. Shore also seems reluctant to join the race for big numbers.

Their only live gig was on New Year's Eve at New York's Palladium Theatre, opposite Levon Helm and the RCO All-Stars. Alan Rubin "heard a cassette of our performance at the Palladium and considering that we had a minimal number of minutes for rehearsal and sound check, I think the band sounded real good. The enthusiastic response from the crowd verified my feeling that if the band did more concert performances, we could do very well. A lot of the guys have had plenty of experience playing in front of crowds and they know how to please."

Cheryl Hardwick agrees. "Individually, the members of this band have a lot of charisma and certainly more than enough playing ability, in addition to enormous invention."

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HOW TO ALTER EGO

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

The greater thou art, the more humble thyself. Ecclesiasticus 3:18

For those who find joy in sharing the jazz experience, the Bible's no-nonsense guide to individual ego-control might translate into *The more humble thou art, the greater can become thy art*. Such a self-effacing attitude, of course, is neither easy to acquire nor easy to practice amid all the risks and frustrations of the modern music business, where free-enterprise monetary activities often take precedence over humanistic values. How, for example, can true dues-payers be expected to smile when others get the gigs through politics, when rank neophytes parlay three-chord commercialism into gold records, or when everybody else seems to hop on their hits?

But group music can hardly be produced without cooperation among its participants. And since individual attitudes among players so often vary, it follows that entrants into the performance field should strive toward flexibility. Then they can appreciate Mark Twain's, "... to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with."

Obviously, no one mortal embodies all the personality traits which smooth professional paths, traits such as the kindness of a Louie Bellson, the openness of a Patrice Rushen, the perseverance of a Chuck Mangione, the sincerity of a Ray Pizzi, the wit of a Johnny Smith, the charm of a Marian McPartland, the exuberance of an Armstrong, the composure of an Ellington.

These qualities contribute much to successful human relationships within any musical fellowship. But neither individual musicianship nor individual success actually depends on them—Beethoven's stormy nature never denied serenity to his adagios, never denied luster to his fame.

For the full development of potential in any musician, though, two traits are vital—self-respect and its healthy child, self-confidence. The first speeds maturity; the second spurs talent. And whether to rise from servility or to descend from conceit, ego-adjustment needs as its first goals only those two qualities, for together they can engender all the others.

The achievement of both self-respect and self-confidence begins in understanding Milton's advice on handling varied native talent: *"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part: Do thou but thine."* And their achievement ends in recognizing that no one can be the whole of music, yet everyone can become in some way a part of it. Ted Lashley has achieved both goals. A total hearing loss in the upper pitch areas, plus a close-to-total loss in the others, plus an inability to distinguish sung words couldn't deter his composing a successful opera nor his graduating from a university with highest honors nor his becoming a successful keyboard teacher. "You don't have to be able to hear the music out loud, just to hear it in your head, and know how to work with it," he explained in an AP interview. "I don't

feel my hearing loss is a handicap at all. In fact, sometimes it's an advantage." Milton would applaud!

Oliver Nelson showed his own maturity in quite another way—through his patience. How else could he have tolerated time after time audience after audience thinned out through no fault of his own?

"Seems like I'm always the final act. That's an honor. And it would be fine, if only the guys ahead of me would stick to their time instead of running an hour or so over, or if PA systems and stage lights would never conk out," said Oliver, who usually found hunger stalking the audience by the time he finally got on stage. "But that's all right: I've been told by a couple of those who've stuck it out that my music helped make their twitching and squirming worthwhile..."

Oliver retained his patience by considering every experience a part of his continuous learning process, be it joyful or painful, important or negligible, professional or personal.

Ralph Pena's maturity took the form of generosity, particularly toward the young. At a weeklong National Stage Band Camp clinic, for example, one of Ralph's young charges showed up having had only a couple of weeks experience on upright bass. Ralph thereupon embarked on a self-imposed overtime teaching schedule, a sort of private-lesson marathon, to give that boy sufficient skill to join the others in Ralph's traditional all-bass group at the concluding concert. After that struggle and its successful culmination (miracles still happen!), the following ensued: "Here's a bow I'd like you to have. It's exactly the right weight and length for a player your size."

"But I can't possibly afford to buy anything near this good."

"Who said anything about buying it? You'll pay me by playing well. (To himself): *Now watch that kid practice!*"

But established pros are not the only ones who exhibit maturity, as a recent incident will attest.

Four students from California's Guitar Institute of Technology arrived in Chicago eager to show Norlin, Inc. that its sponsorship of their appearance at the International Music and Sound Expo would be well spent.

At precisely 1:30 PM, June 26, the duly appointed time for their pre-concert sound check, they entered the Grand Ballroom of the Radisson Hotel, guitars in hand. The complex stage setup was built and ready, the elaborate sound system assembled and switched on, the lighting tested and bright. But where were the guitar amps? Nowhere to be found! And none would be available until the Expo's evening close. Did guitarist Alden, Fechter, Mullan and Wyatt tear hair or fall apart or take anybody's name in vain? No

Sir! They leaped instead at the best chance they'd had for days to practice and repractice and keep on practicing for hour upon hour upon hour, while arranger/coach McKernan set about rounding up amps. . . .

P.S. That G. I. T. quartet sounded perfectly balanced at the concert.

The young have their living heroes, upon whose images they model their aspirations. In jazz, those heroes most often are the very musicians already receiving the highest benefits from their profession, musicians in an ideal position to influence positive attitudes both within and toward that profession. I offer this sermonette in the hope that through enhanced self-awareness our present heroes, our future heroes, and all our other jazz lovers might increase our collective joy in jazz.

THE WHITE HOUSE

continued from page 14

of jazz was provided by Kathrine Handy Lewis, daughter of composer W. C. Handy, who sang her father's *St. Louis Blues* as if she was casting a mystical spell out over the crowd. Doc Cheatham and Dick Hyman made the performance even more haunting with their accompaniments. Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of Mrs. Lewis' performance was its breadth. She sang choruses of lyrics rarely heard and probably unfamiliar to even the most sophisticated listener. It was a revealing performance by an artist who has recorded relatively little over the years. Collectors will recall her as the vocalist on the Fletcher Henderson record of *Underneath The Harlem Moon* from 1933. It was a song producer John Hammond desperately tried to dissuade Henderson from recording because of the embarrassing Jim Crow lyrics. Perhaps John recalled that as he listened on this sunny afternoon on the South Lawn.

Certainly the most emotional moment of the concert involved no music at all, only the memory of music. George Wein looked down toward the front row to a man slumped in a wheel chair. He called for a round of applause "like you've never given before in your life." It was for bassist Charlie Mingus, victim of a stroke as well as a serious disease of the nervous system that has left him virtually paralyzed. A companion of Mingus' lifted his limp arm from his lap to acknowledge what was by now a standing ovation. Mingus smiled and made a remark that could not be heard. Then President Carter came over, greeted him, put his arm on his shoulder and stood with him for a moment. Mingus was overcome with emotion. Tears poured down his face as he wept uncontrollably. For those in the audience who knew Mingus and felt his legendary and often violent fits of anger and emotion rage in times past, the present scene, though sad, was thoroughly in keeping with this intensely emotional man whose great contribution to music has rested so much on his ability to harness his emotions to his music.

The entire program was broadcast by National Public Radio (NPR), and doesn't need to be reviewed here. Presumably

tape recordings abound among jazz fans everywhere. The sound of George Benson and Herbie Hancock playing real jazz will make them rare treasures.

President Carter remained for the entire program. Frequently he would leap up after a set, walk over to an artist and greet him. During a powerful performance by Cecil Taylor, the President looked on with a slightly bewildered fascination, somewhat perplexed at the meaning of it all but stunned at the overwhelming craftsmanship of the work. Under a magnolia tree off stage right afterwards Carter went over and told Taylor he'd never heard anything like it.

The final official set of the evening began as Lionel Hampton beat out *How High the Moon* and then (after *Georgia On My Mind*) launched into *Flying Home*, calling it "The Jimmy Carter Jam." Illinois Jacquet bit into a familiar tenor solo with fierce power. Then when it was all over, Carter jumped up on stage. "This is the first time anything like this has happened at the White House, and I can't understand why. Because it's obvious that this is as much a part of America's greatness as the White House or the Capitol. You can leave if you want, but I'm going to stay and listen to some more music."

At this point Pearl Bailey, who was seated near the front with Attorney General Griffin Bell and his wife, surprised everyone by jumping up on stage for a spontaneous number. Hampton, without his glasses, didn't recognize her. He thought she was an amateur and tried to shoo her away. What's more, he confessed, "She looked white to me." "I look white to a lot of people," she snapped back before taking everyone into a version of *In The Good Old Summertime*, an odd number to draw upon for a jam session. But as it turned out, it was an effective one. When it was over, Lionel decided he wanted to switch to drums, but Pearl literally chased him away, saying husband Louie Bellson was the only one she could play with. Hampton, looking none too pleased, returned to his vibes. A short *St. Louis Blues* ended the evening.

As the crowd relaxed and began to leave and musicians

started packing their instruments, Carter approached Dizzy Gillespie behind the stage. They chatted for a moment and then Carter made a request. "Why don't you do that number you did at the White House a few months ago?" Dizzy said the concert was over; it was too late. "Oh, come on," Carter urged. "Do it by yourself." Dizzy then said that he'd love to but there's one other piece he would like to have him hear too. "Great," the President said. So Gillespie grabbed Max Roach, who was standing nearby, and told him to get a high hat cymbal. Wein went to the stage again and said Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach have had a request from the President.

After a trumpet-cymbal duo featuring a long solo by Roach, Gillespie said he would now play the presidential request. But there were certain diplomatic strings attached, to wit that the President would perform the vocal. Thus did the classic *Salt Peanuts* enter the realm of American political history. The election of 1980 may see the first bebop campaign song.

Although the idea for the occasion began with George Wein and was basically conceived as a promotion for the Festival, it's a tribute to all concerned, especially Wein, that it never once became self serving.

A decade ago, such a celebration would have been impossible. The avant garde was fuming with anger. Much of jazz

music was fired by the spirit of revolution. Even older musicians were estranged. Max Roach, responding to the bankruptcy of American political leadership then, flirted with communist ideology. Jazz itself was in a state of civil war unmatched since the early days of bebop. There was also Viet Nam, Lyndon Johnson, civil rights and the emergence of a youth counter culture. America seemed to be breaking apart. How reconciled and tolerant everyone emerged toward one another last June! All the old wounds from the old battles seemed healed. Some guests who might have been there were busy honoring other commitments: Count Basie, Buddy Rich, Benny Goodman. But there were no boycotts, no demonstrations. Only the enigmatic Miles Davis stands by his curious and now rather dated pose of isolation. The rebelliousness that characterized jazz for so many years is perhaps spent—for the time being at least.

President Carter seemed an unlikely patron and benefactor of jazz, and no one really was sure what to expect. "Carter thinks the king of swing is Wayne Hayes" was one of the better lines going around. When he opened the concert at 6:30 he said, "I hope we will have more in the future." When it all came to an end and the results were in, no one doubted it. Especially President Carter. **db**

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Catalano: Who are your favorite modern contemporary jazz composers and players? I noticed in the set that you did the other night, you were very interested in the music of Chuck Mangione. Who else in the contemporary scene interests you?

Winding: I hear some of it, but I don't make it a point to go out and research it. I like Chuck of course; I go back with Chuck a long time. Chick Corea does some great things. Of course there are many others. Those are some of the people I listen to.

Catalano: Musically what have you been doing other than playing in recent years?

Winding: I have a music publishing company and I publish music for trombone, primarily, and we use a lot of this in the school

clinics. It's music that I've composed and/or arranged and orchestrated for some of these multiple trombone situations, starting with two trombones like the things J. and I did. As a matter of fact, I'm publishing some of the arrangements J. did, as well as my own.

Catalano: What's the name of the company?

Winding: Kaiwin Limited. It's being handled by Hal Leonard Publishing Co., a big company that publishes primarily for the school market. I also have the things I did for four trombones. For years, after the J & K thing, I had my own group which consisted of four trombones with rhythm. I had a lot of those charts out. And I did some things with eight trombones. J. and I also recorded *J & K Plus 6*, which was eight trombones and some other things I recorded subsequently. And

then there are things for stage band, which is like a big jazz band situation for the solo trombone.

Catalano: Give us a little bit of biography.

Winding: I was born in Denmark on May 18, 1922. I came to the States with my parents when I was in my early teens, around 14. We settled in New York and I actually spent most of my life in New York, except for the last ten years. I moved to Los Angeles about ten years ago. And of course, now in Spain. I started playing trombone in high school in New York City, at Stuyvesant, down on the Lower East Side. It's a marvelous school. Good music program. I became interested in jazz right away, and started playing with the bands. Of course, it was the big band era.

As soon as I got out of school, I was proficient enough to go with the traveling bands. I played with some of the hot bands up till the wartime. Sonny Dunham had a very good band. I played with him just before going into the service. He had sort of a Lunceford-style band, which was one of my favorite bands. My influences obviously were a lot of the Lester Young type—Count Basie. When I say Count Basie, I mean the Lester Young influences, and Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden. Early influences: Trummy Young, from Lunceford's band and Duke Ellington's band.

I went in the service for three years and played in a band that was strictly a special band that was put together for the services. I came out and by that time went with Benny Goodman, then Stan Kenton. And of course, I made many records with Stan and started getting recognition by being featured with him on the recordings.

Catalano: Were you with Stan right after the service?

Winding: I went with Benny first. Then I went and stayed with Kenton for about two years. In one year he really went into prominence.

Catalano: Who were some of the sidemen with Kenton when you were there?

Winding: Eddie Sufanski. Shelly Manne was playing drums. Vido Musso was in the band. Myself and Milt Bernhardt on trombones. Trumpet players were people like Buddy Childers and Ray Wetzel, and that was basically it. Of course, after that came Maynard. In any event, the big band thing was fine, but I wanted to improvise and play jazz and then it became a situation playing with the small bands and getting into that idiom. Kenton, at that particular point, disbanded for a while. I went with Charlie Ventura, who had a very fine little bebop band and I was with him for a couple of years, and then I decided to go out on my own and do my own thing. And this again was sort of the early stages of the bebop era in New York City, where I spent the next 20 years.

Catalano: Would you like to crystal ball the future a bit?

Winding: Well, jazz of course, is a living thing. It's hard to say what the future is. It's something that keeps expanding and keeps growing all the time. The valid things remain. The influence of people like Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Lester Young and so on will always be there. It'll take different directions, but it's the kind of music that I love and it's the only music that I want to do from here on out and this is what I'm doing—no more studio work, no more anything else. Just producing my own records, playing the way I want to play, what I want to play, and that's about it.

db

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Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea

TRIBUTE TO LIONEL HAMPTON (Carnegie Hall)

This concert celebrated Lionel Hampton's 50th anniversary as a jazz musician. When one sees the boundless energy and enthusiasm of this man it is hard to believe that he has been on the scene for five decades; but a quick glance at the audience revealed that some of his fans have been around *at least* that long. There was also a healthy mix of very young listeners in attendance. What they all had in common was a love for swinging, bluesy music. The performance by Hampton and the Festival All-Star Band reflected the timeless virtues of the 1930s, and while Carnegie Hall's sound system tended to render the entire saxophone section inaudible, a good time was had by all.

There were plenty of high points in the show. The band began with *Seven Come Eleven*, swinging hard and featuring Hampton's light metallic vibes attack. Ever the showman, Hampton's next number was a rocker which soon revealed itself to be an updating of Fats Waller's *Ain't Misbehavin'*. Pianist Ray Bryant took a bright solo and then slid under Hampton during his jumping section; all evening long, the rapport and interplay between these two men was telepathic as they offered support and polyphonic commentary to each other. Joe Newman's trumpet solo was a picture of relaxation and melodic construction, while Cat Anderson's trumpet was liquid fire; I thought that Irakere's trumpet man Arturo Sandoval had been impressive on Wednesday evening, but Cat is still the king of blistering upper register inventions.

Hampton's performance of *Misty* was the deepest moment of the night for me. A beautiful opening vamp led to a series of nostalgic explorations of the theme by Hampton and Bryant. Hampton's closing cadenza was miraculous; he straddled the rhythm and melody with the aplomb of an avant gardist, using ringing dissonances and octaves to create a lazy abstraction of the thematic materials. I was reminded of Bobby Hutcherson, which shows what a seminal influence on vibes players Hampton was—and still is.

Later on, a slow Basicish blues provided more intimate interplay between Hampton and Bryant, but some tenor sax stylings by Arnett Cobb on *The Sunny Side Of The Street* really got the older listeners where they lived. Cobb explored areas of timbre and sentiment that would embarrass some of today's supposed far out hornmen; his solo was a history of

1930s saxophone developments that built to a stomping blues conclusion that had the crowd on its feet, and Hampton smashing away on his drums.

A fast, riffing number was a showcase for some flag-waving solos by the trombonists and a trumpet duel between Newman and Anderson that made the hairs on my ears stand at attention. I left with the feeling that Hampton has another 50 years of music left in him.

—stern

CHICK COREA AND FRIENDS INCLUDING THE WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA (Avery Fisher Hall)

After seeing Chick's early show, one wondered if he and his friends would have any energy left for the 11:30 performance that was added to meet demand. Corea's plentiful composing, arranging and playing abilities were all apparent tonight.

First off was the delightful *Suite For Hot Band*, written especially for the Herman orchestra by Chick, and aptly described by him as sounding like a combination of "Stravinsky and Sousa," although Gershwin and others came to mind as well. Even more striking than the writing was the considerably aged-looking Woody's unexpectedly exuberant playing and singing. His clarinet and soprano solos, though brief, were emotionally and technically powerful, and he sang an ingratiating theme whose main philosophy was "I'm having fun 'cause I got mine."

After resetting the stage, Gary Burton did a glistening vibes solo version of *Crystal Silence* and received a huge ovation for his effort. Chick and Gary then played duets of Steve Swallow's *Falling Grace* and *I'm Your Pal*, weaving in and out of one another magically. For *La Fiesta* they played a long, brooding intro that made the sudden playing of the well-known melody stand out sharply in contrast. There was a whirlwind Burton solo with exemplary Corea backing that built to a thunderous, mutual, mind-reading climax, and provoked standing applause.

Chick next introduced his own orchestra—all brass and strings—which included Joe Farrell, Gayle Moran and Rick Laird. *Nite Sprite*, an intricate, jolting line, was then played at fever-pitch, and featured a thoughtful, perfectly executed Farrell soprano solo. *Tweedledum/Dear Alice* (from *Mad Hatter*) had beautiful writing for Moran's voice and the string quartet (the three violinists and cellist were

23 chords and rising single lines to reach a distortion climax. He is finding his voice on violin.

Ornette's compositions were varied and exciting. *The Night Stick (People)* used a medium-fast funk beat as the impetus for some dynamic blues riffing by Ornette. *Earth Souls* was a dirge with a deeply felt Haden intro. *Macho Woman* had an infectious melodic line over a hustling beat. *Asa* was a belly-dancing theme with a second section that doubled up the tempo, and a third section that slowed to a beguiling Mid-Eastern hook. Prime Time closed with *Meta*, an all-out rhythmic piece that used traditional blues chords as counterpoint: Charlie Ellerbee churned out chunky chords and Bern Nix began his blues inflected solo with an incongruous quote from *Surrey With The Fringe On Top*.

* * * *

A few words about Carnegie Hall: George Wein has taken a lot of flak over the years about sets being cut short, and the lack of encores. Wein candidly admits that the reason he wanted to move Newport out of Manhattan was because of the hassles with the union halls. The sound for amplified music at Carnegie Hall is hideous; no one but union men are allowed to control the sound. During an afternoon sound check, union stagehands were abusive to Ornette and his band, suggesting out loud that the band had not rehearsed. Just before going on stage Ornette told his band to man their stations. One of the stagehands quipped "Yeah, man your brooms." (If anyone had behaved like that at Horowitz's appearance, Jackie O. would have cut his heart out with a shiv while Lennie Bernstein held him down.) It is an insult and a disgrace that an artist of Ornette's gentility and stature had to endure such racist insensitivity. In addition Ornette was hit \$250 for the privilege of recording his own concert.

Ushers herded the crowd out of the building. The crowd had wanted more music, but the stagehands threatened Ornette with staggering overtime if he went one second past 2:30. Waiting by the stage door I wondered why it is that jazz is still the nigger of the fine arts, and why stagehands should have such power over creative artists.

I could go on. The operation insults audience and musician alike. Taylor's set was destroyed by the sound system, and although Ornette fared better soundwise, it hurt to see him treated so low.

A Bronx cheer for Carnegie Hall. —stern

consistently brilliant), a relaxing Corea-Laird duet, a rollicking Farrell flute solo, a good solo by trombonist Jim Pugh, and a galvanizing one by Corea. A refrain of the *Alice* theme by Moran, this time with trumpets, evolved into held string-notes for a gorgeous ending.

The flow of music was bogged down at this point by Moran, who now played and sang a love song written by her, which she introduced rather pretentiously and haphazardly. She has pleasant but limited vocal abilities; the song lacked much originality and went on too long.

Hancock finally emerged for the last two numbers, *Day Dance* and *Mad Hatter Rhapsody*. A call-and-response section between Chick and the strings led into Herbie and Chick playing pianos together, prodding and teasing each other without restraint. However, when Chick switched to synthesizer Herbie couldn't be heard at all. Shortly after, when Herbie at last got to solo with just the rhythm section—inventively and joyously—it was way too short. The concluding minutes were unforgettably jubilant, the trumpets beginning a great riff-line that got one-half of the string section up dancing. —albin

THE AMERICAN SONG (Carnegie Hall)

Since the format's inception, the Newport salutes to the great American popular song have been among the festival's best moments. This year was no exception, and the concert's second half was an unmitigated delight.

Alberta Hunter opened. It took the 82-year-old singer a few numbers to warm up the audience, but soon she had them clapping along with her jaunty *Sunny Side Of The Street*. Wrongly labeled a blues artist, she is a jazz-and-blues influenced pop singer, stylistically shaped by the '20s and '30s—but she can sing good vaudeville blues, often with her own salty lyrics. The best of these was *Rough And Ready Man*. Her *The Love I Have For You*, written for the new Robert Altman film *Remember My Name*, is a classy and classic '30s torch song. Al Hall's bass gave marvelous support, shoring up Gerald Cook's precise but anemic piano.

A Fats Waller tribute by Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman had fine moments, notably on *Honeysuckle Rose*, where Braff for once let the Armstrong in him flow forth freely. Hyman worked out on a huge electric console organ, having a field day with its many registers and colors, but there was some unease between his rather tight time and Braff's laid back, Lester Young-styled swing. They could have used Freddie Green! Braff's cornet sound was a joy to the ear.

Irene Kral is an intelligent, musical singer. She offered an interesting selection of Cole Porter tunes, but struck sparks only in the opening chorus of *Easy To Love*, backed by Brian Torff's walking bass, and on her non-Porter encore, *Sunday*, which revealed her twin roots in Anita O'Day and Carmen McRae.

The main events were still to come.

Stan Getz, accompanied only by Al Dailey's piano, asked that the amplification system be turned off. "We'll all be deaf by the year 2000," he quipped, and the audience cheered. His golden tenor sound sang out undistorted in tribute to his friend Alec Wilder. Included were the seldom-heard *Winter Of My Discontent* and *Ellen*. The latter gave credence to Getz's claim that Dailey is "one of the

world's greatest pianists." The topper was *A Child Is Born*, to which Wilder wrote the lyrics.

Mel Torme, Gerry Mulligan and Jimmy Rowles paid homage to Harold Arlen, Irving Berlin, Arthur Schwartz and Harry Warren. Working off each other like the friends they are, their performance had the ambience and spontaneity of a private jam session.

Highlights of their splendid, generously long set are hard to choose, but I'll settle for Rowles' wondrous *You're My Everything*, in which he worked backwards, from improvisation through paraphrase to melody; Torme's moving and gorgeously sung *How About Me*, backed only by Rowles, and the ultimate team effort, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, with its scintillating Rowles solo and Torme-Mulligan scat duet. Mulligan made his singing debut earlier on, revealing a pleasant, light-textured voice and unsurprisingly good time.

The rhythm team of George Duvivier and Oliver Jackson bid fair to the title of most tasteful ever, and the entire presentation was major league all the way. Hell, it was World Series stuff. And what pitch that Torme has! —morgenstern

JAZZ AT WATERLOO VILLAGE (New Jersey)

Waterloo Village, a recreational park in northern New Jersey, is the ideal setting for jazz on a summer's day or night, and the New

Jersey Jazz Society, which joins Newport in producing the programs, can rely on its large and enthusiastic membership for a good turnout.

Traditional and mainstream jazz fare, Waterloo's menu, was laid out in an abundant smorgasboard. Since I missed Friday night's concert by Kid Thomas and the Preservation Hall Band, and had a hand in presenting, on behalf of the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies, the Saturday morning and afternoon seminars on Benny Carter, Art Tatum and King Oliver, I can properly report only that these events were well-received.

Saturday night's concert in the big tent, by the New York Jazz Repertory Company, was dedicated to Oliver's memory (he died 40 years ago) and included his music and that of his heir, Louis Armstrong.

The NYJRC, directed by Dick Hyman, has Armstrong well in hand by now. As ever in jazz, familiarity breeds speed, and much of the Hot Five music was treated to flashy tempos that robbed it of its unforced feeling. The trumpet threesome of Pee Wee Erwin, Jimmy Maxwell and Joe Newman did well in the small-group numbers. Bernie Privin and Ernie Royal were added to the section for the big band stuff, which got a bit sloppy. Privin came closest to Louis, on *Sweethearts On Parade*, while Bob Wilber did a superbly idiomatic job of translating *Cornet Chop Suey* to his soprano sax.

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was a marvel. One of its hallmarks was a unique, rolling ensemble swing with a 4/4 pulse. The NYJRC flattened this into two-beat music, though *Riverside Blues*, graced with Maxwell's sensitive reading of Louis' solo, almost made it. Two later Oliver pieces for larger instrumentation were more convincing.

Sunday's ten hour marathon, blessed with perfect weather, featured simultaneous music-making in three venues from noon to six and more formal concertizing under the tent until ten. Four septuagenarians, Doc Cheatham, Wild Bill Davison and Jimmy McPartland, trumpets/cornets, and Vic Dickenson, trombone, scored with the vitality and strength of their playing, while such keepers of the faith as tenorist Scott Hamilton and trumpeter Warren Vaché, both in their 20s, also stood out among the many players. One of Hamilton's heroes, Flip Phillips, sounded as warm and swinging as ever. Kenny Davern's pungent clarinet added spice to Davison's band.

But it was not all brass and reeds. The acoustic guitar duo of Marty Grosz and Wayne Wright made delightfully airy yet gutsy chamber jazz; pianist Dick Wellstood displayed his ragtime mastery and turned *Miss Otis Regrets* into a funky blues; George Melly

sang vintage blues and bawdy songs without a trace of Anglicisms—but with plenty of body English. And Jazz a Cordes, a young string band modeled on the 1930s Quintet du Hot Club de France, had a ball with Reinhardt-Grappelli classics. Regrettably, Rio Clemente, a tasteless piano pounder, gave the crowd its biggest kicks. —morganstern

DEXTER GORDON/BETTY CARTER/MAX ROACH (Avery Fisher Hall)

Three little words—Dex, Betty, Max—were enough to draw a huge and enthusiastic crowd of totally involved jazz devotees. The electricity in the air was high voltage.

First to plug into the current of affection and respect was tenor giant Dexter Gordon. Backed by his exemplary rhythm section of pianist George Cables, bassist Rufus Reid and drummer Eddie Gladden, Dex launched an invigorating platter of *Fried Bananas*. Next was a moving ballad version of *Easy Living*. Dex's warm, sensuous strokes, plus Cables' brilliant pianistics and an energetic double time romp led to a tender restatement of the melody and a thoughtful Gordon coda. Last up was Dex's bright blues burner *Backstairs*. With the



rhythm section pumping iron, Dex shot straight ahead with a series of hard-edged choruses laced with pungent, puckish quotes.

After an intermission, pianist John Hicks, bassist Ratzon Harris and drummer Clifford Barbaro opened with a strong blues-based instrumental. Then, from the wings, an ethereal voice penetrated the hall. Betty Carter had arrived. Drifting to center stage with shimmering vocal abstractions, she sailed through a challenging set of widely varied material that

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HALL OF FAME (see rules)

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SOPRANO SAX

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TENOR SAX

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ACOUSTIC PIANO

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ORGAN

SYNTHESIZER

GUITAR

ACOUSTIC BASS

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VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 9.

2. Use official ballot only. Please type or print.

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 1978.

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, Benny Carter, Charlie Christian, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Paul Desmond, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Woody Herman, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Stan Kenton, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonious 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 flugelhorn, 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. Only one selection in each category counted.

here's your ballot

ranged from bossa to bop, and brisk to ballad. Throughout, her amazing articulations were given further shading by an incredible array of facial and bodily gestures. Betty Carter is one of a kind, and we are richer for it.

Following the second intermission, it was time for Max Roach and his steamrolling colleagues, tenorist Billy Harper, trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater and bassist Calvin Hill. The bulk of their set was devoted to Bridgewater's demanding *Scott Free*. After an initial ensemble with unison flourishes by the horns, the composition was structured episodically so that each player had solo stretches at both metronomically breakneck and free-flow slow tempi. A tour through Charlie Parker's *Confirmation* made it clear that Roach's unit is one of today's most powerful and incisive groups.

Throughout the concert, bursts of applause and standing ovations greeted the performers. Gordon, Carter and Roach had clearly met the audience's highest expectations. —berg

BRAZILIAN NIGHT (Carnegie Hall)

Friday evening at Carnegie Hall was Brazilian Night, with Charlie Byrd's trio, Stan Getz and Joao Gilberto bringing the soft sensuality of the samba to a full, appreciative house.

A virtuoso acoustic guitarist, Byrd played with classical sensitivity and extraordinary technique. He improvised long, light solo lines over brush drumming and an acoustic bass. Tenorist Getz joined Byrd for the final tunes of the opening set, and displayed the seemingly effortless tone that adds elegance and depth to his melodious blowing.

Skimming over Byrd's trio, Getz recalled something unpretentious in Brazilian song: when his own quintet took the stage, Stan became the musician of Brazilia and the jet set. Pianist Albert Dailey didn't try to play generic Latin keyboards, though he accompanied Getz resourcefully and had an original moment in solo, with a few percussive swipes at the high notes. Mike Richmond was supple on bass, showing very accurate intonation and an ear for solo variation and dynamics. Drummer Billy Hart and conga player Lawrence Killian worked together from a seventh sense. Getz played with great ease and sophistication, offering *Morning Of The Carnival* from *Black Orpheus* and *Desafinado* among his repertoire. This was a very accomplished band.

According to George Wein, Joao Gilberto hadn't scheduled an American concert for 15 years. With little fanfare, a modestly built man in a suit and open necked shirt, holding a classical guitar, sat on a folding chair; next to him a drummer had only snare and high hat. After a single strum, Gilberto began singing nearly under his breath, right into the microphone. The effect was of personal conversation. The audience grew silent, offering all their attention to the dark-eyed Brazilian with the confidently shy smile and gently imploring voice.

Though he sang almost entirely in Portuguese (*S'Wonderful* was rendered in syrupy English), Gilberto won over his audience quickly and never let go. He combined melancholy, urbanity, romance and a tinge of radiance in his performance. He played *Brazil*, then was the prime mover in a jam with Getz, Byrd and Byrd's bassist on the *One Note Samba*. An impromptu gathering, a pretty selection, and perfectly enchanted listeners—Brazilian night ended with a summer storm of applause. —mandel

SALUTE TO JAZZ LATINO (Avery Fisher Hall)

While jazz and rock are speckled with Latin tempi, even the jazz buffs do not often acknowledge this basic fact. It takes the likes of Felipe Luciano to spread the news.

Luciano, a popular figure in the Spanish-speaking community in New York City, put together the entire program and emceed as well. His talk included some Spanish, some English and plenty of education. He told us that it was Mongo Santamaria who practically single-handedly brought the conga to the United States. And that Dizzy Gillespie brought the Afro-Cuban influence to the fore with the introduction of Cuban congero, Chano Pozo, to his band. And that Tito Puente has been involved with jazz for the last 25 years. And that Machito formed the best Latin dance band of his era and later included some of the jazz greats in it.

All this set up the most exciting evening of Latin-jazz fusion this side of the Fania All Stars. Picture the thrill of seeing two complete bands set up on stage at the same time: two rows of everything, brass, reeds, percussion, everything. Puente was stage left, Machito right. They alternated tunes, Puente self-consciously overdoing the jazz influence with screaming brass and some electrifying solos, notably by alto saxophonist Rene McLean, with Machito (Frank Grillo) playing those danceable items with rich reed and brass interplay.

Dizzy Gillespie came out to play *Manteca* with Machito. Mauricio Smith played a flute solo in the abridged Chico O'Farrill arrangement. Diz showed why he is still the most exciting trumpeter around. It was like greeting an old friend as Gillespie took the familiar theme through some facile runs and high note gymnastics.

Puente composed *Newport Jazz Latino 1978* especially for the occasion and it was played by the combined bands, including Gillespie, with an exchange of soloists from each band. But the highlight was a free exchange between Gillespie and Puente, whose timbale playing has reached virtuoso proportions.

Mongo Santamaria's half of the show was more jazz-oriented than the first half. It was a standard Santamaria outing, and thus excellent. He has the fine taste to choose sidemen who complement him at every turn, and Mongo picks the tunes to fit his audiences.

For NJF he shined on such as *Sofrito* and *Song For You*, and was joined by vibist Cal Tjader on two tunes including the Santamaria favorite, *Afro Blue*.

The "Jazz Latino" concept is new to Newport, and if this show was any indication, the idea was overdue. —smith

SARATOGA SESSIONS

(Saratoga Performing Arts Center,
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.)

No one knew quite what to expect from Newport at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center in upstate New York, other than some jazz. Saturday, July 1, began with the summer lawns and two-tiered amphitheater filling slowly, as trumpeter Hannibal Marvin Peterson rehearsed a nearly 70-piece orchestra scheduled to premiere his *Sunrise Symphony* at noon.

Conducted by Roland Carter, the orchestra had a particularly able string section, with

men and women of all ages and races. Peterson's composition may have broken no new symphonic ground, but it did frame him as principal soloist, and started a day that featured some brilliant drumming by bringing together African percussionist Michael Olatunji and drummer Billy Hart.

There was little development either in the symphony's theme or in Hannibal's solo—though he played the warrior of the horn, whinnying from a bowlegged, arched-back stance into the microphone, (inaudibly) up to the ceiling and back towards the band. It was an unexpected pleasure to hear the underrated vocalist Andy Bey, who sang Peterson's "statement on human oppression," which was dedicated to the martyred black South African, Steve Biko.

David Chesky, a 21-year-old keyboard player, composer and arranger was up next, leading a young big band. Arnie Lawrence played soprano and wide-open voiced Eleanor Mills oozed vivaciously, singing *Sugar And Spice* about a piece of chocolate cake. John Lewis apparently sat in at the acoustic piano, and after the band had retired to a respectable ovation, he took several tunes solo, including *Round Midnight*, *Now's The Time* (dedicated to Charlie Parker) and *Satin Doll*.

Airto kicked off the following set with a rhythm-busy instrumental, before slimmed-down Flora Purim took over the mike. Their tight band was effective, with smoking electric guitar breaks, screaming sax solos and subtler flute work. Flora sang several songs from her current repertoire, closing with Milton Nascimento's *Nothing Will Be As It Was*. Though her scat-like swoops are an unacquired taste, she had no difficulty recreating the pure-toned power of her recorded vocal sound.

Citing great expectations ("I think maybe this is the year George Russell's orchestra will blow Newport away"), George Wein introduced one of the master teachers and theoreticians of contemporary jazz. Russell's band, which included Steve Kuhn on piano, Ricky Ford on tenor sax, Terumasa Hino, Lew Soloff and Sam Davis on trumpets, and John Clark on french horn, opened with its theme song *Listen To The Silence*, which was much more abstract than the usual big band curtain raiser.

Whether the amplification system was inadequate at this point or Russell's organization unable to project its sound, much detail of the following numbers was lost. Even very close to the stage, Kuhn's acoustic piano was easier to imagine than actually hear; brass and reeds dominated the sound, to the virtual exclusion of the rhythm section. Davis soloed with a mute that he used for wah-wah effects; Clark played golden choruses on french horn, very fast, without any tone cracking; Soloff blew well over two tenors and conga on *Ezz-thetic*.

Mystic Courses followed, a piece with a major feel based on a four note vamp which varied its middle tones during repetition. An excerpt from a '72 composition titled *Living Time Events* emphasized emblematic rhythm figures, backed Hino's solo space with warm sax colors, and ended in two tenor saxophone revelry. Russell himself read the poem to *New York, New York*, but brought on a vocalist, Lee Jackson, to sing a wildly swinging blues and *God Bless The Child*. Russell reprised *Listen To The Silence*; my curiosity about this highly touted band had not been satisfied.

The Newport "Tribute to Charles Mingus" featured a truly all-star orchestra, conducted



Dexter Gordon, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins, Randy Brecker, Mike Brecker

by Paul Jeffreys. There were four guitarists—Larry Coryell, Ted Dunbar, John Scofield and Jack Wilkins; Cecil Payne and Ronnie Cuber on baritone saxes; Frank Strozier, Nathan Davis and Michael Brecker among the reeds; Danny Moore, Mike Davis and Randy Brecker on trumpet; Slide Hampton and Jimmy Knepper on 'bones; George Mraz, Larry Ridley and Eddie Gomez on basses; Bob Neloms on acoustic piano; and Dannie Richmond and Joe Chambers, drums.

This aggregation debuted two pieces from an upcoming Atlantic album that Wein identified as "the last recorded works of Charles Mingus, who is paralyzed, in a wheel chair," unable to attend the Newport festivities. *Something Like A Bird*, dedicated to Charlie Parker, opened with a swinging tenor battle; two trumpets stepped out to blow, and were joined by the third; the guitars scaled each other to a whizzing climax in which Scofield led a unison line that the trumpets backed; the baritones went head to head, then the basses; gorgeous long ensemble lines intruded before the 'bones got into their free-bop duet.

Two Three World Of Drums was excerpted, because of time problems. But drummers Richmond and Chambers, who were featured in alternating solos and who drive the ensemble together, had no such trouble. Chambers' tom-to-snare-and-back work was wary, well-tuned and somehow African; after Nathan Davis blew, Richmond's sharper accents, so long identified with Mingus combos, stung the band to a gusty climax. Guitars and trumpets wailed before a somber theme took over, and the work ended with a loud squawking honk.

Such important work as the Mingus pieces and Russell's orchestra deserved closer attention than could be directed through the picnic atmosphere of the long, hot afternoon. The vast expanses of the enclosed structure as well as the outlying grass tended to dwarf soloists, though the amplified sound was generally well mixed and clear. Smaller groups with established identities fared best, though the estimated 25,000 people in attendance didn't complain about any music presented. No one knew what to expect from Newport at Saratoga, but most were happy with a sunny day overflowing with jazz. —mandel

MORE SARATOGA

Chick Corea brought his Avery Fisher Hall show into the larger amphitheater at Saratoga—and it fared much better here. More of 60 □ down beat

the sound got across without distortion. It lacked the subtlety, however, which Chick otherwise demonstrates.

His music is a fusion of elements—Spanish, rock rhythms, percussion and harmonic combinations which mark Mr. Corea as the prime moving force in the fusion idiom. His writing for string quartet on *My Spanish Heart*, *Leprechaun*, or *Mad Hatter* is astounding when compared to 20th century composers. And when you carefully examine what Corea is doing on synthesizer along with those strings, it's a whole new ballgame.

The jam sessions which followed the Corea outing included combinations of the following: Tony Williams, Roy Haynes, Randy and Mike Brecker, Dexter Gordon, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock, George Benson, Sonny Rollins, Jean-Luc Ponty, Larry Coryell, Dee Dee Bridgewater, Al Jarreau, Andy Bey and Corea. Bob Cranshaw was on electric bass.

Night In Tunisia laid out all the soloists, but it wasn't until Bridgewater, Benson and Bey sang *Misty* that anything really happened. Bridgewater possesses some of the best pipes in the business this side of Sarah Vaughan, with whom she is closely identified in her phrasing. Why does she insist upon making bad records? She cut Benson, and only when Bey came on late in the second chorus did she have any real competition.

Bridgewater's *My Funny Valentine* was a masterpiece; it could challenge Vaughan's version. On that tune she was joined by Gillespie, who noodled behind her.

Rollins' *Sonnymoon For Two* was even more powerful than at the White House on June 18. His rhythm section may have been the reason: Hancock, instead of McCoy Tyner, Tony Williams instead of Max Roach, and Cranshaw in place of Ron Carter. Cranshaw was the hero of the night, playing with everyone in sight.

The sessions seemed to go on forever. Everyone had solo space, and it wasn't until Benson's *On Broadway* that everyone came out again. Diz blew jews' harp and the cheers increased, but to no avail; it was 2:30 AM and too late.

The second day of Saratoga sets was a bit of a disappointment. Billed as "Saratoga Swing," it displayed a string of big band sets mostly in the classic mainstream.

The New York Jazz Repertory Company opened without charts, save for those hastily scripted by leader Dick Hyman. The music was back in NYC, but the heads that Hyman

penned showcased all of the talent in the band. One was based on *I Got Rhythm*, another was a blues, while a third sounded like *Topsy*. Headliners in the NYJRC included Joe Newman, Budd Johnson, Norris Turney, Lenzie Hambro, Pepper Adams, Eph Resnick, Eddie Bert and Cat Anderson.

Woody Herman and Mercer Ellington did sets. Stan Kenton played the best set of the afternoon, alternating colors and rich tonal textures in the ensemble sections. Harry James' was a "surprise" band. He played his Las Vegas material—standard swinging big band fare. With Sonny Payne kicking him on drums, the 62-year-old trumpeter sounded fine, but no other surprises were forthcoming.

Buddy Rich swung with technical fire and Count Basie just swung, period. The Maynard Ferguson pyrotechnics were on hand to dazzle those few who had not yet seen his deep-kneebending act. And Thad Jones and Mel Lewis showed us how subtle big band material can outshout the most blaring ensembles. —smith

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Playboy Club (Lainie's Room): *Roslyn Kind* (thru 8/12); *Darnita Jo* (8/14-26); *Bill Evans* (8/28-9/2); *Lainie Kazan* (opens 9/5).

Pepper's: Jazz; call (212) 260-3699.

The Other End: Rock, pop, jazz; call (212) 673-7030.

Saratoga Performing Arts Center (Saratoga Springs): *Peter, Paul & Mary* (8/14); *Chuck Mangione* (8/22); *Johnny Cash* (8/27); *Neil Sedaka* (8/28); *Helen Reddy* (8/29).

Norman's: Jazz; call Jazzline for details.

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): *Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme* (thru 8/13); *Leo Sayer* (8/15-8/20).

Village Corner: *Jim Roberts Jazz Septet* (Sun. from 2pm); *Roberts* or *Lance Hayward* other nights.

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock): *Oliver Lake* (8/12); *Leo Smith* and *Jeanne Lee* (8/26).

Environ: Contemporary music; call (212) 964-5190.

Village Vanguard: Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson (8/29-9/3); Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra (Mon.).

Village Gate: Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band (8/10).

Top Of The Gate: Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band (8/11).

Apollo Theatre: Call Jazzline for schedule.

Sweet Basil: Chet Baker Quintet (thru 8/13); Mickey Tucker (8/15-19); Kenny Barron (8/22-26); David Lahm Quintet (8/27 & 28); Hal Galper (8/29-9/2); Dave Liebman (9/5-7).

Madison Square Garden: Black Sabbath and Van Halen (8/27); Yes (9/6 & 7).

Riverboat: Gary Lawrence & his Sizzling Syncopators (Mon.).

Dr. Pepper/Central Park Music Festival: Robert Palmer (8/11); Chuck Mangione (8/14); Peter, Paul & Mary (8/19); Todd Rundgren (8/21); Meat Loaf (8/25); Chicago (8/28-9/2).

Ladies' Fort: Contemporary sounds; call (212) 475-9357.

Jones Beach Theatre (Wantagh, L.I.): England Dan & John Ford Coley (8/20); Teddy Pendergrass and Ashford & Simpson (9/3); Bonnie Raitt (9/4); Chicago (9/5).

Belmont Lake State Park (Babylon, L.I.): Lionel Hampton & Orchestra (9/1).

Harlem Jazz Festival: Call (212) 686-9096 for venues and schedule.

Inward House (Bronx): Juice Quartet (8/8).

Southwest Towers (Bronx): Juice Quartet (8/11).

E. 10th St. & First Ave.: Juice Quartet (8/13).

North West Towers (Bronx): Juice Quartet (8/16).

Queensboro Correctional Facility (Queens): Juice Quartet (8/17).

Westhampton Marina Park (Westhampton, L.I.): Marian & Jimmy McPartland All Star Sextet (8/25).

Belmont Lake State Park (Babylon, L.I.): Lionel Hampton & Orchestra (9/1).

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and Mike Lawrence.

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Continental Restaurant (Fairfield, Conn.): Jazz weekends; call (203) 335-9193.

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Sam Jones-Tom Harrell Big Band (Tue.); call (201) 684-9589 for full schedule.

Manny's (Moonachie, N.J.): Morris Nanton Trio (Wed.).

The Office (Nyack, N.Y.): Live jazz (Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.); call (914) 358-8938.

Alli's Alley: Ted Daniels Energy (Mon.); call (212) 226-9066.

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Emerson's (Paramus, N.J.): Top jazz stars week-ends; call (201) 843-8050.

Gregory's: Al Haig, Al Gala, Morris Edwards (Mon.); Chuck Wayne, Bill Triglia, Edwards (Tue.); Loumell Morgan, Edwards, Lynn Crane (Mon.-Sat.).

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Michael's Pub: Dixieland (Mon.); name performers other nights; call (212) 758-2272.

One Fifth Avenue: Pianists nightly.

Prescott's: Call (212) 925-3545.

Red Blazer Too: Traditional jazz.

Storytowne: Call for new policy of name acts—(212) 755-1640.

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Long Island's most swinging place; call (516) 826-0937.

Tin Palace: Good sounds; call (212) 674-9115.

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): Dave Tesar (Mon.); Frank Elmo (Tue.); Equinox (Wed.); Al Kramer (Thurs.); stars (Fri. & Sat.); call (201) 525-9445.

W.P.A.: Pianists.

West Boondock: Pianists.

Gerald's (Cambria Heights, Queens): For week-ends call (212) 723-8590.

Fortune Garden: Brooks Kerr, Eddie Barefield, Sonny Greer, Norris Turney.

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Los Olivos: Power Drive (Fri. & Sat.).

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Wise Fools Pub: *Son Seals Blues Band* (8/9-12); *Judy Roberts* (9/6-9 & 13-16); *Return of the Kalil* (in August); *Roger Pemberton Big Band* (Mon.); call 929-1510 for further information.

Park West: *Cleo Laine* featuring *John Dankworth* (8/15 & 16); *Count Basie & Della Reese* (8/17 & 18); for further information call 929-5959.

Uptown Theater: *Bruce Springsteen* (9/6). **Redford's:** Jazz nightly; call 549-1250. **Colette's:** Jazz regularly; call 477-5022.

Kingston Mines: Blues, usually Chicago style, nightly; call 348-4060.

Orphan's: *Joe Daley Quorum* (Mon.); *Ears* (Tue.); call 929-2677 for further information.

WXFM (106 FM): "Nite Jazz" Mon.-Fri., 9-1 am. **WBEZ** (91.5 FM): "Jazz Forum" 9 pm-midnight (Mon.-Thurs.); 9 pm-1 am (Fri. & Sat.); noon-4 (Sat.); 1-4 pm (Sun.); "Jazz Alive" 7:30-9 pm Sat. and 7:30 Wed.; times on all shows are subject to change—for updated info call 641-4088.

Jazz Showcase: August is the time for the 23rd annual *Charlie Parker Memorial Concerts*, with various all-star combos including *Barry Harris, Roy Haynes, Richard Davis, Jimmy Raney, Art Farmer, Charlie Rouse, Howard McGhee, Stan Getz, Toshiko-Tabackin Band, Roy Brooks, Joe Williams, John Young Trio, Vi Redd, Eddie Jefferson, Richie Cole, Charles McPherson, Lou Donaldson*; special concert for Bird's birthday (8/29); *Arnie Domnerus, Bengt Hallberg, Mel Lewis* (9/8-10); *Woody Shaw Quintet* (9/20-24); *Art Blakey* (9/27-10/1); *Johnny Griffin* (10/6-8); call 337-1000 for further information.

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Michael's: *Fringe* (Mon.); *Randy Roos' Mistral* (Tue.); *Jerry Bergonzi's Con Brio* (Thurs.); jazz nightly.

Jazz Boats: *Gary Burton 4, John Kusiak 5* (8/16); *New Black Eagle Jazz Band, Boston Jazz Band* (8/23); *Herb Pomeroy Big Band, Boston Jazz 4* (8/30); *New Black Eagle Jazz Band, Yankee Rhythm Kings* (9/6).

Dreamboats: *New Black Eagle Jazz Band* (8/15); *Bo Winiker Swing Orchestra & Bobby Soxers* (8/22 & 9/8); *Silver Stars Steel Orchestra* (8/22); boats leave Long Wharf 7:30 and 9:30; 876-8742.

Lulu White's: Name acts midweek; *Tony Teixeira's Jazz Ensemble* featuring *Andy McGee* (Fri. & Sat.).

Pooh's Pub; 1369 Club; Sunflower Cafe: Jazz nightly.

Copley Plaza Bar: *Jimmy Lyons*, piano (thru 9/2). **Scotch & Sirlain:** *Maggie Scott 4* (Thurs.-Sat.); guest artists (Fri.) *Al & Buzzy Drootin Band*; for dates call 723-3677.

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Celestial: *Kenny Poole* (Tue.-Sat.).

Gilly's (Dayton): *Ann Chamberlain* (8/11-12; 18-19); *Woody Shaw* (8/21); *Buddy Rich* (9/19); *Dexter Gordon* (10/4-5); call 228-8414 for details.

K. T.'s Den: *John Wright & Band* (Sun.-Mon.). **Maggie's Opera House:** Occasional jazz; call 242-3700.

WMUB (88.5 FM): "Jazz Alive" (Thurs. 8pm); jazz 8pm-2am (nightly).

WGUC (90.9 FM): Jazz Alive (Mon. midnight); *Oscar Treadwell's Eclectic Stop Sign* (Tue.-Sat. midnight-2am).

WNOP (740 AM): Jazz sunrise to sunset.

SEATTLE

Parnell's: *Sonny Stitt* (8/10-13); *Bob Barnard* (8/15 & 16); *Mike Nuen* (8/17-20); *Buddy Montgomery* (8/25-27); *Tom Grant & Friends* (8/31-9/2); *Buddy Tate & Arnett Cobb* (9/8-10); *Seattle Jazz Improvisors Orchestra* (9/15-17); *Bob Dorough* (9/21-24); *Marian MacPartland* (9/29-10/1).

Other Side Of The Tracks: *Mark Lewis Quartet* (8/10); *Barney McClure & Marie Miller* (8/14); *Abraxas* (8/17); *Bruce Phares Duo & Inside Out* (8/21); *Wain Simon Traffic Jammers* (8/24); *Seattle Jazz Quartet* (8/28); *Obrador* (8/31); *AirBrush* (9/7); *Mark Lewis* (9/11); *Frog News* (9/14); *Andy Shaw* (9/18); *Dave Peterson* (9/21).

NORTHWEST

Chuck's Steak House (Portland): *Warren Bracken Trio* (8/10-15); *Tom Grant & Friends* (8/16-20); *Cam Newton* (8/22 & 24); *Jeff Lorber Fusion* (8/25 & 26); *Carol Kagy & David Leslie* (8/29-31); *Warren Bracken Trio* (9/1-3; 5-10; 12-16); *Cam Newton* (9/19 & 20); *Bill Sabol Trio* (9/21-23); *New Monastery Trio* (9/27).

Ray's Helm (Portland): *Free Bop* (Aug.).

The Earth (Portland): *Yusef Lateef* (8/20); *Herb Ellis & Barney Kessel* (9/10).

Prima Donna (Portland): *Mel Brown, Dick Blake, Marian Mayfield*.

Sack's Front Ave (Portland): *Manteca* (Sun. jam).

Sam's Hideaway (Portland): *Breezin* featuring *Gary Clinton*.

Jazz Quarry (Portland): *Tom Thorn w/Count Dutch* (Mon. & Tue.); *Sky Trio* (Wed.-Sun.); *Gene Diamond* (Fri. & Sat.); *Sunday jam*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Komer: *Phil Woods* (8/15-20); *Peter Kuhn Trio, Jim Lowe Trio* (8/7); *Clive Stevens and Atmospheres* (8/14); *James Leary Big Band* (8/21); *Freddie Hubbard* (8/24-27); *Art Lande, White Noise* (8/28); *Jessica Williams* (9/11); *Dexter Gordon* (9/16, 17); *Johnny Griffin* (9/18-24).

Great American Music Hall: *Charlie Byrd Trio* (8/11 & 12); *Mose Allison* (8/13 & 14); *Buddy Rich and his Big Band* (8/20); *Count Basie and his Orchestra* (8/25 & 26).

Blind Lemon/New Works (Berkeley): Jazz duet series Fridays; *New Music Saturdays* and *Sundays*; call (415) 848-3644 for details.

Christo's: *Eddie Henderson* (8/10-12); *Eddie Lockjaw Davis and Harry Sweets Edison Quintet* (8/16-19); *Art Lande* (8/23 & 30); *Barney Kessel* (8/24-26).

PHILADELPHIA

Robin Hood Dell East: *Lionel Hampton/Earl Hines* (8/7); *Count Basie/Chuck Jackson* (8/14); *Mercer Ellington Band* (8/21); *B. B. King* (8/28); *Mike Pedicin Jr./John Breslin Band* (8/30).

Robin Hood Dell West: *Cleo Laine* (8/7); *George Benson* (8/19).

Grendel's Lair: Monday night jazz; call 923-5560.

Guthrie's: Weekly jazz; call 884-9095.

The Khyber Pass: Monday, Friday, and Saturday jazz; call 627-9331.

The Long March Coffeehouse: Weekend jazz; call WA5-1256.

The Painted Bride: Monday jazz; call WA5-9914.



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