JANUARY 26, 1978 60c

the contemporary music magazine

down beat®

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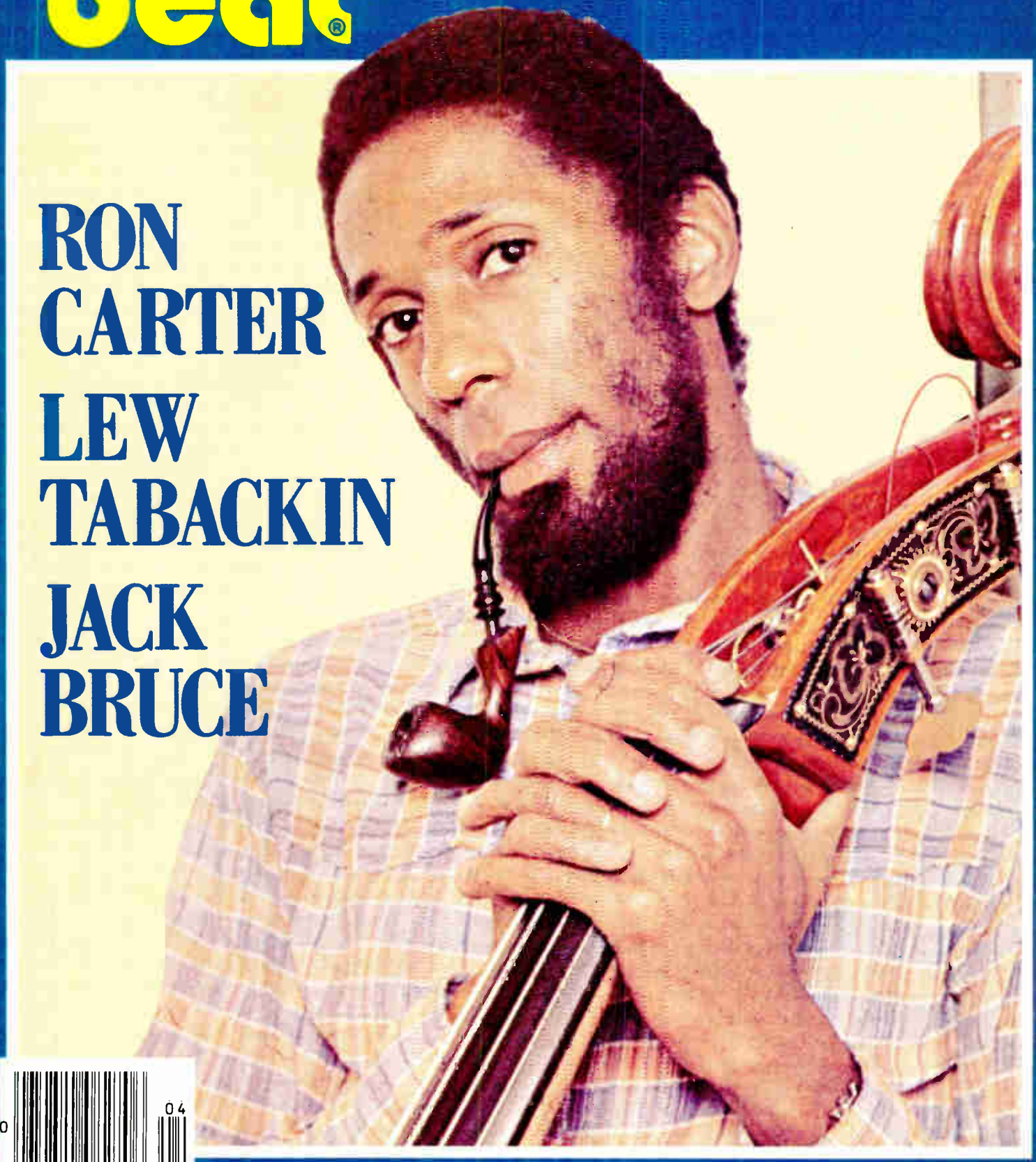

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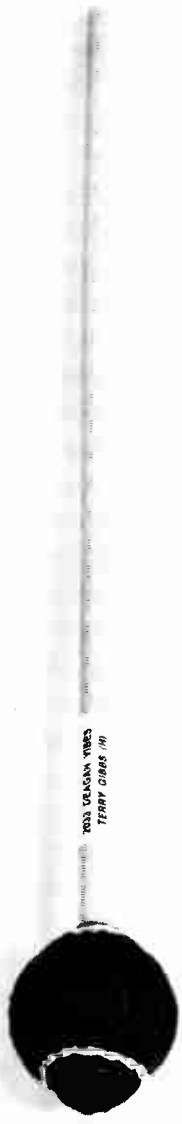

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DRUM BEAT!

● **Spot Light on Gary Burton** Congratulations to the winners of the 42nd Annual down beat Readers Poll! Gary Burton once again wins # 1 Vibist for his artistry that has made his name synonymous with contemporary vibraphone. This winning marks Burton's eighth consecutive First Place win in this renown jazz poll.

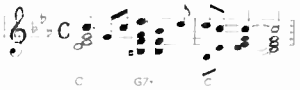
In addition to Gary's artistic command of his instrument, his performance with his own quintet has initiated new trends in musical direction. Improvisation has never been restricted in the Burton style and his creative talent has never been greater, proven by this most recent honor.

Congratulations, Gary!!

● **Burton "On The Road"** An extensive touring schedule is planned for the Burton Quintet during the early parts of this year. The band will perform in New York, Boston, Miami and in the Carolina's. A one and a half month long concert tour through Europe is slated for March. This will begin Burton's 1978 European commitments which continue to grow annually. Between engagements, Burton continues his roll as faculty member (improvisation and mallet percussion) at Berklee College of Music in Boston.

● **"On The Record" with Burton** The most recent Burton album on ECM Records *Passengers*, is receiving excellent reviews. Featured on the album is ECM Artist Eberhard Weber on bass. Back up personnel includes Pat Metheny - guitar, Dan Gottlieb - drums and Steve Swallow - bass.

● **Percussion Workshop No. 1** One of Gary Burton's best known examples of his technique is his use of four mallets. The most outstanding element of this technique is the proper use of voicings and the contrasting extension of these voicings.



The dampening pedal can also be used to further extend the sound voicing possibilities. Voices can now be "STACKED" upon another, while isolated tones can be added to already ringing voicings.

Gary Burton believes it is of equal importance to consider both contrast and variety when selecting voicing. Range of voicing and positioning within an harmonic structure add to richer colors and a more interesting chord movement.

Drum Beat is brought to you by Ludwig to keep you up-to-date on the world of percussion. Comments, articles, questions, anything? Write to Drum Beat:

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JANUARY 26, 1978
VOLUME 45, NUMBER 2
(on sale January 12, 1978)

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Cover Design: Kelly/Robertson

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MAHER PUBLICATIONS: down beat, MUSIC handbook '78, down beat daily.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please allow four weeks for your change to become effective. When notifying us of your new address, include your current down beat label showing your old address.

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3379 to down beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

CABLE ADDRESS: downbeat

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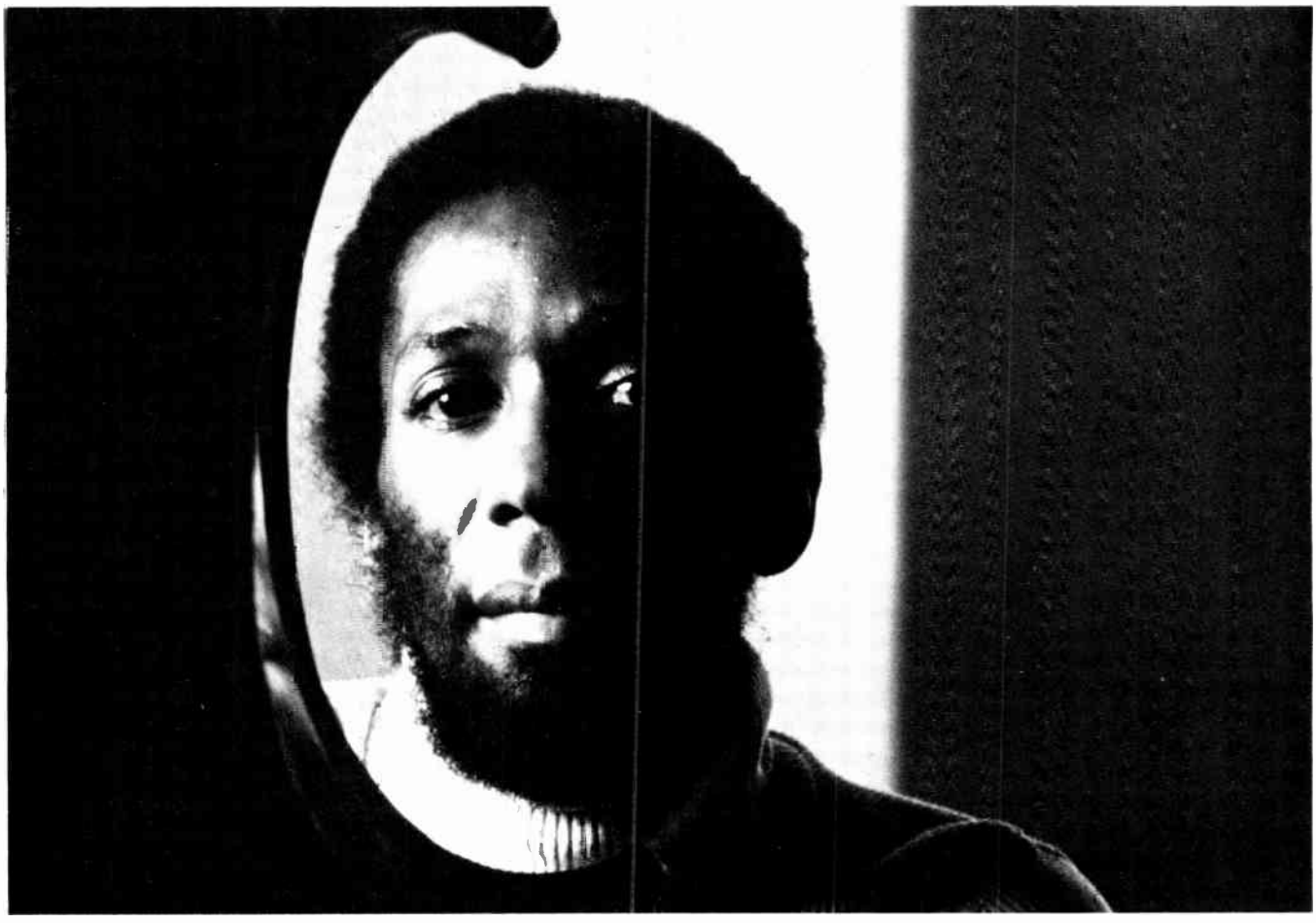

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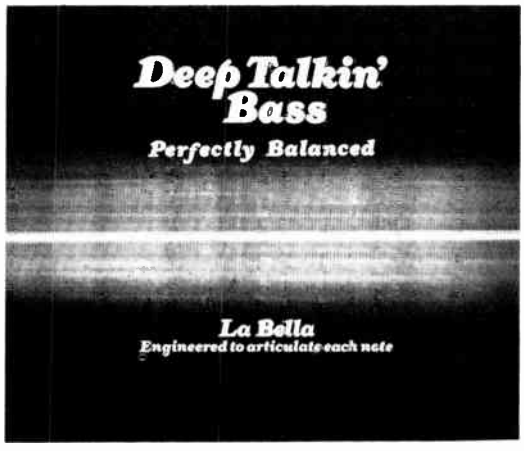

La Bella. The most versatile acoustic bass strings in music.

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BY CHARLES SUBER

Both Ron Carter and Lew Tabackin, featured in this issue, share similar attitudes toward music and music education despite dissimilar family backgrounds.

Carter, born in 1937, grew up in and around Detroit as part of a large family where self-discipline and sacrifice and music abounded. His first playing, on a cello rented for 50 cents a week, was in the grade school orchestra and family string group with three sisters. He took up bass in high school, gigged for money, and won a full scholarship to Eastman School of Music. His formal jazz education came from jamming in Detroit clubs, with post-graduate work in the New York City scene. But a good part of his mature development was shaped by the condescending attitude of white educators to black children playing classical string music, and his experiences as the first black player in the Eastman-Rochester Philharmonic.

Lew Tabackin, born in 1940, grew up in Philadelphia in a non-musical family. He started playing flute (he really wanted the clarinet) in the elementary school orchestra. In junior high school, he got into some jazz on clarinet and tenor sax. He was good enough, on flute, to make the all-city orchestra and thence, on a full scholarship, to the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music. He paid his own tuition to get a jazz education in jam sessions and big bands in New York City.

Carter on today's music education: "Whatever the enrollment of the black student population at the major music schools, [the students are] being geared emotionally, technically and musically to take a place in a musical organization other than the jazz community."

Tabackin on his conservatory education: "I felt like an outcast because it was a very stuffy school and I actually gained very little from it . . . after I saved a few dollars and moved to New York which I felt was the beginning of the real conservatory—the real music school."

Carter berates the big music schools—Juilliard, Curtis, University of Michigan, U.C.L.A.—for their non-involvement in jazz. He also chides those colleges with jazz programs for treating jazz as something less than classical music, for treating the jazz musician as someone less serious than the orchestra string player or the opera singer or the ballet dancer.

Tabackin: "I think there's a lot lacking in [the jazz education program]. If someone's serious about being a jazz musician, the education thing doesn't really get into it very strongly—I think it's more the studio musician concept."

A sad side comment on the early school education opportunities offered to Carter and Tabackin: both Detroit and Philadelphia are severely cutting back their school instrumental programs. The vines are not being pruned; they are being uprooted.

Another victim of budgetary-induced insanity is Blindfold Testee Dr. Yusef Lateef (doctorate at U. of Mass.-Amherst) who is on an "involuntary sabbatical" from Manhattan

continued on page 46

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Milt The Master

Thank you for your profile on Milt Holland (12/1). I have admired his work since he played the old Jack Smith radio show with Frank DeVol's band back in 1949. He completely blew my mind. I realized then that he was a master drummer.

It's a shame that so few people know him. Thanks . . . for giving him some much deserved exposure.

Bob West — Denver, Col.

Universal Cymbals

In regards to your article on the cymbals with Louie Bellson and Billy Cobham: To comprehend the totality of new age music and the real developments pertaining to composition, drums, cymbals, etc., we must understand that the artist is the tool of God's expression of the sound-pitch relationships governing all spheres of life on this planet and beyond.

The artist-musician-drummer-composer should begin to evaluate the situation in which all of humanity is involved. It is no longer sufficient to portray the myth of cymbals, snares, Eb, voice or the spirit with the limited scope portrayed in the past.

William J. Hooker — New York, N.Y.

Wanted—New Benny

John McDonough's "The King Swings On" (11/17) was an excellent update on Benny Goodman, particularly in light of the upcoming 40th anniversary of the 1938 Carnegie Hall concert.

But those of us who have followed the Goodman bands over the years are disappointed that Benny does little recording these days. We depend, instead, on the steady flow of bootleg recordings and the occasional reissue from a major label.

Isn't there some way to persuade the King to go into a studio with Basie, Bellson, Buddy Tate or Flip Phillips and some of the old pros, mixed perhaps with a Warren Vache and a Cal Collins? I'm speaking about the kind of session Norman Granz succeeds so well with, one that wouldn't produce "the same old thing."

Don Cass — Asbury Park, N.J.

Pacifica Communicator

I recently read an article in the 11/3 issue dealing with a new radio station in Washington, D.C., Namely, Pacifica, WPFW—89.3 FM.

I am an avid listener of that station and have nothing but praises for its jazz format. Such a station as this was indeed long overdue. Hats off to Arnold J. Smith for bringing WPFW to the attention of **db's** vast reading audience.

The article devoted a considerable segment to the disc jockeys of the station. I couldn't help but notice the omission of several top notch d.j.s, one of which is "The Communicator," J. Byron Morris.

"The Communicator" has presented the public with a most unusual collection of music. His shows are tastefully sprinkled with personal interviews of such notables as Jackie McLean, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Joe Williams, Dave Bailey, Monk Montgomery, Art Blakey, Billy Eckstine, Rudy Rutherford, Andrew White, John Malachi, "Jim Billy" Morris, Vishnu Wood, John Stubblefield, Marva Josie, Randy Weston, George Russell, Muhal Richard Abrams, Dan Morgenstern, Clifford Brown's wife Larue Watson, and Ken McIntyre to name a few. In addition, he has interviewed individuals who were close friends or classmates of other great musicians.

Add these interviews to carefully planned musical formats and you can imagine the great listening experience offered to the public.

Elizabeth Morris — Silver Spring, Md.

Berg Bombed

Who the hell is Chuck Berg anyway? An issue of **db** doesn't go by without Berg either getting in a five star review or a Caught piece that puts the subject above God.

After all, Chuck, Bird hasn't risen from the dead yet!

Don Murphy — Riverside, Conn.

Case Closed

In Mr. Richie Bee's letter (*Funky Surrender*, 12/1), Mr. Bee asks the question of whether you can work up a sweat listening to Charlie Parker.

We would like to answer this question of Mr. Bee's with a resounding YES. We can work up a sweat just trying to tap our feet on the offbeats of the Bird's tunes.

How can Mr. Bee even start to compare people playing funk to the Bird? The Bird's the greatest and the Bird lives. Case closed.

Joe Stevenson/Barry Bernhardt — Kirksville, Mo.

NEWS

RAHSAAN DEAD AT 41

GIUSEPPE G. PINO

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, master of improvisation and multi-threat reed instrumentalist, passed away December 5 after giving two concerts in Bloomington, Indiana. He was 41 years old.

Roland Kirk was born virtually blind; he could discern light only. From age nine he wanted to play the trumpet, but doctors warned him that he would completely lose his sight if he played the difficult brass instrument. The closest he came to trumpet was a device of his own called the "trumpophone," a trumpet fitted with a soprano saxophone mouthpiece. His main ax was the tenor, but he played all of the reed family, some not even mentioned in the Harvard Dictionary of Music. He created instruments that could be played simultaneously, and after an incapacitating stroke in 1975 he continued to devise methods of playing two of them at the same time—with one arm.

His was an indomitable spirit. His sense of humor, too often overlooked by journalists, carried over into his playing. Into the fabric of uniquely Kirkian themes you'd suddenly hear Beethoven, which Kirk would build into an extended coda. He rewrote Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saens *(March On, Swan Lake and My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice)* with a wit that perhaps only Mel Powell writing for Benny Goodman could muster, or Eddie Sauter for the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra.

At first called down for gimmickry, Kirk's three-horns-at-once approach to his music was soon taken seriously. He played manzello, stritch, clarinet, tenor and flute, added siren, whistle, an electric box and various other instruments, all of which he wore around his neck when he appeared on stage. He created his own tracking system by playing complex harmonies with specially designed key configurations.

For those interested in such things, he was born Ronald. He had a dream which told him to change his name to "Rahsaan." He was brought to the attention of Charles Mingus and played with the bassist's group in 1961, making his initial N.Y. appearance at the old Five Spot Cafe the following year. The response was controversial, but all agreed his was a new voice in jazz. "I do everything for a reason; nothing is a gimmick," he said. "I have to do what I feel." These words were printed on a sheet distributed at his memorial service at St. Peter's Church, at which many of his friends spoke.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk followed in the paths of the great saxophone colossi—Parker, Coltrane, Hawkins. While his singular contributions were less revolutionary than those giants, his outpouring of energy and the constant seeking of truth in his playing drew followers. "He was more of a gifted son than a patriarchal father," one said. "He wasn't here long enough for us to evaluate him," said another.

One of the speakers at the service, Mark Davis, lamented the fact that "the crosses he bore for the music still need carrying, the crosses that tormented and killed him." No matter what the medical records state (and **db** was unable to ascertain exactly what the causes of death were), Rahsaan was a victim of a search for enlightenment. He turned down lucrative gigs stating that that was not where the music was. "That's not what it's all about," he would say. "It's about the MUSIC."

He drove himself mercilessly, working out almost from the onset of his stroke. Against all odds, he began the arduous road back by playing at a bar called Sparky J's in Newark, N.J., not long after his release from the hospital. After his initial appearance at the club, he appeared mildly miffed at the fact that anyone should be around him at that point in his rehabilitation.

Two members of his last group, trombonist Steve Turre and pianist Hilton Ruiz, both expressed admiration for Kirk. Interviewed when they were actively engaged in Rahsaan's tours, each said, in essence, that wherever Rahsaan led, they would follow.

Musicians paid their homage to Kirk at the St. Peter's service. Playing were Ron Burton, Mattathias Pearson, Perkins, Russell Procope, Dick Griffin, Hannibal Marvin Peterson, Clifford Jordan, Sonny Stitt, Major Holley and Walter Bishop, Jr. Todd Barkan, friend and proprietor of the Keystone Korner in San Francisco where Kirk's *Bright Moments* was recorded, spoken, as did Betty Neals, lyricist of *Theme For The Eulipions*, Bill Carney and Sonny Brown, his last drummer. Reverend John Garcia Gensel presided.

It was Barkan who related the response Rahsaan gave to someone who shouted for the blues one night: "I am the blues; I am the blues in your cup of coffee; I am the blues in the jelly on your toast; I am the blues in the cloudiest day; I am the blues in the bones in your closet."

He was buried in his native Columbus, Ohio, and he left all of us the huge legacy of his incredible music.

POTPOURRI

Chicago-based deejay **Joe McClurg** has moved his nightly jazz show to **WCFL** in the Big Windy. Joe's jamboree blasts forth from midnite to six a.m. daily.

●

Abilene Christian University will hold the ACU Jazz Festival on April 14-15. Clinician judges will include **Glenn Daum, Pat Patterson, John Pearson** and **Roy Burns.**

●

Anthony Braxton has assembled a new group. The lineup consists of **Leroy Jenkins,** violin; **Ray Anderson,** trombone; **Brian Smith,** bass, and **Thurman Barker,** drums.

●

The U.S. will have to do without the services of **Thad Jones** for the next half year. The veteran big bandleader has decided to take up residence in Copenhagen, in order to conduct the **Danish Radio** big band.

●

Watch for a new collaboration featuring **Warne Marsh** and **Lee Konitz.** The disc was recently recorded in Italy and will be released here on the **Pausa** label.

●

The $2000 **Ella Fitzgerald Scholarship** has been awarded to **Sharon Thompson** by the **Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation.** A full semester of music theory and a full semester of voice lessons will be granted to the 20-year-old Flora Purim aficionado, who says she's considering sending a singing thank you to Miss Fitzgerald (on a Memorex tape, of course). The scholarship was established by Ella last fall, during a two-day honorarium for **Count Basie** produced by the Parker Foundation.

Chuck Mangione is scoring the music for a film called *The Children Of Sanchez,* starring **Anthony Quinn** and **Delores Del Rio.** The movie will premier at next year's **Cannes Festival.**

●

"The Friends Of Channel 10," KLVX-TV in **Las Vegas,** have approved a special television jazz show about the **Las Vegas Jazz Society.** Still in the preliminary planning stages, no date for the program has been announced as of yet, but we'll keep you posted.

●

Lionel Hampton is preparing a tribute to **Miles Davis,** complete with music by **Gerry Mulligan, Woody Shaw** and the **Jazz Workshop.** Rumor has it that Miles will make one of his increasingly rare appearances.

●

The **Preservation BeBop Band** is a new West Coast sextet consisting of **Lou Levy, Frank Rosolino, Conte Candoli, Warne Marsh, Fred Atwood** and **John Dentry.**

●

Saturday Laughter, an unpublished **Duke Ellington** work, was recently premiered at the **Peachtree Theatre** in **Atlanta.** The work, which is set in South Africa, was produced by a theatrical company called the Just Us Theatre Company.

●

Songstress **Morgana King** recently pacted a contract with **Joe Fields's Muse Records.** Her first effort will have **Helen Keane** producing and **Joe Puma** directing.

●

Drummer **Ralph MacDonald** recently finished producing a soon-to-be released waxing by flutist **Bobbi Humphreys.** **db**

NEWS

From SoHo To Paree

NEW YORK—A series of live broadcasts to Paris, France that was initiated on an experimental basis has been continued on a steady basis from a loft club here.

Axis-in-SoHo, the loft that is an art gallery by day, played host to the second of a series of live satellite broadcasts to the City of Light. Starring Beaver Harris and the 360 Degree Experience, the broadcast was tied to the debut performance of the group at Axis. The group, featuring Hamiet Bluiett, reeds, Francis Haynes, steel drums, Sunil Gar, sitar, Cecil McBee, bass, and David S. Ware, tenor sax, with Harris at the drums, played a 45 minute set that was far from technically free, transmission wise. But the musicians sat around and generally enjoyed the camaraderie of the small, invited audience while awaiting their signal to proceed.

The first such transAtlantic transmission was with Harold Ousley from the now-defunct New York Jazz Museum. Producer Dan Dahl told **db** of his plans for future broadcasts. "We're planning a diverse program from as many diverse places as possible," Dahl stated. "The next one will star NRBQ, a punk outfit, from a 50-beer joint in Chicopee, Mass. Then some Otis Blackwell from an equally native place. Some reggae with Max Romeo, Ray Barretto, Arthur Blythe, maybe from a recording studio, Bonnie Raitt from Boston, Atlanta Rhythm Section from Atlanta, Karl Berger/Ed Blackwell/Don Cherry from Woodstock and others like that."

Staff Add

The most recent addition to the **down beat** staff is assistant editor Chuck Carman. Reared in Galesburg, Illinois, Carman's recent labors have included moving furniture with the well-known Windy City-based Checkmate Movers, as well as consulting work with the Head Start Child Development program for the federal government and the City of Chicago. He is currently attending Loyola School of Law in the evenings.

Along with these activities, he has maintained a long-standing interest in most musical genres, with a taste that embraces both Cecil Taylor and the Sex Pistols. Chuck should bring further flashes of spontaneity and enlightenment to these pages.

Buddy Enters Second Hall Of Fame

NEW YORK—Buddy Rich, who has won just about every major music honor, was recently awarded what he considers his most prestigious prize when at a noon luncheon in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Sheraton Hotel, he was ushered into the Martial Arts Hall of Fame.

Buddy, who just turned 60, is a second degree black belt in karate and was honored for his excellence in karate and his contribution to the popularization of the sport by the World Professional Karate Organization and World Karate Magazine.

16 persons have been voted into the Martial Arts Hall of Fame this year.

FINAL BAR

William (Sonny) Criss, Los Angeles-based alto saxophonist, one of the early exponents of bop, died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the heart in his Wilshire district home on Saturday, November 19. He was 50 years old.

Criss was featured with Dizzy Gillespie at the Monterey Jazz Festival last year, played the Beale Street reunion in Memphis this year, and was preparing to go to New York after an upcoming tour of Japan to record for Muse Records, his new label.

Born in Memphis on October 23, 1927, Criss moved to Los Angeles when he was 14. After graduating from high school, he played with Gerald Wilson, Howard McGhee and Johnny Otis.

During the '50s, he played with the Lighthouse All Stars and toured as a sideman with Norman Granz, Billy Eckstine and Buddy Rich. From 1959 to the present, he toured as a solo artist, living and working in Europe from 1962-1965.

In the mid-'60s, Criss cut seven LPs in three years for Prestige, including *This Is Criss* (his best selling album), *Rockin' In Rhythm, Up Up And Away* and *Catch The Sun.*

Criss did not record from 1969-1974. In 1975 he cut *Crisscraft* and *Out Of Nowhere* for Muse, and *Saturday Morning* for Xanadu. His last two albums were *Warm And Sonny* and his recent *Joy Of Sax,* both for ABC/Impulse.

"To me," said his close friend Bob Porter, "he was a great saxophonist who raised his fist to the world and said, 'I'll do things my way!' He always said his musical credo was 'Don't play no bullshit music under your own name.'"

Criss leaves his mother and his son, Stephen. Catholic services were held in Los Angeles.

●

Lester Koenig, founder-owner of Contemporary and Good Time Jazz Records and one of the most widely respected producers of jazz recordings, recently died of a heart attack at Kaiser Hospital in Los Angeles. He was 58.

Koenig came to prominence in the 1940s as a film producer, achieving notable commercial and artistic success with such films as *The Heiress,* featuring Olivia DeHaviland and Montgomery Clift, and *Roman Holiday,* with Gregory Peck, Eddie Albert and, in her first starring role, Audrey Hepburn. The repressive political atmosphere of the late 1940s, with the widespread blacklisting of film workers which was one of the results of the investigation of the motion picture industry by the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives, resulted in Koenig's ceasing to produce films. It was jazz' gain, for in 1949 Koenig, a longtime jazz fan, established Good Time Jazz Records, with the initial releases of the popular dixieland group the Firehouse Five Plus Two. In the years that followed he devoted all his energies to the recording of jazz and allied musics.

With the formation a few years later of Contemporary Records, Koenig expanded the scope of his recording activities to provide, as he noted, "a chronicle of developments in jazz since the early '50s when we recorded such West Coast artists as Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, Hampton Hawes, Lennie Niehaus, Art Pepper and the Lighthouse All-Stars," all of whom he recorded extensively. The label's start coincided with, but was not limited to the rise of the so-called West Coast jazz movement of the early and middle 1050s.

Contemporary's recording activities are best viewed as providing a balanced and, in the main, intelligent coverage of some of the major tendencies of the musical scene of the 1950s and '60s, the period of the label's greatest activity, with particular reference to the Los Angeles area where the label was located. Comtemporary, however, was not limited solely to localized jazz developments for, as Koenig noted, "As new talents appeared — on both coasts — we gave them a chance to be heard. Curtis Counce, Buddy Collette, Leroy Vinnegar, Harold Land, Red Mitchell and Ornette Coleman made their first albums as leaders for Contemporary, and Cecil Taylor, Benny Carter, Sonny Rollins, Art Farmer, Benny Golson, Phineas Newborn, Jr. and Teddy Edwards broadened the catalog artistically and geographically."

Koenig in more recent years had recorded Jimmy Woods, Prince Lasha, Huey (Sonny) Simmons and Woody Shaw. In the last few years, however, the label had released only a handful of new recordings.

In the weeks prior to his death Koenig was working closely with saxophonist Art Pepper on the selection of material for Pepper's next Contemporary albums. Koenig had recorded the altoist extensively during the latter's recent Village Vanguard appearance, and the two met on an almost daily basis to review the nearly 20 reels of tape recordings made during the engagement.

"He treated all his musicians with great understanding and compassion," drummer Shelly Manne, a longtime Contemporary Records artist, told Leonard Feather. "At a time when jazz seemed to be in trouble, he always had faith in the music he believed in, and continued to record on the basis of artistry rather than commercial success. He was one of the great men of our business."

Koenig is survived by his wife, the former singer Joy Bryan, and four children.

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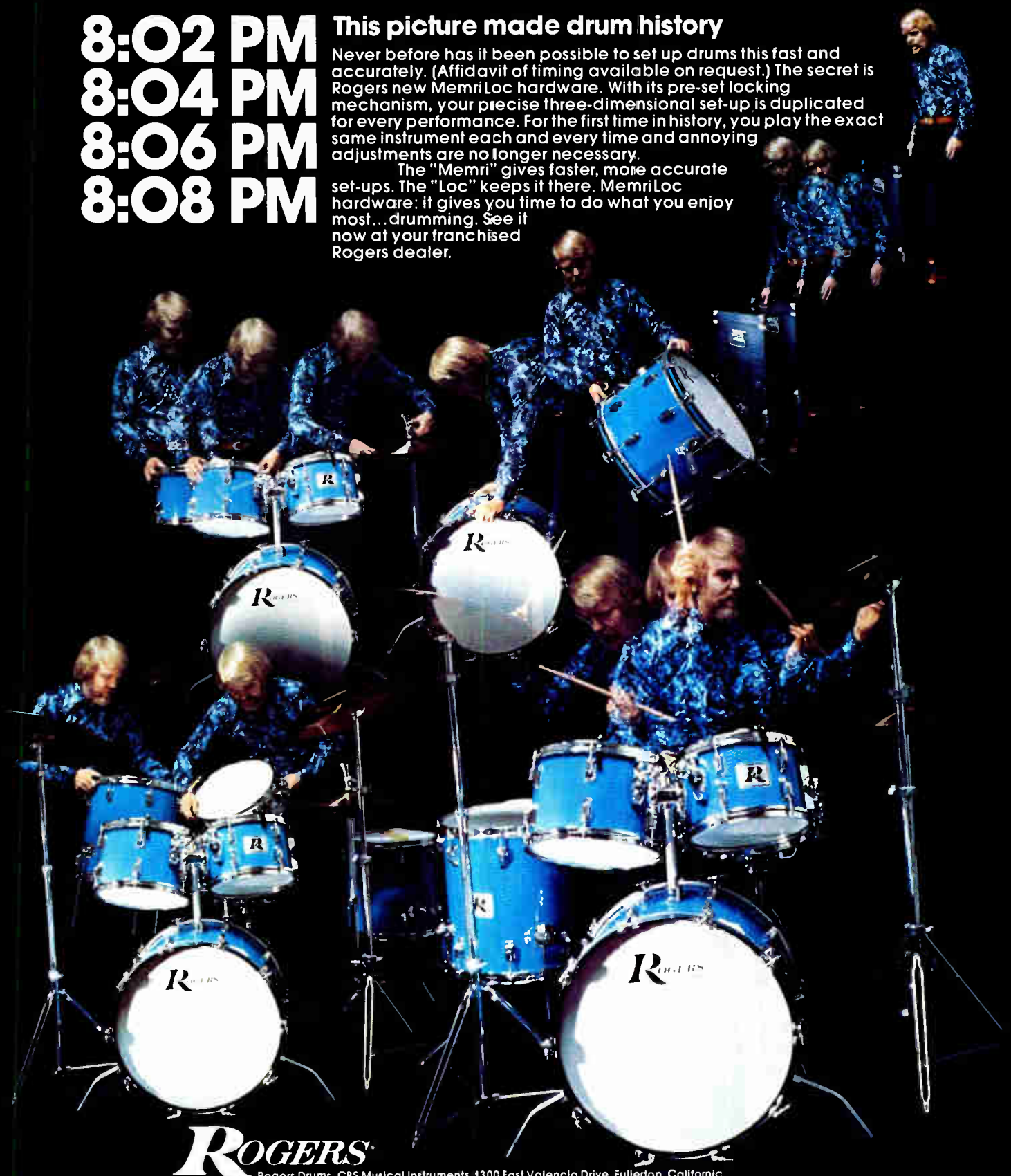

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RON CARTER

THE COMPLEAT ARTIST

BY ED WILLIAMS

HENRY J. KAHANEK

The general assumption is that one's ability to perform in a superior manner is solely the result of cumulative intellect; and that achievement of "superior status" in one's craft is the offspring of that intellect alone. Such notions tend to propose that we can somehow manipulate ourselves into positions of "excellence" or "superiority" without first *becoming* those qualities. Imposters are born of such notions.

Ron Carter, not unlike Muhammad Ali or Sir Lawrence Olivier, is superior not so much because he *tries* to be, but because what he *is* demands a certain level of performance. Study, practice and application are indispensable to anyone who would succeed but his success flows from a deeper, richer source.

It was 11:40 in the morning when I entered the stately lobby of this fabulous pre-war structure that stands along Manhattan's fashionable West End Avenue in the '70s. It's a very private residence (the doorman must use a key to engage the elevator upon its ascent to a specified floor) where some of the world's most prominent families live. I was on my way up to spend some time with one of them, the Ron Carters. The Carters are: Miles, the youngest son; Ron Jr., the eldest; Janet (Mrs. Ron Carter); and Ron, who had just finished putting some logs on the fire when I arrived. We sat in their spacious living room amid original paintings, sculpture—both wood and stone—and cacti. Brilliant sunlight poured into the room from all sides.

Williams: Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers. Is there somebody in your background who stands out, somebody who gave you something that you still carry with you?

Carter: It has to be my parents, who instilled a high level of discipline, a high level of sacrifice to get somewhere else. If, for example, I would rather play baseball in the afternoon, practicing cello at the time would be a sacrifice from playing baseball. The cello could lead me somewhere else that baseball couldn't take me. The discipline involved in practicing the music while making this sacrifice of not being outside playing baseball is a whole other level. Discipline and sacrifice all had a reason, even though at the time I couldn't agree.

I'm from a large family, and at one of the graduation exercises for one of my older sisters, the principal made almost two separate speeches. One speech was dedicated to the white kids and one was essentially dedicated to the black kids, although it was the same speech. At this school you could go from kindergarten to the eighth grade. He encouraged the white kids to go on to junior high and beyond. The black kids—well, he seemed to think that they were lucky to just be in the eighth grade. He couldn't even conceive of the black students being able to spell, let alone having higher goals. After that speech, my mother resolved that every one of us would not only finish high school, but college too, and go on to whole other levels of endeavor.

Williams: You were really saved by your parents.

Carter: I wouldn't necessarily say saved. I think that they were the kind that would want their kids to finish college anyway. But this principal had the audacity, at a graduation exercise, to say that all you white kids are prepared for high school and all you black kids got to dig ditches. That was a bit much. While I'm sure that my parents did not need any outside inspiration to see to it that we were successful in our education careers, this principal only made the spark bigger in my house. Of course, he didn't know it. That situation gave me an early sense of the kind of value society placed on our worth, and it gave me the chance to understand that those values certainly did not hold true. Furthermore, with the kind of discipline and sacrifice my parents instilled in us, we were destined to "overachieve," at least according to the expectations society had for us.

Williams: You're from Michigan, but not Detroit.

Carter: A small town—it wasn't even a city then—called Ferndale. A two-mile square area of unpaved streets and dusty lanes. A community of large families. It was nothing then to have a family of ten or 12 kids and parents working. It was nothing new, and birth control wasn't even in the dictionary at that time. It was just a small community that bordered on our town line by Detroit, to which we moved when I was in the eighth grade. My father, who was a bus driver for the city of Detroit, had to move there in order to keep his job. So I became a Detroit resident at age 14.

Williams: I'd somehow imagined you having grown up outside Detroit.

Carter: Well, I think the first 14 years of your life you're growing up. And, assuming that the situation you're being brought up in is of a certain type, by 14 you are essentially grown up, in terms of forming your values and standards—in my case, developing a discipline and a sacrifice to make the talent I had blossom.

Williams: I'd played this guessing game with myself, based on the Ron Carter I know. You've always seemed to be the product of what I'll call in quotes "professional parents." Doctor, dentist, lawyer, teacher.

Carter: Ah, as your definition of "professional parents" applies, my parents were not professional. My mother did days, my father had a year of college before he moved to Ferndale from Terre Haute, Indiana. At that time, fire departments weren't hiring black people, police departments weren't hiring black people. Bright, young black people weren't being encouraged to develop their talents. Man, my father is a great mathematician, but in the 1930s it was unheard of for a black person to be encouraged to bring out a great genius in math. So he ended up being a bus driver in terms of profession or occupation.

Williams: That was a highly regarded job at the time.

Carter: The big time. He had a steady paycheck every week. He had a vacation if he wanted to take it. My father had eight children and never took a vacation; he never took a vacation in 20 years.

Williams: How many children?

Carter: Eight. He didn't take a vacation in 25 years, man. So what my parents instilled in us was a sense of professional pride, a sense of responsibility to ourselves, respectfulness to-

ward them. We went to church a couple of days a week, as most families in our community did.

Williams: Sunday? And when else?

Carter: Wednesday.

Williams: Was that prayer meeting?

Carter: Like a youth kind of meeting—you know, where you learned scriptures in general. It was non-denominational.

My parents also instilled a sense of communal awareness in us. My father had to be to work at six o'clock in the morning; but he would get up at four and shovel the snow in front of our house and both houses on either side of us. They were older people. When it rained, he'd unclog the drains of all the people in our immediate area. "This is where we live," he'd say, "protect what is on either side of us." When my brother and I got big enough, we'd do the same thing. Another thing—in black communities then, there'd be five generations in one house.

Williams: Was there much music consciousness in your home or immediate surroundings?

Carter: Ah, as you know, music has always been a part of the black community, even if the only music available was in church singing. I'm not sure how it is now, but then someone would come around to each school with instruments, and if you wanted to take lessons, you'd raise your hand and choose your instrument. It was that kind of musical introduction. I'm not sure how it was decided we would all play something.

Williams: All of the children played?

Carter: All of us, at some time, played some instrument. Two of my oldest sisters, myself and one of my young sisters used to play string trios—violin, viola, cello and piano. We'd play these little string arrangements for the local teas and all that stuff. My father would sit there, and my first impression was that he couldn't read music, but he would know if someone played a note sharp or flat or the wrong note. He'd sit there and read the newspaper and smoke his pipe and work the crossword puzzle. If the wrong note went down, he'd call us and say, "Hey, you got to go back to measure 'A'."

Williams: Well . . . did he read music?

Carter: I'm sure he didn't but he could make banjos. Cigar box, a stick, some rubber bands and he'd tune it up, and it'd be right.

Williams: That's the height of musical sophistication.

Carter: That's special talent. He could draw like an artist draws. You know, in perspective with the trees in the background and all that stuff. He'd do all that with innate talent. As I look back, it's really unfortunate that the times then really would not allow any black person to have the inspiration or the facility to develop this kind of genius. Plus, there were no black role models to model from. I'm not talkin' about Jackie Robinson, I'm talkin' 'bout Benjamin Banneker, W. E. B. DuBois. A lot of the black heroes were around, but people weren't allowed to be aware of them. And naturally the facilities for going to specialized schools were really closed. Art or mathematics or whatever talents you had, if you weren't a doctor, that was the end of your ball game.

Williams: I am in total agreement with what you're saying; and I am amazed at the larger picture that is emerging from what you are saying. I mean, here you sit, a highly and very successful creative artist, the progeny of parents who, despite the prohibitions and restrictions on themselves, still managed to ignite and then nurture the seeds of genius until they could manifest in you. And for all I know, in your brother and sisters. Another thing—string instruments? Not a clarinet or saxophone or even a guitar in the group?

Carter: Certainly they were instruments that were not necessarily of our time. The nearest strings that I recall black people playing then other than those small dixieland bands in New Orleans were the Delta Rhythm Boys playing the blues on the guitar. Certainly, back then there were no blacks visible in any of the major orchestras, since there were none anyway. I'm not sure how we got involved in string playing as opposed to a real jazzy instrument—you know the clarinet or the "seditty" piano playing in the parlors; I just recall that's the way it was. Somehow, the sound of the cello was the sound that I guess I felt that I could see the most possibilities in. I mean, it was beat up and banged-in, you know, the general shape that instruments are in when they're handled by eight, nine and ten year olds. It wasn't a thing of beauty physically, but I could hear something pass the sound that people were playing for us

Williams: So you got into the instrument right away, without any conscious resistance to a string instrument?

Carter: Oh, for me, that was it. I knew that that thing could do more than what the teacher was doing with it.

Williams: What age were you when you started playing?

Carter: Ten. I just knew that this instrument, that I could get to it.

Williams: What kind of music were you hearing at that time other than church music, or religious music?

Carter: Primarily religious music you know, maybe some marching bands on the radio, maybe a concert every now and then. But there were no real facilities for a big musical event centered in our small two-mile square neighborhood.

Williams: What about records?

Carter: I can't remember hearing too many records at that age. Radio was a big thing then. There were always concerts on the radio of some kind. NBC, Toscanini live on the radio from Carnegie Hall in New York or wherever he was playing. You know, radio checks. But I hadn't decided what kind of music I was going to play. I really hadn't decided at age ten to be a musician per se. I knew this instrument had something I could get out of it.

Williams: There were some great territorial bands around at that time, the middle or late '40s. Were you aware of any of them?

Carter: Other than knowing that they were in the general Detroit area, no. Didn't have the money. Around the '40s there were some major riots in Detroit when the sailors came back from the war and my parents were always concerned about us going downtown and just happening to be there at the time they rioted. And we weren't necessarily interested in going downtown and gettin' beat up, no way.

Williams: What kind of musical instruction were you getting at that time?

Carter: Well, initially the teachers came around to each school for a kind of class lesson. You know, all the string players would get together and play for a half hour under her tutelage and then the next half hour would be the wind players and next the brass. Then one hour a week we'd take the small chamber group, they'd put us all in the same room and we'd play these half note arrangements of these classical pieces. That was my first ensemble, school ensemble playing.

Williams: Did you own your cello at the time?

Carter: You could rent them for something like 50 cents a week or a month.

Williams: Could you take it home with you?

Carter: Yeah.

Williams: Did you practice a lot at home?

Carter: Yeah, I logged a lot of miles during that time.

Williams: Were you devoted to the instrument?

Carter: Ah . . . I was dedicated to getting to a lot of the stuff that I couldn't hear. I didn't get devoted until the following year. A lot of times, initial interest in a lot of people in certain things fades out when they see there is more to it than meets the eye, whether it is basketball or cello playing. Over the course of the next six or eight months or so, a lot of those who saw the instruments that they wanted to play, found out there was more than tutoring that makes things work. Of those in my age group, it appeared to my teacher that I had the greatest amount of talent. She told my parents she should like to see me take some private lessons. She seemed to feel that I was developing way beyond her level of keeping up. Somehow my parents found the money. At that time you had to pay about four dollars.

Williams: That was a lot of money.

Carter: Yes, it was really expensive, you got eight kids, the war is going on, you got red and blue food buttons. But they found the money. I don't know where it came from, it wasn't any of my concern. All I know is they told me I was gonna take some lessons and they were gonna pay for 'em.

Williams: When did you begin to study privately?

Carter: The following year. As we got older, around 15, they used to have string orchestra contests where you would go into a city like Grand Rapids after practicing a solo at home and you would play for these judges. They would rate you one, two or three and give you a certificate indicating your performance was worth rating. My family, my sisters and I put our black school—it was the only one in the district—on the map. The judges knew these four "Carter Kids" coming from the Grant School in Ferndale, Mich. could play. Me on cello, Judy on viola, Wilma on violin and Sandy played piano.

Williams: So you have three sisters?

Carter: I have six sisters, but the quartet was the middle range of sisters. Later when I graduated and went to high school, I played in what they called the all-city orchestra. This orchestra was made up of the best players from the Ferndale school system which consisted of 12 schools. They'd decide where you'd sit in the orchestra, based on your ability. All along I was studying and improving so I decided that I wasn't going to keep sitting in the fifth chair. I challenged the guy in chair one, we auditioned, and I took the first chair. The more I became a good player, the more visibility I got as this young black boy from Ferndale, Mich.

As the orchestra levels increased, I would be asked to participate accordingly. It got to the point where, of all the chairs in the section, and they had like 15 or 16 cello players, mine was the only one that went uncontested.

It was around this time that we all moved to Detroit. I enrolled in Cass Tech, which is a major high school where you could major in

continued on page 42

LEW TABACKIN

TABACKIN ROAD

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Much has been documented about the life and times of the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band (**db**, June 3, 1976), and a feature dealing with Toshiko and her music appeared Oct. 20, 1977. Gradually but inexorably, during the period since they put the orchestra together almost five years ago, Toshiko's co-leader has earned the wider recognition commensurate with his individuality and assurance as a tenor saxophonist and flutist.

Tabackin is not the kind of personality you are likely to find running around promoting himself, or even talking (unless gently prodded) about his own capabilities. Quiet-mannered, with a dry sense of humor and a passive manner curiously at odds with his forthright blowing personality, Tabackin is rarely seen without a tenor, a flute or a pipe in his mouth; the pipe is often unlit but it's always there during moments of relaxation.

During the years with Toshiko, Lew has toured Japan many times, starting in 1970, and has developed many concerns that are obviously a consequence of his interest in his wife's cultural heritage. (Japanese food ranks high on this list.)

Lewis Barry Tabackin was born in Philadelphia on March 26, 1940 (the birthdate given in *The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Seventies* is typographically erroneous). The rest of the biographical details were gathered during a recent interview at his North Hollywood home.

* * * *

Feather: Was your family musical?

Tabackin: No, not at all.

Feather: What did your father do?

Tabackin: He worked for a greeting card company, in the factory.

Feather: How did you start getting interested in music and studying?

Tabackin: I got interested in music in school—the Philadelphia school system. They would lend students instruments and have some kind of instruction where teachers would come to the school. I wanted a clarinet, but I couldn't get it, so they had one flute and they had three students trying to get this flute. The way they selected a student was whoever could get a sound from the head joint. One person got a sound out of it, I almost did, and one didn't get any sound. So the person who did get a sound decided he didn't want it, so I got it. I wasn't so thrilled about it anyway—it wasn't my dream to be a flute player at that stage in my life. It was something to do, but I wasn't very serious about it.

When I got into high school and started to hear some of the kids play in the jam sessions between classes, I thought it was kind of nice and got inspired to find out what jazz music was about, and that's how it actually got started.

Feather: Was jazz the first music you were seriously exposed to?

Tabackin: Well, my mother tells me that when I was a kid she used to take me to the theater when I was three or four years old where they had stage shows and the bands would play. They'd have a movie and a stage show and some of the bands would be Lionel Hampton, Cab Calloway, Count Basie. Also I had a next door neighbor when I was a teenager who was interested in jazz. He was a couple of years older than me and I looked up to him. He would play records for me and I became interested in jazz. Then I became interested in music in general—I didn't really have much of a feeling for music before that. Playing flute was just something to do and it didn't have any meaning.

So I got started playing in junior high school. And when I was 15 or 16 I started playing in a band—I think it was Frankie Avalon, of all people. His father had access to a hall where we could rehearse, and I hadn't played the saxophone, but he said they needed a tenor and I figured, well, it shouldn't be that difficult. At that time I had started to play a little bit of clarinet and I just went out and got a Conn tenor. And in two weeks I was playing it in my little band—or I tried to anyway.

Feather: Was that just an amateur thing?

Tabackin: Yeah. It was kind of a strange experience because I didn't really know what was happening. I was just kind of trying to follow along. From there I started to go to jam sessions, which maybe weren't that great, but for me at that point they were very inspiring—just learning by trial and error actually.

Feather: Was there anybody well known today?

Tabackin: No, I don't think too many of them hung in there. But there were a lot of players around town I was listening to.

Feather: How did you get to go to the conservatory?

Tabackin: I had been playing the flute in the all-city orchestra, and my parents wanted me to go to some kind of school—it would have been a drag if I hadn't gone to any school—so since I played in the all-city orchestra I was able to audition for a scholarship. So I auditioned with my flute, clarinet and tenor saxophone. It was kind of a traumatic thing, but I guess I passed the audition, because I got a scholarship. I figured I might as well see what that's about, so I spent four years in the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music.

Feather: Did you do much professional work during that time?

Tabackin: At that time I was trying to learn how to play jazz and I'd go out and try to play and get it together. I kind of neglected my school studies—I felt like an outcast, because it was a very stuffy school and I actually gained very little from the school. I accomplished most of it on my own, although there were a couple of good experiences—I studied a bit with Vincent Persichetti, a classical composer, and I was very much into his class. I also had a couple of good flute teachers, and although at the time I wasn't really serious, in later years I drew on what I had learned with them. Most notably Mary Panitz, who was first flutist with the Philadelphia Orchestra. So that was my conservatory experience.

Feather: So you graduated in '62? What happened to you between then and '65 when you went to New York?

Tabackin: The Army happened. It wasn't a completely negative experience—it *was* at first, but it got me out of Philadelphia, which was important. Otherwise I might have stayed there and gotten some local gig and I might still be there today. But I played—I wound up in South Carolina, and after I got out of basic training I started a gig, working once a week in a little club, and there were some sessions in the black part of town. There was a lot of activity. You could find activity almost any place you went. In my last year I was in the Asbury Park area in Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and I met some good musicians there. I met Tal Farlow there and used to sit in with him. Don Friedman used to come in and I'd play with him. I played a lot of organ trio jobs in New Jersey, which makes you quite strong. So after that I saved a few dollars and moved to New York, which I felt was the beginning of the real conservatory—the real music school.

The first job I had with a band was with Les Elgart—I went out with him for a couple of weeks, and after that I started to work with his brother Larry on a weekend basis. From there, through some strange twist of fate, I wound up with Cab Calloway for a while, and that was like night and day.

Feather: Did he have a big band then?

Tabackin: Yeah, he put together a big band to do a two-week tour and to play a couple of times at the Riverboat in New York. It was a great education for me because I met a lot of musicians from a different generation, and I was very inspired by people like Eddie Barefield and Doc Cheatham and George Dorsey, who wasn't quite in that generation but was a very big influence on my playing in a sense. Also, Garvin Bushell, Sam Taylor.

Feather: That might have something to do with why you relate so well to that kind of tenor sound.

Tabackin: Well, it was interesting, because I just sat in the band. But all of a sudden I realized that after the shock of the first few years, after just relaxing, I felt very comfortable playing in that situation. It felt very natural in that type of a section, whereas in the Elgart situation it was always a kind of holding back—they didn't use any color—it was always just straight. But this was a whole different experience. We got to play some Buster Harding arrangements, which were really extraordinary, and some early Johnny Richards. I guess I played fourth tenor when I first joined the band. Then when Sam "The Man" Taylor left I moved over and played his chair and had a chance to play a lot of solos. Then I heard about Chu Berry, you know, and I kind of checked that out.

I think the next gig I got was with Maynard Ferguson, which was interesting in a way, although Maynard wasn't quite together in those days. It was kind of a haphazard situation, but

it was fun.

Then I started to work with the New York local bands and worked with Clark Terry, who got me the gig. I worked with that band for maybe about four years. Duke Pearson started a band and I worked with his band; Chuck Israels started a band and I worked with that band; Joe Henderson started a band and I worked with that. In fact, sometimes in concerts I'd play with two bands and I'd just stay up on the bandstand. I don't know why a city as big as New York would have so much duplication of personnel.

Feather: When did you play with Urbie Green and Bobby Rosengarden?

Tabackin: Urbie Green was after Maynard—it didn't last too long; it was basically a Riverboat thing. The Rosengarden thing I started around '69. I think it was. Doc Severinsen started a group, and I started working with him, and it led to working quite a bit on the *Dick Cavett Show.* Even though it was a different network, we'd meet people in the same area of the music business. I also did quite a lot of work with Thad and Mel during my whole stay in New York.

I also did a lot of Blue Note recording with Donald Byrd, and also a couple of small group things in clubs—just straightahead blowing things, nothing like what Donald does now. That was the pre-rock 'n' roll days.

Feather: So you had your own trio in '68 and '69?

Tabackin: Yes. We worked in a club called La Boheme, which doesn't exist anymore. Jimmy Lovelace was the drummer and the bass player would vary. The job didn't pay very much money, but I would take a few jobs and save enough money to be able to play there. I would work there for a month or two at a time. It was really great playing in that situation, in a pianoless group. It made me very strong. I enjoyed it.

Feather: When did you first go overseas?

Tabackin: The very first time was in 1961, I think. I went on a summer cruise with a band from college—a student cruise ship. I stayed in Europe for a month and actually played quite a bit. I met quite a few European musicians, mostly younger musicians who would play in small clubs. It was great, because at that time I was very much into Coltrane, and it was kind of new for them over there. This gave me instant recognition, so I was able to work. I was just coming into town and would wind up getting gigs. I met Niels-Henning—I think he was 16; Palle Mikkelborg—he's quite a prominent musician in Denmark now.

The second time I went to Europe was '69. I went there with the Jazz Workshop, in Hamburg. We worked with the Danish Radio Orchestra and later toured with a quartet—Daniel Humair, George Gruntz, Chuck and myself, which was really very nice. I enjoyed that. I also enjoyed playing the small concert halls—the musicianship was very good.

Feather: When did you meet Toshiko?

Tabackin: We met in '67, I think. Anyway, we met. That's one of Toshiko's great stories, and she should probably tell it. But I was working in Clark Terry's band and she was subbing for Don Friedman. She was getting ready to do her Town Hall concert and the tenor player that she had hired, or tried to get, was Joe Farrell, but Joe went out with Thad and Mel and he couldn't do it. So she was looking for a tenor player, and Bill Berry, who was the contractor, had recommended me. Toshiko didn't know me, so she was a bit skeptical. But anyway, she heard me play at rehearsal and she couldn't see me because the rhythm section was separated from the band. She was kind of impressed, but she didn't know who I was. And that's how we met. We did a couple of small group gigs, in Hartford, Conn., and another Jazz Interactions thing. But I didn't do her Town Hall concert—I went out with Thad and Mel to California. Anyway, she never quite forgave me.

So we started working a bit and we thought it would be fun to start rehearsing the quartet, which we did, and it was really quite enjoyable. Then in 1970 we went to Expo in Japan with the quartet—Mickey Roker and Bob Daugherty—and it was the beginning of the Japanese tours. There was one in '71, with a different quartet—Tootie Heath and Lynn Christie.

Feather: When did you start with Doc regularly?

Tabackin: Around the end of '69, I think it was. He started a smaller group and gave mostly college concerts on the weekends. That's how we started.

Feather: You weren't doing the *Tonight Show* at first?

Tabackin: No. I did subs in the NBC staff orchestra.

Feather: When did you actually become a part of the *Tonight Show* band?

Tabackin: Actually I didn't until we moved out here, because there was a staff and a different situation in New York. In Los Angeles you're paid on a daily basis, not on a weekly basis, so it's much more flexible as to having more musicians.

Feather: How do you feel about working in big bands as opposed to combos? You've had more big band experience than most people get nowadays.

Tabackin: Before I came to New York I had no big band experience and I didn't care to have any. I moved to New York, though, and found it was a natural thing for all musicians to play in big bands—they all had done it, and at an early age they would go out on weekends with Buddy Morrow or somebody—one of the Dorsey bands, whatever. . . . It was a part of the life of at least a white musician in New York.

When I came to New York I immediately went to the clubs and would sit in. In fact, the first place I went to was a place called The Dom. I was told that you could play there, so I went there and was quite nervous. I was actually very shy and I had to force myself. Tony Scott had a group there and he would go through a kind of ritual audition—if you passed the audition you became a regular sitter-inner. So I got through that and all these people like Kenny Dorham would hang out there and would be kind of like the judges. They would watch you play . . . it was a very scary experience. But I got to meet a lot of players and would go down there quite regularly.

The interesting thing that happened was that Tony Scott started a big band because he had so many guys coming in there. So he tried to organize it, but he wasn't too successful. When I got the gig with Les Elgart I could hardly read a big band chart. None of my experiences had related to that situation. So it was a very strange experience. Actually I think I'm a victim of the Peter Principle.

So all the time I was playing with big bands I had been rehearsing and playing with a lot of small groups.

Feather: But you didn't feel the frustration that some musicians feel sitting in a section?

Tabackin: I felt very frustrated and it would really kill me. I had to learn to deal with that, because I was used to getting up on the stand and playing. The thing that saved me, I guess, was by not being that good of a section player, it was a challenge trying to psych out how to come to terms with this music. So that helped from that point of view. But it is a frustrating thing when you come from a small group background.

Feather: Didn't it get less frustrating when you got with more interesting bands like Thad and Mel?

Tabackin: Yeah, I think so. That's a big difference. You get with bands and when you become a regular member—when you come to terms with their music and they come to terms with your playing—they allow you to function in the way you can.

Feather: I notice on this list of names . . .

Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Chu Berry, Coltrane . . . did they all play a part in forming your tenor style—were you aware of pretty much all of them?

Tabackin: At different times. Actually, the first tenor player I heard in my life was Al Cohn. That was the first sound I got, or tried to get. I thought I came pretty close at the time. I started to listen to different players. You could go to a record store and listen to the record—you didn't have to buy it because there were listening booths. So I would go to these record shops, and I heard Sonny Rollins. That was kind of a shock because his style was so different.

I finally heard about John Coltrane. I even went to a club in West Philadelphia when I was 16 years old to try to sneak in because I heard about this guy John Coltrane playing in some bar in West Philadelphia and he was supposed to be really great. So I went up there and there was a nine-foot bouncer who wouldn't let me in. But I peeked in and could sense the aura of it—I don't know how to describe it but it was an awe-inspiring kind of thing. I could feel something was happening. He used to play quite a bit in Philadelphia. He used to break in a group or new material or a new concept he was working on. He would usually play at the Showboat and I would go listen to him all the time. I was overwhelmed by the whole thing.

I tried to emulate him for a while, but then I realized it was a dead end to do anything like that and that it wasn't the right thing to do. But I had also heard other players—like Pres, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins at that point, in the early part of my career, really didn't do that much for me. I think he was a little bit beyond my grasp. I could relate to Ben Webster because of the simplicity and the warmth, and I could relate to Pres because of the buoyancy—I was attracted to that sense of swing he had. I heard records of Byas and I was impressed with his control of the instrument—I loved the way he handled the instrument.

But later on, maybe in the last five or six years, I've developed a stronger appreciation for Hawkins. I appreciate the power that he had. His sense of swing is not exactly what I hear, but I relate to his power and his ability to just blow everybody off.

Feather: The person you're most often compared with is Rollins.

Tabackin: Yeah, well, I used to listen to Sonny. The first group I heard in person was the group with Jim Hall. I used to go hear him in Philadelphia, and what I felt about his playing was a sense of history that none of the other tenor players on the same scene had. He had a much wider scope than any of the other players. He seemed to draw on the whole history of the instrument, which inspired me to do the same thing. I sensed that that was the key to developing a personal style and the key was to go back and investigate the family tree and see the similarities between the players—not look for the differences so much. Because I could hear a lot of Lester in Sonny Rollins at that time. During that period I heard Pres kind of creep into his playing a little more.

I just realized that these elements were happening and just felt that that was the answer for me—to investigate the different giants and see if I could draw from them, not in an obvious way but in an essential way. And I felt that maybe I could come up with something that was personal. So that's basically been my ambition.

Feather: Your flute playing—everybody points this out—is based on a very different set of values. I suppose it's more academic and quite a contrast to your tenor playing—they are two different approaches.

Tabackin: That's what I tried to maintain. It's kind of an interesting thing. It's frustrating because basically I'm a jazz purist, in a sense, which is probably a derogatory term these days. But I kind of feel a sense of tradition. Somehow I don't hear the flute in a real jazz context; for me, it's not necessarily jazz, if I use my own rigid standards. But I'm trying to use it as a means of expression—it might not necessarily be jazz, but I think it's valid, and it is another aspect of my personality that I can express with the flute. And since I've been doing it more in the last few years, I'm beginning to feel that I can be a more powerful soloist than I used to be. Before, it was basically a pretty thing. When I played with Chuck Israels' band, he would write pieces for me to play and they would bring out that kind of French flute attitude that I had.

Now, in dealing with the music that Toshiko writes, I've had to draw on different sources, and I feel that I'm beginning to develop a stronger means of expression on the flute. But I don't know if I'll ever become a jazz player in the sense of, say, James Moody.

As far as the flute is concerned, I can strongly say that there's no real influence in the jazz sense. If I accomplish something it will be my own thing; whatever value it has, people will have to come to terms for themselves. But my basic flute concept comes from—I used to listen to a lot of William Kincaide records, and later Julius Baker and Rampal and some of the younger classical flute players. I'm attracted to that sound. Most jazz flute players don't get much of a sound and it's difficult for me to listen to them. So I basically listen to classical flute players. I do listen to Hubert Laws; he's a virtuoso flute player. I like the sound that he gets although I don't always like the music that he plays.

Frank Wess is a flute player who's underrated, I think. He's a very strong player.

Feather: What about advice to young players? I know that's a very general question. . . .

Tabackin: I've done a few clinics, but I'm not a great supporter of the jazz education program. I think there's a lot lacking in it, which is a whole other story. But if someone's serious about being a jazz musician, the education thing doesn't really get into it very strongly—I think it's more the studio musician concept. But if someone's serious about jazz, the first thing to do is a lot of listening. I think most young players don't hear much music. They think the tenor sax was started with John Coltrane. So they have to investigate the history of the instrument a little bit.

Also, they should play a lot. Practicing is very important, but a little bit of experience through trial and error is a great way to learn. When you discover something on your own, it's something that stays with you and becomes very personal. When someone tells you this scale works with this chord, or whatever, it's just an abstraction. But when you come to realize it on your own and you come to organize your thoughts in your own way, it's very meaningful. I think lots of playing and lots of listening is really the key.

Feather: And you would probably suggest that it include big band playing too?

Tabackin: I think it's according to what you feel is important. I don't think big band playing is important if you want to be a great jazz soloist. But for practical experience, if you're planning to become a professional musician and do various types of work, I think then you have to look at music in a different way and gain big band experience as well as small group experience. Then you have to be prepared to get into the doubling situation, which is very important.

I think there's a separation between being a jazz musician and being a studio musician. Many times these are lumped together, but I think there's a lot of difference in what tools are required.

Feather: A lot of the musicians in your band are part of both worlds—they're very good soloists and they're also very good studio musicians. There is such a thing nowadays as somebody who manages to maintain his jazz integrity while working in a studio.

"I don't think big band playing is important if you want to be a great jazz soloist. But for practical experience, if you're planning to become a professional musician and do various types of work, I think then you have to look at music in a different way and gain big band experience as well as small group experience. . . ."

Tabackin: Obviously you can do it, but I think it's important to point out the fact that there are people who devote their whole lives to being jazz musicians and who don't have the desire or the inclination to play in a big band or any kind of commercial situation.

Feather: I was looking at it the other way—if you are forced to do that for a living, it doesn't necessarily mean that your creative juices dry up.

Tabackin: Oh no. I think it's all according to how you handle that situation, your priorities. Every time that I worked in a commercial situation, I realized what it was, and my dreams are still intact. Through the years I might have been doing more commercial work than jazz work, but in my heart I knew what it was and all my thoughts and my energies—even though they might have been directed inwardly—were geared towards a feeling of being a jazz musician.

Feather: What about the tape equipment you have at home? How do you use it?

Tabackin: My main reason for having the tape equipment is to judge recordings that are made—whether they're small group recordings or big band recordings. I try to get the most accurate sound I can possibly get. So my equipment is geared for that. I have a 15-inch TEAC tape recorder which I use to play master tapes to try to evaluate the mixing or equalization or whatever. I don't practice much with the tape recorder, but occasionally I'll turn the cassette on if I'm trying to judge a

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JACK BRUCE

Low String Eclectic

BY STANLEY HALL

The '60s were a decade of great upheaval and change in popular American music. In those ten years, rock went from wishy-washy pop-oriented two minute-and-20-second saccharine love songs to an amorphous style that could and did incorporate all forms of music: the feeling of urban and rural blues; Oriental and far-Eastern modes; drug-tinged lyrics; space-age sound effects and lengthy instrumentals characteristic of jazz. One of the most important groups responsible for the latter was Cream.

Guitarist Eric Clapton, drummer Ginger Baker and bassist Jack Bruce comprised what many consider to have been rock's finest power trio and set a trend for thousands to imitate. While Jimi Hendrix sent the electric guitar to outer space and Bob Dylan was busy forming rock's political and social conscience, Cream's approach was "forget the message, just play."

By combining jazz improvisational techniques with the high volume, gut-level impact of electrified rock, Cream laid the foundation for the jazz-rock fusion of the '70s. Without Cream, it would be hard to imagine the Mahavishnu Orchestra or Return To Forever.

Although lead guitarist Eric Clapton was the media focal point of Cream, bassist/vocalist Jack Bruce was the musical heart of the band.

Jack Bruce is essentially a musical experimenter, often ahead of his time. From long instrumental jams in Cream, he moved to a series of pithy solo albums featuring instrumental restraint and imaginative compositions. He also found time to do a tour with guitarist Larry Coryell and drummer Mitch Mitchell and to record and tour with Tony Williams' devastatingly original Lifetime with John McLaughlin.

Bruce also recorded two albums with the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association: Carla Bley's *Escalator Over The Hill* and Michael Mantler's *No Answer*. A band with Carla Bley and Rolling Stones guitarist Mick Taylor failed to jell in '75 and Bruce returned to the studio.

His most recent record, *How's Tricks*, differs from its predecessors in that it is not another Jack Bruce solo album but a recording of a new band headed by Bruce. It consists of English studio veterans Tony Hymas on keyboards, Hughie Burns on guitar and the propulsive Simon Phillips en la batterie.

The Jack Bruce Band is currently touring the U.S., their first tour here and the first American appearance by Jack in over five years. We spoke with him in Philadelphia, half-way through the tour.

* * *

Hall: What material are you doing on this tour?

Bruce: Well, what I'm doing is a composite history of me. We do a certain amount of older material and work through the various types of music I've been involved with up to the present time. That's material from *Songs For A Tailor* up to the current material. In Boston, for example, we did a song by Tony Williams called *Spirit*. (Ed. note: also known as *Wildlife*.)

Hall: You're mainly known as a bass player although some of the things that you've done, like *No Answer* with Michael Mantler, *Escalator Over the Hill* and even some things with West, Bruce & Laing, really brought you to the fore as a vocalist rather than as an instrumentalist per se. Do you find singing more interesting than playing the bass?

Bruce: Well, I sing and play the bass. One complements the other. My singing has come on a bit since I started with Cream, which is when I first started singing. I think when you hear the group, you will notice that I'm singing quite a lot.

Hall: Few people know that soon after Cream broke up you did a tour with Larry Coryell, Mike Mandel and Mitch Mitchell. How long did that last?

Bruce: We just got the band together specifically for one tour. There were no plans to carry on. I worked with Larry and Mike Mandel down at Slug's in New York. I wanted to play with Mitch and I just thought it would be nice to do. It was a pleasant tour. I had a lot of fun.

Hall: It's amazing how you come across such good musicians all the time. You were playing with Cream and then you picked up Jon Hiseman and Dick Heckstall-Smith to do *Things We Like* and *Songs For A Tailor*.

Bruce: *Things We Like* was actually done while Cream was still happening. That was done during a lull with Cream but it wasn't released for quite a while. In fact, *Songs For A Tailor* was recorded after *Things We Like*, but it was released first.

Hall: Most of the material that you wrote with Cream and subsequently was in collaboration with lyricist Pete Brown. How did that come about?

Bruce: I've known Pete for quite a long time. He was what you call a beat poet. We used to do some jazz and poetry things with a thing called New Directions in England which involved a lot of modern poets and jazz musicians and so on, artists of those kinds. We used to get together and do a few things. That's when I first met him.

And then Cream got together. Ginger came down to my apartment; he wanted to write with Pete but it didn't work out with Ginger too well. But we started writing and it's just sort of carried on.

Hall: When you write with him, is there a set pattern to the way it works?

Bruce: No, there's all sorts of ways. Sometimes the lyrics come first. More often the music will come first, or I'll have images suggested to me by the music. We work on that and gradually get the right lyrics. And even though occasionally we've written things separately, they've just fit together because of our empathy.

Hall: When you were with Lifetime, did the band do any of your material?

Bruce: Oh yes, we used to do a couple of my things with Lifetime. We did *Smiles And Grins, A Letter Of Thanks* and a couple of other things.

Hall: On a Polydor collection of Lifetime material, there's a song called *One With The Sun*. You're singing on that tune but it reappears as an instrumental entitled *One Word* on the Mahavishnu Orchestra's *Birds Of Fire* album.

Bruce: That was actually written for Lifetime as a vocal thing. I remember hearing John when he got the Mahavishnu Orchestra together for the first time. I went to one of their early gigs and he was doing it as an instrumental.

Hall: Did you enjoy working with the Tony Williams Lifetime?

Bruce: Oh yeah, it was one of the high spots, and Tony, he's *the* prophet of rhythm.

Hall: Briefly, because some people in the United States might not be aware of it, how did you get your start in music?

Bruce: I come from a musical family. My parents were very involved with Scottish Gaelic folk songs. I used to sing a great deal. There was a piano around and I used to foot around with that. I didn't really get into it seriously until I went to school and had some formal tuition. Then I went to the Royal Scottish Academy of Music for a brief time, but it didn't work out too well. It was sort of old-fashioned. So I just decided to leave and make my own way.

Hall: So who did you play with first?

Bruce: Oh, I played with some local jazz groups. The first group of any note that I was

"What I normally do is sit down and play with piano, guitar and drums. I find that's a very skeletal framework. It also makes the musicians play very economically and listen a lot."

with was Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, with Cyrill Davis on harp, Dick Heckstall-Smith on sax, Charlie Watts on drums, a keyboard player whose name I forget, myself and Alexis Korner, of course, on guitar and vocals.

Hall: It's evident from the things you do and the way you do them, that you're a lot more jazz-oriented than most people working in the rock idiom. You also seem to work on "projects" or things that come out looking like projects, things like *Escalator Over The Hill* and *No Answer*.

Bruce: There's an interesting story about *Escalator*. It took five years to realize. It started when Carla Bley came down to one of the first Cream gigs at the old Fillmore West, and she was struck in particular by me. She had been writing songs and she got the idea of writing this sort of opera, a chronotransduction as she calls it, based on the idea of me with a traveling band. That was how she got the idea and the next step was to ask me to perform in it, which I was very pleased to do.

Hall: Did you meet Paul Haines (lyricist for *EOTH*)?

Bruce: No, Paul Haines lives in India. It's quite strange. He writes in India and sends his lyrics to Carla. He did come over for the recording. I did meet him briefly. From time to time he takes very strange pictures of lampshades and things and sends me odd postcards now and again—just "How you doing," that sort of thing.

Hall: Do you enjoy doing that as much as doing your own material?

Bruce: It's a great challenge, as Lifetime was, because it was very difficult to do technically. A lot of it was polytonal. In a lot of vocals, for instance, I'd be singing notes that didn't exist within the chord, which was quite tricky. For example, with one song in Lifetime, I forget the name, the bass part was in E and the vocal was in C, which is a very unrelated key. So that was quite a challenge and it brought me on a great deal.

Hall: Were you playing with Lifetime simultaneously to doing *Escalator*?

Bruce: Well, *Escalator* took such a long time to do because it was such a large project. Getting the money for it was a problem, so it was done in fits and starts.

Hall: Where did you do your part of it?

Bruce: That's strange as well. I did most of it in New York in the CBS studio. There was one song called *Why*, a duet that I sing with Linda Ronstadt. And I've never met Linda Ronstadt! The backing track was done in New York; the tapes were sent to L.A.; she put on her vocal. The masters were sent to London and I put on my vocal.

Hall: So you did this in three cities via the mail?

Bruce: Yeah, and yet the blend in the voices is quite amazing.

Hall: Was most of *EOTH* written out? Did Carla give you charts?

Bruce: Yes, but I did a certain amount of improvisation on some things, both vocal-wise and playing-wise. The *Rawalpindi Blues* things I just improvised.

Hall: I noticed that you even incorporated part of it in *Powerhouse Blues* with West, Bruce & Laing.

Bruce: I just thought it would be a strange thing to do, so I did it.

Hall: Is this a permanent band you've got now?

Bruce: I've got that feeling about it, yeah. I'm in tune to these people.

Hall: It's been a while since you've been in a band. Most of the records you do are Jack Bruce solo albums.

Bruce: The last record was intentionally a group record and I feel that I'm very much part of this group, rather than just myself as it were. It's very much a group. I enjoy working with them.

Hall: When you come in with a song that you've done, do you come in and tell them what the chords are or do you write out charts for them?

Bruce: No, we throw things around. We threw things around for the one album that we've done so far. On the songs I come in with, they do suggest certain things, but everybody contributed a great deal. And you'll notice two of the songs were written by other members of the band: *Baby Jane* by Hughie Burns and *Something To Live For*, which I think is a very fine song, by Tony Hymas and Pete Brown.

Hall: Speaking of Pete Brown, what's the story behind his band, Back To The Front?

Bruce: Yeah, that's a very fine band. It consists of various people who've been around in England for a while. There are plans for it to come over. At the moment Pete is involved in writing a film for British television. When he's finished that, he's hoping to come over here with Back To The Front. It's a very entertaining band.

Hall: What kind of equipment are you using these days?

Bruce: I'm using a Dan Armstrong fretless bass, a Cerwin-Vega and a Stramp with crossover. Both cabinets are together, not split, with highs from one and lows from the other.

Hall: Do you find it difficult to play a fretless bass?

Bruce: I find it quite natural. The problems come, of course, when you're singing: you can't feel around for the frets, you have to know where the notes are. But having started on string bass, I find it's relatively easy.

Hall: Are you still playing harp too?

Bruce: I haven't got one with me but I'd like to stop someplace and pick one up. It might be nice.

SELECTED BRUCE DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
THINGS WE LIKE—Atco SD 33-349
SONGS FOR A TAILOR—Atco SD 33-306
HARMONY ROW—Atco SD-365
OUT OF THE STORM—RSO 4805
HOW'S TRICKS—RSO 3021

with Cream
FRESH CREAM—Atco SD 23-206
DISRAELI GEARS—Atco SD 33-232
WHEELS OF FIRE—Atco SD-2-700
GOODBYE—Atco SD-7001

with Tony Williams Lifetime
TURN IT OVER—Polydor 24-4021
LIFETIME (BEST OF)—Polydor STD 24-82-179
EGO—Polydor 24-4065

with JCOA
ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL—JCOA 2

with Michael Mantler and Carla Bley
NO ANSWER—Watt 2

Hall: Any plans of taking this band into the studio anytime soon?

Bruce: We finish up this tour and then everybody's going to take a break. As soon as possible this year, we're going to the studio.

Hall: Do you have a large backlog of new material?

Bruce: Yeah. In fact, you were talking about *Things We Like*. That was interesting because most of that material was written when I was a child, 11 or 12. I'd never had the opportunity to record it, but, of course, being with Cream I could afford it. It cost 700 pounds to make that album. It was a pet project of mine, and there's another interesting story about that as well.

It was originally written for a trio: horn, bass and drums. We'd already cut two of the tracks as a trio. While I was driving from the studio, I saw John McLaughlin in the street looking very dejected. He'd been doing sessions and other things which were rather far out for the English scene at the time. I stopped and talked with him. I rewrote the rest of the songs for a quartet and he came in for the rest of it.

Hall: Towards the end of Cream you were playing piano a lot. Do you compose on the piano?

Bruce: I do most of it in my head. I can hear it, but I do sit down at the piano occasionally and play things to make sure they're coming out right. For one album, *Harmony Row*, I just sat down one afternoon and just improvised on the piano and recorded it. All of the songs were written in one afternoon and everything came out in the same order that I wrote it.

Hall: When you go to record these solo albums, do you always put the bass on first?

Bruce: No, it varies. What I normally do is sit down and play with piano, guitar and drums. I find that's a very skeletal framework. It also makes the musicians play very economically and listen a lot. Then when it comes to overdubbing things, you've got a reliable bottom to support it.

There is a danger in that, though. You can get such a powerful three part backing track which is covering so much of the sound spectrum that it's difficult to squeeze in things like 24 multi-track vocals. It becomes difficult to find space to fit them in.

That problem has happened to me on occasion. A couple of times I've had to go back and redo backing tracks.

Hall: Speaking of multi-tracked vocals, one song in particular that is loaded with vocal overdubs is *Out Into The Fields*. Just when you think the song's hit its limit, the voices just go on and on. Astounding piece of work.

Bruce: That was something I was interested in for a while. I've now got a voice Mellotron which I recorded. It's got two and a half octaves or something.

Hall: Are you using it on this tour?

Bruce: Yeah, when we can fit it on the stage. (Ed. note: The gigs in Philadelphia were cancelled when it was discovered that the stage was too small to handle all the equipment. The stage of the Bijou Cafe left Bruce with one square foot between his mike stand and his amp in which to play.)

Hall: Then you can sing harmonies with yourself onstage?

Bruce: It's more like choral backgrounds

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RECORD REVIEWS

★★★★★ EXCELLENT / ★★★★ VERY GOOD / ★★★ GOOD / ★★ FAIR / ★ POOR

V.S.O.P.

THE QUINTET—Columbia C2-34976: *One Of A Kind; Jessica; Lawra; Dolores; Third Plane; Byrdlike; Darts; Little Waltz.*

Personnel: Ron Carter, bass; Herbie Hancock, keyboards; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, sax; Tony Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In spite of himself, this may be, more than ever before, Herbie Hancock's year in jazz. His reorganization of the Miles Davis '60s quintet—of which Herbie was the piano's mainstay—for a brief performance at last year's Newport Festival was a brilliant, propitious stroke of taste (witness the earlier *V.S.O.P.* package). But while that occasion, wherein Freddie Hubbard took the place of the ailing Miles, successfully evoked the stylistic glory of an era seemingly and sadly past, this last summer Hancock *et al* gambled that the music—if not the chemistry—would prove commercially viable anew. They were right. The V.S.O.P. Quintet played for over 100,000 people in both America and Japan, and the artifact on hand, *The Quintet*, documents that those people heard something more than personality and technique: they heard one of the most finely integrated units jazz has ever known, as vital today as it has proven in its various configurations over the last 15 years.

Throughout this two-record set, the Quintet rallies and regales, pauses and pursues with a conviction, energy and resiliency reminiscent of the neo-bop performances of Miles Davis' *Four & More* album, one of the certifiably classic live jazz LPs. It is a music that revels in its unchecked displays, yet is never haphazard, that thrives in its collective vents, yet is never cluttered. Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter form a protean, expansive brass section that sounds far more populous than is the case. Wayne plays as sensually and creatively here as recent memory can recall. His intonation is impishly inflective, quizzical at times, and coils sprightly around Hubbard's post as straightman, the stately guardian of crisp themes. It's a princely pairing.

However, it's the rhythmic network of Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams that is the catalytic heart of this affair. Their pulse is both ironfistedly tense and disarmingly facile, pluckily nervy and confidently telepathic. Carter, typically, is a tonal and metrical anchor, Hancock is sly and prodding, and Williams, refreshingly, is a force renewed, as rambunctious, pushy and deviceful as he's ever been. Together, the five are an uncannily precise, intuitive body, a model of unity.

As much, though, as this is a music of instinct and prodigy, of playing the right phrase in the right place at the right time, it is also a music of full rapport, a product of musicians whose ability to listen weights far more than their facility to play. In the end, there's really only one instrument here, and the album's title tells its name. If these gentlemen fail to continue to make records as affecting as this, it will be a very great loss, but, I'm afraid, more so for them than for us. —*gilmore*

KEITH JARRETT

THE SURVIVORS SUITE—ECM 1-1085: *The Survivors' Suite, Beginning; The Survivors' Suite, Conclusion.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano, soprano sax, bass recorder, celeste, osi drums; Dewey Redman, tenor sax, percussion; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Beginning. Foghorn? No, bass recorder. Redman and Motian enter, Paul with clicking sounds. Haden plucks very sparsely. Motian on shakers, yields to a more voluminous, reiterating bassist. Haden bows a bit, then becomes slightly recalcitrant, as a drum is played. Haden fills in the silenced backbeat, making the percussive instrument sound almost like a tabla.

Next is a duet between Keith on soprano and Redman on tenor. Motian has some fun with his bass drum, then Keith gets in a few bleats. Finally, the piano, which plays parallel, meditative lines with the tenor. A short Redman solo, then Keith overdubs a repetitive right hand pattern with a celeste. He seems to scat, while his left appendage parallels Haden. Celeste, a delicate instrument, fights the latent desire of the music to grow cacophonous.

After a while, ivories fade, and Haden walks with the celeste. Not infrequently popping and scratching, he ascends the scale to the upper range, then the gentle celeste talks him down. Definitely a calming influence.

We then are earwitness to a soprano sax, keyboard overdub. Lots of cymbals underscore a bluesy, nightclub piano. Boasting right-handed clusters of rained notes, it is complemented by Motian's brushes. Jarrett gets caught up between two individual keys for awhile. Haden tries to go awry; celeste talks him down again.

Side two. Redman is panicky, quite frantic. He races with a similarly excited Jarrett, who trails a bit behind. Dewey gets gruff and coarse, downright rude. He squeaks into the horn, all of which ushers in another ivory joust. Dewey has still lost it, Motian off on some cymbal bashing mixed in with a bit of off-time military drumming. He then slows down for a Jarrett roll, which is supported by the heartthrobs of Haden.

Yes, we're coming down to earth. They get into a vaguely Spanish thing. You have to tap your feet even if you abhor flirtations with dissonance. Next is an eerie turn, more bowing, yet the theme still swings.

In comes Redman, a bit Getzian, a different man. No, he's not on Thorazines. Jarrett is still calm, playing some nondescript chord rolls, while Charlie sways to the time. Motian briefly flirts with a paradiddle, then back to his customary splashing. Jarrett's in total command; when he is on his keyboard, all's right with the world. How long can this serenity last?

Here's Dewey again. He's holding it together compositionally. He starts to get harsh, but then Keith takes the floor, leading with Haden as they go into a counterpoint thing. The pianist gets sparse, Charlie fills in the gaps and progresses to a brief solo. He quivers once; false alarm. Shakes again; storm clouds.

On soprano, Keith plays bugle passages, overdubbed with a dirgeful recorder. He's getting throaty, playing higher in the register. The recorder sounds almost like a siren. Only the soprano is then heard. If it were human, you could call it emphysema. There is a growling, roaring bass and furious leopard drums.

All this streams into a soprano-tenor chorus of derangement. The keyboard joins in, oozing cooingly and calming down the reeds. A few straight notes from Redman, then another Jarrett note swarm which gradually surrenders to individual notes. One final muted plunk from Haden. The end. You have survived.

—*shaw*

LESTER YOUNG

LESTER YOUNG STORY VOL. 2: A MUSICAL ROMANCE—Columbia JG 34837: *Getting Some Fun Out Of Life; Who Wants Love; Travelin' All Alone; He's Funny That Way; My First Impressions Of You # 3, 4; When You're Smilin' # 3, 4; I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me # 3, 4; If Dreams Come True # 1, 2; Honeysuckle Rose; Now They Call It Swing # 1, 2; Back In Your Own Back Yard # 1, 2; When A Woman Loves A Man; The Very Thought Of You; I Can't Get Started # 1, 2; I've Got A Date With A Dream # 1, 2; You Can't Be Mine.*

Personnel: Young, tenor sax; Buck Clayton, Harry James, trumpets; Benny Morton, Dickie Wells, Vernon Brown, trombones; Buster Bailey, Benny Goodman, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, Claude Thornhill, Count Basie, Countess Margaret Johnson, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, Gene Krupa, drums; Billie Holiday, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

LESTER YOUNG STORY VOL. 3: ENTER THE COUNT—Columbia JG 34840: *Everybody's Laughing; Here It Is Tomorrow; Say It With A Kiss; I Ain't Got Nobody; Goin' To Chicago Blues; Live And Love Tonight; Love Me Or Leave Me; What Goes Up Must Come Down # 1, 2; Taxie War Dance # 1, 2; Don't Worry 'Bout Me # 1, 2; And The Angels Sing; If I Didn't Care; 12th Street Rag; Miss Thing; Lonesome Miss Pretty; Bolero At The Savoy; Pound Cake; You Can Count On Me # 1, 2; China Boy; Exactly Like You # 1, 2.*

Personnel: Basie band: Buck Clayton, Ed Lewis, Harry Edison, Shad Collins, trumpets; Dickie Wells, Benny Morton, Dan Minor, trombones; Young, Earle Warren, Jack Washington, Buddy Tate, saxes; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Helen Humes, Jimmy Rushing, vocals. Other artists: Harry James, Lee Castle, trumpets; Benny Carter, Edgar Sampson, Herschel Evans, saxes; Teddy Wilson, piano; Glenn Hardman, organ; Al Casey (misprinted "As" Casey on liner), guitar; Billie Holiday, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Columbia continues its chronological collation of classic Lester Young material through the early summer of 1939, moving from the intimate small recording units built around Billie Holiday to the first Columbia sides by the greatest of all Basie bands.

Volume 2 is all Billie Holiday material, save for a superbly edited version of the jam session sequence of Benny Goodman's Carnegie Hall concert that reduces a lengthy role call of solos to a mini-masterpiece resting

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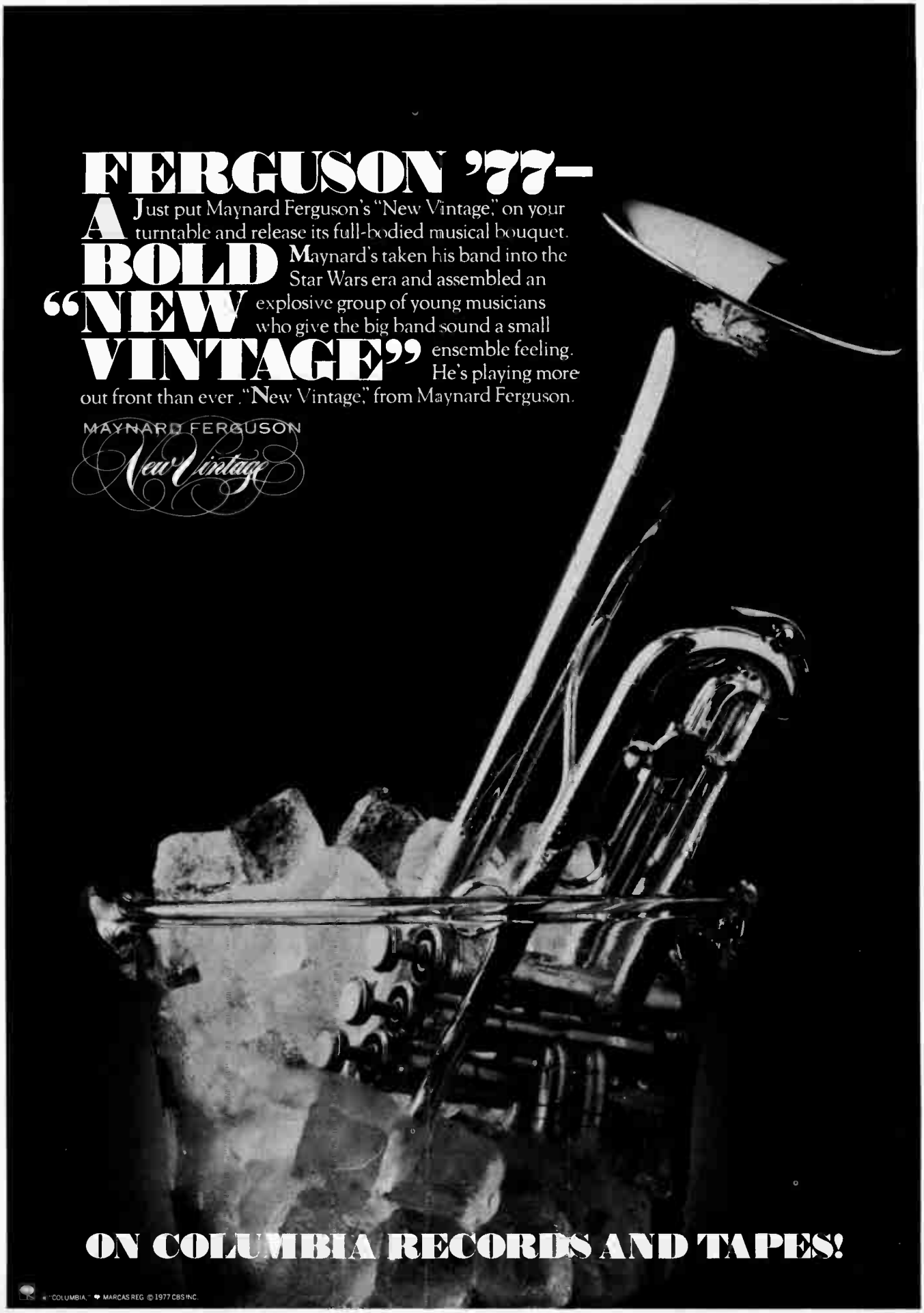

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES!

squarely on two radiant Young variations on *Honeysuckle Rose.*

Collectors are favored with numerous alternate takes, several of which are new to LP *(Dreams # 1, Backyard # 2, Started # 2, Date With A Dream # 1).* Among the most interesting and celebrated comparisons is between the two versions of *Smilin'.* Number 3 is the more famous and boasts one of Lester's most perfectly assembled solos, culminating in a brief passage in which he bounds over a series of triplets. The basic ideas are the same in #4, though not constructed with quite the same savvy. Teddy Wilson is superb in both, bringing a totally different feeling to each performance.

The two *Backyards* are also totally different, # 1 being brighter with a devastating chorus from Lester in which an ideal rapport between horn and drums is achieved, just as if it's the most natural thing in the world. Jo Jones's sublime accents make it almost impossible for Lester to wander astray. Take #2 is slower, less incisive and has fewer turns of phrase of that curiously inverted melodic logic that set Lester above all others. But it's still inferior, as Beethoven's 6th is inferior to his 9th.

After three minor Lester-Billie sides in Volume 3, proceedings move on to what Michael Brooks describes as the "main event," i.e. the Basie band. Young, of course, had been recording with the Basie band since early 1937; but those sides belong to Decca, which has generously made them all available. Although it was the same Basie orchestra, the sound and character of the Columbia Basies is oddly different from his Deccas. Lester was more heavily featured, and the entire band comes to sound more and more like a small group, so perfect is its balance and cohesiveness. This is readily apparent on *Taxie War Dance # 1,* the exquisite *Miss Thing* and *Pound Cake.* It will become even more apparent in coming volumes. As for Lester, his statements on these three tracks are profoundly iconoclastic, particularly the dark, brooding drive of *Pound Cake.* So perfect is his sense of form on *Taxie # 1* that hearing the alternate, on LP for the first time, is like hearing *Moonlight Sonata* played without the black keys. Long time Basie/Young buffs are in for the treat of the year on this one!

The Basie band sounded so intimate and chamber-like, in fact, that one hardly notices a difference in character when the performances actually are by a small group. *Love Me Or Leave Me* and *Nobody* each contain perfectly sculptured full choruses by Lester. *China Boy* (from a later session) is taken at a brisk clip, but Lester slides along with glancing attack, digging in hard only when in dialogue with trumpeter Lee Castle. Try and ignore the organ as best you can. Even when working over something as alien as *12th Street,* Lester achieves remarkable things. He simply discards the rigid rhythmic patterns of the tune and plays as he would do *Shoe Shine Boy.*

Alas, when the band sounds downright bored and routine, as on *What Goes Up, Angels* and *You Can Count,* Lester contributes little to raise the level of interest. These were the commercial Basie efforts of the period. On the other hand, on *Don't Worry* and *If I Didn't Care,* Helen Humes, Basie's finest band vocalist, gives mood and dimension to a pair of good songs.

It is perhaps unnecessarily parsimonious to withhold the highest rating from these classic performances. Surely in the history of 20th century music they are supremely original and masterful, fully deserving of all the stars a writer can muster. But I have tried to rate the volumes of this series not against the totality of recorded jazz but within their own rarified context. Certainly no one would argue that all volumes are of precisely equal quality. Volume 1 contained the best of the Billie Holiday sides; thus five stars. Volume 2 offers several sides of equal power, but fewer than Volume 1. This is what is reflected in the rating. And Volume 3 provides several glimpses of the big band at its height. Future volumes will provide still more. This too is reflected in the rating. It goes without saying, however, that all are recommended without qualification.

Although the intent of this series is to present the complete work of Lester Young, it is apparent that his "work" is defined as performances on which he solos. Mere presence in a section of an ensemble is not sufficient for inclusion. Thus, a couple of classic and a number of more routine Basie charts on which he played will not be included. Already Volume 3 passes over *Rock-A-Bye Basie, If I Could Be With You, Nobody Knows, How Long Blues* and several Billie Holiday pieces such as *Swing Brother Swing.* Presumably the Glenn Hardman session will continue on Volume 4. But in any case, it appears that this series will not bring out *all* Basies on which Lester played. So save your Epics and Taxes, collectors. *—mcdonough*

THE PLAYERS ASSOCIATION

BORN TO DANCE—Vanguard VSD 79398: *Goin' To The Disco; Make It Last All Night; Disco Inferno; We Were Born To Dance; Everything's Gonna Be O.K.; Footsteps; How Do You Like It.*

Personnel: Chris Hills, drums, vocals, guitar, bass, synthesizer; Michael Brecker, tenor sax, Lyricon; Dave Sanborn, alto sax; Jon Faddis, trumpet; Wayne Andre, trombone; Mike Mandel, synthesizer (all solos); L. Leon Pendarvis, keyboards; Freddie Harris, guitar; Steve Khan, guitar; Danny Trifan, bass; Wilbur Bascomb, bass; Nicky Marrero, congas; Mtume, congas; David Earle Johnson, congas, timbales, percussion; Lorraine Moore, Ed Zant, vocals.

★

The Players Association seems to be a profit inspired club of studio session delinquents, intent on issuing product, worthless product. How Vanguard was persuaded to release this plastic platter is surely the well-guarded secret of producer Danny Weiss and multi-threat (dangerously dull) Chris Hills, from whose mind most of these stock arrangements flowed, or rather, chugged.

The disco formula sounds no different as performed by these often pretentious musicians. Though enlisted are a CBS All-Star, a Diz protege, Larry Coryell's ex-alter ego, a Miles percussion discovery and two gritty white hornmen, none of them gets alarmingly personal—how could they, boxed in as they are by bump and spank rhythms and completely predictable harmonies? Notice, however, that no associate must reforge his creative persona to crank this stuff out. As soloists filling itsy-bitsy breaks, both Brecker and Mandel fit in as though perfectly trained in the format. Khan, too, has an affinity for this genre. The percussionists do everything that a machine could do, and no more.

Drop these players' names from your jazz poll nominations. One must eat to live, of course, but with a vacantly gazing model in hideous feathers gracing the album jacket, this product will be rotting in the cutout bins by

late spring. Buy it only when it's offered for less than a deuce, then save it as a doorprize for that obnoxious guest who needs a disco groove, else he/she just can't dance. Record and guest and Players Association deserve each other. —*mandel*

SANTANA

LOTUS—CBS/Sony 66 325 (Import): *Meditation; A-1 Funk; Every Step Of The Way; Black Magic Woman; Gypsy Queen; Oyo Como Va; Yours Is The Light; Batukada; Xibaba; Stone Flower; Waiting; Castillos De Arena (Part 1);Free Angela; Samba De Sausalito; Mantra; Kyoto; Castillos De Arena (Part 2); Se A Cabo; Samba Pa Ti; Savor; Toussaint L'Overture; Incident At Neshabur.*

Personnel: Devadip Carlos Santana, lead guitar, Echo Plex and percussion; Tom Coster, keyboards; Richard Kermode, keyboards; Doug Rauch, bass and percussion; Leon Thomas, vocals and percussion; Armando Peraza, percussion; Jose "Chepito" Areas, timbales and percussion; Michael Shrieve, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

MOONFLOWER—Columbia C2 34914: *Dawn/ Go Within; Carnaval; Let The Children Play; Jugando; I'll Be Waiting; Zulu; Bahia; Black Magic Woman; Gypsy Queen; Dance Sister Dance (Baila Mi Hermana); Europa (Earth's Cry Heaven's Smile); She's Not There; Flor D'Luna (Moonflower); Soul Sacrifice/ Head, Hands & Feet; El Morocco; Transcendance; Savor; Toussaint L'Overture.*

Personnel: Santana, guitar, percussion and background vocals; Coster, keyboards, percussion and background vocals; Graham Lear, drums; Raul Rekow, percussion and background vocals; Greg Walker, lead vocals; David Margen, bass (tracks 1, 2, 7, 8, 13, 14, 17 & 18); Pete Escovedo, percussion (tracks 7, 8, 13 & 14); Areas, percussion (tracks 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 19 & 20); Pablo Tellez, bass (tracks 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 19 & 20); Tommy Coster, Pro soloist (track 7).

★ ★ ★

The permutations, both in style and personnel, of the Santana band have been numerous and unsettling, even for a rock-based group. Indeed, Devadip Carlos Santana himself has been the band's only mainstay, and his caprices both its greatest bain and promise. But since he suspended the expensive delving that marked his *Caravanserai/Welcome/Love, Devotion & Surrender* period, Carlos' determination to make music for the body as well as the mind has resulted in a music more mundane than worldly. To be sure, Santana's talents are securely intact, it's only his better instincts that have been scattered. Why else would he wait until the band was a near-decade old before releasing its first live Stateside collection, and then obfuscate it by intercutting it with a middling batch of studio tracks?

The result, *Moonflower,* is a fragmented effort that, not surprisingly, draws on the past to make some of its most indelible impressions. *Black Magic Woman* leads a fine sequence of live tracks on the second side, a joyous parade of samba funk culminating in *Europa,* a tasty rewrite of Carlos' most evocative composition, *Samba Pa Ti.* The band surges through the side like an inverted bulldozing pyramid, angling out from frontal themes to wide, overlapping layers of percussive and steely joy. Similarly, *Soul Sacrifice* and *Toussaint L'Overture* are confident neck-snappers. Carlos conducts the dynamics with an affable machismo, and his clarion tonality, for all of its dominance, is as commanding for its temperance as for its bravado.

The studio tracks, with the notable exception of *She's Not There,* seem intended as space filler, either slipped between concert selections as thematic bridges or introducing lengthy live sequences. As such, their function seems more textural than musical, although Greg Walker's robust Al Green-inflected vocals are consistently vibrant and soulful in both studio and live settings. The band has long needed a firm and steady vocal signature, and his seems to be both amenable and especial.

All reservations aside, this is a lively, adept incarnation of the Santana band. They are a quintessential modern funk unit, and Tom Coster's keyboard and compositional faculties are as essential to the group's makeup at this point as Santana's divine whims. But for all of its finesse, precision and bluster, this is not a band that flies anymore, and wings that stay clipped are wings that forget how to aspire.

On the other hand, *Lotus* is a three-record import set that documents Santana at the apex of their flight. Recorded during their 1973 tour of Japan, it captures the aural essence of their twin obsessions with mystical and jazz reveries, an engaging blend of impulsive, odd-tempo departures and Sausalito funkiness. In bulk it's weighty, and in several particulars it's meandering and indulgent, requiring a devotion worthy of Carlos' religion to fully wade through. Nonetheless, it's a bold account and several passages are among the most perduring the band ever made.

The most remarkable tenor here is the interaction of the Santana-Coster-Shrieve-Rauch nucleus, particularly the confrontive tempo changes that Shrieve and Santana induce. In many ways, and few unintentional, their interplay parallels the protean, tempestuous quirks of Miles Davis' late '60s bands, when Tony Williams was still the timekeeper,

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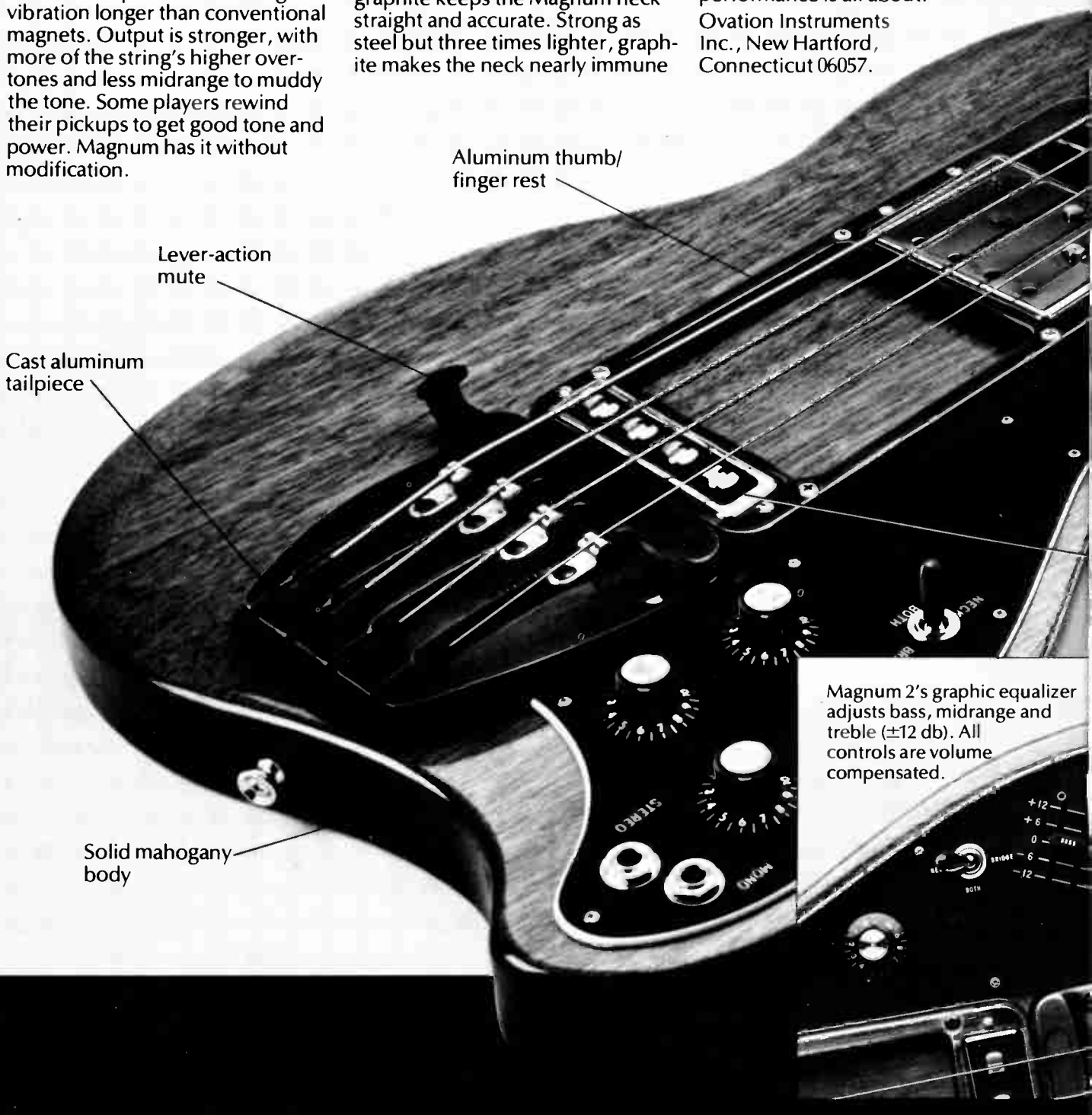

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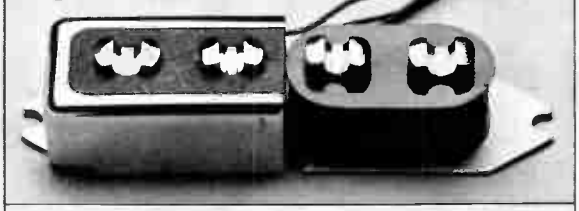
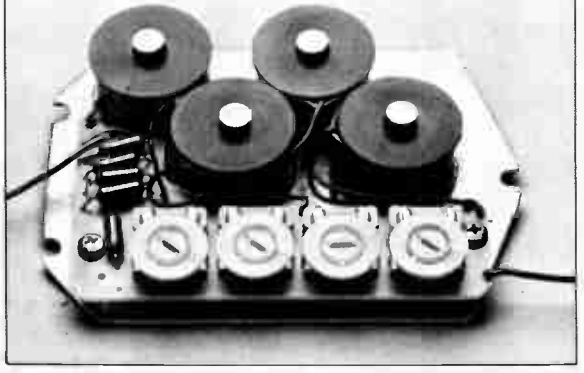


Magnum neck pickup: 4-coil humbucking type.



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dictating a time no clock could keep. These are fiery performances, alternately proverbial and peculiar, disruptive and assertive, menacing and soothing. Like the present band, this one's discipline never flagged, it only recognized a more diverse regimen. Carlos wanted badly to be both the Miles and Coltrane of guitar, and he came damn close, his facile legatos erupting unexpectedly into metallic staccato bursts, then settling into a muted simmer.

Fusion music, in its current state, has become clichéd and verbose, while its early strides are often unjustly dismissed as the bastard offspring of Miles Davis' yearning for a rock audience. *Lotus* sets the record straight: sometimes a new form or an engaging vision requires its excesses, if only to glean the fruitful kernel. But for too long, the garden's gone untended. *—gilmore*

STANLEY TURRENTINE

NIGHTWINGS—Fantasy F-9534: *Papa T; If You Don't Believe; Joao; Birdland; There's Music In The Air; Nightwings; Don't Give Up On Us.*

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor sax; Paul Griffin, keyboards; Eric Gale, Cornell Dupree, Lloyd Davis, guitars; Gary King, electric bass; Ron Carter, acoustic bass; Charles Collins, drums; Crusher Bennett, percussion; anonymous horn, woodwind and string sections.

★ ★ ★ ★

It would be easy to dismiss this album as just another routine foray into the jazz-pop-disco milieu, except that on one hand it's something of a commercial hit (which means a lot of people like it), and on the other, Stanley Turrentine doesn't qualify as a routine tenor player—he possesses one of the most distinctive tenor sounds in jazz.

True, there are certain predictable and calculating formulas at work, but the fundamental question remains is *Nightwings* good at what it's trying to be? The answer is yes.

This is good slick popular jazz and soul—or whatever one wants to call it. What makes it better than many similarly crafted recordings is that Turrentine is playing Turrentine. It is not so much what Stanley plays but how he plays it; his tenor has a compelling sensual quality about it—emotional impact—that communicates quickly and directly. It is this depth of feeling linked with Turrentine's uncanny ear for melody that keeps him from being just another musician out of the jazz context playing through a big studio production.

A great deal of *Nightwings* is devoted to ballad material. Indeed, all of side two except for a solidly funky version of Joe Zawinul's *Birdland* is comprised of ballads that Turrentine's personal tenor voice expertly caresses.

The overall production, with arrangements by Claus Ogerman, is more sympathetic to Stanley's sound and style than some of his other Fantasy outings. *—nolan*

JEAN-LUC PONTY

ENIGMATIC OCEAN—Atlantic SD 19110: *Overture; The Trans-Love Express; Mirage; Enigmatic Ocean, Parts I-IV; Nostalgic Lady; The Struggle Of The Turtle To The Sea, Parts I-III.*

Personnel: Ponty, electric violin, violectra, bells, grand piano (track 7); Allan Holdsworth, Daryl Stuermer, guitars; Ralphe Armstrong, electric and fretless bass; Allan Zavod, organ, synthesizer, electric piano, grand piano, Clavinet; Steve Smith, drums and percussion.

★ ★

What a pity it is that with all of his vast, technical range of command and expertise, Ponty always seems to corral both his playing and arrangements into the most narrow of bags. Any listener knows by now that a Ponty release will feature several medium-paced lick swapping guitar-violin-keyboard selections, maybe a fleeting, token special effects number, and always one mellow, grande ballade.

At times, the playing on *Enigmatic Ocean* lacks the true spark of discovery. Yet although things are generally quite predictable, the brisk pace is a theatrical run-through, demonstrating how to play music of this tired type.

The central crux of this work seems to be in two epics; the four part *Enigmatic Ocean* and the three-section *Struggle Of The Turtle* thing. In both, unfortunately, there seems to be a lack of thematic development. On the latter operation, the flow doesn't even hint at an imagistic attempt. Despite the struttings of technical expertise—Zavod's rolling piano in part two, the madcap bass ride by Ralphe Armstrong in the final section—*The Struggle* bogs down via the thudding stomp of the rather monotonous Steve Smith. He should be further blamed for a distinct lack of imagination; his comment to the archetypal 16 bar Ponty flourish is a hackneyed bass drum roll.

Face it though, folks—for people who haven't heard of Leroy Jenkins and L. Shankar, this guy is it insofar as "jazz" violin is concerned. Considering the generally deplorable contributions of late from other instrumental populist standard bearers, Ponty's monotonous assembly-line approach can be tolerated. *—shaw*

JEREMY STEIG

FIREFLY—CTI 7075: *Firefly; Living Inside Your Love; Everything Is Coming To The Light; Hop Scotch; Sweet Hour Of Prayer; Grasshopper.*

Personnel: Steig, flute; Steve Gadd, drums; Alan Schwartzberg, drums (track 3); Gary King, bass; John Scofield, guitar (tracks 4 and 5); Eric Gale, guitar (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Hiram Bullock, guitar (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Richie Beirach, keyboards, acoustic piano (tracks 4 and 5); David Matthews, arrangements, keyboards (tracks 4 and 5); Ray Mantilla, percussion; Cliff Carter, synthesizer (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Richard Tee, keyboards (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Sue Evans, percussion (tracks 2, 6); Burt Collins, Jon Faddis, Joe Shepley, Lew Soloff, trumpets (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Sam Burtis, Jerry Chamberlain, Tom Malone, trombones (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Dave Taylor, bass trombone; Googie Coppola, vocals (tracks 1, 2, 3).

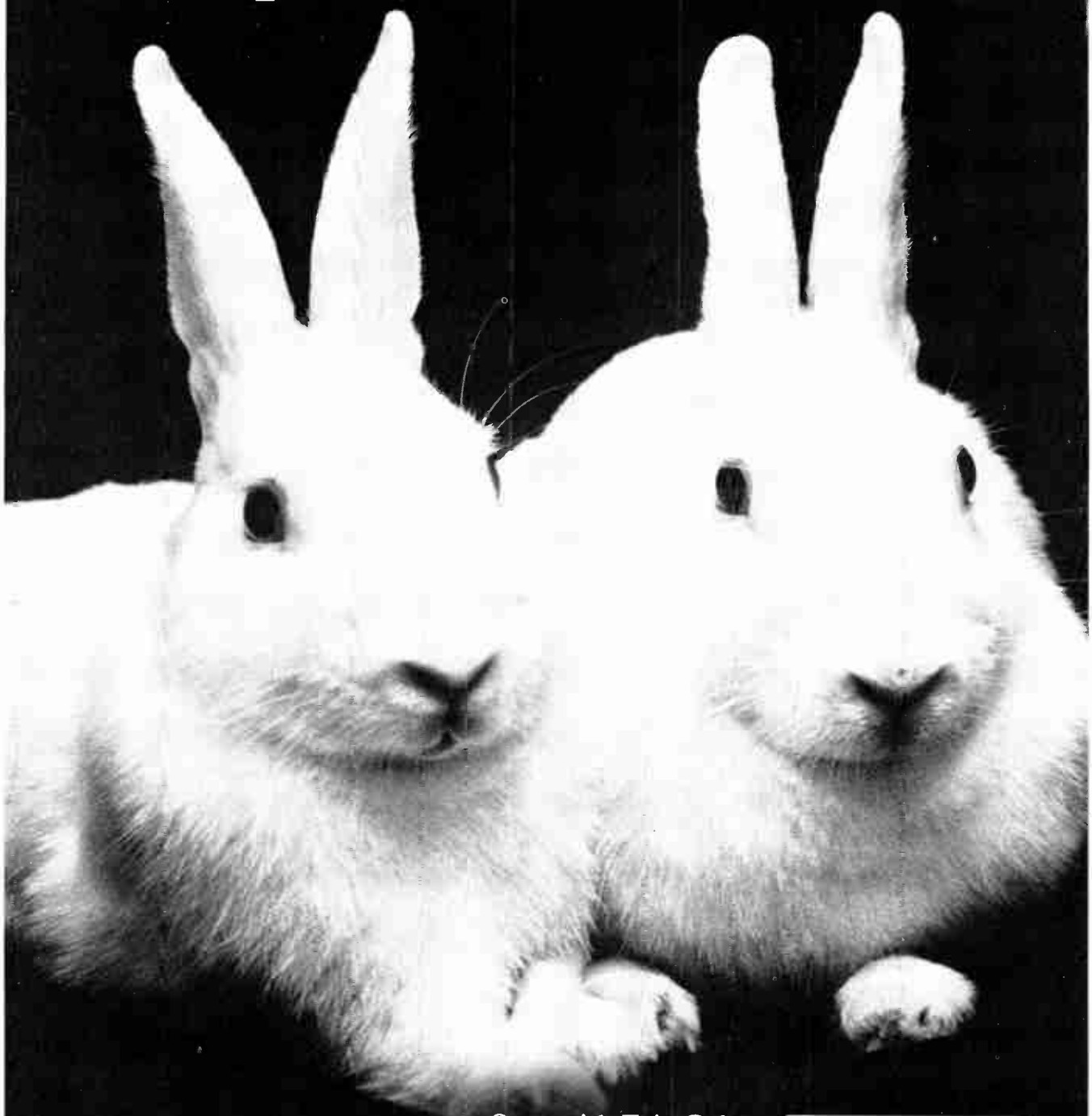
★ ★ ★

Jeremy Steig will do anything to get a sound out of his flute. Steig will spit, hum, howl and buzz the simple silver tube, puffing like a soprano choo-choo train or a drung wag tooting on an empty beer bottle. This is not the way Eric Dolphy showed the flute to be an instrument capable of strong, serious statement, nor does it borrow from the elegant fingerings of James Moody, or the easy swing of Frank Wess—and Steig's style must make fellow CTI flutist Hubert Laws think he's wasted a lot of time at the conservatory. Jeremy seems like a scavenger, picking up the leftovers that Rahsaan Roland Kirk has tossed behind him and making from them a casserole that will keep him fat and happy.

Now, we don't know for sure whether Steig is plump *or* pleased, but he shouldn't bitch over the highly polished studio arrangements and ace rhythm backing that somehow legitimates his unrestrained fluting. All that clean background work should land this LP on some disco turntables, and some middle of the road-modern radio broadcasts. Side one is an easy throwaway, as the session's star competes with the directionless vocalizing of Ms. Coppola, whose voice is pretty but without the variety of Steig's tone. There's 16 minutes of them.

Side two lasts 18 minutes, and gets better.

The possibilities are endless.



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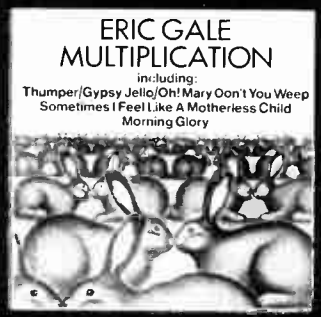

On Columbia Records
and Tapes.

Produced by Bob James. Associate Producer: Joe Jorgensen. Randy Brecker appears courtesy of Arista Records. Ralph MacDonald appears courtesy of Marlin Records. Grover Washington, Jr. and Hank Crawford appear courtesy of CTI Records. David Sanborn, Richard Tee and Steve Gadd appear courtesy of Warner Bros. Records.

Steig is outfront of Googie's voice on *Everything*, and he has a melody to deal with, rather than a few phrases strung together mostly with hope. *Hop* has a tricky, *Freedom Jazz Dance* type line credited to the underrated drummer-composer, Joe Chambers. Jeremy begins with a series of sounds that are—for him—cleanly executed. He discards this tack in favor of flutter tongueing, then buzzes as though using a trumpet embochure against the flute's headhole. His improvised intervals are close, fingering-wise, but he opens them up by whistling a jet of air up for the overtones. Steig's solos are generally blues-structured, climaxing in mad mouthing, and the legion of rhythm players here are alert to this. They modestly support him so that trills and triple tongueing stand out as peak emotional avowals, rather than group chaos.

Sweet Hour is a slow one, with Steig at his bedtime warmest. *Grasshopper* is the most extreme showcase—Steig doubletracks, blubbering like an octogenarian desperate to blow out all his birthday candles. Bullock is apparently inspired to sing along with his own rockish guitar solo. But it's Jeremy who has the right rhythmic ideas—his sputtering is all along the backbeat, disregarding any melodic intention to concentrate on pushing the time out, tongue tickling his own palate.

This album ends with a fadeout. Steig probably went on for hours, with his boundless enthusiasm and oral energy, which is what makes this otherwise empty album fun. Flute teachers will groan in dismay—but Jeremy Steig *does* get a lot of sound out of his flute.

—mandel

EARL "FATHA" HINES

SOLO WALK IN TOKYO—Biograph BLP-12055: *S'Wonderful; Oh, Lady Be Good; Night In Trinidad; My Ship; Honeysuckle Rose; Ain't Misbehavin'; I'll Follow You; My Blues; Tea For Two; Enbraceable You.*

Personnel: Hines, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Earl Hines is nearly as old as this century, yet he is still taking chances, still trying out new ideas. He misses a few notes here and stumbles over a run there, but not often. On the whole, his fingers are astoundingly nimble and sure, and his sense of swing shines through.

This recording was made in Tokyo in 1972 but was not released here until this year. It is a collection of eight standards (including three by Gershwin and two by Fats Waller) and two originals. After decades of intimate familiarity with these tunes, Hines knows their every nuance and possibility. He knows when to be rough with them and when to be tender, but he is always loving.

The performances are in the classic Hines style, rich and ornate. Surely Hines has the most interesting left hand in jazz: it switches from walking to stride to chording, stopping along the way for a trill or a tremolo. Meanwhile, his right hand spins out arpeggios and singlenote lines around the melody. He plays the piano orchestrally, using every device in every register. His style is enriched by changes in tempo, meter and key, by careful dynamics and ingenious chord substitutions.

Honeysuckle Rose is a good example. Hines begins with a rococo rubato introduction. When he breaks into a regular tempo, the melody is in the bass while the right hand tremolos. After a transitional passage, the melody shifts to the right hand, while the left strides along in a medium tempo. At the bridge, the left hand begins punching out notes and chords irregularly, building to a swinging climax. The descent is just as enjoyable as the ride up, especially the ending, since Hines is a master of the tag.

My Blues is interesting because Hines is not basically a blues player, and indeed his blues do not have much edge to them. These choruses are cast in a slow and easy tempo. They begin with the right hand playing over a thumping drone bass. Hines finally breaks into harmonic regularity going into the third chorus, just when the tension is greatest. From there on out his blues are sweet and witty like his standards.

This is wonderful, exuberant music. There are a few weak passages and weak cuts (*Embraceable You* for example), but most of them are full of pleasant surprises. *—clark*

WAR

PLATINUM JAZZ—Blue Note BNLA-690-J2: *War Is Coming, War Is Coming; Slowly We Walk Together; Platinum Jazz; I Got You; L.A. Sunshine; River Niger; H2 Overture; City, Country, City; Smile Happy; Deliver The Word; Happy Head; Four Cornered Room.*

Personnel: Lee Oskar, harmonica; B. B. Dickerson, electric bass, vocals; Charles Miller, reeds, flute; Lonnie Jordan, keyboards; Howard Scott, guitar; Harold Brown, drums; Dee Allen, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is a durability about War, a churning consistency, that has brought them from ghetto roots into becoming a sleek musical unit. The band has parlayed its blend of soul, jazz, blues and pulsating polyrhythms into a tight format that is capable of a rich mix of feelings, rhythm and color. War is slick but compelling.

Platinum Jazz, covering four sides, offers an eclectic overview of the band's musical depth, ranging from Latin themes to get-down-gritty funk to unabashed disco pop. Through it all, there is the unmistakable stamp of seven highly disciplined musicians. Lee Oskar's harmonica work, for example, ranges from blues harp hollers to an almost classical sound. Miller's reeds and flute bespeak a strong jazz orientation represented nicely on *City, Country, City*, a shifting thematic tune that balances an easy melodic line carried by Oskar with a driving tenor tour de force climaxed by a funk-charged organ solo from Jordan. Jordan, in fact, shows valuable versatility in the group, performing variously on acoustic and electric pianos, synthesizer and organ.

Of course War's muscular anchor has always been in its rhythms, particularly the polyrhythmic pulse derived from Dee Allen's multi-percussion work, which provides a relentless undercurrent behind Brown's drum and Dickerson's bass.

The appeal of *Platinum Jazz* is in its diversity, which offsets soul material like *River Niger* or repetitious disco fare like *L.A. Sunshine*. Melodically sensitive and delicate themes on the order of *I Got You* are played with a rich harmonic mix of flute and electric piano.

Whether playing a brand of slick soul or disco jazz, War has got its act down tight.

—nolan

GEORGE DUKE

REACH FOR IT—Epic JE34883: *The Beginning; Lemme At It; Hot Fire; Reach For It; Just For You; Omi (Fresh Water); Searchin' My Mind; Watch Out Baby; Diamonds; The End.*

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, vocals; Leon "Ndugu" Chancler, drums, timbales, roto-toms, vocals; Charles Icarus Johnson, guitar, vocals; Deborah Thomas, Dee Henricks, Sybil Thomas, vocals;

Manola Badrena, percussion; Mike Sembello (track 8), guitar; Raul de Souza, trombone (track 6); Stanley Clarke, bass (track 8).

★ ★ ★

You know, this record is really not that bad. Parts of it show a technical willingness to experiment that is often absent from Duke's work. And the obligatory funk numbers are so funny that they provide welcome comedic relief.

The Beginning, the first track, is a piece of science fiction. Some of the needly sounds resemble the auditory characteristics of certain electrical waves. The liberal infusion of sine waves and other space blips suggest potentialities that are never quite fulfilled.

Lemme At It, the next cut, contains some pretty guitar-synthesizer point harmonies. When Charles Icarus Johnson wants to play, rather than pursue the lost chord of astrological consciousness, he can really produce. In the light of his previous transgressions, it pains to admit this, but the guy possesses a dexterous fluidity of tone which, when given full fruition, should be appreciated. His blazing burn on the aptly-ehristened *Hot Fire* is a joy to listen to.

Now comes the bad part: from then on it is all downhill. *Reach For It*, which starts out with utterly dispensible, streetwise jive talk by assorted Duke band members and an unnamed woman, slips into a finale of sexual simulation. At the end, a heaving Duke cries out, "Here it comes!" and the lover's voices fade into a synthesizer lick which sounds like a NASA rocket launch.

Omi gives Raul de Souza a chance to shimmer, something which he hasn't been doing too much of on his own. Yes, there are trendy aberrations aplenty here. But enough manifestations of latent talent are occasionally exhibited, thus earning a passing rating for *Reach For It*. —*shaw*

DON PULLEN

TOMORROW'S PROMISES—Atlantic SD 1699: *Big Alice; Autumn Song; Poodie Pie; Kadji; Last Year's Lies And Tomorrow's Promises; Let's Be Friends.*

Personnel: Pullen, keyboards; George Adams, saxes, clarinet, flute; Sterling Magee, guitars; Roland Prince, guitars; Hannibal Marvin Peterson, trumpet; Randy Brecker, trumpet (track 1); Tyrone Battle, drums and percussion; Bobby Battle, percussion, drums (track 6); Ray Mantilla, percussion; Alex Blake, bass; John Flippin, electric bass (track 2); Michal Urbaniak, violin (track 1); Rita DaCosta, vocals (track 6); Ilhan Mimaroglu, synthesizer (tracks 2 and 3).

★ ★ ★

As his tenure with Charles Mingus suggested and his outstanding Black Saint album of last year *(Healing Force)* confirmed, Don Pullen is essentially an introspective, bravely lyrical pianist whose patient style of phrasing and intellectual warmth bears similitude to early Bill Evans. Above all, he is a flowering precisionist, given to a fluid linearity, even when playing "outside." Insomuch as dissonance can imply a jarring or disruptive quality, Pullen is most aptly judged an advocate of consonance. His occasional twelve-tone bursts or disjunct forays are nearly always rendered in a *mezzo piano* intensity, so even-tempered and non-threatening as to be accepted as amiable. Or even shy, as is the wont of the soft-spoken.

But introspection doesn't convert well to a funk terminology. It's like trying to turn a temperament inside out, which is the province of actors. Jazz (with a few rare exceptions) is not a very viable medium for role-playing. Wisely, Pullen has eschewed the heavy-handed funk of colleagues like Herbie Hancock in favor of the bluesy accompaniment style that Joe Zawinul proffered in his Cannonball Adderley years. He opts for a clean, resonant tonality, playing long, staccato-laden lines, almost in a bop-like cadence. For the most part, however, like the perfunctory musicianship of his accompanists, Pullen's improvisation is too deliberate, his phrasing too fixed to move in a traditionally soulful way. Even his sweeps and pounding clusters sound mannered, although, oddly, he does coax a life and intonation out of the Clavinet that no one else has managed.

A certain hesitancy and stodginess aside, the fine moments here are fine indeed. *Autumn Song*, a George Adams composition that finds the protean saxophonist playing in a nicely slumberous, Klemmerian voice over a martial cadence, is a winsome moment. In a livelier vein, the Afro-Cubano *Kadji* is effervescent, as explosive—and as pretty—as this album gets, while *Last Year's Lies And Promises* weaves Adams' breathy, romantic bass clarinet in an alternating fashion with some truly jarring soprano sax shrills and Pullen's multidirectional support. The tension and erratic moods are engulfing, making it the album's most potent and heady performance.

Although it's an unfocused portrayal of Pullen's talents, *Tomorrow's Promises* is a welcome step forward. The true test, as the title implies, is in the future: a funky future would be a broken promise. —*gilmore*

JERRY FULLER-DON DeMICHEAL SWINGTET

IN CONCERT—Fleetwood 5126: *After You've Gone; I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues; Honeysuckle Rose; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None Of My Jelly Roll; Pete Kelly's Blues; A Smo-o-o-oth One; All I Do The Whole Day Through Is Dream Of You.*

Personnel: Fuller, clarinet; DeMicheal, vibraharp; John Ulrich, piano; Eddie deHaas, bass; Wayne Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clarinetist Fuller and drummer-vibraharpist DeMicheal have been mainstays of Chicago's jazz mainstream for some years, have performed with most of the leading swing and traditional jazz instrumentalists who have visited the city in recent years (among them Teddy Wilson, Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Billy Butterfield and Max Kaminsky), and have co-led this aptly named quintet since mid-1975. The performances here were recorded at the First Central Illinois Jazz Festival, in Decatur, Ill., Jan. 30 and 31, 1976.

The Swingtet's main impetus is the Benny Goodman Quartet and these brisk, invigorating performances demonstrate the continuing appeal and vitality of this 40-year-old format. Fuller is an ardent Goodmanophile who plays fluently, both emotionally and enthusiastically. While there is no doubt about the major source of his music, there also is no impression of slavish copying. He goes after the spirit, not the letter, of his mentor's style and, having steeped himself in Goodman's music, succeeds quite well in offering a vigorous, inventive, slightly updated version of that popular approach. Fuller performs with authority and commendable technical prowess.

DeMicheal pretty much pursues a Hamptonish path here—playing in a muscular, bravura, agitated manner, motor vibrato at a minimum to emphasize the staccato attack—but has tempered this to a degree with more modern tendencies, the chief of which derives from Milt Jackson, as can be heard more than once in his lifting solos. Likewise, Ulrich's basic swing orientation from time to time gives way to more modern impulses, occasionally even suggesting a Thelonious in the woodpile. Bassist deHaas would be an asset to any group, for he swings like a madman and, in addition, has a big fat tone and imagination to spare. His solos are short and very much to the point. Jones pushes a la Krupa, kicking things along with a brisk, no-nonsense pulsation that never obtrudes.

The only drawback to pursuing a musical style deriving from, and so closely associated with others is that it leads to a certain anonymity of approach—both collectively and individually. That is, DeMicheal has to hew so closely to the stylistic parameters Hampton set for vibes in this music that we get little impression of DeMicheal's own musical personality. Similarly, Fuller is so much in thrall to the Goodman idiom that it's likely he'll never escape it completely; but, then, he apparently doesn't care to. Ulrich and deHaas give the greatest impression of individuality here.

Still, the Swingtet's music is polished, imaginative and commendably spirited, neatly balancing arranged and improvised elements, often greatly exciting and never less than enjoyable. It can be recommended to anyone with a love for swing, Goodman, mainstream jazz, exhilarating collective music, or any combination thereof. —*welding*

BLINDFOLD TEST


HERB NOLAN

Yusef Lateef

BY LEONARD FEATHER

After our last blindfold test encounter (**db**, 10/1/70), Yusef Lateef has made further progress as a simultaneous student and teacher. Last time out, it was reported that he had received an M.A. in music education at the Manhattan School of Music. In 1975 he earned his doctorate at the University of Massachusetts.

In the interim, however, he has returned from teaching (he spent six years at Manhattan Community College) to full time playing.

"It's an involuntary sabbatical," he explains. "Mayor Beame's ax caught me. I would have had tenure if I had taught just one day into the next semester. Yeah, it was cold. So now my alternative is to perform and to produce records. Gunther Schuller offered to interview me for a position at the New England Conservatory, but by that time I had made up my mind.

"I had enjoyed the six years of teaching and counseling, but I said to myself, okay, I'm going to let that rest for a while, and I'll play while I have the energy to travel."

The interview below was conducted during Lateef's appearance at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, leading his quartet. As is his custom, he did not rate the records and was given no information about them.

1. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *Tucson Stomp* (from *Bundle Of Joy*, Columbia). Hubbard, trumpet, composer; Bert DeCoteaux, producer, arranger, conductor; Azar Lawrence, tenor sax.

That sounded like Freddie Hubbard. The arrangement was up to date—it was more or less in vogue. The players were extremely professional in their interpretations, I think the trumpet player was Freddie Hubbard, and I enjoyed it. The trumpet solo and the tenor saxophone solo were very excellent and well played. I can't think of anything else to say.

I don't rate records. I have an aversion to saying this is better than that, and if I say this is three stars and the next one is five, I'm implying it's better.

I look at music as being something personal, and whereas one person may appreciate one thing, another may not. But most of the time I try to appreciate everybody for what they are doing; therefore I don't put classifications on them where one is better than the other because I figure each person is significant and has something very interesting and personal to say. I try to draw from what they have to say and benefit from it and not influence anyone else.

2. BENNY CARTER & DIZZY GILLESPIE. *The Courtship* (from *Carter, Gillespie, Inc.*, Pablo). Carter, alto sax, composer; Gillespie, trumpet; Joe Pass, guitar.

Yeah, I think that trumpet player was Dizzy Gillespie, but I don't know who the saxophone player was. Stylistically, it reminded me of Lucky Thompson, although this was an alto sax.

If it's a modern record, then it could be the trumpet player who used to work with Diz who plays so much like him . . . Jon Faddis. But if it's an older recording, then I'm pretty sure it's Dizzy Gillespie, who is, in my thinking, beyond a master musician. I say this based on the experience of working with him in the '40s in his big band.

The structure of the song reminded me of *Jim*—the harmonic structure, the changes.

The reason I think he's beyond a master musician . . . he told me once that he liked to teach seminars at the various colleges, for example, Harvard. He said he would teach a seven week course, I think it was, and he would teach rhythms and give them enough information to last them the rest of the year. So he'd return like a year later. And I can only believe him, through the experience of working with him, because the man knows so much about rhythm, harmony, melody—the ingredients of music. I have the utmost respect for his ability.

This composition reminded me of what's referred to as bossa nova, a Latin kind of an interpretation. It was quite restful and pleasing in its structure. The guitar sounded like it was acoustic. At this point I'd like to mention Earl Klugh—he's one of the great acoustic players. It's a unique instrument.

Dizzy's improvisation is unique too. His playing can never be pinned down, because you can't anticipate what he's going to do. You don't know which part of the chord he's going to; that's why it's so exciting. He doesn't relay what he's going to do; it's there, and you say wow, it's wonderful that he went to that place—a flat nine or augmented eleventh.

And those large intervals that he plays—that's kind of unique too. He slurs those large intervals, like major sevenths or flat nine intervals, which has a lot to do with the originality of his playing

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

Who's the composer who wrote this song? The classical composer? I did this piece, *Going Home*, in the '60s. Dvorak, yeah.

This was an interesting production of a classic and no doubt it was Hubert Laws and it was quite possibly a Bob James arrangement. Of course, Hubert Laws is an excellent flutist and his interpretation was superb and I admire how effectively he uses his ability to circular-breathe. It doesn't seem that he uses it to show off but to get a point across, of phrasing—he develops long phrases and I respect the way he uses that.

I think that if Dvorak would have heard this, he would have liked it; it was a very excellent and beautiful version of the classic. I think that rather than the train effect, Dvorak would have rather heard an ocean liner or something—he came from Europe. But I suppose home could mean catching a train, so that's flexible.

I like it very much. I was impressed with the arranging and the interpretation, the solo, and the production itself—the effects.

4. SUN RA. *Interstellar Low-Ways* (from *Cosmos*, Inner City). Sun Ra, rocksichord, composer.

Yeah, you threw me down that time, Leonard. I'll take some guesses. I don't know who it was, but the instrumentation sounded possibly like a harpsichord sound that you might get on an Arp Pro-Soloist. It sounded also as if there were an Arp 2600 in the background, giving that eerie, windlike effect. I'm not sure whether it was a guitar or a harp.

The composition sounded something like what Mingus would have done at some time in his career. It was quite different than the tune music that you hear these days on the radio. I think the composer had an original concept. I think it was complete in itself—I could hear the form. The form was very simple, in fact, but it was quite repetitious. It wasn't through-composed—it could have possibly been developed more. A lot of things could have happened, but I assume that's what he wanted to happen, and it sounded as though he pulled it off.

5. SAM MOST. *P.C.* (from *But Beautiful*, Catalyst). Most, flute; Patrick Smith, bass, composer; George Muribus, piano; Will Bradley, Jr., drums.

I'm not sure who the flutist was, but I would guess Frank Wess. The harmonic structure was extremely sophisticated and the rhythm section was excellent for that kind of thing. It's very difficult to improvise against a chord structure that's moving so fast. They did an excellent job of it. Perhaps the pianist was Hank Jones.

Feather: Did the flutist sound like a real flute player rather than a doubling saxophonist?

Lateef: I don't know if I could recognize that, because I think, for example, Frank Wess doubles. But he sounds like a real flute player when he plays.

That was a good bass solo; everybody held their own, I think.

6. RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK. *I Talk With The Spirits* (from *Kirk's Works*, EmArcy). Kirk, flute, composer.

It reminded me of Rahsaan Roland Kirk playing flute with voice. The composition sounded like that of an original thinker such as Kirk. I think that's the first composition I've heard with so many diminished chords successively resolving to a major triad. It was very interesting—it held my attention from beginning to end because I didn't know what to expect. I liked it very much.

Feather: What instrument do you prefer to hear him on?

Lateef: All of them. Any instrument he wants to play I enjoy hearing. He manages to express himself on any instrument that he plays, from saxophone to harmonica. I think what's unique about Rahsaan is the way he thinks about music, regardless of the instrument. He is definitely a credit to the music world as an instrumentalist and composer. **db**

PROFILE

RAUL DE SOUZA

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

Trombonist Raul de Souza (pron. SEW-za) arrived in the United States in 1973 at the behest of his longtime friends, Flora Purim and Airto, thus joining a host of South Americans and Americans who have been successfully fusing Latin rhythms and melodies with American funk and jazz.

Raul is quick to point out that on his 1975 debut American album, *Colors* (Milestone), and on his recent *Sweet Lucy* (Capitol) he does not play Latin music. "I play *all* musics," he said in broken English at his home in Hollywood. "I use new rhythms, with a new conception of melody against the rhythms. If you want to dance, you can dance But if you want to listen, you can listen too.

"All the musicians in Brazil can play the samba, which is a fast rhythm in two, and the bolero and the tango. These have been for many, many years.

"Then in 1961 or so, Joao Gilberto came with the bossa nova. For a long time, musicians were confused whether they play jazz or bossa nova.

"Then came Sergio Mendes, who I worked with from 1964 to 1966, and he played it all together. With him and Gilberto and Jobim, jazz and Latin music made a marriage. Now everybody plays the Latin and jazz, but they play many different rhythms. It is very important that you know I do *not* play just Latin, and I do *not* play bossa nova."

Bottom Heat (from *Sweet Lucy*) is one of the best examples of Raul's blending of styles. He and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard take solo flights over a bed of fiendishly intricate interwoven rhythms.

Initially, one is aware of a fast samba two-beat; Al McKay's strumming guitar suggests a busy funk eight; Ndugu places the drum's accents on four and two-and; Byron Miller plays a near mambo rhythm on his metallic, consciously funk-toned bass; the horn section, arranged by producer George Duke, punches in on rhythmically odd accents; all of the above is surrounded by colorful congas, bongos, tambourines, wood blocks, and other percussion instruments, some played by Raul himself.

"The melody of *Bottom Heat* comes from a school of samba," said de Souza, "but it is *not* a samba. The version of the melody is completely different. Rhythmically, things are different, too. Samba is in two—one, *two!* one, *two!*—and American funk is in four and eight. So *Bottom Heat* comes out of a school of samba playing, but I change the rhythms and the melodies and make them mine, adding whatever funk rhythms I like. Finally, everything comes out of my own personal jazz. I play jazz all of my life."

Born in Rio de Janeiro, Raul is the son of a Protestant minister. As a boy he played tambourine in church until he began expanding traditional rhythms by adding his own. "So pretty soon they say I have to leave the church musicians."

He saved his money, bought himself an old, inexpensive trombone, and taught himself how to play. When he was 18, he enlisted in the Brazilian Army, where he played valve trombone with the band and drums with the orchestra.

He left the Army after a year, began his professional career in the clubs and cabarets of Brazil and at 23 was voted best Brazilian trombonist by the highly prestigious Paulo Santos Jazz Radio Program Listeners Poll. Two years later he joined the Brazilian Air Force and played euphonium in the band while gigging at night on an upright bass in a club trio.

"This club was located in a big garden area, with waterways where the boats floated among the flowers and trees. There were many animals there, too, including water buffalo. There were places where people said not to go because it was dangerous and alone. But when you are so young, nothing is dangerous.

"With my trombone, I rowed in a small boat to where there was an island with a little hut on it off to the side of the riverway. I say to myself, 'Here is quiet, and the night is there above me, and the stars. Play the music.' So I sat in the boat and played a ballad on my trombone, very pretty.

"As I play, I saw this sleepy buffalo head come peering out at me from behind the hut. He loll his head back and forth, watching me with his big eyes, and he like what I play. He like the music, he like the sound.

"I play to him until five o'clock in the morning. 'Goodbye,' I say. 'I come back tomorrow and play for you again!' I went there almost every night for one year or more and play for the buffalo. He was always there. I name my *Sweet Lucy* piece, *Water Buffalo*, after him."

After more than five years in the Air Force, Raul left, toured with Sergio Mendes and recorded Mendes' *Bossa Rio*. In 1965 he recorded his first solo album, *A Vontade Mesmo* (with Airto on drums), then toured Europe, where he remained in Paris playing with Kenny Clarke at the famed Blue Note club.

Back in Rio, he formed his own group, Impacto 8, and recorded on album of the same name. In 1970 he moved to Mexico City, where he gigged until his arrival in the U.S. in 1973.

"I was born in Brazil, but for long, long years I yearn to come to the United States, because people here recognize more what I play.

"When I came here I lived in Boston and studied composition and piano with some friends who go to Berklee College of Music. I tour with Flora Purim and Airto. I play with the Crusaders at the San Diego Festival and I work with Sonny Rollins, Azar Lawrence and many others."

De Souza's credits include guest appearances on albums by Airto *(Identity* and *Promises Of The Sun)*, Flora Purim *(Stories To Tell, Nothing Will Be As It Was—Tomorrow* and *Encounters)*, Azar Lawrench *(Summer Solstice)*, Cal Tjader *(Amazonas)*, Sergio Mendes *(Home Cooking)*, Sonny Rollins *(Nucleus)*, Caldera *(Caldera)*, Hermeto Pascoal *(Slaves Mass)* and Milton Nascimento *(Milton)*.

Raul is justifiably proud that J. J. Johnson, a major influence, arranged and conducted the brass section on *Colors*.

He also cites Frank Rosolino as an important stylistic influence. "Nobody can play the trombone like Frank Rosolino," he said. "As I listen to Frank, I come to pay more attention to my own style. I study piano now and take composition and arranging from Lyle 'Spud' Murphy, who teaches me the Equal Interval System of Horizontal Composition and Arranging.

"Also because of Frank, I make my tones more special. I study whether to play a million notes or just one or two, and I pay more and more attention to my phrasing."

At this writing, de Souza is forming his own group. He has edited a single out from the funky title tune of *Sweet Lucy* (written and produced by pianist George Duke). And, along with what he calls his Bach-Stradivarius tenor-bass slide trombone, he is looking forward to performing on his new customized four-valve trombone, in C. db

MEL MARTIN

BY MICHAEL ZIPKIN

"There is really nothing 'new' about what we're doing," insists Mel Martin, leader/multi-reedman for the San Francisco Bay Area-based sextet Listen. "People have been putting musics together for ages. Sure, we're presenting something relatively modern and contemporary, but there's a lot in our music that's as old as time. What we're trying to do is to put together natural kinds of music to create unique sounds and combinations."

One earful of their Inner City debut, *Listen Featuring Mel Martin*—or, better yet, a set at one of the band's local club or concert dates—confirms the uniqueness of Listen's creations. Mel, on tenor, soprano, flute and piccolo, leads the band—Andy Narrell, steel drums and piano; Larry Dunlap, keyboards; Dave Dunaway, basses; George Marsh, traps and percussion; Kenneth Nash, percussion—through a fresh, polished synthesis of contemporary jazz, blues and rock music, woven into a complex, constantly inventive bed of Caribbean/Latin moods and rhythms.

With their solo virtuosity and singular melding of cultural/tonal/impressionistic elements, some eager wordsmith might dub Listen an "acoustic Weather Report"; but such appellations can only hint at the diversity of the sounds here. Listen indeed draws upon the history of world music. In the 35-year old Martin—who has played in contexts from organ trios and big bands to early San Francisco rock groups like Cold Blood and Boz Scaggs; as an original member of the groundbreaking Azteca; through experimental aggregations exploring "the realm of pure sound"—we find a musician with a penchant for diving into the unknown, tempered with a clarity of purpose in his search for ultimate personal expression.

"I started playing music in Sacramento, where I was born and raised," he began, as we talked in his Novato home just north of San Francisco. "Even though Sacramento will never outgrow being a country town—no matter how big it gets—there was always some sort of jazz thing happening there. Sacramento High had a good stage band from which a lot of good musicians emerged: Rufus Reid, Joe Ellis, Vince Latiano. The Montgomery brothers played around, and I heard Benny Goodman at an early age. I saw Duke Ellington once at the County Fair in the '50s, with Louie Bellson. I must have been all of 12 years old. Man, it was incredible! So all these little things were in-

fluential to my mind and development."

Like many wind players, Martin's first horn was a clarinet ("I'm a B-flat person," he says). His first combo played big band charts at dances and the like, and Mel "played the blues in clubs where some nights I'd be the only white face," he recalls. "That was real good experience for me. But the big thing would be to come down to San Francisco and hang out at Bop City [a now defunct after-hours club]. That's where I met people like Flip Nunez, Norman Williams, Sy Perkoff, Jimmy Lovelace, Monty Waters.

"I eventually moved down to San Francisco to go to school at San Francisco State," he continues, "but I never really graduated because I ended up just going out and playing all night. Me and Eddie Henderson—who was taking pre-med at the time—could start out on a Friday night, play somewhere from nine to one, and then have our choice of either Bop City or Soulville from two to six. When we were done with *that*, if we still had it going, we could play the Sunrise Sessions at Jack's on Fillmore Street from six to 11. You could play 'til you dropped, but it didn't do much for my college education."

It obviously did quite a bit for the eager Martin's chops, however; he was soon playing with John Handy's Freedom Band, Vince Guaraldi and Jon

Hendricks. He continued to jam with trumpeter friend Tom Harrell and a group of Texas musicians whose "blues-inflected thing" further solidified Mel's black music roots: Doug Sahm (Doug of the Sir Douglas Quintet) and Martin Fierro (soon to form the Shades of Joy). But San Francisco in the mid and Late '60s will be remembered most vividly for its burgeoning rock scene, and it was with groups like Mother Earth, the Shades of Joy and Loading Zone (whose personnel at the time included Santana keyboardist Tom Coster) that Martin made his first recordings.

Through contacts he had made in the studios, Mel played on Boz Scaggs' second album, *Moments*, and soon became part of Boz' touring band. This provided Martin his first real opportunity to travel, culminating in a five-week stay in London recording *Boz Scaggs And Band*.

"But," recalls Mel, "eventually Boz became convinced that you don't need a band forever; when you need one, you hire one. It's probably worked out best for him . . . obviously." But the experience was occasionally frustrating for him. "Sometimes I had to teach people how to play things right from scratch," he remembers.

"It was appealing to a certain extent because it did cover a wide range which is still, to this day, what I'm into. It was a mutual give-and-take; fusion didn't start when people started *calling* it 'fusion.'"

After the breakup of the Scaggs band around 1972, Mel and cohort Harrell joined up with the band Cold Blood, recorded a couple of albums, but quit after six months. "Again it was the same kind of thing," he explains, "though people were more open to certain jazz influences. But in these types of situations, I gradually became more assertive. More and more, I was getting an idea of what *I* wanted to do on my own."

Part of that "what" became Azteca, a 16-piece Latin/jazz conglomeration whose original membership included Santana alumni Michael Shrieve and Neil Schon, Armando Peraza, Pete Escovedo, Tom Harrell and of course, Mel Martin on reeds. For Mel, the three-year association with the band "was something that I was much more at home with; I had played a lot of Latin gigs with the Escovedos and others, too." Of the music, he says: "It was totally our own sound, because we took it a step beyond the other bands—Malo was the other big Latin band with horns—by adding more jazz to it, and bringing in more heavy personalities."

But, like so many creatively fertile ventures, the band, plagued by road debts and organizational problems, declared bankruptcy not long after Mel left to form Listen. "It was a totally *insane* endeavor for about three years," he recalls, more than a little nostalgic for the wildness of the times. "I mean, we had two guitarists, three keyboardists, four vocalists, four horns . . . we were originally on the road with *16* musicians and at least eight roadies. I remember some 33-hour bus rides that were totally nuts. Nobody can live like that. But if the kind of momentum we originally had had carried through—with some intelligent leadership and some genuine business management—it would have been a mother."

Listen had been essentially organized by the time Martin left Azteca, but first came a relatively short-lived but important association, one that would have a strong bearing on the musical directions Listen would soon pursue. At home in between tours with the Latin big band, Mel played exploratory music with Art Lande (on electric piano with ring modulator and wah-wah, if you can believe it), Steve Swallow, Eliot Zigmund and Glenn Cronkhite, who would be one of Listen's original percussionists. Mel himself would blow through wah-wahs, used a multi-vider and "whatever electronics were available at the time.

"We used to play the small clubs around the area—to about five or ten people a night," he relates. "But the music, and the idea of the band was a good one, and stuck with me: having unique percussion, and playing original music with players that had—or were well on their way towards developing—their own styles . . . not just copping and thinking that's where it's at."

It was out of the Lande band, along with musician-friends Mel had met in the studios, that the core of Listen was formed. Terry Bozzio was the original trap drummer, but when he left to play in Frank Zappa's band, Mel "ran, did not walk and got George [Marsh], whom I had heard with Jerry Hahn and Denny [Zeitlin] quite a bit. He's got this *pulse*," Martin marvels, "that swings like crazy. Its momentum is very contagious."

The evolution of Listen could be visualized as a paring down, a focusing of personnel—first percussionist/instrument creator Richard Waters (the Waterphone), then guitarist Dave Creamer and eventually Cronkhite left the group—and of musical philosophy:

"At times the band had a certain tentativeness to it," says Martin of Listen's early days. "We played a lot of 'free' music at the time, which was a cop out in a way. Like saying, 'Well, I don't know anything, so let's play free.' We'd come out and start outside and play for 20 minutes straight. That was great for us—we got warmed up, and sometimes we'd come up with something fairly unique—but I think a band owes more than that to their audience.

"When you're improvising, you should know what you're doing. I don't mean over-rehearsing the music until it's sterile, but you have to start with structure. Within those structures, you can find all the freedom that you'd ever want. Some musicians are afraid of structure, but if you have

identity, there's nothing you can do to destroy it. Look at Charlie Parker—he tried to kill himself; John Coltrane—he did everything. Yet their identity and being were so strong, they just came out.

It is true that the Listen of today is a bit less experimental and a bit more, well, commercial than they were two years ago, when the band would "fill the stage with instruments—and give it an almost circus atmosphere." But their "fusions" still nimbly sidestep the funk/disco/pop/jazz cliches that litter today's charts and airwaves, coming up fresh and buoyant, even when working in and around popular bases. Take a tune like *Aural Hallucination* that appears on side one of *Listen;* it opens with what is essentially a funk rhythm. But it's in 7½ over 4, or 15/8, rather than in the usual 4/4 meter, and on steel drum!

"Odd meters are only 'odd' when they *sound* peculiar," Martin explains. "You see, we're all people who get bored easily. We don't like to play the same thing every night, and we don't like to play in the same meter either. It's like always playing in the same key. You need variety and color."

As well as mixing up the rhythms, Listen spices up their sound with a broad range of Eastern and Western instruments, not the least of which include Mel's saxophones, flutes, and occasional bass clarinet. Aside from adding that color to the Listen tapestry, Martin has found his versatility essential in securing studio work in a variety of contexts—from sessions with Phoebe Snow and Jesse Colin Young, to TV commercials, to a soundtrack (with the rest of Listen) for PBS's *Sesame Street* children's program. While some musicians feel they have to make an either/or choice between studio and club/concert work, Martin is confident he can do both, while maintaining his own—and the music's—integrity.

"It's all music to me," he explains. "To go in and do anything right is difficult. If I am, say, part of a horn section—even if we play these little licks somebody has for us and we end up getting mixed way back—there's a certain quality involved. If, at least while I'm playing, everybody's really together—playing in tune, with good ensemble work—then I'm satisfied. We've taken it to a higher level.

"But the problem is that when some studio musicians make their own albums, they end up sounding like they're doing a studio job! That's why I've never moved to L.A. The Bay Area is such a perfect place to develop yourself, because you don't have any one predominant style or any one predominant group of musicians. You can really pick and choose what you want to do, because when you're combining various elements of music, you can come up varied moods and constantly keep things interesting.

"There's this great pool of music"—Mel spreads his arms wide—"It just depends how open you are to it." **db**

CAUGHT!

DEXTER GORDON QUARTET

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor and soprano saxes; George Cables, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Eddy Gladden, drums.

Halfway through his sixth decade Dexter Gordon seems about to enter the ranks of those elder masters whose musical vitality remains unaffected by the passing of time. His long, excellent performance in Ann Arbor revealed an individualistic soloist who has continued to grow and assimilate and who matched the fire of his younger accompanists with wit, inventiveness and a powerful swing.

The strong trio backing Dexter also had much to do with the evening's success. Both pianist George Cables and bassist Rufus Reid have been with Gordon on a number of gigs over the past few months, and drummer Eddy Gladden blended well. And the ability to draw crowds that Dexter showed on his first tour last year has not diminished: Powers Center's 1400 seats were sold out almost before tickets to the single performance were publicly available, leaving a lot of people mad at the concert's producers, the student-run Eclipse Jazz organization.

The language Dexter speaks is rooted in bop, the revolution whose battles were enriched by his distinctive voice. He also remains committed to the 32-bar song form and the blues, and he likes to examine each tune at length—both sets lasted an hour but featured only four songs, with each set arranged (in an echo of Dexter's symmetrical solos) with a ballad third and a medium-up blues last. On this foundation, however, Gordon built solos that show a continuing awareness of the changing currents of the music.

Predictably, the first set was the weaker of the two. The quartet opened with a Miles-ish *On Green Dolphin Street* and followed with Horace Silver's *Strollin'*, which began to cook mightily during Cables' solo. Dexter introduced *Polka Dots And Moonbeams* by reciting some of its lyrics; although Dexter did his usual fine job, Cables stole the tune. Midway through his solo the others dropped out while Cables gave a pyrotechnical display of his two-handed command of the keyboard. Dexter came back with a nice cadenza which faltered awkwardly at one point, however. The set ended with a burning *Gingerbread Boy* which at times veered towards freedom underneath Dexter's altissimo screams.

Even in today's complexly interrelated world it's strange to realize that in the late '40s Gordon was an important influence on a then-unknown saxophonist named John Coltrane, who in turn 15 years later contributed to the further development of a saxophonist named Dexter Gordon—much like having a forgotten loan repaid with interest. The relationship was evident at several points during the second set. Dexter opened with his lone soprano sax outing on a Latinized reworking of *So What Impressions* called *A La Modal.* His approach to the soprano is reminiscent of Coltrane's, and there was even a subliminal quote of *My Favorite Things,* but where Coltrane's soprano often seemed an answer to his tenor's upward yearning, Gordon's soprano in its rich lower register echoes the deep timbre of the larger horn he favors.

Dexter's performance of what he called the "tenor classic" *Body And Soul* revealed another facet of his affinity for Coltrane. The tune is indelibly associated with Coleman Hawkins, but Gordon chose rather to explore Coltrane's arrangement of the tune with its *Giant Steps* reharmonization of the bridge. Here and elsewhere Gordon used his favorite device—the quoting of fragments of other tunes—to generate motives which grew through successive reworkings into models of quartal abstractness, in a way that displayed how adaptable to Dexter's style are Coltrane's harmonic innovations. Dexter closed with a cadenza noteworthy both for technique and for its lavish sampling of that big saxophone sound.

The second set also featured a workout on *Fried Bananas*, a Gordon line draped on the chordal bones of *It Could Happen To You*, and closed with a long up-tempo minor blues. The blues showed Cables at his hottest and also featured an extended Gladden drum solo. The crowd demanded an encore, and Gordon obliged with Days of Wine and Roses.

It's nice to have Dexter back on this side of the Atlantic again. —*david wild*

AL GREY

DINO'S LOUNGE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Personnel: Grey, John Minnis, Robin Eubanks, trombones; Bootsie Barnes, tenor sax; Butch Ballard, Al Drears, drums; Don Patterson, organ; Ameal Hand, string bass; Evelyn Simms, vocals; Marian Salaam, alto sax.

If the jazz community is a Rotary Club, its weekly meetings are the jam sessions held in dozens of local clubs around the world. The club has its own anthems, like *Green Dolphin Street* or *Cherokee*. Its mystic fraternal rites include eight-bar breaks, appreciative nods and the clutching of horn cases on subways. The jam session is the unsung backbone of jazz, but is often taken for granted where jazz artists appear in concert halls with program booklets and orange drink, and intermissions are not announced with a 12-bar we're-gonna-take-a-short-break blues.

The Count Basie band gave a concert in a park in Philadelphia, and Dino's, a small considerate club with little more than decent local aspirations, announced that Al Grey and fellow members of the Basie band would appear after the concert to jam with themselves and any interested Rotarians. A good crowd showed, and so did Grey. It hardly mattered that no one else from the band appeared, and a lot of eager horns got unpacked tonight.

Grey started things off tonight with a quartet performance of *Secret Love* with Barnes, Ballard and Patterson. After a lulling reading of the melody of this unpromising song, he jolted the audience with a totally unexpected break that slid up and out of the trombone's more familiar registers. He is made for the trombone, and is a beautiful singer who revels in its tone. He is also funny. Tonight he played a series of the sort of cliched phrases that seem so wedded to the trombone, but used them in an affectionately needling way as tag endings to his choruses. The man is simply a delight. A brief direct solo by Barnes and a loping single note chorus with grumbling left hand by Patterson, and Grey returned to take it down again, cloaking the melody in trombone fatness.

It is a strange experience to hear Don Patterson live, after hearing him for so many years on the organ/tenor albums which for so long littered the jazz record bins. He did everything tonight, including playing excellent accompaniment to Evelyn Simms' vocals. Simms is a well-liked, comfortable local singer with something of Grey's perfect jam session demeanor of friendly entertainment and approachability. She is her own singer, though she often employs Carmen McRae phrasing combined with a rather rough-edged tone like Dakota Staton's. At her best she is direct and relaxed, and showed this in songs like *East Of The Sun*, *Young And Foolish*, *Spring Is Here* and *You'd Be So Easy To Love*. Patterson was effective throughout, combining glimpses of his adept footwork with grunts, barks and coughs from his left hand. He got to show off at electric speed on a trio performance of *Broadway*, with Barnes merely keeping up. Towards the middle of Patterson's solo, a fan ambled up to the organ, leaned over to the keyboard to watch more closely, and amiably told the organist to "funk it up." He did, smoothly; it was that kind of party night.

With all this, the thrill of the evening was a performance of—what else?—*Green Dolphin Street*, in which the quartet was joined by the eagerly unpacked horns of Salaam, Miniss, and Eubanks. After a brief Barnes statement, Grey led the way in one of his typically joyful solos and then stepped back, like the teacher in a master class, to watch the young men at work. After a night of tenor, trombone and organ, Salaam led off and provided a reminder of how fleet and airy an alto can sound. He took off, playing at least a million more notes than was strictly necessary. Grey smiled. Minnis, the leader of a fine local big band, followed with a nice contrast, a big fat lagging solo. Grey grinned. Then up stepped Robin Eubanks, with a silver trombone that looked as if it had been struck by lightning several times, and played a brash and mature solo that left Grey grinning, chuckling and wiggling like a proud papa. A talented young man whose playing emits the same kind of affection as Grey's, Eubanks is someone to watch for. A strong and remarkably tight ensemble passage ended the piece, with Patterson chugging away behind.

No one was about to let Grey go so soon, and the quartet ended the evening with performances of *All Blues* and *Milestones* in which Grey showed a mastery of the plunger for which he is justly famous. He used the microphone to advantage, bringing it right

into the bell of his horn and stepping away from it as the purposes of the moment required.

Al Grey is doing just fine. He is playing as well as ever, and playing for people who know and love him as a beaming friend. It is no small tribute to him that by the end of tonight's session, no one seemed to mind in the slightest that the Basie band had not showed. In fact, if one were to choose only one man who in himself sums up what that band is about, well. . . . —*david hollenberg*

JAN HAMMER

LAWRENCE OPERA HOUSE
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Personnel: Hammer, keyboards and vocals; Steve Kindler, violin and guitar; Fernando Saunders, bass and vocals; Tony Smith, drums and vocals.

Jan Hammer has emerged as one of the current scene's most exciting fusion players. Born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on April 17, 1948, Hammer studied composition and piano at the Prague Conservatory. As a teenager he won a variety of classical and jazz competitions including a scholarship to Berklee. After the Soviets stormed into Czechoslovakia in 1968, the well-traveled keyboardist decided on permanent residency in the United States.

A variety of jobs in the Boston area led to a year-long stint with Sarah Vaughan. Moving to New York in 1971, Hammer soon became a decisive factor in the music of Jeremy Steig, Elvin Jones, John McLaughlin, Stan Getz, Billy Cobham and Jeff Beck. Then, in 1976, Hammer struck out to forge his own combine.

In a review of Hammer's and violinist Jerry Goodman's *Like Children*, **db's** Alan Heineman said: "The session is astonishingly complex but almost never pretentious: the playing is virtuosic without seeming egotistical; and the mood is simultaneously warmly relaxed and nervously exploratory." Much the same could be said for Hammer's present efforts.

As for technical complexity, Hammer continues to successfully stay atop a broad battery of keyboards and electronic processors. The music itself is a blend of spicy Eastern European rhythms, pungent modalistics, pinches of bop, dashes of Motown and generous dollops of funk. Amazingly, the concoction is quite effective.

One of the most striking features of Hammer's melange is the almost telepathic loop between himself and violinist Steve Kindler. The dynamic duo's ability to trade, counterpoint and feed is impressive. So, too, are their lightning unison lines. With the percolating bass of Fernando Saunders and the boiling traps of Tony Smith, the quartet bubbled high throughout the night.

Hammer is in the process of trying to cultivate a new audience. His use of a strapped-on electric keyboard, however, is a bit contrived. So too are titles like *Karma Boogie*, overly broad on-stage theatrics and ear-splitting volume levels. Maybe such extras are necessary to reach certain segments of the public. For the Lawrence crowd, they were excess baggage.

In spite of the concessions to music's show biz dimension, the performances were served up with conviction and vitality. So while wanting to sell, Hammer has not sold out.

—*chuck berg*

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

HOW TO

CHOOSE AND USE THE RIGHT MICROPHONE

VIA DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER
FROM BILLY R. PORTER

The primitive carbon microphone may have been OK for the Lo-Fi 1920s, when only pure sine waves could get through the rudimentary amplifiers undistorted, when scratch passed for highs and 60-cycle hum subbed for bass notes, when novelty from the newborn radio and record sound-sources accounted for much of the listener interest.

But now that solid-state amplifiers negate distortion, now that speakers woof and tweet throughout the entire audible range in life-like clarity, now that listeners insist on tonal realism, new microphone types have displaced their antiquated carbon predecessor.

Because the several modern microphone types differ in response, however high their quality, purchasers might not pick the right type for any particular service. To help avoid such mistakes, therefore, **down beat** asked one of the most experienced and knowledgeable audio engineers, Billy Porter (Elvis Presley, Barbra Streisand, Edmonton Symphony, Las Vegas shows, etc., etc., etc.) for information about microphone characteristics. Here it is: "The quality of reproduction a sound system provides is limited to the quality of sound put into it by the microphone. Selection of a microphone is governed by its ultimate use—installation in a theater, nightclub, auditorium, music hall, school, meeting hall, church, gymnasium, legislative or judicial chamber, or any other indoor or outdoor application."

Types Of Microphones

Ribbon (Moving ribbon in a magnetic field)

Good uniform frequency response (Considered among the best available).

Fairly high priced.

Normally used indoors—not recommended for outdoor use.

Excellent for music, especially on brass instruments (A certain warmth of sound results).

Provides quality of response in broadcasting, recording and public address.

Available in unidirectional and bidirectional form.

Examples of good ribbon mikes: Beyer M 160, Beyer M 500, Shure SM 33 (This is the mike which sits on the *Tonight Show* desk).

Dynamic (Moving coil in a magnetic field)

Smooth frequency response, normally up to 20,000 cycles (The better quality dynamic mikes are among the very best for frequency response).

Wide range of prices, types, and styles. All manufacturers offer a good selection.

Its ruggedness and reliability have made the dynamic mike the "workhorse" of the audio industry.

Available in unidirectional and omnidirectional form.

Examples of common dynamic mikes: Electro-Voice RE 20 (Quality all-purpose mike good for vocals and instruments), Sennheiser MD 421 (Reliable and rugged with excellent directional characteristics), Shure SM 58 (Most widely used for vocals on live concerts), AKG 224 (Good two-way mike with one element for low frequencies and one element for high frequencies [similar to a two-element speaker with cross-over network]).

Condenser (Motion of charged plate changes capacitance)

Does not generate electricity as do the ribbon and dynamic types.

Has an internal amplifier and thus needs a power supply. Can operate on a self-contained battery.

Very wide frequency response with few dips and peaks.

Can be used in any situation.

Most accurate directional characteristics of the directional microphones (Some condenser mikes can be adjusted to omnidirectional, cardioid or figure-eight pickup patterns).

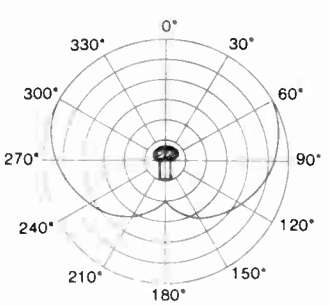
Will not tolerate extremely rough usage.

Occasionally get noisy with age because of internal amplifier problems.

Can materially improve PA systems because of greater intelligibility.

In recent years, inexpensive condenser mikes have been developed. Almost all manufacturers are now building these new types in all pickup patterns.

Microphone Pickup Patterns



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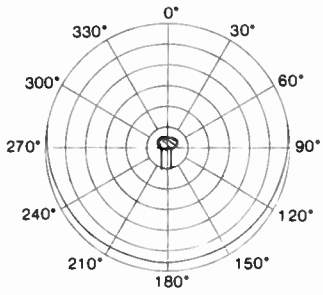

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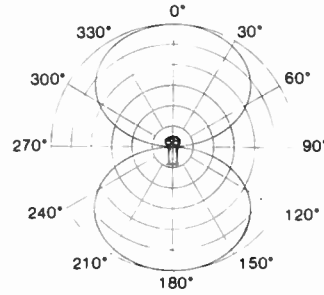

BIDIRECTIONAL

Unidirectional

These microphones pick up sound primarily from the front, while suppressing sound and noise coming from the back. The most generally useful unidirection pickup pattern is the cardioid (meaning "heart-shaped"). This pattern will suppress rear sounds at least 70 per cent while picking up sounds from the front. Sounds 120 to 180 degrees off-axis are almost entirely suppressed.

The most commonly applied solution to feedback problems. Greatly simplifies planning of sound installations. With the rear of the microphone rejecting sound, the microphone can be placed so that sound projecting from the loudspeaker cannot re-enter the microphone to generate feedback. Performers can work much further away from unidirectional microphones than with omnidirectional microphones.

Effectively suppresses audience noises, coughing, shuffling feet, etc. Ideal for fixed installation before an individual performer or a small group. Pickup of a large group can be handled with multiple microphone installations. (usually 5 or 6 people per microphone)

Omnidirectional

These microphones pick up sound more-or-less evenly from all directions. In effect, they are nondirectional. They can be hand-held, stand-mounted, or worn around the neck. This type includes the greatest number of microphones together with the widest price range and response characteristics.

Good for general applications where feedback or audience noise is no great problem. Practically all ultra-slim "probe" type microphones are omnidirectional units; they are ideal for "walk-around" and interview situations.

Bidirectional

Picks up sound from front and back while suppressing sound from sides, top and bottom.

Ideally suited for use when two performers, or groups, are on opposite sides of microphone. Allows the same freedom of movement as unidirectional microphones, while solving difficult feedback problems such as rooms with "hard" ceilings or where loudspeakers are mounted over or to the side of the microphone.

Microphone Frequency Response (ability of microphone to reproduce the audible range)

Response range. In general, the more extended the frequency response of the microphone is, the more faithful the reproduction will be.

Flatness. A flat frequency response curve is one showing output remaining at approximately the same output level throughout the frequency range. This means that the microphone responds equally well at any frequency, an essential part of good reproduction.

While the microphone with the widest range, smoothest and flattest frequency response curve will give the highest fidelity, it is not necessarily the best microphone for every application. For example, a shaped (peaked) response is often used to achieve added "presence" for microphones used in paging and communications systems.

Microphone Prices

While microphones range in price from a few dollars to well over hundreds of dollars, it is well to keep in mind that they are the lowest cost single item in the average PA system. In truth, the PA system can be no better than the microphone that originally changes the sound waves into electrical impulses.

BRUCE

continued from page 18

really, but it's all me. It's tricky, actually, to record the voices on the mellotron. Paul McCartney tried to do it the week before but it didn't work out. You have to sing and hold it for five seconds, keeping it dead in tune and not wavering too much. And to do two and a half octaves of that is work. But it worked out rather well.

Hall: Do you look forward to any possible live recording?

Bruce: I certainly would like to record "live" with this band. I'm sure the results would be very happy.

Hall: I hope we get to hear them because your last band with Mick Taylor and Carla Bley folded before you ever got a chance to record. What happened to it?

Bruce: We got together and did a European tour which was very successful. And then it just sort of ended. I'm still in touch with them. Bruce Carry, the drummer, is in L.A.; he calls from time to time. Ronnie Lehey, he's a good friend of mine, he's with Donovan. I've spoken to Mick a couple of times, went 'round to his place once. Carla I've spoken to, but not recently. It was a very fine band.

Hall: Where do you draw your inspiration? Do you listen to anything in particular?

Bruce: I listen to lots of classical music and very different kinds of music. I'm very interested in Indian music and Balinese music and jazz. I have a very wide range of tastes.

Hall: Since you mentioned Indian music, have you heard McLaughlin's Shakti?

Bruce: Yeah. He came out to Long Island when we played and we had a very nice conversation. It's nice to see him again and it's nice to be playing onstage again. db

particular instrument and I want to see how it stacks up against the one I'm using.

Feather: Don't you play clarinet at all?

Tabackin: I used to play clarinet when I was doing more studio playing, and I feel the clarinet is the kind of instrument, like the flute, that you have to devote so much time to that I don't bother with it anymore.

Feather: What kind of clarinet do you own?

Tabackin: I have a Buffet clarinet. Occasionally I might have to use it on a studio call and if I can find a proper reed, I can usually get a respectable sound.

Feather: Toshiko doesn't write for clarinets at all?

Tabackin: No, I told her not to write for clarinet (laughs), because my main dilemma in doubling is the fact that I have very high standards for my flute playing, and the saxophone—especially the way I play it, which is kind of a physical way—just destroys your flute chops. So my main dilemma in life is trying to balance, to keep this balance so I still can function as a flute player as close to my capabilities as possible. If I had the clarinet to deal with on top of that, it would make it even more difficult. So I try to stay away from it.

Feather: How much do you play overtones on saxophone?

Tabackin: When I studied flute, my teacher got pretty heavily into playing the overtone series on the flute. Most students are aware that if you play a low C on the flute, with a little bit of motion in the jaw you can go to C an octave higher, then G, etc. Anyway, it kind of helps you find the placement of notes, because the overtone series is the basis for the instrument—it's the fundamental basis of a wind instrument. The keys are just a means of facilitating things. So it's a good way to find the essence of the notes.

Now when I play the tenor, I find that the same thing applies, and I try to apply that same attitude to playing the tenor saxophone. Many players just blow into the horn and move their fingers, and you lose the color of the note. I feel that each note basically has a little different embouchure, a different placement. And by using the overtone series you become accustomed to finding the real position of the embouchure. Every note you play has its own color, its own personality—it's not just another note.

I think many of the Coltrane emulators lack a placing of any value on single notes—it becomes a whole bunch of notes slung together, and many players now who are influenced by that lose any feeling of each note being essential. Someone called it musical integrity. Don Byas, I think, was a great example. Every note he played . . . no notes were fluffed over. He played very strongly and with a lot of care. So I think being familiar with the overtone series helps to bring about musical integrity in your playing.

Trumpet players deal with that all the time, because they only have three valves, whereas saxophone players have all these buttons and they think that that's the key to playing. But the key to playing, I think, is mastering the low B-flat and taking it from there. This is quite a big step in gaining complete control of the instrument.

Feather: You have a flute that was especially made for you, I believe, and rather unusually expensive.

Tabackin: Yes. My current flute is a gold Haynes, French model, which cost me $7,000,

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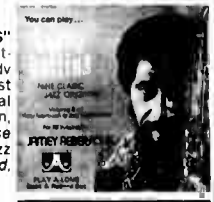

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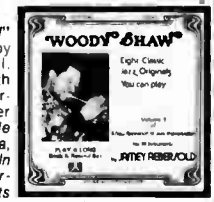

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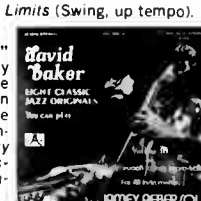

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TABACKIN

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and today I suppose it would be worth at least $10,000, though of course I wouldn't dream of selling it. I also used a Haynes wood piccolo and a Muramatsu alto flute.

My tenor is a Mark VI Selmer 200,000 series, gold plated, and I use an Otto Link hard rubber mouthpiece with a 3½ Rico reed, which is the nearest I can get to an appropriate strength. The Otto Link seems to provide the two essential characteristics: a large enough bore so that it will take in the air needed for a real full bodied sound, particularly in the lower range of the horn, and the ability to produce enough edge when it's called for.

I spent an unbelievable amount of time, and money, I guess, looking for the right reed, but I don't think there is such a thing as too much time in this respect, because the more perfect the reed, the better your chance of giving a performance that you'll be satisfied with.

As for the flute, the reason I use 14-carat gold is that I really believe gold has a different set of overtones.

Also, I play fairly hard, and gold is a much more resistant metal than silver. Anyway, when our band played in Boston, a reviewer, Bob Blumenthal, remarked about the fact that the flute sound had a lot of highs and a lot of brilliance, but it also had a lot of body. And I think that basically that sums up what I'm trying to get. Gold has the ability to accept a lot of air, and it has the brilliance, but it also always maintains the heaviness, which is the type of sound that I can relate to—at least at this point in time. I like that heavy, warm sound.

Feather: You're into quite a few other things in addition to leading a band.

Tabackin: I made a decision to direct my energies towards creative music, and when I left Doc Severinsen, I decided to not get too heavily involved in the studio scene and try to concentrate on things that are meaningful to me. Obviously playing in the big band is very meaningful. I've recorded some small group things for Japan, and I think some of them may be coming out in this country—I just got a letter from Inner City and they want to release some of the stuff.

The Japanese record company asked me if I'd be interested in producing some recordings for Japanese sales. So the first album I produced featured Blue Mitchell, Victor Feldman, Dick Spencer, John Heard and Dick Berk. In my second project I recorded Jimmy Knepper, who's always been one of my favorites. I was very honored to be able to record him. So that's become an interesting aspect, an interesting offshoot of playing.

And as far as playing is concerned, my main frustration has been that I don't play as much as I would like to. The band works maybe once a month, and that's not enough for me to maintain a level of playing, so my main project now is to develop a small group. Shelly Manne and I have organized a group we call The Quartet. We don't actually have a leader—we function kind of spontaneously—and it's not a rehearsed group. We just get up on the stand and just listen to each other and let things happen in a natural way. It's a very exciting thing for us. If I get some more small group playing, I'll be very happy at the direction my life is taking. Occasionally I do studio things if someone requests me to. It's usually on a higher level of studio work and I enjoy that. db

CARTER

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art and music and refrigeration, everything. Like a college on a high school level. I continued to practice, and at this time, I was studying with the first cello player for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

My playing was improving and I had started to attend concerts and hear some of the real giants of the instrument like Pablo Casals and Pietagorsky perform. At that point I hadn't honed in on a classical career, that's the stuff I was still learning on the instrument.

Williams: Were they playing what you were hearing in your head at the time?

Carter: No, they weren't, but that was the first time I had seen the instrument played so well. For a whole evening you couldn't hear nothin' but genius, nothin' but genius on that instrument, man. My concept was different; I felt my tone quality wouldn't match theirs, but hearing them didn't alter my frame of reference. When I heard them, I didn't say, "Well that's it." I said, "Now *that's* good cello playing."

Williams: When did you begin to incorporate the upright bass into your . . .?

Carter: As I became more proficient on cello, I assumed that meant you would get better gigs. It occurred to me after the first year that I was playing better and getting less work. I thought, "That ain't the way it's supposed to be, my parents said if you played good, you'd be entitled to certain other things like getting the better jobs." My playing was improving but the opportunities were getting less. This was in 1954. As long as there's someone who plays what you play, who appears to be competitive, but not better, and if he's white, he got the first shot. So then I looked around and the bass players were really not good players. It seems to be, and this is unfortunate, that bass players don't start until they get to high school. They're small, and the bass is a big instrument. It's tough to find one and the teacher is not always available and it's just hard physically to handle. It's not like a violin that comes small enough for even the smallest guy to play. The smallest size of bass is still kind of big for a ten or 11 year old. So bass players in the school didn't start 'til they got to Cass Tech, so they were way behind in their facilities because everybody in the orchestra had been playing for six years already and studying privately. With the bass player just starting, his level was way down from the general orchestra calibre. So I said, "Well, man, look, if ain't nobody gonna play bass, I'm gon' play bass. And I'm gonna play well enough so they have to call me first." And that was my solution to that racist situation.

Williams: You mean to tell me that's how you started to play bass?

Carter: I decided that if the name of the game is being so far superior to everybody else that they must call you, I'm gonna enlist in that category. . . .

Williams: Had you given the bass any thought. . . .

Carter: None. I was gonna be a cello player. I had all this library worked up, and I'd practiced, I wasn't thinkin' about nothin' but cello, man, and to be a major player, of what music I hadn't even decided yet, because I knew there was some other stuff out there. I had listened to some Bird records and I had seen Charlie Parker on TV; I knew there was something other than classical music out there. But I hadn't honed in specifically on what I was gonna do because I hadn't really conceptualized what I wanted to play yet. I was still developing technique and tone quality that I was hearing but hadn't reached. The bass had never entered my mind, as far as playing the instrument. So what I did, I went down to the music store, saw a bass that was all right, traded my cello in for this bass. My folks helped me work out arrangements to pay time on this bass; I put the cello aside totally and practiced the bass eight hours a day—with the same level of sacrifice and dedication that I had been taught when I was ten, applied to that same sound with a different point of view. Since a new social awareness had taken charge, I was awarded a full scholarship to the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York as a bass player. That's how I'm a bass player.

Williams: This was after your six months of woodshedding?

Carter: Yeah. As a total beginner on the instrument.

Williams: That's incredible.

Carter: Now, I'm gonna jump about five years ahead.

Williams: OK.

Carter: During the course of Eastman, they had the Eastman-Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, a good orchestra. It was in the second five of the top ten. I was the first black player to play in the orchestra and all that stuff. Well, Leopold Stokowski was conductor for this particular concert and we had this conversation about music, just a general conductor-student, nothing heavy, just a conversation about music. And he said, "I've noticed your playing and I'd love to have you in my orchestra down in Dallas or Houston but they're not ready for black players down there."

Williams: Stokowski said that?

Carter: Yeah. So now that's another blow. Here I am after setting aside one instrument because I see what's happening, and feeling that now that I'm grown up, 20, and a major conductor of a major orchestra tells me that. "You play good but my people don't want to hire no black people." How can one tell somebody else you play well, but you're black and you can't get the gig? That's ridiculous man!

So what do you do? I changed to bass for reason A and now that I've reached that level, you know, that "thing." The only thing difference is that now I've got an even bigger instrument. The same stuff is still happening. Twenty-three years later, it's still happening.

Williams: That's a very serious charge. Elaborate on that.

Carter: My feeling is this; whatever the enrollment of the black student population at the major music schools in particular, they're being geared emotionally, technically and musically to take a place in a musical organization other than the jazz community. Most of the major schools, Oberlin, Julliard, Curtis, Eastman, Manhattan, the University of Michigan and probably UCLA, may have jazz courses and jazz bands but jazz as an art form is not considered as being on the same cultural or educational level as classical music. Eastman has a kind of jazz program; Manhattan tried one at one time but it's discontinued; Julliard doesn't have any; UCLA may have a kind of jazz ensemble; the University of Michigan may have a kind of program but they're not degree programs, necessarily. David Baker at Indiana University has a jazz program but it does not carry the weight of the classical program, of the string player or the

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Calendar of School Jazz Festivals

Below is a partial, chronological list of School Jazz Festivals as reported to **down beat.** Additional festivals will be listed in future issues.

Each listing includes the following information: date, name, location, and mailing address of the festival; the director and his office phone number; the sponsor(s), and registration fees.

The nature of each festival is indicated by either *Competition* (when a "best" ensemble is chosen), or *Limited Competition* (when "outstanding" ensembles are chosen), or *"For Comment Only"* (when there is no competition, just evaluation)—followed by the estimated number of participating bands, combos, and jazz choirs; and the nature of the *Awards*, ensemble and individual. The names of the *Judges, Clinicians,* and guest *Performers* are indicated when known, as well as the admission charged to the public for the afternoon or evening concerts. ("tba" = to be announced.)

We urge all learning musicians, in or out of school, to attend as many festivals as they can. There's no better way to see what the more than half a million jazz-in-the-school musicians are about—and to understand the continuum of American music. It's the best antidote we know against punk, hype, and schlock. And besides, you're bound to learn something.

(Note: correspondence concerning school jazz festivals should be addressed to Charles Suber, **down beat,** 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.)

* * * *

Jan. 11-14: *19th Muskogee Jazz Concert* at Muskogee Fine Arts Auditorium, Muskogee, OK 74401. *Director:* R. L. Updike (918/682-6111) and Jerry Huffer, Muskogee High School, 214 West Broadway. *Sponsors:* Muskogee Chamber of Commerce and Updike Music Co. *Registration:* none. *"For Comment Only":* bands—2 college, 4 h.s., 8 jr.h.s.; combos—3 college, 2 h.s.; jazz choirs: 2 college. *Awards:* evaluation only. *Judges/Clinicians:* R. L. Updike, Jim McPherson, Steve Snider. *Performers:* Buddy Baker (trombone), University of Oklahoma and Southwestern State College jazz groups. *Evening Concert* (Jan. 13-14): $2.

Jan. 20: *8th Minot State College Jazz Festival* at Minot State College, Minot, ND 58701. *Director:* Mark E. Madden, Division of Music (701/852-3100, x281 or 256). *Sponsors:* MSC Jazz Ensemble; C.G. Conn, Ltd.; Northwest Music Center (Minot). *Registration:* $40 per band. *Competition or "For Comment Only":* 12 h.s. bands. *Awards:* "Winning" bands and "Outstanding" soloists. *Judge/Clinician:* Frank Rosolino. *Performers:* MSC Jazz Ensemble with Frank Rosolino. *Evening Concert:* free.

Jan. 21: *8th University of Wisconsin-Green Bay January Jazz Festival* at University of Wisconsin-Green Bay, Green Bay, WI 54302. *Director:* Jerome Abraham (414/465-2441). *Sponsor:* UW-GB Music Dept. *Registration:* $50-$75 per band. *Competition:* 36 h.s. bands. *Awards:* "Winning" bands and individuals. *Judges/Clinicians/Performers:* (tba). *Evening Concert:* $5-$6.

Jan. 28: *18th Stephen F. Austin State University Stage Band Festival* at Fine Arts & Science Campus, Stephen F. Austin State University, Box 3043, Nacogdoches, TX 75962. *Director:* Darrell Holt (713/569-4602). *Sponsors:* SFA Music Dept. and Phi Mu Alpha. *Registration:* $40 per band. *Competition:* bands—4-6 college, 30 h.s., 15 jr.h.s. *Awards:* "Winning" bands; All-Star awards and "Outstanding Musician". *Judges:* James Simmons, Dr. Bill Wendtland, Ed Garcia, Bill Snodgrass, Dr. Joe Bellamah, Dr. M. E. Hall. *Clinicians:* Ed Garcia, Frank Sandoval, Sarrell Hunt (Rhythm Section clinic). *Performers:* (tba). *Evening Concert:* free.

Jan. 26-28: *25th Tallcorn Jazz Festival* at University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, IA 50613. *Director:* Richard Lawn (319/273-2644). *Sponsors:* UNI School of Music and Phi Mu Alpha—Betu Nu Chapter. *Registration:* $35 per band. *Competition:* 45 h.s. bands. *Awards:* "Winning" ensembles in each class and NAJE "Outstanding Soloist Award" certificates. *Judges/Clinicians:* Gerry Niewood, Don Jackson, Paul Smoker (3 tba). *Performers:* UNI Jazz I Ensemble featuring Gerry Niewood. *Evening Concerts:* ($ tba).

Jan. 27-28: *8th Mountain View College Jazz Festival* at Mountain View College, 4849 West Illinois Ave., Dallas, TX 75211. *Director:* Mark D. Hettle (214/746-4132). *Sponsor:* MVC Music Dept. *Registration:* $35 per band. *Competition:* 30 h.s. bands. *Awards:* "Winning" bands and individuals. *Judges/Clinicians:* Jay Saunders, Pete Volmers, Curtis Wilson, and Dr. Robert Schigtroma. *Evening Concert:* none.

Jan. 27-28: *Jazz Fest '78* (4th annual) at University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse, LaCrosse, WI 54601. *Directors:* Wes Rainer (Student Chairman) and Dr. Robert Wessler (Advisor), Music Dept. (608/785-8409). *Sponsor:* MENC Student Chapter #361. *Registration:* $35 per band, $10 per combo. *Competition:* bands—3 college, 29 h.s., 9 jr.h.s.; combos—2 college, 12 h.s., 4 jr.h.s. *Awards:* "Winning" ensembles in each class; NAJE Citations and Honors Jazz Ensemble Certificates. *Judges:* Milt Hinton, Rich Matteson, Jack Peterson. *Clinicians/Performers:* John Alexander, trumpet; Hinton, bass; Matteson, improvisation & low brass; John Radd, piano; Bernard Rose, sax; Peterson, improvisation & guitar; Steve Zenz, percussion; and Hinton/Radd/Zenz, rhythm. *Evening Concerts* (Fri. & Sat.): $2.50.

woodwind player or the opera singer or the ballet dancer.

All of the future Leontyne Prices, Andre Wattses, Ortiz Waltons, Selwart Clarks or Sanford Allens are being geared to an industry that is not interested in hiring them, and they are not hiring them.

Four years ago there was a suit filed in New York by two black string players who thought they'd been discriminated against in auditions for the Philharmonic Orchestra. Art Davis was the bass player; there was a cello player whose name I can't recall right now. They were good players and certainly I felt that Art's facility would have entitled him, from what I saw of the orchestra, to be a member. The suit ended by not having any result as far as they were concerned, as far as gettin' into the orchestra. It did focus some temporary attention on the lack of black players in symphony orchestras.

If you're interviewing female executives who are mad because they haven't gone high enough up the corporate ladder, you have at least 40 or 50 possibilities of female people to interview, but if you're talkin' about interviewing black people for symphony orchestras, you got six out of a hundred players per orchestra. That's a big gap.

Williams: That's a tremendous gap.

Carter: I've always felt a great deal of sorrow for all the black classical players who are being geared through their every move, certainly while they're in the music conservatory, to the end that if you do all this stuff correctly, you will have qualified for a position in a symphony orchestra.

To be continued in the February 9, 1978 issue, on sale January 26, 1978.

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Copacabana: *Bette Midler* (1/12-15; 1/17-22).

Other End: *Elliot Murphy* (1/12-14); *Darryl Rhoades and the Hahavishnu Orchestra* (1/18-22; 1/25-29).

Carnegie Hall: *Sonny Rollins* (1/13); *Benny Goodman Big Band* special anniversary (1/17).

Avery Fisher Hall: *Manhattan Transfer* (1/20); *Roberta Flack* (1/21).

Axis In Soho: *Brass Proud Trumpet Choir* (1/13-14).

Rutgers University/Livingston College (Lucy Hall Auditorium, New Brunswick, N.J.): "From Africa To The New World" with *Emeke Nwabuoku*, program director, *Vishnu Wood*, bass, and *Guillermina "Gigi" Uben*, dancer (1/24).

International Art Of Jazz (Garden City, L.I.): Concert artists to be announced.

Church Of The Heavenly Rest: *Joe Venuti & Friends* with *Bucky Pizzarelli, John Bunch, Milt Hinton, Bobby Rosengarden* (1/22).

Sweet Basil: *Jim Hall & Red Mitchell* (through 1/13).

Village Vanguard: *Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra* (Mon.).

Rapson's Cafe (Stamford, Conn.): *Gary Wofsey's Trumpet Band* (Wed.).

Hennie's (Freeport, L.I.): *Joe Coleman's Jazz Supreme* (Fri. and Sat.).

Skyway Hotel (Ozone Park, Queens): *Joe Coleman's Jazz Supreme* (Mon.).

Three Sisters (West Paterson, NJ): *Dave Tesar* (Mon.); *Vic Cenicola* (Tues.); *Alex Kramer* (Thurs.); *Bu Pleasant* (Sun.).

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

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

Manny's (Moonachie, NJ): *Morris Nanton* (Wed.).

The Office (Nyack, NY): *Arnie Lawrence & Jack DiPietro Officers Band* (Wed.).

Eddie Condon's: *Red Balaban & Cats* (Mon.-Sat.); guest artist (Tues.); *Scott Hamilton* (Sun.).

Village Gate: *Bob January and Swing Era Big Band* (Sun. 3-7 PM); call club for top acts (weekends).

Ali's Alley: Big band (Mon.); call for other acts.

Jazzline: Call (212) 421-3592 for up to the minute schedules of area clubs.

CHICAGO

Amazingrace: (Evanston): *Luther Allison* (1/13-15); top acts in many musical categories appearing regularly; call 328-2489 for information.

Jazz Showcase: *Bunky Green Quintet* (through 1/15); *Sonny Stitt* (1/18-22); *Chet Baker* and *Pepper Adams* (1/25-29); *Stan Kenton* (tent. 1/31); *Art Farmer Quintet* (2/8-12); *Joe Henderson* (2/15-19); *Woody Shaw Quintet* (3/1-5); call 337-1000.

Wise Fools Pub: *Jimmy Johnson Blues Band* (through 1/14); *Otis Rush Blues Band* (1/18-21); *Son Seals Blues Band* (1/25-28); *Roger Pemberton's Big Band* (Mon.). Call 929-1510 for further details.

Orphan's : *Shelly Torres* and *Wave* (1/19-21; 1/26-28); *Joe Daley Quorum* (Mon.); *Ears* featuring *Bobby Lewis* and *Cy Touff* (Tues.); for further details call 929-2677.

Rick's Cafe Americain: *Joe Williams* (1/10-14; 1/17-21); *Buck Clayton* with *Scott Hamilton* (1/24-28); *Ahmad Jamal Quintet* (2/7-11; 2/14-18); *Marian McPartland* (2/21-25); *Charlie Byrd Trio* (3/14-18; 3/21-25); call 943-9200.

Ivanhoe Theater: Name jazz and contemporary

music; call 348-4060 for details.

Quiet Knight: *Hal Galper Quintet* (in Jan.); for details and further information call 348-7100.

Biddy Mulligan's: *Mighty Joe Young Blues Band* (through 1/14); *Bob Riedy Blues Band* (1/18-21); *Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows* (1/25-28); *Lonnie Brooks Blues Band* (2/1-4); *Chicago Grandstand Big Band* (Tuesdays in January); call 761-6532.

Elsewhere: Vintage and contemporary Chicago Blues, virtually every night; call 929-8000 for details.

Jazz Institute Hotline: 312-421-6394.

LOS ANGELES

Parisian Room: *Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis/Harry "Sweets" Edison* (1/10-15); *Arthur Prysock* (1/24-2/19).

Baked Potato: *Greg Mathieson* (Mon.); *Lee Ritenour* (Tues.); *Plas Johnson* (Sun.); for further info call 980-1615.

Cafe Concert (Tarzana): Name jazz regularly; for info call 976-6620.

Cellar Theatre: *Les De Merle & Transfusion* (Mon.); weekly guest regulars include *John Klemmer, Milcho Leviev, Emmett Chapman, Dave Liebman;* for details call 487-0419.

Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico); New music regularly; call 475-8388.

Dontes: Name jazz regularly; for info call 769-1566.

El Camino College (Redondo Beach): *Woody Herman* (1/24).

Golden Bear (Huntington Beach): Occasional jazz; call (714) 536-9600.

Hong Kong Bar (Century City): Jazz regularly; call 277-2000.

The Improv: Jazz (Mon.); for info call 650-1554.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: Jams (Mon.); *Jimmy Smith* (Thurs.-Sun.); for info call 760-1444.

Little Big Horn (Pasadena): *Bobby Bradford* (Sun. 4-8), sometimes w/*John Carter;* jazz (Thurs. 8 p.m.); for details call 681-0058.

Lighthouse: Bobby Hutcherson (1/3-8); *Eddie Taylor/Louis Meyers* (1/17-19); *Lightnin' Hopkins/Philip Walker* (1/20-22); *Mose Allison* (1/31-2/5); for details call 376-4694.

Montebello Inn: *Norm Williams Trio* (Mon.-Tues.); phone 722-2927.

Sound Room: *Brazilian night* (Mon.); *Leila* (Tues.); *Mike Barone/Dick Spencer Quintet* (Wed.); *Jack Sheldon* (Thurs.); weekend jazz; for details call 761-3555.

White House (Laguna Beach): Jazz seven nights; for info and details call (714) 494-8088/9.

Concerts By The Sea: *Willie Bobo* (1/3-15); *Seawind* (1/17-29); *Stan Getz* (1/31-2/5); *Joe Williams* (2/7-12); for details call 379-4998.

UCLA (Royce Hall): *World's Greatest Jazzband* (1/24); *Earl "Fatha" Hines* (1/29); *Doc Watson* (1/31); for details call 825-4874.

Redondo Lounge (Redondo Beach): *Jay Migliori; Pete Aplanap; Ray Pizzi; Pete Christlieb; Tom Mason; Don Menza; Buddy Collette; John Bannister; Joe Lettiere; John Dense; Will Bradley Jr.* (Jan.-Feb.); for specific dates and details call 540-1240.

CLEVELAND

Cleveland State University: Monthly "Sundown Jazz at CSU" series continues, with *Ralph Grugel* and his *Eagle Street Dixieland Band* (1/15/78); *The Duke Jenkins Trio* plus *Three* (2/5/78); all concerts in series free, 4 PM in CSU Main Classroom Auditorium.

The Boardinghouse: *Gary Queen Trio,* Fri. nights; *Bill Gidney/Chink Stevenson Duo,* Tues. Thur. and Sat. nights.

The Agora New World Of Jazz: National jazz acts Tues. nights, to be announced; call 696-8333 for weekly bookings.

The Bank (Akron): *Joe De Jarnette and The Jazz Company,* Fri. and Sat. nights weekly; open jam sessions Sun. from 3 to 6 PM and 9 PM to 1 AM weekly (through 2/9).

SAN DIEGO

UCSD Mandeville Auditorium: *Earl "Fatha" Hines* (2/1).

Lost Knight: *John Murray Trio* (Fri.-Sat.).

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

Catamaran: *Magic If* (to 2/13); jazz slate follows.

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

Le Chalet: *Preston Coleman* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Gold Coast Room: *Bee Gee,* solo piano (Tues.-Sat.).

Over Easy: *Impulse* (Thurs.).

Back Door: closed thru 1/25, call 286-6562.

KPBS (89.5FM): Ron Galon's "Jazz Spectrum" (Sat. night).

KSDS (88.3FM): All-jazz radio; "Jazz Live" (Thurs., 7PM).

LAS VEGAS

Gibby's Lounge: *Peer Marini Trio* (Mon.-Fri.).

Library Buttery & Pub: *Jerry Harrison,* solo piano.

Jody's Lounge: *Jazz Jam* (Sun., 4PM).

Santa Barbara Club: *Benny Bennett's Latin Orchestra* (Sun.).

KCEP (88.1 FM): Jazz radio; Dr. Jazz Show (6 AM).

Aladdin: *Loretta Lynn* (to 1/4); *Isaac Hayes/Tina Turner* (1/16).

Blue Heaven: Jam Sessions (Thurs.-Sat.); *Tony Celeste's Big Band* (Sun.).

Desert Inn: *Joe Castro* (Patio Bar).

Sands Hotel: *Bob Sims Trio* (lounge).

Tender Trap: *Jim Snyder,* violin (Sun.); *Harvey Leonard Trio* (steady); "Blue Monday" (Mon.); special jazz guests; call 361-6905.

Sahara Tahoe: Jazz In The Afternoon (High Sierra Theatre).

KLAV (1230 AM): Monk Montgomery's Jazz Show (Sun., 6 PM).

BUFFALO

Trailamadore Cafe: jazz Tues. through Sun.; *Jeremy Wall Trio* (Wed.); *Spyro Gyra* (Thur.); national and regional groups other nights. Live broadcasts on *WBFO*. Call 836-9678 for details.

Statler Hilton Downtown Room: jazz Tues. through Sun. *Spider Martin* (1/3-15); *Gap Mangione* (1/17-29); Live broadcasts on *WBFO* and *WEBR*.

Checkerboard Lounge: Live jazz (Fri.-Tues.) *James Clark, Oscar Alston, Jerry McClam* (Fri. and Sat.); *Joe Madison, Pappy Martin, Ronnie Wagner* (Sun., Mon., Tues.).

Mr. Tanedbry's: *James Clark Trio* (Sun.)

Bagatelle: *Brancato and Norris* (Fri. and Sun.); *Barbie Rankin and Friends* (Sat.).

My Place: *James Peterson Blues Band* (Fri. and Sat.); *Al Syms Quartet* (Wed. and Thur.).

WBFO (88.7FM): Over 80 hours of jazz per week; Call (716) 831-5393 for info.

WEBR (970 AM): Jazz 8:05-midnight nightly.

WADV (106 FM): Jazz 11:30-12:30 nightly.

WBLK (94 FM): Jazz Sat. 11PM-1AM.

DENVER

Robin's Nest: *Jazz Motivators* (Fri.-Sun.).

Zeno's: *Queen City Jazz Band* (Fri. and Sat.).

Picadilly: *Ron Henry and Pride* (Tues.-Sat.).

Oxford Hotel: Name Jazz and contemporary music; for information call 825-7221.

Blue Note (Boulder): Name Jazz, for information call 449-2582.

Cafe Nepenthes: Occasional jazz, for information call 534-5423.

Little Bear: *Fingers* (Tues.-Sat.).

KANSAS CITY

Jewish Community Center: *Bill Watrous/Danny Stiles* (1/28).

Music Hall: *Ramsey Lewis w/Kansas City Philharmonic* (1/14, 8PM).

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

New Mill Lounge (Independence): *John Lyman Quartet* (Saturdays, 2:30-5:30PM).

Arrowhead Inn: *Sylvia Bell* (January).

Eddy's South: *Greg Meise Trio* (8:30-12:30, Mon.-Sat.).

Jeremiah Tuttles: *Pete Eye Trio* (Mon.-Sat., 8:30-12:30).

Top of the Crown: *Steve Denny Trio* (Mon.-Sat., 9-1:15).

MIAMI

Travelers Lounge: *Tony Prentice Trio* with guest stars *Jay Corre, Nat Adderley, Al Grey/Jimmy Forrest, Buddy Tate* (Tues.-Sun.); *Lee Scott Quartet featuring Mel Dancy* (Mon.). Call 888-3661 for details on guest stars.

Jazz At The Airliner: *Billy Marcus Quartet* with alternating national jazz names (Tues.-Thurs., 10PM-3AM, Fri.&Sat., 10PM-5AM). Call 871-2611 for up-to-date rundown on guest stars.

Village Inn: *Jeff Palmer Group* (Tues.-Sun.). Call 445-8721

Unitarian Church: *Ira Sullivan* and friends (Fri. 9:30PM-1AM; Mon. 9-Midnight). Call 667-3697.

Gold Dust Lounge: *W.C. Baker* (Fri.&Sat. 10PM-2AM). Call 754-1381.

J.C. Club: *Mike Gillis Sextet with Elliot Lawrence* (Wed.-Sun.). Call 442-2472.

Jazz Hot Line: (305) 887-4683, 24 hours.

P.A.C.E. Concert Information Hot Line: (305) 856-1966, 24 hours.

BOSTON

Bishop's (Lawrence): *Joe Bucci Trio w/ Gray Sargent*, guitar (Tues.-Sun.).

Jazz Workshop: *Bill Evans & Eddie Gomez* (1/17-22); *Joe Pass* (1/23-29).

Sandy's Jazz Revival (Beverly): Closed for winter. Reopened mid-March with *Earl "Fatha" Hines*.

Pooh's Pub: Live Music Band from Brandeis (1/19-21). Fine bands nightly.

Michael's: Jazz nightly. *Fringe* (Mon.); *Jaki Byard & The Apollo Stompers* (Wed.).

WBUR-FM (90.9): Tony Cennamo's New Morning (6-11AM, M-F); Steve Elman's Spaces (10:30-2AM, Sat. & Sun., 10-2AM, Mon.); Rhonda Hamilton's Blue Fantasy (10-2AM, Tues.-Fri.); Rob Battles' Things We Like (Fri.&Sat., 2AM-6AM); Ted Boccelli's Jazzway (Sat.&Sun. 6-9:30AM); Jose Masso's Con Salsa! (Sat.& Sun., 8-10:30AM).

WGBH-FM (89.7): Ron Della Chiesa's Music America (1-5PM Mon.-Thurs.); Eric Jackson's Artists in the Night (12AM-6AM, Tues.-Sat.); Ray Smith's Jazz Decades (Sun., 7-9PM).

WERS-FM (88.9): Jazz Slot 11-4PM, daily.

WHRB-FM (95.3): 8-10AM, 3-7PM weekdays.

WMFO-FM (91.5): 10-2PM, weekdays.

WHDH-AM (850): Jack Lazare's Lazare at Large w/ Fred Bouchard (Sunday midnight to 2AM).

JAZZLINE: (617) 262-1300 for latest listings.

SEATTLE

Parnell's: *Joe Henderson; The L.A. Four* in January.

Paramount Theater: *Woody Herman* (1/13/78).

FIRST CHORUS

continued from page 6

Community College where he was axed from the faculty one day away from tenure.

Reminder: If you haven't already done so, send for an Official Application for the **deebee** Student Recording Awards open to high school and college musicians in the U.S. and Canada. Use the coupon on page 36. The Official Application and your recording(s) must be in **down beat's** Chicago office no later than March 3.

Next issue: Buddy Rich is interviewed by his would-be biographer and co-trader of insults, Mel Torme. Amid one-liners and rim shots, Mr. Charm has a lot to say about music and the music business, drums and drumming. Also there is Ron Carter, Part II, plus several other good musicians' pieces, and a long look at jazz in Europe including the most recent Berlin Jazz Festival. **db**

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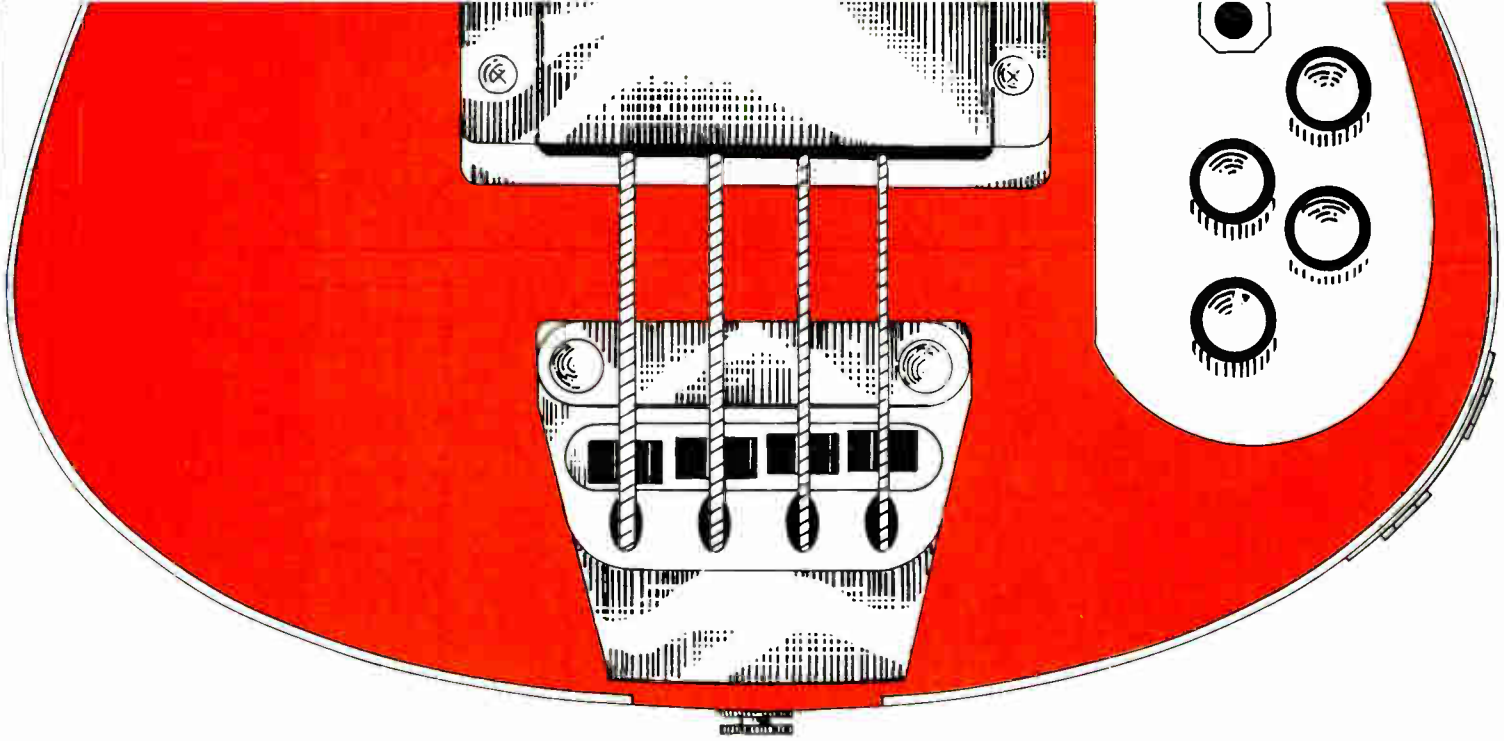

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