FEBRUARY 9, 1978 60c

the contemporary music magazine

down beat®

BUDDY RICH talks with MEL TORMÉ

RON CARTER

ENRICO RAVA

Jazz In Europe

HOW TO Produce a Radio Commercial

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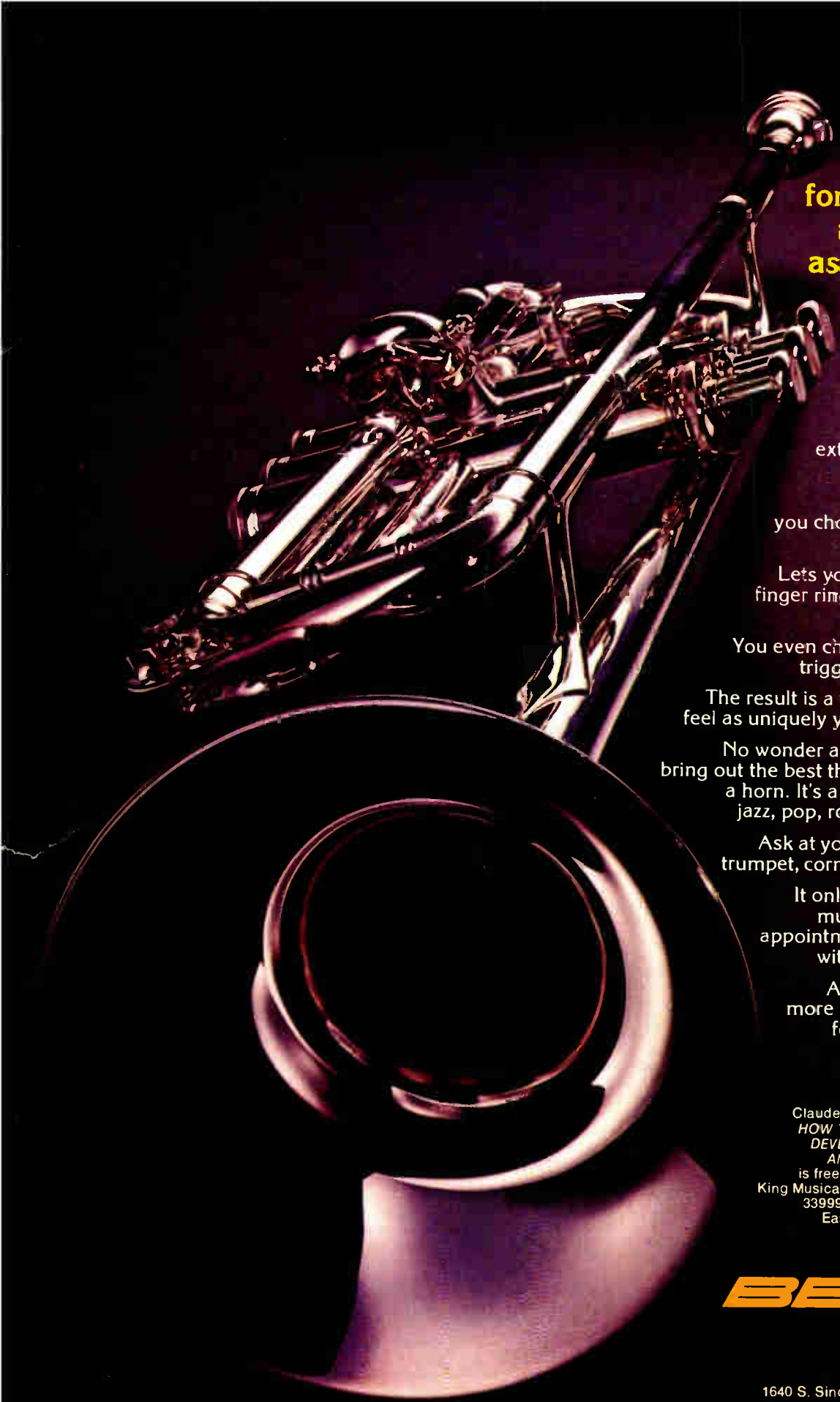

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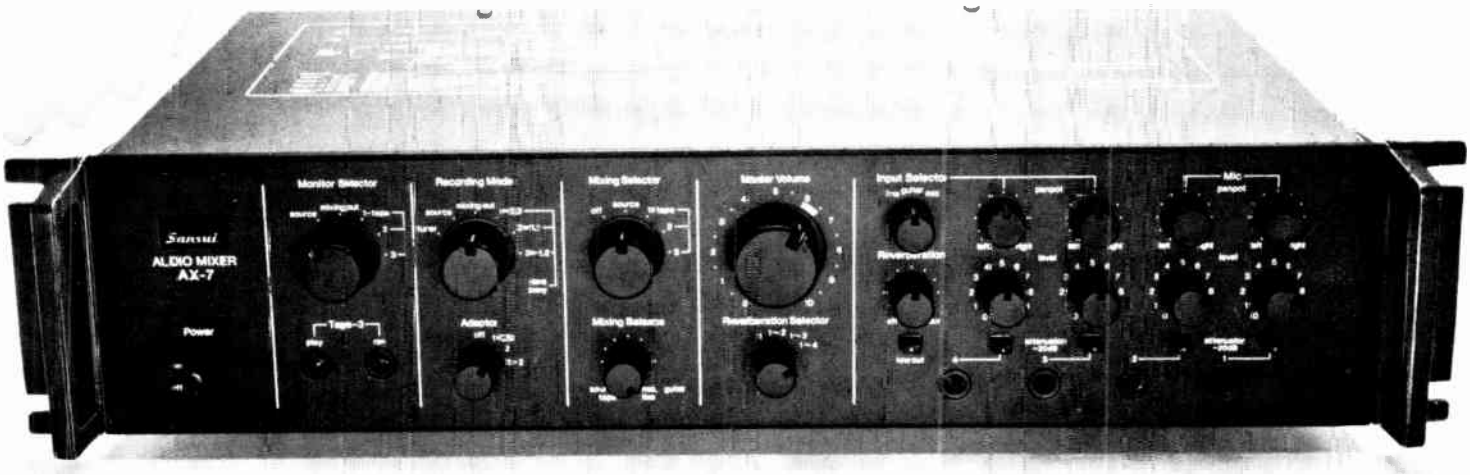
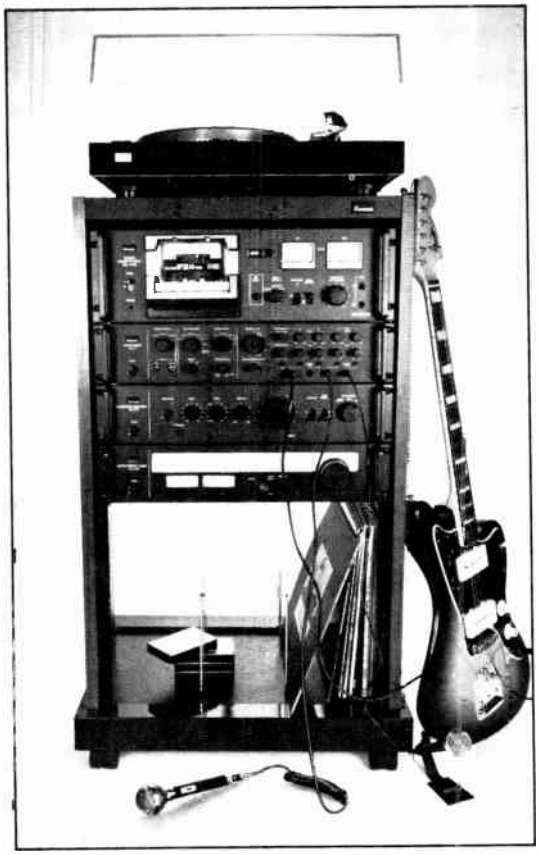


The Sansui AX-7 Mixer with Reverb.



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CONTENTS

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

Mel Torme's interview of Buddy Rich beginning in this issue gets well behind Rich's usual barrage of one liners, and into a serious discussion, accented by rim shots, about what was and what is for one of the best drummers anywhere, anytime.

The public Buddy Rich, the *Tonight Show* Buddy Rich, is neither a caricature nor a complete portrait of a musician who has supreme confidence in himself and respects only those who have similar confidence in themselves.

Rich, in casual conversation, is much like his show biz front: witty, bellicose, hip, probing for a vulnerable chink in which he can deftly insert a barbed put-down. If you can take it and come back with a tart remark, he will likely dig it and you. If you are angered or cowed, his teeth will pull back in a wolfish grin and he'll either devour you or ignore you.

Like anyone else, Rich is able to safeguard his inner privacy behind a public face. But as is so typical of him, he works harder at it than anyone else. And it pays off. Rich has been able to market his public personality to where he is the world's most famous and most highly paid drummer. (For artistic reasons, let's leave Ringo Star *et al* out of this.) Buddy Rich, the terrible tempered tintantambulist, is also able to keep away those who would ingratiate, exploit, or worst of all, bore him.

This is not to say that among his friends and peers Buddy Rich is always a humble, kindly, ever-loving doll. His inner devils and physical pain (his back still gives him fits) can make him, in public or private, an ornery son-of-a-bitch. But he can, to those he respects for their integrity and talent, be helpful, considerate and compassionate.

Buddy Rich revels in his role of Mr. Humble, the prototype anti-sweetener, and is consequently made uneasy by public tributes. For example, several years ago, Buddy received his **db** Readers Poll Hall of Fame award at a brief ceremony in a Chicago nite club. He couldn't resist interupting the public plaudits with a two-liner: "Hey, you're blowing my image. Louie Bellson is the *nice* guy." Then he broke up as he was presented with a bundle of back issues of **down beat** in reply to a comment he had made on the Johnny Carson show about **down beat** being too cheap to give him a subscription.

Virtually all jazz musicians and fans have their own favorite Buddy Rich story. And each story is probably true. Such is the stuff of which a legend is made. My collection of Buddy Rich memorabilia is cut from the same cloth but includes what he did for Gene Krupa, the prisons and hospitals he has played for gratis, and other unheralded, nice things that he will deny. Buddy, stay as sweet as you are.

Reminder: send today for the Official Application to the **down beat** Student Recording Awards competition—**deebees,** prizes, etc. to the best student recordings in each of nine categories in both high school and college divisions. (See page 30)

Next issue's emphasis is on guitarists, especially on Al DiMeola and Steve Kahn, and Larry Coryell's Blindfold Test; plus Buddy Rich, part II and other things of moment. db

Introducing Maynard Ferguson's little big horn.

"I designed the new MF4 because I wanted to offer the player an alternative to my big MF Horn. A trumpet that's identical except for the bore. The MF's is large — .468. The new MF4's is *medium*-large — .465. Both have enough bigness to produce a really mellow sound.

"Some people might've tried to design a trumpet that's easier in the ultissimo register by making it very small. But I've always found that the horn that works really great for me in the upper register is the same one that has a big, fat sound in the *middle* register because it has a *large* bore. Both of these horns are just marvelous in the middle register! I like to have them both on the stand so I can switch from one to the other.

"I like the MF4 particularly for playing some of the softer jazz things and the quicker-moving pieces, because it isn't quite as demanding as far as air power and velocity go.

"Also, I realize that not everyone uses my size mouthpiece. A player might prefer a *huge* mouthpiece that takes more air. Then he might rather have an instrument with a bore that's not as large as the MF's. The theory of 'large mouthpiece/small-bore horn.' Now, with the MF4, we're giving him that option. A medium-large bore that might match his mouthpiece better. Plus all the features that've made the MF so popular":

Fast valves. 
"I want to press a valve and see it come up fast. Even when it's not show-room clean. I mean, I wonder how many players clean their horns out after every performance, as the little pamphlet says. I've used hundreds of trumpets in my day, and these are the valves that work the best."

Toughness. "I'm very rough on an instrument. So it has to be designed and constructed so it'll withstand me. And the airlines.

For a test, once, the President of Leblanc tossed my horn into its case, took it to the edge of a stairwell, and threw it over! Just threw it down the stairs! I almost freaked! We examined the horn, then, and it was still perfect. Perfect!"

Brass or silver. "The instrument comes in either brass or silver-plated brass. If I were playing in the trumpet section a lot more, like in the back row, I'd go for the silver, which seems to sound brighter. But up front, my identity sound tends to be bright, and I'd rather hear it darkened or mellowed. So I go for the brass. It's all very personal, anyhow, and we give the player a choice."

A live bell. "Holton and I put time and energy into the size and shape of the bell. We experimented with smaller bells, bigger bells, less flare, more flare. And we hit on one that has a live sound. It *rings!*"

The new MF4. A smaller-bore large-bore B♭ trumpet designed by Maynard Ferguson, constructed by Holton.

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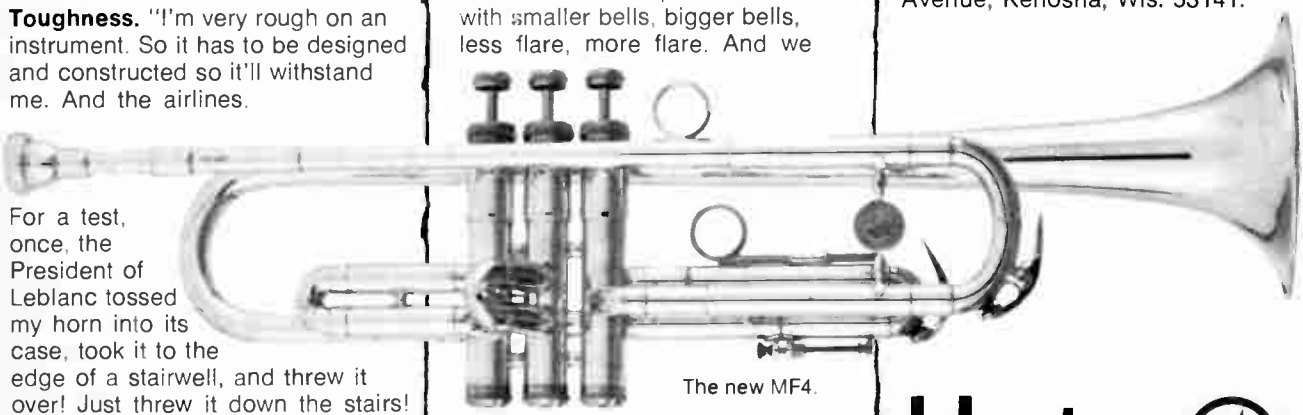

The new MF4.

HOLTON

CHORDS AND D·I·S·C·O·R·D·S

Excellent Hard-Nose

Thanks for finally giving space to one of the most important figures in contemporary music—James Progris.

Jim is not a "star" commercially, but he has personally affected the lives and careers of many of the "stars" about whom you write.

All of his students will tell you he was (and I'm sure still is) the roughest, toughest hard-nose teacher out there. His techniques work and all of us who know Jim can testify to that. . . .

Progris covers all the ground, and thanks to **db** for letting the music world in on a well-kept secret.

John Dougherty Wilmington, Del.

Labeling Needed

Why don't you label your excellent pictures? How can we tell Ron Carter from Airto? People my age recognize a young-older Gerry Mulligan, but we have to get into "What's happening?" when there is no name on the photographs.

Everybody likes to look at musicians. But when your magazine doesn't tell us who they are (like in the '77 Readers Poll issue), you're being like the *New Yorker*—supercilious.

R. W. Connor San Diego, Cal.

Lip Sync Sunk

The use of lip sync on television is revolting. It not only cheats the audience, but implies the question as to whether the so-called "artist" is capable of performing live at the same quality level of the recording.

Even worse is the guitar player who doesn't plunk a string during his solo. The public should stop reacting to the applause lights and let the artists feel like fools. After all, isn't that what they are taking us for?

Frank Gambino Middletown, Pa.

Retire? Never!

At no time nor in any fashion has Vinnie Burke been retired, as you have stated in one of your issues of the last few months. I cannot recall exactly in which issue this statement appeared, in what was purported to be a review of the latest release of Tal Farlow-Vinnie Burke-Eddie Costa album. It is obvious that I must have a retraction immediately and of noticeable size in order to prevent any further damage to my career.

I have been playing the bass for over 40 years and have no intention of retiring ever.

Vinnie Burke Newark, N.J.

A Musician As Well

I saw in the 12/15 issue that Lee Underwood has been made West Coast editor. He's a fine writer, and it is good to read that he's a musician as well. . . .

William Jackson Los Angeles, Cal.

Wincing From Hammer

Jan Hammer's latest—*Melodies*—for Nemperior; I winced through it. Nine of the 11 tunes are vocal tracks, embarrassingly weak lyrically—a condition which can be salvaged neither individually nor collectively on the part of the band's vocal talents. All this down time makes the few slices of Hammer's incredible synthesizing ability more frustrating than pleasing to hear.

I can dig the three minute attempts at airplay; we all need money. But sappy vocalese isn't the road for this band. I'm hoping Jan will eventually give full rein to his instrumental work, because (he) could produce amazing things.

Matina Coulouris Saginaw, Mich.

Searching For Francy and Kenny

I have enjoyed **db** now for over three years. However I have yet to see an article on Kenny Clarke or Francy Boland or the (now defunct) Clarke-Boland Big Band. How about an article on them?

John Foshager Wauwatosa, Wisc.

NEWS

MANGIONE SWAPS HATS

AARON/MORLEY

Mutual admirers Lyle and Mangione prepare for exchange

NEW YORK—At a recent Chuck Mangione concert at the Bottom Line, Yankees ace reliever and American League Cy Young Award winner, Sparky Lyle, dropped by to hear the music and exchange hats with Mangione. For sports buff Mangione, it was a special treat to meet Lyle who presented him with a Yankee cap which Mangione wore throughout the engagement. In exchange, Lyle was presented with Mangione's cherished flat-brimmed hat.

Commented Lyle, "If I could pitch like Chuck plays, I'd be hell!"

BLUES AT RADIO CITY

NEW YORK—If you needed to compare blues styles of the famous, this show was surely the place to do so. B. B. King, Bobby Blue Bland, Albert King and Muddy Waters were all on the same bill at the largest indoor venue in the city, Radio City Music Hall. The show was a sellout but a promised get-together jam session never materialized.

Bland opened the show with a full 11 piece band. He skillfully used his musicianship, which always stands him in good stead. He worked with the band, utilizing a husky growl and a nasality. Bland makes up for the power he lacks with a tension that cumulatively builds. This worked best as his act lengthened and he featured the musicians from the band, most notably Johnny Jones on guitar in a very gutsy and ironic *Stormy Monday Blues*.

In contrast was Albert King, whose backing quintet had a more rockish feel to it. Where Bland was subtle, King was stridently electric. His rock background lent itself beautifully to a very down, heavily accented *The Very Thought of You*.

Muddy's band became increasingly worse as his set progressed. It was heavy-handed and lacked subtlety. Although he back-beat his tunes to death, his laid-back attitude toward the blues was very refreshing after Albert's approach. Highlights for both Waters and his harmonica man (as well as his barrelhouse piano soloist) were *Hoochie Coochie Man* and *Kansas City Blues*.

Then the main man came out. B. B. King (with Lucille in tow) was as tight as some of the others weren't. His air of ease and off-handedness made for a relaxed set. His group played *Honky Tonk* true to the Bill Doggett version, but when King stepped out, he was definitely in charge. His forthrightness lets you know that the man feels he is doing the right thing no matter what. And he played them all, from a Thelonious Monk blues to *Caldonia*, from traditional shouts to r&r. When he said "Nobody loves me but my mother . . . and she could be jivin' too," the audience replied affirmatively. His was the most rewarding of the four sets.

The show concluded with Bland and B. B. dueting on a couple of tunes. The anticipated four part jam would have been more enlightening.

NEW RELEASES

Fresh wax from **Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone/Stax** includes, *Inner Voices*, **McCoy Tyner**, featuring sidemen **Ron Carter, Jack DeJohnette** and **Earl Klugh; *Goin' Bananas*, Side Effect; *We Got The Moves*,** the **Checkmates; *Cayenne*, Bill Summers and Summers Heat;** and ***Alone (Again)*, Bill Evans.**

•

Blue Note, which recently reactivated the **Pacific Jazz Series** catalogue, has plans to reissue memorable material from such artists as **Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Les McCann, Wes Montgomery, Buddy Rich, Jean-Luc Ponty, Ravi Shankar** and **Gerald Wilson's Big Band.** Watch here for more info.

•

The French label **Fluid** has released a **Sam Rivers** session tagged *Paragon*, with **Barry Altschul** and **Dave Holland** featured.

•

Another French label called **Marge** has issued the **Frank Lowe Quartet's *Tricks Of The Trade*,** with **Lawrence Morris, Didier Lavallet** and **George Brown** accompanying Lowe.

•

Island has released an album by a group known as **Roomful Of Blues.** Produced by **Doc Pomus** and **Joel Dorn,** the blues/bluegrass synthesis is said to be a most intriguing one.

•

Chick Corea's latest, *Mad Hatter*, features a string quartet led by **Dennis Karmasyn.** Other participants in the waxing are **Gayle Moran, Steve Gadd, Harvey Mason, Joe Farrell** and **John Rosenberg.**

•

The latest batch from **Muse** includes *Alone Together*, **Jonathan Schwartz; *Smokin'*, Charles Earland; *Soul Village*, Walter Bishop, Jr.; *Beggars And Stealers*, Robin Kenyatta;** and ***New York Afternoon*, Richie Cole.**

•

Recent adds to the **Verve** reissue series are *Diz And Roy*, **Dizzy Gillespie and Roy Eldridge;** and *The Verve Years—1952-54*, **Charlie Parker.** db

Heavenly Benefits

NEW YORK—For the second season, the Church of the Heavenly Rest and the Day School are presenting a series of jazz concerts to benefit the Day School Scholarship Fund.

Held at the church site at 90th Street and 5th Avenue here, this year's series opened in October with Randy Weston, assisted by Vishnu Wood on bass and Candido and Azzedin Weston on congas. Dexter Gordon appeared in December. Future events will star Joe Venuti with Bucky Pizzarelli, John Bunch, Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosengarden (Jan. 22); Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet with George Mraz, Frank Wess and Richie Pratt, with guest star Jon Faddis (Feb. 19); Hank Jones and John Lewis repeating their recent New York club appearance on duo piano (March 12); and Al Cohn-Zoot Sims and a quintet (Apr. 16.) The series is produced by Ira Gitler and Paul J. Weinstein.

Ethnomusicologists Meet In Texas

AUSTIN—The 22nd Annual Meeting of The Society for Ethnomusicology was recently held here, hosted by the University of Texas. Amid the potpourri of papers, presentations and films was a Friday cocktail party that featured a mariachi band called Grupo Universitario de Danza y Arte Folklorico. A dance followed with traditional Norteno Conjunto music provided by Fred Zimmerle and his Trio San Antonio.

According to Dr. Gerrard Behague of the University of Texas, a subtheme of this year's conference was the music of Texas as influenced by Mexican disciplines. The mariachi band featured trumpets, guitars, violins and dancers. Norteno Conjunto is the music of northern Mexico commonly referred to as Tex-Mex and Friday night spotlighted the accordion of Fred Zimmerle.

A special treat on Saturday night was a concert of Chinese music with Tsun-Yuen Lui on the chin and the pipa. Lui demonstrated his amazing abilities on both string instruments on original compositions and traditional pieces.

Since its conception in 1953, the Society has published *Ethnomusicology* magazine three times a year. According to Dr. Behague, current editor of the magazine, this year's meeting was a success. "Everyone was pleased with the music. I heard only high praises and I think it was a revelation to everybody about what Texas stands for in terms of folk-culture." Next year's meeting will be held in St. Louis on October 26-29.

NEWS

BRAXTON GETS PLAQUED

Michael Cuscuna (left) and Steve Backer (right) present db plaque to Anthony Braxton for having *Creative Orchestra Music 1976* chosen Record Of The Year

TURKEY TREAT RUNS AMOK

WASHINGTON—Over Thanksgiving weekend, D.C.'s Constitution Hall was to have been the site of a mini-festival featuring Sam Rivers, Anthony Braxton and Cecil Taylor, among others. But just after opening act Marion Brown finished his set, the audience was told the show could not go on. There were "business problems."

Earl Bateman, a visual artist, organized the festival. He hoped to unite the D.C. audience and create a positive experience for all involved. After complex negotiations, Bateman assured the artists and their management (five of the nine groups involved were represented by Marty Cann of Rasa) that he had grant money and an investor and that 50% of their money would arrive six weeks before the concerts were to have taken place. But two days before the festival was slated to begin, the artists had not received their money and it was decided that no one would go to D.C. unless Bateman flew in the cash. After a messenger arrived with the necessary funds, an optimistic group of musicians left New York for Washington.

Opening night was cold and rainy. Fate had it that on a usually buzzing weekend, D.C. was deserted. But nearly a thousand people stood in line for several hours just to buy tickets. Advance publicity had also generated the sale of 500 three day passes.

Just before the concert began, as per a contractural arrangement, Marion Brown got the remainder of his fee in small bills—the box office receipts. It suddenly became obvious that Bateman had paid out everything he had. His investor and grant money had disappeared and now he was trying to negotiate for everyone to play for any other box office funds that might come in over the weekend.

At this point, a universal decision was reached—everyone withdrew from the festival. When asked why, Cann told Bateman, "... this kind of treatment has got to stop somewhere and unfortunately for you, it's going to stop here." Because Rasa had successfully negotiated upfront payments, the musicians were coming from a position of strength. Since Bateman could not live up to his contract, they didn't play. This was of course, a great disappointment to the audience, some of whom had traveled many miles to attend. But for the musicians, it was a show of unity.

What started as a valiant effort ended in chaos. Bateman could not be reached for comment but a source close to the festival told **db** that poor planning and management, coupled with the loss of grant money and the disappearance of a mysterious investor, were responsible for the festival's demise. Holders of three day passes are still awaiting their refunds.

POTPOURRI

The **Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band** is the latest confirmed addition to the **Kansas City Women's Jazz Festival,** to be held on March 19. A partial list of other headliners includes **Mary Lou Williams, Betty Carter, Marilyn Maye** and **Marian McPartland.**

●

Pianist **Stu Goldberg** is currently touring Europe with **Alphonse Mouzon** and **Miroslav Vitous.** Goldberg has also performed several solo concerts on his jaunt.

●

Xanadu Records has also increased the list price for its records, which will now sell for $7.98.

●

The **13th Annual Chesapeake Jazz Festival** will be held on March 17 in the Edgewood High School auditorium in Edgewood, Md. Adjudicators will be **Hank Levy** and **Manny Albam.** The **Towson State University Jazz Ensemble,** under the direction of Levy, will be featured.

●

Joyce Collins, Los Angeles City College piano teacher, has written a book called *Jazz Rock For Kids*. The book is "aimed at being in tune with the musical appetites and language of today's elementary school-aged youth."

●

Saxophonist **Ronnie Laws'** *Friends And Strangers* album was recently certified gold, marking the first **Blue Note** record to sell as many copies in the label's 37 year history.

●

Lonnie Liston Smith has signed with **Columbia.** Formerly with **RCA,** the best selling keyboardist will continue to be produced by **Bob Thiele.**

●

Here's one for all you experimentalists: **Robin Lumley,** keyboardist for the English band **Brand X,** has plans to program a mellotron with various natural sounds, such as wind whistling through boulders, water dripping in a gorge and the booming of glacial ice cracks. The various effects will be integrated into a composition written in the five-tone pentatonic scale found on prehistoric bone flutes.

●

Rumor has it that **Al Bennett's** small **Cream Records** is ready to buy up a tiny independent jazz company.

●

New Orleans bluesman **Cousin Joe** recently toured Europe and was treated to a warm response. He celebrated his 70th birthday while on the continent. **db**

FINAL BAR

Teddi King, songstress, died in New York recently of meningitis. She was 48 years old.

Ms. King, who was at home in jazz clubs as well as supper clubs, had a relaxed style about her. She never seemed in a rush to go anywhere. Her singing took on a mood of softness no matter what was going on behind her. She would sing the lyrics the way they had to be sung, even if the rhythm section was urging her to do otherwise.

Under five feet tall, Ms. King became the first female singer to perform and record with George Shearing in 1952-53. Her charm lay in her smile, which was everpresent, even when she sang.

Born in Boston, Ms. King got her start during a post-high school part in a local production of *Peter Pan*. She was praised by a Boston critic during her role as "an anonymous mermaid," thus giving her the encouragement she needed to enter and win a talent contest sponsored by Dinah Shore. Later she was playing at George Wein's Storyville, (the original Boston club) when Shearing heard her. She recorded for Wein's Storyville record label as well as RCA Victor records.

Recently she had been seen and heard in and around New York City's posher pubs and made an appearance at a Jack Kleinsinger's Highlights In Jazz, where she performed songs by George Gershwin. She also made appearances at Town Hall Interludes. Her favorite accompaniment was solo piano, although she sang with small and large ensembles. Her style lent itself to the intimacy of smaller groups, however. Her latest recording, *Lovers and Losers*, was on the Audiophile label.

She is survived by her husband, Josh Gerber, a drummer and music contractor, and her mother.

A memorial service was held for her at St. Peter's Church in NYC.

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RICH + TORMÉ = WILD REPARTEE

THOMAS DE FEO

This interview with drummer and bandleader Buddy Rich was conducted by singer and composer/arranger Mel Tormé. The varied activities of both men make it impossible to sum up their careers with one or two adjectives.

Mel Tormé began his entertainment career in 1929 at the age of four, singing with the Coon-Sanders Orchestra. He began studying drums at age seven, and at the mellow age of nine began acting in radio soap operas. Since the end of WWII, Tormé has been a major singer, composing and arranging most of his material. He has consistently received recognition as a singer in the **down beat** polls, and is much admired by other musicians, most particularly for his talents as an arranger. Additionally, he has functioned as a drummer, pianist, producer, and as a writer of books and critical forays in these pages.

Buddy Rich nips Tormé in the child prodigy competition: *his* career began with his parents' vaudeville act at the age of 18 months. At age six he toured Australia as a solo act, managed by his parents. His jazz career started in 1938, and included work with Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey (several times), Benny Carter, JATP, Harry James, and his own groups and big bands. Probably best known to the silent majority for his acid tongue and blips on the *Tonight Show*, Rich several times briefly abandoned his drumming to perform as a singer, acted in TV in the late '50s, and is an accomplished tap dancer. Today, he is probably at the height of his popularity.

Rich and Tormé have been friends for years, and appear to have a certain love-hate relationship. When we contacted Tormé about the possibility of an interview between these two Renaissance men, he quickly accepted, and the next thing we knew the tape appeared in the morning mail. The interview will be used by Tormé in a forthcoming biography of Rich.

* * * *

Tormé: Can you define what the difference is between the way you play currently and the way you played in the days with Shaw and Dorsey, when you used to back soloists, mainly with hi hats. The idea of playing on a top cymbal or a ride cymbal to back a tenor or trumpet was virtually unknown in those days. You didn't do it 'cause I heard a lot you played. You played a lot of snare drum.

Rich: Yes.

Tormé: On things like *Swing High*, you would play snare drum.

Rich: Yes. I played a five stroke plus roll.

Tormé: Why is that changed?

Rich: I can't do a five stroke plus roll any longer.

Tormé: I see. Has the modern trend influenced you?

Rich: Oh greatly, greatly

Tormé: Have you influenced it?

Rich: No, I think that it has greatly influenced my playing.

Tormé: The progressive jazz?

Rich: Yes, I've determined to play the way I've always played. Why are we talking about the old days?

Tormé: Because I want to get to the new days and what's different. I have a lot of questions here about what's going on now

Rich: Oh, I see. I'm sorry to interrupt you.

Tormé: Let's talk about the way you've changed the playing. I've seen some old films that you did with Shaw and Dorsey. And when we saw them together, you were astounded at the radical angle of your snare drum, and how low and deeply tilted it was. You don't set up that way any more.

Rich: No, that was the Shaw set up. I was using a 26" bass drum at the time, and consequently I had to sit two inches higher and I had to bring the snare drum up that high. I'd be playing above the drum; instead of my hands falling on top of the drum, they'd be above, and I'd be wasting all of this energy. I couldn't very well keep the drum at a flat angle and be down low. So the only way that I could hit a rim shot would be to have the drum below me, about the position that it's in today, except that it was tilted down, so that I could hit the rim easier. No way of hitting it if the drum was flat.

You have to play awhile to find out exactly what is most comfortable, for you. When you're very young you make changes. Sitting high might be difficult for your foot on the bass drum, or tilting it one way might be beneficial to one hand or not.

So gradually after about a year with Artie's band I changed the set up, and I started sitting a little lower, and bringing the snare drum down a little bit so that it was in about the same area as the 9 by 13 tom tom. By not having to raise your hand to play the drum you can get around the drum because everything is on the same level as your hands.

Tormé: More the economy of motion?

Rich: That's the idea of playing. The idea of maintaining some kind of stamina is to be able to get around the drum with the least motion. And that's the way you do it. You have everything so that instead of having to play out everything, everything is just exactly where your hands would automatically be. It's the same as having dinner, with a knife and fork in front of you. The position is everything.

Tormé: Once in Vegas, I asked you a dumb question about what's the key to mastering technique with drums, and you told me that if you can master a roll, both closed and open, that was the center—the core of playing. Why?

Rich: If you can do single strokes and if you do them at an incredible speed, it automatically closes down to a closed roll. And if you lighten up on the speed, you pull back a little and you automatically have an open roll. One roll will take you back to single strokes. The single strokes will give you the flexibility to create rhythmical ideas, rhythmical patterns off of single strokes, and then you gradually follow that into triplets off the left hand, triplets off the right hand, back and forth going into a roll again. Most drummers who can't roll really don't have any techniques with the hands. You must have the ability to control your wrist to a point where you can make your roll sound like you're tearing a piece of sandpaper.

Tormé: And not being able to tell the difference between the left and the right hand?

Rich: That's exactly right. Most teachers teach kids today too that there is a definite way of playing: you start with the right hand, or you start a particular pattern with the left hand. But that's wrong. You are to play at the position your hands are, the way they automatically fall. Not left or right, or right or left, but whatever happens, as long as you have the technical control and ability to play what you have in mind. That's the whole idea.

Tormé: You're always in great physical condition. One of the things that people notice most about you is your pure stamina. If you're going to do an extremely long solo on, say, *Channel One* or *West Side*, or whatever, rather than a diminishing of power, strength and thrust, it gets stronger and stronger until at the end, it's extraordinary. That is like a great

Olympic runner, a great athlete. . . .

Rich: I was going to say that. It's exactly the same thing. All solos should be paced. You start with an idea. I like to think of my solos as telling a story. You tell the beginning of a story and you build up to a punch line. But if you tell a story and tell the punch line first, where are you going? That's it, you got your laugh.

The same thing applies to almost any instrument. If you are telling a story, if you are playing a beautiful piano solo, first tell about how you met. In terms of romance: how you met, what happened after that, until you finally jump on the bones. Isn't that romantic, folks? That's the way I play—according to my moods, and stamina is automatically there.

Tormé: You set parameters for yourself?

Rich: Yeah, I know exactly what I want to do and where I want to go. I don't want to be the first guy there and not have anybody else in sight. I want to beat you by ten yards, not by a mile. I pace myself to where I know that at the very end of my solo, I'm going to play a roll or I'm going to knock some cymbals around or whatever I decide to do. But I know that I must conserve that much energy to get me through the ending.

Tormé: Isn't it also the application of the way you play, manipulating the sticks?

Rich: I don't use my body. It's all wrists. The only reason you raise your arms is to hit a cymbal or reach behind you to hit a tom tom or something. But the actual playing all takes place down here, so that you're not breathing heavily because you're just using your wrists.

Tormé: Conserving your strength, really.

Rich: Right.

Tormé: I used to hear you with the old bands. With Artie Shaw and Tommy Dorsey, principally, I watched you play hi hat cymbals, you played cross-handed, and you used to hunch your right shoulder up a little bit to come down on the cymbal. But I was always particularly moved by the Shaw band more than the Dorsey band. I think no other drummer ever got the kind of a semi-closed choked sound out of the cymbal that you did when you played with the Shaw band. A very good example of it is on *Carioca*, which is very rapid, and which has that very marvelous choked sound.

Rich: In those days I used a much smaller, 11-inch hi hat. And both cymbals were thin, as opposed to today, where the bottom cymbal is heavy. Both were the same weight, medium thin. We only had three trumpets, two trombones and four saxophones in the Shaw band, so I didn't need the overwhelming sound of large cymbals and open hi hat to cover up five saxophones and eight brass. So the whole concept was different. You try to get a hi hat sound, and at the same time make it definite enough for the band to hear where two and four would come. I always played so that I managed to hit two cymbals at one time. I never played the top of the hi hat. I always liked to hear both cymbals. Consequently I would play underhand so that I could hit both edges at the same time. Instead of just playing the top cymbal which gives you that "te, te, bah, te, te, bah." This way you get thw, thw, thw, thw, thw, thw. Just let the cymbal raise just a little bit. And the only way you can do that is to hit both cymbals at the same time.

Tormé: Tell me that you still play cross-hand once in awhile.

Rich: I do it once in a while if we're playing something that calls for it. We don't do too many things that calls for that sound. The book is totally different. So I play a lot of ride cymbal and top cymbal, but in the rhythm section things, sometimes I get caught in the hi hat thing. It has a very mellow sound. But it's still a throwback to the days of only hi hats, and it's very simple.

Tormé: What about the lever action of your right hand when you play the cymbal?

Rich: I don't know how to explain it. I don't play with my fingers for one. You don't get a sound with the fingers. Louie Bellson and Joe Morello are the true exponents of what they call finger control. But your fingers don't control the stick, your hand controls the stick, and if you can't use the wrist action then you don't have stamina and power to play *any* given tempo for any length of time. You must have the benefit of your whole hand. That's the same as walking—if you don't use your ankles you limp quite a bit. The same flexibility applies. You use the leverage of your ankle for the pedal, and you use your wrist, not your fingers, to control all of the motion for the stick.

Tormé: You virtually inaugurated cross-handed playing of snare drum, small tom tom, big tom toms. When we used to hang out a lot together in the '40s and the '50s you weren't doing much of that. Can you pinpoint with any kind of accuracy when you started that?

Rich: No. I suppose I got up one day and thought that I would be daring. It wasn't something that I consciously did: I found that that is an easy way to get around the set of drums.

Tormé: Everybody copies it now, but you started it, there's no question about that.

Rich: Probably, but even if I didn't it's still a nice thing to do.

Tormé: It looks great and sounds terrific.

Rich: It sounds good because you get a totally different sound from a left hand than you do from a right hand. You don't have quite the power coming off of the left side of the room as you do from the right side.

Tormé: Going back to your early days as a tap dancer. . . .

Rich: Yes, the early days of 1971.

Tormé: Come on, wait a minute, we'll get to all the new stuff, but I wanted to ask you this.

Chick Webb, Ray Baduc, Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley—all those guys—were superior drummers in their own ways, but none of them were very daring. They didn't incorporate bass drum and snare drum as alternate sounds. You're the first guy that ever did that, I think. Do you feel that your tap dancing talents are the reason that you're able to communicate between bass drum and snare drum, and tom toms and the rest of them, better than other drummers?

Rich: Tap dancing in the true sense is rhythmical dancing, right? I hate to say that you have to be born with it, but you don't *learn* how to be a jazz tap dancer. Baby Laurence was the daddy of jazz tap dancers. The Conners brothers, Bunny Briggs, Buck and Bubbles, Bill Robinson—I would bet that if that they wanted to and picked up a pair of sticks, they could have been outstanding drummers. It's that kind of feeling, that time thing.

Some of the best drummers I ever heard had no technique at all. Some of the show drummers. There used to be a guy in Chicago named Red Saunders. I remember that whenever I played Chicago on Saturday nights they used to have a breakfast show for the various entertainers. They always had a line of 16 girls, like the Apollo Theater in New York. I used to go only because Red Saunders was the greatest show drummer that ever lived. He had a 10 piece band, playing all these outside jazz things for the girls to dance to. He was a cue drummer; he would catch every step the girls did. He would catch comics, catch their lines. He had things with the band that were just impossible to know. You just have to instinctively know that this is the way to play. As far as technique was concerned, he couldn't play a roll if they slipped him a jar of butter. He had no technique, but he had the innate ability to play drums. He wouldn't astound you by playing a solo. He couldn't play a solo, probably.

I was very into that kind of playing, the show type drumming. And I had a great feeling for Billy Gladstone. He used to play snare drum at Radio City Music Hall in New York. I used to go to see him and I used to sit in the last row in the balcony, in the back, only because I wanted to hear his roll. He built his own drum.

Tormé: He had the Gretsch Gladstone drum.

Rich: It was about a 6½ or 7" deep.

Tormé: It had a great throw off.

Rich: Just touch it and it would fall right down. In other words, completely away from the bottom head, so there was no rattle when you had the tom tom. He used a combination of gut and wire snares. And I would sit in the last row in the balcony, and without the slightest bit of motion he could almost shatter your eardrum. He had that kind of technique. When he played a roll you couldn't tell if it was a roll or if he had only one stick on the drum. It was that pure. That was the other kind of technique that I admired.

Of course Chick Webb was one of the great jazz drummers. And his technique was minimal, but he had enough technique to get around, and still have the other thing going for him. He put the creativity of what a jazz dancer would have danced into drumming.

Tormé: Many drummers today, and even some in the so-called Big Band Era, seemed to lack a sense of syncopation. Even playing a two- or a four-bar drum breaker they seemed to be all cut out of the same mold. There doesn't seem to be any imagination in them. Why did so many drummers in those days get cut out of a cookie mold, and really lack adventure.

Rich: You're totally wrong.

Tormé: I am wrong? Tell me?

Rich: You're totally wrong.

Tormé: I didn't say all, I said many.

Rich: Let me tell you something. It's more difficult to tell one drummer from another *now*. You talk about being cut out of a particular mold—today's drummers are probably the least inventive because they have gotten into a particular groove. That's no fault of theirs, it's the fault of the record companies and the fault of the writers. These people look for a particular style, and the drummers play that particular thing. And that's as far as it goes. Triplets off the tom tom, a couple of ones on the hi-hat—that's as far as their own creativity is allowed to go, I think. They should get out of that particular mold and groove and get a chance to expand their talent. I'm sure they have talent, because they play well. But there's more to playing than what they're doing. Now, you go back to the drummers, you talk about Chick Webb, and. . . .

Tormé: Not Chick.

Rich: I want to talk about Chick Webb. And Davie Tough, and Sid Catlett, and Ray Baduc, and Moe Purtill, and Cliff Leeman,

and, of course, Jo Jones. We should mention Jo Jones before we mention anyone else. You can sit and listen to records and know exactly what drummer was playing. Every drummer had a particular sound and style. You could not mistake him. You could not say, "Well, I think that's Krupa, or I think that's Chick Webb." You knew automatically. Every drummer had a different sound.

Tormé: Every drummer? I don't believe that.

Rich: Absolutely. Absolutely.

Tormé: In other words, do you think you can tell that, say, Moe Purtill was playing with the Charlie Barnet band, even though he never did?

Rich: No, because Moe Purtill could not fit into that. See, drummers in those days played with a lot of dumb bands, and when they finally got to play with a name band, they fit the particular band. I mean, I don't think Purtill out of the Miller band of that time would have stood a chance with a really hot band. By the same token, I think the really hot drummers could have played with any band.

Tormé: I think probably one of the greatest examples you can cite is Davie Tough when he played with Benny Goodman and Davie Tough when he played with Woody Herman. He virtually made his style fit the playing of the band.

Rich: But dig how good he sounded in both bands. He sounded *great* with Benny. And when he did the sextet things with Benny he sounded great. Woody had a different approach. Woody was much more aggressive than Benny, so Davie had to exert an extra pound or two of his 98 pounds. But Davie Tough had those hands. Davie took to swinging a band with a pair of brushes like no other drummer.

Tormé: Except you.

Rich: Well, we're not talking about me; we're talking about guys that I admired. I have great respect for those guys.

Tormé: Of all those guys that you just mentioned, what guys did you really admire tremendously? You said Red Saunders, and I agree with you there. You said Chick, and I'm sure you admire Gene for his innovations alone. . . .

Rich: Of course I admire Gene. I admire Gene from the standpoint of what he did to put the drummer in another light. The drummer finally got to be more than just the guy who sat down behind the rest of the band and played all night long. There used to be an old joke, "How many men in your band?" "I have 16 musicians and a drummer." Which is a really dumb joke, because you can get the best band in the world, and if you put a bad drummer behind it you have one drummer and 16 bad musicians. Let's really be honest about that shit. You take the Rams—if they don't have a good quarterback, they can have the best defensive line in the world. But if you don't have a guy calling the signals back there, you got nothing.

Tormé: Okay, what other drummers did you admire?

Rich: All of them.

Tormé: You really liked them all, huh?

Rich: Yeah. I like Ray Baduc for what he did for the old Bob Crosby band. Ray Baduc had that two beat thing covered. I like Davie Tough for what he did for Benny's band and Woody's band. Don Lamond was one of the greatest jazz drummers that I have ever heard, in every respect. Not just a drummer, but as a jazz drummer. He knew exactly what to do for Woody's band—he gave it a sound totally different from any other band Woody ever had. It became truly a hit band. And Lamond was responsible for that change.

Musicians have a tendency to become very jaded after about three nights of one chart. The guy that plays the solo may or may not play it differently. It's up to the drummer in any band to constantly make the band move.

Tormé: With more than just drums, right?

Rich: Of course. Whether it's shouting at them, or whether it's an attitude that you have, the drummer in a big band has to be totally aggressive. He just can't be a laid back cat. A lot of guys think that the drummer should lay back, but that's their thing. Without an aggressive drummer you have zilch.

Tormé: In air checks that are available from the '39 Shaw band, you started doing those little shouts. You joined the band almost the last day of December of '38.

Rich: I joined the band at the Lincoln Hotel in New York.

Tormé: It was just before New Year's Eve according to everything that I've ever read about it. You were with the band until Artie walked away?

Rich: Yeah, right.

Tormé: About November '39.

Rich: We just came back from a very successful engagement at the Hollywood Palamar, not the Palladium. Artie had been sick out there with a strep throat. That's when Tony passed in front of the band for a month or so. Then we did a string of one nighters back from Los Angeles, and Artie was getting—you know—like Artie. And we opened up at the Cafe Rouge at the Pennsylvania Hotel. We played one set, had an intermission and we came back. And there was no leader.

Tormé: He actually just walked away?

Rich: Just disappeared.

Tormé: How long did the band stay together after that?

Rich: I don't know, there was that thing about who was going to be the leader—whether it was going to be Georgie Auld or Tony Pastor; I had left before that.

Tormé: Had you left with an offer from Tommy or was there an interim period?

Rich: That was a funny thing. I left the band and I decided that I was going to stay home for awhile. Go back to sleep days and go to Nathan's and eat and cool out for awhile. I used to have a favorite place to go in New York, a place called Pick-A-Rib on the corner of 52nd Street & 6th Avenue. It was owned by Irving Goodman and some music people. The best ribs in the world. And it was the kind of place where, after the job at night, every musician of any value or name stature would be in there. I remember they had a juke box with every hit jazz record that anybody ever made. Billie Holiday, early Fitzgerald, early Basie band, those records. And for a buck, I think, you got a rack of ribs that would keep you going. If you didn't get a job for six months, you were straight. And I was sitting there one night and I got a call. A long distance call from a guy by the name of Bobby Burns who was managing the Tommy Dorsey band. He had called my home in Brooklyn and spoken to my dad, and pop told him that I probably would be at Pick-A-Rib. He told me who he was, and said that Dorsey had heard a lot about me and asked if I would be interested in joining the band. I said no. That wasn't the kind of band I particularly wanted to play in. At the time he was the "sentimental gentleman of swing."

Tormé: Playing *Boogie Woogie* and *Song Of India.*

Rich: Right, and all the ballad things. And also he had that small band, the Clambake Seven, the dixieland thing, which I had my fill of at the Hickory House. So I turned the job down. And for several nights running he called my house, and he called Pick-A-Rib and talked about money. He offered me $500, and sent me a ticket. . . .

Tormé: How much were you making with Shaw?

Rich: With Shaw I was making $500 and I'm not talking about the money thing. The offer was $500.

Tormé: Yeah, but you made $500 for sure. Which was, incidentally, a hell of a lot of money in those days, wasn't it?

Rich: Well, when you consider what an average salary in those days was, the high-priced guy was probably getting two and a quarter. Two and a half would be outrageously high for 1940. You know, so getting $500 was. . . .

Tormé: With all the money you made with Shaw, how come you didn't get commensurate billing?

Rich: Well, maybe because I was stupid at the time and I didn't really believe billing was all that important. I had never really thought about stardom before.

Tormé: But you were a star. As a child performer.

Rich: That was another Buddy Rich entirely, I don't want to even talk about that. You're talking about traps.

Tormé: I don't want to get into it either, but you did understand about billing?

Rich: No, I didn't. What you can understand about billing when you're four years old.

Tormé: I'm talking about the fact that you did vaudeville units. . . .

Rich: Yes, I did vaudeville.

Tormé: When you became 14 or 15 you stopped playing drums to become an MC.

Rich: That's right. I never thought about billing after that, because that was something that agents and my parents thought about. I didn't think about billing, understand? That was that.

Tormé: If you didn't think about billing, why did you insist on that huge billing with Tommy Dorsey when you joined him?

Rich: Wait! Wait!

Tormé: Ahh! Ahh!

Rich: You're talking about Shaw right? With Shaw it was a different thing, Helen Forrest was the featured lady singer and Tony Pastor was the featured tenor saxophone and singer. And I was very happy being featured with the band. So that was good for me. When I left the band I was starting to know just where I stood, or where I was about to stand in music. So when I said that I would fly to Chicago, I said to Bobby Burns that I'm coming to hear the band, not to join the band, because I didn't like the band. He asked me to fly out anyhow. He sent me a first class ticket, and I flew to Chicago. The band was appearing at the Empire Room of the Palmer House. It was an unlucky thing for me. I came in and I caught the dinner set when a band would play from 7:00 to 9:00, whatever.

Tormé: Who was playing drums?

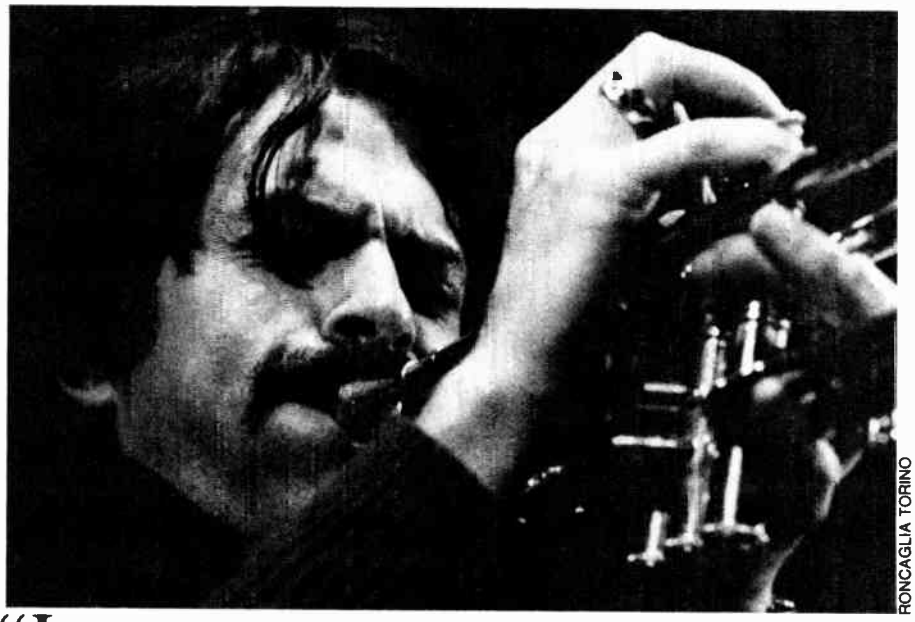
Rich: I think Cliff Leeman. Anyhow, I heard the band and they were buying dinner and all that nonsense, and I finally met Mr. Dorsey, who had one of those "Oh, yeah, a little kid" attitudes. He went to his dressing room, or his suite, and they asked me to stick around until the ten o'clock set to play a tune

continued on page 43

ENRICO RAVA

ITALIAN ON THE UPSWING

BY HOWARD MANDEL



RONCAGLIA TORINO

"It was completely outside reality to be a jazz musician in Italy when I started playing," says Enrico Rava, the young Italian trumpeter who has seen reality turned around.

"14 years ago, there were two of us trying to play jazz in the country. There was no money involved. There were no jobs. It was impossible to make a living."

But since then. Enrico has seen the Italian jazz audience grow "ten times larger than it was even five years ago." And thanks to his own determination and musicality, some fortunate encounters, and his record label, ECM, Rava is making a living, bringing jazz to his countrymen, and earning a reputation among jazzmen internationally, as well.

Rava, who is 34 years old, has recorded with Lee Konitz, was brought to the U.S. by Steve Lacy, and embarked on a winter '77-'78 European tour with Roswell Rudd, with whom he has been featured since 1969. His trumpet sound—warm, strong, playful and still stretching—has been heard in concert in Europe and South America as well as in the States, where, under ECM's sponsorship, he toured leading a quartet which included guitarist John Abercrombie. But to continue the story of a young Italian dropout finding himself an interpreter and creator of music he acknowledges originated among Afro-Americans. . . .

"I was born in Trieste, which is near the Italian border with Yugoslavia. But I grew up in Torino, where my family settled. I don't know if you know Torino, but it is Fiat's town, Fiat cars. It is a very heavily industrialized city, and I didn't like to live there.

"The first jazz I heard was on a few records one of my older brothers had. When I started listening to these records, well, it is very difficult to express what they did to me. All of a sudden, I was turned on.

"You have to understand, living in Torino all those years, with Fiat and all that . . . jazz records were the only thing that meant anything to me. From the first, I was listening to them continuously. I was ten or 11, and heard records by Jelly Roll Morton. When I was 12 or 13 years old I was completely crazy about Bix Beiderbecke. I would listen to his records, like the ones he made with Frank Trumbauer, all day—the same records over and over, hundreds of times. I wouldn't study, wouldn't do my homework, so I became one of the worst students in the school. Also, I'm kind of lazy . . . by the time I was 16 I started working.

"I was a pioneer of dropping out in Italy. Now everyone drops out, but I dropped out of high school when I was 16 and it was really because of jazz.

"I picked up a trombone at age 16, and was fooling around with it. But I was working in my father-in-law's small family enterprise, and I couldn't take it. It took me a while to realize that. I always thought I wanted to play, but I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do, because the idea of being a musician was so far away. Somebody gave me a trumpet when I was 18. I had no idea of being a musician. But I fooled around with it, and was having fun, and I learned quickly. Within six months I was playing easy Miles' tunes.

"When I started to see that I could play and people would call me for concerts, I started thinking that's what I wanted to do, and nothing else. When I decided to become a musician, I split Torino immediately and went to Rome, because I knew I had more chance to play and meet people there.

"At the time, though, the only real concert dates were for American stars, and even then, there weren't many concerts—over a year you might have three or four jazz concerts. Of course, we heard the best players—it was fantastic. Bud Powell and Lester Young had come to my home town. I remember when John Coltrane came, and Miles. But there were no more than four concerts a year with American musicians, and as far as we were concerned, Italian musicians had no class.

"The Italians who played jazz were either amateur musicians who played as a hobby or they were student musicians who also played jazz, on Sundays for instance. There was me, and another cat who played piano, and we were playing *only* jazz—and we were in trouble at the time, because there was absolutely no way to survive, to pay the rent or whatever. My wife helped me survive economically, and spiritually, to become a jazz musician.

"Then we got lucky. In 1964, I think, I found in Rome a place where I could play every night for eight months. That was the first time someplace like that popped up in Italy, and it was just good luck. When I started, I really had a lot of luck; if I hadn't, I probably wouldn't be a musician, I'd be something else. Also, I really wanted, I was determined to do it. So partially I was lucky, but partially I found my own luck.

"Of course, I had trouble with my family about becoming a musician. My brother, whose jazz collection I had listened to, had lost interest by that time and gone on to something else. He doesn't remember much about his jazz. Now he doesn't listen to music much at all, and when he does, it's to classical music.

"All the implications of becoming a jazz musician . . . my family didn't know much about jazz musicians, but what they knew came from reading in the papers that so and so got arrested, that kind of shit. Immediately, their image was that I was going into I don't know what. There were very bad vibes going on. But when they started to see a kind of recognition for me, they started to see it was okay.

"I had no formal training. You see, my mother was a conservatory pianist, and she wanted me to learn music and the piano, so consequently I never did. I'm completely self-taught—well, I think I had two lessons when I was 23. After a couple of years of playing I could play difficult tunes with difficult chords, but I couldn't read one note. Here in New York I started studying the instrument with Carmine Caruba, a well known teacher, and a fantastic old man. But the way I see it still is that I always learned what I needed for what I wanted to do, exactly.

"I usually play in the middle register, and I think after all these years I have found the register and sound I really like, which I think is *my* sound. But I don't have the facility to play high notes; sometimes, periodically, I get into this thing where I try to reach them, just to have them. I become almost obsessive. But I couldn't be a studio musician—I don't have the capacity. Because I don't try to have that capacity. I try to develop.

"My music has been changing over the last ten years, and everytime it changes I try to develop the technique for what I want to do. There was a time during which I was more flexible, and I played in many different situations. But now, as time goes on, I think I'm becoming less flexible, which is the opposite of what I expected to happen. But I just found out, I can play, I'm capable of playing only in situations in which I *want* to play.

"It's becoming more and more like that. I'm able to play only my music, that's what's hap-

"I'm able to play only my music, that's what's happening. I don't know why. I start finding it uncomfortable to play in somebody else's band, or play somebody else's music."

pening. I don't know why. I start finding it very uncomfortable to play in somebody else's band, or play somebody else's music. It's just happening like that.

"Usually when I work, 90% of the situations are on my terms. It's my thing, or it's with people who are into something very close to what I'm doing.

"When I started to play I was imitating people, copping solos, etc. Then gradually I started doing my music, my tunes. The technique I've developed is related to the music I write. It wasn't planned this way, but I can see now, I can analyze what happened, who I played with, and why. Partly it's mental. There are very few people I'd like to play with. The group with whom I will be touring is very close—it *is*—what I want to do. The ECM records represent what I wanted to do, when I made them, and I like them very much."

Actually, Rava is much *more* flexible than he has admitted, and he speaks of playing in workshops in England with Evan Parker, Lester Bowie, Kent Carter and Tony Oxley. He has recorded with Buenos Aires musicians. It was in concert in Buenos Aires that he recorded with Lacy, and has worked with vocalist Jeanne Lee, Jack DeJohnette, Herb Bushler, Ray Armano, Warren Smith and guitarist Abercrombie on an unreleased album.

What he dreads is a playing situation such as the one which produced an early example of his trumpet work, *Stereo Konitz*.

"That particular recording session was kind of a drag, I would say. First of all, it wasn't Lee Konitz's date, it was the bass player's date, so we played mostly his (Giovanni Tommaso's) music. And at the time I didn't want to play tempos and progressions. I did it because first of all I needed the money, and second, I wanted to play with Lee. But it was a difficult session for everybody, and I feel I particularly played very horribly on that album. Now it is a collector's item, but from the inside that was how I felt; I couldn't get it together." Konitz, in conversation with this writer, has concurred with Rava's appraisal of the session situation, but the resulting music is mellower than either musician will recall.

Rava first came to the States with Steve Lacy in 1967, staying a few months. He returned at the end of 1969, with a green card (work permit), and stayed for two years, with a six week gig in Puerto Rico. In '72 he started a round of tours in Europe and South America, and since then has spent slightly more than half his time in the U.S. So he feels somewhat schizophrenic, split between his homeland and New York City.

"In New York I think the music is unbelievable. All the masters are here; not only the masters, but thousands of musicians. As far as the music is concerned, it's fantastic. But obviously there is a big difference in the quality of life. I really have a need to be back in Italy for a while." As Rava explains, there is something happening in Italy besides the home on a hill by the sea he shares with his wife, Graciela, on the west coast of his country, something which ties jazz to the turbulent economic and political transitions of Italy.

"In Italy, a big part of the jazz audience is very young, between 17 and 22 years old. Most of the music is promoted by villages and political parties, as big concerts, where everybody can come in for very little money, fifty cents or a dollar at the most.

"A club is a very difficult thing in Italy, and there are not very many, five or six at most. People don't have the money to spend, so they can't afford to pay what a club, being a small place, must charge. When you have a concert in a club with someone who is very popular, the young people will break in, for sure. And that brings the police. So that's why a club situation is very difficult, and why the concert situation, which is never a *private* concert, has developed. The club prices automatically exclude all the new audience.

"That audience identifies jazz in the area of the left. The young people are interested in new jazz, in new forms. Also in whatever is jazz and is not commercial. By commercial I don't mean something that will sell, but something that is done with the main *intention* of selling. What is commercial in that sense doesn't really go well in Italy. For instance, a bunch of groups that in America are extremely popular, in Italy nobody cares about. Herbie Hancock is much, much less popular in Italy than the Art Ensemble Of Chicago. They also appreciate Dizzy and Art Blakey, because their music seems to fit their needs.

"Also, there's a big change going on in Italy about the image of the star. The way stardom is promoted, it turns young Italians off. The star who arrives in his fantastic car, in incredible dress; there is more feeling to share an experience than just witness the attributes of a god. I think this is good; in fact, I think that many American musicians who play in Italy like playing for these people.

"I don't know if I am a star; nobody knows if he is a star or not. But in Europe, generally, I am very well known and I work all the time.

"Though I've lived in the States a long time, I haven't played that much in front of audiences. Like most of the newer musicians, too, I had the experience common in the '70s—a musician plays a certain kind of music, and consequently he doesn't have too many chances to play. The kind of work I've been doing here has been in small places. Maybe Sunday afternoon at the Village Vanguard, or St. Peter's Church, or Studio Rivbea. The audience is small, and is about one half fans—so it's difficult to talk about what the audience is in the States. The only concerts with big audiences I've had here were those I did with Abercrombie last year on the ECM tour. I found a very good audience with a very good feeling in San Francisco. I really liked them very much. It reminded me a lot of the kind of feeling I could find sometimes in Europe. Also, for me it was a good night, and a night during which the band played very well. People responded to that.

"But I really feel good when I'm in Italy. My idea is to work there, and here, if I can; to move back and forth.

"I had an experience in Italy which is very important to me. I live in a small town, and there is another small town, of about 3000 people, not far away. In Italy there is a tradition that every town has a band, like a marching band, which plays opera and stuff. They are amateurs, they are not real musicians. But it is a large band.

"Last year that town wanted me to play a concert, but they didn't have the money to do it. So I said okay, I'll do it for free but not with my group—I want to use the marching band.

"So I brought the music for them, and I really got them involved. In this band there were kids, maybe seven years old, to old people, like 75. They never heard about jazz before. But they all got really into it, and participated with opinions and with their happiness, until finally we played the concert and it was beautiful.

"So that is Italy. Being my country, I really can deal with whatever situation arises there, and some things I can do only there. Some other musicians and I are going to open some schools, start some workshops, and gradually involve more people, not just develop an audience, but involve them to participate actively. That's why I feel very good in Italy; I feel that on top of and besides being a musician, playing in concerts, etc., I can also be helpful in the community.

"Recording in Italy? Black Saint and Horo are the two main labels, and these are the labels which are exported. But there are others. There is a lot of recording going on in Italy, actually; there are several independent labels, like musicians' cooperatives, a little bit like Strata-East was doing in New York.

"But my plan is to record with ECM in March, with the group I'm taking on tour, myself, Roswell Rudd, J. F. Clark and Aldo Romano. I like the company very much; once you make a record they take care of it—the distribution is good. Compared to other jazz labels, the rapport is very good, they organize tours.

"And I've played with Roswell from the end of '69 to '77. He and Steve Lacy play differently in form and structure, but the depth with which they approach music, and the kind of freedom they can get into without losing contact with the group, their creativity, their imagination—they have influenced me musically and personally. It's fantastic to have Roswell playing with me, my music.

"Then, I'd like to work some more in America, if I can. It's a much different world. But working here is a difficult thing, it seems. Still, I'm doing something that I always wanted to do with my music, but was impossible before. It makes me feel very, very good. I'm very happy at this point."

Good. If Enrico's happy, he will keep playing. Which will make jazz fans happy from Buenos Aires to San Francisco to Italy. **db**

SELECTED RAVA DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

THE PILGRIM AND THE STARS—ECM 1063
THE PLOT—ECM 1078
IL GIRO DEL GIORNO IN 80 MONDI—Black Saint BSR 0011
ENRICO RAVA—Horo H11 101-14

as a sideman
with Steve Lacy
THE FOREST AND THE ZOO—ESP 1060
with Roswell Rudd
INSIDE JOB—Arista 1029
NUMATIK SWING BAND—JCOA 1007
with Marcello Melis
THE NEW VILLAGE ON THE LEFT—Black Saint BSR 0012
with Lee Konitz
STEREO KONITZ—RCA OLS 2

JAZZ IN EUROPE

THE STATE OF THE ART

by arnold jay smith

Contrary to popular belief, Europe is not the performers' gold mine. The streets are not paved with promoters crawling about on their hands and knees in search for jazz artists. Those who play the venues of Europe are well-received, but there are fewer places to play than is generally believed.

After a month-long stay on the continent and in England, it was discovered that the larger cities, such as Paris and London, have proportionately fewer places to hear jazz. Copenhagen seemed to be most enthusiastic about the music, but the main club, Montmartre, needs governmental support to remain in business.

Unlike New York City, where there seemingly is a club every few feet that plays some sort of jazz, you have to search for jazz in Europe. Musicians who go to Europe to play a series of gigs have found their welcome grandiose, but "the situation is one-nighters crisscrossing the continent, stopping at Ronnie Scott's in London for a week or two, then back to Montmartre for one-night, to Bim's in Amsterdam for a night, over to Pol's in Brussels, and so on," Dutch pianist Nico Buninck said.

"That is not to say a musician can't make a living in Europe. The American artist is still most welcome and the crowds turn out to hear him or her," Buninck went on. "But if you walk along any major shopping center you have to enter the record shops to discover the jazz collection. In Germany (Munich, Berlin, Hamburg) and in Copenhagen the larger stores feature jazz artists in their window displays. There are reasons for this. The European recording companies, such as MPS, Enja, ECM, SteepleChase and others, do not seem to have the distributing clout that a Columbia has. Sales, that everpresent cloud of reigning pounds, krone, marks, guilder, francs or whatever, dictates what will draw the people into the store. So we found tremendous amounts of window and poster displays for the Sex Pistols, Peter Frampton, David Bowie and the other promotion people's dreams. Copenhagen, the exception to all of this, prominently displayed albums by Thad Jones, with and without Mel Lewis. There are reasons for that as well. Thad was conducting the Danish Radio Big Band on an extended leave of absence from his duties with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra here. His broadcasts on Danish Radio draw wide attention, as do his nightclub appearances and the tours he takes with the DR people.

Munich, on the other hand, is a large city like any other. The record stores feature a varied selection of music and there are enough of them to allow for jazz displays. Similarly Berlin, which has an annual festival with an international cast. Berlin also has other things happening such as the Quartier Latin, a converted movie theatre which plays jazz and pop/rock. During the Berliner Jazztage the club runs a series of "Total Music Meetings" featuring American and European artists in the avant garde areas. During the 1977 sessions there were a number of unusual groupings such as the Globe Unity Orchestra featuring such artists as Manfred Schoof and Kenny Wheeler (trumpets), Peter Brotzmann and Evan Parker (reeds), Paul Rutherford, (trombone) and Alex Schlippenbach (piano).

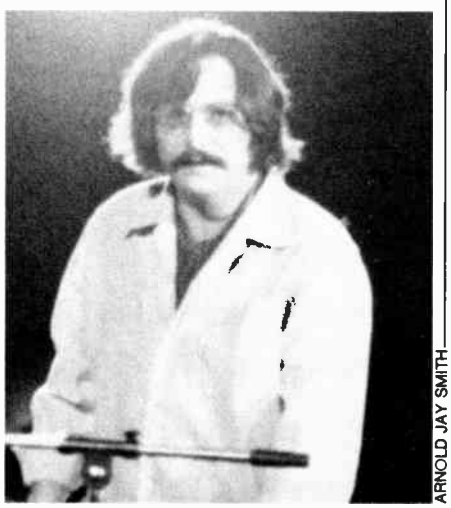
The most striking of the acts was a duo made up of accordianist Elsbeth Moser and percussionist Andrea Schneider-Hagel. Their music, all originals, had Ms. Moser seated while fingering the squeeze box and Ms. Schneider-Hagel dashing about from marimba and vibes, to miscellaneous percussive things, playing sounds straight out of Stockhausen, Schoenberg and Honegger.

The avant garde scene in the cities throughout Europe is very much alive. But, as is ever the tale, the practitioners make their living elsewhere. Ms. Moser is a teacher, one of a rare few who are actively employed at her instrument. The others are employed by the radio stations or as studio musicians.

The radio scene in Berlin (SFB for Sent Free Berlin) employs many of the musicians we spoke to. Notable among Americans were Walter Norris, a pianist formerly with Charles Mingus and Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, and Leo Wright, reedman with a Dizzy Gillespie quintet in the '50s. Both are on contract with SFB and enjoy their work.

According to Norris, "I did a Town Hall (New York) concert with Mingus, who had been an angel in all our dealings, and no one reviewed it! That came after I had done an album which got good reviews but lacked distribution (*Drifting*, Enja). I came over here and I have access to concert grands, Steinways, Börsendorfers, Becksteins; I don't have to deal with pianos that lack action completely, no hammers, strings missing. And the technicians, the greatest in the world, do my bidding. Once I told them the action was a little hard and they had it fixed immediately."

Of course all isn't jazz. Norris said that he gets those days from 10 to 5 of "commercially awful music;" other times it's good music.



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

Jordi Sabates

There was even the soundtrack made up of contemporary music that Walter stated "was a tour de force for me." A major advantage of Berlin is that they allow him practice time each night, or whenever he wants it. "I am an inveterate practicer, a perfectionist. I can get in two good hours of practice. I also have a week or two off each month during which I can practice. I also get two months off in the summer, vacation pay and I can tour," Norris concluded.

The other side is Wright, who wants to return to the States. "Let's face it. That's where it's happening. That's where all my friends are," Wright said. He came to Europe in 1964 at the suggestion of his wife, who is German. "Sure I'll go back, if the opportunity presents itself, the financial opportunity, that is. That's about where it is. I have obligations. There was a time when I said, 'Studio work, me? Never.' Now look at me." Leo is also a member of the SFB orchestra and only laments the slowness with which instruments and accoutrements have made their way to Berlin. "The American workmanship is better. Otherwise I'm happy." When asked what he thought about the American scene he replied more than a bit facetiously. "I hear they are playing changes again." Wright lamented what was played on radio back home (he was here last July). "I remember when I was playing regularly that only those with talent got the gigs. Now not only isn't that the case, the talented cats can't even get heard, let alone get paid. But I hear they are swinging, though."

So, from the determined optimism of Norris we found a resignation from Wright. He'll stick it out because it's a living. He plays festivals and some club dates, but "rock is taking over in Berlin, too," Leo said.

Hamburg, on the other hand, has a few clubs where one can hear the touring Americans, mainstream and jazz rock. Onkel Pö's features artists who are on tours, such as Les McCann. On nights when a star isn't in, there is a blues singer who plays the piano.

Dennis's Swing Club is a small club in which the owner plays the piano with drum accompaniment and sitters-in. Owner Dennis Busby said, "I bring in some of my friends like Jimmy Smith when they are in town. It's not easy getting people to play for small bread, but the people here want to hear good jazz. Some just come in to chat and talk about jazz. There's always plenty of that. Reminiscing in tempo, Duke called it."

The big names in jazz-rock-pop play the Mark Halle, an indoor amphitheatre affair in the midst of a market-cum-restaurant atmosphere. (You reach it by climbing a set of steps that look like they lead to an elevated train platform.) Michal Urbaniak and Urszula Dudziak were in and playing to something less than a full house. Urbaniak, Polish-born, said of Europe, "It's always good playing the Continent. The fans seem more appreciative and they listen better. You don't have to play concerts to get their full attention."

Others had something else to say about American musicians. A group of Yugoslav jazz musicians who were recording with the

Nord Deutsche Rundfunk (NDR) in Hamburg complained that certain top name artists don't give proper respect to their audiences overseas. "They often come in drunk, abuse the rhythm sections they pick up and generally do not give their best," complained Janez Gregorc, conductor and pianist for RTV in Ljubljana. "One gets the feeling they think they are doing us a favor by playing. We are jazz-hungry in Yugoslavia, but we *do* make our own music." Indeed they do. A recent album by saxophonist Tone Janša (pronounced "Tony Yansha") shows what is happening. The form is extended bebop, but the instrumentation and harmonies sound as though they could have been lifted from early Coltrane.

The NDR orchestra includes expatriate Herb Geller, who exchanged choruses with Janša during a session **db** was invited to attend. Geller briefly explained what the NDR is all about. "It's almost like civil service. It's a lifetime position and it pleases me to be doing it." That differs from SFB (Berlin) where the contracts are let for specific periods of time. The Danish Radio Big Band allows only half-year contracts, thereby allowing for a rotation so that everyone gets a crack at playing with them.

The music played by the NDR under Gregorc also featured Peter Ugrin, a trumpeter doubling on electric violin, and keyboardist Stengal Silva, along with Janša. The orchestrations had folk melodies on top with a heavy rock underpinning mostly made up of electric bass and keys. Studio Europe is totally committed to electricity, we found.

"We can't hear all the jazz we want to, even in Zagreb and Ljubjana," Janša stated. "There are many jazz clubs in America especially where I studied (Berklee), but not so in Yugoslavia. We have a few jazz festivals which are very popular among the young people." The music is mostly electronic, an attachment which Janša stated he would not put on his horn. "When Weather Report came, there were thousands attending, but for Freddie Hubbard just 250 came." Hubbard, it should be noted, played mostly with an acoustic group, at least during the '77 European tour. The question of governmental restrictions was delicately broached. "We are not told what we can or can't play," Janša and Gregorc were quick to point out.

In another interview, the same question was put to Jordi Sabates, a Catalan pianist. Catalan is an area of Spain with much political turmoil. He was not as quick to point to his musical freedom. "While we are not in any way told what to play, we don't abuse the privilege," Sabates said. Sabates, an impressionist-influenced player, was invited to perform at the Berlin Jazztage. His solo performance drew some acclaim, but his pianistics remained rooted in the classics, although he claims to have been influenced more by Keith Jarrett than by Debussy. "You, in America, have the black influence in your rhythms. We can never match that. Someone like Keith Jarrett has country influences when he plays. We can do some of that, but our references differ."

A similar expression of black influences was voiced by a group of East Germans who were allowed into the Berlin Festival for the first time, albeit only as observers. Günther Fischer leads a quintet made up of East Germans who obtain their knowledge of jazz from records, when and where available. They have some freedom to avail themselves of any information pertaining to jazz. Fischer, a dead ringer for a young Stan Getz, classifies his influences as Parker and Coltrane, "You know, just like everyone else." Arranger Manfred Krug, recently having left East Germany, explained that the East finds out later than the rest of the world what is happening in jazz. "Even in instrumentation we are the last to know of a 'new' development," he said. So when Fischer says that he enjoys "free" jazz he does not necessarily mean Sam Rivers. He may still be sorting out Coltrane. "Most of our influences come from outside," Fischer continued. "We get what we know from television and radio. Records are not enough. We have to get out more to get in contact with other styles of jazz."

The problem of contact does not enter into the picture in Scandinavia. "We have combined Swedish folklore with the African and American way of playing jazz," percussionist Egil Johansen said. "We don't know if that's the way it's been throughout history, but that's the way it is now." Guitarist Janne Schaffer, formerly with Abba, the Swedish rock group, said that there was much jazz-rock happening in his country. "It's not electronic so much as it is pure fusion. But it's getting to the point where everybody wants to play like John McLaughlin or Billy Cobham, technically brilliant. Pretty soon they will reach their limit and there will be backlash. There is already thoughts of putting out music rather than technique. It has been a Swedish trend where everyone wants to play the fastest licks. Now they temper that a bit."

There is precedent for government support of jazz in Europe, and it, too, is in Scandinavia. The Danish Jazz Society is one of a network of jazz organizations in Copenhagen. "We have the most organized jazz society in the world," boasted Arnvid Meyer, director of the Danish Jazz Center. "We originally had Danish jazz critics join what became known as the Danish Jazz Academy. It got little support at first, but has been growing so that it now means quite a bit on the scene. We now have a guarantee to do concerts for up to Kr 1,000,000 ($170,000). That's not a full support, but a guarantee of half the salary for the band. If they (the band) don't have to have all that money we can do more concerts."

At the moment, the support is for local (Danish) musicians with perhaps a foreign visitor or two. They tour Denmark and do concerts with a little left over for recordings. The Academy has other duties and as such they are unique in the world. Meyer again: "We are archiving all the old recordings we can find. We do a seminar every summer. We tape all broadcasts that pertain to jazz." In effect they are trying to make jazz as common a phenomenon as popular or rock music on the air. The DJC and DJA are but two of the many organizations of jazz in Denmark. There is the association of Danish Jazz Clubs. "We have more jazz clubs than any other country," Meyer went on. "Every city and town has at least one club where local musicians go to play and listen and learn. All start with traditional music, dixieland, but the interest has grown into contemporary music. There is also an association of Danish Jazz Musicians and an association of Danish Jazz Writers, i.e., composers, an association of amateur musicians, and so on." Meyer, as head of the Danish Jazz Center, is the administrative arm of them all.

Meyer was a musician and bandleader himself and he soon discovered that it was advisable to bring American musicians over to play for and with the serious-minded Danes. "The first was J. C. Higginbotham, the trombonist, since our band was a mainstream band. Later we had Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, all of whom recorded here."

Meyer sees only good things ahead for the Danish organizations. "The scene is getting broader; it has widened to include more contemporary music. But it is important to have the support of the government." They also don't have to search for volunteers to help. The government aids there, too. Instead of doing military service, one has a choice of public service jobs. One of those choices is the DJC.

The world-famous Montmarte nightclub is owned by Kay Sorensen (pronounced Kai as in Winding). He is the third owner of the spot that has seen the most famous American jazz people in performance. His managers are two young men who came from the DJC after having served there instead of the army. Sorensen: "We must have the government's support even for the club or we would not be able to survive." That by itself is unique in that **db** could find no other precedent like it in Europe. If it weren't for the massive support they could not bring in the big name talent they do. The original club went under after a painfully slow death in 1975, and was taken over by another for two months in 1976, and finally closed its doors at a former location. The new place just celebrated its first year (October, 1977) under Sorensen. "It's too soon to tell whether we will be able to make it under our own steam, but that doesn't seem likely. We will continue to need government support for the foreseeable future," Sorensen confessed. There is another side to this support aspect: new music and musicians. "We have developed many original musicians with original ideas as an offshoot," Meyer began. "We are trying to bring out Danish music to the States and elsewhere. We are trying to get trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg to England in the near future and then to the States. He has a group that plays original tunes and I think he could make some noise overseas."

Mikkelborg, as so many other Danish and Americans living in Denmark, has been a member of the Danish Radio Jazz groups. One of those groups, the DR Big Band, has been conducted by such people as Dizzy Gillespie and Thad Jones. Jones, who, at this writing, has been under an extended contract as leader to the DR, "has been an inspiration to us," as Danish reedman Bengt Jaedig put it. Jaedig, along with drummer Bjarne Rostvold and trombonist Ole Kurt Jensen, are members of the DR Big Band.

The three sat around a DR studio discussing various aspects of the business. Jensen, the chairman of the band, explained that the original purpose of the band was to act as a studio orchestra. "Now, we play before live audiences and at dances and clubs. Our main purpose in the studio is to make broadcasts. We play arrangements by members of the DR Big Band such as pianist Ole Kock Hansen. At first we thought the way to travel was to bring in charts from America. Our first leader was a Stan Kenton fan so we had a lot of those arrangements, as well as Johnny Richards and Oliver Nelson."

While Thad was in Denmark, Rostvold was the bandmaster in charge of music and personnel. A late starter at 25, Rostvold calls his own style "awkward because I got a gig before I started to really play. A guitar player needed

continued on page 39

RON CARTER

The Compleat Artist, Part Two

BY ED WILLIAMS

Williams: Let's jump back now about 23 years to the point where you've left the cello and taken up the bass. I'd like to know how you got into jazz.

Carter: Jazz was always in our community then. I mean jazz was as much in the community as anything else. You'd read Duke Ellington is coming to Detroit, Fletcher Henderson is gonna come around. There was always the awareness. I guess that crash course when I was not playing the cello at all any more kind of forced the shock and caused me to look around just to see. There were always jam sessions in Detroit. But I wasn't a part of that because I was too young to go into the clubs. I was aware of them, though.

Williams: Did you have much appreciation for their value?

Carter: I knew something was happenin' with it.

Williams: Your training in classical music didn't distort you?

Carter: No. I knew there was something happenin' with it, but it wasn't what I wanted to do, and since it wasn't, it didn't get much of my immediate attention. Besides, you can't practice cello eight hours a day and do all your homework and house chores and then go do something else, because there's not enough hours in the day to do that. But as I got older and my friends got older and changed, the natural flow of conversation would bring up either a Bach sonata or *Aleucha* by Charlie Parker. It was this cross current of conversation.

Williams: That easily, that readily?

Carter: Yeah. That I played cello to them, it didn't matter because I was a nice cat and I played good.

Williams: Were you accepting any jobs in jazz at that time?

Carter: No. Again, I was into the other side of the musical coin. My participation in jazz didn't start until my six-month crash course on bass. I also saw it as a means of immediate income to make some extra gigs at the fraternity dances to pay for this bass I'm buyin' and lessons I'm trying to pay for.

Williams: How good were you or think you were?

Carter: I was sensitive to ensemble playing. Having studied music all this time I knew what made up chords and what notes were in them. I never experienced any real serious attempt on my part to improvise on those chords, but I knew what notes sounded right for me as opposed to what notes, while not wrong, were not the best notes in that point of the venture. When I was 17 I could go to hear Kenny Burrell play or Donald Byrd or Paul Chambers, the guys who were already into the night life of it all. They were able to go to these places and were well enough known in the community of that music to be allowed to play a couple of choruses with whoever the star was in town, or to be on a speaking relationship with whoever it was, say, Max Roach. All the drummers knew Max because he'd been to Detroit before and they'd all hung out at age 15 or 16. I wasn't allowed to go to a nightclub at that age.

Williams: Did you want to go? Was it important to you?

Carter: It wasn't critical whether I went or not. But their scope was different, in that their growth depended on goin' to night clubs.

Williams: Where, in your estimation, was Paul Chambers in his development at the time?

Carter: Let's see. When I was a freshman at Cass Tech he was already there a second year. So he'd been playing at least five years before I met him.

Williams: He was well on his way then.

Carter: He was already into it, but you know hanging out in clubs, working at night, he wasn't always in there for eight o'clock orchestra avail. It left the orchestra with one guy who had just started the bass. Paul was a very good classical type player who was interested in making the gigs, meetin' all the guys and playin' with them.

Williams: What kind of an effect did he have on you, when you listened to him in the jazz spectrum?

Carter: None, other than here is a player who is playin' different than somebody else is playin'. I didn't come to that realization until I decided that I was goin' to be a jazz player. I kind of put him in the same category as Casals and Pietagorsky in that here is a person who is being creative, got his own approach to the instrument, makin' his own direction, but that ain't what I want to do. That kind of awesome talent is just overwhelming. I didn't think in terms of he plays so good that must be the right way, or that must be the way to do it. Certainly, an outstanding talent, just pure.

Williams: Was there anyone on bass at that time who might have been a role model for you as you were getting your own direction together?

Carter: No.

Williams: In jazz or otherwise?

Carter: No, I always had my own sound I was trying to get out. It wasn't until the past ten years that I felt I'm finally matching that sound in my ear, on the instrument. I'm now developing that sound to where I'm a lot more pleased with the level of consistency that I'm getting with it.

Williams: That explains a lot about the Ron Carter we've come to know within the past ten years. But I'm surprised and it's very interesting to hear that you've always been this way and certainly this would be one of the reasons for the development of your career and facility in the way they have through the years. Of course you realize that you will be criticized ... Don't you know that when you do an interview you're expected to point out....

Carter: ... Who my main man was?

Williams: Who your main man was and then you genuflect. I admire your courage and forthrightness. I choose to think of you in the same light as I do Muhammad Ali, Stevie Wonder or Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. That is, young creative paragons who obviously have a lot to say, and whose words and deeds are in harmony. Furthermore, I don't believe for one minute that any of you could continue to express yourselves, whether musically or athletically, certainly at the levels you do, and not speak out.

Carter: No, no. I'm paying a price to speak out. An example is all the studio work. Let me define studio. For me, studio playin' means that you do the television that goes on in your city, you do the television specials that go on in your city, you do the commercials that go on in your city, in addition to making gigs and jazz records. My primary occupation right now, or what I do when I record, I record primarily the jazz records that come out of New York City. I may do one jingle a month.

Williams: I'm shocked! I thought you did....

Carter: There's a show on television now, one of those situation comedies, I can't remember the name of it. It co-stars two girls. Anyway, I was in the studio band that made the pilot for that show and I played very well that day. Now, that's on TV but I haven't done any more of those shows.

Williams: Are you saying it's because you're outspoken?

Carter: I'm sayin' there are some reasons other than my playing ability. I have a sense of awareness of the tentativeness of our industry, but I can't just sit back and keep watchin' stuff go down wrong and not have a comment on it. As hard as it is to keep my mouth shut, I find time to do that too, I'm not all-fool, I may be 85 per cent.

You got to put your money on the mark, for my own ability to sleep and be true to what I believe. And I'm sure you will find that every jingle firm will say that that's not the case. There hasn't been that level of infusion of talent into New York to replace certain kinds of players. There are drummers comin' to New York everyday for example; all of 'em don't play as good as Grady (Tate). So, there's no reason for him not to be on those dates, other than he's black and they're white or their father owns the company.

Williams: Is it possible that because you're so visible, because you're so busy, that people get into the habit of thinking you're too busy or too expensive as a result of your popularity?

Carter: I'm sure they will find all those possibilities. I recall times when I have stopped other projects and made myself available to do a jingle just so I'd have the comfort of knowing that when they called me, I was available and I did the job. Now when it comes down to discussing this again, you can't tell me, "I called you four times and you weren't available" or "I called you and you showed up late." Another excuse is, "This music isn't good enough for you." Man, let me decide what's good enough for me. Are you that comfortable playing "crap?" Let me decide what I want to play.

Williams: From Ferrante and Teicher to McCoy Tyner and in between, you have the remarkable ability to perform in a seemingly limitless variety of settings and never sacrifice any of your unmistakable musical presence. You are neither condescending to those who are clearly not of your calibre nor combative and showy with those who are in your league. You are always contributive and supportive. What do you set out to accomplish in particular, when you are playing with someone else?

Carter: I always have a standard of performance for myself, no matter what the job is or who it's for. There is a musical level of satisfaction that I have to fulfill. This satisfaction depends on not how well I get off on what *I'm* doing, but how well I can keep my musical personality together and contribute to their project. I try to make them feel as comfortable as I can with whatever they're doing without losing my concept along the way of input to a project.

I think that one of the reasons they call me for various projects, is that I can contribute to

that project and not become the focus of attention. I always try to avoid that. My sound itself is a kind of focal point for whatever I play, I guess. With a Lena Horne it may be just to work with bass and voice, she would look for me to play the kind of line that enhances her phrasing due to my note length. Sarah Vaughan might want me to play with her because she knows that I will come prepared to bring whatever harmonic prowess I have to contribute to her level of scat singing. McCoy may ask me to come to his date because I will make him feel that I'm a part of his band and not a ringer. Horace Silver—we're doing a date now and he's rehearsed his band and sent tapes to everybody and when I come in, I make him feel comfortable. It's as if I'm a part of his working group. So my contribution to him, aside from the musical compatibility and my musical contribution, is that I make him feel like his records sound like they are played by his working band.

Williams: How is the situation different in your own band?

Carter: The difference between that situation and my own group is that I'm playing never heard a Brazilian record. The only ones I hear are the ones I'm on. So, there's no chance for me to check out my approach as to how they play in Rio or Sao Paulo.

Williams: I see a remarkable similarity in the language, the way it is spoken in Brazil and the sonority of your tone. There's something about your note length and the way that you use it, especially with Brazilian musicians, that captures the undulatory movement of the people.

Carter: And it's strange because that music is not indigenous to my background at all. I would just like to go down there to do some musicological and ethnological research just to see if I have been there before.

Williams: You obviously have.

Carter: I'd like to find out at some point man, what this hook-up is that I have with them that I'm not consciously aware of. Milton Nascimento, I call him a folk hero. Whenever he does a record, he'll call me to see if I can get out there to do it with him. Flora and Airto of course. . . .

Williams: . . . Some of their best music, early music with. . . .

HERB SNITZER

The Ron Carter of about 20 years ago: first black player with the Eastman-Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra.

with players of my choice (Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, Ben Riley) and playing songs of my selection, in the tempos I want to play. I am more in control of a general musical scope and I have three players with me who do exactly what I do for me. Every date, no matter what type of music or quality of playing is involved, offers something I couldn't get anywhere else. There's going to be something that goes on during that date that is going to be valuable to me.

Williams: Antonio Carlos Jobim seems to be very fond of calling you.

Carter: Brazilians in general.

Williams: Yes.

Carter: One of my projects I'm putting off gettin' into is that I would like to someday just go down there and do a research on the country and the people. When Brazilians come to New York, whether from Rio or wherever, when they want to hire a bass player, they hire me. When I ask why, they say, "Because you play Brazilian music better than the Brazilian bass players." I've never been to Brazil and I've never heard pure Brazilian music. I've

Carter: . . . Hermeto. There's that whole Brazilian music cult that I've become involved in and they play it with such native purity that they feel they must have me on the date and I have to find out at some point, go see. Hear how those guys do it down there and see where we're comin' from.

Williams: I cannot think of another bass player who is more in demand than you are, can you?

Carter: As far as jazz records are concerned, no. Ah, that's a little dig to the commercial industry.

Williams: You are unquestionably a very successful man, and deservedly so. Your standard of living, being able to be selective as to the work you will accept, all attest to your status. What are you doing right?

Carter: One, I think I try to treat everybody equal, as unequal as we may be in certain situations. I try to approach a project as my personal testimony of contributing to someone else's intent. I feel a grave responsibility and obligation to those projects when they call *me*, out of all the choices they have. Obviously I can bring a thing that somebody else cannot bring. I'm a professional. I'm on time for the job. I am prepared musically and technically to meet the demands of the music. I will share my thoughts, as graciously as they will be allowed to be shared, with the leader, in terms of contributing a thought to the music that he has not considered. But, I will also not comment, if I feel that they are on the right track enough to make my comments superfluous. I try to go there with a positive frame of reference in terms of expecting to be musically delighted about whatever project it is. Humble is not the right word, but I try to downplay my level as graciously as I can, and just do the job and let what I play be my testimony to my arrogance.

Williams: I think you have just supplied us with a preamble to the professional musician's personal code book.

Carter: Sometimes, my phraseology surprises me as much as some of the notes I play. You practice all these years and know the chords and stuff, you have an idea of where you're tryin' to get to but, many times you'll play a phrase that's just out of the blue.

I've been considered arrogant. I'm sure that's with a great deal of accuracy, and I don't back up from that. The fact is, we had to be arrogant because no one encouraged us. Everyone told us we were gonna be nothin'. . . .

Williams: But it's also kind of hard to be as good as you are and not be what is thought to be arrogant. Is envy very much a factor you have to deal with? If it is, how do you handle it?

Carter: Yes. The question is, "How come you're there, and I'm not?" Or, "How come you overdubbed my bass part on this record?" I'm confronted with that and I try to handle it as gently as I can. But it depends on how I'm approached. Other times I'm asked how come I do all the jobs. I try to explain that, number one, I don't do all the jobs, I'm talkin' to you right now, so I ain't doin' one at least. I try to answer as truthfully as I can without being overly humble or apparently arrogant. It's not just that I played with Miles Davis, for example, that I make records.

I'm picky about the jobs I take, not necessarily that I can afford to pick and choose. But I see that it's helping to establish a level for the players as far as picking jobs. There are several clubs around town for example, that I refused to work and it wasn't because I had dates that night. I refused because the club environment was detrimental to the performance of the players working there. I feel that it's important for me to say that so the reader will understand that it's not about me being "picky" as much as it is that I have some pretty strong principles about having a piano that's in tune with all the keys working, or microphones that work.

Williams: What kind of relationship do you have with some of the other bass players. I'll call some names, you comment. Ray Brown.

Carter: I met Ray Brown for the first time two weeks ago while out in Los Angeles. It was a pleasant meeting of what I guess the press would call two generations of giants. I sought him out. I'm working on some strings (bass) and I thought he'd like to be aware of this kind of thing. They're just being made. I also felt it was important to touch basses with Ray Brown and if he felt uncomfortable about approaching me before, to make him feel more at ease, so that when he comes to New York, he need not feel he can only call

continued on page 42

RECORD REVIEWS

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

GERRY MULLIGAN

THE ARRANGER—Columbia JC 34803: *How High The Moon; Disc Jockey Jump; Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea; Elevation; Thruway; All The Things You Are; Mullenium; Motel.*

Personnel: Track 1—Red Rodney, Joe Triscari, Ray Triscari, Tony Anelli, trumpets; Bob Ascher, Dick Taylor, Warren Covington, Ben Seaman, trombones; Harry Terrill, Charlie Kennedy, alto sax; Charlie Ventura, Buddy Wise, tenor sax; Jack Schwartz, bass sax; Teddy Napoleon, piano; Mike Triscari, guitar; Bob Munoz, bass; Gene Krupa, drums; Mulligan, arranger. Track 2—Don Fagerquist, Ray Triscari, Ed Badgely, Al Porcino, trumpets; Clay Harvey, Dick Taylor, Emil Mazanec, Jack Zimmerman, trombones; Harry Terrill, Charlie Kennedy, alto sax; Buddy Wise, Mitch Melnick, trumpets; Jack Schwartz, bass sax; Buddy Neal, piano; Bob Lesher, guitar; Bab Strahl, bass; Gene Krupa, drums; Mulligan, arranger. Track 3—Joe Techner, John Dee, Jimmy Padget, Bill Danzizen, trumpets; Sy Berger, Frank Hunter, Gene Hessler, trombones; Joe Soldo, alto sax; Phil Urso, Bruno Rondelli, trumpets; Mulligan, bass sax, arranger; Merle Bredwell, bass sax; Elliot Lawrence, piano; Tom O'Neil, bass; Howie Mann, drums. Track 4—Joe Techner, John Dee, Jimmy Padget, Bill Danzizen, trumpets; Sy Berger, Vince Forrest, Chuck Harris, trombones; Joe Soldo, Louis Giamo, alto sax; Phil Urso, Bruno Rondelli, tenor sax; Merle Bredwell, bass sax; Elliot Lawrence, piano, Tommy O'Neil, bass; Howie Mann, drums; Mulligan, arranger. Tracks 5-8—Don Ferrara, Don Joseph, Jerry Lloyd, Phil Sunkel, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Jim Dahl, Frank Rehak, trombones; Lee Konitz, Hal McKusick, alto sax; Charlie Rouse, Zoot Sims, trumpets; Gene Allen, bass sax; Gerry Mulligan, bass sax, piano, arranger; Joe Benjamin, bass; Dave Bailey or Gus Johnson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the title announces, this is a notable attempt at documenting the status and evolution of Gerry Mulligan's first love: orchestral arrangement. Where it falls short is in its deficiency to include any of Mulligan's pivotal arrangements for Miles Davis and Claude Thornhill, although Henri Renaud makes a cursory reference to their existence in his liner notes. But this collection's very notion and existence overshadows any grievances one can muster. It makes available, for the first time, a handful of Mulligan's primal, formative arrangements for Gene Krupa and Elliot Lawrence's orchestras, as well as several extensive blowing sessions from his own late-'50s orchestra with Bob Brookmeyer, Lee Konitz and Zoot Sims, which predated his imperial Concert Jazz Band.

Actually, the signature of Mulligan's style changed little over the 11 years documented here. He consistently favored a seamless theme-line underscored with a smooth sax bedding, stated often in terms of simple counterpoint and gentle contrary sweeps. But it's from the timing of those lines, the way they stretch around and overlap one another, and the percussive texture of whole sections, that he derives his resilient and elegant sense of tension. In his Krupa period, Mulligan's coloring lacked depth and a resonant bottom—although the effervescence and clarity of that compact top range is not to be discounted—while in his brief association with Lawrence, the arrangements made up in tonality for what they lost in dynamics.

The subsequent work with his own orchestra—which featured, besides his suave baritone sax, Mulligan's witty piano proddings—is comparatively sparse. Here, instead of the subtle rhythmic shadings that came to full bloom with Miles Davis, a steady rhythm axis backs lengthy improvisatory solo clauses, punctuated by fluid orchestral commas. In spite of Mulligan's amiable baritone bantering of his soloists and an occasional fiery polyphonic exercise, these are basically showcases for Gerry's soloists. They are inviting and invigorating performances, but in all, they lack the rich texture, piled themes and breathing colors that flowed abundantly from his Concert Jazz Band of 1960. Now that Verve has their own fine reissue program afloat, maybe they will repackage those long unavailable gems.

Until then, this is a fine keynote to a worthy, if incomplete, rhapsody. *—gilmore*

GARY PEACOCK

TALES OF ANOTHER—ECM-1-1101: *Vignette; Tone Field; Major Major; Trilogy I; Trilogy II; Trilogy III.*

Personnel: Peacock, acoustic bass; Keith Jarrett, acoustic piano; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

★ ★ ★

Gary Peacock was a central figure in the revolutions that swept through improvised music in the late '50s and '60s. At the macro level, the main revolutionary tide (led by the breakthroughs of musicians like George Russell, Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor) pushed out the melodic, harmonic and rhythmic conventions of the bop-oriented mainstream. At the micro level, bassists threw off their traditional time-keeping chains and joined in the free-flowing, open-ended group improvisations as fully franchised participants of the collective ensemble.

Peacock, born in Burley, Idaho, on May 12, 1935, was perfectly equipped for his important part in the transition. With an extensive background in piano (and, therefore, harmony), Peacock first focused his bass playing energies in the company of such modern mainstreamers as Attila Zoller, Tony Scott, Bud Shank, Barney Kessel, Paul Horn, Terry Gibbs and Shorty Rodgers. Searching for new sources of inspiration, Peacock left L.A. for the galvanizing scene in New York. There the bassist was challenged by the explorations of Paul Bley, Jimmy Giuffre, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, George Russell, Don Ellis, Bill Evans, and later in Europe, those of Albert Ayler and Don Cherry. As a result, Peacock is one of today's most liberated and inventive bassists.

However, while much of the music of *Tales Of Another* sings with unfettered vibrancy, there are other qualities which suggest that the spontaneous collective improvisational approach has now developed conventions and attitudes as limiting (and/or freeing) as bebop, dixieland and other established genres. Consequently, some of the music has a mannered glibness and a degree of repetitiveness that is both dulling and dangerously close to self-parody.

In a way, the music emerging from the open-ended collective approach represents the same kind of blowing session format employed by Savoy, Blue Note and Prestige back in the '50s. The only basic difference is that another set of guidelines and agreements have been imposed in place of the previously used blues and standard song forms.

One difference, however, is difficult to tolerate. Increasingly, there is an air of self-satisfied smugness that infects much of the music with an aura of arty pretentiousness. Every daub, it seems, is assumed to be a masterpiece. Here, we are presented with titles whose bombast springs from contrived associations with "avant garde" painting. *Tone Field, Major Major*, not to mention *Trilogy I, Trilogy II* and *Trilogy III*, echo with the kind of academic hollowness that characterized the pages of too many '60s art catalogues.

Unfortunately, the music, in spite of moments of shimmering luminosity, fogs over under the weight of accumulated kaleidoscopic mists. In addition to the rather static results of basically unvarying generative procedures, the inclusion of Jarrett's vocalized doublings of his piano lines is especially unattractive. Sounding more like Michael J. Pollard doing imitations of Donald Duck, Jarrett consistently destroys the emotional and atmospheric contexts established prior to his "impassioned" flights.

Actually, the album is more Jarrett than Peacock. A much more solid example of Peacock's work is his excellent collaborative effort with pianist Mal Waldron (*First Encounter*—Catalyst CAT-7906). *—berg*

RAY CHARLES

TRUE TO LIFE—Atlantic SD 19142: *I Can See Clearly Now; The Jealous Kind; Oh, What A Beautiful Mornin'; How Long Has This Been Going On; Be My Love; Anonymous Love; Heavenly Music; Game Number Nine; Let It Be.*

Personnel: Charles, piano, vocals; all others uncredited.

★ ★ ½

After years of residence on labels which lacked the promotion and distribution facilities to keep his product in the forefront, Charles has gravitated to Atlantic Records, coincidentally one of his first homes in the mid-'50s.

The verdict on Charles' grand re-entrance has to be mixed. Admittedly, it would have been wishful thinking to hope for another *I Got A Woman* or *What'd I Say*; yet most of the material here is crassly commercial, beneath his vast abilities, and as a final indictment, virtually inconsequential.

I Can See Clearly Now, when properly delivered, is one of the more spirited and human top pop hits of the '70s. Yet something grates when an unemotional Charles, eschewing the characteristic wails which permanently stamped his style, delivers the tune in rote fashion. The fact that the rhythm is maintained by employing a consistent high hat disco beat only makes matters that much worse.

Ray has always done well with old show

Harvey Mason. World renowned studio drummer has appeared on over 30 gold and platinum records. He has three of his own albums on the Arista label, including his most recent release, "Funk in a Mason Jar".

HARVEY MASON TALKS ABOUT STUDIO DRUMMING AND ROGERS.

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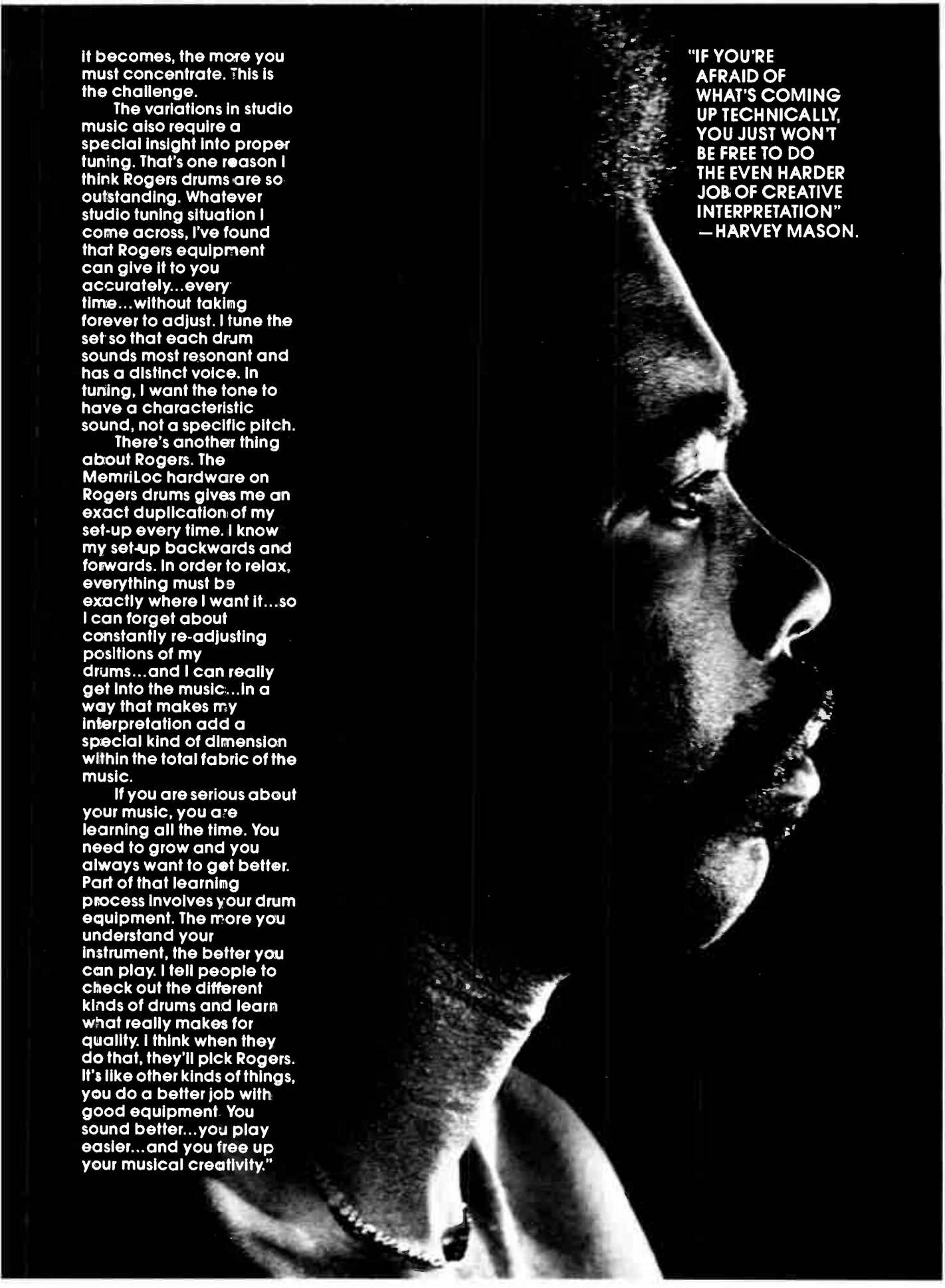
There's another thing about Rogers. The MemriLoc hardware on Rogers drums gives me an exact duplication of my set-up every time. I know my set-up backwards and forwards. In order to relax, everything must be exactly where I want it...so I can forget about constantly re-adjusting positions of my drums...and I can really get into the music...in a way that makes my interpretation add a special kind of dimension within the total fabric of the music.

If you are serious about your music, you are learning all the time. You need to grow and you always want to get better. Part of that learning process involves your drum equipment. The more you understand your instrument, the better you can play. I tell people to check out the different kinds of drums and learn what really makes for quality. I think when they do that, they'll pick Rogers. It's like other kinds of things, you do a better job with good equipment. You sound better...you play easier...and you free up your musical creativity."



"IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF WHAT'S COMING UP TECHNICALLY, YOU JUST WON'T BE FREE TO DO THE EVEN HARDER JOB OF CREATIVE INTERPRETATION" —HARVEY MASON.

tunes. Out of the three he tackles here, only one, the great Rodgers-Hammerstein *Oh, What A Beautiful Mornin'*, comes off successfully. On the Gershwins' *How Long Has This Been Going On* Ray waxes a touch too sugary; Sammy Cahn's *Be My Love* is commercialized via a Mancini-like horn intro.

Mornin' does shine, probably due to the fact that Ray's alternate solo quickie bursts with each hand infuse needed spark. Besides, the ditty is a praise nature epic of grandiose euphoria, something that Ray has always done well.

To the polite surprise of a cynic, Charles also does a couple of soul songs. The old Solomon Burke tune *Heavenly Music* is abetted by a testifying rhythm section and chorus, and the clever plot twists of *Game Number Nine* are sneakily sung by an artist familiar with narrating the knuckleballs of love. If only he'd enhance his selection of material, Ray could make *the* real comeback. By jiminy, he's needed. *—shaw*

JAN HAMMER GROUP

MELODIES—Nemperor JZ 35003: *Too Much To Lose; Peaceful Sundown; I Sing; Honey 5379; Window Of Love; What It Is; Don't You Know; Just For Fun; Hyperspace; Who Are They?; Your Love.*

Personnel: Hammer, pianos, synthesizers, drums, vocals; Tony Smith, drums, lead vocals; Steve Kindler, violin, vocals; Fernando Saunders, electric basses, acoustic guitars, vocals.

★ ★ ★

Jan Hammer may be one of the most combustible, resourceful talents marking time in the fusion field, a genre that should have willfully suicided long ago, sparing us the death throes of clone music. Hammer's liaison last year with Jeff Beck, although purportedly a stormy affair, made for some lusty music and animated musicianship to boot. One of the failures of the live record documenting that partnership accrued from its misplaced emphasis on vocal tracks, grating ersatz funk grinds proffering a cosmic view of sex. (Or was it a sexual view of the cosmos? With such novel approaches it's hard to keep track.)

Melodies, with the exception of two tracks is all vocals, proffering a vague—but sunny—view of the cosmos, not so much grating undertakings as they are forgettable. Or perhaps unfulfilling would be a better term, for several of the better moments here linger in the shadow of daring.

At its best, *Melodies* is odd, a bit overmuch to be commercially successful and not enough to prove truly kinetic. If that amounts to a compromise, at least it settles on the better side of anonymity. Basically, the arrangements are sparse and the textures are narrow and light, allowing the focus to fall on drummer Tony Smith and bassist Fernando Saunders' vocals. Both share a flexible, mellisonant tenor, very similar in intonation to Stevie Wonder's, although less snappy or roving. Several of Hammer's melodic lines spiral nicely from hesitant, repeating motifs, acquiring a motile flair that disregards conventional meters and phrasing. The lyrics, however, and their point of view—a convenient, bromidic style of transcendentalism—are, to be kind, negligible. Notable exception: in the case of Steve Kindler's *Just For Fun*, in which he advances the case for making music for the masses, music that "relates" (ergo *sells*), the lyrics can be simply self-serving and offensive.

Kindler, on the other hand, is responsible for one of *Melodies* more mesmerizing tracks, *Hyperspace*, a frozen Wagnerian-like crescendo that lingers and multiplies in its voicings yet never resolves its static tension. Similarly, Hammer's instrumental track, *Your Love*, a warmly enveloping, fragmentary nocturne, is riveting.

Say, you think that might mean Hammer and company should attempt a change of pace, something wholly unexpected, like maybe an album of instrumental music. Naw, they're too progressive to try anything that shoddy. *—gilmore*

DENNY ZEITLIN

SYZYGY—1750 Arch 1759: *Syzygy; Chrysalis; Child's Play; Starburst.*

Personnel: Zeitlin, acoustic and electric piano, Clavinet, organ, synthesizer, melodica, percussion; Ratzo B. Harris, acoustic and electric bass, percussion; Rich Fudoli, tenor sax, clarinet, flute (track 4); Tom Buckner, voice (track 3).

★ ★ ★ ½

Zeitlin was a pioneer of the early fusion movement and one for whom marketability has never been of primary consideration. Perhaps his choice of psychiatry over music as a full-time vocation helped spare him the burdensome uncertainties of ego and economics that have plagued some of his better known colleagues. At any rate Zeitlin has remained close to the original conceptions of such classically influenced modernists as Paul Bley, Chick Corea, and inevitably Bill Evans, to whom he was likened in earlier years. Comparisons are clearly in order to the extent that similarly rooted styles have a tendency to overlap, particularly in the case of a genre the very essence of which lies in the melding of disparate idioms. Nonetheless, Zeitlin manages to achieve a sense of emotional spontaneity within his chosen dialect that marks him as an original on his own terms.

Ironically, the degeneration of the fusion approach in recent years can be attributed, at least in part, to the underlying tonality which renders it so appealingly accessible and hence so temptingly exploitable at the hands of pop-minded parvenus. Yet Zeitlin, whose modal vocabulary and multi-keyboard instrumentation are essentially similar to those of a disco player, retains a personalized, impressionistic sensibility, even in his use of synthesized timbres, that places his music at opposite poles from the robot clonings of contemporary "fusion." His music is a collage of aural imagery, reflecting influences as diverse as Charles Ives and Dollar Brand in a patchwork of shifting modes. But if his strength lies in his ability to assimilate and recombine the musics of others, therein also lies his weakness, for in the end one is left not quite certain whether Zeitlin has found his own voice.

Here Zeitlin's trio performs a quartet of mini-suites, each comprising a series of short sketches. *Syzygy* is an eclectic tapestry of multi-colored yarns—or should I say wires—seguing seemlessly through a shifting web of mood, rhythm and shading, in patterns that vary from baroque to electronic without sacrificing coherence or continuity. Likewise *Chrysalis*, in kindred spirit, moves through Oriental, Latin, rock and romantic colorations while preserving the intimacy and immediacy of a live performance. On *Child's Play*, Tom Buckner chants a rather sentimental Corea-like refrain which Zeitlin then expands in a variety of permutations. Rich Fudoli on reeds provides an additional voice on *Starburst*, an improvised jam which features Fudoli's breathy ruminations over Zeitlin's ethereal impromptus. Bassist Harris and drummer Marsh are as tasteful and comple-

mentary a pair as one could ask—the constant flow of interaction between musicians is in most refreshing contrast to the layered dubbing sessions that pass for jazz these days.

—birnbaum

SHAKTI WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN

NATURAL ELEMENTS—Columbia JC 34980: *Mind Ecology; Face To Face; Come On Baby Dance With Me; The Daffodil And The Eagle; Happiness Is Being Together; Bridge Of Sighs; Get Down And Sruti; Peace Of Mind.*

Personnel: McLaughlin, acoustic guitar, vocals; L. Shankar, violin, viola, vocals; Zakir Hussain, tabla, timbales, bongos, dholak, nal, triangle, vocals; T. H. Vinayakram, ghatam, nal, kanjeera, moorsing, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All throughout his career, the acoustic McLaughlin has always been more pleasant to listen to than the electric one. Somehow those wild plugged-in flatulations become transformed into flowing rivers of sound when rendered on wooden guitar.

The entity of Shakti is of course a perfect vehicle. Surrounded by Indian and Pakistani musicians of similar temperament, John has once more issued an elegantly tailored work of sublime beauty.

Mind Ecology gets things off appropriately enough; a repetitive, droning beat yields to a flying exchange between Mac and L. Shankar before Hussain and Vinayakram take over again, finally surrendering to a muted discourse between guitarist and violinist.

All throughout, we are given some unique poses. *Come On Baby Dance With Me* features a most uncharacteristic (for Shankar) attack; the pacing sounds almost like a jig!

The intimacy that McLaughlin has always achieved with his violin players is also evident, as typified by *Bridge Of Sighs*, a hushed tune which is not the same as the Robin Trower song. The key-swimming promenades eventually fade into the snappy *Get Down And Sruti*, a number which includes the impeccably timed scats of the two percussionists. Providing an apt bottom for John's cadenza, their cadence sounds almost like a bass beat.

Admittedly it sounds trite, but the playing here is simply brilliant. On these pages, McLaughlin has been previously lambasted for his failure to take gambles; in the light of the many new vistas evidenced here, the case is dismissed. He has more than atoned. *—shaw*

JIMMY GIUFFRE WITH THE MARTY PAICH OCTET

TENORS WEST—GNP/Crescendo GNPS 9040: *Tenors West; There's No You; The Dragon; Shorty George; Paichence; At The Marty Gras; Take The "A" Train; Ballet Du Bongo; Line For Lyons; Jacqueline; Con Spirito.*

Personnel: Giuffre, tenor sax; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; Harry Klee, tenor sax, flute; Bob Enevoldsen, tenor sax, valve trombone; Jack Dulong, baritone sax; Paich, piano; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Joe Mondragon, bass; Art Mardigan, drums.

★ ★

This recording, made in 1955, is a perfect example of what went wrong with the cool, West Coast style of that era. The ensemble passages are very tight, the "Four Brothers" blend is excellent, the arrangements are thoughtful if a little corny. But the overall impression is dullsville. The music is pallid; it has no bite, no soul. It is easy to see why Horace Silver and others wanted to get away from this bouncy supermarket sound and return to the roots.

Significantly, the best cuts on the album are Billy Strayhorn's *Take The 'A' Train* and Basie's *Shorty George*. Seven of the selections were written and arranged by Paich, and most of them are, well, sappy. *Ballet Du Bongo*, pairing flute and muted trumpet with a Latinish rhythm, is just a step away from being muzak. *Jacqueline* is a ballad with no rhythmic interest at all: everything is on the beat. In the liner notes, Leonard Feather says that *Paichence* reflects "a Strayhornish Chelsea Bridge influence," which is a nice way of saying that the first few bars are a direct cop. Paich's best number is the title tune, which is light but swinging.

Most of the solos are unexciting. Giuffre is the best, naturally, bringing a little personality into an otherwise faceless lineup. Candoli sounds like he is already on the *Tonight Show*.

The music reminds me of those smiling faces that decorate automobile bumpers and other public places—happy but vacuous. The album is best viewed as an historical item, exhibiting Giuffre's tenor style prior to his avant garde clarinet days. *—clark*

E. PARKER McDOUGAL

INITIAL VISIT/CHICAGO HARD-CORE JAZZ—Grits 2001: *For Goodchild; Nancy; Bitter Lemon; Foxxy Minor; The Skeleton; Valse Grits; Ode; Mackin; The Chore.*

Personnel: McDougal, tenor sax: Jay J. Peters, tenor sax (tracks 1, 2, 3); Willie Pickens, piano and electric piano; Dan Shapera, bass (tracks 1, 2, 3, 4); Henry El, bass (track 5); Billy Yancy, bass (tracks 6, 7, 8, 9); Wilbur Campbell, drums (tracks 6, 7, 8, 9); Steve McCall, drums (tracks 1, 2, 3, 4); Jim Cottrell, drums (track 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

E. Parker McDougal isn't well known in his native Chicago, let alone outside the city, but he is among the keepers of a tenor saxophone style and tradition that has faded from time to time but never disappeared. He is a survivor of sorts. It's a derivative style with roots in the playing of Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker and Gene Ammons, and that is carried on by surviving contemporaries like Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin, Von Freeman and Sonny Rollins.

Arguably there is a Chicago saxophone sound; undeniably there have been musicians who evolved in the Second City developing in directions that were completely their own, musicians like Griffin, Ammons, John Gilmore, Von Freeman, the late Nicky Hill, Roscoe Mitchell and Chico Freeman.

Hard-core Chicago jazz? Well, that would be hard to pin down. Let's just say it's music played by Chicago musicians most of whom—like Pickens and Campbell—have been at it for a long time.

McDougal comes out of the blues bands of the late '40s and '50s, like Sonny Thompson and the pit bands in the joints of Calumet City during that town's raucous, wide-open period.

Also featured on a portion of the album is Jay Peters, a big hard tone player, who worked in Lionel Hampton's band in the days of Griffin and Gordon and later recorded with, among others, trumpeter Gene Shaw. Unfortunately, he died while this album was in progress and his contribution was not fully realized.

All the tracks, except for Van Heusen's lyrical *Nancy*, are by E. Parker and they run the gamut from blues to funky bop. Though simple in melodic structure, they are proper vehicles for McDougal's full sound.

Produced by McDougal as almost a one man project, *Initial Visit* is an incisive look at a group of indigenous urban musicians playing their music and paying homage to their jazz legacy.

Information on Grits Records can be obtained by writing **db**. *—nolan*

STOMU YAMASHTA

GO, TOO—Arista AB 4138: *Prelude; Seen You Before; Madness; Mysteries Of Love; Wheels Of Fortune; Beauty; You And Me; Ecliptic.*

Personnel: Yamashta, synthesizers, percussion; Peter Robinson, Klaus Schulze, synthesizers; Al DiMeola, guitar; Michael Shrieve, drums; Jess Roden, Linda Lewis, vocals; Michael Quartermain, Dennis Mackay, Paul Buckmaster, Brother James, Doni Harvey, Paul Jackson, instruments uncredited.

★ ★ ★

Although the purpose served here is rather nebulous, there are enough by-products and eventful moments to earn this effort a passing rating.

While no Richard Teitelbaum, Yamashta is, and has been, a fluid trafficker in the ways of electronic weirdness. His *Prelude* is full of chirping crickets, with legitimate sounding thunder interceding to interrupt the tranquility of the night. We see further evidences of this imagistic bent during *Beauty*. However, this does not work so well, since Stomu's attempt to recreate the sound of seagulls more resembles the squeals of beagle puppies in a kennel.

Perhaps the most consistent virtue, however, is the fact that, lurking behind the walls of futuristica, lie some lush pop songs. As a man who was sad when Bing Crosby died, I've always had a fondness for this medium; henceforth tunes like *Mysteries Of Love*, with its Moody Blues-like hanging string lines are really appealing.

Further boosting the vocals is the performance of Jess Roden, a British blues-rocker elevated to a higher plane for this mission. Indeed, that was no crack, for most of the lyrics here are definitely in the spiritualist vein.

There is some exceptional playing; former Santana drummer Mike Shrieve is always supremely appropriate. Two things annoy, though; one is Linda Lewis' mousy vocal timbre; the other is the distinctly unimaginative bass lines rendered herein. During *Madness*, while Shrieve and Yamashta enhance with an exchange of drum rolls, we are subjected to a disco-like root to a fifth progression from the bassman. This pattern subsists throughout the record; if he were more creative, this project would really have gotten off the ground. *—shaw*

WAXING ON. . . .

The migration of many top American jazzmen in the '60s and the subsequent rise in popularity of contemporary jazz abroad has created a phenomenon referred to by anthropologists as acculturation. This is when one group of people borrow culturally from another resulting in a new and blended pattern. One result of this unfortunate exodus of musicians is the widespread availability of important jazz recordings in Europe and the Orient but not in this country. Two major American record companies have set a precedent towards correcting this situation by leasing significant European labels for release in this

country. What this means is that while ECM is pressed and distributed in this country by Polydor (as Freedom Records are pressed and distributed by Arista), the foreign labels still retain artistic control.

Within the last two years another domestic company has jumped on the bandstand by signing licensing arrangements with the Danish label SteepleChase and the German Enja line among others. To do so Music Minus One (remember all those learn to play along with records?) formed the Inner City label and has literally turned the jazz listening public around.

While SteepleChase does employ a fairly small circle of musicians on their releases, the sound of each disc is unique to that recording. Although each SteepleChase LP reviewed here was produced by Nils Winther, unlike Manfred Eicher's ECM line, which has a strong label sound, there is no discernable SteepleChase sound.

The first Inner City/SteepleChase record considered here is by Mary Lou Williams, former pianist and musical director of Andy Kirk's Clouds Of Joy from 1929 to 1942. Set here in a trio with bassist Buster Williams and drummer Mickey Roker, she exhibits the soulful demeanor that has led her through a musical career of nearly 50 years. Choosing to record all blues tunes except one, she plays with a conviction rare in today's competitive jazz world.

Her choice of Williams and Roker is perfect for this trio recording. Roker lays the kind of foundation with his drumming that frees his fellow artists to really stretch out. Listen to *Free Spirits* or *Blues For Timme* as examples, especially Buster Williams' outstanding solos on the latter and Miles Davis' composition *All Blues*.

Another Inner City album was produced only two days later (July 10, 1975) and features Mary Lou Williams' student Hilton Ruiz. Again with Buster Williams on bass, this album showcases the percussive talents of Billy Higgins on drums. Although Williams and Higgins turn in good performances, the mix on the drums is often too low, thereby distorting the entire group sound.

Ruiz, who logged time in Latin dance bands before joining Rahsaan Roland Kirk, is not a strong enough pianist to head a trio featuring talented veterans like Williams and Higgins. His solos are often boring and banal. The problem may be immaturity, but at this point only one performance held up to careful listening. Ruiz's own composition *Arrival* is a passable Monk-like piece featuring some nice brushwork by Higgins and a fine Buster Williams solo.

One name that probably appears on more Inner City/SteepleChase records than any other is Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen. This young Danish bassist extraordinaire has played with a large number of artists in a diverse variety of settings. He taxes the abilities of everyone he plays with, drawing from them performances that can best be described as inspired. His incredible sense of time combined with the rhythmic approach he employs on his instrument make him a perfect choice for a duet with pianists Paul Bley and Kenny Drew.

It is to his credit that Pedersen has adapted his own style to complement the unique style of Bley. Generally speaking, on the Bley *NHOP* LP there is more of a sense of musical exchange than on the Drew duets of *Duo Live In Concert*. It is a case of *NHOP* performing

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the music of Paul Bley with the composer, rather than the live Kenny Drew album, which features mostly standards.

A large part of Bley's musical appeal is his sense of open harmonics. Space is left not only above and below the chord, but actually within it. This is part of the beauty of this performance. In what may be considered the definitive Paul Bley record, Pedersen plays as if his instrument were an extension of Bley's.

In an album loaded with great tunes, the two that best reflect the genius of this duo are Carla Bley's *Olhos De Gato* and the pianist's composition, *Upstairs*. The former is a slow dirge-like tune with a bowed bass and an eerie bass ostinato played by Bley. The former is a spirited uptempo number with a feeling of motion suggested by *NHΦP*'s bass figure.

The Drew duet, while excellent, lacks the spirit of communication prevalent on Bley's LP. Primarily featuring standards, this record is more a case of theme followed by solos. Especially effective is their rendition of Charlie Parker's *My Little Suede Shoes*, which spotlights Pedersen taking the melodic theme both in opening and closing the tune.

Once again, it's nearly impossible to pick favorite tunes from this album. But Sonny Rollins' standard *Oleo* features some amazing unison playing. Perhaps the best overall performance by both artists is on *There's No Greater Love*, a standard coarranged by both musicians.

Pedersen's adaptability stems from years spent as a sideman for musicians like Albert Ayler, Bud Powell and Dizzy Gillespie. It is in the role of a sideman that he is found on Tete Montoliu's trio recording *Tete!*. Coupled with drummer Albert "Tootie" Heath, the two provide ample support for this Spanish pianist whose time may finally have come.

On this trio disc and the recently released solo album *Music For Perla*, Montoliu demonstrates a tradition in stride piano that is almost lost in the contemporary jazz scene. Indeed, Phineas Newborn, Jr. and Montoliu are possibly the best living examples of the post-Art Tatum school.

Since Tatum is best known for his solo work, the comparisons run short on the Montoliu trio record. The sound here owes more to a slightly later school that includes Bud Powell, Oscar Peterson and Wynton Kelly but yet possesses a more modern sense of tonality. Heath and Pedersen help propel this record to a status somewhat above a tribute to anyone album. The album contains spirited versions of Coltrane's *Giant Steps*, Tadd Dameron's *Hot House* and the standard *Body And Soul*.

Demonstrating incredible technique on the solo record, Montoliu really shows his allegiance to Tatum on side one which features standards like Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays* and the Van Heusen/Burke tune *Here's That Rainy Day*. On this same side another Van Heusen/-Burke composition, *Imagination*, best shows the seemingly endless wealth of ideas of Tete Montoliu.

On side two all compositions are by the pianist and Montoliu is seen in a new light as other less obvious styles are reflected. The range of influences is broadened to include modernists like Cecil Taylor and impressionists like Debussy. The best example of the diversity and complexity of Montoliu's composing skills is found in the extended piece *Apartment 512*.

On yet another Inner City/SteepleChase album featuring Niels Pedersen as a sideman, Dexter Gordon leads a session that places his talents in front of a quartet that also includes Horace Parlan on piano and drummer Tony Izalaco. But the *Stable For Mable* session is all Dexter's and he plays beautifully throughout.

As on many Nils Winther productions, standards provide the format for some truly outstanding blowing. Featured on tenor sax and on soprano *(In A Sentimental Mood)*, Gordon shines on *Stablemates* and Miles Davis' *So What*. Pedersen shows off his bop abilities throughout, supported by some fine straight-ahead drumming by Tony Izalaco. Rounded out by Parlan, who was a former student of Mary Lou Williams, this quartet demonstrates to the disbelievers that bop is not an obsolete musical form.

South African pianist Dollar Brand was voted number one jazz pianist in the 1975 **db** International Critics Poll, which is quite an achievement for an artist who has been so underexposed. With the Inner City release of *The Children Of Africa*, his recordings finally become more easily available for the first time.

Working with a trio comprised of bassist Cecil McBee and Roy Brooks on drums, Brand has recorded an album of breathtakingly proficient musical performances. There is a long-running disagreement as to who is the greatest bass player in the world but Cecil McBee must rank high on every list. It is literally impossible to choose a single cut that could be considered a highlight of this record so it is therefore more appropriate to describe a few tunes.

Ishmael features a haunting bass ostinato over which Brand chants, plays soprano sax and takes a piano solo. During the drum solo, Roy Brooks employs his own technique of pitch alteration by blowing and sucking on a rubber hose connected to the hole on the side of conventional western drums.

Side two features a bass/piano duet called *The Dream* which shows another, more lyrical side of Brand. The album concludes with *Yukia-Khalifa*, an extended piece including a double theme and multiple tempo changes. This not only showcases Brand as a performer but also in the role of composer.

The Brand waxing, along with Archie Shepp's album *Steamin'*, were originally Enja releases co-produced by Horst Weber and Matthias Winckelmann. Recorded live with a trio comprised of bassist Cameron Brown and drummer Beaver Harris, Shepp seems calmer on this record than when he made his series of classic Impulse albums in the '60s.

The saxophonist now exhibits more control and is better able to express himself. His style is still uniquely Shepp, but occasional flashes of Sonny Rollins or Coltrane pop out of a solo. In the '60s when Shepp played he spoke for a whole generation. Times change and so has Archie; his is a new yet familiar voice of the '70s.

Inner City also licenses isolated individual releases for its catalogue. From Cezame Productions of France comes Sun Ra's *Cosmos*, featuring the latest version of his Arkestra which, as usual, is headed by Sun Ra stalwarts John Gilmore and Marshall Allen. Sun Ra has always been slightly ahead of his time, and now with his repeated use of an instrument called the rocksichord he once again steps outside of most people's musical perception. The rocksichord, a keyboard which sounds like everything from a harpsichord to a guitar to a funky upright piano, has possibilities in

the present market of expandable keyboards.

Unfortunately, Sun Ra plays this instrument exclusively and it often sounds strangely out of place with the band. *Interstellar Space* and *Moonship Journey* work largely because of the rocksichord, but big band horn tunes like *The Mystery Of Two* or *NeoProject #2* sound more confused by the instrument than helped.

The best tune on this album is a blowing number featuring John Gilmore on tenor. Called *Cosmos*, it also features the bass playing of R. Anthony Bunn and the drum expertise of Larry Bright.

Another independently leased record is titled *Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine*. Except for the inclusion of a tune called *Chromatic Banana*, the album is a delight. In an attempt to be "outside," Woods and company apparently recorded the piece for their own enjoyment. Despite flashes of meaty solos and exciting interplay, *Chromatic Banana* depends too much on a rock-based motif, both in solos and ensemble playing.

Other tunes include *A Look Back*, with an early Joe Farrellish saxophone and more rock overtones; *Sans Melodie*, a short piece that is literally "without melody" that features Woods on English recorder with Daniel Humair and Henri Texier on African percussion; and *The Day When The World . . .*, which is a bilingual band introduction by Woods' daughters. The other two tunes, *Ultimate Choice* and *The Last Page*, are post-Coltrane mainstream, heavily rooted in bop traditions.

The final Inner City release reviewed here is called *A Dream Without Reason*, by the French group Heldon. This is an electronic band with drums, percussion and bass accompaniment. The basic problem with the album is a lack of perception on the musicians' part as to the capability of electronics in music. An electronic lab should not be regarded as just a machine.

Marie Virginie C. is a heavy metal rock song employing every dissonance known to man. While dissonance is one of the major tools of twentieth century music, it must be used in an appropriate context. For example, *Elephania* is one tune employing both electronics and dissonance. But it is a well-done effort and as such has more musical significance to contemporary listeners. —*less*

Mary Lou Williams, *Free Spirits* (Inner City 2043): ★★★★★
Hilton Ruiz, *Piano Man* (Inner City 2036): ★★½
Paul Bley/Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, *Paul Bley/NHØP* (Inner City 2005): ★★★★★
Kenny Drew/Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, *Duo Live in Concert* (Inner City 2031): ★★★★★
Tete Montoliu, *Tete!* (Inner City 2029): ★★★★½
Tete Montoliu, *Music For Perla* (Inner City 2021): ★★★★★
Dexter Gordon Quartet, *Stable Mable* (Inner City 2040): ★★★★★
Dollar Brand, *The Children Of Africa* (Inner City 3003): ★★★★★
Archie Shepp, *Steam* (Inner City 3003): ★★★★
Sun Ra, *Cosmos* (Inner City 1020): ★★★½
Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine, *Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine* (Inner City 1002): ★★★½
Heldon, *A Dream Without Reason* (Inner City 1021): ★½

BLINDFOLD TEST

Papa John Creach

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Fans who acquired a knowledge of John Creach through his association with the Jefferson Airplane/Starship tend to think of him as a doddering old man, whom they must respect as the "world's oldest rock musician." The characterization is entirely unfair. Long before the "Papa" nickname was imposed on him, John Creach, who is younger by many years than Stephane Grappelli and Joe Venuti, and who is around the same age as such thriving figures as Charles Mingus and Dizzy Gillespie, had a very good career going for himself in jazz. In fact, he played for two and a half years at the Parisian Room in Los Angeles before the Airplane musicians discovered him there.

Born in Beaver Falls, Pa., but a Chicagoan from the age of 18, he studied with musicians of the Chicago Symphony. After touring with an early Top 40 unit called the Chocolate Music Bars, singing and playing, he made the r&b and cocktail combo circuit working in Tennessee, Mississippi and Canada. From 1943 Creach played electric violin. He spent almost seven years shuttling between Los Angeles and Catalina Island, playing a shipboard gig on the S.S. Catalina.

The '70s have been a productive and lucrative decade for him. Soon after joining the Airplane, he also started recording and touring with Hot Tuna, and formed his own combo for records and concerts. His hectic relationship with the Starship people ended two or three years ago; since then he has worked with his own group and recorded most recently for DJM Records.

This was Creach's first blindfold test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. JEAN-LUC PONTY. *King Kong* (from *Canteloupe Island*, Blue Note. Ponty, electric violin and baritone violectra; Buell Neidlinger, bass; George Duke, electric piano.

That sounded like Jean-Luc Ponty to me. And actually I know it is, because of his technique and how fast he gets over his instrument. He played some real good harmony there—some real good licks. Jean is very versed in the music business; I think he was a child prodigy. I know he played classics and things.

I never had a chance to talk to him. I always missed his concerts—I either followed him in, or he followed me.

I liked the background very much, and the bass was good—he was really working out. And that piano man—electric piano—was really nice. The whole thing was very well balanced—it's a fast-moving jazz operation, and I think that's great. I would give it around four or five stars, because of the workmanship on there. This is an old album here, and you'll notice some of his later albums have more echoes and more electronic devices.

2. JOE VENUTI. *Beatin' The Dog* (from *Stringing The Blues*, Columbia). Rec. 1929. Eddie Lang, guitar; Venuti, violin.

Yeah, that's one of the old goodies. I'm pretty sure that was Joe Venuti—the one and only. There's quite a difference in that style of music and the style we're playing today, or attempting to play. Of course that was the old, real jazz back in those days. Fiddle jazz. And naturally you'll notice that Joe wasn't using any amplifiers on that—just holding the microphone close. Some of his licks were back in the older days, you know. And back in that time nobody thought anything about modernizing, and it took a variety of styles and blues and all these things, for people to kind of absorb it all. As you listen to different styles of music coming up you see how it rubs off, from that particular time on up, because it was more or less a legit style of fiddling back in Venuti's days.

Feather: Was Venuti one of your early influences?

Creach: Yes, I dug him quite a bit. I was playing, but he was more advanced at that particular time, because I was younger. But it takes time. You have your times when you say oh, I just want to throw it in the garbage can, and there's other times when you pick it up and say oh wow, I accomplished something here!

You take the horns or guitar or piano—instruments where you can put your finger down on something and get a chord out of it and it sounds good. But a fiddle, you can put your finger down on something but it doesn't have to come out good. It can come out a squeak or out of tune.

The guitar player on this—I was trying to figure out if that was my man—what's his name, Lang? Eddie Lang? I thought it was, because he has a style of his own on the guitar, and it's really beautiful. Back in those days I used to listen to that. I liked the feeling of that for the old time, because I had a little taste of that myself. I'd rate this very good.

3. MICHAL URBANIAK. *Cameo* (from *Fusion*, Columbia). Urbaniak, violin solo.

Now that one there kind of fooled me, with the electronic devices on it and everything. I couldn't tell. Actually it's like I'm used to listening to just the good, true tones of the violin, if we're going to find out who it is, because each one has that flavor that's easy to detect. I don't think I have this album or I could tell you right away.

But this is very well put together as far as the electronic devices on it—it comes through very well. There are a lot of devices you can use. I use a harmonizer and I use echo on portions of my new album, and of course that's kind of defeating too in a way, because one of the songs sounds like I'm singing—like a voice. So it's kind of hard to detect.

I could give it a pretty good thing, as far as effort with the devices and everything . . . but if I was just listening to the great sound that came from the violin before they put that stuff on there. . . . I'd say about three stars. But he's really playing there.

4. DUKE ELLINGTON. *In A Sentimental Mood* (from *Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session*, Atlantic). Stéphane Grappelli, violin.

That really has to be Stéphane Grappeli, because he has such a beautiful, light touch on there—he has a haunting sound on his violin, which is really beautiful. It's great listening. Actually, with that light touch . . . take guys who are playing now on the fiddle, with more or less a rougher attack, like Stuff Smith—he had a rough attack. Of course, I have too, because I'm playing more or less in a rock bag. I couldn't play like this on the things that I play, but I can on *Sentimental Mood, Misty*, and things like that. Like when I was playing at the Parisian Room, I'd play some sweet thing and then I'd come back and get kind of rough a little bit. Blues it out.

Yeah, that's really great. I think I have that album at home. Right away I think I'll get on it and start listening to some of that stuff. Get into it. I'd rate that five.

5. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Day Dream* (from *Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session*, Atlantic). Ray Nance, violin.

You know, that was Ray Nance—the late Ray Nance—and I can remember when Nance was coming up back in Chicago because I knew him quite well. And I also knew his mother, who was a very fabulous musician; in fact, she taught piano and violin. The whole family were musicians. Nance also was studying trumpet around that time.

We had a place to rehearse and he would come and rehearse with the Erskine Tate band, and I used to rehearse the band at certain times, because I was working at the studio. And then after that he joined Duke. He also played with Horace Henderson and different bands—wherever he could get a gig. Nothing was really steady in those days because times was pretty rough for big bands. So when he got the chance to play with Duke. . . . But his mother was very strict on him. She made him practice all the time, and also on the violin, which was his secondary instrument. Trumpet was his first. So she kept on him about that.

When Nance first started off he had a very thin tone. It wasn't a big, round, mellow tone. So he kind of developed that and him having the opportunity to get with a big band such as Duke at that time and to express himself on violin, that really brought him up to where he could play what you hear right now on this particular album. It was really nice.

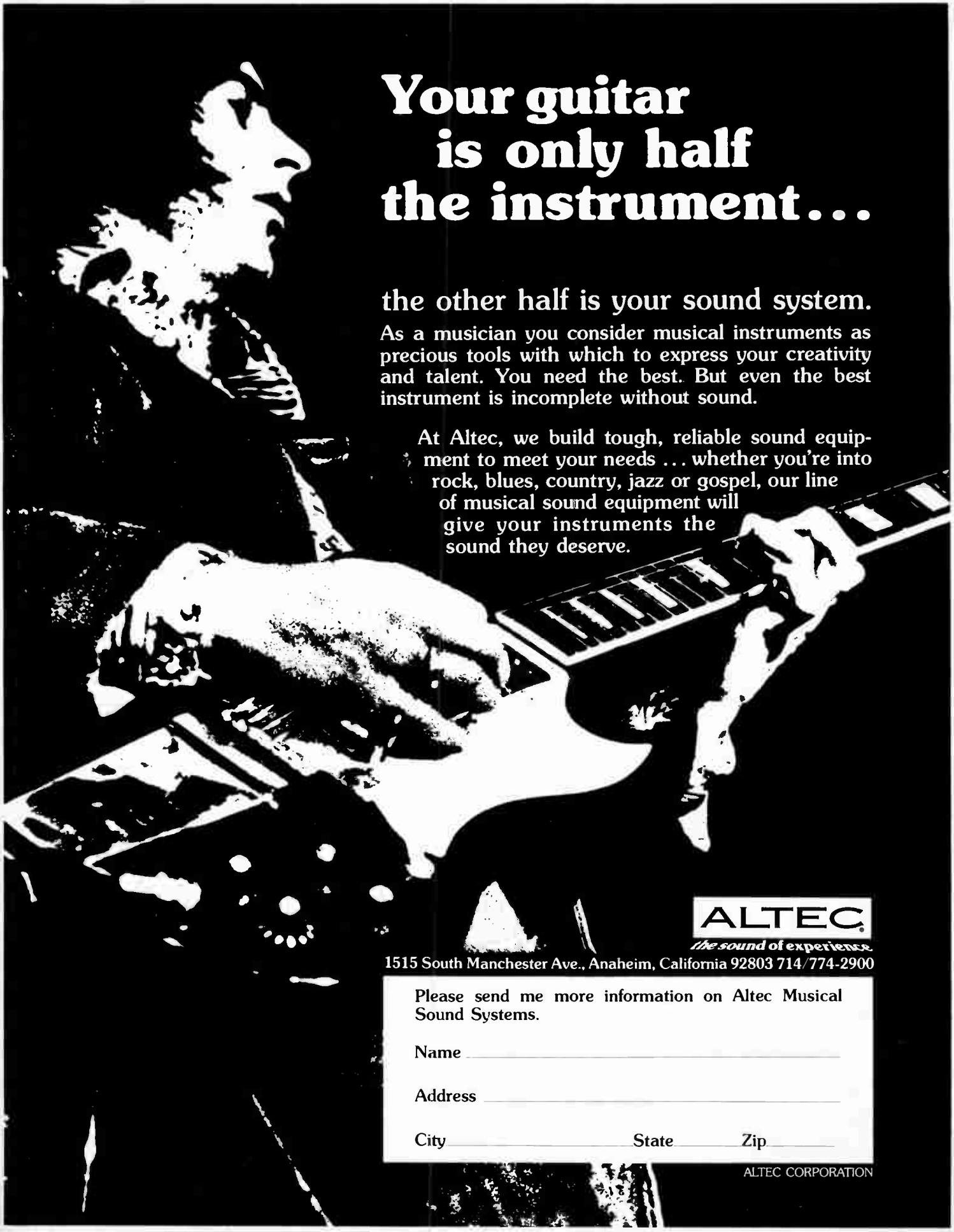
I'd give him a nice okay on that one. Five. I don't know about the other part of the album—I haven't heard the rest of it. Four or five stars.

6. DON (SUGARCANE) HARRIS. *Funk And Wagner* (from *Sugarcane Harris*, Epic). Harris, violin.

Kind of a country swing on that one there—really sawin' it down with the fiddle. Kind of reminded me of Don Harris, the way he plays on the fiddle, but I know it isn't. He's got a whole symphony orchestra behind him. Sounded like him, but I never knew he had a chance to get over there and get that amount of horns and things behind him and that production.

But it's very good for that style of fiddlin'. Now that's more or less on a gut level of playing—more on the rough side. But it's real nice. The arrangement, that's very heavy. Yeah, that's very well put together. The strings, the cellos, that's very heavy there. If I had that kind of background I think I'd go crazy. That's really something. But still, you're stumping me there.

I'd say about four. db



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PROFILE

GEORGE YOUNG

BY BRET PRIMACK

George Young loves to work. The Philadelphia-born saxophonist has been tearing up the New York studio scene since his arrival in the early '60s. A veteran of literally thousands of record dates, jingles and films, Young has a reputation. He's recorded with Maynard, Eric Gale, James Taylor, Red Rodney, Paul Simon, John Tropea and Walter Bishop Jr. among others.

Family gatherings provided Young's first musical opportunities. Accompanied by banjo, violin and piano-playing uncles, Young followed the advice of his father who urged his six-year-old to "put a little stuff in it," once he learned polka melodies on the alto. After lessons developed Young's talent, he broke through with a radio appearance on a program called *Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club*. The 14-year-old was billed as "the young Jimmy Dorsey from Philadelphia."

As a teenager, Young grooved on Johnny Smith, Getz and Don Lamond. But Bird was the first player

to really turn his head around. "The most fun listening was to Bird. He was always singing. It didn't sound like a formula, it just appeared there. Bird was my favorite. . . ."

After high school graduation, Young declined a scholarship to Curtis, choosing to hit the road with his trio, The Rock and Bocs. Essentially a dance band, the group played saloon gigs and did studio work with Bobby Rydell, Frankie Avalon and Chubby Checker. Even though the music was limiting, George used the time to get his playing together. "It was formula. You'd make the music fit the current trend of dancing because if people liked your music, they'd come to dance and then you'd stretch out inside of that."

But after several years with The Rock and Bocs, Young wanted something more. "I was starving to play in a saxophone section. Those cats played! I admired that. I whipped myself quite a bit as a youngster, soloing, bopping around with my group. But I knew inevitably I'd be playing in a saxophone section."

Arriving in New York in the early '60s, he did several Four Seasons dates for producer/friend Charles Calello and found his phone ringing shortly thereafter. "People hear you play; you get a reputation as to what you can do, and the phone rings. Then you get an opportunity to learn."

But the arrival of the Beatles and their "guitar invasion" slowed things down a bit. "This thing put a hole in my career soon after I started. I needed the time to practice the flute. And I'd saved a couple of dollars from being a leader. I was fortunate; I coasted by. But it got rough and I paid a lot of dues."

How did Young make it through those dues-paying periods? "By writing and being very secure in what I knew and believed in. And by practicing and stimulating my interests. I realized that eventually I'd be called because that's my thing. I came to that realization a long time ago—that I'm a saxophone player and I'm supposed to do a gig while I'm here. I figured that when the time came, I'd be ready because I could practice and learn something, so that when I was called I'd perform better than adequately. I'd be there to play!"

As a new man on the studio scene, Young learned valuable lessons about section playing from his mentors—Phil Woods, Gene Quill, Phil Bodner, Stan Webb and Romeo Penque, the studio saxmen of the '60s. "They taught me to accept the philosophy of playing the horn. When it's time to play, if you're in an ensemble, make the notes come to life!"

Now that Young is a seasoned player, his enthusiasm for studio work remains undiminished. In fact, although he's approaching 40, he still feels like a teenager. "You know what it's like for me when I do a date? It's like a nice tennis match or bowling get-together. The cats take out their axes, sit down, open it up. And no matter how bad the music is, we try to play it the best we can. It's kind of fun. I'm so thankful to feel it's a blessing.

"I love it. I really do. The best part of the whole thing is those faces you see. That's nice. Solos are fun too. I'm becoming such a ham. But I really prefer playing ensemble parts with the cats—the polishing and buffing squad. We take these things and just ride them on top of the rhythm section. But it's really nice to see the faces, to joke, to talk about a new mouthpiece or reed."

About the playing itself, Young recounted a recent conversation with Phil Woods. "One night Phil laced into me and told me how stiff I play. There's a reason for it. That's the manner of studio playing. At its richest point, you have to go with the energy those rhythm players lay down. And it's usually very strident and stiff. Jazz nuances are just now coming into being, with playing these horn sweetenings and beefing up this record and that jingle. The concept is moving ahead, not standing still."

Young is quick to disagree with those who put down the studio scene. "A lot of our great jazz beboppers out there in the saloons, on the road and such, they put the studio thing down sometimes, which really breaks my heart. They can still go out there and play, but in the meantime, why should they deprive themselves of learning how to play better? Why should they deprive the other cats of something fresh to play with? Why should they deprive the music of their contribution?"

Obviously attuned to his fellow players, Young spoke of his concern for their chops. "Sometimes I will relax for the brass players. There are rough days. My first sympathy is with the brass, the physical situation that can prevail because there's a lot of stratospheric stuff that can go down at a moment's notice. And when they want to cool it, I try to to be as sensitive as I can. You have to respect the other players but you can't hold back from where the music has to go."

Being so closely in touch with the music, Young has seen the role of the saxophone change. "We're used very energetically these days. We're now a brass instrument; we've almost completely alienated the woodwind family with the saxophone. Paul Desmond was the only thing we had left to cling to. His work has the delicacy that a lot of us love to have—the real delicate, nice, almost quasi-legit sound of the horn. It's all energy now—very strident, very strong, big voiced. It's very physical and demanding."

And what about the new players coming up? "I'm always encouraging players to come to New York City and jump in. You get a chance to play every kind of music. You get a chance to learn, to play bebop at an instant. If you practice, if you really want to do it and really get your head together, it can be done. . . ."

After nearly 15 years of studio work, Young has once again formed his own band. Why now? "Because I've been composing for a long time. I've been a closet writer and I'm bringing my noises out. They work and they're fun. I've been a lazy guy; now I'm going to do it! Studio musicians are involved with the current events of music. We're onto things six months before they happen and it's been that way for some time. So you're writing these things. You say, 'I really like this.' Then you put it away. Then, years later, you find it. Maybe bring it up to date with a rhythm concept or some kind of current harmonic enhancement. I love my things but I'm very guilty of not playing my music. At this point, I want to learn my music and get out there and play for the people. Because every time I play, the audience seems to enjoy it tremendously. I feel that having been in the studio for all these years, it's now time for me to split the difference, get out there and play live—show the people how I feel about music. . . ." db

MARCO DI MARCO

BY RUGGERO STIASSI

The Italian pianist and composer Marco Di Marco is undoubtedly one of the finest and most remarkable phenomena of European jazz. At the present, in fact, he appears on the international scene certain of being considered as one of the best and most interesting musicians of this generation.

Marco Di Marco was born in Bologna, on the 21st of June 1940. When he was only six years old, he started studying the piano privately, devoting himself to classical music.

In 1970, having considerably increased his knowledge, not only of classical music, but also of jazz, he recorded his first record in Paris. The result was exceptionally good.

The album *Un Autunno a Parigi*, recorded in November 1970 together with two French musicians, bass player Jacky Samson and drummer Charles Saudrais, contains six of Di Marco's compositions. The pieces are all inspired by autumn in the French capital, and as noted by the well-known pianist Georges Arvanitas, author of the liner notes, "They reflect the mezzotinte of this Parisian season very well."

The great success of this LP caused a sensation amongst the public as well as in the circle of specialized international critics, where Di Marco was seen in a favorable light. This excellent start stimulated him to reach a high artistic standard and enabled him to produce his best the same year (1971) when he appeared in international festivals of jazz in Italy and abroad.

On these occasions Di Marco showed himself once again to be already a complete pianist and an extremely sensitive artist.

Marco Di Marco, as well as being an established pianist and instrumentalist, is also an excellent composer, full of feeling, with good taste and a noticeably personal timbre which cannot be traced to any of the most well-known foreign musical models.

He studied harmony and composition with the eminent maestro Giordano Noferini; between them there developed not only a deep friendship, but also a reciprocal respect and a great artistic and

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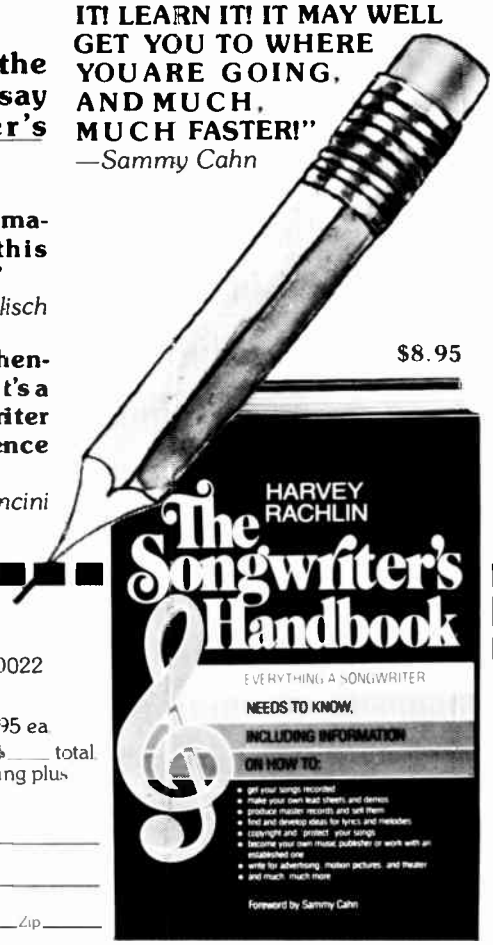
—Sammy Cahn



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musical sensitivity, the result of years of intense and fruitful work.

In 1973, again in Paris, Di Marco recorded his second album, *At The Living Room*, in November. This time pianist Martial Solal wrote the liner notes: " . . . Di Marco is gifted with a marvelous sensitivity both as a pianist and as a composer . . ."

The following November, 1974, again in Paris, he made his third LP, this time with a sextet: American musician, Chris Woods, on alto sax and flute, Yaffa Seydou on conga and Keno Speller on bongos joined the trio. The album soon became popular with the public and sold well, just as the other records had.

This album, *Together in Paris*, contains three of Di Marco's compositions, two of Chris Woods' and one written by both of them. Critics such as the French Alain Gerber and Andre Francis, and the Italians Arrigo Polillo and Giorgio Martinelli, were all in agreement in their praise.

Meanwhile, Marco Di Marco gave concerts on radio and television in France and Italy, taking part in many other jazz festivals in various places, either solo or with a trio or quartet.

In 1975, the Lions Club of Bologna presented him with the award, "The Golden Neptune," which is given to the artist who has distinguished himself

most internationally during that year.

In November 1976, Di Marco (at the piano, without any accompaniment) recorded live, in Paris. *In Concert* is a remarkable album; together with well-known themes by Jobim, Monk and Porter, there is an original suite written by Di Marco which lasts 20 minutes. The elegance, good taste, technique and personality for which he is known are particularly in evidence in this piece.

The 17th of March 1977, Di Marco went back to Paris once again to give another successful concert at the Musée d' Art Moderne. This concert was broadcast in part on Italian television.

An interesting partnership began recently between Marco Di Marco and the French pianist Martial Solal. With two pianos and rhythm section they have already recorded a special for Italian television (in Rome) and have given several concerts.

Europe and Paris have witnessed his initial success and I hope that now it will be America's turn to take notice of him.

These days he is in constant and sometimes even conflicting demand by Organizers of international musical festivals, and by radio and television. Marco Di Marco, a man of great culture and a talented musician, is bound to succeed brilliantly wherever he goes. **db**

CAUGHT!

NORMA WINSTONE/ JOHN TAYLOR/ KENNY WHEELER

BAND ON THE WALL
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Personnel: Wheeler, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Taylor, piano, electric piano, synthesizer; Winstone, voice.

The music room of a dimly-lit Victorian public house is not the place one expects to encounter contemporary music of potentially important proportions. Yet such was the venue for the first "in person" performance by an august trio of British musicians of most of the music from their recent album, *Azimuth* (ECM).

The music is significant not merely for itself, but also for the manner in which the performers shape it in improvisation. Their ECM recording should at last afford these musicians deserved recognition in America. That is vital, because their talents are too large to be confined by British insularity.

All the music from *Azimuth*—and, most of that performed by the trio—is composed by pianist Taylor. He is a large, brawny man in his thirties, whose style has spilled over from the twin influences of Bill Evans and McCoy Tyner. From such beginnings Taylor has spun a web of his own ingenuity, producing music which is pulsating, mobile and motivating. If he remains our best-kept secret, *Azimuth* should breach the dam. It might also be added that this writer has never heard a more skillful and intelligent operator of the synthesizer.

Just as Taylor has few British peers on his instrument (only Stan Tracey springs to mind), so Kenny Wheeler has few on the trumpet. His style is strongly-rooted, evincing no shame for an obvious affection for bop, post-bop and contemporary trumpet modes alike. And he plays with a lyrical power which is the envy of many colleagues. Yet, nobody could be more modest. During the intermission a television was produced to relay a BBC-TV recording of his rehearsal big band. Kenny had almost to be physically prevented from hiding in the john.

The delicious Ms. Winstone, wife of pianist Taylor, is, in many ways, the "front-person" of the trio—her performance being arresting both aurally and visually. Twenty years or so ago, the British presented Annie Ross to jazz, a gift much appreciated and celebrated through the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross vocal team and through many solo recordings.

I think that, despite Annie's bravura contributions to the idiom, Ms. Winstone's impact is potentially the more significant. I believe she is the freshest vocalist to emerge since Sheila Jordan's brief moments in the spotlight in the early '60s. She has brought art, warmth and beguiling melodic gift to the style of the wordless vocal. Such is her gift that an apparently instrumental approach is, in fact, intensely human. And this expressiveness is combined with an extraordinary range, technical ability and invention. It suggests that some of the apparent aims of another celebrated contemporary singer, Flora Purim, have already been attained (indeed, Ms. Winstone has been ploughing this furrow since the late '60s).

Together, Taylor, Wheeler and Winstone combine to produce music of a deceptively light texture. Yet it is vivid of hue and emotionally intense, this tension being generated and relieved through nuance rather than sudden shifts in melody, tempo or rhythm. This allows their music to undulate in seemingly tidal billows of an intoxicating nature.

Although most of the vehicles are provided by Taylor, the performances are very much those of a trio rather than three individuals interpreting one man's music. Their lines interweave into a whole which is greater than the sum of its parts so that there is no theme/solo/solo/solo/theme reiteration pattern as such. What one hears is at once all theme and all interpretation.

Siren's Song, which ushered in the evening's performance, also opens the "suite." It rides on a groundswell of a piano vamp whose eeriness is gradually deduced to be due to Norma's stratospheric vocal line. It builds compellingly. Clouds of melody snowball into three-part invention, solo or solo against two-part melody. Passion builds upon passion before seguing into tranquility and then still greater passion.

The synthesizer was introduced for *Azimuth* itself, a sprawling, complex of emotion in its own right. It is used to create intricate rhythmic webs rather than the nastier electronic sounds so beloved of too many bands these days, and with Taylor on electric piano, Wheeler on trumpet, a veritable gamut of approaches were welded together. It was an impressive combination of texture, pitch and time.

Other memorable performances that evening included an earlier Taylor/Winstone piece, *Children's Portrait*. Previous versions—by just voice and piano/synthesizer—had suggested that this richly lyrical piece would not be immeasurably enriched by any additional voice. But Kenny's stark playing disproved this thesis. A sprinting *Joy Spring* (words by Ms. Winstone, to echo Annie Ross' achievements with, say, *Twisted*) is also remembered, for a racy vocal in boppish vein which escaped the banality of scat-singing and for Wheeler's remarkable coda—an extraordinarily angular paraphrase of the theme.

Music as vividly poetic as made by this trio demands to be heard and, fortunately, some admittedly previously-recorded evidence of its worth can now be obtained.

—chris sheridan

BERLIN JAZZ FESTIVAL

WEST BERLIN
WEST GERMANY

The quest for new experiences, new discoveries and new understandings was the driving force flowing through the Berliner Jazztage (Berlin Jazz Festival). Uniting the public, players and press into a community of searchers, the quest was sustained at incredibly intense levels through five days, nine concerts

and countless conversations probing the deeper impulses motivating contemporary improvised music.

The success of this unique happening—the most focused music event I have ever attended—was largely the work of festival producers George Gruntz and Ralf Schulte-Bahrenberg. Gruntz's program balanced the traditional and new, mainstream and avant garde, and the established and little-known within a framework that, while complementing each performer, nonetheless raised the larger questions about the past, present and future evolutions of the music.

Shelly Manne/Peter Giger/Double Image

The opening concert, designed to explore the contours of today's world of percussion, opened with Shelly Manne's quartet. Featuring altoist Lee Konitz, pianist Mike Wofford and bassist Chuck Domanico, Manne piloted his foursome through thoughtful readings of *What Is This Thing Called Love, Subconscious-Lee, What's New* and *Take The A-Train.*

Peter Giger's one-man percussion display departed from mainstream metrics in favor of textural and timbral probes. Giger, a veteran of productive collaborations with Albert Mangelsdorff, Volker Kriegel, Eberhard Weber and Michal Urbaniak, is a sonic explorer whose work is helping extend our conceptions of percussion's possibilities.

Double Image, the exciting ensemble of mallet specialists David Friedman and David Samuels, and bassist Harvie Swartz and drummer Michael DiPasqua, wove shimmering lines through a group of originals that included *Rodney's Dream Of Fantasy And Self-Fulfillment, Veltland* and *Mist.* Balancing structured ensembles with open-ended improvisations, Friedman and Samuels' dialogues on vibraphone and marimba were essays of charm, intelligence and virtuosity.

Concluding the evening was Arthur Rubinstein's composition for Friedman, *The David's Plunder Suite.* Scored for Les Percussion de Strasbourg (Jean Batigne, Jean-Paul Finkbeiner, Georges van Gucht, Gabriel Bouchet, Oliver Dejours, Claude Ricou and DiPasqua's traps, what should have been the high point proved the reverse. The fault was with the score, which sounded like a mosaic of routine cues from a TV action series. The excellent playing of Friedman and the ensemble was not enough for the perceptive audience which showed its displeasure with justifiable hisses and hoots.

Amiri Baraka and the Advanced Workers

Perhaps the most bizarre event of the festival was next. Grooving atop the pulsating energies of a solid rhythm and blues band, Amiri Baraka delivered his customary tirades against capitalism along with paeans to socialism. The message, however, was virtually buried beneath the powerfully sensual textures of what Baraka refers to as "sick music." Aside from the irony of selling socialism with decadent funk, it appeared that Baraka had himself become infected with the deadly contagion. The spectacle of the swaying Baraka conjured up the improbable image of a film adaptation of Mao's *Little Red Book* co-directed by Jean-Luc Godard and Busby Berkeley. The basic question, however, was the efficacy of bourgeois musical forms as carriers of revolutionary rhetoric. Perhaps the old Hollywood wag was right when he admonished: "If you want to send a message, call Western Union."

George Russell/Interface/Sam Rivers

This was an evening that held open the promise of the new. Unfortunately, things got off to a slow start. George Russell, who formulated his useful improvisational theories in *The Lydian Concept Of Tonal Organization,* offered a series of static big band essays. While played with vigor and precision by the Swedish Radio Jazz Group and trumpeter Stanton Davis, the charts simply meandered without perceptible direction or structure. The event was further curdled by the hollow theatrics of Russell. While the arm-waving of conductor Carl Atkins was questionable during the long stretches of mono-chordal ostinatos, the redundant arm-waving of Russell, who joined in as the spirit moved him, was absurd. So too was the pretentious holding aloft of cards reading "Event I," "Event II," etc. Charitably, the event could be characterized as arid, empty and arrogant.

Pianist John Fischer's Interface was a completely different proposition. With the extraordinary energies of saxophonist Mark Whitecage, clarinetist Perry Robinson, baritonist Charles Tyler, bassist Mike Richmond and drummer Philip Wilson, Fischer and company combined the best of the avant garde with loosely set structural markers to create a vibrantly alive music. Playing with all of music's parameters, but in a mature and sophisticated manner which also admitted the whimsical and delightfully absurd, Interface represented perfect balances between open-ended and closed forms, free and recited passages, and solo and ensemble statements.

Sam Rivers' dynamo took the current generated by Interface but transformed it into a virtually non-stop stream of high-intensity laser-like energy. With Rivers' tenor, Dave Holland's bass, and the drums of Barry Altschul and Charlie Persip, Rivers' unit roared. A sudden shift brought the volume and tempo down for rhapsodic statements by Holland and Rivers on flute. Soon, however, the furious sound storm had resumed.

The New Generation Of Chicago Blues

Hosted by blues veteran Willie Dixon, the festival's concluding concert was devoted to the new wave of blues people coming up through the Chicago tradition. An ebullient session with the sound of the street in the foreground, the spotlight focused on the considerable talents of Vernon Harrington, Joe Harrington, Larry Jones, Johnny B. Moore, James Kinds, William "Dead-Eye" Norris, Bombay Carter, Mervyn "Harmonica" Hinds, Larry Taylor, Billy Branch, Lurrie Bell, Freddie Dixon and Garland Whiteside. From the charged-up proceedings, it was clear that the torch has been successfully passed on to a new generation of Chicago bluesmen.

Parting shots

The unqualified accomplishments of the festival can be largely credited to producer George Gruntz. His careful planning helped create an environment where the musicians, with only several exceptions, gave their all. The Berlin audience also deserves mention. Their support of honest effort and ability to spot the pretenders were exemplary.

The week of the Berliner Jazztage was a magic moment when a collection of individuals from around the world gathered to form a community dedicated to the truth and beauty of improvised music. While lasting only five days, the festival helped lead to new insights and discoveries that will continue to be vital for those who had the privilege to attend.

—chuck berg

HOW TO

PRODUCE A RADIO COMMERCIAL PART I

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

To benefit people interested in recording and its related occupations, the NARAS Institute (the educational wing of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) lately has been planning and presenting short-term workshops at selected cooperating schools. Last September, for example, Denver's new Auraria Higher Education Center welcomed one such NARAS workshop, a two-day tell-how, ask-how, show-how symposium all about radio commercials. Abundant past and present professional activity among the workshop faculty guaranteed subject-matter authenticity. U-of-Miami-based NARAS-Institute Director Jim Progris brought his long national experience in arranging, composing, conducting, clinicking, performing, managing, marketing, and commercial-producing. Also U-of-Miami-based audio-and-recording expert Billy Porter brought an experience accumulated from engineering dozens of Gold records, scores of Top Ten records, hundreds of Chart records, thousands of recording sessions and Las Vegas shows and live concerts for the likes of Ann-Margret and Sammy Davis Jr. and Streisand and Elvis. And global-active New-York-based Garry Sherman brought the know-how in composing, conducting, orchestrating, and producing which we all can see and hear daily in commercials like Coca Cola and Miller Beer, Volkswagen and Buick, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Total Cereal, and in television specials like the *Hallmark Hall of Fame*. For **down beat** readers, here's information summarized from the Denver workshop: To carry its message, a radio commercial can use songs, announcements, instrumental music, sound-effects, or anything else a listener's ear will catch. But to attain full effectiveness, that message must emphasize the product, must identify the sponsor, must contain a hook, and must be memorable. Furthermore, every element must fit the general mood, be it nostalgic, fun-filled, reverent, humorous, poignant, mysterious, slap-stick, sci-fi, or whatever.

FORMAT

A common radio commercial format lasts sixty seconds and includes three sections:

The Front (20 seconds), to be sung by a soloist or a group, sets the mood.

The Bridge (30 seconds), to be spoken by an announcer, articulates selling points for the product or service.

The Tag (10 seconds), again to be sung, recaps the sponsor's name, slogan, or theme.

Variations from this common format most often occur when the song by itself carries so much product information or proves so appealing that nothing more than product and sponsor identification need be added (the whole-song format), when the time span shortens to thirty seconds (or possibly lengthens), or when some frugal sponsor decides to get in front of a mike and do it all alone.

SCRIPT

At the workshop, NARAS offered a hundred-dollar prize for the copy best suited to developing into a common-format commercial. Non-pro writer Carole Feasel's imaginary-candy script won. Her original words read:

Front: "Say, have you tried Almond Lover Chew?
The candy for me, the candy for you.
It's got two bars—one in each end.
Eat 'em both or share it with a friend."

Bridge: "Kids of all ages, unite and bite into an Almond Lover Chew. It's a delicious blend of caramel and almonds covered with chocolate. Why not buy it and try it? And when you need a little lift in life say, 'Almond Lover Chew' (female voice), 'Almond Lover Chew' (male voice)."

Garry's reactions to the lyrics for the Front: "Try to make the words of a song concise. The first word, 'Say,' adds nothing to the meaning, and eats up three-quarters of a second. It should be deleted."

"These lyrics say that Almond Lovers Chew is 'the candy for you.' That isn't true yet. How can anybody know that everybody is going to like almonds? Some people hate the taste of almonds. 'The candy for me' is believable. But 'the candy for you' isn't. That part of the line, at least, ought to be replaced."

Participant suggestion: "How about replacing the whole line with 'It's sweet and nice and good for life?"

Garry: "The problem is whether 'good for life' is true. I'm sure weight-watchers and diabetics would disagree."

"In the next line, 'Eat 'em both' sounds like a selfish thing to do. 'Share 'em with a friend,' though, shows generosity. Keep the idea of generosity, but not the idea of selfishness. And change *it* to *'em*. There's awkward use of the language in, 'Eat 'em both or share *it* with a friend.'"

The words in the Bridge pleased everybody. Garry suggested only that the last line be shortened. And after Garry and the eighty or so workshop participants had revamped the Front words, the entire script read:

Front: "Have you tried Almond Lover Chew?
We've got something special—deliciously new.
It's got two bars—there's one at each end.
A delightful snack to share with a friend,
A delightful snack—Almond Lover Chew.

Bridge: "Kids of all ages, unite and bite into an Almond Lover Chew. It's a delicious blend of caramel and almonds covered with chocolate. Why not buy it and try it? And when you need a little lift in life, try Almond Lover Chew."

Tag: "Have you tried Almond Lover Chew?
We've got something special—deliciously new.
It's got two bars—there's one at each end.

A delightful snack—Almond Lover Chew."

Because the imaginary sponsor of the imaginary candy bar presumably would be the Almond Lover Chew Candy Company, naming the sponsor was accomplished by naming the bar itself. Redundancy would result from a line like, "Kids of all ages, unite and bite into an Almond Lover Chew, a product of the Almond Lover Chew Candy Company." The hook was clear—a single purchase could be shared by two almond lovers. And the script must have been memorable: People complained weeks after the workshop that they couldn't get those words out of their minds. The script now fulfilled the four requirements for full effectiveness. Furthermore, the internal rhymes (unite and bite, buy it and try it, and little lift in life) added a feeling of action to the narrative in the Bridge. Perhaps, though, the most effective quality of the script lay in its being positive—not at all negative like some used-car commercial where some salesman-turned-announcer wheedles, "Before you buy anybody else's car, *something you really don't want. . . .*" (How the hell does *he* know what we really want??!!)

If readers now would like to practice revising, then honing, a script as Garry Sherman, Jim Progris and every other successful commercial-writer would do, here is another unrevised script from the NARAS-workshop contest, a script by Charles Conklin based on an imaginative idea:

Product name: Blubber Gum. Sponsor: The Blubber Gum Company.

Front: "Blubber is the gum you ought to chew.
It contains no sugar . . . so it's good for you.
The flavor isn't strong and the base won't leak . . .
So once you start chewin', you'll be chewin' for a week.

Bridge: "That's right! Now you, too can chew this miracle gum; just like the healthiest Eskimos in Alaska do. And get this! You won't be wearing dentures by the time you're fifty, like so many of the careless people in the world today. Besides being good for you, you'll also discover that you get more chews for your money, due to the fact that Blubber isn't easily broken down by normal chewing. Blubber Gum is available at your local supermarket in the frozen waste section.

Tag: "Once you realize, we think you'll try Blubber. It's the gum you ought to buy."

In revising this script, one might ask the following questions:

1. Is the product emphasized? **2.** Need the sponsor be identified? **3.** Is there a hook? **4.** Is the script memorable? **5.** Will it fit into a sixty-second time slot? **6.** Are words wasted? **7.** Does the syntax get awkward? **8.** Is there any negativism? **9.** Are the claims for the product believable? **10.** Do extraneous ideas detract from a central idea? **11.** Is the mood consistent?

Through judicious rewriting, this script might be made effective for the bubble-gum market.

Garry made one final point about script: "Every commercial must have a truth to tell and must tell it. It can be a truth about the product, about human emotion, about the ways of the world, about anything real or abstract. But a commercial, to be convincing, must not tell a lie."

Part II of this article will consider the music, the recording, and the business of radio commercials. **db**

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.)

* * * *

Feb. 2-3: *8th South Dakota Jazz Festival* at Northern State College, 12th & Jay Streets, Aberdeen, SD 57401. *Director:* James Gay (605/622-2669). *Sponsors:* NSC Music Dept. and Aberdeen Arts Council. *Registration:* $40 per band or jazz choir; $20 per combo. *Competition:* bands—3 college, 3 jr. college, 15 h.s., 2 jr.h.s.; combos—1 jr. college; jazz choirs—1 jr. college, 5 h.s. *Awards:* "Winning" ensembles. *Judges:* Joe Pekas, Scott Prebys, Gary Leatherman. *Clinicians:* Matrix IX for instrumental jazz; Gary Leatherman for jazz choirs. *Performers:* Matrix IX. *Evening Concert:* $4.

Feb. 2-4: *8th Glassboro State Jazz Festival* at Glassboro State College, Glassboro, NJ 08025. *Director:* John H. Thyhsen (201/445-7385). *Sponsor:* GSC Jazz Studies and GSC Student Government. *Registration:* $3 per musician. *"For Comment Only":* bands—12 college, 3 jr. college, 25 h.s., 3 jr.h.s., 2 sixth grade-or-below; combos—2 college, 2 h.s. *Awards:* none. *Judges:* Manny Albam, Clem DeRosa, Jimmy Giuffre, Bob McCoy, John Thyhsen. *Clinicians:* Jimmy Giuffre Trio. *Performers:* Dave Matthews & Band, The Philadelphia Concert Soloists, Jimmy Giuffre Trio, Glassboro Jazz Studio Orchestra, (and tba). *Evening Concerts:* $2-$4.

Feb. 3-4: *21st Sam Houston State University High School-College Jazz Festival* at Sam Houston State University, Huntsville, TX 77341. *Director:* H. David Caffey (713/295-6211). *Sponsor:* SHSU Music Dept. *Registration:* $40 per band or combo. *Limited Competition:* bands—6 jr. college, 30 h.s., 3 jr.h.s.; combos—3 jr. college, 5 h.s. *Awards:* "Outstanding" ensembles and individuals. *Judges/Clinicians:* Bill Ginn, Joe Miller, Chuck Corbett, Alva Nelson, Darrell Parrish, Jim Balentine. *Performers:* Marvin Stamm, SHSU Jazz Ensemble, and (possibly) SHSU Faculty Jazz Quintet. *Evening Concert:* ($ tba).

Feb. 4: *19th Oak Lawn Jazz Festival* at Oak Lawn Community High School, 9400 Southwest Highway, Oak Lawn, IL 60453. *Director:* Ken Kistner (312/424-5200). *Sponsors:* Oak Lawn Band Parents and Lyon & Healy Music Stores (Chicago). *Registration:* $35 per band or jazz choir, $25 per combo. *Competition:* bands—60 h.s. and 20 jr.h.s.; combos—20 high school; jazz choirs—20 h.s. *Awards:* "Winning" ensembles and "Outstanding" individual jazz performers. *Judges/Clinicians/Performers:* (tba). *Evening Concert:* $2.50. **db**

EUROPE

continued from page 19

a long-term drummer so I decided to go out and get educated." The unorthodoxy with which Rostvold began has carried over into his playing and his setup. He has but three cymbals, two Paiste's and an A. Zildjian. On top of a large crash he has placed an inverted 7" swish. "I like the sound it gets. I have never seen it that way, but it gets a sound that is mine," he said. "I use it for effect as a crash or as a ride during piano solos."

Jaedig has a big tenor sound reminiscent of no one in particular. His fellow band members smile when he solos, and he does so in an indefatigable manner in the vein of Paul Gonsalves. "I stopped playing clarinet (his first instrument) because one of my fingers didn't fit into one of the openings. I learned all about tenor from Tubby Hayes while I was in the Navy in England, and I never went away from it."

These three musicians are the kind of original talent that Meyer referred to. They developed independently of what was going on around them, although they listened to recordings and radio broadcasts. In comparison to some of the other countries (until Germany existed), Denmark seems to be able to produce such talents and encourage them because the atmosphere is more open, there is more available to them from outside sources.

"We hope to be a full-time band, but we need a full-time director," Jensen continued. "Right now we are contracted for six months so the first thing we must do is get a band for a whole year. None of us want to play those jobs such as Tivoli (in the summer); we want to use all our energies in this (the DR) band."

The age question came up. There we were sitting and chatting when it suddenly emerged that all the musicians were over 40. Why? Rostvold: "In America you have the colleges, and in the formative years you have the possibility to get to the instruments and play in bands. If you want to play music in our schools you have to go outside, go to a conservatory or find a private teacher. There is no education on that level in any place in Europe."

There are differences, albeit subtle, in the playing of particular rhythm sections. Ed Thigpen and Kenny Clarke, now living in

continued on page 40

Copenhagen and Paris, respectively, play differently than Bjaren Rostvold of Copenhagen, or Egil Johansen of Sweden. The Americans, black for the most part, are more definite in their tempi, firmer in their solo attacks, less prone to wishy-washiness in their ride work. Bassists from Europe, white for the most part, tend to be more technically-minded, but don't swing as hard as Americans do. Now bear in mind that these are generalizations, which are always wrong because they are so easily disproven by a mere singular example in the opposite direction. Let's call them encounters of the third kind.

MPS has a 24-track operation of its own situated in the Schwartzwald. "Musicians love to come up here to play," spokesman Hans Pfitzer said. Herr Pfitzer took pride in displaying Herr Brunner-Schwer's studio and equipment, which is in a field of its own in all of Europe. Most of the other major European record companies seek out independent studios. "Herr Brunner-Schwer often records for his own enjoyment with sales coming second. He is that interested in the music," Pfitzer went on to say. Not too far from the studio is Brunner-Schwer's house, inside which is another studio where he has recorded an exhaustive study of Oscar Peterson. "The music is sent up to his attic where there is all of the sophisticated equipment he needs for recording," engineer Rolf Donner explained. Donner handbuilt all of the boards and control panels at MPS.

In all of the other eight cities where radio stations and/or recording studios were visited, there was a singular lack of multi-track sophistication compared with the United States. The NDR studios in Hamburg are still working with a two track system that is technically perfect. Ditto SFB (Berlin), and DR (Denmark). In Paris, where we heard a broadcast taping session with Sam Rivers, there appeared to be a multiple input system, but recordings were being made on two tracks only. Paul Allesandrini, who hosts an across-the-board music show featuring jazz, explained. "We don't find the need for multi-tracking. We prefer our music live and together." A quick visual turnaround were the magnificent studios of Maison Le Radio, which showed nary a sign of a baffle of any kind. No separation, no need for tracks, it's that simple.

But in Paris we found some jazz. In Le Patio (the lobby) of the Hotel Meridien, a posh place if ever there was one, Jimmy Forrest (recently of the Count Basie Band) was playing with some locals and cutting them to pieces without even trying. Maybe the others were laying back so that Forrest could be upfront. Whatever, Jimmy was burning. "We're trying to make it on our own now," he said. "This (Paris) was as nice a place to start as any. They really receive us well here." The 'us' included trombonist Al Grey, also late of Basie. "Hey, there's more to us than *Body And Soul* and *Makin' Whoopee*, ya know," Grey added only partially in jest.

You can't miss anything in London. Mention jazz and everyone repeats in unison, "Ronnie Scott's, it's the only place in town." While this may or may not be true, one thing is certain, it is the most popular jazz spot for visiting American jazz people (players and listeners alike). Scott, who plays his own club as frequently as his schedule will allow, has never traveled extensively in the U.S., so there was no point of comparison. "I travel all around England, and sometimes the Continent, with a quartet, or with others as a sideman. I find it quite a simple task actually." The talent that comes into Ronnie Scott's ranges from local pop singers like Linda Lewis, to British jazz/rock groups such as one led by Jim Mullen and Dick Morrissey, to famous jazzmen from the U.S. such as Louis Hayes and his all-star quartet. "It's all music to me," Scott offhandedly said. "I favor jazz, but there's so much good talent in London that I haven't done all that much sitting around to make a comparison."

In Londontown there are pizza restaurants of the most plush type imaginable. They are large places, and very comfortable. One chain is called Pizza Express and is owned by a jazz-loving businessman named Pete Boizot (pronounce it boy-zoh). "I wanted to hear my favorites and hoped that some of my clientele would like it as well. So I brought in Peanuts Hucko, Bill Davison, Bud Freeman, and especially Dick Wellstood, at different times. Sometimes they played solo; other times with a local rhythm group. But in all cases the audience loved them and we improved our business." His business is selling pizza; his love is jazz.

Barney Kessel was in when we were there. Kessel made some interesting statements about his State Department tour. Randy Weston dropped by as well.

According to Barney, "I go by myself all over Europe. What I want to do can only be done by one. I'm on a one-for-one basis. You can't bring all this music to people with a large group or a show. I want to reach the individuals here. It's not new. I've been to Asia and eastern Europe. I also give seminars. That makes it an educational idea as well."

Weston stated that "Jazz should be heard in the small cities. Barney's idea is right on that score. Even in the U.S. If that was the case we'd be as busy at home as we are here. I play small towns all over Europe and only rarely do I get into the big cities like Paris and Geneva."

All of which brings us to no single conclusion at all except, as was stated at the outset, that jazz is available. But you have to look for it. There was one pervasive element in almost every conversation with virtually every musician, clubowner, record producer, promoter, or whomever; "The greatest influence and inspiration on my musical life was Charlie Parker." db

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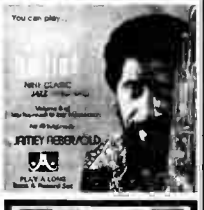

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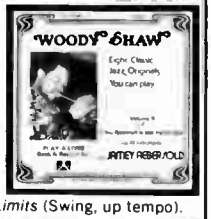

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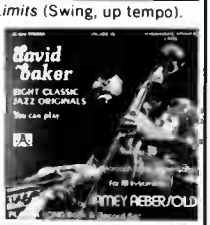

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JAMEY AEBERSOLD 1211-D AEBERSOLD DR., NEW ALBANY, IN 47150

George Duvivier and Milt Hinton to say hello to. They're his long time friends; he's known them for years. I'm just adding my name to the list of people he can feel comfortable being around and making conversation with, who plays the same instrument and whose reputation is equal to his.

Williams: Stanley Clarke.

Carter: I haven't seen him in awhile, and he's changed I'm sure in the past year. He's got another band and all that. Stanley will be a good player. Right now I think he's a media hero. While these are my thoughts, they're based on not only my personal listening experiences but in talking to other players whose opinions I would give a lot of consideration to. He has a nice facility, he plays all up and down the bass, which is contrary to where I try to play. But I don't hear Stanley playing any changes and any chords, necessarily. He has all the equipment to be what I consider a major player. He will be a fantastic player one day.

Williams: Richard Davis.

Carter: Ah, I would like to have seen Richard and I have the relationship that George (Duvivier) and I have, Milt (Hinton) and I have or Stafford James and I have. There seems to be a little quiet air of competitiveness that I've always tried not to be a party to, but it takes two to feel that same way. I haven't always felt that when Richard was in the position to refer me for gigs or set up things for gigs that he took advantage of my availability. I have no qualms about calling Buster (Williams) to sub for me, and I've done it many times 'cause I know that he can do the job and will do the job. So I am concerned that our relationship didn't grow, as I had envisioned it, due to a subverted atmosphere.

Williams: I have one other name that I'd like you to comment on. Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson.

Carter: I've only heard him on records. There's a joke between Dexter Gordon and myself. When Dexter first came back to the States, I worked with him at the Vanguard. The interviewer from Danish Radio was interviewing Dexter and I walked by, so he told me to come on up and listen and we talked for awhile. The interviewer referred to me as the American Niels-Henning, and that cracked Dexter up.

So I said, well I don't speak Danish, but tell him to . . . (expletive omitted) . . . in English. I saw in a magazine that he has a record out with—I think—Kenny Drew. I hear he's doing some interesting things on the bass. I haven't heard the record yet, but that's my project for the next week. I'm gonna get the records to get a chance to hear him and see how he sees the problems, how he solves them and where he sees the bass going.

Williams: "The electric bass is taking my place" is a humorous and all too truthful little rhyme I heard a few of the acoustic bassists recite around town a few years ago. Many young players just starting out are bypassing the upright for the more popular and portable electric instrument. Are they not bypassing some rather serious dues?

Carter: Regarding the portability factor, that's really not true. When you see these cats walkin' out here with these big amps tall as I am and weighing eight times as much, that's hardly portable. They may think it's more portable because they can put some in the trunk and some in the backseat and still hang out. But it's still heavy and you still got to move it.

I think one thing that's happening is that the electric bass player has not necessarily had to earn a living learning how to play songs that have chord progressions. Fender playing today is based on vamps and grooves, and I love it. But should they be thrown into an environment that is essentially foreign to a James Brown vamp where the person has a C7, F7 they don't want to hear the note C-C-C-C, F-F-F-F and call it a C7, F7, they want to hear those notes movin'. The Fender player has not been required to learn that kind of information. His job requires him to have a good memory, to learn all them vamps fast and never change the vamp, which is a feat in itself. They do it so well, it constantly amazes me. Cats playin' vamps all night and never missing a note, I'm awestruck at how they can keep that stuff up and sound good at it. But there's no question for me as an acoustic player who respects the Fender bass player's position that the solely electric player is, without a doubt, missing some musical growth. There are some Fender bass players who stab at jazz and do a very poor job.

There are other players who are converted upright players who have a much more musical jazz approach on the electric bass, but it still doesn't give you the groove of an upright. You don't groove with the tone, like you do with an upright. You can't change colors as fast as with an upright. You can't get the dynamic impressions as you can with an upright. I would recommend any electric bass player, no matter what their level, to just sit and do two things—one, listen to a lot of upright records, and two, borrow one, and spend a year at their leisure, finding out how it works.

You'd be surprised at how many Fender bass players I influence by upright playing. The first name that comes to mind is Jaco Pastorius who, according to the press he's gotten, is totally unaware of it, or refuses to acknowledge it. He's been quoted as saying, "The only place for an upright bass is with an orchestra." And that when he played the upright, he had a hard time playin' with the drummer, so he put it down. If that's his point of view, it's awfully limited and certainly I would say that him playin' with a drummer and havin' a tough time is not a testament to the lack of feasibility about the upright bass being able to function in the jazz environment.

Williams: How would you summarize your position on the electric bass?

Carter: I have always acknowledged its function. I played electric bass when I was a freshman in college to pay for those first semester school books, so the instrument is not new to me. My position on the electric bass is not a pejorative one; no one is more aware of the potential of the electric bass than myself. I recognize its functions and have always acknowledged those who played it well. My position is that if I'm asked to recommend the one or the other, I will not recommend that a player start off playin' the electric bass, and I refuse to teach it.

Williams: In your present band, you've extended the role of the bass so much as to include another bassist, Buster Williams. That's a rare measure of altruism.

Carter: When I was looking for a bass player to play with the band, it was mandatory for me, as a leader-soloist, to find someone who would make me feel as comfortable as I make others feel when I'm playing with them. It was also important to find someone who plays enough of my influences . . . or who is influenced by my style enough, yet contributes their own interpretation of it and then some. The first choice was Buster. . . .

Williams: What was his reaction when you asked him to join the band?

Carter: He said, "Yeah, when's the first gig?" He must have felt that, whatever his reasons were, it was a band he should be involved with, even if it only lasts for three gigs. Ben (Riley) and I had worked together with the New York Jazz Quartet for about three of four years and I always thought if I got a band, Ben was the logical choice. I always liked Kenny's (Barron) playing and just felt that he just had to have somewhere else to play, and if he was available for the band, the sooner the better. So when I asked each of the three guys to join the band, there was no "I'll think about it" or "Let me see about it."

Williams: Essentially, it's a trio, and a supertrio at that, in that you have piano, bass and drums. What problems, technical/musical do the two basses present within that context?

Carter: Essentially, the primary problem is obviously conceptualizing these two instruments of a relatively similar timbre, playing simultaneously. Usually when a bass player takes a solo everybody lays out. Here is a chance for a bass player to have a solo with some accompaniment of a trio. So it's a problem of deciding what textures work best, when to change textures and what kind of concept are we going to work out so that it feels like a quartet and sounds like a trio.

Williams: I can appreciate a number of advantages that your band presents to the art of accompaniment. Especially the "bass to bass" accompaniment.

Carter: You have to be conscious of another bass quality and instrument ranges and if, like me, you insist on having your stuff heard it makes you kind of alter your octave intent more than you would normally. When I worked with Wes (Montgomery), his sound was so velvety I couldn't always play notes where I wanted to play them. I had to play them somewhere else.

Williams: It seems to me that Wes put some other kinds of challenges on piano players too. Like Herbie (Hancock) wound up playing more like a guitar player than a piano player, which is very, very interesting. On the other hand, in your band I've noticed in your own playing that you are frequently in the range of a horn, in terms of attitude and approach.

Carter: Right, that's what I'm aiming for and all that that entails. You know, one of the hardest things with my band is that you don't just play. You've got to be thinkin' of new approaches for every chorus, depending on what I do.

Williams: Before we go on I think we should establish the fact that your band has a new album on the market, its first, called *Piccolo* and it's on the Milestone label.

Carter: I'd like to add a comment. You know the Grammies (NARAS) have what they call the jazz awards and stuff, and I'd like to think that this *Piccolo* record is the first pure jazz record that has deserved to be nominated in the "Jazz" category.

Williams: Are you saying the first ever, or since the category?

Carter: Since they really got heavily into the category. I feel of the past couple years, arbitrarily picked out, this *Piccolo* record is the first record that I feel adequately represents the word jazz . . . and is probably the best rec-

continued on page 44

continued from page 15

with the band. I played a tune with the band, and I came off. . . .

Tormé: What was it, do you remember?

Rich: It was a dance thing. Just something to play some time behind. Because the only time you did anything to show the band off was like a show thing. You just say for the next 15 minutes we're going to play some B.S., right? I played a couple of tunes with the band. I came off the bandstand and they offered me the job, and I said "No way, that's not my kind of band, I don't like what the band plays, it's the dixieland band, the ballad band." I went through the whole rap, and I left.

I went back to New York, and I got called again. They asked me to fly back to Chicago. I flew back to Chicago, because they told me that they were changing the style of the band, and that Sy Oliver was coming in to write and did I know who Sy Oliver was? Of course I knew who Sy Oliver was. Tommy was going to change the band into kind of a white Lunceford band. When I heard that, I was interested and the first couple tunes that Sy wrote were exciting for those days. He wrote a thing called *Losers Weepers*, which was the first thing I ever recorded for the Dorsey band. I got 50% billing and $750 a week. I got $750 for about nine months and decided I was worth a little bit more than that. So I asked for $1000 and they turned it down. I said that I would have to leave and they said goodbye; after two weeks he said $1000, and I said okay. I stayed for years after that. When I left, I was getting $1500. And my price went up after that.

But I was able to take the band and give it a totally different attitude. Even the ballad things had some kind of beat behind it. Instead of a bland ballad thing, there was something going behind it. And I thought that was important.

I considered Artie's band a total jazz band. I considered Tommy a typical successful big white band, trying to play some hit things. Tommy Dorsey's idol was Jack Teagarden, and he would have given anything to been able to play jazz. Almost every jazz solo that Tommy ever played was part of Teagarden. He was a tailgate trombone player. I would have to assume that style when Tommy played jazz, then assume a totally different style when Ziggy Elman played jazz, or another way of playing behind someone else. One time we had Joe Bushkin in the band, so that changed the rhythm section, and you would have to sit around and say this is the way we're going to play this. Then we'd get another piano player, and we would have to make him understand what we were doing. Musicians today could grasp it faster.

In every band I was always the youngest cat in the band. I had my own ideas and I would assert them. I never felt intimidated and would assert what I wanted to play, and if you didn't like it, you'd fire me. It was just that cool. This is the way that I play drums. If you want it, pay for it, and you got it. And don't say to me do this, or do that. Because I would never tell the leader how to do *his* thing.

Tormé: What happens to young guys today? There are kids who come up and want to play in the mold of Buddy Rich. How do they learn to play jazz drums, so that if the opportunity arises to play in a band like Basie or Woody or whatever. . . .

Rich: I think that if you listen enough to the early bands like that, the early Basie and the early Woody, and if you are really interested in playing like that, it not only gets into your ear, it gets into your body. You automatically start swinging. It's just something that you feel. If you're going to play jazz, you have to listen to the jazz list. You're going to have to listen to Lester Young, Bird, Basie.

Two years ago I was in Australia with the band, and with us was a seven piece rock band that did the first half of the show. The drummer was not even a good rock drummer, but he was one of the hipsters in Australia. For the first two weeks of the show, we never even said hello to each other. He looked at me one way and I didn't look at him at all. It was a very weird thing. Finally the last week we were playing in a club in Sydney and he came over and started to talk to me. By the end of the second week he had started playing differently. He was starting to play other things, and getting a different feel. When we finally talked, about four or five nights before we left, I discovered that he had never heard a single record of anybody. This is the God's honest truth. He'd never heard Jo Jones; he'd never heard of Chick Webb. Now you can't be a real heavy drummer and ignore the people that made drumming possible. And you can't say that you never heard Jo Jones, you can't say that you never heard Chick Webb or Shadow Wilson and all those guys, because then all you are is a bad copy of someone who made it in the rock thing. You're not inventive and don't have the background of playing. I don't say to play like these guys. But you've got to listen to them to know, you've got to know what they meant. What they meant to the art.

To be continued in the February 23, 1978 issue, on sale February 9, 1978. db

ord to come out this year.

Williams: I want to get your comments on some topics that I've randomly chosen. First, the blues. How important is the blues to jazz playing?

Carter: Certainly the blues is one of the most elemental forms that musicians learn to play from. At one time, that was the jazz player's staple; you had to know about 12 blues lines; you had to know 12 matching bass lines. There was a whole school built around the blues in terms of this sheer form. And there's no question to me that this form, exclusive of the emotion that's involved, is critical to a jazz player learning how to improvise. One gets to the heart of improvisation by using the blues style.

Williams: Favorite composers.

Carter: J. J. Johnson, I love the way he writes. Hector Villa-Lobos, Brazilian composer, Miles, Thelonious Monk, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Duke Ellington, I'm enjoying Tony Williams' writing more and more, I'm sure Ben, Buster, Kenny will be my favorite composers too, and certainly Wayne Shorter.

Williams: VSOP.

Carter: Well, it was a nice opportunity for five players to get back and return to a musical relationship that had been separated by a number of years. Unfortunately, it's gotten the heading of nostalgia. I guess it's because people who don't know it look back at it, instead of looking forward to it. There were some great moments on the tour. We got a chance to see how we had grown personally in the eight or ten year span. I was kind of encouraged to see, from Herbie's vantage point, that he could return to the jazz community after being away for "x" number of years and that this music could replace his sagging record sales playin' *Head-Hunter* music.

Williams: That's right.

Carter: One of my points of view is that the tour came about because someone wanted to see if Herbie could return to the jazz community and sell as many records playin' this music and have as large a following as he did at one point with the other music. My feeling is, it wasn't a true test because there were four other jazz persons on the bill whose names were being used to draw from that same jazz community. Herbie and I have not discussed my feelings on this. I may be wrong. If that's not the fact, that doesn't alter my feelings on the matter.

It was nice to play with that kind of trio again and certainly Wayne's concepts have grown while playing with Weather Report. But I thought it was a chance for him to really play. This isn't speaking negatively of his relationship with Weather Report because I don't know what their relationship is, and I really don't care. It's a good band. They like it, but it's not for me. It seemed that this musical venture was a pleasant breather for Wayne to really get a chance not to worry about sound checks, because it was a more acoustic band that required the band to have their own sound. I loved seeing him in that type of jazz situation.

Williams: How did he relate to it?

Carter: He was tickled. I felt that we all had missed this level of humor and camaraderie. There's been talk of it going on next year.

Williams: Concerts.

Carter: I like doing them but I think for bands to establish a concept and continue their experimental frame of reference, nightclubs are mandatory.

They are the workshops for jazz players as far as I am concerned: concerts are the finished product.

Williams: Audiences.

Carter: Generally I find night club audiences more challenging in that, next to the music, people are there to eat, drink, in other words they're there for something other than the music end of their evening. It's a challenge for the quartet to try to find the right musical note that brings that roar down to a hush. In so doing, we find out whole other musical areas of interest about ourselves.

Williams: Record companies.

Carter: I think that no one, no matter how many records he sells, is totally happy with a record company. They always find some points for disagreement. I generally feel that record companies are not as aggressive in marketing the jazz line as they are in the other lines. The bottom line in night club and concert playing is how many records you sell. I totally understand and sympathize with players who have made good jazz records that have not sold to the jazz audience despite the enthusiasm from the club. Companies are going for a market that does in fact buy the records. That happens to be the pop market. I tell my audiences that we love the visible enthusiasm, but we would like to see it translated into somethin' like record sales. That's more tangible and allows us to play this kind of music tomorrow night. Record companies are not going to turn down the record sale, so buy the record.

Williams: Favorite cities.

Carter: I've got one, New York. I've seen most of them all and for my lifestyle and my concept of where I think I'm comin' from, New York's the only place for me to set up shop.

Williams: Automobiles.

Carter: Love 'em, wish I could have a lot of 'em. The problem with being a bass player is that in all those exotic foreign cars the bass won't fit, and sometimes neither will I, being six foot four. I've always had an interest in cars. It's a great joy seeing that kind of machine made with care. I've often threatened that if I did buy another exotic car I would send myself to mechanic's school so I could be more in tune with tuning it myself. I want to see how that stuff works. The lines of the Italian cars, the Ferrari lines, the Lamborghini lines, are just beautiful. It seems to me that a racing car is built on sense, sound and reaction. You sense the curve coming, you react in shifting gears and downshifting and you hear the sound of the engine which tells you what's happening.

Bass playin' is the same. You sense what direction the soloist is going to take, you react with your hands in the right place to play that particular note and you hear whether it's the right note.

Musicians have varied interests, and in traveling you get to see what they are. You can be in New York or in a hometown for a lifetime and never know what your interests are 'cause you don't get the chance to relate to nothin' else but bein' in Des Moines. I did this clinic in Tuscon last year and it gave me a chance to see some types of cactus that you can't find in New York. They need very little care, they're very sturdy and they look great.

I like carpentry; a lot of stuff in this house I've done. Knocked down walls, fixed electrical units, rebuilt cabinets, beat up a couple of thumbs. Anything that involves carpentry appeals to me.

Williams: Reading. Do you read much?

Carter: Ummm! I am a science fiction nut. I've got about a hundred books back there of science fiction that I've read. I love the imagination, I love the word phrases, they're very descriptive, you can close your eyes and see that image go across the page. That kind of descriptive writing is futuristic. It's a concept you have not seen before, it's important for that writer to make you see it as he sees it although you've never seen it before.

(Likewise) it's important for me to feel that when people leave the club from hearing the quartet, the same aura is over them when they split, they've never seen this band before, but when they leave they are a part of it and will come back to get another taste.

Williams: I understand that when you take a notion to, you can, in the course of a day, go through several books, which means you can read pretty fast. Did you ever take one of the speed reading courses?

Carter: I think they're fake. I think it depends on the person's intellectual capacity. If a cat doesn't know what the word pejorative means it don't mean nothin' to him, but it may be the key word on the whole page. So, to read fast without comprehension is. . . . They must have to give you an I.Q. test first to see if you can grasp . . . , I mean we're not talkin' about Dick and Jane man, we're talkin' about guys who use these words with funny spellings like, G-z-x-y-m as a person's name and how that affects your concept of that person's image with this kind of funny lookin' name. It's a whole intellectual thing and I can't believe that the success rate is as high as they say it is with the people having various degrees of intellectual capacity. If you got a sixth grade reading ability, you can't pick up *War And Peace* and read it in two hours and know what's goin' on. But that's the impression I get from the ads, you read fast and you comprehend. Well, if you don't have an intellectual base, you can't comprehend.

Williams: Why is it that in jazz a new musical doctrine seems at first to be a subversion of all that we hold dear in music?

Carter: Give me an example and I can best answer that.

Williams: Well, when the electric piano first found its way into the jazz psyche, many musicians and fans ran to the hills swearing that doom was upon us. When different attitudes of musical expression began to filter into the jazz consciousness, many purists, so-called, took to the hills once again.

Carter: I think jazz purists hold the music so close and so precious to their hearts that they don't want to accept nothin' that's going to take it away from where they see it as being. Whether it's an electric piano or a wah-wah pedal on a guitar, or whatever the additional trappings happen to be that are apart from . . . the Modern Jazz Quartet-type of instrumentation and presentation. The jazz purists, for all their goodness, are responsible for those things being on the scene because they have not bought enough records to make that person not need to involve himself in some other instrument that's out here makin' people buy more records than he's selling playin' acoustic piano.

Williams: Say that again.

Carter: The jazz purists don't buy enough records, if any, to make the player who is playin' acoustic piano not feel it incumbent upon himself to go buy an instrument that is makin' people buy records.

Williams: Thank you. db

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

New York University (Loeb Student Center): Highlights In Jazz presents "A Jazz Celebration" for their 5th anniversary starring *Marian McPartland, Jimmy McPartland, Buddy Tate, Vic Dickenson, Bobby Rosengarden, George Duvivier, Johnny Mince, Johnny Morris* (2/2).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): *Jackie & Roy* (1/27-28); *Don Hahn Quartet* (2/1); *Houston Person & Etta Jones* (2/3-4); *Ray Alexander* (2/8).

Jazzmania Society: *Ronnie Cuber* (2/3-4); Regular concert schedule featuring *Mike Morgenstern* and the all stars.

Sweet Basil: *Ron Carter Quartet* (1/24-28; 1/31-2/4; 2/7-11); *Andrew Cyrille* (2/5, 6).

Village Vanguard: *Lee Konitz Nonet* (1/24-29); *Dave Liebman Quintet* (1/31-2/5).

WPA: *Harold Danko* (Tues.-Sat.), add *Chuck Israels* (Wed.-Thurs.); *Jill McManus w/ Brian Torff* (Sun.); *Judd Woldin* (Mon.).

Cookery: *Alberta Hunter.*

Other End: *Darryl Rhoades* and the *Hahavishnu Orchestra* (1/25-29).

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

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Dave Tesar* (Mon.); *Vic Cenicola* (Tues.); *Alex Kramer* (Thurs.); *Bu Pleasant* (Sun.); call club for guest artists weekends.

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

Cafe Pierre (Hotel Pierre): *Bucky Pizzarelli* (Tues.-Sat.).

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

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

Rutgers University/Livingston College (Lucy Stone Auditorium, New Brunswick, N.J.): Tribute to Lester Young w/ *Paul Quinichette, Harold Ashby, Hank Jones, George Duvivier, Jo Jones* (1/31).

Ali's Alley: *Ted Daniels Energy Big Band* (Mon.)

Barbara's: *Jazz all week* (Closed Tues.).

Environ: Jazz of the avant garde (weekends).

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Jazz all week.

Stryker's: *Dave Matthews Big Band* (Mon.); call club for balance of week.

Village Gate: *Bob January Swing Era Big Band* (Sun. aft.); *Richard Sudhalter Bleeker St. Five.* (Fri.-Sat.).

St. Peter's Church: Jazz vespers (Sun. 5 PM).

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

LOS ANGELES

Parisian Room: *Arthur Prysock* (1/24-2/19); *Eddie Harris* (2/21-3/12).

University of Redlands (near San Bernardino): *Buddy Rich/Louie Bellson* big bands (2/25).

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

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): *Mose Allison* (1/31-2/5); name jazz regularly; for info call 376-4694.

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

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

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

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

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

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

White House (Laguna Beach): Jazz seven nights; restaurant 24 hrs; for info & details call (714) 494-8088/9.

White House (10303 W. Pico): Jazz weekly; for info call 277-8721.

Concerts By The Sea: *Seawind* (1/17-1/29); *Stan Getz* (1/31-2/5); *Johnny Hartman w/(Andrew) Simpkins-(Joey) Baron-(Dave) MacKay Trio* (2/21-2/26); for info & details call 379-4998.

Redondo Lounge (Redondo Beach): *Ray Pizzi, Buddy Collette, Don Menza, Pete Christlieb* (Jan.-Feb.); for specifics and details call 540-1245.

PHILADELPHIA

Benny The Bum's: Weekend jazz; for information call 471-9880.

Bijou Cafe: *Gil Scott-Heron* (through 1/28); call 735-4444 for further information.

Borgia Tea Room: *Tom Lawton* (Tues.); *Andy Kahn/Vince Fay* (Wed.); *Howard Hess* (Thurs.) *Bob Cohen Trio* with *Donna Jean* (Fri. & Sat.); *Steve Goodman/Adrian Rosen* (Sun.); call 574-0414 for up to the minute information.

Cafe Society: *Ted Grieke* (Tues.-Sat.); call MA7-3230.

Painted Bride Gallery: *Mal Waldron* (1/30); jazz (Mon.); call WA5-9914.

Ridge Gallery: Weekend jazz; call 978-6587.

Second Office: *Danny Harmon 4* (Mon.).

Saloon: *Bunch Hammond 4* (Wed.-Sat.).

Stars: Jazz Tuesday and on an occasional weekend; call 627-8033.

SEATTLE

Parnell's: *Jane Labert Quartet* (1/26-28); *The Cozzetti-Gemmill Quartet* (1/29); *Professor Irwin Cory* (2/8-11); *Herb Ellis/Barney Kessel* (2/16-19); coming—*Earl "Fatha" Hines, Joe Henderson.*

Orpheum Theater (Vancouver B.C.): *Herbie Hancock* and *Chick Corea* (2/9).

Paramount (Portland): *Herbie Hancock* and *Chick Corea* (2/10).

Paramount Northwest (Seattle): *Herbie Hancock* and *Chick Corea* (2/11).

NEW ORLEANS

Rosy's: *Eddie Harris* (through 1/29); *Bobby "Blue" Bland* 1/31-2/3); *Noel Pointer* (2/4-7).

Lu & Charlie's: open auditions (Tues.); *Ellis Marsalis* (Wed.); *David Torkanowsky* and *Rusty Gilda* jam session (Thurs., tentative); *Johnny Adams* (Fri. & Sat.); *Henry Butler* and *Lady B.J.* (Sun.).

Duke's Place (Monteleone Hotel): *Dukes Of Dixieland* (Mon.-Sat.); *Original Tuxedo Jazz Band* (Sun.).

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: Jazz every Fri.-Sun.; BYO refreshments; call 878-2050 for details about acts.

Orphan's: *Shelly Torres and Wave* (1/26-28); *Joe Daley Jazz Quorum* (Mon.); *Ears* featuring *Bobby Lewis* and *Cy Touff* (Tues.); for further details call 929-1510.

Rick's Cafe Americain: *Buck Clayton* with *Scott Hamilton* (through 1/28); *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.

Quiet Knight: Contemporary music of all genres; call 348-7100 for further information.

Biddy Mulligan's: *Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows* (through 1/28); *Lonnie Brooks Blues Band* (2/1-4); music every night of the week; call 761-6532 for details.

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

Amazingrace (Evanston): *Eberhard Weber* (1/25 & 26); *Kenny Burrell* (tentative 2/10-12). Call 328-2489 for further information.

Ivanhoe Theater: Name Jazz and contemporary music; call 348-4060 for details.

Redford's: *Barcelona Red* (through 1/28); *Tiger's Eye* (1/29); *Coup d'Etat* (1/30); *Judy Roberts* (2/7-11); call 549-1250 for further information.

Wise Fools Pub: *Son Seals Blues Band* (through 1/28); *Otis Rush* (2/1-4); *Koko Taylor and the Blues Machine* (2/8-11); *Mighty Joe Young* (3/1-4); *Roger Pemberton's Big Band* (Mon.); call 929-1510.

Jazz Showcase: *Chet Baker* and *Pepper Adams* (through 1/29); *Stan Kenton* (tentative 1/31 et. seq.); *Art Farmer Quintet* (2/8-12); *Joe Henderson* (2/15-19); *Woody Shaw Quintet* (3/1-5); call 337-1000.

Museum Of Contemporary Art: *Oliver Lake* and friends (1/27); *Don Moye* and *Chico Freeman* (2/3); *Air* (2/26); for further information call 943-7755.

MoMing: *Joseph Jarman* and *Leo Smith* (2/10-12).

Art Institute: *Air* (2/25); call 443-3714.

Jazz Institute Hotline: 312-421-6394.

PHOENIX

Scottsdale Center: *Joe Pass* (2/11).

The Point: *Joel Robin Trio* with *Jan Manley* (Sun. & Mon.).

Celebrity Theater: *Herbie Hancock* and *Chick Corea* (2/7); *Charlie Daniels* (3/11).

Twolips Cafe: *Sam James Quartet* (Fri. & Sat.).

Saguaro High School: *Woody Herman* (1/27); *SHS Jazz Ensemble* (2/9); *Buddy Rich* (2/23).

Golden Dragon: *Grant Wolf's Night Band* (2/6; 2/20).

Excelsior: *Panacea* (Tues.-Sat.).

Boojum Tree: *Mose Allison* (through 1/29).

Dooley's: Jazz night is Sunday.

KXTC (92.3 FM): *Mr. J and His Swinging Machine* (Fri.).

TORONTO

Bourbon Street: *Zoot Sims* (1/30-2/11); *Milt Jackson* (2/13-25); *Ed Bickert* (2/19).

George's Spaghetti House: *Eugene Amaro* (through 1/28); *Moe Koffman* (1/30-2/4); *Vern Dorge* (2/6-11); *Doug Riley* (2/13-18); *Ian McDougall* (2/20-25); *Moe Koffman* (2/27-3/4).

The Music Gallery: *Don MacMillan* (1/28); *New York Improvisation Agreement* (1/29); *Nihilist Spasm Band* (2/4); *The Message* (2/5).

Ontario Science Centre: CJRT-FM Concert Series: *Ed Bickert, Wray Downes, David Young* (2/6); *Herb Spanier* (2/28); *Sam Noto and Steve Lederer* (3/6); all concerts broadcast on the following Saturday over CJRT-FM, 91.9.

Seneca College: *Buddy Rich* and *Killer Force* (2/1).

York University: *World Saxophone Quartet* (2/28); solo concerts by *WSQ* members *David Murray, Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill* and *Oliver Lake* (3/1-2).

And furthermore . . . **The Colonial** *(363-6168)* . . . **D.J.'s Tavern** (595-0700); **El Mocambo** (961-2558) . . . **Yellowfingers** (964-1984) . . .

DETROIT

Detroit will rise again in these listings. Next issue will contain a report on the Detroit music scene by our new correspondent Gary Bice.

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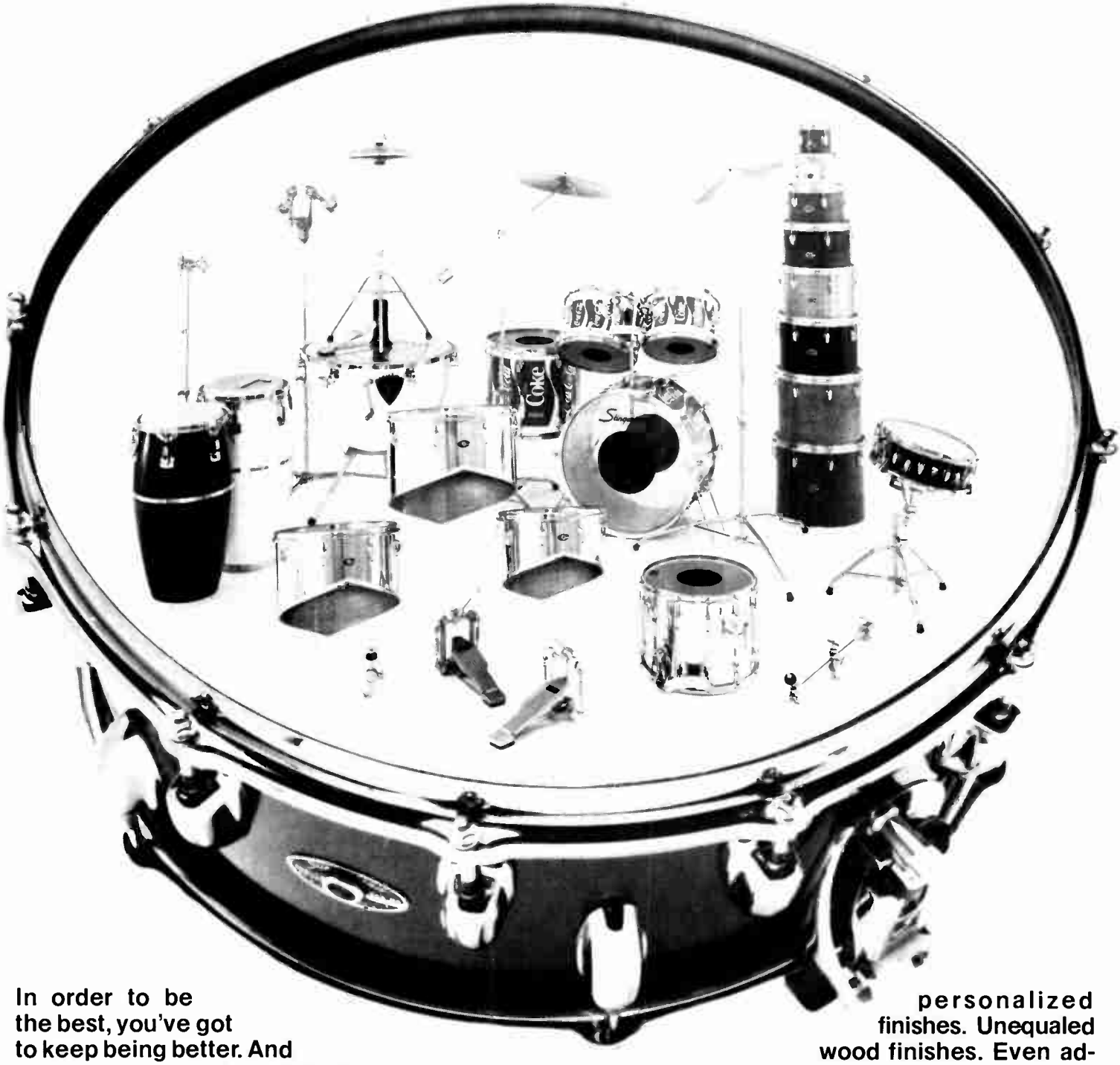

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