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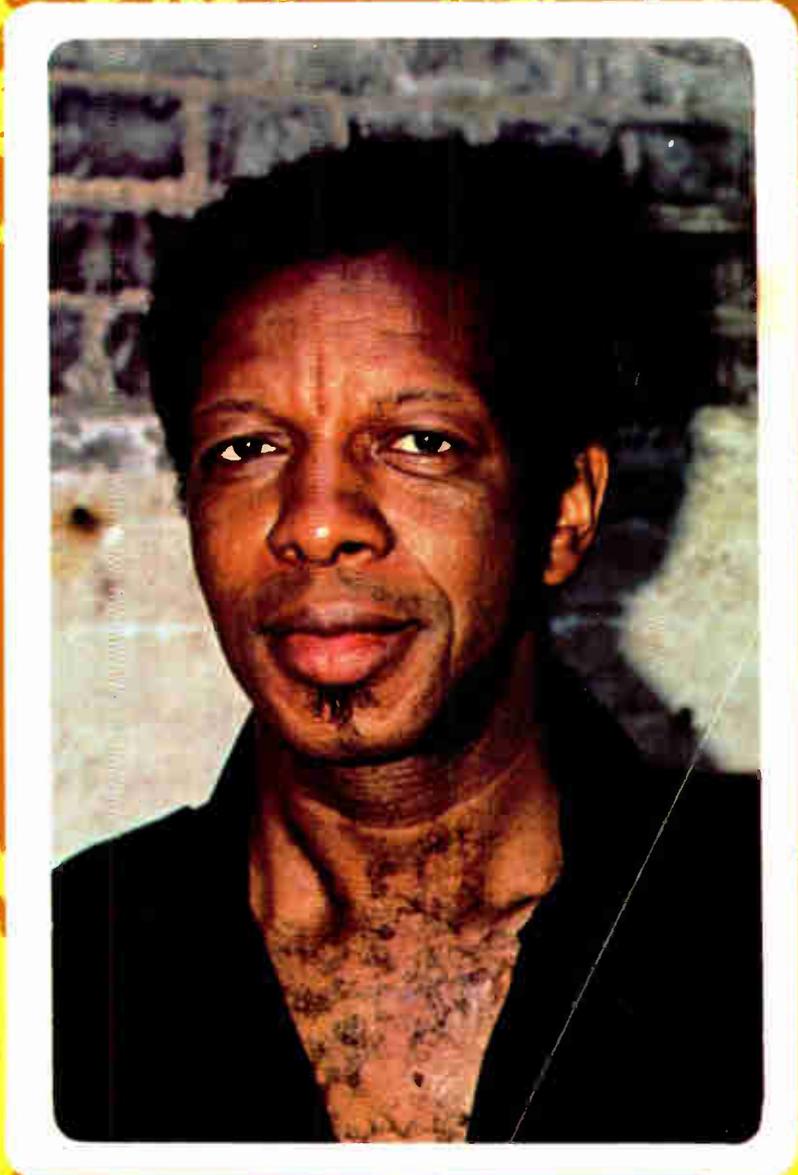
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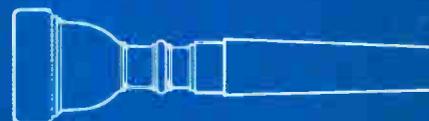
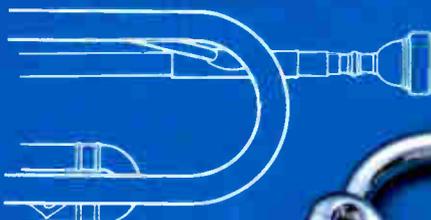
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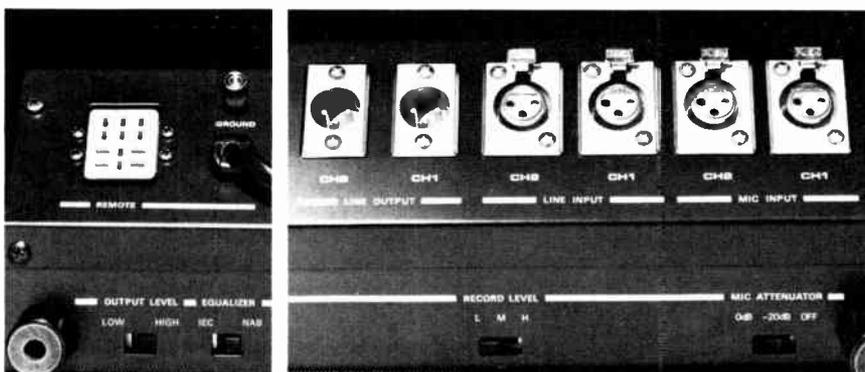
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BY CHARLES SUBER

This issue hits the newsstands and music stores as the new school year begins. It's about this new school year that we would like to comment and ask questions.

Ever since last spring when Proposition 13 was accepted by California voters, there has been much speculation on how the national mood to cut taxes would effect community services such as schools, particularly school music programs. From what our correspondents tell us, there has been more shadow than substance insofar as school music budgets actually being cut. In California, we understand that virtually all school budgets remain funded much as they have been—thanks to the state sharing its \$5 billion surplus with local communities. This is okay for this year. But no one can predict what will happen in 1979 when the state till is tapped out.

Some communities around the country are signing up with private contractors to provide music education using the local school's physical facilities. For example, in Downers Grove, Illinois (a suburb of Chicago), the local band parents organization has under consideration a contract with an independent firm to supply music education for which each participating student pays a monthly fee. A nice, neighborly touch is that the band parents are building a fund that will pay the fees of those students who cannot afford them.

We have also heard from a number of music retailers around the country who have stepped up their studio teaching to include ensemble training in lieu of their local school cutbacks.

We have also heard from an impressive number of schools whose instrumental programs are being expanded to offer more students a richer variety of musical experience.

Taking it all in balance, there does not seem to be any wide-spread pattern of school music reduction. Schools which offer a worthwhile music program serving the needs of many students, and schools that have effective parent and community support, are more than holding their own. There is, however, a definite change in the air—a transition period—as schools find new sources of funding to take the place of property taxes and as school districts consolidate shrinking enrollments into fewer buildings. There is even good reason to believe that in two or three years, school music programs will be more rationally funded and will provide music opportunities for a greater proportion of the school enrollment.

But it doesn't help student musicians whose school music program has been declared a "frill" (and thus expendable) to know that their problem is merely local or that things are likely to get better after they graduate. We want answers and ways and means to help those who would help themselves. We ask your assistance to supply this help. Here's how.

If your school instrumental music program has been reduced or is threatened with reduction or elimination, let us know the circumstances. More importantly, let us know what, if anything, is being done about it. Is there a

continued on page 62



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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Punk Backlash

I have just finished going over the 1978 Critics Poll in the August 10 issue, and as usual I find it extremely interesting and exciting. It shows that *all* good musicians in all fields of contemporary music are appreciated. Unfortunately, I don't understand how the Ramones, the Sex Pistols and Bootsy's Rubber Band got any votes. Although their "music" spans two very distinct styles, I have to agree with the saying that there are only two kinds of music—good and bad. The "music" of the three bands mentioned is definitely bad.

Bruno E. Strapko Elmwood Park, Ill.

Fan Club Note

Just a note to let you know, regarding Chuck Berg's June 15 review of Charlie Mariano's *Reflections* album, that Jukka Tolonen is not an "exciting new player." He's been around for some time and used to play with Tassavalian Presidentii, which recorded two or three albums. He has also recorded two solo albums.

Marc Tucker Hawthorne, Cal.

Bobby Knight Update

Re: Lee Underwood's Caught In The Act on Bobby Knight and the Great American Trombone Company, July 13, db.

On a recent trip to Los Angeles I heard Bobby Knight's trombone group at Donte's. All GATC fans will be glad to know that the band was recorded live at Donte's during two nights in mid-June. The material taped was very similar to the program described in Underwood's article. The personnel was also similar, with Lou McReary subbing for Gil Falco; Lou Levy was the pianist. They did not use an added percussionist.

The arrangements and artistry were outstanding; Levy, Burghofer and Capp drove the band with great power; the soloing of Rosolino and Fontana drew much applause; Carl Fontana is a bitch and continued to bring down the house.

Let us hope that Knight can make a deal with some record company. I can't wait to get a copy of the LP.

George Hall

Laurel, Md.

C&W Whams Jazz

For over a decade Rochester's WHAM radio (1180 KHz) had a late night jazz program. The most recent version was "The Best Of All Possible Worlds," hosted by Harry Abraham. WHAM is a clear channel station, and has listeners all over the U.S. and Canada. The last reliable rating showed over 50% of local listeners were tuned to WHAM between midnight and 5 a.m., listening to jazz.

Several months ago, Harry was fired by the management and his show was replaced by a country and western format which has much less local support and relevance.

A citizens group, A.R.M. (Action for Responsive Media), has been formed in Rochester with the immediate goal of reinstating a regular jazz program on WHAM. Anyone in-

terested in supporting A.R.M., or wanting information, can contact us at:

P.O. Box 8404

Rochester, N.Y. 14618

Art Grimwood Rochester, N.Y.
Action for Responsive Media

The Legacy of Sonny Criss

Having returned from overseas, I anticipated seeing my back issues of *down beat*. But with sadness and disbelief, I read of the death of Sonny Criss (Final Bar, 1/26/78).

Just as Sonny had regained some deserved public attention, he was gone. I am reminded of Sonny's L.A. compatriot, Hampton Hawes, another criminally neglected player; both had expressed optimism in *db* features not long before their deaths.

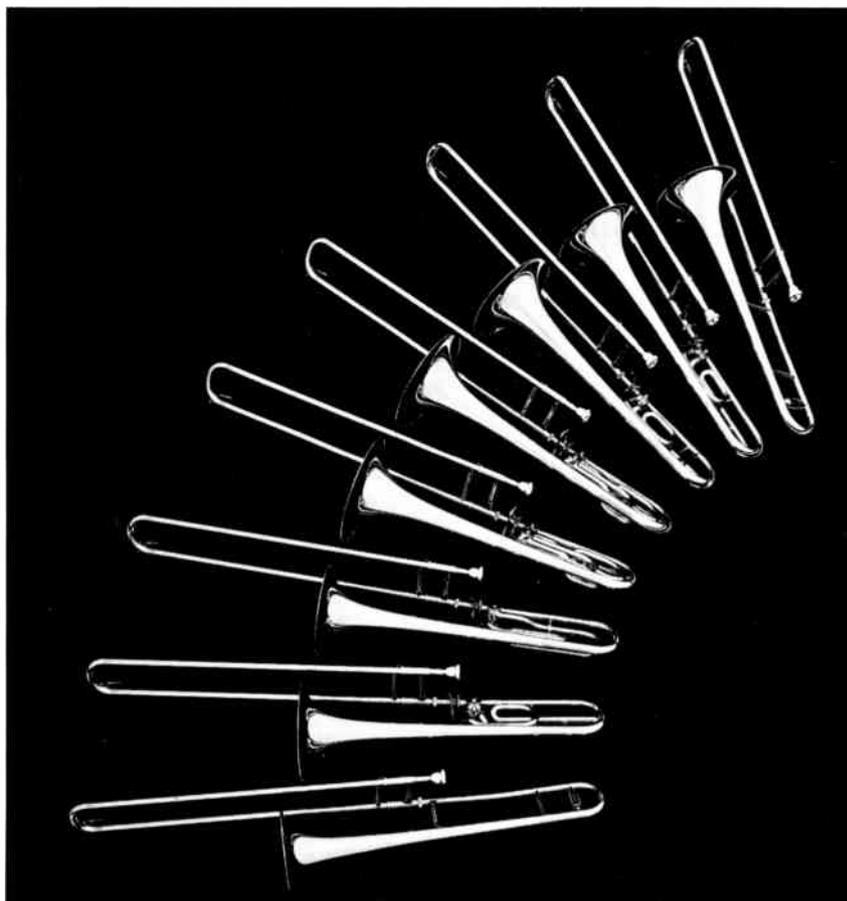
And I wonder—why does this country so often ignore or destroy its sensitive, gifted musicians?

Now, in the background, Sonny sings. Although edged with pain, his music shows deep love and joy. He recorded this album, *The Beat Goes On*, in early 1968, when I was ten years old. The knowledge that he remained true to his principles offered powerful inspiration in an age of so much spineless and transparent music. But at what price? He deserved a far richer legacy than an eight paragraph obituary and those few, precious recordings.

The sorrow is deep, like losing a friend. No, I never met Sonny, never saw him play. But his singing horn helped me cry and laugh and climb out of the pits to take on the world again, many times. His death is our collective loss.

Jim Sellman

Metamora, Ill.



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NEWS

MINGUS SHOW GOES ON

NEW YORK—Charles Mingus is ill. Mingus, although not playing, continues to write, with upcoming projects including a record with Joni Mitchell. Owing to Mingus' confinement, drummer Dannie Richmond brought the group into the Vanguard. There was Bob Neloms on piano, Ricky Ford on tenor, Jack Walrath on trumpet and Eddie Gomez, bass. "Charles has always held Eddie in high regard," Richmond told *db*.

Six years ago, Richmond began handling road business for Mingus. "Charles told me, 'I'm groomin' you to be a leader.' It's a drag in a way, how it came about. But his music is powerful and fresh. The music should still be played. People should hear it." Mingus approves. "Charles told me, 'You know the music. Just go head on.'" For Richmond, "Mingus was my school,

my father, my brother, my friend, my music teacher."

Gomez said, "I feel deeply honored because Mingus is one of my idols, musically, as well as specifically on the bass. And Danny, he's a natural for me to play with. I feel the music is in tune with what I'm trying to do."

Max Gordon, Vanguard owner, reported that the applause for the second Saturday set was heavier than any in recent memory. The club was always filled with musicians. Two record dates resulted, one for Muse and one for CBS/Sony.

In addition to Mingus standards, the group played originals. Richmond likes the Mingus workshop concept, a carryover from when the group included Eric Dolphy. "Musically, there's no limits when everybody digs each other. Just quality music, that's what we're strivin' for."



Columbia honchos celebrate penning of Ronnie Foster to label. From l. to r.: Foster, CBS staffers Vernon Slaughter, Jim Fishel, George Butler and Rita Roberts.

Brookmeyer Swings Beverly

BOSTON—A few firsts have occurred at Sandy's Jazz Revival in Beverly, Mass.

Valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer played his first tour with a band since returning to New York in spring. Filling out a smooth quartet were guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Michael Moore and drummer Joe La Barbara, just off the road from Chuck Mangione's band. They had two weeks at Hopper's in New York to get tight, and tight they got. Norman Schwartz, Grammy-winner with RCA albums by Phil Woods and Michel Legrand and now heading his

own Gryphon Records, committed the weekend to wax, due out in October. It was Brookmeyer's first lead date since he headed West a decade ago, and Sandy's first live recording ever.

Good things come in bunches, however, and the Jazz Revival hosted a Muse recording date barely four weeks later. The band? Texas tenors Arnett Cobb and Buddy Tate faced off with Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson on alto, and the all-star rhythm team of pianist Ray Bryant, bassist George Duvivier, and home-grown percussionist Alan Dawson.

POTPOURRI

Look for **ECM Records** to adopt an \$8.98 single album list in the near future, with production costs being cited as the reason for yet another cost jump. Hopefully, an \$8.98 stampede will not ensue.

A Philadelphia FM station, **WUHY**, has aired a five segment series of jazz concerts. Among the featured luminaries are **Mary Lou Williams** and **Sun Ra** and **Arkestra**.

Irate deejays in **Latrobe, Pa.** recently conducted an on-the-air protest against slave wage salaries by spinning four solid hours of **Johnny Paycheck's** national proletariat anthem, *Take This Job And Shove It*. The jocks proved their point and received partial paychecks at the conclusion of the *Shove It*-siege. Strike one for the shortchanged.

The Los Angeles-based radio program **Jazz Album Countdown** recently celebrated Labor Day with a three-hour jazz retrospective. The show was made available to 106 stations nationwide. Spotlights musicians included **Fats Waller**, **Bessie Smith**, **Charlie Parker**, **Quincy Jones** and **Art Tatum**.

Way down under in **Australia**, a traveling company has been performing a "**Salute To Satchmo**." Featured musicians are **Graeme Bell's Australian Jazzmen**, **Humphrey Lyttleton** and **Alex Welsh**.

Octogenarian blues singer **Alberta Hunter** has received the first copyright under the new Copyright Act. Her song *You Better Change* was assigned the

catalog number RE-1.

Composer/arranger **Henry Mancini**, famous for his Hollywood scores, is busy at work on the soundtrack for the upcoming Columbia gorethriller, *Nightwing*. Mancini recently completed collaboration on the Broadway musical *Major Barbara*. His partner was **Leslie Bricusse**.

Rumors abound that **New Orleans** is on the verge of becoming a recording center once again. The next few months will see a rapid increase in Crescent City record activity and possibly even the formation of a new independent record company.

Some sign of the times: LA's noted nite venue, the **Whiskey**, has knocked out all its punk rock bookings. The club has opted for a return to more controllable big name talent. So goes the craze that never was.

Violinist **Michal Urbaniak** has switched labels again. From now on, M. U. will appear on the **Wolf** label, a subsidiary of Hialeah, Florida's fantastically successful **TK Records**.

The first **Ann Arbor Jazz Festival** was held at Hill Auditorium. Sponsored by an outfit called **Eclipse Hill**, performers included **Stan Getz**, **Max Roach**, **Sun Ra**, **Larry Coryell** and **Fredie Hubbard**.

Apologies to contributor **John McDonough**, whose byline was inadvertently omitted from the White House news coverage last issue. *db*

Breckers Open New Club

NEW YORK—Seventh Avenue South is a new jazz club owned by the Brecker Brothers, in association with Kate Greenfield. The room opened with the Hal Galper Quintet, featuring Randy on trumpet, Mike on tenor, Galper on acoustic piano, Miroslav Vitous on bass and Joe La Barbara on drums.

"We're trying to have a place that has a good sound system and feels good to play in, where musicians won't feel they're being ripped off. A place that's not a dive, a nice place with good food." After his opening week stint, Randy B. had definite feelings about the room. "It really feels comfortable to play in. I played three sets a night and I didn't feel tired. In most clubs where the sound is bad, you

wipe yourself out."

The music policy will be varied. "Now, we're trying a little of everything—jazz groups, bebop bands, some singers, fusion and a little out music, too. We're going to try and keep it open so we can get a variety of different things in there. I plan to just play acoustic music there a few times a year and get my rocks off."

Lately, the Breckers, who both do extensive studio work, have been playing fusion. But Arista has just released *Heavy Metal Bop*, the Breckers' new album, recorded live at My Father's Place. Brecker described the album as "electric . . . real loose. It's away from the disco shit, more blowing. Some new tunes and some old tunes, but we stretch out on everything."

NEWS

Xanadu Hits New High With Jazz Cream

LOS ANGELES—Xanadu Records Ltd. President Don Schlitten has announced major signings to the label. Both alto saxophonist Charles McPherson and flautist Sam Most have re-signed with Xanadu. McPherson will have a fall release with *New Horizons*. Most's next album will be *From The Attic Of My Mind*, scheduled for release early next year.

Signing his first exclusive Xanadu recording contract is tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell, sometimes called the godfather of the famous Detroit bebop scene. Mitchell has served as musical director for Stevie Wonder, Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie. In between his busy concert and recording schedule, he makes his jazz ensemble available for a combination concert-rap session-clinic with high

school and college bands. Mitchell's first release for the label will be *The Colossus Of Detroit*.

Guitarist Ted Dunbar has also just signed an exclusive recording contract with Xanadu. He has authored several books on music and is an Assistant Professor of Music at Rutgers University. Dunbar has played with Gil Evans, Sonny Rollins and Tony Williams, among others. His first album as a leader for the label will be *Opening Remarks*.

This now brings the total number of exclusive label artists to 11. Xanadu is now distributed by Cream Records.

While on the subject of Cream, former *db* associate editor Ray Townley has been appointed midwest marketing manager for the label.

VIBE TRIO RENDERS DUKE

NEW YORK—The Duke Ellington Society presented its annual concert at the New School here. In an unusual break with tradition, the society presented the music of its namesake, but with nary a hint of an Ellington sideman or associate.

Instead, there were three featured vibraphonists: Milt Jackson, Don Elliot and Warren Chiasson. Each brought a distinct style and approach to the music and all swung mightily.

Elliot opened on pipeless Deagan "Electra-Vibes." The instrument, which is almost suitcase-like, sounds like standard vibes in all respects, except when you listen to it vis-a-vis a "real" set. Then the instrument sounds more bell-like in timbre.

This first set of the afternoon concert ran down a half-dozen tunes by Ellington and his collaborator, Billy Strayhorn. Accompanied by an outstanding rhythm section made up of leader Sam Jones on bass, Louis Hayes, drums, and the formidably talented Harold Mabern on piano, Elliot concluded with *It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*. The Ellington lecture-in-a-song-title featured Elliot impersonating some of the more famous vibists in jazz: Red Norvo, Jackson, Terry Gibbs and Lionel Hampton. Mabern, shining throughout, played block chords a la Hamp's former pianist, the late Milt Buckner, during Lionel's segment.

Chiasson, who possesses sparkling technique, romped through some less familiar Ellingtonia, such as *After All* and a magnificently poignant *Something To Live For*. At times, however, the rhythm section seemed to overpower him. Warren's glances over his shoulder and nods in the direction of Jones appeared to be directives to initiate a particular chord change.

Jackson concluded the performance with some of the most breathtakingly swinging moments yet heard from the man. His set included more of the rich Ellington-Strayhorn melodic settings such as *What Am I Here For*, *Lush Life* and *Come Sunday*. His *Paris Blues* was as close to a tour de force for the vibist as anything he has done.

At one point in the performance, Bags lost his right mallet. As this occurred in the midst of a solo with some dramatic impact, he continued to play left handed, swinging harder than if he had the two. "I had to compensate, didn't I?" he said later. "Otherwise I would be cheating the audience."

12 □ down beat

NEW RELEASES

Newcomers from **Chiaroscuro** include *The Journey*, **Hamlet Bluiett**; *Themes And Variations On A Child Is Born*, **Dick Hyman**; *John And Joe*, **Kenny Davern** and **Flip Phillips**; *When Summer Is Gone*, **Max Kaminsky**; and *McKenna*, **Dave McKenna**.

The latest from **Muse** are *Double Exposure*, **Joe Chambers**; *Steppin' Out*, **Richard Groove Holmes**; *Bar Wars*, **Willis Jackson**; *Stretchin' Out*, **Morgana King**; *First Visit*, **Walt Barr**; and *Now*, **Eric Kloss**.

Adelphi has released a disc by drummer **Jimmy Madison** tagged *Bumps On A Smooth Surface*.

A&M has great expectations for **Chuck Mangione's** latest, *The Children Of Sanchez*.

Hot wax from **RCA** includes *Ain't Misbehavin'*, by the original Broadway cast; *Along The Red Ledge*, **Hall and Oates**; *Stage*, **David Bowie**; and *I've Always Been Crazy*, **Waylon Jennings**.

India Navigation has issued a new double album by **Joseph Jarman** and **Don Moye** of the **Art Ensemble of Chicago**. The album is called *Egwu-Anwu (Sun Song)*. *db*

MAHALIA—PRO AND CON

NEW YORK—*Mahalia*, a musical-drama for the stage, has been presented in several free performances at New York's Henry Street Settlement Playhouse. The play, based upon Laurraine Goreau's *Just Mahalia Baby*, is an exacting portrait of the late gospel singer, from her early days as a would-be jazz singer to becoming world-wide harbinger of the spiritual word.

Yet if the play is to come to Broadway, it needs much work. It is long and tedious in dialogue, dragging along whenever Nat Adderley is not on stage.

Yes, cornetist leader composer Adderley is now an actor, too. And a fine one, at that. His off-handed manner brightened up the mood of the drama and moved it along at a more rapid pace than it might have otherwise gone. Adderley's part, a cornet-playing "conscience" figure called Red Beans, was mostly improvisational, according to principals involved with the production. "We wrote an outline for him," Howard Atlee, press representative for the play said. "But most of what you saw was his own."

Esther Marrow plays the title role with majesty and sympathy. Her part has her on stage most of the time, singing tunes that must be delivered with a verve that borders on the impossible. By the end of the play she was drawn, tired and hoarse.

The first time Marrow received any kind of recognition was at the first Duke Ellington Sacred Music Concert. She was called Esther "Mae" Marrow by Duke, who played on the name as though she were a child in her first talent contest. In that context, Marrow's voice was vibrant; here she lacked the power of Miss Jackson.

The play reveals aspects of Mahalia that few knew. Her failure to compromise her drive for the music and the ministry, her sexual habits, her inability to hold onto a man—all were made painfully clear. "Saint" Mahalia is defrocked before our eyes.

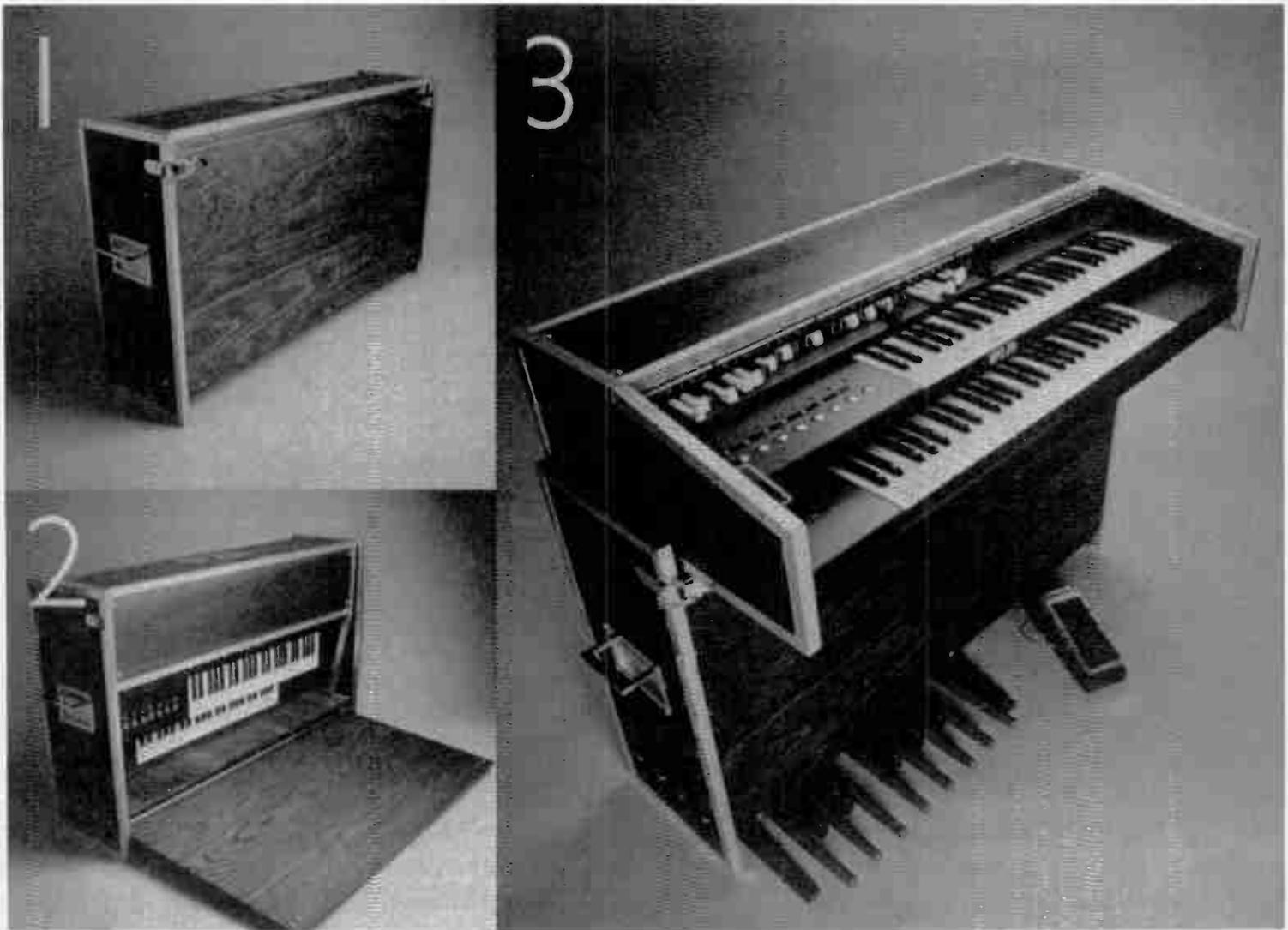
Some numbers are performed with a lively exuberance while others are merely run through. Still others are simply boring and repetitive.

The new music was composed by John Lewis, of Modern Jazz Quartet fame, and orchestrated by Luther Henderson, most recently on stage with *Ain't Misbehavin'*. Lewis' music tends to be moody and introspective, as one might expect, but the contrast with the uptempoed gospel numbers made the Lewis tunes appear more striking.

Part of the on-stage band, which includes Adderley, features Bill Pemberton, electric bass guitar, and Omar Clay, drums.

The remainder of the cast is quite supportive, which is all they were meant to be since the spotlight so often falls on Marrow. Standouts are Mahalia's three men: Ike Huckinull (played by Roscoe Orman), a gambler who was not at all suited to the aspiring Mahalia, Rev. Russel, (played by Andrew Frierson), who was, but passed away early in their relationship, and Minters "Minnis" Galloway, a jazz pianist, who loved his music as much as he did Mahalia, but could not subscribe to her methods and morals.

With some severe snipping, tightening, editing and more room for Adderley, whose humorous attack makes him a natural for the theatre, *Mahalia* could make fine Broadway fare. More Lewis material would aid immeasurably, as well.



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NEWS



Guitarist Larry Carlton, who recently pacted a new deal with Warner, is surrounded by managers Jim Recor and Larry Larson and WEAers Mo Ostin and Ron Goldstein

PAPP SHAKES UP APPLE

NEW YORK—Joseph Papp began his ventures into the new jazz several months ago with the premier of a "Jazz At The Public Theater" series. Beginning with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the Public has presented a wide spectrum of underexposed musicians in their intimate theatres. In the final week of programs before a brief hiatus, the Public went head to head with Newport, presenting the big bands of Sur Ra and an all-star aggregation led by young tenorist David Murray (who had originally inspired Papp to provide a showcase for the new jazz).

Though plagued by a rather raw ensemble sound, Murray's big band featured some moving compositions, a killer rhythm section (Jaki Byard, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums), and some excellent soloing. Murray's compositions

incorporated the whole range of the black music heritage: New Orleans, Chicago r&b, gospel chants, Latin, straightahead swinging and freeblowing ensemble polyphony. There were several peak moments: a spine tingling reading by the poet Amiri Baraka, accompanied by Murray's tenor and Hopkins' bass; John Carter's clarinet on *Bechet's Bounce*; James Newton's flute playing, which incorporated the styles of Eric Dolphy and Roland Kirk; everything that Jaki Byard played; and the beautiful theme *Flowers For Albert*, which featured Irene Datcher's vocals and fiery solos by Olu Dara on trumpet and Murray on tenor.

Papp is doing for jazz what he's done for N.Y.C. theatre. He has shook up an encrusted establishment, and provided daring new talent with a forum.

UJC And The Future

NEW YORK—The second conference on "The Future Of Jazz" was sponsored by the Universal Jazz Coalition and held at the Top Of The Gate.

As in the first conclave (*db News*, 4/20/78), a panel of experts presented opening statements prior, to inviting questions and remarks from the audience. The panelists were Paul Ash, Sam Ash Music Stores; John Bos, Deputy Director Music, New York State Council on the Arts; Betty Carter, singer; Ira Gitler, journalist; Barry Harris, musician; Milt Jackson, musician; Peter Keepnews, CBS Records publicist; Ken McIntyre,

musician, lecturer and Professor of Humanities SUNY, Old Westbury, L.I.; Don Schlitten, Xanadu Records; and George Wein, entrepreneur of the Newport Jazz Festival.

Discussion was overshadowed by the resultant formation of a blue-ribbon panel which will explore the possibilities of obtaining a facility from the city or private donors to be used as a jazz performance center. The committee will also explore means of promoting jazz through public relations and lobbying. Ash, Carter and Jimmy Owens have agreed to serve on the task force.

Griffin Returns To U.S.

CHICAGO—Tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin will return to the United States this fall after a 15 year absence.

Since Griffin left these shores, he has been living on a farm he owns in Holland. He has been playing studios and concert dates on the continent and in En-

gland, turning up on recordings for such labels as Pablo, SteepleChase, Xanadu and MPS Records, among others.

He will open his tour of the States on Sept. 17 at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Appearances are also scheduled for San Francisco and Ann Arbor, Mich.

Free Market Jazz

NEW YORK—The Citicorp Bank is presenting free entertainment in the Atrium of its corporate building. The last ten weeks have been "A Salute To Jazz." It's all part of a promotional and marketing approach designed to acquaint the public with the 17 shops and restaurants in the Atrium Market.

Gregory Dawson, co-owner of the Ballroom in Soho, is coordinating the program. The jazz salute included the groups of Dick

Hyman, Jimmy Rowles, Ricky Ford, Don Elliot, Barry Harris, Junior Mance, Harold Ousley, Al Haig, Hilton Ruiz, Janet Lawson and Patti Bown. The ten jazz weeks will be followed by a "Salute To Great American Song Writing." There are classical programs on Sunday, and Saturday afternoons for children.

According to Citibank spokeswoman Joan Aho, next summer additional events will be scheduled outdoors.

52nd Street Memorial

NEW YORK—A dozen inductees have been honored by having their names forever implanted on the sidewalks of 52nd St.

The "Street Of Jazz," or simply "The Street," was forever inscribed in the memories of those who played the many clubs that dotted the area in the '30 and '40s, and in those who stopped in for a taste to hear the music.

The Street ran two avenue blocks on New York's West Side, from 5th to 7th Avenues. But those two blocks contained more night-clubs than any other area. There were names such as the Onyx, the Three Deuces, the Famous Door, Downbeat, Leon & Eddie's, the Spotlight, Kelly's Stable and many others, all delineated in a book by Arnold Shaw called *The Street That Never Slept*. It has been reprinted by Da Capo Press and retitled *52nd Street*.

It was Shaw's book and a suggestion by journalist Leonard Feather that started the wheels turning for a sort of "jazz walk" affair patterned after the "Walk Of Fame" on Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles.

After many years of trying to obtain funds for such an undertaking, Shaw contacted writers and industry people and hit upon the right combination for the initial presentations. The ad hoc committee which chose the dozen award recipients included Robert Altshuler, David Bailey, Dr. George Butler, Roy Eldridge, Reverend John Gensel, Gary Giddins, Dizzy Gillespie, Ira Gitler, John Hammond, John Lewis, Bruce Lundvall, Greg Millard, Dan Morgenstern, Arnold Jay Smith, Dr. Billy Taylor, Walter Wager and John S. Wilson.

The 52nd St. Awards, dubbed the "Prez," will be annually awarded. The first 12 honorees were chosen from a list that threatened to overflow paper supplies. Six deceased and six living musicians were selected. Both Kenny Clarke and Roy Eldridge were on hand to receive their scrolls. Other recipients included Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, Coleman Hawkins, Stuff Smith, Billie Holiday, Art Tatum, Lester Young and Charlie Parker.

John Lewis accepted for Gillespie, Barry Harris for Monk, Lundvall for Davis, Roy Haynes for Vaughan, Howard McGhee for Hawkins, Hammond for Smith, Buck Clayton for Holiday, Tiny Grimes for Tatum, Dr. Lester Young, Jr., and Mrs. Young, Sr., for Young, and Chan Parker Woods and Baird Parker for Parker.

Haynes and McGhee were aboard the Jazzmobile that was set up on 52nd St. near the spot where some of the clubs were situated, along with Percy Heath, Budd Johnson and Duke Jordan.

There was much hand-clapping, back-slapping, hugging and general camaraderie evident as many musicians showed up to say hello. Some hadn't seen each other for many years. An especially joyful reunion occurred between the original members of the Modern Jazz Quartet.



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ORNETTE COLEMAN

The Creator As Harmolodic Magician

BY HOWARD MANDEL

Ornette Coleman's music burst from the loft window of a bare brick building, over a parking lot and into the nondescript streets of west midtown Manhattan. Through an unnumbered doorway and up a creaking wood staircase the air was hot and thick, the dense noise and atomized dust like the atmosphere of a factory. This was Ornette Coleman's rehearsal space, where the composer who performs on alto saxophone, trumpet and violin was teaching "harmolodics"—from harmony, motion, and melodic—to his band Prime Time, trying to forge new music out of sweat and thought and youth and genius.

Genius? ask those who doubt Ornette Coleman. Yes, genius. Genius is not something one comes by with age or experience, nor a prize achieved through ambitious effort. One may even shirk from genius, accompanied as it is by responsibility. But Ornette Coleman's genius is irresistible; it is marked by his acute ability to perceive and express original ideas which, upon examination, reveal extraordinary complexity and the authority of truth.

Creating harmolodic music involves restructuring the interplay of those aspects of organized sound which in jazz produce a dynamic tension. Musicians may seize any tone as a harmonic resolution, freed from routine changes and closely related substitutions. Ornette desires lightning rhythmic response to the movement of tonal variation. It is demanding work, and the process was being carefully documented this afternoon. Two Oriental women snapped still photos around the circle of musicians and a barechested, long-haired man working for Artist House Records made video verité, taping with a stationary camera set up on a makeshift platform.

The band played fitfully, a few phrases at a time, while Ornette, in a rather high-pitched voice, instructed, directed and offered suggestions. Perched on a stool, he cradled his alto in his arms and blew it or his trumpet, or used his violin or electric guitar to illustrate his points.

Charlie Haden, Coleman's most constant bassman, was practicing with cotton in his ears. Electric bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma was expected from Philadelphia shortly. Ornette Denardo Coleman, the composer's son, sat at one trap set and Ron Shannon behind another, but they stood up and drifted towards the window while the elder Coleman spoke to Charlie Ellerbee, Bem Nix, Prime Time's other guitarist, was attentive while Ellerbee, who was at that moment missing a job with the disco band Trammps at a record company promo party on a boat in the East River, appeared worn out and bored.

Geniuses don't have it easy. Like the proph-



CAROL FRIEDMAN

et, the genius may be ignored or reviled, and only a genius at business is expected to be wealthy. The genius can sustain himself, however, with the certainty of his view, and thus steel his determination against strength-sapping opposition.

Ornette was preparing Prime Time for a midnight concert at Carnegie Hall, where they were to share a Newport Jazz Festival bill with pianist Cecil Taylor's unit. Appropriately, Taylor may be the only other individual in jazz whose genius encompasses ensemble reorganization. The gig was three days away, and Prime Time's music was just gelling, yet the young men (all but the composer and Haden were in their 20s) were impatient, as though kept after class to complete their lessons while a basketball game began outside. The heat in the unrenovated loft was oppressive.

The composer's directions were aphoristic, puzzling to decipher and apply. "The rhythm and sound is like a man and a woman," Coleman tried to explain. "They have to get along with one another or else they'll start to fight." With two bassists, two drummers and two guitarists comprising the band, conjugal discord seemed inevitable unless the most sensitive collective improvisation developed. Yet Ornette was not counseling his players to listen to each other, but to *themselves*.

Misapprehension and limited vision of others may isolate a genius and his work, or may inform him and it with a greater breadth of understanding. "All the disco stuff and everything has a pattern," Ornette chided his acolytes, "but you don't have to do *that*." As though if they all played honestly, fully and freely, the music would simply fall together.

Two decades and more than 20 recordings

since Ornette Coleman sold his saxophone playing and songs to Contemporary Records' Lester Koenig, some jazz people are still suspicious of this fearlessly original musician. It frustrates Ornette that his sound is considered unfit for radio airplay, hard to listen to and harder to sell. Does he realize that his language and logic is widely considered oblique, eccentric and perhaps a put on? Such is the fate of the innovator, creator or genius—to be mistrusted for trying to articulate previously unvoiced thoughts. Though unconventional, Coleman's syntax is as expressive as his instrumental work.

Resistance to his expression has tainted the innate optimism of Ornette Coleman, who holds two ideas tenaciously: the primacy of the individual and the possibility of a perfect world modeled on musical rapport. In some of his attitudes, Ornette is specifically American, and his beliefs an extension of the theories introduced by transcendentalists Henry David Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Ornette's rigorous purity of intention, determination and audacious iconoclasm are matched by similar qualities apparent in the American music of Charles Ives, Harry Partch and John Cage.

Of course, those composers are not improvisors. And though jazz has had seminal figures who expressed themselves with uninhibited and unmistakable personal styles, few have conceptualized a society from the freedoms they discovered.

If Ornette's *hearing* (not to say vision) of the world has validity, free jazz as he posits it could succeed among any makers of music, and in fact, already exists in non-tempered musical cultures. We can all play together, and if we play with honesty, full attention and freedom, the music will coalesce as it would, naturally, had we never held any preconceptions about music at all.

Why is such involved explanation necessary when the composer claims his spontaneous expression should touch the listener directly? That's like asking why a man who believes in ego-less self-reliance and a pre-verbal utopia has businessmen protect his interests. Coleman is not naive. He shuns personal journalistic attention, doubting it confronts his *music*, yet acknowledges the value of a conversation as potentially inspirational. He is reluctant to engage in business, yet has invested money as well as hope in Artist House Records, trusting John Snyder (who produced A&M's initial Horizon releases) as an able partner with no danger of exploitation.

Coleman is not without contradictions, as would be any man who began his career as a self-educated Southwestern gutbucket blues sax soloist and became a leading exponent of music unbound. He can't maintain a working band, because he has grander ambitions and thinks he has outgrown club work and club pay. Despite academic accolades, critical respect and a Guggenheim grant, his orchestral works have excited little interest in "classical music" spheres.

But these things are clear: Ornette was not born with a golden reed in his mouth, and has labored for acceptance of his art (read A. B. Spellman's *Four Lives In The Bebop Business* for Coleman's initial struggles). If dedicated and straightforward men of business support his efforts, Ornette will have his opportunities for greater achievement and recognition. And Ornette expects no special treatment, no matter what others think of him; he yearns only



for the consideration he believes should be currency among individuals.

Ornette was interviewed in the Artist House offices, five days after his well received Carnegie concert. He had just seen Prime Time off to a European tour and would follow them the next day. Substitutes had been lined up to replace Ellerbee, who decided to work the disco infernos, and Tacuma, who reasserted religious vows which prevented him from making music. The conversation was undistracted. Ornette's eyes were alive with strained concern, his stubbly face lined and its surfaces angular; his demeanor was reserved but friendly and his speech freshly conceived, as penetrating, peculiar and, in the best sense, self-conscious as his saxophone statements.

Mandel: It's too bad you have to deal with this stuff, logistic problems and replacements.

Coleman: That's the way it is. music and other stuff is two different worlds. It costs a

lot of money to be free.

Mandel: So you're going out with James Blood Ulmer on guitar?

Coleman: I'm using him and Fred Williams, who plays acoustic and electric bass. We've got a new program, not what we played at Newport. Actually, for the first time that band I put together to play in New York (at Carnegie), we should have played earlier, not at midnight for everyone to miss. But I'll just have to get another shot at it later.

Mandel: Are you interested in performing in New York often now?

Coleman: Well, I've been in New York since 1959, and most of my musical repertoire has been written since '59, in the last 20 years. So I'd rather stay in New York. I think musicians are treated like a minority when it comes to the way things are done, survival, professionalism and all the things that make a person comfortable throughout a career. I

prefer living in New York because I find it allows me better opportunities, use of different musicians, and also it keeps my own instincts active. But it has done everything but assassinate me.

Mandel: I can see where living in New York has central value to you; what about playing here, though?

Coleman: No, no, no. Playing in New York to me has always been very good. I play at least once or twice a year in New York. I played in Carnegie Hall this year. I think the last time I played there was two or three years ago. Last year I played at Avery Fisher Hall.

The places you play in New York after you become a professional are one thing, and playing, as you say, in New York, is another. If I live in New York, I might go and play anywhere. But professionally you only play the places that provide the kind of background you need to have the kind of presentation you want. I haven't played the Metropolitan [Opera House] but maybe when I get a chance to write more music and get into opera and stuff, maybe I'll play there.

Mandel: Are you interested in writing for voice?

Coleman: All the time. Yeah . . . I'm writing a piece now called *The Oldest Language*, for 125 people, and what I want to do is to use excerpts from as many different kinds of linguistics as I can, from all the different tongues, to put them inside of the artistry as a part of the piece.

Mandel: As a setting for you as an improviser?

Coleman: No, it's an orchestra piece. I've written about it in a theory book—I know I've always said this, but some people have seen excerpts from it. I haven't been able to publish it because I haven't worked with an editor to get all of the grammar and everything . . . I want it to be understood, more than confuse. I want a non-musician reader to be able to understand what a performer will get from reading it.

Mandel: Does language stand in the way of explaining things?

Coleman: Musically I think it does. For one reason, I think the English language in America is really the street language. It's not the ancestral language of all the people. I know myself, I don't speak any other language fluently, but there are many English words that you can use that another person wouldn't understand. Also, it's hard to describe something musically just using a noun, more than the *contents* of it.

Mandel: I was surprised that in rehearsal you gave a lot of verbal directions to the musicians. I wasn't sure if they were getting closer. . . .

Coleman: That band I've had with me about three years and it's just that a person that plays with you or tries to understand, like this interview . . . when you ask a question or make a statement it's either that you know the subject that you're talking about or you're trying to express something without the persons you're talking to changing their views of it. You try to make their view of it more clear to them, so they can stay more natural, rather than to think that you're just trying to get them to repeat something to make *you* feel more secure or something.

Mandel: So you try to make sure that people absorb what you're saying. . . .

Coleman: For themselves. More than trying to be at a specific point to give *me* security. I

don't think that musical security is useful to the individual. I think that musical security is useful to the person who has responsibility and who likes to play music. But the individual is one who likes to take chances.

Mandel: This term again is musical security? I assume you are secure in that you can take those chances?

Coleman: Musical security refers to a person who enjoys reading music, a person who just wants to play [what's written]. I just got a letter from a person who was in a mental hospital or a prison saying he would like to play with me. I haven't gotten back to writing him yet, but. . . . The last time I was in Europe I played four or five mental institutions, and it was incredible. In Montebelluna, Italy, in this beautiful church, the patients and the doctors all came and sat besides each other and I played. And they *all* enjoyed it. You couldn't tell the patients from the doctors, they were

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SCIENCE FICTION—Columbia C-31061
SKIES OF AMERICA—Columbia KC-31562
TO WHOM WHO KEEPS A RECORD—Atlantic P-10085A, Japan
DANCING IN YOUR HEAD—Horizon A&M SP-722
CLOSENESS (w/Charlie Haden)—Horizon A&M SP-710
GOLDEN NUMBER (w/Charlie Haden)—Horizon A&M SP-727

all just enjoying it, you know, it was really beautiful. When I say beautiful—something was *beyond* having to worry about being a patient and a doctor. But that thought took my mind away from . . . there are lots of guys who really like to read arrangements, there are guys who like to just enjoy that. And most of those guys have really become commercially successful in a certain way. I mean, I'm sure the guys on the *Lawrence Welk Show* enjoy what they play. And they might even be listening to some of the people that *we* like. But their security doesn't allow them to take those chances, to let people know that they like someone else. . . .

Mandel: Their *need* for security?

Coleman: Yeah, that's right. But I don't think that has so much to do with music as it

has to do with the association of who you enjoy playing with, your peers.

Mandel: That's interesting. You've been associated with a fairly small group of people, with whom you've played directly. And your peers share some of your background in terms of the part of the country you're all from, and age, somewhat. But your guitar players are younger than you, and all of Prime Time, in that sense. . . .

Coleman: But I didn't ask them what was their age or anything, I was only interested in their ability to try and play, and what I could do with them musically. And I'm really very clear and sure that the time I've spent with this band, musically, has made me feel like performing with the band. I guess any person who strives to put something together wants to, enjoys, wants it to be heard. That's why I think *Body Meta* [to be released by Artist House] is, for me, a very good insight into the growth of that band.

Mandel: *Beyond Dancing In Your Head*, which is similar?

Coleman: Oh yeah. You see, in *Dancing In Your Head* I was more or less introducing several different kinds of ideas into one form of music. That's why I chose to play only one theme, to get the person listening to understand that what they were listening to was a group program, but at the same time to listen to the *individuals* mixing as a total group. On *Body Meta* I'm playing the same songs I'd play if I was playing with the rhythm quartet I brought up in '59. I'm just orchestrating that same music for the band I have now.

I always tell people I think of myself as a composer that plays. We all know that the saxophone, the trumpet and the piano have been the most dominant instruments in the music I'm supposed to be labeled as playing. But I really have always tried to write all kinds of music, like songs and symphonies and what people call classical music.

In my experience with learning how to identify something I do that other people will judge as good or bad, it has had to do more with the territory that you're being included in than with how many people actually like what you do without labeling any territory. If it's jazz or rock or classical or folk, the person who's writing a rock review or folk review or whatever review is only writing because that's the category he's writing about. He's not writing about *music*.

I found out after I left my home town and came to the big city that music wasn't the way I believed it to be when my mother told me I could buy my own horn. I picked up my horn and started to playing it the first time because I didn't know you *couldn't* do that. And then when I found out it's best to be knowing more than how good you are, it just destroyed my illusion of what music meant to people.

Mandel: You thought that music meant picking up your horn and *being* something?

Coleman: Yeah, right, and that would allow you to achieve whatever direction you would go, by how good you got. . . .

Mandel: Coming from inside, with your natural impulses on any instrument.

Coleman: Yeah, yeah, right, and I still believe that.

Mandel: And you believe that for your other musicians, at the same time?

Coleman: Yeah, and I believe that for you, and for every person. I've found out that in a world where reproduction is no more than replacement and there is supply and demand,

B. B. KING

The Mississippi Giant—Part I

BY PETE WELDING

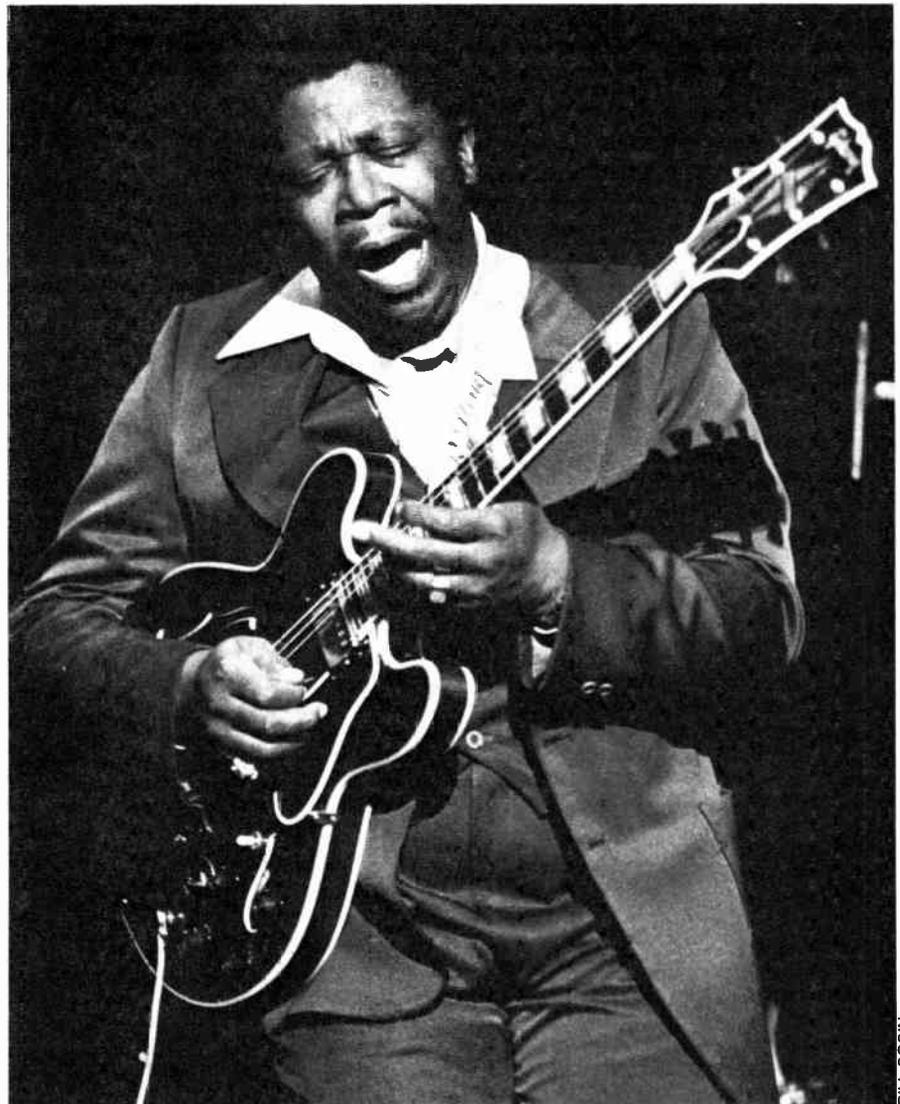
This is part one of a two-part article.

Since the end of World War II, when electric amplification of instruments gave the traditional blues of the Southern countryside an exciting new lease on life, tens of thousands of blues have been recorded by thousands of performers. Most have languished in obscurity, but a number of these singers and instrumentalists have managed to achieve notable success, commercial as well as artistic, performing and recording extensively, influencing other performers, enriching and leaving their own stamps on the musical traditions from which they have sprung and to the advancement of which they have contributed. Few, however, have had anything approaching the sustained impact and success of B. B. King. In a professional career now entering its fourth decade, the singer-guitarist has seen the blues style he developed in the late 1940s and early 50s become the universally dominating sound of the modern blues. And he, as its architect and single finest representative, has become one of the most important figures in all of blues history.

King's accomplishments and their significance are staggering by any criteria. He has become the single most popular and successful of all blues performers, with more top-selling blues and r&b recordings to his credit than any other performer of modern times, and has enjoyed in recent years a conspicuous degree of success in the wider arena of general pop music. And he has been one of the few performers to have gained this type of broad acceptance while continuing to remain fundamentally a blues performer. King occasionally has attempted nonblues material—not just in recent years but in the earlier stages of his long career as well (and largely, one suspects, at the urging of his record producers). But the real foundation—of his music and of his great success—has been the direct, earthy fundamentalism of the blues which he continues to perform with a brilliant, fervent, contemporary feeling.

King's feeling for the music is one of deep, unfeigned affection. "For us (black Americans), the blues is almost sacred," he has noted. "Like gospel music. Because it's a part of our culture, and a part of us." The key to the blues' enduring appeal is simple, he explained: "As long as you've got black people, there'll always be blues," and as for himself, King states proudly, "I don't class myself other than just a blues singer."

While his success as "just a blues singer" has been great indeed, measurable by such things as hit recordings, sustained record sales, a busy performing schedule at top venues, music poll awards and like testimonials of popularity and achievement, the extent of King's accomplishment goes far beyond such immediately tangible manifestations into the very fabric of the modern blues itself. The true



measure of his success is that King's music, born of his vision and then painstakingly worried into perfection over years of hard, meticulous work, has shaped and colored modern blues to such a degree that virtually no performer of the music since his time has escaped the pull of its pervasive influence. So powerful, richly expressive and, above all, hugely popular has been King's special handling of the blues that few have wished to escape that influence, and in one way or another every blues performer of the last quarter-century has been his heir, student or offspring.

To test the validity of this observation, one merely has to listen to the recordings of the younger, post-B. B. King generation of blues artists. Not only is his stamp everywhere present in their singing and playing but, more significant still, there has been no major stylistic development in the music since his appearance that is in any way comparable to his.

There can be little doubt that King's has been the most absorbing and widely imitated of all blues approaches brought forward in the modern (i.e., post-World War II) period of the music's development, the one that most tellingly has communicated the experience of most black Americans over the last 30 years. While other postwar blues approaches found favor with various, largely localized black audiences—in particular those of Chicago, which satisfied large numbers of newly urbanized Southern blacks who shared common backgrounds with blues performers from the same region—most such musical styles enjoyed relatively brief periods and limited degrees of success. The tempo of modern life was much too quick, the experiences too complex and the rate of change much too rapid to be mirrored, for very long at least, by approaches so firmly rooted in the black past. Which is why, I think, the blues of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Elmore

James, John Lee Hooker and other postwar performers from the Lower South, for all their strength and frequent beauty of expression, failed to sustain their initial popular acceptance. The musical impulses at the core of these approaches were too rigidly anchored in the country blues of the agrarian South to reflect much more than a transitory, early stage of the modern black experience.

On the other hand, King's approach, which utilized quite a different mix of influences than those which operated on the music of others, has had a much more universal appeal and a longer-lasting impact. While it was shaped at much the same time as were the postwar Chicago blues, his particular synthesis of traditional blues, jump band music, swing, and, to a degree, jazz and mainstream popular music has proven more expressive of postwar black culture. King's music fit better with their emerging self-identity in a period of broad, rapid cultural change and, as such, was much more immediately responsive to their needs than was the more rural-centered music of the Chicago bluesmen.

It is well known that social change is reflected, often with surprising rapidity, in a society's cultural expression. It is not so much that the artist initiates change as that through his heightened sensitivity to such tendencies already at work within his culture, he comes to early awareness of them and, if he is sufficiently adept in handling its traditional expressive forms, he articulates these new ideas in ways that are pleasing and meaningful to his contemporaries. In doing so he reduces the threat that often accompanies change in tradi-

B. B. King suffered no such decline in popularity, for his music was, to use an overburdened but applicable word, more relevant to larger numbers of blacks, and for a much longer period of time, than were the early postwar blues styles of Waters, Wolf and other country-cum-city traditionalists. This does not mean, of course, that King's was "better" or more artistically satisfying music than theirs, but merely that in a number of important, far reaching ways it was different, and significantly so. To communicate effectively in the postwar period, the blues performer had to evolve a different handling of the music's traditional forms and means if he was to successfully embody in his music the vast, rapid shifts in world-view, lifestyle, self-image, values, aspirations and all the other large and small matters brought about by the radically different pressures of modern urban life on the black American. As time has borne witness, King's music was able to do this better, more fully and satisfyingly than any other single approach devised for the blues in the postwar period.

To understand why this was so, one must examine the man, his life, music and, in particular, the various lines of influence that came together in the formation of his musical style and which set it apart from those of other postwar blues performers. It must be remembered that, like Waters, Wolf, Hooker and a large number of other early postwar blues artists, King was a native Mississippian. Born Riley B. King on September 16, 1925, on a plantation halfway between Indianola and Itta Bena in the northwestern part of the state,

called that he received \$15 per month as a farm laborer, working long hours through most of the week, attending school when he could, and walking a total of ten miles each day to reach the one-room schoolhouse in which he received such elementary schooling as he did. At the time, he related later, he was not aware of experiencing hardship.

"Now, believe me," he told writer Stanley Dance, "it was one of the happiest parts of my life because there, then, they were just simple people. . . . I had a mule and a plough when I was 12, and we used to plough six months out of the year. On the plantation, we always worked five-and-a-half days a week, usually six, and often six-and-a-half. I once tried to figure out how far I must have traveled in ten years of ploughing, six of them behind a mule. I never heard of a vacation until I left the plantation. Kids work in the South when they are not at school. We would go to school in December and January, when it was cold, but when it stopped raining we would begin working. They plant the cotton in the middle of March and when it comes up in April the kids have to start hoeing. They lay it by when it is stronger than grass, and it opens around October 5th.

"I was a very good cottonpicker. I've picked almost 500 pounds of cotton in a day, which is a lot of cotton. I was really a very good farmhand, I'm proud to say. I remember that nowadays whenever I have a big hit, remember when I earned 35 cents for picking a hundred pounds of cotton. A good cottonpicker would usually work from around nine in the morning to six in the afternoon."

"Sounds are more important to me than trying to play a lot of notes. It's like automobiles. You can have speed or economy, not both."

tional, conservative societies, thereby facilitating the process of assimilation by which such change is harmoniously integrated into the culture. While this mediatory role is only one of a number of functions through which the folk artist serves his culture, it assumes great importance during those stressful periods when change must be accommodated.

The success that a traditional artist such as the blues performer enjoys when his culture is going through a process of sustained, rapid change—such as has characterized, for black Americans, the entire period since World War II—is a direct result of how successfully his art has reconciled, with their often opposing tendencies, its past, present and, to a degree, its immediate future. Some performers, Waters, Wolf, James and Hooker among them, were able to evolve approaches that, for a time at least, effected a helpful reconciliation of past and present but were unable to incorporate into their music a vision of the future sufficiently informed or comprehensive to permit it more than a temporary acceptance. For this reason, their success was relatively short-lived. With its relentless sweep, time simply passed them by, and from the mid-1950s on their music decreasingly addressed black listeners in any meaningful way. (Fortunately for them, a number of these and like country-based blues performers were enabled to continue with their professional careers when, beginning in the early 1960s, their "discovery" by young white folk music fans opened a sizable new audience for their music.)



VERYL OAKLAND

about 125 miles south of Memphis, King is a generation younger than those performers. His childhood and early adolescence was not much different than theirs, and largely was spent in farm labor—milking cows, ploughing, hoeing, picking cotton and the like. His parents had separated when he was four, and King's mother took him with her to a community farther east, in the hilly part of the state, where the youngster remained for the next ten years.

From the age of nine, when his mother died, King was on his own, although he continued to live with and work for the white farming family that had employed his mother. He re-

After a separation of ten years, King's father located him and brought the youngster to his home in the Delta area, near where B. B. had been born 14 years earlier. At first, King said, he chafed at the loss of independence this move entailed, for he had largely been his own master for nearly five years, but he soon adjusted to the new life and family in which he found himself, his father having remarried, with several children by his new wife.

Then too, it was at this point that King discovered music. One of his aunts was married to a sanctified minister, Archie Fair, who also played guitar for church services. The youngster was drawn to the instrument and began to

teach himself to play whenever he had access to it, usually on Sunday afternoons when, following morning church services, the family members would gather at one or another's home to eat and socialize. King liked the instrument so much that he soon had made arrangements to acquire a guitar of his own, which he obtained from a friend at a cost of eight dollars, his employer taking the money in small installments from his wages. At first he confined himself to performing religious music, much of which he learned from his preacher-uncle.

"That was how my musical career began," he told Dance, "but there were no teachers of music through there that I ever heard about. Four of us boys got a little quartet together, but I wasn't interested in blues then. I always thought I might be able to get somewhere in the spiritual field. The Golden Gate Quartet were our idols, and we'd hear them on the radio. I learned by just watching and listening to that preacher play. I kept fooling with the guitar and I learned three chords. It seemed as though I could sing almost anything with those three chords, like 1, 4 and 5."

Despite his fondness for spirituals and other religious music to which he had gravitated, King was exposed to the recordings of some of the great early blues performers. "About the time when I started playing guitar, I had a young aunt who was just like the teenagers of today—you know, buying all the popular records. And that's how I heard blues people like Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lonnie Johnson and Robert Johnson. Out of her record collection, Blind Lemon came to be one of the guys who would stay with me all the time."

In addition to this introduction to blues, King recalled meeting various local and visiting performers from whom he learned additional guitar technique. "I began to run into different guys who were playing guitar," he reported, "and I'd ask them things. I met Robert 'Junior' Lockwood and Sonny Boy Williamson, and it was Sonny Boy who later gave me my first break. The work scene was fairly plentiful. They'd play the plantation halls and joints where a lot of gambling went on. The men who ran them would hire any name that would bring the people in. Those that danced went into the dancehall part, and those that wanted to gamble went to the other. A guy who could draw could easily get a guarantee of two or three hundred dollars, because the man who had the joint could probably make that much at the door, plus his gambling. Sometimes they'd have a trio, and sometimes it might be Sonny Boy alone—and you'd be surprised how they'd dance to just him and his harmonica.

"A lot of times, when guys like Sonny Boy came to Indianola, I wouldn't have any money, but I'd try to slip in. I'd have to walk there, and we lived eight miles out of town. You might be lucky enough to get a ride to town, but you'd have to walk back that night. Johnny Jones had a nightclub there, and he was really the guy who kept the Negro neighborhood alive by steadily bringing people in, like Louis Jordan, who was real popular during this period, around 1939. So was Charles Brown. Johnny Jones was a very nice fellow, and he knew the guys on the plantations didn't have any money during the week, but he would often let us in and we would pay him off when we came in Saturday."

When World War II commenced King was inducted into the U.S. Army, but following training at Camp Shelby and a brief stay at

Fort Benning, Ga. he was sent back to Mississippi where he spend the duration of his military service as a tractor driver on a large farming plantation. "It was a funny thing, but it was when I went into the Army that I started singing blues. A lot of fellows seemed to get religious and sing spirituals when they got in there, but me, I didn't. When I got home I realized a lot of fellows were making a living singing the blues, but my people were very religious and I was afraid to sing the blues around the house. My aunt . . . would get angry with anyone singing the blues. I would have to do that away from the house, but I found later on that people seemed to like my singing and playing."

It was during the war years that King was introduced to the recordings of several instrumentalists whose styles were to exert strong influences on the shaping of his own approach to blues guitar. Among these were several jazz performers. "I heard Charlie Christian," King recalled, "and this is when I began to get kind of acquainted with jazz. This is when he was with Benny Goodman. And at the same time, I used to listen to Jimmy Rushing with Count Basie. So you see the link? By listening to them, I began to get interested in big bands.

"Then a buddy of mine, who was in France, heard Django Reinhardt and he brought back some records with him. So Django became an idol of mine, along with Blind Lemon, Lonnie Johnson, Charlie Christian—and, oh yeah, I remember one Saturday night when I came to town—you know, after you worked all week on the plantation, Saturday night was our little bit of outlet—I heard an electric guitar that *wasn't* playing spirituals. It was T-Bone Walker doing *Stormy Monday*, and that was the prettiest sound I think I ever heard in my life. That's what *really* started me to want to play the blues. And of course I was crazy about Oscar Moore, and then I heard Johnny Moore, and that did it!"

It was about this time that King began to perform in public, although in deference to his relatives' feelings about blues singing, he chose not to perform in the immediate area but traveled to adjacent towns in the Mississippi countryside. "I would work all the week and sometimes on a Saturday I would have eight or ten dollars. I would take this money and buy me a ticket to the nearest little town, me and the guitar. I would go to this little town and stand on the corners and play. The people seemed to like it and they would tip me a nickel, a dime or a quarter. That sort of thing is still done in the South. Sometimes on a Saturday I'd visit three or four towns, sometimes as far away as 40 miles from where I lived, and sometimes I'd come home with maybe 25 or 30 dollars. So I found I made more in that one day than I had in the whole week. The money was nice, but that wasn't all of it to me. I wanted to do it, and it made me feel good that they enjoyed listening to me."

King followed this practice for several years immediately following the end of the war, his skills growing along with his confidence in his abilities to entertain. Finally, he felt he was ready to test himself on the busy musical scene of Memphis. Every important musician of the Lower South had gravitated to this city since the early days of the century and, as a result, it supported a large, competitive musical activity in which virtually every black musical style could be heard. In 1947 King, with a friend, hitch-hiked from Indianola to Memphis, where he soon found employment and located his cousin, Bukka White.

One of the great rural blues performers, White was 16 years older than King and already had made a number of recordings in classic Mississippi Delta blues style. He made his first records for Victor in 1930, when he was 20, and seven years later recorded several titles for Vocalion, one of which, *Shake 'Em On Down*, became something of a hit and soon became one of the music's standard, much-recorded pieces. Following this, White was sentenced to a term of imprisonment at Mississippi's Parchman Farm, where he recorded two titles for a Library of Congress field recording team headed by folklorist John A. Lomax. On his release from the prison farm the singer-guitarist undertook a marvelous session of 12 titles for Vocalion in March of 1940, on some of which he was accompanied by Washboard Sam, but most of which found the singer underscoring and punctuating his dark, deeply emotional singing and highly personal lyrics with powerfully percussive, antiphonal guitar work of great drive, complexity and sensitivity. The performances remain among the great landmark recordings of the country blues.

The two men began spending time together, the young performer learning a great deal from the older man. King described White as one of his major influences, adding, "The older people know him, just as they know Big Maceo, Tampa Red and Leroy Carr. A lot of the singers who were based in Chicago toured the South, because that was where the best audience was. The blues-minded people were mostly those who were born and raised down there. They did more for the artist than the Northern cities. These people brought their ideas of how it should be, and usually their records, when they came north. Then, too, guys like Blind Lemon came to Chicago, but they would usually go back.

"Bukka was a lot older than me, and he used to record. He had a steel bar he would put on his finger, and the sound he'd get from the strings with it would go all through me. I never could do that, but I learned to trill my hand, and with the help of the amplifier I could sustain a tone. Sounds are more important to me than trying to play a lot of notes. It's like automobiles. You can have speed or economy, not both."

Years later King described the impact Memphis made on him, a young man newly arrived from the country. "Beale Street isn't what it used to be, and it was really Beale Avenue, not Beale Street. It's about a quarter-mile long, ten or 12 blocks, from the river to the east. I remember when Handy's Park used to be like a circus. Beale Street runs along its south side, Third Street on the west, and Hernando on the east. There used to be parties, jug bands, and everything going on there, something in each corner, but the crowd usually ended up with the blues singers. It wasn't like a theater with the names up outside. There you had to be heard, and whenever a fellow got to feeling good, there all the people would go. But it got to be so noisy that the all-white police ran the cats out. They were attracting so much attention that they were tying up traffic on Third Street, which is a main thoroughfare. They still tried, and some days good policemen would let them carry on a while. Another park they used to settle in was Church Park, in the Negro part [of town].

"When I came there, Beale Street had already changed some, and there weren't so many places to play as they claim there used

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"As far as my music being more or less pop, if pop means popular then I'm really getting to be more popular. But I've never changed the quality of the music. I love what I do and I love the musicians that play with me."

FLORA PURIM *Flying High On Freedom*

BY HERB NOLAN

Until this moment Flora Purim is high on laughter and that special warmth and exuberance that floods her music and makes it uniquely her own. But then the subject comes up with the inevitability of coughing in a room choked with cigar smoke: *The United States wants to deport Flora Purim as an undesirable alien*. Suddenly light as a feather turns to stone and tumbles back to earth.

When she talks about what may be coming, her voice goes flat and dead; it all comes back—the trial, the drug conviction and the year and a half she spent in jail on Terminal Island. Besides music, the future now holds an immigration hearing. Flora keeps calling it a "trial" because that's what it is to her, another trial with strangers probing her life and trying to decide if she is a good person. She knows that if she is deported to her native Brazil she could only return via special visa conditions, if at all.

"I have an American daughter, she was born in New York," Flora is saying in her hotel room while waiting to be summoned to the club where she is performing for a sound check. "I don't feel I have the right to remove her from the country she was born in just because I have a problem. I have to make a decision whether I am going to separate from my family or my family is going to stop being and follow me wherever I go. It's hard because it is dealing with the emotions of a lot of people, not just mine, and they are going to be forced to make a decision.

"I already spent time in jail, I'm off probation, and I just don't feel they should hassle me any more. Also I feel I am making a good contribution to the arts—I am learning in this country I love so much, but I am giving too.

"I feel just like I am going to trial again . . . wait a minute, why am I going to trial again?"

Flora Purim says her prison experience affected her whole outlook on life. But now, after being out for almost two years, she feels she has returned to reality. "I feel more mature. Sometimes I get a little bothered by the past, but as soon as I start thinking about it I knock it off because that won't help me, it won't help nobody."

But then the humor comes back as if the worst wind-driven rain could never wash it away and a playful light flashes in her eyes.

"These people on immigration, they don't hear music. I think they get off on playing golf or something like that. They don't understand that music is one of the most integrated art forms."

What Flora Purim meant is that music transcends social and ethnic boundaries, affecting all sorts of people. What she could just as easily have said is that her music is as integrated an art as one is likely to find. It doesn't lend itself well to labels. The roots are Brazilian, but the branches cover jazz, pop and rock.



VERYL OAKLAND

Flora doesn't necessarily consider herself a jazz singer in the sense that Sarah Vaughan is a jazz singer. But she is a pure and authentic improviser who draws from the rich melodic and rhythmic reservoir of contemporary Brazilian music.

Her feelings about the wide range of music that today falls under the label of jazz are simple: "I feel great about it because I fit in. I also feel responsible for one of the branches. I know there are a lot of great Brazilian composers and singers—Milton Nascimento is one of my favorites—but I feel I have done a lot to bring this music to jazz. My musical roots are Brazilian but the progressions are jazz as well as Brazilian. It's not more jazz or more Brazilian, it's everything."

Flora's hotel room has suddenly gotten to be like trying to catch a taxi cab in a rainstorm. Three interviews are going on at once and the road manager keeps reminding everybody that the sound check is imminent—everyone in this limited universe wants Flora's

attention.

She's just gotten off the phone with an interviewer from Cincinnati and decides to explain what the conversation was like since it said a lot about how people relate to her music.

"I was talking to this guy and he's a 57-year-old jazz fan and he couldn't label my music—one of those. He wanted me to compare Ella Fitzgerald and Michael French, which you can't because they are two different kinds of music. You might say they are sort of in the same field because jazz has broadened so much since the fusion thing. I think fusion is great because it has increased the quality of the music—jazz and rock and funk jazz and Brazilian jazz and whatever. Anyway, this guy was very conservative in the way he was approaching me and my music; he thought I didn't know anything about music. So he started asking me technical questions—musical questions—so I asked him if he was a musician and he said yes, he played piano and synthesizer and blah, blah, blah. He ran down his

ROSWELL RUDD

Transmission From The Soul

BY BRET PRIMACK

For trombonist and composer Roswell Rudd, the road to recognition has been rocky. When he arrived in New York City 20 years ago, after working his way through Yale in a dixieland band, Rudd played in groups with Steve Lacy, Milford Graves and Archie Shepp. Some called their music *avant garde*. Others said it was angry noise. But undaunted, Rudd and his cohorts kept creating, even though there was little work to support their efforts. Refusing to compromise, Rudd drove a cab. But finally, in search of stability, he turned to teaching.

On the eve of his 43rd birthday, the bearded trombone titan has just begun his third year as an instructor with the popular music program at the University of Maine; however, between classes, he has continued to play gigs worldwide. Last summer, he toured with Carla Bley, recording the album *The Carla Bley Band Live In Europe 1977* (Watt 8). This summer, he criss-crossed Europe with Enrico Rava, also finding the time to lead his own group and make an album for Black Saint, the Italian label.

During this year's Newport Festival, he made one of his infrequent New York appearances, at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, with a group of young musicians from Maine: David Hill on bass, Steve McLean on guitar and Mike Barton on drums. Before Rudd's return to the Pine Tree State, we hooked up. He spoke enthusiastically about them.

"They play with a beautiful, bright kind of energy. It's not a mean energy, you could call it a happy energy. They're not too strong as soloists yet, but they play lovely accompaniment. They're really an inspiration because there's nobody to play with in Maine. I didn't expect to find the kind of musicians you have here; well-seasoned, hip, mature, with their shit together. It's not like that at all. Up there, everything you do, it's starting from zero with whatever and whoever it is, and trying to make it grow. Which is a little different from what I was into in New York. I was never involved with really young musicians. The people I played with were about the same age I was, and in the same predicament—fighting it out here. So this has been a nice thing for me. I'm 42 now, and I'm playing with people who are 18, 19 years old. It's a gas! I've been able to pick up on their millenium. It's good 'cause

24 □ down beat



I need that. I can give something in return for what they're giving. It's a nice kind of exchange.

"In New York, if it appears you've been systematically blocked from doing your thing, it can be a tremendous drain on your energy. New York gives you a lot of energy, but if you don't have a place to put it, it can short-circuit. It can become a drain and waste you. Moving to Maine was a culture shock for about a year. We were pretty badly shaken for a while. It's very different from the life that I had here, but we've made the adjustment. We miss New York and when we come back, it's like we never left. It's just that we're not ready for it like we were before. Maine is a big state, thinly populated. It really hasn't changed much in the past 200 years. When you go up there, it's like going back in time.

"Before I started teaching at Augusta, a community college branch of the University of Maine, I was just fighting for survival here in New York. I had been into a lot of cab driving and part time teaching. You know, hand to mouth. It was beginning to become more than I could sustain. Economically, I was just going under, further and further and there was no way to pull it out. So I started sending resumes

around. Going to the *New York Times* every Sunday. Finally, after about a year of doing that, because the competition for any kind of job now, particularly teaching jobs, is really fierce, I finally lucked out and got this position with the popular music program. Prior to my being there, there was a guy named Willie Maiden [the composer, arranger, and tenor saxist with Maynard Ferguson]. He died of cancer about two years ago and they needed somebody to fill his position. My musical experience was what they were looking for. I didn't have a masters or a Ph.D. It was enough to have a bachelors degree and a lot of experience on the street and on the road, concertizing, recording, developing a style, etc.

"Before, I taught part time at Bard College for five years. I was teaching a lot of students for little money with no hope of getting a better salary or moving my rank up. I taught an ensemble workshop. I took all the students who weren't into the strict classical approach. A lot of people have told me it was one of the best things they did there. I also taught a course in ethnomusicology."

Ethnomusicology? "Yeah. That's any music other than Western art music. It's what's left out in the traditional conservatory ap-

proach. Although now, at places like Manhattan School of Music and Juilliard, they're studying African rhythm and Balinese gamelan, Indian music from North America and East India. They're starting to realize that there's a world of music, that this planet is filled with human beings and that all of them have some kind of musical expression. The communications process through the electronic media have speeded up the fourth and fifth dimensions to a point where it's possible for a person in New York City, through tapes and recordings, to listen to music from all over the world, from the Amazon jungles, from the Malaysian highlands, to newly discovered ancient tribes in the Philippines. All of this stuff is available to people now. It's not like being there and having it performed in its natural habitat, but it is something. Before, there wasn't anything like this. So now, even the academies have had to open their eyes to the fact that Africa is the cradle of civilization. The music there is two million years old. They've been doing it for a long time and they've developed it to the point of sophistication far beyond the European art music, which until recently was considered the zenith of human music creativity. Not so. Now it has to be treated on an equal basis with everything. When you go to a conservatory, they only deal with about one percent of the music that's being made. During my education, that door was closed to me. I'm talking about a cross-cultural view of music.

"At the program in Augusta, we have about 110 students and four full time faculty people. It's easy to understand that we all teach everything in the two year program. Anybody that goes there has a teacher/student relationship with all four of us, at one time or another. Our instructors: Chuck Winfield, who used to play with BS&T, is like a first trumpeter. He knows all about the business of group precision in music. He's a great conductor too. He's a precision man and you have to respect that. He's very heavily into that. Bob Mosely is first of all a classical flute player but he's spent a lot of years in jazz studies researching the music. He has fantastic taste and knowledge of jazz and popular music. Tom Hoffman is a jazz guitarist, a classical guitarist and sort of a third stream composer. Myself, I'm probably the heaviest improviser there. That's the other thing that's needed, although I teach everything. I'm concentrating on composition, theory and ensembles, but I've come to emphasize, more and more, the two things that are called ear training and improvisation. It seems that my whole teaching, regardless of what area I'm teaching in, is based on those two aspects of music learning.

"At the University, for the past two years, I've also been reading everything I could get my hands on about acoustics. Everything about ear perception and the relationship between the ear, the environment, the sound source and what the ear does with sound, how sound is transmitted to the brain and how the brain feeds it to the body and back out again. I've got some brilliant students working with me on my research and soon I'm coming out with the results, *The Physics And Psychology Of The Chromatic Hexachord*, a study of the physics of intervals in equal temperament, the six primary intervals.

"All of my studies on acoustics have really helped me in the music. It's the one thing I never really got around to. I did a lot of research in ethnomusicology and Western music with European instruments and even exotic

instruments, but it's not until now that I've gotten around to looking at the science of hearing. I think everybody should start with that. Starting with learning about human perception would be a great way to begin a study of music. The nature of sound, learning about frequencies from zero to infinity and finding out where the human ear stands in relation to all of this. I really think it would be worth it, if you're going to study music, to start off just with that. Learning how to hear, what hearing is all about, what sound is all about. . . .

"Frequencies exist in the cosmos that run from zero to infinity. Human ear perception—as far as pitch goes, not feeling, I'm talking about pitch identification—runs from about 15 cycles to 20,000 cycles. So 99% of the sound that's happening in the universe and the cosmos is not perceived by the human ear. However, studies on sound indicate that sound is air pressure, various frequencies of air pressure transmitted to the inner ear by the eardrums and put through a fluid. They finally arrive at a very sensitive piece of skin in the cochlea called the basilar membrane. It's a very, very sensitive piece of skin, like a mucous membrane. So skin is the way we perceive sound. The frequencies below 15 cycles, down to zero, the earthquake frequencies, and the chemical, molecular and atomic frequencies that run into the billions of vibrations a second, we do not perceive aurally. But we do perceive it through the skin. This may have a lot to do with what's called 'feeling' in music. However, a musician has got to deal with what can be perceived through the ear, 15 to 20,000 cycles, if he's going to play notes. I don't care whether they're tempered or not. That's the range he's got to deal with and the more I study acoustics, the better I am able to

provision on the french horn. To really create jazz on the french horn, you got to be Willie Ruff, you need to be a virtuoso just in terms of playing the horn.

"After I picked up the trombone, I worked it out pretty much by myself. I've had some good teachers all along the way, for short periods of time, who gave me a lot of stuff to do and I've sort of done it in my own time, so I can't say I'm totally self-taught, but I can say I'm more self-taught than somebody with a classical background. In a few years, I may be able to afford to study and learn classical trombone. Most trombone players are classically trained.

"I loved to play as a kid. I related strongly to the sounds and the experience of playing with a band. My family moved a lot but wherever we moved, I would look around the neighborhood to find kids that played instruments and put some kind of band together, playing after school, out on the front yard, marching around the neighborhood, improvising or playing sheet music, whatever it was."

After high school, Rudd attended Yale University. "For four years I learned the academic view of European music history, how to notate, and a few things about orchestration and the theory of European music. I should have studied acoustics, but they didn't teach it and I wasn't aware of it. I think whatever I did in the way of music myself was done by way of two very excellent local players in New Haven, Vernon Viddle and John 'The Count' Steadwell, two very good keyboard men who taught me a lot about improvising from chord changes and notating structures. Thanks to people like them, I was able to apply some of my academic learning; otherwise, I think it would have been a totally wasted experience.

"I've seen it happen with a lot of people—their ideas were so heavy that they found a way to make the sound, even without a traditional knowledge of the instrument."

deal with that limitation in terms of hearing perception. Before, it was a matter of intuition. It still is to a large extent, but with something as infinite as music, you can spend your whole life on it and never find enough ways to deal with it. There's an infinite number of ways just to look at a single note."

After pausing for a glass of grape juice, Rudd reflected on his early days in music. "My father was an amateur trap drummer who had a dozen very nice jazz records when I was growing up, back in the late '30s. He would drum after supper, playing Jelly Roll Morton or Louis Armstrong, drum after dinner, and when he got up in the morning, he would drum again and get us all up with the music. My mother played piano and my grandmother sang descant in the church choir, kind of like what Cat Anderson did with Duke Ellington, only vocally. When the congregation or the choir sang hymns on Sunday, she would get over the top of it and scream up there. It was fantastic.

"I started playing french horn when I was 12, but there weren't any french horns on the records my father had, and that's where I was really coming from. Tricky Sam, Jack Teagarden and those people were on these records, so I got with the trombone. The french horn was too rough. At the time, I didn't have the kind of control it would take to play the french horn in swing improvisation. I think you've got to be a John Clark to do swing im-

But I understand now that Yale has changed quite a bit. They do have Duke Ellington records in the library and stuff like that. They've got a course in African music. That's the way it should be, but it wasn't happening when I was there, from '54 to '58. I also played with a dixieland band on weekends and I paid for my education with that. It was a lot of traveling for not much money, but we did it a lot and that made enough bucks to put me through school."

Also to Rudd's advantage was New Haven's proximity to New York. "I probably spent as much time in New York as I did at college. I just had to come to New York to hear the music. Birdland was happening, Bird before '55 was happening, Dizzy, Miles, Cecil. Cecil did his first job at the old Five Spot in the fall of '55 with Steve Lacy, Buell Neidlinger and Dennis Charles. And Monk was also around, trying to be recognized to the limited extent that he is recognized. There were also big bands, like Basie and great singers to be heard."

After graduation he came right down. "I already had a loft down here and I just moved into it after I left college. I knew a few dixieland players here, and through my connections with them, I was able to get a few gigs doing that. It was in the course of these dixieland gigs that I ran into Herbie Nichols. He was the guy who, in one lesson, in one hour, obliterated four years in an Ivy League college

RECORD REVIEWS

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

FREDDIE HUBBARD

SUPER BLUE—Columbia JC 35386: *Super Blue; To Her Ladyship; Take It To The Ozone; The Gospel Truth; The Surest Things Can Change; Theme For Kareem*.

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet and fluegel horn; Joe Henderson, tenor sax; Hubert Laws, flute; George Benson, guitar (track 2 only); Kenny Barron, piano and electric piano; Ron Carter, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

* * * 1/2

Apparently Freddie Hubbard has realized the errors of his recent recorded ways. However, despite the well orchestrated publicity, he still hasn't arrived at a musical satori. *Super Blue* is certainly Freddie's best album in some time. The cast of characters is excellent, and the playing is of a consistently high order, but Freddie Hubbard is not yet tuned into a distinctive personal format. As much as there is to dig about *Super Blue*, it still exhibits a calculated trendiness.

First of all, Hubbard should give up his attempts at rock. Not that rock is inferior music or anything like that—it's just that Hubbard can't cut it. Herbie Hancock's rock went gold while Hubbard's floundered because it was a natural progression for the pianist; he had been working out jazz-rock fertilizations all during the '60s. On the title cut, Ron Carter lays down a funky backbeat on a phase-shifted bass as the horns announce the gentle bluesy theme. Jack DeJohnette's drumming sends off fireworks in every direction even as he holds down the basic pulse, but Hubbard's solo, though technically assured, seems codified; all of his grand effects—the liquid smears, velvet tone, supersonic triplets and biting high notes—are in evidence, but what he lacks is a sense of how to phrase and build a melody over a rock beat. Miles spent years altering his trumpet attack, experimenting with electronics to bring the trumpet closer to the slashing sound of an electric guitar, editing his technique and devising harmonic and rhythmic structures. This allowed him to still be Miles, yet come up with new configurations of rock melodies, rhythms and textures. One does not sense that determination in Hubbard.

It is on the jump numbers *Take It To The Ozone* and *Theme For Kareem* that the listener hears the energy and sincerity of Freddie Hubbard. The stop and go theme on *Take It To The Ozone* is redolent of pianist Lamont Johnson's composition *Big Ben's Voice* (from Jackie McLean's '60s Blue Note recording *Bout Soul*). There is a furious immediacy to DeJohnette's drum breaks and the elastic bass lines of Ron Carter. Kenny Barron is the first to tackle the obstacle course and he builds bright single lines and ringing blues chords into a fine solo. Hubbard follows with a galloping solo: short vulcanized bursts of brass leading to sinuous lines and volleys of notes, and concluding in a seam-splitting scream. Joe Henderson's solo

reaffirms the conviction that he is one of the great tenor saxophone stylists of our time; his tone is burnished and muscular, and he has a loping lyrical conception. *Theme For Kareem* is just as fiery, but the accent is on a more blues-tinged soloing, with particularly fine statements from Henderson and Carter.

To Her Ladyship is a silk-gloved Latin ballad with electric piano backing and smooth ensemble counterpoint by Hubbard and Henderson. Hubbard displays a bumble bee fluency on fluegelhorn, and George Benson's bold melodic assurance makes one yearn to hear more of him in an improviser's setting. *The Surest Things Can Change* is a vintage CTI mood piece (you can decide if that is good or bad) with nice flute work from Hubert Laws, while the *Gospel Truth* is a nondescript blues.

Freddie Hubbard the improviser is well represented by *Super Blue*. The album contains some of his best playing since the Blue Note days, yet some of the music has a self-assured superficiality. Hubbard is on the right track, but he needs even more challenging settings so that he can bring his total musical outlook to the Olympian level of his horn playing. —stern

JEREMY STEIG/ EDDIE GOMEZ

OUTLAWS—Inner City IC 3015: *Outlaws; Autumn Comes/Autumn Leaves; Arioso; Night Mare; Nardis*.

Personnel: Steig, flutes; Gomez, acoustic bass.

* * * *

Jeremy Steig and Eddie Gomez have a long history that gives their musical collaborations a special dimension. In 1967, they worked together in the pioneer jazz-rock group, *Jeremy and the Satyrs* (check out *Jeremy & The Satyrs*—Reprise RS 6282). They also collaborated with Bill Evans in the memorable *What's New* (Verve V6-8777). In addition, there have been numerous gigs and recordings in a wide variety of contexts.

For *Outlaws*, Steig and Gomez have the stage to themselves. Recorded live at Die Glocke in Bremen, West Germany, in December, 1976, the session catches the special magic of that oscillating feedback loop created by empathic interactions between superb performers and a sensitive audience.

The title track opens with a Steig monologue which demonstrates the flutist's unique attributes. Perhaps because of his background as a graphic artist, Steig has an unusual sensitivity to the flute's timbral dimensions. In fact, he is one of the instrument's master colorists.

Steig's playing is also distinguished by incredibly high levels of energy. *Autumn Leaves*, an old Steig favorite, includes a brilliant series of increasingly explosive bursts. The flutist also has a lyrical side. In *Night Mare*, Steig's moody nocturnal gestures are perfectly balanced with ominous flurries.

Gomez, for years a mainstay of the Bill Evans Trio, deploys his big tone and technical finesse with taste and precision. His showcase is *Arioso*, a reflective meditation. In his "singing" arco episodes, he articulates stately melodic arcs of heroic proportions.

Nardis takes the duo to rarefied heights. Gomez opens with freely spaced reverberating pools of electronically processed sound. A vamp cues in Steig for the head at a bright medium pace. Sailing in and out of the changes and pulse with frenzied abandon, the flutist utilizes his entire repertory of techniques. Gomez supports with authoritative walking and then launches into a virtuoso solo combining a constant pedal, powerful double stops and zingy plucking. —berg

ZOOT SIMS/JIMMY ROWLES

IF I'M LUCKY—Pablo 2310 803: *Where Our Love Has Gone; Legs; If I'm Lucky; Shadow Waltz; You're My Everything; It's All Right With Me; Gypsy Sweetheart; I Hear A Rhapsody*.

Personnel: Sims, tenor sax; Rowles, piano; George Mraz, bass; Mousie Alexander, drums.

* * * * 1/2

This will be a surprising album for anyone who has followed Zoot Sims' career over the last ten or 15 years. Sims began as a disciple of the chrome-plated Lester Young school along with Stan Getz, Al Cohn and several other key second generation players. All created personal styles within the Lestorian model. Sims seemed to swing by instinct from the start. In recent years, about the only thing that's changed has been his sound. We've grown accustomed to hearing characteristic Sims' phrases and lines cast in an increasingly husky, robust tone.

Well, that's the surprise here. His sound is startlingly even and smoothed out, almost a throwback to the coolest Sims sessions of the early '50s. It's a sound that complements his long, graceful sense of time and form to perfection. It also makes this his finest album thus far for Pablo, and among the best of his career. Mousie Alexander's drumming is swift and tight on *It's All Right*, using choked cymbal accents—a trademark of his. He's also been very well recorded. His bass accents have a natural reverberation to them too often lost in modern, rock-minded miking.

Zoot's co-star, Jimmy Rowles, the consummate accompanist, is playful, clever, imaginative and perceptive, but rarely swinging. It matters little, however. Sims carries this one easily. —mcdonough

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS

LIFEA BLINEC—Arista Novus AN 3000: *Bud P.; Lifea Blinec; Ja Do Thu; Duo 1; Duo 2*.

Personnel: Abrams, piano, percussion, voice, synthesizer; Joseph Jarman, soprano sax, alto sax, bass sax, voice, bassoon, alto clarinet, flute, percussion; Douglas Ewart, Bb clarinet, bass clarinet, flute, bassoon, soprano sax, alto sax, tenor sax, African flute, percussion, voice; Amina Claudine Myers, piano, percussion, voice; Thurman Barker, trap drums, percussion, marimba, tympani, bells.

* * * 1/2

Muhali Richard Abrams' *Lifea Blinec* is one of the major recording disappointments of 1978, a sprawling, uneven collage of pretense and polyphony. Abrams probably has more pianistic and historical resources at hand than anyone in jazz (I say jazz for lack of a better word), yet he has chosen to make an album that will be largely inaccessible except to those few who are plugged in to the hiposity of it all. A case in point is the title track, which contains a lot of theatrical posturing and

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sophomoric commentary ("are you hip to the trip-out?"), as well as the usual dosage of saxophone honk, honk, honk, growl—all of which is supposed to be pretty funny, but will probably not be to you, unless of course you are part of the in crowd.

It must be stated that the AACM-Midwestern school of music has created a lot of daring, innovative sounds in the post-Coltrane era, and has been the recipient of some wildly enthusiastic press. However, many of these writers have been engaged in what J. R. Taylor called 'river-boating'—that is seeking to anticipate or build momentum for a musical trend. All critics engage in this practice to one degree or another, but to consider every superficial honk or posture great art does a disservice to listeners (who will either ignore such music entirely or docilely accept it all as being divine inspiration), and an even greater disservice to the artists themselves (who risk believing their own press clippings).

For example, take drummer Thurman Barker. He has a formidable rudimentary technique, but he plays with more hands than heart as on his long dull drum feature *Ja Do Thu*; on *Bud P.*, he can't make up his mind whether to swing or not to swing (which is very likely the whole idea) and his free accenting lacks the grace of a Sonny Murray or the drive of Tony Williams.

Lifea Blinec has its moments: the thematic material on *Bud P.*, with some excellent horn work by Jarman and Ewart, and Abrams' propulsive walking bass lines; the exhilarating stride section on *Lifea Blinec*; Barker's lovely marimba and bell accents on the piano feature *Duo 1*. But the sum total of the music is less than its parts. The pity of it all is that Abrams should produce such an album as a debut on the otherwise distinguished Arista-Novus label (with its promotional and distribution muscle).

Abrams is an inspiring pianist, but *Lifea Blinec* is more effort than it's worth. For a better look at Abrams, listeners are advised to check out the Delmark recordings, his superb duets with bassist Malachi Favors and Anthony Braxton. Or just wait for his next Arista-Novus recording. —stern

ETTA JAMES

DEEP IN THE NIGHT—Warner Bros. 3156: *Laying Beside You; Piece of My Heart; Only Women Bleed; Take It To The Limit; Deep In The Night; Lovesick Blues; Strange Man; Sugar On The Floor; Sweet Touch Of Love; Blind Girl.*

Personnel: James, vocals; Cornell Dupree, lead guitar; Larry Carlton, rhythm guitar; Chuck Rainey, bass; Brian Ray, slide guitar; Richard Tee, piano and organ; Jeff Porcaro, drums; Keith Johnson, electric piano; Tom Roady, percussion; Plas Johnson, Jim Horn, sax solos; Alexander Hamilton, Merry Clayton, Joyce Austin, Gilbert Ivey, Reuben Franklin, Henry Jackson, background vocals.

To producer Jerry Wexler's credit, joyously careful concern for repertoire, arrangements and supportive musicians frame Etta James' fine performance on her Warner debut. After years of singing and a scud of Argo-Cadet-Chess r&b albums, Etta is getting the production worthy of a first line artist. Wexler, of course, is the man who put together many of Aretha's finest sessions and has utilized key members of the old Atlantic gang.

It's a crack band—Dupree is at his best filling obliquo space, Tee's touches are well-placed, Rainey is supremely adaptable, and Porcaro drives a fine groove. The song choices are commercially apt—but what's remarkable is Etta's exceptional ability to get

close to her material, even if it's been strongly associated with other artists.

Alice Cooper's malevolent, ironic lyrics to *Bleed* become compassionate and committed when delivered by Etta. She recasts *Piece* as Janis Joplin would have, had she had a second chance. *Take It* is now effectively Etta's own—she takes it past the Eagles' limit. Only Kiki Dee's ballad *Sugar* is a loser, dripping too slowly for Etta's internal swing to comfortably match.

Etta mines the exuberant traces of *Laying* and the *Blues*, and her quietly dramatic recitation leads into the affecting title track. But the showpiece is *Blind Girl*, the album's closer, a wailing wall of sound built around a torchy notion. Her voice is heavy with sadness, at times coarse, but always warm, dark and deep. Her repeated moans are explosive, her "yeahs" seductive, her long rolling stream of words an artistic climax.

Such singing places her in the tradition of the gutwrenching woman vocalists, the ones who can find the bedrock emotion that underlies even the most mediocre lyrics. Etta thanks her husband Sam on the liner notes for interpreting the songs for her, and we hope that Wexler and Warner will further aid Etta in her journey back into the limelight. —mandel

JOHN LEE HOOKER

THE CREAM—Tomato 2-7009: *Hey, Hey; Rock Steady; Tupelo; You Know It Ain't Right; She's Gone; T. B. Sheets; Sugar Mama; One Room Country Shack; Drug Store Woman; I Want You To Roll Me; Bar Room Drinking; Little Girl; Louise; When My First Wife Left Me; Boogie On.*

Personnel: Hooker, vocal, guitar; John Garcia, Jr., Ron Thompson, guitars; Pete Karnes or Charlie Muselwhite, harmonica; Mike Milwood, bass; Larry Martin or Ken Swank, drums.

This double LP set of location recordings made during a September, 1977, engagement at the Keystone in Palo Alto, Calif., is not the first "live" recording the veteran bluesman has made, but it is among the better ones. It catches him and his current group, the Coast To Coast Blues Band, at close to top form, Hooker singing well and the band backing him sympathetically and responsively, with little of the raggedness or tentativeness that has marred a number of his band-accompanied efforts of the last decade or so. Lead guitarist John Garcia especially impresses with his generally tasteful fills and solos and the entire band, in fact, supports the singer admirably, if somewhat cautiously.

What is missing, however, is the raw, dark, smoldering power that made Hooker's early, often solo, recordings among the most exciting and gripping blues performances of the postwar period. But that crude, asymmetric, sheerly powerful approach, rooted in the rural blues practices of his native Mississippi countryside, has long since given way to the more polished, regularized format he increasingly has followed over the last ten or more years. In striving for a smooth, tight ensemble sound, such as characterizes these performances, it was perhaps inevitable that Hooker's music would lose much of its distinctive, idiosyncratic character. That's definitely the case here: Hooker's guitar and to a lesser extent his voice, all former rawness and rough edges removed, meld perfectly with the backing the band furnishes him. Still—and this is crucial, I think—this ensemble homogeneity, attractive as it undoubtedly is, has been achieved at the expense of much of the spontaneity and expressive freedom that charged his early, more

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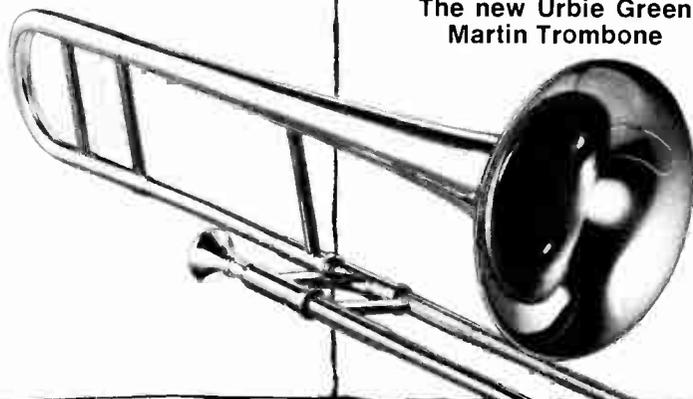
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overtly country-oriented approach with such immense excitement, urgency and thrilling power.

Mind, these are not flaccid or unexciting performances. Quite the contrary, in fact. Thanks to its purposeful discipline and, more important, its understanding of and real rapport with Hooker and his music, the band supports him beautifully, much more sympathetically and effectively than just about any like-sized group has been able to do in the past. This is without doubt the finest band the singer has had in a good long time and in most of these performances it generates a feeling of effortless, subdued power over which Hooker sings with great assurance, rhythmic relaxation and persuasive emotion. The offhanded intimacy of his singing is matched perfectly by the deceptive ease of the band's knowingly understated approach and this is, I feel, the real key to this set's success. Moreover, as is illustrated by such pieces as *Rock Steady*, the recitative *Tupelo*, the powerful hypnotic *Sugar Mama*, *One Room Country Shack* and several others, the band is as comfortable with the modal pieces that long have been Hooker's forte as with the standard I-IV-V blues progressions.

Throughout this lengthy set there is maintained a generally high consistency of mood and performance that, coupled with Hooker's emotionally potent singing, makes for an eminently satisfying program with no low spots and a good number of high ones. While the performances will not seriously challenge any of the singer's classic early recordings, against which his work inevitably must be compared and judged, this is a fine, well-performed, recorded and produced set that should afford the listener a good deal of pleasure. Hats off to Hooker, the Coast To Coast

Blues Band, producer Kevin Eggers and Tomato Records for the finest set by this great bluesman in too long a time. He's still a master of the genre. —welding

NAT ADDERLEY

DON'T LOOK BACK—Inner City IC 2059: *Funny, Funny; K. High; Just A Quickie; I Think I Got It; Home; Don't Look Back.*

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; John Stubblefield, tenor sax, soprano sax; Ken McIntyre, alto sax, bass clarinet, flute, oboe; Onaje Allan Gumbs, piano, electric piano, Clavinet; Fernando Gumbs, bass; Ira Buddy Williams, drums; Victor See Yuen, congas, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

Don't Look Back is an appropriate and telling title for this release. Recorded in 1976, it was Nat Adderley's first effort after his brother's death the previous year. And the cornetist was clearly looking ahead with this music, charting his own direction. Not that he has burned all his bridges behind him. His roots are still evident: jazz, funk, straightahead swing and a touch of the Caribbean. Here he has pulled these elements together and added a dab of the avant garde. It works better on vinyl than on paper.

Compositionally, the album is a group effort; nearly everyone in the band has contributed a tune. The approaches vary, but the quality is well above average for contemporary jazz. Adderley's driving *Funny Funny* alternates a straightahead section with a syncopated ostinato section. He retains this distinctive change throughout the solos which keeps the music taut. McIntyre's *Home* is a slow piece with flowing contrapuntal lines reminiscent of Gil Evans. *K. High*, by drummer Ira Buddy Williams, is an excellent fusion-style composition, with four moving lines in the head.

For the most part, the solos do not match the level of the compositions. Adderley's solos are better than those of his sidemen. He plays fast neo-bop lines, tempered by spurts of high register fire. McIntyre seems to have trouble coordinating his tongue and his fingers, so he resorts to squeals. Sometimes it works, sometimes not. Stubblefield has either a limited set of ideas or a limited technique; it's hard to tell which. Onaje Allan Gumbs plays well but his ideas are not very well developed here. Williams, Yuen and Fernando Gumbs do not get much solo space, but they support the horns well throughout. —clark

RY COODER

JAZZ—Warner Bros. BSK 3197: *Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now; Face To Face That I Shall Meet Him; The Pearls/Tia Juana; The Dream; Happy Meeting In Glory; In A Mist; Flashes; Davenport Blues; Shine; Nobody; We Shall Be Happy.*

Personnel: Cooder, guitar, bottleneck guitar, mandolin, tiple, harp, vocal (on all tracks); Track 1—Mario Guarneri, coronet; Randy Aldcroft, trombone; Harvey Pittel, alto sax; Bill Hood, bass sax; John Rodby, piano; Mark Stevens, drums; Track 2—Stuart Brofman, cybalum; David Lindley, mandobanjo; Barbara Starkey, pump organ; Red Callender, tuba; George Bohannon, baritone horn; Oscar Brashers, coronet; Mark Stevens, drums; Track 3—Cooder, guitars, mandolins, tiple, harp; Track 4—Earl Hines, piano; Chuck Domanico, bass; Tom Collier, marimba; Mark Stevens, drums; Track 5—same as track 2; Track 6—David Sherr, bass clarinet; Harvey Pittel, alto sax; Tom Collier, vibes; Tom Pedrini, bass; Track 7—Cooder, guitar; Track 8—same as track 6; Track 9—Harvey Pittel, alto sax and clarinet; David Sherr, bass clarinet and clarinet; Willie Schwartz, clarinet; John Rodby, piano; Chuck Berg-hoffer, bass; Tom Collier, vibes; Mark Stevens, drums; vocal quartet: Jimmy Adams, Bill Johnson, Simon Pico Payne, Cliff Givens; Track 10—Cooder, guitar and vocal; vocal quartet (same as track 9); Track 11—same as Track 2.

★ ★ ½

Ry Cooder's new album *Jazz* should have

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been called *Almost Jazz*, *Pre-Jazz* or more to the point, *Minstrelsy*. Cooder is an engaging blues guitarist and rocker, and *Jazz* is not without its charming moments, but on the whole the music that makes up this album would have been better off interred in cement.

Jazz unearths aspects of American musical traditions that were largely swamped by the rise of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington. Just as the 1920s term "The Jazz Age" had little to do with jazz, this album gets nostalgic over music whose claim to the term jazz is equally dubious. The image of a white man putting on blackface is unmistakable on Cooder's yowsah-yowsah rendition of *Shine*, and his attempt to invoke the pathos of Bert Williams on *Nobody* is too tongue in cheek to be very moving (Bob Hope did a much better imitation of Williams in his movie *The Seven Little Foys*, a paean to the time of vaudeville).

The most oppressive listenings on the record are the orchestrations of Bix Beiderbecke's *In A Mist* and *Davenport Blues*, done in the style of Paul Whiteman. The point is, who cares? Whiteman's dignified "jazz" of 50 years ago was only a lame dance band enlivened by soloists of Beiderbecke's stature. Time has not in any way lent Whiteman a classic stature.

Side one is much more enjoyable. The best piece is *The Pearls/Tia Juana* by Jelly Roll Morton (proving, I suppose, that class will tell). Cooder plays all the parts on guitar, mandolin, tiple and harp. The performance is bright and lively, but somehow his ragtime playing seems closer to that of the Hawaiian steel guitar master Sol Hoopii; *The Dream* features Cooder on bottleneck, also in a Hawaiian blues mood, with Earl Hines' piano largely lost in the tinkling of Tom Collier's marimbas. *Happy Meeting In Glory* and *Face To Face That I Shall Meet Him* are hymns done up in the manner of an expert Salvation Army Band or a church social.

The playing on *Jazz* is competent, and the arrangements are clean. People with a taste for nostalgia will probably dig *Jazz*, even if this reviewer couldn't hear it. —stern

LEE KONITZ

THE LEE KONITZ QUINTET—Chiaroscuro Records CR 166: *Affinity*; *All The Things You Are*; *Hi Beck*; *Waltz For Debbie*; *Lennie-Bird*; *Solar*; *I Didn't Know About You*; *It's You*.

Personnel: Konitz, Bob Mover, alto saxes; Ben Aranov, acoustic piano; Mike Moole, acoustic bass; Jimmy Madison, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This version of the Lee Konitz quintet features the alto flights of Konitz and Bob Mover. Backed by the supple rhythmic support of pianist Ben Aranov, bassist Mike Moole and drummer Jimmy Madison, the hornmen bring out the best in each other's playing.

The Konitz-Mover tandem is at one level that of master and apprentice. For about ten years, Lee has been one of Bob's primary friends, teachers and sources of inspiration. The young altoist, however, has also benefited from extended tenures with Charles Mingus and Chet Baker, plus an important friendship with Sonny Rollins.

Though the two altoists share many stylistic characteristics, Mover emerges the more vital. Employing broad emotional and dynamic ranges, Mover drives with muscle and sails with lyric abandon. His solos are an effective blend of conceptual and dramatic vigor.

As for format, the horns usually take the

head in unison with harmonizing lines sometimes fanning out at turnarounds and bridges. Though most of the solo space is reserved for the saxes and Aranov's crisp piano, there are spots for the energetic work of Moole and Madison. The tunes themselves present challenging chordal frameworks which fully test the players' harmonic dexterity.

Among the outstanding cuts are a medium paced *All The Things You Are*, a flowing *Waltz For Debbie* and the ballad *I Didn't Know About You*. Also impressive is *Hi Beck*, which features Konitz's mellow intensity, Mover's swirling emotionalism and an ecstatic two-horn dialogue. —berg

WAYNE HENDERSON

LIVING ON A DREAM—Polydor PD-1-6145: *Hot Stuff*; *Rollin' On*; *Giddy-Up*; *Mysterious Maiden*; *You Think Of Her*; *Living On A Dream*; *Midnight At The Oasis*; *La Media Noche Serenade*.

Personnel: Henderson, trombone; Ronnie Laws, tenor sax; Bobby Lyle, keyboards; Roland Bautista, Marlon McClain, Jay Graydon, guitars; Steve Guittierrez, Bruce Carter, drums; Donnie Beck, Nathaniel Phillips, bass; Vance Tenort, percussion; Dean Grant, synthesizer; Victor Feldman, vibes, marimba, tympani; George del Barrio, harpsichord; George R. Bohanon, Donald Cooke, John Ervin, trombones; Oscar Brashear, Steven Madaio, Dave Grover, trumpets; Bob Greve, baritone sax, flute; Chuck Brooke, tenor sax, flute; Paul C. Shure, Bonnie Douglas, James Getzoff, Sheldon Sanov, Nathan Kaproff, Murray Adler, Anatole Kaminsky, Irma Neumann, Jack Pepper, Janet Lakatos, Carroll Stephens, Barbara Durant, violins; Armand Kaproff, Douglas Davis, Gloria Strassner, Robert Adcock, cello; Dorothy Remsen, harp; Earle Dumler, oboe; Jack Marsh, bassoon; Sylvia St. James, Sandra Alexander, Deborah Shotlow, Augie Johnson, Jim Gilstrap, Alexandra Brown, Syretta Wright, Myrna Mathews, vocals.

★ ★

Ex-Crusader Henderson is one of the most prolific producers in the current funk boom, so it is only fitting that he should apply his studio expertise to an album bearing his own name. Appropriately for a session hand of such formidable experience, he has turned out a neat commercial package with no loose ends, no outrageous gimmickry, and no lapses into egregiously poor taste.

Unfortunately there are also lapses into egregiously good taste, and the charts here are as predictable as the sunrise and not half as colorful. Clean, polished and professional though they may be, the tracks are so repetitious that one might be forgiven the suspicion that the needle is stuck as Henderson and crew wind their way down the funky MOR groove (or should I say rut) in stolid fashion.

The album divides roughly into funk on side one and MOR on side two. For anyone still unfamiliar with the patented funk formula, it includes a robot-like rhythm section with clockwork steady drums and heavy ostinato bass without the slightest subtlety of inflection or dynamic variation. Over this thumping monotony, Henderson lays down an elementary riff or two in the horn section and simply repeats this motif over and over until rigor mortis threatens to set in. With the addition of an occasional vocal chorus, synthesizer decorations, chicken-scratch guitar and a little heavy breathing, the recipe is complete, and completely indistinguishable from a hundred other sessions.

Of the funk numbers, *Rollin' On*, with a strong gospel flavor, is the most appealing; Ronnie Laws blows a mean tenor that sounds like a cross between King Curtis and Jr. Walker. Too bad he's mixed way down into the rifting murk, but apparently anything that might rouse the listener's attention is frowned upon. The MOR material is more ambitious,

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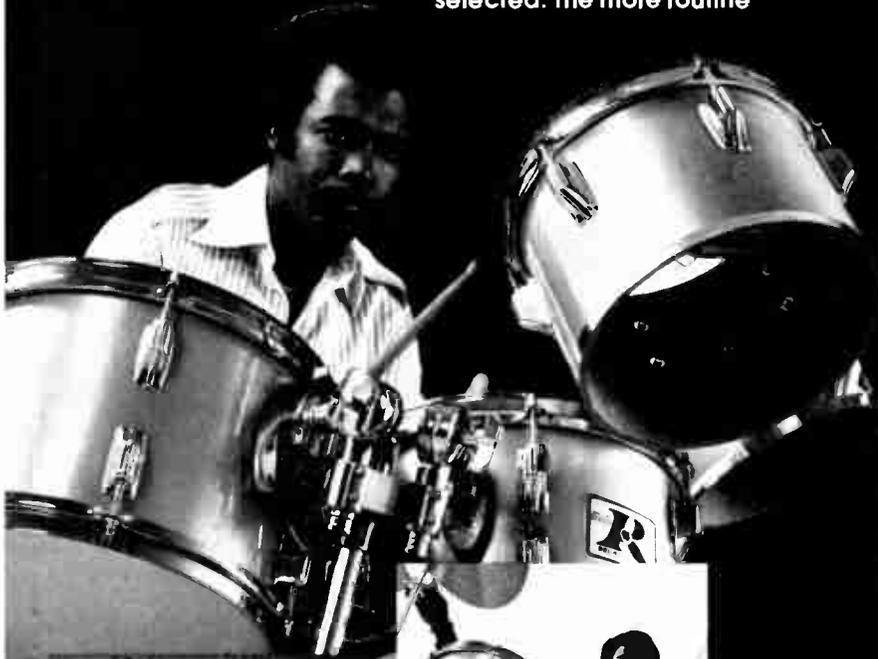
"As a musician, playing in the studio gives you a very special kind of challenge. When you walk in for a studio date, you just never know what you might have to play. It might be rock, jazz, latin or a score for a movie. When the tape is rolling, the Studio Producer wants a person who can handle anything that comes up.

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but only slightly, and only the varied introductions keep the cuts from sliding together into a single syrupy mass. Thus *Living On A Dream* is given a baroque lead-in and *Midnight At The Oasis* unsurprisingly gets a mid-East intro. But in between it's all soft soap.

Henderson's trombone solos take up a good deal of space, but his limitations as an improviser are all too apparent as he slides around in a modal mold without ever really going anywhere. Never exploring the potentials of his instrument, he maintains an inflexible tone and keeps to a narrow range, without chord changes, harmonic manipulation or rhythmic fluctuation. It all makes for a pretty dull set, redeemed only by the melismatic vocalizing that opens and closes the album. —birnbaum

AIR

OPEN AIR SUIT:—Arista Novus AN 3002: *First Hand: The Jick Or Mandrill's Cosmic Ass*; *Card Five: Open Air Suit*; *Card Four: Strait White Royal Flush*... 78; *Card One: Cuten (2 Knuckles-2 Widows-2 Tricks)*.

Personnel: Henry Threadgill, tenor, alto and baritone saxes, flute; Fred Hopkins, bass, maracas, stick; Steve McCall, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Air is all about mutual freedom. This extraordinary chamber group has advanced a form of musical creation that dispenses with such tangibles as harmony, a definite beat (with a regularly recurring downbeat), and, to a degree, melody itself. The horn-bass-drums format is flexible enough to allow any instrument to dominate or to recede. This is not your typical soloist with accompaniment trio—the rhythm section is equal to the horn in the creation of cooperative sound sculptures.

Air is about playing the silences as much as playing notes. Reedman-composer Henry Threadgill's writing is full of elliptical twists and turns, eerie empty spaces, surprising stop and go interplay, and wide vocalized intervallic leaps. His flute playing is glassy and, well, airy, while his saxophones are grainy and guttural. On *Open Air Suit*, his soloing is more concerned with developing a sweeping rhythmic impetus than in refining the profound bluesiness he demonstrated on *Untitled Tango*, from *Air Song*. His emotional statements sweep over the listener like a wave, even as the logic of what he is doing eludes you. On *Card Four*, his growling baritone inspires the rhythm section to levels of density and fury that recall Albert Ayler's early '60s trio (with Gary Peacock and Sonny Murray). Bassist Fred Hopkins has a resilient time feel and a big woody tone. How big? Imagine a sequoia tree strung with steel suspension cables from a bridge, then imagine those cables being snapped like an enormous bow and arrow. Hopkins is a monster. Drummer Steve McCall has the most orchestral conception of any drummer in the new music. He is a master of dynamics and tuning. McCall is able to maintain group continuity even as he keeps turning the beat around with surging authority; he is playing pulse, not time.

Card Four and *Card Five* are dark, tumultuous dialogues that seem to stretch farther and farther out without breaking, while *Card One* is a gently rising and falling discussion featuring Threadgill's lyrical flute (the flute seems to bring out the pastoral in even the most ferocious reedmen). It's all very exciting, but *First Hand: The Jick Or Mandrill's Cosmic Ass* is the jewel of this date. McCall's spacious drum intro and Hopkins' rumbling bass tones lock into a convoluted yet danceable groove that is satirical of a rock beat without being pa-

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tronizing, as Threadgill's saxophone yawns and honks with humorous abandon and creates unusual counterpoint patterns in response.

This is unusual music and it won't be everybody's cup of tea. Still, there is more taste and genuine rapport here than in most free ensembles. Threadgill, Hopkins and McCall have created a kaleidoscopic canvas of color and feeling that sends ripples through one's body. This is a music of continuous motion, like the wind brushing against the ocean surf. —*stern*

TYRONE DAVIS

I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY—Columbia PC35304: *Get On Up (Disco)*; *All I Ever Need*; *Bunky*; *I Can't Go On This Way*; *Can't Help But Say*; *It's You*; *It's You*; *I'm Still In Love With You*; *Do You Feel It*.

Personnel: Davis, vocals; Cliff Davis, Fred Entesari, Willie Henderson, Steele Seals, Ronald Wilson, saxes; Kaye Clement, James Mack, flute; Bobby Christian, vibes; John Avent, Steve Berry, Morris Elie, trombone; Clyde Batton, Lionel Bordelon, Elmer Brown, Norval Hodges, Murray Watson, trumpet; Carol Stephenson, oboe; Maurice Grice, William Kringlehoffer, Thomas Still, Gail Williams, french horn; John Bishop, Danny Leake, Melvin Taylor, Phil Upchurch (track 1 only), guitar; Tennyson Stephens, keyboards; Quinton Joseph, drums, percussion; Henry Gibson, congas, bongos; Gloria Graham, Wales Wallace, the Hayward Singers, background vocals; Leo Graham, producer; James Mack, arranger.

★ ★ ½

Since his first hit, *Can I Change My Mind* in 1968, Tyrone Davis has been relying on a small circle of Chicago producers (mainly Willie Henderson, Richard Parker and Leo Graham) for his material. And while they certainly have managed to keep Tyrone's name current with a steady supply of songs that have

enabled the singer to flex his big voice and authoritative Bobby Bland style in some of the past decade's most direct knock-'em-dead r&b productions, signs of overbreeding seem to be setting in at last.

A few years ago a Tyrone Davis album was good for at least four or five solid songs. But since his move to Columbia in '76, production and most of the material has been left to Leo Graham exclusively. And with the extra added pressure to deliver, a Davis album has now become an uneven affair and fallen into the anomalous, greedy release pattern, all too common among non-composing vocalists, where an album only serves as a convenient package for a hit single.

The advertising single of this record—and the one outstanding cut—is the atypical ten-minute long *Get On Up (Disco)*, a hypnotic groove and a chanted verseless excursion into the disco field, but considerably more virile and driven than its good-timey, rather androgynous counterparts found in most disco productions.

There is nothing else on *I Can't Go On This Way* to match *Get On Up (Disco)*, neither in kind nor in quality. There are a bunch of watered-down tracks thrown in for good measure which are quite indistinguishable from the now rapidly increasing amount of stomping, pumping, relentlessly fervent r&b pot-boilers that are beginning to outbalance the many moving songs that once graced Davis' work. Gritty singers rarely fare well with gritty productions and arrangements, and one cannot help but wonder what Gamble and Huff, for instance, would be able to extract and distill from the raw power of this singer. —*gab*

ART LANDE

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF EARL DANT—1750 Arch Records S-1769: *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *Easy Living*; *All The Things You Are*; *Dancing On The Ceiling*; *Willow Weep For Me*; *Star Eyes*; *Angel Eyes*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face*; *Get Me To The Church On Time*; *Bewitched*, *Bothered And Bewildered*.

Personnel: Dant/Lande, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Earl Dant is a rotund stick figure, alive as an anagram in pianist Lande's mind and as an alter ego in his fingertips. On his ECM quartet recording *Rubisa Patrol*, Lande projected a fragile beauty, an essence of Bill Evans and Keith Jarrett. *The Eccentricities* project a fragile sanity, as though this Earl were Fatha Hines as a manic depressive.

It's all in good fun: a recapitulation of the great Tin Pan Alley compositions played by the traditional jazz keyboard artists as well as every hack lounge pianist and parlor player in the country. Dant—er, Lande takes the familiar tunes a step or two beyond the usual interpretations.

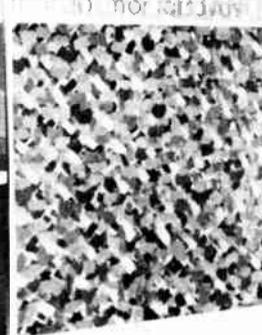
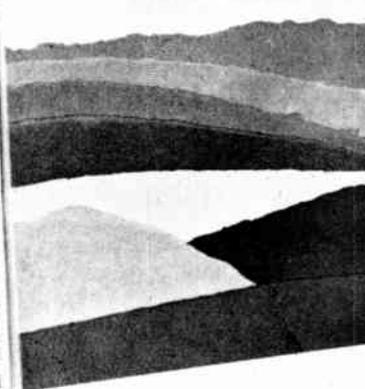
Nice Work starts simply enough, roughly the standard chords in the right hand against an odd bass phrase. The melody moves gently up the keyboard, meandering up high to become stuck in an interlocking pattern, which itself drops an octave, develops a new bassline, turns into parallel single note runs, then returns into the normal melody attacked with kittenish hesitation. This unfolds into a full blown expression of the song, which ends on a querulous single note phrase that connects the tune with the reprised pattern. Gently odd.

These eccentricities, subtitled "piano im-

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provisions on jazz standards." may be not Dant's, or Lande's, but the quirks of the pianists Earl/Art thanks: Tatum and Wilson, Powell, Peterson and Monk, and his own father. Close harmonies are frequently flattened or sharpened, chords augmented or diminished, time is turned out of joint, ideas are suspended then wittily reintroduced, extreme highs and lows are exploited for their drama.

Throughout, Lande's technique is superb. His touch is ever accurate and varies widely; his highly personal rhythmic sense is intuitively quite right.

These techniques are used to emotive advantage, but in no singleminded way. There's the Dant/Lande who is weeping or reeling with romance, moody and troubled. Then there's the laugh-it-all-off Lande/Dant, full of hijinks and nonsense. *Accustomed*, unaccus-

tomedly bittersweet, is followed by *Church*, a cartoonish scramble into corners where collar stays spring and under the dresser where the jewelry, fallen, is lost. The pianist's left hand tries to chase his right hand out the door, and both are frantic.

In all, Earl Dant may be a little wild, but he's funnier than and every bit as facile as that other guy, Art Lande—who writes his own songs, as though the grand old ones aren't good enough! At least there's nothing sick about this. As Annie Ross sang, "Two heads are better than one." —mandel

ROSEMARY CLOONEY

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSIE—Concord CJ 47: *I Cried For You; More Than You Know; How Am I To Know; I Can't Get Started; A Foggy Day; I've Got A Crush On You; Hey There; As Time Goes*

By: *All Of Me; Do You Know What It Means.*

Personnel: Clooney, vocals; Scott Hamilton, tenor; Bill Berry, trumpet; Nat Pierce, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

JO STAFFORD

JO PLUS JAZZ—Corinthian COR 108: *Squeeze Me; For You; Midnight Sun; You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To; The Folks Who Live On The Hill; Didn't Know About You; What Can I Say Dear; Dream Of You; Imagination; S'pos'n; Day Dream; I've Got The World On A String.*

Personnel: Stafford, vocals; Don Fagerquist, Conte Candoli, Ray Nance, trumpets; Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, reeds; Russ Freeman, Jimmie Rowles, piano; Mel Lewis, drums; Johnny Mandel, arranger; others uncredited.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

In 1950 Columbia Records was riding high with the LP, but its single sales in the Top 10 market made it a very poor third among the majors. Three years later it was the undisputed leader. The man who turned it all around was the bearded bard of pre-rock America—Mitch Miller. His discoveries dominated the charts for the decade, especially Tony Bennett, Rosemary Clooney and Jo Stafford.

Today, with their chartbusting behind them, each has emerged with recent albums that are anything but nostalgic period pieces. Tony Bennett's travels with Bill Evans will be covered elsewhere. As for Rosie and Jo, they remain among the most durable graduates of Miller's remarkable stock company.

Neither one is a jazz singer (whatever that might be!) and neither one has the musician's sense of swing that sets Ella in a class by herself. But in the company of those who do swing—and these men *do* swing—each becomes a pure singer. That's why it takes a bit of courage for the popular singer to forego the echo chamber and remix console, just stand up in front of a group of pros and make music. It takes courage because that's when you really know whether you've got it or you don't.

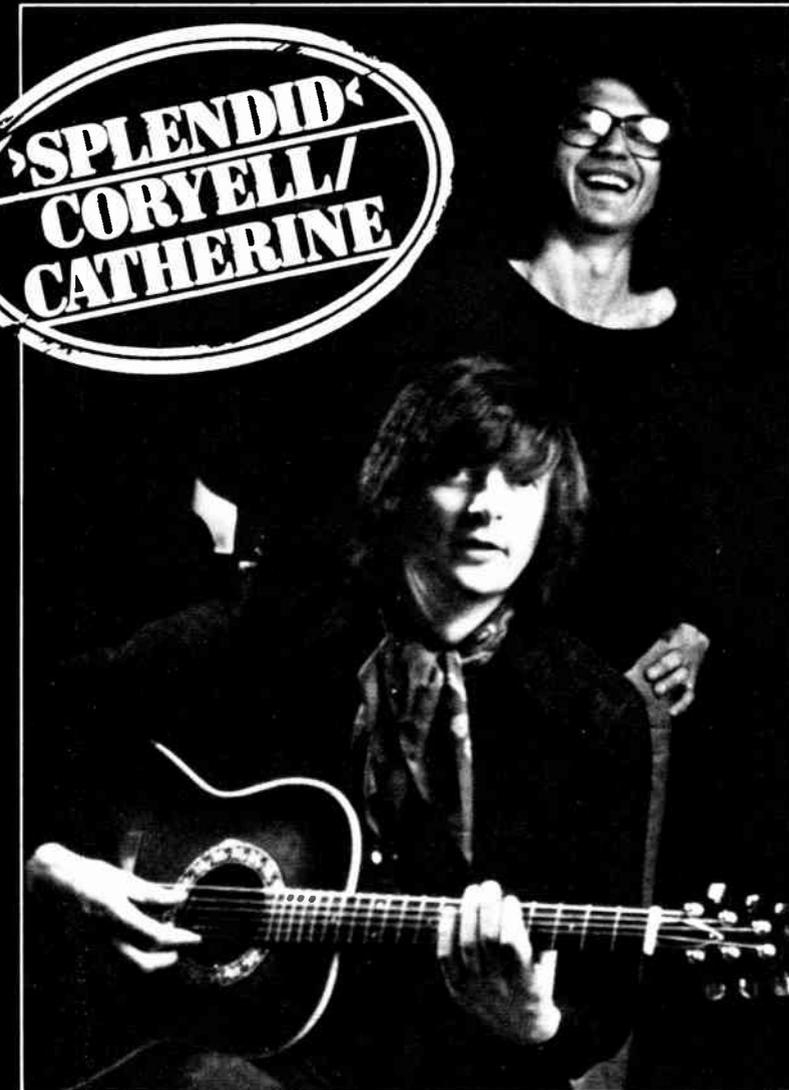
It should come as no surprise to anyone that these two records are so successful. Both singers came up as band vocalists (Rosie with Tony Pastor, Jo with Tommy Dorsey), and both made many outstanding non-jazz records before these. If the programming seems to suggest through myopic neglect that no worthy songs were written after 1953, it leaves no doubt that the ones written before had staying power indeed.

The Clooney LP is a blowing session with Scott Hamilton the clear instrumental star of the day. Rosie is relaxed and thoroughly at home. The brisk tempos are handled with easy intimacy and without the usual finger-snapping rigidity that pop singers too often pass off as swinging. The ballads (*More, Crush*) are musical and avoid staged melodrama. One of her biggest hits of the '50s, *Hey There*, sounds fresher than ever. Nat Pierce sparkles throughout.

The Jo Stafford set is even more interesting, due to heavyweights Hodges, Webster and Nance, plus some formidable charts by Johnny Mandel to bring it all together. It was originally produced for Columbia in 1961 by Irving Townsend, who was remarkably successful at stealing Mitch Miller's proteges for an occasional jazz date. He put Rosie Clooney with Ellington and Frankie Laine with Buck Clayton.

Here the results are masterful (although one feels that the accompaniments and vocals were recorded separately). Stafford's *Day*

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—mcdonough

DUKE JORDAN

DUKE'S DELIGHT—Inner City IC 2046: *Truth; In My Solitude; Sultry Eve; Undecided Lady; Tall Grass; Duke's Delight*.

Personnel: Jordan, piano; Richard Williams, trumpet; Charlie Rouse, tenor sax; Sam Jones, bass; Al Foster, drums.

★ 1/2

This is an unimpressive recording in spite of its all-star lineup. A dulling quality of sameness pervades the album. Nothing is distinctive in the tunes, the solos or the arrangements. It's 2 a.m. in some half-empty lounge in 1957. Everyone sounds tired.

The emotional range is extremely limited. It is bound by the structure of the tunes. The tempo of the five Jordan originals is medium to medium-slow—no sizzlers here—and all the chord progressions have cobwebs on them. In addition, the arrangements are old-hat: head-solos-head. To top it off, the heads are all in unison, making no attempt at counterpoint. Ellington's *Solitude* is the only tune with a different approach. Jordan plays it alone. It is a respectful interpretation with no surprises.

In fact, the element of surprise is nowhere to be found on this album. No one takes any risks. Jordan's comping is very four-square: block chords with little rhythmic interest or harmonic variety. Everyone solos in streams of eighth or sixteenth notes, like boats bobbing on calm waters. It's pretty but not too exciting.

There are no glaring errors. Competency is not the problem. Perhaps the problem is that everyone has been playing this music for so long that they could do it in their sleep. And maybe they are.

—clark

MICHAEL HOENIG

DEPARTURE FROM THE NORTHERN WASTELAND—Warner Bros. BSK 3152: *Departure From The Northern Wasteland; Hanging Garden Transfer; Voices Of Where; Sun And Moon*.

Personnel: Hoenig, composer, arranger, recoding, mixing, all synthesizers and keyboards; Micky Duwe, lead harmonies (track 4); Lutz Ulbrich, double guitar part (track 1); Uschi, voice.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Michael Hoenig is charting new directions for the synthesizer. Whereas most contemporary synthesizer players treat the instrument as a keyboard instrument (a sort of souped-up organ), Hoenig is developing an indigenous synthesizer music with a wide pallet of new sounds. Two years in the making, *Departure From The Northern Wasteland* is a transparent, hypnotic listening experience. The listener can freely shift focus into any number of sound streams as layer upon layer of color and nuance unfold like a surreal flower.

There are similarities between Hoenig's music and the work of minimalist composers like Philip Glass and Steve Reich; there is an emphasis on lucid melodic inventions that draw you in, rather than confront you with pyrotechnical complexities. Hoenig weaves

sublime aural tapestries over the everchanging rhythmic pulse carried by a rumbling digital sequencer. The rhythms move in ever changing cycles, as on the title tune, where the shifts in meter occur imperceptibly but with tremendous motor force (at times it's as if Hoenig had perfected an electronic Elvin Jones).

Analysis of the music would only spoil the experience for the listener. There are an infinite number of movements for the listener to tune into, and how you tune into the music depends on your own state of mind—what might be foreground to me, could be background to you. Having said that, it can be noted that Hoenig seems to favor a kind of mid-Eastern tonality. The melodies arch slowly skyward, sending off spiraling countermelodies and overtones which mesh like the many wheels of a clock. Underneath are the trance-like rhythms with their mutating downbeat. The sounds themselves are so uniquely electronic it is hard to imagine them coming from any instruments other than synthesizer.

Hoenig's creations are beautiful and full of surprises, from the cavernous drone of *Voices Of Where*, with its sudden echoes of processed human voices, to the title tune's gurgling subterranean conclusion. *Departure From The Northern Wasteland* has a quiet power all its own—a mind sauna. Hoenig has fashioned a listening experience that will, in effect, start the song going. But the conclusion takes place within you.

—stern

DUDU PUKWANA

DIAMOND EXPRESS—Arista/Freedom AF1041: *Ubaquile (See Saw); Diamond Express; Madodana (The Young Ones); Tete And Barbs In My Mind; Bird Lives*.

Personnel: Pukwana, alto sax; Mongezi Feza, trumpet; Frank Roberts, keyboards; Lucky Ranko, guitar; Ernest Mthole, bass, electric bass; James Mene, drums; Louis Moholo, drums, percussion; Elton Dean, saxello (track 4); Nick Evans, trombone (track 4); Victor Ntoni, bass (track 4).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

South African saxophonist Dudu Pukwana has made an impressive debut on this first recording as a leader. In many respects, Pukwana is a Third World link in the evolution of African-American music. Rather than exploring Afro-American music (American music with African derivatives), his musical perception is the converse (African music with Afro-American derivatives). It is an interesting potpourri of authentic African rhythms working in conjunction with the stylings and phraseology of jazz, r&b and rock.

The most effective blending of styles is on *Ubaquile* and *Diamond Express*. Each utilizes a strong bass vamp and heavy percussion to provide a sophisticated funky backdrop for Pukwana's lyrical alto. The rhythms employed lend a trance-like African quality while pianist Frank Roberts and Pukwana each play in a gritty r&b style. Fellow South African Mongezi Feza has a jazzy trumpet solo on *Diamond Express*, completing the African to Afro-American connection on this tune.

Tete And Barbs In My Mind is a departure from side one in an attempt to play "outside." Incorporating several British musicians into the band, the result sounds closer to the Art Ensemble of Chicago than English jazz. The horns are arranged in drawn-out lazy Mingus fashion with Pukwana playing a fast, frantic upper register solo over the head. It's a surprisingly good effort by everyone at exploring the freer aspects of new jazz.

Bird Lives is aptly described in the liner notes as "beat bebop." It uses most of the conventions developed in the Parkerish bebop era but with a more modern feel. The best drum/percussion work comes on *Madoduna (The Young Ones)*, which features a solo full of whistles, rattles, tone benders and other less exotic percussion instruments. If this first LP is any indication, we can expect much great music from this South African saxophonist.

—less

KOKO TAYLOR

THE EARTHSHAKER—Alligator 4711: *Let the Good Times Roll; Spoonful; Walking The Back Streets; Cut You Loose; Hey, Bartender; I'm A Woman; You Can Have My Husband (But Please Don't Mess With My Man); Please Don't Dog Me; Wang Dang Doodle.*

Personnel: Taylor, vocals; Johnny B. Moore, Sammy Lawhorn, guitars; Mervyn Hinds, harmonica; Abb Locke, sax; Pinetop Perkins, piano, organ; Cornelius Boyson, bass; Vince Chappelle, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Like her first, Koko Taylor's second Alligator album offers a tasty sampling of electric Chicago blues in its more or less classic mainstream forms. That is, the singer's performances, and much of her repertoire as well, take their impetus from the music of the idiom's major years, the 1950s. If you're familiar with the style, you'll know that *Spoonful* and *Wang Dang Doodle* derive from Howlin' Wolf (although in fairness it should be noted that Ms. Taylor had recorded and scored some success with the latter for Chess Records under the aegis of writer-producer Willie Dixon, who supervised Wolf's earlier recording of the piece), while *I'm A Woman* is a remake of Muddy Waters' *Mannish Boy*, and so on; even the newer compositions reflect this fundamen-

tal orientation. This is not a criticism so much as an observation: the singer apparently feels more comfortable with this modern-traditional approach, and it is reflected in her strong, assured handling of the nine pieces that make up this attractive, unpretentiously successful set.

While she's generally been known as a belter, and a fine one, pieces like the appealing *Walking The Back Streets* demonstrate she is equally effective with a more restrained vocal tack. But her all-out, damn-the-torpedoes approach dominates this album as it does her live performances. She gives all she's got all the time and this, more than anything else, results in performances full of raw, gritty power and plenty of energy.

If the band matched her in ferocity and thrust, this would have been one hell of a set: as it is, a number of the pieces cry out for a much more driving, guttier instrumental attack than the somewhat subdued, deliberate character they possess. This, however, is largely a matter of intensity and conviction rather than of conception; the latter is perfectly appropriate to the musical approach being followed here. It's just that a few more degrees of heat and greater rhythmic relaxation would have boosted these performances—and the rating as well—a bit higher.

—welding

IRENE KRAL

KRAL SPACE—Catalyst CAT 7625: *Wheeters And Dealers; Star Eyes; It Isn't So Good It Couldn't Get Better; Once Upon Another Time; Experiment; Small Day Tomorrow; Some Time Ago; It's Nice Weather For Ducks; Everytime We Say Goodbye; The Song Is You.*

Personnel: Kral, vocals; Alan Broadbent, piano; Fred Atwood, bass; Nick Ceroli, drums; Emil Richards, vibraphone, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

Irene Kral is one of today's most engaging vocalists. Though she doesn't possess a great natural instrument, Kral projects intelligence and emotional depth. This gives her performances a worldly dimension akin to that of Tony Bennett and Frank Sinatra.

Several years ago, Kral peaked with a brilliant album called *Where Is Love?* (Choice—CRS 1012). Much of its strength derived from the unusual rapport between Kral and her accompanist, keyboard wizard Alan Broadbent.

The Kral/Broadbent team is reunited in *Kral Space*. However, it is augmented by bassist Fred Atwood, drummer Nick Ceroli and percussionist Emil Richards. While singing and playing are of generally good quality, *Kral Space* fails to reach the high levels of intensity achieved in *Where Is Love?*

There are several more obvious problems. Kral has occasional difficulties with intonation. However, these are mostly cancelled out by her intriguing smoky raspiness, crisp diction and ability to deliver each song's musical and narrative messages. More obtrusive are the contributions of Richards. His tinkly embellishments on tunes such as *Once Upon Another Time* trivialize the hard-edged Kral approach and reduce things to an almost Welkian sentimentality.

In spite of such shortcomings, there is much to recommend. Kral has again brought forth some fine but relatively unknown material such as Dave Frishberg's *Wheeters And Dealers* and Cole Porter's tribute to the scientific method, *Experiment*. Also noteworthy is the support of the sidemen.

—berg

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

JAZZ WOMEN: A FEMINIST RETROSPECTIVE—Stash ST 109: *Frog Tongue Stomp; Blue Monday Blues; That Creole Band; Perdido Street Blues; Gatemouth; Trust No Man; When The Levee Breaks; Sophomore; Nightlife; Wild Party; Witch Doctor; You Bring Out The Savage In Me; It's Murder; Doing The Suzi Q; Beaumont St. Blues; I Met You Then; Scratching The Gravel; Zonky; Three Ways To Smoke A Pipe; Memories Of You; After You Get It; Tuxedo Junction; Sweet Georgia Brown; Dorothy's Boogie Woogie; St. Louis Blues; In A Mist; Rose Room; Conversation; Mamblues; Anything You Can Do; Red Light; Zero Hour; My Reverie; Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You.*

Featured personnel: Lovie Austin; Doty Jones; Lil Armstrong; Lil Henderson; Memphis Minnie; Mary Lou Williams with Andy Kirk and other groups; Ina Ray Hutton and Her Orchestra; Jewel Paige; Una Mae Carlisle; Billie Rogers; Norma Teagarden; Dardnelle Breckenridge; International Sweethearts Of Rhythm; Viola Burnside; Dorothy Donnegan; Valaida Snow; Marian McPartland; Mary Osborne; Rose Gottesman; Mary Osborne; Margie Hyams; June Rotenberg; Terry Pollard; Elaine Leighton; Bonnie Wetzel; Sarah McLawler; Adele Girard; Melba Liston; Kathy Stobart.

*** 1/2

Bernie Brightman is a remarkable fellow with a musical ear, a social conscience and an enterprising knack for turning out albums with a point of view. Like his previous reissue collations (which zeroed in on jazz and blues dealing with drugs, sex, homosexuality), *Feminist Retrospective* has a point to prove: that women have played a greater part in the history of jazz than history has given them credit for.

To document the point there are 34 selections on two records, featuring women players plus a well-researched essay by Frank Driggs that sheds light on many unfamiliar (and unrecorded) names. If the issue at hand looms a bit larger and somewhat at the expense of the music, Brightman can be forgiven. This is a social, cultural and political document.

Arranged chronologically, most of the nine cuts on side one will be familiar to most who've dabbled in jazz of the '20s. *Perdido St.* and the still catchy and swinging *Gatemouth* offer Lil Armstrong with Johnny Dodds, Kid Ory and others who lived in orbit around Louis Armstrong. Also heard are Mary Lou Williams in an accomplished stride solo piece, Lil Henderson accompanying Ma Rainey, and Lovie Austin. The pattern was set early for woman jazz players. Most would be free to play and develop, as long as they stayed in the keyboard ghetto. The singular exception is the strong if conventional cornet of Dolly Jones on *That Creole Band*. It's on cuts like this that Brightman's point about women as jazz players smacks right in one's preconceptions.

Side two moves into the band period. There is the all-woman Ina Ray Hutton orchestra, which sounds like early Duke Ellington—perhaps not such a coincidence since Irving Mills, Duke's manager, financed the Hutton band and book. Valaida Snow's trumpet is clean and competent on *Savage*, but has little else to recommend it. Lil Armstrong, now out of the Armstrong repertory company, sings and plays with Chu Berry, Buster Bailey and Joe Thomas. Jewel Paige conjures Count Basie to a tea on *Beaumont*. Una Mae Carlisle and Mary Lou Williams play piano in male ensembles.

More pianists follow on side three. Dardnelle Breckenridge plays and sings smoothly, as does Dorothy Donnegan. Valaida Snow, however, was never a member of the Fletcher Henderson trumpet section as the personnel listing suggests here. The version of *St. Louis*

Blues in which she sings and plays was not in fact by the Henderson band at all, but by a studio band. The confusion stems from the fact that the Henderson band played on the same Armed Forces Jubilee Show.

Finally, on side four the keyboard ghetto starts to break down. There is Mary Osborne's delightful, if derivative, guitar, and an all-female Mary Lou Williams group with Margie Hyams on vibes. Melba Liston has a strong trombone feature on Gillespie's *My Reverie* and Kathy Stobart is superb on tenor in Humphrey Lyttleton's English band.

And so we are reminded that women have been capable jazz players since virtually the beginning of the form. Beyond that, few conclusions can or should be drawn from this collection. That this anthology is erratic is almost beside the point. The point has been made.

—mcdonough

JOE GALLIVAN— CHARLES AUSTIN

EXPRESSION TO THE WINDS—Spitball SB-6: *Quassia; God Is Omnipotent; Perfect Reality; Spiritual Dimensions; Essence Of Purity; As Above, So Below; Unstructured Interplay; Intimate Oasis; Equality Of The Past & Present; Expression To The Winds; Production And Reproduction; Subtle Actuation.*

Personnel: Gallivan, synthesizer drums, assorted percussion; Austin, soprano, alto and tenor saxes, english horn, flute.

On *Expression To The Winds*, the duo of electronic drummer Joe Gallivan and reedman Charles Austin produce an otherworldly confluence of acoustic beauty and electronic madness. Austin is a lyrical master of flute, english horn and various saxophones. His playing has a sweet assured intensity and makes extensive use of silence, so that even when in fifth gear he sounds spacious and reflective. Gallivan is something else again, employing an instrument he helped pioneer, the synthesizer drum. He employs two small fiberglass drums, each interfaced with its own Moog synthesizer. They are played with mallets, the pitch being controlled by the amount of percussive pressure used, and the location of impact on the heads.

Their music draws from contemporary classical composition as well as the African musical heritage. The moods vary between quirky synthesizer freakouts and plaintive communion between seekers. *Spiritual Dimensions* and *As Above So Below* feature Austin's soprano chanting over Gallivan's reverberating tribal ceremony, while *God Is Omnipotent* and *Perfect Reality* are musical mantras—the former a plea for release and absolution, the later an attainment of grace.

The material that is keyed to Gallivan's pulsar sound tends to be more spontaneous and experimental. He creates spooky modal bass lines and popping military figures on *Quassia*, but *Unstructured Interplay* is more chancey as he blips and bleeps all over the place. Sometimes Gallivan gets too detached from his instrument and the machine takes over. Still, it is a miracle how much control he does have, and the title tune is a riot. My favorite piece is the suite *Production And Reproduction*, with its atmospheric flute, surging rhythm and visceral Rollinsish tenor riffing.

Expression To The Winds is an exotic, challenging album that succeeds because of the special rapport these men have. It's a quirky experience at first (like the very outer fringes of Weather Report), but on relistening its beauty unfolds.

—stern



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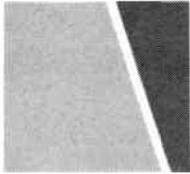
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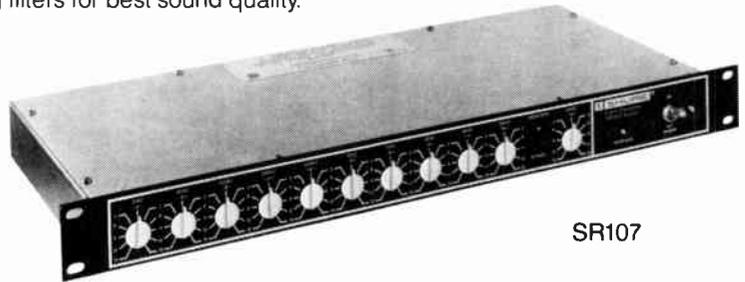
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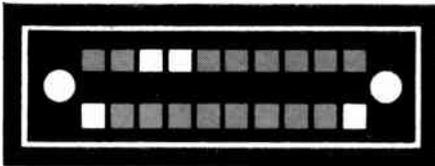
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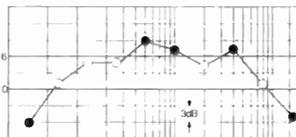
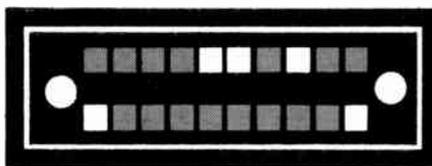
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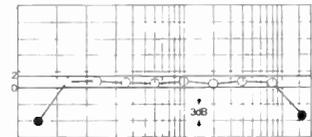
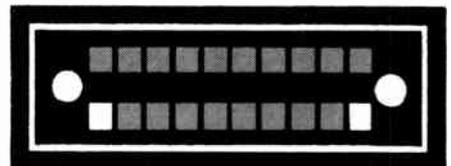
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BLINDFOLD TEST



VERY OAKLAND

Cedar Walton

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Cedar Walton, who came up through the hard bop ranks in the 1960s (mainly as a sideman in the memorable Jazz Messengers group whose front line comprised Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter and Curtis Fuller), has made substantial progress since those days, and more particularly since his only previous blindfold test two and a half years ago (1/15/76).

At the time of that interview he had just recorded with an electronically-oriented nine man group, in which he played electric keyboards and synthesizer. Since then he has been heard fairly regularly with a non-electronic, non-rock quartet that lies stylistically between Blakey and Coltrane, with Bob Berg on tenor and such string rhythmic support as that of drummer Billy Higgins and bassist David Williams.

Walton recently signed with Columbia Records, a major step in his career as soloist and composer. His first album on the label was due out at press time.

He was given no information about the records played, except as indicated below with respect to record number seven.

1. GEORGE DUKE. *Spock Does The Bump At The Space Disco* (from *The Dream*, MPS). Duke, keyboards, composer.

Very interesting. Production-wise, it was impressive. The first name that comes to my mind would be some of the things that George Duke is doing these days. That's just a guess; I haven't heard this record. I rather enjoyed it; it ended just in time before I lost concentration.

It started to get belabored. And I must say that midway in the piece I noticed a change of key that had to rank as one of the smoothest modulations—or non-modulations—in recorded history; it certainly slipped into another key, which was quite effective, and helped me maintain concentration, where I might have lost it.

Another thing I'm always impressed with is skillful handling of guitar-piano interplay, because I always have a problem. Usually when I play with guitar, we clash, and have to do a lot of rehearsing. My voicings usually don't mesh with theirs. So that part I enjoyed.

I really enjoyed the record. If it was George, I'll be happy that I guessed right. Even if it's not George, I'd have to give it three and a half stars.

2. MIKE WOFFORD. *Monk's Mood/Off Minor* (from *Afterthoughts*, Discovery Records). Wofford, solo piano; Thelonious Monk, composer.

I must say that was a pleasant re-examination of the bulk of two of Thelonious Monk's classics, and the real short excerpt that preceded—I guess as an intro, I think it was a quote from *Twinkle Trinkle*, but I'm not sure.

The pianist you just played has excellent taste, in which of Monk's pieces he chose, and he stayed really true to the structure, both voicing-wise and rhythmic-wise.

The first name that came to mind was Roland Hanna; the second name was Marian McPartland. Of course, again, guesses; I haven't heard this record before. I know that *Off Minor* is one of my

favorite pieces that I've recorded in a different concept, context, you might say, kind of upbeat, having only a mild success as far as achieving precisely what I wanted. But I did find Monk's music very deceptively conducive to this kind of transition. And his rhythmic concept is timeless.

For the performance, I would say again, three and a half and because it's Monk, I would say four.

3. EARL HINES. *My Monday Date* (from *Quintessential Recording Session*, Chiaroscuro). Hines, solo piano, composer.

That, of course, was the unmistakable style of the great Earl Hines, playing a tune that I'm not familiar with. I know I've heard it, but I don't know the name of it. Earl stands alone in his ability to emulate, I think before anybody in the small band, group . . . during the time of Louis Armstrong, when the small group sound was prevalent in jazz history—emulate horns . . . and I think it's still prevalent in players who more or less graduated and had the experience of being a band pianist.

I think the next in line from Earl would be, logically, Bud Powell, with even more of a synthesizing effect on succeeding pianists. Whereas Bud employed less of an open chord style in the right hand, which Earl was unequalled in. It defies analysis, some of the things he does. The right hand fascinated me—of course, the left hand, too. But some of the things he does in the right hand . . . whereas I would have enough on my hands playing those ideas with one note . . . his sound like four or five notes.

Erroll Garner, in a more intimate way, so to speak, was a real practitioner of that right-hand melody with chords. When they go diatonically, you can't keep the same parallel voicing, you got to change it to make them come out. And to me that's always been amazing.

I've got to give five to the master. He started so many things. As they say in the vernacular, he's forgotten more things than the average pianist has learned or can remember.

I find Earl totally fearless when it comes to

working out, creating musical problems for himself and then coming through them—always with flying colors, he never plays it safe!

4. LOU LEVY. *Countdown* (from *Tempus Fugue-It*, Interplay Records) Levy, piano; John Coltrane, composer; John Dentz, drums; Fred Atwood, bass.

That sounded like 'Trane's changes on *Tune Up*; the pianist I didn't recognize. The drummer was playing a la Philly Joe Jones. It was a tremendously clean recording of the drum solo. I wanted to hear more of that. When the bass came in, it was quite a contrast. For some reason, it sounded muffled to me. I guess it was just the contrast to the sharpness of the drum sound, and for me that detracted a little bit from the performance.

The changes sounded a little difficult for the player; he was not much more than, I would say, adequate. That's not a critique, it's just that once you take it upon yourself to record something, you should be really ready to make a real statement, instead of just working on something like a clinic record. I think the artist should be mindful that this is not only the expression that he might share with his peers, it's something he's trying to express to maybe somebody who might want to study piano. . . . It's a very serious undertaking when you decide to record something. It sounded like these people took it a little less than seriously. I'm probably wrong, but that's the way it made me feel.

These were tremendously good musicians who were trying something that I think was too difficult. For the recording sound of the drums, and for the effort and for the general intelligence of the performance, I would give it three. It didn't turn me off; I wanted more and I just didn't get it.

5. JOE CHAMBERS. *The Orge* (from *Double Exposure*, Muse Records). Larry Young, organ and composer; Chambers, piano.

That was an interesting use of piano and what I think was an organ playing at the same time. The composition was interesting as well. I found it held my interest throughout. I found myself trying to guess or relate or create some frame of reference. The closest I could come would be Mary Lou Williams, whom I heard a couple of weeks ago, and for some reason this person's touch reminded me of her.

For the composition and for the piano and organ interplay, I'd give it three and a half.

6. RED GARLAND. *Solar* (from *Crossings*, Galaxy). Garland, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Miles Davis, composer.

The inimitable Red Garland rehashing an old Miles Davis tune, *Solar*, with Philly Joe Jones, probably Ron Carter. I heard about this record, so it's an educated guess. Because it's Red, you know Red is one of my favorites, and when Red is hot, Red really catches fire, and it's hard to compare with any other trio player.

Joe's performance, I'd say, out of the three players on this particular rendition, was the most inspired. Ron always manages to sound inspired whether he is or not; he's a very clever player. Red wasn't up to snuff; Red is over-indulging the listener because he doesn't care whether he's up or not . . . he doesn't sound like he cares whether he's up or not. I think that if he cared whether he's up or not, he'd make more preparation for a record session.

That's my only beef with this record; but because it's Red, because it's Miles' composition, and because of the eminence of the players, I would give it a four. But I really would have given it . . . I wish I could have given it more because they were up to more. . . .

Feather: Why did you call him inimitable? What about him is inimitable?

Walton: Because he took so little and came up with so much. He's not a learned musician—he's a boxer! And that's what I recognize about him: it's not a learned style. There's something very sophisticated, it's beyond analysis, for me. db

PROFILE



JOHN McDONOUGH

BARRETT DEEMS

BY JOHN McDONOUGH

If you could channel all of drummer Barrett Deems' extra energy for peaceful purposes, you could probably light up Ashtabula for an hour. Few men are in motion so constantly, so compulsively. And yet when his set of Ludwigs are spread out before him, few men are in motion so compellingly or productively. For Deems, who traveled the world through the '50s with Louis Armstrong and more recently with Benny Goodman, is one of the half dozen or so great remaining swing drummers loose in the country today.

Jake Hanna noticed an electronic foot pedal being demonstrated at a recent NAMM show. As it beat a rapid tattoo against a bass drum all by itself, Hanna remarked about its speed. "Yes," the demonstrator said, "Barrett Deems played it three days ago for a few minutes, and it hasn't stopped yet."

When Deems played with Joe Venuti's big band from 1938 to 1944 he was billed as the world's fastest drummer. Some think he may still be, although such claims don't mean much today, and nobody seems very interested in proving it. Least of all Barrett.

"I think I'm playing better now than I was ten or even 20 years ago," the 65-year-old musician says. "Years ago speed was everything. The faster you were, the better you were. Not much else counted as far as the public was concerned. Technique was very important in the '30s. Everybody tried to be a virtuoso. The drummer who played the fastest, the trumpeter who blew the highest—they were the best. Now it's the ideas that are important. It's what you do with the technique you have that counts. That's why Miles could be as big an influence as Diz, even though Diz has ten times the chops. It was the ideas, the stories they were telling. I play ideas on drums. If I need speed, I have it, but not for its own sake. In the big band days, you had to have it to get the big bread. Today fast

drummers are coming out of the music schools all the time. It's no big deal. You've gotta have more."

Deems is an extraordinary musician by any standard, but even more so when one considers his age. Among drummers over 60, only Buddy Rich could match or cut Deems today. Although Jo Jones can put forth more grace, subtlety and pure lighter-than-air swing in ensembles, Deems marshals as much straight forward power in solo work.

You don't have to see him at work to know why. With or without his Ludwigs, he is a walking, wiry juggernaut of nervous energy. He talks in a raspy, jittery sort of way, like a man afraid of silence. His hands are a blitzkrieg of fingers, tapping table tops or lighting a steady stream of cigarettes. When seated for short times away from his drums, he begins squirming like a man who just OD'd on a stash of jumping beans. "A switched-on munchkin," says Jerry Kaye, who operates Rick's, the room where Deems frequently works. "But my favorite."

Once, when traveling to Japan on a tour that also included Miles Davis' band, Barrett was seated next to drummer Tony Williams. Since it was a Japanese airline, appropriate food was served in an Oriental manner. When the chopsticks were set before him, he whipped them out of the bag like a junkie going for a fix and whirled out a perfectly accented single stoke roll at blinding speed on the tray, to the complete amazement of Williams.

Deems is perhaps the most underrated drummer in jazz. In the days when he turned out records regularly with the Armstrong All Stars, critics found it easy to hold him responsible for the often complacent pace of the coasting combo. On the other hand, when the band was at its best, writers often overlooked that it was Deems who kicked it along and gave thrust to its rhythm section. While with the All Stars Deems participated in one of the great recording sessions in jazz history, the one that produced the classic *Armstrong Plays W.C. Handy* LP with *Beale Street Blues*. If the live performances weren't always up to the standard of some of the better records, that was the nature of the band.

"Louis was still a great musician in the '50s," Deems recalls, "but he didn't want any surprises that could lead to mistakes. Every show started

with *Indiana*, and every *Indiana* was the same, note for note. Every once in a while he threw in a *West End Blues* or something, but most of the shows were a set routine. Louis wanted a drummer to play time. That's all."

Back in those days Barrett sported a crew cut. He can still be seen on late-night TV in the famous *Now You Has Jazz* number with Bing Crosby and Louis in the movie *High Society*.

Today the bristling locks have grown long and occasionally shaggy. They are balanced by a pointed goatee. A couple of years ago he appeared as a Pilgrim in a *New Yorker* advertisement. His face can look menacing at times. One who doesn't know him would be inclined to think he was weened on a pickle. Benny Goodman dubbed him Bela after Bela Lugosi's classic portrayal of Count Dracula. They were once making plans to drive out to Lugosi's grave near Budapest and play a chorus of *Sing Sing Sing* over the headstone. So says Barrett.

"Benny Goodman is the greatest clarinet in jazz today," he insists. "When I toured with him in 1976 he'd play more in one night than I heard Louis play in four years. He always played new things. He never fell back on solo routines. Those concerts were the most spontaneous I ever played as part of a working group. I heard him get into *That's A Plenty* one night and absolutely kick the shit out of it."

Today Deems can be seen regularly with Jim Beebe and his band in Chicago's Blackstone Hotel and with increasing regularity at Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago's Lake Shore Holiday Inn. There he tangles with a steady stream of worthy opponents: Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, Teddy Wilson. As you read this, Deems is part of a particularly extraordinary lineup at Rick's: Red Norvo, Dave McKenna, Buddy Tate, Urbie Green and Jim Atlas, all on one stand. Last January, also at Rick's, he spurred young tenor saxist Scott Hamilton to some of the greatest tenor jamming ever heard in the club. And his brush work with Teddy Wilson kept the pianist at his crispest.

Deems keeps a close watch on his sound. "I keep my bass drum tuned loose because it keeps the overtones and rings out. Most drummers prefer a flat bass sound because it's under better control. I don't like a booming sound with a lot of resonance. Never have. Dave Tough was the same way. He'd put a wet towel on his bass every night, right over the back of the head. It sounded like he was hitting a sack of flour. The rockers today use those black dots for the same reason. It's nothing new. Of course, with a loose bass head the pedal doesn't ricochet off as fast, so your foot has to work harder. I keep my snares and tom toms tight on the bottom, in between on the top. I always use bottom heads, never take them off. That stinks. Only drummers with weak hands do that crap. It helps them get the sound they want when they're too lazy to work at it. If you've got chops, you can get all the power you need with the heads on. Ludwig has a new projector device you can put on the bottom of each drum head to kick that volume up to the level of the electric guitars. But I don't play that stuff. I play time, man. Ding, ding-a-ding, ding-a-ding, ding-a-ding. . . ."

DAVID EYGES

BY FRED BOUCHARD

With a large segment of the jazz (not to mention the general) public still trying to catch up with innovations made by Ornette Coleman 20 years ago, it may seem a little premature or unfair for another breakthrough personality to start heads turning and shaking. But all's fair in love and war, and art is both. So here's David Eyges, cellist/composer, turning out his extraordinary, fresh, provocative music around New York, New England, Europe, and on a recent Chiaroscuro record *The Captain* (CR 191).

Eyges is not the jazz world's first cellist; Oscar Pettiford, Harry Babasin and Ron Carter have had their say on that noble, warm-toned instrument. But he is the first to play cello as his prime axe and to move it to the front line like a horn. His compositions are gems: carefully cut, roughly polished, many-faceted, gleaming brightly. Critic Robert Palmer observes that even on his first lead date "David Eyges has found a working balance between heat and reflection, improvisation and composition, spontaneity and form."

"I feel I'm forging a new style of music," Eyges asserted unabashedly, with slow emphasis, in an interview in Belmont, Massachusetts, where he was raised. "What I've done so far on cello in terms of method and composition will stand for some time to come. I'm combining classical with blues and jazz, putting the three together in a way that hasn't been done before. Third stream music often doesn't move or swing; I'm trying to break out of that. Fusion music combines rock and jazz with electricity; I'm using rock and blues figures in acoustic music. (Check out Ronnie Boykins' bass line on *Inner Voices*.) This has just begun to be explored. But I can tell you, I will *not* be the Jean-Luc Ponty of the cello with wah wah, phase shifters and all that bullshit."

The 27-year-old only child of parents of Russian stock, David Eyges ("ee-jus") was raised in a classical environment. He played piano duos with his mother at five, moved to cello at eight. "The British blues invasion fascinated me," said David, "especially the Rolling Stones, and I picked up guitar at 14. The recordings of Robert Johnson and other old blues artists influenced me greatly. I was just another longhaired kid when I went to see John Lee Hooker in Boston and Muddy Waters at Club 47 in Cambridge, but they left indelible impressions."

David heard lots of jazz in school while continuing cello studies with Leslie Parnas at Boston University and then with Benar Heifitz and George Niekrug while at Manhattan School of Music. "I taught jazz history there while getting my degree and learned more from my students than I taught. Certain jazz figures stand out in history: Louis, Dizzy, Bird. The last major figure was Ornette. Bird's music already had the fastest and most beautiful lines on the best changes. Ornette had to go for new form; like Schoenberg, he was on the brink of a new era and did something radical. When Or-

nette played *Klactoveedsedstene*, he broke it up into components to achieve new form."

Eyges is forging his new forms with dedication and genius; into his crucible go traditional elements like call-and-response patterns, collective improvisation, blues licks, contemporary lines and harmonies. The outcome is both startling and listenable, as evidenced by the record and duos with alto saxophonist Mark Whitecage here in Boston at Harvard's Fogg Art Museum and Emmanuel Church.

"As a newcomer," David explains, "I'm tied to no style and can do what I want. But when you're presenting new music, you bring an audience from one place to another. The Fogg concert was free for an art and classical-oriented crowd. We opened and closed that concert with *Water*, a new, free-flowing melody suited to that setting. We also played my tune *The Captain*, dedicated to my father, who's a fine amateur sailor. Even old ladies like that one; it swings, but it's tight and logical, simple and catchy. The Emmanuel concert was for a paying, hard-core jazz crowd. We got a little more out there for them." Boston was hospitable to David's homecoming. He had at least six interviews on the jazz-oriented college radio circuit; David found the student deejays musically "sharper than I was in college."

Mark Whitecage, alto saxophonist on *The Captain* and partner in Eyges' duo, met David five years ago touring Europe with Gunter Hampel. "Mark and I know each other musically very well. The sound of the cello and alto is a good fit. We work well as a duo or in the quartet setting." The quartet is comprised Ronnie Boykins and Jeff Williams (as on the record) or Jimmy Guiffre's rhythm team of Randy Kaye and Kiyoshi Tokunaga. Eyges has appeared on records with Bobby Paunetto and Bob Moses, but comes into his own on *The Captain*.

"With *The Captain*," concluded David, "I had to make a statement: 'I am a cellist playing jazz. The cello can swing. I can lead a group and write for it.'" Having stated that clearly, he'll move on. "My music will change and evolve throughout the years; nothing is forever, especially in jazz. I already have my next three albums planned out. The first tune of the new one, *Reality*, will pick up where *Synchronism* left off: call-and-response with more rhythm." Keep your third ear cocked for David Eyges. db



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CLAUDE RANGER

BY MARK MILLER

Never judge a drummer by the size of his bass drum.

Take, for example, Toronto's Claude Ranger, currently sideman to guitarist Sonny Greenwich and pianist Don Thompson. Perhaps the most volatile drummer in Canada, Ranger arrived in the city from Montreal in 1971 using a mere 17-inch bass drum.

That, in part, accounts for the rather startling first impression he made on Toronto's conservative jazz establishment. His two cymbals set very high at an almost vertical angle helped too. So did his tendency to chain-smoke his way through a gig, cigarette dangling precariously from the corner of his mouth. Not to mention what he calls "the crazy way I played" and the fact that he then spoke only French.

Seven years later, the cymbals hang a bit lower at a more reasonable angle. But his playing is no less exuberant. His English is now functional if still a little self-conscious. But the cigarette remains. And the bass drum is down to 16 inches.

"A small bass drum moves very quickly," he explains. "It's like a tom tom. That's why I have it. If the bass drum sounds that way—like a tom tom—it always keeps the sound going, instead of stopping the sound." Ranger uses a Gretsch kit which, in addition to the bass drum, contains 12 and 14-inch tom toms, a snare of unknown (to Ranger) dimensions, and A. Zildjian cymbals. The drummer has been described as a whirlwind, and indeed his style or "sound" is one of constant intensity and buoyancy to which the boom of a standard bass drum is simply a dead weight. "It's pretty hard to follow," he admits of his style. "It's all over the place, it's not definite, but it is a lot of fun to play that way."

Ranger was born in 1941 in a French-Canadian neighborhood of Montreal. (Thus his name should be pronounced with the appropriate French inflections.) Attracted as a youth to the drums he heard in marching bands, he began playing pots and pans and garbage cans. At 16 he bought his first drum set. "I spent two years just practicing all day. After a few years I studied arranging with Frank Mella. That's very important; I went to him once a week for three years. I was around 20." Ranger began playing professionally in his late teens with various show bands in Montreal. "I worked for ten years, just in nightclubs. All the time I was trying to understand what jazz was.

"The first two drummers I heard were Max Roach and Jimmy Cobb. That was a long time ago! I had two records, *Max Roach Plus Four* and Miles' *In Person Friday And Saturday Nights At The Blackhawk* (with Cobb), and I was listening to them all the time. Then there was Elvin, and finally I just listened to whoever was playing. I used to go crazy when I heard Tony Williams. And I liked Ornette's drummer, Ed Blackwell, with his very loose, dancing sound—it feels good to play that way! I would never listen to anything but jazz. I was very stubborn. Nobody could tell me anything."

Ranger dates the beginning of his career in jazz to a six month period around 1967 when he worked at La Jazztek, a Montreal club (also known as La Boheme) run by saxophonist Lee Gagnon. And, as a member of Gagnon's band, the drummer made his first jazz recordings: *La Jazztek* in 1967 and *Je Jazze* in 1968.

It was at La Jazztek that Ranger met Brian Barley, a now-legendary tenor/soprano saxophonist and bass clarinetist—conservatory trained and influenced in jazz by Rollins, Dolphy and Coltrane. "I started to play with Brian, just tenor and drums. He's probably why I play jazz; it was with him that I went 'outside.' The two formed a trio, Aquarius Rising with bass guitarist Daniel Lessard, and worked in Montreal and Quebec City until



MARK MILLER

mid-1970 when Barley returned to Toronto, his birthplace.

In the late '60s Ranger also worked in the bands of pianist Pierre Leduc, trumpeters Ron Proby and Herb Spanier, and others. As late as 1970 he was leading his own septet, fashioned after the then-current pianoless group of Archie Shepp, on the now-defunct CBC radio series *Jazz en liberte*.

After the drummer moved to Toronto, he was reunited with Brian Barley for only one weekend gig before Barley's death (age 28) of complications arising from an earlier automobile accident. Of Ranger's association with Barley there remains only one recording, made under the saxophonist's name for Radio Canada International in 1970 (RCI 309, available from CBC Publications, Box 500, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1E6). Friends have discussed the possibility of a memorial record based on private tapes of Barley's performances.

In Toronto Ranger soon found his playing in demand and worked—often alongside a fellow former-Montrealer, the bassist Michel Donato—with the likes of Lenny Breau, Sam Noto, Alvin Pall and others. There were commercial gigs like the TV show *Music Machine* with Doug Riley, and Ranger occasionally led his own trio or quartet, still pianoless, in local clubs. At two benefit concerts for Ed Blackwell in 1974, he played with Karl Berger and, teamed with Donato, accompanied Sonny Rollins, taking the tenor saxophonist back to his Roach-Pettiford *Freedom Suite* days. Ranger also worked memorable gigs with George Coleman, James Moody and Phil Woods at Bourbon Street. But. . .

"Then it all stopped. Everything stopped. I was starving. For a long time I had only *Music Machine*. That's all; almost no jazz gigs. It just happened that I was not doing it. Maybe I was hard to play with, I don't know." Ranger had earned a reputation both as a difficult personality and as a musician who generally played at a level far beyond that which most Toronto leaders wished to hear—the latter problem a reflection more, alas, on the local scene than on the drummer. Despite the setback, Ranger is philosophical. "It's just part of learning. I had to learn. Now I'm much better. Now I can talk. Before, I couldn't speak English; it was pretty rough. Somedays I would wake up and forget it all—no words in English today!"

It was at this time, however, that Ranger joined Sonny Greenwich's band and recorded albums with Moe Koffman (*Solar Explorations* for GRT) and Doug Riley (*Dreams* for PM). For lack of work—Greenwich was to retire for two years—Ranger returned to Montreal in late 1975, only to reappear in Toronto six months later. He continued to teach, something he has done almost from the outset of his playing career, and eventually joined the trio backing a nightclub singer, Vic Franklyn. "With Vic I did nothing but make money for a year. I had the chance, so I did it. Not nice, not lots of fun, but. . ." On rare occasions he played jazz with Don Thompson—traveling in August 1977 with the pianist to the Larens International Jazz Festival—and with Bernie Senensky, Jane Fair and Pat La Barbera.

Since leaving the security of Franklyn's band in early 1978 (coinciding with Greenwich's return to

action), he has been working and recording with both the guitarist and with Thompson and will appear on forthcoming albums with each. Casual gigs found him a sideman to Sam Most in April and Lew Soloff in June at Bourbon Street. Also in June, he joined Koffman's quintet, the busiest band in Canadian jazz. "When I quit Vic Franklyn, I was scared to lose the security. I thought I wasn't able to play anymore, everything seemed new again. Since then it's crazy. I never stop!"

Ranger also has resumed composing, something he had stopped in the early 1970s, and has been updating some of his tunes from the days of *Jazz en liberte*. "I think of getting a band together again and maybe recording or doing concerts. My own band is just to show off that I can write. . . . It would be my music, my tunes. Play what I feel like, when I feel like it. db

JAMES WILLIAMS

BY FRED BOUCHARD



FRED BOUCHARD

Boston has long been a proving ground for New York theater, and the same goes for jazz musicians. Young talent is raised here or comes to town, usually attends Berklee College or New England Conservatory (may even teach at the former), sharpens its chops on small club gigs, then heads for Gotham. A welter of recent names comes to mind: saxist Ricky Ford, trumpeter Claudio Roditi, guitarists Pat Metheny, Baird HERSHEY and Gerry Harris (Gray Sargent is next!), drummer Payton Crossley (who atypically came from Omaha at 15) specifically to study with Alan Dawson.

James Williams, the 27-year-old pianist from Memphis, comes quite prominently to mind, not only because of his ubiquity and versatility whenever on the scene in Boston—be it with Milt Jackson at the Jazz Workshop, Toots Thielemans at Sandy's Jazz Revival, Lee Konitz at the Boston Globe Jazzfest, or as integral member of Alan Dawson's Quartet—but also because he has been traveling in Art Blakey's sextet since October. James then replaced George Cables, who'd been filling in for Walter Davis, Jr., now off in pursuit of his own ends (db, June 1). The rest of the band is the same as on *Gypsy Folk Tales* on Roulette; James appears on Blakey's new album on Concord, recorded live at Keystone Korner in May.

We talked for an hour in James' small flat in Boston's student neighborhood, near Berklee, where he came from Memphis State to teach piano and harmony in 1972. He had a wicked head cold and kept sniffing; the next day he was off to Europe (again) with Blakey. Herbie Hancock posters decorated the otherwise bare walls. Whenever James got up to answer the frequently ringing telephone, I scouted his ample record library: Memphisite Phineas Newborn, Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett were prominent. Early greets he loves include

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Garner, Fats and Lester. Influences were Miles, Herbie, McCoy, Joe Henderson, and among those with whom he has played, Woody Shaw, Thad Jones, Charles Thomas in Memphis, and Bill Pierce in Boston.

But the biggest influence on James Williams right now is Art Blakey, and the biggest thing is to swing. "Blakey teaches swinging," said James. "Many of us who are formally educated tend to get wrapped up in speed and changes; they're a part of it, but they can make it easy to forget to swing. Often as not, it's what you *don't* play that makes a tune swing. Miles and Ahmad use space in their solos, and leave room for the rhythm to contribute. You can't do that if you fill every bar with a barrage of eighth notes.

"Back in high school, I dug Oscar Peterson best. I could relate to his masterful technique and style of swing. Monk took much longer with his understatement and "wrong notes" because my ears needed maturing. It's like hearing early and late Schoenberg; you've got to keep up with the stylistic shifts. Now I listen a lot to Monk and, though it isn't often evident, I try to capture the essence of his playing. I'd like to do concerts of all his music, and other concerts of Ellington and Joe Henderson. Nowadays I learn more swing from Wynton Kelly and Red Garland than from Oscar. Red came to see us at Keystone Korner: what a

thrill! He was my first main man on piano back with Miles in 1960!"

Getting back to Blakey: "He never says 'Play it this way.' It's like father and sons: he sets examples. He puts you in tune with what you're supposed to do. You just listen to him and emulate it on your own instrument. I've always enjoyed his music, but I never quite realized that his every motion is right *into* the music. He's damn near 60, but he can travel all day and still hit the stand with the boundless enthusiasm of a new cat. He'll stay with the young guys and bring them up, and when they graduate, he'll find others. He's a real teacher!"

Regarding his own eclectic style, James points to Memphis. "In my home town, any kind of gig might come up. There was plenty of blues and funk. I did shows like "Shower of Stars" and "Memphis Music Awards" with Isaac Hayes and Al Green. I was busy all day Sunday for six years playing organ in gospel churches. I even did a couple of country and western gigs; I know I'd have a more open mind to it if it came up again. Just about the only bag I haven't got into is classical.

"I've had chances to play behind all four major vibists: Jackson at the Workshop, Red Norvo at Sandy's, Gary Burton in Memphis, Bobby Hutcherson in San Francisco. Each presented different styles and challenges."

James played regularly in several Boston bands: Dawson's 4, Bill Thompson's 5, Claudio Roditi's 5, Greg Hopkins/Wayne Naus Big Band. He names Bill Pierce as the Boston musician with whom he feels the most kinship in terms of composition and conception. "Billy plays beautifully in so many bags: soulful, straight, in, out, Trane, Sonny—not just bebop or swing or abstract. He is very flexible in material and approach."

Saxophonist Pierce is featured on Williams' first lead date on Zim Records, *Flying Colors*. Also on the record are drummer James Baker, Memphis mates reedman Bill Easley and bassist Sylvester Sample, and trombonist/arranger Slide Hampton.

On keyboards: "There's no substitute for acoustic piano. It's the oldest, most difficult and consistent of the keyboards. Electrics are fine for tone color and painting pictures, but I want a choice. Many club pianos (especially around Boston) are so dreadful I was forced to go electric. On the road with Blakey we have it in the contract that there be a tuned piano on the stand. It seems many clubowners now expect pianists to bring their instruments. In fact, I'll bet electric keyboards gained their currency by pianists bringing them along to gigs to insure stability in their playing against the chance of coming upon the unplayable piano. It's a matter of thinking of the music first—musicians do and many clubowners don't." **db**

CAUGHT!

AL GREY-JIMMY FORREST QUINTET

RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN
CHICAGO

Personnel: Grey, trombone; Forrest, tenor sax; Shirley Scott, piano; Bobby Durham, drums; John Duke, bass.

The usual warmth of Rick's was raised several degrees during a two-week stand by the Al Grey-Jimmy Forrest Quintet, a stomping microcosm of a big band that alternates between swing and rocking rhythm and blues.

In between you'll hear some ballads. Forrest plays them on tenor—with sweeping melodrama. A consistent show stopper with the Basie band was his version of *Body And Soul*. It remains so here. The tune is a set piece and rarely varies, but it really does not have to. Plotted out as carefully as a TV movie, with a seductive beginning, an ascending middle, a thundering climax, and a final epilog—a coda—which unraveled the tension like the obligatory cigarette after a sexual encounter, the song was sweaty and sexy. *Tenderly* fol-

lowed the same emotional curve.

Grey is a more restrained ballad player. His dynamic range is not quite as broad as Forrest's and his trombone vibrato is more subtle, achieved with diaphragm control rather than the more common technique of slide manipulation.

But ballads are not what this group is all about. Grey and Forrest are both extroverted players. Forrest comes out of Coleman Hawkins through Illinois Jacquet, Grey straight from J.C. Higgenbotham via Bill Harris. That puts a lot of power in the front line, and most of the time the band is in high gear, whether on originals such as *Travelers* or standards like *One O'Clock Jump* or even a relaxed *Lil' Darlin'*. More than once, the house was up for grabs.

A good part of the credit goes to the rhythm section, an all-star combination with Shirley Scott, who played only piano tonight, Bobby Durham on drums and bassist John Duke. Ms. Scott, who is now back on the road after devoting time to raising a family, plays solos full of rich, driving chords. Durham, who traveled with Ella Fitzgerald and the Tommy Flanagan Trio until earlier this year, provides all the

power and quick response the others need. The rhythm section opened each set at Rick's, and Durham got a chance to stretch out in some solo work, and also unveiled some surprisingly pleasant singing.

The rapport between the horns is pure, classic Kansas City, with each driving the other with powerful riffing as solo backdrop. The effect is the illusion of section response in a big band. But it's all kept simple. And simplicity swings.

Aviva Records recorded for three nights at Rick's and will release the results soon. An initial Aviva release is due within a few weeks, to be followed by the material from these sets.

—John McDonough

CAL TJADER

The Eugene Hotel
Eugene, Oregon

Personnel: Tjader, vibes and timbales; Clare Fisher, electric piano; Rob Fisher, bass; Vince Lattiano, drums; Pancho Sanchez, congas and bongos.

Some people are bi-lingual. Cal Tjader is bi-musical. His two languages are Latin and swing, and he speaks them with equal ease and grace.

Like Lionel Hampton, Tjader was first a percussionist. In the early '50s he played drums for Dave Brubeck and George Shearing. Vibes became his principal instrument in 1954 when he formed his own group. By then he was already heavily into Latin music, and the vibes proved to be an ideal vehicle for Latin jazz.

Tjader is still a percussionist at heart. When he is not playing the lead, he does not comp on vibes, but switches to timbales instead. And in a strongly rhythmic piece, his vibes can be as percussive as a marimba. Tjader can play lyrically too: on a ballad or a swing tune, his solos are as melodic as those of, say, Stan Getz.

Tjader's current band is as adaptable as its leader. On this date, Clare Fischer used his bright-sounding Rhodes piano in a variety of ways. On straightahead tunes he played convoluted single-note lines, twisting and turning



through a series of imaginative chord substitutions. On Latin tunes, with only a two-chord vamp, Fischer used his Rhodes percussively, beating out staccato rhythmic patterns. On ballads the Rhodes became an organ, full of swoops, vibrato and deep bass tones.

Percussionist Pancho Sanchez is a bearded, barrel-chested man from the barrios of east L.A. He played with power, assurance and deep rhythmic feeling. On a Sanchez solo the quintet became a rhythm band. While everyone else laid down a dense rhythmic grid, Sanchez segued from one short polyrhythmic pattern to the next in a seemingly endless stream of ideas.

The quintet's versatility was apparent from the beginning of the set. Tjader opened with *Green Dolphin Street*, a tune which suits him perfectly because it combines a Latin head with a swing bridge. Everyone soloed and loosened up. Then came a Latin standard which got farther and farther away from the feeling of the melody—so far away that when the head finally returned it sounded corny and contrived. The solos overshadowed the tune.

Sanchez took a break here while the quartet played a medley of Ellington tunes, beginning with a slow, deeply grooved *Satin Doll*. Clare Fischer followed this with a solo rendition of *Sophisticated Lady*, full of rich chromatic harmonies. Tjader reappeared and swung into a medium tempo for *Take The A Train*. Everyone got on board. Then came the loungiest version of 'Round Midnight I've ever heard. It's a scotch and water tune, but Tjader made it sound like Kahlua and cream.

When Sanchez returned to the stand, the band finished off the set with an old Tjader favorite, *Wachi Wara*, a tune first jazzed-up by Dizzy Gillespie in 1947. It still cooks after 30 years. So does Cal Tjader after 53.

—douglas clark

DAVID EYGES QUARTET

COOPER UNION
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Eyges, cello; Mark Whitecage, alto sax and flute; Brian Smith, bass; Randy Kaye, drums.

The cello has been used primarily for coloration in jazz and rarely as a solo instrument, the main exceptions being Oscar Pettiford, Ron Carter, Calo Scott, and most recently Eyges and Abdul Wadud. The new Eyges-Whitecage unit is similar in sound to the Carter-Eric Dolphy collaboration, and, like it, brings a welcome freshness to contemporary music.

Eyges proved to be a consistently more interesting as a composer (all the tunes were his) than as a soloist, with Whitecage upstaging him most of the time. Whitecage, whose fine alto is at last spotlighted after being hidden in other bands and contexts, soared from the start on a manic Coleman-Mingus tinged Eyges line, *Reality*, that bounced along wildly and immediately brought to mind the superb Carter-Dolphy team. Whitecage used short, bursting phrases in a very rhythmic solo that was right in tune with Smith's strong bass work and Kaye's propulsive drums. Eyges' solo was bland and uneven in comparison to the others' playing; he was most effective here, and generally, in his ensemble playing and in

collective interaction with Whitecage and the rhythm section.

R. B. (for Ronnie Boykins) was a loping, bluesy tune that featured another excellent Whitecage alto solo. It began sparsely and built to quick, long runs. Again Eyges was of less interest in his subtle, lacklustre improvisation.

In *The Captain*, a witty toe-tapper, the quartet was at its best. They pulsed along effortlessly and the solos had fire: everything coalesced. The collective improvisation and group harmony were at their finest here.

Eyges and Whitecage each had unaccompanied solo features after intermission. In his, Eyges really turned himself loose for the first time in a demented cello version of a bottleneck guitar blues solo, which reminded one of Wadud's playing with Julius Hemphill. Whitecage was both technically brilliant and full of ideas in his solo (his influences appear primarily to be Coleman, Dolphy and Konitz).

Port Of Spain sounded more Far-Eastern than anything else (although Eyges' wife is from Trinidad). It highlighted Whitecage's

flute and Smith's bass, and the latter's solo was a skillfully developed masterpiece. Smith's playing (in tandem with Kaye) was essential to the group's success, his firm yet pliant ostinatos setting a foundation for many of the alto-cello collective improvisations and individual solos.

Smith and Kaye were an improvement over the bass-drum duo of Ronnie Boykins and Jeff Williams that graced Eyges' new first album, *The Captain* (Chiaroscuro Records). The album is excellent, but the concert performance was even better, thanks to a tighter group and less restrictive (time-wise) conditions.

—scott albin

PHILIP GLASS

CARNEGIE HALL
NEW YORK CITY

At long last, Philip Glass has made it to Carnegie Hall. Since his opera, *Einstein On The Beach*, was previously performed by the Metropolitan Opera, this might not seem like

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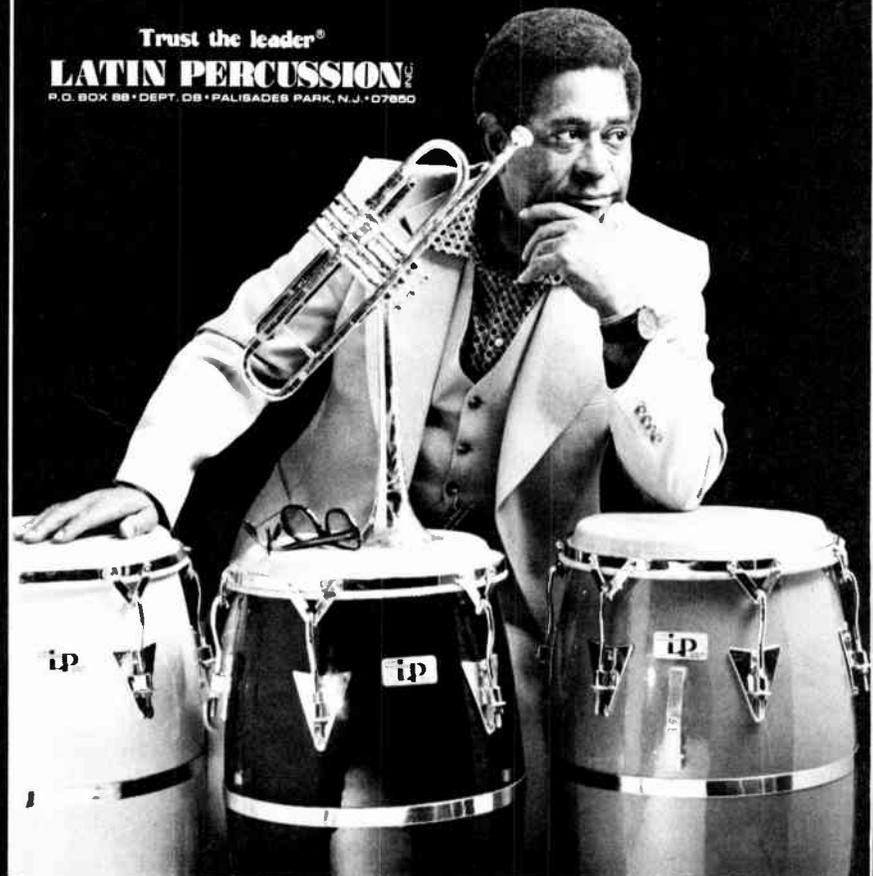
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a major achievement for him. Usually, though, avant garde music is performed in the smaller Carnegie Recital Hall; booking the main hall indicates an unusually high degree of acceptance for a contemporary composer.

The audience, as might be expected, was younger and hipper than the typical crowd at a classical concert. Hailing from such havens for the arts as Soho and the Upper West Side, they greeted his music with an enthusiasm that is rarely seen outside of rock events.

Glass' work would not seem to be promising material for popular success. Repetitive and anti-climactic, it has more in common with non-Western and Renaissance music than with the Western classical tradition. Nevertheless, the composer's cult following seems to home in on the pop-like transparency and strongly marked rhythms of his pieces.

In most of Glass' oeuvre, the rhythms are more structurally important than are his minimalist melodies and harmonies. One exception is *Another Look At Harmony: Part IV*, which formed the first half of the Carnegie program. Here harmonic "changes" took precedence over the beat, with mixed results.

While the primitive polyphony that evolved from the shifting choral harmonies was strangely soothing, even magnificent at points, Glass' modalism lacked the richness achieved by composers like Delius and Vaughan Williams, who explored the same territory 80 years ago.

More consistently satisfying were the excerpts from *Einstein On The Beach* (Act 1, Scene 1 and Act IV, Scene 3). Joining the Gregg Smith Singers and Glass on electric organ in this performance were a second organist, a flutist, soprano and alto saxophonists, a synthesizer player and a soprano soloist, Iris Hiskey.

The opera's first scene focused on dynamic rhythms and contrasting timbres. The flute functioned as an inner voice that peeped through the holes in the busy texture.

A transitional stage in which Ms. Hiskey dueted beautifully with the flutist led into the finale. Here the chorus sang angelically above the instrumentalists' mutterings. When the confrontation between the two groups reached its most virulent phase, a resolution seemed to be called for. But none was forthcoming; instead, the chorus merely cut out for

a few measures and then, in the last bars, took up where they had left off.

Resolution is the antithesis of Glass' approach. He is trying to create, not a sudden catharsis, but a gradual hypnosis. In this way, perhaps, his work may be the avant garde counterpart of New Wave and disco, the music of the Blank Generation.

—kenneth terry

JAMES NEWTON

ENVIRON
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Newton, concert and wood flutes.

It is unusual in these days of doubling and tripling of instruments to find a musician who specializes in one—in this case, the flute. Most flutists who come to mind are primarily saxophonists, but Newton concentrates on the flute. Maybe by virtue of that exclusivity, he is one of the best playing jazz on that instrument today.

Newton excelled in this, his first solo recital. His entrance in itself was quite auspicious, as he circled the room playing a warm-up tune that featured a kind of overblowing and humming, bordering sometimes on chanting, that was unlike anything Yusef Lateef or Rahsaan Roland Kirk may have done before him using that technique. His control was just amazing, his tone exactly what he wanted it to be at all times, whether full-bodied or wispy.

As the concert unfolded, it was apparent that Newton's prime influence has been Eric Dolphy, who may have been the greatest of all jazz flutists. Almost everything he played exhibited Dolphy-like brashness and dazzling runs, and on the standards *Tenderly* and *Sophisticated Lady*, Tatumesque embellishments and flourishes, and the rich harmonics that Dolphy loved.

His own compositions were either Monk-inspired or in a Near/Far Eastern vein. *Monk's Notice* was a break-neck, jagged theme that Newton carried to extremes of dynamic variation and odd tonalities achieved through overblowing. *T & E* (Thelonious and Eric) was a Monkish line played in gallivanting Dolphy style, cascading and unfettered, with a succinct and fitting blues interlude midway into the improvisation.

For *Spirits Past* and *Bin*, Newton used wood flutes. The different timbres and somewhat sparser playing both helped add variety to the program and further revealed his enviable breath control. By utilizing his full breath capacity and reserve, he was able to take advantage of the maximum potential of his flutes.

Newton's finale was *Take The A Train*, and he succeeded in taking the tune, so well-known in orchestrated form, and transforming it into a solo tour de force. His slight variations on the theme were pure genius, and in his solo he dug into the tune better than anyone I've heard in a long while, without cliches, reservations or repetition.

Those who enjoy superlative flute playing, or just fine musicianship, should remember the name of Newton. Out of California, he's now starting to attract attention in New York, and his first album (*Jazz Flutes*) will be out when you read this. So watch for it, and him.

—scott albin



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when your personal expression comes in contact with those two concepts you try to preserve as much of your naturalness as you can. Because the more successful you get, the more success seems to pull you towards it, which has nothing to do with money or your name, but has more to do with your *territory*. I think people make money from their territories more than by how good or bad they are.

Mandel: So if you were to become famous for playing music that wasn't strictly your own, people still would try to get you to play yourself, but only because you'd established a territory that was attractive to others?

Coleman: Yeah, but what I mean by territory is that when I was living in Texas, I couldn't go out and play the way I play in New York City. So that's territory. I had to go 2000 miles to do that and have the same problems I was having in Texas.

Mandel: Then it's both geographic and somewhat mental, too?

Coleman: The human concept versus the territorial-racial concept (regardless of what your ancestral background is) has more to do with the placement of how you end up *being* (whatever it is you think you are about), of how you relate to that territory and environment, than you believe it does. I still believe that in order to make things successful in a business arrangement you have to sell something, but in order to be well at what you do you have to *do* something. That's two different worlds.

I've always tried to be at peace with both those worlds without having to think that I was going to be deprived of something that I would need. For instance, I'd really like to finish my large piece of music and I'd like to have a large orchestra on salary, and teach the orchestra musicians how to play compositional music improvising, the way I wrote my *Skies Of America*. I'd like to be successful enough musically to put a group together and go out to play music in that kind of large situation. But my own category that I've been christened with has been used against me, it keeps me from doing that. So therefore I'd have to take my own money and recreate that environment for myself and sell it, which I haven't been able to do because it's very expensive.

Mandel: We're talking around the word jazz. I know you've written about yourself as being a jazz artist. Is that really the categorization that you find keeps you from being able to perform in other contexts?

Coleman: Yeah, I think those terms existed before I existed and I can't outdate those terms, but I've outgrown them. I can't spend all my time trying to change that. I have to find out how I can get what I do where I would like to have it done. What do I need to do that? In the Western world your success is based on how many people you reach, and in the music called jazz up to now it's only people who've made money from other levels of music who are allowing people that have a jazz background to integrate, to increase their financial status by mixing with other kinds of music.

Mandel: So they're co-opting them?

Coleman: Yeah, more or less it's getting like that.

Mandel: Do you feel you're co-opting an audience by having electric guitars there with you?

Coleman: Well, I'll tell you this here. When I had Charlie Haden with me, he always played with an amplifier, but no one said he's playing an acoustic instrument with an amplifier. But now, if I had two flamenco guitars that were amplified, would that still be called electric? The only reason it's electric is that you can't *play* those guitars otherwise. They can only be heard by having what they need to be heard. So what you really mean when you call that electric is what some people call a certain style of music. Barney Kessel plays it, an electric guitar. So did that cat Wes Montgomery, so does George Benson. I'm not talking about the music they're playing, I'm talking about the electricity they're using. It's not the same thing as having an electric band, having two guitars. That's really what I have, two guitars. I don't call it an electric band.

The terms that people have had to play their music under! Categories and the ways in which the musical world allows musicians to survive, usually are much more about the selling and buying than the creating and performing.

Mandel: What if we didn't have the record company business, and the musicians played for live audiences, and there was not that kind of reproduction that makes for replacement of one's personal preferences with what is being sold to that person. You think you'd have more individualism among musicians?

Coleman: I think there has to be more individualism among human beings, period. I think what you're asking me is if the system of surviving in music wasn't the way it is now, would there be more individuals? I'd say the system doesn't really have anything to do with the individual, as much as it influences the person who thinks he can't be an individual because he has to have so much backing. I mean, there are lots of people who give support to people because they don't like *other* people. If you're paying me because you don't want me to be playing with some soul because you don't like *him*, then that's all I'm really doing. If you are pushing me because you don't like someone else, well, that sort of music chaos has gotten all musicians going batty in their heads, because they all think they're in competition with each other while it's the person who's not performing who's making that particular problem exist for them.

Back to what you said, I don't think that record companies have anything to do with the failure of creative music as much as they tend to use it only for their personal feelings. What they want to push to become a bigger record company has more to do with the way people who work for them design how the company is going to grow.

Mandel: When you say the failure of creative music, do you mean its inability to become popular up to this time, or that the music itself has failed?

Coleman: That's what I'm saying. I'll put it this way. If what we're talking about doesn't allow a person that has never seen you or I to one day hear something in his head from something he's doing, and if he doesn't feel that he can go anywhere and express that up until the point where he gets help in order to *keep* developing it, to the point where he's as good as he can get, then that's what I mean. If this interview is *not* going to inspire that person, then that's what we're talking about. The thing I'm talking to you about is the image of all these things keeping a person from wanting to feel like he's an individual.

Mandel: Is creative music intimidating?

Coleman: No, no, that's what I'm saying. When you say creative music—maybe tomorrow or in ten years someone will come along and play some music that neither one of us have heard. So now is it creative music because we haven't heard it? Or because he's been doing it so long we're just now hearing it? I think everyone would be playing creative music if they didn't have to be in competition with their security. What we're talking about, that shouldn't be the issue. Whatever makes a person want to express something, this conversation should only inspire them to do that.

Mandel: And that's the kind of directions you're trying to give your band. . . .

Coleman: That's the kind of directions I'm trying to give to anybody—my band, you, anyone. If you said "Oh, Ornette, I like your playing music but I have never played. Do you think I could? What instrument?" I think we could get together and find something that *you* could express, that had something to do with *you*, that we could play together, and go out and make a performance as good as anyone else. This is what I believe.

Mandel: I think I believe that, too.

Coleman: Sure. And if that doesn't become more logically understood, then there will be more people who like things only from something they heard before or read. There won't be anything that they took themselves to find out. I mean, I used to have guys who came up to me saying all sorts of bad things about my music, then they'd come back and hug me because they found out something they liked, themselves. One thing that's really terrible is that expression, in any kind of thing, seems to need some person's approval.

Mandel: Do you function as a leader in that way?

Coleman: Not really. The only time I function as a leader is payment and responsibility.

Mandel: You do give directions that seem to throw the burden of approval back upon the musician.

Coleman: What I'm really trying to do—not what I'm trying to do but what I'm actually doing—is writing music in the most clear form I can, simple, to get the best results out of the people I'm playing with. I give them what I'm playing and say, "You take this and you do anything you want to do with it. If you want to take it apart, put it together, put silly putty on it, whatever it will do for you, give it back to me that way, then I'll interpret it from what I hear."

Mandel: On what basis do you interpret?

Coleman: I try always what is called emotion, to emotionally interpret sound, the sounds they feed back to me.

I once told John Snyder, we were talking about me making a tour of America, doing television things, you know, and I always watch Johnny Carson. I said maybe I'll go on the Carson show and let the band play anything they want to play and I'll just come out and play with them. And they don't have to tell me anything that they're playing. He said that would be a good idea.

Mandel: That would be great.

Coleman: Not as a gimmick! I mean, I know that that could happen. I know that they would say okay, tonight you're going to play a number with the *Tonight Show* band, they're not going to tell you nothing they play, just come out and play with them. Gee, I'll say, I'm willing to do that.

Two weeks ago I was out at Margaret

Mead's school, and was teaching some little kids how to play instantly. I asked the question "How many kids would like to play music and have fun?" And all the little kids raised up their hands. And I asked, "Well, how do you do that?" And one little girl said, "You just apply your feelings to sound." And I said come and show me. When she went to the piano to do it she tried to show me, but she had forgotten about what she said. So I tried to show her why all of a sudden all her attention span had to go to another level, and after that she went ahead and did it. But she was right—if you apply your feelings to sound, regardless of what instrument you have, you'll probably make good music.

Mandel: So when you tell your musicians in rehearsal "that's not it, try again," what you're saying is that their level of concentration is. . .

Coleman: You've got to understand that when you're dealing with an instrument and a melody, if you're playing a melody and you don't have everything in your mind that you can do with that note—what some people call improvising, which I now call the harmolodic theory and method, which has to do with using the melody, the harmony and the rhythm all equal—that I find that it's much easier when a person can take a melody, do what they want to do with the melody, then bring his expression to yours, then combine that for a greater expression. But there are not many people that I've been able to teach how to do that because I haven't been working with a lot of people. But the people who I have worked with, they know how to do that.

Mandel: Has the exploration of this kind of music, and I don't know whether to say development or discovery of it. . .

Coleman: Well, I don't think it's development or discovery, I think it's just natural.

Mandel: The practicing of it. . .

Coleman: The manipulating of the instrument. . .

Mandel: Has it always been so rigorous to create that, with the groups you've played with from '59?

Coleman: The largest group I ever used was the London Symphony and I had to write all the parts. I took all the money I had for two sessions of a jazz record, made one session out of it and got a couple of readings. What you're really asking me—that problem has more to do with the experience the person has had with the instrument that they're expressing, whether they're reading or making up an idea to go along with an arrangement. But I would say to have instrumental discipline, how free is instrumental discipline? The people who are playing every night at the Philharmonic have lots of instrumental discipline. Now, can they take that discipline and come and just play with me, because they have that discipline? No.

So we're not talking about the same thing then, but we are talking about the same ability of discipline, which means that we're back to what I said. Whatever makes an individual an individual, it is not that individual's goal to only see things one way. He has to have that choice, especially in expression, to explore whatever his instincts tell him. If you limit that, all you're going to have is what you're working for to present. In other words, the packaging of reproduction is a disaster for an individual, whoever he is.

Mandel: You can divorce yourself from re-



Cannonball Adderley presenting db's New Star Award (now TDWR) to Coleman at the Philadelphia Jazz Festival, 1960.

production. It's your creation, you've done it, and it's behind you, so you can go on to—but that's bizarre. Actually, you have to take responsibility for what you've created?

Coleman: Right, really, really.

Mandel: I was wondering if the same sense of discipline. . .

Coleman: We're talking about something that is very human, in the sense that for what reason do you make the choice to want to do what you do? Why do you want to do what you do? *There's* something. And when you get closer to that, what you're going to do is going to bring you more ways of expressing that. Now if it gets to me and gets to other people you will be serving the purpose of how good you can get, and I don't think there's any individual who doesn't want to have that experience, with whoever they're relating to. It's just harder when it has to do with expression.

Because if you meet a woman or you like a certain thing, the moment you express something witty and it rejects you, you have to deal with something you think is wrong that you're doing, so you analyze that and change that. So the expression is never packaged. The packaging comes from the reproduction of it. Probably making love and doing things we do emotionally are the only repetitions we do that we actually like. At least everybody's getting in bed every night, then getting up and saying, "That was good. Let's do it again tomorrow." Whatever, that's why we're here.

Mandel: That's what we're all doing that we're sure we like.

Coleman: Yeah, sure, so that there's nothing on that level of form in a reproduction.

Mandel: I was wondering about the communication, though, among your early group. You were finding these things out about yourself and the way you need to express yourself. Did you do that at that time or before you started working with. . .

Coleman: I'll tell you what I think you're trying to ask me: how did I arrive at knowing the things that I've come to know and do? How did I know that I was on the right track?

Mandel: And whether you saw that develop-

ing within yourself from the time you became a professional.

Coleman: Yeah, that's what I mean. In Fort Worth I went out to play music with other bands and found out that they were more advanced than me because I just started playing the horn and I didn't know about certain things you have to know in order to play with other people. When I learned those things they did two things for me: they outdated lots of people, and then they made it possible that I couldn't play with other people. Right? So I was back where I started. It's the same way right now. I have a band, and I can't just go out and get anyone to play with me. Now if I was playing *How High The Moon*, I could go play that tonight, with anybody. The difference between playing that with anybody and just playing, going and playing with anyone period, is just that difference.

If there's anything that I'm working towards showing as a musician or an individual it is that it is possible to express something that has to do with the way you hear, or feel, or think with another individual without that person having to give you the information before you do what you want to express. It is possible to be able to do that as precisely as if you were sitting down in the first chair of a symphony reading what anybody writes—because if you use that much skill to do that, you can certainly use that skill to play with somebody, individually, the same way.

Mandel: When you say as precise, do you mean in unison?

Coleman: It's possible both ways. I'm rehearsing with a band now that John Snyder has. The other day I started playing an idea and John started playing the same idea, and neither one of us knew that we were going to play that particular line. And it was so, it was just, incredible. . . it was, I mean, this is an experience, something I experienced. It has nothing to do with "well, this *might* happen." John is constantly busy, he's not rehearsing every day like I am, this just happened. If you heard this band you'd think it was the band I had in '59, because those guys play from their own instinct that way.

Which brings me in mind to say this: an individual has more expression about the things he has observed, more than you can get restricting him to what you want him to do. Most people hire others on the basis of the instrument they play, rather than the music they play. What I try to do is get the person to think musically, not about the instrument.

Mandel: You do have requirements, somehow. . .

Coleman: You're talking about rules and laws. Rules and laws are only designed in a repetitious way. There are lots of people who can go to the piano and know where to push their fingers down, but that's a rule and a law. But now, there are lots of people who when they do that are doing it for a different reason, because they have music in their head.

Mandel: I was going to talk about the requirements you have for the band. You want and have a spectrum of sound.

Coleman: I got you. In '72 I went to Morocco. I was told the story of a white guy suffering from cancer. They took him to Morocco to sit in the midst of these musicians who played, and the sound of that music energized those cells so that he walked away healed. Now for some reason, anytime you feel good you are being healed. Whether it's sex, or a sound, or a baseball game, if you have a headache and

something makes you laugh, it helps. I really believe if one has something closer to him than what he's losing, he can heal himself. But the emptiness between his brain and intelligence won't let him know there's something there. I'm just talking about psychological medicine. I guess, but back to the story, it's that sound that has something to do with changing the mood of your environment, the way you use it.

Mandel: Even of your body.

Coleman: Yeah, so therefore there must be sounds yet to be combined that are going to mean, that *will* mean, more beautiful things to people, once individuals spend time developing those combinations. Maybe you have in yourself elements of what that is. If you knew about design and composition, maybe you could come upon those combinations of sound.

In Texas, I was playing in a place for people to gamble as part of the house band, where the Rangers came in to bust people for gambling and they'd dance so they wouldn't get taken to jail. I told my mother after one night I saw a woman cut a guy that I wasn't going back to play because I thought the music I was playing was making these people cut each other. And she gave me a very good answer: it wasn't about me thinking like that, it was about those people *being* there.

A combination of sounds—when it's used to have a very good effect on the human body you can never tell how good it's going to be, today or tomorrow. But that's the results of

Coleman: Sure. You started realizing there's a difference in what you're allowed to do because your body is growing to relate to the rules of the game of survival in the sense of masses of people. But what your body has to do to make you realize how you want to *be* in this mass is a totally different process.

Suppose a guy like Reverend Ike or Billy Graham or the President was playing music, on the level of their position. They might be playing a different music than any of *us* might ever imagine.

Mandel: About the White House jazz concert, it surprised me that President Carter ran off to congratulate Cecil Taylor, yet I can understand how someone in that position of responsibility, the complexity of the music might match their level of individuality.

Coleman: That's exactly what I think. From my experience of seeing that happen—it was a very human day, as far as going and playing in an environment like that. President Carter was sitting right down in front, and listening to everyone very sincerely. When I started playing he listened, I saw him looking right into my face.

When Cecil started playing, the President was moved by something. Whatever moved him, what happened was a beautiful thing. What it meant for a person of that position to be moved by someone from an environment such as Cecil's was only one thing—there was a human element being translated, and therefore it made a relationship. Now, that hasn't made the public like Cecil any more, but it

you're going to die on such and such a date, prepare yourself, what would you do? One thing that drew me to being a Jehovah Witness for a time is that they say you should do nothing you don't want to do forever. Which makes logical sense, but no one's been able to find out what that is.

Mandel: But you're doing as close. . . .

Coleman: Not really, no. I mean, the only thing I have done is have lots of interviews, lots of press, and I've made lots of records and made lots of people money and my own personality has always been out of line with the, shall I say, the way success is done in a mass concept.

The other night I saw two rockers having their interview on David Susskind, talking about their position in the rock world. They were talking about something that was totally egotistical, from a position to influence people to imitate their own rules.

I do not want anyone to change what they like, just to like me, or to like what I'm doing. The kind of people I just spoke of feed upon having that relationship to be as successful as they are. And that is what I think is missing in what is known as a creative person. Because a creative person don't want you to bow down and all that just to like him.

Mandel: You want to be liked if you are heard.

Coleman: Yeah, I want to be able to know that I will not be liked because of things that no one wants me to do. I want to know that liking something has more to do with growth

"I do not want anyone to change what they like, just to like me, or to like what I'm doing. . . . I want to know that liking something has more to do with growth of the person themselves."

sound.

Mandel: You don't even see it as a social force, as though music can make people feel good together—although that's there, too. . . .

Coleman: That's there, too.

Mandel: But you see it as music changing physiology.

Coleman: I think that according to the Bible, they say the word was God. Well, the word had to be a sound. We don't have those words around anymore. If we were speaking those words maybe we wouldn't have any kind of social or political ideology to tell us what we do like and what we don't like, we would *know*.

Mandel: Always, you seem to believe in the purity of that intuitive self, before it comes into contact. . . .

Coleman: Yeah, yeah, I know what you're saying. Whatever makes an adult an adult, it is not the same thing as hiding your feelings, or hiding your belief. Whatever that had to do with being an adult, it is not the same thing as being creative, because creativity does not have an age. The only thing is how can you make a person aware of himself doing something that their own age bracket isn't doing, or that their own environment isn't doing?

Mandel: Is that inevitable? We have to become chronologically adult. . . .

Coleman: What I mean by adult: if you get to a certain age you can be drafted into the Army or you can buy liquor. They have a certain number that tells you you have these rights. But when you want to be an individual there's no age for that. There's not anything to tell you you can now do this. At some point, you just start realizing it.

Mandel: It's a positive thing.

might have brought Cecil more sophisticated prestige, because a person in that position liked what he's done.

That had more to do with the individualism of those two people, than with where they were. That could have happened anywhere. But again, what we're talking of, this whole conversation we're having has to do with the human form being in the male position, and has to do with how well some of the males in their positions are being what it is they represent.

Mandel: Is this what you want to talk about?

Coleman: I think this is all we're talking about.

Mandel: Do you think there's something else we can talk about?

Coleman: Yeah, I think what we should talk about is the concept of, let me see if I can say it right—the concept of information used in the now, in existence. If we didn't have any information and were starting out as zero, where would we be as a male? That's something to talk about. Now you hear all this other stuff, gay this, woman that—it has nothing to do with dying. Does it? No, not really. You don't have to do nothing to die. You're going to do that naturally.

Mandel: I don't see any way around death being of central concern to all men and women.

Coleman: Yeah, but what I'm saying—if everybody knew the exact time they're going to die, how much of this shit would they still be doing?

Mandel: I hope a lot less.

Coleman: Well, that's what I'm saying. Now we're talking about something. If you say, oh,

of the person themselves. Not me trying to say you got to like this or that.

When I saw those guys talking about their position in the music business no one spoke about the laws of something they tried as an individual. They always talked about the position they were in that made them more successful. And I'm sitting here talking about the success of the individual, which I would like to try to stay with by putting myself in the arena of masses, the way I'm trying to do with my music.

I was telling someone I wish I had a manager like Dee Anthony—look what he did for Peter Frampton. And the guy said, yeah, but Peter really worked very hard to get where he got, so they made a combination. I don't think there are only two people who have that capacity to do that.

Mandel: I think in that instance they sat down and said the masses like *this*, so we're going to do it. Not only did they communicate well with each other, they have a sense which has more to do with being what the masses expect of you than with being what you are.

Coleman: In America the combination of peoples who speak different languages and the combination of racial backgrounds are multiple. I think 90% of America is white, and 10% of it is others. So whoever it is who's trying to design whatever it is that's being accepted, they have to think of it in that vein, but the thing that's so incredible, if we were all in one country where we spoke the same language, would all designs have to be the same? It wouldn't have to be that way. It means the people that are designing things for the 90% that they think are the same are themselves not the same. Still there are more peo-

ple geared to that, trying to pull that cart of people across the line because they have the same appearance or the same reflexes—and even *they* are not doing it for the same reasons.

I'm saying that at least in my birthright I have grown to see that relationship and I am not trying to imitate that to join them. I just want to find out where I can fit without having to think the same. Oh, if I want to, I'm going to paint my face and do everything to look like you so I can make you come on my side, and all I want to do this for is to express myself. So I can do without it, and leave all that other stuff, and just express myself, see?

Mandel: And you'll find your natural audience. But then your career, with all its ups and downs, is like a Horatio Alger story about trying to get through.

Coleman: Sure, but understand the reason that exists is that the people who are designing things for the people who all look the same way, it's crazy to be against those designers because that's the way it is. I believe that one day in America we should have songs on the charts that won't all be in English, in the same language. Why is it that as many people as there are in America, all songs have to be in the same language to be hit records?

Mandel: Because the system makes it such that radio stations that reach the widest audiences tend to downplay minorities.

Coleman: What I'm saying, though, is if a Scottish person goes home and hears a folk melody, he's gonna start singing it. If an African person goes in his house and hears African music he's going to go "oh, yeah," but if he turns on his radio and hears another language that he hears on the street he gets tuned into that and says, "Oh, I'd better start liking that because I'm going to be outdated if I don't." In other words, when you go somewhere else to hear other kinds of music people start telling you, "Listen to this folk music." But that's not true. It's just that the song form of music is designed to separate the different languages as far as words. I meet a lot of Japanese people who are very much into American lifestyles. They don't *think* in English, but they like this lifestyle.

See, actually I don't think we've said anything that you couldn't have wrote if you never talked to me.

Mandel: Oh, I wouldn't have thought I could think things the way you can.

Coleman: I understand that. But the way you are asking the questions, if you had said, "I'm using Ornette as imaginary: this is what I think he would say," I think you'd come out pretty close to what I'm saying. Just by what you ask me, I can just tell that.

There's something like that I'm trying to express, that I don't have the words to make clear. I would say that in order to be successful in America and in this conversation we have, which has something to do with this person being born in a minority situation developing something that people like and trying to make success of it, get rich from it, whatever it is, I would think that in order for more human beings born in that situation, regardless of what color of creed they are, the one thing to avoid is listening to anything that's going to tell you you have competition. Because there's no such thing. That's what I think.

Mandel: That's a summation?

Coleman: Yeah, that's right. There's no such 56 □ down beat

thing as competition. It's just how well you do what you do.

Mandel: And the support of good business people like John Snyder and Artist House?

Coleman: I've known John since 1976, and my experience with him has brought me a kind of openness that I thought I was having when I first met Nesuhi Ertegun, because he was a person that didn't have to feel insecure and didn't have any reason to exploit me. If he wanted me to be rich, famous, whatever, he could have said okay—I feel that experience now, again, with a person in the business. It's probably hard for any person to sell something and have people in the same business treat them as equals just because they're in the same business. The president of another record company might not like the way he [Snyder] is doing it, but really the one thing they have in common is music. I've made records for the most major record companies in America, and all I can see is that they're all in the business of selling music.

Mandel: Which of the records best realizes what you want to do, in terms of production, too?

Coleman: I haven't really created the piece of music or spent time to specifically answer that question, but every record I've ever made I made honestly with where I was, up to the point where I was, and I'm still doing that. But if I was just wealthy and I knew people just loved music and I was just sitting down somewhere spending my time and I could do what you just said, I would say I'm on my way to doing it now. With the things I'm writing. For some reason, if you write a song you're called a composer, but if you're playing jazz you're just called a performer.

Mandel: You're a composer who plays, right?

Coleman: I'm a composer who performs.

Mandel: And you compose the concept, like the harmolodic concept, and maybe the contexts, too, for you to perform in, different contexts so there will be challenges and chances, and you've maintained the individuality of your playing?

Coleman: Let's say I've tried to maintain. The one thing I guess I can be grateful for is that the word jazz seems to allow the layman and the educated person to understand something that you're doing which is different from others. It has that connotation and meaning for people, even if they don't like it.

Mandel: Do you think you've been lucky in that that has been held against you less than against other jazz musicians?

Coleman: I don't think I've been lucky; it's been a disaster. One of the things that is bad is that no one believes you. When I first got my Guggenheim to write my symphony, I had a job in New York and the guy said "Oh, man, you shouldn't spend your time doing that, why don't you come and play in the club, people like to hear you in that context."

In a society where what you do becomes known and you become known as a celebrity, the male has two choices: to be a celebrity or to be able to afford being with celebrities. The people in between only read a lot. But if you're a celebrity then you can afford it—you can call a celebrity up. . . . And society doesn't leave too much choice for how you get there. Because the celebrity doesn't want to believe he's there only as that, and the person who's wealthy doesn't want you to like him only because he's wealthy, there must be some reason beyond that. But those two positions make

what is known in a Western country as your social life more adaptable to the environment. . . .

Mandel: Celebrity and wealth? And for women, beauty and accomplishment?

Coleman: For women I think it has to do with possession and beauty. Possession of whatever it is, because women are totally in a position to have all the things that make you need something on their side. Love, affection—women are the chargers, we go through them to get relief from somebody putting you down. Maybe the role of the male and female has something to do with what they wish their environment would stand for, more than how they want to affect each other.

My feeling is that I've always wanted to know why people want to have other people in poverty. I would rather see everybody wealthy than to have some wealthy and some poor. But if everybody was wealthy, you would not eliminate a lot of things that people don't want to do. They would just naturally want to do them because they wouldn't think you were using them, or that you were putting something over on them. If we were both wealthy and we had something in common you wouldn't have to say "How much are you going to give me to do it, or I don't want to do it" or whatever. We'd really be doing it because it was something we both wanted to do. Wealth should be the most materialistic thing that has something to do with what you don't have to do, more than what you could actually dedicate your trueness to in making this relationship between the people and the environment. America could be so advanced in everything if people didn't think that some people had to be deprived of using things.

Mandel: I agree.

Coleman: Look at New York. It looks outdated compared to the information that has been developed.

Mandel: Does the music move in the direction of being what we would have if we started from zero?

Coleman: I think it's in a stage of going there. I would say that I am more dedicated to trying to keep what I'm doing in that direction.

Mandel: The direction of starting from nothing, from what would be natural. The setup of Prime Time, in a way—the duplication of instruments, like in your double quartet on *Free Jazz*—says "we can do this stuff all at once, we can be natural. . . ."

Coleman: You've got to understand that when you play music the way music has been designed, tempos have always been provided to go with the wind instruments, and there have been systems designed so people can interpret the basis of what the road would be. So what I'm saying is that you can design your own road, because there's only one road.

Mandel: And at the same time you can have six people on six different roads because they're all leading the same way, like being parallel.

Coleman: Yeah, and they're all going to cross each other at some point. That's what I mean when I say an individual. I don't mean an individual because of having a name or because of having a talent, but because I'm not you and you're not me—that's what I mean. Not who are you and what do you have. Those are things you achieve by what you learn. But the individuals are: you are you and I am me. That's what I mean. And the more you become close to knowing that, the more we're going to appreciate each other. db

complete dossier. Ah, 57 years old, I said. Then I told him I played and sang with Gil Evans, Duke Pearson and Chick Corea and I'm only 36." She laughed.

"He was relating to the big bands and he didn't know I had big band experience myself. He was treating me like some kid who came in and didn't know anything about someone like Duke Ellington. Slowly in the middle of the conversation he took off in the right direction. He asked me as a writer if Gil Evans added much to my singing; so I told him it was the opposite. He hired me to add something to his band. I think if he needed a singer to back up he would get someone like Ella Fitzgerald probably, or Sarah Vaughan or Carmen McRae. You see, I joined his band as a musician."

Flora Purim was already a popular performer and trained musician in Brazil before she came to the United States in 1968. She'd grown up in Rio de Janeiro, where she was exposed to classical music through her Roman-born father and Brazilian mother—both amateur musicians—as well as the music of Erroll Garner, Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday and Miles Davis. But more importantly, there was the music of the streets, indigenous Brazilian music with strong African rhythmic influences.

When she came to the United States, she studied drama briefly in Los Angeles. Then it was on to New York City, where she first worked with Duke Pearson's big band and Stan Getz, who in the early '60s had been at the center of jazz's first brief fling with Brazilian music—the bossa nova. Flora today dislikes bossa nova, she says, because it represents a place she passed almost 20 years ago. "Now I'm in 2001."

Finally, Flora Purim joined Gil Evans and stayed with the band for a year, playing at the West Bank and ultimately participating with the band in the opening of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. That appearance brought about her first mention in **down beat**.

It was while she was with Evans that Flora met Chick Corea, and the first Return To Forever unit, with Airtio, Stanley Clarke and Joe Farrell, was founded. It was a band that would have considerable impact on jazz, a group that produced some music that is now standard in almost every group's repertoire. It was an association that had considerable influence on Flora's own musical direction.

"Chick was the first musician who wrote music for me like *500 Miles High*. It was a situation where we both influenced each other. Musically, it was a period where composition and communication was our number one target. He aimed at young people most of the time, doing songs that people could understand and follow. Then he would move on to the more complicated material because that was the process he wanted. I remember Chick telling me, "Flora, you are going to be the bridge between the instrumental and people because any song you can hum a child can hum."

It was here that Flora Purim began to experiment more and more with the voice as a wordless instrument.

"I first got into that," she explained, "because I couldn't pronounce words in English. I was very self-conscious. There were many good lyrics but I couldn't pronounce and articulate them and I had to sacrifice the music in

order to be ready to say a word properly. Finally I found a kind of game which was playing harmonics; you hear a chord and if it is right you hear all the intervals and then you can pick up one note that no one expects and sing it and complete the chord. It's like a game to me, and when you hit that note and reach it, it's fulfilling. It is comparable to any fast scat singing. Also, I think like horns, as if I was a horn and then I sing. The only person who is comparable to what I do," added Flora, whose vocal range is six octaves, "is Milton Nascimento, and it's not really the same because he has taken a different direction musically. As far as my music being more or less popular, then I'm really getting to be more popular. But I've never changed the quality of the music. I love what I do and I love the musicians that play with me."

Sound check. Flora Purim and her road band are in the midst of a tour to support her new album *Everyday, Everynight*, her second for Warner Bros.

The new record includes many of the musicians "she loves," including Jaco Pastorius, David Sanborn ("he's my favorite, he makes me cry"), Herbie Hancock, George Duke, Raul de Souza, the Brecker Brothers, Airtio, Alphonso Johnson and so on.

"They are all super stars and I feel I grew up musically with them. But because they are stars, they spend most of their time on the road and doing their records, so we never have a chance to sit together and play music. My sessions felt so good, everybody was smiling, laughing, hugging, kissing and playing."

"Jaco wrote a composition, a bossa nova called *La Olas*. I hate to sing bossa nova and I would not sing this unless Jaco was so special. It was done with just Jaco, Herbie Hancock and Airtio playing drums. It flows so well. Herbie takes a solo and he plays; I've never heard Herbie in the past five years play so well. Jaco got so excited he started hitting harmonics, and at one point I thought I had Gil Evans and the whole band behind the trio."

Flora Purim's road band does not include the big names her album does, but it is unique nonetheless. The personnel (except for guitarist George Sopusch) is all Brazilian. It includes Nivaldo Ornelas, the saxophonist on all Milton Nascimento's Brazilian recordings; percussionist Roberto Silva; drummer Mamao; bassist Alex Malheiros; and keyboard player Jose Roberto Bertram. Flora Purim's husband Airtio, who produced her new record, no longer performs with the band as he has in the past.

But for this particular tour, Airtio has flown in from Los Angeles to check things out because Flora wants very badly to record the band live. Standing in back of the darkened club, Airtio explains why he no longer performs with Flora.

"When we were playing together some people wanted to see a little more Flora than they wanted to see of Airtio and some people wanted to see a little more of Airtio. Because I am a musician and she is a singer, me and her got a little bit hurt when we played together. I'd go on and play a little bit and then I'd have to sit at the drums to back her up. She sang a bit, then had to stop because I had to do my thing again. I think this way is much better. I'm cool when I'm doing my thing, I'm not after a big time kind of thing. I just want to keep my shit together and keep being a musician, trying to do the best I can do."

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studying music. I realized after that one lesson that I should have bypassed college and come down here and got a good private teacher in improvisation. That would have been the ideal thing to do. I blew it, but it's never too late.

"I studied with Herbie Nichols as long as he lived, off and on for about two years. Herbie had his own space. He knew just about everything there was to know about European keyboard literature, from baroque to Bartok and Schoenberg. He studied all of jazz piano and you'd think, well, this guy must play like Oscar Peterson or Art Tatum, he must fill space like Cecil does, crammed with ideas. But that's not the way Herbie Nichols played. In fact, when he played, he left out practically everything, to the same degree as Monk sometimes—what they'd leave out was heavier than what they did. That's one way to make a statement. With all this knowledge, playing things that were so incredibly economical baffled a lot of people. Herbie could sit down and burn off Chopin nocturnes, Rachmaninoff, any kind of Bartok, Stravinsky, warhorse music and yet, when he improvised, he created in his own style; he was very different. His music was cool. African cool.

"Through the dixieland experience, I also ran into [Steve] Lacy because he was playing with a lot of dixieland bands. Lacy and I got a thing going where we studied a hard core repertoire of Ellington and Monk and Strayhorn and Cecil's stuff and some of Herbie's stuff. We just worked out on this music two or three times a week for long periods of time. Really knocked ourselves out on it. We didn't work much with our group though. We played coffee houses and the like, but we never got a recording out of it. But to this day, Steve and I can pick up and play because we know each other's sound and when you know somebody's sound, that's probably the most fundamental way you can relate musically. I can pick out Steve Lacy from one note. A lot of people can. That's one of the magic things about Steve. It just takes one note because he's got a very distinctive sound. He's always had that."

Lacy and Rudd did most of their playing in lofts. In fact, they were the forerunners of today's loft happenings. "The loft thing is a little more above ground now but we did it in lofts too, back in the late '50s and early '60s. That's where the young music was happening. What the young guys are doing now is much more above ground than it was when we were doing it. Younger musicians, both now and then, when they get into a club situation, when they get a break, are probably less prone to stretch out and take a lot of chances than if they were playing in a loft with their friends. I never did that. I never made those compromises.

"The few times I was in a working situation, I always played just the way I wanted to play. That's one thing that kept me out of a lot of work because on a commercial gig, once I learned what was written, I'd start to embellish and they didn't want that. I thought that's where it should go, so I would have to split. I think I lost some good opportunities that way because my head was just somewhere else with the music. I learned that written music, a document like that, is a useful facility for further creation, and that you use those things for formulas and diagrams. They're like springboards that are made to get you off into

really doing something—they're not the whole thing in itself. So I started going in that direction more and more.

"After Lacy, I put together a cooperative group with John Tchicai, Milford Graves and Lewis Worrell. That was great for a year and a half but there was no work. How did I survive? I've done every kind of job you can name. I've done anything to support my music habit. Now it's a teaching job. But I've always felt my music was a habit that I had to support. It's a shame I have that attitude about it, but circumstances! That's the way I came to know it for a long time. It shouldn't have been like that.

"This cooperative band, we did a record on ESP and some things over in Europe on strange little labels. It was a nice band, young, there were a lot of great moments and a lot of times, grey areas. Sometimes we couldn't find each other but the thing is, we did take a risk. You start with so much music and little guideposts along the way. The rest of it had to be creative, from passion, from knowledge and from listening very hard to each other.

"Soon after, about '65 or '66, Archie got a break. Archie and I had been rehearsing from the time I first got to New York. I met Archie through Cecil and Buell. Archie and I practiced together, tried to make things happen. It wasn't until '66 that Archie began to get a break. When he did, he called me because we had some stuff worked up already. It was easy for that first shot to go in with somebody you felt good with rather than try and build a whole new steam engine. So I played with Archie. There were a lot of times when we didn't work. I can remember six months between jobs. I think I did my last playing with Archie around '68. None of us could make a living here. He went to Buffalo to teach and eventually, I was going out to teach too. Cecil went off to teach. Many have done that, I guess as a compromise from not being able to make it through playing.

"After Archie, I put together my own groups and wrote music for them until about '76, when I moved to Maine. Even today, I'm only sure of a solid month of playing with nothing on either side. To quit teaching, it would have to be solid, maybe ten months out of the year. It's much better than it ever was but it's still not enough to cut loose from that regular check, regardless of how small, and put my family out on a limb, which I've done in the past. I don't want to make that mistake again. It's too much of a sacrifice. The first priority is human life. As long as that priority is being dealt with, the music is going to be fine. But if you sacrifice music for human life, it's bass backwards. I hate to see people destroying themselves because when they do, there goes their music.

"So little of what I've done has been recorded, but if people want to hear me, they should certainly listen to the thing with John Tchicai on ESP, *The New York Art Quartet*. I hear that record at somebody's house every couple of years and I'm really sort of amazed by what's happening on it. It sprawls all over the place, but somehow it covers all bases.

"Also, the albums I did with Archie, from the earliest one, *Four For Trane* [Impulse AS-71]. I hear that one every so often and it still knocks me out. I think the greatest recording with Archie was the one done in Germany, *Live At The Donaueschingen Music Festival* [BASF-20651], with Grachan and myself, Jimmy Garrison and Beaver Harris. I really

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think that's a milestone in all our careers. That thing is swinging like crazy from beginning to end. There's tremendous passion on that record.

"I did an album a few years back, *Flexible Flyer* [Arista AL-1006], with Sheila Jordan. I like a few of the tracks on that very much. I'm not crazy about all of it, but in terms of being articulate, that's a great record. I love what Sheila and I can do together.

"The first things I did with the Jazz Composers Orchestra were pieces written by Mike Mantler and Carla Bley back around '68 [*Jazz Composers Orchestra*, JCOA-1001-1002]. In '73, I wrote a piece for the Orchestra, *Numatik Swing Band* [JCOA-1007], which was recorded at NYU. There's a lot of flaws in that recording. Several tracks are missing and there wasn't really enough rehearsal time but I think it says, in a general way, what my concept of a big band is. I've written quite a few extended works but they're not recorded. I wrote three things I call jazz operas. In '67, I had a band with Robin Kenyatta, Lewis Worrell and Karl Berger, and I wrote a lot of music for that. In fact, that band was supposed to perform the first opera, *The Gold Rush*. I also wrote one for the students at Bard, *Taki 183*, when I was teaching up there, but none of my operas have really been produced on a stage with dancers, lights and sets. I'm working on a third one for the University of Maine."

Since '75, Europe has been a regular stop for Rudd. "I get over there and I'm committed to a certain amount of work that pays my fare over and back; then I have a hard time fitting in my own stuff over there. Right now in Europe, I'm playing mostly with Enrico Rava. That's my number one priority. But this summer, I did a solo trombone album for Black Saint."

This year's winner of the down beat Critics Poll in the trombone established talent category has strong feelings about his axe, and the players who have established its style. "It's taken me so long to bring myself up to date on the trombone because I started with those real old records. There was Tricky Sam, Preston Jackson, Jimmy Archie, Cuttie Cutshaw, Jack Teagarden, Vic Dickenson, Jimmy Harris, Sandy Williams, J. C. Higgenbotham, all very distinctive players. I don't think I really understood J.J.'s music until recently. I was more wrapped up in the style of the older players like Bill Harris and the '30s and '40s style of playing. I was wrapped up in that for a long time trying to make sense out of it, because if you check it out it's quite interesting. David Baker has checked it out and he's been able to find an infinite variety there. By listening to the older players, you can learn a lot musically, just about creating music, not about playing the trombone and what's possible on the instrument. Just a lot about great musical creativity and very distinctive sound. Jimmy Harrison, Jack T. and J. J. were the ones who sort of influenced this style of playing. J. J. is without peer as a musician. He reflects the whole simulation of European and African based music.

"A lot of people said the MJQ were very learned type guys because they had extensive classical training, plus they brought a tradition of their own to that. It's an amalgamation, a fusion of musical traditions, and I think that's what J. J. did on the trombone. The older trombone players are very African, very folk, very ethnic in a folk way. Somebody like Bill Harris or Sandy Williams, Preston Jack-

son—that's real upfront expression. As the players got more and more education, musically, in terms of theory and temperament and European structure and maybe even more perspective on their own ethnic nature from an academic point of view, that changed the style of expression on the instrument a lot. With J. J., it's not a case of doing trombonistics, so to speak, it's a question of making very concrete musical statements. It's not just a question of passion; it's being able to have total control over equal temperament and being able to do your whole thing through those frequencies and organize it so people can hear it that way.

"You know, all European instruments are being played better than they ever were because people have had a lot of time to deal with it and they should be played better! I've heard a lot of the young trombonists around the world and their knowledge of the instrument is far greater than mine. But I still say that although you have to know how to play the instrument, what's more important is that you have to have musical ideas. I've seen it happen with a lot of people—their ideas were so heavy that they found a way to make the sound, even without a traditional knowledge of the instrument. Monk developed a technique around his ideas. Ideas to me are the fundamental thing. From the ideas you develop a technique and a style on your instrument. I've heard a lot of people play the trombone very well but sometimes I miss the ideas. To me, they're playing a lot of trombone but they're not playing that much music. That's true on any instrument. But I must say, the trombone has been conquered far beyond what it was in my day.

"Advice? Listen, if you've really got the hunger, there isn't anything I can say to turn you off and that's beautiful. But I would caution anybody that's going to go into creative music for a profession. They should really be absolutely sure that it's the only thing they want and can do. Just make sure that you put human life before the music. Don't destroy yourself or let the music destroy you. The relationship between a human being and musical creation should be a symbiotic relationship. It should not be mutually destructive.

"It's really a crazy, crazy profession to go into. I don't have words to describe the experiences and situations I've been put through. Playing from fantastically great to fantastically rotten for more than half of my life. For the last 30 years, I've never really known how I was going to feed myself the next day. It's only recently that I've gotten into some kind of steady work, like teaching, where I knew I was cool for a week, a month or even a year. But if you want it that bad, you'll always find a way to do it. There are plenty of brilliant amateur musicians. The main thing is that music should be life supportive. It may not be life supportive in an economic sense, but it should always be spiritually supportive. Somebody may have to do something else to make a buck, to feed their families, pay the rent and so forth, but as long as playing music is refreshing and relaxing and gives a beautiful feedback from life ad infinitum, it's worth doing it.

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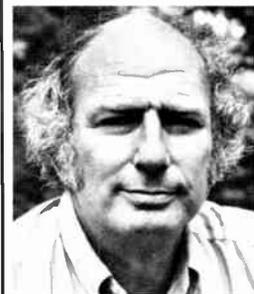
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By way of **down beat's** Music Workshop Publications, we will have several new self-help music books available this fall and early winter. The long-awaited *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Guitar*, by Jack Peterson, should finally be ready by the end of November. **db**

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HOW TO

KEEP CURRENT

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

Every June, musical instrument and sound equipment makers world-wide pack up their products—the time-tested, the lately-improved, the brand-new—and hie to some American city, where collectively they exhibit the annual progress of their industry.

Every June, music dealers worldwide flock to that International Music and Sound Expo, where individually they take stock of and stock up on those same products.

After every June, the musical public gains its own benefits from the Expo. Local music merchants, home again, provide their local customers worldwide access to hand craftsmanship exquisite enough to gratify a Guarnerius, to acoustic design skillful enough to charm a Boehm, and to electronic engineering inventive enough to edify an Edison.

At this June's attendance-record Expo, the Avedis Zildjian Company, long the A to Z of metallic percussion, rang in its '78 product year through redesigned Turkish gongs, Taiwanese gongs, Chinese gongs, and gamelan gongs, plus some 15 varieties of cymbals, an untuned Crotales bell tree, and an intriguing pagoda-shaped wind chime, Burmese in tonal texture, and vibrato-producing when spun on a string and struck.

Zildjian's craftsmanship-turned-inventive rang true for many other Expo acoustic exhibitors. Pearl put the Roto Tom atop a snare drum shell to form the Vari-Pitch, achieving thereby previously-unheard resonances.

King heralded its brass newcomer, the Flugabone, which looks and fingers like a flugelhorn, occupies the tenor trombone pitch area, yet projects like a bass trombone. And Yamaha brought its own combination instrument, the soprano/alto sax.

Gibson combined its Super 400 neck and its L-5 body into the Super V guitar, then ended with a six-in-one tailpiece, one slim finger for each string, one fine-tuning adjustment for each string, one separate damping factor for each string. And D'Addario combined roundwound guitar-string brilliance and flatwound playing easy be first winding, then grinding, then buffing.

At Expo '78, the acoustic teamed with the electronic in the Marantz Reproducing Piano, a computerized version of German inventor Edwin Welte's 1904 "bring-em-back-alive" machine, through which every note, every nuance, precisely as originally played by live pianists, reappears. In the Marantz model, the mechanism is built into an acoustic piano; in the Vorsetzer (German for "sitter-in-front") model, a separate unit physically engages the keys and pedals of any piano it might be placed against. Either model, though, responding to cassette tape preprogramming, summons some master pianist, from Paderewski to Horowitz or Rubenstein, from Joplin to Hines or Shearing.

Helpinstill Designs, too, combined the acoustic and electronic, but in another way. Switched off, their tidy portable grand pro-

vides an apartment-sized acoustic piano. Switched on, its built-in sensors feed their signals into any sound system, mono or stereo, public P.A.'s or home hi-fi's. Station-wagon portability plus contemporary decor round out the Helpinstill design.

Over the years, the application of pure electronic science to instruments has become an important component of the Expo, as evidenced by this year's hundred-or-so totally-electronic keyboard exhibits and the sizable increase of electronic wind, string, and percussion displays. Every step along the electronic path, from signal production to signal processing to signal conversion into sound, increased its stride.

Player-control, the means whereby electronic instruments insure their inclusion in live performance, accelerated its move from the knob-studded panel into the performer's anatomy.

The Steiner Electronic Valve Instrument, for instance, now makes its player a human envelope-generator through breath-pressure control over dynamics and tone-color, and at the same time gives that player's left hand touch control over pitch nuances—smears, scoops, falloffs, glisses, and such.

Expo '78 offered on-stage players cordless control of their roaming space through several compact instrument-to-amp (or mike-to-amp) transmission systems. Whether designed by HME or Morley or Swintek or Vega or other equally-responsible companies, the new microtransmitters operate along crystal-clear channels.

When a signal, however sent, reaches one of the newly-designed programmable amplifiers, say the Sunn Beta series, it there can be reprocessed according to the player's modification desires. The OMEC Digital Programmable Amp, for example, can call up from its memory circuits over three-quarters of a million tonal effects on each of its four channels.

To become sound, every signal must exit from its electronic state via the speaker system, where Barcus-Berry has conjured a most startling innovation—the AudioPlate. While scientific minds ponder how and why that combination of plate glass and piezo-electronics works, musical ears can relish high frequencies whose clarity matches the crystalline substance which produces them. The AudioPlate unit measures only 7 x 7 x 3 1/2 inches, yet its frequency response above 2000 cycles seems immeasurable. And all those highs are non-directional!

At Expo '78, progress in single-packaged electronic keyboard instruments ran rampant. Almost all synthesizer makers brought one or more polyphonic models. Memory banks, extended programming capabilities, computerized pitch stabilizers, digital wave-form generators, all the engineering marvels which distinguish modern miniature electronics, now are becoming the norm in names like Arp, Crumar, Moog, Multivoix/Sorkin, Ober-

heim, RMI, Roland, Sequential Circuits, and the other advanced electronic keyboard designers. Their individual-feature differences lie in design emphasis, for all exhibit multi-capabilities as well as multi-voices. But they share equally one good-news financial fact: as electronic miniaturization proceeds, its cost recedes.

At every Expo, individual ideas surface. This year, Sabine abolished retuning at capo-application-time by clamping guitar strings directly on the fret, rather than behind it. This year, Composerpen solved the where's-some-manuscript-paper problem by mounting multiple ballpoints in a pocket-sized package. The five-line model makes instant music staffs, while the six-liner draws guitar-finger-

board blanks.

And also this year, Rothchild glued together seventeen bamboo pieces to form a non-warping guitar neck that might be the lightest ever. The new name for the new guitar? *Bambu*, naturally!

No single column could cover the merchandise news generated by several hundred manufacturers exhibiting everything at once. Whoever wants to keep current in a music world which traditionally guards its acoustic quality while advancing at the speed of an electron therefore should plug into, and stay plugged into, one of the several thousand music stores whose retailers annually look, listen, and learn at the International Expo's.

books

JAZZ RECORDS: 1897-1942

JAZZ RECORDS: 1897-1942 (4th Edition) by Brian Rust: *Volume 1* (Irving Aarinson to Abe Lyman); *Volume 2* (Abe Lyman to Bob Zurke). 1996 pp. \$60 for set of two (Arlington House, 1978).

This seems to be the time for lists as books—The Best, The Worst, The Biggest and so on. Now jazz has one to end them all. That would be the two volume, 2,000 page Brian Rust classic now published in the United States for the first time: *Jazz Records: 1897-1942*. It is the year's major event in jazz publishing.

A discography is a strange beast. Putting one together must be like measuring a line that never ends. One can always define one's limits, but more always lies just beyond the definition. Rust has set limits of time and substance to his monumental work. He starts at the beginning and stops in 1942, not an entirely arbitrary date since that was the year Jimmy Petrillo took his musicians out on strike against the record companies. For two years no jazz records were made; well, practically none.

The matter of substance, i.e. exactly what is a jazz record, is more arbitrary, more open to judgment. Where does jazz stop and dance music start? It is like trying to determine the world's smallest giant or the world's tallest midget.

Rust casts out a large net indeed. His lists embrace hundreds of musical minnows which a less comprehensive scholar might toss back into the sea. Anyone who fancies himself or herself well informed on jazz history is in for a cruel deflation when he confronts the roll call of unfamiliar names Rust offers in unceasing detail. (As for performances which show no signs of jazz life, they simply dwell in one of Rust's other two definitive discographies: *The Complete Entertainment Discography* or *The American Dance Band Discography*.) All things considered, in this delicate area of judgment, Rust's instincts cannot be faulted. His rule of thumb seems to be, when in doubt, include it. It's only paper.

Blues and gospel are understandably not covered, although there's a little disorder on the border between blues and jazz. Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith are included on the strength of the musicians who accompanied them. On the other hand, the early Helen Humes records of the late '20s are not listed, even though she became a major jazz oriented singer with the Basie band a decade later. Her accompanist on some of the early sides, by the way, was James P. Johnson, another factor suggesting she should be included, despite the borderline nature of the decision. In any case, a minor matter.

But within the time frame Rust has selected for himself, many loose ends still abound. This has become more apparent in the years since the work was first published privately in 1961. Then, for example, the inclusion of items only presumed to have been recorded (e.g. *Track 'Em Down* by the Creole Jazz Band in 1918) served to impress many with the completeness of the work. But since then much new material has been uncovered from the pre-1942 period, and unfortunately its inclusion in this latest edition is erratic at best.

The main problem is air check material. There seems little consistency. All the Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey air shots issued by RCA, Columbia and MGM are included. Fine. One could conclude Rust had decided to expand his definition of "jazz records" to include broadcasts legitimately issued on LP. But we also find the Chick Webb, Count Basie and Duke Ellington bootlegs on Palm, Collectors Classics, Carocol and other assorted labels. Even the Ellington Fargo concert is listed. That's fine too, except that Rust fails to pursue this category of record. If we get the Basie Collectors Classics, for example, where are the Goodman Sunbeams, most of which have been around for over five years? Where are the early Stan Kenton broadcasts from the Balboa in 1941? Where are the Bunny Berigan Jazz Archives air shots of '38 and '39?

Perhaps the most glaring omission is the failure to include the Columbia studio date that brought together Charlie Christian, Benny Goodman, Count Basie and Lester Young under the banner of the Goodman sextet on October 28, 1940. That was issued five years ago on Jazz Archives 6, but it remains unacknowledged in Rust. So too are the Charlie Christian Minton's sides recorded by Jerry Newman and the Grammy Award winning Newman Tatum's issued on Onyx. One can excuse the lack of a catalog citation for the Kansas City Five's *Love Me Or Leave Me*; it was only first issued by Columbia in 1976, too

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Although Flora is on the road to support her record, she is playing very little of the material from the album. Instead she is doing new material, much of it written by Bertram.

"I like his ideas," she says. "All his compositions have good harmonic progressions and they make me feel comfortable. What he writes is different from what Chick writes or what George Duke writes or Stanley writes because—I don't know—it has an easy flow to it, you can keep up with the beat all of the time. Even if it's really fast you can keep up with it. It's free but not out. I don't mean we don't do out things, I just mean his composition is structured. It has spots for going out but the form is there."

The sound check finished, Flora and Airto begin to head back to the hotel. She stops for a minute on her way out of the theater. What effect would deportation have on Flora Purim as a still growing creative artist? The question causes the dryness to return to her voice.

"I'll keep doing what I'm doing, I'll never stop that, and feel good that I will have left behind music that will last another ten years."

Several weeks later the phone rings. It's Flora, light as a feather and bubbling with good news. Flora and her attorney, Leon Wildes, who kept John Lennon from being evicted from the U.S., have won an indefinite postponement of the immigration hearing and things don't seem so bleak and uncertain. And plans have been completed to reunite the original Return To Forever for a tour and recording. Life is still sweet after all. **db**

KING

continued from page 22

to be. They still had some of the familiar places like the One Minute Cafe, where winos and people like that could get a coke and a hotdog for a dime when they got hungry. Or they could get a nickel's worth of chili, and stuff like that. Then they had two or three theaters, but it wasn't like it was in Handy's day, which I've heard about from oldtimers, when there were many, many clubs, where you could go and gamble and everything. . . . Memphis seemed nice to me, and a big change coming from Mississippi, just as it was later going to Chicago and New York. But Memphis is a nice place to live. It's called 'The Gateway to the South' because all the main highways leading to the South come through the city, and there's a famous bridge across the Mississippi there."

King's next move was to try to establish himself on the city's musical scene. He was assisted in this by singer-harmonica player Rice Miller who, using the professional name "Sonny Boy Williamson" as he had for several years (creating confusion with the "original Sonny Boy," John Lee Williamson, a native Tennessean who until Miller's appearance had been the foremost blues harmonica player and a greatly popular recording artist; he died in Chicago in 1948), was then broadcasting regularly on radio station KWEM in West Memphis, Arkansas. Hearing Miller-Williamson's daily shows, King determined to seek him out. It was his hope that the older performer would be able to steer some work his way.

Conclusion of part one. Part two will appear in our next issue, October 19. **db**

64 □ down beat

BOOK REVIEW

continued from page 63

late, one may assume, to make this edition. But where are the first Charlie Parker solos with Jay McShann recorded in Wichita in 1940? By failing to include items such as these, even this most definitive of discographies falls curiously short of state of the art.

But even such major misses as these cannot diminish the enormous value these volumes have for any serious researcher or collector, and not just collectors of 78 rpm records. This is an essential set for anyone with a substantial accumulation of LPs as well. The reason centers on an extraordinary and, so far as I know, unique index of song titles that covers nearly 150 pages. Even though LP issues are not listed unless the selection's first issue was on LP, it is still a superb readymade guide to any large collection.

And if that were not enough, we also get a 91-page artist index which covers everyone, sideman and leader alike, with even-handed completeness.

About all that's missing is a cross reference between different titles covering the same of similar compositions. *Swingtime In The Rockies* by Benny Goodman, for example, was recorded under the name *Take It Easy* by Earl

Hines. Glenn Miller's *In The Mood* was recorded by Mills Blue Rhythm Band under the title *Rhythm In Harlem* and before that by Fletcher Henderson as *Hot And Anxious*. There are other examples, but they remain for the listener to discover.

Rust's work stands today as the cornerstone of jazz discography. It is built on the work of previous discographers such as Charles De-launey's *Hot Discographie* (1936) and Dave Carey and Albert McCarthy's *Jazz Directory* (1949). And it is supplemented by Jorgen Jepsen's *Jazz Records: 1942-66*, which picks up where Rust leaves off. Jepsen so far remains unpublished in the U.S., but clearly Arlington House stands as the logical candidate to bring it out. Its publishing activity has included, in addition to the two other Rust works, D. R. Connor's *BG: On The Record*, the still definitive Goodman discography and the Glenn Miller work *Moonlight Serenade*, by Joe Flower. The company now stands on the threshold of an extraordinary achievement: publication of a virtually complete index of all recorded material originating in the U.S. from 1897 to the middle '60s. It is a goal which deserves the support of serious collectors everywhere.

—john mcdonough

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK CITY

New School: "Jazz Insights;" Lionel Hampton talks about his 50 years in jazz w/examples; East Coast **db** Editor Arnold Jay Smith, host (10/3).

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Edgewater Public Library (Edgewater, N.J.): *Nighthawks* (9/10, 3pm).

Livingston Public Library (Livingston, N.J.): *Jazz a Cordes* (9/17, 3pm).

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Cranford Public Library (Cranford, N.J.): *The Countsmen* (9/24, 3pm).

Camden County Public Library (Voorhees, N.J.): *Jazz a Cordes* (9/24, 3pm).

Upper Saddle River Public Library (Upper Saddle River, N.J.): *Nighthawks* (9/24, 3pm).

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CHICAGO

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Redford's: Jazz nightly; call 549-1250.

Colette's: Jazz regularly; call 477-5022.

Kingston Mines: Regular blues policy; call 348-4060.

WXFM (106 FM): "Nite Jazz" Mon.-Fri., 9-1pm.

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

Chicago Blues Line: (312) 248-0572.

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 421-6394.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): *Mongo Santamaria* (9/5-17); call 379-4998 for details.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Name jazz regularly; call 372-6911.

Pasquale's (Malibu): *Pat Senatore Trio*, guest artists weekends, occasional big bands; Sun. aft. jams, 4pm; call 456-2007 for details.

The Blind Pig (Hollywood): *Mike Desco* (Mon. & Tue.); sit-in artists include *Cedric Lawson, Charlie Black*, others; for details call 462-9869.

El Camino College: *Count Basie* (9/19); *Sonny Rollins* (10/22); call 532-3670, ext. 604.

Cellar Theatre: *Les De Merie's Transfusion* (Mon.); guest regulars include *Richie Cole, Dave Liebman, Milcho Leviev*, others; call 487-0419.

Donte's (North Hollywood): Name jazz; 769-1566.

Parisian Room: Bebop, blues, name artists; for specifics call 553-9625.

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

Baked Potato: *Greg Mathieson & Larry Carlton* (Mon.); *Bill Mays & Ernie Watts* (Tue.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); call 980-1615.

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

Rudy's Pasta House (E. L.A.): Name jazz regularly; for specifics call 721-1234.

Sound Room: Jazz regulars include *Dave Frisberg, Milcho Leviev, Ruth Price, Lew Tabackin*, others; call 761-3555.

Onaje's Tea Room (1414 S. Redondo Blvd., near Pico & Redondo): New music regularly; call 937-9625.

Calabasas Cabaret: Jazz, jazz/rock; for info call 340-9365.

Hong Kong Bar (Century City): Regular jazz; call 277-2000.

Cafe Concert (Tarzana): Jazz; call 996-6620.

White House (10303 W. Pico): Jazz; call 553-9625.

White House (Laguna Beach): Name jazz weekly; call (714) 494-8088.

MIAMI

Airliner Jazz Room: *Billy Marcus Quintet* (Tue.-Sat.); *Alice Day and Eddie Stack* (Sun. & Mon.); call 888-3661.

Bananas: *Mike Gillis & Co.* (Tue.-Sat.); *Jazzmania* (Sun. & Mon.); call 446-4652.

Les Jardins: *Joe Donato* (Tue.-Sat.); call 871-3430.

Bayshore Inn: *Joe Roland Duo* (Tue.-Sun.); call 858-1431.

Unitarian Church: *Ira Sullivan & Friends* (Mon.); call 667-3697.

Sheraton River House: *Don Goldie & His Lords Of Dixieland* (Sun., 12 pm-3); call 871-3800.

Parkway Inn: *Frank Hubbell & The Stompers* (Sun.); call 887-2621.

Bubba's (Ft. Lauderdale): *Ira Sullivan Quartet* (Tue.-Sun.).

Beowulf (Pompano Beach): *Flip Phillips Quartet* (Tue.-Sun.).

Jazz Hot Line: (305) 274-3834 (24 hours).

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

Village Lounge (Lake Buena Vista): *Bubba Kolb Trio* (house band); *Frank Rosolino* (9/18-30); *Clark Terry* (10/2-14).

BOSTON

Sandy's Jazz Revival (Beverly): *Howard Roberts* (9/12-17); *Max Roach Quartet w/ Reggie Workman/Cecil Bridgewater/Billy Harper* (9/19-24); *Herb Pomeroy Orchestra* (9/25); *Joe Henderson* (9/26-10/1); *Bobby Hutcherson* (10/3-8); also *Phil Woods, Joe Venuti, Clark Terry*; new kitchen; no reservations; 922-7515.

Lulu White's (South End): *Illinois Jacquet* (9/5-7; 12-14); *Jimmy Witherspoon* (9/19-21); *Scott Hamilton w/ Gray Sargent* (10/3-5); *Red Norvo* (10/17-19); *Jeff Stoughton with Herb Pomeroy & John LaPorta* (Fri. & Sat.); Sunday specials; fine foods, dancing weekends; 423-3652.

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Michael's (Back Bay): Jazz nightly; 247-7262.
Pooh's Pub (Kenmore Sq.); **Jerry Tachoir 4** (9/7-9); **Ictus** (9/10 & 9/24); **Home** (Mon. in Sept.; 10/6 & 7); **Breakdown Lane** (9/12); **Live Music Band** (9/13 & 9/27); **Trombone Madness** (9/14); **Pete Chavez 4** (9/15 & 16); **Om** (9/17); **Cohn Heads** (9/21); **Elegua** (9/22 & 23); **Charles Alexander's Street Music** (9/28); **Ken Cervenka** (9/29 & 30); **October: Convergence** (Tue.); **Paul Johnson Band** (Wed.); **Ch-pau!** (Thurs.); **Sampan** (10/13 & 14).

Jazzline (WBUR-FM and Jazz Coalition): 262-1300.

BUFFALO

Klienhaus Music Hall: *George Benson* (tent. 9/10); *B.B. King and Bobby Blue Bland* (9/17); *Bob Seeger* (tent. 9/15).

Shea's Buffalo Theatre: *Ramsey Lewis and Freddie Hubbard* (10/20).

Clark Gym (Univ. of Buffalo): *Upstate Association (Sam Noto, Sal Nistico, Nick Brignola)* tent. (9/16); *Roy Buchanan and the Dixie Dregs* (9/30).

Auditorium Theatre (Rochester): *B.B. King and Bobby Blue Bland* (9/16).

Trafalmore Cafe: Jazz (Thurs.-Sun.); *Fresh* (Thurs.); big names on the weekends; call 836-9678 for details.

Anchor Bar: *Johnny Gibson Trio* w/ trumpeter *George Holdt* (Fri.-Sun.).

Quincy's: *Open mike* (Mon.); *Dick Griffo Quartet* (Tue.); *Brancato and Norris* (Sun.).

Vieni-Su: *Moody Street* (Fri. & Sat.); *Brancato and Norris* (Wed.).

Mr. Tanedbry's: *James Clark Trio* w/*Joanne McDuffy* (Sun.).

Buffalo Jazz Workshop: On-going series of jazz instruction sessions at the North West Community Center led by *Sam Faizone* and *Al Tinney*; call 876-8108 for dates and times.

Checkerboard Lounge: *Kevin Doyle Trio* (Thurs.).

Hello World Courtyard: *Stu Weisman* solo guitar (Fri. & Sat.).

Bagatelle: *Brancato and Norris* (Fri. and Sat.).

WBFO (88.7 FM): Jazz 7 days/week; call 831-5393 for complete schedule.

WEBR (970 AM): Jazz 8:05pm-1:00am (Mon. & Sun.).

CLEVELAND

WCLV (95.5 FM): "Jazz Comes to WCLV, with John Simma" (Fri. 11:30pm).

WBBG (1260 AM): "Exploring Jazz: Chris Colombi Jr. at the Helm" (Sun. 7pm-1am).

WAUP (88.1 FM, Akron): 24-hour college jazz station. New faculty manager wants to change format; written listener protest urgently needed—Bd. of Trustees, U. of Akron, c/o WAUP, 302 E. Buchtel, Akron, Ohio 44302.

Chung's Restaurant (Fairview Pk.): *Larry Booty* (Fri. & Sat.).

earth by april (Cleve. Hts.): Jazz on weekends; call 371-1438.

The Happy Apple: Local jazz combos nightly in one room of this new Cleveland disco.

The Night Club (Akron): Local and national acts

nightly; call 733-7933.

Pacific Pearl (Warrensville Hts.): Jazz Monday nights; call 831-0150.

Peabody's Cafe (Cleve. Hts.): Local and national acts; call 321-4072.

The Bank (Akron): Local and national acts occasionally; call 762-8237.

Togo Suite: Local jazz acts Tuesday; call 795-8100.

Village Pump (Akron): Jazz Fri. and Sat. nights; call 920-9308.

Palace Theatre: *Pearl Bailey, w/ Louis Bellson and orch.* (9/19-24); *Mills Bros. and Count Basie and Orchestra* (9/26-10/1); *Doc Severinsen* (10/13-15).

Northeast Ohio Jazz Society: Call 429-1513 between 11am and 8pm daily for membership and jazz info.

KANSAS CITY

Club Swahili: *Bill Hemmans Quartet* jazz lunch (Mon., Wed., Fri. 11am-2pm).

Alameda Plaza Roof: *Steve Miller Trio w/ Julie Turner* (Tue., Thurs.); *Gary Sivits Experience w/ Lou Longmire* (Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat.).

Mark IV: Jazz nightly; call 444-0303 for further information.

Paul Gray's Jazz Club (Lawrence): *Lee Konitz* (9/9).

Eddy's South: *Greg Meise Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

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

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

Granada Theater: *Dave Brubeck* (9/22).

LAS VEGAS

Sahara Vegas: *Johnny Carson/Buddy Rich Big Band* (9/22 & 23, tentative).

Sands: *Doc Severinsen* (to 9/5); *Mel Torme* (9/20-10/3); *Dionne Warwick* (10/4-17); *Bob Sims Trio/Charlie Schaffer* (lounge).

Tropicana: *Chris Fio Rito Band* (rig.).

Sahara Tahoe: *Raquel Welch* (9/18-28); *Rick Nelson* (9/29-10/5); *Diana Ross* (10/6-19).

Frontier: *Goofers* (regs.).

Blue Heaven: *Sonny & Jack Cordaro/Jazz Jams* (Fri. & Sat.).

Chateau Vegas: *Peer Marini* (Fri.-Wed.).

MGM: *Carpenters* (8/31-9/13).

Royal Inn: *Royal Dixie Jazz Band* (Wed.-Mon.).

Reno Grandstand: *Asleep At The Wheel* (9/8).

Jody's Lounge: Jazz jam (Sun., 4pm).

Aladdin: *Sha Na Na* (8/27).

Tender Trap: All-jazz (nightly).

KCEP-FM (88.1): Jazz radio.

KDWN-AM (720): *Jim Flint Jazz Show* (8pm).

SAN DIEGO

Jose Murphy's: *Joe Marillo Quintet, Plus One* (Sun., 4pm).

Le Chalet: *Bruce Cameron Quartet* (Sun. 2pm; Mon. nite); *The Jazz Corporation* (Tue. & Wed.); *Farrar Four* (Thurs.); *Anita Robbins/Marvin Robinson* (Fri.-Sun.).

Community Arts Gallery: *Ceta VI* (Wed.-Sat.).

Boathouse: *Larry Page* (Wed.-Sat.); *Hummingbird* (Sun.-Tue.).

Belly Up Tavern: *Dance Of The Universe Orch.* (Fri. & Sat.).

Civic Auditorium: *Milestone Jazzstars; Ron Carter/Sonny Rollins/McCoy Tyner* (9/17).

Brothers Espresso Cafe: *Zarp and Breen* (Fri.).

Chuck's Steak House (La Jolla): *Butch Lacy/Hollis Gentry Quartet* (Fri.-Sun.); *Joe Marillo* (Mon.-Thurs.).

Alpine Gardens: *N.Y.C. Jazz Trio* (Tue., tent.).

Sports Arena: *The Commodores* (8/25).

Old No. 7 Distillery: *Storm* (Sun.).

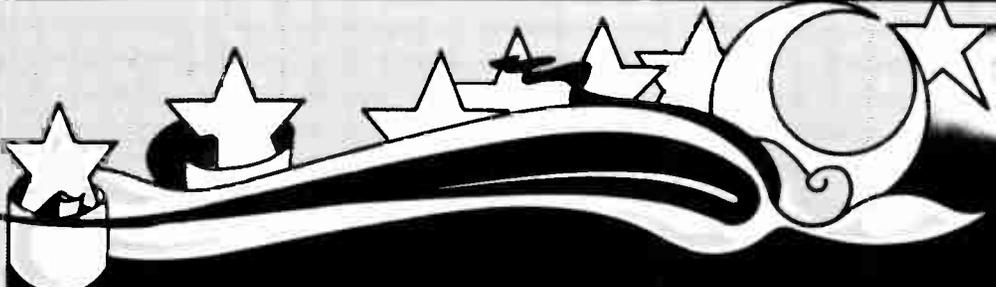
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