

JULY 12, 1979

75c

the contemporary
music magazine

downbeat®

JOHN COLTRANE REMEMBERED

McCoy Tyner
Archie Shepp
Lew Tabackin
Dave Liebman

...and
others



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Transcription

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(ISSN 0012-7568)

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Carol Kaye on Hampton Hawes

I protest Joachim Kuhn's criticism of Hampton Hawes (*Blindfold Test*, 5/3). With due respect, if he had really listened to Hampton's playing, he'd have heard more than two chords. Hampton played a concerto every time he played. Someday today's young players will discover him as they grow up in jazz and get in touch with *feeling* (rather than technicalities) in music. Congratulations on your articles on Abraham Laboriel and Ernie Watts—two beautiful people who also put *feeling* in their music.

Carol Kaye

Denver

Defying timelessness

I found it quite interesting that the May 17 *db* contained articles on two pianists, Earl Hines and Herbie Hancock, but it was the latter who was featured on the cover (no doubt to attract the attention of disco fans). Former *db* editor Dan Morgenstern once wrote that "Earl Hines defies time." Will we be able to say the same of Hancock's new

musical "garbage" which Bret Primack hails as "music of the '80s"? If this is the music of the '80s, then music is heading into a pretty vapid era indeed. At least Lester Bowie's comments on Hancock's new album in his *Blindfold Test* served to put everything into proper perspective.
Scott Harnsberger

Madison, Wisc.

NPR's Steve Rathe

Just a note to say "thank you" for the first comprehensive article on National Public Radio's *Jazz Alive!* Bravo!!

The article failed to mention, however, the input and dedication of Steve Rathe, *Jazz Alive!* Executive Producer. Steve is the man responsible for taking *Jazz Alive!* from a proposal stage and bringing it to the airwaves—a two year battle. His contribution and continuing support cannot be overlooked.

Tim Owens

Producer, *Jazz Alive!*

Washington, D.C.

Equipping the readers

I'd like to commend you on your recent Grover Washington article (4/19) followed by a list of the equipment he uses. As a student of the saxophone, I've tried many mouthpiece-reed-horn combinations to find my own sound. This is often frustrating as well as expensive (many good mouthpieces cost \$40 each).

down beat would be doing a great service to all woodwind students if they followed

every pro interview with a list of the equipment he uses.

Dom Varrone

West Babylon, N.Y.

Betty Carter: bouquets and brickbats

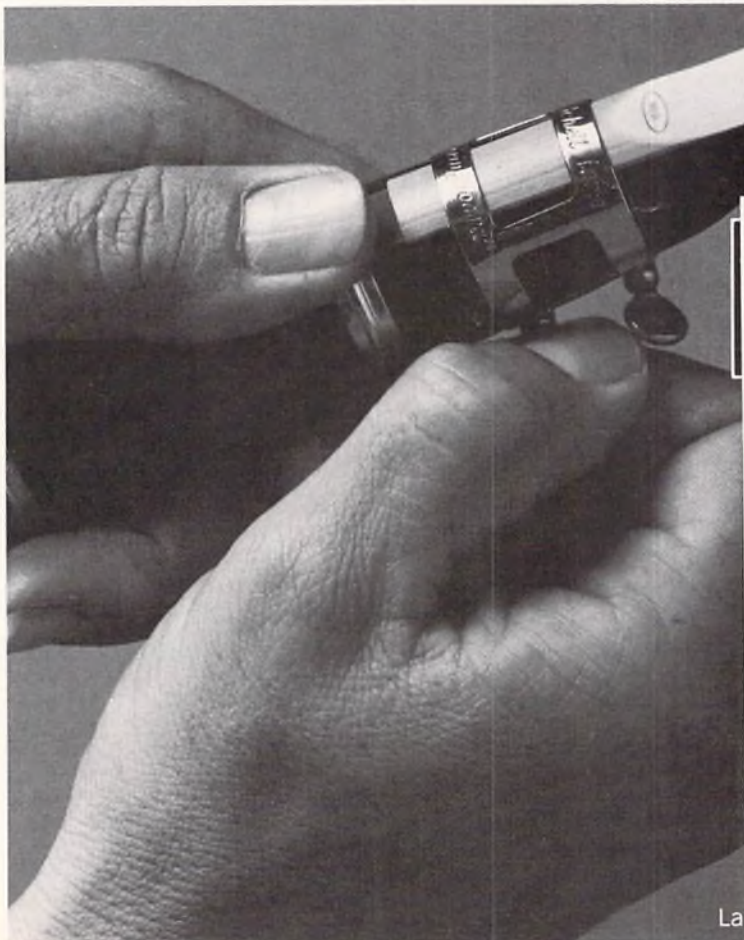
Congratulations on your Betty Carter issue (5/3). You have done a major service for the jazz community by recognizing one of the finest vocal improvisers and composers ever to emerge from the bebop era, recognition that unfortunately is long overdue.

I've been a regular reader for over eight years. By giving Ms. Carter the cover you have also performed a broader social service in the ongoing struggle to combat racism and to liberate women from their status as second-class citizens.

Five stars to *db* for acknowledging top-flight jazz artistry wherever it is found, and for giving Ms. Carter the individual respect and personal exposure she so well deserves.
Anne Warner

Los Angeles, Ca.

Black people "cannot relate to free, non-rhythmic music"? The music Ms. Carter refers to is strongly rhythmic though non-metric. How can Betty Carter say that Ornette Coleman has "not gone the root route"? Didn't he come up playing bebop and rhythm and blues? How can Ms. Carter put down free jazz because she thinks blacks don't like it, then put down Donald Byrd's music (popular among blacks), then admit that our nation's black college students don't dig her music? I'm sure that the Art Ensem-



THE REED TO RELY ON.

ble of Chicago, Sam Rivers and all the other members of Betty Carter's avant garde will have a good laugh over her vision of the "free-jazz" musicians sitting in their lofts with no audience.

Maybe, like so many people who really haven't listened to the music, Ms. Carter simply *doesn't like* "the new black music" and ineptly tries to rationalize her taste by confusing artistic success with audience acceptance.

Does she think that Sun Ra has less respect for tradition than Betty Carter? Does Betty Carter think? Or does she only think with her mouth?

Peter Michaelson West Hartford, Conn.

Jazz is my love, my mistress. It's because of beautiful people like Betty Carter that jazz harmonizes the notes of my life.

Usually your mag is the apex of contemporary musical periodicals, but you've levitated to the nth degree by giving—finally—Ms. Carter an opportunity to express herself, and express herself she did.

I am a relatively young jazz lover—notice I don't just say fan—but in all my 22 years I've heard nothing so beautiful, expressive and strong as jazz—especially so with bebop. I like to think of myself, in a philosophical sense, as a warrior—just as Ms. Carter sees herself as "a bebopper—a fighter and a survivor." Jazz of course is an art that has recently been divided into one of commercial and fine art value.

It's cats like the Carters, the Dizzys, the Sassys, the Roachs, the Blakeys and Heaths who invigorate and sustain the flame of the truest fire of expression, so that we who seek to see may do so in the light of the sparks of good jazz. As Miss Carter said in her closing statement in the well-done article by Ms. Prince, "If you've got a heart at all, I'm going to get to it." All I can say to that is, my heart belongs to bebop.

Jeff "Jazz" Warren Iona, Mich.

Your cover story on Betty Carter was one of the most exciting and enlightening pieces of jazz journalism I've read in a long time. What a lady! So many jazz musicians these days are spouting forth bullshit about their latest head-trip, it is refreshing to hear an artist speak her mind in plain English. Betty Carter doesn't "tell it like it is," she simply tells the truth. Thanks for a welcome change.

Charles S. Brown (somewhere in) Missouri

Betty Carter says that free jazz and late period Coltrane "turned black people away from the music." For the record, Trane played two concerts in 1967 at the Olatunji African Center in Harlem, his last public performance. The only black people who were turned away were the two or three hundred who couldn't get in. The lines were down the stairs, around the corner and four deep.

As a singer inspired by the horns Miss Carter would naturally be alarmed if they went where the voice couldn't follow. I love Betty and her music but show me the genius who can say what's coming tomorrow. The only dangers to jazz are super hip fence building egos. Anything done with love, spirit and sweat will reach me 'cause that spells truth.

Dahoud Agharta

Jamaica, N.Y.

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NEW RELEASES

Latest wax passing this way: **John Coltrane**, *The Paris Concert*; **Benny Carter**, *Live And Well In Japan*; **Oscar Peterson's** trios performing *The London Concert* and *The Paris Concert*, both two-fers—all the above from Pablo. On Atlantic *The Big Apple Bash* has pianist **Jay McShann** in company with **Herbie Mann**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Doc Cheatham**, **Eddie Gomez**, and many more. Trend/Discovery offers *Opus 3 No. 1* by **Moacir Santos**; *Poncho*, by congero **Poncho Sanchez**, and *Wallflower*, by trumpeter **Don Rader's** quintet. **Michal Urbaniak** and **John Abercrombie** are behind **Urszula Dudziak** on *Future Talk*, from Inner City. **Airto** is *Touching You . . . Touching Me*, on Warner Bros. The Music Of **Roland Vazquez** is on *Urban Ensemble* (GRP); saxist **Mark Colby** (on

Tappan Zee) has *One Good Turn*; **Peter Nero's** *Now* is from Concord Jazz—also **Marshall Royal's** *First Chair*. The new Italian Black Saints coming into the country include **Steppin' With The World Saxophone Quartet**; a **George Lewis** and **Douglas Ewart** collaboration; **Billy Harper's** *Quintet In Europe*, and **Don Pullen** with **Famoudou Don Moye**, *Milano Strut*. **Errol Parker** issues a *Solo Concert* (on his own Sahara Records), *Go-Rilla* is saxist **Tim Eyermann's** try on Juldane Records; pianist **Richard Rodney Bennett** meets **Bobby Rosengarden** and **Milt Hinton** on *A Different Side Of Sondheim* (DRG Records, Inc.), and violin, electronics and reeds merge, with piano and percussion additions, on *Fall Mountain Early Fall*, a Parachute LP available from JCOA/NMDS.

FINAL BAR

Richard Allen (Blue) Mitchell, trumpeter, died May 21 in Los Angeles of cancer; he was 49 years old. Born in Miami, he began playing trumpet in high school, worked first with Paul Williams in 1951, freelanced until joining Earl Bostic, and after concert tours with vocalists, joined Horace Silver in '58. From '64 through '69 Blue led combos with sidemen including Chick Corea, Junior Cook, and Al Foster; he toured with Ray Charles, and became part of John Mayall's most jazz-oriented band in the early '70s, after which he freelanced from Los Angeles, while issuing occasional records on RCA; he also waxed for Blue Note and Mainstream. Mitchell had been ill since October, and had not played since then, though he was determined to return to music to the last. He is survived by his wife Thelma, a sister, two brothers, and nephews. Funeral services were held in L.A., New York and Miami, where he was buried. Many musical benefits were being planned at presstime.

Singer-guitarist **Lester Raymond Flatt** died May 11 in Nashville after hospitalization; he was 64 years old. Born near Overton, Tenn., Flatt was already well versed in the traditional music of his region when in the '30s he looked towards performing. Following a local radio debut in '39 he turned to music fulltime and through '44 toured the South widely.

In '44 Flatt joined singer-mandolinist Bill Monroe's Blue Grass Boys, who broadcast regularly on the Grand Ole Opry. In '48 he and Earl Scruggs, Monroe's banjoist, formed the Foggy Mountain Boys. Extensive touring and recording for Mercury and later Columbia Records brought them national fame; their greatest popular successes were *The Ballad Of Jed Clampett*, theme from the tv show *The Beverly Hillbillies*, and *Foggy Mountain Breakdown* in the film *Bonnie And Clyde*.

Flatt and Scruggs dissolved their partnership in 1969, and since then the guitarist had pursued a solo career, appearing at bluegrass and traditional music fests, in concert and on tv, recording extensively for RCA and Flying Fish.

Albert J. Lipschultz, who founded **down beat** in July, 1934, died May 20 at age 83 in Chicago. An insurance salesman with a clientele of musicians when he brought out the first issue, Lipschultz envisioned a trade magazine that would help his insurance sales. After the president of Chicago's musicians union protested his dual interests, Lipschultz sold **down beat** after its second (August) issue to Glenn Burrs, who held it until 1947, when it became part of John Maher Printing Company.

Mr. Lipschultz, who later owned a furniture and appliance store, then a piano company, is survived by a daughter, sister, brother, and grandchildren.

NEWS

Trane LPs On Impulse To MCA

CHICAGO—MCA Records will distribute the entire array of John Coltrane albums first released on Impulse, a company spokesperson has confirmed.

MCA acquired the Impulse catalogue in its April purchase of ABC Records.

"The Coltrane albums are available," Elaine Cooper, a public relations employee hired from ABC to MCA, told **db**. "They (MCA) aren't doing any tampering with the Impulse catalogue."

Re-pressing of the albums has already caused backlogs for distributors, though stores appear to be stocked adequately with albums released by ABC before its purchase by MCA.

Coltrane's 31 Impulse albums comprise 37 LPs, many of them featuring the classic quartet of

Coltrane, pianist McCoy Tyner, drummer Elvin Jones and bassist Jimmy Garrison. The saxophonist signed with Impulse in 1961 and recorded his first album for the label—*Africa/Brass*—in the same month he concluded work on his final sessions for Atlantic.

The already pressed albums which MCA inherited in its takeover of ABC will probably be stickered with an MCA logo, Cooper said, "and I'm sure there'll be re-pressing with the MCA label."

It is "probable" MCA will release additional work by Coltrane, Cooper said. "They kept coming up with new stuff at ABC and we have all their tapes," she said. "But I don't see any releases anytime soon."

(See page 20 for discography.)

NEA Jazz Support Up To \$1 Million; Applicants Level, 20% Gain In OKs

WASHINGTON, D.C.—For the first time National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) funding in the jazz field has surpassed the \$1 million threshold. According to figures recently released through NEA's Music division, jazz grants for fiscal year 1979 (FY '79) will allocate a total of \$933,330 over the four grant categories defined in NEA's Jazz Program guidelines. In addition, a \$100,000 contract will be awarded on a competitive basis to continue NEA's Jazz Oral History project which until now has been conducted by the Smithsonian Jazz Program. (Persons, organizations and/or institutions soliciting the contract must have the capability to house and integrate the Smithsonian material. Those wishing a request for proposal should write: NEA/Att: Music Div./2401 E St. NW./Washington, D.C. 20506.)

Thus, NEA jazz funding in FY '79 will total \$1,033,330. This compares with a total of \$690,980 for the equivalent programming in FY '78, translating into an increase of support approaching 33%, though somewhat diminished by inflation. With virtually the same applicant level in FY '79 (446) as in FY '78 (431) and an increase of over 20% in the number of recommendations (up

to 202 in FY '79 from 164 in FY '78) the impact of the funding increase has been expressed in two ways. Firstly, it has substantially raised the average dollar amount per grant in categories one and two which cover respectively composing, arranging and performing grants for established musicians, and study grants for younger musicians. Secondly, it has substantially broadened the number of organizations and institutions that could be funded in category three.

According to NEA guidelines official grant letters should have been issued on March 1 and grant monies should have been flowing by the end of March. This year, however, the official grant letters were approximately eight weeks late, and funds availability has been similarly delayed. NEA Music division staff attribute this procedural breakdown to inadequate administrative staffing patterns and the kinky bugs in NEA's newly installed computer system which processed the grant letters, though most were notified by memorandum or phone call. Since many of the projects have summer start-ups it is unlikely that the delay will materially affect many grantees. Turn page for a listing by category of grantees.

National Endowment Of The Arts Awards, FY '79

Category one: Non-matching fellowship grants to established professional jazz artist of exceptional talent, to advance their careers through composition, arrangement and performance. The maximum grant amount was \$10,000. The average grant was \$4730, up from \$1870 in FY '78.

	Amount
Sinclair Acey (Bronx, NY)	7,500
Manny Albam (NYC)	7,500
Christopher Amberger (Belleville, NY)	3,000
David Baker (Bloomington, IN)	10,000
John Basile (Dedham, MA)	5,000
Gordon C. Berg (No. Hollywood, CA)	3,500
Hamiet Bluiett (NYC)	7,500
Arthur Booth (St. Albans, NY)	4,000
Patricia Bown (NYC)	10,000
Joanne Brackeen (NYC)	10,000
George Braithwaite (Corona, NY)	10,000
James Branch (Richmond, VA)	5,000
Ray Brown (Santa Cruz, CA)	5,000
Richard Brown (Chicago, IL)	2,000
Sonny Brown (NYC)	3,000
Kenneth Burrell (Huntington Beach, CA)	10,000
William Burton (NYC)	5,000
Garvin Bushell (Las Vegas)	5,000
Paul Cantos (Santa Cruz, CA)	4,000
Walter Davis (NYC)	10,000
Douglas Ewart (Chicago, IL)	5,000
Ricky Ford (NYC)	4,000
Henry Franklin (Los Angeles, CA)	3,000
David Friesen (Portland, OR)	2,500
Alonzo Gardner (Hempstead, NY)	1,000
Stanley Gilbert (Long Beach, NY)	3,000
Frank Gordon (NYC)	3,000
Joanne Grauer (Los Angeles, CA)	3,500
Onaje Allan Gumbs (Bronx, NY)	10,000
Buck Clayton (Jamaica, NY)	10,000
Charlie Haden (San Francisco, CA)	8,000
Doug Harris (NYC)	3,500
Wendell Harrison (Detroit, Mich.)	1,500
Hank Heimsath (Austin, TX)	1,500
Andrew Hill (Pittsburg, CA)	5,000
Ira Jackson (NYC)	2,000
Travis Jenkins (Memphis, TN)	1,500
J. C. Johnson (Wurtsboro, NY)	10,000
Robert Jones (White Plains, NY)	2,000
Lee Konitz (NYC)	5,000
Oliver Lake (NYC)	6,000
Harold Land (Los Angeles, CA)	5,000
Michael Lawrence (NYC)	2,500
William Lawsha (Oakland, CA)	5,000
George Lewis (NYC)	6,000
Paul Loomis (Denton, TX)	3,000
Gildo Mahones (Los Angeles, CA)	5,000
Loonis McGlohon (Charlotte, NC)	2,500
Rene McLean (NYC)	4,000
Michael Meille (Stroudsburg, PA)	3,500
Roscoe Mitchell (Cambridge, WI)	6,000
Charles Moffett (NYC)	5,000
James Moody (Las Vegas)	5,000
Frank Morgan (Marina Del Rey, CA)	2,000
James Morris (San Francisco, CA)	5,000
Bennie Morton (NYC)	10,000
Claudine Myers (NYC)	3,500
Paul Nagel (Felton, CA)	3,000
Hannibal Peterson (NYC)	5,000
Edward Preston (East Elmhurst, NY)	5,000
Jerome Rusch (Los Angeles, CA)	2,500
Huey Simmons (San Jose, CA)	2,000
Heiner Stadler (Manset, ME)	1,500
Jaxon Stock (Las Vegas)	3,000
Cecil Taylor (NYC)	5,000
Keith Terry (Berkeley, CA)	2,000
William Tesar (Ridgewood, NJ)	2,500
Malachi Thompson (Brooklyn, NY)	3,000
Charles Tyler (Brooklyn, NY)	2,000
Robert Wilber (Brewster, MA)	3,500
Lennox Grimes (NYC)	2,500
Thomas Grund (Jackson Heights, NY)	2,500
Terry Janow (Sherman Oaks, CA)	2,500
James Kachulis (Forest Hills, NY)	1,500
Judith Kay (Ardentown, DE)	5,000
Victor Kendall (Willingboro, NJ)	2,500
Robert Kindred (Englewood, NJ)	1,870
William Kirchner (Arlington, VA)	1,700
Michel Lake (Phoenix, AZ)	750
Gregory Langdon (Yonkers, NY)	1,200
Prince Lawsha (Santa Cruz, CA)	2,700
John Leisenring (Prairie Village, KS)	1,940
Luis Lopez (NYC)	1,000
Jim Mayer (St. Louis, MO)	5,000
Earl McIntyre (Brooklyn, NY)	2,500
Jon Mayer (Appleton, WI)	2,500
Glenn Miller (NYC)	2,500
Nora Nausbaum (Arlington, MA)	375
Charles Owen (Northridge, CA)	1,000
Robert Previte (Buffalo, NY)	1,200

12 down beat

John Purcell (NYC)	2,000
Yvonne Purcell (NYC)	1,000
Deborah Randolph (NYC)	3,000
Richard Reiter (Adelphi, MD)	3,000
William Saxton (Richmond Hill, NY)	3,500
Mario Serio (NYC)	2,000
Chavunduka Sevanhu (Chicago, IL)	1,000
Jean Strickland (Malibu, CA)	1,000
Robert Taylor (Washington, D.C.)	2,000

Category two: Non-matching study fellowship grants to enable young musicians of exceptional talent to study with individual professional artists for concentrated instruction and experience. The maximum grant amount was \$5000. The average grant was \$1895 up from \$1000 in FY '78.

Gerri Allen (Detroit, MI)	2,000
Byron Benbow (Springfield Gardens, NY)	1,000
Richard Bookens (Falls Church, VA)	1,500
Keith Brown (Knoxville, TN)	1,250
Leslie Burrs (Philadelphia, PA)	2,500
Humbert Carelli (San Francisco, CA)	1,500
Pat Cerasiello (Boonton, NJ)	1,000
Brian Chung (Sterling Heights, MI)	1,000
Kim Clark (East Elmhurst, NY)	1,000
Jimmy Cozier (Brooklyn, NY)	1,260
Michael Culver (Toledo, OH)	1,000
Otis Davis (Lamar, SC)	1,000
Nathaniel Dixon (NYC)	2,600
Donna Emanuel (Jamaica, NY)	2,000
Juateen Folks (New Boston, MI)	2,000
Samuel Furnace (Brooklyn, NY)	2,500
Steven Gaskin (Denver, CO)	2,500
Joseph Giardull (High Falls, NY)	2,000
Susan Gracie Glassman (San Francisco, CA)	2,500
Gail Green (NYC)	1,500
Mike Turk (Cambridge, MA)	1,300
Barry Voth (Westminster, CO)	2,000
Marc Williams (Shawnee, CO)	2,000
Veia Williams (Northampton, MA)	2,500
Heather Withers (Clifton, NJ)	1,000
James Witzel (San Francisco, CA)	2,000

Category three: Matching grants to organizations for jazz presentations, educational programs, short-term residencies by jazz specialists, and carefully planned regional or national festivals or tours. Maximum grant amount is \$25,000 for organizations with annual expenditures of more than \$100,000 for jazz programming. Maximum grant amount is \$15,000 for organizations with annual expenditures of less than \$100,000 for jazz programming. The average grant was \$6225, down from \$10,313 in FY '78. However the number of organizations and institutions funded more than doubled, rising from 35 to 74.

Alley Theatre (Houston, TX)	6,000
Allied Artists Association, Inc. (Detroit, MI)	10,000
Allied Artists Assoc., Inc. (Detroit, MI)	12,500
Alternative Center for International Arts, Inc. (NYC)	4,000
Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (Chicago, IL)	7,000
Artists Collective, Inc. (Hartford, CT)	7,000
Central Missouri State University (Warrensburg, MO)	2,000
Centrum Foundation (Port Townsend, WA)	3,780
Century City Educational Arts Project (Los Angeles, CA)	3,000
Charles H. MacNider Museum (Mason City, IA)	3,500
Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation, Inc. (Kansas City, MO)	5,000
Chrysler Museum at Norfolk (Norfolk, VA)	3,000
City of Atlanta (Atlanta, GA)	7,500
City of Austin (Austin, TX)	3,500
Collective Black Artists, Inc. (NYC)	20,000
Community Renewal Team of Greater Hartford, Inc. (Hartford, CT)	5,000
Cornish Institute (Seattle, WA)	5,000
Cosanti Foundation (Scottsdale, AZ)	3,500
Creative Music Foundation (Woodstock, NY)	4,500
Cultural Council Foundation (NYC)	2,500
Drake University (Des Moines, IA)	1,750
Elma Lewis School of Fine Arts (Dorchester, MA)	5,000
Hampshire College (Amherst, MA)	10,000
Hartford Jazz Society, Inc. (Hartford, CT)	2,550
Henry Street Settlement (NYC)	10,000
Highlights in Jazz (NYC)	3,000
Hutchinson Community College (Hutchinson, KS)	2,205
International Art of Jazz, Inc. (Stony Brook, NY)	18,000
International Music Camp (Bottineau, ND)	2,335
Jackson State University (Jackson, MS)	5,000
Jazz Coalition (Boston, MA)	3,500
Jazz Heritage Foundation (Los Angeles, CA)	3,500
Jazz in Arizona, Inc. (Paradise Valley, AZ)	7,000
Jazzmobile, Inc. (NYC)	25,000
The Jewish Community Center (Kansas City, MO)	3,500
Kuumbwa Jazz Society (Santa Cruz, CA)	3,000
Las Vegas Jazz Society (Las Vegas, NV)	15,000
The Left Bank Jazz Society, Inc. (Baltimore, MD)	7,500
Lettumplay (Washington, D.C.)	3,500
Lincoln Jazz Society, Inc. (Lincoln, NE)	3,500
Manhattan Plaza Foundation (NYC)	7,500
Manna House Workshops (NYC)	3,500
McLennan Community College (Waco, TX)	2,500
Memphis Arts Council, Inc. (Memphis, TN)	5,000
Michigan State University (East Lansing, MI)	6,065
Mid-America Arts Alliance (Kansas City, MO)	7,500
Midtown Manhattan Jazz Center (NYC)	5,000

Percussion Music For Wrestling

WICHITA, KAN—Professional wrestling, which is rarely serious, was combined with serious music in a performance of Dr. Walter Mays' *War Games For Wrestlers And Extended Percussion* at Wichita State University's Fine Arts Center in April.

A house full of 650 fans were on their feet during most of the performance as Jerry Brown, 235 lbs., and Bryan St. John, 225 lbs., wrestled nine minutes in a full size, 16 foot ring erected on the stage of the Fine Arts Center's concert hall. *War Games* was the final act in the annual Percussion Ensemble Concert arranged by Dr. J. C. Combs, professor of music performance at WSU, and principal percussionist with the Wichita Symphony Orchestra.

Brown lost the match. He was pinned by St. John shortly before the end of the ten minute time limit. The music, however, continued to the end of Dr. Mays' score.

Twelve percussionists were in the orchestra pit during the wrestling. They played a variety of instruments, including a jackhammer held against first a wooden block and then, as the action stepped up its pace, against a steel I-beam. Dr. Mays' score required the use of two conventional drum sets and many instruments not ordinarily associated with music. A styrofoam ice bucket produced an agonizing screech to accompany a hammer lock when a bass viol bow was drawn across its top. A one quart mayonnaise jar partly filled with water was tapped with a drum stick. Its tone varied in pitch as it was tilted and the water

shifted.

Wet balloons are a favorite of Dr. Mays, who is associate professor of musicology and composition at WSU. They respond immediately to being rubbed.

Dr. Walter Myers, principal trumpet with the Wichita Symphony, and Charles Key, a member of the trumpet section, were stationed at opposite ends of the orchestra pit to blow conch shells. A sheet of metal produced thunder sounds. A board four inches wide and cut to the exact length of a piano keyboard was used to make the piano truly percussive. The player hammered on the board to make all 88 keys sound simultaneously.

"We must have auditioned 40 jackhammers before we found the one with the exact beat and tone we needed," Dr. Combs said.

The performance began in a darkened house with the 12 percussionists in the pit which had lowered them to about knee level. Thus they could see the action but not interfere with the audience sight lines.

The introduction began with heavy rhythmic drumming answered by xylophone trilling. When the curtain opened the wrestlers went into action immediately.

As director, Dr. Combs had considerable freedom to fit some of the music to the action, but the score was not subservient to the action. It has a life of its own.

The crowd gave the music, the wrestlers and the composer a five minute ovation at the end.

"It's a one-time performance," Dr. Mays said the next day. "I can



WICHITA EAGLE/BEACON

report that now my colleagues on the faculty are divided into two

groups—those who speak to me, and those who don't."

POTPOURRI

Dr. Nathan Davis, composer and multi-reedist teaching at the University of Pittsburgh, featured **Clark Terry** in a quintet at an initial offering by the National Commission on Blacks in the Performing Arts, just established at the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. (20566). The Commission, under **Dr. Archle Bufins'** leadership, is soliciting proposals from artists wishing to present work at the Kennedy Center. Davis' recital included a *Suite To Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.* performed by 11 musicians with narration and vocal accompaniment, originally commissioned by Pittsburgh community group Hand-In-Hand, with aid from Gulf Oil.

"Jazz vs. Reggae" is the theme of Toronto's *Jazz On The Lake Boatrides*, June 20, July 11 and 25, and August 15 and 29.

Proceeds from UCLA's **Duke Ellington Birthday Tribute**—he would have been 80—will establish a scholarship fund at the school. **Kenny Burrell's** All Star Ellingtonia Septet, pianist/harpist/vocalist **Dorothy Ashby**, and **Bill Berry's** 16 member big band played, with **Ernie Andrews**, **Herb Jeffries**, **Lorez Alexandria** and **Lil Greenwood** singing. And **Stevie Wonder** did *Sir Duke!*

The newly organized **Lennie Tristano Jazz Foundation** (172-54 Highland Ave., Jamaica, N.Y. 11432) presented pianist **Sal Mosca** solo on Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center June 17. The Foundation's label, Jazz Records, intends to release a 1949 live Tristano/Warne Marsh date in summer.

Tom Scott, **Lee Ritenour**, **Harvey Mason**, **Dave Grusin** and **Abraham Laboriel** were in The Orchestra at its debut concert in Los Angeles' Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, stirring recording talk. The dreamchild of composer/orchestrators **Jack Elliott** and **Allyn Ferguson**, the 84 piece Orchestra performed works by Ferguson, **Claus Ogerman**, **Pat Williams** and **Dick Grove**, raising an estimated \$75,000 to be used for commissions of new works and underwriting new talent.

A four day jazz festival at Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts in Vienna, VA June 21 through 24 hosts pianist **Keith Jarrett**, **Pat Metheny's** group, **Herbie Mann**, the **Akiyoshi/Tabackin** band, **Lionel Hampton's** quartet, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Earl "Fatha" Hines**, **Buddy Rich**, **Mary Lou Williams**, and **Grover Margaret & Za Zu Zaz** in the national park's 6500 seat indoor-outdoor amphitheatre.

Drummers **Horace Arnold**, **Billy Hart** and **Freddie Walts**, accompanied by bassist **Buster Williams** and pianist **Kenny Barron**, led a colloquium at New York's Drum Collective on W. 42nd St., answering questions and demonstrating techniques. **Richard Kravetz**, the DC founder, hopes to establish a scholarship program so percussionists can take advantage of workshops in Recording Studio, Chop Building, Funk-Rock Playing, and Latin Percussion.

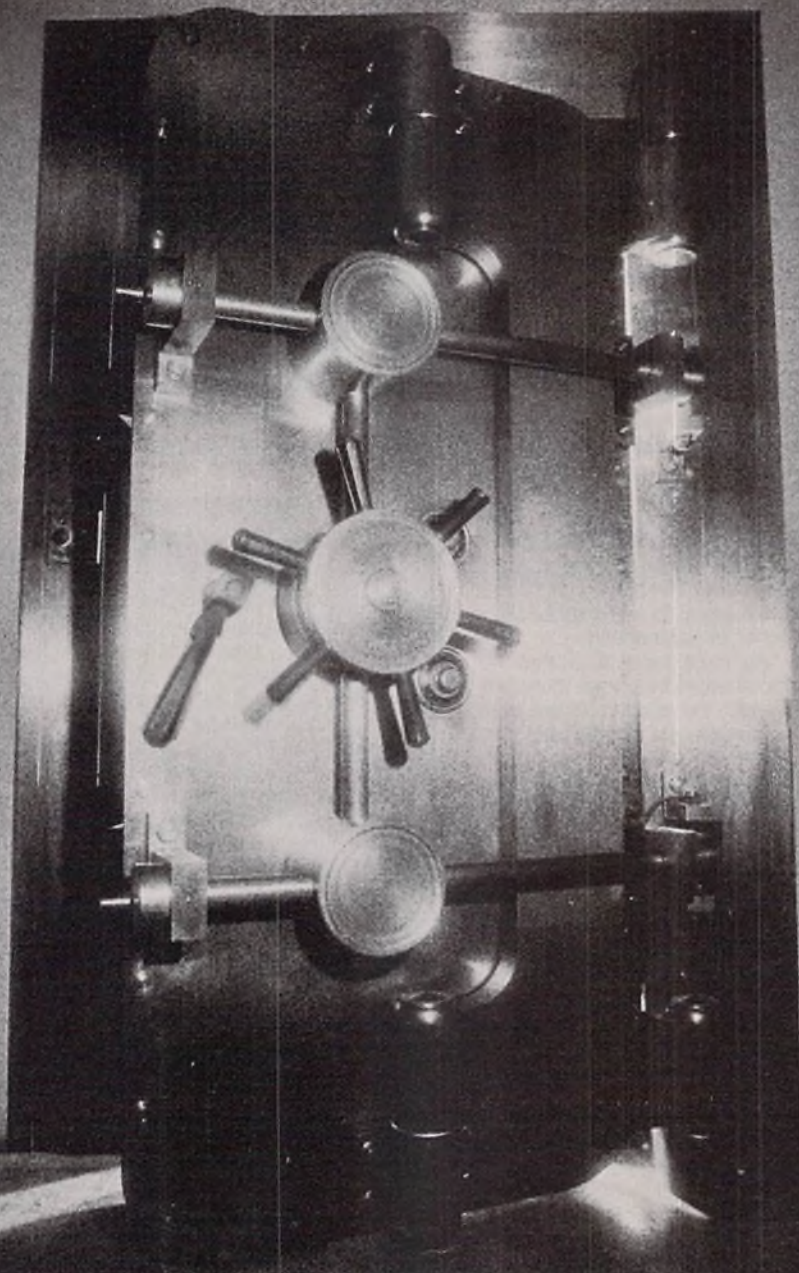
B.B. King found new fans throughout the U.S.S.R. during his four week tour sponsored by the U.S. State Department. Enthusiastic reviews and sold out concerts were his in Moscow, Leningrad, Baku, Tblisi, and Yerevan; plans for a return tour in 1980 are being made.

Owen McNally, jazz critic of the Hartford, CT *Courant*, was honored by the Hartford Jazz Society for "astuteness and enlightenment" at a ceremony with pianists **Dave McKenna**, **Dick Wellstood** and **Junior Mance**.

Milwaukee County War Memorial (Milwaukee, WI)	4,000
Mobile Jazz Festival (Mobile, AL)	10,000
Monmouth County Library (Freehold, NJ)	3,000
Mt. San Antonio College (Walnut, CA)	2,000
Museum of Contemporary Art (Chicago, IL)	1,000
Music Center Presentations (Los Angeles, CA)	7,500
National Public Radio (Washington, D.C.)	15,000
National Band Camp, Inc. (South Bend, IN)	10,000
New Muse Community Museum (Brooklyn, NY)	20,000
New York Shakespeare Festival (NYC)	5,000
Portland Center for the Visual Arts (Portland, OR)	4,000
Rutgers University (New Brunswick, NJ)	15,000
Settlement Music School (Philadelphia, PA)	4,000
South Carolina Arts Commission (Columbia, SC)	5,000
Southern Arts Federation (Atlanta, GA)	5,000
Society of Universal Cultural Arts (NYC)	10,000
SUM Concerts, Inc. (Houston, TX)	3,000
Una Noche Plateada (Tucson, AZ)	7,500
Universal Jazz Coalition, Inc. (NYC)	10,000
Universal Jazz Preservation Society (Allandale, CA)	3,500
University of Kentucky (Lexington, KY)	2,500
University of Utah (Salt Lake City, UT)	2,500
Vous-Etes Swing (Los Angeles, CA)	3,500
Walnut Street Theater (Philadelphia, PA)	7,500
Wesleyan University (Middletown, CT)	3,000
West Virginia Arts and Humanities Commission (Charleston, WV)	4,000
Women's Jazz Festival, Inc. (Kansas City, MO)	3,000

The final category is for miscellaneous projects. Jazz, "Other" covers grants to individuals and organizations to carry out projects outside the established categories of support. There is no grant ceiling. Three grants totaling \$37,500 in FY '79 are a substantial improvement over one grant for \$7500 in FY '78.

John Bradley (Harwichport, MA)	3,500
George Russell (Cambridge, MA)	10,000
Consortium of Jazz Organizations and Artists, Inc. (NYC)	24,000



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The Contemporary Masters on Columbia Records and Tapes.





John Coltrane created his own standards—just read his article on himself and his answers, with Eric Dolphy, to the critics, reprinted from **down beats** of the '60s in this, our 45th anniversary issue. Coltrane (born 9/23/26; died 7/17/67) challenged common assumptions and he pursued formidable spiritual goals with the determination of a man fulfilling a commitment. In the process, he made music unlike any heard before, though many musicians have since tried to sound like him, as his influence pervades the American music we call jazz.

That Coltrane's influence should continue is no surprise: he extended his instrument's already considerable vocabulary, guided many searching young musicians (some of whom are today's respected elders), linked traditions to innovations, and collaborated with the most restless leaders of his time. This issue, suggested by New York correspondent Bret Primack, is less a reappraisal than a reminder that Coltrane's sound in 1979 remains contemporary.

Many listeners have enjoyed Trane's lyrical accomplishments—imagine the differences in *Kind Of Blue* had Sonny Rollins been in Miles Davis' band—and even accepted his religiosity—would there have been Mahavishnus and Devadips had there been no Ohnedaruth first? But the core of Trane's quest insists that technical expertise and merely pretty sounds are not ends in themselves.

Consider his later works, those charged with being unattractive. Has one "gone off the deep end" by returning to the root sounds of horns and drums rather than continuing to distill some essence of instrumental sophistication? *Giant Steps* will always be breathtaking in its

assurance; *Live At Birdland* and the first *My Favorite Things* will always seem enlightening, splendid in their beauty; the last *Naimas* and *Meditations*, *Concert In Japan*, *Interstellar Space*, *Expression*, *Sun Ship*—the list goes on—will always be demanding, but cathartic and rewarding, listening. Difficult, yes; but these works are *inspired*.

Understanding the sincerity underlying his cosmically ambitious music like *Ascension* may not make it accessible, though Coltrane's rawly expressive experiments certainly are luminous. And it's mystifying, not clarifying, to learn that earlier superior solos, such as one seemingly elicited by Thelonious Monk's urgent cry "Coltrane! Coltrane!" was the saxist's response from a nodding stupor (a story told by trumpeter Ray Copeland). But Coltrane's achievements reflected his life, from his exhaustive examination of systems and structures begun in the '50s while he struggled with drink and drugs, to his fearless exploration of broader, deeper themes after his mid '60s "purification."

Our contributors have tried to grasp some aspects of Coltrane's music. Both David Wild and Andrew White have dedicated much work to making Trane's legacy more comprehensible. Former **down beat** editor Don DeMicheal cannot be thanked enough for originating the articles we've reprinted. The efforts of A. B. Spellman, Leonard Feather, photographer Charles Stewart (who shot many a Coltrane album cover picture) and **db** production manager Gloria Baldwin (who saved the unused color negative on this page from the 1965 Readers Poll issue in which Coltrane was voted into our Hall of Fame and named Jazzman of the Year) are much appreciated. Upcoming issues will continue to consider Mr. Coltrane: David Baker will analyze his music closely and Trane's newly released records demand review. But whatever we do, Coltrane's music stands—his records are, thankfully, available and a rich, if too short, musical lifetime of sounds remains for us to discover, study, absorb, admire, and enjoy.

—Howard Mandel

April 12, 1962

John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy answer the Jazz Critics

by DON DeMICHEAL



John Coltrane has been the center of critical controversy ever since he unfurled his sheets of sound in his days with Miles Davis. At first disparaged for his sometimes involved, multinoted solos, Coltrane paid little heed and continued exploring music. In time, his harmonic approach—for the sheets were really rapid chord running, in the main—was accepted, even praised, by most jazz critics.

By the time critics had caught up with Coltrane, the tenor saxophonist had gone on to another way of playing. Coltrane II, if you will, was much concerned with linear theme development that seemed sculptured or torn from great blocks of granite. Little critical carping was heard of this second, architectural, Coltrane.

But Coltrane, an inquisitive-minded, probing musician, seemingly has left architecture for less concrete, more abstract means of expression. This third and present Coltrane has encountered an ever-growing block of criticism, much of it marked by a holywar fervor.

Criticism of Coltrane III is almost always tied in with Coltrane's cohort Eric Dolphy, a member of that group of musicians who play what has been dubbed the "new thing."

Dolphy's playing has been praised and damned since his national-jazz-scene arrival about two years ago. Last summer Dolphy

joined Coltrane's group for a tour. It was on this tour that Coltrane and Dolphy came under the withering fire of down beat associate editor John Tynan, the first critic to take a strong—and public—stand against what Coltrane and Dolphy were playing.

In the Nov. 23, 1961, **down beat** Tynan wrote, "At Hollywood's Renaissance club recently, I listened to a horrifying demonstration of what appears to be a growing anti-jazz trend exemplified by these foremost proponents [Coltrane and Dolphy] of what is termed avant garde music.

"I heard a good rhythm section . . . go to waste behind the nihilistic exercises of the two horns . . . Coltrane and Dolphy seem intent on deliberately destroying [swing]. . . They seem bent on pursuing an anarchistic course in their music that can but be termed anti-jazz."

The anti-jazz term was picked up by Leonard Feather and used as a basis for critical essays of Coltrane, Dolphy, Ornette Coleman and the "new thing" in general in **down beat** and *Shaw*.

The reaction from readers to both Tynan's and Feather's remarks was immediate, heated, and about evenly divided.

Recently, Coltrane and Dolphy agreed to sit down and discuss their music and the criticism leveled at it.

One of the recurring charges is that their

performances are stretched out over too long a time, that Coltrane and Dolphy play on and on, past inspiration and into monotony.

Coltrane answered, "They're long because all the soloists try to explore all the avenues that the tune offers. They try to use all their resources in their solos. Everybody has quite a bit to work on. Like when I'm playing, there are certain things I try to get done and so does Eric and McCoy Tyner [Coltrane's pianist]. By the time we finish, the song is spread out over a pretty long time.

"It's not planned that way; it just happens. The performances get longer and longer. It's sort of growing that way."

But, goes the criticism, there must be editing, just as a writer must edit his work so that it keeps to the point and does not ramble and become boring.

Coltrane agreed that editing must be done—but for essentially a different reason from what might be expected.

"There are times," he said, "when we play places opposite another group, and in order to play a certain number of sets a night, you can't play an hour and a half at one time. You've got to play 45 or 55 minutes and rotate sets with the other band. And for those reasons, for a necessity such as that, I think it's quite in order that you edit and shorten things.

"But when your set is unlimited, timewise, and everything is really together musically—if there's continuity—it really doesn't make any difference how long you play.

"On the other hand, if there're dead spots, then it's really not good to play anything too long."

One of the tunes that Coltrane's group plays at length is *My Favorite Things*, a song, as played by the group, that can exert an intriguingly hypnotic effect, though sometimes it seems too long.

Upon listening closely to him play *Things* on the night before the interview, it seemed that he actually played two solos. He finished one, went back to the theme a bit, and then went into another improvisation.

"That's the way the song is constructed," Coltrane said. "It's divided into parts. We play both parts. There's a minor and a major part. We improvise in the minor, and we improvise in the major modes."

Is there a certain length to the two modes?

"It's entirely up to the artist—his choice," he answered. "We were playing it at one time with minor, then major, then minor modes, but it was *really* getting too long—it was about the only tune we had time to play in an

continued on page 52



CHARLES STEWART

September 29, 1960

COLTRANE ON COLTRANE

by JOHN COLTRANE in collaboration with DON DeMICHEAL

I've been listening to jazzmen, especially saxophonists, since the time of the early Count Basie records, which featured Lester Young. Pres was my first real influence, but the first horn I got was an alto, not a tenor. I wanted a tenor, but some friends of my mother advised her to buy me an alto because it was a smaller horn and easier for a youngster to handle. This was 1943.

Johnny Hodges became my first main influence on alto, and he still kills me. I stayed with alto through 1947, and by then I'd come under the influence of Charlie Parker. The first time I heard Bird play, it hit me right between the eyes. Before I switched from alto in that year, it had been strictly a Bird thing with me, but when I bought a tenor to go with Eddie Vinson's band, a wider area of listening opened up for me.

I found I was able to be more varied in my musical interests. On alto, Bird had been my whole influence, but on tenor I found there was no one man whose ideas were so dominant as Charlie's were on alto. Therefore, I drew from all the men I heard during this period. I have listened to about all the good tenor men, beginning with Lester, and believe me, I've picked up something from them all, including several who have never recorded.

The reason I liked Lester so was that I could feel that line, that simplicity. My phrasing was very much in Lester's vein at this time.

I found out about Coleman Hawkins after

I learned of Lester. There were a lot of things that Hawkins was doing that I knew I'd have to learn somewhere along the line. I felt the same way about Ben Webster. There were many things that people like Hawk, Ben and Tab Smith were doing in the '40s that I didn't understand but that I felt emotionally.

The first time I heard Hawk, I was fascinated by his arpeggios and the way he played. I got a copy of his *Body And Soul* and listened real hard to what he was doing. And even though I dug Pres, as I grew musically, I appreciated Hawk more and more.

As far as musical influences, aside from saxophonists, are concerned, I think I was first awakened to musical exploration by Dizzy Gillespie and Bird. It was through their work that I began to learn about musical structures and the more theoretical aspects of music.

Also, I had met Jimmy Heath, who, besides being a wonderful saxophonist, understood a lot about musical construction. I joined his group in Philadelphia in 1948. We were very much alike in our feeling, phrasing, and a whole lot of ways. Our musical appetites were the same. We used to practice together, and he would write out some of the things we were interested in. We would take things from records and digest them. In this way we learned about the techniques being used by writers and arrangers.

Another friend and I learned together in

Philly—Calvin Massey, a trumpeter and composer who now lives in Brooklyn. His musical ideas and mine often run parallel, and we've collaborated quite often. We helped each other advance musically by exchanging knowledge and ideas.

I first met Miles Davis about 1947 and played a few jobs with him and Sonny Rollins at the Audubon ballroom in Manhattan. During this period he was coming into his own, and I could see him extending the boundaries of jazz even further. I felt I wanted to work with him. But for the time being, we went our separate ways.

I went with Dizzy's big band in 1949. I stayed with Diz through the breakup of the big band and played in the small group he organized later.

Afterwards, I went with Earl Bostic who I consider a very gifted musician. He showed me a lot of things on my horn. He has fabulous technical facilities on his instrument and knows many a trick.

Then I worked with one of my first loves, Johnny Hodges; I really enjoyed that job. I liked every tune in the book. Nothing was superficial. It all had meaning, and it all swung. And the confidence with which Rabbit plays: I wish I could play with the confidence that he does.

But besides enjoying my stay with Johnny musically, I also enjoyed it because I was getting firsthand information about things that happened way before my time. I'm very interested in the past, and even though there's a lot I don't know about it, I intend to go back and find out. I'm back to Sidney Bechet already.

Take Art Tatum, for instance. When I was

The first occasion I had to speak with John Coltrane at length was during his recent engagement at the Sutherland Hotel. In our initial conversation I was struck by his lack of pretentiousness or false pride. The honesty with which he answered questions—questions that other musicians would have evaded or talked around—impressed me deeply. We discussed my doing an article about him. But when I saw how really interested he was in setting the record straight, I suggested that we do the piece together.

As it turned out, Coltrane did the vast majority of the work, struggling as most writers do with just the right way of saying something, deciding whether he should include this or that, making sure such and such was clear. The results of his labor is the article appearing on these pages. The words and ideas are John's—I merely suggested, typed and arranged.

—de micheal

coming up, the musicians I ran around with were listening to Bud Powell, and I didn't listen too much to Tatum until one night I happened to run into him in Cleveland. There were Art and Slam Stewart and Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown at a private session in some lady's attic. They played from 2:30 in the morning to 8:30—just whatever they felt like playing. I've never heard so much music.

In 1955, I joined Miles on a regular basis and worked with him 'til the middle of 1957. I went with Thelonious Monk for the remainder of that year.

Working with Monk brought me close to a



TOM COPI

McCOY TYNER

The Jubilant Experience of the Classic Quartet

by DAVID WILD

"The John Coltrane Quartet was actually four elements. We had one guy who led the whole team, but it was really a compounding of personalities . . . One time I took a couple of weeks off, and John didn't hire a piano player for those weeks—he played without a piano player."

The four piece group John Coltrane led from 1961 through 1965 has been called the "Classic Quartet." Its instrumentation was the common saxophone-plus-rhythm, but the exceptional interplay of its members—Coltrane on soprano and tenor, pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison and drummer Elvin Jones—created something special within the familiar framework. The group's sound (preserved in a series of seminal recordings) is instantly identifiable; its evolving stylistic approach exerted a dominant influence on the development of the music. And Tyner's experiments with modes and chord voicings taught a generation of pianists how to create in the increasingly free idiom of Coltrane.

Born in Philadelphia on December 11, 1938, Tyner grew up in a rich musical environment (pianists Bud and Richie Powell were neighbors). After gigging around the city in the late '50s, he left in 1959 to tour with saxophonist Benny Golson and soon joined the newly formed Jazztet co-led by Golson and Art Farmer. He left that band in June, 1960 to join Coltrane, beginning an association that lasted until December, 1965.

After some lean years in the late '60s, Tyner began to receive well deserved recognition with the release of his album *Sahara* (Milestone) in '72, and his successful relationship with that record label continues—he collaborated with Ron Carter, Sonny Rollins and Al Foster in the Milestone Jazzstars. His most recent release is *Together*, featuring Stanley Clarke, Jack DeJohnette, Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, Hubert Laws, Bennie Maupin and Bill Summers. Tyner also continues to tour and has added violinist John Blair to his entourage.

I talked to Tyner this spring over lunch at Detroit's Plaza Hotel; the pianist was in the middle of a week-long engagement at Baker's Keyboard Lounge.

Wild: Did you find it interesting working with Sonny Rollins on the tour?

Tyner: Yeah, it was interesting, quite different. Of course I had played with Sonny before, when I was 18, the first time. That was with Clifford Brown and Richie Powell.



CHARLES STEWART

They came through Philadelphia with Sonny, George Morrow on bass, and Kenny Dorham. I worked with that band, and I was 18 and I had just got out of school or something like that, I'd just met my wife, and I said I'm not going any place right now, and so I stayed home. But Max Roach wanted me to come on the road with them, you know. But I was real young. And then of course I'd met John

prior to that and I was working quite a bit around the city.

Wild: You were also with trumpeter Cal Massey's band at that time, right?

Tyner: Yeah. Cal and John were pals, used to practice together when they were teenagers, used to hang out together. And that's how I met John, the summer of '55, one afternoon during the matinee.

TRANE + 7

= A WILD NIGHT AT THE GATE

JOHN COLTRANE

VILLAGE GATE
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Coltrane, soprano and tenor saxophones; Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophones; Carlos Ward, alto saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashied Ali, Elvin Jones, drums.

Reprinted from *db* 12/30/65

The band John Coltrane showed at the Gate Nov. 10 might be called "J. C. & After." Coltrane, who put the kinetic field back into the tenor saxophone after it had been lost when the Illinois Jacquets disappeared from Respectability (a small, affluent suburb of New York), assembled an aggregation of reed men who were learning their fingering when he was cutting *Blue Trane*; their harmony when he was cutting *Milestones*; their selves when he was cutting *Coltrane's Music*.

Trane, with his *Ascension* record date and with the augmented quartet he uses in the clubs, is not only creating a band with more power than Con Ed but is also introducing some of the best of the New Jazz musicians to the World of the Living Wage and, thereby, performing a double service. Shepp and Sanders, by virtue of the discomforting weight of their music, get precious few gigs, and Coltrane, by presenting their music in its proper musicological context, is performing a great service to their generation. Both these men have highly distinctive styles. They really sound nothing like Coltrane, but it is clear that they have benefited from Coltrane's line, harmonics, and dissection of a song's melody.

On this night, the two sets consisted of long interpretations of one tune each: *Afro Blue* and *Out Of This World*. The difference between the two sets was that Jones didn't show for the first. And the first was, to my ear, far better.

Coltrane played the theme on soprano, and Shepp, in very good voice, took it from there. Shepp's style is reiterative—a kind of supercharged theme and variations. He stated a motif, broke it down to its elements, and returned to it every few bars. After carrying one idea through innumerable permutations he would start another. Shepp is a bluesy player who roars his masculinity. He plays at both ends of the horn, and he may spot his intensities at any part of the register. He makes heavy inflections on the notes he wants to emphasize. His opening solo, about ten minutes long, was a strong one, as it had to be, for this is deep water.

This was the first time I'd heard Panamanian altoist Ward. He seemed to be neither a screamer nor a singer, but a talker. He seemed to be engaged in some kind of

dialog with himself, playing a rapid series of terse, self-contained, but related phrases. I liked Ward; his ear is different. I couldn't sort out his influences in this cauldron, however, and I look forward to hearing him in a smaller group.

Sanders followed Ward, and he is the damndest tenor player in the English language. He went on for minute after minute in a register that I didn't know the tenor had (actually, I did—I've heard Sanders before). Those special effects that most tenor men use only in moments of high orgasmic excitement are the basic premises of his presentation. His use of overtones, including a cultivated squeak that parallels his line, is constantly startling. He plays way above the upper register; long slurred lines and squeaky monosyllabic staccatos, and then closes with some kind of Bushman's nursery rhyme. Pharoah is ready, and you'll all be hearing from him soon. Or should.

Trane soloed on soprano which, as usual, seemed a few months behind his tenor. Here, in this reed chorus, it had the effect of stretching out the sonic boom.

The orchestral composition of the group had been expanding all along. No one was



CHARLES STEWART



TED WILLIAMS

ever idle—a man would finish his solo and pick up a rattle, tambourine, or some other rhythm instrument and start shaking away. The reeds also were free to provide filler or comment for the soloist, and the effect was of an active, highly charged environment. With the constantly shifting rhythms of Ali on drums this was free large-group improvisation at its best. Rashied's playing is an ever flowing patter that defies time signature. He once said he was after a drone effect that flowed with the horns. At the Gate, he showed how well he achieves this effect.

Garrison's bass was strong and witty, and Tyner's chords are necessarily more dissonant than before.

The difference in the second set was, to me, the unnecessary addition of Jones. It was interesting to hear this band with Ali, who, unlike Jones, disperses the rhythm centers. It has always been an awful, pleasurable experience to have Elvin tear up my nervous system for me. I have also heard two drummers used with laudable results, e.g., the intimate communication of Billy Higgins and Ed Blackwell in Ornette Coleman's monumental *Free Jazz* LP and some work Rashied did with another drummer in a Sun Ra concert.

I think I see what Coltrane wants—an ever evolving groundswell of energy that will make the musical environment so dangerous that he and the others will have to improvise new weapons constantly to beat back all the Brontosaurus. However, if Jones is to be one of the two drummers, then Lincoln Center at least is needed to contain and separate all that sound. One simply couldn't hear anything but drums on *Out Of This World*. I had no idea what the soloists were saying, and I doubt that the players could hear each other. Garrison (who played a truly virtuoso solo to open the second set) was completely swallowed up. At one point, I saw Coltrane break out a bagpipe (another demon in the forest) and blow into it, but damned if I heard a note of what he played.

Note: Coltrane played bass clarinet in some ensemble sections. I was told that the instrument had belonged to Eric Dolphy and had been given to Coltrane by Dolphy's mother.

—a. b. spellman

Still A Force in '79

MUSICIANS TALK ABOUT

JOHN COLTRANE

Dizzy Gillespie: When Coltrane played with me, he used to sound like Charlie Parker. Jimmy Heath and Coltrane were the two alto players in my big band. He had to play like that because he was playing in our band and our saxophone section certainly sounded like Charlie Parker. After that, he went with Earl Bostic and started playing tenor. When he went with Miles, that was the fruition of all that he had accomplished, that he'd picked up earlier through being a follower of Charlie Parker.

Coltrane definitely ushered in a new conception of dynamics and phrasing. The way he played, when he came in, was different from the way Charlie Parker played. Coltrane came through that age, right up to this. That was a hell of a thing. He established a modus operandi in our music.

Sal Nistico: He got me away from playing stiff. He loosened up the time a lot.

His music has a very spiritual aspect to it; I always felt he was very positive.

He showed me you have to be in good physical shape to play the tenor saxophone.

Archie Shepp: Today, I work with a number of Mr. Coltrane's compositions. I find myself more and more from a technical point of view exploring and analyzing the works of Mr. Coltrane. I mean the entire body of his works, not just those compositions which may have developed at a particular period.

I see him as one of the important musical innovators of the 20th century, as well as Parker and Hawkins and Young, people like that. He is one of the formidable synthesists of our craft. I think he's one of the people who merged black art into black science. A great musical scientist, which is why so many people of all races and colors have rushed to explore his work and try to understand it because he has concretized certain scientific elements, particularly in the way of melody.

I'm talking about melodic construction and his almost *reinvention* of the saxophone. People are doing things with it now that wouldn't have been dreamed of a few years ago. From the point of view of the African Diaspora here in the new world, he turned a basically Western instrument into a non-Western instrument. He took the saxophone and he did fundamentally non-Western things with it the way the harmonica players used to jackknife keys to get those 12 tones and flat that third, like that. His use of field 20 down beat

hollers in his sound really connotes a thorough and passionate understanding of tradition. I'm deeply affected both as a musician and a person deeply interested in the political struggle of my people.

He was a teacher, a good friend, much like an older brother. To some of us, for people like myself who never had an older brother, I guess if there had been one, I would have wanted a brother like John. When called upon to recall conversations with him, very often during those times, none of us said much. Basically we didn't have much to say; it was about being in his presence, his company. From time to time he would offer some information about music. We weren't involved in his personal life at all—perhaps it was better that way. I've always felt that is a private part of an individual's being. But as much as his personality, I'm affected by the meaning of John, the implications. He deserves constant study to be understood.

Sonny Fortune: When I first met him, I was very impressed by his image. I always think of John as a much bigger person than I was in height and size. He was a little heavier than me, but I don't think he was taller. But

Row one: Dave Liebman, Billy Harper and Joe Farrell.

Row two: Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Waits, Billy Hart, and Lew Tabackin.

Row three: Frank Foster, Sonny Fortune, Sal Nistico, and Arthur Blythe.



SELECTED COLTRANE DISCOGRAPHY

This discography lists a selection of currently available American releases roughly in chronological order, with the year they were recorded in parentheses.

AS A LEADER:

MORE LASTING THAN BRONZE (1957-58)
—Prestige P-24014
BLUE TRAIN (1957)—Blue Note 81577
JOHN COLTRANE (1957-58)—Prestige P-24003
BLACK PEARLS (1958)—Prestige P-24037
STARDUST SESSIONS (1958)—Prestige P-24056
BAGS AND TRANE (1959, with Milt Jackson)
—Atlantic 1368
GIANT STEPS (1959)—Atlantic 1311
COLTRANE JAZZ (1959)—Atlantic 1354
THE AVANT-GARDE (1960, with Don Cherry)
—Atlantic 1451
MY FAVORITE THINGS (1960)—Atlantic 1361
COLTRANE PLAYS THE BLUES (1960)
—Atlantic 1382
COLTRANE'S SOUND (1960)—Atlantic 1419
OLE (1961)—Atlantic 1373
AFRICA/BRASS (1961)—Impulse A-6

AFRICA/BRASS SESSIONS VOL. 2 (1961)
—Impulse AS9273
MASTERY OF JOHN COLTRANE VOL. 4:
TRANE'S MODES (1961)—Impulse IZ9361-2
LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD (1961)
—Impulse A-10
IMPRESSIONS (1961)—Impulse A-42
THE OTHER VILLAGE VANGUARD TAPES (1961)
—Impulse AS9325
COLTRANE (1962)—Impulse A-21
BALLADS (1962)—Impulse A-32
DUKE ELLINGTON & JOHN COLTRANE
(1962)—Impulse A-30
JOHN COLTRANE & JOHNNY HARTMAN
(1963)—Impulse A-40
MASTERY OF JOHN COLTRANE VOL. 2:
TO THE BEAT OF A DIFFERENT DRUM
(1963, 1965)—Impulse IZ9346-2
LIVE AT BIRDLAND (1963)—Impulse A-50
AFRO-BLUE IMPRESSIONS (1963)
—Pablo Live 2620 101
CRESCENT (1964)—Impulse A-66
A LOVE SUPREME (1964)—Impulse A-77
MASTERY OF JOHN COLTRANE VOL. 1:
FEELIN' GOOD (1965)—Impulse IZ9345-2
JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET PLAYS (1965)
—Impulse A-85
TRANSITION (1965)—Impulse A9195



JAN PERSSON



GIUSEPPE G. PINO



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON



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JORGEN BO



JAMES LEE SOFFER



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STEVEN SOLDER

KULU SE MAMA (1965)—Impulse A9106
 ASCENSION (1965)—Impulse A-95
 SUN SHIP (1965)—Impulse A9211
 FIRST MEDITATIONS (FOR QUARTET)
 (1965)—Impulse AS9332
 LIVE IN SEATTLE (1965)—Impulse A9202-2
 OM (1965)—Impulse A9140
 MEDITATIONS (1965)—Impulse A9110
 COSMIC MUSIC (1966)—Impulse A9148
 MASTERY OF JOHN COLTRANE VOL. 3:
 JUPITER VARIATION (1966-67)—Impulse IA9360
 LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD AGAIN
 (1966)—Impulse A9124
 EXPRESSION (1967)—Impulse A9120
 INTERSTELLAR SPACE (1967)—Impulse ASD9277
AS A SIDEMAN:
 with **Dizzy Gillespie**
 DEE GEE DAYS (1951)—Savoy SJL 2209
 with **Paul Chambers**
 HIGH STEP (1956)—Blue Note LA451-H2
 with **Tadd Dameron**
 ON A MISTY NIGHT (1956)—Prestige P-24084
 with **Mal Waldron**
 ONE AND TWO (1957)—Prestige P-24068
 with **Red Garland**
 JAZZ JUNCTION (1957)—Prestige P-24023
 with **Art Blakey**
 BEST OF ART BLAKEY BIG BAND (1957)
 —Bethlehem BCP -6015

with **Kenny Burrell**
 KENNY BURRELL/JOHN COLTRANE (1958)
 —Prestige P-24059
 with **Wilbur Harden**
 DIAL AFRICA (1958)—Savoy SJL 1110
 GOLD COAST (1958)—Savoy SJL 1115
 with **Miles Davis**
 GREEN HAZE (1955)—Prestige P-24064
 MILES DAVIS (1956)—Prestige P-24001
 WORKIN' AND STEAMIN' (1956)
 —Prestige P-24034
 ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT (1955-56)
 —Columbia CS8649
 MILESTONES (1958)—Columbia CS9428
 MILES & MONK AT NEWPORT (1958)
 —Columbia PC-8978
 JAZZ AT THE PLAZA (1958)—Columbia PC
 32470
 KIND OF BLUE (1959)—Columbia PC-8163
 SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME (1961)
 —Columbia PC-8456
 with **Thelonious Monk**
 THELONIOUS MONK & JOHN COLTRANE
 (1957)—Milestone 2-47011

(Based on *The Recordings Of John Coltrane: A Discography*, Second Edition, by David Wild; available from Wildmusic/P.O. Box 2138 Ann Arbor/Mich./48106/\$6.00 postpaid)

for some strange reason, I remember seeing him once and he gave me that kind of impression.

He was a very sincere person, someone to be admired. A hard worker, very serious about what he was doing. He was totally committed to music. I've always felt that I should strive for his level in my own development. I got that kind of impression from the man and his music. One of the things that amazed me about Coltrane was the level that he was on and his view that he just saw himself as a common cat. He felt he was really insignificant even though he may have been meaningful for a lot of people, because when you begin to encompass the totality of what life is about, you see that.

Being a saxophone player myself, the responsibility is to go another way that cats like Bird and Trane seem to have left available. I don't know where that is, but out here in the totality of all that, there must be plenty of room to find something else. John meant that to me, the individualness of it all.

My conversations with him were amazing because I remember talking to him for a couple of hours and I had to keep reminding myself, and sometimes him, that I was the student and he was the teacher, because he had a certain kind of way of presenting things that made it seem like you were the teacher

continued on page 38

RECORD REVIEWS

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

EARL HINES

"FATHA" PLAYS HITS HE MISSED—M & K RealTime 105: *Birdland*; *Blue Monk*; *Humoresque*; *Squeeze Me/Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Old Fashioned Love*; *Misty*; *The Preacher*.

Personnel: Hines, piano (cuts 3, 7 unaccompanied); Red Callender, tuba (1), bass; Bill Douglass, drums.

PIANO PORTRAITS OF AUSTRALIA—Swag-gie 1350: *Nullabor*; *Murray Cod*; *Coorong*; *Kurrajong*; *Waukaranga Memories*; *Dreamtime*.

Personnel: Hines, solo piano.

The "Fatha" is a \$15 direct-to-disc LP, and the quality of the sound is indeed extraordinary: next to this, an ordinary hi-fi piano sounds tinny, and the sheer presence of the piano, unamplified bass, and brush-swishing drummer certainly improves on anything you and I are ever likely to hear in person, either. It is most unfortunate that technology has already made d-to-d passé, for the quality of the music places this beyond museum piece status—inexpensive copies of this session should be immediately available to all, even in low-fi.

The lovely, quiet version of *Lady* is precisely the kind of piece to demonstrate the advantages of d-to-d sound even on the most ordinary rig. Hines demonstrates a light touch and, curiously, for this is a most eventful performance, an understated elegance. The rest of the session is circus-like in its extroversion: the delightful kidding of Zawinul's *Birdland*, the enlightened honky-tonk of Silver's *The Preacher*, the brief looks at Waller, the warmth and, as an alternative, the big repeated chords of *Misty*. Any Hines performance is by definition a total transformation of the intent of the given material: the notion of ballads, blues, and sustained moods disappears, for Hines' all encompassing generosity and quickness of imagination transform others' visions just as Hines transcends conventions.

The rubato passages of *Humoresque* are a hilarious put-on of Tatum, but the track is more than that: brilliant kaleidoscopic insights occur to Hines, the character of his lines undergoes constant and complete transformation, the rush and intensity of creation moves in a kind of glory that is almost more than Hines himself can bear. So, too, with the slower *Blue Monk*, which begins with the attractive sentimentality of '60s Monk, and soon begins to dazzle as two measures of block chords lead to a six beat trill, a left hand rumble, a measure of treble crashes—description is as impossible as it is superfluous. The same astonishment occurs in *Love* after the wonderfully delicate statement of James P. Johnson's beautiful theme, to which Hines returns again and again. These performances are worthy of Hines' *Quintessential* masterpiece both in character and quality:

22 □ down beat

such creation occurs seldom in a lifetime, even to an artist as great as Hines.

What a joy that Swaggie records are beginning to appear in the U.S.! This Australian reissue-trad label has a priceless quantity of releases otherwise unavailable, including all of Louis Armstrong's '30s Decas and Jelly Roll Morton's complete Library of Congress recordings—along with eight solo Hines LPs, of which I suspect only four may be duplicated in U.S. releases. Moreover, the trad revival in Australia, near-stagnant throughout the rest of the world for the last quarter century, has developed genuinely valuable insights into the jazz of an earlier day. Trumpeter Roger Bell, vocalist Penny Eames, trumpeter/reedman Lazy Ade Monsborough and composer Dave Dallwitz are original artists of international stature; they and a few others simply have no equivalents on the imitative, joyless American and European trad scenes.

Hines' *Portraits* are all Dallwitz compositions. Dallwitz' music begins with 1928-30 Ellington (and Ellington's sources); his compositions are episodic, multi-thematic, with evocative ambitions that are occasionally even fulfilled—his 1975 *Ern Malley Suite*, enclosed in one of the greatest of all record covers, is a brilliant, beautiful piece of eccentricity. Hines does not interpret Dallwitz any more than he interprets Ellington, Porter, or Gershwin. But his loving performances discover forgotten or hidden elements of Dallwitz, and the musical result is a kind of round the world collaboration.

In the ruminative *Nullabor*, Hines recurrently delights in the minor-major second strain; his harmonic and decorative delights sometimes suggest a striding Ravel. Though Hines tends to respect these melodies with reharmonizing and decoration, his liberties in *Cod*, particularly his delight in the ragtime chorus, are brought into focus by a slowed, intimate interlude before the final bit of theme. Similarly, *Coorong*, with its many resettings, culminates in a flashing fast improvisation over a striding left hand. And *Kurrajong* is a bit of a miracle—walking, striding, strutting, staggering, and mostly purposefully roaming: the reflective quality of these works is pre-eminent, for all of their constant reshaping. *Memories*, a lovely piece, finds Hines fashioning lace webs that imperceptibly turn into bright woolen plaids.

The vigor and the speeded tempo of *Dreamtime* are a far distance removed from Dallwitz' attempted mystery. This time, Hines' remolding and embellishing of the fine theme turn to improvisation, as he carefully and at length constructs a grand artifact out of his huge collection of vivid, broken colors. I hope we're approaching a time when Hines LPs are as plentiful as Tatum's once were. The quality of his sets,

with few exceptions, has been high, and these are among the best. Maybe this import will serve to introduce Dallwitz to the larger audience he deserves, too. —litweiler

HORACE SILVER

STERLING SILVER—Blue Note BN-LA945-H: *Sanctimonious Sam*; *Que Pasa*; *Sighin' And Cryin'*; *How Did It Happen*; *Senor Blues*; *It Ain't S'Posed To Be Like That*; *Cool Eyes*; *Senor Blues* (vocal); *Tippin'*.

Personnel: Silver, piano; Junior Cook, tenor sax; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Gene Taylor, bass; Roy Brooks, drums; Donald Byrd, trumpet (cuts 5, 8, 9); Hank Mobley, tenor sax (5); Doug Watkins, bass (5); Bill Henderson, vocal (8); Louis Hayes, drums (4, 5, 8, 9).

***** 1/2

Instrumental virtuosity has always taken the lion's share of limelight in the jazz world, but Silver's contributions as a composer and stylist can be accounted no less than those of a Rollins or Coltrane. In terms of sheer breadth of influence he is virtually without peer in the postwar period, for his original approach to the small combo format spawned much of what came to be known as hard bop, soul jazz, Latin jazz, and even modern funk. His was the first fusion music, combining bop, cool, Latin, blues, and gospel flavors in a mellow blend at once soulful and sophisticated. So thoroughly has his style been assimilated into the fabric of contemporary music that listeners are generally unaware that the ubiquitous lilting melody lines and vamping modalities of today's popular jazz can be traced directly back to Horace.

Sterling Silver is a classic compilation of previously unissued (at least on LP) material from the period 1956 through 1964, selected by Silver himself. Featuring mainly the Blue Mitchell/Junior Cook/Gene Taylor/Roy Brooks quintet, the album spotlights Horace on piano, demonstrating again that feeling and taste need not take a back seat to technical bravura.

Horace's breezy pianistics shine on Musa Kaleem's *Sanctimonious Sam*, as his right hand paints deceptively simple gospel figures over the peerlessly swinging punctuation of his left. Silver's own standard *Que Pasa* is heard in a brilliant unreleased trio version; Horace makes every note count in a shimmering blue texture that floats over the Afro-throb of a characteristic one chord Latin vamp. *Sighin' And Cryin'* is another gorgeous original, again sans horn solos, with Horace displaying the effortless, soul strutting elegance that makes his work so timeless contemporary. Don Newey's *How Did It Happen* demonstrates Silver's masterfully rhythmic comping abilities, but the inclusion of a shortened alternative take of the classic *Senor Blues* from 1956 is the real treat of the album. Originally released on a 45, it features Silver and Louis Hayes along with original Jazz Messengers Hank Mobley, Donald Byrd and Doug Watkins in an unforgettable rendition of the Caribbean-inflected gem whose vibrant sonorities have echoed down through endless jazz and pop variations to this day.

Horace makes the most of a limited vocabulary on *It Ain't S'Posed To Be Like That*, a Messengerish tune that typifies what Jimmy Smith called "that Oklahoma funk." On *Cool Eyes*, the band's sign-on theme, he lends the boppish tune an outside flavor with shattering percussive Stravinskian block chords in the left hand. Bill Henderson's 1958 vocal of *Senor Blues* provides an interesting novelty spot, but Henderson's slick, torchy baritone



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seems ill suited to Silver's silly lyric. *Tippin'* follows Bird and Diz from the jagged bop theme to the final exchange of fours, but with neither the frantic energy nor the technical dazzle of the original it remains a pale imitation. Little matter, for if Horace was no Monk or Bud Powell, he was and still is one of the most powerfully original and creative innovators of our time. —birnbaum

OTIS RUSH

SO MANY ROADS—Delmark 643: *Will My Woman Be Home Tonight (Blue Guitar); Every Day I Have The Blues; I Can't Quit You, Baby; Crosscut Saw; Looking Back; All Your Love I Miss Loving; So Many Roads; Gambler's Blues; Three Times A Fool.*

Personnel: Rush, vocal, guitar; Jimmy Johnson, guitar; Sylvester Boines, bass; Tyrone Centuray, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

LOUIS MYERS

I'M A SOUTHERN MAN—Advent 2809: *I'm A Southern Man; Short Haired Woman; Woman's Lib; Just Woke Up; Woman Trouble; Hello Stranger; Southbound Blues; All My Love In Vain; Kind Hearted Woman; Old Black-Mattie.*

Personnel: Myers, vocal, guitar, harmonica; Freddie Robinson or Tony Mathews, guitar; Larry Taylor or Dennis Walker, bass; Nathaniel Dove, piano; Buster Jones, drums; David Ii, saxophones; Chuck Garnett, trumpet.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

As these albums remind us, Chicago blues actually is less the product of a specific set of musical/cultural forces rooted in or resulting from geography than it is a state of mind—at least nowadays, that is. The Rush set, for example, was recorded at a highly successful 1975 Tokyo concert in which he was backed by the band of fellow Chicagoan Jimmy Dawkins, while the album featuring Myers, late of the Aces, was produced in 1978 on the West Coast with the backing of a number of Los Angeles residents only one of whom, guitarist Freddie Robinson, can be considered a Chicago bluesman.

If anything is to be learned from this it is simply that in the contemporary blues, geography exerts little if any real influence on the shape the music takes, at least to the extent it did in times past—particularly before, beginning in the 1920s, the phonograph record and to a lesser extent radio and other mass media started obliterating what previously had been orally transmitted local music traditions, and this process has accelerated ever more sharply with each year that's passed. The music in both of these sets is more properly viewed simply as modern urban blues of a broad stylistic homogeneity and wide geographic distribution than as exemplifying a musical approach specific or indigenous to Chicago. Virtually all blues performers play this music this way today.

The Rush set offers a series of exceptionally strong, gripping performances—ones full of fiery, urgent, persuasive power vocally and especially instrumentally. Throughout the recital he plays with electrifying, vigorous creativity, with the distinctive, stinging attack that has made him one of the most immediately recognizable of all younger blues guitarists—he plays as well here as I've ever heard him, in fact—and sings with plenty of taut, expressive force. Very high levels of energy are struck and maintained, for Rush's response to the wildly enthusiastic audience is to give all he's got. Despite their not being his regular backup

unit, Johnson, Boines and Centuray stay right with him, and the result is a splendid, consistently exciting set of performances with plenty of high spots and virtually no low ones.

If there is any fault to be found with the set it is that in concentrating on the up, energetic, crowd pleasing side of his music making to the virtual exclusion of its deeper, occasionally gut wrenching emotional aspects, Rush's performances tend toward the one dimensional. But then, it was this latter facet of his music that was emphasized in Rush's previous Delmark set *Cold Day In Hell*, so I suppose it all balances out.

On the other hand, Myers' attractive, unpretentious music is even less Chicagoan in its orientation than Rush's, for he tends to rely on recorded sources for by far the bulk of his performance repertoire—and, as this set underscores, many of these do not have a Chicago origin at all—a fact that when coupled with his lack of a truly distinctive musical personality makes for performances that, however skillful, are somewhat faceless in character. The reasons for this are pretty much of the old chicken-or-egg variety: too many years' service as a topflight backup musician have taken their toll of Myers' individuality, or perhaps it was the other way around—his lack of real individuality as a performer led to his extensive activity as a supporting musician in which, incidentally, he has excelled. His admitted skills as guitarist and harmonica player notwithstanding, Myers has made little impression over the years as a singer-performer of any great distinction or compelling power. But then, it must be admitted, he has not sought the spotlight but, until recently at least, seems to have rather deliberately shunned it.

In any event, the producers of his recent Advent album, Frank Scott and Bruce Bromberg, have done an absolutely bang-up job of emphasizing Myers' strong points and minimizing his weaknesses. The result is some of the finest, most consistently absorbing music he has committed to record so far. The cornerstone to the LP's success is its programmatic variety and production savvy. A true eclectic, Myers is equally comfortable with, say, Lightnin' Hopkins' *Short Haired Woman* and the T-Bone Walker-derived *Woman's Lib*, Robert Johnson's *Kind Hearted Woman* (with its two acoustic guitars and Larry Taylor's striding string bass absolutely delightful) or the mainstream Chicago-ish *Woman Trouble* (patterned on Muddy Waters' music) and *Southern Man*. *Southern Man*, by the way, contains some absolutely lovely Little Walter-influenced harmonica work, as do the slow, insinuating instrumental *Just Woke Up* and the rousing *Black Mattie*, while *All My Love In Vain* is Myers' celebration of Rice Miller. The sources are varied and Myers' handling of them impressively adroit.

No less helpful to the music's success are the well chosen sidemen, of whom guitarist Freddie Robinson is a standout in several riveting solo outings. Saxophonist David Ii enlivens a number of the tracks, most notably the remake of *Short-Haired Woman* where his tenor obbligato gives the piece new vigor. The rhythm section work is crisp and forceful, and in fact it would be difficult to conceive of a set that more tellingly or effectively presents Myers' forthright, honest music than this. Hats off to all involved!

—welding

COUNT BASIE/ DIZZY GILLESPIE

THE GIFTED ONES—Pablo 2310 833: *Back To The Land*; *Constantinople*; *You Got It*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Follow The Leader*; *Ow*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Basie, piano; Ray Brown, drums; Mickey Roker, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Norman Granz engineers another unlikely pairing of generations in this Basie-Gillespie album which gives each player plenty of room to prove that the bebop and swing eras have a great deal in common with each other. (Mary Lou Williams proved that neither had anything in common with the avant garde on her Pablo LP with Cecil Taylor.)

The bill of fare is mostly blues (save for *Ow*), the preparation minimal, and the tempos nicely varied. Mickey Roker's amazing drumming follows Basie like a shadow, even on the glacial tempos like *Back To The Land*—where Gillespie plays some of his hottest, most raucous trumpet anywhere on record, by the way.

Basie's piano is immaculately art deco in its streamlined simplicity. He doesn't play solos, just their outlines. His piano treats the blues as Picasso's pencil might treat the flight path of a gull.

Dizzy's lip is nimble and quick throughout. Furthermore, he touches a remarkably wide range of stylistic bases in Basie's company, from the gutbucket wails of *Land* to the jaunty riffing of *You Got It*, accomplished in the best tradition of classic Basie. Ray Brown drops into place the ball bearings on which the others roll along in smooth cadence. If there is no special higher ground reached through this welcome partnership, at least the ground that is held to firmly is rich in both tradition and contemporary wealth.

—mcdonough

ENRICO RAVA

ENRICO RAVA QUARTET—ECM-1-1122: *Lavori Casalinghi*; *The Fearless Five*; *Tramps*; *Round About Midnight*; *Blackmail*.

Personnel: Rava, trumpet; Roswell Rudd, trombone; J. F. Jenny-Clark, bass; Aldo Romano, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Enrico Rava is doing for Italy what Eberhard Weber is doing for Germany and Dollar Brand for South Africa: creating jazz that is distinctly flavored by the music of his own country. Rava's music is undeniably jazz, yet it is seasoned by the sound of a brass band parading through the streets of Torino. It is a brash and strident sound, yet warm; its hard edge is softened with humor.

The only tune on this album not composed by Rava is Monk's *Round Midnight*, which is persuasively performed as a trumpet-trombone duet, with Rava taking the melody and Rudd creating a kind of *Ars Nova* tenor counterpoint. *The Fearless Five* has a funky beat and a Monkish melody with Rava and Rudd taking simultaneous solos. Rava struts his stuff while Rudd stomps around down below. *Blackmail* begins with a martial drum beat which sounds serious until Rudd enters, laughing and mugging. A moment later, when Rava joins in, the music becomes a kinky march, something from the Italian section of New Orleans.

The album is dominated by two 15 minute cuts, *Lavori Casalinghi* and *Tramps*. *Lavori* begins with a lilting, Chaplinesque waltz which sadly deteriorates into melodrama.

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Although the waltz is rich in improvisatory possibilities, these are never fully realized because the group breaks into an uptempo 4/4. Rudd's solo is a circus of smears, blats, growls and staccato motifs. The trombonist walks a tightrope between comedy and corn, and he manages not to fall off. Rava steps forward next and changes the mood with a fierce, smashed-bottle solo of jagged edges and broken lines. In Rava's rough way, specific pitches are less important than the shape of his lines and the texture of his sound. Jenny-Clark follows with an effective bass solo, full of slides and plucked passing tones.

Tramps is the heavy. It begins with a lengthy arrhythmic melody played in unison (more or less) by Rava and Rudd while Jenny-Clark outlines a lean harmonic scheme on bass and Romano fills in freely. At the conclusion of this section there is a moment of silence, and then the band goes into a fast four bar pattern highlighted by a jumpy, ominous horn riff. Rava scouts the territory with a solo that is slightly more conventional than his others—a kind of free bop. Rudd sounds as gruff and dangerous as an angry street fighter, and Romano's machine gun solo shoots holes through the notion that these guys are just clowning around on this cut.

One drawback to this album is that there is virtually no change in dynamics. This is only partially offset by Rava's warmth and Rudd's hearty tone. Given the somewhat sketchy nature of the compositions, it is clearly the solos—open and expressive statements—that make this release worthwhile. —clark

JOANNE BRACKEEN

TRING-A-LING—Choice CRS 1016; *Shad-owbrook-Aire; Fi-Fi's Rock; Echoes; Haiti-B; New True Illusions; Tring-A-Ling.*

Personnel: Brackeen, piano; Mike Brecker, tenor saxophone (cuts 1, 4, 6); Cecil McBee, bass (1, 4, 6); Clint Houston, bass (2, 3, 5); Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Brackeen doesn't sing (at least on records or in public performances) or write lyrics, but she's one helluva pianist, composer and leader. Her music is "new"—all six cuts are her own compositions—but it is also bright and fresh. There are no self-conscious *strivings* to sound new. Her music bursts forth naturally.

Unfortunately, Brecker does not play with an equivalent freshness. Instead he is superficial, warmed over Coltrane on his three appearances. Still he is not bad. Although he lacks the true spark of creativity that would enable him to burst forth with a flow of ideas, he does have a feel for Brackeen's compositions, adding another layer of fervor to Brackeen's own intensity. And this is especially important since the pieces were obviously either conceived or constructed with an added horn in mind. It is only on his solos that Brecker's playing begins to bog down.

But there are the excitingly creative Hart and McBee or, on the trio tracks, Houston, all of whom Brackeen has recorded with before. McBee joined Joanne on Toots Thielemans' *Captured Alive* and her own *Snooze*, both also on Choice; Hart on *Snooze* and Houston on *New True Illusion* on the Dutch Timeless label. Of course, she worked with Houston and Hart in Stan Getz's quartet. All three are both sympathetic and responsive. My only objection is to the amplification of McBee's bass which, on pizzicato solos, produces that buzzing tone which has come to characterize

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all too much bass playing today.

Brackeen, as on *Echoes*, sometimes is reminiscent of McCoy Tyner, with racing, busy lines and hammering chords. But on *Echoes* there is also an underlying romanticism, sometimes relaxed, sometimes forceful, which is picked up so warmly by Houston in his solo.

New *True Illusions*, another trio outing, also displays some of her romanticism but less than was present on her duet version with Houston for *Timeless* (the Dutch album uses the singular rather than plural form of illusion). On that recording, which was done a year earlier than this one and is half again as long, a warm, lush romanticism permeated the entire composition. This later recording has more of a driving intensity, except for a touch of lyricism at the end.

For me, Brackeen's strongest point has been the twisting complexity of her rhythms. On *Snooze* she did fantastic things rhythmically with the old Burton Lane-Hugh Martin standard, *Old Devil Moon*. Here she spins out a twisting rockish rhythm on *Fi-Fi's Rock*, a pulsating soulful number with a throbbing Houston solo; wrenches out angular rhythms on *Tring-A-Ling* and plays with a driving, steady 7/4 rhythm on *Haiti-B*.

Brecker immediately gets *Tring* going with a charging reiteration of the theme followed by his solo, out of which Brackeen emerges with a furious driving solo followed by Hart's drums. *Haiti-B* starts with a moving pulse that is quickly destroyed by Brecker who spins his wheels, working hard but going nowhere. But Brackeen quickly rescues her tune, playing with a wild fury as she slams and tumbles out chords and single note lines. Hart follows, reflecting with restraint her twisting rhythms.

Finally there is *Shadowbrook* with a stop-and-start line that follows a pattern similar to the one on *Fi-Fi's Rock*. This piece lunges forward with a surging intensity that occasionally relaxes but without ever breaking the momentum. —de muth

JON HASSELL

EARTHQUAKE ISLAND—Tomato TOM-7019: *Voodoo Wind*; *Cobra Moon*; *Sundown Dance*; *Earthquake Island* (parts I, II, III); *Tribal Secret*; *Balia*; *Adius*, *Saturn*.

Personnel: Hassell, trumpet, synthesizer; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion, voice; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Claudio Ferreira, guitars; Ricardo Silveira, guitars, bass; Badal Roy, tabla; Dom Um Romao, percussion; Clarice Taylor, voice (cuts 1, 3, 7).

★ ★ ★ ★

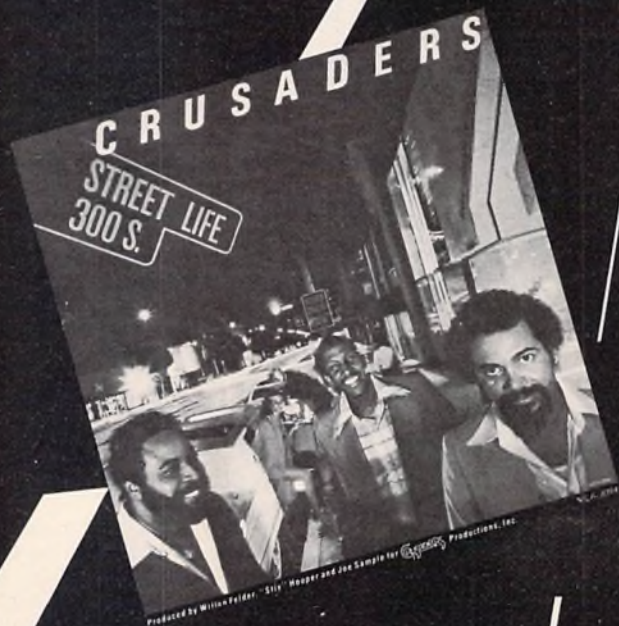
VERNAL EQUINOX—Lovely Music LMI 1021: *Toucan Ocean*; *Viva Shona*; *Hex*; *Blues Nile*; *Vernal Equinox*; *Caracas Night September 11, 1975*.

Personnel: Hassell, trumpet, keyboards; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion; David Rosenboom, mbira, percussion (cuts 2, 3, 5); Miguel Frasconi, Nicholas Kilbourn, Bill Winant, percussion(3).

★ ★ ★

The album cover of *Earthquake Island* displays an expansive, detailed mural painted by Abdul Mati Klarwein. If that name rings a bell, good. Klarwein also supplied the cover art for Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* and *Live-Evil*, and I find his being chosen to illustrate this new Tomato release fitting, since composer-trumpeter-electrician Jon Hassell has drawn on those Davis dates for an obvious part of his inspiration. More important, he has drawn selectively and well, sketching lithe, darkly enchanting pieces that successfully tread the line between minimalist "trance" music and the less subtle excitations of third world improvisation.

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If all that sounds a bit exotic and eclectic, good again, for Hassell's music is a careful and intriguing synthesis of a variety of elements. (The word "synthesis" is often abused, but not here; rather than tack things together, Hassell has allowed his pieces to sprout organically from the mixture of musical soils he's concocted.) After growing up in the rich multi-cultural tradition of Memphis, he studied classical composition and trumpet; he next embarked on an informal education in minimalist composition with Terry Riley and LaMonte Young which resulted in a justifiably acclaimed sound sculpture called *Solid State*. Finally, in a process of expanding curiosity that has taken in African harmonies, Afro-Brazilian rhythms, and the study of classical Indian vocal technique—which Hassell has transferred to his trumpet with astonishing effect—he has arrived at a scintillating mix that seems to have its roots just about everywhere. Still, one is first aware of the buzzy, reshaped, introverted trumpet tones of Miles; buoying Hassell's unique assortment of voicelike quirks, they draw the listener in to both the quieting stasis of *Vernal Equinox* and the roisterous mystery of *Earthquake Island*.

Comparing these two records is no easy matter: in a way, they represent two sides of Hassell's musical persona. *Equinox*, recorded nearly three years ago, is more of a "composition" album (released on a label that has also issued records by modern composers Robert Ashley and David Behrman), with works that rarely involve as many as three players. *Island*, on the other hand, shows off a multinational, improvising group, and one of the LP's real virtues is the coherence and interplay of this unit. On *Equinox* Hassell uses a minimum of percussion, and accentuates the trance elements of his music with synthesizer drones that absorb or reflect other materials; on *Island* much of the magic is supplied by the aggressive, almost dangerous phalanx of percussion (a la *Bitches Brew*, the spirit of voodoo is rarely far off).

Clearly, the highlight of *Equinox* is the title piece, a lengthy, well structured work that requires discipline to be fully heard. The subtextual drone goes through extraordinarily subtle changes—so subtle they're heard mainly in retrospect—in keeping with Hassell's minimalist concerns. The piece is built of sections that feature Hassell's trumpet, each having a different (though related) theme and slight variations; percussion interludes form the columnar divisions between sections. On the LP's other pieces, Hassell's trumpet is amplified and altered, but here he reels gentle, breathy lines. There are moments his horn is all but a sitar. There are also moments when the synthesized background sounds like tree saws from three blocks down in the suburbs. All in all, it's a difficult, elegant work that must stand as a key piece in Hassell's career.

The album's other pieces are less imposing, and successful in varying degrees: the best are *Toucan Ocean*, an atmospheric (but not dull) track that exemplifies Hassell's Eastern influences (including a touch of Morocco), and the long *Blues Nile*, a wonderfully realized arch form that builds in complexity and then plays itself out in its initial simplicity. These pieces are experiments in harmonic and rhythmic stasis, and they work well enough (depending, of course, on how

long you enjoy listening to stasis); oddly enough, the percussion-heavy *Hex* is the real clunker, sounding disjunct and unfinished due to its busy confluence of unrelated rhythms.

By way of contrast, *Earthquake Island* is full of busy rhythms, but this is an album on which rhythm is felt more strongly, on which it is fully a part of the music. The opening track, *Voodoo Wind*, starts as a diffuse melange of rhythms until Badal Roy's tabla begins to dominate with a steady pulse. Then Hassell's electrified, authoritative trumpet calls it all to order with a quickening melodic line—lent an explosive dimensionality when vocalist Clarice Taylor joins in unison. (Taylor also uses her voice to similarly flesh out the short moans of the *cuica*.) The tripartite title track is a strangely affecting mix of slightly forbidding electronics—the piece is full of chords that seem to be sliding into other tonalities even as they are being sounded—and imaginative percussion. Riding herd are the fascinatingly primal, if somewhat similar, melodies that Hassell plays with the uninhibited control of a virtuoso in introspection.

As on *Equinox*, these are pieces that develop non-linearly, depending on such intangibles as flow and color for their growth, but they are determinedly more approachable. The reason, of course, is the vibrant rhythms infusing *Island*. Augmented by vigorous handclaps, *Sundown Dance* bursts off the turntable, as the dense percussion and Vitous' herculean bass line anchor the tiny trumpet variations—all of it backed by eerily saccharine Arp strings. More ambitious, though only partly involving, is *Tribal Secret*, with its shifty meters and rhythms that seem to be turning inside out. The titles help explain the music: Hassell has used his own wide ranging explorations to pack a steamy cellar, hot and dark, of foreign musical artifacts. Taken separately, nearly every one is a valuable curio; spread out on the table, they are a feast for the blind parts of one's senses.

—lessor

ROSEMARY CLOONEY

ROSIE SINGS BING—Concord Jazz CJ-60: *But Beautiful; Pennies From Heaven; Blue Skies; I Surrender Dear; Where The Blue Of The Night; It's Easy To Remember; Swinging On A Star; Just One More Chance; I Wished On The Moon; Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral.*

Personnel: Clooney, vocals; Cal Collins, guitar; Scott Hamilton, tenor sax; Nat Pierce, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

HERE'S TO MY LADY—Concord Jazz CJ-81: *I Cover The Waterfront; Good Morning, Heartache; Mean To Me; Lover Man; Don't Explain; Comes Love; He's Funny That Way; God Bless The Child; Them There Eyes; Everything Happens To Me.*

Personnel: As above, plus Warren Vache, cornet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Up until the release last year of *Everything's Coming Up Rosie*, few would have thought that Rosemary Clooney, this retired pop star from the '50s whose hits included *Come On-A My House, Hey There, and This Ole House*, would have chosen as her comeback strategy an out-and-out jazz date steeped in mainstream authenticity. No strings, no synthesizers, no glopky back-up vocals, no robotic rhythm sections—just a solid swing bottom, a lot of good horn work, and a repertoire of proven substance. Recall that, for all her commercial success as a vendor of trifling ditties, Rosie was never a complete stranger to jazz. In 1955, at the height of her fame, she cut three titles (*It's Bad For Me, Goodbye, and Memories Of*



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You) with a free-wheeling combo led by Benny Goodman; a year and a half later, in 1957, she recorded an entire album, the memorable *Blue Rose* (Columbia CL-872), with the Duke Ellington Orchestra. True, no one at the time rushed to dub her "the next Anita O'Day," but, nevertheless, it was generally admitted that Rosie had class, and that, when she wanted to, she could sing jazz with the best of them.

The star of '50s TV, films, and records dropped out of fulltime show business in the early '60s to devote more time to her husband, actor Jose Ferrer. But her love for jazz remained constant. When she decided that the time was ripe for a comeback, it was only logical that she should record for Carl Jefferson, president of Concord Jazz and indefatigable supporter of mainstream ideals. The concept was not new—popular chanteuses had been recording with jazz band accompaniments since the early '20s—but it was risky. The major part of her one time following was not likely to be keyed in on the activities of a small independent jazz label, and especially one with limited advertising. However, jazz purists, despite their common disdain for show biz successes, have usually encouraged the defection of reborn artists from the enemy camp, providing those artists are able to demonstrate sufficient sincerity, talent, and adaptability.

There is no doubt that Rosie possesses all of these characteristics. What is more, by simply being herself she neatly avoids the pitfalls awaiting so many other aspiring jazz singers, particularly those hopefuls who seek acceptance through the emulation of their betters. Rosie sings the only way she knows how, and if that fresh, All American charm that was once so winning has now taken on an additional maturity, it makes her jazz singing that much more of a treat.

Each of the albums is so remarkably consistent that it would be folly to cite standout tracks. Her first LP was graced by the presence of ex-Ellingtonian Bill Berry on trumpet; a considerably younger Warren Vache fulfills those same duties with equal propriety on the more recent *Here's To My Lady*, a laudably non-imitative tribute to Billie Holiday. Scott Hamilton, that ubiquitous traveler in time, proves once again the continuing validity of the classic approach to tenor, his knowing fills and tender solos easily ranking among the sets' highlights. The mood he conveys throughout is that of Ben Webster at his most relaxed, although the ingenious unpredictability of that master has yet to reveal itself in the playing of his most precocious disciple. Pierce, Budwig, and Hanna constitute one of Concord's most appealing rhythm sections, and with the addition of Collins, they come close to paralleling some of the swing era's greatest. Certainly, their shared concept of swinging time lies behind most of the albums' more significant achievements.

It is to be hoped that Rosemary will choose to enlarge upon her second career, finding in it perhaps a musical challenge largely absent from her first. But whether or not she follows through on this course, the fact remains that, with these three albums, she has made an extremely attractive bid for recognition, and one that will undoubtedly be remembered long after her string of commercial hits.

—sohmer

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HAMPTON HAWES

HAMPTON HAWES AT THE PIANO—Contemporary Records S7637: *Killing Me Softly With His Song; Soul Sign Eight; Sunny; Morning; Blue In Green; When I Grow Too Old To Dream.*

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

*** 1/2

CHARLIE HADEN/HAMPTON HAWES

AS LONG AS THERE'S MUSIC—Artists House AH4: *Irene; Rain Forest; Hello/Goodbye; As Long As There's Music; This Thing Called Love.*

Personnel: Haden, bass; Hawes, piano.

In his autobiography, *Raise Up Off Me*, Hampton Hawes observed that when "a sucker hits an F chord, it's still an F chord . . . some suckers hit it cooler than others, but it really ain't no secret." Perhaps. But Hawes' own fluid, straight from the center playing hints that the "secret" is hardly as universally accessible as his remark suggests; that, in fact, Hawes himself was uniquely *aware*.

On the first of these two posthumous releases, Hawes, backed by stalwarts Brown and Manne, floats through Miles' classic *Blue In Green* in glancing doubletime. Manne's pulsing brushes set up an easeful momentum while Hawes' syncopated, crescendoing chord blocks (a favorite device) punctuate this pensive secret parley. Hawes' treatment of two pop standards are surprisingly fresh and provocative. *Killing Me Softly*, a tune itself now nearly killed by popsters and jazzers of all vintages, receives some peppery twists. Flurries of outside arpeggios flirt with cartwheeling licks and kicky trio unisons—new life for a nearly depleted vehicle. *Sunny* opens in stream of consciousness rubato. A catchy vamp, one of this pianist's favorites, slides into oblique melodic paraphrases—good examples of Hawes' own definition of "cool." So deft is Hamp's sleight of hand that even this tune's treadmill changes are camouflaged. A compelling transformation.

Throughout, Hawes' touch is percussive. Notes raw with surprise seem chiseled out of the keyboard as broad chordal passages alternate with clockwork permutations of common domain blues licks.

As *Long As There's Music*, Hawes' duets with veteran avant gardist Charlie Haden, provokes some rewarding contrasts between these two players' conceptual stances. Haden, a busy, supportive bassist, is just about a rhythm section in himself. Further, he's cultivated a Zen-like knack of switching musical gears at the drop of a nuance as he bounces Hawes into continuous improvisational give and take. Indeed, two selections here, *Hello/Goodbye* and *This Thing Called Love*, were composed spontaneously.

Hello/Goodbye succinctly clarifies the fine distinction between a duo and a duet. Musical materials are organized intuitively as the music unfolds from within itself.

On *This Thing Called Love*, a solo paraphrase of the similarly titled Cole Porter tune, naked chilling invention strikes zero to the bone. The session, though, isn't consistently chilling. Hawes' folkish *Rain Forest*, an introspective tone poem, is a song crying out for a lyric. The cautious quietism of *As Long As There's Music* sums it up—poignant note choices, empathy, and throughout, uninhibited invention. A haunting album filled with wonderful secret knowledge. —balleras

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Patience. Tom van der Geld, vibraharp. Kent Carter, bass. Roger Jannotta, saxophones, flute, oboe, bass clarinet. Billy Elgart, drums, percussion. "Each phrase is carefully weighted with no thought for pyrotechnics." (*Melody Maker*)

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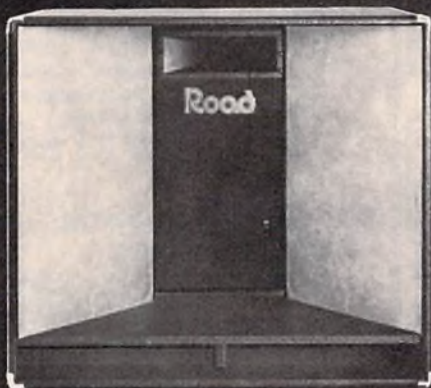
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JOHN McLAUGHLIN with the ONE TRUTH BAND

ELECTRIC DREAMS—Columbia JC35785: *Guardian Angels; Miles Davis; Electric Dreams; Electric Sighs; Desire And The Comforter; Love And Understanding; Singing Earth; The Dark Prince; The Unknown Dissident.*

Personnel: McLaughlin, electric guitar, 6, 12, and 13 string acoustic guitars, banjo; L. Shankar, acoustic and electric violin; Stu Goldberg, electric piano, Moog synthesizer with Steiner Parker modifications, Prophet synthesizer, Hammond organ; Fernando Sanders, Fender bass, acoustic bass, vocals (cut 5); Tony Smith, drums and vocals; Alyrio Lima, percussion, amplified Chinese cymbals; David Sanborn, alto saxophone (8).

Someday music historians will take a long, hard look at the enormously popular jazz-rock idiom, today's fusion or crossover jazz. What they'll find, I suspect, is the gradual transformation of an exciting, revolutionary music direction into a shelter for vapid funk excursions that have more to do with the commercial demands of the record industry, and a sanitized pop culture, than a time honored desire to communicate empathy or express ideas via new forms. The ties to jazz music have become tenuous, save for the efforts of a handful of bands, and the arbitrary term "jazz-rock" has come to signify something noisome and coarse.

John McLaughlin established himself as the pre-eminent electric guitarist by undertaking a complex, sometimes brilliant, often irritating, musical odyssey: from Miles and Lifetime to instant guitar sainthood as the leader of the Mahavishnu Orchestra. However, the pedantic Sri Chinmoy-inspired recordings, the effete Mahavishnu II, and the artistically resplendent but commercially unacceptable Shakti have alienated most record buyers—not that it bothers McLaughlin. Columbia, presumably, has been taking notes.

Electric Dreams, which follows last year's return to electric current, *Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist*, marks the recording debut of the One Truth Band. McLaughlin hasn't yet resolved what musical path to lead the band down, if any, and he falls back on updated variations on different phases of his career. The all too brief *Guardian Angels* is a lovely display of acoustic guitar and violin interplay, but Shankar and the guitarist have expanded on the Indian theme and to better effect in Shakti. *Miles Davis* is cut from the *Bitches Brew-Silent Way* mold, even down to the mix: here the electric piano and drums detract from the guitar, similar to the solo spots on *Bitches Brew* where the keyboards dominate the proceedings. *The Dark Prince*, a fast-forward race, would evoke fond memories of McLaughlin playing straight jazz in the smoky bistros of London with the late Graham Bond, Ginger Baker, and Jack Bruce had it been taken at a slower pace. *Love And Understanding*, the stab at spiritual profundity, finds McLaughlin milking each note for all its worth, and the result is a pleasant, if forgettable, song that would fit nicely on Santana's *Welcome* album. Here he proves that he is not a lyricist—even a Bengali guru would blush at these lines.

While *Electric Dreams* is fragmented in scope, a transitional album, there are inspired moments that would seem to bode well for the band's future. *Electric Dreams, Electric Sighs* features Shankar, already the premier



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violinist in fusion, and *Desire And The Comforter* has McLaughlin hitting a groove fraught with clear thinking and genuine feeling. The One Truth Band is at its best when showing restraint, and *The Unknown Dissident*, the threnody for global political prisoners with David Sanborn's sassy alto added, is an uncommonly effective mood piece.

John McLaughlin still has the goods and with signs of a jazz-rock renaissance—Spyro Gyra, Pat Metheny, the Bruford band, John Abercrombie—the One Truth Band may yet emerge as a guiding light. —frank-john hadley

MARCELLO MELIS

FREE TO DANCE—Black Saint BSR 0023: *Before The Lights Go On; Struggle To Be; Free To Dance.*
 Personnel: Melis, bass; Fred Hopkins, bass; Sheila Jordan, Jeanne Lee, vocals; Lester Bowie, Enrico Rava, trumpets; George Lewis, Gary Valente, trombones; Don Pullen, piano; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion; Dougoufana Famoudou Moye, sun percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is shamefully ironic that we receive this ambitious work of Sardinian bassist/composer Marcello Melis twice removed. When Melis visited New York in the spring of 1978, he recorded *Free To Dance* with some of the cream of the American avant garde—Bowie, Moye, Lewis, Hopkins, et al—as well as with internationalists like Nana and Rava. The record was subsequently released on the Italian Black Saint label, which has made it back to this country as an import. The farthest place one could conceivably expect to hear this music live would be Rome.

This is all rather unfortunate, because *Free To Dance* is a stimulating pastiche of brash, energetic performance and conception, drawing upon what might be called the Bohemian spirit and its descendants in contemporary free playing. There is Mingus-like exclamation in the dual trumpet/dual trombone brass charts—all the more strident without any reeds—and a flailing, multi-leveled *Bitches Brew* dance in the last section of the title tune. The crisp rhythmic direction of Moye and Nana thrusts the whole thing into a kinetic urban landscape filled with textural wit and continual surprise.

Melis manages to present a multi-media piece on vinyl with *Free To Dance*, helped in no small way by singers Sheila Jordan and Jeanne Lee, and assorted background whippers and dialogue by the rest of the crew. We hear sensual vocal incantations of a decidedly Hebraic lilt—listen to the *Morning Blues* segment of the title track—backed by near subliminal libretto: phrases like "I tried to explain . . ." and "Music, please . . ." are woven with an unlikely Dadaistic spontaneity on *Before The Lights Go On*. The back cover of the album notes Melis' desire to have his work choreographed; the shifting rhythms and colors—from the Latin feel of *Before The Lights* to Rava's romantic solo segments on *Struggle To Be*—would lend themselves quite well to such a production.

The free sections, while exhibiting somewhat of a sameness one to the next, express a joyful noise indeed. Bowie and Rava conspire in muted romps; Valente and Lewis in growls and blaring accents. Melis and Hopkins often bow in tonally vibrant unisons; Lee and Jordan wail like the *Odyssey's* sirens, and Pullen charges through with dissonant block chords and flurries. Moye is simply awesome on traps and sun percussion, and Nana adds light filligrees when one least expects them.

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BARRY ALTSCHUL

ANOTHER TIME/ANOTHER PLACE—Muse MR 5176: *Crepescale: Suite For Monk; Chael; Traps; Pentacle; Another Time/Another Place.*

Personnel: Altschul, drums, percussion; cut 1: Arthur Blythe, alto saxophone; Ray Anderson, trombone; Bill DeArango, guitar; Anthony Davis, piano; Brian Smith, bass; cut 2: Davis, piano; Abdul Wadud, cello; cut 4: Dave Holland, Smith, basses; Peter Warren, Wadud, cellos; cut 5: Anderson, trombone; Davis, piano; Smith, bass.

★ ★ ★

This, percussionist Altschul's second recording as a leader for Muse, is something of a mixed bag, both in terms of instrumentation and quality. Since this session lacks the individually authoritative voices of his previous effort (Muhai Richard Abrams, Sam Rivers, and George Lewis), he has tried to compensate by emphasizing conceptual and stylistic diversity from piece to piece. The result is a staggering array of colors, textures, and compositional contexts, but only a limited amount of truly arresting music.

The opening cut contains most of the moments of magic. In *Crepescale: Suite for Monk*, composer Anthony Davis has created a homage to Thelonious which is not a straight transcription of his tunes, but instead uses two of Monk's themes (*Evidence* and the haunting *Crepescale With Nellie*) as an instigational springboard for several solo investigations and ensemble elaborations of their tangible intervals, and their less tangible emotional ambience. This approach shares more than a spiritual affinity with Gunther Schuller's *Variations On A Theme Of Thelonious Monk (Criss Cross)*, as the variegated solo statements both enhance and punctuate the collective bargaining of Davis' intricate scoring. The opening is especially enticing, as the staggered entrances of the instruments intoning *Evidence* seems particularly based on the pianist's famed peripatetic phrasing—in the interplay and overlapping of instruments it seems as if each voice represents one of Monk's fingers. After the segue into *Crepescale*, Arthur Blythe's alto is altruistic and aggressive, and the subsequent Spanish-tinged vamp features some Blakey-like rumbling bombs dropped by Altschul and up-tempo atonal outings from trombonist Anderson and pianist Davis, who quotes *Epistrophe* in the work's rhapsodic coda.

This is followed by *Chael*, in which Altschul provides a skittering percussion commentary to the conversation between composer Davis' piano and Wadud's gorgeous arco cello. Unfortunately, the chromatic windings of line become long winded long before the music expires, and the piece is ultimately betrayed by its dryness of tone and evenness of dynamics.

Side two opens with a typical Altschul solo, *Traps*, which is full of his characteristic color but curiously lackluster in terms of rhythmic variance. This slides into Holland's *Pentacle*, scored for two basses, two cellos, and percussion. Here the textures vary from hectic and polyphonic to calm and consonant, as the strings juxtapose brushfires of spikey glissandi with tonally ambiguous passages of pizzicato. At one point Holland weaves a folksy bass melody over a unison chordal background, but the dryness of timbre and rambling verbosity throughout much of this



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piece's 11 minute length tends to overshadow its dramatic merits.

The final cut finds Altschul's working band (trombonist Anderson, pianist Davis, bassist Smith) freeboppishly articulating a disjointed theme in disjunct steps. Anderson's two solos are energetic if overly Rudd-y, and Davis' offering is typical of his airy, arpeggiated phrasing. But what is needed, both on this title track and throughout the album as a whole, is more of a sense of group identity and less conceptual meandering. —art lange

DRY JACK

MAGICAL ELEMENTS—Inner City 1063; *Americana Hoedown*; *Lit Spinners*; *Laurel's Dream*; *Magical Elements*; *Sunday Boogie-Nookie Stomp*; *Strollin' On Jupiter*; *Earth Daze*.

Personnel: Chuck Lamb, keyboards; Rich Lamb, electric bass; Rod Fleeman, electric guitar; John Margolis, drums and percussion.

*** 1/2

Dry Jack is part of the wave of second-generation fusion bands which is currently hitting the shores of jazz. Like the Pat Metheny Group, Dry Jack makes music that touches rock, bebop and country, with a nod to the blues. The band is also kin to the Jeff Lorber Fusion, whose own Inner City release was widely sold and acclaimed this past winter.

Keyboardist Chuck Lamb is the leader of the band and the composer of nearly all the material on this release. He is a very proficient pianist and an adept soloist. Guitarist Rod Fleeman is quick and clean, but his jazz chops lag noticeably behind his rock chops. Bassist Rich Lamb and drummer John Margolis stay pretty much in the background, supplying solid support for the two principal voices.

Americana Hoedown is an aptly titled, high energy reel. Chuck Lamb and Fleeman trade fours throughout the solo section, faltering in the middle but regaining their balance before the head returns. *Laurel's Dream* is a gentle Metheny-esque piece. Metheny and Lyle Mays are a stronger combination—their solos have more polish and individuality—but Lamb and Fleeman have great potential.

The title tune is not one of the better compositions on the album. The melody never establishes a single mood, shifting nervously back and forth between the light and dark sides of something. The two solos concentrate effectively on the dark side.

Sunday Boogie-Nookie Stomp is a jivey strut of a tune, built on a couple of bouncy riffs. It's catchy if a bit too repetitious. Lamb's solo, although short, is sweetened by a clever synthesizer sound. *Strollin' On Jupiter* is a contemporary bebop tune, which is nice to hear, although Fleeman needs to work on his bebop licks. Rich Lamb's bass solo has a thin sound but good lines. This cut also contains drummer Margolis' only solo of the album; even on this jazzy cut, his heads are filled with rock and Latin ideas. The nine minute *Earth Daze* is a multi-sectioned piece with a good bass solo, fuller here, and a charged rock solo from Fleeman. —clark

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one hand he sometimes offers a dense, vibrating mass of sensations, encapsulated in an onrushing stream of music. But more often, the large time scale of his compositions and a lust for mathematical perfection work against his best intentions.

Both of these tendencies are evidenced by the debut recording of Glass' magnum opus, *Einstein On The Beach*. (The album cover also bears the name of Robert Wilson, who collaborated with Glass on the opera; but the recording emphasizes the music over Wilson's somewhat obscure lyrics.) For example, *Building* in Act IV of *Einstein* is a magnificent edifice of sound in which long saxophone (later choral) lines float like majestic clouds above a flowing matrix of electric organ and bass clarinet figures. Like Steve Reich's *Music For 18 Musicians*, the piece makes effective

use of contrasting timbres and time values.

Unfortunately, however, most of the rest of the work is not up to this level. Repetitions of scales, of simple diatonic phrases, and of people counting beats aloud tend to be more boring than mesmerizing. In many cases even the instrumentation is dull.

One could point out, of course, that Glass is not the only composer who uses repetition or who stresses rhythm over melody and harmony. But Reich, La Monte Young, and Terry Riley, the other well-known minimalist composers, have developed styles that cover a much wider emotional range than can be found in Glass' music.

While some of Glass's work is quite sensuous and instinctive, he generally seems to reject the intuitive aspect of composing. In this, he is a spiritual descendant of John

Cage, who wished to liberate art from the tyranny of habit. But whereas Cage made us listen to sound for the sake of the sound, Glass tries to create sounds that will have a cumulative effect on the subconscious. And if his large following is any indication, he has hit upon an effective—albeit mechanical—way of doing that.

Still there remains the aesthetic question: is Glass' music simply an attention-getter, a welcome breath of fresh air after the long reign of atonal and 12 tone music? Or is it the beginning of a new aesthetic which spurns the complex structures of the past?

Tune in next century, when posterity judges Philip Glass. —Terry

WAXING ON . . .

North And South Indian Tapes

Ravi Shankar: *Recorded in Concert*, Royce Hall, UCLA—RSMC-12:

★★★★½

Ravi Shankar: *India's Master Musician*—RSMC-15:

★★★★★

Ravi Shankar: *Improvisations*—RSMC-6: with (side one) Kanai Dutt, Chatur Lal, tabla; Bud Shank, flute; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; (side two) Sam Chianis, santoor; Harihar Rao, tabla-tarang, Dholak; Alla Rakha, tabla; Paul Horn, flute:

★★★★½

Lakshmi Shankar sings *Mira Bhajans*—RSMC-5:

★★★★★

South Indian Violin Virtuoso—RSMC-9: L. Subramaniam, violin:

★★★★★

Flute Concert—RSMC-11: N. Ramani, R. Thyagarajan, bamboo flutes:

★★★★★

For more than a half dozen years, it has been virtually impossible to find recordings of Indian music in the stores unless one was lucky enough to live near an Indian grocery shop that sold imports. Happily, that situation seems to be changing; the Ravi Shankar Music Circle in Los Angeles (7911 Willoughby Ave., L. A. 90046) is selling 15 cassettes of both North and South Indian music. A few are re-issues of old Ravi Shankar records; almost all were recorded in concert. Produced by Richard Bock, once guru of the now defunct World Pacific label, the reissues have been only slightly tailored to make them fit the cassette format. On almost all of these tapes, the sound is clean and really quite good, though the amount of applause left on them could have been edited off to advantage.

These recordings of Ravi Shankar represent him at a zenith. Two decades ago, he was already famous in India for an idiosyncratic style. The now familiar sound of Ravi's sitar was already fully present in recordings made in 1961 (RSMC-12 and RSMC-6). The only significant difference between those recordings and more recent ones is the tabla player; Ravi had not yet begun the collaboration with Alla Rakha that would prove so successful.

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World Pacific WPS 21421, recorded in 1961 with Kanai Dutt; as an LP, it has been one of my favorite Ravi Shankar records for years. All of the elements of Ravi's concerts now are present on this tape, notably the part where he and the tabla player "trade fours." This show-stopping exercise in concentration and improvisation has become an oft imitated trademark of Ravi's, which he copied from the Kathak dance form.

This tape differs from the record, however, with the addition of an extract from another concert with the legendary Chatur Lal playing tabla. Chatur Lal came to the U.S. with Ravi on some of his earliest tours. Unhappily, he died young, but left behind a small legacy of recordings that prove his extraordinary zest and originality in tabla drumming. Oddly, their piece, *Kafi-Holi*, in a seven beat rhythm, is duplicated, in another rendition, on RSMC-6. It is interesting, nonetheless, to compare two versions to shed some light on the nature of Indian improvisation.

By the mid '60s, Ravi had begun to appear regularly with Alla Rakha. This conjunction of two great stars is memorialized on another reissue—*India's Master Musician*. The record, called *Ravi Shankar In New York*, has been another favorite of mine because of the beautiful rendition of *Raga Marwa* that it contains. Hauntingly austere, this raga is charged with longing and pathos, and Ravi does it full justice.

Even while remaining a traditional musician in a traditional music, Ravi has often experimented with fusions of East and West. His first attempt was an alliance with a jazz quartet led by flutist Bud Shank. This record, released in 1961, is partially preserved on tape with the same title. The first side has three cuts from the original and the *Kafi-Holi* with Chatur Lal mentioned above. There is a rendition of the theme from Ravi's widely acclaimed film score for *Pather Panchali*. Ravi and Kanai Dutt play and improvise on this lovely melody; Bud Shank's flute weaves in and out. The second piece—*Five Night*—features Kanai Dutt's drumming with a quartet of flute, guitar, bass and drums. The music is a jazzy sounding pentatonic tune. The third tune is a classical piece between Ravi and Kanai Dutt based upon a Karnatic (South Indian) raga called *Kirvani*, analogous to the melodic minor scale; because this raga is of southern origin, it is called *Karnataki*.

The second side of the tape is a reissue of the collaboration of Ravi and Paul Horn, the original record immodestly titled *Portrait Of A Genius*. It was a series of pieces that drew heavily on Indian folk and classical idioms, with space created for Paul Horn to fit in. It is much more conservative in its intention, but a great deal more integral in its results. The amalgamation of these two records onto one cassette was a good idea, since both records are likely to appeal to the same audience.

With the exception of a cassette of Ravi giving a lecture, with examples, on Indian classical music (RSMC-4), the rest of the collection is concert tapes. I am sorry that there are no more tapes of Ravi, since he is a truly great musician. However, there is a really fine recording of his sister-in-law, Lakshmi Shankar, and her son-in-law, L. Subramaniam. As if to keep it all in the family, the tabla player is Zakir Hussain, the astounding son of Alla Rakha. *Lakshmi*

Shankar Sings Mira Bhajans shows Lakshmi off to her best advantage. Blessed with a lovely, clear voice, she excels at Bhajans and Thumrees, the religious songs and love songs of India. Mirabai, the composer of most of the songs on this tape, was a royal devotee of Krishna; her Bhajans have long been admired as some of the most beautiful in India. The accompaniment on violin and tabla is simple and unpretentious, but it gives a lot of power to the recording.

I have been told that Indian singing is an acquired taste. If one wishes to acquire such a taste, I can think of few voices more apt to captivate than Lakshmi's. If one finds this tape to one's liking, then I can recommend *The Ravi Shankar Ensembles*, more than half of which is other recordings of Lakshmi.

However, if for some reason one is unable to get into Indian singing (after all, one does not understand the words), then perhaps a recording of L. Subramaniam and Zakir Hussain apart from her would be appropriate. Actually, this tape—*South Indian Violin Virtuoso*—is a concert of South Indian music, a tradition altogether separate from the North Indian one. The standard drum for South Indian music is a twoheaded drum called the mridangam. On this tape, it is played by Guruvayoor Dorai; Zakir Hussain's tablas are heard only on side two, in tandem with it.

L. Subramaniam plays the violin, an import to South India some centuries ago and now completely assimilated, with flash and technique. His double stopping can create the impression of a continuous drone while floating a melody along on the crest of the rhythm. A favorite of mine is the *Vutapi* that begins side one. This tune is often used for openers in concerts in South India because its text is dedicated to the Hindu elephant-headed god, Ganesha, who removes all obstacles, making beginnings auspicious.

Of the remaining tapes in the collection, the most outstanding music is found on *Flute Concert* by N. Ramani and R. Thyagarajan, bamboo flutists. Ramani is the leader; his tone is clear and pure, and his short, concise ideas lend very well to immediate imitation by Thyagarajan and the mridangam player, T. Upendran. The result is exciting riffing in which it becomes difficult to tell which flute is which as things get more involved. This is South Indian music again, and therefore, a small but significant step from Ravi's music.

Deserving of at least honorable mention are the concerts of Lal Mani Mishra playing the vichitra veena (a cross between the sitar and the Hawaiian guitar), RSMC-10, and Shivkumar Sharma and Sharad Kumar, playing the santoor (hammered dulcimer) and shahnai (Indian oboe), respectively (RSMC-2). They are all North Indian musicians. In the South Indian genre, there is a fascinating concert of a very hot clarinet duo, that includes an entire side of a drum duet, also sizzling (RSMC-8).

Indian music is by nature improvised music. This prevents it from becoming the tired, conservative music that is often called classical here in the West. It also means that the elaborate system of signals that it has devised can profitably be applied to improvised music here, which is pretty close to what John McLaughlin did with Shakti. These tapes are from an authentic source.

—j. andrew greig

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MUSICIANS' TALK

continued from page 21

and he was the student.

Here in 1979, it's still about John Coltrane. I listen to what he did then, think about it now and I'm still amazed. The same thing with Charlie Parker. The way these cats were hearing this shit. Where was it coming from? What was the source of where they were getting this? When I heard John Coltrane, the first thing I said to myself was, "What is this?" I had never heard anything like it before. When he was with Miles, I didn't like him at the time. Strange, because when I listen to those records now, I was so wrong I'm ashamed of myself. But I couldn't figure out where he was coming from. I never heard anybody think about the saxophone like that.

Billy Hart: For me, John did it in a different way. He was the first guy who did it by hard work, by inspiration. He worked hard from inspiration. Where I live in Englewood, there's a cat across the street who grew up with John. One day, I was over there borrowing a screwdriver and he mentioned that he grew up with Coltrane. I asked him about John. He said he didn't understand John's music but that when he knew him as a kid, John was deeply religious, he always had a religious attitude. I think this affected his playing: he was inspired in a Godly way. Even if it was possible he wasn't, he felt he was, and that kind of inspiration is so rewarding, so satisfying. That's what I get from him. He's my hero because he showed it can be done from hard work. Just keep hittin' it. Bird, I'm sure he worked hard, I've heard about how he went off, disappeared and practiced, but he was already bad. John was inspired to live right to get to the music.

Horacee Arnold: He got past the point of playing the horn. The horn no longer existed. Whenever you heard John, he and the horn were one. What was coming out of his horn was in essence what was coming out of his mouth.

Gary Bartz: I saw him as often as possible. I think the first time was in Washington, D.C. at a place called the Spotlight, when he was working with Miles Davis. I was in high school and went to hear him because of the impression he had made on me. A year preceding that, *Blue Train* had been released, and I was into that. Of course I wanted to see Miles and the rest of the band, but Trane was the focal point for me.

Whenever we would see each other, we would speak, but as far as holding a conversation, I don't think we had two or three. I never knew what to say around him. I didn't say anything because I wanted to say everything. I didn't know where to start.

In 1979, as always, he's a total inspiration for me, whether we're talking about him, or reading about him, or listening to him. I'm inspired by his motivation and his concentration, because those things really pertain to everything. I think John is an inspiration because of his lifestyle, too. He went through the same things Bird went through but he overcame them.

Everytime you'd see him, he'd be different. The first time I heard *Chasin' The Trane*, I couldn't believe it. I had to listen to it on headphones, microscopically. Then I wanted to hear him play that shit. But the next time I

saw him, he was doing something else. That record was a year ago. Now he's onto some other shit. I was just working on this other shit. He was never still.

Percy Heath: I knew Coltrane in 1946, when he first came from the Navy to Philadelphia, where we were living. He joined Jimmy's band at that time. I knew Coltrane when he was an alto player with quite a few ideas of his own, not just Charlie Parker things. He was John Coltrane even then. I called him Country John, because he brought some of those North Carolina licks with him, which were quite soulful and very expressive. I remember him practicing and developing. I always felt that John was an inward type person, quiet and reserved. He would always go off by himself and practice, if he had a minute, anywhere. Finally that culminated in the style of playing that he was most famous for, his sheets of sound, a real display of virtuosity and command of his instrument. But I really appreciated the early Coltrane style, the more romantic Coltrane. I liked the way he picked out just the right phrase to say. I guess I'm a romantic, feeling love, not so much the frustration and other energies that are put in the music today.

Freddie Waits: When I left Mississippi and moved to Detroit, Bennie Maupin took me to hear John. I'd never heard anything like that before. I wanted to see and hear Elvin, because coming from Mississippi that's all we'd heard about. At that point, I have to admit, I was more drawn to Elvin than I was to the actual group itself, but after hearing the band, it was just incredible. It completely turned me around, musically and spiritually. I walked out almost crying. When I talked to him years later, after working with McCoy, and told him about that night, he said, "Music has very different ways of affecting people. You never know what will make you cry. It can be something quite strenuous or something quite peaceful that will reach your inner self." I'll never forget that night in the front row at the Minor Key in Detroit. I've never heard anything like that since.

Lew Tabackin: I first heard John when I was a teenager in my home town, Philadelphia. It was in 1956, when I was 16, at a club I tried to sneak into, but couldn't. Trane used to break in his groups in Philly. This was his first group, with Pete LaRoca and Steve Kuhn.

John's intensity was incredible. Later on, as a matter of fact, I had to make a conscious effort to *not* be influenced by him.

I studied *Giant Steps*, which is now over 20 years old, and played it for a Music Lit. class in school. Those people couldn't understand what was happening. They gave a blank stare. Today, of course, everybody uses it as an educational tool.

I think Coltrane added the concept of groups of notes instead of single notes. He was the opposite of Lester Young, who was very economical. John used long, extended scales, with minor third relationships, and he had a sweeping approach, the "sheets of sound" approach. Originally, people rejected his tone because it was too hard, not mellow, but it fit his concept perfectly.

The strongest inspiration I got was his dedication. He worked very hard, and at a relatively late age. His dedication was a model

for many people. If you work hard enough, you *can* have a positive influence on others. His intensity alone was an inspiration.

Billy Harper: Coltrane's overall effect, his purpose and the purpose of his music continue to affect me in 1979. The main thing I got from John Coltrane was that his spirituality came through in the music. Instead of seeing black creative music simply in terms of entertainment, music to shake or dance to, he makes it very clear that the music also has another purpose, a strong purpose. Our music has always been uplifting, but sometimes in a frivolous kind of way because of its presentation. His musical message was as strong as ancient music which was used as healing music. Music to heal people by, music to pray by, music to meditate by. That particular spirituality came across in his music and took it out of the area of just entertainment. Most people went to hear jazz to be entertained or to feel like dancing; his emphasis was on the spiritual.

I love Trane as much as anybody else. At one particular time, I thought I should play his exact notes. Later I decided that was not what I was supposed to be doing. Instead, understanding his real message, I realized I'm supposed to do the same thing in my own way, make the music purposeful, make it mean something more than how people had been seeing it. In that way, I feel today that the music I play is a continuation of that spirituality. Not a continuation of John Coltrane but a continuation of what he discovered in the music.

Charles Sullivan: John Coltrane serves as a reminder to me of my original goals in music. That is, the unending pursuit of excellence and the ever widening search for better and deeper ways to express myself through the language and experience of music. I pray that the Creator grants me the will, and makes clear to me the way, so that I may play my music in a manner that is both consistent with these goals and in the best tradition of the masters of black music, one of whom was called John Coltrane.

Reggie Workman: The depth and the weight of the message that came through John has been changed by the media. Tenor players now hardly relate to retaining that message, or any of that sound. Now everyone sounds like Stanley Turrentine, because to get a record date you've got to have that sound. To be considered among the popular folk who are making music, you gotta sound like Stanley Turrentine, or King Curtis, or one of those cats who has dealt with that commercial vein. There's no personal identity anymore in the instrument. Everyone sounds alike, and that's a sad phenomenon in that many years ago it was good to play a few notes, and to make those notes meaningful, and groove, and that was as far as the music had come. But now here we are 40 years later and the mentalities have returned to that rather than evolving from whatever prophets came our way. That's a sad phenomenon to me, and I'm sorry I have to say it.

Dave Liebman: Trane's legacy is beyond the notes and the music itself, especially in our present era. His sincerity and integrity are what remain most important to me. I always feel humble when I hear his music.

BLINDFOLD TEST



CHARLES STEWART

JOHN COLTRANE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Here reprinted is the entire John Coltrane Blindfold Test, with Leonard's introduction from *db*, February 19, 1959. Coleman Hawkins' *Chant* has been reissued on *The Hawk Flies* (Milestone 47015) and *Have You Met Miss Jones?* is now available on *The Art Tatum Group Masterpieces* (Pablo 2310 737 E).

The *Blindfold Test* below is the first interview of its kind with John Coltrane. The reason is simple: though he has been a respected name among fellow musicians for a number of years, it is only in the last year or two that he has reached a substantial segment of the jazz-following public.

It is the general feeling that Coltrane ranks second only to Sonny Rollins as a new and constructive influence on his instrument. Coltrane's solo work is an example of that not uncommon phenomenon, an instrumental style that reflects a personality strikingly different from that of the man who plays it, for his slow, deliberate speaking voice and far-from-intense manner never would lead one to expect from him the cascades of phrases that constitute a typical Coltrane solo.

The records for his *Blindfold Test* were more or less paired off, the first a stereo item by a big band, the next two combo tracks by hard bop groups, the third pair bearing a reminder of two early tenor giants, and the final two sides products of miscellaneous combos. John was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

1. WOODY HERMAN. *Crazy Rhythm* (Everest Stereo). Paul Quinichette, tenor; Ralph Burns, arranger.

Well, I would give it three stars on the merit of the arrangement, which I thought was good. The solos were good, and the band played good. As to who it was, I don't know . . . The tenor sounded like Paul Quinichette, and I liked that because I like the melodic way he plays. The sound of the recording was very good. I'd like to make a guess about that arrangement—it sounded like the kind of writing Hefti does—maybe it was Basie's band.

2. ART FARMER QUINTET. *Mox Nix* (United Artists). Benny Golson, tenor; Farmer, trumpet, composer, arranger; Bill Evans, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

That's a pretty lively sound. That tenor man could

have been Benny Golson, and the trumpeter, I don't know . . . It sounded like Art Farmer a little bit.

I enjoyed the rhythm section—they got a nice feeling, but I don't know who they were. The composition was a minor blues—which is always good. The figures on it were pretty good, too. I would give it three and a half.

3. HORACE SILVER QUINTET. *Soulville* (Blue Note). Silver, piano, composer; Hank Mobley, tenor; Art Farmer, trumpet.

Horace . . . Is that *Soulville*? I've heard that—I think I have the record. Horace gave me that piece of music some time ago . . . I asked him to give me some things that I might like to record and that was one of them. I've never got around to recording it yet, though. I like the piece tremendously—the composition is great. It has more in it than just "play the figure and then we all blow." It has a lot of imagination. The

that he could possibly use to do a personal thing. He didn't omit what the previous masters had to offer. He could have gone right "outside" without relating to any of that, but he chose to find a balance. This is a quality I'm trying to continue with my music, because music is for people. It shouldn't be so esoteric that only I can understand it.

Jimmy Heath: Quiet, introverted John, like Charlie Parker, was a born intellectual. He was a rare kind of person who would

solos are all good . . . I think it's Hank Mobley and Art Farmer. I'll give that four and a half stars.

4. COLEMAN HAWKINS. *Chant* (Riverside). Hawkins, tenor sax; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass.

Well, the record had a genuine jazz feeling. It sounded like Coleman Hawkins . . . I think it was Clark Terry on trumpet, but I don't know. The bone was good, but I don't know who it was. I think the piano was very good . . . I'll venture one guess: Hank Jones. It sounded like Oscar Pettiford and was a very good bass solo. And Bean—he's one of the kind of guys—he played well, but I wanted to hear some more from him . . . I was expecting some more.

When I first started listening to jazz, I heard Lester Young before I heard Bean. When I *did* hear Hawkins, I appreciated him, but I didn't hear him as much as I did Lester . . . Maybe it was because all we were getting then was the Basie band.

I went through Lester Young and on to Charlie Parker, but after that I started listening to others—I listened to Bean and realized what a great influence he was on the people I'd been listening to. Three and a half.

5. BEN WEBSTER-ART TATUM. *Have You Met Miss Jones?* (Verve). Webster, tenor sax; Tatum, piano.

That must be Ben Webster, and the piano—I don't know. I thought it was Art Tatum . . . I don't know anybody else who plays like that, but still I was waiting for that thunderous thing from him, and it didn't come. Maybe he just didn't feel like it then.

The sound of that tenor . . . I wish he'd show me how to make a sound like that. I've got to call him up and talk to him! I'll give that four stars . . . I like the atmosphere of the record—the whole thing I got from it. What they do for the song is artistic, and it's a good tune.

6. TOSHIKO. *Broadway* (Metrojazz). Bobby Jaspar, tenor; Rene Thomas, guitar; Toshiko Akiyoshi, piano, leader.

You've got me guessing all the way down on this one, but it's a good swinging side and lively. I thought at first the tenor was Zoot, and then I thought, no. If it isn't Zoot, I don't know who it could be. All the solos were good . . . The guitar player was pretty good. I'd give the record three stars on its liveliness and for the solos.

7. CHET BAKER. *Fair Weather* (Riverside). Baker, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor; Benny Golson, composer.

That was Johnny Griffin, and I didn't recognize anybody else. The writing sounded something like Benny Golson . . . I like the figure and that melody. The solos were good, but I don't know . . . Sometimes it's hard to interpret changes. I don't know whether it was taken from another song or if it was a song itself.

Maybe the guys could have worked it over a little longer and interpreted it a little truer. What I heard on the line as it was written, I didn't hear after the solos started . . . It was good, though—I would give it three stars, on the strength of the composition mostly, and the solos secondly . . . I didn't recognize the trumpeter.

Arthur Blythe: He employed different aspects of musicianship to make a personal thing come out of the music. Listening to John Coltrane helped and still helps me to hone in on interpretation, like how to approach a ballad. Trane helped me to understand how to approach doing a personal thing within the tradition of the music. I could listen to his music and relate it to Johnny Hodges or Coleman Hawkins. Trane wasn't an island unto himself. He incorporated all the things in the history of the music

attack any musical problem or direction instead of maneuvering around it. I don't remember him ever really putting anyone down. He felt, as I do, that you can learn something from anybody and I am blessed to have known him. A humble man.

Frank Lowe: It's about originality to me. If there's one thing Mr. John Coltrane showed me, it was to find some form of originality and not go into a whole form of classic imitation.

PROFILE

FRANK LOWE

BY JOEL HERSON
AND BRET PRIMACK

How does one distinguish between a creative pioneer and an esoteric charlatan? For one thing, the sincere practitioner of new or altered forms respects the work of his predecessors. Thirty-five year old Memphis-born reedman Frank Lowe, a conspicuously original and highly personal player, is a good example. Before a performance Lowe will scribble the names of certain musical forbears into the margins of his lead sheets. This practice results in a blowing structure that might contain elements of everyone from Gene Ammons to Sonny Rollins to Lester Young. Lowe's intention is to have a lavish spread of influences at his disposal in the service of his own concepts: "Unless you've been hibernating in a cave somewhere you're bound to be influenced by somebody, so you might as well draw from *everybody!*"

Lowe's earliest impressions of jazz musicians derived from the "big time presidential aura" that surrounded Duke Ellington and Miles Davis, men who were legends in the black community and brought respect to their music. "I still carry that image around with me, the head held high, I don't want to lose that."

Some of Lowe's earliest work was with Sun Ra, who taught him the discipline necessary to avoid chaos while playing free music. He has also worked with Don Cherry and describes him as "a world traveler who really opened up my musical horizons." Another important career shaper was Alice Coltrane, "a beautiful individual who exposed me to certain things, protected me from others and generally inspired me."

Lowe's work over the past decade has established him as a potent contributor to the avant garde. He names his peers as Lester Bowie and other musicians associated with the Art Ensemble of Chicago but by no means does he presume that the growth of improvisational music is the exclusive domain of these kinds of players, whom Bowie himself once affectionately referred to as "the hard core out-to-lunch bunch." Lowe suggests that "a lot of veteran musicians who've been on the scene a long time have the ability to move this music forward. I think Dexter Gordon is moving forward and I think he was moving forward 20 years ago when my parents were listening to him. I think Mingus was moving forward. It's not just people like Ornette and Cherry, it's also people like Walter Bishop and Wayne Shorter, although whether Wayne can accomplish it with Weather Report is another story."

Lowe's continuing obsession is individuality, his big lesson from the music of John Coltrane. In order to apply the lesson fully Lowe was forced to give up listening to the teacher: "I saw no reason to become a Trane clone."



JACKI OCHS

Lowe defines the "stock tenor saxophone sound" as "Paul Gonsalves, or Sonny Rollins without the slurs." He feels that while modes of dealing with the upper register of the tenor have abounded, the bottom of the horn has been neglected "except to go down there every once in a while to grab a note." While exploring the lower depths of his instrument Lowe is concentrating on economy in his playing these days and listens to Miles and Lester Young as a guard against overplaying. Speculating on what's coming next from the area of so-called "outside music," Lowe indicates that the early traditions of Art Blakey, Horace Silver and Gene Ammons may be called upon to invigorate the European intellectualism that has been so prevalent.

Physical mobility is Lowe's chief survival resource in a disco dominated marketplace. "There is an audience for the kind of music I play but it's very spread out. I can't just stay in New York, and I can't just stay in Europe. I've had to adjust to being a nomad."

Lowe advises young people interested in playing to strive for originality after attaining some mastery of scales, chords and breathing techniques. He stresses the validity of trial and error and the conscious attempt to not sound like someone else. While conceding that ego may be involved here, Lowe insists that this attitude lends purpose to practicing

and is part of the incentive to develop something of one's own. "Otherwise they could just shuffle us off to little Coleman Hawkins schools and little Sonny Rollins schools and we'd never graduate! I'm sure Coleman Hawkins and Sonny Rollins graduated from somewhere, that's how they became who they are. The Creator put you here to sound like yourself and I would like to be accounted for as Frank Lowe." **db**

ALEX MOORE

BY TIM SCHULLER

Alex Moore, 80 year old blues pianist, was playing at the Greenville Grille in Dallas. A jazz saxophonist noted Moore's improvisational tangents, his unique forays beyond the 12-bar blues structure, and asked if he had ever recorded. The saxist was unaware of Moore's two Arhoolie albums, and like most present at the Grille, was unaware that Moore had first recorded as far back as 1929. These Columbia sessions, plus 1937 Decca records, are referred to by British writer/musicologist Paul Oliver as "among the most profound, moving and poetic blues ever released."

Moore was born in Freemantown in South Dallas in 1899. His father was a candy-maker who sold his wares at a school at a stand near the latrines. ("They granted him that privilege," recalls Moore.) The father died when Moore was in sixth grade, and Moore quit school to help support the family.

He was 12 when he heard a cousin strike a few notes on a family piano, and though he never received anything remotely resembling music training, he learned to play the instrument. He might have become a full-time entertainer; Moore was a tap dancer as well as a pianist, and also played harmonica over radio station WRR, imitating the sounds of hounds and trains.

Piano was the main interest, and he dug local pianists like Little Will Milton, Nathaniel "Squadlow" Washington, and rag-time player Joe Curtis. Others he heard were Blind Benny and Blind Bob Bryant.

It was during Prohibition, when "chock" (bootleg booze) was sold in roadhouses in areas long since usurped by Dallas' urban sprawl.

"Pianos in them days might have half a keyboard gone!" said Moore. "But I could get music out of 'em! They was all old upright pianos—people didn't have money for good pianos in them days. They be all outta tune and such as that. But all them girls and women be fulla that chock and corn whiskey, and doin' that belly rub, and they didn't care! I'm lucky, man, one night in the '30s I played a place in West Dallas and they danced so hard the floor fell in! But it left me and the piano standin' in a corner! Thank ya, Lord!"

In 1929 Moore recorded six sides for Columbia, including the particularly vivid *Ice Pick Blues* and *Heart Wrecked Woman* (Col 14418), and two songs that have been re-issued on Historical Records' anthology, *Wild About My Lovin'* (HLP-32).

Moore's 78s are rare today, but in their time they weren't obscurities. Moore did little to exploit whatever fame he may have derived, and stuck with his laborer's jobs. Among the

players on the Dallas scene at the time was altoist Buster Smith.

Gunther Schuller wrote of frustration and confusion in his late '50s attempts to locate and record Smith, who's been with Benny Moten and Count Basie, and had been friend and early teacher to Charlie Parker.

"I came in contact with Buster Smith back in the '20s," says Moore. "Buster was tryin' to blow that sax. He was followin' me around then! But, he got to readin' music; I never did, and I lost contact with him. Next thing I know, he's with the big bands. He played at the Rose Room, and the Empire Room on Hall Street for a long time. He got with that Basie band and that's when he wrote that *One O'Clock Jump*. He was disgusted; he wrote the song and never got nothin' for it, and then on down the line he didn't care about playin' so much. He still wrote and arranged for black and white bands. I never played with him a lot but I played piano for him a few times. He'd always be next to me, he'd tell me what key it's in, or this be a shuffle, or such as that. I never did play a lot with bands."

Moore didn't record again until '37 when he went to Chicago for a Decca session that yielded two 78s. The event was significant to Moore because of the trip and not its recorded result. He's strangely proud of the fact that he's rarely left Dallas, and indeed has only infrequently seen nearby Fort Worth.

Moore made the trip with Blind Norris MacHenry, who did his single 78 (with piano accompaniment from Moore) at that time. MacHenry wasn't really a blues artist and the plaintive *Sundown Blues* was his only song.

Moore recalled how they met.

"I was playin' on Fuqua Street for Ed Barber and Miss Randolph and Big Susie. Somebody brought Norris in where I was playin' and a cat says, 'This is Norris MacHenry, he wants to meet you.' So we met and I played a while and finally Norris said, 'Play me the blues, Alex.' I played a blues for him, and he sang. He'd sung only for his own self, not for recordin', but he'd finally settled down and made up that one song, *Sundown Blues*. And me and him stayed together. He followed me around, stayed with me everywhere I went."

Moore recalled the Chicago trip. "We were there about three days. We went to 4445 Calumet Street, and was moved from there to a hotel where we stayed two days and a night. We went from there to the Lyon & Healy building and that was where we recorded under a gray haired man named Mr. Marsh—"Hep" Marsh. I ain't never gonna forget that. We went there two, three days and they had me and Norris rehearsin'. Since Norris didn't have but *Sundown Blues* to record, I gave him *Katie Blues*. After we recorded, they put us on a train that very night. That was the damndest trip I ever saw, don't see how in hell we got back to Dallas. Wasn't too cold so me and Norris stopped off in St. Louis . . . we was both half-high then! We went to a place in St. Louis and played like hell."

Available on Japanese reissue anthologies, Moore's Decca sides are as interesting as his Columbia efforts. As in '29, he did little to exploit the exposure and did what he'd always done; he worked as a laborer and

played piano when it was convenient.

In 1951, Moore had a single release (*If I Lose You Woman/Neglected Woman*, RPM-326) and played placed like the Gay 90s and the Three B's Lounge. He also worked clubs with Frank Demmons, a Borden Milk employee who played guitar in the style of fellow Texan T-Bone Walker.

By the '60s, few record companies were recording blues as rustic as Moore's. But a folk revival was happening, and folklorists were starting independent companies to record the traditional music the major labels ignored. In 1960, Chris Strachwitz started his Arhoolie label with the significant first release of Texas songster Mance Lipscomb, and in that same year located and recorded Alex Moore.

Alex Moore (Arhoolie F-1004), Moore's first LP, was recorded in the Dallas studio of Madame Pratt, a music teacher who also schooled jazz man David Newman. The piano needed tuning but it was better than the others Strachwitz had been able to find on that July day, and with it Moore was able to render his unique and individualistic style of piano blues.

A marginally better Arhoolie release came nine years later with *Alex Moore In Europe* (Arhoolie 1048), done in Stuttgart, Germany. Uncharacteristically, Moore had left Dallas to join a blues tour that included notables like Earl Hooker, Carey Bell and Clifton Chenier, and the album that resulted contains some of Moore's most ambitious playing.

Moore called the overseas tour "nothin' but great." Back in Dallas, things were unchanged. ("I'd walk the streets day and night,

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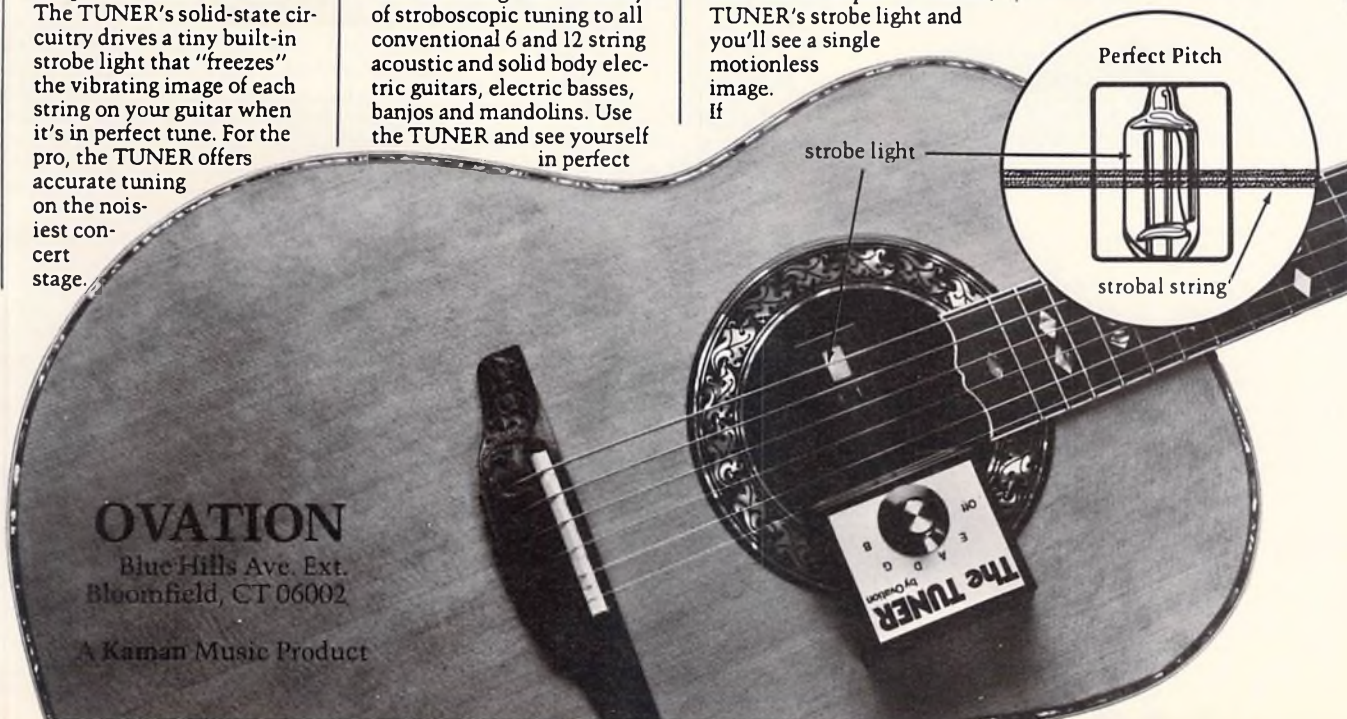
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and people looked at me, and I knew they'd be damn surprised to know I'd played piano in Europe some!") Still, he maintained his visibility and in the not-too-recent past has played popular Dallas nighteries like Mother Blues, Strictly Tabu and Greenville Grille.

This is, needless to say, not all of Alex Moore's long and convoluted musical history. He could add bits about when he'd hear guitar legend Lonnie Johnson playing in front of a Dallas shine parlor, or about deceased Texas bluesmen like Whistlin' Billiken Johnson.

Alex Moore is a musician we shouldn't forget. His recordings verify his importance as a proficient and individualistic blues interpreter for over half a century. The drama of the Texas music tradition is long and intense. A distinct and durable figure in this tradition is Alex Moore. **db**



JESUS CARILLO

CAUGHT!

JOE ALBANY QUARTET

TIN PALACE
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Albany, piano; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Art Davis, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Albany was one of the most accomplished bop pianists to come out of the '40s, years in which he played with the likes of Benny Carter, Lester Young and Charlie Parker. Pretty much a recluse since then (a notable exception being a casual but superb session he did with Warne Marsh in 1957), he re-emerged in the '70s recording for small labels, and has recently begun gigging around New York after a prolonged absence. At the Tin Palace, Albany was accompanied by three wonderful musicians, each thoroughly versed in the bop idiom, each a major (if under-appreciated) player of his respective instrument.

Bird's *My Little Suede Shoes* was jaunty and soothing. Knepper soloed first, displaying a rich, expressive tone, cleverly woven lines

and apt blue notes. The ever-steady Cobb (who until recently backed Sarah Vaughan) as usual laid down a perfect cymbal-snare foundation, and Albany's comping was assured and diligent. Albany's own solo was simply overwhelming. Ideas flowed by so fast they could hardly be digested, but form and stability were maintained throughout. Davis prodded Albany with staccato jabs and then soloed lithely himself. Knepper and Cobb exchanged passages before the reprise, Knepper mellow, Cobb snappily quick.

On Dizzy's *Woody'n You*, Knepper punched out another sparkling solo, only to have the bullish Albany top him again with a typically cascading, long-lined improvisation. Davis' short, laid-back solo nicely contrasted with the previous fire of Knepper and Albany. The trombonist and drummer again traded, Knepper more reckless and loose this time, as Cobb careened all over his kit, about as swinging as one can get. Knepper played the melody of *Yesterdays* slowly and with much feeling and grace, before picking up the tempo and getting off a brisk, vibrant solo, moving smoothly from phrase to phrase, chorus to chorus. Albany followed in churning fashion, his stabbing left-hand punctuations nailing home his seemingly endless and exciting single-note lines. Knepper and Cobb exchanged once more, the latter stealing the limelight again through his exuberance, sheer dexterity, and cross-rhythmic genius.

Albany played a bubbling, arpeggiated intro to *I Can't Get Started* prior to Knepper's sparse expounding on the theme. A glorious ballad player, Albany explored the standard's changes deeply and ecstatically in his solo, vividly illustrating his refined harmonic ear. Davis delivered a spellbinding, succulently-intoned treatment as well, and Knepper summed up the quartet's obvious love for this tune with a bittersweet, all-too-short coda. Knepper continued his superlative playing on *Now's The Time*, striding swiftly through a rhythmically buoyant solo. The trombonist's improvisations this evening all possessed an unwavering momentum; he was never at a loss for material or direction. Albany alternately pranced, tiptoed and trampled over the keys in his toying but highly effective solo. Davis' spot featured probing and eccentric walking patterns, and a neat, tricky resolution. Knepper and Cobb's by now routinely (and eagerly) anticipated exchanges juxtaposed Cobb's heated, impeccable drumming and Knepper's rapidly overflowing, compelling segments.

The ever-welcome *Star Eyes* was artfully

unveiled by Knepper with Cobb's peerless Latin backing, as Albany contributed more brilliant comping, in full rapport with the soloist. Albany's improvisation was highlighted by scintillating two-handed unison lines, a technique that always seems to bring out the essence of bop. Davis was at his best here, each note of his solo clearly articulated, his numerous ideas proceeding logically. After a spirited Albany paid verbal tribute to his worthy sidemen, the classic *Yarbird Suite* concluded the set uninhibitedly. Knepper's busy, slick legato lines were unwound with deft rhythmic sensitivity. Albany's ringing solo was a fleet blend of two-handed chord clusters and glistening single-note extended currents. Knepper and Cobb both outdid themselves in their final traded bars, Knepper nearly manic in his creative enthusiasm, and Cobb rumbling out an avalanche of inspired, zesty rhythmic figures.

Albany proved that he's at the top of his game, and when he is right no one can play better bop piano. It's great having him back on the scene, and in such good company.

—scott albin

THE JAZZ TAP PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE

FLORENCE SCHWIMLEY THEATER
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Personnel: Paul Arslanian, piano and conga; Tom Dannenberg, electric bass; Keith Terry, drums; Camden Richman, Lynn Dally and Fred Strickler, dancers.

Tap dancing as jazz percussion, a tradition carried from the syncopated rhythms of John Bubbles through the bebop of Baby Laurence, may not be a new idea, but at Berkeley's Florence Schwimley Theater the Jazz Tap Percussion Ensemble demonstrated the vitality and the potential for growth of that nearly lost American art form.

The Ensemble brings together a variety of musical and dance influences, the most important of which—straightahead jazz and idioms of tap and movement and choreogra-

phy from modern dance—are firmly rooted in the American vernacular. The resulting blend, while not altogether seamless, offers a musically and visually exhilarating evening of entertainment for jazz and dance audiences alike.

Providing the musical accompaniment is a rhythm section featuring Paul Arslanian (piano and conga), Tom Dannenberg (electric bass) and Keith Terry (drums). Arslanian, who also performs and records with the Bay Area's Bishop Norman Williams Quintet, writes the group's original music and threads bright harmonies and melodies into the percussive fabric.

Dannenberg's classical and rock background, from the Madrid Music Conservatory to reggae-influenced Berkeley rock bands combined with Terry's study of African and Asian music and extensive performing and recording experience (Bishop Norman Williams, Pepper Adams) give the tight section an expansiveness and versatility that befits the Ensemble's adventurous efforts.

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trio responded with fresh interpretations of *So What* and *Afro-Blue*, pulling off a difficult and unlikely but marvelous segue from the Miles classic into Brubeck's *Unsquare Dance* (in 7/4), the dancers' first number.

From the outset, the diversity of the dance heritage played into the counterbalance of movement and music. All three principals, Camden Richman, Lynn Dally and Fred Strickler, have established themselves in the seemingly disparate worlds of modern dance and tap.

Dally and Strickler, co-directors of the Pacific Motion Dance Studio in Los Angeles, studied tap with Jimmy Rawlins in Ohio, have worked with such major dance figures as Martha Graham, Merce Cunningham and Bella Lewitzky, and continue to choreograph and perform with their own companies; Lynn Dally & Dancers, Eyes Wide Open Dance Theatre.

Richman has moved out from modern training (Cunningham, Margaret Jenkins) into a deep commitment to tap percussion that has led to intensive study with two of the masters of this predominantly black idiom, Eddie Brown and Charles "Honi" Coles. As the Ensemble develops its repertoire and expands its performing schedule, Richman also works with the rhythm section as the Camden Richman Quartet.

Combining those many talents into a coherent program is no mean feat, and throughout the performance there ran a tension between self-conscious, choreographed movement, and spontaneous musical improvisation. The geometric patterns of the Brubeck piece, Dally's choreographic devices and Strickler's sublime control were played off against the swing of the trio, the variations of rhythmic pulse, and Richman's obvious dedication to carrying on the jazz tap innovations of Baby Laurence.

It was that tension of physical movement and rhythmic and musical sensibilities that created the challenging contrasts of the evening. In Dally's *Circuit Breaker Switch*, the dancers move through three sections of set movement and improvisation, in somewhat abstract configurations of sound and space. Yet her solo *Sweet Blues*, accompanied by Arslanian, was a warm, moving display of hoofing in the classic tap tradition.

Strickler performed a solo *Waltz* with stylized grace while his taps conversed with Arslanian's congas and Terry's percussive colorings. And his dazzling *Cadenza* was all lightning execution and appropriate flash.

An underlying sense of direction was provided by the jazz collaborations of Arslanian and Richman. In *Lighten Up*, the music shifted back and forth between an Afro 6/8 and a classic swing four as Richman and Strickler tapped out rhythmic extrapolations. And in two pieces with the trio as musicians, Richman laid out intricate improvisations including a Bird-like linear solo on the bop tune *Laina's Bounce*, and traditional percussion breaks between the transitions of Latin styles on *Quartet*.

By simultaneously exploring the jazz and dance traditions in its approach to tap, the Jazz Tap Percussion Ensemble does more than attempt to address two audiences; it strives for the genuine integration of movement and music at the core of the tap dance tradition. That the balance has yet to be worked out attests to the group's ambition and promises new life for a valuable jazz heritage.

—derk richardson

MUSICIANS' TALK

continued from page 39

Joe Farrell: I first heard John in 1956, when I was a student at the University of Illinois. He was playing the Crown Propeller Lounge in Chicago with Miles Davis, Philly Joe Jones, Red Garland and Paul Chambers. He would lean against the back wall, come out and play, then go back and lean against the wall. Musically, I had no idea what he was doing, although at that time he still tended to sound more like Dexter Gordon and Sonny Stitt—late '50s bop.

I wasn't really influenced by him until later, after I listened to his records, especially *Blue Trane* and *Mainstream 1958*. I did not study him note for note the way I did Charlie Parker, but through his records I got his feeling.

He also influenced me primarily in terms of the sound he got on tenor. Instead of a "tight" sound, he got more of a "hollow" sound. He was physically open, like an open tube from the diaphragm directly to the chops and out.

Frank Foster: I first played with him in Dizzy's band, 1947; we were both playing alto at the time. From then on, I've been a Coltrane fan. I knew then he was going to be one of the cats. He had this strong sound and this strong style, a very sophisticated style of playing, a sophisticated harmonic approach as well as a strong melodic thing which I really admired.

As a man, I was very impressed by his concern for morality. He didn't impress me as one of these guys who wants to mess around all the time, see how many chicks he can make it with. He was really concerned with the moral side of life and I think his playing had a lot to do with that. I really went for all that because that's pretty much where I'd like to be coming from, in this day and age where so many of us are just throwing morality to the winds. Somebody told me once he was talking to them and he made a statement something to the effect of "I want to be pure." He wanted to be as close to perfect a human being as possible, while he was alive. I think that's what a lot of us aspire to be, but few of us ever make it.

His playing style was very infectious. Most saxophone players have been influenced by him to some degree, whether or not they want to admit it. At least those who are playing straightahead. And a lot of people who are playing straightahead who aren't playing out of the John Coltrane songbook have at least listened to him and have been somewhat influenced.

I'm trying hard to shake off the effect of his influence as far as my playing is concerned because I noticed I was trying to do a lot of things like John Coltrane; earlier in life, I was trying to do things like Bird and Sonny Stitt and Dexter and Don Byas, guys who were older. Now, I'm trying to shake off the influence of somebody who's about my same age. Coltrane was exactly two years to the day my senior. We're born on the same day, and I'm proud of that fact, I always brag about it. I don't know if it means anything. A lot of saxophone players seem to be born around that area of the zodiac, Virgo and Libra.

I loved almost everything he did. He loved to play ballads and I love ballads. It bothers me how we want to get away from ballads

these days, get away from playing these sweet tunes with feeling. John Coltrane wasn't just about playing flurries of fast notes. He was about playing romantic ballads, too. I love that aspect of his playing.

I have nothing but the deepest admiration and respect for his original tunes because they show so much musical sophistication. *Giant Steps*, *Countdown*, *Straight Street*, things like that. Some of his tunes are so slick that a lot of us still don't mess with them. *Giant Steps* has become almost a school, an institution. But some of his songs are so difficult that you don't hear too many people playing them. We would like to, but today a lot of us are a little lazy and we don't tackle them hard things.

I guess you've heard the stories about Coltrane during an intermission, when he would just continue a set, take his horn back to the dressing room and practice the whole time, then come back on the bandstand and pick up where he left off. He must have had an obsession with continued musical development which kept him with that horn in his hand all the time. If somebody practices until their mouth bleeds, that's serious.

As far out as he may have seemed to many people, he was still intensely concerned with how people felt about his playing. When he met his first wife, he approached her and asked what she thought of his playing on the last set. No matter how far he stretched out, he was still concerned with people's reactions.

When people are that well known and respected, their contemporaries as well as lay people want to be associated with them in some way, want to be able to say, "I knew him" or "He spoke to me." I've established in my mind that there's a spiritual bond between Coltrane and myself. We didn't see each other much during his lifetime, I don't think I saw him over five or six times during our careers but having the same birthday, I kind of felt that I understood what he did more than anybody else, although I didn't try to imitate him to the point of playing his transcribed solos.

Most of these young tenor players are taking advantage of the accessibility of transcribed Coltrane solos. But, I refuse to repeat verbatim a John Coltrane solo. I refuse to even look at one written out and try and read it down. I don't advise against this because I think they are wonderful exercises for developing technique, but it's going to be hard to shake off that influence because if you listen to the record and then read down the transcribed solo, you're gonna try to interpret the solo the way Coltrane played it originally. You're gonna use the same inflections and his same false note fingerings and the way he bent the notes. You're going to try to do it the same way he played it. It might be wonderful for development of technique but eventually if you want to break away, you're going to try to back off from listening so much, to develop your own style. I don't know how you could listen to the music of Trane without being totally influenced. Of course, there's a spiritual connection between musicians involved in the same type of music. I'm probably not alone in feeling something very special between John Coltrane and myself, probably a lot of people want to feel that way, but I feel a closeness even now. It's almost as if he might even be trying to communicate and say, "Hey man, keep the music alive, don't let it die!" **db**

HOW TO

COLTRANE TRANSCRIBED

John Coltrane was an evolutionary artist and craftsman with a loosely defined setting of four periods. The first period starts with the Miles Davis setting of 1955 through mid '57; the second from mid '57 through the end of '59; the third from 1960 through the end of '64; the fourth period goes from 1965 until Coltrane's death on July 17, 1967.

The *Trinkle Tinkle* solo (WJC 150)* is taken from the second period, during the brief time Coltrane worked with Thelonious Monk, a launching period for the remainder of the Coltrane legacy. The shape of his coming music would take on the critical characteristics determined by spacial definition.

Spacial definition in this sense involves three elements. First, the redefinition of all tones due to the absence of piano accompaniment, rendering a one-to-one relationship with notes played on the bass. Second, however free the sense of linear delineation was in the one-to-one approach, Coltrane still had a need to adequately define certain tonalities at strategic points in his solos (such as measure six in the bridge of the fourth chorus of *Trinkle Tinkle*). Thirdly is the overall free flowing of ideas set up by the absence of the piano.

These elements were crystallized years later in Coltrane's work with his own groups involving less conventional playing, with bassists Reggie Workman and Jimmy Garrison playing freer lines, broadening the one-to-one spectrum even further.

In the *Trinkle Tinkle* solo we can see the evolution of the "sheets of sound" idea of running the scale chords, which also set up the high standards of creative excellence in later Coltrane playing in terms of more harmonically sophisticated ideas.

One thing about Coltrane's playing during this period was the density of his texture. Highly ornate playing has a tendency to be reminiscent of the Baroque era. In this sense I guess we could say that Coltrane was verbose. Verbosity was well displayed in Coltrane's work with the Miles Davis groups because of the sharp contrast to the economical style of the trumpeter. But to say that Coltrane's verbosity was extreme would be to compare his style with other styles, a comparison that cannot be made if the virtues of uniqueness and individuality are to be expressed within the context of a style which is as broad as jazz.

I didn't know Coltrane well. I never got to ask him what he thought about his texture, so I'll have to live with my own conclusions. My conclusion about the style demonstrated in the *Trinkle Tinkle* solo is that where there are contours and peaks in music that one hears, there are subtleties and nuances that one may not hear. Coltrane heard and played them all.

—andrew white

• • •

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SOLO ON NEXT PAGES

From *Jazzland (Riverside)*
JLP 46

1. TINKLE TINKLE

JOHN COLTRANE
TENOR SOLO

TRINKLE TINKLE

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Wild: Was there a lot of music around when you were growing up?

Tyner: Yeah, a lot of musical activity. I guess there must have been about three or four guys that I'd really owe a lot to, because I was a younger guy and they saw something there and they really tried to help me. I remember when I worked with Max, when I was 18, they were down there on pay night to make sure he paid me [laughs].

That was a very fruitful period. At the time my mother had a beauty shop and we would have sessions in the shop. Sometimes a lady would be sitting having her hair done with a saxophone player right next to her [laughs]. Sometimes it developed into a big band.

I used to go to John's house and sit on the porch and talk about music—about a lot of things that he eventually began to get into. So I think theoretically I was sort of involved in his way of thinking quite early, from those conversations. It's funny, it wasn't a thing where we were convinced by him. It just seemed that it naturally happened that we had sort of a consistency there, we coincided.

Wild: Your minds went in the same direction.

Tyner: Same direction, yeah. And then after he went back with Miles, he told me that he would come back to Philly sometimes when Miles wasn't working; I would work with him, and he said that whenever he got his own group he would definitely want for me to join the group.

Wild: But you went with the Jazztet first.

Tyner: Yeah. Every time John would leave Miles, Miles encouraged him to stay. It wasn't the Jazztet then, it was just Benny Golson, who asked me to go to San Francisco with him. Then a little later he said that Art Farmer and he had been talking about this group, and he wondered if I wanted to be involved. I said that John told me that whenever he left Miles, that we have sort of a verbal commitment, that I'd like to work with him, that's really where my heart is. But I didn't know when John was going to leave Miles, so I had to do something. Consequently we went to New York and the Jazztet was formed. A very uniform group, but not quite as inventive, it wasn't really the type of creative environment that I was

looking for. But it was interesting and it was the first real professional band I had ever been with.

So I stayed with them about six months, and the latter part of that six months, the last few weeks of it, John left Miles. But John didn't want to ask me to leave the Jazztet, because Benny and John grew up in the same area, and he didn't want to steal me. And I was just young, you know, 20 years old, I couldn't go up to these guys and tell them "I quit!" I had to be prodded a little bit, even though I wanted to go. So John's wife said that if he wanted me to quit he'd better ask me.

So, I came in, trying to learn. I had my own ear, I knew what I wanted to hear out of my instrument, my own style and feeling, but I think that I had a chance to really grow there. It was a tremendous learning experience for me and it reached the point where it was actually a *jubilant* experience, being on stage with them. It was like going to a university when Elvin first joined the band—it was just tremendous between him and John. Both of these guys taught me so much—Elvin from the rhythmic point of view. They played so well together, after a while there seemed to be almost an automatic communication.

Wild: One thing that's always interested me as a piano player—looking back, the changes you were playing behind John, those very open quartal voicings, seemed to fit so well. Where did they come from? I know Hindemith uses that kind of voicing.

Tyner: I don't know where. I think I was hearing this style. I had a collection of Debussy records when I was real young—I don't know where these records came from—but I liked his sound, his open whole-tone system. I don't think I was trying to copy that, though, it just interested me.

Wild: I know the way Bill Evans was playing just after he left Miles has some of that same approach. It's almost as if it just was in the air, because you hear Wynton Kelly using the same kind of voicings. But those particular very wide-interval chords seemed to fit so well with what Trane was doing, because they gave him the room to go in any direction he wanted.

Tyner: That's true, too. It's a funny thing, though. Bill was out here before I was, so I think that a lot of people probably thought—because Bill writes as well—that he was the source. You do hear a similar thing. But it came to me so naturally, it wasn't a thing where I actually copied. You cannot develop anything you copy from somebody else, there's no way you can really do that. I had heard this sound a long time, when I was real young, and it just took me a while to develop it out. I had to work with somebody and that group was the natural vehicle.

Another person is Richard Powell. He used to use the sustaining pedal sometimes when he was playing with Max, and I heard this sound. The voicing wasn't the same, but he would use the sustaining pedal to get a flowing type of thing, because he wasn't really technically that proficient a piano player. And then Bill came along and a couple of other people.

That type of sound was really prevalent at that time because there was a lot of experimentation going on. I've always thought I could play with Ornette, although I never did anything with him. But I always felt that I could do something with him or any other

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COLTRANE AND ERIC DOLPHY

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average-length set."

But in playing extended solos, isn't there ever present the risk of running out of ideas? What happens when you've played all your ideas?

"It's easy to stop then," Coltrane said, grinning. "If I feel like I'm just playing notes . . . maybe I don't feel the rhythm or I'm not in the best shape that I should be in when this happens. When I become aware of it in the middle of a solo, I'll try to build things to the point where this inspiration is happening again, where things are spontaneous and not contrived. If it reaches that point again, I feel it can continue—it's alive again. But if it doesn't happen, I'll just quit, bow out."

Dolphy, who had been sitting pixie-like as Coltrane spoke, was in complete agreement about stopping when inspiration had flown.

Last fall at the Monterey Jazz Festival, the Coltrane-Dolphy group was featured opening night. In his playing that night Dolphy at times sounded as if he were imitating birds. On the night before the interview some of Dolphy's flute solos brought Monterey to mind. Did he do this on purpose?

Dolphy smiled and said it was purposeful and that he had always liked the birds.

Is bird imitation valid in jazz?

"I don't know if it's valid in jazz," he said, "but I enjoy it. It somehow comes in as part of the development of what I'm doing. Sometimes I can't do it.

"At home [in California] I used to play, and the birds always used to whistle with me. I would stop what I was working on and play with the birds."

He described how bird calls had been recorded and then slowed down in playback; the bird calls had a timbre similar to that of a flute. Conversely, he said, a symphony flutist recorded these bird calls, and when the recording was played at a fast speed, it sounded like birds.

Having made his point about the connection of bird whistles and flute playing, Dolphy explained his use of quarter tones when playing flute.

"That's the way birds do," he said. "Birds have notes in between our notes—you try to imitate something they do and, like, maybe it's between F and F#, and you'll have to go up or come down on the pitch. It's really something! And so, when you get playing, this comes. You try to do some things on it. Indian music has something of the same quality—different scales and quarter tones. I don't know how you label it, but it's pretty."

The question in many critics' minds, though they don't often verbalize it, is: What are John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy trying to do. Or: What *are* they doing?

Following the question, a 30-second silence was unbroken except by Dolphy's, "That's a good question." Dolphy was first to try to voice his aims in music:

"What I'm trying to do I find enjoyable. Inspiring—what it makes me do. It helps me play, this feel. It's like you have no idea you're going to do next. You have an idea, but there's always that spontaneous thing that happens. This feeling, to me, leads the whole group. When John plays, it might lead into something you had no idea could be done. Or McCoy does something. Or the way Elvin

52 □ down beat

[Jones, drummer with the group] or Jimmy [Garrison, the bassist] play; they solo, they do something. Or when the rhythm section is sitting on something a different way. I feel that is what it does for me."

Coltrane, who had sat in frowned contemplation while Dolphy elaborated, dug into the past for his answer:

"Eric and I have been talking music for quite a few years, since about 1954. We've been close for quite a while. We watched music. We always talked about it, discussed what was being done down through the years, because we love music. What we're doing now was started a few years ago.

"A few months ago Eric was in New York, where the group was working, and he felt like playing, wanted to come down and sit in. So I told him to come on down and play, and he did—and turned us all around. I'd felt at ease with just a quartet till then, but he came in, and it was like having another member of the family. He'd found another way to express the same thing we had found one way to do.

"After he sat in, we decided to see what it would grow into. We began to play some of the things we had only talked about before. Since he's been in the band, he's had a broadening effect on us. There are a lot of things we try now that we never tried before. This helped me, because I've started to write—it's necessary that we have things written so that we can play together. We're playing things that are freer than before.

"I would like for him to feel at home in the group and find a place to develop what he wants to do as an individualist and as a soloist—just as I hope everybody in the band will. And while we are doing this, I would also like the listener to be able to receive some of these good things—some of this beauty."

Coltrane paused, deep in thought. No one said anything. Finally he went on:

"It's more than beauty that I feel in music—that I think musicians feel in music. What we know we feel we'd like to convey to the listener. We hope that this can be shared by all. I think, basically, that's about what it is we're trying to do. We never talked about just what we were trying to do. If you ask me that question, I might say this today and tomorrow say something entirely different, because there are many things to do in music.

"But, over-all, I think the main thing a musician would like to do is to give a picture to the listener of the many wonderful things he knows of and senses in the universe. That's what music is to me—it's just another way of saying this is a big, beautiful universe we live in, that's been given to us, and here's an example of just how magnificent and encompassing it is. That's what I would like to do. I think that's one of the greatest things you can do in life, and we all try to do it in some way. The musician's is through his music."

This philosophy about music, life, and the universe, Coltrane said, is "so important to music, and music is so important. Some realize it young and early in their careers. I didn't realize it as early as I should have, as early as I wish I had. Sometimes you have to take a thing when it comes and be glad."

When did he first begin to feel this way?

"I guess I was on my way in '57, when I started to get myself together musically, although at the time I was working academically and technically. It's just recently that I've tried to become even more aware of this other side—the life side of music. I feel I'm just beginning again. Which goes back to the

group and what we're trying to do. I'm fortunate to be in the company I'm in now, because anything I'd like to do, I have a place to try. They respond so well that it's very easy to try new things."

Dolphy broke in with, "Music is a reflection of everything. And it's universal. Like, you can hear somebody from across the world, another country. You don't even know them, but they're in your back yard, you know?"

"It's a reflection of the universe," Coltrane said. "Like having life in miniature. You just take a situation in life or an emotion you know and put it into music. You take a scene you've seen, for instance, and put it to music."

Had he ever succeeded in re-creating a situation or scene?

"I was getting into it," he said, "but I haven't made it yet. But I'm beginning to see how to do it. I know a lot of musicians who have done it. It's just happening to me now. Actually, while a guy is soloing, there are many things that happen. Probably he himself doesn't know how many moods or themes he's created. But I think it really ends up with the listener. You know, you hear different people say, 'Man, I felt this while he was playing,' or 'I thought about this.' There's no telling what people are thinking. They take in what they have experienced. It's a sharing process—playing—for people."

"You can feel vibrations from the people," Dolphy added.

"The people can give you something too," Coltrane said. "If you play in a place where they really like you, like your group, they can make you play like you've *never* felt like playing before."

Anyone who has heard the Coltrane group in person in such a situation knows the almost hypnotic effect the group can have on the audience and the audience's almost surging involvement in the music. But sometimes, it is said, the striving for excitement *per se* within the group leads to nonmusical effects. It was effects such as these that have led to the "anti-jazz" term.

Such a term is bound to arouse reaction in musicians like Coltrane and Dolphy.

Without a smile—or rancor—Coltrane said he would like the critics who have used the term in connection with him to tell him exactly what they mean. Then, he said, he could answer them.

One of the charges is that what Coltrane and Dolphy play doesn't swing.

"I don't know what to say about that," Dolphy said.

"Maybe it doesn't swing," Coltrane offered.

"I can't say that they're wrong," Dolphy said. "But I'm still playing."

Well, don't you feel that it swings? he was asked.

"Of course I do," Dolphy answered. "In fact, it swings so much I don't know what to do—it moves me so much. I'm with John; I'd like to know how they explain 'anti-jazz'. Maybe they can tell us something."

"There are various types of swing," Coltrane said. "There's straight 4/4, with heavy bass drum accents. Then there's the kind of thing that goes on in Count Basic's band. In fact, every group of individuals assembled has a different feeling—a different swing. It's the same with this band. It's a different feeling than in any other band. It's hard to answer a man who says it doesn't swing."

Later, when the first flush of defense had subsided, Coltrane allowed:

"Quite possibly a lot of things about the band need to be done. But everything has to be done in its own time. There are some things that you just grow into. Back to speaking about editing—things like that. I've felt a need for this, and I've felt a need for ensemble work—throughout the songs, a little cement between this block, a pillar here, some more cement there, etc. But as yet I don't know just how I would like to do it. So rather than make a move just because I know it needs to be done, a move that I've not arrived at through work, from what I naturally feel, I won't do it.

"There may be a lot of things missing from the music that are coming, if we stay together that long. When they come, they'll be things that will be built out of just what the group is. They will be unique to the group and of the group."

Coltrane said he felt that what he had said still did not answer his critics adequately, that in order to do so he would have to meet them and discuss what has been said so that he could see just what they mean.

Dolphy interjected that the critic should consult the musician when there is something the critic does not fully understand. "It's kind of alarming to the musician," he said, "when someone has written something bad about what the musician plays but never asks the musician anything about it. At least, the musician feels bad. But he doesn't feel so bad that he quits playing. The critic influences a lot of people. If something new has happened, something nobody knows what the musician is doing, he should ask the musician about it. Because somebody may like it; they might want to know something about it. Sometimes it really hurts, because a musician not only loves his work but depends on it for a living. If somebody writes something bad about musicians, people stay away. Not because the guys don't sound good but because somebody said something that has influence over a lot of people. They say, 'I read this, and I don't think he's so hot because so-and-so said so.'"

Dolphy had brought up a point that bothers most jazz critics: readers sometime forget that criticism is what *one* man thinks. A critic is telling how he feels about, how he reacts to, what he hears in, a performance or a piece of music.

"The best thing a critic can do," Coltrane said, "is to thoroughly understand what he is writing about and then jump in. That's all he can do. I have even seen favorable criticism which revealed a lack of profound analysis, causing it to be little more than superficial.

"Understanding is what is needed. That is *all* you can do. Get all the understanding for what you're speaking of that you can get. That way you have done your best. It's the same with a musician who is trying to understand music as well as he can. Undoubtedly, none of us are going to be 100 percent—in either criticism or music. No percent near that, but we've all got to try.

"Understanding is the whole thing. In talking to a critic try to understand him, and he can try to understand the part of the game you are in. With this understanding, there's no telling what could be accomplished. Everybody would benefit."

Though he said he failed to answer his critics, John Coltrane perhaps had succeeded more than he thought. db

COLTRANE ON COLTRANE

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musical architect of the highest order. I felt I learned from him in every way—through the senses, theoretically, technically. I would talk to Monk about musical problems, and he would sit at the piano and show me the answers just by playing them. I could watch him play and find out the things I wanted to know. Also, I could see a lot of things that I didn't know about at all.

Monk was one of the first to show me how to make two or three notes at one time on tenor. (John Glenn, a tenor man in Philly, also showed me how to do this. He can play a triad and move notes inside it—like passing tones!) It's done by false fingering and adjusting your lip. If everything goes right, you can get triads. Monk just looked at my horn and "felt" the mechanics of what had to be done to get this effect.

I think Monk is one of the true greats of all time. He's a real musical thinker—there're not many like him. I feel myself fortunate to have had the opportunity to work with him. If a guy needs a little spark, a boost, he can just be around Monk, and Monk will give it to him.

Later, leaving Monk, I went back to another great musical artist, Miles.

On returning, this time to stay until I formed my own group a few months ago, I found Miles in the midst of another stage of his musical development. There was one time in his past that he devoted to multichorded structures. He was interested in chords for their own sake. But now it seemed that he was moving in the opposite direction to the use of fewer and fewer chord changes in songs. He used tunes with free-flowing lines and chordal direction. This approach allowed the soloist the choice of playing chordally (vertically) or melodically (horizontally).

In fact, due to the direct and free-flowing lines in his music, I found it easy to apply the harmonic ideas that I had. I could stack up chords—say, on a C7, I sometimes superimposed an Eb7, up to an F#7, down to an F. That way I could play three chords on one. But on the other hand, if I wanted to, I could play melodically. Miles' music gave me plenty of freedom. It's a beautiful approach.

About this time, I was trying for a sweeping sound. I started experimenting because I was striving for more individual development. I even tried long, rapid lines that Ira Gitler termed "sheets of sound" at the time. But actually, I was beginning to apply the three-on-one chord approach, and at that time the tendency was to play the entire scale of each chord. Therefore, they were usually played fast and sometimes sounded like glisses.

I found there were a certain number of chord progressions to play in a given time, and sometimes what I played didn't work out in eighth notes, 16th notes, or triplets. I had to put the notes in uneven groups like fives and sevens in order to get them all in.

I thought in groups of notes, not of one note at a time. I tried to place these groups on the accents and emphasize the strong beats—maybe on 2 here and on 4 over at the end. I would set up the line and drop groups of notes—a long line with accents dropped as I moved along. Sometimes what I was doing clashed harmonically with the piano—especially if the pianist wasn't familiar with what I

was doing—so a lot of times I just strolled with bass and drums.

I haven't completely abandoned this approach, but it wasn't broad enough. I'm trying to play these progressions in a more flexible manner now.

Last February, I bought a soprano saxophone. I like the sound of it, but I'm not playing with the body, the bigness of tone, that I want yet. I haven't had too much trouble playing it in tune, but I've had a lot of trouble getting a good quality of tone in the upper register. It comes out sort of puny sometimes. I've had to adopt a slightly different approach than the one I use for tenor, but it helps me get away—lets me take another look at improvisation. It's like having another hand.

I'm using it with my present group, McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass, and Pete LaRoca, drums. The quartet is coming along nicely. We know basically what we're trying for, and we leave room for individual development. Individual contributions are put in night by night.

One of my aims is to build as good a repertoire as I can for a band. What size, I couldn't say, but it'll probably be a quartet or quintet. I want to get the material first. Right now, I'm on a material search.

From a technical viewpoint, I have certain things I'd like to present in my solos. To do this, I have to get the right material. It has to swing, and it has to be varied. (I'm inclined not to be too varied.) I want it to cover as many forms of music as I can put into a jazz context and play on my instruments. I like Eastern music; Yusef Lateef has been using this in his playing for some time and Ornette Coleman sometimes plays music with a Spanish content as well as other exotic-flavored music. In these approaches there's something I can draw on and use in the way I like to play.

I've been writing some things for the quartet—if you call lines and sketches writing. I'd like to write more after I learn more—after I find out what kind of material I can present best and what kind will carry my musical techniques best. Then I'll know better what kind of writing is best for me.

I've been devoting quite a bit of my time to harmonic studies on my own, in libraries and places like that. I've found you've got to look back at the old things and see them in a new light. I'm not finished with these studies because I haven't assimilated everything into my playing. I want to progress, but I don't want to go so far out that I can't see what others are doing.

I want to broaden my outlook in order to come out with a fuller means of expression. I want to be more flexible where rhythm is concerned. I feel I have to study rhythm some more. I haven't experimented too much with time; most of my experimenting has been in a harmonic form. I put time and rhythms to one side, in the past.

But I've got to keep experimenting. I feel that I'm just beginning. I have part of what I'm looking for in my grasp but not all.

I'm very happy devoting all my time to music, and I'm glad to be one of the many who are striving for fuller development as musicians. Considering the great heritage in music that we have, the work of giants of the past, the present, and the promise of those who are to come, I feel that we have every reason to face the future optimistically. db

horn player. Even now I feel as though I could go in either direction, because I've done things like that, it's not an alien area for me. I think that I could really just experiment with different material. Because some of the things that I did with John in the late '60s were like that.

Wild: Impulse put out a version of the *Meditations* suite done by the quartet which is really interesting, really experimental, because you can see that transition between the sound when Elvin was playing and the sound after Rashied came in. There are three or four levels of rhythm going on at once, and you're playing chords that were getting away from any one tonality. One of those chords—it's a nice sound, it's got like a tritone in there

somewhere, it's not straight fourths, it's got a nice bite to it. I'm going to sit down at the piano one day and figure out what the hell it was.

Tyner: When you find out, let me know, will you? [laughs] No, it's . . . I found out that a lot of it is intuitive, in the sense that when you're in a situation like that, you're sort of indoctrinated into the sound. You don't think about "What am I playing," you just play a chord that fits with whatever the sound is. I really feel very comfortable doing things like that.

Wild: In the early '60s the music that you were playing with John was changing and growing in different directions. Did you find any difficulty taking the audience along with you?

Tyner: No, because I learned something from John's approach which was very interesting. He always worked from a very fundamental foundation or element. He never lost sight of the nucleus of what we were trying to do. What made it such a vital force and also truly part of the lineage of the music was that it maintained certain elements; there was this firm foundation present. You could break it down to its bare fundamental elements—it wasn't just complex complex. It was something that built from simplicities, it was very simple but yet complex at the same time. Which kind of reminds me of life in itself [laughs]. Being made up of simple elements but yet very complex in many ways.

I've found that music for complexity's sake doesn't seem like it really works. So therefore sometimes we'd play things that really would appeal to people of all age brackets, like *My Favorite Things*. We had people of 65, 70 come in to hear that music, it's funny, and they would say, "Play *My Favorite Things*." I think that was very important in the group, its forms were very simple basically but lent themselves to more complex work.

Flexibility too was another thing I learned from playing with John and Elvin, flexibility of time and form. [Short silence]. Learned a lot of things [laughs]. Yeah, it was education, it really was.

Wild: When you said lineage, I was thinking that you can almost trace a master/pupil relationship all the way back through the music. You see John with Miles, you see Miles with Parker, you see Parker listening to Lester Young outside places in Kansas City. It's like it goes all the way back.

Tyner: Yes, it does.

Wild: I suppose there are guys playing with you now that are getting the same kind of experience.

Tyner: Yeah, I hope so. I think George Adams, I hope that he is. But we'll see what happens.

Wild: It's interesting that some of the players who have worked with you, like George, seem to have assimilated a lot of Coltrane. But I would imagine that's natural, because after all a lot of it is your music, too.

Tyner: Yeah. It's a funny thing, the John Coltrane Quartet was actually four elements. We had one guy who led the whole team, but it was really a compounding of personalities, like four personalities contributing. Whenever any of us were missing . . . when Roy was with the band it was interesting, but when Elvin came back it was a glorious situation. And Roy was very interesting, I enjoyed him, he's a very good musician, a good performer. But I think that Elvin was really a missed part of that, because it was just his spot, you know.

One time, when my son was born, I took a couple of weeks off, Eric Dolphy was with the band, and John didn't hire a piano player for those weeks—he played without a piano player.

When you're a part of something like that you can't really ascertain how strong it is. We knew that we were doing something different, that it was fresh, timely. We knew that it had come from something that had happened before. At the same time, you're swept up in that force—you're not cognizant of how different it is. When something is good, timely, it has a lasting quality.

I still haven't actually brought out everything that I learned from that experience. I've digested a lot of that music over the years. That was a very interesting period of my life, because I think I was growing at that time, and at the same time I was there absorbing what was happening, assimilating it. After leaving John, of course, I realized that I couldn't do the same thing. I was very strongly influenced by that group, but then at the same time I realized that I had to go on in a direction that I felt would be extremely personal, even though I had given a lot to that group. It offered the freedom to express yourself so that whatever was done was purely and rawly us. It wasn't a situation where John said "do this" or "do that." We more or less were able to play together and we felt very comfortable. I think that what I was faced with was the need to relate to what was happening, what I felt was interesting from today's period, or what I was feeling in terms of the music. It was an outgrowth of a particular period of my experience with John.

That's another point. I found it was very difficult at one point for me to find musicians to play with, because of my tenure with John. With John we could come in, he would give us two notes and we could play a whole composition on two notes. We really could. I mean, sometimes he wouldn't bring in a tune, he'd bring in a scale, and we'd play the scale and everything would be right there. We were familiar with each other, the musicianship was high. But then I ran into a situation where it was very difficult to find sidemen with the sort of experience and understanding to play like that. So I said, well, how can you allow that kind of freedom to someone who's not disciplined enough and not knowledgeable enough to handle it?

Wild: You have to go through that before you can create with so few guidelines.

Tyner: Exactly. You have to go through the stages of discipline before you can reach the point where you can assume the responsibility of freedom. And that's the reason why I think you find a lot of groups try for something and it all seems to get locked into one area. It's like a tree that doesn't have the roots; it can't really grow that high. It's the same thing—it'll always be a midget tree. When the roots are deep you can approach music from that level and be able to create a lot of different things. But it was hard to find people that really had that kind of background.

I'm glad I went through all the phases of playing, with the blues bands and r&b groups when I was a teenager, and then to bebop, and Bud Powell was living around the corner, that kind of thing. I'm glad I went through that because it was like stepping stones. And then—working with John was the greatest musical experience of my life. db

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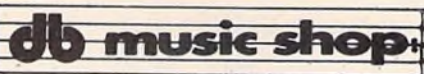
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