SEPTEMBER 6, 1979 75c

the contemporary music magazine

down beat®

JONI MITCHELL
on Mingus, Miles & her music

RANDY WESTON
talks about the roots of his music

COUNT BASIE
how and why he's lasted

NEWPORT REPORT

The chart doesn't lie.

Models	Nickel Plated and Grained Valves	Nickel Silver Inner Slides	1st Valve Slide: Inner/Outer with Adjustable Trigger	3rd Valve Slide: 2 Piece Inner/Outer with Professional Adjustable Stop	Two Tuning Slide Braces	One Piece Bell	Poly-ethylene Top Cap Cushions
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YAMAHA 739-T			✿			✿	
CONN 61-B		✿					
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Now, on the outside chance that this hasn't completely sold you on the new King 2000, we invite you to remove this page and take it to your nearest music store. Make your own comparisons. Then play the new King 2000.

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down beat
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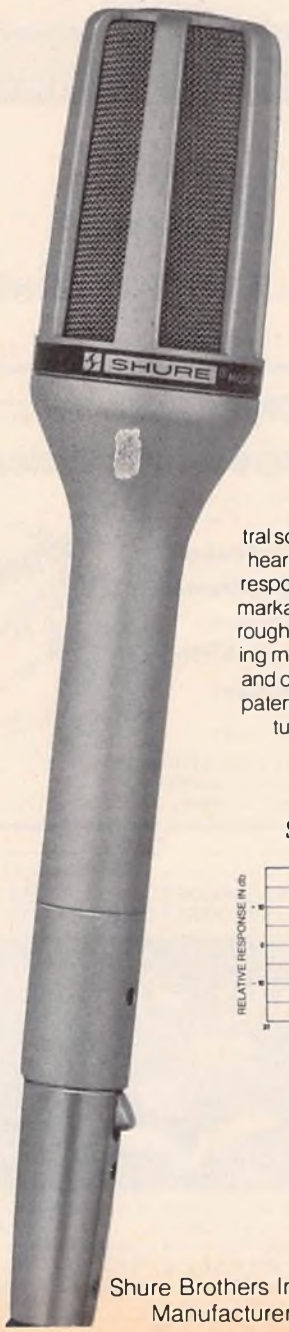

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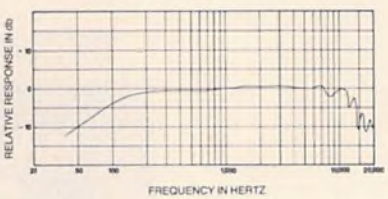

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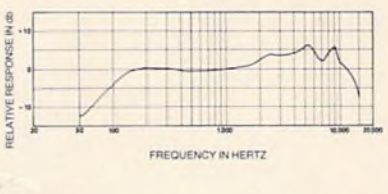
...some like a "presence" peak.



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education in jazz

——— John Abercrombie

John Abercrombie *is currently featured on his own solo guitar album,* Characters *(ECM), and on Jack DeJohnette's* New Directions *(ECM). Abercrombie's* Arcade *(ECM), his latest release, features Berklee alumni Richard Beirach, George Mraz and Peter Donald.*

Anyone aspiring to be a professional player needs, in addition to talent and technique, confidence in himself and lots of experience playing with good musicians. Berklee makes this all possible; it did for me.

When I went to Berklee—fresh out of high school with only some extra-curricula rock 'n roll experience—I had only a vague idea of what it took to be a professional.

I soon learned that the guitar repertory goes beyond folk and rock. We were into Bach chorales and Charlie Christian lines, and learning parts in a 12-piece guitar "big band." The other students in other ensembles and classes kept me challenged and open to new ideas. My first record dates were for Herb Pomeroy's *Jazz In The Classroom* series with such student sidemen as Ernie Watts, Lin Biviano and Sadao Watanabe Playing money gigs in the Boston area provided additional on-the-job training.

While I didn't choose to take many of the fabulous writing courses available at Berklee, the music was all around me and much of it was absorbed in my playing. Even today I am aware of concepts in my playing that had its origins back in school.

All the while, my confidence was building, particularly from the ongoing encouragement of teachers such as Pomeroy and John LaPorta. Their constructive criticism and support gave me enough confidence in my ability to make it that I transferred out of the music education program—I had thought of the possibility of getting a teaching certificate—back into the professional diploma program. This confidence was reinforced by a road trip with Johnny "Hammond" Smith's organ trio. So when Chico Hamilton invited me to go with his group to New York, I was ready. Ready to play whatever came my way.

Wherever I go, young musicians ask about where they should go to school or how to make it in a playing career. Berklee always comes to mind first. I have never run across any other school that so prepares you for the real music world.

John Abercrombie

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

To grow is to change. And after 45 years, **down beat** is still growing—and now preparing an important change. Beginning with the October '79 issue, a new, changed-for-the-better **down beat** will be published on a monthly schedule.

We are very pleased and excited about the new **down beat**. It's a bigger package with all the good things you've been reading and using *plus* a great deal more—all in all, the most useful information about contemporary music anywhere.

Virtually all you **db** readers play instruments or are about to do so. You have told us that you need and want all the information and music skills you can get. Our job is to provide as much of that information as we can. We want our readers—be you students or teachers or professionals—to add to their knowledge and performance by something we publish. By publishing monthly, **down beat** can best do what we must do.

The new monthly **db** will have an expanded music workshop section with many instrumental columns written by top professionals on brass, guitars, keyboards, percussion, recording and sound equipment techniques, synthesizers and devices; as well as theory and arranging, improvisation and transcriptions . . . plus a regular column on various aspects of the business of music; and a rundown on new instruments, equipment and accessories.

Our basic editorial policies remain. We'll continue to feature musicians whose primary commitment is to jazz despite what trendy term is used to sell it, today's jazz is tomorrow's contemporary music. We'll continue to opt for the musician to talk directly to you rather than through a third party. We will also continue to inform you about the newest talents, tunes, and techniques but we reserve the right to remind you of something or somebody from the past that may make the present more understandable.

Subscribers in the continental U.S. should expect their monthly **db** to arrive about the 20th of the month preceding the cover date. Those who pick up **down beat** at music stores or newsstands can do so the next-to-last Thursday of each month. The October **down beat** goes on sale September 20. Those **db** musicians in Kuala Lumpur and 142 countries outside the U.S. can expect their copies shortly thereafter.

Remember to vote in this year's Readers Poll. A player who "makes the **down beat** Poll" (by getting at least 40 votes) receives the highest honor accorded a musician—recognition by his peers. Use the ballot on page 53. **db**

"The Leblanc has a fat sound."

Leblanc Duet No. 4, featuring Pete Fountain

It's prior to show time at Pete Fountain's new bistro in The Hilton on the River in New Orleans. We're relaxing at a table near the stage, and Pete's describing what he enjoys doing when he's not here.

Fountain: I love to fish. I have a small fishing boat, and go out on it a lot. Around home, my hobby is just tinkering with my cars. I have twelve antique cars, including a '36 four-door convertible like Roosevelt's. Could be his, because it has an oversize trunk, maybe for the wheelchair. I enjoy my Rolls, too. My Rolls and my Mercedes. Those two cars I run a lot. And I started collecting trucks. Have a half dozen of 'em. I'm really interested in old planes, too. The biplanes. And I love race cars. Got into motorcycles for awhile, too, and still have my Harley 1200cc. Big Harley. I kick it, and it kicks me back. It's tough.

That's one of the things I like about my clarinet, too. My Leblanc. It takes more of a beating and more of a workout than any instrument I played before. I started on a Regent, then a Pensamore, and then some others. But the Leblanc's keys are harder. They'll take more of a beating. And that's especially important in my work. It's twenty years since I began playing Leblancs, and to show you how great they are, this is only my second one. This one's two years old, and has about five albums under its belt. The other one, which still plays, I recorded 43 albums with. I'm so proud of my instruments!

Leblanc: What kind of sound do you like out of a clarinet?

Fountain: Well, I don't like a high, screechy sound. I like it more mellow, like Irving Fazola was known for. I have his clarinet, you know, but I can't play it too often. When Faz died, his mother put it away in the case, and then left it there for possibly six years. Well, I got it and sent it to Leblanc, and I said, "Could you just recondition this, because it's my idol's." Well, after they sent it back, I started playing it, and when the wood gets warm you're reminded that Faz used to like his garlic. This garlic comes out, and it grabs you by the throat, and, I tell you, it fills up the whole bandstand. So we always say, "Fazola still lives every time somebody plays his clarinet."

Anyhow, as I said, I don't like a high, screechy sound. The Leblanc has a *fat* sound. They say it's *my* sound, but it's got to come from the instrument.

Pete's instrument is the Leblanc 1611, an 18/7 fork B♭, with articulated G♯. Made of the finest selected grenadilla, with gold-plated keys. It can be *your* instrument, too.

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LEBLANC

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Disco in perspective

When people buy **down beat** it is for a specific reason: to read about jazz, the music we love.

I was blown away to see you do a record review of *Go West* by the Village People, and then top it off with a three star rating. You say the tunes are catchy. So is malaria, but that doesn't make it good.

I've watched you condemn people like Herbie Hancock for trying something new, and claim that he's trying to cash in. For you to then turn around and give one of the biggest commercial bands a three star rating is hypocrisy at its best. Within the same page the two and a half star review of Hancock's latest album proves my point. Please don't become another magazine filled with everything from the classics to country. You're the one magazine people can trust for reporting on jazz, and doing it well.

Glenn Riley Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

You drove us to mathematics, Mr. Riley, and we calculate that about one half of one per cent of the 6/21 issue was used for the Go West *review. Two other readers wrote us letters in the same vein. As a magazine which covers contemporary music, mainly jazz, we feel free to cover music of all sorts.*

We have not "condemned" Herbie Hancock. As for the relative star ratings, perhaps reviewers have high expectations for Mr. Hancock, and not so high for the Village People.

In a cover story in our 5/17 issue, Bret Primack called Mr. Hancock's current direction "entertaining," "anything but one dimensional," and "the best electric music I've ever heard." We would like to hear similar condemnation of our work. Ed.

Breckers on goal

The Brecker Brothers interview (6/21) was very enlightening. They were so up front, especially in telling the public how phony and inaccurate credits may be on album covers. They are so widely requested by different artists that I accept their quotes as being very accurate.

I've turned on many people to jazz and they've looked perplexed. A big thanks to Mike for explaining those puzzled looks. As he said, "Jazz always seemed to go over people's heads. I always got the feeling they were digging it, but didn't know what the hell they were hearing." You shot the puck right on goal!

Edward Sandoval South Gate, Cal.

How to masterpieces

Please accept my most sincere gratitude for Dr. William Fowler's *How To* articles which have been appearing in your magazine. I receive almost every publication in the music world, but no other articles have had such an impact on my music. Dr. Fowler's articles on "How To Visualize The Keyboard" were uncanny in their depth and perception. In my music college studies we non-pianists were required to take and complete a two year course on piano, and the course kept a lot of students from graduating. If Dr. Fowler's writings had been available in the late '60s, I am sure no one would have had any difficulty passing the piano course. "How To Warm Up A Choir," "How To Vitalize Inner Voices," and "How To Unlock Keys" are all *brilliant* works. I spent four years in college, graduating in 1969, and have been around a bit, but I must confess that these articles have expanded my world of music far beyond college and I am sure I am not alone in that feeling.

Thanks to **db** and to Dr. Fowler and I hope you'll continue his *masterpieces.*

John Dougherty Wilmington, Delaware
President, Dougherty-Miller, Inc.

Tower of Power

I have read and enjoyed **db** for some time now, and I wonder why there has been no feature story on Tower of Power. I have only seen mention in the Readers Poll, in a Maynard Ferguson article, and in a Little Feat record review. My friends and I have been listening to Tower of Power for three or four years now and are amazed by the fantastic sounds the players accomplish. Take, for example, the climactic trumpet section on *You're Still A Young Man* or the phenomenal sax solo on *Knock Yourself Out* on the *Live And In Living Color* album. Just listen to the funky horn section on any of their tunes. For an excellently phrased and funky solo, listen to tenor sax man Lenny Pickett on *Squib Cakes* and the genius of organist Chester Thompson on the same cut on the album *Back To Oakland.* These cats are excellent! Yet I never see Lenny's name in the polls for tenor or Chester Thompson for organ or Greg Adams for arranging. Just listen to the slowest blues in the world on *Don't Change Horses In The Middle Of The Stream* on *Oakland:* it's so hidden by the double time feel and the fantastic rhythm interplay that you barely can tell it's the blues. Please, for my friends' and my sake, do an interview or at least a record review.

David Thomasson Parkersburg, W.Va.

At your urging, we are trying to make contact with the band. If our efforts succeed, you will be reading a story on Tower of Power in the next few months. Ed.

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POTPOURRI

A White House dinner on the West Lawn celebrated the first birthday of the Black Music Association. President Jimmy Carter welcomed record industry figures and performers prominent in r&b, soul, gospel and disco music; jazz musicians, save vocalists **Joe Williams** and **Billy Eckstine,** were conspicuous in their absence. Gospel diva **Sarah Jordon Powell, Andrae Crouch,** Eckstine, **Evelyn "Champagne" King** and **Chuck Berry** entertained—the master duck walker had the crowd chanting *Roll Over Beethoven,* and commented, "Now, I think that's pretty American."

●

Cecil Taylor played prepared piano while **Mikhail Baryshnikov** and **Heather Watts** danced to choreographer **Richard Tanner's** *Eatin' Raindrops In Space,* a world premiere at the third North American International Dance Festival of Stars, at Chicago's Civic Opera House. Local critics were less than enthusiastic over the Baryshnikov commissioned work, which appeared daringly experimental in the context of the mostly more traditional balletics of the Festival. However, **db** representatives liked it fine.

●

Eclipse Jazz has signed **Oscar Peterson** and **Dexter Gordon,** among others, for its second annual Ann Arbor (Michigan) Jazz Fest, Sept. 27-30. Five concerts are planned; call (313) 763-1107 for more information.

●

New York's WKCR-FM ran a **Miles Davis** fest uninterrupted for six days, playing every available tape and LP the trumpeter has recorded, along with interviews of the **Heath brothers, Philly Joe Jones, Bill Evans, Gil Evans** and **Max Roach.**

●

Pianist **Monty Alexander** stole the show at the Jazzmobile's Carnegie Hall tribute to **Milt Jackson**—despite an all star lineup that included **Dizzy Gillespie,** a big band conducted by **Ernie Wilkins** and a **Modern Jazz Quartet** reunion that brought together Bags, **John Lewis,** and **Percy Heath. Mickey Roker** took over **Connie Kay's** drum chair.

●

George Simon (21 W. 58th St., NY, N.Y., 10019) is seeking a male and female singer, a "romantic" trumpeter, pianist and bandleader—all must act—to cast in an upcoming Broadway bound musical, *Swing,* with book by Conn Fleming, music by Robert Waldman and Alfred Uhry, and production by Stewart Ostrow. The story spans the big band era, and throughout the show a 17 piece band will be onstage.

The Women's Jazz Festival, Inc., wants to list female jazz performers in its '79/80 National Directory, to be made available to agents, managers, club owners, record companies, concert bookers and others—for a questionnaire send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to them at P.O. Box 22321, Kansas City, Mo 64113. Deadline—Aug. 31.

●

A benefit for the late trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** at the Village Gate netted a substantial sum for his medical expenses; highlight was a **Frank Foster-Dexter Gordon** *Tenor Madness* battle. Send contributions towards Blue's debts to Mrs. Thelma Mitchell, 1757 S. Garth Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90035.

●

Structured shows and jam sessions have been introduced to the Comedy Store on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood, Sundays from 4 to 10 p.m. by producer Raymond Burlew.

●

University of Miami is introducing a new master's degree program in studio writing and production this fall, a program headed by **Jim Progris** (current director of the National Academy of Recording Arts And Sciences Institute) and **Bill Porter,** former sound chief for **Elvis Presley.** Write the U of M School of Music, Coral Gables, Fla. 33124.

●

The American Federation of Musicians (AFM) voted to permit locals to accept vocalists as members for the first time. The ruling is primarily aimed at band singers who are part of a self contained musical unit, so as to not conflict with the jurisdiction of AFTRA or AGVA.

●

Jim Rupp, drummer with the University of Ohio big band (which won a '78 **db** award) has joined **Maynard Ferguson** upon drummer **Bobby Economo's** return to **Blood, Sweat and Tears.**

●

Recent errata: **Houston Person** and **Etta Jones** are *not* man and wife. **Ray Brown** plays bass, not drums, on Pablo's *The Gifted Ones.* **Dave Holland** was at times bassist of the fabled **Miles Davis** band for which **Tony Williams** drummed. In our **John Coltrane** issue (7/12) Lee Underwood collected comments from **Lew Tabackin** and **Joe Farrell;** Joel Herson spoke with **Charles Sullivan, Arthur Blythe, Dave Liebman** and **Reggie Workman;** and Bret Primack was responsible for all the other brief interviews. And yes, the color photo of Trane (p. 13) was flopped—he didn't play tenor "left handed."

NEWS

down beat going monthly! see *First Chorus,* p. 6

MITCHELL SEIDEL

NEW YORK—An idea hatched eight years ago in the minds of Leonard Feather and Arnold Shaw has finally reached fruition. As of June 26, 1979, New York City's 52nd St. between Fifth Avenue and the Avenue of the Americas has been officially recognized as "Swing Street," so proclaimed by two gleaming new street signs. The former home of such clubs as the Famous Door, the Three Deuces, the Onyx and Jimmy Ryan's, 52nd St. now sports massive office buildings, one of which belongs to CBS, who was mainly responsible for the implantation into the sidewalk of the first five "Prez Awards."

At a ceremony on the street last year, 12 musicians were honored with the awards and stars naming the first six of these—Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Billie Holiday and Coleman Hawkins—are now embedded into the sidewalk, to be followed in the near future with the rest of last year's honorees: Thelonious Monk, Roy Eldridge, Sarah Vaughan, Stuff Smith, Art Tatum, Kenny Clarke and Miles Davis and the six who were honored this year: Erroll Garner, Slam Stewart, Red Norvo, Fats Waller, Oscar Pettiford and Ben Webster.

This year's awards were presented in a ceremony hosted by Max Roach, jazz fan Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and New York's Mayor Ed Koch. Norvo and Stewart were on hand to accept their awards and many other musicians, including Jo Jones, Count Basie, Ted Curson, Buck Clayton, John Lewis and Milt Jackson, were present for the ceremony, which included a short concert given by Ernie Wilkins and the CETA Ensemble.

As Roach put it to the assemblage, "You folks are standing on hallowed ground." *—lee jeske*

FINAL BAR

Lowell George, 33, slide guitarist, composer, and vocalist with the recently disbanded rock group Little Feat, died June 29 in Washington, D.C., apparently of a heart attack, while on a national tour promoting his solo album, *Thanks I'll Eat It Here* (Warners). George is survived by his wife and four children.

Roy Knapp, a drummer nationally known through his work on NBC and CBS radio orchestras as well as for his Knapp School of Percussion—which trained such drummers as Gene Krupa and Louie Bellson—died June 16; he was 87. Living in Chicago's Rush St. entertainment area, he had taught until his death, and was buried with dixieland playing. His survivors included two sons and a daughter.

Pianist **Edgar Hayes,** best known for his 1938 recording of Hoagy Carmichael's *Stardust,* died June 28 in Riverside, California at age 77. Hayes' Blue Rhythm Band featured Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Bostic, Kenny Clarke and Joe Garland from '37-'40. His wife Mary survives.

Bluesman **Lee Jackson** (born Warren G. Hardin Lee), guitarist and vocalist, was shot dead July 1 in a family dispute. A regular performer in Chicago bars, Jackson recorded one LP as a leader, *Lonely Girl* (ABC), and numerous 45s, besides waxing as a sideman with J. B. Hutto and others. He was believed to be 58. Jackson is survived by his wife Ann, a son and a daughter.

Lonnie Hewitt, pianist, composer and producer died June 28 in Oakland, CA of a sudden illness at age 44. Familiar to Bay Area jazz lovers, Hewitt had been house pianist at the Blackhawk nightclub, and played with vibist Cal Tjader from around 1960 to '77. At the time of his death he had been seeking financing to further distribute his own label, Wee Records. He was survived by his mother and a daughter.

NEW RELEASES

Midsummer issuances: Atlantic's **Charles Mingus** anthology, the three-fer *Passions Of A Man*, comprises all previously released work, some out of print. Also on Atlantic: **Sonny Fortune's** *With Sound Reason* and **Jan Akkerman,** *Live*. Columbia offers **Bobby Hutcherson's** *Conception: The Gift Of Love*, **Ronnie Foster's** *Delight*, and **Freddie Hubbard** making *The Love Connection;* Arista put out *The Mind Of* **Gil Scott-Heron,** a collection of poetry and music, and, through GRP records, trumpeter **Tom Browne's** *Brown Sugar;* **Gato Barbieri** has *Euphoria* on A&M; Inner City releases **Art Farmer's** *To Duke With Love, Close Encounter* (**Franco Ambrosetti's** quintet with saxman **Bennie Wallace**), vibist **Fred Raulston's** debut *Open Stream*, and (on Classic Jazz) **Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis.** *I Love Brazil!* **Sarah Vaughan** vows on Pablo—and **Oscar Peterson's** original score for *The Silent Partner* on Pablo features **Benny Carter, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Milt Jackson, John Heard** and **Grady Tate.** West 54's second release is pianist **John Hicks'** trio, *After The Morning*, **Red Richards** and friends *In A Mellow Tone*, **Charles Davis'** sextet *Dedicated To Tadd*, and four Mongo Santamaria alumni as **Jasmine.** From ECM comes a three sided **Keith Jarrett** American quartet concert, *Eyes Of The Heart*, **Mick Goodrick's** *In Pas(s)ing*, the **Jan Garbarek Group** with **Bill Connors,** and **Eberhard Weber's** *Fluid Rustle* (with **Gary Burton, Bill Frisell's** guitar and two voices).

Ron Carter's *Parade* on Milestone has **Wade Marcus** horn arrangements around a basic quartet of **Joe Henderson, Chick Corea** and **Tony Williams. Fraser MacPherson** *Live At The Planetarium*, **Snooky Young's** *Horn Of Plenty*, **Scott Hamilton** and **Buddy Tate** *Back To Back, The Clayton Brothers* (**John** and **Jeff**), and *Red & Ross* (that's **Norvo** and **Tompkins**) emanate from Concord Jazz. **Cedar Walton** leads a quartet on *Eastern Rebellion;* **Louis Hayes** and **Junior Cook** feature **Woody Shaw** on *Ichi-Ban;* bassist **Rick Laird** is in *Soft Focus;* the Dutch quintet on **Free Fair's** cover looks high-flying; saxist **Carter Jefferson** leads a septet and quintet on *The Rise Of Atlantis*, and **Earl Hines'** *Legendary Little Theatre Concert of 1964*, Vol. 1, come from Muse.

These Circle Records from West Germany are being distributed by Kharma, Inc. Productions (165 William St., N.Y., N.Y.): **Sam Rivers'** *Tuba Trio* (vols. 1-3); **David Murray** and *Low Class Conspiracy* (**Don Pullen, Butch Morris, Fred Hopkins,** and **Stanley Crouch**); **Rivers** and **James Newton,** *Flutes!;* Newton and Murray, *Solomon's Sons;* the **Human Arts Ensemble** *Live; Fruits,* **Phillip Wilson** with **Leo Smith** and **Johnny Dyani**; *Binu*, James Newton's trio and quartet; *Little Wing*—the **Gil Evans Orchestra** live and **Narada Burton Greene's** trio with saxist **Keshavan Maslak,** *Structures.* Sackville ventures **Anthony Davis'** *Of Blues And Dreams; Buster Bee* by **Oliver Lake** with **Julius Hemphill; Buddy Tate** and **Bob Wilber** in quartet on *Sherman Shuffle*, and duos by **Ed Bickert** with **Don Thompson.**

The Danish Storyville label is being distributed in the U.S. and Canada by the Moss Music Group, Inc.; newly available are pianists **Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons** and **Pete Johnson's** *Boogie Woogie;* **Warne Marsh's** quintet with **Lee Konitz and Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen; Duke Ellington** and **Johnson Hodges** with their orchestras; **Joe Sample** with **Red Mitchell** and **J. C. Moses,** *Fancy Dance;* **Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis** and **Harry "Sweets" Edison** with **Kenny Drew** and **John Darvilles'** quartet; **Wild Bill Davison** and **Eddie Condon's All Stars; Edmond Hall** with the **Ralph Sutton** quartet *At Club Hangover;* **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry,** and the *Harmonica Blues* of Terry, **Doctor Ross, Hammie Nixon** and **Sonny Boy Williamson (Rice Miller).** West Coast reedman **Prince Lawsha** fronts three different *Firebirds* bands on Birdseye Records (2340 17th Ave., Oakland CA); **Arlo Guthrie** holds a sax on the cover of *Outlasting The Blues* (Warner Bros.); **Asleep At The Wheel** is *Served Live*, and the **Original Texas Playboys** are under the direction of **Leon McAuliffe,** steel guitar star, both on Capitol; Blind Pig Records has guitarist **John Mooney** and band *Comin' Your Way.* Two new **ROVA Sax Quartet** LPs appear on Metalanguage, one with guitarist **Henry Kaiser;** *Abracadabra*—there's tenorist **Evan Parker** and **Greg Goodman** (playing "unprepared piano"), available from New Music Distribution Service; *Feel The Night*, by **Lee Ritenour** is on Elektra, as is **Azar Lawrence's** fusion, *Chameleon.*

The **Anita Kerr Singers** perform songs by **Stevie Wonder,** and the **Brecker Brothers** with **Hal Galper's** quintet *Speak With A Single Voice*, both on Century Records. **David Diggs'** *Elusion* and the **L.A. Jazz Ensemble's** *Urantia* come from PBR International; **Dollar Brand** has *Black Lightning* on Chiaroscuro; and **db's** correspondent **Carol Comer** is of the *Kansas City Jazz Spectrum*, with **Milt Abel, Steve Cardenas, Mike Metheny, Mike Ning, Bill Perkins,** and 12 year old **Scott Robinson** (Kaycee Jazz, 448 Richmond St., K.C., KS).

FESTIBRATE!

ALBUQUERQUE—The American premiere of John Cage's *Empty Words*, a five day long Alvin Lucier musical composition, a feminist "movie without pictures," several avant garde plays, and a live trance drumming concert are making late summer programming on public radio station KUNM-FM unlike anything else on the airwaves.

They are all facets of the Radio Performance Project 1979, organized by KUNM composer-in-residence Ned Sublette and funded with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts for experimental artworks in the medium of radio. Sublette is a 28 year old Texan who has studied guitar and vihuela in addition to experimental composition (at University of California San Diego with Robert Erickson). He will perform Cage's all night *Empty Words* Sept. 28 from realization notebooks from by the composer. Food and beverages will be available for those remaining at the broadcast site until dawn.

During the autumnal equinox, Taos composer Tom Ehrlich will trance drum from sunrise to sunset at an outdoor location near Albuquerque. And guest composer Lucier was scheduled to air his five day, 120 hour *Music On A Long Thin Wire* from an urban shopping mall August 20-24. Lucier's instrument is a single piano wire, drawn taut and driven by an oscillator that can be tuned to alter the wire's complex drone.

In all, at least nine experimental works will be aired in a two month span. *—bob henschen*

TELLURIDE—For the third year there's a jazz festival at this old mining town nestled 9,000 feet up in the Colorado Rockies—a concert site, situated in the shadow of surrounding peaks, intended to give "both the artists and the audience a sense of being closer to the creative spirit."

The town blends traditional and modern shops—the same mix is presented at the jazz fest, presented as five programs from August 17 through 19. At press-time the schedule included: (8/17) Cal Tjader, Flora and Airto with Joe Farrell, Gato Barbieri, Clark Terry; (8/18) Art Blakey, Willie Dixon, Gil Scott-Heron, Matrix, Akiyoshi-Tabackin big band, trumpeter Terry with Richie Cole, Manhattan Transfer with Cole; (8/19) Oregon, David "Fathead" Newman, Sunnyland Slim, a superjam with Terry, Arnett Cobb, Buddy Tate and Cole, Helen Humes, trio, and acts still to be announced.

Terry will be master of ceremonies, and the atmosphere should encourage sitting in and jamming. Ticket information is available from (303) 728-4204.

—michael zipkin

NEW YORK—New Music, New York was the title of a nine day festival showcasing 53 composers and their work, presented by the Kitchen in mid June concurrent with a Music Critics Association seminar on experimental music and a convention of administrators who operate "alternative spaces."

Though budget and time limitations probably dictated more solo performances than would truly represent the composers' works, the music reflected a varied range of interests—from meditative pieces to "no wave" rock, from electro-acoustic research to third world works, from elaborately "minimal" abstractions to unabashed melodic improvisation.

Among those appearing (in no particular order) were Robert Ashley, Philip Glass, Steve Reich's ensemble, Pauline Oliveros, David Behrman, Garrett List, Blue Gene Tyranny, Phill Niblock, Tom Johnson, Don Cherry, George Lewis, Leo Smith, Laurie Anderson, Charles Dodge, Jon Hassell, Richard Teitelbaum, Peter Gordon, Karl Berger, A. Spencer Barefield, Petr Kotick, Charlie Morrow, Jeanne Lee and Gunter Hampel, Gordon Mumma, Michael Nyman, Meredith Monk and Jeffrey Lohn—there were many more, and coverage in future **dbs** will expand upon the sounds. But seminars open to the public, though aimed primarily at critics from around the country in attendance, were graced with some of these composers as well as Brian Eno, *New York Times* writers John Rockwell and Robert Palmer, Robert Fripp, Leroy Jenkins and Stanley Crouch, discussing such themes as "Commerciality, Mystique, Ego and Fame in New Music," "Improvisation in Experimental Music," "Young Composers" and "The Recording Studio as Compositional Tool."

Though there was some carping about what could and couldn't be included under the rubric "new music," the basic concerns were not about genre but rather about innovation, and the exposure of so many composers to so many critics and supposedly educated listeners—each night's concert at the Kitchen sold out—made the fest a success. *—h. mandel*

LOS ANGELES—The impression left by the Playboy Jazz Festival, two June nights at the Hollywood Bowl, was that L.A.'s a jazz city after all.

Though the magazine had sponsored only one previous festival, producer George Wein made sure the area was saturated with publicity. The result was a crowd of 13,500 Friday and a capacity audience of 17,200 Saturday, the first time a jazz concert has ever completely filled the open air amphitheatre.

The first evening's mood was set by the Young Tuxedo Brass Band from New Orleans marching about the auditorium and stage; the concert proper ran from 6 to 11 p.m., with Harold Land's quintet leading off while a picnic atmosphere prevailed in the box seats. The Mingus Dynasty band played *Sue's Changes* and *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*, which was heard later in a vocal version, written and sung by Joni Mitchell. She was backed by Herbie Hancock, Gene Perla, Don Alias, and Michael Brecker. Crowd response to the vocalist was tremendous, but there was no encore; the revolving stage turned to reveal Benny Goodman and the broad-minded audience immediately expended as much enthusiasm on the veteran clarinetist.

Goodman, sometimes lethargic of late, was swinging, at first with just a rhythm section—on the uptempos his creative juices were flowing as I had never heard them in the past ten years. After trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin, a saxist and a trombonist were added, the set ended with *Sing Sing Sing* and a standing ovation.

Predictably high levels of performance were maintained by Count Basie's band, Joe Williams, and Sarah Vaughan. Playboy's Hugh Hefner thanked the mayor, City Council and community of Los Angeles for making the event a success, and surprised nobody by announcing that he hopes and expects to make it annual.

Saturday's longer program started at 3 p.m. and ran until 11. After the Tuxedo Band, trumpeter Bobby Shew and pianist Bill Mays led a quintet notable for a moving tribute to the late Blue Mitchell. Flora Purim's band offered rather perfunctory warmup music, despite the presence of Milcho Leviev, Joe Farrell, Airto, and percussionists from the band Chicago and Caldera. Flora's own set was offset by a rhythmic orgy, with George Duke playing a hand held synthesizer and Airto soloing on tambourine.

Exotic rhythms continued from Willie Bobo, whose ten piece band offered Latin dance music. Emcee Bill Cosby joined in on percussion for Bobo's finale. Weather Report followed, featuring all manner of electronic effects but not achieving the impact of the group when it was a quintet. Jaco Pastorius in an astonishing bass workout lent new respectability to the word distortion; the whole set was a surrealistic performance marked by outrageously excessive volume.

"Fingers don't fail me now," hoped Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock, up next; happily, they came through with a typical duet set. Then the all star orchestra assembled by Lionel Hampton unleashed a series of old and new blues charts, swing era standards, and a closing vibes duet between Hamp and emcee Cosby on *The Saints*. The fest closed anticlimatically with a jam session done with no sense of organization; though it may have looked great on paper, Dizzy Gillespie and Freddie Hubbard, Stan Getz and Dexter Gordon, Gerry Mulligan, Ray Brown, Art Blakey, Airto, Hancock and Corea came together for just one tune, a lackluster *Now's The Time*—they broke down into individual solos accompanied by rhythm sections. Getz came off best of the hornmen, by selecting an unusual tune, Billie Holiday's *No More*, and playing it beautifully.

Many aficionados complained about the absence of the Akiyoshi-Tabackin big band, noting that Basie's aggregation could be heard for the week following the fest at Disneyland; but errors like these presumably can be corrected in 1980. It seems more than likely that Hefner's optimistic forecast of making it a regular happening will become a reality.

—leonard feather

KANSAS CITY—This city, cradle of Midwestern swing, was the site of the Jazz Olympics, a three day celebration of vigorous, no-holds-barred improvisation in early June.

The baby of long-time KC jazz fan/businessman Harold Rittmaster, the Olympics was a dream come true for both area jazz lovers and the 34 musicians who paraded across the stages of the Imperial and Grand Ballroom at the downtown Radisson-Muehlebach Hotel.

Co-produced by Rittmaster and writer on jazz Ira Gitler, the guiding concept was to focus on music associated with the "Golden Age of Swing" and the "Flowering of Bebop." In turn, five groups were formed that played as units for two and a half days before reshuffling for the last day's special events.

The "New York Today" group was led by tenor saxist Al Cohn and included Art Farmer, Carl Fontana, Jimmy Rowles, Buster Williams and Shelly Manne. Carole Sloan, a fine vocalist, also contributed. Billy Mitchell headed a band playing "the Charlie Parker Style," with Red Rodney, Charles McPherson, Pepper Adams, Barry Harris, bassist Ray Drummond and drummer Leroy Williams.

Earle Warren on alto sax and clarinet guided Doc Cheatham, Herbie Mann, Dicky Wells, Nat Pierce, Milt Hinton and drummer Gus Johnson through "Early Kansas City." "The West Coast Style" was piloted by Lee Konitz, with fellow altoist Gary Foster, Jimmy Knepper, Hal Galper, bassist Jim Hughart and drummer John Dentz. Ruby Braff with Scott Hamilton, tenorman Bob Kindred, Dave Frishberg, Michael Moore and Jake Hanna played from "New York in the '30s."

A glance at the lineups reveals problematic mismatches, but after the music started concerns over geographical purity faded. With two ballrooms in constant use, each group had about nine hour-long sets to itself. So instead of a marathon blowing session, there was sufficient time to establish a distinct ensemble rapport and repertoire.

On the stand, there were nods of approval for solos well done. Most impressive was the mutual admiration that grew between Konitz and Foster, who had never worked together before. Throughout their sets, they called up intricate etudes out of the Tristano/Marsh catalog. Without hesitation, technical twisters like *Subconscious-Lee* were reeled off with faultless precision and emotional abandon. The audience, including players from other groups, was totally spellbound. By late afternoon of the second day, Konitz and Foster had drawn up preliminary plans for tours and recordings.

There was also lots of shoptalk. Following a set that included effective mute work by Farmer, the flugelhornist and Carl Fontana huddled at stageside to discuss the finer points of mute construction and materials. Later, altoists McPherson and Foster retired to a back room to talk and test saxes.

The only major disappointment was attendance. Too few people came. Nonetheless, Rittmaster and staff vow to mount an equally ambitious affair next year. The Jazz Olympics was, fortunately, recorded for NPR's *Jazz Alive*! Excerpts will be aired during the program's '79-'80 season.

—chuck berg

CHICAGO—It was an elite group, the nearly 200 professional, largely conservatory-based saxophonists from the U.S. and abroad gathered for the four day Sixth World Saxophone Congress in Evanston, Ill. At times the approximately 100 performances seemed not so much for a public audience as showcases for colleagues and composers: there were over 50 pieces premiered, original compositions written specifically for sax and for some of the virtuoso players in attendance.

Quite naturally, French saxist Alain Bouhey bowed following his playing, extending his arm toward classical sax master Marcel Mule and gesturing further to include composer Paul Arma in his acknowledgement. The sessions—which included talks and exhibitions by commercial sax companies—featured primarily contemporary concert music. Although there were frequently four-sax quartets—utilizing baritones, tenors, altos, and sopranos—and sax accompanied by piano, there also was the unusual: sopranino and contrabass horns, the pairings of sax with harp, marimba, tympani and Oriental flute.

Bouhey used the alto sax with taped balafon music from Africa in a rare fusion; the convergence of written Western music with aurally transmitted African music, which Bouhey introduced to the London Congress in 1977, is being studied closely by at least three French composers, the saxophonist said. The interplay produced a dizzying effect, and it was precisely that combination of the tempered and the untempered scale that made jazz ears in the audience perk up, though Dexter Gordon and Bunky Green were also on the schedule.

Although the saxophone is gaining popularity among conservatory students and recital audiences, its acceptance as a classical instrument is still lacking, especially by Americans whose ears are attuned to the sax as a home grown instrument of jazz. But the push is on: the Congress formed a committee to look into the possibility of asking a major classical composer to commission a work for the saxophone exclusively. Said Steven Mauk, a professor of saxophone at Ithaca College, "We don't have a Beethoven. We have no Bach . . . Until we get our Beethoven, we're kind of flapping in the wind."

The Congress had not taken place in the United States since the first two were in Chicago in 1968 and 1969; the others were in Toronto, Bordeaux, and London. French and Japanese saxists were well represented; Northwestern University's school of music was host. *—marilyn balamici*

At the Berkeley Jazz Festival, left to right: Don Alias, Jaco Pastorius, Tony Williams, Mitchell, Herbie Hancock.

JONI MITCHELL MAKES MINGUS

by LEONARD FEATHER

The career of vocalist and songwriter Joni Mitchell has, within the last year, developed to emphasize her associations with jazz music, which have been evident at least since Tom Scott's L.A. Express joined her on *Court And Spark*. *Mingus*, her acclaimed collaboration with the late bassist/composer, and her Playboy Jazz Festival performance with Herbie Hancock, Don Alias, Gene Perla, and Randy Brecker are indicative of her latest direction. In conversation, Joni states her longtime involvement with jazz—the sound of Annie Ross is clearly discernible in some of Joni's phrasing, and sure enough—Lambert, Hendricks & Ross was an early favorite.

Born in McLeod, Alberta, Canada, Joni Mitchell enrolled at an art school in Alberta but soon drifted into folk singing. She took an increasing interest in songwriting, graduated from ukelele to acoustic guitar, and after working at coffee houses in Toronto, moved to Detroit in 1966.

Her career moved into top gear after she signed with Reprise Records in 1967. During the years that followed, her own personal success as a singer was at times partially subjugated to the impact of others' versions of her songs (*Both Sides Now* provided a hit for Joni and a gold record for Judy Collins). Since 1972 Mitchell has been with Asylum Records.

A natural musician rather than a schooled one, over the years her close association with sophisticated musicians has led to an ever more sensitive awareness of the fundamentals of jazz.

Last year, it became known that she was embarking on an album in collaboration with the ailing Mingus, the sidemen including Wayne Shorter, Jaco Pastorius, Peter Erskine and Herbie Hancock.

By late April, the project had been finally mixed and the album was previewed at a private party. The interview below took place a few days later, when Mitchell still had not decided on a final title, which she discusses here.

The art work consists of three paintings by Mitchell of Mingus. It was to this that I made reference in my opening comment.

Feather: I like what you put outside the album almost as much as what you put in . . . it's a beautiful cover.

Mitchell: Thank you. I like the cover myself. I've always done much more commercial covers—by that, I mean to distinguish it from my very personal, private painting. It's the first time I decided to put that out because it seemed to suit the music. The music is very painterly as well, I think, a lot of white canvas, and very brash, strokey interaction, especially on the things that were done with Wayne and Jaco, and Peter and Herbie.

Feather: Had you ever considered making that your career?

Mitchell: All my life I've painted. All through school it was my intention to go on to study art. It was a very academic culture that I came out of. Our parents had come up through the Depression, and insisted that we all have a very good education. I wasn't academically oriented and I was growing up just at the time before arts were included as a part of education. Four years later there were fully developed art departments and music departments in the high schools that I attended. But at that time I was kind of a freak.

Feather: Music education was very limited then, too.

Mitchell: Well, now, even though they've included that in the program, both the art and the music education are still limited. But they have access to a lot of fantastic equipment, and at least it is included in the curriculum.

At that point in my education, when they discovered on an aptitude test that I had musical abilities, they wanted me to join a glee club, which was pretty corny music; it wasn't too challenging. So I didn't join.

Feather: Well, you couldn't learn the kind of music you later became involved with.

Mitchell: No; it was all exposure to people who moved me, that's how it came. It came really from the street, going into a club and hearing somebody hanging out with somebody. Not so much playing with people like jazz musicians, but just observing.

"I feel like one of those lifer-educational types that just keeps going for letters after their name—I want the full hyphen: folk-rock-country-jazz-classical . . . so finally when you get all the hyphens in, maybe they'll drop them all, and get down to just some American music."

TOM COPI

SING.....

Feather: What was the first exposure you had?

Mitchell: When I was in high school—like I say, I wasn't too swift academically, but I did a lot of extracurricular drawing. I did backdrops for school plays, drawings of mathematicians for my math teacher and biology charts of life for my biology teacher. That was a way of appeasing them for being so disinterested in the academic aspect. One year I did a Christmas card for a fellow who was a school leader, and he gave me a present of some Miles Davis albums and about that time my only musical interest, actively, was in rock 'n' roll—Chuck Berry, and this was at the level of dance. I loved to dance. I think my time developed from that love. Going to two, three or as many dances as were available to go to a week.

Anyway, by my doing this card, he introduced me to some jazz. Then I heard, at a party, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, *The Hottest New Sound In Jazz*, which at that time was out of issue up in that part of the country, in Canada. So I literally saved up and bought it at a bootleg price, and in a way I've always considered that album to be my Beatles, because I learned every song off it. *Cloudburst* I couldn't sing, because of some of the very fast scatting on it; but I still to this day know every song on that album. I don't think there's another album that I know every song on, including my own!

I loved that album, the spirit of it. And like I say, it came at a time when rock 'n' roll was winding down, just before the Beatles came along and revitalized it. And during that ebb, that's when folk music came into its full power.

Feather: What were the Miles Davis albums?

Mitchell: *Sketches Of Spain* . . . I must admit that it was much later that Miles really grabbed my attention . . . and *Nefertiti* and *In A Silent Way* became my all-time favorite records in just any field of music. They were my private music; that was what I loved to put on and listen to—for many years now. Somehow or other I kept that quite separate from my own music. I never thought of making that kind of music. I only thought of it as something sacred and unattainable. So this year was very exciting to play with the players that I did.

Feather: You did let your hair down one time when you did *Twisted*.

Mitchell: Right—and *Centerpiece*, I also did that. One by one I've been unearthing the songs from that Lambert, Hendricks & Ross album.

Feather: But there's no seeming relationship between the two worlds . . .

Mitchell: Which two worlds are you referring to?

Feather: The world of music you recorded and the jazz world.

Mitchell: All the time that I've been a musician, I've always been a bit of an oddball. When I was considered a folk musician, people would always tell me that I was playing the wrong chords, traditionally speaking. When I fell into a circle of rock 'n' roll musicians and began to look for a band, they told me I'd better get jazz musicians to play with me, because my rhythmic sense and my harmonic sense were more expansive. The voicings were broader; the songs were deceptively simple. And when a drummer wouldn't notice where the feel changed, or where the accent on the beat would change, and they would just march through it in the rock 'n' roll tradition, I would be very disappointed and say, "Didn't you notice there was a pressure point here," or "Here we change," and they just would tell me, "Joni, you better start playing with jazz musicians."

Then, when I began to play with studio jazz musicians, whose hearts were in jazz but who could play anything, they began to tell me that I wasn't playing the root of the chord. So all the way along, no matter who I played with, I seemed to be a bit of an oddball. I feel more natural in the company that I'm keeping now, because we talk more metaphorically about music. There's less talk and more play.

Feather: You've been associating with jazz studio musicians for how long?

Mitchell: Four years. I made *Court & Spark* five albums ago.

Feather: Did that come about by design or by accident?

Mitchell: The songs were written and I was still looking for a band intact, rather than having to piece a band together myself. Prior to that album, I had done a few things with Tom Scott, mostly doubling of existing guitar lines. I wanted it to be a repetition or gilding of existing notes within my structure. So through him, I was introduced to that band. I went down to hear them at the Baked Potato in Studio City and that's how all that came about.

They all found it extremely difficult at first, hearing the music just played and sung by one person; it sounded very frail and delicate, and there were some very eggshelly early sessions where they were afraid they would squash it, whereas I had all the confidence in the world that if they played strongly, I would play more strongly.

Feather: So from that point on you worked with the L.A. Express?

Mitchell: We worked together for a couple of years, in the studio and on the road.

Feather: Did that expand your knowledge, being around them so much?

Mitchell: Not really, not in an academic sense. It gave me the opportunity to play with a band and to discover what that was like. But I still was illiterate in that I not only couldn't read, but I didn't know—and don't to this day—what key I'm playing in, or the names of my chords. I don't know the numbers, letters or the staff. I approach it very paintingly, metaphorically: so I rely on someone that I'm playing with, or the players themselves, to sketch out the chart of the changes. I would prefer that we all just jumped on it and really listened.

Miles always gave very little direction, as I understand. It was just "Play it. If you don't know the chord there, don't play there," and that system served him well. It was a natural editing system. It created a lot of space and a lot of tension, because everybody had to be incredibly alert and trust their ears. And I think that's maybe why I loved that music as much as I did, because it seemed very alert and *very* sensual and very unwritten.

Feather: And you, in turn, trusted your own ears.

Mitchell: I do trust my own ears. Even for things that seem too outside. For instance, sometimes I'm told that So-and-So in the band, if I hadn't already noticed, was playing outside the chord. I see that there's a harmonic dissonance created; but I also think that the line that he's created, the arc of it, bears some relationship to something else that's being played, therefore it's valid. So in my ignorance there's definitely a kind of bliss. I don't have to be concerned with some knowledge that irritates other people.

Feather: "Outside" is only a comparative term, anyway.

Mitchell: Outside the harmony . . . but still, as a painter, if the actual contour of the phrase is, like I say, related to an existing contour that someone is playing, then it has validity. Like, if you look at a painting, there seem to be some brush strokes that seem to be veering off, or the color may be clashing, but something in the shape or form of it relates to something that exists; therefore it's beautiful.

I see music very graphically in my head—in my own graph, not in the existing systemized graph—and I, in a way, analyze it or interpret it, or evaluate it in terms of a visual abstraction inside my mind's eye.

Feather: Where did you first hear about Mingus?

Mitchell: I remember some years ago, John Guerin played *Pork Pie Hat* for me, which is one of the songs that I've done on this new album; and it was that same version. But it was premature; he played it for me at a time when it kind of went in one ear and out

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JONI MITCHELL DISCOGRAPHY

JONI MITCHELL—Reprise RS 6293
CLOUDS—Reprise RS 6341
LADIES OF THE CANYON—Reprise RS 6376
BLUE—Reprise MS 2038
FOR THE ROSES—Asylum SD 5057
COURT AND SPARK—Asylum 7E1001
MILES OF AISLES—Asylum AB 202
HISSING OF SUMMER LAWNS—Asylum 7E1051
HEJIRA—Asylum 7E1087
DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER—Asylum BB 701
MINGUS—Asylum 5E 505

RANDY WESTON

"I discovered by going to Africa that African traditional music is the source of all the music of the Western Hemisphere. I have tapes from Central Africa that sound just like the Ellington band . . . I've heard avant garde music in Morocco."

AFRICAN-ROOTED RHYTHMS

by LARRY BIRNBAUM

"In Africa I discovered what the true purpose of a musician is. We are historians, and it is our purpose to tell the people the true story of our past, and to extend a better vision of the future. True music cannot lie, and we don't need electricity—we were born with electricity, because we come out of the place of the sun, which is Africa.

"I happen to be a black man, and I'm very proud of that. I'm very proud of my tradition, of my past, of my parents and my ancestors, and I'm very proud of our continent Africa. This music that you call jazz, or blues or spirituals all comes out of African civilization. We have a tree, at the root of which is African music with its infinite variety, and we have our masters—Art Tatum, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane—and from this trunk we spread out into branches. But we are all a part of the same tree, and we are all involved with each other in a continuing evolution."

As proud as he is of his heritage, Randy Weston has remained more than modest about his own formidable talents. Perhaps that is why, having spent 30 years in the center of Afro-American musical life, he has yet to win the full measure of recognition that his radiant artistry so patently merits. After winning **down beat's** "new star" piano award in 1955, his reputation rested mainly on his abilities as a composer *(Hi-Fly, Berkshire Blues)*, bandleader and educator. Only in recent years has he emerged as one of the masters of the contemporary keyboard, incorporating blues, spirituals, calypsos and African forms with the stride piano legacy of Waller, Ellington, and his early mentor, Thelonious Monk, in a rich Creole gumbo.

For all his eclectic influences, his every note is stamped with the impress of the unique Weston persona, which combines an airy, open use of space with the heavily percussive feel he attributes to his 6'7" size. Recently I had the opportunity to hear a tape made last year at Chicago's Jazz Showcase for broadcast on the NPR network's *Jazz Alive!* With brilliant empathetic accompaniment by bassist Richard Davis and drummer Don Moye, Randy's performance was pure inspiration, a tour de force of creative invention and deep spiritual feeling that left no doubt that he must be ranked among the preeminent geniuses of music today.

A scion of Brooklyn, Weston calls his music simply "African Rhythms." In the "African village," as he later called the Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto, young Randy was exposed to the black cultures of Cuba, the West Indies, and the American South. His father, a Panamanian of Jamaican descent, collected books on African culture, as well as "the best black music, from Louis Armstrong to Louis Jordan, Billie Holiday, Basie and Duke." Through his Virginia-born mother, he "became exposed to the music of the black church. She would take me to church every Sunday, and I would hear the spirituals and gospels."

His parentage engendered an awareness of his broader roots. "My mother would cook a meal in what we call Southern style. It was very definitely black cooking, but it was entirely different from the food my father cooked when he was in the Caribbean. So with the food, the music, the dance, the language, I found out that the common denominator between my mother and father was Africa."

It was the elder Weston who steered the budding giant away from athletics and into music. "He told me that he really got turned on to a pianist he heard in Panama. He said this cat was so fantastic that as a boy he would hang around outside this club and just stand by a tree and listen."

Three years of classical piano lessons proved unavailing, until drummer Al Harewood, a boyhood friend, taught Weston a popular tune, and he was off. In the late '40s, Brooklyn was a throbbing hotbed of music—Max Roach, Ray Copeland, Cecil Payne, Duke Jordan, and Jimmy Nottingham were Randy's high school classmates—and there was no shortage of musical inspiration. On the contrary, "We had so many fantastic pianists when I grew up—I was hanging out with people like Thelonious Monk, Herbie Nichols, Elmo Hope, Lucky Roberts, Willie 'The Lion' Smith, not to mention Red Garland and Art Tatum up on 52nd St.—that I didn't have the nerve to think about being a pianist. I never dreamed about it." Consequently he did not begin to play professionally until he was 23 years old.

Randy cites Basie, Nat Cole, the Ellington band and Coleman Hawkins as early influences, and it was through Hawk that he discovered Thelonious Monk, with whom he was to form not only a close personal friendship but a lifelong musical affinity. Weston's style is inevitably compared to Monk's, as it is to Ellington's.

"What Monk did to a piano, my God, not just the notes, not just the rhythms he plays, but he has a particular sound, a particular touch, that can coerce people to sing," says Weston.

Unsure of his future directions, Randy went on a rhythm and blues tour with the bands of Bull Moose Jackson and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, then returned to New York to work at his father's luncheonette, where he stocked the juke box with modern-

TOM COPI

VERYL OAKLAND

ists from Bird to Stravinsky. Then in the early '50s he took a job as a cook in the Berkshire resort town of Lenox, Mass., home of the Tanglewood performance center. There Weston met both former idols and later associates, notably Marshall Stearns, best known for his excellent history, *The Story Of Jazz*. Stearns shared his interest in African and Caribbean music, and further involved him in the study of traditional jazz forms, especially the stride piano school of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson. There also, Randy was intrigued by a Guinean drummer's performance of a quadrille in 3/4 time, stimulating the composition of such classic waltz tunes as *Little Niles* and *Pam's Waltz*, named for his daughter Pamela and son, percussionist Azzedin, nee Niles.

His association with Stearns led to a series of lecture/demonstration/concerts on the history of jazz, according to Weston the first such program to be presented in the universities and public schools. It was during this period that Randy met Bill Grauer of Riverside Records, who anticipated Weston's later emergence as a solo artist by persuading him to record a duet album in 1954. "He wanted me to play solo piano, and I said, 'No, man, I've got to have a bass and drums,' so we fought and finally we compromised with just piano and bass." The resulting session, since reissued on Milestone's *Zulu* two-fer, remains one of the finest examples of Randy's art, betraying none of the nervousness he professed on this first date.

In 1961, Weston received the long awaited opportunity to visit Africa, performing at a weeklong festival in Nigeria. In 1963 he returned for another short stay, and finally in 1967 he was chosen for a 14 country State Department-sponsored tour, along with bandmembers Ed Blackwell, Ray Copeland, Clifford Jordan, Vishnu Wood and Chief Bey. Morocco had been the last stop on the tour, and the following year Randy returned to Tangier to live. "When I got back to New York, I got a letter from the U.S. government in Morocco, saying that the people there were making phone calls and sending many letters begging me to come back. For me that was a symbol—that Morocco chose me—and that's how I ended up in Morocco.

"I felt then that it was time for me to really get into Africa. The rock scene was at its peak, we no longer had access to the media in the U.S. and also I couldn't take the noise of electronic instruments, because I felt we were getting to the robot age. But even if things had been perfect I still would have gone, because I had been steered into Africa at a very early age and as far as I'm concerned Africa is our real home. And what I discovered by going to Africa is that African traditional music is the source of all the music of the Western Hemisphere. Black people have maintained the same basic laws of music, which are entirely different from those of European music—improvisation, spontaneous creativity, a greater emphasis on rhythm, call-and-response patterns, polyrhythms, multi-rhythms, the use of falsetto in the voice, heavy percussion, the use of large ensembles.

"I have tapes from Central Africa that sound just like the Ellington band. I have tapes of a man singing that sound just like Charlie Parker playing the saxophone. I've heard avant garde music in Morocco, in Dahomey, in places where they don't know what avant garde music is, that will make your hair stand on end. I found out that many things that I thought were modern had been going on in Africa for thousands of years. Africans have told me that they thought bebop was just like the music of the Northern tribes, where they still dance to the original bebop.

"I'm convinced that we are only an extension of African civilization, and all this music is really African music. In Africa, there's music for everything—if someone is sick, it's not enough just to treat them with herbs, they must have music also. And African people are more attuned to nature—they would tune their instruments to the birds. I have tapes of forest sounds in Africa, and you can hear the rhythms of the insects and the animals like a tremendous nature symphony. Even the instruments in Africa are made from plant life, and each instrument has its own spirit—before you touch an instrument you must first praise God. These are the sorts of things you learn about the spirituality of music.

"But what happens when African people come into contact with other cultures and civilizations? They merely take them over and make them their own. I'm sure that many of us come from families of musicians that go back hundreds of years, and that the spirit forces of our ancestors come out in us centuries later. We're definitely using African techniques in our approach to the instruments; we approach instruments in a very natural way to get particular sounds and colors, in a manner entirely different from European musicians. We all have music in us—your heartbeat is your drum, your voice is your sound—and music is supposed to put you in tune with nature."

In Morocco, says Weston, "Ed Blackwell and Vishnu Wood came back and joined me,

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SELECTED WESTON DISCOGRAPHY

ZULU—Milestone 2–7206
LITTLE NILES—Blue Note LA598 H–2
BLUE MOSES—CTI 6016
TANJAH—Polydor 10019
CARNIVAL—Arista/Freedom 1004
BLUES TO AFRICA—Arista/Freedom 1014
AFRICAN NITE—Inner City 1013
BERKSHIRE BLUES—Arista/Freedom 1026
WILDFLOWERS 3—Casablanca/Douglas 7047
AFRICAN COOKBOOK—Atlantic SD 1609

26th NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL

Reported by:

DAN MORGENSTERN

LEE JESKE

ANDREW SUSSMAN

W. A. BROWER

CLIFFORD JAY SAFANE

COLLIS H. DAVIS, JR.

Bassist Malachi Favors and Joseph Jarman of the Art Ensemble of Chicago; the Newport fest itself "encompasses both past and future-oriented styles and techniques."

The 1979 Newport/New York Jazz Festival was a solid success. Some of the problems of previous festivals—abhorrent acoustics, haphazard scheduling, careless programs—were pretty much gone. In their place were well put together shows that delivered exactly what they promised.

There was an unusually large nod to young artists (Metheny, Pastorius, Earl Klugh, Michael Franks), appearances by living legends (Sonny Rollins, Benny Goodman, Muddy Waters), a spritely series of solo piano recitals, and repeat successes from past years: the Hudson River boatride, a Latin jazz show, a salute to American song, a film program, the Waterloo picnic and free 52nd St. fair. There were very few surprises, a number of peculiar tune choices (a bebop *Theme From I Love Lucy*, a salsa *Feelings*, and a Swahili love song), and a large number of singers, with the unlikely names of Gerry Mulligan, Lionel Hampton, Joe Newman, Vic Dickenson, etc.

One of the reasons for the extremely well-paced nature of the concerts was the turning over of many of the more ambitious shows to independent producers—thus the new music (Cecil Taylor, Sun Ra, Braxton, Leroy Jenkins and Oliver Lake), was presented by those familiar with the artists: Dizzy Gillespie, Mel Torme and Gerry Mulligan were all given free rein; and such performer/enthusiasts as Richard Sudhalter and Bobby Short were given the opportunity to put together concerts that were truly labors of love, rather than the slip-shod bills of yore. George Wein kept a low profile throughout and the audiences were uniformly enthusiastic.

There were small problems, however. Some audiences were rather sparse, due in part to the energy crisis and in larger part to the sometimes inhibiting price of tickets. If a person wanted to see everything they could manage in the week, the cost would have been about $218.50. The Roseland dance, formerly an annual opportunity to dance to the live sounds of the Count Basie Orchestra, was scheduled as a disco dance starring Chic and quickly cancelled due to lack of interest. And, as usual, there was the Newport habit of picking some performers whose place in a jazz festival is questionable—Diahann Carroll and Max Morath, for example.

Otherwise Newport/New York appears to have finally hit its stride—coming to terms with the city's facilities and audience. The audience for the more straightahead shows seems to have increased in size and decreased in mean age over the years and the festival, which threatened to leave the city last year, is definitely here to stay.

DIZZY GILLESPIE WITH PERCUSSION

(Carnegie Hall)

The idea was all Dizzy's and it was a dramatic one: take some of jazz's greatest percussionists, add its greatest trumpeter, mix them into a goulash, and come out with a thoroughly exciting performance entitled "Unity with Diversity."

The concept was to use three Latin percussionists (Patato Valdes on congas, Tito Puente on timbales and Luis Peralta on assorted whistles, knockers and shakers) as a basic rhythm section and, one at a time, to add some diverse jazz traps players. Each drummer would play a short solo which would be joined by the Latin trio and the magnanimous Diz, who would skitter around the drums as if *he* was the accompanist. Each drummer would, wrestling tag team fashion, give up the stage to the next soloist who, highly spotlighted, would give us his solo. Only Mr. Gillespie could pull such an evening off, and it was a triumph.

Peralta and Valdes were the first out, laying down a soft percussive cushion. Grady Tate then climbed to the first of the five drum kits

on stage and played a brief, subdued solo with mallets. Tito Puente joined in on timbales as Tate gave way to Roy Haynes who, with the Latin trio sizzling behind him and Dizzy whispering and noodling on muted horn, played a slam-bang solo that set the pace for the night. Using a heavy bass foot and mostly toms, Roy was bombs away. After he alit from his platform he hugged everybody as if he'd just won the run for the roses.

An unscheduled Max Roach came onstage to present an award to Jo Jones. Jo then ticked, tapped and mugged his way through a quick solo before being joined by a challenging Roach. The two engaged in a delightful duet, Max like a hurricane and Jo like a sea breeze. This gave way to a slick exchange between Puente, crouched over his timbales like a man with saddle sores, and Valdes.

The second half of the concert began with Dizzy's new jazz-rock trio (Ed Cherry's guitar, Michael Howell's bass and Michael Carvin's drums) joining him for a muddy *St. Louis Blues*. They were augmented by a stomping Bernard Purdie who soon fell into a third-beat-accented fusion rhythm. Dizzy's group was replaced by Los Latinos and Purdie was replaced by J. C. Heard, who played a chattering tattoo on the cymbals.

The evening's final bombardier was Art Blakey, resplendent in floor-length white gown and skull cap. Blakey, mouth customarily agape, tossed a small salad of a solo—using the rims and mixing in some effective pauses before settling behind an embankment of sound. Dizzy, meanwhile, was throwing off short, muted half-valved phrases wherever he could.

Soon Dizzy was pounding a bass drum, Peralta was playing something that looked like a half bird cage and the drummers (save Roach and Carvin) were taking their respective places behind each kit. Dizzy teased us, keeping everyone tethered until, with trumpet screeching, he signaled for the eruption. As the ensemble thundered, Dizzy started his hip-shaking routine which quickly turned into a full-blown gavotte. And then, while the percussionists flailed their arms off, Dizzy marched down the stage and into the aisle of a cheering Carnegie Hall where he danced and shook with an expression of near ecstasy.

Dizzy called it the culmination of his career and it was clear that there was nobody more pleased. It was a joyous blastoff to this year's Newport Festival. —*jeske*

BLACK BROADWAY
HOAGY CARMICHAEL JUBILEE
BILLIE HOLIDAY TRIBUTE
CHILDREN'S JAZZ CONCERT

What was special about this year's Newport? Not the events that presented "name" players and organized groups, but the "theme" concerts, productions that brought together a variety of artists, some seldom seen in New York or elsewhere.

Most unusual among these was *Black Broadway*. Produced by Robert Kimball and Bobby Short and hosted by the latter, it was a thoroughly professional and uncommonly interesting evening, focusing on veteran performers and encompassing show music from 1902 to 1941.

A note of authenticity was lent by the presence of artists who'd been in the original casts of famous shows. Adelaide Hall, in three songs from "Blackbirds of 1928," displayed a still powerful voice and the unmistakable stage manner of the '20s. John Bubbles, though handicapped by a stroke, movingly recreated his role as the original Sportin' Life in "Porgy And Bess" with *It Ain't Necessarily So*. And Edith Wilson, a star of the 1929 "Hot Chocolates," sang with such warmth and artful simplicity that her *Yankee Doodle Blues* (a charming early Gershwin effort written for her) and *He May Be Your Man* became the musical standouts of the night.

Eubie Blake added another authentic note; though his repertoire was familiar, the 96 year old marvel is not to be taken for granted. Herb Jeffries, of the cast of Ellington's fabled "Jump For Joy," (which never, alas, made it to Broadway) still has a fine and mellow voice, displayed in the show's theme song, and, of course, *Flamingo*.

Short handled material from the early 20th century with taste and skill; dancer Honi Coles was delightful as Bill Robinson and even more so as himself; Nell Carter of "Ain't Misbehavin'" was effective but rather mannered in some Fats Waller songs, and Dick Hyman and a large, star-studded orchestra gave expert support throughout.

The only false note was struck by Diahann Carroll in a tasteless "tribute" to Ethel Waters, with whom her cheap Las Vegas act had nothing in common.

The tribute to Hoagy Carmichael, produced by Richard Sudhalter, tried to accomplish too much but had its moments. Carmichael himself, spry at nearly 80, was present, having a great time.

Bob Crosby was a dull and sometimes befuddled host, but Kay Starr, appearing in the second half, brought real conviction and panache to Carmichael's often brilliant songs. Her *Washboard Blues* was splendid. The other featured lady singer, Jackie Cain, was pallid, but several musician-singers brought their material to life. Marty Grosz, a fine rhythm singer and guitarist, Dave Frishberg, a singing pianist, and Max Morath, ditto, all struck the right, light and lively note. Frishberg's *Baltimore Oriole* was a standout.

Trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell's vocal effort on *Eventide* was a mistake, but his instrumental recreations of Louis Armstrong (with whom Carmichael had a special relationship) were first-rate, and in the finale, *Jubilee*, his high notes soared over the assembled ensemble like the spirit of Satchmo incarnate.

The spirit of another trumpeter important to Carmichael, Bix Beiderbecke, was evoked by pianist Mike Renzi in the premiere of a new Carmichael piece, *Piano Pedal Rag*, dedicated to Bix.

The considerable talents of other instrumentalists were largely submerged, but Vic Dickenson surfaced with a wonderfully growly half chorus of *Lazybones*, and Eddie Miller's warm tenor was audible here and there. Bob Wilber had most of the reed solo spots, and pianist Dave McKenna and trumpeters Billy Butterfield and Yank Lawson also shone briefly.

The Billie Holiday tribute, enhanced by the showing of rare film and TV clips of the immortal Lady herself, was a warm and heartfelt affair, all instrumental until Carmen McRae's concluding segment.

Associates and admirers of Billie played songs, many seldom heard, from her repertoire. Ruby Braff was brilliant on *Romance In The Dark*, Lionel Hampton tasteful, thoughtful and inventive on *I Must Have That Man*, and Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles captured an essence of Lady Day on *That Ol' Devil Called Love*.

Sweets Edison, Vic Dickenson, Buddy Tate, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton and Jo Jones meshed in a set including an *Easy Living* on which Wilson fashioned a lovely statement, comparable in quality but different in mood from Rowles' opening solo on the same piece. Buck Clayton joined in for three numbers, warmly supported by his friends on stage and in the audience.

McRae wisely eschewed doing Billie's numbers in Billie's style, and was the more convincing for it. Her *Some Other Spring*, dedicated to that great song's corpposer, the late Irene Kitchings Wilson, was the high point of her taut set, which concluded with *Strange Fruit*, still a powerful "message" song. To follow it with routine getoff music from her trio was a blunder.

This was the fourth Newport Children's Concert, but the first in which youngsters took part on stage. Drummer Eddie Locke's Youth Time, an ensemble of eight percussionists ranging in age from 11 to 17, performed his suite dedicated to drum greats Zutty Singleton, Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, Jo Jones, Max Roach and Elvin Jones, and it was a delight.

Seven of the players used snare drums (doubling sticks and brushes); the eighth employed a field drum (actually a tom-tom) and cymbal. Each segment of the suite captured essential aspects of the stylist it portrayed. Throughout, the music (and music it was, though no melody instruments were used) was both disciplined and relaxed, never stiff and drill-like, as such attempts usually become.

Bassist-tubaist Major Holley presided over the balance of the program, with good intentions but rather desultory results. Each member of the band (Warren Vache, cornet; Dicky Wells, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor; Norman Simmons, piano; Oliver Jackson, drums) was to speak about and demonstrate his instrument, but only Simmons and Holley had done their homework, though Wells played and sang *Lonesome Road* engagingly. Jackson never did come to bat. For the finale, kazoos were passed out, Youth Time and Jo Jones joined the band, and *The Saints*, propelled by the drum ensemble and the old drum master, took wing.

—*morgenstern*

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET
YUSUKE YAMASHITA TRIO

(Symphony Space)

One of the new music's virtues is that it simultaneously encompasses both past and future-oriented styles and techniques. This point was well illustrated at the concert featuring the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the World Saxophone Quartet, and the Yusuke Yamashita Trio at Symphony Space on June 29 as part of the Newport Jazz Festival.

The Yusuke Yamashita Trio (Yamashita, piano; Akira Sakata, alto saxophone, alto clarinet; Shota Koyoma, drums) opened the program with an intense set. Making its American debut, the Japanese group showed that it had listened to and absorbed much of the new music vocabulary. The three musicians explored the areas of individual and

group improvisation initiated by Cecil Taylor in the early 1960s. Yet, they also showed other influences which were all integrated into their own personal styles.

Yamashita, the group's leader, was forceful, but not entirely satisfying. In his most appealing moments, however, he employed a decidedly lighter touch than does Taylor. The pianist also utilized less dense textures as well as a beguiling combination of space and silence. At times, Yamashita displayed a Monk-like approach, using sharp, dissonant chordal punctuations both in his own solos and behind Sakata's heated improvisations.

The World Saxophone Quartet (Julius Hemphill, alto saxophone, flute; Oliver Lake, soprano and alto saxophones, flute; David Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone, flute) followed the Yamashita group with a superlative performance. If you've never heard this virtuostic ensemble, you don't yet know how wonderful four saxophones (with some flute and bass clarinet doublings) sound together. Growls, timeless blues, multiphonics, and a galaxy of other sounds and styles are all part of the group's adventuresome sound palette.

It is a tribute to the four musicians that they have merged their considerable individual talents (which were well displayed in their separate solos that opened the set) into a unique and profoundly provocative concept. From the rocking riff that opened and closed their ensemble segment to a boppish unison-line performance, the four musicians played as one. Without a rhythm section, they became their own through their intertwining, super-charged lines.

Like the World Saxophone Quartet, the Art Ensemble of Chicago (Lester Bowie, trumpet; Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell, reeds; Malachi Favors, bass; Famoudou Don Moye, drums) is one of the premier ensembles of our time. The five musicians have worked together for years, and can react, and even anticipate, each other. Yet, this particular concert was not one of their more exciting performances. They generally did not radiate their usual intensity, instead concentrating more on low-key musical dialogues than on an extroverted approach, and except for a passionate interchange between Mitchell and Bowie, the music rarely caught fire. —*safane*

PAT METHENY GROUP JACO PASTORIUS

(Avery Fisher Hall)

The most consistent aspect of this evening was the lack of substance, although the show was well received by the packed house.

Jaco Pastorius opened playing solo electric bass, seeming content to spend his time letting everyone know how much technique he possessed. Aside from his leaps into the air, shuffles across the stage and dropping of his bass on the floor, there was no emotion involved in his music at all; certainly there was no cohesive element, which was sorely needed. He would shake his hands as if to limber them, run his fingers with lightning grace over the strings and then search for an appropriate climax, which he never achieved. At one point he seemed to be truly lost, and at no time was one given the impression that he had prepared his act.

A brief reprieve was offered when Patato Valdes and Don Alias entered with some interesting work on congas. But when Pastorius returned all thought of redemption was dismissed. At one point he even slid, baseball style, onto his instrument. This hardly made up for the musical void.

Pat Metheny followed with his quartet, and although he offered a pleasant enough excursion there was nothing to get excited about. Metheny is an excellent guitarist, with a talent for composing pretty tunes and constructing nice solos which can be whistled. There is little passion in his music, though he *can* play a truly rousing rock and roll guitar when he wants to. But for the most part he seemed content to wallow in his own self-indulgent grandeur and melodies. Nothing wrong with that; and the man has technique and his own unique style. But in the final analysis his music was dull, the tunes were all similarly sweet and stylish and each note of his solos was seemingly inexplicably wrenched with terrific effort and agony.

Lyle Mays played rhapsodic though uninspired piano, and Dan Gottlieb (drums) and Mark Egan (bass) provided competent support. The problem was that everything was predictable.

The only excitement of the evening came at the very end of the concert, as Metheny and Pastorius returned together with drummer Bobby Moses to offer an encore. Moses in his surprise visit (he had played with Metheny in Gary Burton's band) offered the first spark of the night as he completed an inspiring solo, but the jam was cut short to clear the hall and make room for the next show. —*sussman*

SOLO PIANO: ROLAND HANNA, MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, BARRY HARRIS, PATTI BOWN, AL HAIG, BARBARA CARROLL

(Carnegie Hall)

Among the best features acquired by Newport in its New York phase have been the solo piano concerts, presented this year in a welcome new format.

Instead of a single Carnegie Hall event with five pianists (a method inevitably disadvantageous to some of the artists) there were six individual showcases at Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5 p.m. on the weekdays of the ten day festival. The hall, seating some 300 and requiring no amplification, is an ideal setting, and each pianist presented a program of about an hour's length.

First up was Al Haig, and it was a pleasure to savor the full spectrum of his special touch. The first half was Tatumesque. The pieces, all fully conceived as solo piano statements, included Kern's *Yesterdays*, Ellington's *Prelude To A Kiss*, Strayhorn's *Lush Life*, and three selections unfamiliar to me, structured like standards but quite possibly originals.

The second half was Haig whole, beginning with Bud Powell's *Parisian Thoroughfare*. It was through his association with Gillespie and Parker that Haig came into his own, and his beautiful interpretation of Dizzy's ballad *I Waited For You* revealed his bebop and Tatum-Wilson roots. Powell's *Dance Of The Infidels* was a delight. Haig closed with *Un Poco Loco*. Powell's fiery masterpiece is a challenge when played as Bud recorded it, with bass and drums. Haig's solo version was staggering, more than suggesting the cross-rhythms set up by Bud and Max Roach.

Muhal Richard Abrams offered a 50 minute composition best described as a tone poem. A consistent thematic thread was interwoven in the extended, richly-hued development, and there was considerable contrast in mood and dynamics. In other words, coherent music, and pianistically commanding, in an idiom hard to categorize except in such vague generalities as impressionistic and late Romantic. (At times, I wondered if Muhal knows the works of Scriabin.)

The audience wouldn't let him go, and his encore was more specifically centered on the jazz tradition. He began with a boogie-woogieish pattern, moved into convincing neo-stride, and ended with Monk's *Crepuscule With Nellie*. An encounter with a unique musical mind.

Roland Hanna chose a program of pieces recorded and/or composed by himself. Not all pianists in the jazz world relish solo playing, but the nine-foot grand was obviously Hanna's meat; he is one of the contemporary masters of this special idiom. The SRO audience was with him from the start.

There were selections from his latest LP, among them *Under The Clock, Afterglow, A View From The Island* (all his own) and Charlie Haden's *Silence*. He ended with *A Child Is Born*, which he played so strikingly with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, and plays even better now. At times, one wished for more directly rhythmic playing, but it was a finely wrought and thoroughly pianistic recital.

Barry Harris began like Haig, in a Tatum framework. *We'll Be Together Again* was filled with beautiful details; a masterly display of touch and taste. Standouts in a superbly paced and planned program were the Monk medley of *Light Blue, Monk's Mood, Epistrophy* and *'Round Midnight* (Harris is a peerless interpreter of Monk, as was Bud Powell), and a thrilling, driving, happy, inspired *Bouncing With Bud*. Who said bebop pianists are afflicted with weak left hands?

Barry Harris is a pure musician and a brilliant pianist. His recital stood out among the six as jazz to the core.

Patti Bown is not familiar enough to the public. Her audience proved that musicians know better, as Quincy Jones did when he put her in his band (they're both from Seattle). Remember *G'won Train*? It is ironic that her only album as a leader was made in 1959 (for Columbia).

Recently recovered from an illness, she made her recital into a sort of encounter session, a musical autobiography. Unfortunately, much of her commentary was difficult to follow, as she spoke without the aid of a microphone. She played a basic, earthy blues she'd learned from her mother. She did a stomping, gospel-flavored piece, and played and sang (well) a ballad she'd written for Billie Holiday when not yet in her teens, and other creations old and new, at times enlisting the audience's rhythmic support (uncommonly good handclapping).

Though Patti Bown revealed more of her warm, engaging personality than of her keyboard prowess, her recital was the most spontaneous, and in some ways the most affecting. She's one of a kind.

Barbara Carroll also projects an appealing personality—chic but not slick—and she is an accomplished pianist. If her recital had the ambience of an East Side Manhattan boite rather than the concert hall, that was not

continued on page 47

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Count Basie

SWINGING at 75

The ensemble sound fanned out in layers . . . the reeds pulsed in riffs that gave dimension and lift to the steely rhythm core. The brass provided the overlay of sharp excitement. The simplicity of the band matched the simplicity of Basie's keyboard. The result was a revelation in big band thinking.

by JOHN McDONOUGH


VERYL OAKLAND

Count Basie is now 75 years old, and for the last 50 of those years he's occupied himself producing music ranging from indifferent to indestructible. Since posterity judges the accomplishments of great men by their best and not their worst, however, Basie's place in history is secure and unalterable, and has been as of circa 1940, regardless of what might have come after that.

It's a common circumstance in the arts—that is, that the artist who achieves recognition during his lifetime normally finds that recognition focused within a narrow slot of time; and furthermore, that whatever he does after that is judged against the rules he laid down when he became famous. Fame and honor become assured in perpetuity. But the artist often becomes a prisoner of his own immortality.

Basie has declined that fate by facing the need for change squarely over the years, especially in the early '50s when he had to rebuild his band virtually from scratch. It was that period around 1952 that still stands as the great schism of the Basie career. On the far chronological side stand the pre-war purists, for whom the "original" Basie band of 1937-'40 is the only one worthy of serious consideration. On the other side stand the post-war revisionists who have supported the band and made it possible for it to exist and thrive. Both bands are vital to the Basie legend, although there is little question as to where Basie's artistic clout rests as a seminal jazz figure. The original band which existed for about four years continues to dominate any serious thinking about Basie's 45 year career as a band leader.

If I was given a Blindfold Test and asked to comment on the piano soloist heard toward the end of *Jones Law Blues*, I would be able to muster little enthusiasm. I would probably arch my eyebrows and offer a shrug of indifference. Jelly Roll Morton, perhaps, I might say, or early Ellington on an off day. If I was then played *Small Back*, I might perceive the emerging shadow of Earl Hines. Both are 1929 performances of the Bennie Moten band and contain Basie's first recorded piano work (last available on RCA Vintage LPV 514). The most impressive thing about them is where they led, for a mere seven years later to the month we find in *Lady Be Good* (*The Lester Young Story*, Vol. 1, Columbia) the mature Basie piano style in which the notes are to the musical idea as a series of unconnected dots are to a picture in a child's workbook. We know it's the same Basie because his Wallerish playing on *Shoe Shine Boy* from the same session is enough of a throwback to 1929 to connect the two styles.

But Basie's piano is only the beginning of the Basie mystique. If that had been all there was, there would be little to celebrate today. The miracle came in the way Basie's laconic piano was reflected in orchestral terms by his band. The ensemble sound fanned out in layers from the core that was the rhythm section. Rhythm was everything. No fancy harmonies, thank you. And no involved melodic labyrinths or complicated sectional entanglements. The reeds pulsed in riffs that gave dimension and lift to the steely rhythm core. The brass provided the overlay of sharp excitement. The simplicity of the band matched the simplicity of Basie's keyboard. The result was a revelation in big band thinking. A large ensemble *could* swing with the looseness and mobility of a small group.

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A VERY SELECTIVE COUNT BASIE DISCOGRAPHY

COUNT BASIE IN KANSAS CITY: WITH BENNIE MOTEN, 1930-32—RCA Vintage LPV 514
THE COUNT AT THE CHATTERBOX: FEBRUARY, 1937—Jazz Archives 16
THE BEST OF COUNT BASIE: ORIGINAL RECORDINGS THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS—Decca/MCA DBX 170
THE LESTER YOUNG STORY, VOL. 3: ENTER THE COUNT—Columbia JG 34840
THE LESTER YOUNG STORY, VOL. 4: LESTER LEAPS IN—Columbia JG 34843
16 MEN SWINGING: BASIE BAND OF THE '50s—Verve 2517
BASIE PLAYS HEFTI—Emus ES 12003 (formerly Roulette)
SATCH AND JOSH: COUNT BASIE ENCOUNTERS OSCAR PETERSON—Pablo 2310 722
BASIE AND ZOOT (with Zoot Sims)—Pablo 2310 745
MONTREUX '75—Pablo 2310 750
I TOLD YOU SO (with arrangements by Bill Holman)—Pablo 2310 767

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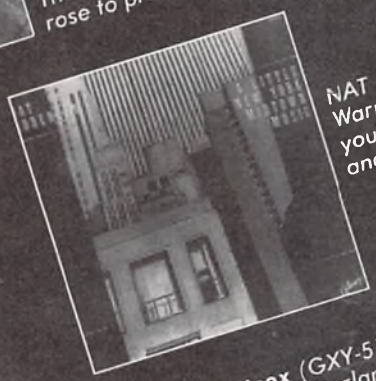

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REVIEWS

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

MAX ROACH/ ANTHONY BRAXTON

BIRTH AND REBIRTH—Black Saint 0024: *Birth; Magic And Music; Tropical Forest; Dance Griot; Spirit Possession; Soft Shoe; Rebirth.*

Personnel: Braxton, alto, soprano and sopranino saxophones, clarinet; Roach, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If ever there was a jazz marriage made in heaven, this is the one. In an absolutely dynamic and feet-on-the-ground, head-in-the-clouds tour de force of intuitive improvisation, Max Roach and Anthony Braxton have bridged the mythological gap between past and present, emotion and conception. There is fire and freedom, exploration and passion here, as could be expected from two such giants. But what some may find surprising is the exquisite melodicism that legitimizes all but the most incendiary of Braxton's flights—as if they ever needed it. And it's not so much a case of Roach bringing Anthony down to earth, or Brax hoisting Max to the heavens: they conspire in a complement of African roots, fertile searching—and *swing*.

The two title tunes feature Braxton on alto, uplifting Ayler in reedsplitting screams and guts-out blowing, pushed onward by Roach's carefully placed cymbal work and ever changing whirlwind. As always, Max works like a high-hurdler in prime condition: fast, precise, utilizing his entire body in uncanny coordination and focused motion. And like a boxer, he dances.

Anthony's sopranino verily dances, as well, on *Magic And Music* and *Soft Shoe*. On the former, Braxton subtly plies a boppish blues theme with delicate cascades, full of grace notes and mellifluous embellishments, while Max cooks loosely in irrepressible shuffling delight. *Soft Shoe* displays Braxton at his softest, most playful, even quoting from *Straight, No Chaser* while Roach deftly brushes through this short 3/4 swinger. Anthony's upper end squeaks are incorporated well into his statements, with Roach capping accents of his own, unpredictably.

Tropical Forest exhibits Roach's exceptional melodicism, as he produces tabla-like raindrops with tuned tom-toms and undulating rivers with superb hi-hat movements. Anthony offers bird calls and vocal cries, soon engaging in a marvelous rhythmic dialogue with Max. *Spirit Possession* is another African celebration which goes outside, inside, all sides—Braxton climbing and descending on clarinet and alto, the stilted runs punctuated by single note splats and multiple bursts. Again the interweavings are startling: Braxton manages an opposing rhythm to Roach's log drum-like tom-toms whose motion, while tension sprung, seems somehow as logical as the blues. *Dance Griot* bows amply to Dolphy, with long, densely packed alto lines—angular yet articulate—grounded by Roach's solidity.

After Braxton's recent conceptual/orchestral releases, *Birth And Rebirth* may come as a swinging velvet hammer to his detractors, wont to label him academic, intellectual, dry, etc. We've always known Max was the man, and while some of us find the above criticism of Brax cloying and narrow-minded—Lord, listen to his quartet work on *Fall, 1974*, or his *In The Tradition* records—we can rest assured that these gems will open up eyes, minds and hearts alike. —*zipkin*

JOHNNY GRIFFIN

RETURN OF THE GRIFFIN—Galaxy GXY-5117: *Autumn Leaves; When We Were One; A Monk's Dream; The Way It Is; Fifty Six; I Should Care.*

Personnel: Griffin, tenor sax; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Ray Drummond, bass; Keith Copeland, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Return Of The Griffin defies notetaking. So much happens so fast and is so good it almost annuls the ability and reason to criticize.

Since ending his self-imposed exile last year, Griffin has made a career out of outdoing himself. Last fall's American tour galvanized audiences. The *Live In Tokyo* album on Inner City evinced Griffin's maturation into a hornman both sensitive and speedy. And *Return Of The Griffin* promotes the Little Giant to prominence on the domestic recording front.

Return amounts to a history lesson about Griffin. Start with the standards—*Autumn Leaves* and *I Should Care*. Griffin plays the hell out of them, attacking as if he first read them just yesterday.

On *Autumn Leaves* he builds—no, blasts—by the third set of fours into a whipping, vibrato-less run. The pace never flags. Griffin has shaved some rough edges, but lost none of his dexterity. The final solo of *I Should Care* is steel-strong in its unabashed tenderness—long, luring notes from one commonly considered angry.

A Monk's Dream pays homage to pianist Thelonious, in whose group Griffin replaced John Coltrane. On tenor, Griffin plays both the inscrutable voice of Monk and his own bolting style.

The funky *The Way It Is* sounds like an ode to Griffin's barnstorming partner of the early '60s, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis. But the Griffin of 15 years later leaves space for Ronnie Mathews' tinkling piano, Ray Drummond's extended bass notes and Keith Copeland's hi-hat pacing. The sound is consummate barroom in the finest jazz definition.

Fifty-Six jumps the tempo in following *The Way It Is*—just one more sign of a well put together album. The tune is classic Griffin if not a Griffin classic. The rhythm section pushes unrelentingly into an unerring groove, in which Griffin smoothly rambles.

Having reminded a listener of his dynamic, varied past, Griffin establishes his continued growth on *When We Were One*. The tune seems at first a strange choice, given Griffin's definitive, mystic, sidelong version on *Live In Tokyo*.

But, if possible, the studio revision sounds even spookier, from Drummond's mournful bowing to the clipped economy of Mathews and Copeland and Griffin's slightly choked tone. Grif's second break is exemplary: he lulls to the point of almost stopping, but instead unrolls a long, poignant note and ends up in a swagger, syncopating with gruff notes.

It is hard to overcompliment the rhythm section, which dogs the mercurial Griffin at every change. Mathews, Drummond and Copeland support so well their work almost passes unnoticed. Almost. No one keeping Griffin's company gets overlooked these days. —*sam freedman*

RAN BLAKE

RAPPORT—Arista/Novus AN 3006: *Alone Together; Vanguard; Solitaire; Thursday; Wende; Biko; Arline; Breakthru; Vradiazi; The Ballad Of Hix Blewitt; You Go To My Head.*

Personnel: Blake, piano; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone (cuts 1, 4, 7, 8, 11); Anthony Braxton, alto saxophone (2); Chris Connor, vocal (5); Eleni Odoni, vocal (9); Jerome Thomas, guitar (5); Rufus Reid, bass (4, 5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TAKE ONE—Golden Crest CRS 4176: *Sirod; Stoneciphering; Silent Night; Biko; You've Changed; Until Dawn; Vradiasi; Ol' Man River; Moonlight On The Ganges; Sontagism; Just A Closer Walk With Thee.*

Personnel: Blake, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

TAKE TWO—Golden Crest CRS 4177: *Sirod; Stoneciphering; Silent Night; Biko, You've Changed; Until Dawn; Vradiasi; Ol' Man River; Moonlight On The Ganges; Sontagism; Just A Closer Walk With Thee.*

Personnel: Blake, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meaning in poetry, T. S. Eliot once ventured, is something like the meat the burglar throws the family dog, a distraction allowing the burglar/artificer to get on with his real business. Eliot's metaphor, revealing for many kinds of artistry, is especially telling when applied to a pianist like Ran Blake; for he, like Eliot's burglar, is a master distracter. His grab bag of tricks—jarring seconds, tangled, angry snatches of melody that pounce then etherize, burning bass forays—this whole arsenal can easily be mistaken for Blake's "meaning," since it's easy enough to hang critical handles on them and in so doing to make Blake into a kind of supercharged Monk/Bley amalgam, neatly avoiding what Blake, the burglar/artificer, is all about.

The clue lies in Blake's concept of Third Stream music, a department of which he chairs at the New England Conservatory. Blake has expanded the earlier conceptions of this term (chamber jazz, symphony orchestra plus jazz soloist, and the like) to embrace an admixture of art and ethnic musics. While the Third Stream blends of the '60s flowed smoothly, Blake's mixture heads inevitably towards the rapids. Consider *Alone Together* on *Rapport*. Ricky Ford swings through the head in solid jazz tenor tradition as Blake plays antithetical cat-pouncing-on-mouse clumps of chords mixed with four to the bar consonances, lyrical interludes and then, with Ford, free-wheeling unison riffs. Meaning here eludes chord by chord, lick by lick analysis and is to be found instead in the constant commingling of the two musical

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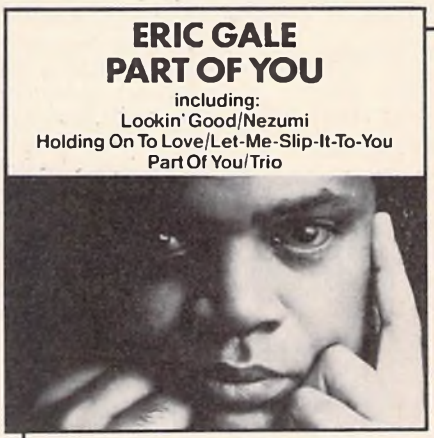

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traditions. A similar antithetical pairing occurs on *Vanguard*, which pits Anthony Braxton's compressed, controlled attack against Blake's nervous comping and constantly vacillating rhythmic and harmonic architecture. The swingy *Thursday*, coalesced by Rufus Reid's walking bass, is the clincher: the burglar caught throwing the meat to the dog and Blake caught in his guise not as a melodist, not as a harmonist, but as a punctuator. A comma here, an exclamation point there, and, throughout, a relentless series of probing question marks. Once you catch on to Blake's sleight of hand (or, more correctly, to his purpose), everything he plays not only makes sense but seems inevitably right.

Other interesting blendings: Chris Connor's felt, satinized reading of *Wende*, a pseudo-poetic love song. More exotic are Eleni Odoni's vocal improvisations in Greek on *Vradiazi*. Blake's controlled density, gradually filling out single note lines into intertwining chordal passages, perfectly complements the soloist.

Blake's twin solo piano releases, *Take One* and *Take Two*, are calculatedly redundant—a simultaneous issuing of the same thematic material, track for track. The rationale, as the albums' liner notes put it, is to make "the listener aware of the inventive interpretations of the artist." Cynics may question this and wonder whether Blake or someone at Golden Crest couldn't have simply culled out the best of these dual takes and saved the moderately interested listener the expense of buying two similar but not identical releases. But after A-B'ing this material, I sympathize, for each of these alternates is well worth hearing.

Economic considerations aside, Blake's eclectic solo piano tastes run from John Mehegan's tentative, abstract *Sinod* to a lyrical, almost timid tribute to Billie Holiday, to the melancholy gospel of *Ol' Man River*, take two of which interpolates a snatch of *Dixie*. Ray Charles couldn't have put it better. And ditto for both takes of *Just A Closer Walk*—rollicking sanctification. On a bleaker side, both takes of *Biko*, Blake's agitated requiem for the slain black South African political figure, are furies of angry bass ramblings and taut treble chords. Blake's pleasure in clashing divergent idioms together is especially evident on take one of *Silent Night:* an up tempo, '60s styled intro meanders into thick gospel, during which the theme, in Blake's term, is "recomposed." So, there's the meat. There's the family dog. The meaning? Well, the meaning's in the process. Flow with it. —*balleras*

MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON

GIFTS—Arista/Novus AN 3012: *Unspoken Magic; Dyami Emu; Vivid Violet; Theme For In Eyes; Sir Julius Of Woodstock; Gifts.*

Personnel: Jackson, acoustic and electric guitars, voice, percussion, organ; Pheeroan ak Laff, drums; Marty Ehrlich, flute, soprano sax, alto sax, bass clarinet; Baikida Carroll, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jerome Harris, electric bass; Fred Hopkins; acoustic bass (cut 1); Jay Hoggard, vibraphone (1).

★ ★ ★ ★

KARMONIC SUITE—Improvising Artists IAI 37.38.57: *When We Got There; Still (Transitory Ancestry); Something I Had To Tell You; Karmony (Love For Life); Dance For You People; Spirit; We Have The Power; Cooperative Development; Spirit (Afterthought).*

Personnel: Jackson, electric and acoustic guitars, Guatemalan marimba, drums, percussion, bamboo flute; Oliver Lake, alto sax, soprano sax, flute.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gifts is the freshest jazz I've heard recently. At the same time it is a frustrating album because many of the most exciting ideas are not fully developed. All too often Jackson states a theme and then flies off in another direction before the first is adequately explored. The 15 minute title track is the most satisfying cut—not because the material is superior but because the music has time to develop. On the rest of the album, we get only tantalizing glimpses into Jackson's fertile mind.

On both sides the music abounds with buoyant ostinato vamps. The best melodies, such as in *Unspoken Magic* and *Vivid Violet*, skim over the vamps like a skiff over waves. Indeed, there is something of the islands in this music—a bright and breezy rhythmic flair, a sparkling melodic and timbral sense—that fits the jazz just right.

The performers are excellent. Marty Ehrlich creates soaring lines with a vibrant, fullbodied sax sound. Baikida Carroll solos with broad gestures, full of rips and runs. Pheeroan ak Laff's energetic drumming is totally appropriate, and Jerome Harris' bass lines are solid. Jackson has his own guitar style: abstract, angular and devoid of cliches. I don't always like what he does, but it is definitely his own.

Perhaps the most pleasant surprise on the album is Jackson's singing. He uses his voice instrumentally, emitting expressive sounds that almost but not quite make words. Sometimes he creates coloristic effects, but more often he sings percussive voice vamps. Jackson's vocal stylings on this release captivate me more than his guitar work.

Karmonic Suite is a very different album. The music here, consisting of solos and duets, is decidedly more avant garde. Jackson and Oliver Lake go outside, avoiding dancy vamps and hummable melodies in favor of irregular rhythms and dissonant intervals.

Side one offers four Jackson solos—two on electric guitar, one on acoustic guitar and one on marimba. Jackson's guitar work here is more introspective than that on *Gifts* but just as distinctive. Fingerpicking his jagged lines, Jackson sounds like John Fahey being visited by friendly aliens.

The three duets on side two are full of abrupt leaps and unpredictable counterpoint. The timbral quality, while never harsh or overbearing, varies with the instruments. *Spirit* is darting and irregular, yet almost soft because it employs flute and acoustic guitar. In the aptly titled *We Have The Power* Jackson toys with electric guitar in a thoughtful post-Hendrix manner while Lake shines his light into every corner of the alto saxophone. Jackson switches to percussion and Lake to soprano for *Cooperative Development*, which is abstract without being assaulting.

The contrast between these two albums is striking. Michael Gregory Jackson is clearly one of the brightest young musicians to appear recently, and these albums showcase the diversity of his talent. —*clark*

CAT ANDERSON

CAT ANDERSON—Classic Jazz 142: *Good Queen Bess; Stompy Jones; The Cat In G Flat; The Jeep Is Jumpin'; The Cat Hums; What Am I Here For; Cat Speaks.*

Personnel: Anderson, trumpet and vocal; Gerard Badini, tenor sax and clarinet; Raymond Fol, piano; Michel Gaudry, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Only those superficially acquainted with Ellingtonia would write off Cat Anderson as a high note man and let it go at that. Certainly,

that was the role in which he was most often cast during his more than 20 years with Duke, but musicians have long known of Cat's other, more orthodox skills as a jazz trumpeter. Initially inspired by Louis Armstrong and later by Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart, Anderson has never strayed very far from his roots. And in his consistent reflection of these roots, he displays a rare sense of stability and self-assurance. While his prowess in the altissimo range will forever be his major claim to fame, it should not be allowed to obscure the solid core of jazz expressiveness that lies at the base of his talent.

Originally recorded for the French Black & Blue label, this trumpet date happily finds its leader in a most appropriate setting, for the primary raison d'etre of tenorman Badini's Swing Machine is the perpetuation of small band Ellingtonia. For the most part, the repertoire speaks for itself. *Good Queen Bess*, a 1940 Hodges theme on *I Got Rhythm* changes, showcases Cat in a Cootie bag. His extended growl solo exhibits an artful mastery of the plunger style, a technique Cootie learned from Tricky Sam Nanton, who learned it from Bubber Miley, who learned it from Charlie Irvis, who learned it from King Oliver, its originator. Badini reflects equal parts Hawkins and Webster before Cat returns to scale the heights.

Duke's *Stompy Jones* is just as good, but here Cat favors the Armstrong approach, while the tenorman successfully evokes Paul Gonsalves. Pianist Fol's contribution to the date is the Latinesque *Cat In G Flat*, which is most notable for the Bigardian clarinet work of Badini. Hodges' *The Jeep Is Jumpin'* offers some heated trumpet/tenor fours, but, inexplicably, this track ends with a fade-out. Cat displays his own version of Clark Terry's *Mumbles* on *The Cat Hums*, but saves the day by getting in some authentic Miley-styled growling on his horn.

What Am I Here For, one of Duke's best blowing tunes, oddly sacrifices the original changes, after their initial statement, for a series of choruses on the blues. On this, Badini reworks parts of Gonsalves' famous *Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue* solo before the exciting reprise of the theme. Badini returns to clarinet for *Cat Speaks*, a jungle-type piece that elicits an *Echoes Of Harlem*-inspired response from the trumpeter. Unfortunately, Badini's occasional flabbiness of tone comes closer to recalling Perry Robinson than its does his presumed idol, Barney Bigard. Throughout, the rhythm section plays a strong functional role, with Swing Machine regular Sam Woodyard obviously making good use of his own experience in the Ellington camp. —*sohmer*

MANDINGO GRIOT SOCIETY

MANDINGO GRIOT SOCIETY—Flying Fish 076: *Jimbasen; Sounds From The Bush; Appollo—Fasubara; Chedo; Africa; Janjungo; Mamamaneh; Gambia Village Sounds; Musubalanto.*

Personnel: Jali Foday Musa Suso, kora, lead vocals, dusungoni, shakers; Adam Rudolph, congas, bongos, timbales, djembe, tabla, achimevu, shekere, dundungo, bells, shakers, vocals; Joseph Thomas, Fender Tap bass, shakers, vocals; Hank Drake, trap drums, tabla, bells, shakers, vocals; Don Cherry, trumpet (cuts 3, 9).

★ ★ ★ ★

"The first album by the Mandingo Griot Society is not simply a different form of fusion music," proclaims the liner notes. But what it is ain't exactly clear, either. Should the Mandingo Griot Society be approached with the mingled curiosity and awe reserved for such ethnological discoveries as the bells of Tibet or the secret castrati choirs of the Vatican? Or is this merely the latest in Third World chic for those whose musical palates are already jaded with the Rasta harmonies of Burning Spear, the Maytals, the Meditations and the Wailers?

With a Western-style rhythm section of drums and electric bass added to such traditional African instrumentation as the talking drums and the kora (which Suso played in *Roots*), this offering from the progressive Flying Fish label appears to be neither musical fish nor fowl.

Little matter. When the combination of Afro-roots and hi-tech merge successfully, the fusion has a powerful, cruising beat that transcends the narrow arguments of musical lineage and purity. It doesn't make much difference to this listener that the kora employed by Musa has been slightly modified for Western tastes. His extraordinary musicianship is all that counts, as he handily plucks out a delicate and sprightly musical commentary to the traditional story-chants he performs.

Several hundred years of traditional recitation are behind some of the selections here, but unfortunately the album notes give only the briefest synopsis of the stories being told. *Chedo* is about the war between the Fulanis and the Mandingos and *Janjungo* is a reminiscence about Fakoli Kruma, the bravest, loyal friend of the great warrior and ruler Sundiata. With only this information it's difficult to evaluate the songs' narratives, which in

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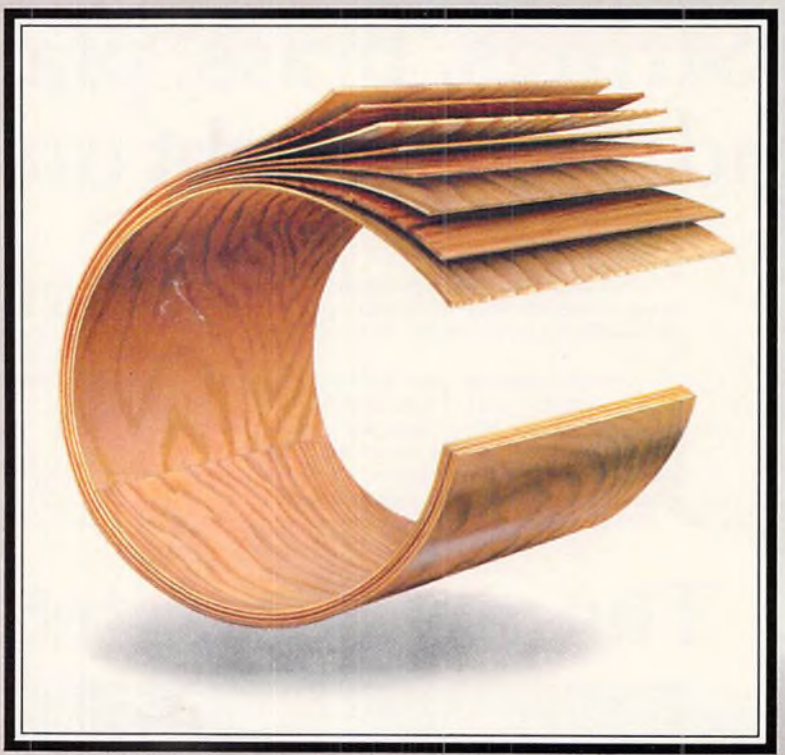

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their traditional setting sometimes take as long as four hours to recite. Though the poetic nuances are lost by the failure to provide translation, the musical vision is for the most part extraordinarily strong. AACM drummer Hank Drake and bassist Joseph Thomas provide consistent support for Musa, while Rudolph manages to pick up the cross-currents of the beat with an assortment of African and Eastern percussion.

The most persuasive argument for the beauty and authenticity of the musical perspective presented here is provided by trumpeter Don Cherry, however. Though only present on two selections, the lovely counterpoint of his modal bop voice provides overwhelming evidence of the musical vistas that this amalgam of African and Western traditions can open.

At this point in the current musical stalemate, the offerings of the Mandingo Griot Society may not qualify as "fusion." But that's the loss of fusion, not these agile and gifted creators and preservers of African musical heritage. —*simon*

GEORGE GRUNTZ

PERCUSSION PROFILES—ECM 19002: *Movements 1-6.*

Personnel: Jack DeJohnette, drums, cymbals, gongs; Pierre Favre, drums, cymbals, gongs; Fredy Studer, drums, cymbals, gongs; Dom Um Romao, percussion, gongs; David Friedman, flat gongplay, vibes, marimba, crotales; George Gruntz, gongs, keyboards, synthesizer, crotales.

★ ★ ★ ½

Percussion Profiles is an ambitious attempt to utilize the diverse tonalities of percussion instruments into a cohesive suite with six movements. Composer George Gruntz employs some of the most imaginative drummers and percussionists currently recording and allows each ample solo space to explore his individual musical direction. In an effort to record a full album's worth of new percussion music, Gruntz has devoted most of the LP to solos. This offers a good comparison of the different artists' approaches to the drum solo, but has resulted in an album of uneven quality.

Movement 5, the longest section, is literally a series of solos by five of the six musicians. It best demonstrates the basic fundamental differences in each artists' conception of soloing. Beginning with Dom Um Romao the movement has solos by Friedman, DeJohnette, Favre and finally Studer.

Um Romao's solo is more grounded in the traditional Latin approach to percussion utilizing quika, whistles, cowbells and other exotic instruments. His is the only solo in this movement not played on a conventional drum set and yet is probably the most accessible in terms of maintaining interest. Friedman and Studer both solo in a more structured manner, each working around established rhythm motifs. DeJohnette plays like an artillery of drummers by using the full range of his oversized set. As always, his technique is outstanding. Favre may be the most experimental of the five, extracting new sounds from his drums. He plays the rims, shells and any other unconventional spot that will produce unfamiliar sounds.

Although certain rhythmic patterns repeat throughout the piece as in *Movements 1* and *6*, Gruntz has not fully realized the possibilities of composed percussion music. The title is revealing in that this is a string of loosely related solos that do indeed profile six talented percussionists. While some movements contain arranged music (especially *Movements 4* and *6*), the bulk of the LP is devoted to each musician's abilities as an improviser.

An example of another approach to a similiar piece devoted to percussion music is *Ionisation* for a percussion ensemble of 13 musicians by Edgard Varese. The composer in this case takes a firmer hand in structuring the music, leaving no time for improvised solos. Varese uses 37 different instruments to reflect the composer's relationship to rhythm and sound. *Percussion Profiles* shows Gruntz and his group as performers but does not offer enough of Gruntz as a composer.

While the LP does have its moments, longer composed sections might give the piece a cohesiveness it now lacks. —*less*

MILLIE JACKSON

A MOMENT'S PLEASURE—Spring SP1-6722: *Never Change Lovers In The Middle Of The Night; Seeing You Again; Kiss You All Over; A Moment's Pleasure; What Went Wrong Last Night* (Part I); *What Went Wrong Last Night* (Part II); *Rising Cost Of Love; We Got To Hit It Off; Once You've Had It.*

Personnel: Jackson, vocals; the Muscle Shoals Sound Band section.

★ ★ ★ ★

A Moment's Pleasure represents a welcome modification of Millie Jackson's successful but by now limiting novelty brand of X-rated material. Still operating within a conceptualized format—the concept of the explicit woman—but working with an extra-tight

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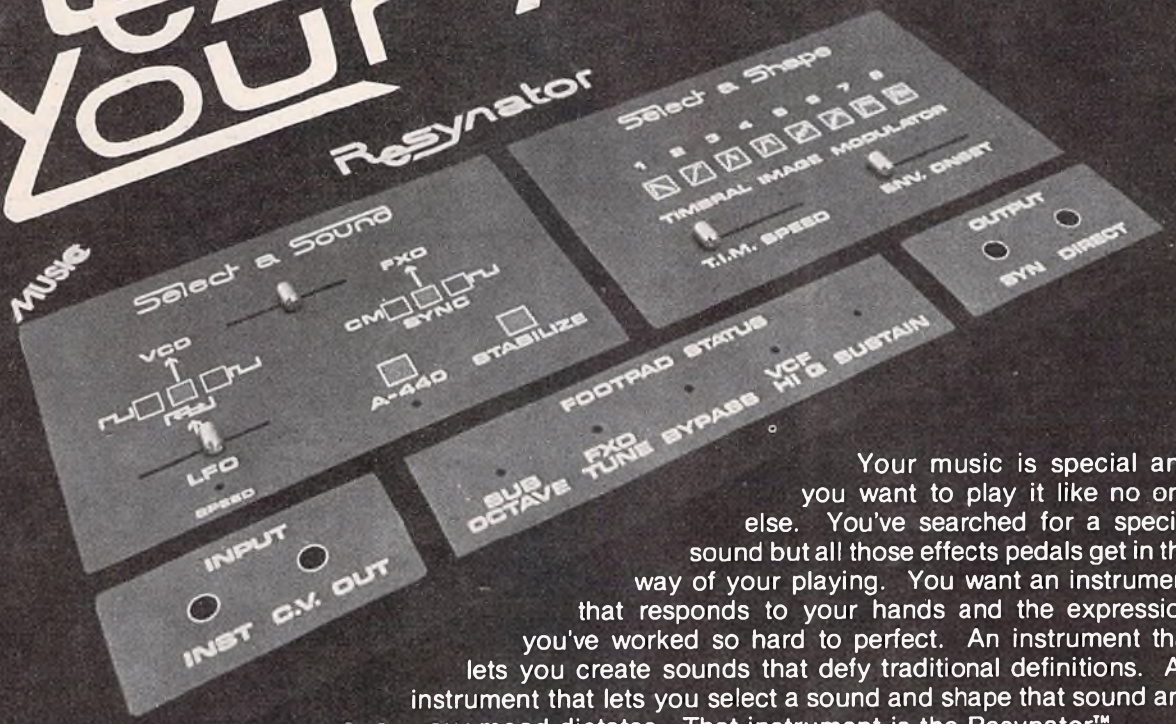

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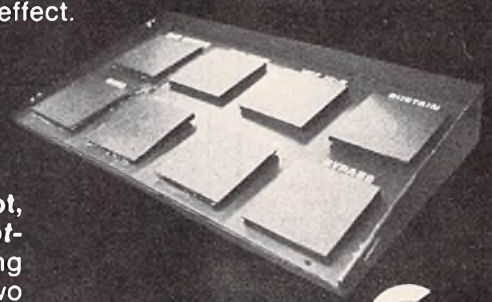

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Muscle Shoals studio band, Jackson this time emphasizes music over lyrics and thus avoids sinking into the threatening self-parody of her notorious "raps".

The emphasis shift allows Millie Jackson to expand in other respects as well. As a songwriter, for example. *A Moment's Pleasure* is packed with good tunes, that, consisting of various segments and surprising hooks, support the smooth progression of the album strived for by the segued track arrangement. Also, as a performer, Millie Jackson this time shows a momentary toning down of her "macha" image with a soft, romantic ballad, *Seeing You Again.*

Most of the songs, however, are as strong and spicy as ever and performed with Jackson's customary gusto. Only she could get away with such ludicrous touches as a man snoring on the title track, or the actual sound of a calculator adding up the *Rising Cost Of Love.*

The changes noticed on *A Moment's Pleasure* are still in a budding stage, but they could prove Millie Jackson to be the true heiress to the classic soul tradition. *—gabel*

PAT METHENY

NEW CHAUTAUQUA—ECM-1-1131: *New Chautauqua; Country Poem; Long Ago Child/Fallen Star; Hermitage; Sueno Con Mexico; Daybreak.*

Personnel: Metheny, electric six and 12 string guitars, acoustic guitar, 15 string harp guitar, electric bass.

★ ★ ★

Claiming the inspiration of Wes Montgomery and Lester Young, Metheny has proceeded instead to an extension of the styles of John Fahey and Robbie Basho. On his new solo album, the softcore strummers' current darling harks back to the country airs of his native Missouri, where the term Chautauqua referred to a group of itinerant 19th century musicians. With churchy bluegrass licks and neo-Romantic sensibilities, Metheny has fashioned a cleanly orchestrated rhapsody in white, bearing none but the most tangential relationship to Afro-American traditions.

As an exercise in craftsmanship, *New Chautauqua* succeeds only too well; Metheny's overdubbed self-accompaniment is empathetic to a fault, obviating completely the element of tension in ensemble interplay. Metheny lacks the emotional depth to match his chops; between spirited but insubstantial melodic romps he drifts off into a comatose reverie that makes the most bloodless '60s "cool jazz" seem torrid by comparison.

The title track is quintessential hippie van music—put on your flannel shirt and head west. Like Fahey, Metheny abstracts and romanticizes upon folk motifs, but where Fahey draws directly from original sources, Metheny's material is more generalized and impressionistic, although *Country Poem* is adapted recognizably from *Cumberland Gap.* On *Long Ago Child/Fallen Star,* by contrast, he recreates Basho's atmospheric orientalism with sustained keening notes suspended over koto-like glisses on his 15 string harp guitar.

Youthful *Weltschmertz* is no substitute for maturity when it comes to balladic interpretation, and on *Hermitage* Metheny comes across like George Benson on quaaludes. More sweet nothings follow on the gringo-fied *Sueno Con Mexico* and the terminally laid back *Daybreak,* which, after endless California brooding, finally releases into a brightly insipid country-jazz gambol. Metheny remains a conceptual lightweight with a heavyweight technique, appealing to a listenership far wider than it is deep. *—birnbaum*

PASSPORT

GARDEN OF EDEN—Atlantic SD 19233: *Big Bang; Garden Of Eden; Dawn; Light I; Light II; Snake; Gates Of Paradise; Dreamware; Good Earth Smile; Children's Dance.*

Personnel: Klaus Doldinger, saxophones, clarinet, keyboards; Hendrik Schaper, keyboards; Kevin Mulligan, guitar, vocals; Dieter Petereit, electric bass; Willy Ketzer, drums; Horst Ramthor, harp (cut 2); Kathy Bartney, vocal (4, 6).

★ ★ ★ ½

BILL BRUFORD

ONE OF A KIND—Polydor PD-1-6205: *Hell's Bells; One Of A Kind–Part One; One Of A Kind–Part Two; Travels With Myself–And Someone Else; Fainting In Coils; Five G; The Abingdon Chasp; Forever Until Sunday; The Sahara Of Snow–Part One; The Sahara Of Snow–Part Two.*

Personnel: Bruford, drums; Dave Stewart, keyboards; Allan Holdsworth, guitar, violin (cut 8); Jeff Berlin, bass, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

DR. STRUT

DR. STRUT—Motown M7-924R1: *Granite Palace; The Look In Your Eyes; Canadian Star; More Stuff; Blowtop; Soul Sermonette; Chicken Strut; Eddieisms; Who Cares; No! You Came Here For An Argument.*

Personnel: David Woodford, saxophones, flutes; Kevin Bassinson, keyboards; Tim Weston, guitar; Peter Freiberger, bass; Claude Pepper, drums; Everett Bryson, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

Three different sides to commercial jazz-rock are exhibited on these records. Klaus Doldinger's Passport, a West German answer to Weather Report, has been playing excellent fusion music for almost a decade, matching electronics and rock ideas to the leader's veteran saxophone understandings. Bill Bruford has been "together" quite a while himself, as an original member of Yes, the final drummer for King Crimson, and a founder of the hefty U.K. Dr. Strut, on the other hand, is a band of comparative unknowns, but the first group to be released in Motown's new jazz series, produced by Lester Young's brother, Lee Young.

Big Bang starts *Garden Of Eden* off with characteristic flair, combining hot rock propulsion with Doldinger's clean soprano lead. Further attention to melody is shown on the title track's pastoral opening section, *Dawn,* followed by Mulligan's first vocal . . . *auf Englisch.* Although the American guitarist does a commendable job here, as on *Gates Of Paradise* and *Good Earth Smile,* Passport's step in this vocal direction must be at least partially questioned. A substantial amount of background production, and simplistic funk elements added to *Dreamware,* indicate that the band may be looking for even greater pop exposure.

Passport has always had all kinds of crossover appeal, with an apparent minimum of artistic compromise. Cuts like *Snake* and *Children's Dance* demonstrate that Doldinger can still communicate on a mass scale and play a lot of soprano, too. *Garden Of Eden* is certainly another solid showing in a long series of recorded successes, but the danger signals are there. The legion of hardcore Passport devotees will look back at *Infinity Machine* or *Iguacu* and find considerably more substance.

Bruford's *One Of A Kind* is his second solo LP, and the first since he and Holdsworth left

U.K. feeling a bit miffed. The basic quartet here also played on 1977's *Feels Good To Me*, but so did Kenny Wheeler, Annette Peacock, and a couple of others. The result then was an avant garde diversity functioning somewhere between Crimson, Zappa and Carla Bley, a great disc that gave full range to Bruford's considerable chops and creativity.

One Of A Kind has its fair share of outrageousness in the *Pressed Rat And Warthog* type intro to *Fainting In Coils* (from *Alice In Wonderland*) or the disjointed group interplay of the title track's second section. But the temperament is more steadily fusion, and almost suitelike in forms observed on *The Sahara Of Snow* and elsewhere. The more intricate aspects of U.K. have been retained, and that band's power has been captured, too. In addition, Bruford's quartet is capable of some highly evocative balladry, as on *Travels With Myself* or Holdsworth's Grappelli-like violin intro to *Forever Until Sunday*. *One Of A Kind* is a very consistent, high quality effort in the same league as Brand X or Genesis.

Dr. Strut is another matter entirely, sheer funkiness and entertainment. With a moniker like Dr. Strut, and the soul history of Motown, you have to expect the group to be a definite crossover item. Although the music on this record is commercial and funky, it's more along the lines of the Crusaders and Tom Scott than Kool & The Gang or Funkadelic.

David Woodford assumes most of the leads with a big, loose tenor sax sound that calls for loud play and party spirits. Best of the cookers are *Granite Palace* and *Blowtop*, but most of the tunes sound fresh and fun despite their familiar L.A. Express format. *Soul Sermonette* is an excellent slow blues and three or four tasty ballads lend added balance to the funkier proceedings. A commendable first effort for a fine group that, given any exposure over the airwaves at all, is going to be a big success for years to come.

—henschen

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.

PARADISE—Elektra 6E-182: *Paradise; The Answer In Your Eyes; Asia's Theme; Shana; Tell Me About It Now; Feel It Comin'.*

Personnel: Washington, soprano, tenor, and baritone saxes, flute, piano; John Blake Jr., violin; Leonard Gibbs, percussion; James "Sid" Simmons, piano; Richard Steacker, guitars; Millard Vinson, drums, synares.

★ ★ ½

A few years ago session man Grover Washington Jr. checked in to do a routine back-up date. But the leader, Hank Crawford, became "indisposed" and with studio time already paid for, the word came down—"Grover, you're on." The music of the surprise date was highlighted by unembellished and uninteresting sax-overs of popular r&b tunes; under the watchful eye of Creed Taylor, one man's indisposition became another man's gold.

With his last couple of discs Grover has taken over full production/composition chores. On *Paradise* he features electric violinist Blake—adding a fusion flavor—and seems to revel in the discovery of electric drums (synares) and the joys of overdubbing, the latter of which he does not at all use to his advantage. Past all these additives, the tunes are noticeably akin to the unadventurous GWJ of earlier years.

The title track has Grover on soprano in duet with Blake's violin. Thirty seconds into

the tune the tale is told—with seven cuts at 30 seconds apiece the album could have been a good bit shorter. The simple heads of most of the tracks are transparent; merely restatements of pat phrases with bridges and repeats; suddenly someone in the booth pulls an index finger across his throat and the tune is over. In all of side one Blake either plays with or shadows Washington on the heads, and although the harmony between soprano sax and violin is interesting, it is not enough to sustain interest in the music. On sax solos Washington seems to have forgotten why he hired the rhythm section; he never ventures away from the rhythm line.

Paradise has some redeeming characteristics: the first of which is that it is not leading us totally into disco (saints be praised!), the second is that Washington breaks out all his horns and even plays a little piano, thereby eliminating another source of sameness. As of this writing *Paradise* is well into the national charts; this illustrates the principle that in fact one man's boredom *can* be another man's gold. —*brent staples*

EUGENE CHADBOURNE/ JOHN ZORN

SCHOOL—Parachute 004-006: *Solitude; Duet; The Return Of Romance; The Shreeve; The Fling; Missing Persons; Welcome West; Lacrosse* (takes 3, 4, and 6).

Personnel: Cuts 1-7: Zorn, alto and soprano saxophones, clarinet; Bruce Ackley, soprano sax; Polly Bradfield, violin, electric violin, viola; LaDonna Smith, violin, viola; Chadbourne, six string, 12 string, electric and prepared guitars, dobro, tiple; Henry Kaiser, electric guitar; Davey Williams, banjo, electric guitar; cuts 8-10: add Mark Abbott, electronics; omit Ackley, Kaiser.

★ ★ ½

The album is an LP each led by Zorn and Chadbourne, and the Zorn LP is the three takes of *Lacrosse*. The music emerges as a series of improvised fragments in which various instrumentalists form passing relationships, move away and recombine, in ever-changing textures, a little like slowly turning the dial on your radio. Considerable ingenuity went into the constitutent bits of business; the listener who is willing to penetrate the music's unfamiliar exterior will discover passages of fine playing, even whimsy, in take 3, and of intensity in take 4. On the Chadbourne LP, the surprise of the varied sound effects within the brief Chadbourne-Zorn *Duet* is pleasing, as is the communal good feeling of the three string players in their shitkickin' parody *The Fling*. *Welcome West* introduces silence as a control element into a sparer version of the Zorn ensemble's principles. Thus the simulated electronic sounds become a part of nature; a sense of flow emerges despite the brevity and contrasting character of segments.

Though far from a whole success, *Welcome West* suggests that the fragments that constitute the greatest portion of both LPs can be organized into a large musical design, perhaps even one that is fluid and continuous. As implied above, organization is an inherent problem in Zorn's ensemble conception: relatively few sounds in either nature or music are intrinsically interesting when isolated, so that sustained empathy and imagination, those final elements of all great jazz improvisation, are utterly necessary as this music's primal basis. For the music is arhythmic and quite beyond pitch, thus eliminating the possibilities of melodic, harmonic, and, in the usual sense, rhythmic continuity. The challenges are as awesome as those faced by Mitchell and Braxton in the mid '60s, and the failures are certainly like the early Braxton's—nor are these failures a final commentary on the skills of the players as individuals or as groups.

On the Chadbourne LP, *Return/Shreeve* for two guitars and two woodwinds fails in the same way as much of *Lacrosse* despite the intervention of a two sax theme. The contrast between this and *Duet*, which also utilizes chance elements, may simply be a matter of inspiration, though I suspect that these are the two most skillful and empathetic players among these groupings. The long *Missing Persons* line (no improvisation) is only tedious, but Chadbourne's banal solo conception of Ellington's *Solitude* (the only traditional work in the program) is so ineptly executed that the tedium approaches agony. While acoustic instruments have sometimes done brilliant work in imitation of electronic instruments, this album is far from a pro-strings argument, and other listeners may, like me, wish for more instrumental color among the predominant grays and metallic tones. Finally, the extensive liner notes conceal far more than they reveal about the immediate performances; for example, just what is Zorn's Theater of Musical Optics, and why is it pertinent to these two discs? —*litweiler*

CHUCK MANGIONE

AN EVENING OF MAGIC—LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL—A&M SP-6701: *Feels So Good; The XI Commandment; Chase The Clouds Away; Hill Where The Lord Hides; Doin' Everything With You; Love The Feelin'; I Get Crazy; Land Of Make Believe; Hide And Seek; The Day After (Our First Night Together); Children Of Sanchez (Main Theme); B'Bye; Children Of Sanchez (Fmale); Main Squeeze; Feels So Good (Encore).*

Personnel: Mangione, flugelhorn, electric piano; Chris Vadala, soprano and tenor saxes, flute, alto flute, piccolo; Grant Geissman, classical, electric and acoustic guitars; Charles Meeks, bass; James Bradley Jr., drums; Gerry Vinci, concertmaster; Ron Leonard, cello; Jeff Tkazyik, lead trumpet; Jerry Peel, french horn; Frank Szabo, Jeff Kievit, trumpets, flugelhorns; Jay Wadenpfuhl, french horn; Richard Chamberlain, Keith O'Quinn and Art Linsner, trombones; John Stevens, tuba; Adah Mosello, flute and piccolo; Larry Covelli, John Mitchell, saxes, flutes; Nate Alford, percussion. Remaining personnel unlisted.

★

In much the same sense that 1976 was *the* year for George Benson, 1978 proved to be Chuck Mangione's Big One. With *Feels So Good* dominating the trade magazine "Jazz" charts and rapidly making its way onto elevators from coast to coast, Mangione played Bolivar with his follow-up conquest called *Children Of Sanchez*. No matter that the latter was a double disc of uninspired throw-away material, tailor-made for a movie soundtrack. The thing sold.

So what about '79? You'd think that Mangione would be bent on serving up new confections to his manifold admirers, further cream puffs with which to adorn the cultured ear. Then what's this "evening of magic," a four sided live disc containing mostly retreads of the last two Mangione outings, buttressed by a 70 piece unit made up of L.A. Philharmonic members and studio musicians, beleaguered by charts that pomp and puff with the slightest of labor?

An Evening Of Magic is indeed a lavish set, probably one of the most graphically ornate albums of the year. Mangione is portrayed in both photograph and verbiage as The Great Savior of Jazz, that charismatic leader who has forsaken his leather pants for flowing white robes. Chuck Casell's liner notes would have us believe he would sacrifice both soul and integrity to CM, all for a front row seat at the Hollywood Bowl.

But what about the music here, has anything substantive been recorded for posterity's sake, anything on which a legend can be nurtured and embellished? The answer is a resounding no. While I must admit to never having been overwhelmed by Mangione, I thought that his earlier material (most of which included Esther Satterfield) possessed merit. *Bellavia* had its moments, as did *Chase The Clouds Away*. *Feels So Good*, however, marked an immersion into the marketplace and that's where Chuck has obviously sought to stay, regardless of the damage that may result to creativity.

So what better way to open this set than with a lazily winding intro suddenly giving way to guitarist Geissman and his futile attempts to get *Feels So Good* in high gear? Chris Vadala manages to shoot some lively tenor into the chart, but really, you've heard this far too many times already. *The XI Commandment* (another feels-so-goodie) follows with Geissman's pop-rock riffings fighting the tedious pilgrimage. Forgive drummer Meeks that solo spattering which sputters the piece to its climax. The Philharmonic finally comes in on *Chase The Clouds Away*, sealing the doom of the venture. The liner notes make reference to the lack of rehearsal time that Mangione's group and the orchestra had, saying that somehow the two units jelled and overcame. Not so. The Philharmonic sounds tired, downright disspirited, cast adrift on a sea of overextended charts that continually revert back to the most simplistic of hooks.

Yet another version of *Hill Where The Lord Hides* begins the most disappointing side, two. Must Mangione continue to record this piece? Things go downhill from there, culminating in *I Get Crazy*, wherein Geissman rips off a well-bridled solo before the Ravelish roarings of the orchestra drag the piece down into Lithiumland. *Land Of Make Believe* appears *again* on side three, none the better for the absence of Ms. Esther.

In fact, nothing of interest pops up until the last side when a short cut called *B'Bye* features a full and unadorned minute of Vadala's tenor, before all the strings rush in and Chuck rides the tame surf with his horn. Even *B'Bye* is spoiled, coming wrapped in the stale buns of *Children Of Sanchez* and its matadorish finale.

A lengthy set, the album features 100 minutes of music. But unfortunately, there is almost nothing here that Mangione hasn't performed better in the past (the very recent past, at that). The release of this album at this time seems to be almost a direct insult to his adamant followers. Why, on the heels of his giant commercial success, does Chuck opt for the easiest way out? Will the gullible transform this evening of mundanity into the magic of another Grammy? Eight-to-five says yes. —*hohman*

JOANNE BRACKEEN

AFT—Timeless Muse TI 302: *Haiti B; Charlotte's Dream; Dreamers; Aft; Winter Is Here; Green Voices Of Play Air.*

Personnel: Brackeen, piano; Ryo Kawasaki, guitar; Clint Houston, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a **db** Profile (3/10/77) Joanne Brackeen

commented that "music is here and we merely partake of it. There are no individuals, just what we do in common. . . . music is like eating and breathing—it's out there." Some apt remarks for *Aft*, Brackeen's current release. Describing this grouping as a "piano trio" misses the point, for Brackeen's ensemble is better understood as a kind of string trio in which one of the instruments happens to be a piano. The result: seemingly leaderless music; music done as something "in common." What Brackeen means by "out there" becomes evident on a track like the nimble, modal *Charlotte's Dream*. Houston's bass rustles with brittle, hornlike figures, Brackeen comps with terse, ringy chords, and Kawasaki adds fluent, plucky guitar lines—exciting three-way cross fire.

Aft, a neo-bopish scramble, again exemplifies this trio's "everybody solos, nobody solos" format. Brackeen's pingy, cluttered, packed-with-ideas outings are complemented by Kawasaki's fluid, taut phrases as his rapid fire attack links freely associated motifs. And Houston's exuberant expressionism further stirs up this acoustic brew into vibrant musical collectivism.

Throughout, Brackeen alternates lush, full voicings with inspired tingles. Her solos, jammed with asymmetrical ideas, seem to constantly leap ahead of themselves, alternately expanding and compressing time. Two ballads round out the session: *Dreamers* (wistful 3/4 lyricism) and *Winter Is Here* (compelling tonal guitar inflections).

A successful, satisfying release, on Joanne Brackeen's terms and on those of many others, I suspect. —*balleras*

ART PEPPER

NO LIMIT—Contemporary S7639: *Rita-San; Ballad Of The Sad Young Men; My Laurie; Mambo De La Pinta.*

Personnel: Pepper, alto and tenor saxophones; George Cables, piano; Tony Dumas, Blitz bass; Carl Burnett, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

AMONG FRIENDS—Interplay IP-7718: *Among Friends; Round About Midnight; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Blue Bossa; What Is This Thing Called Love; What's New; Besame Mucho; I'll Remember April.*

Personnel: Pepper, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Bob Magnusson, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

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ART PEPPER TODAY—Galaxy GXY 5119: *Miss Who?; Mambo Koyama; Lover Come Back To Me; Patricia; These Foolish Things; Chris's Blues.*

Personnel: Pepper, alto saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Kenneth Nash, percussion (cut 2).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pepper returns! Again! And these three albums apart from heralding that most recent resurrection appear to foreshadow a significant transition in the style of one of the most gifted altoists in jazz history. His change of direction involves a rediscovery of and identification with his first mature style (achieved in the 1955-1957 period, and now reasonably represented on the excellent Blue Note collection BN-LA 591-H2); the coincident return to the public ear and to a former esthetic incarnation may imply discoveries for both audience and artist.

Contrary to his personal life, apparently a disordered array of self-questing and frequently self-destructive gambits, Pepper's musical world has from the very first evidence (1940 recordings with Kenton) revealed the presence of a finely discriminating taste and natural ease of construction. True, these remarkably coherent self-assemblies also displayed marked internal tension; they were made to bear considerable emotional weight as efficiently and as elegantly as possible. Pepper's success in that amalgam of form and passion makes him a rare jazz artist, one whose contributions rank with those of Beiderbecke, Teagarden, Warne Marsh and very few others, as natural both to their own integrity and to the stream of a predominantly black music. Not an innovator, he has nonetheless created an inimitable fusion of the finest natural alto saxophone techniques, Benny Carter-like grace of form and Parker/Konitz modernity, with his own deep rooted angst.

In the 1960s Pepper (like his counterpart, Jackie McLean) made some stylistic modifications to accommodate the new esthetic worlds of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. Unfortunately that period of transition and new achievements is not documented on commercially available recordings. Now we can only hear what appears, from the present point of view, to be the tail end of this phase of his creative life. The examples are contained on the first albums arising from the current Pepper revival: Contemporary's *Living Legend, The Trip* and now the March 1977 *No Limit* session. The intentional "disordering of the senses" and acquisition of more recent expressive devices, including "sheets of sound" and high harmonics, have not

always achieved Art's self-alleged goal of greater emotional honesty—his passion had been so perfectly contained within organized nets of shifting phrase patterns, acutely articulated rhythms and subtle Lesterian timbral effects. Still, the Contemporary albums do reveal many fresh insights and the period has clearly expanded the altoist's armament for use in the future.

No Limit, in fact, is less successful than its predecessors, but nonetheless will remain an essential item for Pepper devotees. The reasons for this are both found on the second side of the album. To take the less esthetically significant of these first, there is the novelty of hearing the Pepper alto and the Pepper tenor duet (by overdubbing) on his old composition *Mambo De La Pinta* (a fine orthodox quintet version from '56 is on the Blue Note two-fer). The value of this performance is reduced by the long, and uncharacteristically meandering, tenor solo. The highpoint of the record is attained on the modal ballad *My Laurie*, which is a superb example of the dialectics of grace and pain typical of his post-1960 style. The sober line is broken by McLean-like shrieks (Jackie of *Let Freedom Ring* and *Right Now*); there are also of course those entirely distinctive marks of Art's personality in the abundance of timbral alterations, provocative silences and control of time. The closin
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virtues of *Among Friends* are a mellow relaxation and general good spirits. The songs are, of course, old friends too, and a number of them have been the subjects for some of Pepper's finest recordings (particularly the '56-'57 *What Is This Thing* and *Besame Mucho* should be sought out). While the revisitations lack the urgency of the vintage performances, they are very fine and there are some new offerings of real substance. *Blue Bossa* receives a stimulating treatment; it moves at a good clip and Art enters stabbing and prancing around the Latin meter in typically indigenous fashion, then develops his solo with a tense momentum that projects an impression of continuously expanding musical horizons. Indeed, it is on the faster pieces that the album's finest moments are found, the tempos lending urgency to the otherwise pervasive mellow mood.

In isolation one might have felt that the Interplay recording was the product of a dedicated but nostalgic Pepper enthusiast, an attempt to recreate the aura of the artist's past achievements. The nature of the Galaxy album however, suggests that the return is of the altoist's own choosing. And, whereas there are moments on *Among Friends* when a relaxed objectivity towards the material threatens to become a lack of involvement, *Art Pepper Today* finds the artist completely emotionally engaged with the themes and style of yesterday, and they leap to life with joyous urgency.

The December '78 sessions have probably produced the finest album yet under the banner of the slow starting Galaxy label. Certainly it is one of Pepper's most satisfying recordings of recent years. The rhythm section, apart from a few of those seemingly ubiquitous bass cliches McBee allows to slip into his work on the heads, is a fiery unity and the recording quality is a reasonable reflection of that integrated spirit. Given the flying carpet his colleagues lay down, Art needs no urging to swashbuckle his way to *Old Folks* and can be heard in a fine early version on the Blue Note collection. *Chris's Blues* is a stablemate of *Val's Pal* (for those who remember the remarkable '56 Tampa album, now Vintage Jazz 111453), a tear-up riff blues in which its author jumps right out of the head, as comfortable as ever at breakneck tempo (or double it), and his warm timbre burrows through the lower register with tremendous ease. This brief piece is an exciting coda to an exciting record, and perhaps the introduction to a time when Art Pepper will bring his old and new skills together in some new conjunction of form and feeling.

—terry martin

BLINDFOLD TEST


VERYL OAKLAND

JOHN ABERCROMBIE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

John Abercrombie has obviously developed into more than just another accomplished guitarist. He is a composer of unusual interest, and an exemplary practitioner of a new and challenging genre most fully represented by the ECM catalog.

Born in Portchester, N.Y. in 1944, Abercrombie studied at Berklee College from 1962 to '66. After breaking in with Johnny Hammond and his organ, he worked with Dreams, then toured with Chico Hamilton in 1970, later putting in time with Gil Evans, Gato Barbieri and Billy Cobham.

In addition to his tenure in Jack DeJohnette's Directions, Abercrombie for the past year and a half has been heard leading his own group with Richard Beirach, George Mraz and Peter Donald. Equally accomplished on acoustic and electric guitars, he is a student of the entire plectrum spectrum, as his very knowledgeable replies indicated in this, his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. JIM HALL. *Waltz New* (from *Jim Hall/Red Mitchell,* Artists House). Hall, guitar, composer; Mitchell, bass.

That was definitely Jim Hall, and I'm assuming it was Red Mitchell. Probably a live record they did; I haven't heard it before, but the style is unmistakably Jim. The opening melody threw me, because it's obviously a line written on *Someday My Prince Will Come,* which I didn't recognize until they got into the improvisation. That's always been a favorite . . . it's a favorite kind of music of mine, the interplay on a standard tune.

It was great, great performance; that's a five star performance. Jim is just about my favorite guitar player bar none. Years ago when I was at Berklee, he was playing with Art Farmer and I met him for a minute. But I've known his playing for years. I first got turned on to him with Sonny Rollins' *The Bridge* album, with Ben Riley and Bob Cranshaw; I love that record. And when I heard that I just wanted to listen to everything he ever did.

I think he may have played with Red years ago. There were some trio records: piano, bass and guitar. They were great.

2. TOMMY TEDESCO. *Denny T's Mantra* (from *When Do We Start,* Discovery Records). Tedesco, guitar, composer; John Kurnick, guitar; Paul Capritto, bass.

You've got me as far as who it is. It sounded like it could have been several different people. The very opening of the piece reminded me of something Gabor Szabo might have done. But when the piece developed I realized it wasn't him. The technique was pretty staggering. It was very technical playing and in an odd meter, sounded like 5/4. I was very impressed.

This sounded like it was just with a bass player and maybe a second guitar player; or perhaps he played a rhythm track first and then overdubbed. It's hard to really tell. It felt unsettled rhythmically. But it's hard to play in a meter like 5/4 and play good stuff.

I'd have to say about four stars just for the sheer technical prowess of the player—but I'd rather hear him in another setting.

It sounds like he's a good bebop player who could stretch out a little more, and I think he would sound nice with a bass player and drummer.

3. RALPH TOWNER. *Images Unseen* (from *Diary,* ECM). Towner, composer, 12 string guitar, gongs.

The first minute had me thrown, but then it was pretty obvious it's an old friend of mine, Ralph Towner. I'm not sure of the name of the piece, but I think it's from a solo record of his called *Diary.* I remember hearing this piece before his 12 string guitar and cymbals—I think Ralph's playing cymbals too on this piece.

It's a beautiful piece; it's amazing the tension he creates with the guitar and cymbals. It's almost like a little orchestral piece in miniature. It's obviously all improvised, because I know I've played pieces like this with Ralph. He has an unmistakable style, and especially on the 12 string guitar with the re-tunings and different harmonics. The recording is beautiful—ECM recording. Five stars.

4. TINY GRIMES. *Swinging Mama* (from *Some Groovy Fours,* Classic Jazz). Grimes, four string guitar.

As far as who that is, I'd have to take a guess. The sound of the guitar was very biting . . . the style was obviously much more traditional, with an older sounding rhythm section. It had a nice happy feeling to it.

It didn't sound like anyone I've ever listened to, so that's why I'd have to guess it's someone like Tiny Grimes, someone in that style. I enjoyed it; four stars. That guitar sound, even though it was traditional, sounded very high to me, trebly . . . but I really have no idea who it is.

LF: It is Tiny Grimes.

JA: I realized from what I've read about him that he does play a four string tenor guitar (I believe they call it) which is probably what gave him that high pitched sound.

5. HERB ELLIS-REMO PALMIER. *Windflower* (from *Windflower,* Concord Jazz). Sara Cassey, composer; Ellis, guitar, first solo; Palmier, guitar, second solo.

That sounds awfully familiar. The use of the two guitars—there's obviously two guitar players, because they both soloed—I thought was very effective, very nice. And actually from hearing the melody, the little arrangement, I thought the guitar players were going to sound a little more modern than they did, because the arrangement sounded sort of modern and harmonically interesting.

When they began to improvise though, it threw it almost back into another sound for me. The chord changes to the piece sounded almost like John Lewis, like *Django* or something. The first solo sounded awful familiar to me, like someone I know I must have listened to at one point, but I can't really identify him. I've heard Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne play duets before, but from what I've heard of them, it doesn't really sound like their kind of playing—but it could be.

Also I know Bucky Pizzarelli has done some collaborations with other guitar players. So that's the closest I could come to guessing. I'd say about three stars; mostly for the piece. And I wish I knew who it was.

6. AL DIMEOLA. *Dark Eye Tango* (from *Casino,* Columbia Records). DiMeola, electric guitar, composer.

It's obviously a younger player; probably somebody like Al DiMeola. The piece itself is very repetitious—the Spanish scales that seem very prevalent in that music, and the loud distorted guitar tone. I think he's a very fine guitar player in that style; probably one of the best.

That music doesn't particularly interest me. I don't know what it is about it; I guess it's just so one-dimensional sounding. It's well played; but for musical content, it's not my type of music; that doesn't mean it's bad . . . but for me, two stars.

7. RON ESCHETE. *R & T* (from *To Let You Know I Care,* Muse). Eschete, guitar, composer; Tom Ranier, piano; Bob Magnusson, bass.

That really was great! It's the most swinging thing I've heard today. It's hard to pin it down; again it sounds real familiar. All of them sound like very accomplished beboppers and it sounds like they're stretching the limits of the music a little bit. It was obviously an *I Got Rhythm* tune—I feel like it's going to be someone I really know, or should know, and I'm going to make the wrong guess.

It's definitely someone from the real jazz guitar tradition, a Tal Farlow-Barney Kessel-Jimmy Raney, but I'm not really sure *who*; I couldn't make a definite stab at it—but it was great! Really swinging, really loose . . . all great players, everyone. The bass player sounded familiar, too, a little bit like George Mraz, whom I've been playing with . . . or Niels Pederson.

The piano player and bass player had a similar approach, like they've played together before. It didn't sound like just a studio date. There was a lot of musical empathy and agreement on how to play, which is really quite something. Five stars.

8. KENNY BURRELL. *It Could Happen To You* (from *Hand Crafted,* Muse). Burrell, acoustic guitar; Reggie Johnson, bass; Sherman Ferguson, drums.

I'd rather just comment on the music because I don't think I know who that is. The recording is very odd; sounds almost as though it could be a home recording. The guitar sounded to me like an old archtop jazz guitar recorded without an amplifier, with just a microphone.

The tune was *It Could Happen To You.* It was a little too sleepy for my taste. It's nice, but the rhythmical feeling of the whole piece, played as a ballad, felt a little ponderous to me. The bass player and the drummer had a lifeless kind of quality . . . they could be really good players, but this was on a weird day or a funny mood. It's sort of a nice mood, but for my taste it's a little too lifeless; and I have no idea at all who it is, except that it's obviously a more bebop-oriented player.

It also sounded as if he wasn't comfortable with the recording—I know that feeling, that the sound in the headphones isn't right or . . . it felt a little stiff. I felt he wasn't comfortable with the sound he was getting. I'd rate that two stars.

PROFILE

RON PELLETIER

AMINATA MOSEKA/ ABBEY LINCOLN

BY GARY G. VERCELLI

Aminata Moseka is a politically aware, socially conscious, unpretentious woman of rare presence, strength, grace and beauty. She's led a life linked closely to jazz music and drama, carrying on the truthful tradition of Billie Holiday in a highly original manner.

More often than not, Aminata's all-too-infrequent public appearances are presented to further the cause of education, benefit a charitable organization, or support a political candidate whose views mirror her own.

Aminata's main concern centers around the dissemination of truth, as conveyed through the media of words and music. It's been nearly two decades since she brought Oscar Brown Jr.'s lyrics to life in the *Freedom Now Suite*, issued on Barnaby Records. "At that time," said Abbey, "I was expressing the thoughts of other writers. *Freedom Now Suite* was the creative child of Max Roach and Oscar. My voice was their instrument, conveying the message of our people. Since then, I've been encouraged by Max, Thelonious Monk, and others to develop my own material, as a serious composer and lyricist."

Although she's amassed a wealth of original poetic and musical material over the past few years, Aminata's been cautious and reluctant to document her work in a setting that would involve any unwanted commercial compromise. "I feel a great responsibility to be as accurate and sincere as possible in my work, because I know people are listening. I want to convey the truth as I see it, the reality of myself. Every time the artist records, he is creating something that will live in the minds and hearts of the people, so that we will know that life is eternal."

During her 1973 tour of Japan, Abbey was afforded the opportunity to record two albums; one live set with a trio made up of Japanese nationals, and a studio date with a cosmopolitan crew, including three members from Miles Davis' band. This later album, *People In Me*, has recently been licensed and released domestically on Inner City Records.

"I'm thankful to the people of Japan," said Abbey, "who demonstrated an interest in documenting my work in its natural state. My Japanese producer didn't tell me what to record; he simply asked me if I would be willing to record. I'm also thankful to Miles for allowing me to use his top flight musicians and to Irv Kratka of Inner City for showing an interest in distributing and actively supporting my work in America. Irv and I have discussed the possibility of recording additional albums here in the States.

"I don't envision my music as product," continued Abbey. "The music is sacred and must be treated with a great deal of respect. So much of today's pop music is full of gimmicks. It's sold as a product, like a toy. People use it up, discard it, then move on to consume the next fad. Serious music can't be treated like that. My work is inspirational . . . I came to the realization long ago that the creative process doesn't function like an assembly line. If an artist hurries his work because of contractual obligations, the results will also sound hurried and unnatural."

Poet Nikki Giovanni has likened Abbey Lincoln to "a strong black wind, blowing gently on and on." On her album *People In Me*, Aminata's breeze is one of varying velocities. Her original *You And Me My Love* is a warm ballad, whereas her interpretation of John Coltrane's *Africa* finds Abbey in motion, exhibiting all the strength, power and emotion that was, and is, John Coltrane. Listening to the album, I was particularly impressed with Abbey's spontaneous interaction and natural exchanges with Dave Liebman. Like Billie Holiday, John Coltrane is very much alive in the bittersweet tone of Abbey Lincoln's voice. "Yes, he's one of the people in me," mused Aminata.

Abbey Lincoln was born Anna Marie Wooldridge in Chicago, during the depression era. She was raised on a farm in Michigan, one of 12 children. Her early influences included "Billie, Ella, Sarah, and Lena. I sang what I heard them sing," remembers Abbey. "I was particularly impressed with Lena Horne; for a while I totally emulated her style and voice. Then, I had the opportunity to see Lena perform. It was then that I knew I no longer wanted to be like Lena, 'cause her message was so loud and clear to be yourself!"

Over the years, Abbey's accepted many new names, each appellation signaling an evolution of consciousness, a deepened awareness of heritage, the acceptance of a new identity and the growth of a mature artist. It was during a 1972 tour of Africa with her close friend Zenzie Miriam Makeba that Abbey accepted her African names. Aminata was a gift of President Sekou Toure of Guinea; Moseka the offer of a Mr. Sacomb, Zaire's Minister of Information. "But Aminata Moseka is only one of the people in me," exclaimed an exuberant Abbey.

First there was Gaby Lee, the flashy, sensual lounge singer who worked Hollywood during the early '50s. In 1956, lyricist Bob Russel suggested the change to Abbey Lincoln, a name she brought to international recognition through her highly acclaimed dramatic roles and musical collaborations.

It was Max Roach who suggested the next name change; in 1962, Abbey became Mrs. Roach, entering a creative partnership that was to last the next eight years. Abbey credits Max with totally affecting her consciousness. "He was another set of eyes for me," recalls Abbey with a smile. "When he saw me in New York wearing a Marilyn Monroe dress, he pulled me aside and explained, 'You don't have to do that; let the music speak.' Max taught me to invest all my creative effort into everything I approach in life, not only the music. Many of the things I learned from him continue to serve me today, especially the technique of always practicing, even when away from your instrument.

"When I was given the opportunity at Riverside records to record with Sonny

Rollins, Kenny Dorham, Paul Chambers, Wynton Kelly, Sam Jones and Max Roach as some of the sidemen, it opened my eyes to a whole new world of music. I was delighted to be in the company of serious, impeccable musicians who took pride in their work. Those sessions were truly an educational experience for me."

What did these jazz stars think of Abbey? "When Max first introduced me to them, I was still singing *Love For Sale*. They thought that was kind of nice, but it wasn't until I started with the original music and new compositions that they saw me in a different light—as a serious artist. Their standards were so high, I couldn't help but improve and benefit from their company."

In conversing with Aminata, I sensed that she still very much admires and reveres Max Roach as her musical mentor, despite the personal differences that led to their 1970 divorce. Following their separation, Abbey experienced a lengthy period of profound introspection, followed by a rebirth of creative, independent energies. Living in Los Angeles, she turned her creative focus toward the refinement of her dramatic and compositional craft, developing inner strength and confidence, qualities apparent in any Lincoln performance. When Aminata hits the stage, there's truly magic in the air.

Although Aminata's musical career preceded her involvement with theater, her entrance to the world of drama was a kind of natural evolution. She's proven to be an actress of striking sensitivity. Many music journalists, in fact, have commented that she's as much an actress as a singer in musical performance.

In 1965, Abbey shared the leading role with Ivan Dixon in *Nothing But A Man*, one of the most authentic films about the black experience in America. Three years later, she starred opposite Sidney Poitier in the title role of *For Love Of Ivy*. Recently, Aminata wrote, produced, and directed her own play, *A Pig In A Poke*, a moving autobiographical sketch. She also played the lead role in Neil Simon's *The Gingerbread Lady*, staged last summer at L.A.'s Ebony Showcase Theater. I've often wondered how much more convincing and credible the film *Lady Sings The Blues* would have been had Aminata been cast as Lady Day.

On stage, Abbey Lincoln is totally animated. Her warmth and spontaneous wit immediately put her audience at ease. "I love the child inside of me, and that's what I appeal to in people; that wonderful feeling of joy and innocence, that pure love that we all have inside. Unfortunately, as people grow up, many of us tend to stifle, smother and inhibit that creative child inside of us. Then, life becomes not a joy, but a real bore. There's nothing more boring than a so-called mature person who stifles this creative child.

"I'm a highly impressionable person; I think that's the child in me. If someone tells me I'm worthy or capable, I'll achieve; and I believe this is true of most people. That's why I try to present a positive image to the children . . . I tell them they're wonderful and worthy. I know what effect this positive input had on my life, and our children just don't get enough of that these days." Aminata frequently lectures at L.A. city schools, reminding students that "the stage should be big enough for all of us."

When asked if she'd ever taken on a job

totally unrelated to the fields of music or drama, Abbey smiled and confessed she'd worked as a maid between the ages of 14 and 19. "The music has taken care of me ever since," she declared. "You have to be faithful and loyal to that which serves you, and music has served me since I was 19 years old! So I'm not about to compromise my dedication to it now." db

LENNY BREAU

BY WALTER CARTER

The guitar style of Lenny Breau—the chime tones, the simultaneous chords and lines—ranked him with the masters before he was 30 years old. Depression and dope completed the jazz legend by the time he reached 35.

Breau's back now. At 37, he's putting the legend on the line, working his way up through familiar audiences in Los Angeles, now in Nashville, using the packed houses to rebuild the old confidence.

Breau has been performing publicly almost as long as he has been walking. Born in Auburn, Maine, he literally grew up in his parents' act, a French-Canadian country duet who billed themselves Lone Pine and Betty Coty.

"Once in a while they'd take me out when I was three or four," Breau said. "I'd go out onstage and do a little tap dance or something. Or they'd get me up there to sing a second part harmony on some little song a kid would sing. My dad bought me a Gibson when I was eight. So I'd go and play square dances, where they had two or three fiddles and a whole bunch of guitar players. And that's how I learned to play—just by watching people's hands.

"Then I heard Chet Atkins play when I was 12. I really flipped out. I didn't know what he was doing but I really dug it. We had moved to Wheeling, West Virginia and I ran into a guy in Wheeling—he was about 18—who had taken a couple of lessons from Chet. I used to follow him around like a little dog, you know, 'Hey man, show me this, show me that.' I'd watch him play like a hawk."

By the time Breau was 18 his family had moved to Winnipeg, Manitoba. It was there that he quit a better-paying club job to play guitar and bass six nights a week in a jazz trio. "That was like going to school," he said. "Those years right there from 18 to 21, that's how I got started in jazz."

Despite the sudden broadening of interest, Breau was still strongly under the influence of Chet Atkins. "My ambition was to play like Chet," he explained. "That's why I got interested in other kinds of music. I noticed how Chet was into classical so I started stretching myself out and listening to classical. Then I went through a flamenco period for three years. I listened to Sabicas, Montoya, people like that. I'd buy their records and listen to them and play jazz at night."

(The classical influence is evident in Breau's electric guitar—custom-made with a wide classical neck.)

Even Breau's jazz style began with Atkins. "I got the idea for the chime tones from Chet," he said. "I started using it in jazz. Nobody else was doing it and I just developed it. I also got a lot of ideas from listening to piano. That's where I got the idea for chords and lead, from Bill Evans.

"I had been trying to figure out how I could get a style of guitar that would be my own. I was playing jazz with a straight pick, and I said, 'There must be a way I can use my fingers,' cause I like playing with my fingers and I already knew how. So I got the idea from listening to piano, wondering if that's possible—to play the melody and to play chords like that. If it's possible to go one-two-three-four . . ." he played the oom-pah bass of Atkins' country style, ". . . with the thumb and play melody with the fingers, it must be possible to just play chords. I started working on it. It came very slowly."

A Nashville session guitarist, Paul Yandell, heard Breau in Canada and told Atkins, who invited Breau to Nashville. *The Guitar Sounds Of Lenny Breau* and *Lenny Breau Live At Shelly's Manne Hole*, recorded for RCA in 1969, are still his only albums on a major label.

WALTER CARTER

He runs quickly over the next eight years. "I got depressed," he said. "I felt like there was no way I could play that stuff and sell it, and so my style of life changed. It's been so much said about it there ain't too much more to say except that I've been out of that now for a couple of years. I'm glad that's all over with."

The road back has been a slow one, with some workshops in Los Angeles and an album for Adelphi ("if it ever gets out"). Breau is also featured on pedal steeler Buddy Emmons' recent album, *Minors Allowed* (Flying Fish FF088). Breau has just finished the first of three direct-to-disc albums for Direct Disk Labs in Nashville, using his old Winnipeg band—Don Thompson on bass and Claude Ranger on drums. Chet Atkins sat in on the Nashville session (produced by Dan Doyle), playing a duet with Breau on *You Needed Me*. "That's gonna give that album an extra zing," Breau said, revealing a significant change in attitude. "One of the hardest things to do is please everybody and still please yourself. And that's what I'd like to do.

"I'm not thinking so much of being classified as a jazz guitarist anymore," he added. "I just want to play guitar." db

CAUGHT!

DAVID GRISMAN QUINTET

EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Grisman, mandolin; Tony Rice, guitar, mandolin; Darol Anger, violin, mandolin; Mike Marshall, rhythm mandolin, violin; Bill Amatneek, bass.

Grisman is a 34-year old mandolinist/composer who has backed up such artists as Linda Ronstadt, Bonnie Raitt and James Taylor on numerous record dates, and has scored the music for four movies. Considered one of the foremost mandolin players in the U.S., Grisman has also led his own group for the past three years, playing his "Dawg Music" (based on his nickname)—a mixture of bluegrass, rock and jazz (the latter influence ranging from Quintet of the Hot Club of France swing to Jean-Luc Ponty modern). With a superb *and* popular new album (*Hot Dawg*, on Horizon), plus four recent sold-out shows at the Bottom Line, and another big crowd at his N.Y.U. concert, it appears that Grisman and his profusely talented group have suddenly caught full fire.

At N.Y.U., this virtuoso (the word is not used lightly) quintet performed often brilliant Grisman compositions with stunning technique and rapport, and to exhilarating effect. Guitarist Rice, acclaimed as the best flat-picking guitarist in the bluegrass field, played with total assurance and command at the breakneck tempos which most tunes dictated. Anger's expressive, polished violin gravitated from Grappelli and Ponty-like playing to bluegrass and classical stylizations. Marshall's rhythm mandolin plucking and strumming not only prodded and fully complemented the soloists, but was worth concentrating on just for its own searing rhythmic drive. He also soloed with devil-may-care exuberance on both mandolin and violin. Amatneek's unobtrusive bass served exclusively in a supporting role, an ever-present beacon for the solo flights and spur-of-the-moment variations and interplay among the other four. As for the leader, Grisman's face frequently evidenced a sort of creative-ecstatic trance as he made his mandolin continually sing in a rich tone and with a warmth of expression, whatever the tempo. While each of these five musicians showed he possessed complete and confident instrumental control, they also played with total mutual sensitivity as a group, listening closely and responding to one another in startling, mind-reading ways. This, and the freshness and beauty of the music they chose to play, are what made them so appealing.

The bulk of the tunes were Grisman originals, and *Dawg's Bull, Janice, 16 . . . 16, Pneumonia, Ricochet, Waiting On Vassar* and *Opus 57* in sum revealed the distinctiveness and diversity of Grisman the composer. These were floating, breezy melodies, some extended as far as three or four parts, all seemingly constructed with fine care and unrestricted fancy. The lively arrangements (also by Grisman) generally allowed for

concise solos and intricate jousting between the various string voicings. Inserted amid the Grisman gems were Reinhardt-Grappelli's '30s classic *Minor Swing* (Grappelli plays it with Grisman on the new LP); Tony Rice's catchy, well-formed *Devlin'*; bluegrass pioneer Bill Monroe's *The Lonesome Moonlight Waltz* (given an eerie and haunting collective tremolo treatment); and the traditional *Limehouse Blues*, unveiled jubilantly and lovingly.

The Grisman Quintet steadily elicited cries of approval from the deliriously happy, sharply attentive audience. Here was an acoustic string quintet provoking two encores by performing a music of great depth and complexity that could not easily be labeled or mass-produced. It is gratifying to see such accomplished musicians and such moving music attract a wide, enthusiastic and growing following. This writer has rarely heard music so deserving of the attention Grisman's "Dawg Music" is now receiving. *—scott albin*

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA

ALICE TULLY HALL
NEW YORK CITY

The American Composers Orchestra, consisting of 60 odd freelance musicians and contemporary chamber group players, has been giving concerts in New York for over two years now. The recitals are relatively well-attended and have been well-received by the critics. This unusual degree of popularity seems to be related to the fact that the orchestra's programs, while featuring works of high artistic merit, avoid the thornier side of the 20th century repertoire.

The newest pieces included in a recent concert by the American Composers Orchestra were Ezra Laderman's *Piano Concerto* (1978) and Sydney Hodkinson's *Stabile*, (1970), both of which were being performed in New York for the first time. Also on the program were Silvestre Revueltas' *Janitzio* (1933), Charles Griffes' *Three Poems Of Fiona MacLeod* (1918) and Samuel Barber's *Souvenirs* (1952).

Laderman's *Concerto* illustrated a key dilemma facing composers in the post-serial era. Dodecaphonic music has become passe, yet there are few composers who have been able to create a tonal style with a contemporary feeling. Laderman's work utilized both 12-tone and tonal styles; in many passages, the pianist played 12-tone rows while the orchestra supplied tonal music. The result sounded contemporary, but it lacked direction.

The composition's biggest fault was its poor integration of the solo and orchestral parts. In the first movement, for instance, the orchestra took up the theme introduced by the pianist; but after that, the soloist and the other musicians wandered away from each other. Their parts were more closely related, however, in the slow movement, where the orchestra's sharp, staccato chords "mixed up" the pianist's hymn-like tune.

The big surprise of the evening was Hodkinson's *Stabile*, which plumbed unusual depths of imagination. Like the Alexander Calder sculptures to which its title refers, *Stabile* was a static piece. Nothing "happened" in the usual sense, a wave of orchestral color would roll up to a climax, then subside into the beginning of the next wave. The only difference between the various "waves" or "planes" of this aural sculpture lay in the orchestration and the way the purposely limited material was manipulated.

Nevertheless, each "wave" had an individual character. In one passage, for instance, the disjointed, overlapping brass sounded like deep sea creatures stirring on the ocean floor; and in another part, bells, chimes and a glockenspiel made pretty, tinkling sounds that were gradually obscured by threatening chords in the strings and winds. Overall, the work made a strong impression.

The other three pieces on the program were all worth hearing, too. Revueltas' Latin-flavored *Janitzio* was superbly satiric, though somewhat dated. Griffes' *Three Poems Of Fiona MacLeod* evidenced the composer's impressionist leanings; yet these poetic, sometimes ethereal mood pieces also showed the stamp of an original personality. And the *Pas De Deux* for flute and harp from Barber's otherwise lighthearted *Souvenirs* is as lovely a piece as he has penned since the *Adagio For Strings*.

On the whole, the orchestra responded quite well to Jose Serebrier's direction. Walter Ponce gave a confident, assured performance in the Laderman concerto, and Carole Farley, who appeared as Lulu at the Met last year, served up a ravishing rendition of Griffes' MacLeod songs. *—kenneth terry*

NAMM MUSIC & SOUND EXPO '79

THE 7TH ANNUAL db HAPPENING

INTERNATIONAL BALLROOM
OMNI INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
ATLANTA

A highlight of the annual NAMM Music and Sound Expo (a trade show sponsored by the National Association of Music Merchants) is the **down beat**/NAMM Happening. A large number of musicians traditionally congregate at the Expo, and the Happening gives some of them an opportunity to strut their chops, demonstrate new instruments, and jam informally before a large, well-lubricated audience.

The Happening is an often unpredictable affair. The schedule is pretty loose; the musicians are relaxed; and surprises are likely to occur, along with large doses of brilliant impromptu music.

The 1979 edition blasted off at 8:00 p.m. sharp, June 11, in the International Ballroom of Atlanta's Omni International Hotel. First on stage was the official jazz band of the U.S. Air Force, the Airmen of Note, one of the more underrated big bands in the country. This high-powered aggregation, led by Dave Steinmeyer, blasted out their versions of charts from the pens of some extraordinarily hip arrangers. The Airmen's set culminated in a showcase for the band's guitarist Rick Whitehead, who used sound modification devices to take the audience through a mini-history of contemporary guitar.

Turning the mood around 180 degrees, and paying tribute to the eclectic nature of a **down beat** Happening was the next performer, Jorge Morel, an Argentine classical guitarist who kept the crowd spellbound with his acoustic virtuosity. Selections ranged from traditional Argentine melodies to a medley from *West Side Story*. Morel, whose performance was sponsored by the Juan Orozco Co., was rewarded with a standing ovation.

Next up was Peter Nero, who showed just how tasty an acoustic piano (Steinway) can sound when interfaced with a mammoth bank of synthesizers. Tom Piggott, synthesizer specialist for Crumar keyboards (Music Technology, Inc.) complemented Nero's sensitive performance of a Gershwin medley. Nero eventually plugged in, too, joining Piggott at the synthesizer for several duets, cluminating in a stirring rendition of the electronic keyboard favorite, Rossini's *William Tell Overture*.

The next group shifted the mood from Vegas to Nashville. Led by Buddy Emmons, the undisputed king of the pedal steel guitar, the group revved up the audience with some fast-moving country-flavored jazz. "Just so you won't think the pedal steel is strictly a jazz instrument," Emmons joked before launching into his third number, "here's a tune Hank Williams wrote many years ago called *Mansion On The Hill*."

With that, the group (which included Nashville studio mainstays Bucky Barrett [Hohner] and Larrie Londin [Pearl]) showed, from the first note, the technical perfection and emotional depth long associated with Tennessee pickers. Emmons' appearance was courtesy of Emmons Steel Guitars and the Electric Steel Company of Nashville.

Nyle Steiner of Steiner synthesizers took the stage next, accompanied only by an acoustic pianist, to show off the EVI (Electronic Valve Instrument) marketed by his company. This was the highbrow part of the show—Steiner ran through a series of original compositions in a classical vein, ending up with a bit of futuristic sounding J.S. Bach.

Once again, the mood shifted abruptly as rock stars Leslie West and Steve Marriott took the stage for some good-humored, hard driving blues-rock, sponsored by St. Louis Music Supply. After asking if there were any more drumsticks in the house, the group hit hard. Marriott, ignoring the microphone, relied on the sheer power of his voice as he belted the blues evergreen *Five Long Years* out into the hall.

The audience was still up for grabs when West Coast stickman Les DeMerle sponsored by Slingerland Drums, took the stage. DeMerle was definitely ready to play, as were the other members of his pickup group, Fender and Rhodes demonstrators Gil Goldstein, Mike Stern and Ken Wild. They ran through a set of straightahead jazz with a decidedly electric edge, displaying a fiery energy despite the lateness of the hour.

The sophisticated sound system for the evening was provided by Peavey Electronics Corp. The mixing was expertly supervised by Peavey's Hollis Calvert.

NEW EQUIPMENT

More than 400 exhibitors displayed their wares at the recent International Music & Sound Expo sponsored by the National Association of Music Merchants (NAMM). Some of the musical products introduced at the Expo of particular interest to **down beat** musicians are listed below. For further details, see your local music dealer or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope or post card to **down beat**/New Products, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606. (Prices shown are suggested retail by the mfr. and subject to change without notice.)

Band & Orchestra Instruments

Elek-Trek drum miking system includes mikes, mixers, and expanders . . . **Star Instruments** new Snare Sensor can be mounted on rim of any drum; **Synare 2** micro-processor is latest model of Star's percussion synthesizer ($1,365) . . . Woody Herman demonstrated the **Lyricon II,** the woodwind synthesizer from **Computone** . . . Elvin Jones demonstrated new **Camco** drum sets . . . **Remo** has new shipping cases for **RotoToms** ($94-$110) . . . **Goodtime** drum sticks from **Pro-Mark** . . . Pollard's patented **Duraline** drum heads . . . **Holton** newly designed H-200 Bb high F. Descant double horn . . . Solid bar hand chimes and many other items from **Latin Percussion** . . . **Yamaha** has two new pro model saxes: YAS-62 alto and YSS straight Bb soprano . . . **A. Zildjian's** new set of hi-hats called Quick Beats for rock and disco and Deep Ride cymbals for low-pitched funk.

Keyboards

New electric pianos from **Baldwin,** furniture model for home/school and performer model available from **Gretsch** dealers (about $1,500); **NovaLine** has Roughrider 88 and Roughrider 64; and **ARP** showed a new e.p. that "converts" to various modes.

Among the new synthesizers were: **Sequential Circuits** Prophet-10 polyphonic double keyboard with 64 programs.

P.A. Systems and Components

Professional Musical Products introduced Super Sink and Hot Sink, direct boxes and power attenuators between instrument amps and speakers; also Buff One amp that matches guitar pickup impedance to amp with 30db to drive long cable . . . **Energy Group** speaker systems for instruments, P.A., and stage monitors . . . **JBL** Cabaret series of sound systems for lead instrument, reinforcement, and stage monitors . . . **ESS** new speaker line features **Heil** drivers and full-range capability . . . **Road Electronics** has new speaker systems for instruments and P.A. . . . **TAPCO's** model 8201-REB has 8 channel stereo expander with built-in reverb for its 6201B and 8201B mixers . . . **Ultimate Support Systems** has new Versa-Table for consoles, and speaker system stands . . . **Gallien-Krueger's** new line of professional amps reduced in size . . . **RolandCorp US** introduced **Roland** Rack Systems of instruments pre-amps, power amps, and five signal processors . . . **SAE Professional Sound Group's** P50 pro power amp is 1¾ inches high with 70 watts a side or bridge it and get 350W by plugging into mono input for automatic switching . . . **Acoustic** model 924 8 channel stereo mixer . . . **Ken Schaffer Group** offers B&T wireless instrument and mike systems . . . **Sunn** has complementary MOS circuitry in its new Beta amps . . . **Altec-Lansing** has portable, high performance speaker system (model 934) . . . **Electro-Voice** has a series of publications to help musicians recognize good sound.

Guitar Family

Fender introduced the 25th anniversary silver bodied **Strat** (about $800); also **Fender** Lead I and II rock 'n' roll guitars . . . **Gizmotron,** the patented automatic bowing device (about $250) for electric guitar and bass . . . **Gibson** Explorer II has redesigned body and TP-7 tailpiece . . . **Ovation** Electric Custom Legend 12-string stereo roundback guitar and the Magnum II bass . . . **Pro Arté** strings from **D'Addario** are the "first nylon strings made exclusively for guitar."

Each of **Epiphone's** three models of the all new Genesis electric guitar is "charged by two high energy pickups." . . . **DiMarzio** Super II Humbucking Pickups includes Model G bass and X2-N Power Plus . . . **A/DA** Humbug noise filter/line driver . . . **Multivox-Sorkin** has **Basky** Foot Pedal Bass Synthesizer (MX-150) . . . **Polytone's** new lead amps feature "exclusive Harmonic/Octave Divider" similar to that used by George Benson . . . **Peavey Electronics** features new XR-500 mixer/amp, 5 channels . . . **Marlboro's** new 860A amp has 72W RMS . . . **MTI** has new accessory called Tubes which creates classic "old" tube amp sound . . . **Lawrence Sound Research** introduced the Cue-Filter, switchable filter that eliminates guitar string noise.

Sound Modification Devices

The **Resynator** by **Musico** is a unique instrument (any instrument) controlled synthesizer with microcomputers which construct sound and shape from analyzed parameters—with foot pads, all packs into briefcase . . . **Korg** KP-30 Sigma Synthesizer features "sound of four separately-programmed synthesizers . . . **MTI** Auto-Orchestra device includes "automatic" drums, bass, piano, and string systems. db

NEWPORT

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necessarily a flaw. Her varied program included Keith Jarrett's *My Song*, a lot of Kern *(Song Is You, Folks Who Live On The Hill, All The Things You Are)*, and a blues original in 5/4, 3/4 and 4/4 (as she pointed out). She also sang, in a small but pleasant voice, and with good time—sort of Blossom Nearly.

Tatum and Bud Powell were the links, to greater or lesser extent, between the six disparate pianists in this excellent series: Tatum remains the touchstone of solo jazz piano. One hopes the format will be retained for future Newports; it is infinitely variable.

—morgenstern

BETTY CARTER
(Carnegie Hall)

When we speak of a life in jazz, Betty Carter, in perspective, is imposing.

Betty Carter is well known for her opinions (see 5/3/79 **db**). Whether you agree with them or not, they are not made from an ivory tower. Betty Carter still goes by her ears, and makes a point of hearing as many players as she can. Carter took her Newport night at Carnegie Hall to express her opinions in a different way. The first two portions of the evening found Betty Carter in the role of mistress of ceremonies at her own showcase. It seemed like her way of showing the quality of musician required to sustain the music's excellence and preserve its humor.

The evening opened with a sort of talent deserving of wider recognition all star quintet with George Adams on tenor, Lyle Atkinson on bass, Michael Carvin on drums, Albert Dailey on piano, and Charles Sullivan on trumpet. As I arrived they were into the first selection, Sullivan's *Malcolm*, and the trumpeter was in the midst of building to a fiery climax with a crescendo of beautifully articulated high note phrases. The next number was George Adams' attractive melody *Imani's Dance*. Its most interesting aspects were the dynamic and rhythmic demands that its structure (which alternated waltz time with a straightahead smoking four) made on the soloists. Adams and Sullivan both evidenced their ability to improvise with a finished, no-loose-ends quality a la Clifford Brown. Carvin, a powerful drummer with ears and taste, played several excellent breaks. Everyone seemed warmed up and ready for some real fireworks when out bopped Betty with, "See what I brought you!"

In show-must-go-on tradition, Carter introduced a talent possibly even less appreciated, despite all her dues, than any that had preceded: pianist Dorothy Donegan. Dorothy Donegan is a mixture of artistry and entertainment that is hard to find in jazz as high art. The dazzling offering of her wares was more than enough to wash blues and pretense away. Her set was an exhibition of pianistic control and the techniques of melodic embellishment. There was also a good bit of comic banter with the audience, as she worked through a medley of imitations that began with Eubie Blake, making excursions through Ellington and Erroll Garner. The humor was even extended to Atkinson and Carvin, who stayed on to accompany her as she frolicked with the time, suspending it at will. She tickled and caressed her way to an enthusiastic demand for an encore, delivered in the form of a rousing boogie woogie that deviated into *Bye Bye Blackbird* before she woogied it on out and swaggered in delight off the stage.

It would have been a hard act for anyone but Betty Carter to follow; she and her newly refurbished trio were equal to the challenge. While the piano remains in the capable hands of John Hicks, there is a youth movement afoot elsewhere with Curtis Lundy on bass and Kenny Washington on drums. They opened with the ballad *What's New*. Betty sailed, double time, through a scat improv, her voice sounding better than I've ever heard it. The trio played with fine confidence and elan for a new unit. Betty seemed beside herself, like a great athlete who reaches effortlessly beyond imagined limits.

Typically, her program was balanced with ballads, medium tempo swingers, uptempo bop and scat tunes. From her repertoire there was the *Trolley Song, Everything I Have Is Yours, Swing, Maestro, Swing* and so on. She introduced three originals. Two were fetching ballads, one on the pleasures of love, the other on its intrigues. The other was a scat vehicle built on a scalar motif where Betty stretched her horn-like chops. *Swing, Maestro, Swing* was the tour de force, and her mastery of phrasing, syllabic invention, and range—from the low lows to the highs—cohered with incredible musicality.

Finally, Betty did what everyone had been waiting for—out came George Adams and Charles Sullivan. Three of the finest stylists in jazz were breathing life into *I Should Care*. And then it was over. The night wasn't long enough for the splendid music these musicians could have made.

—brower

and we started working for one of the hotel chains. Morocco is very cosmopolitan—you have many French people and the French love jazz—and the Moroccan people were very open, so we had a tremendous reception. It was fantastic—I remember concerts where Ed Blackwell would have the audience literally screaming behind his drum solos. This was before I had my club [Weston's African Rhythms Cultural Center in Tangier] because the club didn't happen until '69, but between '67 and '69 we were performing and gigging and seeing and experiencing and listening.

"I spent much time with a group of people called the Gnaouas, whose origins are probably in Mali and who play what Moroccans consider the really heavy music. They've combined the West African tradition with the cultures of the Arabs and Berbers, and my experiences with them were enormous. I got to know them very well and I listened to their songs, and that's where I really heard pop music, the original blues. That's why I always say that the blues is the sound of the African village—it really is.

"I had the experience of playing Arabic music with native musicians in Morocco, and those notes are not on the piano, so I had to try to create those sounds by putting different combinations of notes together, and it was fascinating. But we can get in between the notes—Monk can, Duke can, I can—because the way African people live their music is something natural for us. So we've taken Western instruments and we've done funny things with them.

"African music is based upon rhythm, the kind of rhythm that makes people move, because our music is music to lift the spirits. So if a musician is in tune to these rhythms and these sounds, he will please African audiences. I played a piano solo at the Festac festival in Nigeria for an audience of 12,000 people from all over Africa, and nobody believed that they would sit still for an hour and a half, listening to solo piano. But I put those same rhythms into the piano and the people responded. If I were to play something really without rhythm, then I'm sure they wouldn't dig it.

"It's been my experience that wherever you find an African audience, or a black audience, they will respond if you're playing well. When I came up in the '40s and '50s the audiences were predominantly black, and the black audiences were our critics—if you didn't play well, you would know about it one way or another. In the African tradition the audience and the music are one—there is no separation between the two—so when you perform for a black or African audience and you are in tune with them, the audience becomes part of the performance, and they will give you certain responses so that it becomes a complete experience. Now, we seldom get to perform for black audiences, which is really tragic for me, because it means that I'm not really completing my total mission."

In 1974 Randy returned to New York, where he recorded his chart-topping album *Blue Moses* (whose electric instrumentation he still regrets) and the Grammy award nominee *Tanjah*, scored for big band by his longtime collaborator, arranger/trombonist Melba Liston. Also in '74, his appearance at the Montreux festival in Switzerland (issued on the Arista *Carnival* LP) led him to rediscover the potentials of the solo piano he had debuted with 20 years previously.

"I performed at Montreux for the first time in Europe, and I had a group—Billy Harper on tenor, William Allen on bass, Steve Berrios on congas, and I picked up Don Moye in the hotel because I didn't have a drummer," Weston recalls. "Duke Ellington had died in 1974 and I was very close to Duke, so I wanted to do a dedication to him, and I swear that night Duke was sitting at the piano. It was a very spiritual thing—I know I could never play that again the same way—and when I came off the bandstand many people told me that I should play solo piano. And that was it—from that point on it changed my entire direction.

"It's been really wonderful for me, the solo piano thing—it's given me tremendous flexibility. I've been able to go to more places; I've been all around the world, I've been back to Africa, and I've been able to play in Europe. It's like a whole new life. In the '50s we had so many giants on piano, and my compositions got to be popular, tunes like *Hi-Fly* and *Little Niles*, so I got a reputation as a composer. And I was always so honored to have my music played by people like Booker Ervin, Ray Copeland, Cecil Payne, Idrees Sulieman, Frank Haynes, Walter Benton, Ernie Henry, Kenny Dorham, that I laid in the back because I didn't think I was of the same caliber."

Weston is outspoken on the subject of Afro-American music and the media. "I don't like the word 'jazz' to describe my music, because I never heard musicians use that word, only critics and writers. But if Paul Whiteman was the 'King of Jazz,' then I know I'm not playing jazz. I was very close to Duke, and Duke said 'Don't call my music jazz, because jazz is a limiting category.' If I'm a jazz artist, and **down beat** doesn't do an article about me, or if I don't play the Village Vanguard, that means I don't exist, and unfortunately many musicians have been discouraged because of this. We tend to be geared by the Western concept of materialism—our purpose here is to play clubs and concerts, to make people happy and make money, and to get to be known and have our names in the media.

"But these things are not the test of success. The test of success is to maintain our basic traditions, to maintain our historical and visionary concepts of music. The whole notion of 'old' music is utter nonsense, because in Africa there's no such thing as 'old' music. Time is eternal, so you will hear melodies and rhythms that have gone on for thousands of years, and they retain the spark of spontaneity. I think that if people got away from that concept of the 'modern music' and really got to the music itself, they would be checking out the 1927 Ellington band—that's way out stuff. It's no accident that Duke called his band the 'Jungle Band' in the '20s, because Duke himself was always trying to capture the sound of black people, and if you listen to early Ellington you hear the spirit force of Africa.

"But there's so much confusion and fear as to whether the black people of this country can have a music, can have the tradition that we happen to have, despite the fact that we come from so many different parts of Africa. An African musician told me, 'Randy Weston, you are from a family of linguists.' What did he mean by that? He said that in the ancient high civilizations of Africa, when the chief wanted to address his people, he would first have to speak to the family of linguists, and they would translate his words into the various languages of the tribes. So for me, the whole Western concept of how one judges the music, of stylistic comparison and 'you sound like so-and-so' just blinds us to the fact that we all come out of African music.

"The media does not want to deal with Africa; Africa has always been projected in a negative image. How is it possible, when in the '50s I could do two or three television appearances a year with Steve Allen or Dave Garroway—and I never had a hit record, never was as well known as I am today—that now I can't get on any major television show? In France I do television; I do solo piano for half an hour, just myself. But can I go on CBS? It's not possible, and it's not going to happen because my music comes out of black people, it comes out of Africa.

"But for me, the mission of my music is to reach the people who are in tune. I hope to reach the teachers, who will teach it to the kids. I want to influence the people who know, who will get to the people. Many things I did in the '50s are being done today, but I haven't been credited, because we artists tend to be ahead. That's the dues you pay for being an artist. We must be advanced.

"My vision is of an Africa where we will be playing in every major city. This must happen. I find it very sad that we are no longer playing in the black community in the U.S., and that we're not getting any support in the black press. I'm very disappointed that we're not playing in Africa. But there will be a day, and it'll be soon, when every top artist will be performing in Accra, in Lagos, in Abidjan, in Cairo, in Rabat, because this is a continent that we really owe, all of us. Many people don't want to deal with the connection, but I say you've got to deal with Africa, because we in the U.S. are also living in an African culture. It's kind of wild to deal with the fact that the minority of the people are the culture of the country, at least musically.

"But compared to my compatriots, compared to many of the giants of the instrument I know, I've been accepted very well. I have not worked the commercial circuit; I've not really been interested in the commercial circuit—I've been interested in cultural areas. When you consider the limitations placed on Afro-American music, on Afro-American artists, with the lack of exposure for our music, only a few of us are going to break through anyhow. It's only going to be a trickle, a handful at a time who will make it, because we don't have access to the media. It's just a matter of who.

"So I feel that the reason why I'm on this earth, the reason why God has given me this time, is to try to project a heavy spiritual message about who we are, what we have done, where we are going, so we will be able to absorb things African, vital life forces like music. To play my music—that is the greatest success of all. My music is eternal, because God has given me a gift which I project into the piano. My message in music is unity for our people, to be proud of who we are and what we have contributed to the world. This music will live forever, and that is my success." **db**

the other. I probably said "hmm-hmm," and it wasn't until I began to learn the piece that I really saw the beauty of it.

Mingus, of course, was a legend. Folk and jazz in the cellars of New York were overlapping, so I'd heard of Mingus by name for some time. As a matter of fact, I'd heard that name as far back as when I was listening to Lambert, Hendricks & Ross in Canada. I was in high school then, but my friends in the university spoke of these legendary people. That was in the early '60s.

Feather: When did you actually get to meet him?

Mitchell: I got word through a friend of a friend that Charles had something in mind for me to do, and this came down the grapevine to me. Apparently he had tried through normal channels to get hold of me; but there's a very strong filtering system here and for one reason or another it never reached me. So it came in this circular way, and I called him up to see what it was about, and at that time he had an idea to make a piece of music based on T.S. Eliot's *Quartet* and he wanted to do it with—this is how he described it—a full orchestra playing one kind of music, and overlaid on that would be bass and guitar playing another kind of music; over that there was to be a reader reading excerpts from *Quartet* in a very formal literary voice; and interspersed with that he wanted me to distill T.S. Eliot down into street language, and sing it mixed in with the reader.

It was an interesting idea; I like textures. I think of music in a textural collage way myself, so it fascinated me. I bought the book that contained the *Quartet* and read it; and I felt it was like turning a symphony into a tune. I could see the essence of what he was saying, but his expansion was like expanding a theme in the classical symphonic sense, and I just felt I couldn't do it. So I called Charles back and told him I couldn't do it; it seemed kind of like a sacrilege.

So some time went by and I got another call from him saying that he'd written six songs for me and he wanted me to sing them and write the words for them. That was April of last year, and I went out to visit him and I liked him immediately; and he was devilishly challenging.

He played me one piece of music—an older piece, I don't know the title of it—because we figured it was going to take eight songs to make an album: the six new ones and two old ones. So we began searching through this material, and he said, "This one has five different melodies," and I said, "And you want me to write five different sets of lyrics at once," and he said "Yes."

He put it on and it was the *fastest*, boogieingest thing I'd ever heard, and it was impossible. So this was like a joke on me. He was testing and teasing me; but it was in good fun. I enjoyed the time I spent with him very much.

Feather: How sick was he then?

Mitchell: He was in a wheelchair. I never knew him when he was well, and I never heard him play; he was paralyzed then.

Feather: How much contact did you have, actually working together?

Mitchell: There were several visits to the house; the better part of an afternoon listening to old music; discussing the themes and his lyrical intent on the new melodies. Then he and Sue [Mingus] went to Mexico, to a faith healer down there, and during the time they were in Mexico I went and spent ten days with them. By that time his speech had severely deteriorated. Every night he would say to me, "I want to talk to you about the music," and every day it would be too difficult. It was hard for him to speak.

So some of what he had to tell me remained a mystery. But Sue gave me a lot of tapes of interviews with him and they were thrilling to me, because so much of what he felt and described was so kindred to my own feelings; he articulated lessons that were laid on him by people like Fats Navarro and others. So he was definitely a teacher of mine.

Feather: What in your work had attracted him to you and caused him to get in touch with you?

Mitchell: Somebody played him some of my records. Now, this is a story that came to me—there's a piece of music of mine called *Paprika Plains* which was done in sections. The middle of it is about seven minutes of improvisational playing, which I had somebody else orchestrate for me. And then stuck on to each end of it is a song that I wrote later around it. It was improvised off of a theme; then I abandoned the theme and just left the improvisational part which I cut together. It's a modern technological way of composing.

It was recorded in January, and the piano was tuned many, many times, so by August when I played the verses, which were born much later, the piano had slightly changed. So when it was orchestrated, it's in tune for a while, but then it hits that splice where it goes from the January piano to the August piano.

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BASIE

continued from page 26

That may seem like a minor breakthrough, but consider the key precursors of big band jazz. Fletcher Henderson wanted to be the black Paul Whiteman. He closed his stage shows with a full scale *Rhapsody In Blue*. And many of the arrangements concocted for him by Don Redman were intricate and mechanical. Duke Ellington came back from Europe in 1932 believing he was the new Debussy. In trying to live up to this self image, his work occasionally became pseudo-classical and pompous. The concept of advancement in black music was linked to a growing complexity and technical challenge. I think Basie's greatest contribution was to demonstrate that it didn't necessarily have to be that way: that less could really mean more. It was a classic instance of turning a limitation into a virtue.

Add to the ensemble the extraordinary parade of soloists who marched through Basie's pre-war ranks—Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Don Byas, Buddy Tate, Dickie Wells, any one of whom is a story unto himself—and you have the whole picture. Basie is not the self sufficient creative dynamo that Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong or John Coltrane were. Like Duke Ellington and Miles Davis, Basie has needed others in order to create important music. He could never have done it by himself. That doesn't diminish his creative stature, however. Making 12 or 15 other musicians an extension of his own original musical vision is no less a feat than anything accomplished by the mighty individualists.

Because Basie's artistic fortunes are dependent upon others, it is inevitable that those fortunes have changed. In that sense, he was not as fortunate as Ellington who held onto most of his key men come what may. By the late 1940s, Basie was still committed to essentially the same ensemble philosophy of the late '30s. But the soloists who had given his band its intellectual substance and identity had themselves changed or moved on to other things. The old idea was becoming drained of its content; only the shape remained. Something had to be done. Out of this situation emerged the vastly different Basie organization of the '50s and beyond.

What was so different? For one thing it was an arranger's band and not a soloist's band. In the '30s the band's identity was defined principally in terms of Jo Jones, Lester, Buck, Dickie and the other soloists. From the '50s on the Basie sound was shaped by the key writers—Neal Hefti, Ernie Wilkins and later Sam Nestico. It was their concept of what the Basie band should sound like that dominated.

There were good soloists in the ranks, to be sure (Thad Jones, Frank Wess, and a carryover from the '40s, Joe Newman), but the Basie band of the '50s and '60s was also faced with another aspect of change, a larger change that was out of Basie's control: the center of evolution in jazz had moved away from the big band to the small group. Consider this: before 1945 there was hardly a major soloist in jazz that did *not* come up through the bands, and that includes Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Charlie Christian, Louis Armstrong, Ben Webster, Benny Carter and the galaxy of stars in the Ellington universe. From the late '40s on, however, it is almost exactly the opposite. Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Ornette Coleman, and their descendants have no roots at all in big band experience. Since the important emerging soloists of the '50s had other outlets for growth, a creative vacuum suddenly hit the remaining big bands into which the arranger naturally fell. To the extent that Basie was able to influence the few surviving full time bands, he did. Harry James, the Dorsey Brothers and others followed his lead, often by playing his charts. But as a group, the bands were no longer influencing the larger development of jazz.

The arrangers Basie used took some of the old Basie trademarks—mainly the lean hunt-and-peck Basie piano and the gentle throb of Freddie Green's guitar—and spun them into a newer, fresher, more complex fabric of thicker brass and reed textures. New voicings turned up. There was more muted brass, more flutes, more reed and brass combinations, and an often startling dynamic range. Cleverness and a sense of humor became elements of style in charts like *Cute* and *Shiny Stockings*. If the band no longer influenced important trends, it was on the other hand more appealing than ever before. Basie began reaching his largest audiences, and it's to his credit that he never patronized them. A whole new series of Basie classics developed: *Li'l Darlin', Corner Pocket, April In Paris*—few of which bore much relationship to the original body of work on which Basie first secured his place in history.

But the judgement of history has little to do with the economics of operating a big band. The swinging show band Basie has led for nearly 30 years now may not be the brilliant, ground breaking, innovative orchestra of the late '30s, but it has nevertheless served a noble purpose. If the pre-war band established Basie, the show band years have permitted him to survive and remain a thriving force in music. More important, the Hefti/Wilkins/Nestico era has allowed him to survive with integrity. The accumulated wealth of charts has worn well.

Neal Hefti wrote an interesting letter to me a few years ago pointing out the reality Basie faced.

"When Basie came to me," Hefti wrote, "he was down to a six piece band that couldn't get a job, was being dumped by Columbia, and according to rumors was hopelessly in debt. I sincerely believe that the 50 works of mine that he recorded with his big band spelled the difference between bankruptcy and the approximately $2 million yearly gross that he is enjoying today. Purist or non-purist, this was strictly a life or death situation and, obviously, his pre-war sound wasn't working anymore. This was indeed a musical heart transplant which worked."

Hefti is essentially right. Today several generations of fans have grown up knowing only the Basie band of the '50s and its succession of descendants. It has existed and prospered for almost three decades. For Basie at 75, it has meant the difference between being a familiar living legend of contemporary music and a shadowy remote one of history and nostalgia. But when Count Basie sits at the piano today, as he has in a series of extraordinary Pablo albums for Norman Granz, time stands still and we wind back through more than 40 years to the key idea that jelled so perfectly in the "original" Basie band: simplicity with swing. It still works. db

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With a fine ear you can notice this. So somebody was playing this piece for Charles, and Charles is a stickler for true pitch and time, and he kept saying, "It's out of tune, it's out of tune." But when the piece was over he said that I had a lot of balls!

So something about it—whatever it was he didn't like, he also saw some strength and certainly an adventuresome spirit, because I'd been pushing the limits of what constitutes a song for years; I keep trying to expand it—with an instrumental in the middle or with no known or prescribed length, but just as long as my own interest will hold out. And I presume that if it will hold my interest that long that it will at least hold the interest of a minority.

So, as near as I can tell, that was part of it, that he felt that I had a sense of adventure.

Feather: Didn't you find it necessary in your later stages to finish off some of the music yourself?

Mitchell: See, I can only work from inspiration. I have a certain amount of craft, granted, but I cannot work only from craft. A piece that is merely craft doesn't mean anything to me. It has to be inspired. Of the six melodies he gave me, two of them I never really could get into; they were too idiomatic in a way for me. They were modern enough for my own sense of what is modern—they were reminding me of something back there, and I couldn't find any new way I could transcend them. I had to just lock into them and do them and I just couldn't get inspired by two of them.

One of them was extremely beautiful (this is a third one), but I couldn't get into it because the theme was very difficult. Charles had referred me to a passage in his book, a long discourse between him and Fats Navarro about God. And it was his own metaphorical description of God and relationship to God. I couldn't just lift that literally and make it adhere to his melody. That threw me into my own confrontation with my own metaphors about God, and it boggled my mind; it just fried my brain. I somehow or other could not really figure that puzzle out. So those three never got finished.

The four that I did complete were all inspired: either I stumbled across pieces of the poetry in the street, or they came to me in mysterious ways—they were meant to be. But the other three melodies somebody else should write words to, because they're beautiful.

That left me with a song I had been writing before I met Charles, *The Wolf That Lives In Lindsey*—that strange piece of music, which I included because I felt that the wolves constituted part of Charles' musical concept about cacophony. There was some natural, beautiful cacophony; those wolves are singing in a chorus, hitting every note on the keyboard, but it's beyond dissonance, it transcends dissonance. So I thought it was kindred to Charles' way of thinking in that way.

The other song, *God Must Be A Boogie Man*, is based on the first four pages of his book, and I tried to take those first four pages and use the meter and everything to the three of these melodies of his, but the words wouldn't adhere. So then I let them have their own syncopation and wrote my own melody to it. So that's very much his own self-description.

Then there's the documentary footage in the album, which I think is extraordinarily important due to the fact that Charles knew long before he became ill how he wanted his funeral to be carried out, what he did want and didn't want; I *had* to include that. And I love the spirit of the birthday song—which establishes the year he was born in, that's why I opened it that way.

Feather: Was that a tape that just happened to be in his loft . . . ?

Mitchell: Sue gave me that. She thought those things were important. And I also liked Sue's presence on the tape, because she is a wonderful woman—she was wonderful to Charles; she made that last time . . . she was very, very giving and great with him.

Feather: You were saying at the party the other day that there were still some pleasures he was able to find in life, even at that late stage.

Mitchell: Yes, he loved to eat, even though supposedly he was on a diet for his health; he liked to ride in a car—as a matter of fac was the only time he could sleep. Sue nurse and his son would load him up ir van and they would go off driving a and he would sleep peaceably in there; was an insomniac back at the house. ride in the car, and the outings restaurant, were highlights, somethi really looked forward to.

Feather: When was the last tim actually saw him or spoke to him?

Mitchell: That would be in Octob told me something beautiful today Charles died at the age of 56 in Mexi following day he was cremated. That whales beached themselves on a c Mexico, and not knowing what to d them, the people there burned them whales were cremated the same Charles.

There was a lot of mojo in his life—t lot of mojo in my life, too. He w wrapped up with natural phenomen that's why I think we all had a certain of faith in the possibility that he actually beat it. I always addressed m that possibility. If I hadn't, I know th would have been much more dire Charles, like *The Dry Cleaner From Des* would have probably had a differe content, or *Sweet Sucker Dance*. Becaus it came down to the finished all thought, this is not a complete por such a complex person; I wished th every song had been dedicated to a certain aspect of his personality. Some addressed themselves directly; and indirectly they all had something that was kindred with his way.

Feather: You mentioned that on some of the numbers, there were several different versions that had to be left out of the final album, that included a lot of interesting people such as Phil Woods, Gerry Mulligan, etc. How did that come about, and is there any possibility that those outtakes might eventually be used in some other context?

Mitchell: They're in the can. If you laid them all out and said, okay, here's four versions of the same song, let's choose which one we like the best, you would find some people liked one version better than another and that no one would really agree. So, it came down to my decision and to my direction.

Charles and I differed musically; we shared things but differed in some ways. He had an aversion to electrical instruments, and was very much a purist. And while I'm basically an acoustic player so I understand that, I never was prejudiced against electric instruments; I just don't have any mechanical aptitude. There are too many knobs for me, so I revert back to the simpler form. I know I'm sidestepping your question.

Feather: What I'm curious about is, did you make several versions just because you weren't satisfied with each one in turn, or you just wanted to experiment with different ways of approaching the same material?

Mitchell: Both of those things are true. The first sessions Charles was present at—they were with Jeremy Lubbock, Don Alias, Gerry Mulligan; Stanley Clarke played at one of them. The groove was more there, it was closer to what Charlie wanted, they swung more, and Charlie was a stickler for them to swing. So in some ways they were stronger in that area. Alias is a great drummer; he can really play anything great. So they had a beautiful character to them. In some ways

Miles, I guess—plays so beautifully, not on a high linear line, not just matching tones, but he plays so brilliantly off of lyrics, because he has such a pictorial mind that he is talking. He's such a metaphorical player. I love the way he related to me. He especially made me feel like an integral band member. So we all seemed to be one organism on this music.

I think that's quite unique, even among the great jazz vocalists. They tend to be fronting a track; whereas in this music, we're all mimicking each other, we're shading the tail end of a phrase the way a tone . . . the tone has breath, people play breathy, even the percussion instruments seem to become breathy. If you look at it you'll see how entwined we are, and that, I thought, was a beautiful accomplishment and something special.

Feather: I got some of that feeling on my first listen; but I want to listen again. I don't know how many people listening for the first time will get the full impact.

Mitchell: I don't think so; I don't think you can. I've listened to it so many times, I've

gone through so many changes about it, it's like quicksilver. It's very dependent on the mood you're in. It'll change on you like a chameleon. It requires many listenings, like good poetry; I think all good art has that quality. It just doesn't stand still, there's nothing static about it.

Feather: What do you expect from the album in terms of popular public reaction? Do you think it's commercial—not that that's the objective, but how commercial do you expect it to be?

Mitchell: I dare not have any expectations. If I have them, I probably would be disappointed, because I'm very pleased with it. So if I have any expectations, or hope, it would be that people would find it accessible. I think it is, but I know how intimidating great musicianship is to a lot of people; it can awe people and make them feel excluded rather than included; I hope that doesn't happen. I'm talking about within the context of the pop field, not within the context of the jazz idiom at all. I would be surprised if it wasn't well accepted in the jazz world, because it contains all the best elements of that music. It's very spontaneous, creative and fresh.

In the pop circles, I have no idea what will happen.

Feather: I think a lot of it will be helped by just the fact that it's a Joni Mitchell album. Some of the millions of people who have bought your other albums will be a little more open-eared about it than they might normally be, just because it's you.

Mitchell: Here's the thing that I intuitively felt. The earlier sessions, while they were more straightahead in the idiom, people in the pop field were more barricaded to that than they are to this, in that it was so idiomatic, it was blanket jazz to them. Whereas this is something else; you can't really say it's jazz or pop . . .

Feather: It doesn't need to be classified . . .

Mitchell: It's not an obviously classified sound, and that will give it a greater chance to be explored. I think by the very nature of the fact that we're indicating everything rather than stating it completely, you'd think that would make it less accessible, but I think in a way it makes it more accessible.

Feather: Do you have a title for the album yet?

Mitchell: I have so many titles. Today it's called *A Chair In The Sky*. Although Sue objected to that title at one point and she had good reason for it, in that she didn't want Charles to be remembered as an invalid. But somehow that title seems to suit it the best. It has a lot of meanings for me—I first met Charles up in a Manhattan skyscraper in this chair, and he was a very commanding figure, because he just swallowed the chair up; it was like he was enthroned, very regal. I never looked at him so much like an invalid; it seemed like a regal position.

Charles saw a great importance in titling well, especially for non-lyrical music. He felt that that was where you got a chance to make your statement. As a matter of fact, on the projects, that's what he always asked me first: "What's the title of the song?" I always loved the *Hissing Of Summer Lawns* title, but it was too oblique for most people. Take an afternoon like today when everybody has their sprinklers running—that's what it was about.

Feather: Who is in the band that you're going out with now?

Mitchell: Jaco Pastorius, Don Alias, Alex Acuna. It'll be two drums, bass, and two guitars—although we haven't set the guitarists yet.

Feather: Do you expect on the tour to do most or some of the material out of this album?

Mitchell: Some of it. *God Must Be A Boogie Man* I know we'll do; *Chair In The Sky; Pork Pie Hat* . . . but they'll be different, of course.

Feather: Did Charles Mingus know any-

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Look for an expanded *Music Workshop* section in the October '79 **down beat**. Details on page 6.

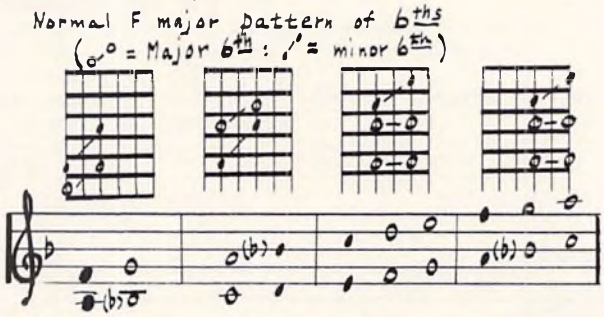
HOW TO

VISUALIZE PARALLEL-INTERVAL PATTERNS ON FINGERBOARDS, PART II

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

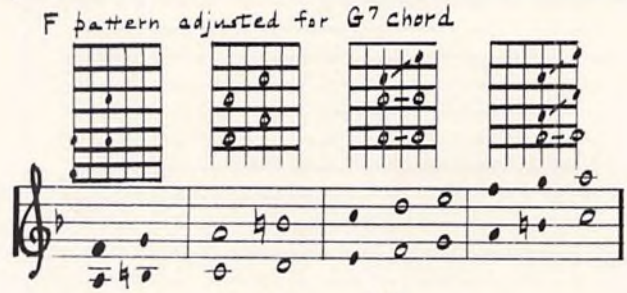
Part I of this article (**db**, Aug. 9) illustrated 3rds, 6ths, and 10ths in notation, on guitar and bass fingerboards, and in Major key patterns lengthwise along those fingerboards.

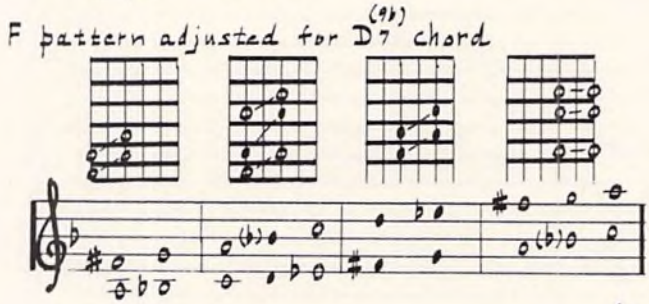
Patterns which move across the fingerboard may be harder to visualize than those which move straight up or down the fingerboard on the same strings, but the across-the-board method increases the number of keys a pattern can serve by reducing the number of frets it requires. The following low F Major pattern of 6ths, for instance, allows plenty of fret-room above it for transferral to other keys:



PATTERN ADJUSTMENT

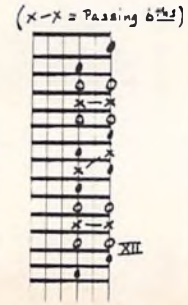
When a temporary chord alters one or more notes of a key, the pattern adjusts to contain them. A temporary chord of G^7 in the key of F would adjust the above normal F Major pattern to include a B natural instead of a Bb, and a temporary chord by $D_7(9b)$ would adjust the normal F Major pattern to include both F# and Eb instead of the natural F and E:



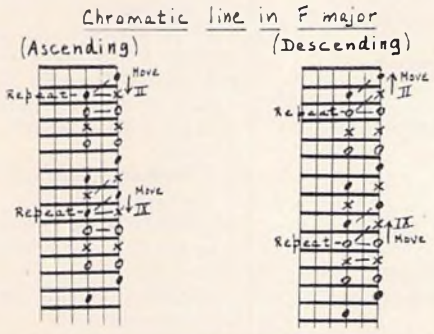


Such temporary-chord adjustments simply change the scale upon which the parallel pattern is built, more often than not to some other standard key or mode. The G^7 adjustment of the F Major scale makes the pattern therefore suitable for parallel 6ths in C Major or in F Lydian. And the $D_7(9b)$ adjustment, based as it is on the G harmonic minor scale, makes the pattern suitable for parallel 6ths in G minor.

Inserting a chromatic passing interval between pairs of similar-quality intervals often adds interest to the total effect of a pattern:

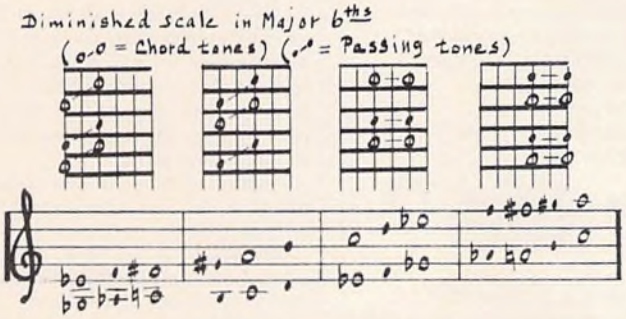


To accommodate entirely chromatic melody lines in F Major, the above example needs only to fill in the two empty points at fret II and fret IX. At these two points, the accompaniment note repeats while the melody note moves up or down one fret:

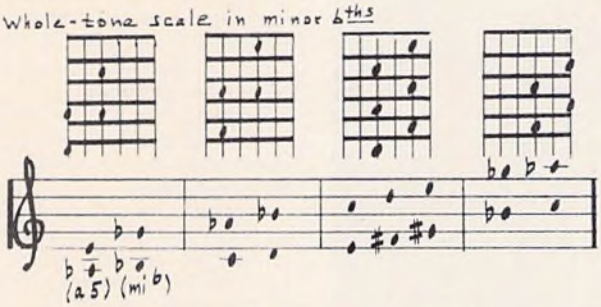


PATTERNS FOR DIMINISHED OR AUGMENTED CHORDS

Because the Major 6th and the diminished 7th are equivalent-sounding intervals, a succession of parallel Major 6ths will fit the diminished 7th chord. The example, exactly as shown, fits four diminished 7th chords—F#, A, C, and Eb. Moved up one fret, it fits four more—G, Bb, C#, and E. And moved up still another fret, it fits the other four—Ab, B, D, or F:



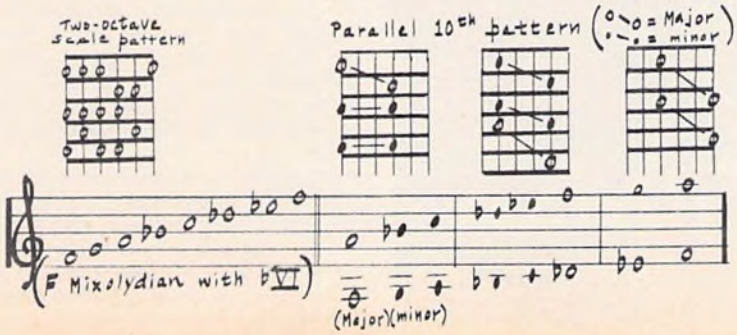
Because the minor 6th interval equates aurally with the augmented 5th, a succession of parallel minor 6ths a whole step apart fits any chord-type built from notes contained in the whole-tone scale, chords like the augmented triad, the V^{7} or V^{9} or V11# with augmented fifths, or the same with flatted fifths. The example shown below fits all such chord-types rooted on the whole-tone scale notes, C, D, E, F#, Ab, or Bb (or their enharmonic equivalents). Moved up one fret, it fits all such chord-types rooted on notes of the other whole-tone scale, Db, Eb, F, G, A, or B:



To determine parallel 3rd, 6th, or 10th fingerboard patterns which fit other non-Major scale-types:

1). Write out the scale.
2). Arrange the scale notes into parallel 3rds, 6ths, or 10ths.
3). On blank fingerboard charts, fill in the location of the notes in the pattern.

Here's an example of this process, using an altered Mixolydian scale and parallel 10ths:



MITCHELL

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thing about the choice of Jaco before you made it?

Mitchell: We talked about personnel and the people he suggested, I didn't know any of them. I tried some sessions with people he suggested, but still, all the way along, in the back of my mind I had my favorites, and those are the people I ended up working with.

Feather: Did you tell him about Jaco after you used him?

Mitchell: No, we talked about him at an earlier stage—you have to understand he was very ill then, so I couldn't tell from his responses whether he knew Jaco's work or whether he liked it. I couldn't get any real feedback. All I knew was that he was very prejudiced against electrical instruments, but when he articulated his prejudices on a tape that I heard, Jaco transcends them all.

He felt that with an electrical instrument you couldn't get dynamics; that the dynamics were all done by pushing buttons and so on. But Jaco completely defies all that; he gets more dynamics than any bass player . . . he's phenomenal, he's an orchestra. He's a horn section, he's a string section, he's a french horn soloist—as a matter of fact when you have a job for the bass player, you almost have to hire a bass player!

Feather: Having gotten your feet wet in this area, do you have any comparable projects in mind?

Mitchell: I'm not sure; I'd like to experiment more with rhythm eventually, if not on the next album. I might do a completely acoustic album, almost like a folk album, but harmonically it would be so different from folk music.

Feather: All the great people have been against pigeonholing—Duke Ellington always was.

Mitchell: It's so limiting. It casts you into a point of reference which is inaccurate. For the very sake of being accurate—which supposedly pigeonholing does—it in fact does the opposite. The great classical composers created songs.

Feather: Which of the things you've done in the past, that have not enjoyed enormous commercial success, would you like to have seen enjoying it?

Mitchell: Well, *Court & Spark* was commercially successful; it was a radical turning point from me being almost a solo artist to suddenly being there with the band, and it was very well received. Now, the next project was *The Hissing Of Summer Lawns*, and it was again a departure, it was much jazzier, and it also marked a turning point for me as a lyricist, in that I began to write a more narrative and less personal song.

Critically speaking, that record received a tremendous amount of unnecessary hostility. It was voted the worst album of the year by *Rolling Stone*, when in fact it was quite a progressive work. I felt it was unjustly attacked; it was an album that took a long time to digest. People had to digest me coming from a different position as a storyteller.

Pigeonholes all seem funny to me. I feel like one of those lifer-educational types that just keeps going for letters after their name—I want the full hyphen: folk-rock-country-jazz-classical . . . so finally when you get all the hyphens in, maybe they'll drop them all, and get down to just some American music. db

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Village Gate: *Stanley Turrentine* (8/9-12); *Roy Ayers Group* (8/21-26); *Dizzy Gillespie* (8/28-9/9); *Carmen McRae* (9/11-16); (212) 475-5120.

Village Vanguard: *Pharoah Sanders* (thru 8/12); *Kenny Burrell* (tent. 8/14-19); *Abbey Lincoln* (8/21-26); (212) 255-4037.

Studio We: Jazz in the New York City Parks, with *Composers Orchestra* (8/10, Central Park, 1 pm); *Tommy Turrentine Quintet* (8/22, Washington Square Park, noon); *Roland Alexander Sextet* (8/24, Stapleton Park, 6 pm); *Jimmy Vass Quintet* (9/4, Mt. Morris Park, 6 pm); *Brass Crowd* (9/5, Damrosch Park, 6 pm); *Barry Harris Quintet* (9/6, Damrosch Park, 6 pm); rain dates at Studio We on day of concerts; for further info call (212) 260-1211.

Jazzline: (212) 421-3592.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: 24th annual "August is Charlie Parker Month" with *Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers*, the *Kenny Burrell Trio*, the *Archie Shepp Quartet*, and all-star groups featuring *Mal Waldron, Barry Harris, Red Rodney, Art Pepper, Charlie Rouse* and *Johnny Coles;* call for exact dates; 337-1000.

Rick's Cafe Americain: *Joe Williams and Friends* (8/7-18); *Billy Taylor Trio* (8/21-9/11); *Art Farmer and the Freddy Hirsch Trio* (9/4-15); *Hank Jones, Carl Fontana, Milt Hinton, Bobby Rosengarden* (9/18-29); *Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles* (10/2-13); 943-9200.

Grant Park Band Shell: Tribute to John Coltrane and Wes Montgomery with *Bradley Parker-Sparrow* and *Ken Chaney, Rita Warford, Eldee Young, Marvin Sparks, Gene Easton,* and *Curtis Robinson* (8/30, 8 pm, free).

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 666-1881.

Chicago Blues Line: (312) 743-5505.

ST. LOUIS

Khorissan Room: *Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Bill Watrous, Johnny Hartman, Clark Terry, Jake Hanna, Dave Zin, Jim Bolen* (8/24 & 25).

J. B. Hutto's: *J. B. Hutto and the New Hawks* plus special surprise guest (8/23-25); call 576-6695.

KMOX (1120 AM): Jazz with Charles Menees (Sat. 10 pm).

WMRY (101 FM): Jazz with Leo Chears (nightly, 6 pm).

KWMU (90.7 FM): Jazz (Fri. & Sat. eve.).

MIAMI

The Encore: *Billy Marcus Quartet* (Tue.-Sun.); call 446-4652.

The Jazzery (Parkway Inn): *Mike George Quintet* (Tue.-Sat.); call 887-2621.

Beowulf (Pompano Beach); *Flip Phillips Quartet* (Mon.-Sat.); call 782-4000.

Village Lounge (Lake Buena Vista); *Bubba Kolb Trio* with guest stars (Mon.-Sat.); call 824-2222.

Jazz Hot Line: (305) 274-3834.

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

LAS VEGAS

Sands: *Tony Bennett* (thru 8/14); *Bob Sims Trio* (lounge); call 735-9111.

Landmark: *Edie Aikels Trio* (lounge); call 734-9110.

Tender Trap: *Gus Mancuso Trio,* plus special guests (nightly); call 732-1111.

Mr. Porterhouse: *Arnie Teich Trio* (jazz nightly); call 382-0700.

Pogo's: *Dixieland* (Fri.).

Las Vegas Jazz Society: Annual Picnic; call 734-8556 for info.

KORK (92 FM): "Jazz Album Concert" (Sun., 8 pm).

KDWN (720 AM): "Jim Flint Jazz Show" (6 pm).

KCEP (88.1 FM): "Chuck Romance Jazz Show" (6-10 am).

SAN DIEGO

India Street Jazz Festival (9/3 & 4): Call 298-8111.

Catamaran: *Charlie Byrd* (8/15); *Noel Pointer* (8/17); *Gato Barbieri* (8/21); *Ray Charles* (8/22-27); *Jeff Lorber Fusion (9/6); Buddy Rich* (9/9); *Tavares* (9/21 & 22); *B. B. King* (9/27-30); call 488-1081.

San Diego Open Air Theatre: *Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers* (7/26); *Marshall Tucker Band* (8/7 & 8); *Joan Baez* (8/9); *Al Jarreau* (8/12); *Blondie* (8/14); *The Kinks* (9/3); *Kenny Loggins* (9/14); *America* (9/21); *Randy Newman* (9/28); call 223-2191.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard Lounge: *Sir Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet* (8/7-12); *Herb Ellis and the Barney Kessel Quintet* (8/21-26); *Michal Urbaniak Quintet* (8/28-9/2); call 864-1200 for details.

Dummy George's: *Johnny Hartman* (8/8-19).

Hotel Ponchartrain: P'jazz Series, with *Lonnie Liston Smith* (8/15); *Interlochen Big Band* (8/22); *Earl "Fatha" Hines* (8/27); call 965-0200.

Renaissance Center (Detroit Plaza Hotel): *Spyro Gyra* (8/14); *Salsoul Orchestra* (8/21); *Michael Franks* (8/28); call 259-1525.

Meadow Brook: *Della Reese and Woody Herman Orchestra* (8/10); *Oscar Peterson and Count Basie Orchestra* (8/17).

Orchestra Hall (Paradise Theatre): Detroit Jazz Composers series, with *Teddy Harris and the Detroit Voices, Hastings Street Jazz Experience, Jimmy Wilkins Orchestra* (9/28, tentative); call 871-3644.

Ann Arbor Jazz Festival 1979 (Eclipse Jazz, University of Michigan): *Dexter Gordon, Oscar Peterson,* others being scheduled (9/27-30); call 763-1107.

Delta Lady (Ferndale): *Progressive Blues Band* (9/7 & 8); *Wyleaway Band* (8/31); *Bopcats* (8/10 & 11); *Cartunes* (8/12, 8/24); *Prismatic Band* (8/17 & 18); *Pulse* (8/26); *Tucker's Blues Band* (9/21 & 22); call 545-5483.

CLEVELAND

Blossom Music Center (Peninsula, Ohio): *Chuck Mangione Group* (8/16); *Glenn Miller & Jimmy Dorsey* bands, with *Tex Beneke, Helen O'Connell, and Bob Eberly* (9/2).

Peabody's Cafe: *Bill deArango Quartet* (Wed.); *Ernie Krivda* with *United Percussion Liberation Movement* (Sun.); *Gridley-Sharp Duo* (N.O.J.S. Night, 8/16).

Northeast Ohio Jazz Society Information Line (membership & etc.): 429-1513, Mon.-Fri., business hours.

KANSAS CITY

Jewish Community Center: *Four Freshmen* (9/29).

Women's Jazz Festival: *Flora Purim* (tentative, Oct.); please call (816) 361-1901 for further information.

Municipal Auditorium: *Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan,* and *Joe Williams* (8/21); for further information, (816) 924-2200.

Costello's: *Steve Harvey/Mark Pender Quintet* open Jazz Jam (Sat., 1:30-5 pm).

BUFFALO

Trailfamadore Cafe: Jazz and blues Wed. through Sun.; *Loosely Tight* (Wed.), *Richie Shulman Quintet* (Thurs.); *Ernie Krivda* (8/3 & 4); *Abbey Lincoln* (8/17 & 18); *Mal Waldron* (late Aug.); live broadcasts on WBFO (Sat., 10 pm) and WEBR (Fri., approx. 10 pm); call 836-9678 for complete schedule.

Third Annual Art Park Jazz Festival: *Great Guitars (Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, Charlie Byrd)* (8/28); *Sonny Rollins Quartet* (8/29); *Dick Hyman w/ Bobby Rosengarden, Milt Hinton, Bob Wilber, Pee Wee Erwin* (8/30); *Ron Carter Quartet* (8/31); *Moe Koffman Quintet* plus *Jackie and Roy* (9/1, 2 pm); *Marian McPartland's All-Star Women's Jazz Group* (9/1, 8 pm); *Dizzy Gillespie* (9/2, 2 pm); *McCoy Tyner* (9/2, 7 pm); *Gerry Mulligan Big Band* (9/3, 2 pm); *Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra* (9/3, 7 pm); call (716) 745-3377 for more information.

WADV (106.5 FM): Jazz nightly Mon.-Fri. 11:30 pm-12:30 am.

WEBR (970 AM): Mon.-Fri. 8:05 pm-1 am; Sat. & Sun. 6:05 pm-1 am.

MILWAUKEE

John Hawk's Pub: *Kenny Danish Quartet* (Sun.); call 272-3199.

Milwaukee Jazz Gallery: *Heath Brothers* (9/17 & 18); local and Chicago jazz (Tue.-Sun.); call 263-5718.

WUWM (90FM): NPR's "Jazz Alive!" (Sat., 7 pm); jazz daily.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): *down beat* Awards party for *Toshiko Akiyoshi & Lew Tabackin* big band (8/8); *Cedar Walton Quintet* plus *Lew Tabackin Trio* (8/9-12); *Charlie Byrd* (8/16-19); *Willie Bobo* (8/23-26); *Donald Byrd* (8/30-9/2); *Esther Phillips* (9/6-9); *Ahmad Jamal* (9/13-16); *Zoot Sims & Al Cohn* (9/20-23); *Heath Bros.* (9/27-30); call 379-4998.

Parisian Room (Washington & La Brea): *Joe Williams* (8/21-9/2); *Harry "Sweets" Edison & Lockjaw Davis* (9/4-9); call 936-8704.

Carmelo's (Sherman Oaks): New club, jazz seven nights a week; call 784-3268 or 995-9532 for info.

Donte's (North Hollywood): Name artists, including *Dave Pell's Pres Conference, Joe Diorio, Lenny Breau, Art Pepper; Joe Farrell;* for info, call 769-1566.

Greek Theater: *Al Jarreau* (8/18); *Joni Mitchell & Weather Report* (9/13-16); call 660-8400 for info.

Sound Room (Studio City): *Ray Pizzi, Milcho Leviev, Joe Diorio, Lenny Breau, Ron Eschete,* others; call 761-3555.

Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico); New music Sundays, including *Bobby Bradford, Vinny Golia, Lee Kaplan, Nels Cline;* call 475-8388.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Name jazz, including *Mose Allison, Phil Woods, Kittyhawk, Charlie Musselwhite;* 372-6911.

LONDON

Ronnie Scott's: *Dizzy Gillespie* (8/9-18); *Milt Jackson* (8/20-9/1); *Elvin Jones Jazz Machine* (9/17-29); call 439-0747 for further information.

Pizza Express: *Pepper Adams/Roger Kellaway* (8/22, 24 & 25); *Eddie Thompson, Brian Lemon, Fred Hunt* (alternating throughout August); *Kenny Davern* (9/27 & 28); call 437-7215 for details.

New Merlin's Cave: *Bruce Turner/Lol Coxhill/Mike Garrick/Dave Green/Alan Jackson* (8/10); *Jeff Daley 6* (8/17); *Alan Branscombe 5* (8/24); *Ray Warleigh/Alan Holdsworth* (8/31); jazz 6 nights a week.

National Film Theater: *Count Basie* shorts & extracts from features (75th birthday tribute) (8/21).

100 Club: *Ted Easton* (8/10); *Avon Cities Band* (8/11); *Errol Dixon* (8/12); *Sammy Rimington* (8/29); *Cambridge City Jassband* (8/31); *Henry Gray* (9/2); *Chris Barber* (9/19); jazz every Mon., Tue., Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.; ring 636-0933 for details.

Queen Elizabeth Hall: Jazz Centre Society Special (9/24); ring **580-8532** for information on this and all other venues.

DENVER

Clyde's Pub: *Richie Cole* (8/14-25); *Leon Thomas* (8/28-9/1); *Harold Land* (tent. in Sept.); *Lou Donaldson* (tent. in late Sept.); 425-1093.

Rainbow Music Hall: *The Emotions* (8/9); *Gato Barbieri* (8/17); *Pointer Sisters* (8/19); call 753-1800.

KADX (105.1 FM): 24-hour jazz.

KCFR (90.1 FM): Jazz and blues in NPR format.

MONTREAL

Place des Arts: *Cleo Laine* (8/27); *Keith Jarrett* (8/29).

Rideau Ferry Inn (Ottawa): *Tommy Dorsey* (9/2).

Jazz Ottawa Jazzline: 232-7755.

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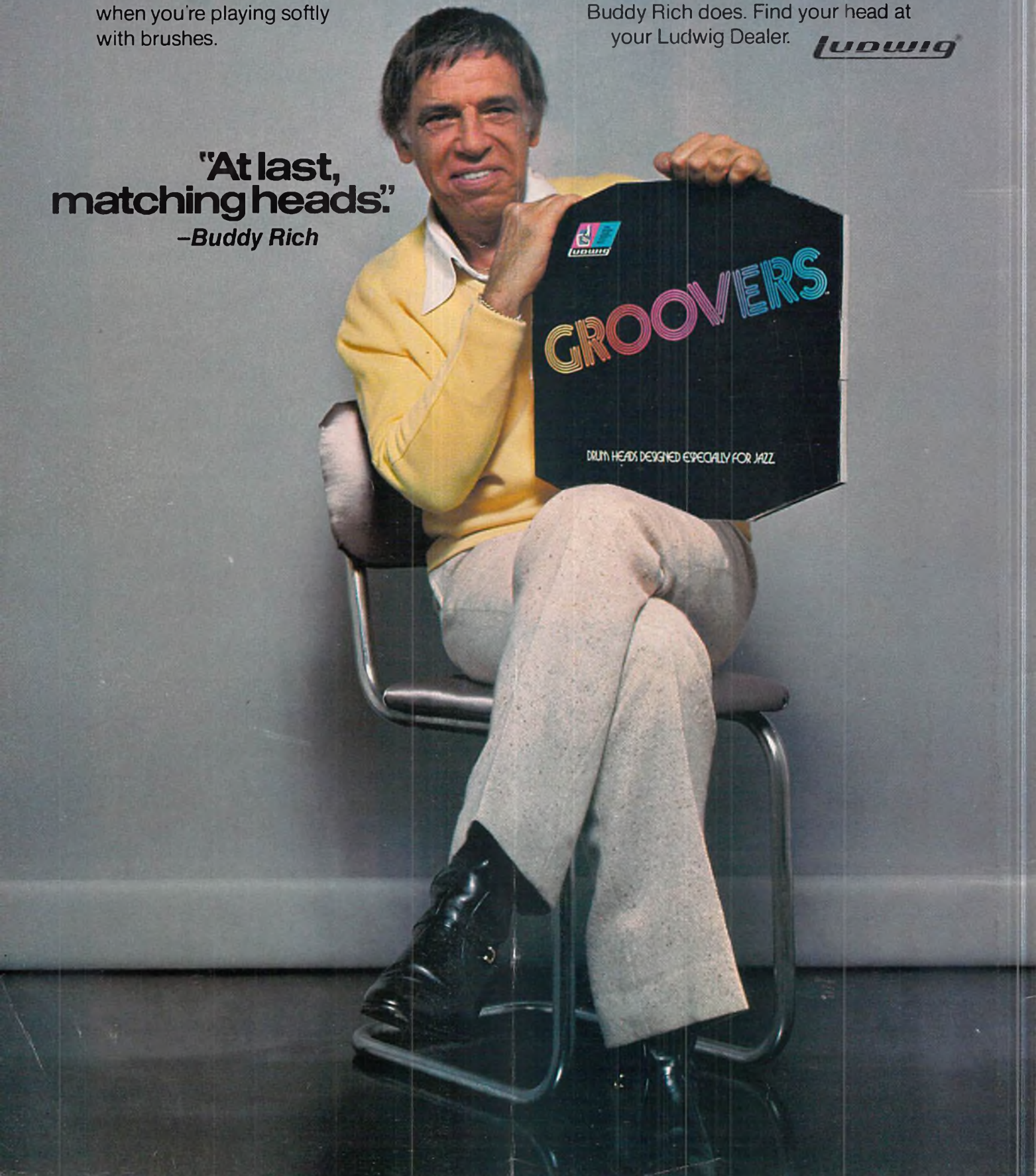

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