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music magazine

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Julius Hemphill
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gambles on
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future

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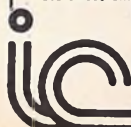
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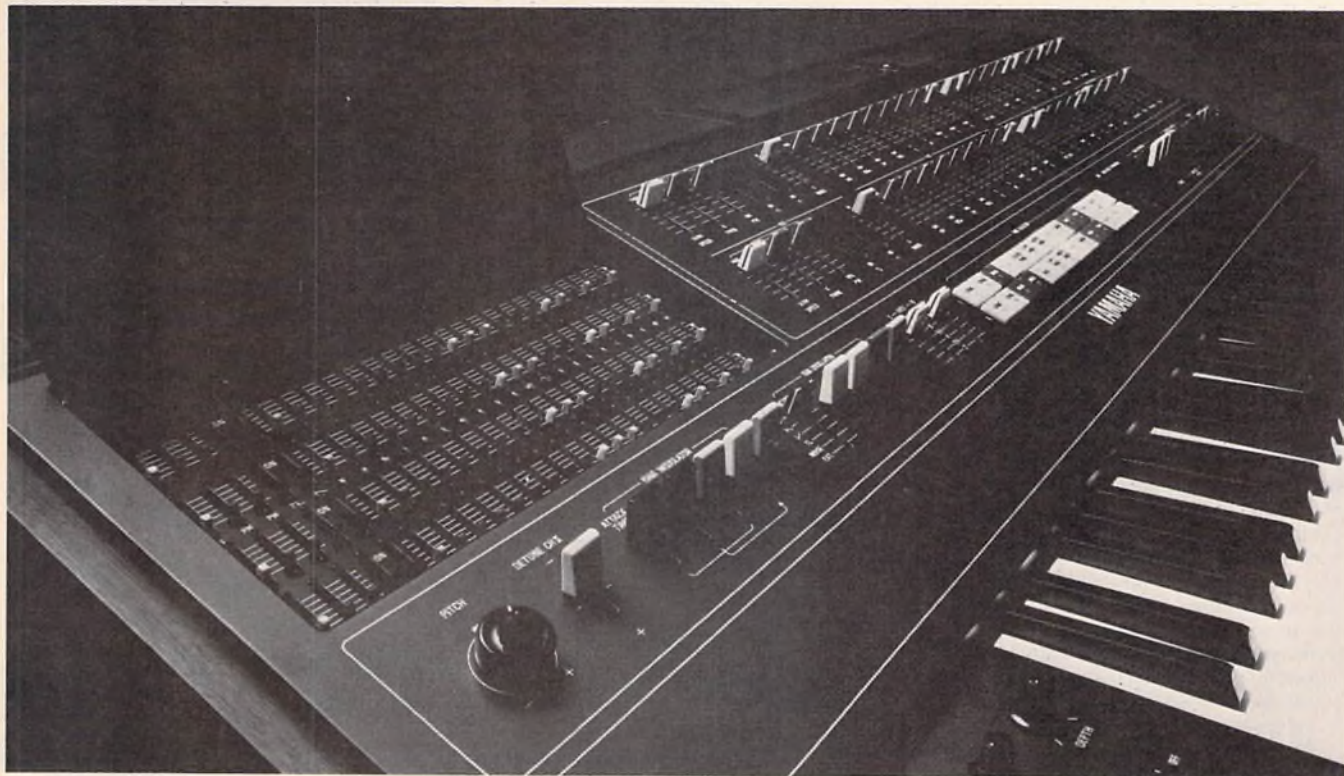
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education in jazz

by Marian McPartland

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Marian McPartland

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

This first issue of a larger, monthly **down beat** coincides with the beginning of a new school year and soon a new decade. Looking ahead, it seems certain anyone working in or toward a career in music will need more information and more skills than those whom they hope to replace. This information will come as it always has, from a mix of book education and working experience. The quality of the education and the usefulness of the experience is really up to the person who seeks to learn. We intend that **down beat** will continue to assist the music makers and to please their listeners.

We proudly announce the publication of the first text on the teaching and the learning of jazz music: *Jazz Pedagogy, A Comprehensive Method Of Jazz Education For Teacher And Student*, by David Baker (**down beat** Music Workshop Publications, Chicago, IL, 1979; 8½" x 11", wire bound, 208 pages, catalog no. MW 15).

This book embodies David Baker's considerable knowledge and experience as a teacher (professor of music and head of Jazz Studies at Indiana Univ., Bloomington) and as a professional player, arranger, and composer. The text has already been adapted for classroom use in several colleges here and abroad, and, in manuscript form, has been proved eminently useful by the serious jazz student.

There are several things we would like you to tell us for our guidance and publication in future issues of **down beat** and the next edition of the **down beat** Music Handbook.

Guide To College Jazz Studies And Commercial Music Programs. Please tell us the name and mailing address of the school, name and phone number of the program director, brief descriptions of the credit courses on contemporary music, faculty, etc.

School Jazz Festivals Calendar. Please tell us: date, name, location, sponsor, number and eligibility of participating ensembles, prizes and awards, judges, clinicians, guest artists, mailing address and phone number of festival director.

Commercial Jazz Festival Calendar. Please give us relevant information of 1980 festivals—as long before the event as possible.

Last chance to vote! Use the ballot on page 49 to vote for the musicians who have impressed you the most during the past year. The results of the 44th **down beat** Readers Poll will be in the December, 1979 issue, out November 22.

Next issue features Art Blakey, Drummers Colloquium (Freddie Waits, Horace Arnold, Billy Hart), and tenor saxist George Adams, among others.

Also in the next issue will be complete details and official application for the 3rd annual **down beat** Student Recording Awards competition, open to high school and college musicians in U.S. and Canada. Various **down beat** awards will be made in eight categories: individuals—instrumentalist, singer, arranger, composer and engineer; also ensembles—big band, group and vocal.



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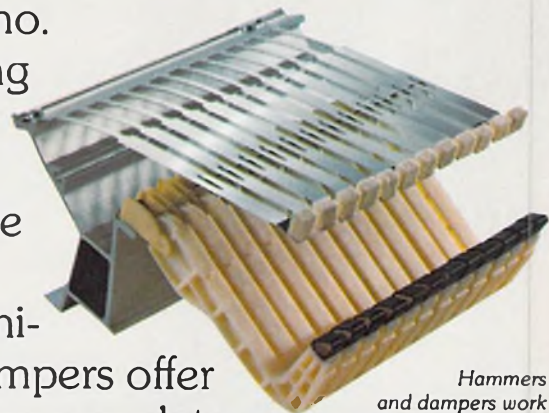
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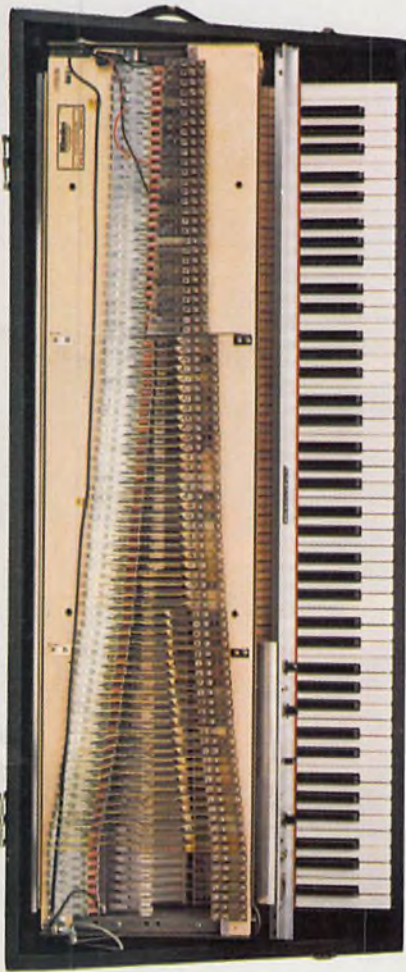
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Old devils, love and the moon

In his review (*db* 8/9/79) of Zoot Sims' album, *Warm Tenor*, Jack Sohmer correctly notes that the tune listed as *Old Devil Moon* "bears no melodic, harmonic, or structural resemblance to that familiar standard." Pablo's mistake is understandable, though, since the actual title of the piece is the very similar—*That Ole Devil Love*, by Allen Roberts and Doris Fisher.

A Max Roach-fronted group recorded the tune in 1958 (*Max*, Argo LP 623), and a comparison of Hank Mobley's solo on that record with Zoot's on *Warm Tenor* serves to illuminate their common roots.

A. David Franklin Rock Hill, S.C.
Professor of Music, Winthrop College
Thanks also to Fran Galt from St. Paul and Ken Ewing of Worthington, Ohio, for supplying the same information. Ed.

Caveat on stars' equipment

In his letter in the 7/12 issue, Dom Verrone thanks *db* for listing Grover Washington's equipment setup, but I would like to issue a warning to young musicians.

Granted, it is interesting to note the mouthpiece/reed combinations of leading artists, but please do not feel that this

combination will give you a good sound. It won't even come close in most cases. The frustration of finding a suitable setup is familiar to all saxophonists and a necessary frustration at that.

One's tone is a highly personal and individual aspect of playing. What works for one person may not work for another. Equipment works in conjunction with the physical characteristics of the player (lips, teeth, throat, diaphragm, lungs, etc.) and one must be careful to take this all into consideration when developing a sound. Using Grover's (or anyone else's) setup won't make you sound like him. You must work for your own sound. One day the frustration will pay off.

Jeff Lucas

Boston

db experimental fan club note

I've been appreciating your attention to "experimental/advance guard" music of late: the Steve Reich *Blindfold Test*, the La Monte Young article, the Braxton interview, the Cage/Partch review, etc.

I am pretty sure I am not the only one out here who gets excited about these writeups. You have been successful at satisfying my particular interests and introducing me and many others to a wealth of other musical material.

When your readers write bitching about "disco" or whatever their particular non-interest is, I wish many times I could remind them that one of the things that makes sound such a beautiful and fascinating form of expression is its diversity, and though we can't and aren't meant to be pleased by

everything we hear and read about, we *can* appreciate at least the exposure.

Lawrence B.

Greensboro, N.C.

Dexter's absence noted

I have been reading *db* for almost 35 years. I remember when it contained photos of the Basie band with Pres, shots of 52nd Street, the Royal Roost, Bop City, Kelly's Stable, and Birdland. We couldn't wait for the new issue to come out. Great photos of Bird, Dexter, Bean, Byas, Tatum and Lady Day . . . *giants*. What has happened since then?

After reading the 7/12 issue, with all the material about Coltrane, I am compelled to write this letter.

How could all that copy be printed without mention of Dexter Gordon? If there was one musician who Trane related the most to, it has to be Dex.

Morty Yoss

Bethpage, N.Y.

I had the privilege of knowing Trane very well as indicated in your coverage. I agree with Mr. Yoss. Dexter was one of our inspirations and Trane, Benny Golson and I considered Dex the connection between Pres and Bird. Just listen to early Trane. Jimmy Heath

New York City

Critics and Coltrane

It would be convenient for *down beat* if Charles Suber's statement (*First Chorus*, 7/12) that John Coltrane was "disturbing (principally West Coast) critics" was correct. The truth, however, is quite the opposite.

Coltrane's leading critical enemies during

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Art Blakey



Butch Miles



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Harvey Lang

the 1960s were: 1. Leonard Feather, an Englishman just moved to the Coast after a long sojourn in New York, who used his column in *db* to endorse John Tynan's argument that Coltrane's music (like that of Eric Dolphy) was "anti-jazz"; 2. Ira Gitler (New York), a regular record reviewer for *db*, who wrote a scathing denunciation (in *db*) of the cut *Chasin' The Trane* from the album *Coltrane "Live" At The Village Vanguard*; 3. Martin Williams (New York-Washington), a frequent *db* contributor in the '60s, who claimed that Coltrane's solos were "just running scales," which may be why there is only one short selection by Coltrane in the multi-record history of jazz issued by Williams at the Smithsonian Institution.

In view of these readily documentable facts, I would like to know the means by which Charles Suber managed to conclude that it was "principally West Coast" critics who were Coltrane's leading detractors during "the early '60s"!
Jerry Stewart Berkeley, Cal.

Charles Suber replies:

Mr. Stewart's letter made me do what I should have done originally—examine the critics' voting record on John Coltrane instead of relying on uncertain memory. In 1960, the critics voted Coltrane #2 Tenor supported by East Coasters Ira Gitler, Wilder Hobson, and George Hoefler; West Coasters Ralph Gleason and John Tynan; and several European writers. Later that year, the db readers elevated Trane to #1 Tenor. Then, in 1961, the critics stampeded, voting Trane #1 Tenor, #1 New Star Combo, and #1 New Star Misc. Instrument (Soprano Sax). Easterners Gitler and Hoefler were joined by LeRoi Jones, Frank Kofsky, and John S. Wilson (interesting parlay that). In the West, Gleason and Tynan were backed up by Dick Hadlock and Russ Wilson; and Midwesterners Don DeMicheal, Barbara Gardner, Gene Lees, and Pete Welding. Leonard Feather and Martin Williams never did vote for John Coltrane.

Conclusion? East is East and West is West, and ever the Trane shall meet.

Original Rahsaan

For the past 20 years I have read every issue of your magazine. Occasionally you print blunders and some stupid opinions which beg to be shot down. For many years I have passed up replying to these inaccurate or unjust statements. I always left that for the other readers to do. However, this time my conscience won out and I must address myself to Mr. Litweiler's review of Roland Kirk's album, *Pre-Rahsaan*, in the 8/9 issue.

Mr. Litweiler's statement, "Kirk may not have been original but he certainly was unique . . ." is only a half-truth. True, he was unique but he was original, too. This is as obvious to me as Ellington played the piano! Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a man I knew well, dearly loved and who was my only musical inspiration to this Jewish, white, jazz guitarist, was one of the most original jazz musicians in history. The many instruments he played singularly and simultaneously made him original. His respect, awareness and utilization of the early jazz masters' styles and repertoire made him original.

Thank you for your time and for your magazine which, for the most part, has been a messenger of pleasure to me.

Robert Yelin

New York City

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clean. I mean, I wonder how many players clean their horns out after every performance, as the little pamphlet says. I've used hundreds of trumpets in my day, and these are the valves that work the best.

"Toughness. I'm very rough on an instrument. So it has to be designed and constructed so it'll withstand me. And the airlines. For a test, once, the President of Leblanc tossed my horn into its case, took it to the edge of a stairwell, and threw it

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"I WORKED 22 YEARS FOR THIS GUITAR."

“Over the past twenty-two years, I have built and rebuilt many guitars. When I started playing back in 1956, I couldn't afford a “decent” guitar because they were too expensive. Today, “decent” guitars have become outrageously more expensive and, in many cases, totally out of reach of the working musician. Unfortunately for the player, prices of guitars have gone up tremendously while quality has not improved and, in some instances, has gone backward considerably.

A few years back, we at Peavey decided that if we were going to live up to our goal of “answering the needs of the working musician”, we must bring to the market a quality guitar at a fair and reasonable price. Our guitar would have to be a versatile and attractive “no nonsense” guitar with frets and playing action second to none, equipped with pickups and associated electronics equal to or better than the best on the market. Further, this instrument must be produced using the latest metal and wood-working technology. We felt we could accomplish this goal since most of us are musicians, as well as engineers and craftsmen... and especially since we do not have a bunch of “corporate sugar daddies” or investment bankers monitoring every move we make.

The T-60 Guitar and its companion, the T-40 Bass, were born from years of playing experience, combined with the production



Hartley Peavey

and guitar design “savvy” of the folks here at Peavey. Our instruments are not “flashy” or “spacey” and are not covered with “gingerbread” as are some recent models from the competition. They are, in fact, quality instruments that play, sound, and look as good or better than any, regardless of price. The tonal versatility is unmatched by anything without the “crutch” of a built-in battery powered preamp and frankly, we feel it's better than most that do have active circuitry. It's the opinion of many dealers and players that our instruments have the finest fret job of any instrument made today.

For over twenty-two years, I have been searching and this is the first guitar that has satisfied me and the other players here. Its unique variable single coil/humbucking tone circuitry gives the “biting” single coil sound, as well as the “bally” and guttural humbucking sound so full of punch, harmonics, and overtones. The standard 25½-inch scale length over a 12-inch radius neck enables easy string bending and massive 18% nickel-silver frets give a touch that must be played to be appreciated.

These days it's “fashionable” to bitch about high prices and the marginal quality of most “name brand” guitars, but “snob appeal” and lack of a viable alternative have enabled the “great corporate ripoff” to continue. Now, if you are a player who's interested in a unique blend of craftsmanship, caring, technology and are daring enough to actually pay less to get more of what you want, then I earnestly ask that you try our “labor of love”. We're proud of our instruments and we think you owe it to yourself to check them out. ”

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Meridian, MS 39301



NEW RELEASES

New discs—out of summer, into autumn:

Muse shows off its younger saxmen with **Richie Cole's Keeper Of The Flame** (**Eddie Jefferson** sings two tunes) and **David Schnitter's Thundering** (with **Kenny Barron**, **Cecil McBee**, **Billy Hart**, **Guilherme Franco** and **Ted Dunbar**—not a bad rhythm section); also Schnitter and Cole join **Red Rodney on Home Free**, **Barron**, **Hart**, **Ben Riley** and **Jimmy Rowles** appear on **Buster Williams' Heartbeat**, the funk is up on **Willis Jackson's The Gator Horn**, and **Etta Jones** muses *If You Could See Me Now*. From Columbia comes **Maynard Ferguson's Hot**, **Steve Khan's Arrow**, **Tower Of Power's Back On The Streets**, **Blast** by **Jaroslav Jakubovic** and vocalist **Ula Hedwig**, **Ronnie Dyson's If The Shoe Fits**, **Marlena Shaw's Take A Bite**, **Cissy Houston's Warning-Danger**, **Bob James' Lucky Seven** (Tappan Zee) **Bobby Rush's Rush Hour** (Philadelphia International) and **Bobbi Humphrey's The Good Life** (Epic). Also the *Havana Jam*, opening with **Weather Report**, ending with the **Cuban Percussion Ensemble**, and with **Irakere**, **Stephen Stills**, **Sara Gonzalez**, the **CBS Jazz All-Stars**, **Orquesta Aragon**, **Kristofferson/Coolidge**, **Mike Finnigan** and **Bonnie Bramlett**, the **Fania All-Stars** and the **Trio of Doom**—that's **McLaughlin**, **Pastorius** and **Tony Williams**—in between.

Experimental chamber music on CRI includes pianists **David Burge** and **Lols Svard Burge** performing works by **McLean**, **Eakin**, **Hamilton** and **Hutcheson**, and flutists **Robert Dick**, **Patricia Spencer**, **Harvey Soliberger** and **Keith Underwood** exploring *Flute Possibilities*.

Arista/Savoy's latest reissues are *The Trumpet Album* (arranged and conducted by **Ernie Wilkins**), *Honkers & Screamers* from the *Roots of Rock 'N' Roll* series (Vol. Six), **Billy Eckstine Sings**, *The Progressive Al Cohn* (with **Max Roach** and **Horace Silver**, among others), and **Hank Jones' Solo Piano**. **Jay Hoggard** plays *Solo Vibraphone* and **Hamlet Bluet's Quartet** issues *SOS on India Navigation*. **Bruce Johnson** and **Rodney Jones** essay *The Liberation Of The Contemporary Jazz Guitar* on *Strata-East*. **GNP Crescendo** releases *Prez And Joe*, **Joe Williams** with **Dave Pell's Prez Conference**, and *Mello'-Day*—that's **Anita O'Day**. **Progressive Record's All Star Trumpet Spectacular** has **Harold Lieberman**, **Marky Markowitz**, **Howard McGhee**, **Hannibal Marvin Peterson**, **Lew Soloff** and **Danny Styles** working standards over a rhythm quartet, while *Some Of These Days* features **Dick Meldonian** on tenor sax with the **Jersey Swingers**. **Toshiko Akiyoshi** leads a trio on *Dedications*, the

Great Jazz Trio has *Love For Sale*, and **Kochl** mixes American and Japanese players on *Wishes*, all from *Inner City*.

Danish SteepleChase has arranged release of its catalogue through several regional distributors; lately arrived in our office are: *Goin' Home*, by **Archie Shepp** and **Horace Parlan**, the **Jim McNeely Quintet's Rain's Dance**, **Jimmy Knepper's Hummingbird**, **Walt Dickerson's trio Serendipity** and solo *Shades Of Love*, **Onaje Allan Gumbs** solo piano debut, **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen** in duo with keyboardist **Kenneth Knudsen on Pictures**, *This Is Buck Hill*—a tenorist with fine rhythm trio, **Louis Smith Quintet's Just Friends**, trumpeter **John McNeill's Quintet Embarkation**, pianist **Albert Dailey's trio That Old Feeling**, **Lee Konitz Quartet Jazz à Juan**, *Introducing Doug Raney*, a guitarist in quartet, *Real Tchicai* by **John Tchical's trio**, **Shella Jordan** backed by bassist **Arild Andersen**, **Chuck Marohnic Quartet Copenhagen Suite** with tenor saxman **Bennie Wallace**, **Hilton Ruiz Quintet's Excitation**, and **Dexter Gordon's Cheesecake**, recorded live in 1964, as well as **Jackie McLean's Dr. Jackie**, taped live in '66.

Time/Life Records continues its *Giants of Jazz* series with three record box sets anthologizing **Bix Belderbecke** and **Benny Goodman**.

Horizon A&M offers vocalist **Brenda Russell's** debut disc, and **High Gear**, keyboardist **Nell Larsen's** second. **Renalsance's Azure D'Or** is on *Sire* (Warner Bros.). **Eddie Harris** is *Playin' With Myself* on *RCA*, which also has **Thad Jones** and **Mel Lewis** leading **UMO**, the Finnish new music orchestra (from late '77). **Stanley Turrentine** produced *Betcha* (Elektra) surrounding his tenor with studio electricians, vocals and strings. The **Jimmy Castor Bunch** is on *Cotillion*; bluesman **Luther Allison's Gonna Be A Live One In Here Tonight on *Rumble Records* of *Peoria, Ill.*; drummer **Phillip Wilson** and trumpeter **Olu Dara** wax *Esoteric* (Hat Hut Records). **Zoot Sims** with **Al Cohn-Richie Kamuca's Sextet** and **Bob Brookmeyer's Quintet**, recorded in '65, is new from *Pumpkin Productions, Inc.* **Vinny Golia's Openhearted** is a quintet session on his own *Nine Winds Records*; tenor saxist **Pat La Barbera's** Italian recording *The Wizard* is on the *Dire Silverline* label; saxist **Lol Coxhill's Digswell Duets** and the **Muffins' Manna/Mirage** come from *Random Radar*; **Mike Vax Live!** from *Cazadero Music Camp* is available from *Is Music, Inc.* of *Chalmette, LA.*; *Organic Oboe* played by **Joseph Celli** is from *JCOA/NMDS*; and **Kenny Davern's Unexpected** teams the soprano player with **Steve Lacy**, **Steve Swallow** and **Paul Motian** on *Kharma Records*.**

NEWS

NPR Skeds *Alive!*, Specials

The autumn schedule for *Jazz Alive!*, National Public Radio's weekly series, begins Sept. 30. Programs are released (as ordered here) by the network to individual stations, which broadcast them within a seven day period, so check your local NPR station for exact date and time.

In October: **Mel Torme**, backed by **Gerry Mulligan** and his band, and the **Monty Alexander** trio; **Max Roach Quartet** (with **Cecil Bridge-water**, **Calvin Hill** and **Billy Harper**) and **Archie Shepp's Quartet**; *Strides of March*, a **New Jersey jazz party** in which are heard **Zoot Sims**, **Bob Wilber**, **Ruby Braff**, **Buddy Tate**, **Milt Hinton**, **Dick Hyman** and **Bobby Rosengarden**; **Stan Getz Quintet** featuring pianist **Andy Laverne**, **Steve Getz** quartet, and **New Orleans drummer Johnny Vidacovitch** quartet.

In November: **Elvin Jones** and his **Jazz Machine**, alto saxist **Pat Britt's** quintet, and pianist **Hilton Ruiz** solo from **New York City's Public Theatre**; **Michael Franks** and friends (including saxist **John Payne**), **Spyro Gyra** (from its homebase, **Buffalo's Tralfamadore Cafe**); **Old and New Dreams Band** (**Don Cherry**, **Dewey Redman**, **Charlie Haden** and **Ed Blackwell**), **Newport In New York '79**, will be clarinetist **Alvin Batiste's** quintet and **Paul Bley** solo; the **Irene Kral**

Memorial Jazz Festival with **Roy Kral**, **Al Jarreau**, **Willie Bobo**, **Carmen McRae**, **Bill Holman's** orchestra, **Shelly Manne** and **Alan Broadbent**; **Irakere**, **Mongo Santamaria**, pianist **Angel Sucheras**.

In December: the **World of Sam Rivers**, in trio, quartet and orchestra settings; the **1979 Women's Jazz Festival**, including **Nina Sheldon** and **Barbara London's** group **Aerial**, **Ursula Duziak** with **Michal Urbaniak**, **Marian McPartland**, **Melba Lison**, **Joanne Brackeen**, and **Carmen McRae**; **Gil Evans' orchestra** (from *Zurich, 1978*), **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen's** trio with **Philip Catherine** and **Billy Hart**, **Dave Burrell** solo piano; and a tribute to **Count Basie**, with **Jay McShann's** trio (**Jo Jones** and **Major Holley**), the **Al Grey-Jimmy Forrest** quintet, and singer **Carrie Smith**, first aired last **New Year's Eve**.

Billy Taylor, pianist, composer, educator and *Jazz Alive!* host, will himself be featured on a special NPR live broadcast Oct. 29 at 9:30 p.m. EST, with both big band and small units, originating from **CBS Studio A**. And on **Nov. 22**, **Hoagy Carmichael's** 80th birthday, *The Stardust Road*, recorded at **Newport In New York '79**, will be clarinetist **Alvin Batiste's** quintet and **Paul Bley** solo; the **Irene Kral**

db's New Man In New York

NEW YORK—**Lee Jeske**, new **East Coast** editor, is 24 years old and has been writing about jazz for the past five years. He has previously written for the now defunct **Jazz New England**, edited by **down beat's** **Boston** correspondent **Fred Bouchard**, and for the past year and a half has been **New York** correspondent for the **British monthly Jazz Journal International**.

Aside from writing about jazz, **Lee Jeske** has frequently found himself on the other side of the magazine business—selling them. His listening habits run the gamut from the **Red Hot Peppers** to the **World Saxophone Quartet**.

He says, "It is time for jazz writers and musicians to stop whimpering about the lack of respect, etc. for the music and start realizing that there is a large, growing audience hungry for good music of all varieties."



He is a born and bred **New Yorker** and an avid admirer of, happily, the **Boston Red Sox**, and sadly, the **New York Mets**. Currently he is the owner of a pet iguana named **Fred Astaire**.

Above his desk is a piece of paper with the following philosophy of **Paul Branshard**: "The finest of all achievements, and the most difficult, I have come to think, is merely being reasonable."

POTPOURRI

Love You Madly: A Celebration of Duke Ellington was an exhibit of Ellington memorabilia on display at New York's Public Library at Lincoln Center, mid July through mid August. Amid posters and photos were four **db** awards, 11 of Duke's 21 keys to various cities, a paper towel manuscript and an oil painting by the Maestro entitled *Satin Doll*. Ellington had willed the library some manuscripts as the basis of a continuing Ellington collection.

Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago's Lake Shore Drive Holiday Inn celebrated its third anniversary with Roy Eldridge and Franz Jackson's quintet; kudos to maitre d' Gerry Kay and pianist/booker Bill Snyder for their consistent good jazz and comfortable setting.

The Jazz Institute of Chicago, funded by a windfall of mostly city monies, prepared a week long free outdoor jazz fest at August's end. Appearing were the Jazz Members Big Band, the Swingtet, fiddler Johnny Frigo, tenorist Fred Anderson, bluesman Lonnie Brooks, Wilbur Campbell, Little Brother Montgomery with Edith Wilson, saxist Ari Brown, Willie Randall's big band, Roger Pember-ton's big band, Von Freeman, Junior Wells, Kahil El Zabar's Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, vocalist Jo Bell, tenorman E. Parker McDougal, Art Hodes, Joe Daley, Chevere percussion ensemble, Jimmy Ellis' quintet, Stu Katz' five, John Neely's sextet, Lee Konitz and Clifford Jordan, Sal Nistico with Charle Rouse, Conte Candoli, Jaki Byard and Tias Palmer, singer Joe Carroll, Big Joe Williams, Mama Yancey and Erwin Helfer, Otis Rush, Franz Jackson, Jim Beebe's band, Bradley Parker-Sparrow, Ken Chaney, a tribute to Duke Ellington with Billy Taylor, and—**incredibly!**—many others.

Correction: the Adelphi album guitarist Lenny Breau despaired of ever seeing released (in **db** 9/6/79) has been out since April—it's *Five O'Clock Bells* (AD-5006). Lenny's second solo LP is coming in early '80; meantime he's working Tuesdays at Donte's in L.A. with bassist Harvey Newmark and drummer Ted Hawke.

Dick Harp, pianist/owner with his late wife Klz of Dallas' jazz spot The 90th Floor in the late '50s-early '60s played the Dallas

Palladium and released his first LP since '61, *The 90th Floor Remembered*, in August.

Kansas City's Uptown Theater, a cabaret style concert hall, was renovated by its new owners, who plan a jazz format starting this fall with—tentatively—the Heath Brothers, Ramsey Lewis, Buddy Rich, Ray Charles and B. B. King.

Max Roach provided the original music for an off-Broadway play, *The Glorious Monster In The Bell Of The Horn* written by Larry Neal; it garnered favorable reviews, though the production was still in workshop.

Pianist Richie Beirach, though grateful for the votes he snared in **db's** Jazz Critics Poll, hastens to mention he hasn't played an electric piano on LP or gig since '75—he came in second on that instrument as TDWR.

San Francisco's Music By The Bay, with City Celebration and local clubs and media, made September Jazz Month, each week given to a musical approach—big bands, bebop and swing, fusion, then avant garde. Eddle Moore's Creative Force and Frank Rehak's Sounds of Synanon performed outdoors, Bishop Norman Williams led instrument workshops, Fantasy Records' Orrin Keepnews and Theresa Records' Allen Pittman sat on a discussion panel and local bands played the Keystone Korner and the Fort Mason Center.

Big bands have stormed L.A., with Bill Holman's orchestra, Loule Bellson's Big Band Explosion, the Capp/Pierce Juggernaut, the Curt Berg orchestra, Randy Aldcroft's 12 piece band, the Akiyoshi-Tabackin band, Bill Tole's big band, Ed Buhler's big band and Chuck Flores' Flore-scope active in various venues. Bill Watrous' Refuge West Big Band is in residence, Bob Florence's longstanding rehearsal band, Dennis Dreith's big band and tenor saxman Teddy Edward's 17 piecer all performed around town lately, too.

Sam Rivers and Dave Holland led jazz workshops at Seattle's Cornish Institute August 20-24; Institute director Jim Knapp led the Composers and Improvisors Orchestra in a world premiere of a Rivers work for 13 pieces.



Von Freeman, Chicago tenor saxist, made a fourth place finish in the Jazz Critics Poll (**db** 8/9/79), receiving 32 votes in the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category—the same category in which his son Chico placed second—but a mechanical error in transferring vote totals kept Von from being listed. Our apologies to Mr. Freeman and his dynasty.

AACM Bands In Europe Make Fests, LPs, Clubs

AMSTERDAM—Six groups from the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians made it an AACM summer in Europe, playing dozens of clubs, concerts and festivals, often with two or more of them appearing at the same jazz fest.

"All of us are over here," commented saxophonist Kalaparusha (Maurice McIntyre), who recorded an LP for Soul Note, a subsidiary of Black Saint, after playing a festival in Milan, Italy along with the trio Air.

Muhai Richard Abrams, Chico Freeman, Steve Colson and the AACM Big Band, co-led by Roscoe Mitchell and Leo Smith, also traveled around the continent and the band recorded an LP following a Paris concert. In addition, trombonists George Lewis and Ray Anderson and drummer Thurman Barker (all of whom played with the big band) plus Freeman joined Sam Rivers and others for a performance as the Rivbea Orchestra

at the North Sea Jazz Festival in The Hague, Holland. Art Ensemble of Chicago trumpeter Lester Bowie was touring with Jack De-Jonette. All totalled, AACM musicians could be found on stages and in clubs in Austria, Belgium, France, German Federal Republic, Holland, Italy, Norway and Switzerland.

"It was very beautiful," said Air drummer Steve McCall of the heavy influx and the trail-crossing that resulted. "In Paris we were in a hotel across the street from a hotel where Roscoe and the rest of the big band were staying."

When not sharing a bill, some of the musicians came to see and hear their AACM compatriots. Thus at the Paris club Jazz a la Chapelle des Lombards, reed player Wallace McMillan dropped in while Air was playing a three week engagement, and Kalaparusha was in the audience during Chico Freeman's three week stint.

—de muth

Don't let your speakers control your sound...

Electro-Voice stage systems put you in control.

Why should a musician allow his creativity to be limited by his speaker system? With amplifiers, pre-amps and the myriad of other state-of-the-art electronic devices available, why should a musician limit his sound by playing his equipment through a speaker system that hasn't changed in design since 1957? The answer is he shouldn't, and with Electro-Voice Stage Systems he doesn't have to. These three new instrument speaker systems let you hear all the sound your instrument is capable of producing, the way you want it to be heard, by choice not by chance.

The S18-3 lets you hear all the notes you never heard before from your keyboard or synthesizer from below 40 Hz to above 16,000 Hz. The famous EVM-18B delivers the bass. The Electro-Voice

exclusive vented midrange driver delivers the midranges as efficiently as a horn, but without the typical "honky" small horn sound. The ST350A tweeter gives you clean highs over a solid 120° angle, eliminating the high-frequency "beaming" that limits the enjoyment of your performance to the few people sitting directly in front of the speaker.

The two new bass guitar systems also incorporate the VMR™ vented midrange. It can be controlled from the front panel, thus giving the bass player total control over the midrange harmonics missing from "standard" bass enclosures. The B115-M uses a single EVM-15B in an optimally vented enclosure. The result is the tight sound preferred by many jazz bassists and studio musicians. The B215-M has two EVM-15B's for a bass sound with more "carry"; perfect for the larger venue or

for the rock musician who wants more low-frequency "punch." In both cases, the VMR brings out sounds you may have heard before only on studio recordings.

All systems have identical styling. Black vinyl covered ¾" plywood construction for durability, further protected by extruded aluminum trim on all edges. A metal mesh grille screen protects the drivers from accidental abuse.

If you want to have control over your sound, these are the speakers for you. See and hear these superb instrument speaker systems at your Electro-Voice dealer.



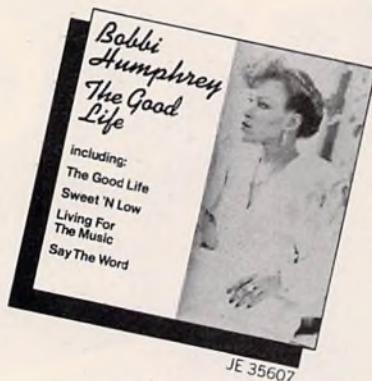
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**IN EACH CASE,
THERE'S A HISTORY**



Weather Report At "8:30," Peter starts crackling. Jaco spins around and roars in. Wayne smiles softly and his horn shouts. Then, Zawinul throws the Big Switch.

And the stage is set for a two-record collection featuring three sides of Weather Report in concert and one glorious side of new studio material.

Produced by Zawinul. Co-produced by Jaco Pastorius. Assistant Producer: Wayne Shorter.

Lonnie Liston Smith "A Song for the Children," an album for the ages, is Lonnie's third LP for Columbia.

Featured is his group, The Cosmic Echoes, which now includes the mellifluous vocalist James Robinson. In addition to a very funky, hard-driving rhythm section.

As always, they combine with Smith's melodic, energetic keyboards to create a sound that's truly mind-expanding.

Produced by Bert deCoteaux & Lonnie Liston Smith.

Dexter Wansel "Time Is Slipping Away," but Dexter Wansel's time is definitely now.

This is his fourth solo album for Philadelphia International. And on it he proves that as a pianist, producer, arranger, writer and musician—he's definitely come of age.

Included is the memorable new single, "It's Been Cool!"

Produced by Dexter Wansel.

Steve Khan His reputation as one of the most versatile of guitarists has been greatly enhanced by Steve's work with the Brecker Brothers and Billy Joel.

"Arrows" is Mr. Khan's third album as a leader. Backed by an impressive group of colleagues from the N.Y. studio scene, he points the way through a diverse program consisting almost entirely of his own compositions.

Produced by Steve Khan and Elliot Scheiner.

Bobbi Humphrey On her new album, the First Lady of Flute gives us a guide to "The Good Life." And that's something we need.

Once again producer Ralph MacDonald has provided the bountiful Bobbi with Fun City's top studio musicians.

The collaborative result, including the single "Love When I'm in Your Arms," is undeniably upscale.

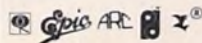
Produced by Ralph MacDonald and William Eaton.
Executive Producer: Bobbi Humphrey.

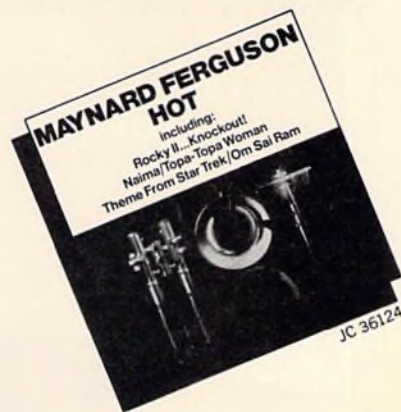
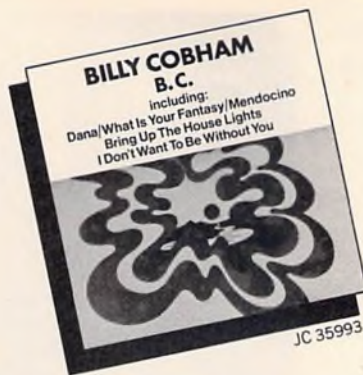
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Bob James It's a lucky thing for all of us that Bob has a new album out. Because "Lucky Seven" is a record not so much of luck but of talent. A talent that attracts other great musicians.

Joining Bob on this, his follow-up to "Touchdown," are people like Eric Gale, Steve Khan and Ralph MacDonald.

Produced, arranged and conducted by Bob James.
Associate Producer: Joe Jorgensen.
Ralph MacDonald appears courtesy of Marlin Records, A Div. of TK Productions, Inc.

Billy Cobham There were great drummers before Billy Cobham came on the scene with the Mahavishnu Orchestra and the Cobham/Duke Band. But few who could match his technique or his imagination.

On "B.C.," his third solo Columbia record, history-making Cobham teams with the legendary Wayne Henderson to produce a very timely album.

Produced by Wayne Henderson & Billy Cobham.

Maynard Ferguson On his "Hot" album, the champion of the high-note trumpet leads his aggressive big band in some heavyweight numbers.

Included is everything from John Coltrane's classic "Naima" to a smashing rendition of "Rocky II ...Knockout!" the theme from the movie, featuring special guest star Sylvester Stallone for extra punch.

It's a combination that can't be beat.

Produced by Maynard Ferguson.
Co-produced by George Butler.
Sylvester Stallone appears courtesy of United Artists Pictures.

Michael Pedicin, Jr. Mike is a second generation saxophonist who's been a success from very early on in his own right. He's worked in the studio with everyone from David Bowie to Lou Rawls.

But Gamble and Huff knew that he was too good to remain behind the scenes. So they signed him to their Philadelphia International Records.

And thanks to them, you can hear the solo album "Michael Pedicin, Jr."

Produced by Michael Pedicin, Jr., Bill Bloom and Frankie Smith.

JoAnne Brackeen True music mavens have been keyed into JoAnne Brackeen for years now. They've heard her work with people like Stan Getz, Art Blakey and Joe Henderson.

Well, JoAnne has been a leader herself for quite a while. And on her debut album for Tappan Zee, "Keyed In," she leads bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Jack DeJohnette.

Together they unlock a masterful group of Brackeen compositions.

Produced by Bob James and Joe Jorgensen.
Jack DeJohnette appears courtesy of ECM Records.



INDIVIDUALS SINGLED OUT

On Columbia, Epic, ARC,
Philadelphia International,
and Tappan Zee
Records and Tapes.

"If there are four pictures and I'm smiling on two, they pick the one with the serious look."

BILL EVANS, TRIO MASTER

by LEE JESKE



COLLIS H. DAVIS

I think I'm more satisfied to be myself now than ever before. You know in the Bible it says you change every seven years and I've gone back and looked at that in my life and I can see, within a year on either side, where major changes have taken place. I'm 50 now, so that's the beginning of a new period according to the seven year cycle. I guess maybe the 50th year is rather sobering. Forty was kind of sobering, but I think 50 maybe, in a different way, marks something important. Forty makes you realize you're not a kid anymore. Fifty is more of a placid kind of mark, where you feel more tranquil and realize that you are getting on. You can relax with yourself more and not worry about trends or anything else, which have never affected me that much. But it's completely out of mind now."

Bill Evans sits on the edge of the couch in his Fort Lee, New Jersey, apartment, sipping a banana, ice cream and egg concoction nestled in his large, puffy hand. In the 25 years that he has been an active musician, Bill Evans has remained one of the busiest and most influential of all jazz pianists. He has never been out of work and figures he has been responsible for some 50 albums. Eleven of those years, from 1966-1977, were in collaboration with bassist Eddie Gomez. Gomez's leaving coincided with the departure of drummer Eliot Zigmund, a two year member of the trio.

"It certainly was traumatic going through the changes after Eddie left and, of course, losing a drummer, too, who was established into the group and into the music. Philly Joe Jones came in for a year and

I must have used four or five different bass players—more or less searching and also giving these bass players a chance to try the music and decide whether they wanted to make a commitment. There are many, many qualities which have to manifest themselves. The main thing I would think of would be potential for growth within the music and a stimulating attitude. Something that you can't quite put your finger on verbally.

"Marc Johnson was touring with Woody Herman at the time and had been calling me. He was playing West Virginia with Woody and had a day off, so he flew up to the Vanguard with his bass just to sit in. I knew very quickly, musically, that Marc was the guy I was looking for and it certainly has proved out. He's developing at a fantastic rate and just wasting the people."

Gomez left on amiable terms. "Enough of one thing is probably what it amounted to. I really would have expected it sooner. I'm certainly glad that he didn't leave *too* quickly; we got a million things together and he's a fantastic player."

Drummer Joe LaBarbera rounds out the current group and Evans is delighted. "I feel like all that trauma of about a year looking for the trio that I finally ended up with was probably one of those necessary transitional things that allows you to arrive at something which is special. Marc is exciting me and Joe, and Joe is exciting Marc and I, and we're really having a marvelous time."

There seems to have been a new Bill Evans developing over the



*Backstage at the
Village Vanguard:
Scott LaFaro,
Evans, Paul Motian*

*Eddie Gomez,
Jack DeJohnette, Evans*



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

past few years. The quiet, introspective musician of a decade ago has become somewhat jauntier and more aggressive and his stage manner has become looser. Much of this is attributable to Bill's personal life and his marriage of six years.

"Yeah. I have a family, a young son and a 12 year old stepdaughter, and that probably has something to do with it. Part of it is that I'm at a certain period in my life where I'm coming into a good period of creativity and, I don't know, just a freshness. The trio is certainly somewhat responsible. But it also has to do with the time in my life. The music is moving. Inside of itself it's moving and it's fresh and developing in a way I haven't felt since that very first trio."

After spending a fruitful ten months with Miles Davis in 1958, which produced, among other things, the classic LP *Kind Of Blue* (about which Evans nonchalantly remarks, "We just really went in that day and did our thing"). Bill Evans started in the trio setting that would soon be the prototype for dozens of piano/bass/drum combos.

"When I first started the trio after leaving Miles, I started with Jimmy Garrison and Kenny Dennis. We were working at Basin St. East opposite Benny Goodman, who was making sort of a triumphal return, and we were treated so shabbily—they would turn the mikes off on us, et cetera, et cetera. They were giving Benny's band state dinners with champagne and we couldn't get a coke without paying two bucks and getting it ourselves. Anyhow, the guys' egos couldn't take it. Kenny Dennis and Jimmy Garrison left very shortly. The gig

was two or three weeks and I think I went through four drummers and seven bass players during that gig.

"Philly Joe was on that gig for a little while and we really started cooking. We started getting some applause and then they told me not to let Joe take any more solos. I said, 'Well, I'm not going to tell him. If you want to tell Philly Joe Jones he can't solo, you tell him.' That's the way it was.

"Scott LaFaro was working around the corner on a duo job and he came over to sit in a couple of times. Paul Motian, who I had been friendly with, I knew had been busy. By the end of the gig both of those guys were available and interested and that's who I ended up with. They became the original trio and it was the *right* original trio. So sometimes those situations maybe are kharmic or in some way fated, so that you eliminate the people that aren't committed and perhaps even aren't right, and end up with the right thing."

Bill Evans alternates his free time between a small apartment in New Jersey and a home in Connecticut. The New Jersey apartment, where he sits in work shirt and jeans, contains mostly a Chickering baby grand piano, with a book of Bach fugues open on the stand, and various reminders of his phenomenal recording career—including most of the albums under his own name and five dusty Grammy awards. It seems that Bill Evans has always been recording and his output, on Riverside, Verve, Fantasy, Columbia and, currently, Warner Bros., remains extremely popular. The Bill Evans bins

in the jazz sections of record stores are always brimming.

"I've been going through a period recently—I hadn't listened to my own music for years and years. I often made records and didn't hear them. Recently I've been going back and studying my recorded output and I find some things that sound better than I thought and some things that don't sound as good. Of course I have almost 50 LPs now under my own name out, so there's some dead wood as far as I'm concerned.

"The first album under my name was a trio album (*New Jazz Conception*, Riverside 12-223), but it wasn't a set, developing group. It was a nice record, though: Teddy Kotick on bass and Paul Motian on drums. This was late '55. The second record was also a trio record, but again not a set trio, with Philly Joe Jones and Sam Jones.

"Following that I started recording with Scott and Paul. We hadn't worked too much before the first record—about four weeks at a little place called the Showplace in Greenwich Village. That gave us some basis to record. The second album was a bit more developed and

"The music is moving. Inside of itself it's moving and it's fresh and developing in a way I haven't felt since that very first trio."

then, of course, the last night we played together before Scott was killed represents the two albums live from the Village Vanguard." (*Bill Evans/The Village Vanguard Sessions*, Milestone 47002).

LaFaro died several weeks later in a car accident, at the age of 25. But the pattern was set—Evans has never stopped working in a trio setting featuring a strong bassist. Through the mid '60s it was usually Chuck Israels; in 1966 Evans found Eddie Gomez at the Village Vanguard.

"He was working with Gerry Mulligan. I was looking for both a drummer and a bass player at the time and Eddie just impressed the hell out of me. I asked him if he would be interested."

He was, and the gig lasted 11 years. Their playing together was often astonishing. Gomez developed into a superlative soloist and together he and Evans recorded and performed prolifically. During that time Bill Evans worked on expanding his lyrical approach, by experimenting with the electric piano and overdubbing several layers of his own improvisations, which he first did in 1963 with *Conversations With Myself* (Verve 68526) and has most recently done on the brittle and brilliant *New Conversations* (Warner Bros. BSK 3177) done in 1977.

With Marty Morell as drummer from 1968-1975, the Bill Evans Trio played straight-ahead romantic jazz through jazz's worst years. "Although the late '60s were lean years for jazz, I always managed to keep working and recording."

When many musicians began playing the electric pianos that started springing up about ten years ago, their playing changed drastically. Evans, on the other hand, has always remained himself and his work on the Fender Rhodes is unmistakably his own. Yet he is not satisfied enough with the instrument to use it often in performance.

"The acoustic piano still represents, far and away, the superior medium for me to express myself. I have tried various electric pianos and I have an Omni synthesizer, but I'm not attracted to them. I don't really consider it in any way a complete instrument. It has nothing like the depth and the scope of an acoustic piano. I don't think that anybody who has any understanding would argue that point. It does have an attractive sound and in certain contexts it's very effective with the *kind* of articulation and sound that it gets.

"I approach the Rhodes with my own touch and my own feeling for sound and articulation and it probably results in putting some kind of identity into the Rhodes. I don't do anything really that

"It's encouraging—the audiences are getting larger and they're mostly young people. Eighty per cent of our audiences are young people that ten years ago wouldn't have been aware of jazz at all."

20 down beat



different. The rental Rhodes that they send out for record dates are beat up and noisy—the pedals are noisy.

"In fact we had a hell of a time trying to find one. I went to the leading instrument rental place in New York, went upstairs to where they had the Rhodes and I must have tried every one, I think they had 18 or 20 of them there, and not one was satisfactory. *Not one!* They were all beat up. It's okay for a rock date where you have an awful lot of sound going and like that, but the action was all screwed up, the sound was uneven. Or it would be squeaky or noisy or whatever. I suggested to this instrument rental place that they keep at least one for pianists who want to do more sensitive things, but they didn't go for the idea. I don't know why. They lost the rental for a

SELECTED BILL EVANS DISCOGRAPHY

SINCE WE MET—Fantasy F9501
ALONE—Verve V6-8792
SPRING LEAVES—Milestone M47034
MONTREUX III—Fantasy F9510
THE SECOND TRIO—Milestone M47046
TRIO—Verve VE2 2509
INTUITION—Fantasy F9475
QUINTESSENCE—Fantasy F9529
PEACE PIECE AND OTHER PIECES—Milestone M47829
NEW CONVERSATIONS—Warner Bros. BSK 3177
AFFINITY—Warner Bros. BSK 3293
BILL EVANS ALBUM/TIME—Columbia C33672
with Miles Davis
KIND OF BLUE—Columbia CS8163

week, which I think probably would have paid the price of the piano."

If Bill Evans is anything, it's constant. Besides not changing his musical approach over the last quarter century, he's had the same manager, Helen Keane, for 18 years and has considered the Village Vanguard his New York home for that time. He does his auditions there, records there and plays there at least three or four times a year.

"I just feel completely at home at that club. It's a good club for listening; it's a good club for feeling close to the people. Max Gordon [the owner of the club] and I are good friends. There was a time when the original trio was more or less the house trio. We played opposite a lot of people and I'm sure we worked there maybe 30



STEVE KAGAN

*At Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago:
Marc Johnson, Joe LaBarbera, Evans.*

weeks a year for a couple of years.

"Max has created an atmosphere of relaxation. Musicians can drop in and out to say hello. It's not a stiff policy where you have to get a pass to get in. It's congenial in that respect, and I think it has a lot to do with the good vibes that happen in the club. I hope the club goes on forever and ever. They even have the same tables and chairs. I worked there first in '55 and nothing's changed. The only thing that's changed is they put some stuff on the walls."

If the Village Vanguard has been a home for Bill Evans, certainly no record company has offered that comfort. Although he hasn't been without a contract since his first LP, Evans has passed through at least five companies since that time. Most recently he switched from Fantasy to Warner Bros., a company which is just beginning to test the waters of improvisatory music.

"Fantasy was a nice, congenial atmosphere and, of course, they had all my old Riverside catalog as well. I've known and loved Orrin Keepnews for many years but, frankly, the production budget isn't there. If you want to do a larger thing, it's hard to get it done. Basic money isn't there for recording and I just got a vastly better contract at Warner Bros. They wanted to start a jazz catalog and I was more or less the start."

While Evans keeps only a trio together for performing, his recordings in the '70s have featured him in many different contexts: two albums with Tony Bennett, the *Quintessence* LP with Harold Land and Kenny Burrell, *Crosscurrents* with Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh, and the recent *Affinity* with Toots Thielemans and Larry Schneider. His next album to be recorded will feature a quintet with Tom Harrell's trumpet and Schneider's tenor sax. When I first listened to *Affinity* I was very impressed with Schneider's long, tough tenor lines.

"Oh, he's just marvelous. I had heard him play a ballad called *Yours And Mine* with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Band three years ago in Tulsa and I was so impressed that two and a half years later I told Helen to try and locate him. It was a matter, again, of a musician impressing himself upon me to that point."

But despite his admiration for Schneider, Bill Evans has no plans to enlarge the group.

"I like to play with horns occasionally. As far as my ideal playing setting, where I can shape the music and control the music more, the trio is a pure kind of group. As long as I can get by successfully, careerwise, with a trio, it's my ideal thing. It's the thing I aimed for way before I could get a trio off the ground. It's the thing I wanted. I enjoy playing with horns, but it changes the whole approach to the

music because the horns become the primary voice in a sense. It just changes everything.

"I would like someday to play more solo. I don't feel I have a great scope or dimension as a solo pianist because I've never really worked as a solo pianist. But I do like to play solo. It's kind of a special feeling of communion and meditation that you can't get any other way."

One of the things that Bill Evans was never lacking was an audience. Now that audience seems to be increasing in size and decreasing in age.

"It's encouraging—the audiences are getting larger and they're mostly young people. Eighty per cent of our audiences are young people, the kind of young people that ten years ago wouldn't have been aware of jazz at all. I don't know the reasons for it especially, but there's a larger group of discriminating young people who are getting very involved in jazz and are getting interested in the whole history of jazz as well.

"I think they're interested in the genuine article, whether it's avant garde or whether it's traditional or whatever. Perhaps jazz has come of age in that respect. Like classical music, it has a history now that's sufficient and available. So a real dedicated fan can study the history of jazz and learn to appreciate jazz from the beginning to the present.

"This seems to be something I notice more about the new young fans, whereas when I was coming up everybody was only interested in what was happening *then*, right on the forefront. You wouldn't listen to dixieland and you wouldn't listen to swing unless you were coming up in that period. But I see where a lot of young people now will go back and listen to a lot of historical things."

One of the consequences of this ever searching young audience is that a lot of them are picking up reissues and then coming into the clubs and asking Bill Evans to play some barely remembered tunes.

"Yeah, that can happen, especially when you change personnel. With Eddie Gomez I could reach back and pull things out blind that he would know, but it's a little more limited when you change personnel. I get a lot of requests for *Peace Piece* which I never have played. I only did it that once, which is on the record. If I can answer a request I'm very happy to do it."

As Bill Evans speaks his eyes dart around the floor. He is thinner than he has been and his beard looks a little longer. Every so often he lets a short Elmer Fuddish laugh escape and a quick smile makes its way across the serious face, like when I ask if he's ever considered changing his name to Yusef Lateef. Yusef's real name is . . . William Evans.

"Not too many people know about that. I'm sure glad he changed it, though. It certainly would have been a nuisance."

The smile, I realize, is a rarity. Of his entire recorded oeuvre I can't think of a single cover in which the spectacled, professorial Evans is smiling.

"It gets a little over-emphasized and so, naturally, they just choose pictures like that. If there are four pictures and I'm smiling on two, they pick the one with the serious look. People tend to pigeonhole everything. My image seems to be of the intellectual, serious, romantic, lyric, ballad player and this is certainly one side of myself. But I think I put much more effort, study and development and intensity into just straightahead jazz playing, the language of it and all that—swinging, energy, whatever. It seems that people don't dwell on that aspect of my playing very much; it's almost always the romantic, lyric thing, which is fine, but I really like to think of myself as a more total jazz player than that."

In order to pose for several photographs the intellectual, serious, romantic, lyric, ballad player sits himself at his Chickering and begins to spin magnificent variations of the old chestnut *I Fall In Love Too Easily*. Behind him sits a bookcase filled with albums by himself, Jackie and Roy, Rachmaninoff, Cecil Taylor, Aaron Copland and a predominance of LPs by the likes of Steve Martin, Lord Buckley, Albert Brooks and Richard Pryor.

Bill Evans, in his 50th year and his 25th year as a professional jazz pianist, quietly enters a new phase of his life.

"I suppose we go through periods and I feel that I'm more outgoing. The last year or so especially I feel like I've been coming into a period of greater expressivity—more outgoing with a little more emotional scope and a little more projection. It's just a natural thing, but I think it's a period I'm coming into."

db

Ah! Unh! Mr. FUNK!

Story and Photo
by RICHARD BROWN

"[There are] new grazing grounds for all the cattle that want to go out and eat some new grass. All those who want to keep picking over the same grass, let them stay there."—Jackie McLean in the mid '60s, referring to the recent directions in jazz back then.

"Ah, Unh, Mister Funk"—lyric from *Dr. Jackyll And Mr. Funk*, the disco single from Jackie's recent album, *Monuments*.

Altoist Jackie McLean sat on a stiff chair during the interview, pacing the floor occasionally because of his recent back operation.

"It's a natural step for me to take," he said, referring to his latest album, *Monuments*, his first on RCA and his first attempt at funk, disco and jazz rock. But he knew that—both musically and philosophically—what he said was not exactly true. "Really?" I said. "Let me read you some quotes." Jackie laughed and smiled broadly.

It was hard to believe that this was the same man that was described in the late '60s, in



JACKIE MCLEAN

"I love all my old fans, but at this time in my life, money is very important to me. I have never made any money in music, and 25 years from now I may not want to go out like Coleman Hawkins, playing concerts all the time."

Valerie Wilmer's *Jazz People*, as slow to smile, as one so serious it seemed he was never a child; or the same man who told Wilmer then, "When I play, I rebel against everything I dislike in this society, the whole system. And sometimes people [were upset] because I sounded so angry." And was this the same uncompromising jazz artist whose playing grew more strident with age, who always spoke of musical freedom and growth? And his Blue Note album titles: *Destination Out*, *One Step Beyond*, *New And Old Gospel* . . .

I continued: "You wrote this in liner notes to your *Let Freedom Ring* album [1963]: 'Getting away from the conventional, much overused chord changes was my personal dilemma.'"

He got up to pace the floor. "To-day-ay-uh," he explained, laughing, "I'm a little more relaxed and I'm having a lot of fun playing a more basic, funky kind of music—which can be very involved." Won't his fans be surprised? "Not only my fans, my students—how many days did I harangue at the school, shaking my fist at commercialism?" he said earnestly. "But the world changes, and if a person remains the same all the time they've got to suffer for it. Musicians are artists who express in sound the environment around them, and the sound of the '70s is not what Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were doing in 1945. Unfortunately, the young people today haven't been exposed to [bebop] and can't relate to it.

"I have never been in the forefront of any new style," he continued, "but I have been able to align myself with [different styles] and maybe add to them. That's what happened here: the commercial music wasn't palatable to me until Herbie and Miles and Eddie Harris and other creative musicians crossed over and developed and extended it. Three years ago I might not have even considered making a commercial album.

"I love all my old fans," he said, "but all I can say is that at this time in my life, money is very important to me. I have never made any money in music, and 25 years from now I may not want to go out like Coleman Hawkins, playing concerts all the time; I may want to fish three months a year and not worry about going somewhere to play in a funky club . . . I'm hoping I will get a wider audience now, and get to record and play more."

McLean's early career fell under Bird's shadow. In 1949, at age 17, McLean proved himself a prodigy, sitting in with Bud Powell at Birdland. By 19, he was playing in the Miles Davis band, and then, in the mid '50s, he was with Art Blakey for three years. During this time Charlie Parker occasionally sent Jackie to gigs to fill in for him. For years McLean was branded a Bird imitator. "I tried to be Parker, even in the '60s," he admits now.

His own musical identity took flight in the late '50s with Charles Mingus: "After I left the Mingus band, I really began to be Jackie McLean." The new McLean sound and style of the '60s was truly unique, but the '60s were rough times to start a solo jazz career, and McLean's unusual sound and style attracted only a small jazz audience: his tone, almost

rude, was like a bassoon in lower registers and an oboe in upper, and he played slightly flat. He played quirky, angular solos which were intense, choppy and frustrated-sounding, built with short motives—often modal and at times almost crossing into the avant garde. Throughout, he suffered drug problems.

In 1970, encouraged by Archie Shepp, McLean began teaching at the Julius Hart School of Music in Hartford, Connecticut, and later formed and became chairman of its Department of Afro-American Music. The financial security and academic environment enticed him to shift career priorities, which meant little time left to practice.

"In 1970, I didn't know who Scott Joplin was," he explained. "Between 1970 and 1977, I listened to Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Earl 'Fatha' Hines, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Jimmy Lunceford—all the music I should have heard in my childhood. I couldn't be a half-ass, so if I was going to teach at this school, I had to get involved."

About 1973, he also helped form the Artist Collective, a community cultural center, where he now teaches on Saturdays. His wife, Dollie, is the executive director there. Although he put out albums in the '70s with Dexter Gordon, Lee Konitz, Gary Bartz and others, and performed occasionally—usually with a rhythm trio—with two careers one had to suffer, and so his performing became sporadic.

Enter Mitch Farber—a freelance composer, record producer and arranger—who was allowed to produce, compose and arrange a crossover record for RCA with a known jazz artist. Farber said he was given a "semi-high budget: high for jazz, though not for pop." Farber approached McLean, his childhood idol. "Mitch has a lot to do with my decision to make a commercial record: the fact that Mitch called me and we sat down and talked it out, and the fact that he is as talented as he is," said McLean.

The album was recorded between November, 1978 and January, 1979, and Jackie said it was his most carefully put together album. "The way they record today, the whole thing is much more relaxed," he said. "In the '50s, we would have a rehearsal in the morning and go into the studio that afternoon—or sometimes have no rehearsal—and document some American music for forever on a recording. It was quite a heavy thing we did back then, with little or no time to record and no reward for it, save for those musicians who got world acclaim for it. I made a few mistakes [on *Monuments*] where we had to go back and redo a bridge or something. When a mistake like that happened in the '50s, you had to limp with it." (Many jazz albums are, of course, still made this way.)

"This is quite another thing," continued McLean, "and I like the pace and the way it's done. It's a little strange in the studio, [recording] with headphones and no musicians there, but I can live with that. I didn't have to overdub a lot; I just went in and played solos and that was it." Jackie consulted with his daughter Melonae, a radio disc

jockey, while making the album, and they redid the percussion track on one tune at her suggestion.

Maybe it should be no surprise that *Monuments* is one of the most convincing crossover efforts. It consists of funk and jazz-influenced rock tunes, but McLean's style is pretty much intact, and the tunes and arrangements are strong and original, in a field usually characterized by nondescript tunes and hasty-sounding arrangements. In fact, the music may be too hip for the pop crowd McLean is aiming for.

Monuments was released in March, and, according to an RCA representative, "The disco single [*Dr. Jackyll*] isn't doing that well, and the album isn't setting the world on fire, but it's a little too soon to tell."

This writer has not heard it in discos or on the radio, or seen it in advertisements, which might bode ill—its promo budget is probably slim.

But the album's success also depends on Jackie, and he hasn't to date done a promotional tour. "I don't want my university commitment to suffer," said McLean. "My university is very understanding: if I have to tour, all I have to do is inform them in time; but there's only 15 weeks to a semester so I can't miss too many of those. My department would suffer. I would like to record a lot more and to concertize when school is out." But this summer he had to teach summer school.

McLean still seemed a little apprehensive of his move, and as of presstime he had yet to play the album's music at any of his sporadic concerts—instead, he played bebop with pickup trios. He had plans, though: "To get a variety of music today, you need a different kind of rhythm section," he said. "A trio behind you doesn't quite do it, so I'd like to add a percussionist and a guitarist in addition to a keyboard person. I'd have to have musicians who would be able to play traditional things, too. I would be very happy to get a band together with Michael Carvin and Herbie Hancock and Bobby Hutcherson . . . but those days are gone."

"Yeah, I think he has doubts," said McLean's daughter Melonae, "but it was basically the money—I think it's that way with everybody getting into it now, and I don't blame him."

Does Jackie listen to funk and fusion? He pulled out a recent Ralph MacDonald album. "I'm really impressed with this," he said, and he also liked Parliament-Funkadelic's *One Nation Under A Groove*, which he played on his stereo. "But this is my all-time favorite album," he said later, putting on *The Complete Birth Of The Cool* (Miles Davis' nonet on Capitol).

He's gone commercial, but there's a limit to how far he'll go—he thinks. "I harangue in my classroom about purple smoke and outfits," he said. "Like, I saw Roy Ayers one night dressed up like someone from *Fantastic Comics*. I would hate very much to have to go onstage with a surgeon's mask and rubber gloves to play *Dr. Jackyll*, for that to be the final thing to do to be successful." He broke up laughing: "But get ready . . ." db

WILBUR CAMPBELL HOT HOUSE DRUMMER

by LARRY BIRNBAUM



HERB NOLAN

“I think everyone who’s played would like to have a big reputation and be well known, but for me it hasn’t happened. I do feel that I have served a purpose by being here in Chicago, because I’ve seen many youngsters grow and mature into fine percussionists. I don’t do any formal teaching, not out of a book, but I guess one really learns by hanging out, so my contribution has been in talking to, demonstrating for and critiquing many of the young drummers coming up who have made it now.”

Wilbur Campbell is a modest man, even to a fault. The term “living legend” smacks of press agent hype, but no one who has heard Wilbur play would begrudge him the distinction. For versatility, cleanliness of execution, and sheer gutbucket swing, there are few drummers, known or unknown, who can top him. I remember, some years ago, when Wilbur and Elvin Jones engaged in a battle of the drummers at Joe Segal’s Jazz Showcase. Elvin, in peak form, poured on the heat to win the first round, but when the two remounted the stage a drink or two later, Wilbur copped a leaf from Elvin’s own book with a devastating series of tom tom rolls to take a decisive edge. Cutting the leader is a frequent, if unintended occurrence; for a drummer of Wilbur’s musical stature and comparative obscurity, it is almost an occupational hazard.

If Wilbur seems most at home behind heavyweight talent, it is with good reason—

his past associations have included such giants as Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Sun Ra and Muhal Richard Abrams. Frequently heard behind underrated local pianists John Young, Jodie Christian, and Willie Pickens, the complete list of his stagemates would read like the *Encyclopedia Of Jazz*. Perhaps his most lasting contribution has been in the sponsorship and encouragement of younger percussionists like Jack DeJohnette and Steve McCall, who have gone on to achieve the widespread recognition that has somehow escaped Campbell.

His lengthy battle with heroin behind him, Wilbur Campbell today is an executive with the Illinois Dangerous Drugs Commission. On evenings and weekends he trades his desk for a drum kit, hunching powerfully over the traps as though he were set on earth for no other reason. Granted the intrinsic unfairness of stylistic comparisons, Wilbur’s approach can reasonably be likened to a cross between Max Roach and Philly Joe Jones, with a touch of Elvin thrown in. Although he can play anything from mainstream swing to odd meters and free time, Wilbur is most comfortable in a bop context, where his crackling ride cymbal, deftly timed bombs and rim shots propel the music with an irresistible momentum. Like Roach, Blakey, or any of the great percussionists, he possesses a sixth sense for the “right” beat, the perfect accent. Deeply rooted in the tradition, his every stroke carries the weight of

authority, for Wilbur has paid his dues. Having sat at the feet of the masters, he became one himself.

Wilbur’s biography is a history of the music itself. As he relates it, “I was born on July 30, 1926, in Chicago. My brother was a musician, and I was raised up under the influence of music. My brother Burns played bass and guitar, and he had a little hot group; in fact, Dexter Gordon played his first gig with my brother’s band out in L.A. He had guys in his band like Joe Marshall, who now plays Broadway shows, Laura Crosby, Raymond Walters, all excellent musicians.

“I was studying piano at around ten or 11, until one day I wanted to go out and play football, but I hadn’t practiced. I told my mother I wished that all the pianos were burned up, and after that she refused to pay for anymore lessons. From that point, I was torn between whether to play bass or drums. I used to hear all the groups that came through the Regal; I saw Chick Webb, Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Cab Calloway. Then, a couple of weeks before I was going to enter high school, I saw Jimmy Blanton with Duke Ellington and I said, ‘I want to play like that dude: I want to play the bass!’ But the following week Count Basie was there and old man Jo Jones just knocked me out on the solo. So that Monday when Captain Walter Dyett of DuSable High School asked me what instrument I wanted to play, I told him drums. He told me what book



“Roy Eldridge told me, ‘You ain’t playing with Charlie Parker, you’re playing with Little Jazz, so play me some titty-boom, just straight titty-boom.’ So I played titty-boom. And when I went home I played sh-boom-ti-boom-to-diddy-de-boom.”

to get and what sticks, and that’s what I did. It was about two years before I even hit a drum—all I played on was the pad.

“Capt. Dyett subscribed to the theory that you had to know how to play at least a few of the instruments in a particular family. If you were a reedman, you started on clarinet and then oboe, as well as saxophone. I played marimbas, bells, tympani, bass and snare drum, as well as traps, as did all the other drummers in my class, some of whom turned out to be very noteworthy musicians. There was Lindell Marshall, who recorded with Pres, there was Dense—Argonne Thornton [aka Sadik Hakim], Rodney Richardson, and Wesley ‘Foots’ Landers, who played with Jay McShann and Gene Ammons. We were all in the same class, so the competition was high.

“I have quite a bit to be thankful for in the instruction I received. For example, Capt. Dyett would take the cymbals away and tell you to swing the band—14 pieces—with just the snare and bass drum. Then one day he’d take the bass drum away and make you swing the band with just cymbals, snare and tom tom.

“I got my first gig when I was in high school. I was playing with Johnny Griffin and [guitarist] George Freeman in a band called the Baby Band. We were all in the same class together. Clifford Jordan and John Gilmore were in the class behind me, and the older graduates would always come back and sit in with the band, so it was nothing unusual to be

playing with Benny Green, Gus Chapell, Gene Ammons, Von Freeman, Melvin Moore or Sonny Cohn. We basically came up together.

“I played dances with the Baby Band on the South Side in ‘43, ‘44. Then after high school I went into the Navy, where I got into the band and went to Treasure Island, California for a couple of years. After leaving the service I started playing with Pres in ‘46. I had worked with Pres before—he came to Chicago without a drummer and Jesse Miller recommended me. When he cut out I enrolled in the Midwestern Conservatory on the GI Bill. Pres got back and asked me if I had eyes to play with him—I really wanted to, but I had just started school, so I recommended Lindell Marshall.

“Later I played with Pres and Jesse Miller at the Hurricane for about two months and it was a beautiful experience. The band was Jesse on trumpet, Johnny Board, Clarence ‘Sleepy’ Anderson, Arthur White, and I played drums and vibes, because I was in school and had a set of vibes. That was where I first met Milt Jackson—he came up and played on my vibes. Milt was with Diz’s big band at the Regal and after the set he would come down and sit in.

“I first heard Buhaina—Art Blakey—with Diz’s band; that was when I first heard bebop live. I dug bop right away; the drumming was different from the ‘sh-boom’ of the big band style, with the cymbals and bass drum. Then

when I heard Max on record with Bud I heard variations of that style.

“In 1947 I was working with Roy Eldridge right down the street from Bird and Max at the Argyle. I’d go down to hear Max and then come back on Roy’s gig and I’d want to be breaking the rhythm up. One day ‘Jazz’ told me, ‘You ain’t playing with Charlie Parker, you’re playing with Little Jazz, so play me some titty-boom, just straight titty-boom.’ So I played titty-boom. And when I went home I played sh-boom-ti-boom-ti-diddy-de-boom. It was then that I got some of the feeling of the struggles that went on. But that was the era I came up in, the bebop era, and it was a good time, a happy time.

“I played with Bird at the Beehive in ‘55, and with Monk. I played a single date with Bird at the Pershing, and I also toured some, but I wouldn’t stay out long because I had a big family here, six kids, which sort of restricted me. I did stay in New York for about 18 months in ‘57 and ‘58, but then my sister got sick with cancer, so I came back home and started working here.

“I did some recording with Johnny Griffin and Wilbur Ware for Riverside [*The Chicago Sound* RLP 12-252], and one unreleased tune on another Riverside album with Monk and Coltrane [*Monk’s Music* RS-3004]. I was also on Andrew Hill’s first record date in ‘52 or ‘53, I was on John Klemmer’s first album, and I recorded with Sun Ra in ‘56 or ‘57. It was a different experience with Sun, but his music

When the lights grow dim in New York's Public Theater Cabaret room, an infectious, rocking riff becomes progressively louder as four saxophonists file onto the stage. For the next hour or so, they mesmerize the capacity audience with a stimulating array of provocative sounds.

This is the World Saxophone Quartet. Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake and David Murray have combined their superior talents to fashion a unique and richly varied music. In addition to their work with the group, the four composers/performers continue to make important contributions to improvised music as leaders of their own individual ensembles and as collaborators in other musical situations.

While the Quartet is currently based in and around New York City, none of the musicians are originally from this area. Bluiett, Hemphill, and Lake are from the Midwest and South, having been born and raised in Lovejoy, Ill., Fort Worth, Texas, and Marion, Ark./St. Louis, Mo., respectively. The three met in St. Louis in the 1960s as associates in the Black Artists Group (B.A.G.) where they were involved in various audio-visual presentations combining the talents of musicians, actors, and dancers.

Murray, the group's youngest member,

developed his music in California. The saxophonist met and began to play with Bluiett, Hemphill, and Lake when he migrated to New York in the mid 1970s.

The following interview was conducted at Oliver Lake's Greenwich Village loft, where the group was rehearsing for a taping of a television show.

Safane: How did the World Saxophone Quartet come about?

Bluiett: Ed Jordan from the Southern University of New Orleans was responsible for us starting. We played a concert down there in December, 1976.

Murray: Jordan was head of the music department. He basically put the concert together himself.

Lake: Jordan heard us all play with our own individual groups in New York, and asked if we would like to come down to play as one group.

Murray: We had been playing together in various combinations before. For example, I'd been working some with Julius right about when we were asked to play in New Orleans. Oliver and I had been doing some duets, too. I had also been playing with Hamiet's big band.

Lake: Hemphill, Bluiett, and I go back over ten years in St. Louis.

Safane: Then you reestablished contact in New York?

Lake: Yes.

Bluiett: We really didn't hook up again as a group until we got together for that concert in New Orleans. Jordan asked us what we were going to call ourselves, and I think it was David who said "the Real New York Saxophone Quartet" [laughter]. The group worked so well that we wanted to play together again.

Safane: You're referring to the New York City Tin Palace concert in February, 1977?

Bluiett: Right. We also had to change our name because it conflicted with another group. So we became the World Saxophone Quartet. Right after that, our group got a write-up in the *New York Times*. And the people at the Moers Festival in Germany called Oliver and wanted us to play.

Safane: Were you a permanent group by this time?

Hemphill: We had decided that in New Orleans.

Bluiett: But we resolved this from another concept. We decided as independent leaders to do something on another level. The four of us were scraping by doing our own individual stuff. So we decided to put together something so that we could make some money. I guess that's basically how we started the Quartet.

Hemphill: But it wasn't only about money; it was as much about music.

All: Definitely.

Lake: After we played in New Orleans, we decided to keep the group together. There was a magic present. Everyone was turned on. We knocked ourselves out so that we couldn't let it go.

Murray: We don't try to battle with each other in this group, because everyone has long wind. We can all play hour-long solos with no problem. We realized how musically effective the group could be as well as economically marketable. Here were four saxophonists of this caliber working together in a real ensemble situation. Actually we're a collective.

Safane: Do you all see the Quartet having more commercial potential than your individual efforts because you are combining the talents of four major creative musicians?

Hemphill: Well, yes. Anything good has commercial potential, and I think we fit that category.

Murray: To add to that and also to what Bluiett said before, I think we see this group economically as well as musically on a completely different level than anything we would ever attempt to do on an individual basis. In order for the World Saxophone Quartet to perform, we won't accept anything less than what we know we deserve. Otherwise, we could play with our separate groups. I'm not saying that our individual groups would take less money, but that we wanted to make this group a more prestigious type of thing because of the musical

The World Saxophone Quartet

"The World Saxophone Quartet is four gifted musicians who individually stress different, yet compatible musical concepts; together, their four voices form coherent patterns, projecting a strong rhythmic thrust, embracing a wide range of textures and sounds. Bebop and swing coexist with more exotic timbres; overblowing, growls, multiphonics and microtones form an integral part of the musical fabric."—Safane, db 4/5/79

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DAVID MURRAY • JULIUS HEMPHILL • OLIVER LAKE • HAMIET BLUIETT

knowledge that we have.

Safane: Is this desire for prestige one reason why you sometimes wear tuxedos, or is this done for theatrical purposes?

Hemphill: It's not for prestige. The thing about it is if you can't play any music, and you're supposed to be a musician, it's impossible for you to attain any serious prestige.

Look at the music tradition. Our attire is modest in comparison to others. Did you ever see the way Duke Ellington had his band dressed on occasion? Sometimes they were really out there. Up until the mid 1940s, there was a whole thing about being on stage that was theatrical. I think that we just opted or utilized some of this rich tradition that we have in terms of adding an element of theater to our regular B flat business. Tuxedos are just a part of the various costumes/attire that we wear.

Murray: People talk about the tuxedos even if they don't mention our music.

Hemphill: The tuxedos have a very singular kind of impact. They help signify that we

are presenting ourselves as a group. Tuxedos are also associated with a ball or some other "occasion." People make this correlation and relate to them better than they do to the other clothes we wear.

Safane: Do you notice any difference between American and European audiences?

Murray: I think that the heaviest reaction we've had was in New Orleans, although the number of people present wasn't as great as in some of the European situations. In New Orleans little kids, students and old people all acted enthusiastic about what we were doing. But they are enthusiastic in Europe, too. Do you all agree with me?

Bluiett: To me, that whole thing about the great European reaction is a myth. What you do have is a sizable audience, whereas here, it's hard to play a concert because they're trying to make everyone disco and boogaloo to death.

When we began playing in New Orleans, all the kids took off. Wham! They were running everywhere they could run, around

in circles, and jumping up and down. There were people dancing. Old folks were sitting, going this way and that way. Oliver took a solo, and people were screaming.

In Europe, however, people usually sit there and wait until certain spots before saying "yeah" because they're too busy recording or whatever.

Lake: The overall response has been enthusiastic. We can pick out New Orleans because it really stood out. But generally speaking, the music is responded to very positively every place we've played. You can't say U.S. audiences vs. European audiences. They're not opposed. They're both right into it.

Bluiett: The difference is a business thing.

Murray: This group is received well wherever we play because of our uniqueness. The only exception that I can think of was in Orval, Sweden.

Bluiett: That was a good reception. The audience was attentive. No one left while we played.



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Someone: No one came.

Bluiett: Maybe they had ten to 15 people at that concert, and most of them were still there after we packed up. In Austria, Lake started singing, and half of the people chanted along with him, even though they didn't speak English. In other places, people clapped and became the band's rhythm section.

Murray: In Europe, more people usually show up to hear us than in this country. I've never played at an American festival where there were 6000 people present like I did in Europe.

Hemphill: There are also some cultural ramifications. We mentioned that the most exciting audience we played for was in New Orleans. This was primarily a black audience. All our other audiences are at least 85% white.

I think that the American people, particularly black people, have a kind of intimacy with the music that we play. There is a cultural dynamic that has to do with the reality of the music being all through the black communities. It results in a kind of awareness and exuberance that people bring from the whole history of listening to the guy next door.

Without being condescending, I'd say that black audiences are like home ground. Nowadays, with the advent of communications and what not, I think that white people have a more literary approach. The blacks in New Orleans didn't have our records, and probably had never even heard of us before, yet they responded to the music.

Murray: I know some black people in Amsterdam who know of us and what we're doing. There are people in Jamaica who have heard of us. I was talking to Peter Tosh's manager, and he was saying how he and

others have been familiar with us for a long time because they need to hear horns. That helps them as reggae would help us.

In the United States, however, there seems to be a problem of communications spreading only a certain kind of music on the radio. A lot of black people who pick up on a disco or funk thing wouldn't necessarily be in the frame of mind to understand what, how, and why we're playing while someone somewhere else in the world, like Amsterdam, would. It seems like a conscious kind of effort to keep us very obscure within our own culture.

Bluiett: We did a concert on the same night as James Brown in Amsterdam. The next day, we had a write-up two or three times bigger than he did. I don't know if that would happen here.

Safane: Why do you think that the music is suppressed or ignored here?

Bluiett: It's both.

Murray: The commercial thing is so heavy. They try to push a certain kind of music. You come up with a record and the people who are in power sit around a table and say "Is it going to be a hit? If it is, we'll play it." If your music doesn't adhere to the current format, your records won't get played.

Lake: There's something else involved here, too. It could be that there is a singular way that they would like everyone to operate within a certain system. Somebody doing something outside of that isn't really brought forward or put in the mainstream. Because of this practice, people are not aware that there's another thing happening that is completely different, or from another angle which may make them think a little bit more. The more docile and trained they keep the masses, the less trouble.

This could be one of the reasons why we're not heard. Traditionally, the musician is the

communicator or the one who takes the word, gives messages, or inspires people to do other things. Sometimes, that doesn't fit within your nine to five job, making your payments, and credit cards.

Murray: At the same time, there are so many people who think that if they haven't heard of you you're no good.

Bluiett: Some ask, "How come you don't have alligator shoes on and aren't driving a Cadillac?"

Murray: There are a lot of people, believe it or not, who are like that. And it's not completely their fault that they act the way they do.

Hemphill: It seems to be the consequence of conditioning. The media is so overpowering that it's not that difficult to set certain trends and set up momentum in an area.

Lake: You can become a household word in about ten days.

Hemphill: A classic example is rock music people. Some of them are good musicians, but the material they present is largely lifted out of the blues people. Now they make all the money and the blues people don't get anything, at least some of them don't. I heard some fine inspiring blues musicians who would be rather pleased to make \$100 a week as opposed to the \$100 a minute that some rock musicians make.

I also think that there is a tendency towards anonymity in our culture. People are becoming interested in cults because they want to lose themselves. I also get this feeling from some of the European audience. I think they coined the phrase "the classless society," right? They are now also working on "the faceless society." Yet Europeans have a very direct, tangible relationship to their culture in their different countries which isn't the case in the U.S. Here, the basic thrust is a



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SELECTED WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET DISCOGRAPHY

as a group.

STEPPIN' WITH THE WORLD SAXOPHONE

QUARTET—Black Saint BSR 27

POINT OF NO RETURN—Moers Music 01034

Individual recordings:

Hamlet Bluiett

ENDANGERED SPECIES—India Navigation 1025

BIRTHRIGHT—India Navigation 1030

SOS—India Navigation 1039

ORCHESTRA, DUO AND SEPTET—Chiaroscuro 182

RESOLUTION—Black Saint BSR 14

Julius Hemphill

COON BIDNESS—Arista/Freedom 1012

DOGON A.D.—Arista/Freedom 1028

ROI BOYE AND THE GOTHAM MINSTRELS—

Sackville 3014/15

RAW MATERIALS AND RESIDUALS—

Black Saint BSR 15

Oliver Lake

HEAVY SPIRITS—Arista/Freedom 1008

NTU—Arista/Freedom 1024

HOLDING TOGETHER—Black Saint BSR 9

LIFE DANCE OF IS—Arista Novus AN 3003

SHINE—Arista Novus AN 3010

David Murray

FLOWERS FOR ALBERT—India Navigation 1026

LIVE AT THE OCEAN CLUB—

India Navigation 1032

LOW CLASS CONSPIRACY—Adelphi 5002

INTERBOOGIEOLOGY—Black Saint BSR 18

LONDON CONCERT—Cadillac Records

SGC 1008/9 (English Import)

cowboy mentality. There is also a lot of lethargy and frustration. All these younger people are trying to disappear. It's ego vs. mindless people on something to give them a reality that they can live with.

Lake: Then you have the *almighty dollar* which moves a lot of the stuff in America. You either fit or don't fit in this framework. It affects creativity and awareness because everyone pursues it. It comes before human life. It has a lot to do with why the World Saxophone Quartet and other groups and

individuals like ourselves are not being played on AM radio.

Bluiett: Many musicians get disgusted with the state of the jazz business in the United States and go to Europe. For myself, I'm trying to remain here, stay in the battleground, and help get the music pushed forward.

Murray: A lot of times after we play, people come up to us and say "Wow, I didn't know that four saxophone players could play something that would sound like that." We get our sound because we listen to one another very carefully.

Safane: Do you rehearse frequently?

Murray: We do when we're preparing to do something.

Bluiett: We also still have our own individual efforts to work on.

Safane: So your time together is limited?

Murray: Yes. We work in periods. When we did the European tour last fall, we got together five weeks beforehand, and worked really hard.

Safane: You seem to be using more sounds and concepts from the improvising music tradition than you did previously. Do you perceive your growth this way?

Bluiett: When the group first got started, we were coming out of one kind of situation that has matured as the group has stayed together. It's just a natural growth, so hopefully, when you hear us two years from now, we should have kept growing and sound somewhat different.

Lake: I don't think that we've made any conscious effort to be more in the tradition than we were two years ago. I think that we were just as much in the tradition then, but maybe after the recent tour, you were able to hear more things.

To put it bluntly, we were hot. Everyone

had contributed new compositions, and we were also playing quite well. The music probably came out more polished, and you interpreted it as us coming more from the tradition. I don't think that we were. Music is a big well, and we all dip from it just like the older saxophonists did before us. We're coming from the same thing as they are. At any point, even if you hear something that's "avant garde," for me, that's still the tradition and part of that whole thing. It's still talking about our life experiences as black musicians.

Bluiett: I think that audiences are a bit more seasoned, too. When I first came to New York, there were comments like, "What are you doing? Where did you come from? How did you get out? How come you're not locked up?" Now, most people have learned to accept those ways of playing.

I don't know if I should bring up the concept of loft jazz, but I will. The critics who were going to the different halls where they were supposed to be at were bored. They came downtown where we were playing in the different lofts, and they began jumping up and down. The critics were glad to be hearing what we were doing, which they labeled "loft jazz" during that era from 1975 through 1977. You first heard us at the tail end of that era.

Safane: Do you think that the label "loft jazz" hurt you as individuals or the music in general?

Hemphill: Labeling is inescapable. We don't have anything around us that we don't have a name for. To not label is an exercise in futility. Personally, I find it somewhat irksome, but I don't know if it's harmful or not.

Lake: I think that labeling is the kind of thing that you get into with the writers and critics. First of all, writers have a very difficult, if not almost impossible, job in

continued on page 66

Norman Granz JATP Pilot...

by JOHN McDONOUGH



On ramp: James Moody, Louie Bellson, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Harry Edison, Zoot Sims, Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry, Dizzy Gillespie, Bob Cranshaw.

It was 1944 and 21 Chicanos had been arrested during rioting in Los Angeles and convicted of murder. Dubbed the "Zoot Suiters" by the press, their appeal case had become one of the more lively liberal Southern California causes of the decade—a kind of West Coast Sacco and Vanzetti. There was a committee to run the defense and a series of benefit shows to raise the money.

One fund raiser was a jazz concert pulled together in July by a young, politically active UCLA student named Norman Granz. A born iconoclast, he booked the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium for the affair. Imagine! Jazz at the Philharmonic. But it raised over \$500 for the cause and Granz went on to become a millionaire.

That was how it all started for the world famous Jazz at the Philharmonic empire, which at its height in the mid '50s embraced the most elite corps of jazzmen ever assembled under one corporate command, a group of record labels (remember Clef, Norgran and Verve?) that generated one of the most prolific catalogs in record history, and a series of world wide concert tours that grossed millions. Not only Granz became rich; many of the musicians who were part of it made the biggest money of their careers.

Today Granz, at 60, is anything but retired. Five years ago he returned to the record business after a sabbatical of more than a decade and established Pablo Records, which, like its ancestors, was created in its founder's image without doubt, apology or compromise. With over 150 albums in release, six Grammys on its trophy shelf, and a roster of contract artists including Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie and Roy Eldridge, Pablo is among the most distinguished jazz labels in the world today.

Granz's contribution to recorded jazz goes back 35 years. Because of him we have today monuments in vinyl to Art Tatum, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington and many more, often with dozens of albums each to their credit. The depth of Granz's coverage is extraordinary. It is a body of work which, taken in toto, is utterly unique.

It might never have happened if Granz hadn't been weaned off the fashionable big bands by Coleman Hawkins' famous record of *Body And Soul* in 1939. Yet his career as an impresario was launched as much out of a sense of social outrage as a love of music.

"Black musicians were playing all over Los Angeles in the early '40s," Granz recalls, "but almost entirely to white audiences. This was because there were very few places that welcomed blacks as patrons. I was particularly aware of this because in addition to my day job as a film editor at MGM I had been putting on occasional jam sessions at the Trouville Club in the Beverly Fairfax area. One day Billie Holiday came to me and complained that Billy Berg, who owned the

club, wouldn't admit some of her black friends."

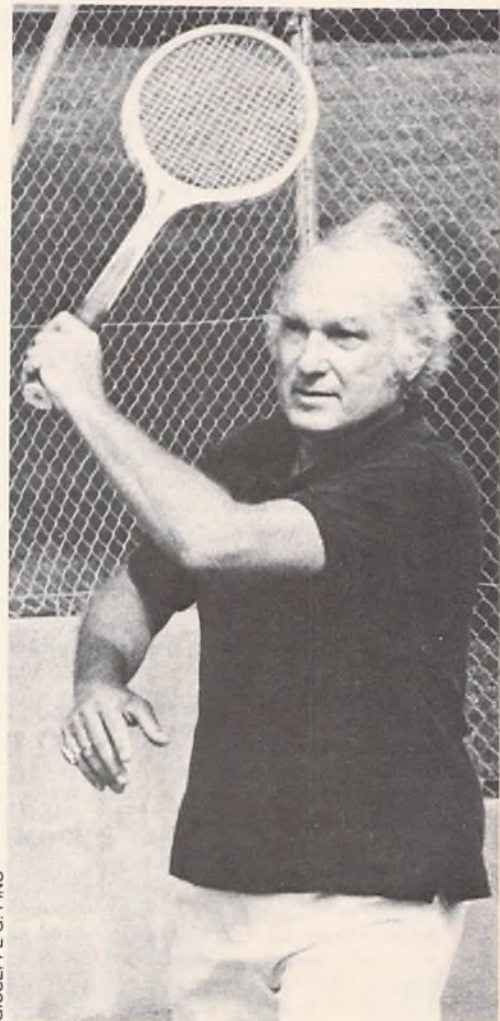
Granz went to Berg with a proposal. "Give me Sunday nights when the club is dark and the house band is off," he said, "and I'll give you a jam session and a crowd of paying customers." Berg was interested. But Granz attached four conditions to his offer: one, integrate the audiences; two, pay the musicians; three, put tables on the dance floor so people would listen instead of dance; and four, allow integrated crowds the other six nights of the week. When Sundays quickly became Berg's most lucrative night of the week, Granz' sessions became both a precedent and a lever. Other clubs came to Granz ready to accept similar conditions. Pretty soon he and his band of traveling players (which included a minor West Coast pianist who later decided that singing was more lucrative than playing—Nat King Cole) had built a little weekly circuit for themselves.

The next step was the concert stage. Early in 1944 he started a series of jazz concerts at Music Town in south L.A. In addition to his regulars Granz would add any other musicians he could recruit from bands temporarily in the area. One of them was the volcanic tenor sax star of the Lionel Hampton and Cab Calloway bands, Illinois Jacquet. He became a regular on the concerts, and by the time the troupe moved into the L.A. Philharmonic Auditorium he was the most exciting and inciting factor in the shows. "The kids went wild over the screaming harmonics produced by Jacquet," reported **down beat** in the summer of 1944, "who registered presumably 'hot' facial expressions for the benefit of the galleries." Thus, Jazz at the Philharmonic and its image were born.

JATP (as it soon came to be known) had tapped an exposed nerve among young audiences with its jam session juggernauts. Despite the sensual ballad medleys and the probing subtleties of Coleman Hawkins and Thelonious Monk (who played JATP concerts in 1945), its reputation and principal attraction came to rest on excitement—the explosive, incendiary excitement of a revival meeting—that sometimes spilled over into rowdiness. In the fall of 1945 Granz hit the road for a limited tour under the JATP banner. "Concerts rock the coast," headlined one report. Early in 1946, after being banned from the L.A. Philharmonic Auditorium, the concert rolled out on its first national tour, and into Carnegie Hall in New York by June.

For the audiences who cheered it wildly, it was heaven on earth. But for many of the critics who wrote about it, it was hell on wheels, a gratuitous pandering to the worst elements and instincts of the jazz teeny bopper. It was a view that would cling stubbornly (and for the most part unfairly) to the JATP image for years, despite the regular presence of such modern messiahs as Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in the lineups.

"The critics used to review the audience



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

...DRIVING PABLO HOME

almost as harshly as the musicians," recalls Granz. "They criticized them for cheering too loud, whistling too much and so on. And they accused the musicians and myself of soliciting this kind of behavior from the crowds. I used to answer reviews like that, because they ignored so many other aspects of the presentation. They said Illinois Jacquet and Flip Phillips played differently in the jam sessions than they did with Hampton and Woody Herman. That was nonsense. Critics would ignore a set by Lennie Tristano, hardly a panderer to public tastes; a set by Ella Fitzgerald, who did mostly ballads; or a set by Oscar Peterson or the Modern Jazz Quartet."

The quality of the audience was often related to the quality of the hall. The best crowds were in Chicago and New York, where the Civic Opera House and Carnegie Hall were centrally located and well man-

Promoters who wanted Granz and the money he could bring had to accept his iron clad clauses against discrimination at the door.

aged. The worst were in Baltimore where lack of an unsegregated auditorium facility forced Granz into a fight arena where the owner insisted on having hot dogs and peanuts hawked during the concert.

"Ella might be in the middle of a ballad," says Granz, "and someone would yell up, 'Work with it, girl.' She'd get scared and whip into a fast *How High The Moon*. When the concerts were drawing their biggest crowds in the late '40s and early '50s I used to have handbills handed out with the ticket stubs explaining 'How to act at a jazz concert.' Unfortunately, all it took was a few exhibitionists in an audience to set things off. But we gradually did change the public. And at least they were happy concerts. In the '60s jazz got terribly serious and the fun went out of it. I think that's changing now."

Granz may or may not have helped civilize the American jazz audience. But he certainly helped integrate it. When JATP became a big earner, he threw its weight around freely in the cause of social justice, which remained his first after-profit priority. Promoters who wanted Granz and the money he could bring had to accept his iron clad clauses against discrimination at the door. JATP played the first mixed dance in Kansas City and the first mixed concert in Charleston, S.C. A sold-out performance in New Orleans was canceled over Jim Crow seating policies. Granz hit a restaurant in Jackson, Michigan, with a lawsuit when it refused to seat him, Helen Humes and a party of his musicians. No institution was too far removed to get a scolding. In 1947 Spencer's Department Store in Dayton, Ohio invited Granz to an autographing party in its record department. When he showed up accompanied by several black musicians from the tour the store disapproved. Granz not only refused to do the autographing by himself, he yanked his entire record inventory from the store and ordered his distributor to quit selling his albums to its buyers.

By the late '40s records had become an important part of the Granz music machine. But it wasn't until the '50s that he emerged as a major force in the relatively minor leagues of jazz recording. From the start Granz had been recording his concerts regularly with a view toward commercial albums. It's hard to imagine the dimension of that innovation in those far-off pre-LP days of the '40s. Today, many albums in all genres are concert recordings. But back then, it had never been done. Granz was the first. (Benny Goodman's famous 1938 concert at Carnegie Hall was indeed recorded before the first JATP concerts, but not for commercial release. Albert Marx had it recorded privately as a souvenir for his wife, Helen Ward, who had sung with the first Goodman band. Several weeks later Goodman borrowed the acetate discs and had a dub made for himself. This was the set that was discovered years later in his Park Avenue apartment—in 1950, by which time Granz's JATP records had established the live jazz concert as fair game for commercial recording.)

The initial release was a 1945 version of *How High The Moon*, which along with *Perdido* became an early JATP anthem. Illinois Jacquet wailed on tenor and Gene Krupa (called only "Chicago Flash" for contractual reasons) 32 □ down beat

banged artfully on drums. Without a record company to release his concerts, Granz at first relied on Stinson (the original JATP Volume One is still available on that label) and then Disc Records, which released performances from the original "Zoot Suit" benefit concert of 1944. In 1947 he formed Clef Records and set up an extensive distribution agreement with Chicago-based Mercury Records. David Stone Martin, the artist who had created the original JATP symbol for Stinson, signed on as house artist and began turning out distinctive looking cover artwork for the new label (as he does today for Progressive Records). The Clef (and later Verve) record covers remain today among the most attractive ever created. The empire expanded. In 1948 Granz issued a lavish, prestigiously priced limited edition package called *The Jazz Scene*. Reviews were excellent, although with one reservation. At \$25 a set, some suggested Granz was pricing himself out of his own market.

"I always thought that was a silly criticism," says he. "I saw evidence of what the jazz audience could afford at my concerts. They weren't poor. Traditionally they embraced three main groups in about equal proportions: young blacks, young Italian young Jews. They had come of age in the catch the tail end of the big band era and had a taste of bop. They had much more awareness of jazz than young people have today, which is understandable. Kids have grown up largely on junk last 25 years. Anyone under 30 today has no awareness of jazz now probably because I got out of his way to get it."

Clef broke off from Mercury in 1949 and went independent, which was the way he wanted it from the start, although he had no artist or repertoire influence. Other labels soon popped up. Norg came his modern jazz banner, and Lester Young, Gillespie, Parker, et al. Home Records came along when he started recording traditional musicians like I and Red Allen. Then in 1956 Verve went out of a dispute over a movie sound

"Ella had recorded for Decca ever since the '30s," Granz recalls. "This I could never include her in any of the concert albums, which was very frustrating. But it would have been tolerable if I had produced the albums she did for Decca. But even this was impossible, despite the fact that I had been her manager since 1945. Early in 1956 Decca was hot to issue the sound track of *The Benny Goodman Story*. Benny's band included several artists I had signed contract to me. Now I had Decca on my barrel. They asked me what I wanted.

I wanted to buy Ella's contract, and they said okay. I immediately formed Verve because I felt I needed a broader label for her. Call it a 'pop' label, I guess. Pretty soon I decided it was silly to have four labels, so in '57 I consolidated them all under Verve.

"From the beginning in the '40s records had never been a money making proposition. The profits from the concert receipts always subsidized the records, which after 1949 were overwhelmingly studio-made sessions and not concert recordings. We put out a tremendous number of albums, but none of them ever sold. Some writers thought I was

churning out a lot of records to make millions, as if they were rock hits. Quite the opposite. The concerts were our bread and butter. They made up for the losses the records ran up."

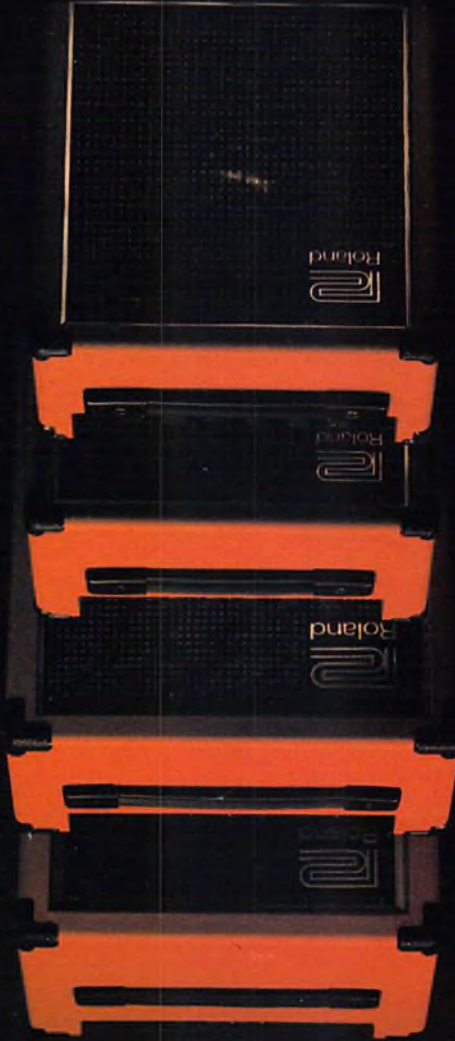
Buddy Rich once said of his years with Granz that he would receive quarterly statements on his financial standing in terms of record sales. "I'd get this letter that would inform me that I had sold so many records in the past three months and that I owed the company \$20,000 or something like that. I owed the company \$20,000! It was a joke."

The debts were only on paper, however. Granz explains: "We would give an advance on royalties to the artist, and that was his to keep regardless of sales. If the record sold enough to make back that advance plus basic production costs, additional royalties theoretically would be paid. But that almost never happened. They usually lost money. So a deficit would be entered in the books. Six months later I might do another record with that artist and it would be the same thing. He'd get an advance, the record wouldn't earn back its investment, and another deficit would be added to the artist's statement. If I did a third LP, let's say, and it was successful

catalogs for several years. Moreover, there were all kinds of strange, technical sounding names for this system or that. They were all coined by advertising types, no doubt. So I decided to put everybody on. Muenster was my favorite cheese, and Ernie Dummel was one of my engineers. So we came up with Muenster Dummel Hi Fi. No one knew what it meant, but it sounded impressive. We really had the last laugh when some sound magazine wrote it up."

End of part one. Read part two in the November issue.

The Four Dimensional Cubes



Every once in a while, a product comes on the market that is so special, so different from the rest of the crowd, that it instantly becomes a classic. It is in this dimension that the Cube Amplifiers entered the music industry.

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PROFILE

WILL ACKERMAN

ALEX DeGRASSI

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

This is the story of two guitar playing carpenters, a burgeoning homegrown record company in Stanford, California, and a musical whim that has begun to reverberate throughout the U.S. and Europe.

William Ackerman, 29 (born 1949, Esslingen, Germany), originally played his custom made steel-stringed acoustic guitar only for friends. It was "a hobby," he insisted, and he didn't want it to interfere with his independent contracting business, Windham Hill Builders (named after Windham Hill Farm in Vermont, one of Ackerman's favorite hideaways).

His cousin, Alex DeGrassi, 27 (born 1952, Japan), felt much the same way. After floating around Europe in 1973, playing subways and folk clubs, he studied carpentry under Ackerman from 1974-'77, attended school (graduating in March of '79 from UC Berkeley with an AB in Urban Geography), and played his Guild F-50 guitar only for friends and private parties.

The friends, however, unanimously agreed: Ackerman and DeGrassi were hiding their extraordinary talents under a pile of sawdust and old nails.

"Okay, okay," said Ackerman. "Give me five dollars apiece. I'll privately record one album and give you each a copy." In 1975, Ackerman cut his first solo guitar LP, *The Search For*

The Turtle's Navel. That was the whim. A friend of his, Mike Kilmartin, took 10 copies of it to radio stations.

"Suddenly," said Ackerman, "orders were coming in from Seattle, Portland and several other places. It was a total surprise to me, and I wasn't prepared for it. I never had any intention of turning this into a serious business. It took awhile, but we managed to set up a few decent-sized distributors to carry modest quantities. The demand continued—and still continues—and people soon wanted to know what my label was called. I had a record, but no label, so I took the name from my building contractor's business and called the company Windham Hill Records. In 1976, I released the record to the general public, and it still sells, even today."

Since that time, Ackerman has recorded folk singer Linda Waterfall (*Mary's Garden*), veteran folk guitarist Robbie Basho (*Visions Of The Country*), two more records of his own (*It Takes A Year* and *Childhood And Memory*), and, of course, Alex DeGrassi's stunning debut solo guitar LP, *Turning: Turning Back*.

An Alaskan documentary film entitled "Spirit Of The Wind" for which Ackerman did the music was entered in this year's Cannes Film Festival and received glowing reviews. Ackerman, who used to compose music for plays at Stanford, also provided the music for Dorothy Fadiman's film, "Radiance."

"It's gotten to the point where I haven't pounded a nail since October of 1978," said

Ackerman. "Until last year, I described the music and the record business as glorified hobbies. The reality, however, is that I'm able to keep myself entirely busy, at least eight hours a day, with the record business alone. Windham Hill Records has come to be a full-time operation, with enough profits to be able to make it worth while.

"Early on, I made a deal with myself. I would pump money made from Windham Hill back into Windham Hill, but it would have to survive on its own. It has survived and it runs itself.

"At least for the time being, we plan to remain exclusively an instrumental company. We hope to record a solo piano LP soon, with Bill Quist performing the music of Erik Satie, one of my favorite composers. We are talking with Michael Lorimer, a student of Segovia's, about doing a digital recording. And we hope to record a hammered dulcimer and concertina LP by Malcolm Dalglish.

"We now have distributors in L.A., Portland, Seattle, Kansas City, Cambridge and Vermont. We also have pressing contracts with the Pastels label in Germany—where Alex and I will be touring October 15-November 20, doing 28 shows. As well, as are talking pressing contracts with Sonet Records in England and with Sesame Records in Paris."

The music of Ackerman and DeGrassi emerges out of the so-called "folk" tradition, but to summarily dismiss it because of the "folk" label would be a serious mistake.

Ackerman and DeGrassi are two of the most original, technically advanced, and musically captivating steel-string pickers to emerge from this genre since John Fahey and Robbie Basho transcended simplistic traditional forms back in the mid '60s, bringing to three- and four-finger folk picking the fiery spirit of improvisation and personal exploration.

Melodically, Ackerman and DeGrassi are for the most part lyrical, floating, hypnotic, and gentle. Both use open tunings almost exclusively, carrying chordal progressions far beyond the quaint folk traditions of I IV V I. Each is superbly disciplined technically.

No slouch himself, Ackerman nevertheless is a devoted admirer of Alex DeGrassi. "There is no one writing as well as DeGrassi does," he said, "and no one recording with the lightness and grace the man has. I personally am in constant awe of his talents."

Ackerman's awe is justified, for DeGrassi has mastered the art of playing melodies, countermelodies, harmonies and intricate rhythms simultaneously. His touch is as exquisite as his lyricism, and his improvisational/compositional musical consciousness is as intricate and subtle as sparkling crystal. His *Turning: Turning Back* LP is a classic of the genre. Initially, one might think DeGrassi has overdubbed two or more tracks—not so: one man, two hands, one guitar.

Said critic Mark Leviton: "Alex DeGrassi's *Turning: Turning Back* is as fine a solo guitar disc as I've ever heard. He slips in and out of rhythms effortlessly . . . His melodies are often fugue-like, with bass runs winding in and out of the tricky fingering . . . He never . . . builds an entire cut on the repetition of a single difficult passage. If he uses a theme repeatedly, he turns it every which way . . . When he casually throws in harmonics in difficult places, as in *Window*, he is truly breathtaking." (*Folk Scene*, Jan. 1979).



DeGrassi

RICK GROSSE

"In a sense," said DeGrassi, "improvisation and composition are the same thing for me, but let me qualify that. I have very little formal training in music. I took a couple of lessons when I was a kid, and I've taken a couple of jazz guitar lessons, and I've been around some really good guitar players who taught me things. But most of what I play comes from the tradition of playing by ear, rather than from the tradition of written music. So when I sit down to compose something, I am composing by ear, through improvisation. I come up with a theme I like, then I work out all of the details—the embellishments, the harmonies, the counterpoint, the rhythms, etc. When I get to the point where I play it for others, it has become a composition, although in performance I'll often make limited improvisational alterations.

"When I play guitar, I try to bring in a wide variety of rhythms, and I like to play percussively. The guitar has a very percussive quality to it when it's fingerpicked, which allows you to work on more than one rhythm at a time, much as one might on the piano, utilizing bass lines, melodic lines, and fills in between.

"I try to establish some sort of interplay between a melody, or at least a motif, in the treble strings, and a counterpoint or some type of harmony in the bass. I then use the intermediate notes—the third and fourth strings—to work in harmonies that syncopate the rhythms or add to them.

"The result is a very arpeggiated style of playing. I think of what I do as being very linear, an almost continuous flow of arpeggios up and down and across the strings. After the opening of *Window*, for example, it goes into a series of complex arpeggios. That's the kind of thing I've been working on a great deal in preparation for the next record.

"As do many others, I like to use the steel-stringed guitar as something to resonate several notes simultaneously, perhaps emphasizing or accenting one note above the others. If you play a piano with the sustain pedal down, playing one note heavily, another lightly, they'll both sustain, one resonating with more presence than the other. With the correct touch in the right hand, you can get that effect on the guitar with a fretted note or an open string. Many classical guitar players would stop the note, so that each note has a discrete beginning and ending according to written meter. In this form, however, there must be an intuitive sense of when a note begins and decays. It is perhaps a more fluid type of playing.

"I greatly admire pianist Keith Jarrett, who improvises without even knowing what themes he might use. It's really alive, in direct contrast to the other extreme, which is total preconceived composition. I plan to do some of this on my next record on a piece presently entitled *Midwestern Snow*, a kind of cross between a raga and a rhapsody. I've played the themes many times, but I play them in different orders, for different lengths of time. Sometimes the piece is three minutes long, sometimes 12 minutes or whatever. Sometimes I play entirely new things; at other times, I omit things I played before.

"I think of it as 'gesture playing.' When you watch people talk, they make spontaneous gestures. I think it's the same thing when you sit down in a quiet state of mind and play. It's



Ackerman

a kind of meditation, a deeply relaxed state in which you let your thoughts stream out through the music."

Although DeGrassi learned several open tunings from other folk guitarists, he invents most of the tunings himself.

"I like to tune the guitar up, rather than down, so I get a lot of tension in the strings.

"Rather than tune down to an open C or G tuning, I base most of my tunings on open E, which, from low to high, is EBEG#BE. My most commonly-used tuning is EBEF#BE, used on *Turning, Turning Back, Swordfish, Blood And Jasmine*. Almost all of the other tunings are variants of that one.

"I use a minor tuning on several songs: EBEGCE (*Luther's Lullaby*); another one would be EBEGAE (*Waltz And March Of The Rhinoceri*); very similar to that is EBEGAD (*Autumn Song*); there is an open D tuning, but tuned up to the pitch of E—EBEG#BE (*Alpine Medley*); there is also ECEGCD (*Window*); the only other one on the album is fairly standard—a standard tuning, with the bass string down to D (*Children's Dance*). Those are the tunings I use on the record. I've come up with others since."

Like DeGrassi, Ackerman is also a self-taught guitarist, who began at age 13. In the fall of 1967, in his freshman year at Stanford (from which he dropped out, five units short of a degree in English), he heard John Fahey and Robbie Basho, and began playing in open C and D tunings.

"I took only one lesson, and that was with Robbie Basho. I arrived late, and then he started talking technically about music. I told him that wasn't what I wanted. He said, 'Oh, you want the short lesson.' I said yes, and he said, 'Don't be afraid to feel anything. Even if it's trite, don't worry about it. You've got to give expression to whatever it is you're feeling. That is the essence of music.'

"I couldn't have asked for a better lesson. I handed him \$20, and left with that very valuable understanding."

Ackerman moved from open C and D tunings into further realms. "All I do is detune until the strings are flapping in the breeze, then start bringing the strings up until I find a sound that expresses the mood I'm in.

"I write the tunings down in my own personal numerical system. Standard tuning from high to low would read 54555. That is, five half-steps up on the B or second string yields the E tone of the first string. Four half-steps up the third string yields the B tone of the second string, etc. Five half-steps up the sixth string yields the tone of the fifth string.

"On the album *It Takes A Year*, some of the tunings include 52534 (*Balancing*), 71748 (*The Impending Death Of The Virgin Spirit*), and 32735 (*Search For The Turtle's Navel*).

"The *Childhood And Memory* album includes 53547 (*Wall And The Wind*), 37234 (*Anne's Song*), and 37034 (*Childhood And Memory*)."

Not only are the graphics of Ackerman's and DeGrassi's albums carefully created—rivaled in taste and impact perhaps only by ECM—but the technical aspects of recording are also first-rate. Each guitar note rings out like a bell, shimmering with brightness and clarity.

"I do a great deal of double-tracking," said Ackerman. "I record the song, then play it back, playing exactly the same thing over again. A Harmonizer or a digital delay would only give it an echoey sound. I find that double-tracking brings out subtle changes and inaccuracies and puts life in it. When I overdub like this, I get beautiful ringing sounds, which I've capitalized on a great deal.

"DeGrassi has done less of it. He experimented with it on *Luther's Lullaby* and a few other songs, but we found in mixing that his music was so dense that double-tracking tended to clutter or confuse things rather than heighten them.

"The double-tracking seems to work better for my style of music, which emphasizes full chordal melody with less embellishment. So

double-tracking is part of the beautiful ringing sound you hear.

"DeGrassi and I both mike extremely close. I will risk going too high on the VU's and have to redo the thing again in order to get it. A lot of people like a distant, ambient mike and try to bring the signal-noise ratio up as high as they can. For my taste, and for the tastes of those who have bought our albums and have heard something different in this sort of recording, it works.

"We're talking about placing the mike an inch or an inch and a half away from the guitar, not directly in the sound hole, but one aiming for the bridge and one aiming at the neck, something like that. It's constraining as far as physical movement while you're playing. DeGrassi has more of a problem with that than I do. That closeness of miking is really important, something engineer Scott Saxon originally came up with and which Harn Soper has agreed with and maybe heightened somewhat."

Whereas some folk-oriented record companies release large quantities of albums designed to appeal to a specialist market, Ackerman wants to appeal "to a much broader audience, not just the guitar player, but the more general listener. I want to concentrate on fewer projects, supported by advertising. Our strength lies in quality—the quality of the music, the quality of the recording techniques, and the quality of the graphics. I think our music can go a long way and please a lot of people."

(All Windham Hill records are available in the U.S. for \$6.00, which includes postage. Write: Windham Hill Records, P.O. Box 9388, Stanford, California, 94305.) db

ARTT FRANK

BY FRED BOUCHARD

There are many levels of heat on jazz drums; the blaze of Elvin Jones and Art Blakey, the deep-fry of Billy Higgins and Max Roach, or the light simmer of Jo Jones and Shelly Manne. Soul is not measured in firepower, and the sensitivity of lighter drummers can be most engaging and compelling. Into the latter group falls Artt Frank, a drummer out of Portland, Maine and back—via Hollywood and New York. Artt is a brisk, nervous drummer who lays down a pushy but clean pulse behind the horns who lately blew into Portland; they include Ted Curson, Jimmy Heath and Al Cohn. Most recently Artt has been gigging in Cambridge, Mass. on weekends at a popular and lively new club in Inman Square called Ryle's with a tall, cool trumpeter from North Dakota named Steve Veikley.

Frank's meeting with Veikley (whose playing strongly recalls that of Chet Baker, Frank's onetime idol, now old friend) was, to hear him tell it, nothing short of a revelation. "When I heard Steve, who plays with Chet's tone and phrasing and pain, I was moved in a way I hadn't been since I first heard Chet in the '50s. I knew I had to get together with him and attempt to revive the Cool School."

The Cool School? "Yeah," says Frank. "Jazz as I know it is a very poignant music, full of pain. You got to feel that pain inside of you. Sometimes a player will move me so much I'll

just cry out." Frank generally plays with eyes shut, sometimes with his ear cocked toward the drum, or straining to pick up the nuances in somebody's solo. His subtle shading behind soloists provoked Leonard Feather to comment that he is "felt, rather than heard," an observation shared with pianists Hod O'Brien and Phil Moore III. "What's wrong with a lot of jazz today," Frank opines, "is that it has lotsa chops, but no real honest feeling, no gut, no pain, no lyricism. Chet Baker with all those traits—as well as unmatched phrasing and attack on his horn—has been and still is my main inspiration in jazz.

"Back when I heard Chet on the radio, I'd cry inside, unable to understand how a trumpeter could affect a drummer so much. I met him at Storyville in Boston when I was 17; an indelible impression. I swore I'd play with him. It finally happened after I'd moved to Hollywood and was making it as a script writer, welterweight prizefighter and bit actor. I'd been jamming and sitting in with a lot of the coast cats like Pete Jolly, Vic Feldman, Harold Land, Richie Kamuca, Curtis Amy, Groove Holmes, Roy Ayers.



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"I met Chet again and we became like brothers. I'll never forget when we played the Melody Lounge in 1968, the only Hollywood club that dared present jazz. We were flanked by the Classic Cat (strip joint) and the Whiskey A Go Go (rock joint). We were supposed to play nine days, but when people saw that Chet was back, everybody in the business fell by out of love and curiosity. Sit-ins included Sam Most, Frank Rosolino, Terry Gibbs, Dionne Warwick, Bobby Darin and Frankie Avalon on trumpet! We ended up playing there three months. We worked again on the New York scene in 1975 with Hod O'Brien, Harold Danko, Bob Mover and Cameron Brown.

"Chet and I seem very different, but we have a lot in common," says Frank, vivid and manic off the stand. "I'm really just as introverted as he is, but I come on strong to cover my shyness. Chet always leaves at least one-fourth unsaid; me too. Understatement

is a great virtue; we agreed that Bob Mover would be a bitch once he learned economy and it's happened. Time is the most elusive thing going and it has to be a true gift; Chet and I both have it, though neither of us has had any formal training."

It's true that Frank has never taken a lesson, cannot read a note, never practices, and, until recently, never owned a set of drums—practically a point of honor with him, as he often borrowed his son Artt Jr.'s well-plowed rock set for gigs. "I grew up in the depression in a family of seven kids. There wasn't enough bread to eat, never mind buying a set of traps. So I learned drums on all the mailboxes around Westbrook, Maine, playing on them with my fingers." Frank nonetheless has the natural's gift and feel, causing Curson to comment, "This cat plays from the heart," and Heath to say, "Artt Frank really stirs the soup back there."

Fighter's instinct has taught Frank to dodge and duck and jab and dance lightly on drums, and the regimen of the ring has kept his arms rock-hard yet supple. He'll be glad to show you with a playful punch or mock-heroic flex while goofing between sets to relieve the enormous tension he builds up on the stand. This is one of Frank's ways of dealing with the basic lack of confidence that he also shares with Baker.

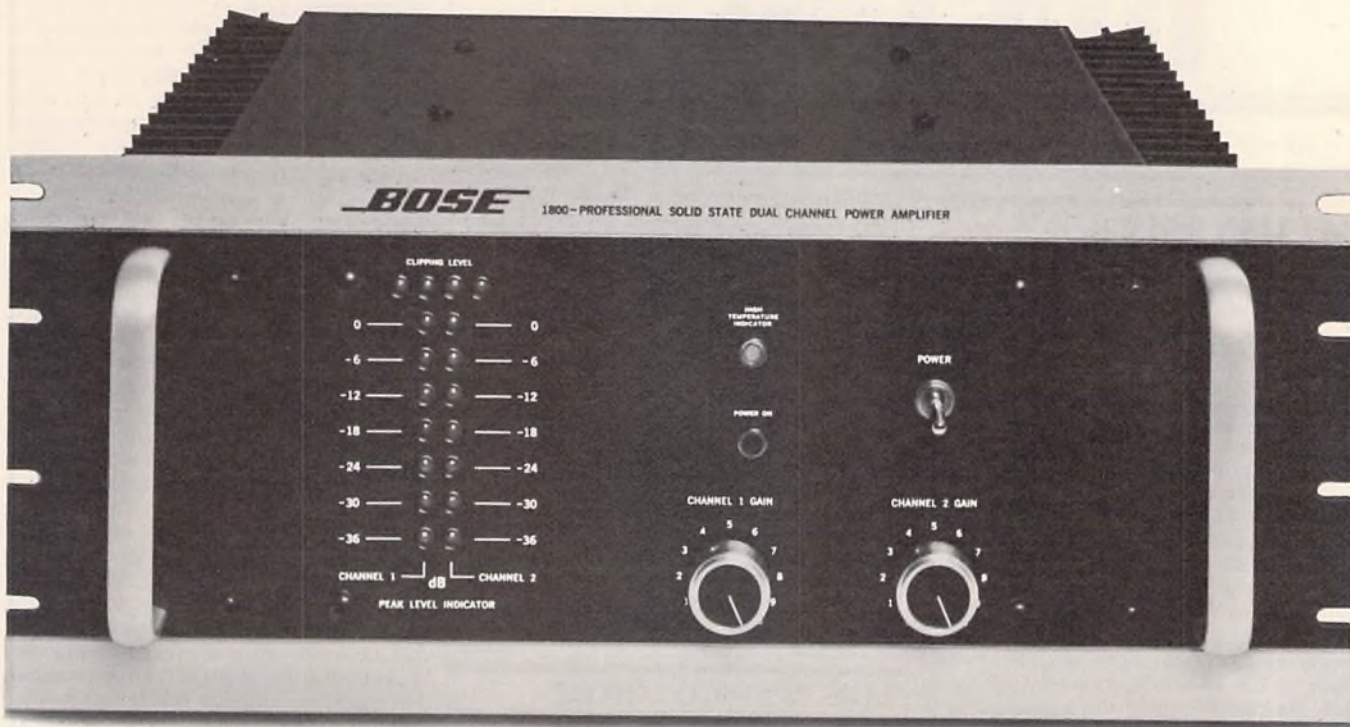
Frank was a pro welterweight in the '60s, and sparred with Sugar Ray; one of his best screenplays is a life of Willie Pep.

Correlations between music and boxing abound for Frank. "Hitting the speed bag you play triplets on it, like triple-stroke rolls. You hit a heavy bag with a thud, like bass drum accents. Everything's timing and rhythm, like skipping rope. I lay back behind the solos and all the way through, but on my solos—like in the 15th round—I explode! And then there's the pain: 90 days prep for an eight-rounder, emotional prep for the stand. You got to play like you box, with your heart, and the heart can stand the pain."

The most recent addition to the gig at Ryle's has been the robust bass of Teddy Kotick. "We worked once in L.A. in 1954," recalls Artt, "at the Continental. Teddy played with so much feeling, taste, and class I could never forget him, like Scott LaFaro." They did cook beautifully, if a bit tentatively, together, both wincing in concentration and regathering old skills with the playing. Kotick, back near his native Haverhill, has been working duos with guitar after a long period of inactivity following many masterful years in the rhythm sections of Bird, Horace, Getz, etc. It was quite an eye-opener for pianist Mike Dooner and leader/trumpeter Steve Veikley, young comers both. "I hope Teddy stays aboard; it would be great to make a record with him and Steve and maybe Hod O'Brien and J. R. Monterose." Frank and Veikley already have out a private issue album with Dooner and bassist Bruce Gertz, with some pleasant ballads by Artt's wife, Earla.

Frank, an out-front guy, confessed to having butterflies, even headaches, before going on the stand. "I'm a bundle of nerves. I've never learned the techniques and I have to give 150% for every little roll and break. Every night I ask God to please make me sound good and make my fours and eights tight." Somebody up there likes Artt Frank.

db



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

RAY LINN and the CHICAGO STOMPERS

CHICAGO JAZZ.—Trend 515: *Bix' Bugle*; *Poor Butterfly*; *Can't We Be Friends?*; *Jeepers Creepers*; *North Hollywood Rotary Parade*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now*; *Am'i Misbehavin'*; *North Side Blues*.

Personnel: Linn, cornet; Bob Havens, trombone; Henry Cuesta, clarinet, baritone saxophone; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Dave Frishberg, piano; Richard Maloof, bass; Jack Davenport, drums.

This is the genuine article: an album of authentic Chicago-styled jazz played with plenty of warmth, drive, invention, maturity and *joie de vivre* by one of the finest, most compatible groups of players brought together in many a moon. That alone would be enough to gladden the heart of the staunchest fan of traditional jazz; the brilliant direct-to-disc recording is simply frosting on the cake, the quality of the sound perfectly complementing that of the music.

Maturity is, I think, the real key to the music's success, for these seasoned veterans of many a musical campaign and style dance their way through this program with surefooted, elegant ease and an abundance of enthusiasm. If most of the material is over-familiar, their approach to it is just the opposite and they find plenty of happy surprises in it. The arrangements are loose but thoughtfully contrived, and the players do them perfect, relaxed justice.

Combining sweetness and drive in equal proportions, Linn's graceful, round-toned Bixian cornet leads the way, effortlessly sparking the ensemble and scattering small jewels throughout his lifting, well conceived solos. And he's always to the point—knows what he wants to say and says it succinctly. Freed from the fetters of their regular employment in the Lawrence Welk Orchestra, Havens and Cuesta play like a pair of angels on sabbatical, the trombonist with fiery abandon and the clarinetist only a bit less so. He's a more sober-minded player but at times he too cuts loose; his spot on Linn's attractive *Bix' Bugle* summons up some of the late Pee Wee Russell's impassioned, heterodox way with this music, and his drum accompanied segment on the charging *North Hollywood* brings to mind its model, Benny Goodman's *Sing, Sing, Sing* solo. Cuesta brings added color to *Royal Garden* by switching briefly to baritone saxophone, which he handles adroitly. Eddie Miller is, I'm happy to say, Eddie Miller and that's enough for most of us fans. It's good to hear him again, and in such fine form, too.

The whole group, young rhythm section included (of which special mention should be made of Frishberg's spruce, idiomatic pianistics and Maloof's striding, big-toned bass, which is beautifully recorded), is absolutely

marvelous. There's not a clinker or a false note sounded in the entire program—spiritually no less than technically—and the crystalline sound only adds to the listener's enjoyment. Playing time for the set clocks in at just a bit more than 32 minutes, making this a worthwhile investment for the audiophile and the traditional fan alike.

The music is joyous and should be heard. One sobering note: believe it or not but it has been 33 years since Linn's last date as a leader. In 1946 he led the eight piece *Hollywood Swingers*. Like this set, their *Serenade In Sevenths* was a five star effort, too. While I subscribe to the belief that patience is a virtue, I feel that three decades and more between record dates is just a bit much, especially when players of Linn's caliber are involved. He's got too much to say, and says it beautifully. —welding

LUIS "PERICO" ORTIZ

SUPER SALSA—New Generation NG 710: *Julian Del Valle*; *Alli Morire*; *Camaron*; *Periquito*; *Alabao*; *El Toston Caliente*; *El Dia Que Me Quieras*; *Como Vivo Yo*.

Personnel: Ortiz, trumpet, flugelhorn, flute; Elias Lopes, trumpet, flugelhorn; Rali Torres, trombone; Tom Knudson, trombone; Roberto Jimenez, flute; Papo Lucca, piano; Sal Cuevas, bass; Ramon Rodriguez, maracas, guiro; Endel Dueno, timbales; Tommy "Chuckie" Lopez, bongo, bata; Ruben "Cachete" Maldonado, conga, bata; Rafael de Jesus, lead vocals; Tito Gomez, Ramon Rodriguez, Ortiz, chorus.

MY OWN IMAGE—Turnstyle T439: *Sometimes*; *Nice & Warm (Guajira)*; *Diana*; *Viva Martinez*; *I Know*; *Genesis*; *Hot Blood*; *Perico*; plus percussion interludes between tracks.

Personnel: Ortiz, trumpet, flugelhorn, flute, synthesizer, piano, percussion; Ruben Blades, acoustic guitar, lead vocals (cut 1); Brian Brake, drums; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn (1, 4, 6, 7); Jimmy Delgado, timbales; Jon Faddis, trumpet (2, 3, 5, 6); Babi Floyd, Yolanda McCullough, Lani Groves, chorus; Frank Floyd, lead vocal (2), chorus; Jorge Santiago, lead vocal (3, 5), chorus (1); Steve Khan, guitar; Lou Marini, tenor sax, flute; Eddie Martinez, acoustic and electric piano, synthesizer solo (4, 6); Eddie Montalvo, conga (2, 3, 8); Keith O'Quinn, trombone; Eddie "Gua Gua" Rivera, bass; Edwin Rodriguez, acoustic guitar, synthesizer (6); Johnny Rodriguez, bongo, guiro (5), conga (interludes); Pablo Rosario, bongo, cowbell, percussion; Alan Rubin, Lew Soloff, trumpets, flugelhorns; Israel "Sabu" Morales, Domiciano Valdez, Wilfredo "Moreno" Tejeda, batas (7); Carlos "Patato" Valdez, conga; Ed Walsh, synthesizer programming (8).

Salsa connoisseurs have been singing the praises of young Luis "Perico" Ortiz since his early '70s trumpet and arranging work for Mongo Santamaria. The native of Puerto Rico went on to do similar chores for Johnny Pacheco, and by 1975 he was anchoring the brass section for the Fania All Stars. In addition Perico has either arranged or produced every major salsa artist. Now based in New York and a veteran of the local club wars, he shows both the *tipico* and "progressive" sides of his Latin personality on

these two discs, both of which comprise his recorded debut as a leader. The strength of his vision places Perico in that fusion vanguard occupied by Mongo Santamaria, Ray Barretto, Eddie Palmieri, Louie Ramirez, Irakere, Carlos Santana, and Libre.

His trumpet work in the *tipico* vein (*Super Salsa*) draws from such old Cuban masters as Felix Chappotin, El Negro Vivar, and Chocolate (old masters who are still playing, by the way). In the fusion mode his obvious influences are Dizzy and Miles. All this, though, is by way of reference points: Perico's tonality, lyricism and fire are all his own. And by arranging and producing himself, Ortiz has managed to fully extend and realize his original vision.

Super Salsa's first side is choice Latin swing, aimed primarily at the demanding dancers of New York, with an exuberance that should capture armchair listeners as well. In fact, side two is also composed of dance material, except for a liquid instrumental bolero, *El Dia Que Me Quieras*. And for a change of pace, side two contains a merengue, *El Toston Caliente*, a diversion from the other mambos and cha chas on the album. All lyrics are in Spanish.

Standouts among the cast, assembled in Puerto Rico, include Fania All Star pianist Papo Lucca, who manages to inject his own fusion sensibility (blues riffs here, jazz phrasing there) into the *tipico* swing throughout, and the steady drive of up-and-coming New York bassist Sal Cuevas. An outstanding percussion section, the core of all salsa, is anchored by Palmieri alumni Chuckie Lopez and Cachete, who key most of the time shifts and support all the polyrhythm. (Ritmo Records, 696 10th Ave., NYC 10019 is New Generation's U.S. distributor.)

My Own Image, the "crossover" album recorded in New York, opens with a light Ruben Blades composition, *Sometimes*. Starting with handclaps, cowbell, quica, and acoustic guitar, a brass fanfare takes the song into the double-tracked Blades voice (making its debut singing English) and a *samba moderne* swing. Perico arranges the brass here primarily for accentuation, letting the horns take center stage in the bridge. The funkier *Guajira* follows, and this comes right out of the Mongo songbook. Perico's sharp trumpet clarion, almost signalling the start of a bullfight, leads the playing. A *guajira* is the funkiest of Cuba's 50-odd rhythms, and it is also the feminine form of the Cuban word for peasant. Hence, nice and warm.

Basically an instrumental call-and-response with vocal chorus, *Guajira* shifts gears midway for a synthesizer-brass big band styled break before reverting to the earlier, slower combo feel. Towards the end, Frank Floyd introduces some gospel vocal inspirations. *Diana*, the LP's weakest track, is a rather routine ballad. *Viva Martinez* closes the side in exciting fashion. This time Perico is in the bull ring, joined by Gato Barbieri's pianist Eddie Martinez, the tune's composer, on a hot electric piano and synthesizer.

I Know opens side two. Jorge Santiago's vocals are a bit thin, and the tune is really the light bit of fluff *Sometimes* is. But as he did on that tune, Perico cleverly arranges it to keep it from falling into sticky sweet schmaltz. *Genesis* comes closer to the sort of thing solo artists want when they try to get a scaled down Earth, Wind & Fire-type radio hit (but usually miss). The kind of crossover thing

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Palmieri and Barretto tried for on recent albums. The interplay of chorus and orchestra works best on this track. *Hot Blood* and *Perico*, closing the side, are instrumental exercises on the order of *Viva Martinez*. *Hot Blood* begins with a deceptively slow trumpet before seguing into a faster tempo; *Perico* is where Luis works out on all instruments.

Taken together, these two albums show that for Luis "Perico" Ortiz the *tipici* vs. progressive battle that has split salsa's ranks, as purist vs. fusion has divided jazz, is for him but two sides of one musical coin. And for us, it means salsa's future is in strong, creative hands.

—pablo "yoruba" guzman

DUKE ELLINGTON

GIANTS OF JAZZ.—Time-Life Records J02: *East St. Louis Toodle-0o*; *Creole Love Call*; *Black And Tan Fantasie* (two versions); *Black Beauty*; *Jubilee Stomp*; *Yellow Dog Blues*; *Hot And Bothered*; *The Mooche*; *Shout Em, Aunt Tillie*; *Ring Dem Bells*; *Mood Indigo*; *Rockin' In Rhythm*; *It Don't Mean A Thing*; *Baby, When You Ain't There*; *Bugle Call Rag*; *Merry Go Round* (two versions); *Harlem Speaks*; *In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree*; *Truckin'*; *Clarinet Lament*; *Echoes Of Harlem*; *Caravan*; *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Jack The Bear*; *Ko-Ko*; *Concerto For Cootie*; *Cotton Tail*; *Never No Lament*; *Harlem Air Shaft*; *In A Mellotone*; *Warm Valley*; *Take The "A" Train*; *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*; *Perdido*; *C Jam Blues*; *Rockabye River*; *Jeep's Blues*. All titles recorded between 1926 and 1956.

Selected Collective Personnel: Bubber Miley, Louis Metcalf, Artie Whetsol, Cootie Williams, Freddy Jenkins, Ray Nance, Taft Jordan, Harold Baker, Cat Anderson, Clark Terry, trumpets; Rex Stewart, cornet; Joe "Tricky Sam" Nanton, Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Otto Hardwick, alto saxes; Barney Bigard, Jimmy Hamilton, clarinets; Ben Webster, Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxes; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Ellington, piano; Fred Guy, banjo and guitar; Lonnie Johnson, guitar; Wellman Braud, Hayes

Avis, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Blanton, Oscar Pettiford, basses; Sonny Greer, Sam Woodyard, drums; Adelaide Hall, Cootie Williams, Baby Cox, Ivie Anderson, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It can be predicted that there will be complaints about this set, accusations that better or more representative selections could have been made, or that the cut-off point of 1956 was too early or too late, or that not enough of this or that Ellington soloist was presented. And there will be critics indignant over the inclusion of two versions each of *Black And Tan Fantasie* and *Merry Go Round* while so many other equally deserving records were omitted. But underlying every criticism is the privately held notion that it might indeed be possible to sum up, in a three record anthology, the whole of Duke Ellington's contributions to music. It is not. Specifically, what this package is is an introduction to the man's art, not a summation, and most certainly it is *not* intended as a gap-filler for specialists.

Ellington is today the most widely reissued recording artist in jazz. There are ongoing, purportedly complete series on both French RCA and CBS, each now running to more than 20 volumes, and each reasonably compliant with its stated goals. These series, it should be emphasized, are inclusive of only the records Ellington made for the particular labels concerned. In his 50 years as a bandleader, he recorded for a wide variety of labels, both large and small, and periodically some of these lesser known items will also appear in reissue, sometimes along with alternate masters or previously unissued material, but almost always on low budget

independent labels. Two institutions currently privileged to draw upon all of an artist's recorded output, regardless of original label or present rights-holders, are the Smithsonian and Time-Life. Though notably disparate entities, each is guided by similar concerns in their attempts to distill the essence of a life's work into a few hours time.

Whether Time-Life succeeds in its chosen task will ultimately depend on the point of view of the listener. Certainly there is nothing seriously amiss in this collation. The 40 selections agreed upon by the consulting experts (John S. Wilson, Stanley Dance, Michael Brooks, and Richard Spottswood) are unquestionably among the Ellington band's greatest. Moreover, the consistency of the sound quality achieved in remastering is especially commendable in that the material was drawn from at least eight different originating labels. Encased in an attractively sturdy, enveloped box, the records are further protected by reinforced inner sleeves. Including photographs, 32 of the accompanying booklet's 48 pages are devoted to Stanley Dance's artfully condensed appreciative biography, while the remainder of the space is given over to an insightful analysis of the album's contents by Dan Morgenstern. Additionally, there is an 8" x 8" color print of Mark English's cover portrait of Duke in the '20s.

Featured in the first eight selections, those predominantly in the "jungle style," are Miley, Nanton, Bigard and Hodges, but there are also notable solos from Duke, Wellman Braud, Jabbo Smith, Louis Metcalf, and guest star Lonnie Johnson. Indeed, the inclusion of the contrasting version of *Black And Tan*

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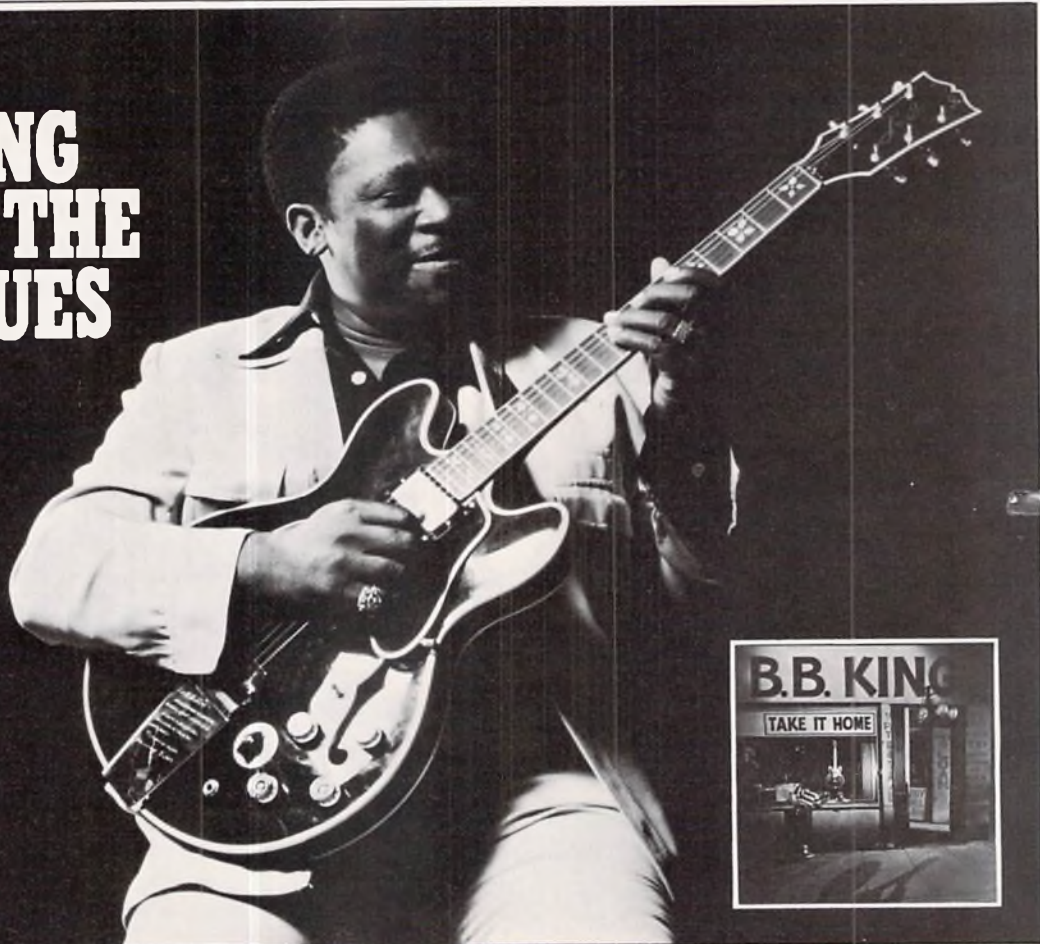
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Fantasy is justified primarily by Smith's highly personalized interpretation of the classic Miley role. The band's next phase is marked by Cootie Williams' replacement of Miley and the subsequent emergence of increasingly more sophisticated compositions. Virtually every one of Ellington's recording sessions in the period encompassed by this album produced a welter of incontestable classics. How unenviable, then, is the task of selection when confronted by such a profusion of riches!

Outstanding solos and orchestrations abound throughout the selections from the '30s, a fruitful period often eclipsed by the even greater years ahead. The universally praised 1940 band, which is defined by the dual presence of Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster, produced an unprecedented cornucopia of sound, and inspired the composer/leader to conceive, write and record some of the most enduring works of his career. It was unarguably a once-in-a-lifetime orchestra, a unique assemblage of highly individualistic solo voices created and spoken through by the only man with the genius to fully integrate their various and specific excellences. That band recorded some 75 titles in two years, not counting alternate takes, and the list of air checks and documented concerts and dances is still growing. Consequently, representing that prolific output fairly, bearing in mind its extraordinarily consistent musical quality, cannot begin to be considered in an enterprise of this scope. For those who feel, like I, that the entirety of listenable Ellingtonia should be made generally available in perpetuity, then the reduction of the complete 1940-1942 oeuvre to but 13 titles seems the unkindest cut of all.

But the intention of the selection committee must be read as an inducement to further study, for no panel of conscionable jazz savants could ever feel thoroughly confident that it had indeed made an infallible decision where music of this kind is concerned. The 13 selections herein reproduced must be perceived, then, as one would the tip of an iceberg, as being as unassailably perfect in themselves as they are tantalizing direction-pointers in their suggestion of what lies beyond.

—solmer

PHINEAS NEWBORN

HARLEM BLUES—Contemporary S 7634: *Harlem Blues; Sweet And Lovely; Little Girl Blue; Ray's Idea; Stella By Starlight; Tenderly; Cookin' At The Continental.*

Personnel: Newborn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In 1969, when this date was recorded, Phineas Newborn (he prefers to have his first name pronounced "fine-us") was an awesome pianist, having combined the dark, mahogany rich sound and dazzling technique of Art Tatum with the fertile linear imagination of Bud Powell into an individual style that was passionate and explosive. There was nothing in jazz beyond his reach: his uptempos were full of vivid, polished ideas, brought off with the utmost confidence; he could swing hard enough to make you put your foot through the floor, and his ballad renditions evoked images of quietude and grandeur. We happily welcome *Harlem Blues*, a collection of Newborn certainly near, if not at, his creative peak.

The title track is a medium uptempo

version of *Gotta Travel On*, becoming a blues with a gospel feel. The music moves from Brown's half-time stride to walking, Newborn's lines getting longer as the piece evolves into some two hand parallel octaves. *Sweet* is presented funky-slow, Newborn playing tremolos in the right hand, while the left provides a contrapuntal bass melody. The unhurried tempo allows room for free-wheeling twists and turns and tumbling-down-staircase arpeggios. Quotes from Ahmad Jamal's *Blues For Pablo* appear more than once.

Little is a medium-slow bounce, with snappy brush work from Jones and liting bass support from Brown. The tune is replete with such sparkling musical gems as a repeated four-note figure in the right hand, as the left assumes the solo voice. *Ray's Idea* opens with a brisk descending triad figure, heading towards Brown's based-on-rhythm-changes bop line. This opus closes with a Count Basie tag. *Stella* begins and ends with solo, ruminating piano; between, at a medium walk, Newborn fully explores the stimulating chord changes. At one point the pianist plays a startling descending phrase, left hand echoing right an octave below and a split second later, creating a brilliant tinkling-glass effect. *Tenderly* belongs to Brown: his fat, pliant sound gives the melody, and then walks head held high into swing and a piano solo, throughout which double-times are abundantly scattered. *Cookin'*, a burning blues, takes the date out. Elvin pumps lickety-split with his ride cymbal, keeping the heat on the *Continental's* kitchen.

Although Newborn has most of the solo space, *Harlem Blues* comes off as an inte-

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grated trio date, not just like two jazz giants making a third sound good. These men had never played together as a unit before the date, but you can't tell by listening to this album. —zan stewart

CARRIE SMITH

CARRIE SMITH—West 54 WJW 802: *Lush Life; Just Friends; If It's Magic; What A Little Moonlight Can Do; When I've Been Drinkin'; I Need A Shoulder To Cry On; Memories Of You.*

Personnel: Smith, vocals; Budd Johnson, tenor sax, arranger, leader; Art Farmer, flugelhorn; Richard Wvands, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Richard Pratt, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Carrie Smith is one of jazz's best kept secrets, although she's known by many European and New York jazz enthusiasts. She's had an outstanding career, albeit one nearly bereft of recordings and the concomitant rewards. Once a gospel singer who gave a recital at New York's Town Hall, she parlayed a fondness for the singing of Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong into a nonimitative, jazz-inflected vocal style. An important stay with Tyree Glenn's group was followed by electrifying performances at the '74 Armstrong tribute at Carnegie, the Newport and Nice festivals and a tour of Russia with the New York Repertory Orchestra. Recently, she captured France's Grand Prix du Disque for a record made in Barcelona with Vic Dickinson and others.

Carrie Smith, the eponymous album recorded last November, is a delight. Best known as a belter, Carrie's direct, forceful, even burly, voice struts splendidly on the blues *When I've Been Drinkin'* while Budd Johnson's sterling tenor borders on the obscene as he echoes the bawdy lyrics. The majestic ballad *I Need A Shoulder To Cry On* shows her immaculate timing and phrasing as Art Farmer demonstrates why he is a master of lyricism. *Lush Life*, with Johnson's sparkling arrangement, sympathetic accompaniment from the group and Carrie's heartfelt singing, somehow matches the warmth and splendor of Billy Strayhorn's melody and lyrics. A powerful, visceral listening experience. Only the pedestrian *If It's Magic* and a skimpy total playing time of 33:41 detracts from this inspired effort.

Carrie, encompassing jazz, blues, and elegant pop, has an uncommon sense of emotional urgency that touches most of her songs. At the close of *Lush Life* she says "Thank you, Billie." She means it. Thank you, Carrie Smith. —frank-john hadley

BOB BROOKMEYER SMALL BAND

LIVE AT SANDY'S JAZZ REVIVAL—Cryphon G-2-785: *You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To; Bad Agnes; Someday My Prince Will Come; Sweet And Lovely; Madam X; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; Yesterdays; Body And Soul; Moonlight In Vermont; I Can't Get Started; Everything I Love; Exactly Alike; Passages; It's A Wonderful World.*

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Jack Wilkins, guitar; Michael Moore, bass; Joe LaBarbera, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Of the dropouts from the ranks of active jazzmen of the '60s, few left less conspicuously than Bob Brookmeyer, or were more missed. The lanky Kansas City trombonist, also a superb if somber arranger, was more renowned as a stalwart with the Jones/Lewis band, Gerry Mulligan's ensembles big and small, and Jimmy Giuffre's light travelin' trio

with Jim Hall, than as leader of occasional but extremely tasty bands (quintet co-led with Clark Terry) or bold studio dates (*Portrait Of The Artist* and *Gloomy Sunday*, both out-of-print Atlantics). Yet Brookmeyer's writing always tantalized (TJ/ML's *ABC Blues*) and danced (Mulligan orchestra's *I Know, Don't Know How*), his wit and urbanity on his instrument stood unparalleled, and his sound—whether an imperturbable growl over Hall's strumming or a languorous four bar intro over strings on a Ray Charles ballad—absolutely unmistakable. And here he is again: lifting his grudging optimism, arranging into the heads, leading a good band effortlessly.

Brookmeyer's auspicious comeback is here documented by sympathetic producer Norman Schwartz at the best listening room in New England, Sandy's in Beverly, Mass. An attentive and responsive audience heard this gentle, persuasive band—together only a couple of weeks previously at Bradley's in New York—take familiar standards up and away (*Moonlight, Yesterdays*) or clean out of sight (*Started as bone/bass duo and Soul*, so thoroughly restructured that a less modest guy than Bob would've grabbed composer's credit), breathe life into two bleak Andy Laverne tunes (*Alike, Porn*) and blow new original tributes to a couple of dark ladies (*Agnes, Madam*). Nearly one and three quarters hours of intimate, integral, and varied music—complemented by adept and lyrical colleagues like Wilkins and Moore—add up to one hell of a memorable return.

Nat Hentoff once called Brookmeyer the Ignatz of jazz—a wacky mouse throwing loving brickbats at shibboleths. The cartoon image is apt, but a better personality fit might be with Porky the Porcupine, that prickly denizen of Pogo Possum's Okefenokee society. They share traits as gallows humorists, self-deprecating grumps, folksy and clear-eyed philosophers full of trenchant sarcasm and gritty patriotism, sensitivity and tact. Brookmeyer may not be an incurable romantic presenting one limp rose to a cute skunk, but many of Porky's best traits emerge wonderfully on this album. Without belaboring the Pogo imagery, let me add that the other three musicians here come out as strong personalities as well, yet merge in the whole group. Moore and LaBarbera share uncanny anticipation; Moore and Wilkins sing with uninhibited grace; Wilkins exceeds eloquence on *Exactly* and *Yesterdays*, to name only two. And Brookmeyer's throaty, benign presence rides over all; it's almost as if he never was away. —fred bouchard

CLIFFORD BROWN/ MAX ROACH

LIVE AT THE BEE HIVE—Columbia 35969: *I'll Remember April (Parts I and II); Walkin'; Cherokee; Woody'n You; Hot House.*

Personnel: Brown, trumpet; Roach, drums; Sonny Rollins, Nicky Hill, tenor saxes; Billy Wallace, piano; Leo Bivins, guitar; George Morrow, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

This long-buried session is a welcome addition to the skimpy recorded legacy left by Clifford Brown, and for several reasons. There is the obvious: that any new material featuring Brownie, who was inarguably the finest trumpet player of the hard-bopping '50s, has a place waiting for it on the record shelf. But this November 1955 session, recorded at the now defunct Bee Hive in

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Chicago, also offers the first documentation of the Brown-Roach unit featuring young Sonny Rollins (Rollins was living in Chicago at this time and just sitting in for the evening, along with the often overlooked Chicago legend Nicky Hill; he didn't permanently join the band until a couple of months later).

Most important, though, is the nature of the music itself. As Max Roach says in Pete Hamill's liner essay, this is "just a blowin' date. Just wide open." *Live At The Bee Hive* is one of those special finds that supplies more than musical entertainment; it is a minor Rosetta stone that increases our knowledge of a personal vocabulary, detailing aspects of Brownie's style that were really only sketched before.

This is raw, careening, unfettered jazz, played by men interested in pushing their creativity a little further (and a lot longer) than commercial recording limitations would allow. Thus, our picture of Brownie—the crisp, bold, impeccably controlled horn man who proves so impressive on studio recordings—is augmented by solos that pile chorus upon chorus, building up speed and intensity until they blast off in brilliant stabs of the avant-garde. One need only compare this LP's version of *Cherokee* with the famous studio version done for EmArcy to see the additional scope that *Live At The Bee Hive* offers.

As so often happens to the one who's left behind, Roach—who was so devastated by the auto accident that killed Brownie that he was unable to deal with releasing these tapes for nearly 25 years—is usually mentioned second when this band is discussed, despite the fact that he was the leader. Diplomacy aside, his playing is remarkable throughout these tracks: he bears down like a locomotive in heat even as he is erupting into fireballs of precisely accented coloration. As Brownie himself was known to comment, it is Roach's merciless speed—and his merciful control of it—that drive the trumpeter to the heights he reaches on *April* and *Woody'n You*.

Unfortunately, the album's cover—with the large-lettered legend "Brown-Roach" dominating the scene—is a highly accurate representation of the recording set-up used at the Bee Hive. The drums are recorded exceptionally high, and when Brownie is playing—which is most of the time—it sounds like a trumpet-drums duet; the piano is a distant echo at best, and Morrow's chunky bass is completely indistinguishable. This relatively botched amateur job (better than nothing, to be sure) makes the music sound more raw than it really is, and there are several instances when the unremitting sparring between jazz's two gutsiest instruments becomes overbearing. I'm not suggesting that the strengths of the music fail to redeem the recording quality—just giving warning to those expecting Brownie's sweetly balanced studio sound. That is not for a moment what this album is about.

—tesser

CHICO FREEMAN

BEYOND THE RAIN—Contemporary S76-40: *Two Over One, Beyond The Rain, Excerpts: My One And Only Love, Pepe's Samba.*

Personnel: Freeman, tenor sax, flute; Hilton Ruiz, piano; Juniech Booth, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; Jumma Santos, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of all the musicians to emerge from Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Music (AACM), none has risen

more quickly to prominence than tenorist Chico Freeman, and it is surely no coincidence that no enduring member of that organization has flirted so openly with retrospective mainstream music.

Although older AACM players held the memory of John Coltrane in beatific esteem, they did not subscribe to the notion that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, preferring to evolve original conceptions that owed as much to Ornette, Ayler and Dolphy as to the master himself. Chico, by contrast, has adopted many of Trane's stylistic shibboleths into his own approach, often to the point of bald mimicry. His previous release, *Kings Of Moli*, showcased his creative talents in a more sympathetically original context: here, featured with what is essentially the Elvin Jones band, he is cast in the mold of yet another Clonetrane, albeit perhaps the most accomplished of the bunch.

With enormous speed, precision and range, Chico spans the gamut from balladic early Coltrane to ululating late Coltrane, inevitably centering around the '59-'60 period. In the process, he recasts two of Muhal Richard Abrams' compositions in the form of memorable standards and establishes himself as the most formidable tenor technician to have appeared in the past decade. Pianist Hilton Ruiz provides a lush romantic backdrop in a distinctly McCoyish vein, while Elvin and bassist Juniech Booth supply exemplary rhythmic support; but for all his spirit, polish and lilting melodicism, Chico is unable here to transcend the thrall of derivative forms.

Muhal's *Two Over One* and especially *Excerpts*, framed with unaccustomed *Giant Steps* conventionality, reveal Abrams' gorgeous lyrical architecture in a readily accessible format. Younger players can seldom muster the dusky weltschmerz that their elders bring to the ballad (the eternal exception: Clifford Brown), but Chico gives ample evidence that he is on the right track on the classic *My One And Only Love*, lacking only the maturity of years. The set concludes with the lively *Pepe's Samba*, propelled by Jumma Santos' energetic percussion, which Chico extrapolates into a controlled frenzy of Pharoahnic wailing. If his conceptual artistry ever catches up to his stellar chops, Freeman may likely be reckoned among the giants of his instrument.

—birnbaum

RICKIE LEE JONES

RICKIE LEE JONES—Warner Bros. BSK 3296: *Chuck E.'s In Love, On Saturday Afternoons In 1963; Night Train; Young Blood; Easy Money; The Last Chance Texaco; Danny's All-Star Joint; Coolsville; Weasel And The White Boys Cool; Company; After Hours (Twelve Bars Past Goodnight).*

Personnel: Jones, vocals, guitar, piano, percussion, background vocals; Steve Gadd, Andy Newmark, Victor Feldman, Mark Stevens, Jeffrey Porcaro, drums; Willie Weeks, Fender bass; Red Callender, bass; Buzzy Feiten, Fred Tackett, guitars; Neil Larsen, Randy Kerber, Ralph Grieron, Victor Feldman, Mac Rebennack, keyboards; Tackett, mandolin; Randy Newman, Michael "Bobby" Boddicker, synthesizer; Victor Feldman, Mark Stevens, percussion; Tom Scott, Chuck Findley, Ernie Watts, horns; Arno Lucas, Leslie Smith, Joe Torano, Matthew Wiener, Michael McDonald, background vocals; Nick DeCaro, accordion.

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the deepest ironies of the modern day music industry is the dubious blessing of corporate hype and an almost immediate AM hit for a debut artist. Record sales soar—*Rickie Lee Jones* went gold only months after its release, and at this writing *Chuck E.'s In*

Love is still on AM playlists—tours sell out, and everybody seems happy. The problem comes with those—particularly in the press—who equate AM airplay and television appearances with the lowest common denominator of commercially conceived and promoted "product." It's natural for expectations to run inversely proportional to the hype of *The Machine*, but every now and then there is something to the superlatives. So with Rickie Lee Jones.

Rickie Lee's voice is flexible—though a little thin in the higher registers—and if one can get past her somewhat stylized swallowing of lyrics and ghetto grammar, one finds an improviser and songwriter with wit that only occasionally becomes cloying, and an endearing persona that loses its self-consciousness sooner than one expects. Amazingly, the studio sound is quite focused considering the numbers involved, and only rarely sounds too slick for its subject (as on *Easy Money*).

Though allusions have been made to everybody from Joni Mitchell to Billie Holiday, Rickie Lee bows most obviously to Laura Nyro and L.A. street-mate Tom Waits. Waits' floozy bohemie jive shuffle surfaces often: "I'm in a half-way house on a one-way street/ And I'm a quarter past alive" she sings on *All-Star Joint*. And Jones makes it work; though she is already known for her '50s Beat rap, it is her vulnerable, searching side that is most powerful, and that cuts through the jive. *The Last Chance Texaco* is of Nyroesque melancholy, about a woman who "gets scared and she stalls/She just needs a man, that's all." *Company* and *After Hours*—they close out the album—are simple and sadly beautiful portraits of loneliness: "You and me, streetlight/We'll paint the town—grey." And *Coolsville* documents the dangerous search for the Ultimate Cool in the Hot City, piercing, like a shaft of cold light through a dark and dirty room: "So now it's J&B and me/That sounds close, but it ain't the same/ But that's okay/Hot City don't hurt that much/When everything feels the same . . . Ask me if you want to know/The way to Coolsville." —zipkin

MAL WALDRON

MOODS—Inner City IC 3018-2: *Minoat; A Case Of Plus 4's; Sieg Heile; Anxiety; Thoughtful; Lonely; Happiness; Soul Eyes; I Thought About You; Duquility.*

Personnel: Waldron, piano; cuts 1-3, add: Terumasa Hino, cornet; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Hermann Breuer, trombone; Cameron Brown, bass; Makaya Ntshoko, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ / ★ ★ ½

The first disc of this double record set finds pianist/composer Waldron in the company of Steve Lacy and some equally volatile Eastern and Western musicians. It's a happy cross cultural joining, not only because of the fresh timbral blends created by the group's soprano/cornet/trombone front line but also because of each player's individual, uncompromising approach to Waldron's music.

Waldron's lush ballad *Minoat* showcases Hino, the Tokyo born cornetist. It doesn't take eight bars to pick out this player's Miles/Hubbard influences, and it doesn't take much longer to realize how thoroughly Hino has assimilated these players' styles into an entirely personal and compelling brass idiom. His solo on *Minoat* cries out for an immediate rehearing. Using a dry, pleasingly gritty tone, he'll begin a phrase by squeezing into a dark, low tone, fluttering into a cli-



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mactic sequence of legato scalar runs, and concluding the thought with a soft flurry of grace notes, ending in abrupt silence. Lacy, intently exploring every twist and quirk of his instrument's timbral possibilities, opts for an oblique, esoteric stance. Breuer, a unique trombonist, specializes in short jabbing phrases, interlocked like a jigsaw puzzle and graced throughout by judicious economy.

Sieg Haile, Waldron's tribute to Haile Selassie, burns on for 20 minutes. The chromatic, high voltage head boasts dense horn scoring leading into extended blowing by all. Waldron solos with complex chordal blocks giving way to uncharacteristically relaxed, lyrical lines, his most effective statement on this release.

While there's little question of Waldron's prowess as an accompanist and group player, his solo piano work is frequently baffling. Certainly his technique is adequate; his sense of pacing and form acute, and his compositions challenging blowing vehicles. Yet much of Waldron's solo playing is simply ponderous. Piece after piece seems like yet another variation on his own personal anatomy of melancholy.

While we look to the artist for insight into anxiety, depression and general world weariness, we also expect not only a definition and clarification of these feelings, but ultimately a catharsis, a release from these emotions. At his most hypnotically poignant, Waldron can open a lane unto the underworld of despondency, but he rarely hints at the way back. Perhaps worse, Waldron leads us to the nether world without the slightest touch of wit or geniality. Even a bright, Powellian-styled show tune like *Happiness* quickly bogs down with somber voicings, pensive modes and repetitive, dark motifs. *I Thought About You*, the lone standard here, locks into Waldron's most comfortable format: blues-tinged double time phrases over tense clusters descending in half notes—Powell revisited, but without Bud's vitality or surprise. At their worst, Waldron's labyrinthian phrases lack conviction. *Duquillity* plods through formulae after formulae, its trauma laden lines offering no relief.

Need conclusions be drawn? There's some vital small group work here; but unless your tastes for the somber run deeper than this reviewer's, you'll find sides one and two of this set most rewarding. —balleras

THE CARLA BLEY BAND

EUROPEAN TOUR 1977—Watt 8: *Rose And Sad Song*; *Wrong Key Donkey*; *Drinking Music*; *Spangled Banner Minor And Other Patriotic Songs*.

Personnel: Bley, organ, tenor sax; Michael Mantler, trumpet; Elton Dean, alto sax; Gary Windo, tenor sax; John Clark, french horn; guitar: Roswell Rudd, trombone; Bob Stewart, tuba; Terry Adams, piano; Hugh Hopper, bass guitar; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

MUSIQUE MECANIQUE—Watt 9: 440; *Jesus Maria And Other Spanish Strains*; *Musique Mecanique I, II, III*.

Personnel: Bley, organ (piano on cut 2); Michael Mantler, trumpet; Alan Braufman, alto sax, clarinet, flute; Gary Windo, tenor sax, bass clarinet (vocal, 2); John Clark, french horn; Roswell Rudd, trombone (vocal, 4); Bob Stewart, tuba; Terry Adams, piano (electric pump organ, 3); Karen Mantler, glockenspiel; Steve Swallow, bass guitar; D. Sharpe, drums; Charlie Haden, acoustic bass (2); Eugene Chadbourne, acoustic and electric guitars.

★ ★ ★ ½

Carla Bley's compositions on these two records are fascinating but bizarre. Bley sweeps across the panorama of American music,

blurring it all together in one eccentric vision. Circus music and jazz, calliopes and rock organ—all that and more is bent at odd angles, distorted as though seen in a fun house mirror. Sometimes Carla's compositions work as satire—droll comments on American music. More often her music becomes a burlesque, the humor black.

European Tour 1977 is a studio recording made in Munich. *Rose And Sad Song* is a sort of mambo, highlighted by two trombone solos (which are separated by one very dull organ solo). Rudd is as brash and cocky as Studs Lonigan. He plays trombone like a loudmouthed braggart, blaring and daring, but he has a great sense of humor and an honest voice in spite of himself. *Wrong Key Donkey*—a classic title if there ever was one—begins with a wonderful braying counterpoint in the horns. When the rhythm section enters, the band plays the jagged and jerky melody, rocking like a lowdown honky tonk. The best solo comes from Gary Windo, blowing very free over a two-chord vamp. Windo's tenor also stands out in *Drinking Music*, a bawdy cabaret piece.

Spangled Banner Minor is the major work on the first record, a 20 minute opus with Carla Bley as Charles Ives. It begins with a marvelous orchestration of *The Star Spangled Banner* in a minor key, played with mock seriousness. Then Andrew Cyrille goes into a march cadence, and we get a polytonal mixture of *La Marseillaise*, *Yankee Doodle* and other patriotic favorites. Another grave and ghostly reference to the national anthem leads into a long section where the band solemnly intones a dark hymn while Windo goes mad on tenor. And so it goes, with bits of Sousa, *America The Beautiful* and more free jazz. It is a crazed composition where everything happens at once. Everyone follows their own cockeyed course, not unlike the country we all know and love.

Musique Mecanique, the Bley band's most recent offering, begins with 440, a composition using the standard A as a tonal center. After stating the rolling melodic theme (one of the few straight-forward melodies on either record), the band gets into a rock riff reminiscent of the Rolling Stones circa 1970, complete with a Bobby Keys styled tenor solo. At first it sounds thin without the electric instruments, but then it finds its own groove with a breathtaking solo by altoist Alan Braufman, a sassy Rudd chorus and a stately one by John Clark on french horn. *Jesus Maria And Other Spanish Strains* refers to Spanish music in a very limited, superficial, even stereotyped manner. Normally this would irk me, but I can overlook it here because the "Spanish" themes serve mainly as jumping off points for some fine solo work by Stewart, Haden and Rudd.

Musique Mecanique is a 23 minute, three part composition taking up all of side two. It is an artful but odd work which shows Carla at her most eccentric. The title refers to machines like music boxes and calliopes, and so in Part I we get musicians imitating machines imitating musicians. Strange. Part II has a lyric, rendered by Rudd with appropriate theatrics, which twists in on itself like a mobius strip or an Escher print. Part III could be the music for some grotesque ballet, where freaks dance crooked steps. At several points Carla has written the score to sound like a stuck record. You might curse the disc at first, but it's just a trick, like so much of this

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—clark

AIRTO

TOUCHING YOU . . . TOUCHING ME—Warner Bros. BSK 3279: *Amajour*; *Partido Alto*; *Open Space*; *Heartbeat*; *Toque De Cuica*; *Move It On Up*; *And Then We Touched The Sky*; *Tempos Atras (Dreams Are Real)*; *It's Not A Ballad*; *Introduction To The End*.

Personnel: Airtio, percussion, trap drums (cuts 2, 10), congas (4, 5) vocals (1, 3-6, 8); Peter Bunetta, drums; Laudir de Oliveira, congas (1, 3, 7), percussion (2); Manolo Badrena, percussion (1, 3); Alphonso Johnson, bass (1-8), Chapman Stick (3, 7); Al Ciner, electric guitar (4-6, 8), rhythm guitar (1, 3, 7); George Sopuch, electric guitar (1, 2); Bob Robles, electric guitar (7); Richard Feldman, rhythm guitar (6); George Duke, Rhodes piano (1, 3), clavinet (5, 8); Jose Bertrame, Rhodes piano (2, 9); Marcos Valle, Rhodes (3-5, 8); Bayete, piano (3, 5-8); Michel Colombier, piano (4); Hugo Fattoruso, Freeman and Arp synthesizers (3, 4, 8), Harmony clavinet and piano (8); Michael Boddicker, synthesizers (1); W. D. Smith, organ (6); Joe Farrell, tenor (1, 6) and soprano (2) saxes; Nivaldo Ornellas, soprano sax (9); Herb Alpert, trumpet (1); Flora Purim, vocals (2, 3, 9); the Sweet Inspirations, vocals (1, 6, 8).

★ ★ ★ ★

OM

OM WITH DOM UM ROMAO—ECM 19003: *Chipero*; *Dumini*; *Back To Front*; *De Funk*.

Personnel: Romao, percussion and berimbau; Urs Leimgruber, soprano and tenor saxes, bass clarinet; Christy Doran, six and 12 string electric guitars; Bobby Burri, bass; Fredy Studer, drums.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Although both Airtio Moreira and Dom Um Romao play percussion, hail from Brazil, and were early members of Weather Report, their new solo albums are worlds apart—or at least continents. Airtio's surprisingly spiffy effort was recorded smack in the middle of Hollywood at Conway Recording by Bob Monaco, a producer known for pop crossover sessions with Rufus, Freda Payne, and Candi Staton. Romao, on the other hand, has linked up with Switzerland's numero uno jazz group Om, laying down tracks at Tonstudio Bauer under the guidance of Thomas Stöwsand (not Manfred Eicher).

Airtio's *Touching You . . . Touching Me* opens disconcertingly with *Amajour*, a highly produced track sporting mediocre background vocals by the Sweet Inspirations and a TJB-type horn sound. Sure enough, Herb Alpert guests on trumpet. Despite a percussive brew that begins to glow and a respectable tenor solo from Joe Farrell, *Amajour* portends big commercial concessions by Airtio. His vocals on the reggae *Move It On Up* and the near-disco *Tempos Atras (Dreams Are Real)* are even more saleable.

But beneath the surface gloss of these three cuts some captivating moves are being made. Alphonso Johnson has an excellent session here, both on Chapman Stick and electric bass, showing perhaps a touch of Jaco Pastorius harmonics. Hugo Fattoruso of Opa continues to be the second most evocative synthesizer player in jazz, getting everything from a berimbau to a steel drum sound from his keyboards on *Open Space*.

After an awfully slick beginning, side one gets real tasty. Flora Purim does two of her best vocals in some time on *Partido Alto* and

Open Space, the first a totally wordless but unobtrusive fusion scat, the second more feverish and in her native Portuguese. She later oohs and ahhs on the poetic tonalities of *It's Not A Ballad*.

Pulse, of course, is the heart of any Airtio album, despite the strong melodies. Even the dance rhythms of *Tempos Atras* are transformed by Airtio's irresistible percussion. And just to demonstrate that his head is, finally, still in the right place, Airtio ends with an overdubbed drum jam playing all of the instruments himself. It's downright steamy.

Dom Um Romao brings basic jungle authenticity to the Om album, announcing the disc with Amazon bird calls, cymbal crashes, and a long berimbau solo on *Chipero*. Surprisingly, the tune was conceived and written by bassist Burri and all of the other pieces are Om originals as well.

This Swiss foursome shows a diversity of purpose, getting into Latin rhythms, honking some decent jazz trades, and mixing it all with a contemporary fusion attitude. Om may be closer to Jack DeJohnette's *Directions* than Eberhard Weber's *Colours*, proving again that ECM is much more than one-dimensional.

Still, without the colorifics of Dom Um Romao on *Dumini* and throughout, it is certain that Om's impact would be lessened. Just when guitarist Christy Doran and saxophonist Urs Leimgruber start to wax European, Romao bursts in with his whistles and gourds to send things in a new and perhaps more exciting direction. When Burri takes up the bow for basswork on *De Funk*, Romao bows his berimbau in a responsive dialogue.

The four tracks on *Om* are longer and looser than those on Airtio's disc, with a more consistent development of solos. But aside from *Chipero*, and Romao's occasional break-outs on other cuts, *Om* lacks the sensational melodic highs scattered throughout *Touching You . . . Touching Me*. This is a relatively strong outing for Dom Um Romao and a promising vehicle for his infectious musicianship. But Airtio, even under rather controlled studio conditions, is a hotbed of imagination.

—henschen

STEVE LACY

CLINKERS—Hat Hut F: *Trickles*; *Duck*; *Coastline*; *Micro Worlds*; *Clinkers*.

Personnel: Lacy, soprano saxophone.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lacy must be one of the most infuriating improvisers alive. As a rule, his solos are structured in the form of chapters from an exposition; each textual element is laboriously explained before he proceeds to the next. Themes are simplistic, almost simple-minded: motifs appear, are repeated for awhile, new motifs are stated in different tempos or meters. Improvisations have the quality of snippets from nursery rhymes or the worst 1940ish pop tunes. Phrases not especially musical are repeated, varied perhaps, until they yield a conjunction of ideas, or else simply yield to new, simple phrases. To Lacy, space simply doesn't exist as a structural element any more: he must keep spaces as even as he does in order to sustain the low-grade momentum of his short, simple phrases.

His solo in the quartet *Trickles* (on *Black Saint*) is superior to this version, in which repetition and slight variation intersect in geometric designs, with a bare minimum of rhythmic variety, all but the theme in an

unstated medium four time. *Coastline* is a sort of free ballad, the soprano sax bobbing up and down in imagined waves, lulling until an unexpected, lovely, high, held tone appears, and then, near the end, trills lead to high overtone trills. *Clinkers*, aptly titled, is a hodgepodge of wonderful imagination and dumbfounding banality. At best it moves in difficult areas of line and "mistakes," so that repeated phrases have frills and furbelows of growls, false tones, overtones, imprecise pitches. There's even a bit of counterpoint in multiphonics, as there also is in *Duck*, a pleasant and amusing trick; the themes of both these pieces share low, raunchy growls.

As with *Coastline*, *Duck* is imitative rather than evocative—quacks and cheap Herter's duck calls appear. The improvisation is an exploration of the sonic possibilities of the theme, with extremely high pitched sequences; this performance is, for my taste, superior to the fine *New Duck Lacy* solo (Emanem 301). *Micro* is a thoroughly challenging track, existing entirely outside the normal soprano sax range; extremely high whistling sounds are the means to play, alter and extend lines, until very long sustained notes move up and down the high freak register without a break. This is the most exploratory track in an uncommonly stimulating program, but each of these works is incomplete, provocative.

The softness of Lacy's sound is absolutely necessary in order that this LP is not a collection of blares and screeches—the soprano sax is a singularly unlovely instrument. As a matter of fact, the warmth of his music derives directly from his soft sound and his masterful integration of inside and outside sounds: very often I can't be sure which notes are false in this recital. The limitations of Lacy's music are self-aware and self-imposed; the question is, how necessary are the limitations to the success of *Duck*, *Clinkers*, *Micro*? This decade has offered a wealth of prime Lacy, most of it of at least this fine quality, a fair amount from hard-to-get European labels (you're especially urged to hear *Threads*, Horo NZ 05, from Italy). Indeed, now may be the time for Prestige to prepare a two-fer of its fine early Lacy sessions.

Hat Hut's American address is Box 127, West Park, N.Y. 12493, and this record is recommended despite all my warnings.

—litweiler

ROLAND VAZQUEZ

URBAN ENSEMBLE—Arista GRP 5002: *Music For A Flowered Pig*; *Long Gone Bird*; *The Visitor*; *Return To Congolia*; *Some Friends*; *Soul Force*; *Stephanie*.

Personnel: Vazquez, drums; Ralf Rickert, trumpet, flugelhorn. Harmon electric trumpet; Mike Carnahan, alto sax; Jim Coile, tenor and soprano sax, flute; Glenn Garrett, alto flute (cut 3); Larry Mitchell, bass clarinet (3); Larry Williams, Rhodes piano (1, 2), Arp Odyssey synthesizer (1); Dave Grusin, Oberheim Polyphonic synthesizer (2, 4-7), misc. percussion (4); Patrice Rushen, Rhodes piano (3-7), acoustic piano (5); Clare Fischer, Yamaha organ (6); John Darst, electric guitar; Abraham Laboriel, electric bass (6), electric guitar (7); Ken Wild, electric bass (5); Chuck Wike, percussion; Roger Squitiero, congas (1), shekere and cow bell (6); Manolo Badrena, congas and timbales (6), bongos (7); Leila Thigpen, vocal (5).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Crisp, contemporary horn sections and Latin percussion accent this debut from young drummer-composer Roland Vazquez. Producer Dave Grusin discovered the California-based Urban Ensemble when Vazquez sent him a demo tape with no less than 40 original tunes. Grusin and co-producer

Larry Rosen then caught the group at the Come Back Inn near Venice and big breaks, including a pact with GRP Arista, followed soon. Korman Records has issued two LPs by the similarly constituted L.A. Jazz Ensemble.

The Urban Ensemble plays commercial-but-sophisticated jazz in a fashion not far removed from Auracle. Though less complicated in many ways, the Vazquez method is highly arranged and heavily reliant on funky little melodic hooks, an approach that's right up Grusin's alley.

Vazquez has said that balance is the key to his music, and all seven tunes here are evenly weighted with intelligent charts and warm grooves. *Music For A Flowered Pig* and *Long Gone Bird* are almost totally written, and the mellow cohesion of the group serves to disguise what little soloing transpires thereafter. *The Visitor* does allow Ralf Rickert to solo on flugelhorn atop Larry Mitchell's bass clarinet and an overall backdrop that sounds like something from Herbie Hancock's *Crossings* era.

Other cuts are equally comfortable, enjoyable, and unobtrusive. Vazquez gathers a healthy percussion crew for *Soul Force*, and though no real breakouts ensue, the rhythms here are as substantial as the zippy horns. Nobody sticks their neck out on this album, so there are no miscues. Not that Vazquez really plays it that safe. He's clever and imaginative in many ways. It's just that this record is a product that was meant to be balanced and controlled. —henschen

KNOCKY PARKER AND FRIENDS

KNOCKY PARKER PRESENTS EIGHT ON EIGHTY-EIGHT—Euphonic ESR 1215: *King Chanticleer; Flapperette; I'm A Dreamer, Aren't We All?; Cow Cow Blues; Them There Eyes; Patricia March; My Buddy; New Orleans; Ragtime Nightingale; Memphis Blues; Temptation Rag; Avalon; Taint Nobody's Business If I Do; My Honey's Lovin' Arms; Sheik Of Araby; Angry.*

Personnel: Knocky Parker, piano; Dave Bourne (1, 10), Pat Gogerty (2, 11), Bill Coffman (3, 12), Dick Shooshan (4, 13), Jim Turner (5, 14), Bob Long (6, 9), Norvin "Vinnie" Armstrong, (7, 16), all pianos; Hal Smith, drums (9).

★ ★ ★

KNOCKY PARKER and BILL COFFMAN

CLASSIC RAGS AND NOSTALGIA AT THE OLD TOWN MUSIC HALL—Euphonic ESR 1216: *Euphonic Sounds; Lazy River; Palm Leaf Rag; Dinah; Sugar Cane, A Ragtime Classic; Sentimental Journey; Weeping Willow; Sugar; Pineapple Rag; Moon-glow.*

Personnel: Knocky Parker, Bosendorfer grand piano; Bill Coffman, Wurlitzer Theater Pipe organ.

★ ★ ★ ½

Euphonic Records has devoted its whole catalogue to early jazz piano, both reissued and contemporary cuts, from Cripple Clarence Lofton's wild stomps to the suave touch of Art Hodes. These two albums explore the world of keyboard duets, hosted by John "Knocky" Parker, who goes quite a way back—he was pianist with Western Swing kings the Light Crust Doughboys in the '30s, and after the War worked with Albert Nicholas and Zutty Singleton. Since then he's gone into academics but these sets show that his chops are still strong.

Eight On Eighty Eight joins Parker with some skilled ivory men for informal duet sessions of blues, boogie, rags and pop. All the styles get the same essentially rag ori-

ented chordal approach and, apart from one number, nothing sounds later than the '30s. Though easily accessible, this album is mainly for hardcore ragtime buffs; others may miss the fine points.

Most of the numbers are well played if strongly similar. Four are outstanding: *King Chanticleer*, a rousing rag by Dave Bourne; Bob Long's original *Patricia March*, with Parker coming out front; the rocking *Avalon*, unusual boogie from Bill Coffman; and *Temptation Rag* where Pat Gogerty combines high energy with dexterous technique. *Avalon* is particularly exciting, though poor recording all but loses a great walking bass. In general the sound quality and separation is lacking and a few more mikes would have gone a long way.

Eighty-Eight's mellow mood falters only twice. Dick Shooshan's *Cow Cow Blues* kills a classic—weak rhythm turns this prime rib into stale meatloaf. His other effort is fortunately more solid. Bill Coffman shows a bland cocktail touch on *I'm A Dreamer, Aren't We All?* which interrupts the record's continuity. This basic flow is strengthened by effective sequencing that scatters each artist's two tracks.

Classic Rags And Nostalgia also has a nice mood and is better recorded. Coffman's Wurlitzer Pipe organ has a unique sound halfway between a church's instrument and a roller rink's. He and Parker are best on *Euphonic Sounds*. The tunes on this session are more laid back than on *Eight* and though it's very middle of the road, the collection stays well this side of cute, corny or boring. No weak cuts break the spell as nostalgia reigns.

Neither of these will really floor anybody but they're solid sets of good, old music. The relaxed production gives the tunes a fresh feeling as no one tenses up chasing perfection. Beyond listening pleasure there's some stylistic significance since jazz hasn't overly tried the keyboard duet. This pair of LPs hints at the form's possibilities. —ben sandmel

CHRIS WOODS

MODUS OPERANDI—Delmark DS-437: *Modus Operandi; My Lady; Monsieur Le Bois In Paris; Scufflin' Along; What That.*

Personnel: Woods, alto sax, baritone sax, flute; Greg Bobulinski, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jim McNeely, piano; Roland Wilson, bass; Curtis Boyd, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

BISHOP NORMAN WILLIAMS

BISHOP'S BAG—Theresa TR102: *Hip Funk; One Mind Experience; For Lee; Billy Ballet; Dolphy.*

Personnel: Williams, alto sax; Dave Liebman, tenor and soprano saxes; Allen Pittman, acoustic and electric flugelhorn, trumpet; Paul Arslanian, electric and acoustic pianos; Babatunde, traps, congas; Curtis Ohlson, electric and acoustic basses (cuts 1, 3); Michael Howell, guitar (1, 5); Hadley Caliman, tenor sax (3); Mark Isham, trumpet (3); Clarence Becton, drums (5).

★ ★ ★ ½

This pair of small label productions spotlights two veteran alto craftsmen emerging from the shadows of obscurity after long years of apprenticeship. Memphis-born Woods currently resides in New York, while Williams, a native of Kansas City, operates out of San Francisco, but both share a slippery approach to bop reminiscent of the two Sonmys, Criss and Stitt. As they snake

through angular post-Parker progressions with easy facility, their smooth techniques bespeak the transformation of bop from a daring experimental leap to a fully assimilated mainstream genre. Williams' inclusion of modish Latin-funk material contrasts with Woods' straight-ahead repertoire, but an underlying affinity is evident in the tasty solo work, and it is unfortunate that both have overmodestly apportioned their own horn spots to a minimum. Nonetheless, even a small sampling is sufficiently persuasive that each is a vibrant and important player deserving of wider attention, particularly in the present atmosphere of bop revivalism.

Since moving to the Apple in 1962, Woods has gigged and recorded steadily with the likes of Ted Curson, Clark Terry, and Buddy Rich. With three recent European albums to his credit, as well as Delmark's reissue of his '50s sides for United/States, a new American date was clearly in order. Selecting a cast of little-known but long-experienced sidemen, Woods has fashioned a hard bop blowing session with professional aplomb. Trumpeter Greg Bobulinski and pianist Jim McNeely get the Messengerish set to smoking, but Woods carries the weight with a masterful display of alto prowess, investing each note with sinewy intelligence. Ernie Wilkins' title track is a real grabber, with a modernistic intro that reflects Woods' involvement with the JCOA. For variety, Chris supplies *My Lady*, a mellowed-out flute pastel, and *Monsieur Le Bois In Paris*, a less fluid but still surehanded baritone exercise. Eventually the 12 bar format, culminating repeatedly in traded fours, wears thin, a pitfall of self-production. Still, Delmark's Bob Koester and engineer Phil Prevette achieve a buoyant live feel, and it is hoped that Woods will be afforded the touring opportunity he so patently merits.

Norman Williams, having studied with Bird's teacher Leo Davis in Kansas City, was fittingly ordained "bishop" of San Francisco's Yardbird Temple. *Bishop's Bag* is something of a misnomer, for Williams is coming out of several bags at once, seemingly at pains to demonstrate that he is both an effective bop stylist and a viable potential crossover artist. His debut on Allen Pittman's fledgling Theresa label is a somewhat uneven affair—to the extent that it succeeds it is a tribute to the fine musicianship of Williams, his tight rhythm section, and guest Dave Liebman, who frequently overshadows the leader with his authoritatively swinging tenor work.

Tributes to Lee Morgan and Eric Dolphy showcase the Bishop at his best; for the rest, Williams and Liebman are too talented to spend their chops over synthetic modal vamps. Liebman's big toned post-Coltrane drive invests *Hip Funk* with more inventiveness and vigor than it probably deserves—when the horns lay out, the debility of the underlying electronic squiggle matrix is all too manifest. Lite solos by Williams and bassist Curtis Ohlson redeem *One Mind Experience* from the fusoid blahs, but the Supersax-styled salute to Morgan on *For Lee* is an unqualified winner, with race horse solos sprinting to the final bar. Successful too is *Dolphy*, a complex piece of modern writing that unfolds into meaty post-bop improvisation. First rate technique and solid conceptions mark Williams as a talent to watch for; with more consistent production his music shows promise of considerable audience appeal. —birnbaum

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THELONIOUS MONK

ALWAYS KNOW—Columbia JG 35720: *This Is My Story, This Is My Song; Criss Cross; Light Blue; Monk's Dream; Played Twice; Darn That Dream; Epistrophe; Coming On The Hudson; Bye-Ya; Introspection; Easy Street; Shuffle Boil; Honeysuckle Rose.*

Personnel: Monk, piano; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone (cuts 2-5, 7-9, 12, 13); Butch Warren (2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12), John Ore (4, 8), Larry Gales (11, 13) bass; Frankie Dunlop (2-5, 8, 9), Ben Riley (7, 11-13), drums; cuts 3, 9, add: Thad Jones, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Nick Travis, trumpet; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet, clarinet; Eddie Bert, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ½

All but three of the 13 tracks on this two record set are previously unissued. Recorded between 1962 and 1968 in live and studio environs, they provide a provocative, sometimes cloying portrait of Monk the small group leader, soloist, and big band member.

What things new can be gleaned about Monk and his music from this dredging into Columbia's vaults? Not a great deal. Monk's oblique, acerbic style, his studied, spare melodic and harmonic egocentricity—these elements were delineated and critically dissected long before the first of these tracks were cut. Throughout the years, Monk found little need to alter the tritonic dissonances or the whole tone scales he discovered in the early days of bebop. Once formulated, these ideal forms of the strategies of tension and release became things always there, things "always known."

Charlie Rouse, for ten years Monk's cohort in wittingly dismembering Monk's sardonic compositions, plays on all seven of the quartet selections present here. Rouse's long, legato lines perfectly foil Monk's rhythmic pointillism. Again and again Rouse solos with a seasoned awareness of Monk's inner voices and bass lines, without which a Monk composition is incomplete. For sheer acoustic power, note the gigantic tenor/piano unisons on *Criss Cross*, or the jocular, harmonically irreverent lines on Monk's disjointed theme, *Epistrophe*. Monk's dark solo picks at sensitive splashes of notes, like a brain surgeon tuning up a world weary *medulla oblongata*.

But other quartet tracks might have been better kept in the vaults. No one seems to know the head on *Shuffle Boil*; it's kicked off too fast, and Rouse's reed has terminal upper register atrophy. *Honeysuckle Rose*, a tired last-set Jazz Workshop track, is at best swingingly complacent.

Monk's solo playing has always elicited mixed reactions. Some said he couldn't play at all; some held he was critically victimized, judged by standards other than those which he chose to acknowledge. Yet another possibility is that he purposely fabricated a way of playing that couldn't be copied. Whatever his ultimate intentions, in a piece like *Darn That Dream* his operant principle seems to be economy. Beginning like an exercise in keyboard reharmonization, the theme is systematically stripped to its essentials. A touch of Walleresque stride, a hint of doubletime, and thorough faithfulness to those Monkian ideals of functionalism and surprise. *Introspection*, a short, rare solo, fumbles along as though Monk is continuously testing the keyboard for interesting flaws, resulting in probing, surreal architecture.

Rounding off this release are *Light Blue* and *Bye-Ya*, two lengthy tentet pieces recorded at a 1963 Lincoln Hall concert, both

54 □ down beat

arranged by Hall Overton, easily Monk's most skillful orchestral interpreter. Overton's clarinet led backgrounds on *Light Blue* highlight the wails and cacophony of Monk's music. But an incongruous, sweet solo by Thad Jones throws this chart far off balance. *Bye-Ya*, a Latinish kicker, shares *Light Blue*'s merits and deficiencies: strong ensembles, fascinating backgrounds and solos sometimes only tangentially related to the way Monk thinks about music. For a conceptionalist of Monk's intensity, such mismatches break the spell. Happily, though, Monk is in generally genial—if uneven—company on the bulk of Columbia's welcome bit of housecleaning.

—balleras

ANTHONY DAVIS

SONG FOR THE OLD WORLD—India Navigation IN 1036: *Behind The Rock; African Ballad; 59; An Anthem For The Generation That Died; Andrew.*

Personnel: Anthony Davis, piano; Jay Hoggard, vibes; Mark Helias, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Beyond the community of fusion, funk, rock and punk lies the creative artist, the individual who despite the odds tries to bring new life into current musical circles. Anthony Davis, known in New York as a young pianist/composer from the left side or avant garde, presents us with his first group record, *Song For The Old World* and what I think is a distinct return to melody.

In the last 20 years the musical experiments of avant garde jazz musicians have been put into the realm of noise and volume. Indeed, many records communicate the pain of musical rejection with their harsh, dissonant chords and numerous reeds. After so many years of what I think has been a complete musical revolution the point of transition has finally been reached. This is why *Behind The Rock* is important. Davis is not only dealing with the musical forms of Ellington and Africa, but also making an attempt to lead us into a more lyrical and full musical future.

Behind The Rock is the only solo piano piece by Davis on the record, and also I feel the strongest. A heavy bass drone is created by pressing the palm of the hand against the interior piano strings. John Cage has done numerous experiments of this nature, but I feel that they lack melody and reason. Davis gives us a mood of grief and sadness despite his radical approach to the instrument. As the hammer within the piano strikes the string initial tones are produced along with a series of overtones or harmonics. The bass end of the piano has strings that are thicker because they are wrapped with copper wire. With a delicate approach the overtones can be controlled and sustained; this is why *The Rock* has such a full bass sound.

Song For The Old World is a collection of musical folk fragments from Asia, Africa (Ghana) and southern America (New Orleans). The beauty of this composition is in the musical harmonic transitions that float over a very fine percussion line by Ed Blackwell. The record notes do not list the exact nature of the folk music used and I wished they did, for in Africa there are so many sources of musical idioms. Generations of string instruments that are from the African hunting bow and also centuries of percussive devices that date from before Christ are but a few of the "interior" musical elements. Also, after early religious groups

entered, numerous Western instruments like the violin were brought over and copied by the native peoples.

African Ballad features the subtle vibes work of Jay Hoggard. Instead of merely duplicating the piano's chord changes (a sound exploited to its fullest by the Shearing quartet), Hoggard goes back and forth adding lines that sound with, against and on top of the harmonic structure of the piece. I found that listening to this piece on headphones brings out the acoustic interplay between members of the group.

59, a composition by bass player Mark Helias, is a Monkish bop piece that again changes the overall mood of the record. The interplay between musicians and composer is nice throughout, but I would have liked a little more fire and perhaps at least one extended tune on the record.

An Anthem For The Generation That Died is dedicated to musicians like Dolphy and Coltrane, the founders of the modern avant garde. Traces of Keith Jarrett can be found in the rich chord sound of Davis, and the cymbal work of Blackwell is clean and melodic.

The record concludes with a piece dedicated to pianist Andrew Hill called *Andrew*, and this composition is indeed a musical diamond. The melody is rather sad and Brahms-like with various classical devices that are also exploited by Mr. Hill in his own compositions.

This is a gentle record and it takes time for one to hear the beauty, and indeed to *feel* the melody. A great deal of musical history is covered, and it is done in not only a lyrical way, but also an honest way.

The sound quality of the record from the perspective of mastering and mixing is rather poor. The fullness of the piano and the ringing quality of the vibes is lost. Music this beautiful should be mastered with care and perhaps in the future records which capture more of the acoustic sound of this group can be made.

—bradley parker-sparrow

EARL KLUGH

HEARTSTRING—United Artists UA-LA 942-H: *Heart String; I'll See You Again; Acoustic Lady (Parts I and II); Spanish Night; Pretty World; Waiting For Cathy; Rayna; Heart String (reprise).*

Personnel: Klugh, guitars; Greg Pillinganes, keyboards (cuts 1, 2, 4, 7); Phil Upchurch, electric guitar (1, 2); Charles Meeks, electric bass (1, 2, 4, 7); Victor Lewis, drums (1, 2, 4, 7); Ralph MacDonald, percussion (all cuts but 6, 8); Mickey Roquemore, keyboards (2, 3, 5); Hubie Crawford, basses (3, 5); Gene Dunlap, drums (3, 5); Darryl Dubka, keyboards (5); Roland Wilson, bass (5).

★ ★ ★

Ever since his inconspicuous, but now nevertheless prophetic, debut in 1970 as a gentle performer of gentle material (on Yusef Lateef's *Suite 16* album), Earl Klugh has established himself as a California version of Julian Bream. Substituting mellowness for Bream's austerity, but emulating the European guitarist's acoustical serenity and tonal innocence, Klugh has been able to carve a distinct niche for himself in today's pop jazz.

Heartstring offers a round of friendly little Klugh originals that all stay within a slow to medium tempo range, and which all feature the guitarist's fluently melodic style. Stripped of extremities and intensities, the album's sound is as mood controlled and mood conducive as a piece of muzak, but it is saved from being entirely a commodity article by

Klugh's quiet yet engaging warmth and by the swinging pulse of the backing.

Spanish Night is particularly effective. Laced with both Hispanic as well as Italian overtones and undulating around a pleasant backbeat, it is just the perfectly romantic expression of a Mediterranean beach night.

Between hard funk nuggets on one side and streamlined disco codes on the other, Klugh brings soothing, if shallow, sustenance. *Heartstring* is a rather tasty lollipop. —*gabel*

SMILEY LEWIS

THE SMILEY LEWIS STORY—VOLUME 1—THE BELLS ARE RINGING—United Artists (British) UAS 30186: *My Baby Was Right; Growing Old; Lowdown; Where Were You; Dirty People; Sad Life; Bee's Boogie; The Bells Are Ringing; Gumbo Blues; Ain't Gonna Do It; You're Not The One; Big Mamou; Caddonia's Party; Oh Baby; Playgirl; Blue Monday.*

Personnel: Lewis, vocal and guitar; Clarence Hall, Herb Hardesty, Meyer Kennedy, Alvin Red Tyler, Lee Allen, tenor sax; Joe Harris, alto sax; Waldron Joseph, trombone; Dave Bartholomew, trumpet; Ernest McLean, guitar; Salvador Doucette, piano; Frank Fields, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE SMILEY LEWIS STORY—VOLUME 2—I HEAR YOU KNOCKING—United Artists (British) UAS 30167: *Down The Road; The Rocks; Real Gone Lover; Lost Weekend; Bumpity Bump; I Hear You Knocking; Queen Of Hearts; Come On; Rootin' And Tootin'; One Night; Shame Shame Shame; Please Listen To Me; Down Yonder We Go Ballin'; Go On Fool; Bad Luck Blues; Stormy Monday Blues.*

Personnel: Lewis, vocal; Lee Allen, Herb Hardesty, Alvin Red Tyler, tenor sax; Clarence Ford, baritone sax; Dave Bartholomew, trumpet; Justin Adams, Edgar Blanchard, Ernest McLean, guitar; Salvador Doucette, Edward Frank, Joe Robichaux, Huey Smith, piano; Frank Fields, bass; George French, bass, guitar; Robert French, Earl Palmer, Charles Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Whereas the quality jazz reissue has become a blessed commonplace over the last few years, the first rate rhythm and blues retread remains an all-too-exotic creature. Although this country's legacy of r&b is truly enormous (as a read of Arnold Shaw's superlative *Honkers And Shouters* amply testifies), stateside labels have largely chosen to ignore such compilations.

United Artists, the heir apparent to the Imperial/Aladdin catalog, has only issued one r&b disc in the last several years, that being a definitive T-Bone Walker double on Blue Note. But British UA demonstrates a keener consciousness of its awesome heritage and has recently undertaken a series of superb collections showcasing some of the premier r&b artistes.

Enter Smiley Lewis—one Overton Amos Lemons by birth (a moniker which Smiley absolutely loathed), hailing from the minuscule Louisiana ville of Union but New Orleans bred and buttered. Vocalist/guitarist Lewis churned out a string of some of the most memorable post WWII recordings for Lew Chubb and Imperial. He never became a monster artist from the sales aspect, never a superstar like Fats Domino, Amos Milburn or Roy Brown. Instead, Smiley stuck close to his native Freret Street habitat in central New Orleans, taking the steady but small time gigs, continuing his practice of strolling through local clubs like a modern day troubadour, alternately rendering roadhouse blues and Tin Pan balladry all for a smile and spare change.

These two discs comprise the first non-bootleg attempt at making the Lewis catalog once again available. *The Bells Are Ringing* covers the earliest phase of Smiley's Imperial

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discography, spanning March, 1950 through December, '53. Far more bluesy than the later recordings, the 16 cuts are characterized by smatterings of dixieland and bebop and an abundance of rumba boogie, in the vein perfected by Professor Longhair and Archibald. The sessionmen are New Orleans' finest, with Smiley's alternately raspy and velvet vocals punctuated by uninhibited romping (catch the performances by trumpeter Dave Bartholomew, who went on to collaborate with Fats Domino and chart his rise to Hitsville). The first seven cuts are set apart from the remainder in that the thumping drums and riffing horns that came to dominate Crescent City r&b were for the most part still in an embryonic stage.

Lewis' first national hit, *The Bells Are Ringing*, was rockhouse all the way. A pounding beat supports a spirited vocal and the melody is sure to recall Lloyd Price's *Loudy Miss Claudy*. On the later '52 cuts, the horns are wailing in true ecstasy, something they would continue to do up till the coup de grace of Frankie Ford's quintessential *Sea Cruise* some six years later. *Big Mamou*, with its vocal call-and-response, the stomping *You're Not The One*, the guitar-drenched bite of *Blue Monday* (which was covered three years later by Domino in '56)—all these should have been chartbusters for Lewis. But for some inexplicable reason they never happened on more than a regional basis.

Another smash eluded Smiley until the summer of '55, when his *I Hear You Knocking* inspired a wimpoid cover version by *My Little Margie* sit-com warbler Gale Storm. And although *Knockin'* is the best known of the cuts on volume two, this album (which picks up in '53 and closes in '60) proves even more overpowering.

Smiley's version of *One Night (Of Sin)* is a true r&b classic, a blatant sexual moan that became a 1958 Top Ten smash, via a tamed down and lyrically denuded cover version that remains one of Elvis Presley's premier performances. *Shame Shame Shame* was an uproarious party disc, with Bartholomew's trumpet hooting its dixieland finest. *Go On Fool* was a prime effort that got buried in the deluge of New Orleans based hits that rocked 1957. Add such standouts as *Down The Road*, with Lee Allen's blistering tenor break; *The Rocks*, a gospelish tale of life on the jagged edge; the double entendre and country-tinged *Down Yonder We Go Ballin'*; the brilliant *Bad Luck Blues*, in which Lewis probes the heart of rockabilly—thus making him one of the few black artists to successfully venture into that specialized genre—and the bitterly beautiful version of *Stormy Monday* (his final Imperial waxing, cut in 1960), and you have an idea of the milestones contained in these two volumes.

Lewis faded into obscurity and ill health in the early '60s, his various comeback attempts proving fruitless. By the time he succumbed to stomach cancer in 1966 at the age of 46, all of his recordings had gone out of print. But as these reissues demonstrate, this is a man whose music refuses to die. The fact that his original *I Hear You Knocking* album now sells for upwards of \$75 bears testimony that somewhere out there a lot of people picked up on what Smiley laid down in Cosimo Matassa's primitive studio some 20 years back. Kudos to British UA for making these albums available. You owe yourself the favor of seeking them out. —hohman

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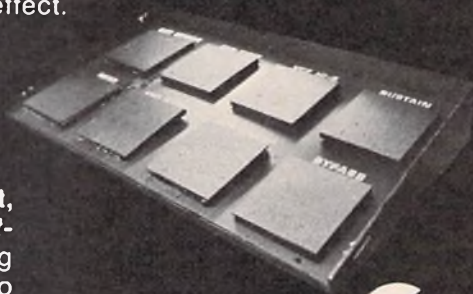


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Self-publishing has long been a fact of life in literary circles; often when a writer's content is controversial or his form is experimental beyond the currently acceptable fashion, he or she is forced to issue the work from funds out of their own pocket. And it's not only fringe artists who have done this—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, William Carlos Williams, Robert Creeley, e.e. cummings, Robert Frost, Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and countless others all had their work originally published in limited editions, paid for either by themselves or by friends. This manner of "small press publishing" is stronger than ever today, and recent estimates suggest that nearly 90% of today's truly creative literature (not trashy Romances or the latest disaster novel destined to be turned in a Hollywood epic) is being issued not by the major publishing houses but by individual editors more concerned with communication than profit.

Similarly, the recording industry has its own version of this phenomenon—the independent record label. For the most part, in the past these labels were mainly concerned with reissuing classic (and not-so-classic) performances from the pre-LP era; compiling, for example, long out of print sides by King Oliver, or the Original Wolverines with Bix Beiderbecke, or Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, or less-known, more esoteric ensembles, solely to appeal to devout collectors. Eventually the independents were able to expand their acknowledged limited audience's interest to include previously unpublished material such as outtakes and radio broadcasts. Despite the current nostalgia boom, few of the major record companies made any real commitment to join in this valuable service—and given their desire for mass market sales and commercial pabulum, it was only a matter of time before many of today's creative musicians (taking note of the groundwork laid by the mail order recordings of Stan Kenton, Marian McPartland and others) followed suit and developed their own alternative labels. The ten records reviewed here are recently released examples of such self-reliant activity, and they are, as might be expected, widely varying in ambition and quality.

Outline consists of two performers, **Jane Ira Bloom** on soprano saxophone and bassist

Kent McLagan, who generate a great deal of excitement in subtle ways. Both players are equally adept at spinning expressive yarns over set chord changes or spontaneously inventing their own harmonic direction, and thus the album is divided between the controlled and the free. McLagan seems to prefer a foundation role, which allows the more outgoing Bloom to display a lead voice somewhat reminiscent of Steve Lacy's filigree, alternately tough and soothing depending upon the situation. Each of the album's nine compositions reveal a clear cut rhythmic contour and well thought out construction, whether it be one of their angular, elastic originals, an ethereal view of Strayhorn's *Chelsea Bridge*, or the relaxed, serpentine sprawl of Mile's *Solar*. An impressive, intelligent debut.

The title *Four Compositions By Walter Thompson* is somewhat misleading, though the composer/alto saxophonist/percussionist apparently feels that the three-way *Improvisation* between pianist Jon Light, bassist Ed Schuller and himself can't be classified as one of his works. Thompson's debt to Anthony Braxton is readily apparent, both in his alto's attractive melodic mooning on the aforementioned piece, and in his compositional esthetic, which makes extensive use of conceptual repetition, notated phrases and loose rhythmic design. Each of his compositions embrace a series of short, etude-like episodes which contrast instrumental colors and densities, the problem being that a mood is abruptly destroyed almost as soon as it is established. In his wish to be diverse and structurally elusive, Thompson has only succeeded in becoming fragmented and uneven—some of the sonorities are pleasant, some aggravating. *S.I. No. 2* is a perfect example. This piece, a duet with Braxton himself, opens with a unison saxophone line which eventually evolves into improvised thematic variation; the two horns are so closely matched in tone and attack as to be virtually indistinguishable. Thompson then moves to tympani while Braxton growls on contrabass clarinet. The subsequent marimba/cymbal duet is nice but unrelated to the piece's opening, and when Thompson takes over behind a full drum kit the results are stiff and uninteresting. Finally both participants return to saxophones for a brief, entertaining quasi-march conclusion. Like the rest of this album, this cut contains some fantasy and some aimlessness.

No one could accuse *Oahspe* (**Ray Anderson**, trombone; **Mark Helias**, bass; **Gerry Hemingway**, drums) of rambling, discursive playing—and when Anderson lets loose, the music is absolutely volcanic. These young turks have played, together and separately, with a number of sterling musicians including Dewey Redman, Anthony Davis, Braxton, George Lewis, Sam Rivers and Barry Altschul, and all three previously appeared on Hemingway's first Auricle album, *Kwambe*, though in more crowded surroundings. Here, trimmed to a trio, the group sounds less self-consciously diverse and more compatible, taking advantage of a number of flexible ensemble contrapuntal devices and solo situations. Hemingway is a sympathetic accompanist and Helias is a supportive rock throughout, but Anderson is the main voice. Taking Rudd and Mangelsdorff as a jumping-off point for lyrical legato melismas and fiery explosions which can erupt blisters on

your skin, this trombonist is a musician to reckon with right now. Especially noteworthy on this consistently engaging release is the gutsy paean to *Albert* (Ayer? though not incorporating any of his unique free stylings) and *Beef*, which adds timbral variety via Hemingway's melodic marimba and Anderson's outrageous tailgating. Highly recommended.

In severe contrast to Oahspe's gut level emotional attack is **Allan Jaffe's** album, which includes Anderson and Hemingway, but smothers them under the leader's overarranged compositional blanket. Actually, *Theosophy* is an attractive idea, using fragments and echoes of Monk lines, along with characteristically jagged edges, incongruous phrase interruptions, and shifting tempi (a la *Brilliant Corners*); however, none of the soloists (flutist James Newton, pianist Anthony Davis or guitarist Jaffe included) are able to puncture through the melange. Elsewhere the tone of Jaffe's Wes Montgomery-inspired solos seems at odds with the freer phrasings of his cohorts. Only Anthony Davis' provocatively polyphonic *Hyperspace: Warp Drive* and some brief, grizzly Anderson trombone on *Plunkodunko* exhibit any real vitality; everything else seems all gloss with no depth.

A similar complaint could be made about the **Peter Kuhn** album, despite the music's rather rough exterior. The abstruse, angular heads serve mainly as an excuse for a great deal of diffuse, non-referential soloing. All of the soloists (clarinetist Kuhn, trumpeters Toshinori Kondo and Arthur Williams) are fluent and energetic, but for the most part seem content to string together a number of technical effects and timbral explorations without continuity or expressivity. There is some interesting interplay between Kuhn's squirrely bass clarinet and the two trumpeters on the overlong *Axistential*, but other than that only the participation of drummer par excellence Dennis Charles makes this set at all palatable.

Both albums by **David Wertman** and the **Stuart/Blackley Quartet** seem to exist inside a time warp, drawing heavily on two different periods in the development of John Coltrane's music. The latter group's *Determination* borrows its tone from Trane's classic quartet, with pianist George McFetridge offering some expansive block chording behind Michael Stuart's fleet, aggressively scalar tenor. The two ballads find Stuart's tenor clear and affecting while never straying far from the theme. *Awakening*, however, is the most derivative (and the most effective), as Stuart's soprano evokes Trane-ish arabesques and pianist McFetridge does a Tyner imitation. Here and on the title tune the pianist and bassist drop out for long snatches, reminding us that Stuart and drummer Keith Blackley are well known throughout their native Canada as a hard-driving duo.

Wertman's Sun Ensemble, on the other hand, recreates a lush sound spectrum reminiscent of Coltrane's *Om* and *Kulu Se Mama* period. Bells, flutes, airy textures, and fluidly melismatic horn solos above shimmering percussion cascades abound, but the group's exuberance can't disguise only marginally engaging solo work. Bassist Wertman's provocative arco solo introduction to *Clear Air Dancer* is dissipated by Jay Conway's Buddy Rich-inspired "technique and speed" drum solo—the only jarring note in this pastoral setting.

Guitarist **Ray Wilkes** has two faces to his music; one a quasi-classical, romantically rhapsodic solo side showcased on three of the album's six tracks, the other a rockish ensemble side which resembles the John McLaughlin of *My Goal's Beyond*, the Larry Coryell of *Spaces* and bits of Soft Machine's compositional juxtapositions. At its worst, on *Blood From A Stone*, the overdubbed guitars, violins, drums, and alternating Latin groove, cocktail piano and saxophone riffs sound schizophrenic and fussy. But on *Quest* and *Dark Blue Man* Wilkes' guitar takes on a more aggressive edge, and Gene Elders' violin swings up a storm. All together, the album divides itself between a strange balance of mood music and funk.

Pianist **Steve Nelson-Raney** seems to have assimilated a number of structural and technical devices of contemporary music (classical and jazz) and this makes his music curiously familiar and yet refreshing. The first side of his succinctly titled album consists of some *Prepared Piano Improvisations*, all of which owe an obvious debt to John Cage, but which also seem more self-consciously timbrally oriented than Cage's work in the medium, which for the most part was written to accompany dancers and thus provided clearer rhythmic outlines. Nelson-Raney's improvisations are hazier, with a conceptual thrust parallel to some of Roscoe Mitchell's solo constructions. Each of these short, evocative pieces uses a continual modification of texture (sparse spaces to dense shuddering), tempi, and color within a fragmented, abstract melodic contour. His "regular" piano pieces on side two exhibit a sensibility of plastic phrasings and juxtapositions of types of moods and attacks. *Paul* (dedicated to Paul Bley) uses a stuttering articulation and curiously meandering bass line to good effect, while *Cell* (dedicated to Roscoe Mitchell) seems to evolve out of an opening intervallic seed (or "cell" as in Stockhausen's two piano *Mantra*) into a florid ornamentation. Only *Columbia*, which contrasts an interrupted, syllabically elongated text underneath similarly fragmented piano, falls flat.

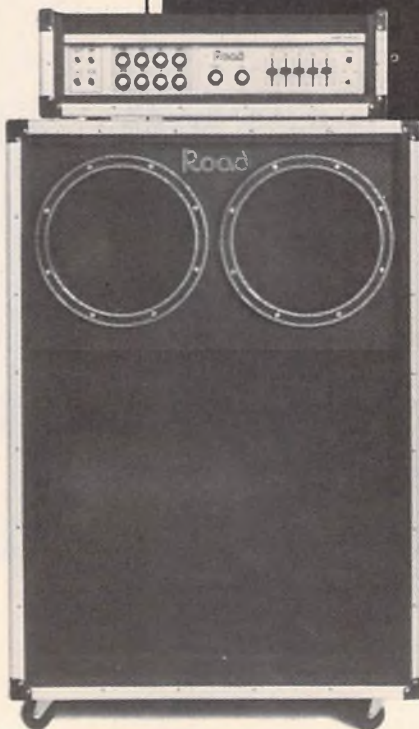
Finally, the French Canadian flute trio *Nebu* is a forgettable album of mood music and travelogue soundtrack sonorities. The five original compositions are well bred to the point of somnambulism, and the interaction between flutist Jean Derome and pianist Pierre Saint-Jacques won't make anyone forget the Jeremy Steig/Bill Evans duos, hard as they try. Bassist Claude Simard adds a touch of surrealistic humor, probably unintentional, with his variegated tone, but there just isn't any spark of creativity apparent anywhere.

The fact that these and countless other independent labels exist and document interesting but uncommercial music is not enough; a much more difficult problem is that of distribution. Fortunately, there is an answer to this problem—the New Music Distribution Service, which handles all of these albums except the two Canadian issues, and hundreds more like them. A catalog of these hard to obtain jazz and classical releases is available from NMDS: 500 Broadway, New York City, NY 10012. (The Stuart/Blackley Quartet album is available from Endeavour Music, 290 Greenwood Ave., Toronto, Canada, and *Nebu* comes from 2695 d'Orleans, Montreal, Quebec, H1W 3S4, Canada.)

—art lange

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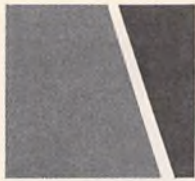
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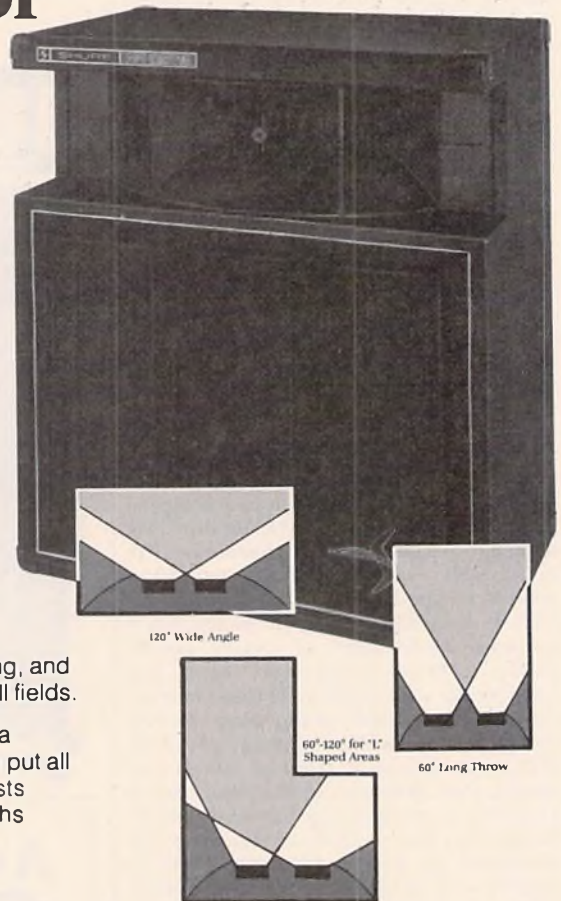
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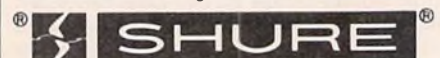
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BLINDFOLD TEST



PETE LANZARONE

CHARLI PERSIP

BY BRET PRIMACK

"Sometimes people ask me about my academic background and I tell them I attended the Julliard School of Music but I graduated from Dizzy Gillespie," says master percussionist Charles Lawrence Persip (born July 26, 1929, Morristown, New Jersey). Though his first teenage gigs were with r&b groups, Persip, who has headed the Jazzmobile's drum instruction department since '74, was already heavily into bebop. He worked an Atlantic City show band with Tadd Dameron, Clifford Brown and Benny Golson before joining Gillespie in '53, as an integral member of Diz' big band that toured the Middle East for the State Department and cut several Verve LPs.

Following Gillespie, Sip joined Gil Evans, jobbed with Harry James and Johnny Richards, and did studio work. He continued his musical education as a member of Ruben Phillips' house band for the Apollo Theatre, and served as drummer and co-conductor with Billy Eckstine for seven years. He then started doing clinics and teaching, as well as working with Archie Shepp, Sam Rivers and Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

Persip's only album as a leader, *Right Down Front*, has been rereleased by Bethlehem; it features his working group of '61, the Jazz Statesmen, with Freddie Hubbard and Ron Carter. At the time of this Blindfold Test, his first, Charli had just returned from a National Endowment of the Arts sponsored lecture-demonstration-concert tour with Jimmy Owens, Chris White and Jimmy Ponder. He was given no information about the records played.

1. BILLY COBHAM. *Be Cool* (from *Montreux, Volume 2*, Columbia). Cobham, drums; George Duke, keyboards, composer and arranger; Hubert Laws, Bobbi Humphrey, flutes; Alphonso Johnson, bass; Steve Khan, Eric Gale, guitars; Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Bob James, Rhodes piano, conductor.

The drummer sounded very familiar. He's very into what's happening in the recording studio today. That even sounded like a movie soundtrack in spots. It had all the electronic effects that you hear nowadays. If I hadn't heard the applause, which naturally suggests a live performance, I would almost say it was one of those multi-track things. It's in the rock, pop vein. It's not disco, thank God. Was it the flautists' date?

There were a couple spots where it could have been Billy Cobham. There again, when you get into the rock/pop/funk style, whatever you want to call it, to my ears, I hear less individuality amongst the drummers who are playing that kind of music. I'm not saying that in a negative sense because the drummers who are playing that music today are pretty together drummers. Naturally if you hear someone a lot—like Billy Cobham fans can probably tell Billy when he plays—but from the standpoint of depth of music all those drummers sound quite a bit alike. The people who are into Harvey Mason, the people who are into Steve Gadd, they'll know them because occasionally they'll play a lick that they did on a certain record. I've even heard some of these drummers' fans mistake them, almost for that same reason. But that's not to say that these drummers aren't playing well. They're playing some slick stuff.

2. ANDREW CYRILLE/MILFORD GRAVES. *Call And Response* (from *Dialogue Of The Drums*, IPS). Cyrille, Graves, percussion.

The drums sure sounded strong, man. A good drum sound, good from the standpoint of strength. Good tone quality in the drums. As a matter of fact, it was good drumming. I didn't get the message, from

the standpoint of a musical composition. If I read something about the composition, where the composer was coming from, I would get more of the message. Tell you one thing I was struck with while listening to that cut: it sounded like more than one drummer. It sounded like a percussion ensemble. My first impression was to say that it was M'Boom Re: Percussion. But they went somewhere M'Boom doesn't go. There was one spot there, with all the conglomeration of sounds going on, it sounded like it could have been one drummer. Then it put me in the mind of some of those one man concerts that Milford Graves and Andrew Cyrille have done; 'cause a lot of it was free and then with the vocal sounds, the jungle, kind of Africanish. It sounds like something they would or could have done.

3. OSIE JOHNSON. *In A Mellow Tone* (from Ben Webster, *See You At The Fair*, Impulse). Johnson, drums; Webster, tenor saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; Hank Jones, piano.

Hard swinging there, boy. That's getting back to old groove time. That's Ben Webster. He's one of the all time great swingers. Ben was a *tenor saxophone player*. He wasn't into the snakes, that many notes, but he sure could lay it down with that big commanding sound. I heard him do something at the Apollo Theatre, a long time ago, back in the '50s, when the Apollo still had a lot of the greats for a week at a time. I don't remember who was with him but it was one of those jazz shows. I went to see him on a Sunday afternoon and those shows could get pretty noisy—you got the overflow of Saturday's kids. Ben came out and played *You Are Too Beautiful*, the ballad. This is no bullshit, man; by the time he had finished the first eight bars, you could hear the proverbial pin drop. That was really some artistry.

Drummers who Jo Jones influenced came to mind—in a couple of spots, it actually sounded like the influencer. Unfortunately, when I hear Mr. Jones play now, he seems to be getting into humor and theatrics, more than actually gettin' down playin'. But when he really gets down and plays, I don't have to

tell you. Everybody knows Mr. Jones' contribution.

In some of the other spots, it sounded like some of the drummers he influenced. A couple of spots it even sounded like Louie, but basically it sounded a little too heavy for Louie Bellson. For a minute it sounded like Grady Tate, but some of the licks I don't think Grady would play.

4. PETER ERSKINE. *Pinocchio* (from *Weather Report, Mr. Gone*, ARC/Columbia). Erskine, drums; Wayne Shorter, tenor sax, composer and arranger; Jaco Pastorius, bass; Joe Zawinul, keyboards.

I like that, man. I really liked that. These artists are making today's music, music that's good and I'm really into that. Naturally I can say my roots are bebop, because that was like a really strong time for black music. But I'm still into what's happening here in 1979 and using synthesizers and electronics and the sound that rock drummers are getting. When they make sense, it makes music; I can use it. Here again, with today's music, I don't get that strong definition like I do with bebop music or something like that, but that cut I like. I could hear where it was going, where it went melodically and everything.

The drummer was really bad. I really liked what he was doing. The steady beat with the hi-hat immediately put me in mind of Tony Williams because Tony recorded that better than any of the drummers. As a matter of fact, I always say he's like the youngest genius playing the so-called trap drums, the multiple percussion set. Tony is really the biggest influence of the younger drummers, rock and otherwise. Thank God, because rock music can be so trite; Tony has some depth, and his talent has brought some depth to rock drumming.

5. SUNNY MURRAY. *One Down, One Up* (from *Sunny Murray's Untouchable Factor*, *Applecores*, Philly Jazz). Murray, drums; Frank Foster, soprano sax; Jimmy Vass, alto sax; Don Pullen, piano; Monette Sudler, guitar; Cecil McBee, bass.

Alright. When I first heard that, I immediately started thinking of Ornette. When the soprano played, it kind of snuck up on me there. The bassist sounded like Richard Davis, especially when he soloed with that two finger attack. The drummer I really didn't recognize, although I thought of Ed Blackwell. The piano sounded like he was really getting out and automatically, I thought of Cecil Taylor. But when those two reeds played together on the head, that's a hell of a sound, man.

I'm really kind of mystified with the soprano, although he got that kind of playing all the keys off the horn feeling Mr. Coltrane used to get. John's tenor playing is what jumps out at me. I'm not saying I don't like his soprano playing by any means, but I think I might recognize his tenor playing quicker than his soprano playing. The soprano player was playing the shit out of the soprano like Mr. Coltrane did. As I say: the drummer, I thought of Brother Blackwell. That's the best I can do on that one.

6. ROY HAYNES. *Dear Lord* (from *The Mastery Of John Coltrane Volume 2: To The Beat Of A Different Drummer*). Haynes, drums; Coltrane, tenor sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass.

There was almost no doubt it was John, John Coltrane. With someone like Mr. Coltrane, he made such a great contribution to the instrument sometimes you hear it when it ain't him and it *still* sounds good. But it really sounded like John to me. The piano player played some things that made me think of Red Garland. If it wasn't Red, it was a piano player who borrowed Red's chordal sounds.

The drummer really mystified me because he sounded good and it was a nice groove for that tempo, nice triplet thing with the snare drum that Elvin does, but it didn't sound like Elvin. There have been a couple of things Elvin has done where he's played kind of straight, and when I heard them I was surprised. I'm really kind of into the way Elvin plays. But it was nice and relaxed like Elvin can be. The hi-hat was a little stronger than you usually hear from Elvin—that's what mystified me a little bit. It also reminded me of Ben Riley. The bass player, I really couldn't say. Maybe it was Ron Carter but he wasn't into his Ron bag that day.

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ANDY FREEBERG/ENCORE

Personnel: Chico Freeman, flute, soprano and tenor saxophones; Jay Hoggard, vibraharp; Rick Rozzie, bass; Famoudou Don Moye, percussion.

Aladdin was as unprepared for the genie that billowed from his lamp as was this audience of 200 which found itself facing two innovators on a typically damp and tepid June evening in Manchester. Chico Freeman, the eagle-eyed son of the undercelebrated Chicago tenor man Von Freeman, had been caught with a spare day during his first bandleading tour of Europe, and was brought to England by the enterprising Jazz Centre Society.

A tall, willowy young man with the strength of a hawser, Chico has eluded the influence of Coltrane to fashion a tenor style that—in all departments—is richly singular. Trane was formative, of course—but so, too, were Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Stitt and his own father, the latter reflected in a certain blunt pulpiness of tone that is otherwise quite individual. Such influences, however, are daily becoming more oblique.

Freeman uses timbre and pitch with the virtuosic ease which marks modern Chicagoans. The texture of his improvisations is additionally varied by his use of space.

Structurally, he builds and rebuilds lines where plump, glossy melodies jostle with dense, beehive-like phrases or woodpeckerlike rhythmic figures. Sometimes, the notes spit and snarl like white-hot iron on a cold stone, only to be relieved by an interlude of ingratiating simplicity. And these elastic episodes of intensity cohere with a symmetry that betrays a complex musical imagination at work. Moreover, his improvisations interact with the rest of his quartet in both polyrhythmic and polymetric ways, so that each performance is spontaneously organic.

The opening *Swing Song* quickly established the validity of most of these techniques. Though taken at a bright tempo, Chico was able to set the stealthy theme climbing like ivy over the eerie trellis created by Hoggard's vibes. Jay took a solo, revealing the presence of a second innovator.

Hoggard drew originally from Bobby Hutcherson and Walt Dickerson, but these are now only flickering shadows in his work, which is less astringent than the former's and melodically richer than the latter's. He uses four mallets in accompaniment to create spare chordal structures, often of unusually wide intervals, which become, in solo, more closely-knit webs of sound. As tension peaks, he will abruptly cast aside two mallets to continue, single-noted, a contrasting percussive line. (Sometimes he swaps the four for two of different texture to gain additional tonal variation.)

The shape and content of his work is quite original and, I think, significant for the instrument's future.

In contrast to the bite of the opener (which moved through several moods, including an abstract episode in which Freeman switched to soprano to coagulate with Rozzie's rich arco), *The Search* was a dying swan of a melody for tenor. Chico's reverence for past masters (Hawkins, Berry, Young) became more transparent, though always expressed individually. The whole performance was given extra lifting grace by Moye's supple hand-drumming.

A fierce samba was at the core of the racy, scuttling *Uhmla*, which closed the first set. Freeman's long *a cappella* section was crammed with rhythmic and melodic incident, and contrasted cleverly by a Hoggard solo that climaxed in a chorus of nail-biting 32nds.

Any suggestion that contemporary musicians eschew the lighter touch was dispelled at the beginning of the second set, when bassist Rozzie was provoked to a rendition of Brahms' *Lullaby* behind Chico's "commercial" for the musicians' various recordings. They promptly swept into a tropical *Illas*, with Chico vocalizing his flute and Moye in a stunning display of percussive skill.

This rare opportunity to witness, relatively early in their careers, two men of destiny in jazz was completed by a fierce *Look Up*, which would challenge any Texas twister for centrifugal energy.

A dynamic band, composed of individuals whose love for their music transcends individual exhibition to cohere into a colorful and compelling whole. Moye has already

made his mark on the music; Freeman is in the process of doing so; and Hoggard surely will also be regarded, before long, as an important figure on his instrument. Plaudits to Rozzie for his pliant pizzicato and vivid arco work, which were the band's heartbeat. It is a portent of Freeman's future that he was able to knit together such a band within his own image.

—Chris Sheridan

JAY McSHANN AND HIS BAND

RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN
CHICAGO, ILL.

Personnel: Buddy Tate, tenor; Claude Williams, violin; McShann, piano; Eddie DeHaas, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rick's Cafe has had success assembling ad hoc groups from musicians who normally play jazz rooms as a single. A couple of years ago Roy Eldridge was reunited with Franz Jackson and Truck Parham from his original band of the late '30s. Last summer Urbie Green, Red Norvo, Barrett Deems, Buddy Tate and Dave McKenna were convened for a remarkable engagement.

The shadow of old Kansas City fell upon the cozy room as McShann and Williams, who both continue to live and work regularly in K.C., joined Tate, a giant of the classic Southwestern tenor, for a hard driving series of sets. The ringer in the group was former drummer of the long running Dave Brubeck Quartet, Joe Morello, who happily fits into the machine like a custom tooled gear. Local bassist Eddie De Haas was also superb.

The titular leader was McShann, whose vintage piano style triumphs in spite of its well-worn devices on the basis of sheer stomping horsepower. It is a tough, slugging, highly rhythmic attack. You'll hardly ever catch McShann running a chord or treading water. His playing is full of salty, succinct riffs and ideas propelled by a remarkable drive that is always on the offensive. It is easy to forget that this is also the man who discovered Charlie Parker.

On one set we caught, McShann dominated the proceedings almost completely with a long pile-driving performance of *Kansas City*, bracketed by a thunder-clapping *Vine Street Blues* and a sultry, lingering lope through *After Hours*. McShann is one of the greatest blues pianists working today, and a man whose stake in the idiom is formidable. When you have been at something in the neighborhood of 50 years, you not only bear its imprint; it bears yours.

One evening another Kansas City veteran dropped by to listen—Count Basie. Basie was among friends. Claude Williams was part of the original Basie contingent that John Hammond unearthed in 1936. He played rhythm guitar and occasionally violin, but elected not to go with Basie to New York. Freddie Green replaced him. Remaining in K.C., Williams earned a sturdy but essentially local reputation that seeped into national consciousness only from time to time on a record date or reunion with Basie. He is an outstanding musician and swings the simple Kansas City language with emotion, power and fluency. If he had left Kansas in 1936, he would be at least as well known today as Joe Venuti, Stephane Grappelli, Ray Nance and

Stuff Smith.

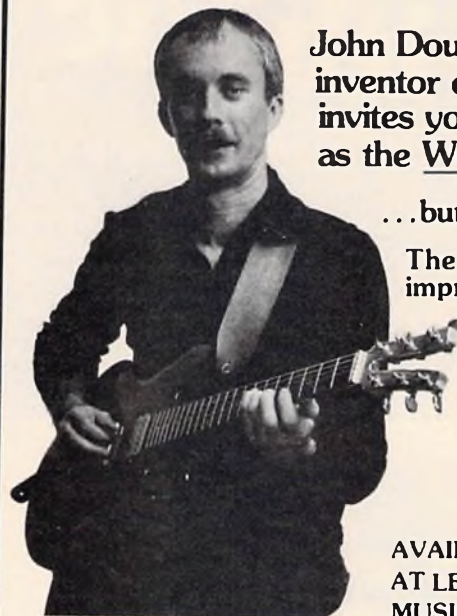
Another Basie alum on the stand was Buddy Tate, who is perhaps the most consistent tenor craftsman now playing. Like Sonny Stitt, Lockjaw Davis, Zoot Sims and a few others, he seems incapable of a poor performance. His emotional range on ballads like *Blue And Sentimental* is somewhat narrow and lackluster, but on medium and up beat tempos his tenor roars with an authoritative, strutting swagger. He'll begin a solo by chewing a note for a few beats and then throwing some gravel into the mix. He then climbs or descends the scale with a sense of motion that is loose and relaxed. He rarely indulges in doubletime playing. His ideas are worked out in a steady succession of eighth notes punctuated with half and whole notes

that seem to sweat and strain with anguish. Occasionally Tate will pick up the clarinet for a change of pace. When he does, he loses most of his unique instrumental identity. His tone lacks the full mellowness associated with full time clarinetists. But his place in the pantheon of tenors is secure, and that's what counts.

Joe Morello made himself at home in the ensemble from the first night. His subtle, insinuating work on the sock cymbal kept the repertoire swinging. No strange time signatures for Morello on this gig—just straight, shoot-em-up 4/4, with plenty of carefully fired rimshots spearing the familiar riffs of *Moten Swing* and *Jumpin' At The Woodside*.

Rick's had a winner indeed with the Jay McShann Band.

—John McDonough



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has always had a Fletcher Henderson flavor. What made it less odd to me is that I would come down to rehearsal even when I wasn't playing, so I sort of saw Sun grow up with his big band. I've been knowing Sun since the '40s and we played quite a few gigs together.

"In the '60s the group I was with was playing outside the changes. I was working with Ira Sullivan, Nicky Hill, Donald Garrett, and the pianist was Billy Green, then Jodie Christian, then Muhal Richard Abrams. We would play some of Ornette's tunes; we were all used to playing outside, having been involved with Monk, because Monk was considered outside with *Epistrophy* and things

like that. It was a natural evolution—in fact, we were playing in threes and fives before Dave Brubeck recorded his tune. We had heard Max's group playing in five a long time before that, so we decided to play in five; then we heard *Take Five* and it became a hit. It was never a technical problem, because the music still swung within a time context—even in free time, it still came back to a context.

"I also had a drug problem at that time, which influenced my decision to stay around town. People often ask me about that today, and I have to say there were good times and bad. For one thing I was young then, which made it all different. But I used drugs for a long time—I started in '47 and stopped in '68, so I had a long run. I must say that I

never stopped playing—I think it relaxed you, made it easier to function. But drugs were part of that era. Unfortunately, it was darn near impossible to use drugs at that time and not go to jail. So I did a little bit. I was in with Gene Ammons—we were all in the same cell. Jug was the inmate director of the prison band.

"After that I rejoined the group—I was working steadily at that time with Ra and Nicky Hill, in addition to other gigs. We played at the French Poodle, at Clark and Oak, for a long time, and we used to play across the street at the Cloister and on the South Side. In the last ten years I've worked a lot at the Jazz Showcase. I've had a long relationship with Joe Segal, back to some of his first sessions at Roosevelt University in '49 or '50 and it's been a good experience.

"I'm going to have to clear up my status with the AACM. I used to come up at the beginning, but I never formally became a member because I was strung out at the time, and I was not a joiner. But I would come up around '64, after Nicky died, when they were first starting. I remember when Steve McCall was a youngster first starting to play. I remember the cats who used to come and stand on the stage when I'd be playing—Steve, T-Bird [Thurman Barker], Walter Perkins, Jack DeJohnette. Jack would come by my house; I loaned him my drums to make his first road tour with Eddie Harris in '61. And Alvin Fielder, he's now a pharmacist in Alabama or Mississippi.


"So I've made the circuit, from blues, bar mitzvahs, you name it—to me, that was all a part of becoming a well-rounded drummer. I've listened to all the cats, everything that runs across my ears, African drumming, calypsos, and I enjoy hearing anyone who can play. Even today I'm somewhat influenced by the younger cats I hear, in the sense they think of things that I don't. I reached the stage where I could play what I heard; only problem is I don't think of everything, so they do stimulate a fresh approach, a little different perception of the drums. Among the current crop of drummers, I enjoy Tony Williams, Al Mouzon, Eric Gravatt, Lenny White. I haven't heard them lately in the fusion thing, but then, everyone marches to a different drummer.

"I think it's tragic, but if you want national or international exposure you have to leave Chicago, or at least travel a lot, but eventually you leave. I have experimented with having my own group, but I would want to have four cats that could play, that were bad dudes, and if they were half the headache I was, I wouldn't want to be a leader."

Wilbur had a final word of advice to young percussionists. "Nowadays there is more opportunity for drummers to utilize their reading skills, whereas when I was coming up it was four or five years before I got to read a piece of music. So I think every drummer should learn to read as part of the basic foundation."

Wilbur Campbell plays Ludwig drums and A. Zildjian cymbals. **db**

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dealing with improvised music. When you start putting words on something as intangible as music, you've already struck out from the beginning.

You can't put music into words. It can't be done, and will not be done. Consequently, you're going to get many misunderstandings. Julius said before that white people have a literary background . . .

Hemphill: That was just a generalization.

Lake: Yes, I'm using that generalization to say that a lot of white writers are using this literary tradition to describe music. Since it can't be done, they're in trouble.

Murray: I've noticed that in English, the words "loft jazz" might mean something different to someone in New York than in Europe where they speak other languages. For example, a person came up to me and said, "I heard that the loft jazz musicians and the free jazz musicians are having a big battle." This person had the wrong conception of what these people in America meant when they said "loft jazz musicians" because of a language barrier.

Lake: I think that it's just about getting back to one very basic thing, an exchange between the musician and the audience, regardless of the label. But labels are always going to be used. There are some musicians who have gotten mad about the name "loft jazz." We can continue to get angry and upset from now until the end of time because we will continue to be labeled. So I have to get to where I can live with that, not be upset, and continue to create.

Murray: The way loft jazz was described implied that you were coming to a building which was responsible for a certain feeling coming over you so you could play your horn. We had situations where instead of calling Hamiet's band "Hamiet Bluiett Big Band and the Free-Form Telepathetic Instrumental Choir Workshop," they would say "Loft Jazz Workshop." Articles have been titled "Loft Jazz Musicians Say Again" instead of "Julius Hemphill Says Again."

Bluiett: It's a faceless thing. That's my objection to it. Other than that, we were

doing our thing, I'm going to take the blame off the writers for originating the name loft jazz. I found out that the culprits were the building owners. They came together with that name and gave it to the writers. Actually, we were independent producers who used these empty spaces called lofts.

Murray: They act like people weren't playing in lofts before the mid '70s. Ornette Coleman started Artists House in the mid '60s, which is a long time before they started talking about loft jazz.

Safane: Getting back to the World Saxophone Quartet, do you all compose material for the group?

Lake: We all contribute, but not equally. Right now, Julius has probably written the most.

Safane: Who determines the instrumentation for each composition? Is this planned during rehearsals or does it happen spontaneously during a performance?

Murray: It's a combination of both. We might use one particular instrumentation for an entire song, or switch during solos in order to get a particular sound.

Bluiett: Actually, it's quite precise.

Hemphill: The composer usually designates the instrumentation, but in the improvisation, instrumentation is not necessarily fixed. There is a lot of precision in what we do. We've been playing this way for over a decade apiece. Whatever we do, we know what we're doing texturally, whether it's written or improvised. Sometimes it's not necessary to write something out because it can't be done.

We may go out with no paper, and the music isn't free. On the other hand, we may go up with a bunch of paper and the majority of the music is free. So you really can't say.

Murray: We can play compositions from memory, so some people can't tell which parts are written. If we're not using music, they think that we're always improvising.

Bluiett: We're dealing with textures. Paper isn't always necessary to get across particular sounds or ideas. What is good about this group is that we have many options. We're not boxed into anything. I don't know if free is a good word to describe what we're doing, because it gives the connotation that you can

do anything and get away with it. And that's not true. If we're playing a soft passage and I play loud, that's the end of it.

Hemphill: If you don't know what's appropriate after playing for so many years, you're in big trouble. People make a big fuss over whether it's written or improvised, whether you use chord progressions, and if you adhere to changes. None of these things have anything to do with the end result, which is simply good music.

Murray: In gospel music, sounds that certain choirs get may not be written down, and chances are, they *can't* be. Some choirs just sound unique. They try to get a certain feeling. So do we.

Safane: What are your future plans concerning the Quartet?

Murray: We would like to do some things with guest artists or ensembles that would present the Quartet in a different perspective.

Bluiett: We've already talked with Cecil Taylor, Jack DeJohnette, and the dance group Sounds and Motion about this possibility.

Lake: Our first concert in New Orleans included bass and drums with the Quartet. We want to continue to explore this idea of using other instruments, like orchestra with sax quartet, string quartet with sax quartet, and various other combinations.

Safane: Would you consider adding a rhythm section on a regular basis?

Bluiett: Only for special projects.

Hemphill: We don't anticipate altering the group's format. We're also trying to move into some video activity. We might use *Skyline* [the Quartet's TV presentation shown on WNET, Channel 13, on April 17] as a launching pad.

I think we have a wealth of material and abilities. We haven't really tapped our potential as fully as we will in the future. We were all uniformly inspired by the growth we experienced during our fall tour. We came away from it with a really sound feeling of what directions our work will take. We're in an upswing period, both musically and economically.

Now, we'll have a moment of prayer by Rev. Lake.

Lake: The Lord have mercy. db



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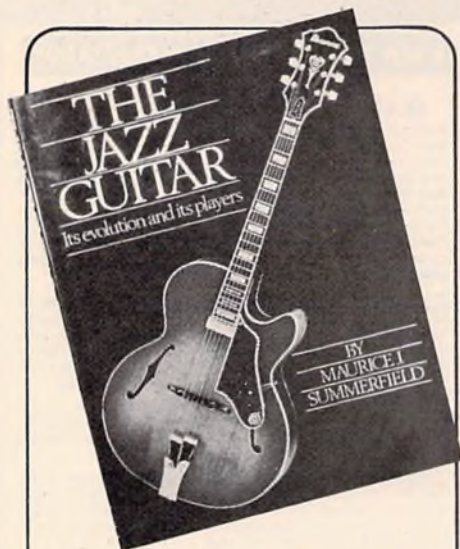
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Metheny was featured in our 3/22/79 issue.

Pat Metheny
Bright Size Life
solo
Transcribed by
Russ Scanlan



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4. Use of double stops.
5. Use of chord tones more than scales.

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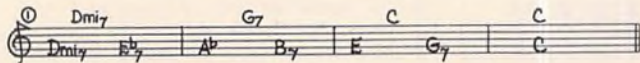
WOODWINDS:

Analysis of the music of John Coltrane

Saxophonist, composer and 20th century prophet John Coltrane was perhaps the most influential jazz performer of the last 25 years and virtually everyone playing jazz today is in his debt. To place Coltrane's importance in perspective this article treats him as an innovator, assessing his musical contributions; charts his influences and lists some of the people he influenced; examines the various components of Coltrane's playing, analyzes Coltrane's compositional style and looks at some of his most popular and most imitated 11-V7 melodic and harmonic patterns.

Coltrane's influence is now felt in the sound of almost every jazz voice. His innovations include expanding the harmonic vocabulary via an extremely sophisticated system of substitutions as on *Giant Steps*, *Countdown* and *But Not For Me* (example 1).

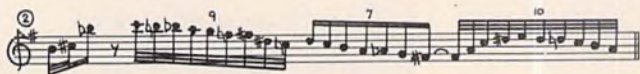
Selected II V Patterns



Coltrane superimposed chords, that is, stacked chords and scales on top of each other. During his "vertical period" he also tended to use a greater quantity of chords in a given time span. It's an aphorism that beyond a certain point any quantitative change will produce a qualitative change—so it was with the music of Coltrane. The change brought by bombarding the listener with vertically dense sections was not merely one of degree, but in fact a change of kind or order.

Trane established a wider range of scalar options, too, investigating diminished, Indian, Oriental, Eastern and pentatonic scales. Though not the first to explore and employ the multiplicity of scales that comprised his vocabulary, probably no jazz player other than Trane so consistently and diligently examined and re-examined them in search of the truths they might yield. Perhaps this feeling of relentless search, more than any other trait, attracted disciples to Trane.

John Coltrane employed sophisticated linking devices—turn-arounds, cycles, patterns, and formulae—in his music; he was largely responsible for many of the changes in musicians' attitudes vis a vis rhythm. He helped change the basic unit of the jazz solo from eighth notes, and uneven or asymmetrical phrases, including groupings of 7, 9, 11, 13 and 17 notes, quickly became standard due to his influence (example 2.)



Coltrane's approach to melody, harmonic timbre and rhythm forced the players who accompanied him to reassess their function and positions, much as the music of Charlie Parker had necessitated a completely different kind of rhythmic base. His long musical excursions (sometimes 45 minutes or more), explorations of both ends of the instrument's range, complex, almost arhythmic phrases and runs, sometimes unorthodox use of space, implied pedal points, multi-leveled solo constructions and relentless drive all contributed to a musical situation in which the rhythm section could no longer be complacent. Total musical involvement, with all instruments being relatively equal and contributing equally to the flow of the music was a result. Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner, and Jimmy Garrison were, primarily because of their musical discoveries with Coltrane, to serve as the models for future jazz rhythm players.

As a saxophone player, Coltrane expanded the saxophone's tonal and technical resources—and by extension, its emotional scope. His

explorations with multiphonics (playing two or more notes simultaneously on a single line instrument), the extreme registers, unusual timbral and color possibilities (i.e., alternate fingerings used for their sound altering possibilities, harmonics, overtone series effects, sound alterations via breath, mouthpiece placement, reed strength, articulation, sound for the sake of sound) were highly specific for the saxophone but pointed to similar possibilities for other instruments, as well.

Virtually singlehandedly Trane brought the soprano sax to unprecedented popularity. Pete Welding described his playing on that instrument as "sinuous and serpentine . . . a pinched, high pitched near-human cry of anguish that is most effective . . . that sends chills along my spine. He seems to be playing a slithering, coruscating melody line over a constant drone note."

Coltrane's sponsorship of the soprano sax may have opened the door for the acceptance of other instruments previously thought to be outside of jazz' purview—one thinks of the fervent application by experimental jazz musicians following Trane's example of many instruments that had fallen out of fashion until the mid to late '60s.

There were five types of tunes John Coltrane preferred to play. He loved the blues—regular blues; blues with a bridge (particularly a rhythmic or chromatic bridge); blues altered via pedal points, like *Dahomey Dance*; riff-like blues, as *Mr. P.C.* and *Cousin Mary*, and minor blues. Trane was a masterful ballad player, turning out relatively conventional interpretations (*I Want To Talk About You*), standard ballads that he altered (e.g., *Body And Soul*), originals, often of an exotic nature (*Wise One*, *Spiritual*), and jazz ballads (*Round Midnight*, *Ruby, My Dear*). Pop type tunes made more interesting through his substitutions, modal treatment, extended tags, and rhythmic additions became a staple of Trane's repertoire; these included *Green Dolphin Street*, *Bye Bye Blackbird*, *Stella By Starlight*, *Little Old Lady*, *You Leave Me Breathless*, *Greensleeves*, *My Favorite Things*, *Chim Chim Chere*. Trane played modal tunes of every variety—two or three chord pieces, pan-modal pieces, one chord vamps—outstanding are *Impressions*, *Olé* and his treatment of *My Favorite Things*. Finally, Coltrane excelled on jazz originals, particularly the tunes of established composers such as Monk, Miles, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Tadd Dameron, and a number of bebop heads as well as his own writings.

Though Trane ran the gamut from non-tempoed, cadenza-like extrapolations to tempos so fast they tax the ear's imagination, the greater body of his output falls into groove middle to fast tempos. He had a penchant for doubletime even when playing extremely fast tempos; more often than not, the doubletime is extended rather than brief spurts. Coltrane rarely used half time, although long notes placed strategically in the context of his lines figured prominently in his style. Except at the fastest tempos asymmetrical groups (odd numbers of notes) comprised a large part of his rhythmic makeup; at high speed Coltrane's playing tended to be reiterative, reinforcing the basic pulse. Also, at faster tempos, as could be expected his playing moved essentially into eighth notes. At ballad and mid tempos, his playing was non-reiterative, moving essentially in conflict with the basic pulse. Some of his rhythmic clichés are:

- 1.
- 2.
3. A long note preceded by a melismatic run, i.e.,
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

8. Diatonic passages preceded by an arpeggiated triplet, i.e.,



9. 4

Of meters, Coltrane preferred 4/4, 3/4, 6/8, suspended meters and non-metric situations. In his recorded output, the preferred keys Bb, Eb and F major are about equal in use; of the minor keys C minor and F minor have the edge. His scale preferences included major (and derivatives), diminished, Lydian dominant, diminished whole tone, whole tone (as a linking scale), pentatonic, blues, and chromatic.

In the examples studied Coltrane almost always uses the ascending melodic minor on the minor 7th (II) chord. He used the diminished scale most often in the blues and "rhythmi" tunes than elsewhere.

While the pentatonic and whole tone scales became more prominent from around 1961, chromaticism was pervasive in Coltrane's playing. Whatever scales he employed, Trane made extensive use of arpeggiated figures and three or four note scalar cells (1 2 4 1, 1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 5, etc.) These cells are usually used permutationally. Trane liked starting his blues solos 2 1, especially in Eb—see versions of *Blue Train*.

Coltrane's melodies range from diatonic bebop eighth notes lines to the plaintive, gospellish lines of *Wise One*, *Spiritual* and *Lonnie's Lament*; these latter are very expressive and folklike. As he became more involved with pentatonic scales Coltrane gravitated toward quartal construction—scales and chords built on fourths. In his later experimental period, very often sound exploration replaced melody per se. Other than a fondness for *Bushel And A Peck*, Trane very seldom quoted from tunes other than his own compositions and bebop literature.

During his "change running" period Coltrane employed most of the harmonic devices of his contemporaries, II V7 patterns of the

bebop era (example 4), turnarounds and other formula. His use of substitution was limited to the tritone, i.e., Dmi G7 = Abmi Db7 and the minor 3rd substitution, i.e., Dmi7 = Fmi7 B7 or Bmi7 E7.

Selected II V Patterns That Exemplify Coltrane's Style



The striking exception to this was an intricate system devised by him and known later as the Coltrane substitutions, i.e.,

Dmi7 | G7 | CM7 CM7
Dmi7 Eb7 | AbB7 | E G7 - resolve

½ step resolves min 3rd resolve min 3rd.

As with melodies, chromaticism played an important part in Coltrane's approach to harmony, particularly in situations such as the following:

Fmi7 | Bb7 | Dmi7 | G7

Substitute Fmi7 Bb7 | Emi7 A7 | Ebmi7 A7 | Dmi7 G7

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Selected II V, I Patterns Using the Coltrane Substitutions

Trane continually used the entire range of the tenor from the low Bb to an octave or more above the textbook written range, and such dramatic devices as vibrato (intense, narrow and minimal), slurs, rips, and glissandi in profusion, especially in medium to slow pieces. His articulation varied from medium to slow tempo but was predictable and regular at faster tempos.

Alternate fingering became more important as Trane's style evolved into one in which sound became its own reason for being.

Up to his last period there seemed to be no fixed plan in Coltrane's performances such as simple to complex or complex to simple in the development of his improvisations. Vertical tunes tended to be treated vertically—that is, he used chord running patterns or scales of high specificity to realize the chord changes. Trane rarely referred to themes, except in modal tunes or occasionally in ballads.

Modal tunes he usually treated in a free horizontal fashion, bombarding a particular chord area with many different scales; for

instance, Dmi7—8 could be colored with D ascending melodic minor, G diminished, G diminished whole tone, G Lydian dominant, and various pentatonic scales.

Coltrane often used sequence, repetition and permutation as the means of developing the four and five note cells which frequently were the raw material out of which his solos were constructed (hear *Chasin' The Trane*, *My Favorite Things*, *Impressions*, or *A Love Supreme*). Fragmentation as well as doubletime figured prominently in Coltrane's developmental procedures.

As do many other jazz musicians, Coltrane very often started his solos with a restatement of the last phrase of the preceding player, a habit particularly obvious in his playing with Miles Davis' groups. On standards Coltrane often began his solos with a reference to the melody and then followed in a very general way the tune's shape; this he could well have learned from Miles, whose use of the technique is exemplary.

Trane's compositions are in many respects crystallizations and codifications of his improvisational beliefs and studying his compositions provides us with valuable insights into the workings of his improvisational mind. In his blues, often played in Bb major or Eb minor, he always managed to somehow personalize the form through unexpected twists. His ballads were usually extremely lyrical, often with unpredictable melodic contours, and sometimes were cast in unusual forms—AAB, AABCAD—forms which included cadenzas as well as tempo changes. Changes of the highest specificity with regard to harmonic alternations, bass lines, chord voicings and inversions were prevalent; sections of many of his ballads employ a pedal point. Many harmonies, which move in minor or major thirds, are characteristic; his melodies also feature a high incidence of minor thirds.

Of Coltrane compositions, an example of one extended or nonconforming structure is *Moments Notice*, which is A-A-vamp-break. His extensive use of pedal points is heard in *A Love Supreme*, *Spiritual*, *Blue Train*, *Liberia*, *Equinox*, *Fifth House*, *Dahomey Dance*, and *Syeeda's Flute Song*. Changes move at nearly the same rate of speed as the melody, making *Giant Steps*, *Countdown*, *Fifth House*, *Central Park West* extremely vertical. Conversely, the songs *Impressions*, *The Promise*, and *Miles Mode* are extremely horizontal.

Many of Trane's tunes are based on extant changes, altered: *Countdown* came from *Tune Up*, *Fifth House* was based on *What Is This Thing Called Love*, and *Impressions* descended from *So What*. And other features of Trane's tunes were their virtuosic, etude-like elements, featured cadenzas, out of meter sections, wholly free sections, parts for the simultaneous improvisation of several instruments, and the frequent use of minor keys.



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Selected Melodic Patterns

The saxophone heritage of Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Jimmy Oliver and Dexter Gordon, somewhat filtered through the advances of Charlie Parker and Sonny Stitt, was passed on to John Coltrane, whose own work influenced directly saxophonists Benny Golson, Charles Lloyd, Wayne Shorter, Joe Henderson, Pharoah Sanders, David Young, Steve Grossman, David Liebman, Michael Brecker, and Bennie Maupin among many, many others—for indeed, virtually every contemporary saxophonist, and no less every contemporary improvising jazz musician, has felt the power if they have heard the music of John Coltrane.

HOW TO

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BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER



Dr. Fowler is Professor of Music at the University of Colorado, Denver Center.

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Most of those members hone their versatility in the highly-competitive television, film, and recording studios, where the financial rewards outside *The Orchestra* might match the musical rewards inside it. In addition, many hold chairs in other distinguished orchestras, solo as featured artists, compose, arrange, and conduct. Many accrue admiration among classical music lovers, and many rank as heroes among jazz enthusiasts. In short, any orchestra membership anywhere would be hard pressed to equal the composite experience and expressive variety these 84 Los

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As attractive as it may be for individual players, *The Orchestra* could prove even more attractive to jazz-oriented composers, who customarily have difficulty getting their works performed by our traditional symphony orchestras, and who often are disappointed in the interpretation when they do. It is understandable, of course, that orchestras primarily devoted to the cultural task of preserving European masterpieces don't particularly need a constant flow of new works. But that non-need can hardly be encouraging to American composers, especially those not yet in positions of persuasion. *The Orchestra*, though, to fulfill its objectives of discovery and interpretation "in the blending of classical traditions with a language whose roots are jazz," does need a constant flow of new works.

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which often hamper personal expression in media composing. Reinforcing these happy conditions with an orchestra which can put out exactly what any writer puts in offers media composers full freedom in exercising their esthetic sensibilities as well as their orchestral craftsmanship.

Project two fits the needs of individuals seeking competency in media composition, but whose knowledge of styles or orchestration is not yet complete, say young jazz arranger/composers as yet unable to project full string sweeps or to balance symphonic woodwind textures, or say young classical orchestrator/composers as yet unaware of rhythm section subtleties or of brass punctuation possibilities.

Project three fits the needs of educational institutions seeking to update their performance, arranging, and composition curricula to include playing in and writing for studio-type orchestras. For such schools, the acquisition of works commissioned by the Foundation would assure both student performers and faculty (or student) conductors extended educational opportunities as well as expanded program materials. When studied in conjunction with recordings by *The Orchestra* itself, these materials would illustrate many stylistic developments, instrumental advancements, and conceptual evolutions—they would become an aural and notational liaison with a quantity of progress in orchestral sound and compositional techniques.

The Foundation also envisions more direct educational activities for *The Orchestra*, activities like campus or school district or community-at-large residencies, where concerts, workshops, informal discussions, on-the-spot demonstrations and performer-to-performer get-togethers could detail the professional actualities in making music.

Through its support of these projects, the Foundation aims to encourage development towards an original type of serious music which can contribute to the American culture, and views concerts and recordings by *The Orchestra* as an ideal way to present that development to the public.


The first such recording, scheduled for release this fall, will contain music from the April 24 premiere concert, in which co-founders Elliott and Ferguson served as co-conductors. At that concert, the programming displayed a wide latitude of style, thus demonstrating *The Orchestra's* flexibilities and its membership's soloistic capabilities.

For an opener, Allyn Ferguson designed his *Statements* to reveal "the versatility of this orchestra and its marvelous players." Soloists: Bud Shank and Jerome Richardson respectively on alto and soprano saxophones, and Oscar Brashear on trumpet.

Patrick Williams' 1977 Pulitzer Prize nominee, *An American Concerto*, continued the concept of style-variety within one work. "It illustrates the facility of many present-day musicians in both jazz and classical idioms and those compositional techniques that make symphonic music and jazz compatible with each other." Soloists: trombonist Bill Watrous, pianists Ralph Grierson and Mike Lang, and saxophone-flutist Bud Shank.

Dick Grove's *El Gamino* shifted the program-style to Latino, in which Chuck Findley's flugelhorn soloing depicted the emotions of a Colombian street urchin.

Claus Ogerman's *Three Symphonic Dances* again re-routed the program-direction, now



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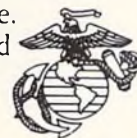
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PRO SESSION

CAREERS IN MUSIC

The following excerpts are from a recent roundtable discussion conducted at the National Association of Jazz Educators' convention. The participants are: Dr. William Fowler, Professor of Music at the University of Colorado and db Education Editor; Dr. William Lee, Dean of the University of Miami (Coral Gables) School of Music; and Mr. Robert Share, Administrator of Berklee College of Music in Boston.

The discussion best introduces and defines the direction *Careers In Music* will take beginning in *down beat's* November issue.

Lee: I'd like to discuss some job specifics. I guess the first is the jazz performer, which has all kinds of connotations. The jazz performer is probably the essence of what we're all about: the purist; the studio performer who is a jazz-prepared musician with the ability to understand styles and play the music from different eras; woodwind players who double, modern keyboard players who understand the synthesizer and all the electronic keyboard instruments, the total percussionist who plays not only a jazz set, but mallet instruments and tymps as well.

Another part of the creative ball of jazz wax is the arranger/composer, the one who really makes the world go around. The improviser is coming up with new ideas constantly, but nothing is sculptured in stone, so the arranger-composer is essentially the history-keeper of the theory of jazz.

Another person to evolve from this is the pedagogue. Another one is the writer, the historian, who does things from the same point of view as the pedagogue, but who is keeping a running account. Some indirect things, by-products, and combinations: the business of merchandising jazz music and materials, whether it be recorded or printed music; a good knowledge of copyright laws and the law from the point of view of the business of music; retail sales—manufactured instruments, musical property. Jazz musicians make very excellent musical therapists, because essentially a musical therapist must have the ability to improvise and to play a great number of instruments.

Another person who's important in today's \$4 billion record industry is the music engineer, the mixer, the guy who decides if the flute part should be louder. We must put musicians in those positions—we can't put electrical engineers. We need artistic, sensitive people who have the ability to read music. Another person who comes out of the jazz experience is the record producer; another part of this picture is film scores. People who are trained in jazz have become excellent in the electronic music field. Jazz musicians also do well in teaching the tradi-

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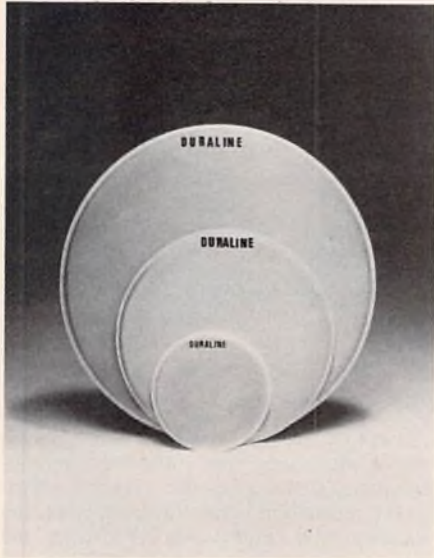
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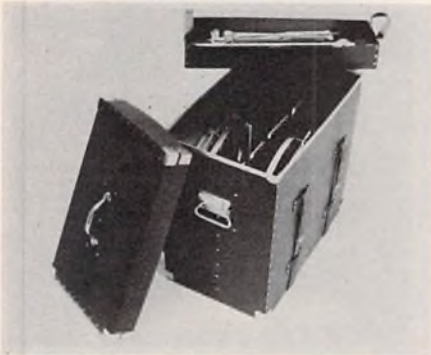
A feature devoted to new products, innovations and devices of interest to musicians, students and listeners:

BAND INSTRUMENTS



Duraline heads

The manufacturers of Syndrum drum synthesizers introduce a new line of **Duraline** drum heads, made from a patented polyaramid material originally developed for aerospace work. According to the manufacturer, Pollard International, the heads will not dent, tear or stretch.



Remo cases

Remo, Inc. offers new shipping cases for RotoTom percussion instruments. The CA-3 model, the larger of the two new cases, is made of black fiberboard with plywood reinforced sides, lid and bottom. It's lined with protective 1/2-inch foam rubber and includes three heavy duty carrying handles, nylon webbed straps and metal reinforced corners.

New from **Leblanc** is the Holton H-200 B flat, high F descant double horn. The instrument has been in development for five years, and has been extensively tested through prototypes at international horn workshops throughout the U.S. and Canada. Leblanc also has unveiled the L-27 clarinet, a medium small (14.7 mm) bore instrument

designed to produce a warm, rich tone with considerable dynamic flexibility. Features include individually mounted side trill keys,



Holton H-200

precision undercut tone holes and power forged nickel plated keys.

Yamaha's most recent professional model saxophones are the YAS-62 alto and the YSS-62 straight B flat soprano. Features include improved position and design of tone holes, newly designed bore and taper, and redesigned neck for improved tone, response and intonation.

A. Zildjian's additions to the cymbal repertoire are the Quick-Beat hi-hats and Deep Ride cymbals. The Quick-Beats feature a heavyweight, flat bottom cymbal with four 1/2-inch holes spaced at precise intervals near the perimeter of what would typically be the bell or cup area. The matching top cymbal looks more traditional, yet when played the pair produces a short, tight, compact sound. The Deep Ride cymbals have been specially hammered and designed to produce a "dark, funky sound that gives the percussionist an alternative to traditional rides," according to Zildjian.

Latin Percussion introduces new solid bar hand chimes, consisting of gold finished aluminum bars of varying length suspended from a wooden star configuration; the instrument is easily held by a brass ring on its top.

GUITAR FAMILY

A new line of replacement hardware and electronic accessories for guitar and bass comes from **DiMarzio**. For the Gibson players, there's a selection of brass or chrome parts, including nuts, strap buttons, pickup covers, bridges, tailpieces, etc. Complete Les

Paul Hardware Kits are also available. Nor have Fender players been ignored; they can



DiMarzio Super II

find a large assortment of replacement parts for their instruments, including a complete bass hardware kit. There are electrical parts (switches, potentiometers,) and miscellaneous hardware for a variety of applications. And DiMarzio also announces the availability of the new Super II Humbucking pickup, the Model G bass pickup and the high output X2-N Power Plus pickup.



Gretsch offers several new guitar models, including the BST 5000 with a newly designed head and double cutaway body. The tuning heads are fully enclosed and self-lubricating. The three piece neck continues through the body for greater sustain and features the patented Gretsch gustain truss

rod. The BST 5000 also has a rosewood fingerboard with cream binding and a solid walnut body with a buffed lacquer finish. The electronics include a new eight K-ohm fingerboard pickup and a 13.5 K-ohm bridge pickup, in and out of phase switch with dual and single coil operation and new high performance knobs.

Two new electric basses in the Musician Series come from **Ibanez**: the MC 900 and the MC 800. Both are constructed of rock maple and walnut laminations. Other new adds from Ibanez include the Roadster Series electric guitars and basses. Features include the Ibanez Super 6 and Super-Tap 6 coil pickups, which, according to the company, are "wound with twice the windings of conventional single coils." They also boast a new magnet structure. The Roadster Series also has the Ibanez TR Tuned Response neck and Accu-Cast and Accu-Cast B bridge tailpiece combinations.

Epiphone's Presentation Series 795 acoustic-electric has a deep cutaway body with electronics designed by Gibson. It features a saddle transducer, coupled to an internally mounted preamp system. A rim-mounted concentric control knob lets the player adjust both volume and tone easily.



Barcus-Berry XL-8

The XL-8, a midgetized amplifier, comes from **Barcus-Berry**. The compact unit delivers 15 watts of average program power with one per cent harmonic distortion at full rated power. The unit includes an eight inch speaker in a reflex enclosure.

Guild has expanded its Madeira line and introduced two new solid body guitars. The new Madeira entries are models A-7, A-14, A-16 and A-17, all dreadnaught bodies with spruce tops. The A-14-12 is a 12-string, spruce top dreadnaught. New classics in the line include the C-40 (mahogany) and the C-50 (rosewood).

The two new electrics from Guild are the S-70 D and the S-70 AD. They feature the same body shape and dimensions as the S-300 and S-60, which have been on the market for more than two years. The new models have three DiMarzio pickups, a five-position pickup switch and two phase switches.

SOUND MODIFICATION AND SYNTHESIZERS

Analog Digital Associates (A/DA) have the Final Phase shifter, the "studio quiet" Flanger, the Humbug hum eliminator, and



A/DA Humbug

the PowerPlug 5, a universal battery eliminator.

Newest products from **MXR** include the MXR digital delay, a self-contained audio delay line which utilizes digital random access memory to produce a time-delayed signal. MXR's new Flanger/Doubler allows the user to conveniently select the flanger or doubler mode with a single push button.

Sequential Circuits is offering the Prophet 10, a synthesizer with ten individual voices which can be split up into two sets of five. The instrument also has two five octave keyboards, one for each set of five voices, and 32 programs per keyboard (64 in all). A five voice polyphonic sequencer with a built-in cassette, installed in the main unit, is available as an option.

Sequential also has introduced the SCI Model 840, a control voltage pedal with output capability of 0-9 volts in its sweep. The unit works on a single nine volt battery and features a tension adjustment; it can be used as a filter or volume pedal with the Prophet synthesizers, and performs controlling functions on most other synthesizers, also.

Most recent **Oberheim** models are the OB-1, a compact, programmable lead synthesizer, and the OB-X, a totally programmable polyphonic synthesizer with a five octave keyboard. The OB-X is pre-programmed with 32 different sounds that can be changed, relocated or re-recorded directly on cassette tape (no interface device necessary); a "protect" switch is provided internally to prevent unintentional loss of programs.

SOUND EQUIPMENT

The **Ken Schaffer Group** makes available its new low cost wireless instrument and microphone systems. The new unit is called the Schaffer B&T, and is set to retail at \$2150 versus the \$3450 price tag on the company's Schaffer-Vega Diversity System.

New products from **Altec Lansing** include the 934 speaker system, with its constant directivity horn for narrow dispersion at higher frequencies, and a radial phase plug in the high frequency compression driver to enhance high frequency response. One watt of power can produce 101 dB SPL at four feet, according to the manufacturer.

AKG Acoustics has a BX-10E portable and studio reverberation unit, a two-channel, compact device. According to the company, "the BX-10E's unique two-point suspension

makes it impervious to acoustic feedback and mechanical vibration."

Audio-Technica has launched the Artist Series of Microphones with their "triple-layer windscreens," consisting of a heavy outer wire mesh, a finer inner mesh, and a fine brass screen. All are soldered into place rather than glued, to withstand rough handling. Vocal mics in the series are: models ATM31, ATM41, and ATM91. Instrument mics are ATM10, ATM11 and ATM21.



TAPCO output mixer

TAPCO has the six input mono output mixer, with rotary type volume control, low frequency shelving equalizer control, effects level pot connected after the volume pot, and monitor level control pot. The input and output connectors are located at the rear of the mixer, and there are two jacks for each input.



"Sound has come a long way since I left Jacksonville for L.A.," says Ray Charles, beaming over his **Fender MA 8S** stereo sound system. He uses his mix of "pan pots one side to the left and maybe mid-left, and then in the middle, then mid-right and right. We EQ the bass, treble and midrange with those five-band graphic equalizers. The stereo separation lets people hear us loud and live. I use it wherever I am . . . and it's like every room we play in is identical, big or little."

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French Quarter (Sheraton Centre): World's Greatest Jazz Band (thru 9/22); Jonah Jones Quintet (Oct.); call 581-1000.

Jazz Forum: Mark Morganelli Quintet (9/21 & 22 and 10/19 & 20); Bill Hardman-Junior Cook Quintet (9/28 & 29); call 477-2655.

Jazzmania Society: Weekend jazz; call 477-3077.

Jimmy Ryan's: Roy Eldridge (Tue.-Sat.); Max Kaminsky (Sun. & Mon.); call 664-9700.

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Michael's Pub: Ruby Braff (9/25-10/6); Dorothy Collins (10/9-20); call 758-2272.

Sweet Basil: Roberta Baum Quartet (9/23 & 24); Ron Carter Quartet (9/25-29); Philip Wilson Quartet (9/30 & 10/1); Arthur Blythe Quartet (10/2-6); Charles Sullivan Quartet (10/7 & 8); Tex Allen Quintet (10/14 & 15); Dewey Redman Quartet (10/16-20); call 242-1785.

Village Vanguard: Red Garland Quartet (9/18-23); Phil Woods Quartet (9/25-30); Bobby Hutcherson (10/2-7); Arnett Cobb Quartet (10/9-21); Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra (Mon.); call 255-4037.

Jazzline: 421-3592.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: Joanne Brackeen Trio (9/5-9); Terry Gibbs Big Band (9/12-16, tent.); Heath Brothers with Stanley Cowell (9/19-23); Woody Shaw (9/26-30, tent.); Second Annual Chicago Home Grown Festival with Ira Sullivan and Eddie Higgins (10/3-14); Abbey Lincoln (10/17-21); Freeman Family (Von, Chico, Bruz and George) (10/24-28); 337-1000.

Rick's Cafe Americain: Art Farmer and the Freddy Hirsch Trio (9/4-15); Tribute to Joe Venuti (9/18-29); Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles (10/2-13); 943-9200.

Wise Fools Pub: Mighty Joe Young (9/6-8); Judy Roberts (9/12-15 & 19-22); Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows (9/11 & 25); Vanessa Davis (9/18); Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (9/23); Jimmy Johnson Blues Band (9/26-29); Koko Taylor (10/3-6); Son Seals (10/10-13); Fenton Robinson (10/17 & 18); Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mon.); 929-1510.

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LOS ANGELES

Carmelo's (4449 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks): Jazz five nights a week, cocktails, Sicilian food; capacity 100; intimate; artists include Bob Brookmyer, Terry Gibbs, Abe Most, Ross Tompkins, John Wood, Lenny Breau; for info call 784-3268.

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): Esther Phillips (9/6-9); Ahmad Jamal (9/13-16); Zoot Sims/Al Cohn (9/20-23); Heath Bros. (9/27-30); Red Mitchell Trio w/ Tommy Flanagan (10/4-7); Dizzy Gillespie (10/11-14); call 379-4998.

Greek Theater: Jani Mitchell & Weather Report (9/13-16); call 660-8400 for info.

Bar Sinister (2709 Main, Santa Monica/Venice): Jazz Sunday afternoons w/ Tony Heimer Sextet, 3-7 p.m.; call 399-4780.

Parisian Room (Washington & La Brea): Name jazz artists, including Bobby Hutcherson, Loretta Alexandria, Joe Williams, others; for specifics, call 936-8704.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Name jazz, including Jaki Byard, Horace Tapscott, Roger Kellaway, John Wood, Joanne Grauer; for scheduling call 372-6911.

El Camino College: Buddy Rich (9/14); call 532-3670 ext. 405.

Donte's (North Hollywood): Name artists, including Lenny Breau, Ray Brown, Bill Watrous, Art Pepper; call 769-1566.

Sound Room (Studio City): Ray Pizzi, Dave Benoit, Joe Diorio, Ron Eschete, others; call 761-3555.

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

Pasquale's (Malibu): Joe Farrell, Ray Pizzi, Plas Johnson, Joe Diorio, others; call 456-2007 for dates.

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Bob Florence, Mark Murphy; 821-4963.

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

Baked Potato (North Hollywood): Don Randi (Wed.-Sat.); Baya (Sun.); Kittyhawk (Mon.); Karizma (Tue.); 980-1615.

Cellar Theatre: Les De Merle Transfusion.

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

BALTIMORE

Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Rueben Brown Quintet/Harold Adams Quartet (9/2); Ahmad Jamal Trio (9/9); Pieces of A Dream (9/16); Jackie McLean Quartet (9/23); Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (9/30); "Jazz Extravaganza" (Sat. 7-11 pm) WBJC (91.5 FM).

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HOW TO

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toward a modern symphonic style spiced by jazz flavors. This most classical of the program components showed Ogerman's singular ability to fuse his Germanic musical background and his American musical experience without diluting either.

For its program-closer, which emphasized the joy of improvising jazz, *The Orchestra* welcomed pianist Dave Grusin, bassist Abraham Laboriel, drummer Harvey Mason, guitarist Lee Ritenour and woodwind doubler Tom Scott as guest artists in the form of a freewheeling combo with orchestral backing. Rather than constituting a single composition, their *Musical Contributions* formed a set of contrasting short pieces, including Ritenour's *French Roast*, Tom Scott this time on Lyricon.

As in the premiere concert's programming, future concerts will blend brand-new works with those which may have had prior performances, but which still represent Foundation ideals, and thus can contribute to the variety a full-fledged orchestral concert demands.

For its upcoming subscription series, already booked at the Los Angeles Music Center for October 29, December 12, January 15 (a Martin Luther King birthday-anniversary concert), February 12 (an American-roots concert), March 11, and April 1, as well as for its first-anniversary benefit on April 23 of next year, *The Orchestra* expects to perform works by such composers as Jack

Elliott, Hugo Friedhofer, Dave Grusin, Les Hooper, Quincy Jones, Roger Kellaway, Michel Legrand, Billy May, David Raksin, Joe Roccisano, Lalo Schifrin, Gunther Schuller and Tom Scott, all of whom have indicated interest in furnishing program materials.

The past, present, and projected activities of *The Orchestra*, its co-founders, its composers, and its correlated Foundation would seem to justify Irving Berlin's supportive statement: "It is the kind of orchestra we have needed for a long, long time, and I wish it a long, long life." db

CAREERS

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tional subjects—theory, harmony, orchestration, form and analysis, counterpoint—those kinds of theoretical composer/arranger subjects that are a direct outcome of a traditional and contemporary training.

Fowler: I'd like to mention the copyist as a vocation—this is very, very lucrative, if you have the patience.

I've been thinking that a vocation is not necessarily a career. A person who goes into jazz as a vocation very often finds that this leads to something else that he or she invents, because of events, that might be a career. Maybe you have some particular talent or ability that you could use to make you unique. Every career that was or is had to be done first by somebody; at that point the career was invented. Our society, and especially our music, is getting more complex—so there are all these careers around going begging because nobody has invented them yet. You can be the first in your field; if you understand yourself. A career might change, you might change, anybody might change at some point in his or her life, at any age, when the opportunity for a new career or a career expansion comes.

There's one basic preparation for all careers. Music is social, a relationship with other people. Once you've learned that, once you really know people relationships, then all you have to learn is subject matter to change a career. Probably the hardest career preparation is this human relationship. Do you feel this way?

Share: I agree strongly. We communicate as musicians in a world of people, and until you've established some kind of communicative link with those people on their terms, it's very unlikely you'll get a chance to do your thing. db

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