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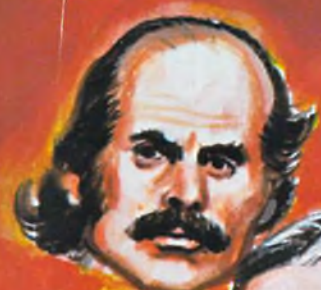
## 44<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL READERS POLL WINNERS



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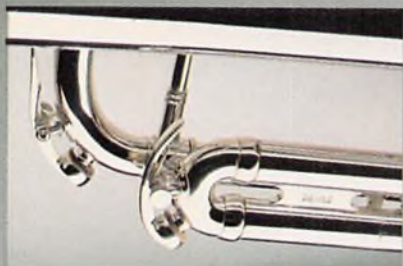
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## CONTENTS

- 6 FIRST CHORUS  
8 CHORDS AND DISCORDS  
10 NEWS  
16 ART PEPPER  
"Rewards of the Straight Life," by Pete Welding. This time it looks like Pepper's comeback is for real.  
20 44th ANNUAL DOWN BEAT READERS POLL  
27 WILBUR WARE  
The career of the late virtuoso bassist is summed up by John Litweiler.  
28 SCOTT HAMILTON  
"Swing's His Thing," by Lee Jeske. db checks in with the oldest-youngest sax sound around.  
32 CHICAGO JAZZ FEST  
Howard Mandel and photographers Lauren Deutsch, Ken Firestone, Marc PoKempner and D. Shigley review the biggest free jazz show in the world.  
36 RECORD REVIEWS  
Roy Clark/Gatemouth Brown; The Frank Lowe Orchestra; Billy Bang's Survival Ensemble; Various Trumpeters; Slide Hampton; Dave Frishberg; Sam Jones; Bill Barron & Ted Curson; Dizzy Reece & Ted Curson; Ted Curson; Tiny Moore and Jethro Burns; Collin Walcott/Don Cherry/Nana Vasconcelos; Benny Carter; Weather Report; Dick Hyman Ensemble featuring Bob Wilber; Leo Smith; Contemporary Composers (McLean, Eakins, Hamilton, Hutcheson); Buddy Emmons/Lenny Breau; Lenny Breau; Thumbs Carlile; Heath Brothers; Eberhard Weber; Buddy DeFranco; Jr. Walker; Monnette Sudler; The Jeff Lorber Fusion; Poncho Sanchez; John Hicks; Bob Dylan; Bobby Hutcherson; Waxing On: Commodore Classics In Jazz (Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster/Don Byas, Billie Holiday, Mel Powell/Joe Bushkin, Eddie Condon, Jack Teagarden/Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Jelly Roll Morton).  
63 BLINDFOLD TEST  
Ray Barretto, by Lee Jeske.  
64 PROFILE  
Anthony Davis, by Clifford Jay Safane; Jon Hassell, by Lee Jeske.  
68 CAUGHT  
Joni Mitchell/The Persuasions, by David Wild; Kenny Burrell Trio, by Fred Bouchard; Benny Waters, by Lee Jeske.  
PRO SESSIONS  
74 "How To Connect Chords Chromatically," by Dr. William L. Fowler.  
76 Careers: "Being A Studio Guitarist," by Tom Bruner.  
78 Vibas Transcription: Gary Burton's solo in *Icarus*.  
80 South American Percussion: "Cuica Speaks," by Steve Forman  
87 PRO SHOP  
92 BOOK REVIEW  
*The American Record Label Book* by Brian Rust, reviewed by John McDonough.  
93 CITY SCENE  
Cover Art: Kelly/Robertson

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## education in jazz

by Toshiko Akiyoshi

Toshiko Akiyoshi #1 Arranger, #1 Big Jazz Band (Akiyoshi/Tabackin)—1979 down beat Readers Poll and 1979 Int'l Jazz Critics Poll. Latest release: *Kogun* (RCA).

When I began my formal jazz education at Berklee, I had been playing jazz professionally in Japan with various groups, as well as my own trio and octet, and Norman Granz had recorded me with Oscar Peterson's rhythm section.

Although I had been composing and arranging for my own groups in Japan, I was interested in learning the system being taught at Berklee. I thought it would be helpful to learn things from a more analytical standpoint. I also thought my jazz playing would be improved if I really knew what I was doing.



My teachers at Berklee helped me to understand why things worked. My improvisation—and learning the right changes—was improved by playing and studying with talented fellow students. In fact, two months after I arrived in Boston, my trio opened at Storyville for George Wein with classmates Jake Hanna on drums and Gene Cherico on bass.

During my second year at Berklee, two of my compositions—*My Elegy* and *Silhouette*—were recorded and later became part of a published collection of 20 jazz piano pieces.

Looking back on my 3½ years at Berklee, I'm grateful for what I learned because composing doesn't come easy to me. I agonize so over each note and phrase that I wish for anything that could help me better organize my ideas. I am sure that what I learned at Berklee has helped me better express myself even if I am not always aware of just what it is that helps.

Learning about arranging and composition and improvisation helps my music just as the nourishment I get from food helps me to live. I think music should ultimately be an emotional experience, but if you are fortunate enough to go to school to acquire the knowledge, it is a great help. Berklee did that for me.

*Toshiko Akiyoshi*

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## the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

Charles Mingus (1922-1979) and his last student, Joni Mitchell, dominate the 44th annual down beat Readers Poll. For the first, and now last time, Mingus is #1 Jazzman and #1 Composer. Mitchell's *Mingus* is #1 Jazz Album and #1 Rock/Blues Album. (The last album that made the most of both worlds was Mahavishnu's *Birds Of Fire* in '73—and his *Inner Mounting Flame* in '72.) Joni Mitchell also scores twice as runner-up Rock/Blues Musician and Female Singer.

Ella Fitzgerald, now the 47th member of the Hall of Fame, won her first db poll back in '37 when the Female Singer category was established. She has always sung at or near the top of her class and was voted *prima donna assoluta* 21 times. (Billie Holiday, '61 and Bessie Smith, '67 are the only other singers in the Hall of Fame.) This year the readers voted Sarah Vaughan #1 for the first time since 1952, and Al Jarreau #1 Male Singer for the third year in a row.

Chick Corea is the big individual winner: #1 Electric Piano for the fifth year, and a close-to-top spot in five other categories.

Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin repeat last year's win as #1 Big Jazz Band. She also retains #1 Arranger and advances to runner-up Composer; Tabackin is elevated to second flute position.

The Weather Report continues to be #1 Jazz Group as it has for the last eight years. Wayne Shorter has a lock on #1 Soprano Sax since 1970; Joe Zawinul is #1 Synthesizer since 1976.

Steely Dan repeats two big wins for the second year: #1 Rock/Blues Group and #1 Vocal Group . . . For the very first time, B. B. King is #1 Rock/Blues Musician of the Year . . . Tony Williams is another first time winner: #1 Drummer . . . It is hard to credit but this is only the third time that the readers have voted Dizzy Gillespie, #1 Trumpet. (The other years were '56 and '77.) . . . Anthony Braxton is back on first chair clarinet repeating his 1977 win.

Dexter Gordon, a former expatriate, is #1 Tenor Sax for the third year. And now another great tenor, Johnny Griffin, has also returned from Europe—for a while anyway—and has made the db poll for the first time since 1963. Welcome home, Griff.

Other new faces of 1979 include: Baird Hersey, Boston based band leader, arranger, and composer; Mike Richmond, an acoustic and electric bass player with his own album; Arthur Blythe, alto; Jay Hoggard, vibes; and Chico Freeman, tenor sax.

The record for consecutive wins goes to Gerry Mulligan, #1 Baritone Sax for 27 years! Other long time, repeat winners are: Jimmy Smith/organ, 16 years, Gary Burton/vibes, 12 years, Hubert Laws/flute and Jean-Luc Ponty/violin, nine years; Ron Carter/acoustic bass, nine years; Airtio Moreira/percussion, six years; and Phil Woods/alto sax and Bill Watrous/trombone, five years.

Thank you, readers. Thank you for honoring the musicians in this year's poll. They all greatly appreciate knowing that someone is listening . . . and applauding. db



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## CHORDS AND DISCORDS

### Phil Woods Quartet: Critics' combo

I was pleased to see that the Phil Woods Quartet, of which I am a member, has placed number one in your recently published 1979 International Critics Poll (db, 8/9/79) in the combo category.

It is customary in these awards to acknowledge the contribution of the group leader, in this case one of the outstanding instrumentalists of the past three decades, but I have seen no acknowledgment of the three gifted musicians who complete this very organized band.

The quartet was formed more than five years ago by mutual co-operative interest in a group music. Everyone in the band has made important contributions to the popular and critical success we currently enjoy. I would humbly request some small mention of Mike Melillo, Steve Gilmore and Bill Goodwin in regard to this group award. I believe this would be proper.

Thanks again. I remain a close observer and avid reader of *down beat* as I have been for at least 20 years.

Bill Goodwin

Mt. Bethel, Penn.

*The quartet and its leader were covered in the 1/11/79 db. Ed.*

### Bruford mystery violinist

In Bob Henschen's review (9/6) of Bill Bruford's *One Of A Kind*, he credits the violin solo on *Forever Until Sunday* to Allan Holdsworth. I do not find the solo credited to Holdsworth or anyone else on the album notes. I am curious to know where Mr. Henschen got this information.

Jon Ross

Dallas

*Mr. Henschen replies: Thanks for asking. You're right: the liner lists no violinist. At first I thought Eddie Jobson had stopped in for a guest shot. Then it occurred to me that Holdsworth is an accomplished fiddler and has been wielding the bow with increasing frequency since Velvet Darkness (CTI, 1976). So mine was an educated guess about the mystery violinist... the solo did warrant mention. I'll ask Holdsworth next time I see him.*

### Another look at New Chautauqua

One of the things that keeps the lineage of music continually fresh and new is the rejuvenation supplied by players and composers who are, in one way or another, outside the mainstream of its traditions. Their very nature invites criticism.

I was disturbed to read Larry Birnbaum's review of Pat Metheny's album, *New Chautauqua* (9/6). Apparently Mr. Birnbaum feels that every utterance by a "jazz" musician should be evaluated by jazz criteria. I think he missed the essence of this album. Although Metheny is widely regarded as a jazz musician, he is not merely that. He's a new breed of instrumentalist whose range and modes of

expression will soon make style categories dissolve, much the same as the almighty baritone did under the fluid, free phrases of Bird.

*New Chautauqua* is bound to disappoint any listener expecting a hot jazz item by the wonderkind of the guitar. It's a very personal work by Metheny, musical pictures that he felt the need to express out of the context of his dynamic group. A music critic once described a new symphony by Sibelius as "less consequential than the ravings of a drunkard." A work by Chagall might have easily been dismissed as the strokes of a feverish child. For me, Mr. Birnbaum's inappropriate remarks ("like George Benson on quaaludes," etc.) distinguish him as one of an old breed. Beauty is in the ear of the beholder.

Steve Koski

Portland, Ore.

### Pen Pal down under

Congratulations on the record review section, which, unlike some, is both critical and informative. How about printing the addresses of the labels. Even published periodically, record company addresses would benefit your overseas subscribers who must import some smaller labels.

Also, I would be interested in corresponding with a U.S. resident sharing my interest in mainstream and modern jazz guitar. I am a 30 year old aspiring player knocked out by Burrell, Barnes, Martino, Chuck Wayne, etc. I could perhaps be of assistance to any reader interested in obtaining "Swaggie" releases in return for some U.S. releases. Australia has some excellent jazz musos, awaiting discerning U.S. ears.

Ross Martin

369 Hume St.

Toowoomba 4350

Queensland, Australia

*Addresses of smaller labels are listed from time to time in the Record Review section. Our November issue contained four such addresses. Look at the end of each record review. Ed.*

### Basie charts

My two year association with Count Basie's band has made me keenly aware of things reported about Mr. Basie and the Orchestra. Regarding John McDonough's article on Mr. Basie (db, 9/6): it is common knowledge among musicians who were around during Mr. Basie's first encounters with Neal Hefti that the band's interpretations of Hefti's arrangements are what "made" the arrangements. The band interpreted the arrangements the way no other band could. This was one of the reasons that Mr. Hefti wrote (for a period, exclusively) for the Basie band—he loved the band.

Agreement with Mr. McDonough's interpretation of the evolution of the big bands is up to the individual. However, the bit about Mr. Basie coming to Mr. Hefti with no gigs and a six piece band, etc., is misconstrued. Their association, I am told, didn't really start until the big band had reformed. The band was already packing them in and knocking them out at Birdland—playing charts of the "hero" arrangers that did and did not get mentioned: Thad Jones, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Ernie Wilkins, Wild Bill Davis, et. al.

Mr. Hefti wrote some *great* arrangements—no debate there. But in the opinions of most



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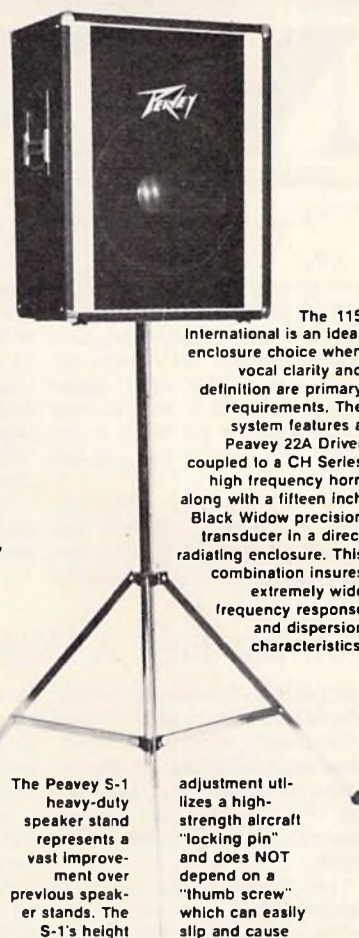


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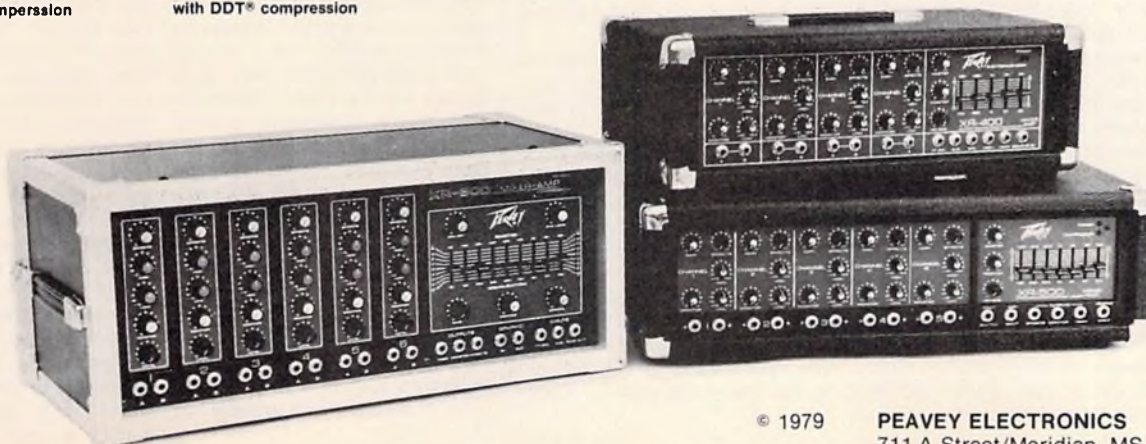
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# NEWS

## '79—NYC's Year For Openings

NEW YORK—1979 will be remembered here as one of the first years that more jazz clubs opened than closed. Many bars and restaurants which were formerly non-musical have begun jazz policies and, in general, there is more jazz to be heard in the Apple now than in the past two decades.

Two of the new downtown rooms—Syncopation and Fat Tuesday's—present jazz in an elegant setting. Syncopation, owned

by drummer John Lewis, is a large room featuring fresh flowers on each table and blown-up black and white photos of jazz greats (Count Basie) and non-jazz greats (Joan Crawford). The music on the long, brick-backed stage has been provided by talents including Yolande Bavan and Rose "Chee-Chee" Murphy.

Fat Tuesday's, which also ladens its room with flowers, is smaller and more intimate. Set in

cont. on p. 13

## Atlanta Fest A Wet Success

ATLANTA—The second annual Atlanta Free Jazz Festival featured more events, more local talent, better attendance and greater audience enthusiasm than last year's first city-sponsored fest, despite near-disastrous rain on headliners' shows.

The Atlanta Department of Cultural Affairs was responsible for the celebration of national and homegrown jazz. Department coordinator Gary Windom appealed directly to record companies for support, and Columbia Records, Warner Bros./ECM, Selmer Instruments and Capitol Records reportedly took care of artists' expenses.

The Festival kicked off on a late September Friday morning in a downtown Atlanta amphitheater, with Mayor Maynard Jackson speaking. The Clark College Jazz Band from the Atlanta University Center and the Jazz Bones Alliance, a local ensemble incor-

porating music from swing to new wave rock, entertained. Friday afternoon percussionist Jack DeJohnette led an educational workshop at Morehouse College.

Saturday afternoon altoist Bunky Green (representing Selmer) taught at the Music Alliance of Forrest Avenue, a cultural center harboring jazz. Noted clinician/trumpeter Jimmy Owens taught at Morehouse Monday.

Further concerts at the Inaugural Stage in Piedmont Park (midtown) were billed as rain-or-shine events. Friday night saw Activation, the Ojeda Penn Experience (both local fusion bands), a solo performance by violinist Noel Pointer, DeJohnette's Directions and approximately 2,000 listeners rained out.

The next afternoon's make-up concert with Directions and Penn went unpublicized and sparsely attended. Saturday evening local

cont. on p. 14

## Monterey: Is Change Long Overdue?

MONTEREY—This was once a dandy jazz festival, welcoming each autumn with five stunning concerts under a pleasant California sky, assuring many moments of rare musical experience.

Moments there are still, but listeners must sift through a lot of chaff for the wheat. Festival general manager Jimmy Lyons and his musical director, former Modern Jazz Quartet pianist John Lewis, are limiting their artistic selections to the kind of music they both love—mainstream swing and bebop—with only token acknowledgement to artists outside that center. So there's nothing startlingly new: no fusion, none of the creative music of the mid-

western black music collectives, very little post-bop, post-Coltrane jazz.

In fairness, the artists that *did* play played well, and there were more than a few delightful performances. But the amount of time allotted to many groups was unbalanced: Tete Montoliu and Woody Shaw received 20 minutes each, while Moe Koffman's tepid Canadian fusion outfit got 45 minutes to record.

The opening Friday evening concert had problems: the lights went out twice, from a brownout, then a transformer failure, disrupting the flow of International Night.

cont. on p. 14

## POTPOURRI

New Year's Eve starts on your National Public Radio station at 9:30 p.m. EST, with a live broadcast from Washington, D.C.'s Blues Alley that features Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson with the Steve Novosel quartet, then tenorist Al Cohn, pianist Jimmy Rowles and vocalist Carol Sloane. At 12:15 a.m. the broadcast switches to Chicago, where the Woody Shaw Ensemble will be performing at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase. And Art Blakey's All Stars—featuring pianist Cedar Walton and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard—will pick up the celebration at 2:30 a.m., performing from San Francisco's Keystone Korner until the joint closes (4:30 a.m., EST). 1980 begins sometime the next day.

Jamey Aebersold, David Baker, Jerry Coker, Dan Haerle, Pat Harblison, Ben Jones, David Liebman, John Leisenring, Ron McClure, John McNeil, Jack Petersen, Ed Soph and Mike Tracy are among the professional jazz educators leading the 6th Annual Mid-Winter Combo/Improvisation clinic at Southern Methodist University January 1-5; write P.O. Box 221, South Bend, Indiana 46624 for applications, or call (219) 291-4278.

Andrew White, saxophonist and Coltraneologist, has issued *The Andrew White Big Band Series*, numbers one through eight, of stage band arrangements, as well as two recordings of his interviews discussing Trane and a disc of his most recent sax playing, *Saxophonitis*; write White at 4830 South Dakota Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20017 for details. White played a John Coltrane Tribute in Dallas on Sept. 23, which would have been Trane's 53rd birthday.

Jazz Radio Canada celebrated CBC's 25 years of weekly live jazz music programming in October by broadcasting three one hour specials: from Vancouver with Chris Gage's trio, the Fraser MacPherson-Carse Sneddon quintet, Doug Parker's big band and Dave Robbins' Workshop band; from Montreal with Art Morrow's big band, Niel Chotem and Gordie Fleming; and from Toronto with Phil Nimmons, Ron Collier, Sonny Greenwich, Ed Bickert, Trump Davidson, Mike White, Pat Riccio and Wray Downes—they've also negotiated a program exchange pilot with NPR, to expose Canadian jazz players on U.S. stations.

Parisian based blues and boogie pianist Memphis Slim brightened Chicago's Wise Fools Pub with a one nighter that featured his travelling band (a European drummer and young woman guitarist) and local bluespeople Sunnyland Slim, Big Time Sarah and Willie Dixon, coaxed into playing from their seats in the audience.

Write one original ensemble work for three to five intermediate instrumentalists, not more than ten minutes long: that's the challenge of New Music for Young Ensembles Inc.'s composers' competition. First prize is \$500 and a New York premiere concert. Entries due by March 15, '80; write NMYE Inc., 2 West 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036 for further information.

Jazz in the Colleges: Northwestern U., the Evanston Arts Council and Amazingrace presented a splendid Sonny Rollins quartet concert, opened by Eberhard Weber's Colours—the success of a jazz weekend with local groups in the afternoons turned around 'Grace's recently shaky track record. Ann Arbor, Michigan's Eclipse Jazz organization scheduled Chick Corea and Gary Burton for solos and duets at U. of M. Nov. 7; Ella Fitzgerald follows (Dec. 9) as does Carla Bley's band (Jan. 12). Michigan State U.'s Showcase Jazz had Dollar Brand and Roscoe Mitchell's trio, Billy Taylor's trio and the Pat Metheny Group in October, Betty Carter's trio and the Sonny Fortune quintet set for Dec. 1. The New England Conservatory of Music in Boston repeated successful concerts of Thelonious Monk's music and the Holy Trinity Church of God in Christ gospel choir in early October. Princeton University has the versatile Benny Carter teaching "Jazz and 20th Century American Culture" this semester; he concertized twice in the process. Fisk University in Nashville, Tn. has established an Institute for Research in Black American Music, directed by Dr. Samuel A. Floyd Jr., which will publish manuscripts, monographs, books and scholarly articles. UCLA hosted Eberhard Weber's Colours, kicking off the New Directions In Jazz concert series—following were shows by Anthony Braxton and the Vinny Golia trio (Roberto Miranda, Alex Cline), and the Art Ensemble of Chicago with John Carter and Bobby Bradford fronting an opening local band.





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## POTPOURRI

The Orchestra, musically directed by Jack Elliot and Allyn Ferguson, set six subscription-only concerts for the 86 piece ensemble's premiere season, starting Oct. 29 with "The Magic of Film Music," followed by "The Universal Language" (Dec. 12); "Martin Luther King—A Tribute" (Jan. 15); "America's Musical Roots" (Feb. 12); "All That Jazz" (March 11) and "A Celebration With Song" (April 1). Guest artists in the series include Dave Grusin, Freddie Hubbard, Quincy Jones, Michel Legrand, Henry Mancini, Steve Martin, Johnny Mathis, John McEuen, David Raskin, Lalo Schiffrin and Phil Woods. All concerts are at the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion of L.A.'s Music Center.

Jeff Lorber's Fusion, Roland Vasquez's Urban Ensemble, Icelandic pianist Jakob Magnusson, the Aklyoshi/Tabackin big band, Supersax and Lee Ritenour were presented at admission free Sunday afternoon concerts at Hollywood's John Anson Ford (Pilgrimage) Theater in early fall. Free concerts were annual there for 12 years, but were suspended by California's Proposition 13 in '78; this year the series was presented under county sponsorship in collaboration with Musicians' Union Local 47.

Trumpeter-composer Bobby Shew and keyboardist Bill Mays formed a fivesome with tenor saxist Gordon Brisker, bassist Bob Magnusson and drummer Dick Berk that earned glowing reviews for it's Donte's performances, and is issuing an Inner City disc, *Outstanding In Its Field*.

## FINAL BAR

Bassist and psychotherapist David Izenzon, 47, died of a heart attack on Oct. 8 after chasing a car thief near his New York City home.

Izenzon came to prominence as a member of Ornette Coleman's trio of '62, which recorded two volumes of *Live At The Golden Circle* for Blue Note, a live date on Arista (*The Great London Concert*) and several other European LPs. Previously, he had worked with Archie Shepp, Sonny Rollins and Mose Allison. His playing had been limited since '72, when he began devoting much time to his son Solomon, who was born with severe brain damage. Izenzon received his Ph.D. in psychotherapy in '73 from Indiana Northern University, and had a private practice in New York. In '75 he composed and performed a jazz opera, *How Music Can Save The World*, dedicated to all those who volunteered to help care for his son. Since June, '78, Izenzon had worked with Pot Smokers Anonymous, a therapy group he helped found to aid marijuana smokers find other ways to cope with stress.

Izenzon is survived by his wife Pearl and sons Solomon and Seth.

Howard Rittmaster, Kansas City jazz entrepreneur and founder of the KC Jazz Olympics, died during September of natural causes. His first three day festival last June gathered 35 jazz players from around the country; the Olympics will probably continue despite his passing. Rittmaster was 52; he is survived by his wife and five children.

John Jacob Simmons, 61, veteran bassist brought to light by John Hammond during the '30s, died in Los Angeles in September after a series of illnesses. Born in Haskell, Oklahoma, Simmons was most widely known for his 1937 recording of *Just A Mood*, with the celebrated Teddy Wilson quartet (with Harry James and Red Norvo). Simmons later worked with Roy Eldridge, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Eddie Heywood, Illinois Jacquet and from '50-'52 with Erroll Garner, since which he was sporadically active. He also recorded with Art Tatum, Buddy Rich, Maynard Ferguson, Tadd Dameron, John Coltrane and Phineas Newborn Jr.

Lou Busch, pianist-composer well known for his recordings under the name Joe "Fingers" Carr, died Sept. 19 in a car crash near his Camarillo, Ca. home. He was 69. Born in Louisville, Ky., he debuted professionally with a hometown band at age 12, left home to tour with trumpeter Clyde McCoy's group at 16 and from the late '20s on arranged and played for such band leaders as Henry Busse, Ray Noble, David Rose, Hal Kemp and Vincent Lopez. Joining the Capitol Records staff in '49, he began waxing the goodtime pseudo-ragtime stylings of "Fingers," making hits of *Down Yonder* and *Portuguese Washerwomen* during the '50s. During the '60s he co-wrote and arranged Allan Sherman's popular parodies. At his death Busch was music arranger for the Young Americans and writing a book on early dance band musicians. He is survived by his wife Nina, a daughter, brother and sister.

Swiss-born Rene Yvon Brunner, 47, died Sept. 3 in Rochester, N.Y.; the optometrist was also a writer and critic about jazz with "a multitude of contacts" according to New Orleans' Danny Barker, who relayed the news to db. Brunner's survivors include his parents, wife and son.



VERYL OKLAND

## Rivers 4 in Band Workshop

SEATTLE—The workshops and concerts by the Sam Rivers quartet at the Cornish Institute for the Allied Arts were a welcome and all too rare opportunity for Seattleites to feast on contemporary jazz developments at summer's end. The group, sponsored by a National Endowment for the Arts grant, gave four days of workshops to a small (50-plus), involved coterie of professional musicians and students.

Rivers, Dave Holland, Joe Daley and Thurman Barker taught improvisation, ensemble playing and theory, then rehearsed at night in preparation for the debut of a major Rivers composition commissioned by the 13 piece Composers and Improvisers Orchestra. The composer, relishing the opportunity to have his work heard, in rehearsals proved to be a conductor of the Thelonious Monk school, guiding the music by dancing and body movement. He offered verbal cues like "Bang, bang, bang, de-ge-zop" or "Bop bop boang ching boang ching" to clarify the rhythms.

The week's climax was the concert at Moore Egyptian Theatre, featuring sets by the CIO, the quartet and their combined forces for the premiere. The untitled piece was a tour de force, strong, intense and over an hour long. All members of the ensemble (two

trumpets, trombone, three doubling woodwinds, french horn, tuba, electric bass, violinist, guitarist and cellist) were given plenty of solo space. Between improvised sections Rivers interposed written interludes exploring the many sonic possibilities.

Ostinatos (especially in 10/4 and 11/4), rifflike melodies with developing counterlines (often pitting one band section against another and achieving a massive sound) and sustained chords appeared repeatedly in the written parts. Improvised were individual solos, free group blowing and unusual combinations of soloists. Highlights included a dovetailing trumpet duet by the CIO's James Knapp and Doug Canning, Joe Daley's a cappella baritone horn spot and alto saxist Denny Goodhew's fluent solo over a 10/4 ostinato.

The concert opened with the CIO playing two Dave Holland tunes arranged by Knapp, who formed the band three years ago to perform the music of Seattle composers. The group has played extensively around the Seattle area under the aegis of the King County Arts Commission and has concertized with the American Contemporary Dance Company.

About 350 attended the concert, and another 200 heard the music in workshops. —mark solomon

## NYC's Openings

from p. 10

a basement, the club is softly lit. The audience is attentive to the narrow, long stage—which positions the musicians so they can't face each other, but must face the audience. The musical fare has been consistently excellent and eclectic, ranging from the quiet solo guitar sounds of Joe Pass to the swing of Zoot Sims to the blues of Mose Allison to the smoke of Chico Freeman to the fire of Cecil Taylor.

Other clubs making their debuts in '79 include: the French Quarter, located in the Sheraton Hotel, featuring mainstream names like The World's Greatest Jazz Band, Jonah Jones and Terry Gibbs;

Jazz Forum, a weekend club in Cooper Square owned by musician Mark Morganelli, which has presented hard-boppers and beyond including Bill Hardman, Junior Cook and Jaki Byard: two longtime eating and watering holes. Hanratty's and the Knickerbocker Saloon, with pianists (Dick Wellstood, Dill Jones and Don Coates have held forth at the former. Billy Taylor is house pianist at the latter, frequently spelled by Jimmy Rowles and Junior Mance).

In addition, such folk/rock/country/pop outposts as the Other End, the Bottom Line and the Lone Star Cafe have started booking name jazz acts on a semi-regular basis.



pianist Don Wall and quintet (with Billy McPhearson on reeds) played for over 2,000, mixing funk, hard bop and fusion. Scheduled trumpeter Eddie Henderson did not appear, but Woody Shaw with Henderson's pianist Larry Willis, Carter Jefferson and Stafford James delighted the crowd. Sunday from 1 to 7 p.m. showcased local talent: Blessed Relief (a jazz-rock sextet), the Charley Williams trio (regulars at the club Dante's Down The Hatch, in Underground Atlanta where DeJohnette had worked out his frustrations on the piano after his washed out Friday night), and the Morehouse College Jazz Band, directed by Rod Smith.

As the crowd grew to some 2,500, vocalist Joi Tobin and the Joe Jennings' Life Force performed, eliciting positive audience response. Jimmy Owens' Plus Band and Bobby Hutchinson's quartet played two electrifying sets, winning over unfamiliar listeners—now happily familiar with jazz, and looking ahead to next year's Atlanta jazz festival.

—neyeswah abiku

## Monterey: Will There Be Changes Made?

from p. 10

Featured were Bosko Petrovic, a smooth, airy Yugoslav vibist; Davor Kajfes, a Swedish pianist who had fun playing 'Round Midnight in 9/4; Junko Mine, a Japanese singer who sounded like an uninspired cross between Anita O'Day and Morgana King; Koffman, whose set featured brisk, sunny guitar flashes from Ed Bickert; and the incredible Spaniard Montoliu, whose brief outing supported by bassist Red Mitchell was stunning but played to a noisy, discourteous crowd. Machito, with his orchestra and passionate vocalist, closed the show, with guest shots from Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry.

Saturday afternoon's Mardi Gras Mambo was for sun worshipers, dancers and the rock n' rollers. Only Earl King with his tight blues set and the New Orleans All-Stars played jazz; Dr. John and the Neville Brothers were into rock and r&b. The show stealers were the Wild Tchoupitoulas, three gents in full Indian garb with flowing feathered head-dresses and rhinestone clothing.

Saturday evening's Dizzy's Party, Part II, like last year, was part jam session, part concert, with the groups of Woody Herman, Stan Getz and Gillespie up front. Woody, in his first Monterey appearance since '58, was in good form and the latest Herd was top-drawer, notably pianist Dave LaLama and the saxes, led by Bob Belden and arranger Frank Tiberi on John Coltrane's *Countdown*.

The band returned to showcase Diz, Woody Shaw and Slide Hampton on *Woody 'n You*, and *Manteca*. Getz's group played suitably light, contemporary tunes, with guitarist Chuck Loeb a plus. Diz's band showcased Roy Haynes; jammers were Scott Hamilton (on a bossa nova?!), Getz and John Lewis on a dashing *Confirmation*, and Sonny Stitt and CT on a blues.

Sunday afternoon, formerly set aside for commissioned works from established masters, now belongs to a select group of high school players billed as The Jazz Stars of Tomorrow. Young Danny

House (alto sax), Norbert Stachel (tenor sax), Larry Koonse (guitar), and Rich Theuer (trumpet), displayed maturity and invention in their solos. Good as the younger players are, they should be allotted no more than one set, the rest of the afternoon reserved for new works.

Sunday's closing show was easily the best. Woody Shaw's sizzling quintet with Carter Jefferson's surging soprano sax and Stafford James' huge-bottomed bass, whipped through three originals, followed by Helen Humes, who sang her songs with luster. The four saxes of Dave Pell's Pres Conference, the Lester Young model of Supersax, played as light as silk and still swung. They then backed Joe Williams who got a standing ovation. Williams encoored during Buddy Rich's rousing set, which featured tenor saxist Steve Marcus.

Monterey used to grab five stars every year. It keeps slipping, and this year gets two and a half. Changes in its outlook are long overdue.

—zan stewart

## NEW RELEASES

The rush of winter releases begins: Milestone has reissued Cannonball Adderley's *Bill Evans* and Wynton Kelly supported dates as *What I Mean*, Johnny Griffin's sextets and recast British folk songs as *Little Giant*, Wes Montgomery with siblings Buddy and Monk as *Groove Brothers* and Thelonious Monk's *The Riverside Trios* with Oscar Pettiford and Kenny Clarke or Art Blakey. New is Sonny Rollins' date with Larry Coryell, entitled *Don't Ask*, and on Galaxy Philly Joe Jones' *Advance!*, Hank Jones' *Ain't Misbehavin'* and Shelly Manne's *French Concert* with Lee Konitz.

Bunky Green goes *Places We've Never Been* on Vanguard. Egberto Gismonti is *Solo* on ECM; the label also has *Le Voyage* by Paul Motian's trio, John Surman's solo reed and synthesizer outing *Upon Reflection* and *Elm*, led by pianist Richard Beirach. Pablo offers *Quadrant*, with Joe Pass, Milt Jackson, Ray Brown and Mickey Roker, Mary Lou Williams' *Solo Recital* from Montreux '78, Louie Bellson's *Jam* with Pete Christlieb and the late Blue Mitchell, and Zoot Sims meeting guitarists Rune Gustafsson and Bucky Pizzarelli on *The Sweetest Sounds*.

Arista's *Blue Montreux* II is further '78 adventures of Warren Bernhardt, the Brecker Brothers, Mike Mainieri et al.; keyboardist David Sancious co-produced his *Just As I Thought*, and on GRP are flutist David Valen-tin's *The Hawk* and vibes-striker Jay Hoggard's *Days Like These*.

On Columbia, Stan Getz honors the International Year of the Child with an LP composed and arranged by Lalo Schiffrin, *Children Of The World*; Billy Cobham plays *B.C.*; Santana runs *Marathon*; Johnny Taylor says *She's Killing Me* and *Burn* is Melba Moore's latest (on Epic).

Muse thought up recording Arnett Cobb and the Muse All-Stars *Live At Sandy's* and *The Big Horn of Houston Person*, Morgana King's *Everything Must Change*, Philly guitarist Walt Barr's *East Wind*, pianist Red Garland's *Feelin' Red* and bassist David Friesen's *Color Pool*; from Timeless/Muse comes Mike Nock's quartet *In Out And Around*, the Johnny Griffin/Art Taylor quartet warning *The Jams Are Coming* and George Coleman with Tete Montoliu in duo *Meditation*.

Elektra is *Introducing Glen Moore* sans Oregon; Paul McCandless' *All The Mornings Bring* features Art Lande, Dave Samuels and a woodwind ensemble; *Twennynine* features Lenny White's band *Best of Friends*; *Sweetbottom* pleads *Turn Me Loose*; Asylum has Jan Hammer's *Hammer*, and on Planet the Pointer Sisters are a continuing *Priority*.

Atlantic vies with Ray Charles' *Ain't It So*, Aretha Franklin, *La Diva*, and the Horny Horns' *Blow By Blow*. Chiaroscuro's latest are new to the States: Alan Silva and the Celestial Communications Orchestra's *The Shout (Portrait For A Small Woman)*; Frank Wright's

*Kevin, My Dear Son*, and Noah Howard's *Olé*. Image, another division of Audiofidelity, waxed Hazel Scott's *Always*. Herb Alpert's *Rise* is on A&M, of course; Freda Payne is *Hot* on Capitol; Stix Hooper beats *The World Within* on MCA; Flora Purim on Warner Bros. sings *Carry On*; pianist John Coates Jr. *In The Open Space* is from Omniscience; steel drummer Andy Narell debuts *Hidden Treasure* on Inner City.

PAUSA is issuing some German MPS releases, lately George Shearing's *Light, Airy and Swinging*, Maynard Ferguson's 1968 *Trumpet Rhapsody*, a Monty Alexander quartet from '74, *Now Is The Time*, the Jean-Luc Ponty quartet's *Sunday Walk* and Joe Venuti *Doin' Things* (if only Capitol would issue stateside new MPS productions, like Stephane Grappelli's *Young Django* with Coryell, Philip Catherine and N.H. O. Pedersen, Didier Lockwood's *New World*, or Albert Mangelsdorff's *Trilogie* with Jaco Pastorius and Alphonse Mouzon).

Harold Danko's quintet *Coincidence* is on Dreamstreet. Gunter Hampel's *Flying Carpet* comes from Kharma. *Air Light (Sleep Sailor)*, musical conceptualist Dennis Gonzalez' debut, is the first release of Dallas' daagnim label. John Wood, Tony Dumas, Ray Pizzi and Billy Higgins cut *Innermerge* for Los Angeles Records. Patrick Hazell and the Mother Blues Band recorded *Back Country Shuffle* live for the Peoria (Ill.) Blue Rhythm label. Mike Richmond, John Scofield

and Billy Hart guest on pianist Jim McNeely's *The Plot Thickens*, from the Island Park, N.Y. Gate-mouth Recording Company. The Paris Smith-Kenneth Hill quartets are from Chicago's Oracle Records. *Deep Stream*, by multi-instrumentalist Dawan Muhammad comes from Capitola, CA's Evidence Artistic Records. Otic Records of Southbury, Cn. has Bobby Naughton's *Nautagram* and Dwight Andrews' *Mmotia-The Little People*. Toshinori Kondo, playing trumpet, alto horn and mutes, solos on *Fuigo From A Different Dimension* (on Bellows); *Digit* is bassist Mario Pavone's quartet (on Alacra)—both from NMDS/COA. Bassist Noah Young's *Unicorn Dream* is on Laughing Angel Records, Santa Monica, CA. Trombonist Stuart Dempster played solo *In The Great Abbey Of Clement VI*, on 1750 Arch (Berkeley, CA); Music-tec Sound Inc. of NYC released drummer Steve Reid's *Odyssey Of The Oblong Square* (with Charles Tyler and Arthur Blythe); reedman Craig Purpura's quartet *Fifth Floor Walk-Up* is on Anabus Records (NYC); solo pianist Ron Thomas' *Wings Of The Morning* comes from Philadelphia (on Mikrokosmik Music, Inc.); pianist Milcho Leviev leads a quartet on *Blue Levis* (Dobre, Studio City, Ca.); the latest Time-Life Records multi-disc celebrates Giant of Jazz Coleman Hawkins; and Metalanguage Records (Berkeley, CA) issues electric guitarists Henry Kaiser and Fred Frith: *With Friends Like These*; also solo pianist Greg Goodman's *A Similar Review*.



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SKEETZ

1959



# ART PEPPER

## Rewards of the Straight Life

by PETE WELDING

Of all the musicians from the West Coast jazz movement of the 1950s, alto saxophonist Art Pepper is unquestionably the most important. Pepper's strong, intense and always compelling music—from every stage of his troubled, frequently interrupted career—is most likely to withstand the test of time.

Unlike most of his contemporaries on the Los Angeles jazz scene of those days, Pepper has been one of the music's true originals, possessed of an instantly recognizable sound and style that are his alone, the hard won results of years of dedicated, constant effort to master his instrument and the art of playing jazz while finding, nurturing and maintaining a strong personal identity. He has been conspicuously successful in these goals and has become one of the most individualistic of altoists in post-Charlie Parker jazz.

It was not easy, this task of "playing himself," as he calls it, in his music. Incontestably, Parker was the foremost influence on younger, forward looking musicians of the time, and they eagerly devoured every recorded scrap of his they could find. By 1946 when, following two years of military service, Pepper returned to L.A. to resume his musical career, Parker's spellbindingly original alto saxophone had become the dominant sound in postwar jazz. Few young musicians were able to escape its influence. But Pepper did—the result of a conscious decision.

While he unreservedly admired Parker's daring, imaginative music, he had no desire to imitate it. He had observed that some

Parker imitators "gave up their identity to sound like him. They gave up their own thing completely. They copied solos off the records and played them note for note. They'd practice them and practice them."

From the start, Pepper recognized that genuinely creative, personal, truly *free* expression was to be found only in one's self. While one might learn from the music of others (Parker included) who had achieved the kind of individualized expression he sought, imitation of such approaches was not the way to go about it. Imitation ultimately was frustrating, self-defeating and probably harmful to the young musician. Worse, imitation inhibited the proper development of a musician's natural gifts, stifling or at least muting his own voice. It took many players years to discover what Pepper knew instinctively: one must always strive for a sense of self in one's music and persevere no matter what the dictates of current fashion.

But Pepper has never chosen the path of least resistance. He is nothing if not strong willed, at least where his music is concerned. (His personal life is another matter. The conflict between ideal and reality—between the strong, clearly defined ideas he holds concerning his music and the often harsh, conflicting, compromise-filled ambiguities of the real world where that music must find its place—probably accounts for many of his personal difficulties.)

"My whole life," he noted recently, "has been one of accepting challenges, of painting myself into corners, of putting myself into a position where I have to really fight to get out of it—the worst





position I could possibly get myself into . . . always, as long as I can remember. And that's the way I've lived."

It's my belief, formed many years ago and just as strongly held today, that Pepper is among the very greatest practitioners of the art of jazz. His improvisations are immensely satisfying examples of sustained thematic development, the type of instantaneous creativity all too rarely encountered in jazz. That alone would insure his being placed with the music's top players. His music also bears the stamp of a strong, intense, instantly recognizable musical personality. Nowadays, his playing is virtually without peer in current jazz, and this degree of mastery has been evident from at least the early 1950s.

Then, after almost six years with the Stan Kenton Orchestra during which his command of the alto saxophone had grown ever more compelling and assured, he launched his own solo performing and recording career. Earning a measure of popular success and critical accolades, he consistently placed high in the annual polls conducted by *down beat* and *Metronome* magazines. For illuminating samples of his prowess at this time, check his playing on his first quartet date, made in February, 1952 for Discovery Records, and collected in the two-LP anthology *Black California*; on the two recently issued volumes of "live" recordings made at the same time by the same remarkable group, *The Early Show* and *The Late Show* or the slightly later *Discoveries*. At the time, Pepper was widely considered one of the music's rising stars, a fresh and exciting talent poised on the threshold of greatness.

Sadly, the dream was dashed: Pepper's star plummeted when in 1953 he was arrested and sent to Fort Worth Federal Penitentiary for violation of narcotics laws. It was not his first such bust—he had earlier been sent to Lexington to try to work out a cure—but this one took him off the scene for more than a year. A few years before, while touring with the Kenton band and lonely as a result of prolonged separation from his wife and young daughter, the altoist, like many young musicians of the day, had begun experimenting with heroin, drug of choice of the fabled bop elders.

At first he used it to assuage his loneliness on the long road tours but inevitably addiction followed and, hard on its heels and just as inevitably, arrest, conviction and imprisonment. This chapter of the altoist's story, perhaps the most widely known and least deserving of continued retelling, saw him spending almost ten of the ensuing 15 years behind one set of prison bars or another, three-and-a-half of them in San Quentin. The waste was all the more tragic because it coincided with what should have been the most vigorously productive phase of his career. In addition, it prevented his riding to popularity and success, as did some other musicians, including several Pepper imitators, on the gathering wave of interest in what came to be labeled West Coast jazz, of which Pepper was one of the finest, most consistently creative representatives and to the development of which he had over the previous several years contributed significantly.

His addiction dominated his life for close to two decades. During this period he had tried several "comebacks," each dutifully reported in the music press, when following release from prison he would seek to rebuild his career and regain lost ground, performing, recording and, when permitted, touring, only to succumb once again to the vicious cycle of addiction, arrest and prison.

One writer described Pepper's life at this time as seemingly having "been lived only in the recording studio and prison." Even when incarcerated, he had in release albums made while at liberty. Many of his albums for Contemporary Records, which appeared at regular intervals during the 1960s, were issued under these circumstances.

In 1966 the altoist completed his last prison sentence. Returning to Los Angeles, he found the music scene drastically changed, dominated by rock and like combos. With few opportunities for a

player of his special melodic gifts, he pragmatically acquired a tenor instead of the expected alto saxophone. With a tenor, he reasoned, he could at least pick up casuals and other dates where a guttier, more forceful saxophone sound was required by the prevalent musical ethos.

Then, too, he had fallen under the spell of John Coltrane, whose compelling musical approach and unique tenor saxophone sound had become the dominant jazz force during Pepper's last prison term. Seduced, Pepper immersed himself in Coltrane's music, listening to his records and practicing long hours to penetrate and make it his own. He was, by his own admission, completely "hung on Coltrane" at the time. "Coltrane was the only person I listened to then," he recalled, adding that his immersion almost completely obliterated his own musical personality. This preoccupation, undocumented on record, lasted the greater part of two years and is the only time in his career when Pepper emulated the approach of another player. That he was willing to give up the identity for which he had fought so long and determinedly in the earlier stages of that career is perhaps indicative of the low ebb at which he found himself on his release from prison. The situation was exacerbated by the lamentably low levels of the state of music in general he found at the time.

During this period he led a number of short-lived groups and played all manner of casuals, but was just squeezing by. Things started to turn around in 1968 when Don Menza lent him an alto saxophone and recommended him for the band of drummer Buddy Rich. (Since Menza and Pepper had never met, Art feels that Menza's generosity is all the more remarkable.)

The association had two beneficial results, Pepper observed. First, the Rich band's charts were very demanding technically and its musical direction strongly rock-flavored, a bit different from what he had been used to, yet within a short time Pepper discovered he was more than equal to their challenge and began to receive increasing solo opportunities, which helped to restore his self-esteem and bolster his abilities as a player. Second, and more important, he rediscovered the alto saxophone, for he had been hired to play lead alto in Rich's band.

"As soon as I started warming up on it, I realized the alto was *me*," he told writer Mark Leviton recently. "Alto is harder to play technically [than tenor]; if you play alto you really have to be saying something, you can't be just bullshitting. So many people have started on alto and been unable to master it. In fact, Coltrane started off on lead alto in Dizzy Gillespie's band, years ago." Pepper remained in the Rich band, which toured widely, until a ruptured spleen necessitated surgery and a hospital stay.

His convalescence over, Pepper voluntarily entered Synanon, remaining in the controversial drug rehabilitation center for three years during which he finally banished the specter of his heroin addiction. On leaving Synanon he worked as a bookkeeper in an L.A. bakery while he picked up the pieces of his life. He chose not to play during this period, spent largely in quiet living, contemplation and stock-taking. To his delight, he was accepted for the methadone maintenance program on which he remains to this day and through which he has been enabled once and for all to free himself of dependence on heroin. During this same period, beginning about 1972, he began talking extensively about his life and career with journalist Laurie Miller, conversations that resulted in Ms. Miller becoming Mrs. Pepper in 1974 and an autobiography by Art and Laurie, *Straight Life*, recently published by Macmillan & Co.'s Schirmer Books division.

In 1975 Pepper, still recording for Contemporary Records and intermittently leading a group of his own in the L.A. area, began performing with the Don Ellis Orchestra, an association that like the earlier one with Buddy Rich revitalized his interest in playing. The Ellis band posed him a formidable challenge, too. "That was the hardest band in the area," he stated. "There was no harder band anywhere—you know, 9/8, 7/11, all those unusual time signatures, in addition to which I had to play flute and piccolo, neither of which I had played before. When I went in the band friends of mine told me, 'All the guys are certain you're not going to make it, that you'll be there for a couple of rehearsals but you won't make the band.' So it was a challenge, a battle I won.

"Not only did I make the band but I played this tune called *Invincible* in which the arrangement went into 7/4 for a long swinging period, then into a real down home two-feel blues type thing, then a





Laurie and Art  
(1979)

HERB NOLAN

real gospel thing and then into 8/7. And I played it so beautifully I totally broke down the house at this one place we played. Everybody just flipped out; they couldn't believe that an old man like me could come into a band with all these young guys and play this—not only play it but, you know, really *do* it—the feature number, and really make it. And I was so proud of having done that.” Another notch in his belt, another step on the long way back.

Through the mid to late '70s his recordings for Contemporary—*Living Legend*, *The Trip*, and *No Limit*—continued to spread the message of his music and the newfound strength and bristling creativity that increasingly infused it. At this time he also undertook an association with the Buffet instrument firm, participating in music clinics for young instrumentalists at college campuses around the country, an activity he found particularly rewarding.

Then in July, 1977 Pepper made a highly acclaimed appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival, his first Manhattan engagement in many years. He impressed listeners and critics alike with the fiery, unflagging inventiveness and intense emotionalism of his playing. One of the few uncontested hits of the festival, the altoist was no less successful during several club engagements in the East, time and again gaining critical accolades for the uncommonly creative fervor of his music. Pepper, of course, simply was playing himself at his utmost, as he always has done, but he basked in the praise lavished on him by the Eastern critical establishment to whom his playing was little short of a revelation.

The trip was something of a watershed for the altoist. The success of the festival and other appearances, coupled with the enthusiastic response of the jazz press, meant a great deal to him personally and strengthened his growing desire to pursue his muse with even greater determination.

He returned to New York a few months later for an October stand at the Village Vanguard with pianist George Cables, Czech-born bassist George Mraz and drummer Elvin Jones, one of Pepper's favorite musicians. Pepper likes to perform with Jones whenever circumstances permit and was overjoyed when Elvin invited him to New York to participate in his most recent recording sessions.

The Vanguard engagement was recorded in its entirety by Contemporary Records' owner-operator Les Koenig, with whom Art had a longstanding friendship as well as a contractual relationship. At the time of his death Koenig was working through the two dozen reels of tape recorded during the engagement. His son, John Koenig, has taken over preparation of the material and is aiming for a January release of the first album.

These were just the opening salvos of Pepper's battle to claim his rightful place in the jazz firmament. He made an important

discovery about himself, too. “I found out that I *wanted* to play . . . really bad. I feel now, I *know*, that I'm playing better than I've ever played before. All of a sudden, everything that had happened to me during my lifetime had all gone by me. It had reached the point where I suddenly realized how old I was. I always had heard that when you reached a certain age you can't play jazz anymore. This was something people had drummed into me all my life, and I realized that it simply wasn't true—it wasn't happening to me, anyway.

“But it wasn't as easy as I thought it was going to be either. I had to play, wanted to play but in order to I had to really *work*. I couldn't just bullshit, I had to really fight. So I started playing and I've found my playing has changed; harmonically I'm more venturesome; when I play pretty instead of just playing beautiful, it's all beauty but now it goes through the whole spectrum of experience, tells a complete story. And it has strength because art, like all of life, must be filled with strength.”

Pepper stopped playing casuals—the weddings, dances, country club affairs and like bread-and-butter jobs that he had played for years—and resolved to play only jazz. The time for compromise, for him, is long past. He's paid his dues and feels he shouldn't have to grovel and hustle for studio and commercial work. Besides which, he's convinced, it destroys those it employs, uses and subverts their creativity if they stay at it for very long. Too many jazz players have been lost to the studios, he feels, and he's more than a little alarmed at the increasing numbers of black players making their way into this lucrative but largely stultifying work.

Pepper will accept an occasional studio offer if it allows him to be himself, and is pleased with several such assignments he's negotiated in recent years, notably his featured roles in the soundtracks to the two Clint Eastwood features, *The Enforcer* and *The Gauntlet*, with scores by Jerry Fielding at whose urging Pepper was used. More recently he was similarly employed in the music for the film *Heartbeat*, which dramatizes the life of writer Jack Kerouac. Such assignments are rare, and although the altoist hopes more will come, he won't go out of his way to get them—or any other commercial work—not if they compromise his music.

“I don't want to be a servant,” he says simply but emphatically.

Since late 1976 Pepper has as much as possible been performing with the same group of musicians. With the exception of drummer Billy Higgins, whom he has known since his earliest years on the L.A. scene, the players are younger than him by a generation. Pepper quickly came to admire the playing of pianist George Cables and bassist Tony Dumas. They were recommended by Les Koenig, his Contemporary producer whose musical judgments he learned to respect. The idea at first was that they would be a means of making



his albums more "contemporary" in flavor and more attractive to younger listeners.

Once they worked together Pepper found the experience so exhilarating that he determined to move the association beyond the studio into live dates.

This was not the easiest or most obvious course to follow in assembling a regular group and the logistics, he quickly discovered, were formidable. Happily, Pepper chose the more difficult role of seeking to challenge himself, to stimulate and insure continued growth in expressive power by surrounding himself with these and like players. Coleman Hawkins followed this same course with spectacular results for much of his long career.

"Instead of going with guys I played with a long time ago and who are simple to play with, or go to Japan and play the old things, tunes I recorded years ago, which is what they want to hear, I go with George Cables who without question is one of the greatest young piano players in the country," Pepper explained. "I fell in love with the way he plays a few years ago. And Tony Dumas, who's the most fantastic bass player, but at the same time he's really off into a whole other world which runs against everything I've ever wanted to play with. But I love it. And then there's Billy Higgins on drums, who's played with everyone, and who I knew years and years ago, when I was a kid. This was a long, long time ago, long before Ornette got going; I used to play with Billy a lot.

"See, I could have gotten guys who *love* me and just play the way I play and they would have loved it. But instead, I took this band and, man, when I made the record [this group was recorded during its July tour of Japan; a studio album, *Straight Life*, has been released to coincide with publication of Pepper's autobiography] I was just playing so far above what I would have been playing had I had the other band. Pushed me, they did."

## SELECTED ART PEPPER DISCOGRAPHY

BLACK CALIFORNIA—Savoy 2215  
THE EARLY SHOW—Xanadu 108  
THE LATE SHOW—Xanadu 117  
ART PEPPER DISCOVERIES—Savoy 2217  
EARLY ART—Blue Note 591-H2  
MARTY PAICH QUARTET—Archive of Jazz 510  
ART PEPPER PLAYS SHORTY ROGERS & OTHERS—  
Pacific Jazz 896  
ART PEPPER MEETS THE RHYTHM SECTION—  
Contemporary 7532  
MODERN JAZZ CLASSICS—Contemporary 7568  
GETTIN' TOGETHER—Contemporary 7573  
SMACK UP—Contemporary 7602  
INTENSITY—Contemporary 7607  
THE WAY IT WAS—Contemporary 7630  
LIVING LEGEND—Contemporary 7633  
THE TRIP—Contemporary 7638  
NO LIMIT—Contemporary 7639  
AMONG FRIENDS—Interplay 7718  
ART PEPPER TODAY—Galaxy 5119  
STRAIGHT LIFE—Galaxy 5127

Maintaining a stable personnel on a regular basis is not easily done these days, particularly if one's health is, like Pepper's, not what it once was.

"It's very hard to get together a permanent group unless you're working all the time," he noted, adding that he could work much more frequently in the Los Angeles area than he does at present—by my reckoning about three or four nights a month on the average. The explanation for this low local profile is simple: economics.

"It's as though if you're from the town, then they've got you already. So there's that. Then, there are so many people out here who will play for practically nothing . . . you know, almost any one of the studio musicians, they'll play for nothing. They don't need it."

"The thing is," interjected Laurie Pepper, "Art could play Donte's several times a month, every month, if he wanted to."

"I could play there every week if I wanted to," he corrected.

"The same thing goes for Pasquale's," she continued. "But, first of all, the money is not that good, Art feels. Then, getting a group together and keeping it going is very difficult because either they're working the studios or they're on the road, depending upon who you pick. It just doesn't seem worthwhile. Take George Cables."

"Yeah," Art explained, "he's always gone, on the road a lot. He was with Dexter Gordon for a long time, then he was with Freddie Hubbard. George travels a lot; with Freddie he was in Japan and had been all over the U.S."

"Then too, with Art," Laurie added, "his health is not all that good so that he can take that road life like other people can."

Pepper has had more than the usual share of illness as well as several major and minor medical problems in recent years, including a liver operation, another for a burst spleen, pneumonia, a ventral hernia and, most recently, another bout of pneumonia triggered by an untended fractured rib he had sustained in a fall. This last was diagnosed when, on a May tour of England, Pepper collapsed following a concert engagement. On the advice of his attending physician, he gave up cigarettes.

"He said either give up smoking or hang it up," the altoist stated. "So I stopped. I never dreamed that I could stop. I went to the Shick Center and after the second day . . . that was it. I was certain it would never work. I'm more or less institutionalized in my behavior; that is, in order for me to do something, it has to be told to me and enacted to me by people that I have no contact with—you know, who are just telling me the facts or showing me movies where I can see it. Like a wife's telling me to stop smoking, that would have no meaning for me. So the Shick Center was the perfect way for me to go about stopping." In addition, he no longer drinks.

At 54, after more than three dozen years as a professional musician, Art Pepper has lately been enjoying a great wave of renewed interest in the music he has been making so singlemindedly and brilliantly all along. In recent years and in the company of several young peers he has been heard more frequently in his hometown of Los Angeles. Still, it's not often enough, given his stature and the current level of his playing, more assured and grippingly powerful than at any other time in his life. He has made three highly successful tours of Japan, has been to Europe on another, and is beginning to perform widely throughout the U.S. once again. His autobiography, *Straight Life*, co-written with Laurie, an unusually frank account of his life and many hard times, should focus even greater attention on him and the truly staggering extent of his accomplishment in putting his life in order and renegotiating the long, hard way back from the oblivion of heroin addiction.

Last but not least, he is optimistic about his recent recording contract with Galaxy Records, the first fruits of which are contained in the stunning *Art Pepper/Today*, recently released to near unanimous acclaim. The album contains, Pepper feels, the greatest, most perfectly realized musical performance he's ever committed to record, the lengthy *Patricia*, named for his daughter and performed with heartrending emotional power and gripping creativity.

"*Patricia*," he says, "that's it! I knew I had achieved what I wanted when I recorded that, as soon as it was over and I heard the playback. I was sure when it was over, but I *had* to hear the playback. And when I did, and when Stanley Cowell [piano] and Cecil McBee [bass] and Roy Haynes [drums] heard it, and the people in the recording booth, everyone, like as one voice, we all went, 'Wheew!' It was just one of those moments, a rare moment. I don't see how I could ever play any more than that, any better than that. I don't think it's possible."

How does he view himself in jazz history? Pepper better than anyone else knows just how good he is, how much he has already accomplished. But he thirsts for more. He wants, above all else, to receive the acclaim of American jazz listeners; he wants them to know how powerful and exciting and, not least of all, how individualistic and original a player he is.

"I never went into anything without wanting to be the winner," he explains. "I'm a real American in that way—a competitor; to me winning is important. If there's a poll, then you've got to win the poll. If you don't win the poll, then you're not a winner."

"I realize how meaningless much of this is; it's a very childish thing on my part, I guess. Now I've gone to Japan several times, and I've been on the cover of *Swing Journal* [Japan's leading jazz publication] three separate times, and had two calendars issued there. But all these things have happened in Japan, and nothing here! And I think, I'm an American and nobody digs me here."

"If I had one word to describe the perfect position to be in, the perfect feeling," he summarizes, "it would be beauty in all its forms. I've been searching for it, in my music, all my life. And playing jazz. I began realizing that it was instant creation, and that I had the power to get that feeling of beauty, to receive this thing that other people just couldn't get."

"And it really was a long shot, going after beauty. I was aware of the dangers, and how hard it was. Even when I was young I knew that. I really don't know *what* it is. But I'm really pursuing it now; I'm really after it now, more than ever before. I'm much closer to it now." db





Charles Mingus



Ella Fitzgerald

# 44th ANNUAL READERS POLL

## hall of fame

- 248 Ella Fitzgerald
- 234 Dexter Gordon
- 152 Max Roach
- 123 Eddie Jefferson
- 123 Oscar Peterson
- 89 Maynard Ferguson
- 67 Don Ellis
- 67 Fats Navarro
- 67 Stan Getz
- 64 Lionel Hampton
- 56 Dave Brubeck
- 55 Chick Corea
- 50 Albert Ayler
- 50 John McLaughlin
- 48 Bill Evans

## jazz musician of the year

- 176 Charles Mingus
- 174 Chick Corea
- 152 Dexter Gordon
- 135 Phil Woods
- 105 Woody Shaw
- 98 Pat Metheny
- 76 Johnny Griffin
- 67 Dizzy Gillespie
- 64 McCoy Tyner
- 55 Chuck Mangione
- 55 Sonny Rollins
- 50 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 50 Keith Jarrett
- 50 Jaco Pastorius
- 47 Earl Klugh
- 43 Cecil Taylor
- 43 Oscar Peterson



Weather Report: Joe Zawinul, Peter Erskine,

Poll photo credits: Veryl Oakland: Fitzgerald, Watrous, Braxton, Thielemans, Smith, Tyner, Woods, Akiyoshi, King, Mingus; Tom Copi: Weather Report, Burton; James Lee Soffer: Carter, Gillespie, Gordon; Alain Bettex: Williams; Steve Kagan: Corea; Jeff Roth: Airt; Darryl Pitt Encore: Mitchell; Meris Powell; Joe Pass





Toshiko Akiyoshi



B. B. King

**jazz album  
of the year**

- 185 **Joni Mitchell**  
*Mingus*
- 143 **Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner, Ron Carter, Al Foster**  
*Milestone Jazzstars*
- 106 **Dexter Gordon**  
*Manhattan Symphonie*
- 99 **Charlie Byrd**  
*Blue Byrd*
- 88 **Art Ensemble of Chicago**  
*Nice Guys*
- 74 **Weather Report**  
*Mr. Gone*
- 64 **Charles Mingus**  
*Cumbia And Jazz Fusion*
- 63 **Mike Richmond**  
*Dream Waves*
- 56 **Woody Shaw**  
*Woody III*
- 56 **Irakere**  
*Irakere*
- 54 **Charles Mingus**  
*Me, Myself An Eye*
- 50 **Toshiko-Tabackin Band**  
*Kogun*

**jazz group**

- 447 **Weather Report**
- 238 **Art Ensemble of Chicago**
- 212 **Phil Woods Quartet**
- 131 **Woody Shaw Ensemble**
- 103 **Oregon**
- 89 **Heath Brothers**
- 86 **Pat Metheny Group**
- 79 **Spyro Gyra**
- 75 **Chuck Mangione**
- 69 **Charlie Byrd Trio**
- 60 **Matrix**
- 55 **Air**
- 55 **Crusaders**
- 50 **Dexter Gordon Quartet**

**rock/blues  
musician  
of the year**

- 259 **B. B. King**
- 198 **Joni Mitchell**
- 177 **Frank Zappa**
- 118 **Stevie Wonder**
- 109 **Billy Joel**
- 59 **Carlos Santana**
- 43 **Ray Charles**

**composer**

- 372 **Charles Mingus**
- 221 **Toshiko Akiyoshi**
- 177 **Chick Corea**
- 130 **Joe Zawinul**
- 122 **Carla Bley**
- 83 **Chuck Mangione**
- 78 **Baird Hersey**
- 74 **Thad Jones**
- 59 **Mike Richmond**
- 51 **Phil Woods**
- 51 **Keith Jarrett**

**arranger**

- 467 **Toshiko Akiyoshi**
- 225 **Gil Evans**
- 137 **Thad Jones**
- 135 **Joe Zawinul**
- 127 **Chick Corea**
- 113 **Slide Hampton**
- 98 **Carla Bley**
- 98 **Bob James**
- 87 **Quincy Jones**
- 59 **Stan Kenton**
- 56 **Baird Hersey**
- 51 **Frank Zappa**

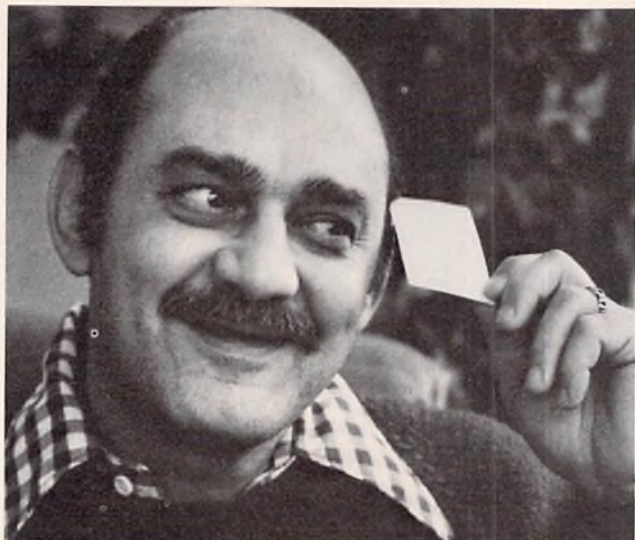


Wayne Shorter, Jaco Pastorius



Joni Mitchell





Joe Pass



Dexter Gordon



Phil Woods



Airto Moreira

## trombone

- 538 **Bill Watrous**
- 229 Roswell Rudd
- 128 Slide Hampton
- 127 Albert Mangelsdorff
- 123 George Lewis
- 111 Julian Priestler
- 108 J. J. Johnson
- 108 Jimmy Knepper
- 103 Bob Brookmeyer
- 93 Jim Pugh
- 86 Raul de Souza
- 68 Carl Fontana

## soprano sax

- 939 **Wayne Shorter**
- 187 Jan Garbarek
- 168 Steve Lacy
- 160 Zoot Sims
- 93 Anthony Braxton
- 80 Grover Washington Jr.
- 79 Joe Farrell
- 71 Bob Wilber
- 71 Dave Liebman
- 69 Sam Rivers
- 58 Chris Vadala
- 51 Tom Scott

## alto sax

- 959 **Phil Woods**
- 170 David Sanborn
- 140 Art Pepper
- 120 Arthur Blythe
- 120 Ornette Coleman
- 120 Richie Cole
- 106 Lee Konitz
- 97 Anthony Braxton
- 69 Sonny Fortune
- 64 Oliver Lake
- 59 Benny Carter
- 50 Roscoe Mitchell
- 50 Grover Washington Jr.
- 45 Jackie McLean

## big jazz band

- 727 **Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin**
- 387 Count Basie
- 179 Sun Ra
- 179 Thad Jones/Mel Lewis
- 175 Woody Herman
- 148 Maynard Ferguson
- 131 Buddy Rich
- 96 Stan Kenton
- 95 Baird Hersey/Year Of The Ear
- 71 Carla Bley

## rock/blues group

- 292 **Steely Dan**
- 259 Earth, Wind & Fire
- 86 Chicago
- 85 Weather Report
- 75 Doobie Brothers
- 72 Frank Zappa
- 53 Toto
- 51 Dire Straits
- 50 Santana

## trumpet

- 560 **Dizzy Gillespie**
- 492 Woody Shaw
- 305 Freddie Hubbard
- 240 Lester Bowie
- 144 Maynard Ferguson
- 104 Clark Terry
- 86 Don Cherry
- 81 Randy Brecker
- 76 Art Farmer
- 65 Miles Davis
- 58 Kenny Wheeler
- 55 Jon Faddis
- 50 Ted Curson

## tenor sax

- 541 **Dexter Gordon**
- 394 Sonny Rollins
- 214 Stan Getz
- 152 Michael Brecker
- 123 Johnny Griffin
- 119 Zoot Sims
- 78 Jan Garbarek
- 76 Wayne Shorter
- 76 Lew Tabackin
- 59 Scott Hamilton
- 50 Joe Henderson
- 50 Chico Freeman
- 50 Grover Washington Jr.

## baritone sax

- 912 **Gerry Mulligan**
- 483 Pepper Adams
- 236 Hamiet Bluiett
- 152 Nick Brignola
- 111 Ronnie Cuber
- 93 Bruce Johnstone
- 93 John Surman
- 67 Henry Threadgill
- 61 Howard Johnson





Chick Corea

### electric piano

- 943 Chick Corea
- 267 Joe Zawinul
- 263 Herbie Hancock
- 86 Kenny Barron
- 69 Bob James
- 66 Sun Ra
- 64 Joe Sample
- 51 Cedar Walton
- 49 Andy LaVerne
- 49 Bill Evans

### organ

- 651 Jimmy Smith
- 245 Sun Ra
- 139 Count Basie
- 135 Richard Tee
- 64 Carla Bley
- 59 Shirley Scott
- 51 Jack McDuff

### synthesizer

- 877 Joe Zawinul
- 204 Chick Corea
- 161 Herbie Hancock
- 158 Sun Ra
- 152 Jan Hammer
- 56 George Duke
- 50 Brian Eno
- 50 Richard Teitelbaum

### acoustic bass

- 851 Ron Carter
- 261 Eddie Gomez
- 255 Ray Brown
- 242 Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen
- 153 David Holland
- 152 Charlie Haden
- 126 Stanley Clarke
- 78 Mike Richmond
- 61 David Friesen

### electric bass

- 971 Jaco Pastorius
- 433 Stanley Clarke
- 166 Eberhard Weber
- 161 Steve Swallow
- 63 Joe Byrd
- 61 Ron Carter
- 61 Alphonso Johnson
- 51 Mike Richmond

### clarinet

- 609 Anthony Braxton
- 490 Benny Goodman
- 208 Buddy DeFranco
- 140 Pete Fountain
- 104 Perry Robinson
- 85 Woody Herman
- 69 Jimmy Giuffre
- 67 Bennie Maupin
- 66 Eddie Daniels
- 61 Alvin Batiste
- 61 Bob Wilber

### flute

- 688 Hubert Laws
- 431 Lew Tabackin
- 177 Sam Rivers
- 149 Herbie Mann
- 144 James Newton
- 120 Joe Farrell
- 89 Jeremy Steig
- 82 James Moody
- 78 Bobby Militello
- 76 Sam Most
- 72 Frank Wess
- 67 Paul Horn
- 55 Bud Shank

### acoustic piano

- 486 McCoy Tyner
- 460 Oscar Peterson
- 309 Keith Jarrett
- 203 Chick Corea
- 203 Cecil Taylor
- 183 Bill Evans
- 97 Monty Alexander
- 76 Barry Harris
- 61 Herbie Hancock
- 54 Andy LaVerne
- 50 Count Basie
- 50 Hank Jones
- 50 Joe Sample

### guitar

- 389 Joe Pass
- 296 Pat Metheny
- 228 Jim Hall
- 177 John McLaughlin
- 137 George Benson
- 135 John Abercrombie
- 86 Ralph Towner
- 85 Kenny Burrell
- 59 Earl Klugh
- 56 Larry Coryell
- 54 Al DiMeola
- 51 Barney Kessel
- 51 Steve Khan

### violin

- 746 Jean-Luc Ponty
- 653 Stephane Grappelli
- 248 Lakshminarayana Shankar
- 176 Leroy Jenkins
- 106 Noel Pointer
- 86 Joe Venuti
- 71 Zbigniew Seifert
- 50 Michal Urbaniak

### vibes

- 758 Gary Burton
- 500 Milt Jackson
- 412 Bobby Hutcherson
- 211 Lionel Hampton
- 119 Mike Mainieri
- 59 Dave Samuels
- 59 David Friedman
- 58 Red Norvo
- 50 Jay Hoggard

McCoy Tyner



Jimmy Smith



Gary Burton



Toots Thielemans



Dizzy Gillespie





Tony Williams

### drums

- 365 Tony Williams
- 329 Jack DeJohnette
- 282 Steve Gadd
- 252 Elvin Jones
- 177 Buddy Rich
- 158 Max Roach
- 128 Wayne Phillips
- 107 Peter Erskine
- 88 Louie Bellson
- 75 Art Blakey
- 74 Billy Cobham
- 58 Billy Hart
- 56 David Moss
- 50 Roy Haynes

### percussion

- 698 Airto Moreira
- 266 Ralph MacDonald
- 263 Don Moye
- 131 Collin Walcott
- 124 Nana Vasconcelos
- 91 Dom Um Romao
- 82 David Moss
- 72 Paulinho da Costa
- 70 Guilherme Franco

### miscellaneous instrument

- 508 Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
- 208 Anthony Braxton (bass clarinet)
- 202 Paul McCandless (oboe)
- 179 Howard Johnson (tuba)
- 120 Collin Walcott (sitar)
- 114 David Grisman (mandolin)
- 103 Tom Scott (Lyricon)
- 39 Bennie Maupin (bass clarinet)
- 24  down beat



Anthony Braxton



Bill Watrous



Ron Carter

### male singer

- 500 Al Jarreau
- 352 Mel Torme
- 281 Joe Williams
- 242 Eddie Jefferson
- 97 Ray Charles
- 92 Mark Murphy
- 88 Michael Franks
- 63 Frank Sinatra
- 59 Tom Waits
- 51 Milton Nascimento
- 51 Leon Thomas
- 50 George Benson

### female singer

- 540 Sarah Vaughan
- 452 Joni Mitchell
- 279 Ella Fitzgerald
- 250 Betty Carter
- 147 Flora Purim
- 83 Carmen McRae
- 83 Anita O'Day
- 76 Rickie Lee Jones
- 56 Cleo Laine

### vocal group

- 298 Steely Dan
- 289 Earth, Wind & Fire
- 266 Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- 110 Manhattan Transfer
- 107 Singers Unlimited
- 73 Pointer Sisters
- 69 Persuasions
- 50 Four Freshmen



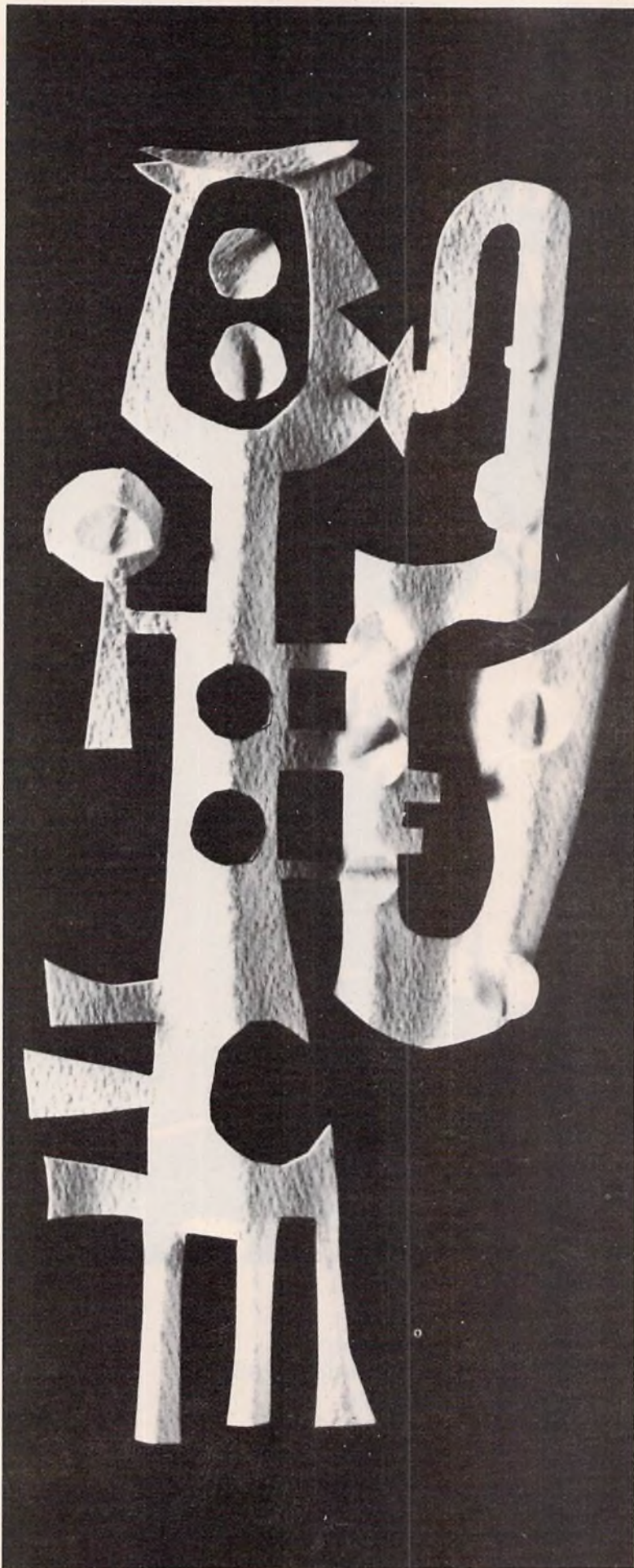
# Gary Burton is celebrating his 11th anniversary.



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Ware circa 1968

## Remembering

# WILBUR WARE

by JOHN LITWEILER

**B**assist Wilbur Ware died on Sunday, September 9, 1979, the day after his 56th birthday, in Philadelphia, after a bout of many years with emphysema. His career as a bassist began when he was ten years old, spanning the 1930s to the later '70s. Almost all of his records date from his first New York period, 1956-62, and they reveal a creative gift as significant as the more prolific, and more grandiose, Oscar Pettiford and Charles Mingus. These were the three seminal bassists of the bebop-hard bop years. Ware's recordings reveal more than that, however: equally at home in swing-styled bands and the avant garde, he linked five decades through a great original spontaneous sensitivity combined with highly refined musical knowledge and technical self-awareness: what, in jazz, is called "style."

The style began with an especially rich background and apprenticeship in Chicago. In a remarkable interview with author Ted Panken, from which these quotes are taken, Ware describes how, at the age of seven or eight, he learned drums from his foster father, Reverend Turner, who played, "among other things, saxophone, banjo, drums and a little piano . . . and after so many years, he decided to make a bass violin. He got some veneer wood, some little nails, a little glue, and he shaped it like a bass. He took two years to build that, and the only real things on it were the strings he bought and the bridge. He showed me how to play regular church tunes"—just the rhythm lines, which Wilbur had learned while playing drums in church. The boy Wilbur took his bass to street corners, to play with neighborhood kid bands ("tramp bands") on their

homemade instruments and pass the hat.

He was 14 when a tavern owner invited him to join his house band; the tavern featured a six girl chorus line and a comedian. He spent the rest of his teens gigging through the Midwest, playing the popular dance band repertoire. His personal style began to form when he heard Jimmy Blanton's work with Ellington. "For mastery, Blanton was *it*. He had tone, he didn't need amplifiers, you could hear him over a 15 piece band. He made it sound so pretty." After three wartime years stationed in the Pacific, in 1946 Ware met his primary stylistic influence, Chicago's Israel Crosby, formerly

### WILBUR WARE: SUGGESTED READING AND LISTENING

"Introducing Wilbur Ware" by Bill Crow, in *Jazz Panorama*, Martin Williams, editor; New York: Collier Books, 1964.

#### as leader

WILBUR WARE: THE CHICAGO SOUND—Riverside 6048M (with Wilbur Campbell, drums; Johnny Griffin, tenor; John Jenkins, alto).

#### with Sonny Rollins Trio

A NIGHT AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Blue Note 81581 (with Elvin Jones).

MORE FROM THE VANGUARD—Blue Note LA475-H2 (2-LP set, with Jones).

#### with Thelonious Monk

MONK/TRANE—Milestone 47011 (2 LP set).

MULLIGAN MEETS MONK—Riverside SMJ-6107.

#### with Ernie Henry

PRESENTING ERNIE HENRY—Riverside 6040M (with Kenny Drew, Art Taylor).

#### with Johnny Griffin

WAY OUT—Riverside 6067M (with Drew, Philly Joe Jones).

*Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* is reissued on KENNY DORHAM: BUT BEAUTIFUL—Milestone 47036.

with Teddy Wilson, later with Ahmad Jamal's most popular trio. "Israel had such a beautiful sense of timing. He was the most relaxed bassist I've ever seen. He'd hit a note, nonchalant. If you can't relax playin', you're not really playin' it like it should be played."

More impressive was Crosby's influence on Ware's immensely sensitive ears. "Israel might hit a B flat for maybe 16 bars [behind a Jamal solo], but that would be correct because he's playing the bottom of the chord: he can go anywhere in the world, but he's singing that beautiful note. I do things like that, according to how the music is and how I relate to the cats I'm working with." Indeed, the essence of his expertise was his hard-learned ability to listen. "I had to have my ears open . . . The singer says the tune's in E flat, then starts singing in E—you got to transpose . . . You hear the saxophone player hit a note, and you get in there. Maybe you play two of his notes at the end of his phrase and go to something else, but you're still keeping the same time. We called it 'coattailing.'"

For a decade after the war, Ware was a continually active sideman and siter-in in Chicago's jazz underground (there was no place else for the city's homegrown musicians). After he jammed with Clifford Brown and Max Roach at Chicago's Beehive, the drummer introduced the band—"On bass, Wilbur Ware"—and was interrupted by the clubowner: "Wilbur Ware, who will open Monday and Tuesday with his trio." The surprised Ware hurriedly formed a house band to accompany visiting acts, including a legendary gig with fellow Chicagoans Wilbur Campbell on drums and Johnny Griffin on

continued on page 82



# SCOTT HAMILTON

grew up in the '70s but  
SWING'S  
HIS THING

by LEE JESKE



**B**uddy Tate and Scott Hamilton share the bandstand at the Village Vanguard. One debuted at age 15 playing with local bands, and made his first recording by the time he was 16. He is nattily dressed in a three piece brown pinstripe suit and does not let his appearance reveal his age. He has listed Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, Arnett Cobb and Stan Getz as his favorite tenor players.

The other one is Scott Hamilton.

Scott Hamilton is an anomaly. It's not so much that at the age of 25 he is a musician, or that he has been a successful musician for the better part of the past four years.

Nor is it that he has chosen to play jazz. Al DiMeola, Pat Metheny, Stanley Clarke and dozens others became top stars in the field by the time *they* were 25. Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster were *all* professional jazz musicians by that time.

What makes Scott Hamilton such a rarity in this funny, argued-about musical form called jazz is that in these days of young musicians stampeding out of music schools with electric guitars ablaze—ready to conquer the amplified world now called fusion and able to go into a studio and whip through lead sheets that would make many a lesser-trained musician cringe—Scott

Hamilton doesn't read a whit of music, he plays old swing era warhorses and he has a large, faithful following.

"I've always wanted to be in music, one way or another," says Hamilton, sitting in the corner of the large, over-stuffed green sofa that opens into a bed and engulfs his small New York studio apartment. "I tried a lot of different things, but I grew up with the intention of becoming a musician."

Scott grew up in Providence, Rhode Island, where his father is a painter and professor at the Rhode Island School of Design. When the Beatles broke and changed the lives of most of his generation, Scott was listening to . . . the Beatles.

"That was the thing that all my friends were listening to when I was about ten or 12. I used to listen to a lot of rock and roll, and I wanted to play that. But I had listened to jazz before that. My father had a huge collection. When I was 14 or 15 I just went back to being interested in jazz. I never stopped listening to jazz. I just listened to rock and roll for a little while."

After several years as an itinerant harmonica player and pianist, Scott Hamilton, persuaded by some Lester Young records, asked his father for a tenor saxophone. He was 17.

"My father bought it for me. It was a cheap, second-hand horn. It was a lousy horn, but a good one to learn on. It's better to learn on a bad horn than a good one. As soon as I got the horn, I went out and did a gig. It was lousy, but I already had a band which I played different instruments in. I was the leader so they didn't have much choice. I told them I was switching to saxophone. But people will put up with anything, sometimes, at weddings and private parties, so I started off doing that. That's the best way to learn that I can think of, if you can do it."

Scott Hamilton has a soft, quiet speaking voice. His appearance is from the same era as his music. On the bandstand he prefers dark suits that he seems to be poured into. He is thin, almost frail and extremely pale. His hair is dark and thick and he keeps it combed straight back in a large pile, neatly trimmed and shaved around the ears. Above his thin lips is a thin moustache and he frequently augments his appearance with a pair of dark, horn-rimmed glasses.

He sits stiffly on his sofa sipping a vodka and grape juice, a concoction that can't be called anything but contemporary. The other large piece in his apartment is a covered electric piano and a good section of the floor





**Hamilton,  
Phil Flanagan, bass,  
Buddy Tate**

Anita O'Day and a short road stand with Buck Clayton. Soon afterward, Scott was asked to put a group into Eddie Condon's, generally a dixieland outpost that filled Sundays with all sorts of music—one could find Lee Konitz or Barry Harris or Thad Jones on a Sunday night at Condon's. Starting in February of 1977 one found Scott Hamilton.

For the job, Scott assembled a group of similarly young New England swingers—Chris Flory on guitar, Phil Flanagan on bass and Chuck Riggs on drums. The appearance of the young, white Hamilton playing music carved out decades ago by the likes of Don Byas and Ben Webster was a shock. Many nights the hardliners at Condon's would just stop and stare as the baby-faced quartet stomped off an uptempo *Sunny Side Of The Street*.

Hamilton's influences are many and one would be hard pressed to find a single musician to compare him with. "Flip Phillips was a big influence on me. We worked opposite each other up at Sandy's one time and I learned a whole lot off him. And I saw Arnett Cobb on Block Island. He gave me a couple of tips and things that helped me out. Of course there's a million other guys. When I work with Buddy Tate, I get a lot of stuff from him. I always paid attention to Zoot Sims."

The critics weren't too slow in picking up on the young phenomenon. Whitney Balliett of the *New Yorker*, never one for hyperbole, wrote, "It was as if Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster and Lester Young had returned in one." Dan Morgenstern, in the August, 1977 issue of *Jazz Journal International* wrote, "The tenorman is special. He has the sound and attack and phraseology of the mature swing masters."

Two years later the readers of that British monthly would name Scott Hamilton "Musician of the Year"—before he had ever set foot in the country. Hamilton won last August's *db* Readers Poll as "Talent Deserving Wider Recognition."

There were detractors at the start. Some accused Hamilton of just living off the music of others, saying work was offered him because of the novelty of having a young face play swing. The people who were hiring Hamilton, some said, were doing so at the expense of some of the innovators who were still alive and, perhaps, not getting their fair share of the available tenor jobs.

"I never got much resentment to my face. I imagine most people who resent me are people that I don't know. Those I do know certainly haven't said anything to me. And I'm not looking to find out who's that way. Naturally there's always, for any musician of any age, going to be somebody who resents you—especially if you're doing well. But I don't get a whole lot of that."

Hamilton startled a lot of these people when he began inviting other tenor players to join him on the stand at Condon's. Soon many of the precursors of Hamilton's style were sitting horn to horn with him—Budd Johnson, Arnett Cobb, Harold Ashby and Buddy Tate are just a few of the tenor



**with Al Cohn**

is lined with jazz albums. A corned beef sits bubbling on the stove.

Living in Providence, Scott had to travel to hear live jazz. Duke Ellington would play Rhode Island and Scott would listen attentively to Paul Gonsalves. Scott would travel to Sandy's in Beverly, Massachusetts to hear Illinois Jacquet.

With guitarist Fred Bates, Hamilton formed the Hamilton-Bates Blue Flames. They used to travel New England playing swing tunes and would frequently criss-cross with two other groups of young musicians, Roomful of Blues and the Widespread Depression Orchestra.

At Sandy's, Scott got the chance to play with Roy Eldridge; both owner Sandy Berman and Eldridge are open to jamming. So the young tenor player impressed the trumpeter who was three times his age. When the Blue Flames split up due to lack of work, Scott decided to head to New York and, insanelly, try to make a living as a big-voiced swing tenor player.

"In Providence I couldn't buy a job, so I figured it couldn't hurt to come down here where there was at least a possibility. And if I did get something, it would *mean* something, more than the gigs I had been playing."



**with Harold Ashby**

After getting to New York, Scott stopped in at Jimmy Ryan's, the club on West 54th Street that Roy Eldridge calls home. After Scott played, Roy escorted him next door to Eddie Condon's and said, "Let this kid sit in." The kid impressed owner Red Balaban, who invited him to be a guest soloist one Tuesday night. That night led to a six week stint at Michael's Pub with Hank Jones.

"I got a job in Michael's Pub with Hank Jones, Milt Hinton and Ronnie Cole. We stayed for six weeks, which was good enough to get me started. That six weeks really launched me. I had enough time to get settled and I had a salary coming in. I decided when they gave me six weeks that I was just going to move in and stay."

So in 1976 Scott Hamilton settled down in New York and began gigging here and there—a few weeks with Tiny Grimes at the West End, a month with Brooks Kerr at Gregory's, another month at Michael's with

COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA

LEE JESKE

LEE JESKE



masters who have spent a Sunday night playing with him.

"I like working with tenor players. I don't feel any competition. I enjoy playing with other tenor players as long as they enjoy it. If they're drug about it or feel that I'm trying to horn in on something that they've done, then it's not much fun. It still feels a little funny sometimes if I get to play with somebody that I admire that much. But you can't make good music if you're worried about things like that, so you forget it."

Scott has high praise for all the players he's worked with, especially Al Cohn and Hal Ashby, but he realizes that he is not necessarily compatible with all of them on stage.

"Arnett Cobb is wonderful, but we didn't play together that well. I played okay and he played great, but we weren't exactly the perfect blend. Arnett holds a standard—his standard of performance is so high, and it's the same all the time. He lives up to that all the time. He's fantastic, but I'd rather sit out and listen to him, to tell you the truth.

"Buddy Tate is my favorite to work with. He's the most compatible. There's a lot of different factors involved when you've got to play together. And somehow or other it seems to naturally fall together better with him than it does with anybody else."

Tate loves playing with Hamilton and is a frequent guest at Condon's on Sunday night. They play so well together that they even ended up with a week-long engagement at the Village Vanguard.

Buddy and Scott are an unlikely couple, physically. Buddy is tall and healthy looking. He is always well turned out in pinstripes, with matching shoes, shirt and accoutrements. He's got large puppy dog eyes and a wide, mischievous smile. Together he and Scott look like something from a mid '30s Warner Bros. movie: Buddy the tough but kind-hearted gangster and Scott the bumbling Elisha Cook gofer.

The group at the Vanguard is Scott's rhythm section augmented by the piano of Norman Simmons. A typical set starts off with an uptempo *There Will Never Be Another You*. Tate plants his feet and digs in. His tone is hard-edged and strong. A vein bulges out of his forehead as he reaches back for his solo. Simmons is comping superbly and Buddy turns in an authoritative reworking of the piece. Scott is, by contrast, more gentle. He seems to swirl the melody around in his mouth—gently finding its textures and tricks.

A mid-tempo *Candy* follows. Buddy bucks the tempo, pulling at it just a bit. Scott falls in and stays right with it. Chris Flory sends darting guitar fills and Chuck Riggs plays with a Sid Catlett/Jo Jones barrel of clicks and sizzles.

Hamilton is not yet very comfortable on stage. He seems reticent and he displays tics and twitches on the stand. When he's not soloing he sits uncomfortably with his eyes darting back and forth. He greases his lips, deliberately unwraps and eats a piece of candy, plays nervously with his mouthpiece cap and swizzles his drink. He keeps his legs crossed and only when his red cheeks puff into little balls to let his solos escape does he look comfortable. During his solo he quotes *Stranger In Paradise* and *Baubles, Bangles And Beads*—had he just seen *Kismet* on TV or were these quotes from Borodin himself?

*Broadway* follows and Buddy's in charge. The two tenors rise and dip with each other. Buddy, who spent a good many nights playing tenor duets with Lester Young after he replaced Herschel Evans in Count Basie's band, looks and sounds quite comfortable. The set closes with a rip-snorting *Jumping At The Woodside* and Scott blows like thunder. Buddy isn't pandering to the younger man and Scott shows himself to be every bit the peer of Tate.

The collaboration with Tate has resulted in an album for Concord Records, *Back To Back*. Scott is now an exclusive Concord Records artist; in his few years on the scene he has been a part of some 20 albums on such labels as Progressive, Famous Door, Dreamstreet and Chiaroscuro as well.

If Hamilton hadn't been able to make a living as a swing musician, he would have played something else. "I'd do it in a minute if I couldn't get a job doing anything else. I'd rather play anything than go to work at a regular type of job and get up in the morning and do things." But he doesn't read music.

"No, that's out of my line. I learned when I was a kid, but I couldn't read the kind of chart they put in front of you in a big band or a studio. The only way I could make it was as a soloist. That's still true. If I had to go into

the studio tomorrow, I wouldn't be able to make a living that way.

"I've got a fast ear for certain things and a slow ear for other things. For hearing chord changes that aren't too far out, for hearing simple tunes I'm pretty good. But there are a lot of things that people could spring on me that give me a little bit of a workout. It's happened and I've gotten away with it by the skin of my teeth.

"If I can, I like to hear something a few times before I play it. Sometimes that's not possible, but it is nice to have the thing in your head. On a regular date, if I was playing in a nightclub or something, I wouldn't hesitate to try just about anything."

There are still those people who feel that Scott is just picking the bones of past tenor players. When a form came for him to renew his subscription to a European jazz magazine, someone had written on it, "Find your own style."

Yet Scott seems to have found a style, and it's different from the style of 90% of the horn players his age. And, to considerable surprise, he has found an audience. As of this writing, Scott was preparing for his third tour of Europe, his second of Japan and his first of Australia and Hawaii.

Is there anybody Scott hasn't worked with



COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA

## SELECTED HAMILTON DISCOGRAPHY

- SWINGING YOUNG SCOTT—Famous Door HL 119
- A GOOD WIND —Concord CJ 42
- THE GRAND APPEARANCE—Progressive 7026
- BACK TO BACK (with Buddy Tate)—Concord CJ 85
- NO BASS HIT (with Dave McKenna)—Concord CJ 97
- with John Bunch:
- JOHN'S OTHER BUNCH—Famous Door HL 114
- with Rosemary Clooney:
- EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSIE—Concord CJ 47
- with Dave McKenna:
- NO HOLDS BARRED—Famous Door HL 122
- with Derek Smith:
- THE MAN I LOVE—Progressive 7035

### Hamilton's Equipment

- 2 Selmer Balanced-Actions circa 1940s
- Otto Link #10 Metal Mouthpiece
- #4 Rico Reed (because they don't make a 4½ any more).

that he'd like to?

"Hmmm. I'd say Count Basie, but I don't think I'll ever get a chance to—I can't read. That would be the biggest thrill for me. What use am I to a big band? I'd have to step out there and do eight bars as a soloist, stuff like that. Then I might as well just walk backstage and go back to sleep again.

"I'd like to work more with my own band, but only for the reason that we've worked together for a long time. We know each other, we know how to play with each other. It's hard to keep a jazz band together these days. It's so expensive on the road—you've got to pay for plane tickets, you've got to carry equipment. Last year we were lucky, we had about eight weeks or nine weeks on the road. That was the best we could do."

While most 25 year old tenor players have gone down the path trod by Coltrane, Shorter, Farrell and Turrentine, Scott Hamilton took the path of Hawkins and Byas and Webster and Young and that, I daresay, has made the difference.



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# CHICAGO JAZZ

Jane H. Byrne, Mayor City of Chicago Jazz Institute of Chicago

1st Annual Chicago Jazz Festival  
August 27 thru September 2  
Grant Park

# CHICAGO JAZZ

1st Annual Chicago Jazz Festival  
August 27 thru September 2  
Grant Park



By HOWARD MANDEL

A free, weeklong festival emphasizing local musicians and cosponsored to the sweet tune of \$75,000 by the city of Chicago—that was the first Chicago Jazz Fest, '79. Organized in a brief five weeks by Mayor Jane Byrne's office of special events and the Jazz Institute of Chicago, a non-profit organization, the Fest, Aug. 27 through Sept. 2, drew a reported 140,000 listeners to a pleasant bandshell set against the downtown skyline near Chicago's lakefront.

The spectrum of Chicago's musical activity was represented by 327 musicians—vocalists and instrumentalists playing blues and trad, big swing band arrangements, combo bebop and AACM improvisations. Tribute nights were dedicated to Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, John Coltrane and Wes Montgomery; Chicago-born Benny Goodman and Mel Torme were lionized on the final, largest attended show; through special dispensation from the American Federation of Musicians, three evenings' music was taped (for archival purposes only). The week's enthusiastic reception by a well integrated, previously little-tapped audience proved that jazz is a summer entertainment beloved by and accessible to urban residents en masse.

The Jazz Institute's original plan was a two weekday Chicago Jazz Panorama, budgeted at \$10,000 coming largely from the National Endowment for the Arts and similar state and local agencies.

But Karen Conners of the Mayor's office, eager to bring other music to Grant Park besides the symphony orchestra which uses the year old James C. Petrillo bandshell four days a week during the

season, suggested expanding the activity. The CETA funded Artists-In-Residence program had scheduled a Tribute to John Coltrane and Wes Montgomery with the groups of pianists Ken Chaney and Bradley Parker-Sparrow; vibist Emmanuel Cranshaw had the desire, if not the wherewithal, for the annual Duke Ellington night.

Asking only that the projected Sunday evening show have "really broad appeal," Conners turned to the Jazz Institute's program committee for recommendations. That body, comprising musicians, small record company owners, writers on the music and radio deejays working towards no particular financial gain, set up the ensuing affair. Only their suggestions of Cecil Taylor, Sonny Rollins or Dizzy Gillespie for the crowning program were rejected in favor of much glorified Chicagoans Goodman and Torme.

From the city's hotel and motel tax, monies earmarked to promote tourism, came first \$50,000, then another \$25,000 to entice Chicago associated "names": Lee Konitz and Clifford Jordan (saxists performing together as emigre sons); Conte Candoli, Sal Nistico, Charlie Rouse and Jaki Byard (working that week at Fest stage manager Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase, but joined for the night by bop singer Joe Carroll); solo bluesman Big Joe Williams; Benny Carter, abetted by a locally assembled orchestra; Buddy Montgomery with Afro-Cuban drummers from Indianapolis; McCoy Tyner's band; Billy Taylor's trio (gigging at Rick's Cafe Americain); Harold Ashby's quartet, and the one incongruous choice, pianist Adam Makowicz





Above: The fest site at sunset (photo by Ken Firestone); from left: Benny Goodman's band, Mel Torme on drums (D. Shigley); Mama Yancey (Lauren Deutsch); Lee Konitz and Clifford Jordan (Marc PoKempner); Kahil El 'Zabar (D. Shigley).

(supported by a local drummer and bassist).

Chicago's own musicians were paid union scale, except for the CETA employed artists. Security (in the occasionally paranoid form of Chicago's police) and production staff were provided; the sound system which normally amplifies the Grant Park Symphony seemed adequate if sometimes misdirected—woefully muffled were the blues of Otis Rush, Lonnie Brooks and Phil Guy leading Junior Wells' band. Sound, Connors notes, could be improved.

Highlights of the local Panorama included drummer Wilbur Campbell's Vibe-Rations II with mallet men Cranshaw and Carl Leukaute in tandem; pianist Little Brother Montgomery's State St. Ramblers with coyly aging songstress Edith Wilson; tenor saxist Fred Anderson's solid, stinging quintet with drummer Hank Drake and trumpeter Bill Brimfield; Kahil El 'Zabar's exotically percussive Ethnic Heritage Ensemble; big bop tenor saxist E. Parker MacDougal; the well arranged big bands of the Jazz Members, and of Willie Randall and Roger Pemberton, and the Latin jazz fusion group Chevere, led by percussionist Alejo Poveda. Half hour sets sometimes cramped and less often over-indulged the musicians, but there was a time slot for every style, and audiences responded with attention, patience and good cheer.

Wednesday was Charlie Parker's birthday party; local tenorist John Neely, whose bop is airy and expansive, was rediscovered; Jordan's muscle contrasted with Konitz's wit; Byard and Carroll were rollicking,

Mama Yancey, backed by pianist Erwin Helfer's trio, nearly stole the Thursday Blues and Swing evening; her 80-plus year old voice cut through all her experience to sing simple, painfully beautiful blues, and she received totally unexpected but well deserved ovations. Benny Carter's performance was suave and satisfying; he offered the Fest benediction, smiling, "I think this is not just the most important event of the year, but of the decade. I hope this is the beginning of a new era—of jazz for all the people."

Friday's music became a trifle tedious, as Trane's riveting excitement and Wes' confidence flashed in their celebrant's music only sporadically. On Duke's eve, Muhal Richard Abrams' 12 minute solo set startled the Jazz Institute sponsors, who otherwise seemed quite anxious to move the musicians along with haste. By Sunday the crowd had grown from perhaps 8000 at the Fest's Monday opener to what police estimated was 75,000 (or a third less, cynical observers guessed). JI president Don DeMicheal, vibist and past *db* editor, joined drummer Barrett Deems' Deemus; Torme held the crowd in sway with his ballads, and imitated Gene Krupa on the late drummer's own trap set behind Benny Goodman as the Swing King blew *Sing, Sing, Sing*. BG donated \$10,000 of his fee equally between Hull House, the settlement center which provided his first clarinet decades ago, and the University of Chicago's jazz archives.

There had been little time for publicity; though the city plastered up 20,000 posters and lined wealthy Michigan Ave. with trumpeting





Franz Jackson (Marc PoKempner)



Bird looks upon saxist John Neely's band, trumpeter Bill Brimfield soloing (D. Shigley)

banners, there were but two paid ads. Word of mouth, however, travels fast amid jazz fans; radio and newspapers jumped on the city's bandwagon, reporting the early successes, attracting larger crowds.

And in the Fest's wake, everyone is happy with the alliance of co-sponsors. The city has purchased a "showmobile," intending to start a traveling Jazzwagon program through the neighborhoods. The Jazz Institute, besides planning another outdoor, weeklong Fest for 1980, is preparing to invade New York City with Chicago jazz talent in a weekend summer showcase then, too.

"The whole purpose is to point out local talent," says Connors. "We have a lot of overlooked talent; it is one of our natural resources. It has a ripple effect; if the city promotes them first, maybe other areas will open up to our local musicians. And I won't rule out a recorded document of a future Fest."

"Diversity of entertainment gets good attendance," maintains

Inset: Charlie Rouse, Conte Candoli, Sal Nistico (D. Shigley); below, pianist Bradley Parker-Sparrow with altoist Harold Jones (Ken Firestone)

George Spinks, a JI program committee member who coordinated many of the details with the city. "We made an attempt not to duplicate what was in the clubs. The Jazz Institute has enrolled about 200 new members and renewals since the Fest, and they're still trickling in.

"Many people came more than one night, but there is a larger audience for jazz than we have realized. The fantastic thing was there was not *one* unpleasant incident in the crowd, and there is some corporate interest in further subsidizing the next Chicago Jazz Fest.

"The last night Mayor Byrne was onstage to present plaques and awards from the city to Torme and Goodman. She was very happy about the turnout, and said to the crowd, 'Next year's will be bigger and better.' Well, I don't know that bigger is desirable, but a jazz fest can always get better." db

Phil Guy (D. Shigley)





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# RECORD REVIEWS

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

## ROY CLARK/ GATEMOUTH BROWN

MAKIN' MUSIC—MCA-3161: *Short Stuff*; *Justice Blues*; *Caldonia*; *Take The "A" Train*; *Talk About A Party*; *Four O'Clock In The Morning*; *Tobasco Road*; *Busted*; *The Drifter*; *J. H. Boogie*.

Personnel: Clark, guitar, jambalina and vocals; Brown, guitar, fiddle, mouth harp and vocals; Steve Ripley, guitar; Airoto Moreira, percussion; Tony Garnier, acoustic and electric bass; Jim Keltner, drums; Garland, keyboards; the Memphis Horns; the Mundane Willis Singers, backing vocals.

\*\*\*\*\*

Obviously, the precocious pairing of Roy Clark with Gatemouth Brown, Airoto, Jim Keltner and the Memphis Horns demands some sort of critical comment. But beyond the almost comic novelty of this blues-rock-country-Latin-jazz fusion band, *Makin' Music* gets down to what may be the best "basic" session of the year.

One cut here is *Talk About A Party*, and talk about a party: *Makin' Music* is non-stop revelry from start to finish, a genuine blowout. Not everybody realizes that Roy Clark is much more than just a corny, *Hee Haw* cut-up and a revered country "super-picker." He's an excellent musician and an open-minded human being, an artist with the breadth to make an experiment like this explode with positive vibrations. Vocally, Clark is raucous on *Party*, laughably forlorn on the Ray Charles standard *Busted*, and full of spunk elsewhere. His guitar solos on "A" *Train*, *J. H. Boogie* and elsewhere are vital, fun and even daring.

Clarence Gatemouth Brown is the real thing, a bluesman whose impact on contemporary rock may not have been adequately documented. His soft whiskey vocal answer to Clark on *Justice Blues* is like a musical transfusion; a lead role on *Caldonia* proves inciteful, and *The Drifter* is countrified, bluesy Gatemouth at his best. Harp and fiddle solos quickly cut through the arrangements to emotional authenticity.

Together, the two leaders are kindred spirits and surprisingly sensational, trading ad libs with casual hilarity as on *Four O'Clock In The Morning*. Consequently, the whole session is loose and goosey, a wide open season on blowing blues and full-tilt boogie. Instrumentals like *Short Stuff* and *Tobasco Road* showcase the group splendidly, with tangy accents from the five Memphis Horns (Jack Hale on bone, James Mitchell, baritone sax, Andrew Love on tenor, Lewis Collins on alto, and trumpeter Ben Cauley). Best of the jams has to be the closing *J. H. Boogie*, where everybody gets down and jumps on all fours.

The support group is red hot throughout, but it's difficult to single anyone out . . . after all, this is the Roy and Gatemouth Show. Airoto gets a solo on "A" *Train*, but basically pounds along happily from the sidelines on

tambourine and congas. Session great Keltner is rock solid on drums, ex-Asleep At The Wheel bassist Garnier holds his own in a dynamite rhythm section, and Oak Ridge Boys pianist Garland is enthused by the surroundings. Steve Ripley, who produced *Makin' Music* at Tulsa Studios, is noteworthy on guitar. There may be some discography confusion regarding who belongs to which guitar solo, but the players' attitudes would probably be "Who the hell cares?" This session is just a slam-bang excuse to let it all hang out, and what matters most is . . . did everybody have a good time? Oh yeah!

—henschen

## THE FRANK LOWE ORCHESTRA

LOWE AND BEHOLD—Musicworks 3002: *Heart In Hand Or (How Vain I Am)*; *A Hipster's Dream*; *Love-commotion*; *Heavy Drama*.

Personnel: Lowe, tenor sax; Joseph Bowie, trombone; Lawrence "Butch" Morris, cornet; Arthur Williams, trumpet; Billy Bang, violin; Polly Bradford, violin; Eugene Chadbourne, guitar; John Lindberg, bass; Phillip Wilson, drums, percussion; John Zorn, alto sax; Peter Kuhn, clarinet, bass clarinet.

\*\*\*\*\*

## BILLY BANG'S SURVIVAL ENSEMBLE

NEW YORK COLLAGE—Anima Records G 40-620: *Nobody Hear The Music The Same Way*; *For Josie Part II*; *Illustration*; *Subhanallah*.

Personnel: Bang, violin, poetry, bells, shaker, percussion; Bilal Abdur Rahman, tenor and soprano saxes, bullhorn, percussion; Henry Warner, alto sax, bells, shaker, percussion; William Parker, bass; Khuwana Fuller, congas; Rashid Bakr, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

There has been recent comment from critics and musicians (Stanley Crouch and Betty Carter, to name two) to the effect that improvisatory music cannot maintain viability without a strong regular rhythm base. That is by no means a universal opinion. Tenorist Frank Lowe and his "out-to-lunch bunch," as Lester Bowie has dubbed them, subscribe to the contrary notion that spontaneous invention and unconventional melodic structures can sustain musical momentum without fixed tempos, catchy hooks, or repetitive chordal motifs. Lowe and violinist Billy Bang (also featured with Lowe's "bunch") represent an extension of the "freedom school" of Ornette Coleman, whose current funkified direction has ironically been touted by the "back-to-rhythm" faction. Their music is intensely demanding, but the patient listener is richly rewarded as the arid textures open up to reveal a striking variety of original voicings held together with exquisite inner logic and brilliant ensemble empathy.

Lowe's talent-laden aggregation is sparked by two original stalwarts of St. Louis' Black Artists Group (BAG), drummer Phillip Wil-

son and trombonist Joseph Bowie (Lester's brother). Bowie's extroverted slashing attack and zany wit make him a perfect foil for Lowe's pungent inward-turning tenor squiggles, while Wilson's sharp staccato percussion breathes telepathically with the ever shifting dialogue. Angular horn lines weave strange ephemeral counterpoints in solo, duet, and trio combinations, as Bang and guitarist Eugene Chadbourne prod the band with spikey synaptic electricity. Subtle thematic statements emerge from amid the free-wheeling interplay, articulated with a raggedly precision that distinguishes artists from mere mechanics. Improvisation, however, is central to Lowe's concept—in the absence of pre-set configurations, each moment represents an open-ended challenge, yet the music hangs together on the strength of a buoyant shared esthetic that requires players to listen as hard as they blow.

Bang's work is more formally structured and also more accessible, with written passages overshadowing his neo-Tranish jams with hornmen Bilal Abdur Rahman and Henry Warner. Bang's plaintive vibrato sculpts mournful, world-weary melodies in an almost classical vein, reflecting as well the biting string tone of Leroy Jenkins. Composition is Bang's forte, as on the moving and appealing *Nobody Hear The Music The Same Way*, but when he turns his hand to poetry on the recitative *Illustration*, he lapses into vitriolic sophomoricism, spewing stale anti-establishment invective in all directions. Ultimately, Lowe's spacey free-for-all proves the more compelling session—where Bang's forms are imposed from the outset. Lowe's organic approach fuses composition and improvisation into a seamless unity.

—birnbaum

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE PROGRESSIVE RECORDS ALL STAR TRUMPET SPECTACULAR—Progressive 7015: *Ballad Medley*—*Georgia On My Mind*, *A Sleeping Bee*, *You've Changed*, *Willow Weep For Me*, *I Love You*, *The More I See You*; *Gus' Thing*.

Personnel: Harold Lueberman, Marky Markowitz, Howard McGhee, Hannibal Marvin Peterson, Lew Soloff, Danny Stiles, trumpets; Derek Smith, piano; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

\*\*\*\*\* 1/2

## SLIDE HAMPTON

WORLD OF TROMBONES—West 54 WJW 8001: *Chorale*; *Lester Leaps In*; *Round Midnight*; *Donna Lee*; *Con Alma*; *Lament*; *Impressions*.

Personnel: Hampton, Clifford Adams Jr., Clarence Banks, Curtis Fuller, Earl McIntyre, Douglas Purviance, Janice Robinson, Steve Turre, Papo Vasquez, trombones; Albert Dailey, piano; Ray Drummond, bass; Leroy Williams, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

If the sound of brass be your especial delight, you will no doubt have already discovered these two albums. But if, like so many others, you prefer more diverse instrumentations for your jazz, the prospect of an all-trumpet or an all-trombone outing may seem a bit much. However, neither of these fraternal confluences degenerate to the level of negative expectations, and primarily because of the amount of preplanning that went into each.

To these ears, the more impressive album of the two is the *Progressive*. A&R'd by label prexy Gus Statiras, who handpicked his unusual lineup with both discernment and imagination, this date seems like a TDWR version of something Norman Granz might



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have done. With an outstanding mainstream rhythm section at its base, the six trumpeters each play one and a half choruses of a standard ballad, going into double-time for the second bridge and resuming the original tempo for the last eight. That, plus intervening modulations by Smith, is what provides the structure throughout all of side one, the performance lasting almost 18 minutes.

Lieberman, an unfamiliar name recruited from the Tonight Show band, plays the opening *Georgia* with a warm, fat sound reminiscent at times of Navarro's. Markowitz, the marginally more well-known veteran section player, appropriately evokes an Eldridge-like breathiness for his seldom-played *Sleeping Bee*, to my knowledge Truman Capote's only contribution to the world of popular music. Proceeding in alphabetical order, the next one up is McGhee, whose title-belying interpretation of *You've Changed* speaks well for the seminal bopper's continued devotion to his principles. Happily, he sounds even better than he did in the '40s. Hannibal's *Willow* is delivered with a consistently round sound despite his tendency to crowd the bars.

While all this was going on, unbeknownst to either Soloff or Stiles, the air conditioning in the studio was having its customary way with their horns and mouthpieces. Soloff's *I Love You* is thus tortured with intonation and chop problems—one feeds upon the other—prompting pianist Smith to even loan him a pitch note at one point. However, the trumpeter must be commended for displaying both resourcefulness and courage, and for ultimately coming up with such an imaginative, heartfelt and heated contribution. Similarly afflicted, Stiles at least had the benefit of some warning in his colleague's discomfiture, but it takes him equally long, about halfway into his solo, before he is able to put enough hot air into the horn to bring it up to pitch.

*Gus' Thing*, which comprises all of side two, is none other than our old friend, *It Don't Mean A Thing*, and is structured as follows: one chorus of only trumpets; one chorus rhythm section; two choruses each trumpeter (again, in alphabetical order); eight bars each trumpeter and 16 bars all; one chorus only trumpets; one chorus rhythm section; three choruses each trumpeter; four bars each trumpeter and eight bars all; eight bar breaks each trumpeter and 16 bars all, and a final two choruses following the same routine of breaks and ensemble as the last. Comments on all the fireworks that take place during this 18 minute track must be compressed into a single observation: never have I heard six horns, of any type, jam a *cappella* with such unflinching respect for polyphonic principles and still maintain a high inspirational level of swinging. Ensemble skills such as those evidenced here do not come from any mystical plane of consciousness, nor do they come about by chance alone. Only solid musicianship, tons of experience and an all-embracing ear can bring about such magic.

Using an entirely different approach, that of the composer/arranger, Slide Hampton triplicates what Duke Ellington used to call his "pep section," but unlike that master, the younger scribe sees his visions in strictly boppish garb. While the three most important soloists are Hampton, Fuller and Adams, the others are heard from as well, but only in eight bar statements on *Lester*. Slide takes the

only solos on *Con Alma* and *Lament*, with Fuller and Adams joining him unstage for *Donna Lee* and *Impressions*. The unaccompanied nine voices do a salutary job on *'Round Midnight* and *Chorale*, the absence of solo work being well compensated for by an exemplary tonal richness.

Hampton uses virtually every device at his command to ensure variety: solos, with and without sectional feeds and responses; pedal points; dissonance and consonance; unison, closed and open voicings, and three and four part counterpoint. So varied, indeed, are his techniques—not to mention the variety inherent in the styles of each soloist—that attention can be profitably sustained, even by non-trombonists, throughout the entirety of the project. There are historical precedents for this instrumentation, to be sure, but none with such an artful balance between the scored and the unscored. Equal interest will be shown in pianist Dailey, a soloist of remarkable promise, but the absence of a guide to the less familiar trombonists will tend to work against their growing reputations. —*sahmer*

## DAVE FRISHBERG

**YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY**—Concord Jazz CJ-74: *Truckin'*; *Travelin' All Alone*; *The Underdog*; *That Old Feeling*; *If Dreams Come True*; *You're A Lucky Guy*; *P-Town*; *I Surrender, Dear*; *Saratoga Hunch*; *Cheerful Little Earful*.

Personnel: Frishberg, piano, vocal; Al Cohn, tenor saxophone (cuts 1-3, 5, 7-9); Bob Brookmeyer, trombone (1, 3, 7, 9); Jim Hughart, bass (1, 3, 7, 9); Nick Ceroli, drums (1, 3, 7, 9).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This relaxed, mellow mainstream release can't help but win listeners over immediately as it opens with a fast, but not rushed, swinging version of *Truckin'* for the full quintet, with Frishberg, a category-defying pianist/vocalist/lyricist/composer, singing Ted Koehler's lyrics as well as performing at the keyboard. Brookmeyer plays with his typically punchy yet smooth style on this track and on the three others that feature the fivesome. Cohn soars as if on fire, quickly showing this is as much his album as Frishberg's.

Cohn and Frishberg strongly admire each other—they have played together off and on for the past decade—and their lilting styles (as on the duet version of *Travelin' All Alone*) mesh, as do their musical ideas. Cohn plays with breezy lightness and warm vibrato, swinging in a relaxed fashion that is sometimes reminiscent of Lester Young, especially on the duet *If Dreams Come True*.

The album's other Frishberg-Cohn duet, *I Surrender, Dear*, is even more relaxed. Frishberg opens with a Tatumesque chorus; Cohn joins him, gently caressing with his embellishments Harry Barris' melody, then Frishberg returns with touches of stride, capping his single note lines with a left hand chord that signals the closeout.

Frishberg goes it alone on *That Old Feeling*, *You're A Lucky Guy* and *Cheerful Little Earful*. His notes spill out singly, a tumble in which left and right hand lines meld. Sometimes, as on *Feeling*, he races the tempo against himself. Frishberg's love of stride—mixed with another musical love, for Jimmy Rowles—is expressed most strongly on *Earful*.

Frishberg also shows his strengths as a lyricist (to Cohn's melody) on *Underdog* (Frishberg's best known lyric is probably *I'm Hip*, so well recorded by Blossom Dearie) and as composer on *Saratoga Hunch*, a gently

bouncing lovely melody that sounds like a swing classic, without sounding like a copy.

The album sounds good at any time, at any occasion. —*de muth*

## SAM JONES

**CHANGES & THINGS**—Kanadu 150: *Stablemates*; *Miss Morgan*; *Laverne Walk*; *Trane Changes*; *Sam's Things*; *Blue's*.

Personnel: Jones, bass; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Slide Hampton, trombone; Bob Berg, tenor sax; Barry Harris, piano; Louis Hayes, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

**SOMETHING IN COMMON**—Muse MR 5149: *Every Man Is A King*; *For All We Know*; *Blue Silver*; *Something In Common*; *Bolivia*; *Seven Minds*.

Personnel: as above except Cedar Walton, piano, for *Harris*; and Billy Higgins, drums, for *Hayes*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

For years, bassist Jones has been a prominent member in jazz rhythm sections—notably with Cannonball Adderley and Oscar Peterson—but he hasn't often recorded as a leader and certainly not two albums in as many days. *Changes* and *Something* were done in New York in September, 1977, and they are superlative, straightforward blowing albums.

*Something* is the more "produced" of the two, having a cleaner, broader sound. The rhythm team of Walton and Higgins comes through to the ears easily, especially behind the soloists. *Things* sounds more like a live date, with a thick, dark quality that is also appealing, though the piano and drums of Harris and Hayes could be more in the forefront. Nevertheless, the music available on these two discs is of the first order and neither album has any truly weak moments.

But then with Jones we have come to expect strength in music, only because he has played with such consistent power the last two decades. On these records, as always, his sound is full, vital, ringing, and his solos, judiciously spaced, are imaginative and resplendent. When he uses his instrument as the lead voice, his readings are resounding and clean, *For* being particularly succulent. And he doesn't play lead on each tune, as many bassists have done since the instrument's liberation from the back of the band; perhaps Jones understands that the string bass is not the easiest of instruments to listen to as the principal melodic conveyor. Providing back seat for these albums, Jones is the epitome of solid support and accompaniment.

Cover versions of jazz standards dot the records; *Silver* is Mitchell's uptempo translation of Horace Silver's ten bar opus, *Peace*; *Changes* is written over the chords of Coltrane's *Lazybird*; and *Things* is secretly *All The Things You Are*.

Compositionally, *Something* is more adventuresome than its counterpart, including a tour de force in *Minds*, a modal piece that highlights the leader in long, out of tempo statements both fore and aft. The opening bass solo goes into a biting ensemble figure that proceeds to spirited playing by all. Also here are two originals by Walton: the driving *Bolivia* and the title track.

*Changes* leans toward '50s boppish traditionalism, which some listeners will prefer, and is certainly no less than *Something* in terms of excitement and improvisational creativity. Benny Golson's *Stablemates* is taken at a nice clip and *Miss Morgan* has Blue out front with his mute on this pretty waltz. *Laverne Walk* is a tune by the man who, next to Jimmy Blanton, most influenced Jones—



Oscar Pettiford.

Everyone contributes. Though Berg didn't write, his solos are wry and potent, like a good martini. Hampton has been away too long, both as writer and soloist. His chops are strong and his ideas come bubbling out, enhanced by the fattest of fat sounds. Blue Mitchell, as Woody Shaw says "is one of the cats that's always doin' it, playing pure." Walton and Harris, both longtime compatriots of the leader, complement their respective bands perfectly, both furnishing splendid solos. Hayes and Higgins put it all together, though Billy has the advantage of being heard properly, his cymbals ringing the music onward.

These records are highly recommended.

—zan stewart

## BILL BARRON & TED CURSON

THE LEOPARD—Chiaroscuro CR-2010: *The Leopard; Hurdy Gurdy; Around The World; Big Bill; Dwachdi Mun Fadalik; Jes Swingin'; In A Monastery Garden; You Are Too Beautiful.*

Personnel: Curson, trumpet; Barron, tenor sax; Kenny Barron, piano; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

★ ★ ½

## DIZZY REECE & TED CURSON

BLOWIN' AWAY—Interplay IP7716: *Stella By Starlight; All The Things You Are; Bass Conclave; Moose The Mooche; Marjo; Walkin'.*

Personnel: Curson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Reece, trumpet; Roy Haynes, drums; Sam Jones, bass; Claude Williams, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

## TED CURSON

THE TRIO—Interplay IP7727: *Snake Johnson; Pent Up House; Quicksand; Straight Ice; 'Round About Midnight.*

Personnel: Curson, trumpets, flugelhorn, percussion; Ray Drummond, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Ted Curson there will always be much ado about Mingus; as Ted says, "He brought me out, he put so much pressure on me I had to come out." Of course "pressure" alludes to Mingus the fiery head master, but there are other allusions as well. There was also Mingus/Richmond, the bass-drummer tandem that was two complementary sides of a single rhythmic idea; through telepathic maneuverings they could put the squeeze on or stoke a fire under any soloist. Then there was stablemate Eric Dolphy, whose oblique approach to the melodic line included all manner of speech-like additives such that Dolphy often sounded as if he were playing his version of the melody and commenting on his comrades' at the same time. And of course there are Mingus' compositions; the vast range of moods and coloring within his pieces makes him one of the few composers in the medium who put forth works which could genuinely be spoken of as having "movements". It is within the confines of this highly communicative ensemble (Barnaby/Candid 5012) that we hear vintage Curson, and it is the legacy of this experience that Curson became a conversational player; his technical virtuosity is compounded by his ability to play with the members of his own groups.

The three discs here span 16 years and from *The Leopard*, a re-release of a 1964 Audiophile recording, it is obvious that for Curson the initial years out of the Mingus

fold were like stepping into a big hole. Alternatively, the two Interplay offerings show us the mature and developed Curson in company suited to his conversational needs.

On *The Leopard* the Barron-Curson Quintet is struggling to make something happen, but they are inhibited by some of the tunes, an obvious inability to hear each other and technical troubles as well—throughout the entire set Curson's trumpet is out of tune, a particularly woeful sound in the up-tempo numbers. The title cut is an ordinary head which is something of a melodic extension of *Happy Birthday* and here, as in many of the other cuts, Curson attempts to spur a little group action through call-and-response, but his forces are not with him, though obviously able—drummer Dick Berk and bassist Ronnie Boykins do very little to distinguish themselves here. On piano, Kenny Barron is just too laid back; when Curson wants to cut and trade blows, Kenny cannot sustain the energy. Up front, Bill Barron is pleasantly Tra-neish enough and though he gets in some solid swinging on *Big Bill* and *Jes Swingin'*, he pretty much holds his horn until it's his turn to blow. In all, *The Leopard* is a date which has too few high points and too many average points.

Twelve years later are *Blowin' Away* and *The Trio*. On both dates Roy Haynes is paired with bass strength; on the first is Sam Jones, and on the second it's Ray Drummond. In both cases Haynes clips along close to the ground and deals out subtle bursts of subdued dynamic; he gets behind the soloists and provokes them to push through to their ideas.

*Blowin' Away* has all the elements of an old time cuttin' session: familiar tunes, a strong rhythm section and two roosters in the same barnyard. Curson and Reece seem intent upon blowing each other out of the studio.

Reece gets first call and comes through overblowing on *Stella By Starlight*. He needn't do so, because the tune is him from start to finish; his wide, arid tone and "dizzy" off-centered flutterings are easily recognizable. Next up, Curson comes through windjamming on *All The Things You Are*. He also takes the heat early; he spikes into the upper registers, and storms back in after the rhythm breaks. In both cases there's much more power than wit.

On Parker's *Moose The Mooche* Claude Williamson demonstrates some adept bebop piano, and although mediation is appreciated, *Blowin' Away* is about trumpets—after a light ballad (Curson's *Marjo*), the brawl begins. On *Walkin'* Curson punches in blithely with the opening solo running through half a dozen or so musings—the central one of which is a cheeky quoting of *Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better*. Williams gets a piece of the action, and Dizzy comes through with staccatoed somersaults. Though they start out in wide solo spaces, by the time they get down to fours they are stepping on each other and Haynes is instigating conflict with his cymbal work. At the end of eight and a half minutes—too little time—these guys have cut each other pretty well.

The order of the day on *The Trio* is open space. Curson opens with the Booker Ervin-inspired *Snake Johnson*, largely a display of his hyper-sonic abilities. But here as throughout, Curson is met by some virtuoso walking and stopping-on-a-dime by Ray Drummond, whose bowing and octave-like strumming stands up well to the rampaging brassman.

All of the cuts are solid. *Quicksand*, a longtime Curson favorite, takes on a new flavor in the trio setting, Drummond and Haynes set a strong Eastern mood in a 6/8 rhythm and allow Curson to slide over the surface at will. *'Round About Midnight* begins with a Drummond tribute to Paul Chambers.

Though historians might not be able to resist the Curson beginnings of 13 years ago, it is clear that Ted is now. —brent staples

## TINY MOORE and JETHRO BURNS

BACK TO BACK—Kaleidoscope K-9: *Back To Back; Diane; In A Mellotone; Real Loud Back; Flickin' My Pick; Moonlight Waltz; Jethro's Tune; Swing '39; Out Of Nowhere; Tickle Toe; Tim's Rag; Groovin' High.*

Personnel: Moore, electric live string mandolin, acoustic mandolin; Burns, acoustic mandolin; Eldon Shamblyn, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; David Grisman, acoustic mandolin (cuts 6, 11).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

When two masters of the same instrument get together for a relaxed blowing session, the results are often pretty gratifying. *The Chase*, a Dexter Gordon-Gene Ammons album on Prestige is a good example; more recent ones are the Warne Marsh-Pete Christlieb outing on Warners and the Oscar Peterson-Court Basic disc on Pablo. The players on each record are highly distinctive artists, yet they share certain similarities, common roots and bonds. For the listener, it's a lot of fun to compare and contrast the personalities while the artists seem to spur each other on to greater heights of improvisation.

This Tiny Moore-Jethro Burns collaboration falls into the same kind of bag. Both players are acknowledged masters of jazz mandolin and they share quite a bit of common ground (even though, the liner notes state, they had never met before this session). They both have strong country music roots—Moore was a mainstay of Bob Wills' Texas Playboys and continues to perform with Merle Haggard's Strangers; Burns is a veteran of many years of Nashville studio work and extensive performing with the late Henry (Homer) Haynes as Homer and Jethro. And both mandolinists are sophisticated musicians indeed; playing jazz of the '30s, '40s and '50s seems effortless and instinctive to them, and this ease of execution gives *Back To Back* a sense of breezy, laid-back virtuosity.

These are real differences between the Moore and Burns styles, though. Moore plays a five-string electric mandolin on most cuts, while Burns sticks with a standard acoustic Gibson. As a result, their sounds and approaches are dissimilar. When Moore glides into his smoothly stated spot on *Out Of Nowhere*, for instance, he sounds very much like a guitarist in the Eddie Lang or Charlie Christian tradition, complete with slurs and bends that aren't easily executed on a standard eight-string mandolin. Not surprisingly, when he picks up the acoustic instrument on the sprightly version of *Swing '39*, he displays a clean, hard-picked style and tone.

Burns' style draws more on traditional mandolin technique. There's a lot of tremolo work (check the flawless head on *Diane*) that lends a gypsy atmosphere to the session; the style seems to echo Django Reinhardt more than Bill Monroe.

High points of the album include the title cut, a subdued workout around the blues



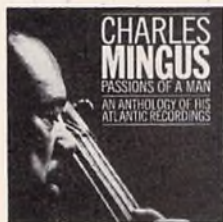


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SD 1667  
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& Ilhan Mimaroglu

On Atlantic Records & Tapes.





scale that features some blindingly fleet runs by Jethro. The rhythm section here, and throughout the album, is impeccable—Shamblin's rhythm work is strong and economical, and Brown and Manne have a good time blending in unobtrusively.

*In A Mellotone* is given a nice, easy ride. On this cut and several others, Burns states the head with a full, precise acoustic tone, while Moore, playing a shade behind, embellishes the line with electric curlicues.

The duo's ballad playing is demonstrated best on *Nowhere*. Burns takes a nicely ascending solo, demonstrating a lot of personality and good humor through a strong sense of dynamics, hitting that high note ever so softly to put the finishing touch on a phrase or two.

Actually, "personality" is the key to the whole album. The listener gets a strong sense of who these guys really are and what they're like—ingratiating, clever and thoroughly enjoyable, just like their album. —schneckloth

## COLLIN WALCOTT/ DON CHERRY/ NANA VASCONCELOS

CODONA—ECM-1-1132: *Like That Of Sky; Codona; Colemanwonder (Race Face/Sortie/Sir Duke); Mumakata; New Light.*

Personnel: Walcott, sitar, tabla, hammered dulcimer, sanza, voice; Cherry, trumpet, flutes, doussir/goumi, voice; Vasconcelos, berimbau, cuica, percussion, voice.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

When I heard that this album was still available for review, I jumped at the chance to say something about it. Certainly *Codona* is one of the important instrumental concepts of 1979, a meeting of three unique musical minds in an attempt at truly international music. While the sweeping eclecticism here has been hinted at by prior associations between Walcott and Cherry (*Grazing Dreams* on ECM, *Hear & Now* on Atlantic), *Codona* is a more concerted effort to bridge common ground.

The album is an ethnic kaleidoscope, decoded and reprogrammed into an all acoustic kind of pan-cultural folk music. Each musician covers or represents some vast expanse of global musicology. Walcott lives and plays in Oregon, knows the jazz and classical European traditions, but specializes in the Orient. Cherry is from Watts, lives in nordic Europe, came up in Ornette Coleman's progressive '60s quartet, and adds an expertise in Middle Eastern and African musics to his mantra-inflected bluesiness. Brazil's Vasconcelos is the one man rhythm section frequently found behind the brilliant Egberto Gismonti, a percussionist caught in the cosmopolitan Rio connection between African and South American Indian origins. Put them all in ECM's German recording studios, lop the first two letters off their three names, and *Codona* is what you get.

*Like That Of Sky* and *Codona* develop slowly, both beginning with Cherry's flute calls, Walcott's string answers and natural settings supplied by Vasconcelos. Like other cuts on the album, these two pieces work their way into some sort of highly rhythmic groove, fairly simple chants or mantras from which organic solos occasionally spring.

The sounds are frequently primitive and always rich with local color. Walcott's hammered dulcimer is used with unusual frequency to produce a high, tense, but beautiful string sound. *Mumakata* starts off with a

slow blues figure hummed by Cherry, gradually blossoming into a fast paced tribal song vocalized by all three men and featuring thematic sections of overdubbed trumpet. *New Light* is 13:23 of hypnotic raga jazz, led by sitar, then dulcimer and Cherry's warm horn once again.

The only disruption amid this even-keeled harmonic flow is *Colemanwonder*, a brief (3:40) but interesting collage of two Ornette tunes and a riff from Stevie Wonder. This irregular, almost comic, change of pace gets its speed from berimbau, and funny duet interplay between trumpet and sitar. Some listeners will no doubt find this track out of spirit with the other, mellower material. But by the same token, more digressions into multi-national humor might have given even greater flexibility to the *Codona* experiment. It's an entrancing work of considerable merit.

—henschen

## BENNY CARTER

LIVE AND WELL IN JAPAN!—Pablo Live 2308 216: *Squatty Roo; Tribute To Louis Armstrong (When It's Sleepy Time Down South, Confessin' That I Love You, When You're Smilin'); Them There Eyes; It Don't Mean A Thing.*

Personnel: Carter, alto sax, trumpet; Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxes; Cecil Payne, baritone sax; Cat Anderson, Joe Newman, trumpets; Britt Woodman, trombone; Nat Pierce, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Harold Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Put a bunch of seasoned, still-excitabile survivors of the Swing Wars in front of an enthusiastic audience, turn on the microphones, and let 'er rip . . . that's been one of Norman Granz's formulas for success for many years now, and in this case, the results are more than rewarding—they're volcanic.

Considering the histories of the participants, it should be no surprise that the proceedings have more than a slight taste of Basie and Ellington; though even under the auspices of such a master arranger as Carter, such an ad hoc aggregation is bound to retain a jovial jamming looseness. It's that sense of friendly "Can you top this?" solo competition that inspires countless exciting moments here—such as Cat Anderson's consistently sizzling air raids, pianist Pierce's knock-kneed stride solos, the leader's florid alto assertions, and a ferocious rhythm section which refuses to fluster at any tempo.

Though one could praise each of the four selections, two deserve special mention. The *Tribute To Louis Armstrong* allows each of the three trumpeters to pay homage to Satch in their own inimitable fashion—thus Cat is forceful and nimble in *Sleepy Time*, remaining closest to Armstrong's open horn phrasing in stance and nuance, while Carter's *Confessin'* is long-limbed and intricately woven with melodic ornaments, and Newman's *When You're Smilin'* sticks close to the melody and features an imitation of Louis' vocal style.

*Them There Eyes*, on the other hand, is an ensemble cutting session, with each successive soloist trying to add an incongruous quote to the improvisational stew. Following Carter's waltz treatment of the theme, Woodman's trombone slips and slides as if on an ice floe, while Carter's alto finds interesting curves and crannies within the chords. A muted Newman then suggests *I'm Beginning To See The Light*, after which Budd Johnson's burly tone briefly dons a Jacquet jacket for his rambunctious outing. Payne's boppish

baritone includes the clarinet riff from *High Society*, guitarist Lowe adds *Turkey In The Straw* and *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm* in his chorus, and Pierce essays *Salt Peanuts* amid his sparse Basiesque right hand riffs. Bassist Duvivier and drummer Jones, meanwhile, simply burn.

If some of the music's younger adherents exhibited only half as much energy, concision and wit as these veterans, they too might ignite audiences for as long as Carter and cohorts have. Highly recommended. —lange

## WEATHER REPORT

8:30—ARC/Columbia PC2 36030: *Black Market; Scarlet Woman; Teen Town; A Remark You Made; Slang; In A Silent Way; Birdland; Thanks For The Memory; Badia/Boogie Woogie Waltz; 8:30; Brown Street; The Orphan; Sightseeing.*

Personnel: Joe Zawinul, keyboards; Wayne Shorter, saxophones; Jaco Pastorius, electric bass; Peter Erskine, drums; West Los Angeles Christian Academy Children's Choir (cut 12).

★ ★ ★ ★

Weather Report live at last! Famous for its meticulously produced albums—one a year since 1971—the once and future fusion band has come out of the studio with three sides that strike the color and power of an electrical storm (side four contains four new studio cuts, but we'll get to those later). As any WR fan or bootleg owner can attest, Weather Report is a good live act. In the past few years their stage show has become downright flashy, and these performances evoke vivid images.

The hall is alive with whoops and hollers before the music begins. The curtain opens on a jumping *Black Market*. Peter Erskine plunges right in; Zawinul and Jaco hustle along beside him, and Z plays the tune. A cheer goes up when Wayne Shorter comes out to play the second strain. Suddenly Jaco and Zawinul drop out, and Wayne plays a marvelous duet with Erskine, the tenor swinging high and loose above the chattering patter of tight skins. Back to the top for a cat-like Zawinul thought. This is *wonderful* music.

Zawinul plays a quiet, foreboding sci-fi intro to the next number. An audible countdown leads to an explosive blast-off roar. The crowd skyrockets. Bass and drums begin the mysterious march of *Scarlet Woman*. The brief melodic sounds more chilling than ever. Jaco is both eloquent and funky, but Zawinul's solo is too lean this time.

*Teen Town* is very uptempo, Jaco playing his own melody at lightning speed without any loss of precision. Wayne's soprano gets a test. With the band blowing at gale force, Wayne climbs outside, spitting out choppy motifs in all directions. The band blows harder; Wayne climbs higher. Before it's over, Erskine's relentless pounding and Jaco's powerful undercurrents push the music to its limit. *Deserved* thunderclaps from the crowd.

*A Remark You Made* is most remarkable for Wayne's open-hearted expression of Z's lovely melancholy strains. *Slang* is a bass solo. Jaco builds himself a riff with the Echoplex, gets the crowd clapping along, and then pulls out all the stops. He ends with good black humor. I won't spoil the joke, but what would Julie Andrews think? Zawinul reaches back a decade for that milestone called *In A Silent Way*. He's enriched the harmonies here—like Mahler at the synthesizer—and Wayne lets the melody flower with flute-like clarity.

*Birdland* is greeted with cheers and ap-





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plause, as it should be. Aside from being the band's biggest hit and a fusion classic, *Birdland's* final section is one of the happiest, craziest, juiciest tunes in all of jazz. This version is faithful to the original, performed well and without surprises. Could it be coincidence that *Birdland* is followed by Wayne Shorter's solo interpretation of the 1937 standard *Thanks For The Memory*—especially with rumors flying that the band has been bickering? In any case, Wayne plays a stunning tenor solo, chopping up the melody and tossing the pieces into a chef's salad of low honks, high squeals and melodic swirls. He finishes up high and his coda fades away as he walks offstage. A panting *Badial Boogie Woogie Waltz* medley ends the concert.

Back in the studio, the band spins out an odd assortment of new tunes: a duet ditty between Zawinul and Jaco on drums (8:30); a carnival tune that starts sleepily and gets happy (*Brown Street*); a short hymn with children's choir (*The Orphan*), and a Shorter tune that recalls the '60s (*Sightseeing*). This side comes off as filler and is only mildly interesting compared to the exciting set that precedes it. That set, by the way, includes tunes from all eight Weather Report albums except for the first two and the last one. I would much rather have heard a live version of some things from *Mr. Gone* than the studio whims of side four. —clark

## DICK HYMAN ENSEMBLE featuring BOB WILBER

MUSIC OF JELLY ROLL MORTON—Smithsonian Collection N 006: *Shreveport Stomp*; *Mournful Serenade*; *Grandpa's Spells*; *Boogaboo*; *King Porter Stomp*; *Snakehouse Blues*; *Fingerbreaker*; *Perfect Rag*; *Wolverine Blues*; *Blue Blood Blues*; *Stokin' Away*; *The Pearls*; *Georgia Swing*; *Black Bottom Stomp*.

Personnel: Hyman, piano; Wilber, clarinet; Warren Vaché Jr., trumpet; Jack Gale, trombone; Major Hollev, string bass, tuba; Marty Grosz, guitar, banjo; Tommy Benford, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a medium of expression gains legitimacy through acceptance into university curricula and recognition by the Federal political-cultural establishment, its past, present and future are opened up to intensive investigation and speculation. Though there are pitfalls, the results of such formal attentions are mostly beneficial.

Film and jazz are two new, essentially 20th century media that have successfully made the leap from working class pastimes to officially sanctioned art forms. Aside from proliferating college courses in both realms, film has gained respectability through the creation of the American Film Institute, and jazz through the National Endowment of the Arts and such prestigious organizations as the Smithsonian Institution.

The Smithsonian, thanks largely to Martin Williams, director of its Jazz and American Culture Programs, has been a leader in preserving and restoring major works in our jazz heritage. In this, one of its most recent projects, some of the classic music of pianist/composer/leader Jelly Roll Morton is deservedly brought into the limelight.

Morton, a pivotal figure of the early era, helped bridge the transition from New Orleans polyphony to big band swing by balancing the roles of improvising soloists and written ensembles. Through variations in instrumentation, tempos and dynamics, and the use of multiple themes, harmonized episodes and shifting rhythmic backdrops,

Morton's arrangements for his Red Hot Peppers perked with jaunty insouciance and structural sophistication.

Hyman and his men do justice to both the notes and spirit of Morton. Some of the charts, such as *Black Bottom Stomp*, are virtual transcriptions of original Red Hot Peppers recordings. Others, like *Wolverine Blues*, are contemporary arrangements faithful to Morton's idiom.

The current players' ability to assume the styles of Morton's bandmen is amazing. A quick check against some of Morton's '20s tracks reveals an Omer Simeon-like Wilber, a Kid Ory-oriented Gale, a Mortonized Hyman and so on. A living link between past and present is drummer Benford, who recorded six of the pieces included here with Morton in 1928 and '30.

While Jelly Roll's original versions still are available (on RCA, Atlantic and Columbia Commodore, Milestone and import labels), recreations, especially when executed with such loving attention as these, add new dimensions through the individuality of the recreators. And because of the recreation's technical superiority, the music comes across with greater vibrancy and, consequently, greater accessibility. —berg

## LEO SMITH

DIVINE LOVE—ECM 1-1143: *Divine Love*; *Tastalun*; *Spirituals: The Language Of Love*.

Personnel: Smith, trumpet, flugelhorn, percussion; cuts 1, 3—Dwight Andrews, alto flute, tenor sax, bass clarinet, percussion; Bobby Naughton, vibes, marimba, bells; Charlie Haden, bass (3); Lester Bowie, Kenny Wheeler, trumpets (2).

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is lovely music, directed by a very special modernist thinker. Each player has equal moment in the ensembles, which are set in free time occasionally moving into personal or ensemble space in the most graceful way. The chill ring of Naughton's vibes, his often pedantic ideas, and the monochromatic, persistent flute determine an artificially passive complement to Smith's leads and solo playing—indeed, why aren't Andrews' other woodwinds more prominent? There's a moment in *Divine* when the open trumpet elicits sweet tenor sax lines, and a superb, extended bass clarinet passage in *Spirituals*. Naughton and Andrews are expert players for whom linear invention stands in place of virtuoso display. Whether intended or not, they serve primarily to respond to Smith's lead in the May weekend morning context of *Divine*; they make alternating and rather more distinctive commentaries in *Spirituals*, which is founded on the bass' free, completely accompaniment role.

The briefer *Tastalun* suggests the character of Smith's thought. The trumpeters' styles are comprised of the same rhythmic-harmonic elements, and the piece moves from divergent lines to passing, tenuous convergence to divergence again. The mutes are so tight that the players' personal sounds, the listener's only possible clues to separating the lines scattering like goldfish on speed, are absent. The distance the mutes create focusses attention on the *trio* linear movement. A passage in *Spiritual* makes the point emphatic: soloist Smith's motions are utterly free, his lines active, his contrasts continual; the continuity of Haden's simple accompaniment seems a thwarted urge to create a musical relationship. Later, the bass clarinet solo begins low and suddenly rises to a

yearning cry—an emotion that, though muffled, breaks through the composure of this album's surface.

For it is this distance, this concentration on creating beauty to the exclusion of other emotions, that makes Smith's music so personal. There's an extraordinary calmness at the core of his creation; despite his spontaneity, every passage seems to have been analyzed before he plays it, to result in the maximum possible lyricism. This effect is enhanced by the dry purity of his trumpet sound and his instinct for linear contrast, without the faintest nervousness, which incorporates space as a most flexible, fluid element. Throughout the LP, his trumpet mastery is unquestionable: his complex improvising art, his technique have the mark of all generations of postwar hornmen, however abstracted and removed from his original influences. Yet his music is not abstract, for each solo, each sequence has its definite character. The lack of conventional wit, humor, emotional impulse may suggest a kind of forbidding asceticism. On the contrary, music so active, complex and alert has its own fascination, and this album may well appeal to a widely diverse audience.

Smith's evolution of such an alive, complex music seems to me a remarkable achievement of intellect and technique, yet the music is thoroughly graceful and the resulting sensations all pleasurable. Many of the ideas developed in this LP first appeared in Smith's 1972 solo *Creative Music—I* (Kabell), and the listener is urged to turn there to appreciate the genesis of his thought. Not only is the trumpet playing the equal of this new set—his solo music has a special intimacy that later recordings have not yet managed to recapture. —litweiler

## CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS

DIMENSIONS II (Barton McLean); FRAMES (Charles Eakins); PALINODES (Jon Hamilton); FANTASIE IMPROMPTU (Jere Hutcheson);—CRI SD 407.

Personnel: David Burge, Lois Svard Burge, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Due to the current interest in minimalist music, composers no longer have to write highly complex scores in order to be taken seriously. Yet three out of the four pieces on this album were composed by and for virtuosos; evidently, the classical tradition still fascinates many composers.

The most traditional—and least satisfying—piece here is Hamilton's *Palinodes* (1972). Divided into six movements, this is a very difficult work that requires the kind of technique which a pianist would need for Chopin or Liszt. But despite the elegance of the writing and the overlay of modern techniques (dissonant chords, tone clusters, etc.), *Palinodes* is really no more than a series of unrelated flourishes.

The title of Hutcheson's *Fantasia Impromptu* (1974) also brings Chopin to mind. But, while this piece is as virtuosic as *Palinodes*, it doesn't beat around the bush. Hutcheson's music becomes florid only when it has to in order to make a point. The style is sharply satirical, sometimes recalling Bartok with its brusque, savage rhythms.

Eakins' *Frames* (1977) is a highly concentrated series of variations, separated by a recurring motto theme. Although a couple of



variations are serial influenced, the whole point of *Frames* is to present the same material from a completely different viewpoint in each variation. Eakins achieves his goal with a considerable amount of ingenuity. His inside-the-piano effects recall George Crumb's work, while his economical style and use of syncopation make me think of Aaron Copland's *Piano Variations* (1930).

Unlike its companions on this album, McLean's *Dimensions II* (1974) does not feature the pianist in a virtuoso role. Nevertheless, the performer is involved in a complicated interaction with an electronic tape. Moreover, the Crumb-like keyboard part, with its many repeated notes and motivic fragments, exploits the piano's sonority in a sophisticated manner.

The piece opens with an electronic chart that falls somewhere between the beginning of Penderecki's *Utrenja* and a soundtrack for an outer space epic. The piano part accents the steadily shifting planes of the tape, while translating the alien electronic sounds into a language accessible to human beings. With each change in focus, McLean penetrates a little further into the subconscious. Not for timid souls!

—Lenny

## BUDDY EMMONS/ LENNY BREAU

MINORS ALOUD—Flying Fish 088: *Minors Aloud; Compared To What; Killer Joe; Long Way To Go; Secret Love; Scapple From The Apple; On A Bach Bouree.*

Personnel: Emmons, pedal steel guitar, vocals; Breau, electric guitar; Randy Goodrum, piano; Charles Dungey, bass; Kenny Malone, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

## LENNY BREAU

LENNY BREAU—Direct Disk Labs 112: *You Needed Me; Don't Think Twice (It's All Right); Mister Night; Neptune; Claude (Free Song).*

Personnel: Breau, guitar; Don Thompson, bass; Claude Ranger, drums; Chet Atkins, guitar (cut 1).

★ ★ ★ ★

## THUMBS CARLLILE

GUITAR WIZARD—Direct Disk Labs 110: *Just The Way You Are; I Feel Like Makin' Love; Dance With Me; Sin Drums; Stavin' Alive; Where Do We Go From Here; Lonely Bull; Reminiscent.*

Personnel: Carllile, guitar; Billy R. Sandford, Phil Baugh, guitars; Buddy Emmons, steel guitar; David Briggs, William Pussell, keyboards; Henry Strzelecki, bass; Ralph Gallant, drums; Terry Lee McMillan, percussion, harmonica.

★ ★

This trio of discs features (a) guitarists who in their various ways have achieved significant mastery of the instrument and who (b) have been affiliated with the music/recording scene of Nashville whence (c) all three LPs hail. Breau, while primarily known as a jazz guitarist, has for several years participated in that city's busy musical life where, prior to his recent relocation in Los Angeles, he resided, performed and recorded. None of the three albums is, I feel, wholly successful but each has much to recommend it, particularly to students of the instrument.

Featured on *Minors Aloud* are Emmons, one of Nashville's top pedal steel players, and Breau who has worked fairly extensively in its recording vineyards, as has Malone; pianist Goodrum is one of the city's brightest young songwriters. Still, there is nary a trace of country music to be heard in the grooves of the set. The musical path this excellent quintet follows is straightahead modern

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jazz—sort of a mellowed-out bebop—which it performs with both vigor and creativity, never over-reaching its grasp but generally playing at ability-stretching levels.

The two guitarists work hand-in-glove, Emmons being to the steel guitar what Breau is to the conventional instrument—one of its standard bearers, with a finely honed harmonic sense, intelligence and imagination to spare and, not least of all, great chops. It's a spark-producing pairing as well, with the two consistently playing at or near the top of their abilities. Breau crackles with fire and invention just about every time up, and Emmons responds in kind. Tasty is as tasty does.

In this fast company Goodrum holds his own, his piano work marked by disciplined energy, plenty of drive and tasteful invention in a sort of mainstream neo-bop style that occasionally recalls the more laid-back aspects of, say, Horace Silver. He is a crisp, invigorating pianist. Dungey and Malone propel the group with effortless intensity.

While no new paths are explored, the five have produced an eminently listenable and spirited set of performances that maintains a high level of engaged creativity throughout. The only element that is less than striking, in fact, is Emmons' (let us say) *homespun* vocalizing—*Compared To What*, *Long Way To Go* and *Secret Love*—but mercifully this has been kept to a minimum. And for guitarists, the LP is a must simply for its principals' superior technical command and empathetic interplay.

On his own Direct Disk album, Breau's playing is even more impressive technically and almost as engaged musically. Like that of several other virtuosi active in jazz currently, his playing treads a fine line between display and content; but far too often the former assumes a primacy that, however interesting to other players of the instrument (who are in the best position to appreciate the extent of his technical accomplishment), overshadows and ultimately dilutes the purely musical aspects of his work. This cart-before-horse tendency is the virtuoso's major pitfall and Breau, it appears, has yet to find his way out of it. In this, his work here is little different from that of his two earlier RCA albums, in both of which manner triumphed over matter, too. His playing here is so beautifully surfaced, so finely wrought and rich in detail, executed with such spellbinding technical finesse that one literally is seduced by it. It's only after prolonged listening that one realizes there's not that much in the way of real substance, of properly developed musical ideas carried in it.

I'm not suggesting his music is cold, mechanical or in any other way impersonal in character. Not at all. In fact, Breau's is a very warm and personable approach; the force of a strong, assured, more than occasionally intense personality animates everything he plays. There's much to admire in it; he is, after all, a superlative player who has no trouble coming up with any number of arresting ideas, bringing off with utter ease passages of the greatest difficulty and conceptual complexity. For these reasons his playing is greatly admired by other players of the instrument who study his work and mine from it what they can use in their own. Too often, however, his solos consist of one startling phrase after another, each a jewel of conception and execution, strung together on the song's structure but developing no sustained ideational relationship to one an-

other, as is the case in true theme-and-variations playing. And without this, his music for all its technical wizardry fails to resonate in the mind's ear once it's over.

Breau is a formidable instrumentalist, to be sure; once he works past his preoccupation with technique and settles into some serious music making he has the potential to become one of the great jazz guitarists. There's no question of his dedication to, or understanding of the instrument; in these areas he's well in advance of just about anyone around. One expects marvelous things from him, and this set is a delightful, rewarding celebration of what he's already accomplished and, hopefully an augury of what will in time develop. The recorded sound is fine, and the playing time generous.

On his Direct Disk album Carlisle, who plays standard 6-string guitar in an unconventional fashion, holding it flat on his lap and fretting the fingerboard from above as would a steel player but picking like a conventional guitarist, has produced a meticulously played but largely uninvolved batch of instrumental versions of recent pop hits. Like the others, he's a fine technician but, here at least, doesn't do anything very interesting to or with these pieces, doesn't develop them in any meaningful way so that you'd want to come back for further listening. Since no deep levels of thought or invention are struck, or even sought, it's not at all surprising the performances reveal their all the first time around—demonstrating that the top Nashville players are just as capable of bringing off beautifully surfaced muzak as their counterparts in the studios of Los Angeles or New York. Technically superior, even brilliant at times, this is thoroughly expendable music making that, since it poses the players no real challenges, offers the listener like satisfactions. Lustrously recorded, the set clocks in at a few seconds short of 27 minutes. —welding

## HEATH BROTHERS

IN MOTION—Columbia JC-35816: *Feelin' Dealin': The Voice Of The Saxophone* (from *Afro-American Suite Of Evolution*); *Project "S"*; *Move To The Groove*; *Passion Flower*; *A Time And A Place* (There's).

Personnel: Jimmy Heath, tenor sax, soprano sax (cut 1), flute (cut 5); Percy Heath, bass, baby bass; Stanley Cowell, piano; Tony Purrone, guitar; Keith Copeland, drums; cuts 1, 3, 6—Rubens Bassini, percussion; George Devens, vibes; Jon Faddis, James Sedlar, Lew Soloff, Marky Markowitz, trumpets; Wayne Andre, trombone; Paul Faulise, bass trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Joseph DeAngelis, french horn; Gene Bianco, contractor.

\* \* \* \*

Perennial Percy and Jimmy, ur-boppers with a soft edge, have again recorded the sinewy band that began traveling not long after the '74 breakup of the Modern Jazz Quartet released Percy from extended family back to family. The only major changes from *Passing Thru*, their first for Columbia, are more brass, added vibes, two tracks less, and new percussionists—Rubens Bassini for Jimmy's son Mtume, and Keith Copeland for brother Al "Tootie" Heath. The band's good-humored clan—which can only come from long association and fellow-feeling and comes over so beautifully live—is only slightly watered by the discreetly patched-on brass licks and the dreamy echoes of reverb. The brothers get front mikes, which puts Cowell and Purrone in unwarrantedly subsidiary roles, but the band's expansive warmth and earnest joy carry these imbalances easily.

This one's even more Jimmy's date, and no question about it, we've heard too little of this superior saxophonist and subtle composer. He takes charge on every track except the mournful, pristine Strayhorn ballad, throwing his middleweight tenor into the music with a passion and panache that flout the cool production. And his compositions! *Feelin'*—like *A New Blue* and *Mellowdrama*—sounds smooth and simple, till you start counting bars and feeling the waves of emotion that it stirs and the tug of its little hooks. *Voice* pits heartfelt Jimmy against Percy's upward counterthrusts, and sails nostalgically. *Time* starts as a Latin vamp blues, but again gains in interest and complexity, with a double-time surge at the end. Jimmy's still at the top of his game writing and playing, but sometimes the abrupt and arbitrary brass quotes on *Project* and *Time* made me wish for the integrity and richness of such old octet sessions as *Swamp Seed* (Riverside, 1963).

Cowell needs no introduction as one of the most consistent, brilliant and wide-ranging of pianists, but Copeland and Purrone are relative newcomers who have lately emerged from Boston and New Haven, respectively. *Project*, following the *Love For Sale* changes, provided a chance to trace the impressive growth of the drummer, who soloed on the Porter tune on a record with Maggi Scott from Boston two years ago, and takes one here that keeps the melody right in front. Purrone shows his rounded, pearly Hall-Montgomery side here; I've heard him more piquant and daring live. Percy is the cohesive force, ebullient and golden toned throughout, leading in his saucy *Groove*, pushing *Project* like a pile-driver, bowing ecstatically the antique voicings of *Flower*. —fred bouchard

## EBERHARD WEBER

FLUID RUSTLE—ECM-1-1137: *Quiet Departures*; *Fluid Rustle*; *A Pale Smile*; *Visible Thoughts*.

Personnel: Weber, bass, tarang; Norma Winstone, Bonnie Herman, voices; Gary Burton, vibraharp, marimba; Bill Frisell, guitar, balalaika.

\* \* \* \*

It's getting to the point where the acronym "ECM" conjures up almost as much wind (and dirt, too, I might add) as did "Ornette Coleman" just about 20 years ago. If many of Manfred Eicher's projects don't swing in the conventional sense—and this one doesn't—or if they emphasize a more conceptual, textural approach over song form, the experimental proclivities that initiated the label still conceive some brilliantly varied projects. Whatever excesses (perhaps that word's antonym would be more appropriate) the company may allow, the exploding of traditional jazz and chamber ensemble instrumentation is inarguably one of ECM's true triumphs.

German bassist and composer Eberhard Weber has, on his fifth record for Eicher, assembled a rather unlikely crew, including two seemingly polarized singers (Winstone from the minimalist trio Azimuth; Herman from the much breezier Singers Unlimited), an unknown guitarist, and mallet man and one-time boss Gary Burton. Like much of Weber's work, *Fluid Rustle* paints tone poems in cloudy, pastel hues with round, deliberate strokes—not unlike the album cover paintings by his wife Maya. These compositions are more odysseys than melodies, roaming over everchanging landscapes that, for all their worship of texture and tonality, manage



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to surprise and delight as often as they wander.

A good part of the album's successful moments can be attributed to Weber's use of (the here wordless) Winstone and Herman. Like Phil Glass on *North Star* and elsewhere, Weber concentrates on the rhythmic and harmonic and (hence) textural potentialities of his singers, always featuring them in tandem, double-tracked, at least. Parts of *Quiet Departures* have the two filling in breathy washes over ringing Burton/Frisell lines; elsewhere in the piece, they sing with Burton's vibes in a distinctly liturgical manner, or engage in pointillistic interval climbing.

Weber, as an instrumentalist with an uncannily human sound, works well with his singers. His signature—looming, low fretless slides—conspires with eerily mixed whispers, sighs and shudders on *Visible Thoughts*, and his arco burrs set the mood at the outset of the lilting *A Pale Smile*. Burton on vibes and marimba adds little more than shape and sparkle, and his intermingling with Frisell is somewhat faceless, particularly when one considers the other fretmen with whom he's worked.

There is some aimless wandering, too, *Quiet Departures* being the primary culprit. The balalaika, while aurally exhilarating, seems out of place, and the sing-songy vocal ending to the piece doesn't seem to follow compositionally, either. There isn't much in the way of solos—Frisell is wispy, Burton deliberate—anywhere on the album; if one were of the Impatient School of Music Listeners, this album might well be infuriating. But Weber's vision—and the floating sensuality of Herman and Winstone—further sustains the flow of the work upon each new listening. —zipkin

## BUDDY DeFRANCO

**WATERBED**—Choice CRS 1017: *The Dreaded Lergy; Lush Life; Waterbed; Sunnyside Beach; Uncle Horsley Writhes Again; Here's That Rainy Day.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gordie Fleming, accordion; Michel Donato, electric bass; Peter Magadini, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½  
**LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE**—Progressive 7014: *Like Someone In Love; Melancholy Stockholm; Playa Del Sol; How Long Has This Been Going On; Coasting At The Palisades; I Loves You Porgy.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Tal Farlow, guitar; Derek Smith, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★  
On the admittedly rare occasions when the subject of the clarinet (and its demise as a jazz voice) comes up in the conversation of the cognoscenti, a well-rehearsed ritual is initiated in which regrets for passed glories, missed opportunities and mistaken paths surface briefly, before someone mentions a saxophonist who doubled on the instrument, thus providing a bridge back to more relevant issues. Clarinet playing in jazz could be regarded as an almost forgotten contest between black and white musicianship, a field on which the white heroes emerged triumphant with an ironically Pyrrhic victory. A variant interpretation might propose that the clarinet, so essential to the collective clarity of the New Orleans style, lacked the individual resonance for the emerging solo dominance: black players at the growing edge of their own music were intuitively aware of this. The latter theory gains support from the example of Sidney Bechet, perhaps the first of the major jazz soloists (on any instrument), and

one who progressively deserted the clarinet for the more forceful soprano saxophone (in Bechet's case "the most forceful soprano saxophone").

Instruments with strong European heritages of virtuosity have had a difficult time integrating into Afro-American music, loaded down as they are with preconceptions on how they should be played. Only the piano has convincingly triumphed over this perennial problem, and in that case necessity was sufficient driving force; not that the battle has left no scars—witness the residual schizophrenia of major jazz pianists of the virtuoso style, Fats Waller through Cecil Taylor. Unfortunately for the clarinet, it was not necessary for the further development of jazz, and musicians could escape the shadow of unwanted and irrelevant models simply by turning to a curved metal horn as soon as the fundamentals of reed playing had been acquired on the blackstick.

Jimmy Noone is considered the black archetype of the "virtuoso" tradition of jazz clarinet, and while there was more expressive range and power in the work of Johnny Dodds and Sidney Bechet, it was Noone's elegant fluency that inspired Goodman and Shaw and ultimately DeFranco, who made the heroic and largely unsuccessful attempt to enlist the instrument in the bop wars. Perhaps only in the last five years under the beneficial influence of Dolphy's achievement on bass clarinet has the regular soprano horn shown any signs of returning to duty at the front.

Given the above, it will be obvious that I consider Buddy DeFranco to occupy a rather anomalous position in the interrupted history of his chosen instrument. His harmonic knowledge, fingering facility and extended even range have never been in doubt. However it is in the other aspects of technique, those less frequently admitted, yet so essential to the jazz language, of articulation and timbral flexibility, that relative deficiencies are apparent. Those weaknesses, coupled with an inconsistency of melodic and rhythmic invention, have prevented DeFranco from exerting the influence that might have been expected from his position as premier clarinetist of the bop and post-bop periods.

Now, after years at the helm of that Flying Dutchman of the dance band era, the Glenn Miller Orchestra (R.I.P.), Buddy is showing some signs of re-establishing his jazz credentials. The present recordings, both from 1977, provide little decisive evidence as to how the venture will develop. The timbre is perhaps less piping and the phrases more considered, though without being less fleet in performance. A new mellowness may be emerging, but still there, underneath it all, is the old inconsistency of melody and rhythmic flow, a lack of conviction that inhibits the artist from communicating fully with his music and with his listeners.

It is not surprising therefore that both albums impress as light, enjoyable music of no great impact. DeFranco is in similar form on each, so the preference is determined by the context of the supporting players. The *Waterbed* album is obviously the more unusual in that respect, though some will recall (and some of those more fondly than others) the Polytones, a group Buddy co-led with accordionist Tommy Gumina. Gordie Fleming swings along happily on this horrible instru-

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ment, quoting good-humoredly (and probably excessively), and Donato and Magadini provide appropriate support, occasionally hampered by recording which reduces their efforts to a fluent thud. *Sunnyside Beach* is particularly appealing. One of several Al Baculis/Roy Adams lines, the fast intricate head opens into a racing clarinet solo which, perhaps infected by the accordion's work on the session, manages to gloss quite a few songs, including *I've Got Plenty Of Nothing* and *Dardanella*. Despite expectations, neither *Lush Life* or *Here's That Rainy Day* is taken at ballad tempo and the latter really pelts along. A happy if unremarkable record.

The Progressive is my choice however, due largely to the presence of Farlow and Duvivier. Although he contributes no outstanding solos here, Duvivier's compact Pettiford line sound is almost always an asset to a rhythm section. As to the guitarist, well, it seems that he can't help but produce the most inventive solo on each track despite the relatively low profile he attempts to maintain. For example on Buddy's *Melancholy Stockholm*, where the clarinetist comes close to Artie Shaw's warmth of timbre, and pianist Smith works in a sort of a Silver-Peterson conglomerate style, Farlow manages to suggest harmonic nuances overlooked by the composer, then proceeds to a critique of Smith's brittle brand of funkiness. DeFranco has another Shavian outing on *How Long*, and displays his wiry and sinuous brilliance on *Coasting*. An additional point in favor of this album is the cover, an example of the work of yet another near-forgotten figure of the jazz '50s, David Stone Martin; not a match for the old classics on Clef and Verve in this case, but maybe next time.

All in all these albums represent a pleasant rather than earth-shaking return to jazz recording by a once prominent figure, and optimistically the beginning of a new maturity. Sometimes Indian summers are better than the real thing; we could certainly do with some really great bop clarinet playing, no matter how long we have to wait.

—Terry Martin

## JR. WALKER

BACK STREET BOOGIE—Warner Bros WHK 3331: *Back Street Boogie*; *Girl*; *I Wanna Marry You*; *Wishing On A Star*; *Hole In The Wall*; *Don't Let Me Go Astray*; *Tiger In My Tank*; *Sax Attack*.

Personnel: Walker, tenor sax, vocals; Earnest Reed Jr., Irv Martin, Trey Stone, Wah Wah Watson, guitars; Terral Santiel, Sndrums; Walter Downing, Victor Nix, keyboards; Jim Valdez, drums; Mark Kenoly, bass; Eddie "Bongo" Brown, conga; Jack Ashford, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

*Back Street Boogie* is Jr. Walker's first album in three years following his generally unnoticed departure from Motown Records, and while not on par with his two 1971 albums, *Rainbow Funk* and *Moody Jr.*, it does offer one truly great moment and enough minor delights to generate hope of a career continuance, if not a full come-back.

Producer Norman Whitfield, who never worked directly with the saxophonist during their mutual Motown years, has sought to update Jr. Walker's sound. The rhythm tracks and arrangements are energetic in a contemporary vein, but not so dislocated that a basic quality in Walker's style—his unabashed raunchiness—has been isolated. Indeed, on originals such as *Back Street Boogie*, *Girl*, *I Wanna Marry You* and *Sax Attack*, written by Whitfield, Mark Kenoly and the leader

himself, Walker's fill-ins and obligatos burn with customary fervor. In addition, Walker's singing on these cuts displays the unique celebratory lilt he has always managed on some of his better records to give to his Joe Tex-like vocal style.

It is, however, to the cover version of *Wishing On A Star* that one turns for the extraordinary moment. Jr. Walker introduces the ballad with an exquisite blue tone and then takes the swaying melody, which was nothing but a mundane fade-out when it appeared in 1978 on *MFSB—The Gamble-Huff Orchestra* (Philadelphia International), through such dramatic changes and climaxes that a major song of penetration and emotional satisfaction is created. Walker is in perfect control throughout, and his colorizations and pitch nuances are prime examples of what genuine rhythm and blues sax playing is all about. Please, encore! —Gabel

## MONNETTE SUDLER

BRIGHTER DAYS FOR YOU—SteepleChase SCS 1087: *Brighter Days For You*; *To Be Exposed*; *Natural Accurance*; *Righteousness*; *Congo*; *Moments Of Love*; *Family*.

Personnel: Sudler, guitar and vocal; Oliver Collins, piano; Khan Jamal, marimba; Tyrone Brown, bass; Newman Baker, drums; William "Duke" Wilson, congas and percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

LIVE IN EUROPE—SteepleChase SCS 1102: *Congo*; *Fire And Air*; *Libra Rising*.

Personnel: Sudler, guitar; Oliver Collins, piano; Kenny Kellem, bass; Newman T. Baker, drums.

★ ★ ★

I eagerly regard the appearance of new artists on the jazz horizon, and because jazz is an idiom traditionally dominated by men, offerings from new female artists are of special interest.

Guitarist/composer Monnette Sudler is, however, not a new artist. She played with Sam Rivers before leading her own bands, and recorded with Marian McPartland on *Now's The Time* (Halcyon). These two releases are the second and third LP's under her own name; her debut album, *Time For A Change* (also on SteepleChase) was released in 1976. Though she records for a Danish label, she and her sidemen are from the States.

On the basis of these two albums, some aspects of her obscurity are mysterious, others are not. After repeated listenings, I don't really feel that I've heard Sudler play.

Her soloing style on amplified guitar is reminiscent of Wes Montgomery, relying heavily on octaves. Like Montgomery, Sudler is an accurate and precise player, generally restrained but never tentative. Perhaps because she does play with such authority, her restraint seems overly modest, especially on the live album (recorded at Copenhagen's Club Montmartre).

The three extended tunes each provide ample room for experimentation. She approaches abandon momentarily in the 22 minute *Libra Rising* written by her pianist Oliver Collins, but doesn't carry through. The piece becomes a piano showcase, liquid and lyrical. Sudler's backseat role makes the prominence of the piece—one whole side—difficult to understand on an album under her name.

Sudler's restraint is problematic on the studio album as well, but its foundations become more apparent. Kenny Kellem, Fender bassist on the live album, is replaced by string bassist Tyrone Brown on *Brighter Days*. Brown has gigged with Roy Eldridge,

Freddie Hubbard, Sam Rivers and Grover Washington Jr., and is a thoughtful but aggressive player. On tune after tune, Brown is the only member of the group who steps away from the melodic line while soloing; the others stick close. Sudler will climb up and down the scales with agility, start to develop an idea and then return, with a slight variation, to the melody. These brief, unfinished forays are unsettling, disappointing.

The flip side of this reluctance to shine could very well be a desire on Sudler's part to remain a part of the group in the interests of maintaining integrity and unification. Both the sextet on the studio album and the quartet on the live album seem to lead themselves; respect for the other players' abilities is evident. No one steps on anyone's toes and no one fades away.

On the whole, *Brighter Days For You* is the more satisfactory of the two albums; it is a vehicle for Sudler's writing ability. But for Collins' *Congo* all the tunes are hers, ranging from the Latinesque title cut to a thoroughly modern blues replete with a distorted vocal-like guitar (*To Be Exposed*) to a brief spiritual (*Righteousness*). She includes one vocal on which she doesn't play, *Moments Of Love*; featuring only her soft, pliable voice and Collins' piano, it is an arrestingly mature statement on the transitory nature of love.

One wonders why, in contrast, the live album includes only one of Sudler's works—*Fire And Air*, a sinister blues suggestive of Willie Dixon's *Wang Dang Doodle*.

A female jazz guitarist is always in danger of being labeled as a novelty act or some equally unpleasant qualifier. Perhaps this is why Sudler comes across as humble and reticent—no frills, no undue fanfare. I can't help but wonder, however, if this approach isn't ultimately self-defeating; I want her to wail, because I think she can. —Leslie Ladd

## THE JEFF LORBER FUSION

WATER SIGN—Arista AB 4234: *Toad's Place*; *Country*; *Tune 88*; *Sparkle*; *Water Sign*; *Rain Dance*; *Right Here*; *Lights Out*.

Personnel: Lorber, Prophet synthesizer, Fender Rhodes piano, Oberheim 4 voice, Yamaha electric grand, ARP 2600, MiniMoog; Dennis Bradford, drums; Danny Wilson, electric bass; Dennis Springer, tenor and soprano saxophone (cuts 1-3, 5); Freddie Hubbard, flugelhorn (6, 8); Joe Farrell, flute (4, 7); Bruce Smith, percussion; Doug Lewis, funky guitar; Jay Koder, jazz guitar, acoustic guitar.

★ ★ ★ ½

On the cover of *Water Sign*, the three members of the Lorber Fusion are caught by the camera in a moment of repose, their countenances collectively reflecting a whimsical self-assurance. Lorber, a progenitor of the second-generation fusion wave with a highly successful liaison with Inner City in his recent past, has every right to be cool, calm and confident. Now linked to Arista, a juggernaut of the record industry, his latest release has fared very well on the jazz charts and the talented keyboardist/songwriter seemingly has a secure future as spokesman for the rock-jazz-funk hybrid of the '80s.

Lorber is a fine composer: the album's eight songs boast buoyant melodies and arresting harmonies while being underpinned by a solid funk foundation—only *Sparkle* suggests the bland prettiness of muzak. Bradford and Wilson, musicians comfortable with funk, are assertive without falling prey to self-indulgent funk excesses—



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even the latter's bass thumb-twanging is tastefully ebullient.

Guest Dennis Springer, who has toured with the trio, gives the Lorber Fusion some improvisational depth with his superbly intoned soprano and driving tenor. While Hubbard and Farrell perform well—they are featured on two songs apiece—Springer has a more immediate feel for the compositions and lends the group a much-needed drive and personality—note the way he kicks *Toad's Place* and *Tune 88* along. The former, by the way, is the melodic clone of the title cut, or is it the other way around?

Lorber's synthesizer lines are pleasantly convoluted. Thankfully he doesn't use the ARP and MiniMoog as newfound toys, something many fusion players are guilty of, but rather, knowledgeably. His electric piano playing is attractive also: on *Country*, a funky pastoral which explores the subtleties of texture, he appears to be playing an amplified acoustic.

Judging from the spate of fusion records, we'd do well to stay on top of Lorber's music, perhaps using it as a barometer of what's happening in the genre, rather than, say, looking to Stanley Clarke for new directions.

—frank-john hadley

## PONCHO SANCHEZ

PONCHO—Discovery DS-799: *Poncho's Mambo; Baila Mi Gente; Morning; Mama Güela; Gaviota (The Gull); Mambo Terrífico; Al-Po Pan.*

Personnel: Sanchez, congas, voice; Clare "Clavo" Fischer, keyboards; Johnny Nelson, Alex Acuña, Victor Pantoja, percussion, voice; Mayo Tiana, trombone; Steve Huffsteter, trumpet, flugelhorn; Gary Foster, alto sax, flute.

★ ★ ½

Poncho Sanchez is a Mexican-American percussionist whose work has been inspired by the Afro-Cuban tradition in general, and by Mongo Santamaria in particular. Though his background includes everything from Texas polka bands to groups from the L.A. barrio, it is his association with Cal Tjader over the past two years that has established him as one of the West Coast's top young congeros.

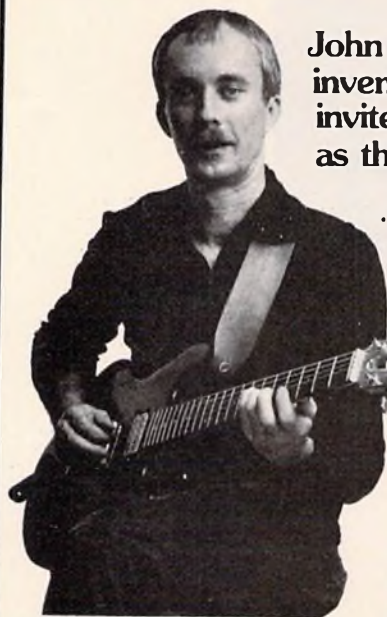
Though Sanchez is the listed leader, keyboardist Fischer emerges as the center of gravity. His solos, especially on acoustic piano, are sharply etched outings that build with dramatic effect. His songs, the movingly reflective *Morning* and lyrically flowing *Gaviota*, provide the necessary contrast to an otherwise mambo-dominated repertoire.

In addition, Fischer transcribed Sanchez's hummed ideas and helped stitch them into tunes. I suspect the pianist played a large role in the arrangements as well; the variations in instrumentation, texture and dynamics reflect an arranger's concern for variety and contrast, and keep the momentum moving.

The soloists, aside from Fischer, turn in competent though hardly inspired performances with the exception of Foster's alto essay in *Morning*. Combining the cerebral aspects of a Konitz with a Hodges-like passion, Foster spins with silky sensuality.

The rhythm section, led by the rock-steady Sanchez, perks under the ensembles and bubbles in the percussion jams. With a stronger bassist, however, the section's impact would have been far greater.

Overall, the session might be described as West Coast Cuban; West Coast because of its low-key conversational ambience, Cuban because of Sanchez's genuinely Afro-Cuban



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inflections. This, then, is music that glows, not burns. —berg

## JOHN HICKS

AFTER THE MORNING—West 54 WLW 8004: *After The Morning*; *Serenata*; *Dierdre de Samba*; *Some Other Spring*; *The Duke*; *Impact*; *Until The Morning*; *Night Journey*.

Personnel: Hicks, piano; Walter Booker Jr., bass (cuts 1,3,6,8); Clifford Barbaro, drums (6).

\*\*\*

Rush, rush, rush. John Hicks hurtles headlong through five of the eight tracks here, slowing long enough to get his teeth into this splendid Tex Allen tune *Night Journey*, with its sinuous vamp and moist minor harmonies, as well as Frieda Herzog's evocative gem *Spring* and a wisp of Brubeck's *Duke*. For the rest—look out!—he's coming at you (as they say in Maine) like green corn through the new maid. Sometimes his ideas—usually pretty, florid ones coming from Evans as much as Tyner—come just a hair too fast for his hands, but he's certainly challenging himself and the listener. Maybe he was nervous—this is his debut as leader on a new label that simultaneously has released solo piano albums by the genial Red Richards and the aristocratic Roland Hanna—and anxious to show what he can do outside Betty Carter's working group.

The tunes themselves are extremely attractive, especially drummer Barbaro's *Samba* and Hicks' title track. Yet noodling on modal vamps (such as *Impact*, and elsewhere) has as a pitfall glib and glossy skimming, and Hicks does not avoid it. Sometimes I heard gracious rubatos that I associate with the Detroit players (Tommy Flanagan, Hank Jones) and welcomed that relief. Booker's contributions are selfless and seamless, in such close kin to Hicks' plunging left that at times I had to listen twice for him. In all this is a good first effort, showing fine taste and chops, great expressive dignity, and a little youthful haste.

—fred bouchard

## BOB DYLAN

SLOW TRAIN COMING—Columbia FC 36120: *Gotta Serve Somebody*; *Precious Angel*; *I Believe In You*; *Slow Train*; *Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking*; *Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others)*; *When You Gonna Wake Up*; *Man Gave Names To All The Animals*; *When He Returns*.

Personnel: Dylan, vocals, guitar; Barry Beckett, keyboards; Pick Withers, drums; Tim Drummond, bass; Mark Knopfler, guitar; Muscle Shoals Horns; Carolyn Dennis, Helena Springs, Regina Havis, background vocals.

\*\*\* 1/2

Dylan's much-publicized dip into Christian waters has been embraced and scorned, but the passionate reactions reflect less upon the singer than his audience. Any artist changes according to his lights and must ignore pharisaic reactionaries—Dylan played to boos when he first used electric instruments, and proved the folkies wrong. Vilification of *Nashville Skyline* has long since faded, but that country testament endures.

The songs here must be interpreted within a pre-conceived philosophical framework: Christianity. The album doesn't work because the ideas do not come from within its creator.

*Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking* shows the flaw. Whatever one's philosophy, he can relate to preparation for death: "Jesus said, 'Be ready, for you know not the hour which I come.'" This blues-based song is ominous and the band plays powerfully, but the power is undercut: "He said, 'He who's not for me is

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against me"/just so you'll know where he's coming from." The tone is too chatty, and the undigested message lacks authority.

Dylan simply can't deliver another's messages as convincingly as his own. And his lyrics about "adulterous judges" and "pornography in the schools" are silly, fabricated evils.

On the title cut, we hear about "so-called friends" who can't imagine "the darkness/ That will fall from on high/When men beg God to kill them/And they won't be able to die." *A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall* was hysterical, too, but was Dylan's own vision of impending doom.

*Do Right* is a string of tiring take-offs on the Golden Rule. The album's single release reveals that socialites, bankers, heavyweight champions and even rock stars *Gotta Serve Somebody*. At least *Man Gave Names* doesn't list all the animals. At best, these three tunes are children's songs; their formulaic variations ensure the album's overall mediocrity.

*When He Returns* is a stark piano-and-vocal number, close to a hymn. The rest of the tunes are apocalyptic rockers.

Produced by Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett, the sound is as crisp as any Dylan album. Guitarist Knopfler and drummer Withers are one-half of the rock band Dire Straits, a Dylan influenced group also produced by Wexler and Beckett. The players are competent and all tunes are well done. If you liked *Gotta Serve Somebody* on the radio, you'll want this album.

Dylan's willingness to take risks, undeniably emotional delivery, and odd sense of rhythm and phrasing time and again have transubstantiated average songs into seemingly great ones. Usually, the lyrics' meanings were obscure. But *Slow Train Coming* leaves little latitude for interpretation.

There does seem to be a spiritual vacuum in this country, and Dylan's vocalization is no mere idiot's wind. Bless Bob Dylan for this offering.

But don't follow leaders. —carman

## BOBBY HUTCHERSON

CONCEPTION: THE GIFT OF LOVE.—Columbia JC 35814: *No Siree Bob; Clockwise; Remember To Smile; Dark Side, Light Side; Hold My Hand; Dreamin'; Quiet Fire.*

Personnel: Hutcherson, vibes; George Cables, piano; James Leary, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums; Kenneth Nash, percussion; Bill Summers, percussion (cuts 2, 6); Romeo Penque, Lenny Hambro, Danny Trimboline, Frank Wess, saxophones; Urban Green, Robert Alexander, John Gale, trombones; Jon Faddis, Anthony Tooley, Earl Gardner, Danny Moore, Joseph Wilder, trumpets; Hubert Laws, flute; arranged and conducted by Cedar Walton.

★ ★

With this, his second album for Columbia, vibist Bobby Hutcherson continues to strive for wider audience acceptance. Though in many cases this means playing adaptations of pop tunes, over-orchestrating everything and simplifying one's musical approach down to the barest common denominator of pabulum-like performances, Hutcherson chooses here to record his own group of talented West Coasters in a program of their own compositions—every one of the regulars, save percussionist Nash, offers at least one piece, and producer Walton adds one for good measure. The band shows a certain amount of potential for energetic, empathetic interaction, and Walton's horn arrangements are unobtrusive. Where, then,

did this one go wrong?

Well to start with. Columbia's engineering has mixed the group sound within a soft, airy ambience—there's virtually no presence to Marshall's deft, melodic drums—nothing at all like the rough-hewn instrumental immediacy of Hutcherson's old Blue Note recordings. But even more damaging are the eminently forgettable themes and overly predictable arrangements. The ballads—*Clockwise* and *Hold My Hand*—are lush and gutless, while pianist Cables' *Quiet Fire* and bassist Leary's buoyant burner *Remember To Smile* instigate fleet but unengaging solos from vibes and piano.

Hutcherson's phrasing today seems more funkified, with less of the attractive angularity he displayed during his early Blue Note days when collaborating with such compositional iconoclasts as Andrew Hill, Archie Shepp and Grachan Moncur III. But he has always held something of a mainstream bent—witness the musically successful, critically underrated band he co-led with tenorist Harold Land (an alumni of the revered Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet). The problem here is that whenever he tries to dig in and kick the music up a few notches, he is betrayed by his surroundings. A perfect example is his own composition *No Siree Bob*, which features Hubert Laws' flute in solo and unison with vibes. Hutcherson tries to accelerate into overdrive upon his solo entrance, but the rest of the band is shackled to their comping roles by the inflexible arrangement, and as a result there is nothing for Hutcherson to bounce off or react to, so the piece continues on its bland, unaggressive way.

Perhaps Columbia can reunite Hutcherson with trumpeter Woody Shaw, forget the unnecessary orchestral backings and dig up some strong material—that might result in some music to savor. Meanwhile, this one is too glib to be good. —lange

## WAXING ON....

### Commodore Classics In Jazz

Lester Young, Columbia Special Products XFL 14937: ★★★★★  
 Coleman Hawkins, Columbia Special Products XFL 14936: ★★★★★<sup>1/2</sup>  
 Ben Webster/Don Byas, Columbia Special Products XFL 14938: ★★★★★  
 Billie Holiday, Columbia Special Products XFL 14428: ★★★★★  
 Mel Powell/Joe Bushkin, Columbia Special Products XFL 14943: ★★★★★  
 Eddie Condon, Columbia Special Products XFL 14427: ★★★★★<sup>1/2</sup>  
 Jack Teagarden/Max Kaminsky, Columbia Special Products XFL 14940: ★★★  
 Bud Freeman, Columbia Special Products XFL 14941: ★★★<sup>1/2</sup>  
 Jelly Roll Morton, Columbia Special Products XFL 14942: ★★★

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stream retrieved them, but in a meager, poorly organized fashion—by '68 they were gone again. Atlantic was next in line, with an excellent opening volley of reissues in '73, which alas, almost immediately went into the net. Now Columbia Special Products has brought out, in one sweeping nine-LP gesture that nearly dwarfs the impact of the parent company's Contemporary Masters series, a larger chunk of the original catalog than we've had since the label's heyday in the '40s. Of course, the label is Commodore, the world's first devoted entirely to jazz (it predated Blue Note by more than a year).

The Commodore catalog concentrated almost entirely on small group swing—some of it modern to avant garde for its time (the

Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins sides) and much of it of a traditional turn of mind (Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman, et al). As a body of work, however, it is remarkably consistent in its level of quality.

For the first time on one LP **Lester Young's** complete 1938 works including alternates of the **Kansas City Five** (the Basie rhythm section plus Eddie Durham and Buck Clayton) and **Six (add Lester)** is available. Although they were recorded six months apart, they are remarkably homogeneous in emotional texture and range. They are also among the lightest, most intimate jazz performances ever made, as ephemeral as a plume of spring mist. Buck Clayton is mostly muted save for the dark Ellingtonian *Pagin'*

*The Devil*. His ideas are simple, but stated with hardly a misplaced or superfluous note. Most amazing is the powerful drive he achieves without ever raising his horn above a whisper.

Lester's clarinet is droll and rather poker face. It lacks the expressive charisma of his tenor. Yet within the narrow emotional requirements of these performances it is perfectly matched—cool, light, existing almost in a twilight zone between liquid and gas. The main musical flaw is Durham, heard in what are probably the first electric guitar solos ever recorded. While assuming the role of piano with his comping, Durham adds a marvelous resonant underpinning to the others' work. When he steps forward to solo, however, his attack is awkward and comparatively rigid. Yet, on the whole these performances dissent so completely from the hot conventions of the swing era, they survive today almost in a chronological vacuum—unmarked by strong stylistic scars of a particular period. They are classic without being clichés.

For a man who made the most successful record of his career in 1939—*Body And Soul*—**Coleman Hawkins** recorded relatively little in 1940, and much of what he did do was substandard. The Commodore sides he made then are far and away the cream of the modest crop; Roy Eldridge, also featured on the session, contributes some of his best work of the period as well. Two takes of each cut are included except *Dedication*, giving us a version of *I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me* not part of the Atlantic reissue. The extra cut is a striking contrast to the familiar version in both tempo and content, although the issued take is still the preferred one. Side two contains the complete 1943 Esquire all-star date including all alternates (*Esquire Blues #2* and *Buff Buff #2* were missing from the Atlantic). It's nice to report that for the most part they serve a larger purpose than simple completeness for its own sake. Cootie Williams, Hawkins and Art Tatum tell refreshingly different stories from take to take; they are true improvisers practicing their art. Williams particularly was at his peak and still a nimble and swinging player. In his later years his appeal came to rest on dense textures and emotional hyperbole rather than swing. As for Hawkins, he regularly equaled the standards he sets here, but only occasionally surpassed them—and even then not by much. This is, therefore, an excellent Hawkins primer for the newcomer and a thorough collation for the seasoned fan.

*Sleep* has always struck me as about as good a composite of the **Ben Webster** style and capacity for the control of tension and dynamics as there is. He takes us from an intimate whisper in his opening chorus to a shouting but disciplined vigor in his climactic bars. It is not necessarily an extraordinary Webster performance but a delightfully typical one, as are the other three quartet sides (three accompanied by fresh alternates on side one. His thick tapered notes and whooshing phrases are ideally showcased. The seven cuts also serve as a textbook study of small group drumming by Sid Catlett. Side two is decidedly the more adventurous, featuring **Don Byas** in two dazzling duos with bass on *Indiana* and *I Got Rhythm*. What's dazzling about them isn't his sound, which is well

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within the bounds of mid '40s convention, but his harmonic range, which was about as daring and challenging as anything jazz would hear until the late '50s, including Charlie Parker. These are landmark tenor performances; in including them on this LP, Columbia unfortunately elected to break up the Commodore Town Hall Concert program, which was issued intact on Atlantic. That concert had its ups and downs, but it would have been nice to keep it all together. The logical choice to fill out the Webster LP would have been the Commodore Chu Berrys, which are nowhere to be found among this series. A pair of rare Byas cuts with Hot Lips Page complete the album.

Commodore recorded two of **Billie Holiday's** most famous 1939 performances—*Strange Fruit*, which made her the princess of the American radical left, and *Fine And Mellow*, which gave her her biggest audience among the bourgeoisie. The former is here in a rare alternate take as well as the issued version—there are no significant differences. Both have a dark ominous mood to them, uncharacteristic of her best '30s work. Side two: cut to 1944. Billie sings *How Am I To Know* at a tempo so unnaturally slow it constantly threatens to stop. The elements of her style tend to sound like caricature. *I'll Get By* (both takes) sounds the most at ease of the group, although I prefer her earlier 1937 version with the Basie contingent. A second LP will probably complete Billie's Commodore work.

**Mel Powell/Joe Bushkin**—this is the piano album; both Powell and Bushkin play in a style that nestles very close to Teddy Wilson, although Powell's right hand has considerably more power and intensity than Wilson's without sacrificing Wilsonian clarity and logic. Powell is at his most dashing form on *World Is Waiting For The Sunrise*, as is sideman Benny Goodman. Each take two smashing choruses. A somewhat unconventional big band (including Sid Catlett and Mitch Miller!) follows with a rather contrived *Lover Man* and two jams on *Avalon* that swing handsomely. Bushkin on side two offers a lighter touch in the context of what was actually, according to Dan Morgenstern's notes, a Bill Harris group. Among the players is 19 year old Zoot Sims in his recording debut. He's heard in two fine Basie-like *Lady Be Goods*, conspicuously trying to fill Lester Young's boots. The session's historical significance is nicely complemented by some solid musical values as well.

The backbone of the Commodore catalog was straightforward dixieland without the red vests and derby hats. And the mastermind behind most of it was **Eddie Condon**, musician, raconteur, promoter and titular leader of a repertoire company of jazz players that nearly constitute an idiom onto themselves. Condon groups had all the muscle loosening, propelling power of the best swing ensembles, but within the polyphonic three and four horn front line tradition of New Orleans. The 14 sides on the Condon LP were among the first recorded for Commodore early in 1938, and they are typical of the best traditional Commodores. *Carnegie Jump* is as wild a jam session as ever recorded. The lines are simple, direct, spirited and hardly ever corny. Two groups are heard—

identical except that Jack Teagarden replaces Georg Brunis on side two. Brunis was a punchy tailgate trombonist of the Kid Ory school, and he fills his ensembles with plunging, swooping, snarling slurs. He contributes considerably less, however, as a soloist. Other players include Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, and the even handed, young Bobby Hackett.

Unfortunately, **Jack Teagarden** spent much of his playing career within the traditional ghetto, at least when he wasn't buried in commercial big bands such as Paul Whiteman's or his own. Therefore, he must be a rather shadowy figure to young listeners and players today. But he is more than worth seeking out, for he possessed perhaps the smoothest, most liquid trombone technique jazz has ever enjoyed from the inherently clumsy instrument. He glided across the beat, employing a light tone and patented tonguing skill that has defied duplication. His solos have the light airiness of a Lestorian tenor. His tone is best demonstrated on the two takes of *Chinatown* and *Pitchin' Short*. The way he strikes a note and then lets it resonate for a beat in his horn is still a dazzling feat, and not the least bit irrelevant to the cause of good musicianship today. The content of his solos may be simple, but his manner remains superb. Side two features a typically jumping unit led by trumpeter **Max Kaminsky**.

**Bud Freeman's** tenor is well represented on the Condon LP, but is the centerpiece of another collection. These are all trio pieces with Bud, Jess Stacy and house drummer George Wettling. Freeman can best be imag-

ined by the unfamiliar ear as Lester Young with vibrato. His tone was husky but dry; his playing always contained more grace than tension. Yet when pushed by an aggressive rhythm section, as on *I Got Rhythm*, he was capable of great rhythmic power. His best work was always (and remains) at middle to up tempos. He was definitely not a convincing ballad player, as you will note from the flabby sentimentality of *Don't Believe* (a steal from a 1920 Irving Berlin tune), and *Diane* and *Embraceable You* from the Condon set.

Born in 1885, **Jelly Roll Morton** became in the first ten years of this century jazz's first real composer and theoretical architect. A case can be made for the proposition that in the early piano work and compositions of Morton were brought together all the essential elements of the big jazz band—from his beginning, he regarded the piano as an "imitation of the band." These 12 piano solos (including two titles thought lost until now) represent Morton in 1939 celebrating the Jelly Roll Morton of 1900-1910. They are not only rich in history; they are rich in melody, vitality, rhythmic power and ideas. They are definitely not a catalog of ragtime clichés, old fashioned though they may be. They are first principles. Morton sings on several cuts, and sounds especially warm on the beautiful *Winin' Boy Blues* with its sanitized lyrics.

Columbia has done a generally fine job with all this important material. The sound quality is inviting in its undiluted directness, and even the aristocratic old red labels have been restored to their former prominence, center disc. —mcdonough



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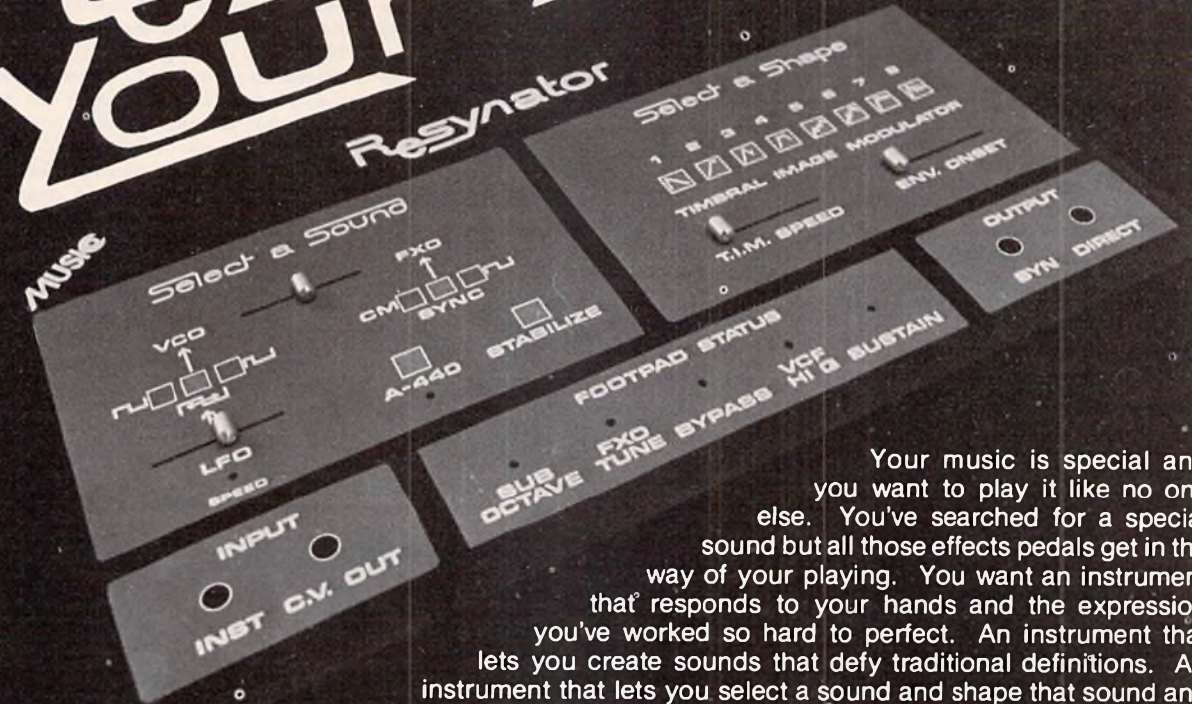
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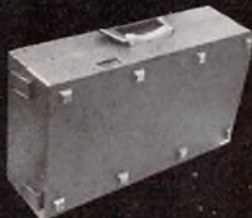
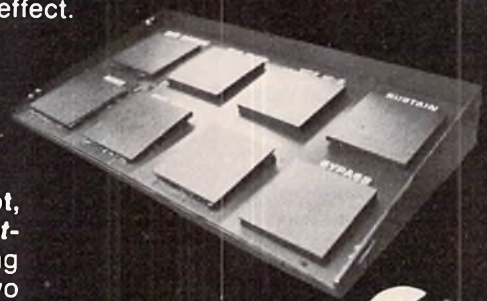


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# BLINDFOLD TEST



## RAY BARRETTO

BY LEE JESKE

Ray Barretto was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1929. While in the service Ray heard a V-disc of the Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra with Chano Pozo and decided that he was going to make a living as a jazz conga player. After jamming around with the likes of Max Roach and Charlie Parker, Ray sensed that jazz had no space for working conga players so he "rediscovered Latin, in a sense."

Since 1961 Ray has led his own band and has recorded for a number of labels, including Riverside, Tico, Fania and Atlantic. Most recently he has recorded a fusion album for CTI and put together a group which leans more toward salsa than jazz.

In the jazz field Ray has worked with Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Freddie Hubbard, Arnett Cobb and others. His associations in Latin music include Tito Puente and Jose Curbelo. Other assorted dates have seen him pound his conga along with the Rolling Stones, Bette Midler and the Bee Gees.

He was given no information about the records played in this, his first Blindfold Test.

**1. DUKE ELLINGTON.** *Tigress* (from *Afro-Bossa*, Reprise). Ellington, leader, composer; members of his Orchestra, percussion.

That had me off at first, I've never heard that. Of course when the band came in . . . that's obviously Duke. That's a strange record. For me, nobody ever got a band to sound the way Duke did. It was probably the most unique sounding band in the world.

I don't know the name of the tune. There's no great improvisation and the writing—I don't know if Duke wrote the tune, but it's not one of his major works. The Latin thing in there I think works. It's a bit busy for my tastes. As far as stars, I wouldn't know how to rate that. My own perspectives are based on my experiences which have been jazz and Latin. For the Latin thing, which I'm sure it's not intended to be, it's just Latin overtones with a jazz thing. Maybe three stars.

**2. EDDIE PALMIERI.** *Lucumi, Macumba, Voodoo* (from *Lucumi, Macumba, Voodoo*, Epic). Palmieri, piano, composer, leader of a big band.

That's obviously Eddie Palmieri's album. Eddie is one of those guys with a really good head—creating excitement. The thing that I find about something like this is that it tries to be all things to all people. There's some rock in there, there's some Latin in there—there's some very *in* Latin with the use of the batás, which takes it out of the more commercial, like the standard Latin rhythm section with the conga, timbales and stuff. The rock guitars, the punching trumpet lines—which is a jazz big band kind of thing—are trying to touch a lot of bases, and I know that route because I went that route myself a couple of times. I think I approach my "crossover" a bit more realistically. I don't think you can reach all the people you want to reach—if you want to make a Latin record, make a Latin record, if you want to make a rock record, make a rock record. But when you try to put all these cultures together, I think you diffuse your audience.

This record has elements of excitement. The writing is exciting, but it's also obvious. There's good rhythm playing in it. Overall I would say three stars.

LJ: What do you think Eddie's strength is?

RB: Eddie's strength is as a great Latin player. Within certain harmonic contexts he's marvelous. It becomes a formula and you depend on that formula all the time to get over. Contemporary music is changing.

**3. MAX ROACH/CLIFFORD BROWN.** *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm* (from *The Best Of . . . In Concert*, GNP). Roach, drums; Brown, trumpet; others unidentified.

That's a couple of masters. Max took what Kenny Clarke was doing, and what Sid Catlett did before that, it's an extension of that melodic school. He put melody and technique together and applied it to drumming. How can you describe Clifford? He just had all the fluidity of a saxophone player. Whereas a lot of trumpet players, if they had chops, relied on the screeching high notes and stuff—playing licks, stock phrases—his range was so wide that he employed the whole thing. He wasn't afraid to play a series of licks down in the bottom range. But there was always something lyrical to him. He was marvelous. I would love to hear him, if he was alive, in today's thing. I'm sure he would have evolved into more than just a traditional bebop player.

I think that was Harold Land on tenor. To me Harold was a fine journeyman player; I never thought of him as a monster. I haven't heard that album. I was a little thrown off by the pianist, because Richie Powell was a good friend of mine. In there Richie sounded really good, because he was still scuffling, trying to get his own voice. If that was Richie, it was good playing for him. 100 stars for Max and 100 for Clifford.

**4. DIZZY GILLESPIE.** *N'Bani* (from *The Real Thing*, Perception). Gillespie, trumpet, conga, composer.

Okay, that's obviously Dizzy. Dizzy was my first true idol, I used to follow Dizzy around like a puppy dog. My dream was to replace Chano Pozo in his band. Through Dizzy I got to fall in love with Charlie Parker and Bud and the people in that era.

But Dizzy, like so many, is trying to get to crossover. That's not my favorite layout for Diz musically. It's just a vamp and some licks; that's not

really creative. I wouldn't call that jazz and Dizzy's a giant in jazz. Because it's Diz and that element of originality that Diz represents, I'll give it two stars, but had it been somebody else . . . I wouldn't buy that record and I wouldn't play it once I heard it.

When I used to sit in Birdland and listen to Dizzy's big band, it was one of my great thrills. That's where Dizzy belongs, with 18 pieces behind him.

LJ: If he put together a band, would you take the gig on congas?

RB: I'd take the gig as the band boy.

**5. MONGO SANTAMARIA.** *My Sound* (from *The Watermelon Man*, Milestone). Santamaria, solo conga.

That sounds pretty much like Mongo Santamaria. I don't know where or when that was recorded. I took Mongo's place with Puente's band. He and Chano were my influences. This particular thing shows that Mongo is a power player. One of the old school guys that come from a very macho bag in their approach to playing, which is something I dig, because that's the way I like it.

He gets a good strong sound. He's a very definitive player. The beats that he plays, he plays well. I sometimes find that they become clichéd—there should be time for experimentation and time to make mistakes and come up with something new, to take a chance at the risk of sounding not as good as you might. But I have great respect for him.

For this particular thing as an example of good Latin style playing, I'd say three and a half stars.

LJ: How quickly could you tell it was Mongo?

RB: Right away. He gets a different sound. There's a difference to everybody's hands—some hands are heavier, some hands are fleshier, some hands are bonier, and they all contribute to the sound.

**6. JO JONES.** *Cubano Chant* (from *The Essential . . .*, Vanguard). Jones, drums; Ray Bryant, piano, composer.

Gee, I know that tune as well as the back of my hand. That's Ray Bryant's *Cubano Chant*. It's good playing. The drummer I thought was out of that Old Man Jo Jones bag. It could have been one of a hundred guys, I enjoyed it, they had a good thing rhythmically going. That might have been Ray Bryant or somebody among contemporary mainstream musicians. I don't know who the people were, but it had a good feeling. I would say three and a half stars.

LJ: That was Jo Jones.

RB: I'll be damned! Old Man Jo Jones? You should always trust your instincts. He sounded so hip. I mean those licks were not 1930-1940 licks. Damn!

**7. OLATUNJI.** *Oya* (from *Drums Of Passion*, Columbia). Michael Olatunji, African drums, composer.

I think that's pseudo-New York-African drumming aimed to appeal at a white market that gets vicarious thrills listening to this and thinking they're on some kind of safari or something. If I'm not mistaken, it sounds like something Olatunji would have done ten or 15 years ago. I know Michael and he's a very nice guy; he's also a shrewd businessman. As far as drumming, it's not my cup of tea and any drummer whose opinions I respect I don't think would be too thrilled with this either. No stars.

**8. RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK.** *Juarez* (from *Slightly Latin*, Limelight). Kirk, stritch, baritone, composer; Montego Joe, congas.

I don't know who that is. It sounds like some West Coast band doing a very bland, pseudo-exotic melody and trying to get it to sound like the Mexican Revolution or something. It's pap. No redeeming qualities for me.

LJ: How about the solos?

RB: It sounds like a lot of guys who can play things they heard the creators play from records. They're competent, but there's nothing here that you can say is innovative. In fact, it's dull. The melody is just pap and the band just plays the melody. There's nothing happening.



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# PROFILE

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COLLIS DAVIS SHAIDA

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## ANTHONY DAVIS

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BY CLIFFORD JAY SAFANE

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"Time and rhythm are the most important elements in music," says composer/pianist Anthony Davis. "If both aren't well conceived, organized, and executed, no amount of notes will make the piece a meaningful artistic experience."

Davis is a thoughtful, lucid individual who strives to express in his art what he terms "universal feelings and fantasies." His music is comprehensible, yet complex, as it includes complementary as well as contrasting elements. Therefore, his role as composer becomes crucial, for his musical structures influence what the listener will hear.

Born in Paterson, New Jersey in 1951, and raised in Princeton (New Jersey), State College (Pennsylvania) and New York City, Davis studied classical piano as a child. At the same time, he also listened to jazz. The pianist's father knew Art Tatum, and Billy Taylor was a neighbor. As a result, the young Davis heard recordings of many jazz masters, being especially impressed with Thelonious Monk's clarity and use of space as well as Charles Mingus' mastery of extended composition.

Davis continued his musical studies at Yale in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Although the University did not offer a degree in either jazz or composition, he still focused much of his energies on improvisation. Davis was fortunate to meet students such as trombonist George Lewis and guitarist Allen Jaffe, who shared his musical interests. The pianist

and Lewis, with bassist Wes Brown, drummer Gerry Hemingway, and saxophonist Hal Lewis pooled their talents into a cooperative band called Advent which played various college concerts.

After graduating from Yale, Davis remained in New Haven, Connecticut, teaching as well as developing his music. Cecil Taylor and Duke Ellington became new influences because of their mastery of compositional forms and ability to create brilliant orchestral colors.

Davis joined trumpeter Leo Smith's band, New Delta Ahkri, in 1974. The association resulted in two fine albums, *Reflectivity* (Kabell Records K-2) and *Song Of Humanity* (K-3), and proved valuable to Davis' musical maturation. Smith expanded the young pianist's circle of musical acquaintances, introducing him to Leroy Jenkins, Oliver Lake, Anthony Braxton and other Midwestern artists.

New Delta Ahkri's varying trio, quartet, and quintet formats allowed Davis to explore the piano's numerous textures. He was dissatisfied with the approach of many bebop pianists who primarily used the middle four octaves of their instrument, ignoring the upper and lower extremities. Instead, Davis concentrated on using the instrument's total resources of keyboard and strings in an orchestral fashion.

"I'm not trying to imitate specific instruments, but rather obtain a certain fullness of the effect of groups of instruments. The piano can sound like strings, a percussion section, or a combination of the two.

"I also like to work with overlapping rhythms. I enjoy becoming an orchestra of birds like in my solo piano composition *Five Moods From An English Garden*. Here, I tried to capture bird sounds by emphasizing the

piano's upper register sonorities."

While still playing with Smith, Davis formed his own quartet in 1975. By the next year, the personnel had stabilized to the pianist, vibist Jay Hoggard, bassist Mark Helias, and drummer Ed Blackwell. Davis and Hoggard worked particularly well together; for example, Davis would create counter lines or textures to his colleague's improvisations, instead of accompanying him with unconnected chords.

In 1977, Davis left Smith's group and Connecticut for New York City, where he now lives with his wife and infant son. Here, the pianist performed and recorded with Oliver Lake, Anthony Braxton, Barry Altschul, Chico Freeman and George Lewis. Davis also joined Leroy Jenkins' trio in November 1977, remaining with the violinist until this year. The absence of a bass player in the group gave the pianist an even greater opportunity to display his full-bodied approach. As evidenced by the group's two fine recordings *The Legend Of Ai Glatson* (Black Saint BSR 0022) and *Space Minds, New Worlds, Survival Of America* (Tomato Records TOM-8001), Davis provided a provocative counterpart to Jenkins' dynamic violin work and Andrew Cyrille's drumming.

In 1978 Davis made the first three albums under his own name. Although each session had its own distinct personality, all were recorded in an intense one month period. *Song For The Old World* (India Navigation IN 1036) documents the pianist's Connecticut quartet. Due to the formidable talents of Blackwell, who Davis considers "a master drummer and one of the great time players in the history of the music," the four musicians imaginatively explore various sonorities, melodic lines, and counterpoint that swing in a traditional sense.

"Many of my new pieces are very rhythmic. *Hocket In The Pocket*, for example, has funk rhythms for a few seconds as well as various other types of rhythmic patterns.

"I'm also interested in polymetric structures where part of the group may be playing one kind of rhythm and the rest of the musicians something else. The key is not that there is no time, but rather there is independence that coincides."

During this period, Davis also recorded a solo album. *Past Lives* (Red Records VPA 134) includes an unaccompanied rendition of the pianist's *Crepuscle: Suite For Monk*. This version provides an interesting comparison with the group reading found on Barry Altschul's *Another Time, Another Place* (Muse MR 5176).

*Of Blues And Dreams* (Sackville 3020) features Davis with violinist Leroy Jenkins, cellist Abdul Wadud, and drummer Pheeroan ak Laff. The composer/pianist speaks of the recording as a highly personal statement, having worked on the music for several years. More than the two previous recordings under his leadership, *Of Blues And Dreams* points to where Davis' music is going. The album features a suite of three pieces—*Lethe*, *Graef*, and *Madame Xola*, based on science fiction stories by Davis' wife, Deborah Alberton.

"My wife's stories set something off in me that made me compose the music. I really love the idea of music being a fantasy-inducing element, so like a writer, I try to create pictorial images in the listener's mind."

Davis' image-evoking compositions empha-



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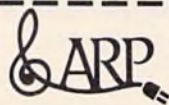
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size different elements than did much of the music of the 1960s.

"Although Ornette Coleman's melodic and linear innovations are important because they freed music from the regularly occurring bebop changes and bar lengths, we're now getting to a new period in music where the harmonic dimensions are coming back. I hear almost everything I play as being tonal, with certain stressed areas rather than more traditional resolutions. At times, I'll even use several contrasting tonal areas at the same time."

Davis signed an exclusive recording contract with India Navigation Records several months ago. In the future, he plans to record solo, with a large group, and in various other settings. He is also excited about continuing to play with his duo (documented on *Crystal Texts*, Moers Music) and year old quartet with flutist James Newton. (The other members of the group are bassist Rick Rozie and drummer Pheeroan ak Laff.) Their new album, *Hidden Voices* (India Navigation, to be released this fall) will feature guest artist George Lewis.

Recently, the Quartet and Lewis played a concert in Amherst, Massachusetts; the event was filmed by Boston television station WGBH for future broadcast.

## JON HASSELL

BY LEE JESKE



LEE JESKE

"Take one part Debussy, one part tribal pygmy polyphony, one part Balinese gamelan, one part movie island music, several parts bubbling Afro-Brazilian percussion, add a sinuous trumpet voice extending the graceful curves of classical Indian music out into space and cook with witches brew urban-voodoo electronics." Is this a recipe out of the homestyle section of some small-town gazette? No, according to a press release, this is the recipe for the music of Jon Hassell. Sounds crazy, no? No. Hassell's music sounds just as it's described above. Jazz? No. Rock? Uh-uh. Classical? Nope. What the hell is it? Well, take one part . . .

Jon Hassell is a man without a category. "The category problem is really a big problem. I recently suggested to my record company that they do something like use a

In addition to his many performing activities, Davis is now reemphasizing composition. He feels that the two activities are complementary, as writing music often leads him into new areas of musical expression. Currently, the composer is working on *Someone Inside Her*, a seven piece suite for voice with clarinet, trombone, vibes, piano, bass and drums.

"When I first moved to New York, I was thrown into a situation where I had to get into playing, and it became my dominant means of artistic expression. That was good for me, since I now feel that my playing is really up. However, I want to get back into my composing and explore some new sounds and instrumental combinations.

"I'd also like to do some chamber orchestra concerts of my own music. And I'd like to write something for vibes and marimbas, because they are extended keyboards. Of course, I'd like to record with another pianist. I've done multiple keyboards with Muhal Richard Abrams on George Lewis' first album for Black Saint, but that also included a non-keyboard instrument, and I'd like to do something solely for two pianists.

"In short, I just want to keep on experimenting with as many different compositional and playing situations as possible." ♦♦

term such as 'concept music' or 'music/art rock' or something like that, which would take in everything from Eno to Philip Glass and try somehow to get all those records out of where they are now—in other words, they're buried."

Jon Hassell was born in 1937 in Memphis. His father was at one time a cornetist at Georgia Tech and so Jon began fooling around with daddy's silver cornet. But rather than going either the brass band route or the Dizzy Gillespie route, Hassell became interested in "the avant garde classical scene." His interest took him to the Eastman School of Music to study composition and orchestral trumpet. "The only options that opened themselves to me were teaching, doing some university gig and composing. Soon that came to look like an incredibly dry form of life."

So Hassell followed up his stint at Eastman with two years in Cologne under the tutelage of one of the fathers of the electronic music studio, Karlheinz Stockhausen. "All these advanced instrumentalists were there who were probably going to do classes for a week. I stayed there two and a half years."

Stockhausen experimented with such ideas as the relation between visual art and music. "It's almost like references to Paul Klee's pedagogical sketch book with elements of formal balance—like a small shape with a hot color, balanced by a large shape with an unheavy color—that kind of thing translated into musical terms.

"The last thing that he was doing before I left was analyzing short wave radio bursts and notating them as closely as possible. The training was to sensitize your ears." It was through Stockhausen that Hassell became involved in the minimalist school of Terry Riley and La Monte Young.

Supported by a grant from the State University of New York, Hassell returned to the U.S. where he began work on a piece called *Solid State* which was performed, beginning in 1969, at various museums. "It's an electronic piece, an invisible piece. The



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whole point was it was built as a sculpture, so when people came they would experience it as a dimensional form. I distribute the sound." The piece has been described as "calling up the image of sand dunes being imperceptibly shaped and re-shaped by the wind."

In 1973 Hassell took another step and began studying with Pandit Pran Nath, an Indian vocal master. This was, to date, the most influential step taken and is what shaped the music on Hassell's two albums: *Earthquake Island* (Tomato) and *Vernal Equinox* (Lovely Music), which received a four and three star review, respectively, in the July 12, 1979 **down beat**.

Hassell's trumpet sound is unique. Despite the presence of such jazz fusion figures as Miroslav Vitous and Dom Um Romao on *Earthquake Island*, the music is fresh and far-flung from anything that has been done in the fusion field. Hassell calls his music "intuitive."

"After all this sort of classical, very formal training, I've gone the only way I guess one could go if one didn't want to continue doing that the rest of one's life. This is the only way I can really come to terms with all the kinds of music that are happening on the globe. I have to understand them somehow and in order to understand them, I have to understand what they evolved from. All around the world there's a myth for every music—like it was given by the wind or the birds. It's that kind of relationship I'm trying ever constantly to link up with. And at the same time not forgetting that, just as the wind and the trees and their tradition is part of their environment, so my growing up and listening to things out of loudspeakers, electronics and that sort of thing, is my environment—so I try not to negate that, but put it in perspective. In the same way that European music, European traditions and influences, need to be put into perspective in relation to other cultures. It just pervades our thinking so that we still have this attitude of being totally superior and seeing everything in terms of white, Western glasses."

Jon Hassell's instrument is the trumpet. It sits on a bench in his empty apartment on New York's Park Avenue South. The apartment contains some pillows strewn about, some recording equipment, a tabla and a small dog named Beeper. On the stereo, Hassell puts a tape of himself in performance at New York's Kitchen, an experimental music outpost in Greenwich Village. The music which emerges is sensuous and floating. The trumpet, played through a harmonizer, sounds a touch like latter day Miles Davis, but not really. There is much half-valving and squeezing of notes.

"The trumpet style is getting more and more primitive and I try to relate to that conch shell type of feeling, to consider the ancient aspects of making a sound in a horn. If I can make all the pitches with my lips without having to use the valves for anything, I can use the valves for ornamental type things. There are things the trumpet can do that the voice can't do. I'm really discovering. This many years down the line and everyday I'm picking it up and I'm studying the trumpet. I can't imagine I'll ever stop it."

But again, the big problem is category. Jon Hassell thinks he might be better off trying his toes in the waters of new wave rock. "If you come in through the new wave side, I

think you have a much better chance. I'm trying to shift, and perhaps the association is kind of spurious. I'm trying to shift into that category. There's a lot of things in that category right now that stretch pretty far."

However he gets it, Jon Hassell deserves an audience. Lately, he has been considering doing some work for the electronic rock pioneer Brian Eno. In the meantime, Hassell begins to study new forms.

"Right now I don't see an end to the kind of inspiration that I'm getting from music of other cultures. It would be more of an achievement if one could use a western instrument to express something of another kind of music of another culture then it would be to merely use the instruments of that culture. I'm leaving myself open so that I can be the mixing bowl." db

## CAUGHT!

### JONI MITCHELL THE PERSUASIONS

PINE KNOB MUSIC THEATRE  
CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN

Personnel: Joni Mitchell, vocal, guitar; Mike Brecker, soprano, tenor saxophone; Pat Metheny, guitar; Lyle Mays, keyboards; Jaco Pastorius, bass; Don Alias, drums and percussion.

The Persuasions—Jerry Lawson, Jimmy Hayes, Joe Russell, Jayotis Washington, Taubo Rhoads, vocals.

On a cold night Joni Mitchell drew a hillside full of listeners to the open air Pine Knob Music Theatre, in the woods north of Detroit, for her first area concert in a number of years.

Mitchell's music has increasingly exhibited the intuitive subtleties and concern with sound textures characteristic of jazz. Her collaboration with bassist Charles Mingus gave this concert tour a special "jazz flavor" that set it apart from her earlier work.

The unlikely combination produced a superb album, *Mingus*. In liner notes Joni described herself "... standing by a river ... feeling it out—and Charlie came by and pushed me in—'sink or swim'—him laughing at me dogpaddling around in the currents of black classical music." It's not surprising that Joni emerged from her baptism a more strongly individual artist, able to draw heavily on other idioms without losing her own identity.

Opening the show, the Persuasions, an a cappella male vocal quintet, displayed a high refinement of the r&b gospel tradition. They offered a short, high-energy set, but the appreciative crowd was unable to provide the audience participation needed to ignite this call-and-response music.

Joni's support came from a group of jazz musicians whose grubby attire contrasted with her sophisticated skirted suit and heels. With Brecker still in the wings, the group opened as rockers with *Big Yellow Taxi* ("they paved paradise, put up a parking lot"). *Coyote*, from the *Hejira* LP, used Pastorius' acoustic-sounding electric bass for obligato counter-melodies.

*Goodbye Park Pie Hat*, probably Mingus'





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best-known composition, was the first Mingus item programmed. Ms. Mitchell's lyrics have always been rich, benefiting from personal imagery well matched with the intricacy of her melodies and harmonies. Her words to Mingus' classic add rather than detract, broadening its mood, expanding its references. The rhythm here was loose. Brecker's tenor solo was angular and probing; Joni's crystalline voice danced with a true jazz vocalist's fluidity.

Pastorius' unaccompanied bass solo, which followed, left me less than impressed. His accompaniments had been effective, but his solo seemed mostly a pastiche of technique and effects, and the finale—placing the bass

on the stage and slapping it with the neckstrap—was particularly showy. Technique seemed to dominate content here.

*The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines* returned to Mingus territory, and after Joni's vocal came a high point of the concert: Brecker, Pastorius, and Alias spun out a long string of blues choruses, Brecker mixing up his unique blend of late Coltrane and funk, Jaco providing a strong counter-voice. After *Amelia* (Joni self-accompanied), *Hejira* (more bass-in-front), a restrained Alias conga solo, *Furry Sings The Blues*, we reached *God Must Be A Boogie Man*, a delightful setting of phrases from the opening chapter of Mingus' autobiography, *Beneath The Underdog*.

To close, the Persuasions joined Mitchell and, backed only by Mays' organ-voiced Arp, recreated her *Shadow And Light* as an eerie, enigmatic hymn, with considerable emotional impact. The crowded hillside demanded more, so Joni, the Persuasions, Brecker and Alias returned with an unrehearsed *Why Do Fools Fall In Love?*—doo-wop rock, complete with Joni's glottal, two syllable "love" and a booting Brecker solo. The audience coaxed Joni out once more, and she performed *Woodstock* solo.

Whatever the dialect, Joni Mitchell speaks with her own voice. This long, satisfying concert demonstrated the range and ability of that voice.

—David Wild

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## KENNY BURRELL TRIO

LULU WHITE'S  
BOSTON

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Whit Browne, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Kenny Burrell has been playing in bass-and-drums trios for the past few years. He gets around the guitar so fully and beautifully, has so much technique at his fingertips and sheer melody in his head, that he needs neither piano nor horn to give a fulfilling evening of music.

With the rhythm team of Browne and Dawson, Burrell easily unfolded amiable earfuls set after set. He challenges both player and listener in the most unassuming manner possible, by gently and patiently stretching harmonic limits, by extending tunes to give all the bandmates a say, by choosing excellent material from many bags with an unflinching consistency.

Burrell's opening set one night began with a cheery Bud Powell tune, *Strictly Confidential*. The brisk 32-bar head had breaks for Dawson's pushy sticks. Burrell's solo had a silky, long-thread feel, muting to mere chordal wisps behind Browne's robust choruses. Burrell then tried an a cappella chorus of *People* with gorgeous layered chords, but the crowd was not yet ready for ballads, so he shifted gears and keys with some oblique sustained chords into *Make Someone Happy*, with peppery brushwork from Dawson.

*Sleeping Bee*, too, went from introspective solo to extroverted trio, and *Pent Up House* bubbled all the way, Burrell working in lightning glissandi and creeping up the frets on legato runs. *Mood Indigo* was thick and moody and very blue, with enriched inversions that played with the old classic in a manner Duke Ellington would have regarded as suitably irreverent, and upon which Browne built a lovely, lyrical statement.

*Cottontail* went quickly, Dawson laying down sizzle and rimshots under Browne's ostinato lines, and Kenny weaving hop snatches beatifically on top. The set closed with a total change of pace, a solo Harold Arlen medley: a lambent, bluesy *Come Rain Or Come Shine*; *Blues In The Night* with dramatically slashing chords; *Last Night When We Were Young* decked with pearly arpeggios. A couple of blues originals recurred during the week, such as *Common Ground* and *Sausalito Nights*, but beyond them was an incredibly varied book of standards, bop, and blues.

Burrell left town with new respect and friends. "Kenny's one of the nicest guys I've ever met," said bassist Browne. "From the first tune it was as if we'd been playing for weeks. He's very sensitive and plays with his ears open. Unlike a lot of pros, he doesn't hog the spotlight. That makes it a real trio—three equals. On my solos he fed me chords voiced to help and enhance my lines without getting in the way."

"Yeah, Kenny's a wailer, and he gives you room to wail," averred Dawson. "He's secure enough to feel there's no worry about being upstaged. He's really *magnanimous*, ready to share it all. It was a beautiful week, and I enjoyed it immensely." —fred bouchard

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## BENNY WATERS QUARTET

THE WEST END CAFE  
 NEW YORK CITY

**Personnel:** Waters, tenor sax, clarinet; Ram Ramirez, piano; Jimmy Lewis, bass; Shelton Gary, drums.

Before he left for Europe in 1953 Benny Waters had put in time with Charlie Johnson, Fletcher Henderson, King Oliver, Hot Lips Page and Jimmy Lunceford. While on a tour of Europe with Jimmy Archey in '53, Waters decided to stay. Now the 77 year old Waters is a successful attraction throughout Europe.

Back for a visit, Waters displayed a frighteningly large and robust tone. Alternating between a large, steamship vibrato, not unlike Sidney Bechet, and a gruff, snap and growl buzz, Waters spat out solos that were short, fluid and invigorating.

*I Want To Be Happy* featured some old-time slap bass from former Basieite Lewis. Lewis is a fine, sharp bassist and easily propelled the group—walking, really jogging, with insistence and plucking with a tight-stringed pop. Gary, a disciple of Jo Jones, sounded much like Papa Jo.

*East Of The Sun* showed Waters snorting and quavering on tenor in a style that has been preserved in some European formaldehyde. He is a large, round, hairless man and his tenor sound here was just that—large, round and hairless. He played in the upper reaches of the instrument, holding the tenor as if he was trying fervently to vank the thing out of the left side of his mouth.

*Fine And Dandy* was taken at a tempo that would scare off much younger men. Ramirez, a veteran player and composer of *Lover Man*, is a frequent pianist at the West End and he knows the guts of the frequently out-of-tune Steinway. His comping was short and effective, but his solos were not romping enough for the energy of the rest of the outfit. Here Waters showcased his clarinet style—sort of pre-Goodman, post Jimmie Noone with a rollicking, carnival tone that registered from the top of the instrument to its velvety bottom.

Back on tenor, *I Only Have Eyes For You* paraded a tone not unlike the Texas players, putting a whirr on his sound like an electric fan. Waters likes to take short solos which frequently end with a fast flurry to the upper register of the horn as if he was sucking in the notes, rather than blowing them out.

*Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* showed the singing Waters in a clear, clean voice, perfectly in key.

The set ended with all the stops out of a greasy, rock the joint blues with a touch of Texas, a touch of r&b and a tenor solo that reminded me of walking down two steps and up one.

In all the publicity that accompanied Dexter Gordon's and Johnny Griffin's returns Stateside, it was assumed that many of the musicians who left for foreign shores and steady work were finally returning. Not so in the case of Benny Waters and many of his contemporaries, such as pianist Joe Turner, who've settled very comfortably into European life and offer us rare, and much appreciated, glimpses of their prowess.

—lee jeske



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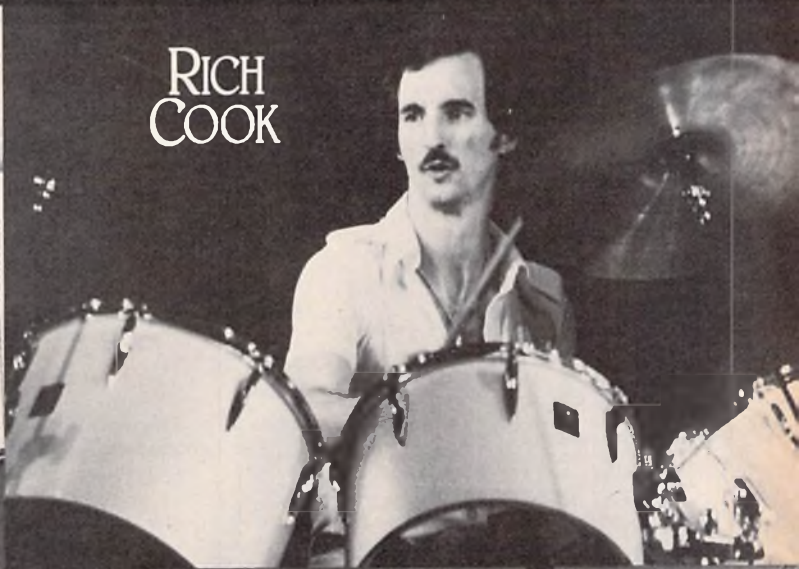


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# HOW TO

## CONNECT CHORDS CHROMATICALLY

by Dr. William L. Fowler



The melody-enhancing value of harmony increases whenever melodic motion decreases, especially when a sustained note or several repeated notes in a melody stop its pitch activity. At such points, continued harmonic motion will counteract melodic dormancy, thus keeping musical interest alive. In the first part of the following example, a dormant melody plus dormant harmony allows musical interest to subside; in the second part, harmonic activity supplies musical interest:

The more active the harmony, the more lively the interest. And because chromatic chord connection adds notes not in the original key, it intensifies harmonic activity:

(chromaticized version of the last example)

Contrapuntally, those chromatic connecting notes look like passing tones, but harmonically, they look like chord alterations, a viewpoint which helps enrich any musician's chordal concepts. Viewed as a chord progression rather than as a collection of chromatic passing tones, the above example reveals unusual resolutions for the V<sup>7</sup> and the M<sup>7</sup> (5#), as well as the normal resolution for the V<sup>7</sup> (5b). Here is the chordal viewpoint:

(Chord progression of the above example)

This article explores the chromatic voice-leading possibilities between successive seventh chords, partly because four voices offer more opportunities for alteration than do three and partly because the modern jazz ear seems to prefer chords larger than a triad.

### DIRECT CHROMATIC CHORD CONNECTION

When the notes of any seventh chord either move by half-step or stay on a common tone to become the notes of a seventh chord on some other root, chromatic connection automatically occurs:

In addition to the energy it lends to sustained melodic notes, direct chromatic harmony furnishes both common and unusual chord progressions for chromatic melody:

**Common progression**  
 (Repeated note in melody)

**Unusual progression**  
 (Repeated note in melody)



Since such easy relocation of a chromatic inner line to the top voice of a sustained-melody-note example automatically shows its chromatic-melody version, ensuing examples will appear only in their sustained-melody-note versions.

### DELAYED CHROMATIC CHORD CONNECTION

When a note in any seventh chord moves by whole step to become a note in the next seventh chord, inserting an altered component of the first chord between them will fill in the empty chromatic space:

(Diatonic — plus — chromatic — equals — alterations)

By inserting an altered chord, this procedure extends the normal resolution process, while still adding energy to the harmonic progression.

Some chord connections allow only one alteration, as in the above D mi<sup>7</sup> to G<sup>7</sup> or G<sup>7</sup> to C MA<sup>7</sup> progressions. Others allow more than one alteration, thus increasing harmonic energy and permitting further extension of the resolution process:

(Compact) (Extended)

As can be seen in the above example of two alterable notes, only two extended resolutions are possible. But when three alterable notes lie within the voice-leading, the resolution extensions multiply. One voice might move while two delay; two voices might move while one delays; or the voices might move one by one in any order:

(Compact) (One moves, two delay) (Two move, one delay) (One by one)

For further exploring of chromatic chord connections and their extended resolutions, here is the common cycle-of-fifths harmonic cliché in pure-tonality form, and in every inversion of each chord:

(Root positions and second inversions)  
(Third and first inversions)

### CHROMATIC TIDBITS

A leap in the bass line will not disturb the effectiveness of chromatic voice-leading in the upper voices:

Either direct-connection Major sevenths or direct-connection minor sevenths provide unusual harmony for chromatic melody lines when arranged into sequences:

(Play up or down)  
Original Sequence Sequence original Sequence Sequence

Anticipations combined with passing tones expand chromatic possibilities:

(P. Tone alteration) (added anticipation)

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# PRO SESSION

## CAREERS BEING A STUDIO GUITARIST

By Tom Bruner



Tom Bruner, 34, graduated from North Texas State Univ., played guitar and arranged for the U.S. Air Force Academy Band, and since 1971 has worked in Los Angeles studios, pit bands, on records and commercials, composed film scores, lectured at the Guitar Institute of Technology and the Dick Grove Music Workshop, and authored *The Arranger/Composer's Complete Guide To The Guitar*.

When I speak to a group of guitarists, the question always comes up "How can I get into studio work?" My answer is often a question: "Do you really know what studio work is, what it involves?" This inquiry brings up a series of answers concerning glamorous concepts of the profession, all underscored by the belief that fame and instant riches await the studio musician.

It is true that studio work is the plum that most professional musicians would like to pick—it is very lucrative! Out of the top 15 studio guitarists in Los Angeles, the average income is upward of \$50,000 a year, with the top four or five earning annually in excess of \$100,000! But the myth that studio work is a glamorous, wealth producing profession of a few lucky musicians who happened to be in the right place at the right time is something that I need to dispell right now. It takes the same study, devotion, ambition, luck and an aptitude for "hanging in there" to become the professional studio musician as it does to come to the top of any field, no matter what the profession. Surgeon, Supreme Court Justice, corporate president, starting quarterback in the Super Bowl, studio musician—they all have in common the same professional qualities. So now, let's talk about some of the other aspects of becoming a studio guitarist, aside from those I've mentioned.

The money is good: \$36 an hour to record music for commercials, \$126 for a three hour session for phonograph records, \$93.41 for a three hour session to record music for movies or TV films, \$167 for a one hour "live" TV show (which includes the show plus four hours of rehearsal or pre-recording). All of these wages are the basic union scale for those categories and do not take into account doubling (when you play more than one instrument on a session), overtime or premium hours of employment which all add considerable percentages to the base scale. Additional benefits such as retirement and insurance are also paid proportionate to the wages. Consequently, it is very common for a guitarist, when he has a double session call (two three hour recording sessions in a given day), to gross from \$700 to \$1400.

The basic musical requirements are: 1) expertly play any of the fretted musical instruments 2) play any musical style authentically! 3) sight read involved melodies and complex rhythms very well 4) count long periods of bar rests and always know exactly where you are, thus allowing you to play musical entrances "with conviction" 5) follow bad conductors (as well as good ones) 6)

know how to blend into any size, shape or texture of ensemble with melodic lines, counterpoint parts, improvisations, or chord voicings 7) read at sight written out chord voicings and be able to adjust any notes in that chord which are unplayable and still produce a voicing which the composer wants 8) consistently play everything "perfect," at least in the sense of perfect being defined as not making noticeable mistakes more than once or twice at the most! 9) converse intelligently about the intricacies of music or music nuances with other instrumentalists, arrangers, composers or conductors (in other words, being a complete musician, not just a guitarist!) 10) function in a rhythm section role with the same fervor and musical taste as the very best rock, jazz, country, disco, swing, ethnic or fusion guitarists that are visible on today's scene 11) interpret immediately what an arranger or conductor wants from you, many times even when the arranger or conductor isn't even sure himself! You have to be a magician and pull stylistic and musical answers out of your hat, always giving them what they want—even when they don't know what that is. If you feel you're a five star player on all these counts, then you are ready to deal with the "non-musical" requirements of studio work.

The hardest thing for musicians to do in their professional lives is to totally separate music from the music business! If you can understand this concept, you will be able to deal with the many "non-musical" facets of being a studio musician, or a professional musician in any sense.

Here's a personal example: some of the most musically rewarding and artistically satisfying moments of my life have been in situations where I earned very little, if any money. Conversely, some of the most money I've ever earned in a given musical job was in the dumbest, most musically boring situation that could be. One day several years ago, I worked at a major movie studio on a double movie call (two three hour sessions). The second session went two hours overtime. I was on the sound stage for EIGHT hours and did not play one note! If so happened that the cues which I had parts to play on were never brought up to be played—the producer of the movie was too busy changing insignificant details in other music and we just never got around to recording the cues I had parts for. I made around \$650 that day!


What is important is to understand that I have chosen to be in a *business*. It just so happens that the business is music. It's not music art; it's music business. Treat it the

same way that any other professional would treat his field—as a chosen way to make a living. That way, no love, integrity or artistic convictions about *music art* is mishmashed with *music business*. Does this make sense? It's such a *vital* part of being a professional musician. Many great musicians over the years become cynical, bitter, depressed and somewhat neurotic because they can not segregate in their mind *music* from the *music business*. If you can't learn how to do this, get a job doing something where you don't have to face this very basic professional hazard, where you can isolate your music in a nice artistic ivory tower.

Once someone asked the great guitarist Barney Kessel what he considered the hardest part of studio work. He replied, "Finding a place to park." Wasn't he also the one who said "studio work is 90% boredom and 10% sheer terror"? Many times Barney deals with the bittersweet truth. It is very reasonable to generalize that much of what you will have to do as a studio guitarist is mindless, uninspiring, insipid music. But believe me, the 10% sheer terror Barney spoke of is a very real aspect of the business. My first "big" studio call in Los Angeles was at Samuel Goldwyn Studios on a large music sound stage for a Quinn Martin production of the TV show *Cannon*. There was a 40 piece orchestra that day and I was the only guitarist. John Parker was the composer and he knew I had a whole cartage trunk full of guitars and goodies. Consequently, he sought to use every instrument and effect which I had (I had seven doubles that day). We recorded around 25 pieces of music (it was a four hour session) and because I was constantly changing instruments—unplugging this one, plugging in that one, tuning this one—I was busy while the orchestra was rehearsing the cues. As a result, most of the things I was sight reading as we recorded.

Somewhere in the fourth hour of the session, I turned over a cue we had just recorded and discovered that the next cue was to be played on 12-string guitar. I hurriedly tried to get my instrument in tune as the orchestra was beginning to rehearse the piece of music, which was long for a scoring cue—three pages. I finally caught up with where the orchestra was and began playing some lines and whole note type chords which were relatively simple, but still somewhat "exposed." At the next rest in the music, I scanned quickly down the chart and saw what looked like a Chopin piano etude—lots of broken chords and piano style arpeggios, etc. with no chord symbols over them. I assumed that this was an incidental part to something else which was going on and that I could grab what I could and leave out what I couldn't get. The orchestra began a tutti passage, building in intensity to a swelling climax, then stopping *silent* on the downbeat where my Chopin-like *solo* began! Me and my 12-string were in a crash dive and it was *sheer terror*. No orchestra; just me, the click track, and what was supposedly my written out part of "country style finger pickin'!" It was a disaster—here I was, a "highly skilled," highly paid studio guitarist and sounding like I didn't know my f hole from my plectrum. I was trying to harmonically analyze on the spot what these unplayable broken chords were, but by then I couldn't even analyze a C triad because of the panic which I had *let* take hold of me. John, being gracious, knew





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# PRO SESSION

## VIBES TRANSCRIPTION

### GARY BURTON'S SOLO: ICARUS

Transcribed by Anita Clark from *Matchbook* (ECM 1056), recorded July 26-27, 1974. Gary Burton, vibes; Ralph Towner, guitar. *Icarus* composed by Ralph Towner (C.A.M. Inc., BMI).

#### Points of interest:

1. A wide variety of rhythms.
2. Frequent playing on off-beats.
3. Use of the full range of the instrument.
4. Adherence to modal scales with relatively little chromaticism.
5. Much angularity in his improvised line through use of diverse intervals.
6. Use of pentatonic scales (meas. 3-6, 14-16).
7. A beautiful example of Burton's rhythmic security and imagination.

*J=170*

Chord markings: F#Maj/G, G9, G7sus4, Cm9/G, G7, CMaj7#11, FMaj9, D9, Bmi9, Bmi9/F#







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# PRO-SESSION

## SOUTH AMERICAN PERCUSSION:

### CUICA SPEAKS

by Steve Forman



Steve Forman, percussionist with Lee Ritenour's band Friendship, is a North Hollywood studio musician, inventor, innovator and world wide instrument collector; he's recorded with Stan Getz, Jimmy Smith, Earl Klugh, David Bromberg and Al Jarreau as well as with Sergio Mendes, James Taylor, Linda Rondstadt, the Beach Boys and Peter Frampton.



Cuica is an instrument capable of any expression or emotion. It can cry like a baby, bark like a dog, laugh, sing, sigh or articulate any rhythmic phrase you hear—once you have it under control. Unfortunately, a lot of the time players will buy a cuica off the shelf, manage to get a few grunts and crude noises after ten minutes, then relegate it to the "toy box" and forget it. After several years of trial and error and a couple of trips to Brazil, I have some details and suggestions to help you get beyond that stage. A cuica is not a toy. It's simple, but subtle.

First off, you need a decent axe. In general, look for a shell made from rolled steel or brass, plywood or anything rigid. Avoid thin shells of spun aluminum, slat wood (conga style) or flimsy metal. Except for very small "coffeecan" sizes, practical dimensions would include head sizes between seven to ten inches in diameter. Smaller heads have a limited pitch range and anything larger will make high pitches difficult. The shell depth should be about 20% longer than the diameter, but it's not critical (one of my best cuicas is converted from a 9" x 9" tom tom). The shell should be at right angles to the head with no taper and no horn necessary. If you can find one, a cuica with long tension rods (70% of the length or longer) is preferred. In any case, the hardware should be best quality steel or brass, with a very sturdy counter hoop. The idea is heavy duty. Lightweight cuicas won't last long and won't play well.

With regard to heads there are lots of possibilities, but you'll be safe with anything organic capable of good flexibility under high tension. Medium to lightweight white calfskin is fine, easily available and easy to work with. It can be tucked over a wood flesh hoop (which is really best), or just folded under the metal counter hoop (bongo style) which works, but is more prone to problems. Either way, you'd better learn to do it yourself if you plan to play cuica a lot. And when you do you'll have to install the stick at the same time, so here's what you'll need to know.

The stick is bamboo. Not fiberglass or

wood, please: *bamboo!* Go to the supermarket and buy some barbecue skewers in the oriental foods section. They're available with about an 1/8th inch thickness. Glue a small wood bead to one end with five minute epoxy and cut the stick off at about eight inches (or less depending on the depth of your shell). Sand it smooth as possible with 600 sandpaper. It's possible to install the stick and head yourself, but it's much easier with another pair of hands available, so call a friend.

If you plan to tuck the head bongo style, tie the head (which had been soaked for at least 30 minutes) over the bead with braided nylon line or good quality cotton twine. As your friend pulls the skin gently, you tie the knot on first one side of the stick below the bead, then around the other side and back a third time, finishing with a square knot. Now stretch out any folds of skin about the bead, and mount the head leaving plenty of room to tighten it later after the head has dried (in other words, start with a shallow collar because you'll need it later). Pull out all folds in the head and let it dry for at least 24 hours.

If you can tuck the head on a flesh hoop, it's easier. Mount the soaked head on the drum first, with very little collar. Then, with a round-beaded snare drum stick, push the head up from inside the cuica to stretch in enough slack to accommodate the beaded bamboo. Take your time. When you have enough slack, push up the head with the bamboo stick and have your friend tie the skin over the bead three times while you hold the stick with one hand and guide the string below the bead with the other. With this method there will be no folds to deal with. Let the head dry for 48 hours.

Finally, after the head is mounted and has dried well, lightly sand it with your 600 sandpaper and tighten it (if it still needs more tension). The head should be very tight to play well, and should be detuned for storage. Now that you have a good axe in good condition, we can talk about technique.

**Hand positions:** I'm left handed and I hold the cuica with my left hand on the stick,



right hand on the head, with the instrument at about a 45 degree angle to my body with the head somewhat higher than the open end. In this position, the head stays dry—very important. The stick is stroked with a cloth dampened with water (no rosin, no kerosene, etc.). Most types of cloth will work, but a tight weave of 100% cotton is optimum. I use an eight inch square of bed sheet folded four times into a two inch square.

Contact is mainly between the thumb and the first joint of the first two fingers, with the palm occasionally following lightly on the stick as a stabilizer (by the way, wear a short sleeve, and for anything larger than a coffee can size, a neck strap will help immensely). The head-hand (H. H.) should contact the head lightly just above the bead with the middle finger—the tip, never the fingernail—

with the first and third fingers adjacent and a little behind, a quarter inch or so. The wrist can rest gently on the rim with the side of the thumb half way between the rim and the bead. (Although it's possible to play well by holding the rim on the lower side with all four fingers of the H. H. and contacting the head with the tip of the thumb at the bead, I don't recommend it. It's one way to get the cuica to a vocal mike in a hurry, but it causes you to play with much more force. It is not a common technique in Brazil.)

To get a good sound begin by practicing long tones. Try to think of the stroke in terms of violin bow technique: use the minimum pressure needed to get the head vibrating, and stay relaxed. For more volume use a longer stroke with more speed—not more pressure.

**Exercises 1-3:** 1) Play as slowly as possible. ↑=toward the head, ↓=back. Try to get the same tone in both directions. Use only the stick hand with the head completely open. Move the cloth over the stick slowly until a sound comes with no pressure. That will be the first harmonic on the stick, or the *basic*

tone. 2) When you have it down, add slight pressure to the cloth and a lower pitch will be sounded (still open head) This rough fundamental tone is used only occasionally for special effect. 3) Alternate both open sounds. Then repeat the first three exercises with the indicated stroke direction reversed.



Next, while producing the basic relaxed open tone, lightly touch the head with the tip of the middle finger of the H. H. an inch or so from the bead, and without any pressure move closer to the bead until a clear *harmonic* is produced with no force. When you have it

the same with the stroke in both directions, try **exercises 4-7**—open head to first harmonic—keeping the same easy basic tone on the stick. Try for long, sustained tones. When you have it, repeat with the stroked reversed. (o = open, + = stopped harmonic)



By this time you will probably have noticed that many other harmonics are possible on the head. Experiment by moving your finger a little to left or right of the bead, or by resting more of your hand on the head. These harmonics will vary according to head size, tension, etc. Practice the first exercises using these harmonics and the open tones against each other. Stay relaxed, avoid pressure.

Finally, you can produce inflection against any stopped tone with a bit of pressure on the head to bend the tone up. Try not to rely on pressing the head for high tones; find the natural harmonic on the head for that. Press only for inflection. **Exercises 8-11** are offered as devices to help you "loosen up". For typical phrases, check out the imported record racks and ask for the *Escolas de Samba* from Rio de Janeiro.

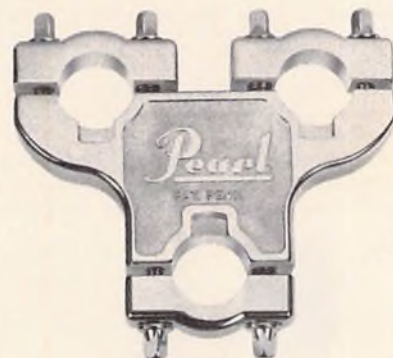


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tenor, and star pianist Thelonious Monk ("The only time I ever rehearsed with Monk"). Malachi Favors, himself a bass prodigy in the mid '50s, suggests that this was Ware's most creative period: "It's too bad that the people in New York didn't hear him before his addiction hurt him. He was also a picturesque bassist—he had a king-like posture."

For Ware was already a heroin addict when Art Blakey wired him to join the 1956 Jazz Messengers. "G'd to New York? Unh-unh! I didn't even have a suit of clothes. I was just breezy, you know." Blakey bought Ware a bass, and after the Blakey tour Wilbur became a fixture on the New York scene: house bassist for Riverside Records, gigging with every kind of jazz ensemble, and occasional sideman for other labels, too. Ware worked in the Riverside office as well; one day an official told him, "You have a date tomorrow," and Wilbur hurriedly called four expatriate Chicagoans. The result was his only LP as leader, *The Chicago Sound*. Two of his gigs were famous: he worked three months in Monk's 1957 Five Spot quartet with John Coltrane (they reunited to record the next year). In 1958, Sonny Rollins asked him to sit in on a live Sunday recording session; Ware wound up playing almost the entire matinee and evening shows, on a borrowed bass.

Drummer Wilbur Campbell, Ware's long time friend: "He had a well developed, heavy sound: a person-to-person sound. He played



Ware and Thelonious Monk

true notes." Malachi Favors, Ware's major informal student: "Did you know he was a tap dancer?" The image is perfect: Ware's perfectly differentiated notes dancing atop the beat, yet guiding the rhythm. Fellow bassist Bill Crow wrote a definitive analysis of Ware's style. Despite a surface likeness to the Blanton-Pettiford tradition, wrote Crow, Ware concentrated more "on percussion, syncopation, and bare harmonic roots than on achieving a wind instrument quality in phrasing and melodic invention . . . He was an ideal bassist for Monk, since he seemed to share Monk's conception of the value of open space, repeated figures, cycles of intervals, rhythmic tension and relaxation . . . Wilbur is a reaffirmation that deep expression can be reached through simplification of form." (Italics added.)

His work in pianoless groups, wherein the bass was required to carry the entire harmonic burden as well as the rhythm, deserves special attention. Kenny Dorham's *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* is an ideal

IRVING DOLIN

continued on page 85

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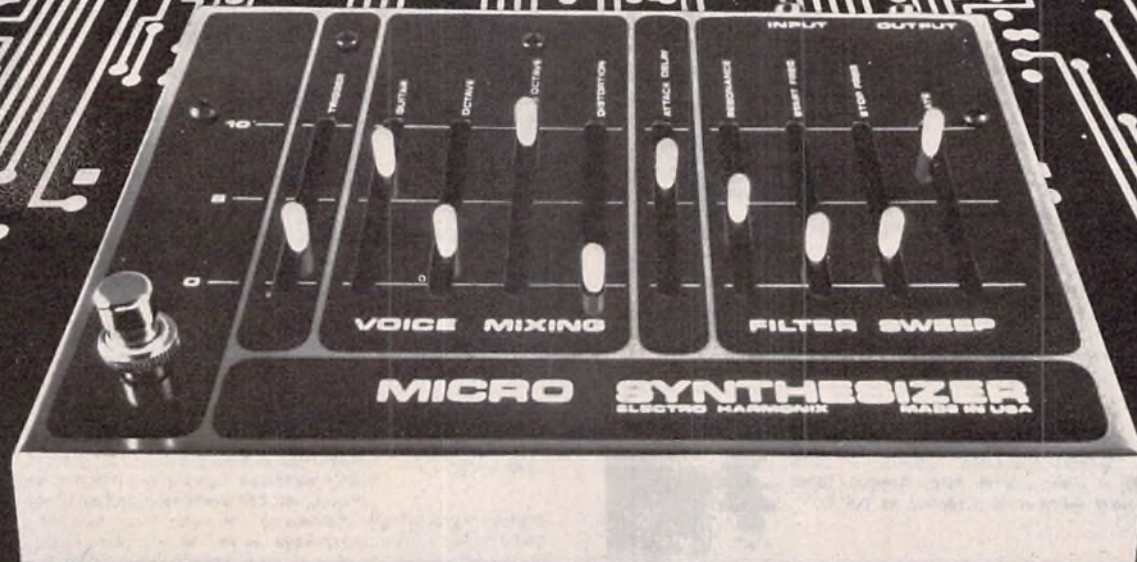
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example: the buoyant bass line, ever darting into asides and commentary, really lifts the cobwebby trumpeter and the angular, blues-reeking altoist Ernie Henry—Ware's control unites the performance. His power is particularly noticeable in the Rollins Vanguard trio, and since Monk so often chose to lay out as an accompanist, Ware's role tended to prove determinative. The rhythm section of Monk, Ware, and Art Blakey may have been the greatest of all. With an unassertive drummer in tow, Ware took command of the *Mulligan Meets Monk* dates; ever redefining his role, from accompaniment to counterpoint, from root line to harmonic ambiguity, Ware manages to recharge the two leaders, and occasionally lose them both.

Brilliant as is his work on the Mulligan-Monk date, *The Chicago Sound* is the pinnacle of his art. There are his syncopated versions of standard themes, and, aided by Wilbur Campbell's drums, his way of unifying the disparate ensemble through accompaniment. His solos emphasize Crow's description. "They are permutations of the primary triad or reshuffling of the root line rather than melodies built from higher notes in the chord." You can well imagine the young Charlie Haden, then beginning his discoveries with Ornette Coleman, listening to these albums, and to how Ware perceives and moves the ensembles. Playful, sober, driving, contrasting, humorous many times, Ware avoided the faceless role that the vast majority of bassists have chosen. But he had the earthy wisdom to avoid the other extremes, the often Wagnerian stance of Mingus and also the virtuoso self-dramatics, so thoroughly denying the life-giving essence of jazz ensembles, that have become an entire fashionable genre in the '70s. Was Ware's influence slim, limited to Haden and a handful of Chicagoans? His unsentimental toughness, the integrity of his sharing are reflected today in the work of Fred Hopkins, the dark visions of virtuoso Malachi Favors, the irrepressible spirits of David Holland—the mainstream of our most modernist styles.

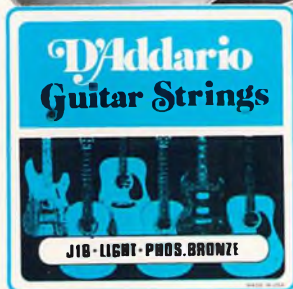
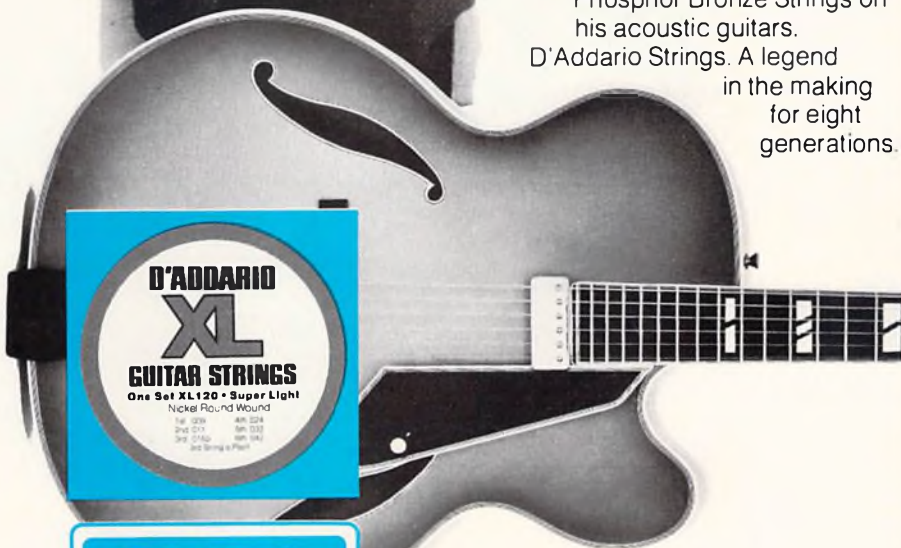
Heroin's price was psychological as well as physical. Ware abandoned music altogether for periods of his life, and despite his reputation for joking, he confessed to a painful shyness. He spent much of 1963 in a hospital, with tuberculosis; he lived in Chicago in the mid '60s, seldom playing. Late in the decade, he returned to gig in New York, most prominently with Blue Mitchell and Sonny Rollins (with whom he appeared on TV). In the '70s he worked with Hank Mobley, Clifford Jordan, Archie Shepp, and three different Monk quartets. He led an unissued recording in 1968, featuring Don Cherry and Jordan, for a now defunct label. But the growth of his emphysema was irremediable, and he had to abandon performing altogether in 1977. In that year, he was interviewed at length in a major Jazz Oral History project for the National Endowment for the Arts.

Bill Crow summarized the lesson of Wilbur Ware's jazz career. "Artistic curiosity will constantly experiment with mechanical complexity, but it is the resolutions of such constructions into simple universal terms that are ultimately most satisfying. Wilbur's terms are simple, and his artistic expression most profound." **db**

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The Portastudio is not designed as an audio/high fidelity product, but is intended for making practice tapes easily at reasonable cost. Suggested list price: \$1,100.

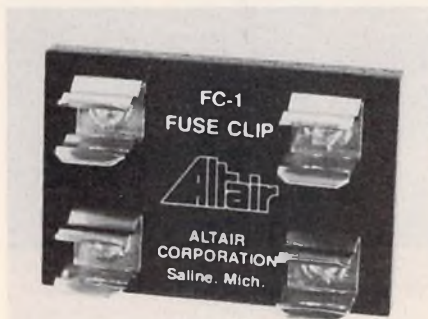


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Several new Rogers drum sizes are also available. These include 8" x 8" and 8" x 10" "Powertoms" and 8" x 8" bongos.

Rogers has simultaneously introduced sev-

eral new colors, outfits and drum sizes, in addition to the XP-8 Powershells. The new colors include several natural wood finishes: Tobacco Sunburst, California Wine and Natural Maple. Three new metallic colors are also available: Blue Mist, Midnight Mist and Platinum.

Rounding out Rogers' present line of outfits are two new configurations. One is a six-piece Jazz/Rock set-up designed by Rogers clinician Roy Burns. The other, originally available as a custom kit, is a seven-piece outfit designed by Tower of Power drummer Dave Garibaldi. These sets are fitted with MemriLoc hardware and XP-8 Powershells, as are all Rogers drums.



Bill Perkins, Los Angeles jazz artist and member of the Tonight Show band, enthusiastically endorses the **Ernie Northway** hard rubber mouthpiece: "The different registers match beautifully in pitch and tone quality. I have been playing the first mouthpiece you made for me most of the time, but the other two perform very much as you predicted."

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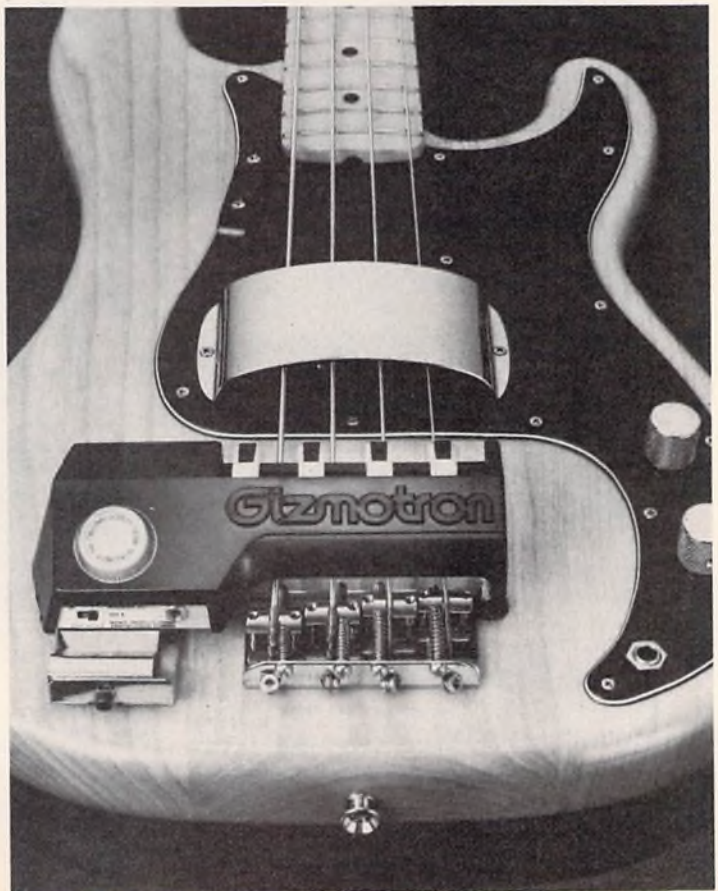
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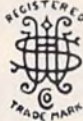


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## THE AMERICAN RECORD LABEL BOOK

THE AMERICAN RECORD LABEL BOOK: From the 19th Century through 1942, by Brian Rust. (Arlington House, 336 pp., \$20.00)

Take this quiz and learn whether you need this book or not:

What record label is distinguished by having the largest spindle hole in history?

What label produced the world's first electronic recording as distinct from traditional acoustic records of the period?

What's the oldest master in RCA's vaults?

What was the first label owned by blacks?

One of the longest recording careers in history began on the shortest lived label in history. Who and what?

Such tidbits of trivia have been woven by discographer Brian Rust into a most readable reference source that takes the record industry by its roots and leads us up through a fascinating history of mergers and spinoffs that was anything but trivial in its impact on American culture. The volume's who's who approach to the subject makes it an essential companion to Roland Gillette's chronological *Fabulous Phonograph*. Rust has taken all the companies, little and big, that came into being between the beginning and 1942 (Rust's traditional cut-off point in his various discographies). Each company is treated in a biographical sketch ranging from a few sentences to 14 pages. New Comfort Records gets only two lines, which is at least assurance that it once existed; Columbia gets a nicely detailed history, including an index of matrix numbers going back to 1901.

But in many ways Columbia's history dominates the major portion of the book, since a huge accumulation of once independent labels suddenly became part of the CBS empire in 1938. Each of these labels is covered separately by Rust, leaving it to the reader to assemble all this fascinating but esoteric detail into an understandable overview.

Let us consider the example of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five. If you want to buy any Hot Fives today, you will find them on Columbia Records. They've been in the Columbia catalog since George Avakian first reissued them in the early '40s. Yet they were originally recorded by an independent label called Okeh, which was formed in 1916 as an American branch of a German company called Odeon.

This is traced mainly in the sketch on Okeh, and to a lesser degree in the Odeon section.

In 1926 Okeh was bought by Columbia Records. Now we pick up the story by going to Rust's section on Columbia. But we learn that the Columbia of the mid '20s had little relation to the mighty Columbia we know today, and the story gets complicated because our Armstrong Hot Fives are entangled in a second company's history. This Columbia began in 1890 as one of four sales regions of

the North American Phonograph Company. As the only one of the four to prosper, it grew fast. An English branch was formed after 1900, and it struggled in the shadow of its parent for a decade. But after a while their fortunes interchanged. By the early '20s the English branch was prospering while the parent was falling on hard times. In 1922 American Columbia sold its English division and went into receivership. Late in 1924 came the final irony: American Columbia became a subsidiary of the now independent English Columbia. So when American Columbia bought Okeh and all those early Hot Fives in 1926, they really ended up in the hands of the English firm. And there they remained until 1931 when EMI was formed in Europe and English Columbia had to sell its American holding in order to avoid antitrust action. The Columbia/Okeh catalog ended up being bought in 1934 by the American Record Company (ARC).

At this point, our Armstrong Hot Fives become mingled with the history of over a dozen other independents which, beginning in 1929, came one by one under the ownership of ARC. These labels included Banner, Romeo, Cameo, Pathé, Actuelle, Perfect, Vocalion, Brunswick and several others, all of which get separate treatments by Rust. Over the years such artists as Ellington, Red Nichols, Fletcher Henderson, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, and a wealth of other jazz players had contributed to the accumulated catalog. With the addition of Columbia and Okeh, the complete Bessie Smith and most of Louis Armstrong and King Oliver's key early work became part of ARC. As for the Okeh and Columbia trademark and name, they vanished.

Now the final twist in the plot comes. In 1938 William Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System bought ARC, hired Ted Wallerstein away from RCA Victor, and took the retired Columbia name out of mothballs. Thus, the modern era began for Columbia Records, which in the late '50s began mining the treasures gathered through a string of countless mergers which culminated in the company we know today. ARC is currently the rubric under which Weather Report—Columbia contracted artists—wax.

Unfortunately, the casual reader cannot fully realize the relationships of all the parts without repeated readings. To be sure, there are a great many tiny labels covered here that have no special relationship to any larger fate. And there are the homogeneous giants such as Decca (MCA today) and RCA Victor which have never become involved in extensive merger activity. For them, such self-contained capsule histories as Rust gives us are perfectly appropriate.

But the vast interrelationships of all the tributary labels that ultimately flowed into the great Columbia river are left for the reader to navigate. Although ARC pops up constantly in the individual histories, it would have been wise to offer a separate piece specifically on ARC, even though it was not in and of itself a "label." Furthermore, much of this confusion could have been saved with a flow chart tracing the various labels through the 1942 cut-off. Then, at least, the reader could see at a glance the larger historic context of any specific label history.

A brief word or two on mergers after 1942 would also have been helpful in guiding interested readers to the proper LP source

today for some of the material discussed. The Decca label, for example, hasn't existed in the U.S. since the MCA takeover. And it would have done no harm to mention that Blue Note is today part of TransAmerica.

But these reservations are only minor when measured against the extraordinary value this volume offers to anyone with a curiosity about the roots of the American recording industry. Surely that history has been rich enough since 1942 that a second volume dealing with labels such as Dial, Prestige, Transition, Savoy and others would be equally as fascinating.

Rust has illustrated his history with a generous array of labels, both familiar and rare. Sadly, no color plates are used, but this was probably more a marketing decision than editorial decision, since color might have added 50 to 100% to the already stiff price. Still it's worth every penny. This is the only book of its kind anywhere. —*mcDonough*

Answers:

(1) Arentino Records with a spindle hole three inches across; (2) Autograph Records, Chicago, in 1924, a year before the first Western Electric records; (3) *Hope* recorded by Robert Ingersoll, circa 1894; (4) Black Swan, formed in 1921 by Henry Pace and blues composer W. C. Handy; (5) Blu-Disc Records, December 1924—December 1924, but long enough to record the first Duke Ellington known to exist on disc.

## CHORDS

continued from page 8

here, it took the band's interpretation (many thanks to Marshall Royal) to pull them off.

I chuckled along with the rest when reading Mr. Hefsti's statement, "... Purist or non-purist, this was strictly a life or death situation, and obviously, his pre-war sound wasn't working anymore." We play *One O'Clock Jump* every night ... circa 1937.

John Clayton      Count Basie Orchestra

*Mr. McDonough replies:*

*You raise an interesting matter which I neglected to point out: the extent to which Basie interpreted the charts of his arrangers. Hefsti's classic, 'Li'l Darlin', for example was originally written as a stomping, uptempo thunderbolt. Only Basie saw its more sensual potential. By slowing it down he changed its entire character, and erected a big band landmark in the process. I stand by my statement, however, concerning the viability of the old pre-war charts in the '50s and beyond. One O'Clock Jump (which is, after all, the band's theme) and Jumpin' At The Woodside are the only vestiges of the old Decca and Columbia days still heard. Chuckle if you like, John, but I don't think there's any doubt that Basie long ago put his past behind him. As far as your understanding on the timing of Basie's meeting with Hefsti, I must leave that question for Hefsti to settle. I can only go by what he wrote to me several years ago. I would say, however, that there was nothing in his letter which suggested that he alone was taking credit for Basie's resurrection. I'm sure he realizes he shares such credit with the other arrangers you mention ... and, of course, Basie himself.*



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## LOS ANGELES

**Parisian Room** (Washington & La Brea): *Sonny Stitt/Red Holloway* (11/20-25); *Hank Crawford* (11/27-12/9); *Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers* (12/11-23); *Arthur Prysock* (1/15-2/10); phone 936-8704.

**Concerts By The Sea** (Redondo Beach): *Roy Ayers* (11/22-25); *Bobby Hutcherson* (11/29-12/1); *Pete & Conte Candoli* (12/6-9); *Johnny Griffin* (12/13-16); *Esther Phillips* (12/20-23); *Willie Bobo* (12/27-31 & 1/3-6); *Art Blakey* (1/10-13 & 1/17-20); phone 379-4998.

**El Camino College** (16007 S. Crenshaw): *Ella Fitzgerald* (11/10); phone 532-3670, ext. 405.

**Dorothy Chandler Pavilion:** *The Orchestra w/Freddie Hubbard*, *Phil Woods*, *Quincy Jones*, *Dave Grusin*, others (12/12 & 1/15); for info call 972-7211.

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

**Pasquale's** (Malibu): *Willie Bobo*, *Moacir Santos*, *John Wood*, others; call 456-2007.

**Cellar Theatre:** *Les De Merle Transfusion*; 385-2759.

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

## KANSAS CITY

**Uptown Theater:** *Pat Metheny* (12/26).

**Papillon:** *Frank Smith Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

**Radisson Muehlebach:** *Tommy Dorsey Band* (11/24).

**Signboard** (Crown Center): *John Lyman Quartet* jazz jams (Fri., Sat., Mon., 4:30-7:30 pm); *Calico* jazz jams (Thurs., 4:30-7:30 pm).

**Costello's:** *Mike Ning Quartet* jazz jams (Sat., 1:30-5 pm).

**Cascone's:** *Roy Searcy* (Mon.-Sat.).

**O'Nells:** *Colt 45* (Mon.-Sat.).

**Ramada Inn Central:** *Pete Eye Trio* (Tue.-Sat.).

**Eddy's:** *Greg Meise Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

**Heidelberg Inn** (Emporia): Jazz jams w/name guest artists (Wed.).

**Aphrodisiac:** *Horace Washington Combo w/ Sonny Kenner* (Sat., 2-6 pm).

## DENVER

**Bentley's BBC:** Local jazz; call 861-7877.

**Clyde's Pub:** *Sonny Stitt* (12/4-8); *Hank Crawford* (12/11-15); *Richie Cole* (12/26-31); call 425-1093.

**Emerson St. East:** Local jazz every night; call 832-1349.

**Rainbow Music Hall:** *Pat Metheny* (12/22); for information, 753-1800.

**Wall Street Jazz Cellar:** Big-name and local jazz; for information call 442-6780.

**Zeno's:** *Queen City Jazz Band* (Fri. & Sat.); 623-2104.

**KADX** (105.1 FM): 24-hour jazz.

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

94 □ down beat

## BUFFALO

**Tralfamadore Cafe:** Jazz Wed.-Sun.; *Loosely Tight* (jazz-rock sextet) every Wed.; *Richard Ker-mode & Caliente* (Latin jazz) every Thurs.; *Heath Bros.* (11/1 & 2, tent.); *Moe Koffman Quintet* (11/16-18); *Don Menza Quartet* (11/30-12/1); *John Fahey* (12/5 & 6); *Phil Woods Quartet* (12/14-16); *Dave Friesen* (1/8 & 9); live broadcasts of most jazz on *WBFO* (88.7 FM) Saturday night at 10 and on *WEBR* (970 AM) Friday night at approx. 10 pm. Call 836-9678 for complete schedule.

**Kilenhans Music Hall:** Buffalo Philharmonic Jazz Series, with *Carmen McRae* (11/8); *Teddy Wilson* (1/10).

**Schuper House:** Live jazz, blues, folk & rock (Fri.-Sun.); call 877-9287.

**University of Buffalo:** Jazz concert season continues; call 831-3411 and ask for Jim Patrick for schedule.

**Bona Vista:** *West End* every Sun. (an open jazz jam session).

**WBFO** (88.7 FM): Jazz 74 hours/week. Mon.-Fri. 2-5 pm, 11 pm-3 am; all-night jazz on weekends beginning Friday at 10 pm, plus 8 am-1:30 Sat. and noon-4 pm Sun. Call 831-5393. Live broadcasts every Sat. 10 pm.

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

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

## SEATTLE

**Parnell's:** *Airbrush* (11/26); *Sanctuary* (11/29); *Doug Ostegard* (12/3); *Larry Fowlkes* (12/6); *Bigfoot* (12/10); *Randy Halberstadt* (12/13); *Becca Duran & Joni Metcalf* (12/17); *Phil Person* (12/20); 1-584-7824.

**Mint:** *Joe Johansen* Fridays & Saturdays; 624-1365.

**Rainbow:** *New Deal Rhythm Band* (11/21-24); 632-3360.

## ST. LOUIS

**Boucair's Bistro:** *Herb Drury Trio* (Fri. & Sat.); call 997-1124.

**Mississippi Nights:** National and local rock, jazz, etc.; call 421-3853.

**Moose Lounge and Steakhouse:** Jazz (Thurs.-Sat.); call 385-5700.

**J. B. Hutto's:** Jazz and blues nightly; call 576-6695.

## MIAMI

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

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

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

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

**Jazz Hot Line:** (305) 274-3834.

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

## PHOENIX

**Hyatt Regency:** *Jack McDuff Quintet* (to 11/17); *Freddie Cole Trio* (12/3-15); call 257-1110.

**Woody's Clef Club:** *Lory MacDonald Band* (Wed.-Sun.); call 944-9791.

**Chuy's Choo Choo:** *Francine Reed* (Fri.-Sun.); *Valley Big Band* (Mon.); *Nova* (Tue.-Thurs.); call 966-4980.

**KMCR** (91.5 FM): Jazz format.

## MILWAUKEE

**Milwaukee Jazz Gallery:** *Monty Alexander* (12/4 & 5, tent.); local and Chicago jazz (Tue.-Sun.); call 263-5718.

**Bombay Bicycle Club:** *Buddy Montgomery Quartet* (Mon.-Sat.).

**Crown Room:** *Buddy Montgomery Quintet* (Wed. & Fri., cocktail hour); *Beverly Pitts Trio* (Tue. & Thurs., cocktail hour).

**Sheraton-Mayfair Hotel:** *Penny Goodwin Trio* (Wed. & Fri., cocktail hour; Mon.-Sat., aft.).

## NORTHWEST

**Prima Donna** (Portland): *King James Version* through December; (503) 227-5951.

**Sam's Hideaway** (Portland): *Gary Clinton & Spice of Life*; (503) 234-9979.

**Fast Eddie's** (Bellingham): *Nolet Brothers* (11/23-24); (206) 734-2710.

**Engine House #9** (Tacoma): (206) 272-5837.

**Jazz Alley** (Vancouver, B.C.): (604) 879-3811.

**Commodore Ballroom** (Vancouver, B.C.): (604) 687-2801.

## MONTREAL

**Rising Sun:** International jazz and blues groups (Tue.-Sun.).

**L'air du Temps:** Local jazz groups nightly.

**Rockhead's Paradise:** *Nelson Symonds* (Wed.-Mon.).

**Vehicule Art:** *Eric Stach New Art Ensemble* (12/7).

**C.W.'s** (Ottawa): Jazz groups (Tue.-Sat.); *Kathryn Moses* (11/27-12/1).

**Chez Fernando** (Ottawa): Jazz groups (Thurs.-Sat.).

**Black Bottom** (Ottawa): *Apex Jazz Band* (Fri.).

**National Gallery** (Ottawa): Creative Composers Collective (Wed.).

**Chez Lucien** (Ottawa): *Capital City Jazz Band* (Fri.).

**Stoney Monday** (Ottawa): *Dr. Jazz* (Sat. aft.).

**Théâtre de l'île** (Hull): *Ottawa Hull Creative Music Squad* (11/26); *George Lewis* (12/3).

**L'Avalon** (Hull): Local jazz groups (Tue.).

**Jazz Ottawa Jazz Line:** (613) 232-7755.

## CLEVELAND

**Angelo's:** Local jazz acts (nightly); call 861-8161.

**Brunati's:** *Mark Gridley-Fred Sharp Duo* (Fri.).

**Boarding House:** *Bill Gidney Trio* (Mon.); *St. Thomas*, with *Mike Parkinson* (Tue.); *Chink Stevenson Trio* (Thurs.-Sat.); *Tom Cox Quartet* (Fri.).

**Cleveland State University:** *Arthur Blythe* (N.O.J.S. concert, 11/24).

**Theatrical:** *Hank Kahout* (Mon.-Sat.); *Duke Jenkins Trio* (to 12/1); *Glen Covington* (12/3-31); *Kathy Dodge* (1/2-28).

**Togo Suite:** Local jazz acts (Tue.); call 795-8100.

**Tommy's:** Local jazz acts (nightly); call 331-2943.

**WKSU** (89.7 FM, Kent, O.): "Exploration Jazz," Tue. with Willard Jenkins, and Thurs. with Larry Simpson (10-11 pm); "Jazz Mainstream" with Bob West (Wed., 9-10 pm).

**WRUW** (91.1 FM) "Jazz Masters" with John Richmond (Mon.-Wed., 6:30-7:00 pm).

**Northeast Ohio Jazz Society:** Information and membership, 429-1513.

## PITTSBURGH

**Black Magic Lounge:** Jam night every Monday with *Pete Henderson* and *Roger Humphries*.

**Carlton House:** *Frank Cunimondo Trio* (Mon.-Sat.).

**Encore I** (Shadyside): *Spider & Co.* featuring *Kenny Karsh* (Wed.-Sun.); open jam every Tuesday.

**Ernie's Esquire Club** (MacMurray): *Al Dowe Quintet* featuring guitarist *Luther DeJaranett* (Thurs.-Sat.).

**Horoscope** (Penn Ave., Bloomfield): *Roger Humphries & The R.H. Factor* (Wed.-Sat.).

**Top Shelf:** Father and son jazz pianists *Bobby & Harry Cardillo* (Tue.-Sat.).

**Hyatt House:** *Bill Cotton Quintet* (Mon.-Sat.).

**WDUQ** (90.5 FM): "Jazz Alive!" Saturday 7 pm; "Jazz Now" Mon.-Fri., 10 pm-1 am, Sat. & Sun., 8:30-1 am; *Martin Williams* "Scope of Jazz" Sun. 7 pm; "Jazz Revisited" Sun. 8 pm.

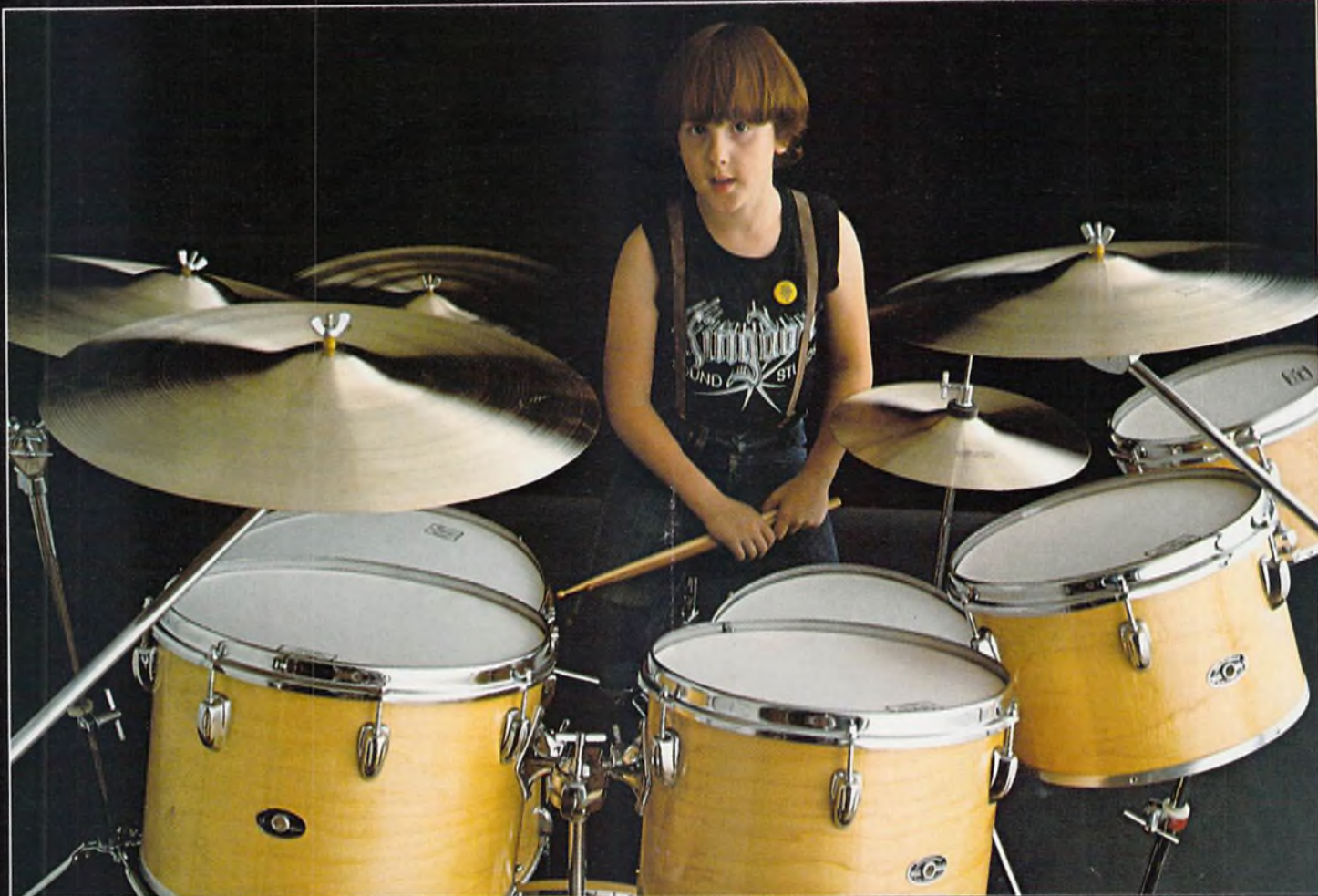
**WYJZ** (860 AM): Contemporary & popular jazz from noon until sunset.

**WYEP** (91.5 FM): Traditional jazz, blues & avant-garde at various times.

**WDVE** (102.5 FM): Jazz/rock fusion Sunday night at midnight.



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