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the contemporary music magazine

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education in jazz

by Toshiko Akiyoshi

Toshiko Akiyoshi #1 Arranger, #1 Big Jazz Band (Akiyoshi-Tabackin)—1978 **down beat** Readers Poll, *Insights* (RCA) Record of the Year, 1978 International Jazz Critics Poll.

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

"I love jazz. I think jazz is the music of the future and the past and present." So says Sonny Rollins in an unusual interview in this issue. Also featured are bass master Milt Hinton who eloquently bespeaks the past and present days of jazz; and Clint Houston, one of the most impressive jazz bass players of today and a sure bet for tomorrow.

Rollins, who is never at ease in an interview, is nevertheless quite open about what he is doing musically. He doesn't defend playing music that some call out of the jazz mainstream; he merely explains that "out" or "in" doesn't have meaning for him. Rollins is not concerned with those who fault him for not fulfilling their expectations. He has to make his own way.

Milt Hinton is a bass-walking historian of jazz who enjoys total recall of everyone with whom he has ever played. And that's everybody. His early and maturing years were steeped in Chicago of the '20s and '30s, the heyday of New Orleans jazz gone upstream. Hinton studied violin with the legendary Major N. Clark Smith of Phillips High School where he first met and played with Lionel Hampton. Hinton switched to bass when the first talkie, *The Jazz Singer,* drove pit bands out of the theaters. After several years with Eddie South and others, Hinton worked up to playing the Three Deuces with Zutty Singleton's band for $35 a week, the same top local wage paid to Roy Eldridge, and Coleman Hawkins. Cab Calloway upped the money to $100 (!) a week, the same as Ben Webster, and introduced Milt Hinton to New York. He did record dates for Billie Holiday and Teddy Wilson and became one of the first black studio session players. Today, his schedule includes teaching at Hunter College, playing at Michael's Pub and on the Dick Cavett TV show, and doing whatever else comes up for a jazzman willing to travel.

Clint Houston—A Model Modern Bassist, page 14—is currently with Woody Shaw. Houston began his jazz playing in a Queens, N.Y. high school and in a neighborhood band called the Jazz Samaritans from whence also came to glory George Cables, Billy Cobham, Steve Grossman, and Lenny White. Houston made New York with Roy Haynes who not only paid him $110 (!!) a week but also told him about proper time and pacing. He went on to study with Ron Carter with whom he shares a dedication to exploring the tonal possibilities of the instrument. Houston favors the acoustic instrument for the real jazz sound, but he is intrigued with what can come from the electric bass as well as a sound-modified acoustic.

In the next issue, Weather Report spokesmen—Joe Zawinul, Wayne Shorter, and Jaco Pastorius—take issue and umbrage with the one star review of their *Mr. Gone* album in our last issue. During the rebuttal they emphatically deny any connection with rock and profess not to understand what fusion means. We also have strong features on drummer Jo Jones, saxophonist Sonny Fortune, and other good and worthy musicians. db

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Contemporary Readers

Max Gordon (*chords*, 10/19) complained of coverage of Elvis Costello and Television in the same pages with Carla Bley and Don Cherry. **down beat** should and does cover all areas of contemporary music. Costello, Television, Bley and Cherry are all contemporary music! Like it or not!

K. Goerner Warwick, R.I.

I must address the so-called jazz purists concerning their gripes with your coverage of other styles of contemporary music. In their eyes, why does news of players such as Al DiMeola, Billy Cobham and Stanley Clarke go by unnoticed, when just the mention of Elvis Costello sends in a flood of hate mail?

In keeping with your theme "the contemporary music magazine," I condone your efforts in reporting activity in all styles of music, and hope that you will continue to do so.

William Woolley Collingswood, N.J.

In these unfortunate musical times of disco, punk rock, crossover, fusion and other ear-offending trash, when small-timers like Bruce Stringbead, Chuck Mangyonly, Barbra Strident and Elton Yawn are worshipped by an American public consisting of musically comatose hedonists, it is a genuine pleasure to see **db** space devoted to the real father of modern American music, John Cage. Ken Terry's review (12/7) of the Cage Prepared Piano album was both a surprise and a joy. Terry's review of a New York concert by the great La Monte Young was an added bonus. Give Ken Terry a raise! I love **db** and have read it faithfully for 15 years. I hope that **db** plans to devote more space to *real* music and less to immature rockers, paunchy sell-out jazzers in their silly effeminate outfits, and all other identical non-conformists.

Also, let's have fewer letters from readers who are negative and sarcastic.

Chuck Estes Fullerton, Cal.

All Due Respect?

Re the *First Chorus* in your 11/16 issue: with all due respect to John Klemmer and Leroy Jenkins, fusion is not honest music in most cases.

Having been on the scene some 18 years and being involved business-wise as well as artistically, I've played straightahead as well as fusion with a number of artists. Without calling names, I'll have to rely on my integrity and good name to make the following statement. Any time a style is created because of a slump in sales within an industry, greedy executives, insecure artists and a vulnerable public should not take it seriously. You can put it in the business arena and give it a name which implies just what the people involved in it think about when they are involved in it: *bullshit*.

Andrew White Washington, D.C.

Dancing with Litweiler

I was pleased to find John Litweiler's very favorable review of my recent ECM recording, *Dance*, in your 11/16 issue. The care Mr. Litweiler has taken in analyzing my music certainly gratifies me, as does the length of his review.

However, I must take exception to one point: ". . . the recording engineer is responsible for the unnatural starkness of this music." Mr. Litweiler has every right to his opinion on the engineering, but whatever the final product of the recording and mixing process, the result expresses *my* musical taste, not the engineer's. Nothing has been done without my complete participation, and I am fully satisfied with the final effect of each of my ECM recordings.

I am sorry that Mr. Litweiler dislikes the way my album was engineered, and I hope that this element alone will not stand in the way of his future appreciation of my music.

Paul Motian New York City

The New Dues

I have just read the 7/13/78 **db**, a little late. Stanley Clarke *has* probably paid less dues than Ron Carter—but the world was different when Ron was coming up. There was less acceptance of jazz—and anything black people did.

That makes Ron Carter a pioneer. Many pioneers get jealous. Often, they don't get the acclaim they see newer talent getting.

It is ironic. Maybe instant mass acceptance is the "new dues." It's a different world now.

Tom Prior address unknown

NEWS

L. TROMBERT

Byard's Band In Stompin' Stereo

NEW YORK—On Monday evenings at *Ali's Alley* in Soho, pianist Jaki Byard (leading the band from a piano on a mounted platform between the reed and trombone sections) presents his New York Apollo Stompers, a 19 piece big band complete with three singers and a tap dancer. On Wednesday nights, at Boston's Michael's Pub, Byard leads the Boston Apollo Stompers—same charts, different personnel (same tap dancer, though).

"It's a funny thing," Byard told **db.** "I got the idea from listening to that album, *Together For The First Time*, with Count Basie and Duke Ellington (Columbia). It sounded so groovy, two bands playing the same charts, I decided to try it myself. Five years ago I did a concert at the New England Conservatory with two ensembles of the same size, calling it the Stereophonic Ensemble. After the concert, I thought that if I got a rehearsal band together in Boston and one in New York, I could put them together for a concert, a two-nighter to play my charts and the music of student arrangers. In the meantime, both bands sound so good it's unbelievable."

The New York Apollo Stompers' reeds are played by Bob Torrence, Sam Furnace, Mel Ellison Don Slatoff and Pablo Calogero. The brassmen are Junior Vega, Roger Parrot, Ray Gonsales and Nelson Bogart On trombones are Artie Simmons, Greg Harris, Jerry Valente and Bob Trowers. Martin Aubert plays guitar, Kyoto Fujimera is on bass and J. R. Mitchell is the drummer. Singers include Byard's daughters Diane and Denise, and Carmen Bonds Tina Pratt is the tap dancer.

In the Boston Apollo Stompers, the reed section is Ed Jackson, George Brooks, Jed Levy, Mike Barthan and Jim Hartok. The trumpeters are Chris Pasin, Frank London, Bob Elkjer and Bob Marrows. Trombones include Bruce Eidim, Darrel Marsh, Jeff Marsanskis and Dan Walter. Herman Tenn plays tuba. John Hazilli plays drums, Hugh Burrows, bass, Akihito Fuse is on guitar and in Boston the band includes a violinist, John Kass. ("He usually sits in the middle of the reed section and plays the alto parts an octave higher, getting a weird sound," said Byard.) Boston vocalist is Harriet Kennedy ("I wish the world could hear her.") Tina Pratt also dances with the Boston band.

Why a tap dancer? "Rhythmically it seems to add something, and it's nice to have the cats playing behind a dancer to get that ensemble thing going," the orchestra leader explained. "I also think of tap dancers in vaudeville and Duke's tributes to Bojangles and Baby Lawrence."

These are Byard's second and third big bands; his first was put together just before World War II in Wooster, Mass. He has been writing big band arrangements ever since. By teaching (Byard spends one day a week with Jackie McLean at the University of Hartford and two days at the New England Conservatory with piano students and classes), "I've really expanded my writing, but nothing's been happening commercially. By having the bands play, I get a chance to hear my new arrangements. It's better than just having them up in the closet. You know, it's a delight just hearing the music twice a week!"

Despite his shrug, Jaki's music will be represented on Muse by a characteristically esoteric and playful small group release this spring. Now, is anyone recording stereo big bands?

Small Change In Farmer's Village Market

NEW YORK—Trumpeter **Art Farmer** recently celebrated 25 years of playing jazz in Greenwich Village clubs with two weeks at **Sweet Basil.** "Basically, there's surprisingly little real change in the scene other than one club comes and another club goes," Farmer told **db.** "There's always been a tremendous amount of activity downtown, as far as music is concerned."

Best known for his work with **Wardell Gray, Horace Silver,** as co-leader of groups with **Benny Golson** (the Jazztet) and with **Jim Hall,** Farmer has been living in Europe for the past ten years. "I try to spend half my time here, coming back two or three times a year," he said. Based in Vienna, he works concerts, clubs and does a lot of recording with radio bands throughout Europe.

Last summer in New York, he recorded an album for CTI with **Joe Henderson,** as yet unscheduled for release. But, Farmer mentioned, "I'd also like to do some recording with the group I now have: **Fred Hirch** on piano, **Mike Richmond** on bass, and **Akira Tana** on drums. Since living in Europe I've been coming over and playing with local groups, pickup sections. I decided this summer that I couldn't do that anymore so I've really been pointing towards working with an organized group. This band has really been paying off, from a musical standpoint."

POTPOURRI

World View Productions (484 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York 11217, 212-858-6066) is a business coop dedicated to preserving artist control over product. World View specializes in promotion and publicity and sells master tapes. Participants include **Danny Mixon, Carter Jefferson, Joe Ford, Brass Proud, Ron Burton, Bill Saxton, Kalaparusha, Malachi Thompson, Roland Alexander, Free-Bop Band, John Betsch Society, Kiane Zaqaik, Greg Bandy** and **Unsung Heroes,** and **Kamal Alim** and **Magic.**

●

Tenor saxist **Houston Person,** standard bearer of the sax-and-organ, blues and bop combo sound, has been touring the country steadily from Florence, South Carolina to **Gilly's** in Dayton (where he broadcast live over WYSO-FM), to Detroit to the Parisian Room in L.A., with his wife **Etta** (*Don't Go To Strangers*) **Jones** and keyboardist **Sonny Phillips.** And now **Muse Records** has released Person-produced product, including the first **Bill Hardman** waxing in too long a time. The Hardman session *(Home)* puts the trumpeter with **Junior Cook's** tenor sax and **Slide Hampton's** trombone fronting a septet; they blow on two originals by pianist **Mickey Tucker,** a cohort of Bill's from his second Art Blakey stint (around 1975). More characteristic of Person's personal style is Ms. Jones' *My Mother's Eyes*, organist **Don Patterson's** *Why Not . . .*, and Houston's own *The Nearness Of You,* which, with sidemen including **Melvin Sparks** (guitar), **Charles Earland** (organ), and **Grady Tate** (drums), is a hip lounge all-stars' set.

●

The New York Chapter of NARAS' recent meeting concerned the State Of Jazz On Records Today. **Dan Morgenstern,** director of the Rutgers Jazz Institute, moderated a panel discussion featuring **Randy Brecker, Stan Getz, Dick Katz, Bob James,** Artist House Records' **John Synder, Richard Muhal Abrams, Grover Washington, Jr.,** and audience members **George Shearing, Jimmy Owens** and **Percy Heath.**

Strong opinions were voiced. Getz on the overabundance of electronics: "I don't think recorded jazz sounds right with all those microphones and tracks. I'm building my own four track studio just for acoustic jazz." James: "I don't think we should be afraid of technology. I'm excited by the possibilities." Brecker on record company promotion: "It's getting a little better but as far as I'm concerned, it's still sad."

Synder questioned the business tactics of the record company establishment, such as contract clauses that rip off musicians. Owens spoke about the influence of capitalism on jazz musicians, believing musicians today willingly allow themselves to be pawns of major record companies. Heath mentioned the impact of racism on the popularity of music since it's inception. The meeting closed with a heated dialogue between Heath and Washington concerning the relative merits of bebop as opposed to the contemporary fashion of electric instruments over disco-like rhythms.

NEW RELEASES

●

The Elvin Jones Jazz Machine (with **Pat LaBarbera** and **Roland Prince**), keyboardist **Stu Goldberg's** *Solos-Duos-Trio* (with **Larry Coryell** and violinist **Dr. L. Subramaniam),** and keyboard player **Joanne Grauer** (with the vocal debut of **Lorraine Feather, Leonard's** daughter) are just out on German **MPS,** which will soon be distributed in the U.S. by **Capitol Records.**

●

We Have All Seen A Star is **Crusader Wilton Felder's** big production, out on **ABC.**

●

Thank You . . . For Funking Up My Life is **Donald Byrd's** latest from **Elektra/Asylum Records,** which also has **Lenny White's** *Streamline.*

●

From reviewer Pete Welding: Jazz listeners will find of considerable interest several new additions to **Capitol Records'** "Mid-Line" series of moderately-priced album reissues. Chief among these are *Cuban Fire* (SM-11794), a provocative program of Afro Cuban-influenced jazz arranged for the **Stan Kenton Orchestra** by the gifted **Johnny Richards,** originally released in 1956 and, from the same year, *After Midnight* (SM-11796) on which vocalist-pianist **Nat "King" Cole** and his regular trio of the time—guitarist **John Collins,** bassist **Charlie Harris** and drummer **Lee Young**—were joined by a number of distinguished guest soloists, each featured separately: alto saxophonist **Willie Smith,** trumpeter **Harry "Sweets" Edison,** trombonist **Juan Tizol** and violinist **Stuff Smith.** Informal sessions that resulted in ravishing music. Too, alto saxophonist **Julian "Cannonball" Adderley's** earlier 2-LP set *Soul Zodiac* has been made available as a pair of single discs, SM-11816 and -11837. Other entries in the series include sets by **George Shearing** (SM-11800), **Frank Sinatra** (SM-11801), **King Curtis** (SM-11799), **Ella Fitzgerald** (SM-11793), **Nancy Wilson** (SM-11802 and -11819) and rockabilly **Gene Vincent** (SM-11826), as well as offerings by **Jackie Gleason, Liza Minelli,** the **Lettermen, Hollyridge Strings, Glen Campbell, Jessi Colter, Justin Wilson, Buck Owens, Quicksilver Messenger Service** and humorist **Stan Freberg.**

●

FINAL BAR

Frank Rosolino enjoyed universal respect for his stunning trombone playing, his sensitivity to others, and his legendary comedic wit. But behind the sparkling eyes and the ever-ready one-liner was another man who was subject to deep fits of depression. That inner rage finally became too strong, and Rosolino, 52, committed suicide early Sunday morning, November 26, 1978, after shooting his two young sons in their beds. Justin, age 9, was killed; Jason, age 7, suffered brain damage and blindness.

Rosolino and his sons were found when Diane Armesto, Frank's fiancee, friend, and companion of five years, returned to the Sepulveda home after visiting friends.

For over 30 years, Rosolino was a premier virtuoso on the trombone. Along with Bill Harris and J. J. Johnson, he liberated the once-cumbersome instrument from its "sliphorn" status, developing a technique that enabled him to improvise as fluidly as a saxophonist (see **db** feature, 12/17/77).

Born in Detroit August 20, 1926, Frank began trombone lessons in the eighth grade; in high school he jammed with many young musicians, including Elvin, Hank and Thad Jones, Milt Jackson, and Kenny Burrell.

After two years in Army bands, Frank played with Bob Chester and Glen Gray; from 1947 through 1948 he lived in New York and played with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Erroll Garner, Oscar Pettiford and numerous others.

While with Gene Krupa's band (1948-49), he made a short film in which he sang *Lemon Drop,* clowning it up to such a degree that he earned the enduring nickname "The Lemon Drop Kid."

He was a featured soloist with the great Stan Kenton band of 1952-55, gaining international renown along with Lee Konitz, Zoot Sims, the late Richie Kamuca, and arrangers Bill Holman, Gerry Mulligan and Bill Russo. Some of their albums were *Prologue, Sketches In Standard, Kenton Presents Frank Rosolino,* and *The Fabulous Alumni of Stan Kenton.*

In 1955, he moved to L.A. and joined Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars, with Rumsey on bass, Claude Williamson on piano, Bud Shank on alto, Bob Cooper on tenor, Conte Candoli on trumpet, and Stan Levy on drums. As well, he played for eight years on Steve Allen's television show and recorded studio dates for Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Shorty Rogers, June Christy, Sarah Vaughan and others.

He recently cut his own soon to be released quartet album, *The Electronic Truth* (Dobre), on which he for the first time ventured into electronics, tastefully and sparingly utilizing a Multivider.

His trombone solos on Quincy Jones' arrangements of *Everything Must Change* and *Bluesette* (from *Body Heat* and *Mellow Madness* respectively, both on A&M) gained him a wide following among younger listeners. He also recorded *Conversation* (RCA) with co-leader Conte Candoli, and *Chasin' The Bird* (MPS) with Supersax. A live big band performance at Donte's in North Hollywood with Bobby Knight's Great American Trombone Company (see Caught, **db** 7/13/78) has not yet been released.

Memorial services were held in Los Angeles. Among the 250 attending were Don Menza, Conte Candoli, Shelly Manne, Lou Levy, Herb Ellis, Dave Pell, writers Leonard Feather and Lee Underwood, Donte's club owner Carey Leverette, Raul de Souza, Bobby Knight, and Joey Roccisano.

LINDA COLLETT

Frank Rosolino **William Grant Still**

The funeral for Frank and his son was held in Detroit Dec. 4. Besides his permanently injured son Jason, Frank was survived by his daughter Felicia, his mother, and two brothers.

Donations for Jason's trust fund can be mailed to: Musician's Wives Inc., P.O. Box 2097, Toluca Lake, Ca., 91601.

William Grant Still, a black pioneer in classical composition, died December 3 in a Los Angeles nursing home, at age 83. His *Afro-American Symphony,* written in 1931, was, like other of his works, an attempt to develop a symphonic black music, largely based on black spirituals; a measure of his success was the acclaim and critical regard which brought him, during a long career, two Guggenheim fellowships, several major awards and competition prizes, debuts at the Eastman School of Music, performances by Leopold Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra, and the breakthrough honor of being the first black musician to conduct a major American orchestra, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, in the Hollywood Bowl in 1936.

Mr. Still, born May 11, 1895 in Woodville, Miss. to parents who were teachers and musicians, studied at Wilberforce University, Oberlin College and the New England Conservatory of Music, as well as privately with Edgar Varese. In the '20s and '30s he orchestrated and arranged for W. C. Handy, Paul Whiteman, and other popular and jazz bands. He composed the New York World's Fair theme in 1938, the ballets *La Guiablesse* and *Sahdji,* and an opera *Troubled Island* (1949) with libretto by Langston Hughes. Surviving him are his wife, neé Verna Arvey, author of the librettos to several of his operas, a daughter and four grandchildren.

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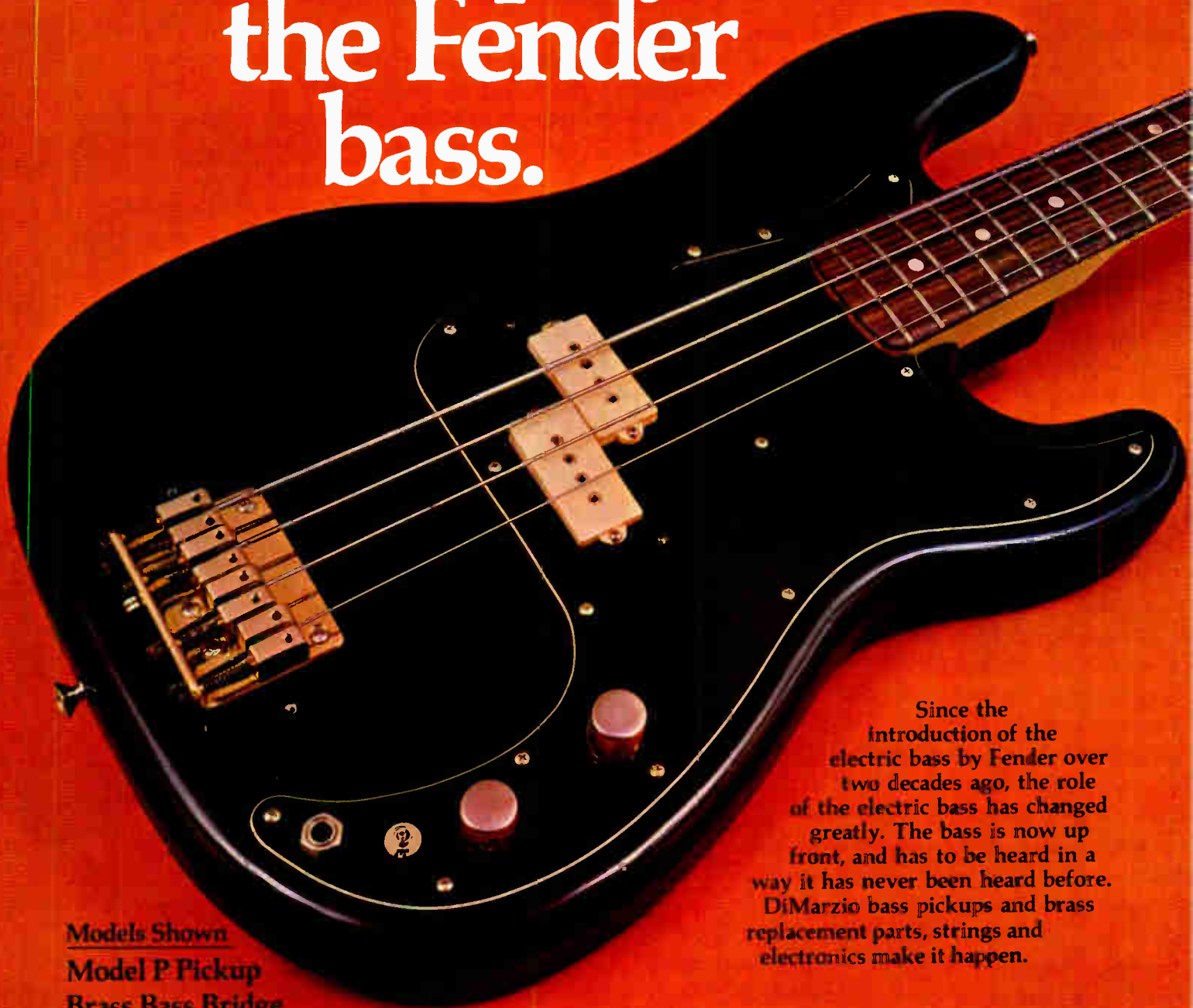

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SONNY ROLLINS

The Way He Feels

BY BRET PRIMACK


VERYL OAKLAND

Spring, 1973. Village Vanguard. Max Gordon's place is packed with Sonny Rollins' fans. Newk (so nicknamed because of his resemblance to the great Brooklyn Dodger pitcher, Don Newcombe) is back on the scene after four years of deep thinking, relaxation and woodshedding. I join the line, and overhear: "Where'd he go this time?"

"India, I think. Japan, too."

"He's really into a spiritual trip."

"Yeah. Yoga and Zen. I remember the last time he split."

The line is moving, but not fast enough for me. Rather than catch Sonny at the Vanguard, I go home and listen to the old Blue Note date, *A Night At The Village Vanguard*, the trio sessions produced in 1957. Side two, cut one, *Sonnymoon For Two*, with Wilbur Ware and Elvin Jones. Get it, Sonny. Yeah. Play that horn, Newk. I get vocal when I'm enthusiastic.

Windy night in October, 1978. The Beacon Theatre, to hear the Milestone Jazzstars: McCoy Tyner, Ron Carter, Al Foster and Sonny Rollins. Couldn't they find any *names*? I am skeptical about the prospect of these men playing together but all my fears are laid aside; the giants work well together. The cats are smokin' from the git-go, especially Sonny. Dig his solo tenor number! Nobody plays solo saxophone like Sonny Rollins, nobody. The other cats are just playing chapters—Sonny plays the whole musical encyclopedia in his extended concertos of saxophone delight. Sonny's attire amuses me: suit, T-shirt and black sneakers.

On my way out, I overhear: "Sonny was playing tonight."

"No doubt about that."

I realize I am in the presence of experts.

"Now dig, tonight we heard Sonny playing with heavy players. McCoy and Ron? And Al Foster. Serious players. But check out his regular group."

I figure I'd get my two cents in.

"Hey man, have you heard *Don't Stop The Carnival*? I think, now this is only my opinion, brother man, but old Newk demonstrates on this side, recorded just last year, that he can outplay anybody on the scene today, whatever kind of bag they're in."

"Yeah? Then why's he got to have all that electric shit?"

"Well, obviously, *you* don't *hear* music played on electric instruments. I do. But dig this—Newk's saxophone isn't altered in any way electronically on this side. He's still the same old Newk, just blowing in a different context and that's beautiful, man. How many beboppers are out front like that today?"

A few days after the concert, the postman delivers a gem—*Mad Bebop* by J. J. Johnson. Side two, cut one is *Audubon*, featuring the composer, Sonny Rollins. Rollins' playing is forceful, as always. This was recorded May 13, 1949 when Rollins was 19. 1949, I think to myself, that's the year I was born. Hey man, I think wouldn't it be far out if . . .

Ten minutes later I am on the telephone, trying to arrange an interview with Sonny Rollins. As I track the bearded giant, I remember a fellow journalist telling me that Rollins doesn't like to be interviewed. But the interview is arranged with no problem. Excited at the prospect of interviewing Mr. Saxophone Colossus himself, I consult with pianist Walter Bishop, Jr. Bish has known Sonny since the '40s, when they frequented such establishments as Minton's Playhouse and the Savoy Ballroom.

"I remember working with Sonny in Miles' group in the early '50s," said Walter. "Miles had this Dodge—the Blue Demon we called it, a convertible with no back seat. One time we were driving to a gig in Boston. There were four of us in the front and Sonny was sitting in the back, on his saxophone case. After the ride, he came out looking like a question mark. It's a good thing he knows all those yoga positions."

Bishop also tells me I'm going to dig Sonny, but to forget about any kind of in-depth interview.

The morning after election day, Amtrak, en route to Sonny Rollins' upstate New York home. I'm overloaded with questions for Theodore Walter Rollins.

Mrs. Rollins, Lucille, picks me up at the station. While driving, she tells me that Sonny is tired from working one-nighters on the Jazzstars tour, and that he prefers working more sporadically, with time out for a lot of practicing and meditation.

We arrive. I walk up a flight of stairs and shake hands with Sonny Rollins. God, he's big—I'm 6'2" and I still look up to Sonny. I sit down and take off my coat. Sonny sits down, in his own living room with the windows closed, still wearing his goosedown overcoat and hat. During the hour that follows, Rollins sits, coat and hat intact, with feet up and his hands around his knees. On the wall, a photograph of a smiling Jimmy Carter and an equally toothy Sonny Rollins. I begin.

"Hey Sonny, we've got a mutual friend."

"Who's that?"

"Walter Bishop."

"Junior or senior?"

"Junior."

"Yeah. You know there's got to be a senior before there's a junior."

Now we're rolling. I ask, "Sonny, some people have said that your recent albums haven't been as memorable as your earlier work. How does that strike you?"

A long pause. A *very* long pause. Sonny is thinking. "Well, let me tell it to you this way: I've never wanted to be a musician identified with just one thing. It's just natural that I try different things on different records. That's been true through most of my career and I hope it will always be true. I think it's more in character for me to try different things all the time.

"For me, it's not about the form anyway," he continues. "It's about the energy. It's not so much what form they're playing, it's whether or not the energy is there."

As Sonny speaks I think of his recent recordings, which, for the most part, feature him

playing amid electric instruments and contemporary rhythms. Depending on my mood, I may or may not enjoy listening to Sonny in this context. If I want to hear Sonny burn on some changes, I'm going to put on *I Know That You Know*, from *The Dizzy Gillespie/Sonny Rollins/Sonny Stitt Sessions* on Verve. I'm not much for boogieing, but if I do feel like snappy rhythms played by electric rhythm sections, I enjoy *The Way I Feel* and *Easy Living*. Billy Cobham and Tony Williams aren't exactly disco drummers, but they sure can lay down an infectious beat. I dig *Sonny's* playing on these records, too.

"Sonny, does Orrin Keepnews, your producer, decide how your records will be?"

"Orrin has been with me for some time now. Everybody has ideas, but I'm the final arbiter on anything that happens on my dates. There are a lot of ideas that come in from different sources but I'm the final word."

I ask Sonny about disco. "When I came up, you played for dancers and it was a mark of your ability if you could play for people to dance," he says. "There's nothing wrong with dance music. I remember nights at the Audubon Ballroom [where, in the early '50s, Rollins gigged with Coltrane and Miles] advertised as dances where listeners were grouped around the bandstand and right behind them people would be dancing. I think a lot of things can exist, one with another.

"People really interested in music could use disco in a way to further the interest of music. I think you can use disco to make people more aware of music. Have something musically interesting happening. There are things a good musician can do, harmonically and whatnot, so that it doesn't sound too repetitious. People who listen just to dance might say, 'Oh yeah, listen to that.' They can be educated into liking things that will give talented musicians a job. The main thing is that there isn't anything wrong with dance music. It's always been there."

Fantasy: on Gary Bartz's latest release, *Love Affair*, he does a disco version of *Giant Steps*. A disco version of *Giant Steps?* Damn, it sounds good. The super-chic crowd at Studio 54 boogies to *Giant Steps*. Disco Coltrane.

DAVID WHARTON

Back at the interview, noting that aside from the tour with the Jazzstars and some other gigs with guests Donald Byrd and Tony Williams, most of his recent working groups have comprised younger musicians, I tell Sonny that some people would prefer hearing him with a group of his peers. Sonny studies the suggestion.

"Listen, there are a lot of young musicians who have a lot of energy and fire," he responds. "Besides, musicians have to develop somewhere. I can't play in what they would call now an all-star context all the time. You can't do that. It's not possible for a myriad of reasons. We did this thing at Saratoga with George Benson and Dizzy and Dexter and Herbie Hancock and Tony Williams—it's always good to hear and play with these guys. I enjoy it, but you can't always play with this type of group. How can you?

"In my present group, all the musicians are younger than I am but they're all seasoned musicians who can really play. Sammy Figueroa is one of the best conga players around, as far as I've heard. He's got a real elemental quality about his playing that I try to get out. I think everybody agrees that Al Foster is one of the best drummers around today; he's very versatile. My bassist, Jerry Harris, is fairly young, but he's full of energy and fire. Mark Soskin is the latest addition. He has the pianistic quality to put the right coloring around what we're doing and he's got the right spirit. He can play.

"Anybody who doesn't like my band, I'm sorry. I like the band and I'm going to do more with them. With this group, I'll be able to get closer into the musical worlds I want to get into. So people will like them, eventually. We're just ahead of their time right now."

"What about electric versus acoustic?"

"It's not about the instruments, it's about the people playing the instruments. If people can complement each other, well then, that's it. That's where celestial harmony comes in and that's music."

"Sonny, do you think the success of the Jazzstars tour was an indication that the audience for straightahead jazz is growing?"

"I don't know what the success of the tour means for straightahead jazz, whatever that phrase means. It's not about straightahead jazz versus another kind of jazz. I don't necessarily think the success of the tour means that straightahead jazz is in, or whatever, 'cause I can't relate to "in" or "out" anyway. They just seem to be media-invented terms; from a jazz musician's point of view, they don't mean anything. I've been around several of these cycles where it's in and out."

"Any thoughts on future Rollins?"

"No, I don't want to do that. I'm not here to try and put myself in a certain way. I know there are things I hear in my head and the more I play, the closer I get to them. I know that, but as far as saying what that is, I'm not thinking about that. When I'm playing, I don't like to pre-think too much. I like to leave my mind blank to a certain extent so that other things can happen. Experiences I've had are a great part of my music. I want to leave my mind blank so I can play my experiences."

"Well, judging from your work, they must be some pretty unique experiences."

As soon as I turn off the tape recorder Sonny relaxes, and so do I. Sonny Rollins obviously doesn't like being interviewed. His thing is playing the saxophone, not speaking out in print. Curious as to his reaction to certain tunes, I play a pre-recorded tape of my favorites. First up is *La Rosita*, with Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. Sonny listens intently; I can practically hear him concentrating. He asks me about the tune, having somewhat of a reputation for offbeat material himself (over the years he's recorded *Toot Toot Tootsie, There's No Business Like Show Business, Three Coins In The Fountain, How Are Things In Glocca Morra*, and *I'm An Old Cowhand).* I know nothing about the tune except that when Bean and Ben play it, it's magic. Then our listening is interrupted. Lucille is serving lunch.

After lunch, Sonny takes me out in the backyard to his woodshed, a one-room shack where Sonny does his practicing. Heavy vibes in this room. I note posters from gigs worldwide, stereo components and albums.

"You still practice, Sonny?"

"You know the answer to that. Of course I still practice. Happiness is playing the saxophone."

"What do you practice?"

"A lot of different things. Someday, I'll put them out in a book. No, a series of cassettes would be more like it."

Pausing for a moment in Rollins' musical sanctuary, we discuss what's been happening in New York lately. Rollins is right on top of the scene. He knows who's playing where and who's working with whom. He also speaks enthusiastically about young players coming up, notably saxists Rene McLean, David Ware (the New York-based tenor man who's gigged with Cecil Taylor and Andrew Cyrille), and Ron Holloway. I'm unfamiliar with Holloway. Rollins tells me he lives in D.C. and jams with Sonny, Dizzy, and Freddie Hubbard when they pass through town. Holloway also gigs with—are you ready for this—Root Boy Slim and his Sex Change Band. "I'm working on a saxophone concerto and I hope to bring him to New York to be part of it," says Newk. "I feel happy that there are always new people coming up. That doesn't mean that there will never be another you. It means that music is universal and completely democratic. I love jazz. I think jazz is the music of the future and the past and the present."

Suddenly we realize I have a train to catch. The station is 30 minutes away and we have only 20 minutes to reach it. I find myself in Rollins' Mercedes, with Sonny himself at the wheel. Somehow, we made it.

Back on the train to New York in the club car. One thing is clear. Sonny is a private sort of fellow who's really into practicing. A heavy woodshedder for more than 30 years. No wonder he sounds so goddamn good!

Rewinding the taped interview, I stop the machine and find these words: "I'm open to a lot of things and I always want to be that way. My expression isn't complete yet. Not as far as I'm concerned. As far as context and all that stuff, how it will be done and all that, that's just like life—unpredictable but steady."

A beer drinker across the aisle hears it all.

"That's heavy man, who is that anyway?"

"That's Sonny Rollins."

"Never heard of him. But whoever he is, the man sounds deep."

"He is." db

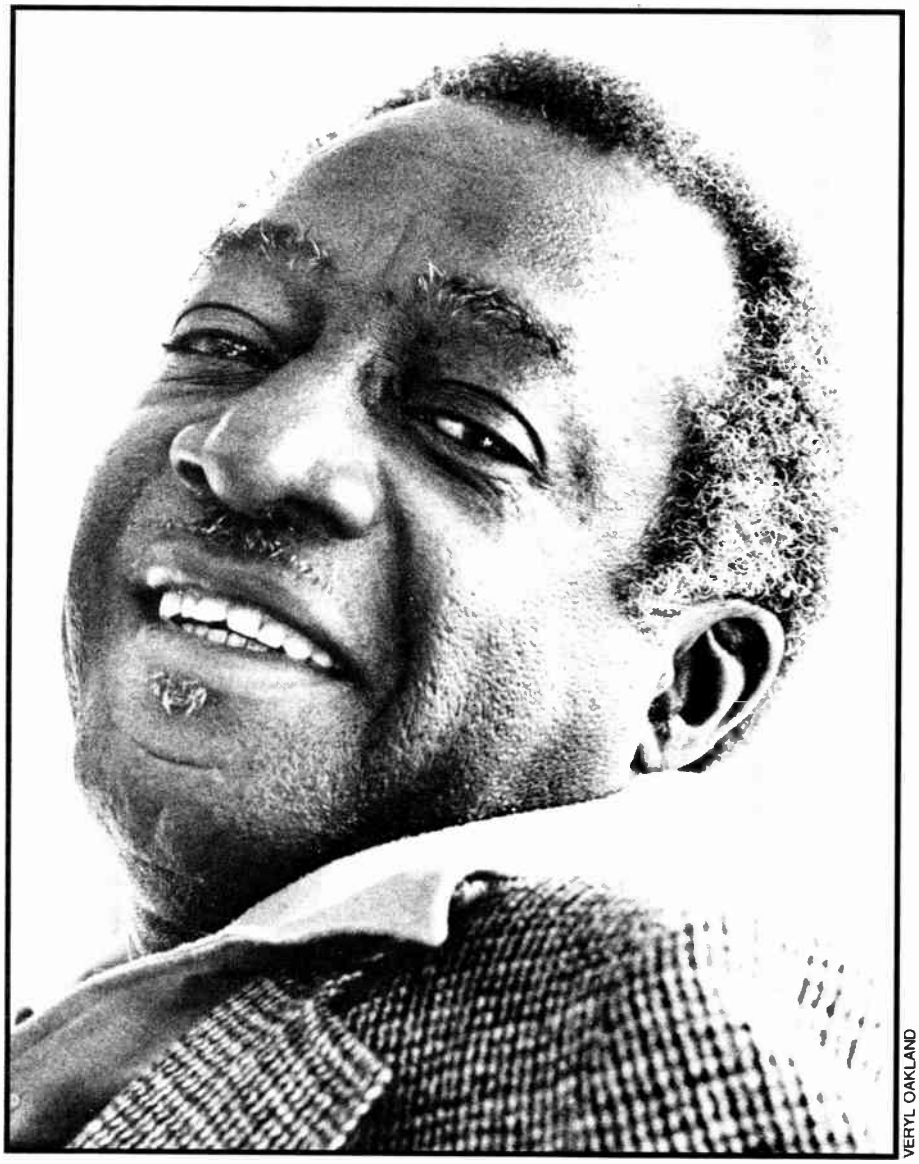
Milt Hinton

The Judge Holds Court

by LARRY BIRNBAUM

"Bass means bottom. It means foundation, and bass players realize that their first job is to support the musicians and the ensemble. Bass players know more about sharing and appreciating one another than any other musicians. In all my years I have never heard a bass player put another bass player down; they have great love for each other and they learn from one another and they share experiences and even jobs. That's why the art of bass playing has made more progress in the last 40 years than the art of any other instrument."

Milt Hinton should know. At 68, the dean of American bassists stands at the summit of a half-century career that has taken him from the speakeasies of Chicago to the pinnacle of the New York studio scene, from the height of the big-band era with Cab Calloway to the jam sessions at Minton's in the early days of bop. He has worked behind jazzmen as diverse as Freddie Keppard and Dizzy Gillespie and has known and played with many of the greatest names in music, from Armstrong, Basie, and Goodman to such popular luminaries as Bing Crosby, Barbra Streisand and Aretha Franklin.



VERYL OAKLAND

An exponent of the revolutionary stylistic innovations of Jimmy Blanton, Hinton has himself been an influence on other masters, including Oscar Pettiford. As one who has seen the bassman's art evolve from the even-tempoed quarter-note rhythms of New Orleans jazz to the electrified styles of today, Milt waxes enthusiastic about the current generation of bassists, citing Eddie Gomez, Stanley Clarke, Ray Brown, Richard Davis, George Duvivier, Major Holley and Ron Carter as personal favorites. He attributes the "fantastically improved" techniques of contemporary bass players to the superior and scholarly dedication of today's young musicians and to such technological input as higher quality strings and adjustable bridges.

Insisting that the vogue for electricity has not cost him any work, Hinton notes that certain tones can only be obtained on the acoustic instrument, adding that he's "never seen anyone bow a Fender," although he has no hostility towards the electric model, and has even dabbled on it himself. His own big, thumping tone was developed in pre-amplification days when a strong right hand was necessary if one was to be heard—the powerful plucking earned him the nickname "Fump" during his tenure with the Calloway band.

Since then the sagacious Hinton has become known as "The Judge." A member of his church board, Milt is a clean liver who admits to having smoked but a single stick of reefer in his lifetime. But as Cab Calloway relates in his autobiography, Hinton was a disastrous gambler until his wife-to-be cured him of the habit 40 years ago. Mona still controls the purse strings to this day: "I owe everything to her, my entire career," he says. "If it hadn't been for Mona I'd have ended up in the gutter."

Far from the gutter, Milt Hinton today is a teacher at Hunter College, a jazz historian and collector of memorabilia, a contributor to the oral history project of the Smithsonian Institution, and a co-chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. He remains active in the studio, as the house bassist at Michael's Pub in New York, and as a touring musician. He had recently returned from an engagement at Disney World with Hank Jones when I spoke to him in his hotel room above Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago, where he was appearing with Carl Fontana, Bobby Rosengarden, and John Bunch. The set I caught was a mainstreamer's delight, as mellow and robust as vintage wine, and the familiar surroundings of his old hometown seemed to bring a rush of memories as Milt spoke for an hour virtually without pause.

"Well, my name is Milt Hinton and I'm a pretty old bass player—I've been around a terribly long time. I was born June 23, 1910, in Vicksburg, Mississippi but I came to Chicago very early, at about seven or eight years old. My whole background has been in Chicago. I came up and went to school here; in the '20s Chicago was just a hotbed of jazz.

"My mother was a music teacher, just a home style teacher. I received my first lessons from her and then I studied violin at Wendell Phillips High School. An awful lot of musi-

cians came out of there; but I was there before Capt. Walter Dyett. When I was there a man named Major N. Clark Smith was the bandmaster, and the music teacher was Dr. Mildred Bryant Jones. I graduated in 1929 or '30 from Phillips.

"In high school I wanted to get into the band because they got to go to all the football games free and on trips with the team. First I took up the pick horn, which is an alto horn something like a french horn. On the pick horn you play the second part—oom pah pah pah, oom pah, oom pah—and then you learn to count, going one and two and three and four. It's a very good academic instrument, but it wasn't very glamorous to me. If it wasn't big, it wasn't for me. I went from that to the bass sax—about that time the great Brown Brothers were here in Chicago and had all of those saxophones—so I played that in the band for a while until I saw that tuba back there which was just glamorous.

"It was the thing in those days amongst families, especially in the black community, for girls to take up piano and boys to take violin. It wouldn't seem like in the black society that you would have so many violin players but in the '20s there was work for them. In Chicago, many theaters had orchestra pits and each theater had a band.

"There were loads of violin players working in the theaters and it worked out just great. The boys who had potential and who were into music typically took up the violin or the trumpet. Later they got into the trombone and things like that, but it was chic to study violin. Most of the girls would take up piano, which was the thing.

"Then in 1929 Al Jolson made that picture *The Jazz Singer,* which was the first sound movie—I can remember it quite well. Shortly after that, all theaters began to drop the pit orchestras because there was no need to have a show before the movie. Every theater had a trio that played music to the movie and then after the movie they had a big stage production, so they had bands and they had singers. Now that they had sound on the screen there was no necessity for that and in the black community, which was the only one I knew about, they just dismissed all the orchestras.

"So we had all these black violin players with no place to go. There I was, all ready to play violin, but I didn't know what the heck to do. Then Al Capone opened the Cotton Club over in Cicero and hired Walter Barnes' band, a black orchestra, and all the guys in my age bracket that were playing all these instruments got a chance to go into that band. One of the kids that I called my half-brother—he was really my play brother—Ed Burke, a trombone player, got a job in that band and I'm still delivering newspapers because I'm playing violin. I knew the music and I could read well but they weren't using any violin players. I remember how terrible I felt—at 4:30 a.m. I would be getting up to deliver newspapers and these fellows would be getting off from Cicero and coming down South Parkway, or Grand Boulevard as we called it then. (I might note that Martin Luther King Drive has had three names in my lifetime. It was Grand Boulevard when all those big mansions were there that were owned by the Armours and the Swifts. Then when the black community began to move in there, I guess it was no longer grand enough to be called Grand Boulevard so the name was changed to South Parkway.) Anyway I felt terrible about letting them see me with my newspapers so I would kind of hide in the corners and let them go by. This is when I really took seriously to studying bass.

"I had a tough time around here trying to get into playing because there was only one big band on the South Side of any stature and potential, Earl Hines' band at the Grand Terrace. And Earl Hines already had a bass player, Quinn Wilson. Before that he had Hayes Alvis, who had converted from drums.

"At this time they were beginning to stop using the tuba, although Hayes Alvis was a tuba player and he doubled. Certain bass players—like John Lindsay from New Orleans—were former trombone players. When the bands began to split up into small combinations, they wouldn't have but one trombone, so the lesser trombone players didn't have work. That's why a guy like John Lindsay converted to string bass; he was already in the bass clef with the trombone. He was one of the bass players I looked up to, and there was Bill Johnson, also from New Orleans. There was a big New Orleans settlement here.

"The first time I came on the job with a bass violin, some of the guys said, 'Oh no, here comes a guy with that bass fiddle,' because the drummers had been accustomed to having that big percussive sound—they still hadn't really converted. The drummers included Big Sid (Catlett)—he was around—and a fellow named Richard Barnet, with whom I worked when I was with Erskine Tate and who was one of my dearest friends.

"I later played with Jimmy Bertrand in Eddie South's orchestra—one of my customers on my newspaper route was Eddie South's mother. She paid 20¢ a week for the Chicago *Herald Examiner;* she was a very pretty lady and she had all these pictures on the wall of Eddie South. She said, 'That's my son, Eddie South,' and I said, 'Yeah, I know his name very well, I'm studying violin and playing bass in school.' So she said, 'I hope one day you'll have a chance to meet my son; maybe some day you'll play with him.' Her son was in Europe at the time making a tour with a small group; when he returned I was in his band.

"I got the chance to play in Eddie South's band about 1930 or '31. Eddie was the darling of Europe—he had been playing for the Rothschild family at their private dinner parties and all of that. While Eddie was in Europe, he wrote to a violin player named Charles Elgar, who was quite an historian and a fine violinist himself. Eddie asked Elgar to organize a band. We rehearsed with five or six violins, Ed Burke on trombone, Bob Shoffner on trumpet, I think Jimmy McEndry was the drummer, and I was on bass. We had all these beautiful dance songs like *Dancing On The Ceiling* and *Stardust,* and when Eddie came back we rehearsed with him, guitarist Stanley Wilson and clarinetist Cliff King. But nobody wanted Eddie in hotels like the Palmer House or the Edgewater Beach. It wasn't the time for a black orchestra to play that kind of music in those places.

"But this contractor, Sam Skolnick, had signed up each of us to a contract, each for $75 a week for 48 weeks a year, which was pretty good in the '30s. Eddie had to buy the contracts back from the musicians, for $300 a piece. When they got to me, Sam Skolnick told Eddie, 'Look, you're going to need a bass player—so don't give him the $300. Just keep him and when we get a job we'll use him.'

"Immediately we went to work on the

VERYL OAKLAND

North Side of Chicago at the Club Rubia. It was owned by the powers that be at the time—the mob—and was a very chic club, seating about 80 people. We went in with Spaulding on piano, Stanley Wilson on guitar, Cliff King on clarinet, I'm playing bass, and Eddie South is playing violin—we had no drums—and it became the big in-spot for people to come after hours to hear music.

"Ben Bernie was at the College Inn—I remember quite well because Dick Biele, the great saxophone player who now lives in New Orleans, was the top saxophone player with Ben Bernie's band. Biele's father was a violinist, so after hours Dick would bring his dad over to hear Eddie South. There was a big nightclub over on the North Side that had a band led by Ben Pollack. Jack Teagarden and Gene Krupa and all those guys were in that band and on their intermission they used to come over to hear us. We were really continental—we played everything from *Rhapsody In Blue* and *An American In Paris* to Eddie South's jazz solos. They gave me a chance to slap the bass; because we didn't have a drummer, I kept this rhythmic thing going where I did quite a bit of slapping the bass and it was very effective.

"We worked there quite a while, until 1932. The Democratic National Convention met at the Congress Hotel, and nominated Franklin Delano Roosevelt for President; somebody got us the gig in the Congress' lobby. It had a big fountain and we played music as the delegates came in from all over the country. Chicago was really the center of the universe at that time—anyone going between New York and California had to stop in Chicago to change trains. All business conventions were held in Chicago where people from both coasts could meet centrally. The hotels were buzzing, salesmen were here, and it was some place to work. I worked there with Eddie South and then we left thinking what to do.

"In 1933 Eddie and I went to Hollywood and we stayed a few months at a place called the Club Ballyhoo. By this time we had changed personnel—Anthony Spaulding on piano and Everett Barksdale on guitar. We played California and did some little transcriptions for radio commercials for hand lotion—we did a one-day-a-week, 15-minute spot, so we were getting into the commercial end of it. At that time a team that later became known as Amos 'n' Andy was beginning to get very, very popular, but at first they were called Sam and Henry at WGN. I remember seeing and hearing them and they were quite the thing—you could walk down the street in summertime and hear every word of the program, because without air-conditioning everybody had their windows open and everybody was tuned to hear this great comedy team.

"After playing California we came back to Chicago. Eddie was a dear friend of Joe Venuti, the great violinist who died last August. Venuti was with Paul Whiteman at the College Inn. Whiteman had a great singer, Bea Palmer, who was accustomed to singing to violin accompaniment. At this time Eddie South was at the Vendome Theater with Erskine Tate. Joe Venuti had decided to leave Whiteman and go out on his own and this lady was distraught. Joe, who to my knowledge never had a prejudiced bone in his body, had always admired this young kid Eddie South, and so he recommended Eddie. She wanted him, but Whiteman couldn't have that in his band—it just wasn't the time. So they put her on the stage and put up a screen, and Eddie South stood behind the screen and played the accompaniment for her. It was nothing really, it was the usual thing for that time, but it struck up a great friendship and love between Eddie South and Joe Venuti.

"When Joe Venuti went out on his own he began to play all these different country clubs around the Midwest. Every time he would play—the dining rooms of these country clubs became known as violin rooms—they would ask Joe who else they could get and he'd always recommend Eddie South. Consequently we got a little circuit going. Joe would do four weeks in a country club and then we would go in and do four weeks.

"Joe always left little notes for Eddie South in the piano or somewhere. Years later I got to meet him, and in the last ten years I really got to know Joe Venuti and work with him after all of those years of seeing those notes and knowing that he had recommended us for those jobs that had never been open to blacks before.

"Eddie finally saw the jobs begin to fade out for violin players as jazz began to catch on. Earl Hines began to go over and Louis Armstrong became just fantastically famous. Louis got a chance to make his first big tour and go to New York with his own band in 1934 or 35.

"So they were looking for a substitute for Louis Armstrong to put in a club on Lake Street, and they got Jabbo Smith to do it. That was my first shot to get into an organized band. I had been floating around and people began to call me when another bass player died or if there was nobody left on Saturday night or New Year's Eve, so I finally began to make good. I even played a couple of gigs for Freddie Keppard on 35th and State at the Binga Bank Building, and I played with Huey Swift, one of the first black trumpet players, who had a band at the Jeffrey Tavern. I also played with Bill Samuels, one of the officials of our union here in Chicago—I'm still a member here with a gold card.

"Jabbo Smith had a good band—Cassino Simpson was the piano player; Floyd Campbell was on drums; Jerome Pascal and Scoville Brown on saxophone; Tic Grey was one of the trumpet players; and Ed Burke played trombone—that was Jabbo's first band.

"This club was in the basement; during the day it was a bookie joint and at night it was a nightclub. Well, Jabbo Smith was a handsome man and the girls just loved him. I don't blame them because he was very handsome and was the most magnificent trumpet player I ever heard in my life. I can still hear the sound of the greatness of Jabbo Smith. He was so fluid, he was like a combination of Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, and Louis Armstrong all wrapped into one. He played fast, he played soft, he ran changes, he played anything with a cup on it, trombone, tuba, anything. He was out of the Jenkins Orphan Home. The kids there would have this little band that used to go around playing and begging for money for this orphanage. A great many black trumpeters came out of that same orphanage—Cat Anderson, and I think Punch Miller too.

"Jabbo couldn't make the gig on time. We didn't start until 11 p.m. but we had to go until four or five in the morning. The band would be there ready to play, and no Jabbo. He was living next door to a girlfriend of mine and I asked her if she would go over, knock on the door, wake Jabbo up and tell him that he had to go downtown to work. We caught him at 11 o'clock, still in bed, and we didn't have all those expressways like now so you can imagine that by the time he got downtown it was one o'clock. While we were waiting we jammed, and Cas Simpson, being the piano player, would write out the arrangements and have the band swinging by the time Jabbo got there. The guys and everybody at the club finally got kind of sick of that, so the next season they told Cas 'You got the band.' That's how Cassino Simpson took over the band; you've seen the pictures. I don't remember ever recording with this band though.

"I did record with Tiny Parham in 1930—I worked at the Mirror Garden Ballroom with him. I recorded with Eddie in 1933, I think, and I have some of those tapes and records. I did a vocal on one song that I recorded—*Old Man Harlem*—and it turned out to be the record of the month.

"Around 1933, Teddy Wilson was in town. We were gigging and playing little clubs around town and then Benny Carter sent for Teddy Wilson to come to New York and work in his band. When Teddy left, it just broke my heart because nobody sent for me. Then Keg Johnson, the trombone player, joined Benny Carter's band—about '34—and then I was really alone; my friends were all making it and nobody sent for me.

"By the end of '34 Keg Johnson got with Cab Calloway, who was doing great and was going to Hollywood. Cab started in Chicago too, at the Sunset.

"A lot of drummers in those days would sing. There were a lot of guys that were like pimps—they didn't really play good drums but they were good looking guys and they wanted to hang around clubs where they could meet all of these chicks and do their business with them. They would sing a song and snap a little on their drums and they would look all sharp and pretty and they'd get to meet all the ladies that way. So Cab became one of those kind of guys—he was good looking and his sister was a star, so that's how he got in there.

"But to get back, in '35 Cab went to California to do a movie with Al Jolson called *The Singing Kid*. His bass player, Al Morgan, was a fantastic visual player. He was really my idol; I used to watch him just to see how a great bass player acted, and that's what I figured I would be like when I grew up—of course I'm nothing like that at all. When they made this movie, the cameras would be grinding away and everytime Cab looked around, instead of the camera being on him it would be on Al Morgan, because he was a tall, black, handsome guy and he smiled and twirled his bass as he played. This got under Cab's skin because it was a little too competitive for him. But nothing happened about it until one of the producers said to Al Morgan, 'Look, you're so very photogenic that if you were going to be around here, every time we made a picture with a band scene in it you would get the job.' So this guy quit Cab in California and joined Les Hite's band with Lionel Hampton and all those guys who were established in Hollywood and he stayed there.

"Cab started back east without a bass player and my friend Johnson told Cab that if he was going through Chicago he should stop at the Three Deuces and dig Milt Hinton. By this time Simpson's band had broke up and the owner had opened a Three Deuces at State and Lake. Zutty Singleton was the bandleader and Art Tatum was the relief piano player there. When Art played it was my responsi-

continued on page 38

Building A Bass Career

CLINT HOUSTON

By HOWARD MANDEL

KAREN CHRISTENSEN

When trumpeter Woody Shaw had a job opening for the complete young acoustic jazz bassist, he called on Clint Houston, whose credentials for the position were impeccable. Besides obvious talent, a storehouse of ideas and enthusiasm, a resounding yet pliant tone and deft technique, the 31-year-old Houston, born in New Orleans, raised in Washington, D.C., and matured in Queens, has a classic up-from-the-school-and-neighborhood-bands background and the right references.

In today's progressive-bop combo the bassist must be ready to step out front, solo at length and with wit, perhaps compose or harbor leadership ambitions, as well as underpin the most harmonically adventurous solos, walk changes like a guard on the watch, strike free time, and hold an ostinato tight as the baton of a relay racer.

Pop music bassists may become known largely for their onstage antics or offstage notoriety, but in jazz the acoustic instrument, by virtue of its role in any functioning improvisational band and its own physical characteristics, demands of its manipulator a solid commitment, developed skill, the broadest range and best ear.

Houston grew up on casual jam sessions and party gigs—but many of his former playing mates are now professional colleagues. In his teens in the late '50s and early '60s, Houston seemed fairly untouched by commercial music of the era; he didn't mention either listening to or playing it. Yet when his amorphous band, the Jazz Samaritans, needed to include Latin repertoire for their partying audience it was "easy to pick up. We had heard it, we'd been to these parties before." In the last decade—the first of his career—Houston has worked continuously and seriously—in a house trio at Slugs in the East Village, behind vocalists Nina Simone and Betty Carter, with pianist Joanne Brackeen, and under Charles Tolliver's big band. He has anchored the combos of Roy Haynes, Roy Ayers, Tolliver, Stan Getz—and yes, he took Shaw up on that offer. In case you haven't heard that fiery quintet, on tour they're even more compelling than on their Columbia Records.

Clint has dabbled with electronics, studied his predecessors and contemporaries, surveyed, borrowed, and composed. He's become a teacher, an improviser, and a first time session leader. Clint Houston has followed his inclinations past standard middle class career pressures against the stereotypical uncertainty of the musicians' life, and he's met a measure of success for his decision.

"My first major gig was the summer of '69, when I played the season with Nina Simone," Clint said over cognac in spring, 1978, while working Chicago's Jazz Showcase on the Shaw Quintet's first tour. As we talked in a glitzy Rush St. restaurant bar, he pressed me to be accurate. Friendly, frank, and lowkeyed, Clint is father of a daughter (five years old in February), divorced, in touch with his parents ("My mother still calls to ask when I'm going to get a job"), and a science fiction fan. He had started piano lessons at age 10 and picked up on jazz in his early teens after hearing Cannonball Adderley's quintet over the radio at a favorite uncle's house ("My father loved classical music; that's what we heard at home"). Denied the pianist's chair in his high school band, Clint chose the bass as a goof but stuck with it, even outside school.

"I played in bands all through high school—are you familiar with Lenny White, George Cables, Billy Cobham, Steve Grossman, Charles Sullivan?" he inquired. "We all grew up together and used to have jam sessions in the basement of George Cables' mother's house.

"Everybody used to come down; when Cables started playing with Art Blakey, sometimes we'd use another good pianist, Joe Bonner. Artie Simmons was our trombonist, Vern Arskevella on tenor. We formed a group called the Jazz Samaritans, and we'd just basically groove. We were kind of copying Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers; we were all getting into writing and trying to learn our instruments. It was damn good experience, now that I think of it." Pinball machines shuddered, the juke box went disco, a waitress asked our drink orders, and Clint commented, "We didn't know if we were going to be professional musicians."

Clint credited Max Pollack, his first high school orchestra teacher, with showing him the right way to learn. "At least he didn't let me make any of the mistakes common to early bass players. A lot of players move their thumbs up the neck, flattening their left hand fingers; in the beginning that way doesn't hurt as much, and to do it the *right* way, thumb perpendicular to the neck, hurts a lot until you get used to it. Left hand technique is where you've got to start.

"The German position has the two middle fingers separated maybe a quarter of an inch from each other, the top and bottom fingers spread a couple of inches each way. In the Italian position the three fingers are lower, only the index finger is spread. I found a combination of both works very well in terms of articulation and intonation. They are strictly legitimate, classical fingerings, which I teach, and I'm surprised how fast my students pick it up and how well they do with it."

Houston kept hearing jazz through his uncle, an enthusiast who was an air traffic controller at nearby La Guardia Airport, where Clint liked to hang out. "The first two albums I bought were *My Favorite Things* by John Coltrane and *Nat Stan In Venice* by the Modern Jazz Quartet," he remembered. "If that's not two ends of the spectrum I don't know what is, but I loved them both. The next album I bought was one with Bill Evans, Paul Motian and Scott La Faro, live at the Village Vanguard. And when I heard Scott La Faro on those albums, I almost gave up bass completely—I thought it was impossible to do that sort of thing on bass. I listened over and over again and thought damn, how does he do that? I got so frustrated I went back to the piano, and left the bass alone for a while.

"Then a lovely experience happened. I went to Birdland, managed to sneak into the peanut gallery—there was a section roped off for people who were under 18 and couldn't drink,

which I think is an excellent club policy—and I got to see Eldee Young for the first time. And that inspired me. I don't know what it was about the way he played—just his personality? Whatever it was, he made that bass speak in such a way that it made me go back to the instrument."

Houston cited Young as "the classic example of a bassist with no left hand technique who plays the shit out of his instrument.

"At the time I didn't realize that he didn't have much technique; I thought from watching that he had all the technique in the world," Clint recalled. "I can't play that way—if I did, I'd never get anywhere, and I don't know how he does it. He's developed his own way of doing it, and I think that's beautiful. And I'll always love him; because of him, I went back to bass, taking it seriously."

He listened to Oscar Pettiford, and Israel Crosby in the Bill Evans trio. Of his peers, Clint said he "watched Eddie Gomez and Cecil McBee, their finger system, and picked up a few things in the front position that I've sort of incorporated." Now, he's pleased to give a lesson to a bassist while on the road, and at home he tutors four private students. Then, he was in for some heavy studying himself.

"I took some lessons from Ron Carter; for about two years I was in his parlor every Saturday at 11 a.m. It was really funny; I didn't have a car, and it took me two hours on the trains to get from Queens to 155th St. in Manhattan, carrying the bass on the subway. But it was worth it."

As the Jazz Samaritans, Houston and his friends were beginning to find work; when he was 19 they won the Jazz Interactions competition. His father had bought him his first bass when he was a senior in high school—"He realized I was getting sort of good," Clint maintained. Then Houston met an idol, Paul Chambers, just a few months before his death.

"He was playing with the saxophonist C. Sharpe, Billy Higgins, and I think Harold Mabern," Clint said. "Paul was the first person to pull me aside and say 'Hey, you've got a lot of potential.' He just sat me down and said, 'Do it.' All this time my parents had curfews on me—I was taking out my bass, trying to make music; it wasn't like I was out boozing, but the only idiom where I could do it in front of an audience was late at night; they were worried about school and all that. . . . I was in awe of Paul Chambers, I was like a little puppy, really afraid; I was playing opposite him with the Samaritans. He was drinking up a storm. He encouraged me to keep playing the instrument, and he was the first cat who ever did, and that was the only time I ever met him."

But Clint's parents sent him to Pratt Institute to become an architect, and he stayed two years, quitting to enroll in Queens College as a music student, and eventually taking a degree in graphic art from Cooper Union. Upon graduation he day-gigged laying out business forms. Saturdays and Sundays Houston formed the rhythm section with pianist Cables and drummer White for Slugs' matinees.

"They would sometimes have four trumpets, or four trombones, or altos or tenors," he explained with relish. "This is where I got my basics, because cats would call standards in weird keys sometimes, and it wasn't a question of 'I don't know it, we can't play it'—it was 'Play it.' There was no music to follow—we just had to learn, and by three or four choruses, we had the tune down, no problem.

"These weren't just neighborhood guys who'd come in—we backed Julian Priester, Curtis Fuller; the sax players were cats like Junior Cook and Jimmy Heath; the trumpet thing was Jimmy Owens, Woody Shaw, Freddie Hubbard and Joe Newman! Believe me, man, I learned a lot in those days." This lasted from 1966 through '68; Houston worked behind Simone in '69 thanks to her pianist, Weldone Irvine.

"It was funny how we all grew out of that time," Clint said of the period that began his apprenticeship. "Next thing, the bandleaders started picking us up. Art Blakey took George Cables, Billy Cobham went with Horace Silver, and Lenny White went with Freddie Hubbard. Steve Grossman, who came into the Samaritans at age 15 playing alto, sounding just like Bird, and a year and a half later on tenor, he sounded just like Trane—next thing I heard he was going with Miles Davis. Roy Haynes took me. I enjoyed that; we were in New York, playing a lot of clubs, and $110 a week was like 'Wow' at that time.

"Roy was really the cat who taught me how to play bass. It's true a drummer can teach a bass player how to play, that's so. He can teach you about time, how to pace yourself; it takes a lot out of you to play quarter notes on the same changes for 64 bars, over and over; it's not like being a soloist. The basic secret is to not think in terms of quarter notes; try to think in terms of *volumes*—grow bigger. Think as big as you possibly can, so you don't get bogged down in the physical effort of doing it.

"Of the drummers I've worked best with, Jack DeJohnette is my favorite," Clint allowed. "He formed a group with John Abercrombie, Mick Goodrick and me just after he left Compost, and we worked two or three months. I wonder how many people know how well he plays piano, and what a great composer he is. But as far as drumming is concerned, his feeling is right there. What I look for: if the drummer is going to take a break outside the time, if he doesn't come back in on one, I'm going to look at him like hey man, where was your mind? Don't you hear the pulse in your head? I don't care what a drummer does, but when he's coming back to play time, at least let him be right there, because I'm going to play *the* time, the DEFINITIVE time, and if he can't hear it. . . .

"My next favorite drummer is someone few people have heard of, Bruno Carr, who must have done ten years with Herbie Mann; I had the privilege of playing with him at different clubs around Queens, and there's nothing he can't do—perfect time, perfect sense of rhythm, of balance, of sound. Next is Billy Hart, and after Billy, Victor Lewis," with whom Houston works in Shaw's group.

"I got into free music for a while when I started playing with Dave Liebman, Richie Beirach, Karl Schroeder, and Bob Moses—we had an organization called Free Life Communications and we got a grant, so we rented a large loft space on E. 36th St., between 8th and 9th Ave. We put on concerts of our music there—it was pretty much free structures. This was in the early '70s. We did quite a bit with it, a lot of writing and experimenting, and the band did well for a while, but then again, everybody started moving and it broke up. The next thing: Liebman was playing with Miles, Bob Moses was playing with Gary Burton, Karl Schroeder all of a sudden hooked up with Sarah Vaughan, and Beirach was with Stan Getz for a long time.

"After being with Haynes about two years, I went with Roy Ayers. When I first joined his band it was a quintet playing uncompromising jazz; when I started, I had to play electric bass maybe once a night. By the time I left Ayers I was playing *upright* only once a night, and that's what I couldn't take. I liked some of the music and I didn't mind playing it, but I tell you, playing an electric bass does things to your chops for upright. It's very hard to readjust from one to the other, in mid set."

Though Clint now plays only acoustic on the gig, he is intrigued with electronics. "I used to have a Dan Armstrong electric bass, clear-bodied, made of plexiglass; the damn thing weighed 25 pounds, that's nearly as big as Gertrude, the upright I'm playing now. Gertrude was a find, man; somebody had left her in a recording studio to be sold. She's a Chusak, Czechoslovakian bass made around 1940, six years older than I am, with a spruce top, pine on the back and sides.

"Anyway, the Armstrong got ripped off years ago from my East Village apartment. Now Yamaha has given me their new Superbass. I'm convinced it's the answer. It has two separate pickups with four separate adjustments. I've tried some of the electric sticks and all, but I just can't do it, physically. It's not that it takes extra chops; I'm just so used to an upright that a stick feels empty.

"There are certain things you can control on an upright that you can't control on an electric, certain volume levels. I kind of like the way you can play an upright with pickups now. I like the E and the A strings set way up above the fingerboard, so that they resonate to get the low tones; but on the upper notes, where you have to articulate fast, it's better to have the strings closer to the fingerboard, because between hitting the string and the string hitting the fingerboard there's only a fraction of a second, but it makes a difference in terms of articulation.

"I'm using two pickups, a Barcus-Berry and a Polytone. The Polytone gives you all the bottoms of the instrument very dark, and the Barcus really picks up the overtones, the highs, very well. I have an Ampeg, two channels, and I just balance the two sounds until I get a sound I really like—on the top register I can get clear articulation without sounding muddy, on the bottom register I can get really nice lows. That combination seems to work for me. I have a little Polytone amp I use at home and for local gigs—it's nice and light—but for the road I use the Ampeg, because they're the only thing that can stand up to airplanes and baggage handlers—they're really well made."

From employer to employer, Clint recounted, "When I left Ayers I was with Stan Getz for two years. His band was in a transition period. When I first joined, the pianist was Albert Dailey for about a year; then I told Stan about Joanne Brackeen and he liked the way she played, so that worked out nice. Then I was with Betty Carter for about three months, with John Hicks and Clifford Jarvis. Then I went with Tolliver; that was two years, too, and that was a very good rhythm section, Stanley Cowell and Clifford Barbaro. Tolliver's band, Music Inc., managed to record two very good records, *Live In Tokyo* and *Impact*, with an orchestra [Strata East SES 19745 and 19757, respectively.]

"It's different playing bass with a big band," Houston advised. "You have to be very selective; the band is going to fill holes that wouldn't be filled in a small group. Plus, you may know the tune, but it may be arranged for a whole different situation of bass patterns for

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Explore Another World with Stan Getz.

Stan Getz and his new band, Another World, have just recorded a new two-record set in an out-of-this-world setting: Montreux, Switzerland. And the music is as breathtaking as the landscape.

Getz again breaks new ground. This time with electronics. But the accent is still on solid musicianship, not gimmickry. Here's a sample of what's been said about the music...and the man:

"Stan Getz is the master of the tenor sax. His new album is right at the forefront of tomorrow's music (as usual). Stan is a monster, the wild and crazy guy of the saxophone. And I love him."

Chick Corea

"Stan is beautiful and unique. His supreme taste as a person permeates his music. He goes right to the essence: he does not waste notes or words."

Wayne Shorter

"I like Stan, because he has so much patience, the way he plays those melodies—other people can't get nothing out of a song but he can, which takes a lot of imagination."

Miles Davis

Stan Getz "Another World."

Find it on Columbia Records and Tapes.

Tour Direction Stan Getz Enterprises, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York 10533 (914) 591-7020.

RECORD REVIEWS

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

OREGON

OUT OF THE WOODS—Elektra 6E-154: *Yellow Bell; Fall 77; Reprise; Cane Fields; Dance To The Morning Star; Vision Of A Dancer; Story Telling; Waterwheel; Witchi-Tai-To.*

Personnel: Ralph Towner, classical guitar, 12-string guitar, piano, flugelhorn, percussion; Paul McCandless, oboe, english horn, bass clarinet; Glen Moore, bass; Collin Walcott, percussion, sitar, tabla, guitar, mbira.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Oregon is in all respects a phenomenon. It has always gone against the grain, shunning common formulas for success. It has steadfastly refused to compromise its acoustic sound or its eclectic style. It has consistently maintained its integrity and its unique character. For seven years the group has quietly followed its own path, as if every album it made was shipping gold. (Staying intact for seven years is a phenomenon in itself.) Gradually, the quartet has built an audience for itself. More and more people enjoy this strikingly original music. And now, after a long series of albums on Vanguard, Oregon has jumped to a major label with broad distribution. It has indeed come out of the woods.

Oregon's music, on its Elektra debut, is stronger than ever. Lesser groups would stagnate after so much time together, but Oregon improves. The writing here is rich and varied, never cliched. The ensemble playing is extraordinarily cohesive, like a virtuoso string quartet. Each individual plays his instruments with imagination and solid technique.

There is not a weak cut on this entire album. Two of the nine cuts are short solo segments, *Reprise* (a piano etude) and *Story Telling* (a tabla demonstration). A few highlights from the other seven: Ralph Towner's pointillistic and percussive *Waterwheel* (in 11/4); the slithering ostinato in Glen Moore's *Fall 77;* Collin Walcott's mbira intro to *Dance To The Morning Star,* and his sitar solo on *Witchi-Tai-To;* Paul McCandless' faultless oboe lines on Towner's swirling *Yellow Bell.*

The quality here is remarkable but not surprising. This is Oregon's third five-star album in a row, each reviewed by a different critic. After years of growing, Oregon is mature, its music ripe. In addition, *Out Of The Woods* is well-recorded and nicely packaged. It is in every way a work of art. —*clark*

JOHNNY GRIFFIN

LIVE IN TOKYO—Inner City IC 6042-2: *All The Things You Are; When We Were One; Wee; The Man I Love; Soft And Furry.*

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Mads Vinding, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

It is an indication of the high level of creativity of Griffin that one of the long tracks on this two-record set (on which all tunes but the 3:46 *Wee* run from 16:34 to 19:19) is a ballad which is always taken at a slow tempo and which the saxophonist wrote. Further, although *The Man I Love* is taken at the traditional, for jazz, fast tempo, Griffin slows things down for a long cadenza which captures the wistful sadness of the Gershwin original. It is one of two long cadenzas on this set and each underlines the effective way Griffin uses both dynamic and rhythmic shading in his phrasing.

Griffin charges through *The Man I Love* with full assurance, finally coming to a halt for a series of a capella variations that shift from mellow lines to piercing cries to shouting blues. Then, with full backing from the trio, he revs up again, only to abruptly stop for an exciting, inventive solo by Taylor—a series of variations on ride cymbals and hi-hats and on snare and toms which lead into a weaving together of these contrasting sounds while he maintains a shifting, pulsating thrust on the bass drum. Taylor's drums here have a clear, rich tone, a welcome contrast from the dull thud of fusion and rock drummers, a sound that is only called for when it is needed to cut through dense, electronic textures.

Griffin also tears through *All The Things You Are,* literally shredding the phrases with quick splatters of notes. Sometimes he stretches out a note and then chops it off short in order to hurl out another tumble of notes. Suddenly this mad race ends for a cadenza in which Griffin's line floats without rhythm. A ribbon of notes are gently coaxed out of his horn with husky breath—lyrical phrases in the upper register, softly fluttering low notes, sweet but intense high notes. Then Parlan presents a vivid message made all the more urgent by his heavy chording with frequent repetitions. A hard-driving Griffin follows to trade fours with Taylor at break neck tempo. The effect is almost one of stop time, for as rhythmically pulsating as Taylor is, Griffin's drive is more strongly felt and it is the sudden halts in *his* playing that have the greater impact. During this trading the listener is pulled ahead with a quick series of sharp tugs that get more steady as the fours become twos and then ones—a brilliant achievement at this tempo with the two only once or twice overriding the other's bar. Then Taylor goes it alone, displaying not only his rhythmic and melodic skills on drums and cymbals, but also his dynamic skill as his fine touch makes the volume swell.

Griffin's ballad, *When We Were One,* is filled with sad reminiscence. But the suffering is expressed with beautiful lyricism and strength. Griffin's feelings smoothly pour out in one long unending line which makes it hard to tell where the written melody ends and the improvising begins. His tone is husky, sometimes soft, sometimes forced, but always warm and rich, even when he cries out high notes with painful sharpness.

As Griffin ends on this "hurt" mood, Parlan speaks up with bluesy lyricism. His notes are stated with slow insistence, punctuated by steady left hand chording. His right hand sometimes darts into the upper register and then tumbles back down in a smooth run. The gloom is ended by a moody yet spirited Vinding solo, preparing the way for a return to the sad beauty of the main theme.

Rarely are musicians able to hold a ballad together for so long, making an extended statement that develops so smoothly and consistently, with subtle changes in emotional content. But then, these are rare musicians.

Griffin's other original, *Soft And Furry,* is a poignant slow blues. The sadness of its first theme is underlined by the unison voicing of tenor sax and arco bass, with Vinding turning to pizzicato accompaniment behind Griffin during a second theme that serves as a bridge for a return to the first.

The draggy tempo picks up a little as Griffin cries out a tale of woe. But as he presses forward he gets more and more confident and warmth begins to enter his playing. Taylor flicks out a few sharp whacks, energizing the proceedings. In response Griffin begins to swing lightly. Then with rich left hand chords, Parlan spills out delicate right hand lines that convey a healthy acceptance of the blues. Next Vinding takes a gorgeous solo. His tone is warm and rich whether deep notes are throbbing out or high notes ringing out. He sometimes plays two notes at once in harmony, and even two lines simultaneously. Occasionally, alternating high and low tones come closer and closer together until they merge. Notes gently spill out or throb with insistence, but all these brilliant displays are part of the overall structure of his solo. Vinding never breaks the development.

J. J. Johnson's *Wee* presents nearly four minutes of straight ahead blowing by Griffin. It nicely ends a side. But his playing here lacks the startling and original consistency, with few falters, of the other, more challenging tracks. He simply tosses it off—although with a thrusting drive few can match. —*de muth*

FAMOUDOU DON MOYE

SUN PERCUSSION (Vol. 1)—AECO 001: *Saba Saba; Att; Oyekeye; N'Balimake; Olosolo; Scofwiefamuja; Pioneer Song.*

Personnel: Moye, trap drums, gongs and cymbals, congas, balafon, whistles, flutes, brake drums, log drums, shekere, bike horns, bells, hubkaphone, bendir, bongos, kalimba, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

JOSEPH JARMAN/ FAMOUDOU DON MOYE

EGWU-ANWU (SUN SONG)—India Navigation IN 1033: *Enu-Igwe; Egwu-Yesi Kipaleta; Egwu Jilala; Egwu Ping; Nanke Ala; Ikpa-Azu; Ohnedaruth; Nke-Ala; Egwu-Erosora Ekou Katah; Egwu-Tombaong Goudiaby; Egwu Ogotemmeli; Na Enu Igwe; Lobo; Ekpokpona-Ye Fai.*

Personnel: Jarman, tenor and alto saxophones, sopranino, flutes, bass clarinet, conch, vibraphone; Moye, drums, percussion, balafon, conch, whistles, horns, marimba.

★ ★ ★ ★

On Moye's solo album and the double-record duets with fellow Art Ensemble of Chicago member Joseph Jarman, the accent is on ceremony and celebration. The drum is the center of attention on both records, so even when horns are involved they tend to be played in a rhythmic manner—visceral and direct with a minimum of sentiment, but with a maximum of passion and humor.

Above all else, Moye and Jarman are musi-

cians who have an endless, childlike fascination with elements of pure sound. Moye's *Sun Percussion* is a multi-textured tour de force, incorporating sounds of the street with those of the jungle. *Saba Saba* begins with a solemn invocation of gongs, then takes a 360 degree turn into happy-go-lucky effusions on whistles and bicycle horn, redolent of the great Harpo Marx. *Att* employs the clanging sounds of hubkaphone with various ringing metallic sounds. *Oyekeye* and *N'Balimake* combine shakers, bells, congas, and voice, culminating with balafon tintinnabulation. Moye uses every part of his body and voice—he sounds like an entire percussion ensemble.

Side two begins with *Olosolo*, a driven conga workout. The climax is the extended trap set and cymbal solo on *Scowiefamuja*, with its clever use of silence and floating cymbal work. Moye displays considerable technique around the set, but he is more concerned with telling his story than in empty pyrotechnics. *Pioneer Song* brings this beguiling LP to a close with spacious percussion and oriental gong sounds.

Jarman and Moye's collaboration ranges from readings of the gossamer (heaven), to all out explosions of emotion and longing (earth). Earthiness is the quality that best describes them. That is the emotion they bring to this record and to the Art Ensemble of Chicago, much as Lester Bowie brings tonal iconoclasm, Roscoe Mitchell contributes minimalist ideas, and Malachi Favors offers bluesiness. *Egwu-Anwu* is a primitive's approach to music, and as such it might not be everyone's cup of tea. I find that despite occasional tendencies to meander, the music draws me into a whirlpool of sounds and feeling. There is a lovely China girl's dance (the vibes-marimba duet of *Egwu Ping*); Jarman's dark screaming tenor and Moye's lightning drumming (on the Coltrane dedication *Ohnedaruth*); a high-stepping African conga dance *(Nke-Ala)*; sopranino for belly dancing (on *Egwu Ogotemmeli*); Moye's three ring circus of sounds *(Lobo)*; the gentle epilogue of *Ekookona-Ye Fai*, and much more. *Egwu-Anwu* is a kinetic dialog by musicians who make a career out of mutual sound sculptures. They make you want to don war paint and dance. —*stern*

CALDERA

TIME AND CHANCE—Capitol SW-11810: *The Arousing; Reviviscence; Mosaico; Magewind; Crosscountry; Passages; Dreamborne; Shanti; Horizon's End.*

Personnel: Jorge Strunz, acoustic and electric guitars; Eduardo del Barrio, acoustic and electric pianos, Moog, Poly Moog, Oberheim Polyphonic, and Yamaha Polyphonic synthesizers, organ, percussion; Steve Tavaglione, flute, alto and soprano saxophones; Mike Azevedo, congas and percussion; Gregg Lee, electric bass, Moog bass pedals; Hector Andrade, timbales, congas, and percussion; Alex Acuna, drums (except cut 8); Roberto Da Silva, drums (cut 8); Luis Conte, bata, conga, and timbales (cut 9); Akim Robert Davis, bata (cut 9); Larry Dunn, keyboards (cut 8); George del Barrio, electric piano (cut 5), acoustic piano (cut 4); Charles Faris, digital aquasonic modulator (cut 9); Dianne Reeves, Michelle Wiley, Ella Faulk, backing vocals (cut 8).

★ ★ ★ ½

Musicians from Argentina, Brazil, Costa Rica, Cuba and the U.S. form the nucleus of this group, and Caldera crossbreeds fusion jazz with Spanish and South American influences. In concert they are percussive, electric and *louder* than on their groovy, mellow albums. But those timbale-propelled live jams help give Caldera their identifiable, third stream exclusivity, as do the jazz-flamenco guitar runs of Jorge Strunz. The more ethnic input, the better this band sounds.

Caldera's debut 1976 album on Capitol was a credible jazz beginning for the band, displaying considerable melodic strengths and improvisational tendencies. Public acceptance brought the slightly over-refined commerciality of *Sky Island*, and a minor retreat into the blurry mass of jazz-rock. While another South American fusion group, Opa from Uruguay, was doing mind-blowing things on *Magic Time* (Milestone M-9078), Caldera slipped one creative notch.

Time And Chance is smooth, perhaps too much so on the stylized disco gal chorus of *Shanti*, but much of the material shows at least a partial return to folk and classical textures. *Passages* is a colorful example of Caldera's expressive range. A spacious but energetic jazz-rock intro breaks suddenly into raw jungle percussion, Tavaglione's soprano calls out a haunting melodic lament, and Caldera shoots off in a different direction with del Barrio's keyboard mix getting heavy. A jubilant group dance pattern takes it out on Eduardo's Moog.

Equally variegated is *Mosaico*, where Spanish-inflected acoustic guitar intertwines with heady keyboard, bows momentarily to a sweet sax solo, then revs back up with the strong percussion section at full tilt. Strunz's solo acoustic spotlight on *Dreamborne* is a timely breather, and George del Barrio's classical orchestration and grand piano play on *Magewind* is absolutely gorgeous . . . much like Claus Ogerman's arranging for Antonio Carlos Jobim on *Urubu*.

These occasional diversions from the Latin-jazz-rock norm add to Caldera's compositional depth. The band is also cooking with more salsa on the hotter numbers, drawing on rich cultural backgrounds for at least some of their inspiration. It's only when trying for that Hollywood sound that Caldera loses its momentum. *Time And Chance* gravitates toward more substantial regions. —*henschen*

DEXTER GORDON

MANHATTAN SYMPHONIE—Columbia JC35608: *As Time Goes By; Moment's Notice; Tanya; Body And Soul; I Told You So; LTD.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; George Cables, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Eddie Gladden, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There is timelessness in the tenor saxophone of Dexter Gordon. He packs whole lifetimes of experience into each full-toned phrase, his Uptown suavité barely cloaking the blues-rich vulnerability that deeply laces his playing. In just those delicately breathy vibratos with which he often ends a tune, Dexter imbues enough emotion to touch even the coolest of hearts with universal warmth and love. Yes, Dexter Gordon is an unabashed romantic who has loved and lost, but has returned to love New York—and live there—again, and to share the well-mellowed essence of nearly four decades of blowing beautiful horn. The stories he tells are fresh with the glow of rebirth.

Of the three dates Dex has recorded for Columbia since his explosive return to the states in the fall of 1976, *Manhattan Symphonie* is for me the most satisfying and highly realized. *Homecoming* was a flurry of excitement, an event; *Sophisticated Giant* featured Gordon—however upfront—in a large group setting. But it was in countless blowing dates for Prestige, Blue Note, Savoy and, after his move to Copenhagen, Steeplechase (reissued on Inner City), that Dexter really cut his teeth, boldly growing in strength and the savoir faire of swing. On *Manhattan Symphonie*, he stretches out with infinite expressiveness and invention, as well as allowing ample space for his magnetic rhythm section. It is a mature, confident testament to the man and to his jazz.

The late-night lushness Dex and company weave into *As Time Goes By* is a pure dream. Gordon expands and stretches the melody—coaxing, teasing, nuzzling the after-the-show air—but he does it with such grace and mellifluous ease one hardly notices the changes. Cables adds misty filligrees behind Dexter's broad tenor. Here as elsewhere, the pianist from San Francisco displays his growing maturation after almost two years with a master.

Dexter's slightly burred tone on 'Trane's *Moment's Notice* is thick enough to cut with a knife. The band reads the changes beautifully in this relaxed yet entirely swinging treatment. Reid's subtly sliding, coolly sung solo makes it quite evident what bassist players like Eddie Gomez have been listening to over the years.

Originally recorded on Dex's *One Flight Up* Blue Note LP, Donald Byrd's modal-sounding *Tanya* gains a lightly funky treatment here, as opposed to the more boisterous romp of Cables' *I Told You So*. Gladden is particularly strong on both tunes, pushing the band to hearty statements.

To one who has heard him play it live, there is not much one can say about Gordon's tour de force masterpiece, *Body And Soul*. His unaccompanied cadenza is almost heart-breaking in its amber moods of triumph, defeat, cool confidence and open-hearted beseeching—the range of human emotion in one two-minute statement.

Dexter's *LTD* closes out the album, the tenorman plying brief teasers from *Mona Lisa* and *Jumping With Symphony Sid*, Cables harmonizing, echoing and thickening with well-placed comping. This is the kind of walking blues that could go on all night long—a 12-bar déjà vu of every last set at every club in every city across the map. As Pete Hamill states so aptly in his fine liners, "it's as if Dexter Gordon is taking all his young men on a tour of the city he conquered as a boy, showing them its lights and its shadows, playing tribute to vanquished legends . . . The piece stands as a coda to all that has preceded it." And so with *Manhattan Symphonie*. —*zipkin*

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

UPTOWN DANCE—Columbia JC 35415: *Uptown Dance; Pages Of Life; Smoke Rings And Wine; Baubles, Bangles And Beads; Favors; Nightwind; A Waltz Dressed In Blue; Angel Eyes; Shadows.*

Personnel: Grappelli, violin; Cuts 4, 5, 7, 8: Jimmy Rowles, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Jay Berliner, guitar; Grady Tate, drums. Cuts 1, 2, 3, 6, 9: Richard Tee, piano; Tony Jackson, bass; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Rubins Bassini, percussions; Claus Ogerman, conductor, arranger; string section.

★ ★ ★

There is a certain whimsical charm to the title cut on this pleasant Stephane Grappelli album. *Uptown Dance* is typical Claus Ogerman composing and arranging, a quadruple-decker sandwich in which slices of solo work are laid between layers of orchestral dough, bleached white bread for the most part. Ogerman has made it almost a formula. Compare *Uptown* to his title chart for George Benson's *Breezin'* album. The similarities are difficult to ignore—the recurring leitmotif, even the deceptively plush opening codas which have nothing to do with performances that follow. Aside from substituting one catchy riff for another (Ogerman does have an ear for simple phrases with sticking power) and softening the beat a bit, little changes. Grappelli's suave grace, however, makes it his own.

Although Grappelli and Ogerman set a nice tootsie tapping tempo at the outset, they seem winded by the second cut and never recover their opening gait. What remains is mostly a genuinely lovely album of faceless mood music, Muzak with class so to speak. Rowles' solo on *Baubles* is so thin you can practically see through it. There is taste, subtlety and cleverness but never passion. A handsome, superbly crafted carriage with no engine to drive it. —*mcdonough*

HAMPTON HAWES

A LITTLE COPENHAGEN NIGHT MUSIC—Arista AF 1043: *Now's The Time; Round Midnight; Cheryl; Spanish Way; Dexter's Deck.*

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Henry Franklin, bass; Michael Carvin, drums; Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophone (cut 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

The disappointment felt by some over the late Hampton Hawes' ill-advised flirtation with electronics was compounded by the release of *Live At The Montmartre*, an Arista-Freedom issue originally entitled *This Guy's In Love With You*. On that, the pianist concentrated exclusively on tightly-arranged contemporary material, which, for recording purposes, had been taped before a full house early in the evening. Later that same night though, with the tapes still rolling, Hawes returned to the stylistic approach most favored by his long-term fans. The audience had thinned out by then, and with his contracted obligations already fulfilled the pianist apparently saw no reason not to be himself.

Hawes had always been one of the more eloquent of Bud Powell's disciples, the crisp, feverish intensity of his master's touch being wedded in the younger man's hands with a pronounced indebtedness to pre-bop blues forms. This is nowhere more noticeable than on *Now's The Time*, Parker's famous line and the source of the r&b hit, *The Hucklebuck*. Taken at a bright, kicking tempo, this generous blues finds Hawes briefly paying tribute to early Hancock before launching into an unaccompanied solo of electrifying mobility. His evenly marked left hand bass lines offer a booting support, while his overall movement sometimes suggests such old-time barrelhouse players as Jimmy Blythe and Cripple Clarence Lofton. When the bass and drums finally re-enter, Hawes seemingly leaps decades to end the piece in an updated swinging groove.

Round Midnight and *Cheryl* continue to underscore the pianists' concern with basic bop materials, but *Spanish Way*, in its fleeting allusions to Hancock and Corea, is somewhat more of the moment. For many though, the prize in this package will be the final cut, *Dexter's Deck*. Gordon is in customarily good form, but with wisdom allows sufficient space for the others to be heard as well. Of these, Franklin earns the most respect for his well-developed, albeit lengthy solo, although Carvin's dependable drumming throughout should not go unrewarded either.

Hawes' musical fortunes may not have been particularly conducive to serenity, but there is no doubt that when he was playing the music closest to his heart, he was as free from torment as his temperament would permit.

—*jack sohmer*

PREZ CONFERENCE

PREZ CONFERENCE—GNP Crescendo 2122: *I Never Knew; Sometimes I'm Happy; Lester Leaps In; Jumping With Symphony Sid; Jumpin' At The Woodside; One O'Clock Jump; Just You, Just Me; Lester Leaps Again; Taxi War Dance; Jump Lester Jump.*

Personnel: Harry Edison, trumpet; Dave Pell, Bob Cooper, Gordon Brisker, tenor saxophones; Bill Hood, baritone saxophone; Arnold Ross, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Frank De La Rosa, bass; Will Bradley Jr., drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

RUNE GUSTAFSSON

MOVE—GNP Crescendo 2118: *Four Brothers; Killer Joe; Nuages; She's A Woman; A Child Is Born; Move; Feelings; Early Autumn; Father Bach.*

Personnel: Gustafsson, Janne Schaffer, Jojje Wadenius, guitars; Pekka Pohjola, bass guitar; Roman Dylag or Mads Vinding, bass; Ed Thigpen or Egil Johansen, drums; Jan Allen, trumpet (cut 2); others unidentified.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Originating in Hollywood and Stockholm respectively, these two albums have a lot more in common than might at first appear. Each is organized around a quartet of like instruments and a single concept: as directed by Dave Pell, Prez Conference consists of four top L.A. studio saxophonists playing the music of Lester Young, much as Supersax did with Charlie Parker; Gustafsson's group deploys four guitarists as a section but, aside from a pair of re-creations of Jimmy Giuffre's fondly remembered Four Brothers' saxophone sound, pursues a more varied orchestral approach.

As homage to the genius of the late Lester Young, Prez Conference cannot be faulted in intent, execution or repertoire. Arranger Bill Holman has done an admirable job of notating various of the tenorist's original lines from recordings from the late 1930s on and scoring them for the four-saxophone nucleus of the group. The saxes perform with commendable discipline and relaxed swing over appropriately supple rhythm section playing; chief soloist Harry Edison acquits himself with his customary witty aplomb, pianist Arnold Ross running him a close second.

"The Leblanc has a fat sound."

Leblanc Duet No. 4, featuring Pete Fountain

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

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

That's one of the things I like about my clarinet, too. My Leblanc.

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

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

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

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LEBLANC

Still, the results are oddly disappointing. The participants' undoubted sincerity and professionalism notwithstanding, the program rarely manages to come alive as fully as one might have expected, given its premise—and then primarily in the improvised segments by Edison and, to a lesser extent, Ross (particularly when he eschews his imitations of Count Basie and allows his own keyboard personality to shine through, as on *I Never Knew*). I find there's a bit too much looking-to-the-past reverence in the way Pell and his fellows treat this music. Leonard Feather's helpful liner notes refer several times to its "authenticity"—by which, I assume, he means both Holman's skill in transcription/harmonization and the saxes' fidelity/accuracy in execution—and this may largely be accountable for its lack of real excitement. And for all their obvious care and craftsmanship, these Holman arrangements are among his least imaginative, never really developing the harmonic-rhythmic implications of Young's music, particularly as it changed over the years spanned by this repertoire, or even deviating very much from the harmonization of the saxophonist's lines that has been established as the standard approach pursued throughout the set.

This conservatism, if that's what it is, extends even to the prohibition of the saxophone as a solo voice, all the solos being either by Edison or Ross. I'm not entirely sure of the reason for this—misguided purism, reverence, intimidation or what-have-you—but it strikes me as running counter to the very quality of unfettered self-expression that was at the core of Young's music and which allowed him to develop his own distinctive, compelling music in the first place. Pleasant music, to be sure, and admirably executed, but little of great moment is to be found in the minutes of this first recorded meeting of the Prez Conference.

For many years Scandinavia's leading guitarist and known in the U.S. through the release of several of his Swedish recordings, Gustafsson features a guitar quartet made up of Scandinavia's top players in a warmly appealing set. Probably only Wadenius will be familiar to American listeners; earlier he was a member of Blood, Sweat and Tears. Familiar or not, all four are excellent, often striking plectrists and their collaboration has produced some delightful listening.

Despite the presumed limitations of the instrumentation, the sound of the four guitars never once palls. For one thing, considerable imaginative resourcefulness in arrangements has resulted in a stunning textural and coloristic variety to the group's music. It is not locked into a single voicing, concept or approach to orchestration, as is the case with Prez Conference or Supersax, but rather approaches each piece of music individually, its witty, inventive and constantly absorbing arrangements stemming logically from, and amplifying, the essential character of its material. Too, further color has been insured through the use of additional instruments from time to time: Jan Allen's Harmon-muted trumpet, a la Miles Davis, tastefully enlivens the group's stunningly laid-back version of Benny Golson's *Killer Joe*, while several unidentified horns perk up Morris Albert's *Feelings* in just the right spots, beefing up but never overriding the guitars. The latter, in section or in solo, provide plenty of interest, investing the familiar (a crisp, exuberant *Four Brothers* and a lovely *Early Autumn*, both of which hew closely to their models) with as much freshness and excitement as the newly minted arrangements. Which is precisely what a group such as this—and Prez Conference—is supposed to do.

What I find most delightful about the work of Gustafsson and his men is the refreshing, enthusiastic sense of vitality, commitment and discovery that courses so blithely through their work in all of its aspects, arranged no less than improvised sections. It literally shimmers with delight upon surprising delight; the breath-taking double-time section that suddenly appears in the middle of the lovely, ardent tribute to Django Reinhardt's *Nuages* floors me every time I hear it, as I'm sure it will continue to do. It's just one of many such pleasures to be found in this absolute jewel of a set, as intelligent as it is warm and winning. And not just for guitarists either, although they will be bowled over by it.

For my money, this is the sleeper of the year.

—welding

MANU DIBANGO

AFROVISION—Island Records ILPS-9526: *Big Blow; Dakar Streets; Aloko Party; Bayam Sell'am; Baobab Sun 7; Afrovision.*

Personnel: Dibango, vocal, marimba, saxes, synthesizer; Alex Francfort, piano; Jerry Malekani, Jo Tongo, Bernard Torelli, guitars; Vicky Edimo, bass guitar; Freddy Nkounkou, percussion; Aiyb Diemb, tumbas; Claude Uamur, drums.

* * *

As the cliché goes, if you liked Senegalese saxophonist Manu Dibango's previous releases you will like this one, for it continues to a T the pattern he has established: blazing themes performed in unison by urgent overdubbed saxes, mumbled African vocal flavorings of apparently jokey, even goofy nature, and finally an ever-persistent, complex yet swinging rhythm that drives home the snappy tempos favored almost throughout.

Much of this travels a good distance. The twists and turns of the sinewy themes are executed with a precision and an abandon that would make James Brown nod with approval; Manu Dibango's darting sax colorations sting with David Newman-esque penetration; the mesh obtained between Dibango and his band is of exemplary intimacy; and the genuinely "high" and "up" effect of the album is a refreshing contribution, indeed, in these times when most other disco music strives with German metronomic skill to lay one prefab climax on top of another.

But behind all the excitement lurk weaknesses that may explain why recognition is still eluding this cosmopolitan artist who, after all, originated *Soul Makossa*, still revered as one of the first true disco hits in 1972. For one thing, Dibango sees fit to hoard all solo and lead voices, treating his entire octet as a mere backing group instead of allowing for the color relief a piano or guitar break could provide. It is symptomatic that the highlight of the album is *Baobab Sun 7*, where Dibango for once relents and treats us to a vibraphone lead as well as a slower tempo. Then, too, the unvarying pitch range and the relative harmonic poverty that continue to inform Dibango's music have yet to be glossed over by modulating arrangements—a perfectly acceptable solution subscribed to by most other non-improvising disco or soul instrumentalists. So the overall result by now is a somewhat limited and stagnant sound which, in spite of the many qualities mentioned above, is unlikely to appeal to most Western ears, except momentarily, as a novelty—as it did that day in 1972.

—gabel

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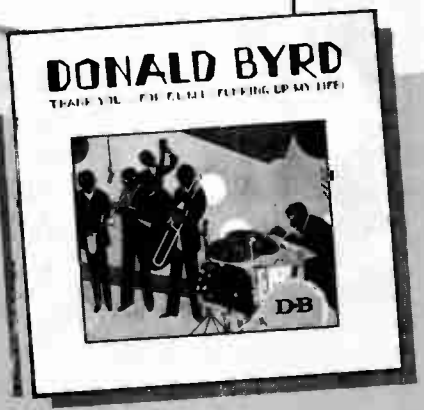

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CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND

SHINY BEAST (BAT CHAIN PULLER)—Warner Brothers BSK 3256: *The Floppy Boot Stomp; Tropical Hot Dog Night; Ice Rose; Harry Irene; You Know You're A Man; Bat Chain Puller; When I See Mommy I Feel Like A Mummy; Owed To Alex; Candle Mambo; Love Lies; Suction Prints; Apes-Ma.*

Personnel: Don Van Vliet (Captain Beefheart), vocals, harmonica, soprano sax, whistling; Jeff Moris Tepper, slide guitar, guitar, spell guitar; Bruce Lambourne Fowler, trombone, air bass; Eric Drew Feldman, synthesizer, Rhodes, grand piano, bass; Richard Redus, slide guitar, bottleneck guitar, guitar, accordian, fretless bass; Robert Arthur Williams, drums, percussion; Art Tripp III, marimba, additional percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Let there be great rejoicing among the multitudes of Beefheartians: the captain has returned to the land of the Warner Brothers. For some inexplicable reason this bizarre genius shines on this new LP after several years of uneven recordings for another company (Mercury). Now Beefheart fans who remember the past glory of classics like *Trout Mask Replica* and *Lick My Decals Off Baby* can once again look ahead to recordings by the Magic Band.

Beefheart is a completely well rounded artist who paints the graphics for his covers, writes music and lyrics, and sings and plays several instruments. His lyrics are to '70s rock music what Bob Dylan's were to the '60s. While Dylan is credited with being the first to introduce lyrics that dealt with politics and subjects other than banal teenage love, Van Vliet introduces lyrics that deal with subjects other than love or banal politics. Obviously not a member of the Woodstock Generation, Captian Beefheart is a poet who uses obscure metaphors and veiled imagery.

Beefheart's subjects range from traditional blues (compare to Robert Johnson's *Me And The Devil Blues* The Captain's *The Floppy Boot Stomp*) to infidelity *(Love Lies)* to a witty ballad that sounds suspiciously like a takeoff on the Beatles' *Rocky Racoon (Harry Irene).* Throughout, his lyrics are powerful and intriguing. Beefheart is adept at using words and images not commonly associated in poetry to describe and shape his stable of offbeat characters (e.g., *Bat Chain Puller*).

But this is an album of music, not poetry. Instrumentally the Magic Band is very sophisticated and a very tight unit. Tepper and Redus on guitars play a curious blend of blues, hard rock and jazz; opposed to the Southern rock (Allman brothers, for instance) use of twin guitars for unison melodic lines, Tepper and Redus utilize contrasting lines to create a satisfying tension. The percussionists' emphasis is not strictly on timekeeping though time is not free—no training (even Tripp's Boston Symphony stint) would have prepared these drummers for Beefheart's polyrhythmic demands. The captain's presence is so compelling—his Howling Wolf voice, his control of the band, his strikingly personal imagery—as to overshadow the more than adequate contributions of Fowler and Feldman, but there are no slouches in the Magic Band.

Each instrument plays melodically (including the drums) with everyone responsible for their own rhythm. That is not to say *Shiny Beast* resembles free jazz in any respect. The music is very structured but it seems to be built around the interaction of the artists and their ability to play together. Lines are woven and exchanged freely, with Beefheart as the single most cohesive factor. His vocals draw things together, making the whole sound work.

It is impossible to describe this LP without using phrases as meaningless as "excellent" or "fascinating". Let it suffice to say *Shiny Beast* is an important alternative to contemporary popular music. —*less*

NEIGHBOURS/FRED ANDERSON/BILL BRIMFIELD

ACCENTS—EMI Electrola 1C 066-32854: *The Little Fox Run; Adam's Rib; Our Theme; Knautschlack; A Skelett; Snales Pace; The Worm In Eve's Apple; Twilight.*

Personnel: Anderson, tenor saxophone; Brimfield, trumpet; Dieter Glawischnig, piano; Ewald Oberleitner, bass; Joe Preininger, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Neighbours is an Austrian trio led by pianist Dieter Glawischnig who teaches jazz theory, arranging and composition at the Academy of Music and the Performing Arts in Graz. Other members of the unit also have their academic creditials in order; Oberleitner, who was a member of Eje Thelins' Improvisation Group, teaches bass and analysis at the Academy, while drummer Preininger, who's worked with Joachim Kuhn, has a Ph.D. in classical philology and archeology and is a librarian at the Graz music academy.

Add to this setting Anderson and Brimfield, two important but lesser known products of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). In fact, Fred Anderson is one of its founding members. Both players, however, have elected to stay in Chicago rather than follow other AACM people like Muhal Richard Abrams, Anthony Braxton and Chico Freeman to relative stardom in New York City.

Glawischnig "discovered" Anderson and Brimfield while on a six month study trip to the United States. The only other American saxophonist he encountered who interested him as much as Anderson was Oliver Lake.

The pieces that comprise side one were written by Anderson and Brimfield and involve a group of shifting spaces and colors. Anderson's tenor sound is broad and strong and he likes to let his lines sail into the lower register; yet much of what he plays can have a haunting, almost plaintive quality while embracing the saxophone tradition of Dexter Gordon and Gene Ammons. It's freedom with soul.

Brimfield plays in bursts—fast, brittle lines with a sound that cuts air like brightly polished, sharply honed stainless steel. Throughout the recording the two involve themselves in a sort of circular interplay in which trumpet and saxophone pursue each other over the highly organized colors and dynamic textures laid down by the Neighbours. Recorded examples of Brimfield and Anderson's work is practically nonexistent (only Joseph Jarman's Delmark LP *Song For* features both), which makes *Accents* all the more interesting.

Glawischnig, Oberleitner and Preininger are superb musicians whose freedom is well structured but full of explosive energy. Dieter Glawischnig can be a percussive player—and a melodic one—who likes to build tension to dramatic climaxes. This record has its share of surprises, not the least of which is Oberleitner's solo section *(The Worm)*, based on what sound like familiar '50s rock and roll riffs.

Recorded last year in Germany, *Accents'* American distribution is vague, but the album is worth searching for. —*nolan*

WAXING ON . . . .

The Dedication Series

Volume I, Sonny Criss/Kenny Dorham: *The Bopmasters:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9337/2) ★★★★/★★★½

Volume II, Oliver Nelson: *Three Dimensions:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9335/2) ★★★★★/★★★★

Volume III, Shirley Scott with Stanley Turrentine: *The Great Live Sessions:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9341/2) ★★★★

Volume IV, Quincy Jones: *The Quintessential Charts:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9342/2) ★★★★

Volume V, Hugh Masakela: *The African Connection:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9343/2) ★★★★½

Volume IV, McCoy Tyner: *The Early Trios:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9338/2) ★★★★

Volume VII, Albert Ayler: *The Village Concerts:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9336/2) ★★★★

Volume VIII, Cecil Taylor, Charles Tolliver, Grachan Moncur, Archie Shepp: *The New Breed:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9339/2)★★★★★/★★★★/★★★/★★★★

Volume IX, Gil Evans/Gary McFarland: *The Great Arrangers:* (ABC/Impulse IA-9340/2) ★★★★★/★★★

With the release of the first nine volumes of **The Dedication Series**, ABC/Impulse has finally jumped on the re-issue bandwagon with a solid sampler of choice sides from the period 1956 through 1972. Centering on the watershed years of the early '60s, the variegated package assembled by producer Michael Cuscuna includes beloved classics like Oliver Nelson's *Blues And The Abstract Truth* as well as such overlooked gems as Hugh Masakela's sessions for the Blue Thumb label. The issue comprises a mixed bag of arranger's dates and loose jamming sets that range from the tightly plotted scenarios of Quincy Jones to the ecstatic anarchy of Albert Ayler, and from the refined elegance of McCoy Tyner's early trios to the down home soul cooking of Shirley Scott and Stanley Turrentine.

Although no attempt has been made to maintain a thread of stylistic continuity through the series, several significant themes do emerge. The mellifluous post-bop synthesis nascent in the early combos of Silver and Blakey is already ripe in the 1956 recordings of Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets. The harmonic innovations of bebop are melded into the sophisticated structures of the cool period and leavened with a bluesy gospel lilt to arrive at a formula which has dominated the postwar era right through the present day. This approach attains its most effulgent expression in the sleek charts of Nelson and Gil Evans, in which a delicate balance is struck between tonality and dissonance, discipline and dissolution.

The equilibrium thus achieved was a fragile one, and the seeds of its demise are already apparent at the same moment in the work of Cecil Taylor, presented here in a session commissioned by Evans himself. For anyone still doubting the connection between the new music and its post-bop antecedents these tracks are must listening, for they capture Taylor at the precise juncture at which he rends the straining fabric of conventional tonal structure. The accompanying selections by Charles Tolliver, Grachan Moncur, and Archie Shepp are decisively beyond the great musical divide, and yet from the perspective of a decade's passage one is struck by the rich historical continuity embodied in what some still consider an iconoclastic and even unmusical assault on hallowed traditions.

The first volume pairs a couple of underecognized and prematurely departed hornmen, altoist **Sonny Criss** and trumpeter **Kenny Dorham.** Dating from 1959, the Criss sides feature Wynton Kelly, perhaps the quintessential combo pianist of the '50s, in a relaxed and swinging set that glows with mellow warmth. Sonny's lustrous, penetrating intonation owes much of its pure flavor to the restrained timbres of the cool school, but his effortless liquid phrasing imparts a feelingful cadence that can squeeze juice from the corners of a ballad and render the most tortuous bop harmonics congenially fluid. Criss's debt to the Blakey conception is evident on his own *Sylvia,* which features the robust, dynamic blues lines of his alto emerging from a Bobby Timmons-like head. His balladic mastery is showcased on *Sweet Lorraine,* where his bright tone and mercurial agility more than compensate for his horn's lack of deeper shadings.

In contrast to Criss, Kenny Dorham was known as much as a composer as an improviser. Although he was a fluent technician with a warm and idiomatic sense of swing, I confess I have never found his somewhat lack-

luster attack particularly compelling. Such compositions as *The Prophet* or *Tahitian Suite,* however, exude an almost eerie familiarity and possess an uncanny staying power. This is the only waxing of Dorham's Jazz Prophets, a short-lived aggregation he formed between stints with Blakey and Max Roach. The laid-back Lesterish delivery of tenorist J. R. Montrose is a perfect foil to Kenny's own relaxed style, and pianist Dick Katz projects a pointed, original chordal matrix out of a post-Powell conception.

There can be little more to say about **Oliver Nelson's** *Stolen Moments* session, which features Nelson, Eric Dolphy, Freddie Hubbard, Bill Evans, and Roy Haynes in one of the most stellar casts ever to etch vinyl. A single listening is sufficient to imprint the contents indelibly on one's subconscious memory and it remains a treasured favorite in countless collections. From the opening fanfares of *Stolen Moments* through the irresistibly exuberant airs of *Hoedown, Yearnin',* and *Teenie's Blues,* virtually every bar of music is striking and unique. Remarkable also is the radiant solo work, particularly by Dolphy, whose incendiary pyrotechnics are rendered palatable even to conservative ears by the ingratiating context.

The second Nelson disc, from 1966, captures a more casual performance, one of the last he recorded before immersing himself completely in the Hollywood scene. Showcasing Nelson's incisive soprano work, the album can boast neither the memorable charts nor the formidable soloists of the earlier outing, but Nelson finds plenty of room to stretch behind the vigorous propulsion of Steve Kuhn, Ron Carter, and Grady Tate.

As jazz became more subtle, complex, and refined, an increasing audience began to demand the eternal blues and ballad verities in a more readily accessible format. The organ combo is represented here in a 1964 performance by Jimmy Smith's protegé **Shirley Scott** and her then husband **Stanley Turrentine.** Although the soul-jazz concept may be standardized and formulaic, Scott and Turrentine transcend the merely routine as they slide into an unctuous groove and cook all the way to the final bar. Scott elicits pungent shades of funk from her Hammond, extruding velvety chord voicings with consummate timing and intonation. Turrentine is in his element in these pre-synthesizer days, lagging soulfully behind the beat to simmer a delicate but tangy sauce. The endless 12-bar variations do eventually wear thin, and the duo is heard to best advantage on such balladic material as Neal Hefti's *Cute* or the familiar *Just In Time,* where Turrentine lopes through the changes with effortless panache.

Listeners only familiar with **Quincy Jones'** ubiquitous film and TV scores owe it to themselves to investigate these early sides from his formative years. A hint of Hollywood is already evident in the 1956 charts, but between the stock effects are many deft and original effects that prefigure the later Nelson sessions. An all-star lineup including Art Farmer, Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, Milt Jackson, Hank Jones, Charles Mingus, and Charlie Persip renders a gloss to the smooth, sauntering arrangements, which lean heavily on the cool sonorities of Miles Davis.

The burnished tones of Farmer's muted trumpet are spotlighted, complemented by Woods' lightly bopping alto and the insistent swing of Lucky Thompson's tenor. *Sermonette* is an appealing cakewalk on a Stephen Foster-ish theme, while *Evening In Paris* bathes in the candlelight of Zoot's romantic solo. *Boo's Blues,* a catchy original, anticipates *Stolen Moments'* voicings, but the ensemble shines most brightly on *Walkin'* as the brass gathers riffing momentum behind strong solos by Woods and Hank Jones.

Quincy's orchestrations have become even more polished, lush, and expansive on the 1961 dates, and the cast has filled out to true big band dimensions with star section men like Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Julius Watkins, Freddie Hubbard, Thad Jones, Oliver Nelson, and Milt Hinton. Whatever hesitancy may have remained in the earlier sessions has vanished and the group performs with a romantic verve that obviates the distinction between mood music and good music—contemporary MOR arrangers take note! The buttery harmonies are slightly overrich but hard to resist and Jones' proclivity for cinematic cliches is held in check, surfacing only in the campy treatment of the theme from *Invitation.*

Like Jones, **Hugh Masakela** has fallen victim to aspersions of commercial pandering, so it is enlightening to review his reputation in the light of these 1972 recordings. The affinities of Masakela's South African heritage to the Afro-Caribbean flavors of Rollins and Silver are readily apparent, and the vamping modalities anticipate contemporary trends. Co-producer Caiphus Semeny contributes such memorable should-be classics as *Part Of A Whole, Maseru, Nomali,* and *Maesha;* the only non-African composition is the striking *Inner Crisis* by pianist Larry Willis. Willis, like Masakela, was later to succumb to the lures of the marketplace, but here he underpins the proceedings with elegant Herbie-like fills and stately Dollar Brand-ish ostinatos. Hugh's countryman Dudu Pukwana blows a florid, muscular alto that blends with the fat smeary tone of the leader's flugelhorn to create fulsome harmonies that sing with bravura exuberance. With vibrant, buzzing timbres Pukwana outshines Masakela's rather limited improvising skills over a crackling, sinewy rhythm matrix.

Adherents of **McCoy Tyner's** current emotive pedal point style may be surprised at the dry sophistication he brings to his early '60s trio work with members of various Coltrane rhythm sections. While accompanying the master on his most cosmic explorations, Tyner apparently felt a need to step back and reflect on more traditional vistas. Although the composer he favors most often is Ellington, his pianistic inspiration is clearly derived from Bud Powell, with the decorative proclivities of Art Tatum much in evidence. Where Tatum flirted with sentimentality, however, Tyner retains an aristocratic reserve, perhaps out of a need to withdraw from the demanding passions of the Coltrane maelstrom. Breezing swiftly through thematic statements, McCoy jumps into complex streams of improvisation, investing the mostly rapid-tempo exercises with dramatic tension and subtle irony. Already his chordal voicings are distinctive and original, and with masterful technical command he refutes the contention of early critics that he was initially a mere cocktail pianist. If the spiritual commitment of his later work is somewhat lacking, so is the often bombastic heaviness that has marked his recent playing. Here he is the consummate classicist, displaying a streak of conservative formalism that infuses even his most

innovative excursions. The accompaniment, especially by Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison, throbs with controlled energy, and Elvin's brief solo spots are marvels of compressed intensity.

The **Ayler concerts** from the Village Theater and Village Vanguard in 1966 and '67 are of historic significance, particularly as they were unaccountably not previously issued. They capture Albert together with brother Donald, violinist Michael Sampson, and drummer Beaver Harris, among others, at a nodal point between his early free-form departures and his later futile forays into r&b. By this time he has forsaken all conventional thematic structure in favor of open-ended blowing based on the most elementary and child-like triadic motifs. Albert's peerlessly resonant tenor is instantly recognizable regardless of context, and the same can be said of Donald's machine-gun staccato trumpet. Sampson's violin and the double pairings of bassists Bill Folwell, Alan Silva, and Henry Grimes provide a densely pulsating, twittering drone effect to frame the raw, quavering fulminations of the Aylers. With the ingenious directness that saints and madmen share, Albert quotes snatches of nursery rhymes, bugle calls, and patriotic anthems in an attempt to achieve a universal spiritual transcendence. Between the strains of *Happy Birthday* and *Pop Goes The Weasel* he embarks on the ululating overblown timbral assaults for which he is best known, alternating between a ferocious low-register roar and a high-pitched strangulated cry. Notwithstanding his tumultuous spiritual abandon, Ayler maintains a sense of aesthetic discipline, perhaps subconsciously, that lends artistic credence to his most rapturous transports. His most fascinating performance here is on *Angels*, a tremulously intoned balladic duet with an unknown pianist, possibly Cal Cobbs, whose effusively rhapsodic keyboard strains dovetail perfectly with the exaggerated emotings of the quivering tenor.

The penultimate volume in the series combines the work of four pioneers of the new music, **Cecil Taylor, Charles Tolliver, Grachan Moncur,** and **Archie Shepp.** The Taylor tracks feature Shepp, Jimmy Lyons, Henry Grimes, and Sonny Murray in three brilliant compositions that were included in Gil Evans' *Into The Hot* album in 1961. The tunes take off from the premises of the post-bop synthesis and proceed to dissect those notions along the lines foreshadowed by Bird and Monk in their most prophetic moments. Taylor uses his piano like a scalpel, slicing through fragmentary bop motifs with dissonant counterpoint effects to lay bare the skeletal harmonics and refashion them with cubist angularity. Ted Curson and Roswell Rudd join in on *Mixed*, a showcase for modern horn voicings, but throughout it is Cecil's synaptic piano spasms that invest the music with taut-nerved intensity, a jumpy restlessness that reflects Taylor's hyperkinetic intellect.

The performances of Tolliver, Moncur, and Shepp were originally presented as part of a 1965 benefit concert for the Black Arts Repertory Theater. Trumpeter Tolliver was a noteworthy composer who walked a middle path between traditional and radical camps, retaining the discipline of "inside" structures while investing his creations with spare and forward-looking harmonic configurations. On the previously unissued version of his *Plight* the angular yet melodic outlines of the tune

are fleshed out with cool nocturnal sonorities by altoist James Spaulding and vibist Bobby Hutcherson over the supple rhythms of Cecil McBee and Billy Higgins. Hutcherson and McBee return in a newly released rendition of Grachan Moncur's *The Intellect*, a morose, meandering exercise in tonal shading that lacks the sharp focus of the trombonist's other work. Archie Shepp's aggressively earthy tenor spars with combative vigor against a dissonant wall of riffing horns on *Hambone* before sailing off on a brief but pungent solo excursion.

Gil Evans' classic *Out Of The Cool* album is re-issued here together with a bawling, riffing Kansas City-styled reworking of Horace Silver's *Sister Sadie*. Evans' unique gifts as an arranger lie in knowing when to lay out and let the soloists stretch, an approach best exemplified on *La Nevada*, where incendiary solos by trumpeter Johnny Coles and tenorist Budd Johnson ignite the already smoldering horn section and Evans goads the band to still higher peaks with spiky, exquisitely timed chordal interjections. The flip side is more heavily arranged with Evans' characteristic muted horn blends and modern harmonies creating moody metallic tonescapes of dreamy reverie. *Bilbao* transfigures a familiar chestnut with straining chromatic sonorities, while *Where Flamingos Fly* updates a New Orleans lament with a lugubrious trombone solo by Jimmy Knepper. George Russell's *Stratosphunk* opens with a shattering Stravinskian chord, then winds out into a relaxed jam based on a Lydian approach to the blues. *Sunken Treasurer*, by Evans, features smeary valve effects by Coles over a deep slow grind in the trombone section.

The Evans sides are paired with a 1966 concert recording of a special Lincoln Center presentation put together by the late vibist/composer/arranger **Gary McFarland**. The "Profiles" concert was scored specifically for McFarland's selected cast, including such notables as Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Bob Brookmeyer, Phil Woods, Zoot Sims, Gabor Szabo, and Richard Davis. McFarland's charts show considerably less imagination than Evans', but he does create appealing lyrical textures when he manages to avoid the tried and true. A slight amplification problem mars *Winter Colors*, otherwise an affecting mood piece etched with subdued shadings. *Willie*, built on a rich, swelling vamp in the trombone section, is the most compelling composition, while *Sage Hands* recycles Broadway fanfares before lapsing into a 12-bar jam. *Bygones And Boogie* trivializes the venerable piano-blues tradition, but from amidst its gimmicky strains leaps an incredible solo outpouring by bassist Richard Davis, easily the highpoint of the evening. *Mountain Heir* features guitarist Szabo waxing more Japanese than gypsy, and *Milo's Other Samba* concludes the proceedings with a routine mainstream chart.

If the remainder of The Dedication Series is nearly as good as the first nine volumes the entire package is a worthy investment, for it provides a thoughtfully chosen and diversified overview of the whole postwar tradition, with quality ranging from brilliant to merely first-rate. The cover art is decidedly unappetizing, but the annotation and remastering work is excellent, with many of the original liner notes included. A minor gripe is that most of the original album titles have not been listed, but otherwise it's kudos to Cuscuna for a job well done. —*birnbaum*

BLINDFOLD TEST

BOB MERLIS

JOHN HARMON

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Though John Harmon insists he is not the leader of Matrix (the unit is cooperative), he is not only the senior member but also the keyboard soloist, principal composer/arranger, and spokesman for this brilliant nine-piece ensemble.

Born in Oshkosh, WI, Oct. 25, 1935, Harmon graduated in 1957 from Wisconsin's Lawrence University. After putting in some road dues and spending eight years in New York (among countless other gigs he recalls playing on a now impossible-to-find Yusef Lateef album), he returned to the academic life and received his master's degree in composition in 1968 from the University of Buffalo.

He returned to Lawrence U. in 1971 as a teacher. Three years later, Matrix was founded there, consisting at first entirely of Lawrence students and Harmon. (Now five are alums.)

The band spent two years playing "expedient" top-40 material, and then, says Harmon, "We declared our independence." As a result, they didn't work for six months; then word got around that something new and creative was happening. Since, Matrix has debuted at Newport, recorded for RCA and, most recently, *Wizard* for Warner Bros.

This was Harmon's first blindfold test; he was given no information about the records played.

1. ADAM MAKOWICZ. *Cherokee* (from *Adam Makowicz*, Columbia). Makowicz, piano.

Hey, that's a delightful excursion you just took me on. Certainly the pianist owes a debt to Art Tatum, so, just on the strength of the technique and so forth, I'd guess (I've never heard this record) that it's the Polish guy, Adam Moskowicz . . . oh, Makowicz . . . because of the Tatum references. Just in terms of the musicality the guy's got phenomenal chops, whoever it is. To pull off *Cherokee* like that—with those changes, that tempo, and to make it work. . . . That's kind of a funny little style he got into at one point, but the stride stuff at the end just blew me away. I'd give it four stars.

2. WOODY HERMAN. *Aja* (from *Chick, Donald, Walter & Woodrow*, Century Records). Walter Becker, Donald Fagen, composers; Alan Broadbent, arranger; Frank Tiberi, tenor sax.

That's a tune by Steely Dan, I think, *Aja*, isn't it? I've never heard this album; the writing was very slick, to me . . . very nice, very enjoyable. Slick is maybe an unfortunate adjective, it has negative connotations; it was very liquid and very facile. Whoever wrote it—I'm going to take a wild stab here, some of the voicings sounded a little bit Don Sebesky-like. That's just what it reminds me of.

It was played beautifully; nice tenor solo in there. The guy who did the arrangement I'd give four and a half stars to just on its basis. I don't know who's got that kind of writing facility these days. It doesn't sound Quincy Jones-ish.

I'm just going to judge it on musical value and I think that with a tune like that, they did a very, very nice job of it. Well played, well recorded—the mix was beautiful. Nice use of the baritone sax at times; shifting colors, I love that, I always look for that in an arrangement.

3. BARRY HARRIS. *One Down* (from *Stay Right With It*, Milestone). Harris, piano, composer; Joe Benjamin, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

That little whole tone run at the end there . . . first of all, the pianist is definitely Bud Powell influenced. I just heard Bud Powell all over the place, so I'm gonna guess Barry Harris, because it sounded like his style and all that Bud Powell influence. The left hand in particular, that's so Bud-like. And, of course, all those whole tones at the end.

I'd give that three stars, because first of all I've always liked Barry Harris, and secondly, it was well played. But I felt that the piano solo never really got anywhere. My musical assessment would be that it kind of fell just a little short because even though it was fine bop playing, it didn't quite arrive at a nice crest anywhere, it just went along on the same plane. I would have preferred to have seen a little more crest achieved. But good playing. I don't know who the bass player was. He took a pretty nice solo. I'd say three stars.

4. PATRICE RUSHEN. *Play!* (from *Patrice*, Elektra Records). Rushen, keyboards Rushen, Charles Mims, Jr., music and lyrics, arrangement.

I'm glad that's over. That's slick in the bad connotation. That was really kind of a vulgar piece. I don't even want to rate it, frankly . . . I hope I don't know the people who were on it. I wouldn't even want to make references because I'm afraid some of the people I like . . . it's beneath whoever did it . . . but maybe that's all they can do. But it stunk.

What's wrong with it is, first of all, that overused funk sound or barnyard pop-pop-pop . . . there was no musical value to it. It maybe would sell, good disco material, people could dance to that stuff. The arrangement was just meaningless; it was very slick and very formula-like; all the funk and disco clichés were present.

What else? The piano solo was worthless. I don't know, it just made no sense except as a moneymaking vehicle. A rather dumb piece of trash that has no business in the serious market. So I'd rate no stars at all.

LF: It was Patrice Rushen.

JH: I was afraid you were going to say that.

5. THE CAPP/PIERCE JUGGERNAUT. *Basie's Deep Fry* (from *The Capp/Pierce Juggernaut Featuring Joe Williams*, Concord Jazz). Nat Pierce, piano, composer, arranger; Ray Pohlman, guitar; Frankie Capp, drums.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. If that isn't Count Basie, then it's a very good imitator. Let me just qualify the judgment: I think it's just a wonderful groove and I think Count Basie is such a giant. We've had the honor of opening for him once or twice. I count those as highlights in my life, just sitting backstage watching him. He's a beautiful guy; I've never actually met him. . . .

The band got such a beautiful groove going right from bar one; a really nice sax solo in there. And always Basie's band members are such impeccable users of dynamics. There's always a lovely contrast, crests are reached, and then he'll drop right back down to piano. And that economical piano style, those little holes that are left open for that little bell-tone—only Basie can do that and put them in the right place. If it isn't Basie, well, I'm a fool. But it sure as hell would be a good imitator.

I give that five, just thinking of Basie.

LF: That was composed and arranged by, and the piano and band of, Nat Pierce with Frank Capp.

JH: You're kidding! We heard Nat Pierce with the Basie band when Basie got sick last year, and he had all of Basie's little things down pat. I would never have guessed that he'd written that chart.

It's such a great band . . . such an imitation of Basie, though, the band itself—the guitar, rhythm section . . . and the drummer even was kicking like Butch Miles. Wow! That's quite a surprise. Still, my tribute to Basie stands.

6. VICTOR FELDMAN. *I Am Happy* (from *In My Pocket*, Cohearent Sound). Feldman, keyboards; Lilly Galiteri Fest, composer; Chuck Domanico, bass; Harvey Mason, drums.

Well, that was kind of pleasant, but it's not my cup of tea, really. I think it was well played; musically, I think it was a little bit on the superficial side, that kind of composition, it was clever . . . the song was all right. Occasionally the time feel got just a little bit pushed ahead, it seemed to me, and never quite settled in. And some of the syncopations that were being played by bass and drums weren't quite locking in for my taste.

I don't know who it was. That was certainly an interesting little effect they were doing at the end. As far as rating this musically, I wouldn't give it much more than two stars, just because there are musics that scratch the surface of your emotions; there are musics that grab your entire soul, etc., etc. This was more towards the kind of light material that generally bores me after a bit. I hope that's a fair assessment. It's an honest one; it doesn't make too much sense to me, that kind of music.

7. WEATHER REPORT. *Punk Jazz* (from *Mr. Gone*, Columbia). Jaco Pastorius, composer, bass; Josef Zawinul, keyboards; Wayne Shorter, tenor, soprano sax; Tony Williams, drums.

Well, what can you say about Weather Report that hasn't been said probably better than I'll say it? The only thing that baffles me about that tune—we could talk about structure, etc.—but I've always questioned the title of that piece, which is *Punk Jazz* I believe, Jaco's tune. As far as musicality, most original thinking, overwhelming musical group, it's Weather Report. And of course, we're very much influenced by them.

Anything you play by Weather Report I'm afraid I'm going to be overboard in favor of. A fair assessment of it would be about 50 stars in my book, because they just are the most challenging group in the world today, there's no question about it: Jaco Pastorius, Josef Zawinul, Wayne Shorter . . . I mean, how are you going to equal three minds of that caliber? And when they put their heads together on something—if you don't understand it right away, wait awhile, it'll come. A lot of times I've heard things that haven't really struck me right away, and I feel it's my own weakness and in time I begin to see that Zawinul's mind is hard at work, and it gets to you after a while; you begin to realize that you've been fooled all along. What seemed to be a superficial thing was, in fact, very deep.

To me, this is the band of the century. 50 stars.

PROFILE

GEOFF MULDAUR AND AMOS GARRETT

BY TIM SCHNECKLOTH

Back in the '60s, the idea of "synthesis" was a big thing in popular music. This atmosphere inspired musicians from all fields to embrace just about any influence that happened to come their way. A band like Mike Bloomfield's Electric Flag, for instance, could bill itself as "an American music band," implying that its music had achieved an organic blend of sources that made words like "blues," "soul," or "jazz" somehow insufficient.

It was a pretty grandiose vision, and few, if any, were able to pull it off. Strangely enough, some of the people who came closest weren't consciously trying. Otis Redding and Lonnie Mack, to name two, achieved personal, rooted, "American" pop styles that defied categorization, and they did it naturally, without affectation or a sense of straining.

As the decade ended and the '70s began, guitarists/singers Geoff Muldaur and Amos Garrett were members of two groups that made a pretty good try for "Americaness." The first band put out two fine records on Reprise under the name of Geoff and Maria Muldaur *(Pottery Pie* and *Sweet Potatoes);* the second group, Paul Butterfield's Better Days, placed Geoff and Amos with a crazed New Orleans protege of Dr. John (keyboardist Ronnie Barron), one of the '60s' true r&b innovators (Butterfield) and an energetic young rhythm section (Billy Rich and Christopher Parker).

Better Days was one of the early '70s' hottest rock groups (musically, not popularly or financially), possibly the best unit to approach the notion of "blues-rock." When it met the fate of public and record company apathy, Geoff, with some help from Amos, put together what Geoff calls his "eclectic masterpiece"—a Reprise album called *Geoff Muldaur Is Having A Wonderful Time.* Listening to the LP, it becomes clear that "eclectic" is too mild an adjective; the record is eclectic to the point of eccentricity. The sources range from Bing Crosby to Jackie Wilson, gospel quartets to '40s movie scores, contemporary big band jazz to jug band music, country-style waltzes to the blues. A listener hearing the record for the first time might shake his head and wonder (as some record company executives must have) how the minds and skills of two young men could have contorted into such a weird musical position.

Getting the answer directly from the principals isn't particularly easy. On this occasion, Muldaur and Garrett are taking a short break from touring and promoting their new duo album on Flying Fish (entitled *Geoff Muldaur And Amos Garrett*). They are both engrossed in the television image of mortal combat between the Yankees and Red Sox. "The Red Sox need me," Muldaur says only half-apologetically.

In between directing epithets toward Catfish Hunter, though, Geoff sketches in a little personal background—listening to jazz and blues records through adolescence in Westchester County, New York; finding Lonnie Johnson in Philadelphia; hearing the great bluesmen at the Newport Folk Festival: Son House, Bukka White, Mississippi John Hurt, Skip James. He attended Boston University for a while, taking in every gospel, blues and jazz act he could find.

"Then I quit school, took the train down to New Orleans, got an apartment and just lived there for the winter of '61-'62," he remembers. "I marched in the funerals, saw all the people. [Clarinetist] George Lewis was probably the most important. I didn't even know about people like Emanuel Sales before I went down there.

"I really learned a lot about rhythm while marching in those funerals. I guess next to Newport, that's the greatest listening of my life. I didn't play; I'd just grab a beer and jump into line. One time I grabbed too many beers and *lost* the parade. I guess *that's* drunk."

When he returned to Boston, Muldaur found the "folk boom" going full throttle in the area. Around 1963 he joined up with Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band, a "folk" act that traded in early jazz, pop and blues tunes. Geoff recorded a series of albums on Vanguard and Warner Bros. with the group, as well as a solo album of country blues on Prestige *(Sleepy Man Blues).*

After the Jug Band called it quits in '68, Muldaur decided to learn something about "communicating musically" by taking some courses in theory, piano and alto sax at Berklee College of Music.

"I took saxophone lessons from Joe Viola," Geoff says. "For me, it was mostly just a way of learning to read. I was a rotten student, but we enjoyed talking about Willie Smith, things like that."

In '69 Geoff put a group together in Boston including his then-wife and ex-Jug Band member Maria, Amos Garrett and pedal steel guitar player Bill Keith. After completing their first album, *Pottery Pie,* they moved to the burgeoning music scene centered around Woodstock, N.Y. in the early '70s.

A look at the tracks on the group's '72 album *Sweet Potatoes* gives an idea of where they were coming from—versions of Billie Holiday's *Lover Man* (sung by Maria with a remarkable guitar solo from Amos), Chuck Berry's *Havana Moon,* the Delmore Brothers' ancient country song *Blue Railroad Train,* the post-World War I pop tune *Dardanella,* and several original New Orleans-styled r&b numbers, complete with "second line" rhythms.

From there Maria went on to California pop stardom while Geoff and Amos hooked up with Paul Butterfield. "The only reason we got together with Paul in Better Days," Geoff says, "was that he liked to party and so did we. We'd always end up at some bar, having a good time.

"That band was a great experience; I learned a lot. Butterfield really taught me some things rhythmically. All those hooks and grooves he'd developed were incorporated into the group. The guy's phenomenal. From Ronnie Barron I learned a lot about New Orleans musicians, and they *are* a breed."

After Better Days' breakup and two solo albums on Reprise, Geoff eventually drifted into working in a duo context with Garrett, where Amos handles the instrumental virtuos-

Muldaur and Garrett

ity department. Garrett has been an influential and sought after rock-blues-folk session man for well over a decade now and is generally recognized (along with Clarence White, James Burton and Roy Nichols) as one of the prime developers and practitioners of the now popular multiple string bending guitar style.

Born in Detroit, Amos moved with his family to Toronto at the age of four. "I studied piano and trombone at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto," he recalls, "and took up guitar in high school when I heard the first rock and roll guitar players—James Burton, Scotty Moore, Chuck Berry.

"Previous to that, I'd listened to a lot of jazz from my dad's record collection—he was a fanatic '20s jazz groupie. Whatever melodic concept I have in solos comes more from Bix Beiderbecke than any other musician.

"I used to go to the Alan Freed shows, and I'd hang out at a place in Montreal called the Esquire Show Bar, where all the r&b groups came through. It was pretty easy to buy a drink in Montreal even if you were underage."

Amos got into folk music a bit while going to school at Wabash College in Indiana. By the time he joined Ian and Sylvia's late '60s Great Speckled Bird group (which, Amos says, was arguably the first band with a "country-rock" concept) he had a strong underground reputation as a major rock guitar stylist.

"Multiple string bending is sort of my trademark," Amos analyzes, "but I don't think it's really the essence of my style. When I first started playing rock and roll, I heard some Chicago blues players. And at the same time I liked a certain amount of country music—I was always envious of the pedal steel players. So I started experimenting with different string weights and positions, seeing if I could bend an interval up to another interval and have it come in in tune.

"It turned out that it was fairly limited—there was no way I could compete with the pedal steel. But I found that a lot of the shapes and bends sounded nice in blues, pop and rock and roll playing."

On a recent trip to Japan, where he is something of a legendary figure in pop circles, Amos picked up a new axe. "Ibanez built me a guitar around one of their stock models, and I went for the Artist model. I love it; I play it 99% of the time, except for the things I do on the Telecaster. I string them fairly heavy on the bass and light on the upper ones. It depends on the guitar."

The essence of Amos' style doesn't just depend on the strings and left hand string manipulation, though. One of the most distinctive factors in his playing is his exclusive use of thumb and finger picking for lead work. Combined with his sustained, string bending approach, Amos' right hand technique provides his solos with fluid, very vocal sounding lines that fit well in many contexts. On Geoff's version of the old Don Redman-McKinney's Cotton Pickers tune *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You,* for instance, Garrett approaches jazz soloing in a colorful way, pulling effortless dynamic contrasts from the strings.

"I can't really play modern jazz, Pat Martino-type things," he admits. "But I can solo around most chords in swing and pre-swing styles."

He does it on Maria Muldaur's 1974 hit *Midnight At The Oasis* in a well-constructed, evocative solo that *Rolling Stone* reviewer Jon Landau described as "mind-shattering."

"I liked hearing myself on the radio that

much, but I got sick of it after a while because it was such a big hit," Garrett confesses. "It was near the top of the charts for something like six months."

On the new Flying Fish album, Amos gets to show off his singing as well, turning his bass-range voice to a mixed bag of numbers that includes Percy Mayfield's *River Invitation*, Hoagy Carmichael's *Washboard Blues*, Chuck Berry's obscure *La Juanda* and Jimmie Rodgers' *Carolina Sunshine Girl*. Of the latter, Amos states that "I never owned a Jimmie Rodgers record, but I always liked his songs where he'd lean toward the dixieland type of playing. He would use a trumpet and a clarinet, kind of like half a dixieland front line. And those chords he wrote—it was the first country-jazz fusion."

According to Muldaur and Garrett, the idea of working as a duo was really not theirs. "It was the brilliant idea of the Japanese people," Geoff says in a mock serious tone. "They wanted us over there and they figured this was the cheapest way to do it. They're big fans of *everything* over there and they're totally discerning. It's like the States used to be in the early '60s.

"We're going back over there in March to make a record with Harry 'The Crown' Hosono, who is my hero. He's a sort of rock musician with some Oriental elements—he's into New Orleans second line feel, boogie woogie beats, some reggae beats. He's great."

Even though Muldaur enjoys some popularity among Japanese aficionados of American music, his recordings have always been a little too eccentric to score heavily on the Stateside market. The problem has been his choice of material and manner of performance; he deals largely with songs from the past that have a dated sound or inherent sentimentality that is confusing to the average, John Q. Public listener. The everyday rock record consumer often can't tell whether Muldaur's performances are intended as put-on or sincere homage. The truth probably lies somewhere in between.

"That's the key," he says. "One of the best things I do is create that confusion. It takes an intelligent mind to appreciate it." In jest, his voice becomes haughty and refined. "But with our educational systems the way they *are* today—brain power is not on the *rise* in this country."

Muldaur's voice returns to normal and his head turns back toward the television screen where he sees his beloved Red Sox being trounced. "I use that word 'intelligent' a lot. I know it sounds snotty, and maybe it is, but that's just the way I feel. Everybody's napping now. Something's going to happen; I don't know what it'll be. But if there's a musical scene *anywhere*—I don't care if it's Bagdad—I'll go there."

Muldaur's "confusing" musical approach is possibly most apparent on his 1975 album *Having A Wonderful Time*, on which Warner Bros. gave him nearly complete artistic freedom to play out his musical fantasies. The opening cut, for example, is a version of *Livin' In The Sunlight (Lovin' In The Moonlight)*, a ludicrously optimistic tune recorded in 1930 by Bing Crosby with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. For his version, Geoff enlisted Benny Carter as arranger and assembled a studio group of his jazz idols from the past—Doc Cheatham, Jimmy Nottingham, Taft Jordan, Benny Morton, Quentin Jackson, Russell Procope and many others.

"That session was dreams come true," Muldaur recalls wistfully. "That was a session where all the people from other studios were peering around the door, sneaking a look at these guys.

"We hired Benny Carter to do the arrangement, went over his ideas, and accepted and rejected—he seemed very nice about that. When we got to the studio, we found that he'd written it in a more modern cut time than we wanted. We were looking for an old style, like McKinney's Cotton Pickers had—where the drummer kind of plays backwards. Benny said, 'Oh, you mean "shovelin' *coal*."' That's one of the great expressions, right there."

Another track on *Wonderful Time* that many listeners don't know what to make of is *I Want To Be A Sailor*, a full-blown '40s movie tune from Miklos Rozsa's first film score, recorded with symphony orchestra. Once again, the Warner Bros. budget allowed Muldaur to realize a long standing fantasy.

"As a kid, my favorite movie was *The Thief Of Bagdad*, with Sabu. When I started seeing it on the tube, I noticed they'd deleted this tune. So I started telling people about it; I got kind of *weird* behind it.

"Joe Boyd, my producer, found out that it had been deleted for publishing reasons, but there was a print of it in London with the tune. So we flew over to see it. Later, we got a copy of the score from Miklos Rozsa and had the song rearranged by Harry Robinson, with some ideas of my own."

The result was a majestic piece of thematic music; whether the sentimentality of the tune seems cloying or not remains a matter of taste. It's true, however, that the song is a marked contrast to the album's other tunes, including a revival of Huey "Piano" Smith's New Orleans r&b oldie *High Blood Pressure;* Howard Johnson's thoughtful chart for *Wondering Why*, a Merl Saunders tune that features stunning work by Ron Carter; and an unusual rendition of the Jackie Wilson hit *Higher And Higher*.

"On *Higher* I'd missed a plane and couldn't make the session," Geoff says. "I called the producer and told him to do it 'kind of reggae.' Well, that was Bernard Purdie's idea of reggae at that time. It really wasn't reggae, but it was great that he missed. It's really a different groove."

The whole album may have been in *too* different a groove, since it didn't sell particularly well by major label standards. "The people at the record company later said, 'Look, we've let you do anything you've wanted. This time, why don't you let us get you a producer?' I said, 'Okay, I'll do anything you want.'"

The result was a pleasant, fairly predictable 1976 pop album called *Motion*. When it flopped, Muldaur went on to Flying Fish, a smaller, independent label.

At this point, Muldaur says he's in a developing stage. "I'm going to have to go toward a more composed type of thing instead of jerking off in the studio. I'm getting much more classically and jazz oriented, and I think I'm about ready to explore my own realm. *Chicken Stew*, on the new album, is the beginning of some craziness that could occur. The next one will be *Brains From Ants To Man*—it's coming your way soon.

"I'm just getting started doing my own little things here, but I figure I'd better get on with it. Nothing else is happening; I guess it's time."

Garrett shares Muldaur's disdain for current pop music trends. Even though studio work has picked up for him since his recent move to California, he's pretty pessimistic about the scene in general.

"It's the first decade in a long time in which the teenagers haven't invented a new music for themselves, to the exclusion of the rest of us—which is too bad, in a way. All these teenagers keep going to see aging rock and roll stars because nobody's come up with anything new.

"As far as the top of the pops are concerned," Amos continues, "the styles were all born in the '60s—heavy metal, California country-rock. And the older guys are still better at playing it. Nobody's come up with an unplayably different kind of teen music. It's getting kind of tedious."

Muldaur agrees. "Usually things are kind of a blur while they're happening. But things sure aren't a blur right now." db

CAUGHT!

JOHNNY GRIFFIN/ EDDIE HIGGINS/ IRA SULLIVAN

JAZZ SHOWCASE
CHICAGO

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Ray Drummond, bass; Keith Copeland, drums.
Personnel: Sullivan, trumpet, saxophones, flute; Higgins, piano; Dan Shepera, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

When three legendary musicians, all products of and contributors to Chicago's jazz legacy, return to the Windy City after more than a decade of almost total silence, it is an event. From the fans' point of view, absence keeps the legends from losing their luster.

Tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin went to Europe in 1963, and little was heard of his playing on this side of the Atlantic until the past few years, when Steeplchase recordings (Inner City) such as the super *Blues For Harvey* began to get wide U.S. distribution.

When trumpeter and multi-reed player Ira Sullivan lived and played in Chicago, he rarely left town. And when he did leave—settling in Florida—he didn't come back. Jazz promoter Joe Segal, who books the Jazz Showcase and conceived the idea of featuring a month of music by people who came up in the Second City, had tried for years to coax Sullivan away from Miami. No dice—until last year, for a gigantic tribute to Segal's 30 years of struggling and scuffling to keep jazz alive and visible in this city. Having gotten a taste of travel, Sullivan came back again this year for a whole month to play opposite a series of other Chicago-grown players.

For years, Eddie Higgins was the house pianist at the late, great jazz show place called the London House. He always had plenty of work around town so there was no need to go anywhere else. But times change, and the London House is now a Burger King. So Higgins, like Sullivan, headed for the warmer climate of Florida.

The Sullivan-Higgins unit with bassist Dan Shepera and bop-based drummer Wilbur Campbell, something of local legend himself, kicked off the set with a blistering rendition of *It's You Or No One*. Opening on trumpet, Sullivan displayed his brilliant Clifford Brown-Booker Little post-bop style that he nurtured during the '50s in Chicago in the company of players such as bassist Wilbur Ware and the late tenor saxophonist Nicky Hill. Sullivan's phrases are fast, sharp and often explosive. He swings mightily and is in complete command.

Sullivan moved through Monk compositions, Fats Waller's *Jitterbug Waltz* and *Girl From Ipanema*, alternating among soprano sax, flute, tenor sax and trumpet with ease, and giving each a touch and understanding that exploits the potential and limitation of each horn.

Higgins' style is relaxed and swinging, with an easy delicacy about it that reminds one of Hank Jones or Bill Evans. Shepera, a fine Chicago session player, was in prime form, while Campbell was at times nothing but astonishing, dividing and subdividing rhythmic patterns through the components of his drum set with a natural, logical flow.

Johnny Griffin's visitation on tenor was a firestorm, a delightful wind-whipped furnace of big, gutsy tenor saxophone played as only Griffin can. Running through changes in double and often triple time, he can hurl more notes and ideas into a small space than anyone around. The Little Giant is all energy; he takes on a fast blues like his *Blues For Harvey*, and gives you a quick course in its wild possibilities. The saxophonist's set included a superb rendering of *Autumn Leaves*, of which critic John Litweiler later observed, "If Beethoven had been a bopper he would have approved." The set also included *Soft And Furry*, on which the theme was stated with saxophone and bowed bass, and a complex *Monk's Dream*.

The Showcase was packed with an enthusiastic crowd of fans, friends and musicians.

On this particular night, the magic was taped for National Public Radio's "Jazz Alive." The program will be released to local stations on January 21; it can be heard around the country at different times in the two weeks following release. Joe Segal served as producer of the show. NPR's man in D.C., Richard Spring, advises that this was the first time a club owner has done the taping, mixing, etc. for the popular program.

It was too bad that Sullivan and Griffin

could only share the bandstand for the four nights Griffin was in Chicago. As a result, the reunion felt incomplete. —*herb nolan*

FRANK ROSOLINO

PASQUALE'S
LOS ANGELES

Personnel: Rosolino, trombone; Larry Willis, piano; Roy McCurdy, drums; Pat Senatore, bass.

The following review, written several months before his death, testifies to Mr. Rosolino's creative, life-affirming work, which perhaps will overshadow his tragic end.

The impact of straightahead bebop is often diminished by historical familiarity that encrusts the time-honored tunes, the standard melodic-harmonic-rhythmic formats of those tunes, and perhaps even by the personal perspective of the artist himself, especially if that artist has long been recognized as an established musical heavyweight.

One of the signs of a gifted professional is the ability to crack through those walls, and to infuse the tried-and-the-true with new vitality, startling twists of perspective, and fresh emotional zing. Frank Rosolino can do it.

Rosolino has been applauded internationally for his work with Stan Kenton's big band in the '50s; his studio and film work (*Man With The Golden Arm, Sweet Smell Of Success*); and his more recent contributions to Supersax and his own groups.

Now 52, Rosolino must have played the four tunes included in his opening set at Pasquale's at least a thousand times. He made them sound as fresh and vibrant as new love at first sight.

Rosolino well deserves his reputation as one of the fastest single-tongues in the West. On the opening chorus of *Days Of Wine And Roses* in the very first set, he moved easily from the sensitively lyrical to the sensationally convoluted.

Pianist Larry Willis, known for his recent work with Hugh Masakela/Herb Alpert, and his past work with Stan Getz, Kai Winding (three years), and Blood Sweat & Tears (six-and-a-half years), alternated in his solo between butterfly linear improvisations and thick, rhythmically free chordal clusters. He and drummer Roy McCurdy (12 years with Cannonball Adderley) double-timed at one point, racing over the straight-time walking bass figures of Pat Senatore, who also owns and operates Pasquale's in Malibu.

Well-known for his stage humor, Rosolino announced the Jobim/Bonfa tune, *Manhu de Carnaval*, by quipping, "It's a bassa-nova [sic], written by a fisherman."

After stating the theme, Rosolino was off and flying. He has always had the stunning fluidity of a tenor sax; he has always been flamboyant, even if at times superficial. Here, however, he injected an emotional muscularity, intensity and depth into the music as well.

His improvised lines were consistently exciting. He set up an idea; he developed and expanded it; his cappers inevitably startled and surprised. Through the hindsight provided by the mind's ear, they also proved structurally sound and intellectually satisfying.

On "that old standard called *Flesh And Bones*—never heard of it, huh?—okay, *Body And Soul*," Rosolino again leaped from one register to another, constantly twisting and surprising, but never losing the fundamentally introspective character of the piece itself.

While Roy McCurdy often proved too loud for the size of the room, he was in his element during the aggressive Sonny Rollins bopper, *Honeymoon For Two*. He played with restrained power, top-notch chops, and finesse.

Part of the excitement of the set derived from the at-home ambience of the room itself, a room visiting jazz buffs should know about.

One of the newer jazz clubs in the area, Pasquale's sits right above the Pacific sands of Malibu. The sliding glass doors open on to a viewing deck. The waves slip in and out under the deck and accompany the musicians. Plants hang from the ceiling; flowers in crystal glasses decorate the tables; wooden beams criss-cross the walls; and—not least—the acoustic grand piano is well-tuned. Pasquale's has a living room atmosphere that is hip, classy, and casual.

It's a shame they had to do it, but Rosolino, Willis, Senatore and McCurdy also proved that another sign of a gifted pro is his ability to play inspiring, emotionally-charged music, even in the face of an all-but-empty house.

Too bad, because the club itself is a gem, and the Rosolino brand of bebop, recorded on a new, as-yet-untitled quartet LP for Dobre Records, is not to be denied. Five stars all around. —*lee underwood*

GIL SCOTT-HERON/ BRIAN JACKSON/ MIDNIGHT BAND

AVERY FISHER HALL
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Scott-Heron, lead vocals, electric piano; Jackson, keyboards, synthesizers, flute; Carl Cornwell, tenor saxophone, flute, electric piano; Barnett "The Doctor" Williams, percussion; Siggy Dillard, bass; Tony Green, drums; Karen Holland and Chi-cas, background vocals.

Gil Scott-Heron does not cross over or fuse, yet his albums are consistently among the most popular commercial jazz releases. Even the fact that Arista rarely buys advertisements for him doesn't prevent sellouts at every concert I've ever seen him perform.

Indeed, Lincoln Center was packed on Halloween eve to welcome Scott-Heron and band back to Avery Fisher, where they had SRO-ed exactly one year before. They responded dutifully with their ever-increasing bag of tricks.

First apparent was that Scott-Heron, Brian Jackson and Barnett Williams now form the nucleus of the group, for everyone else on stage was new to both the band and crowd. The most notable changes were Carl Cornwell replacing Bilal Sunni-Ali on tenor, the absense of trumpeter Delbert Taylor and percussionist Tony Duncanson, and the introduction of two lady vocalists. Also worth mentioning is Jackson's new-found penchant for synthesizers, three of which jammed his area on the platform.

All the material, except for the trademark finale, *The Bottle*, was drafted from their two most recent LPs, *Bridges* and *Secrets*. For those not yet familiar with the latter album, the exclusion of favorites like *Johannesberg* and *Winter In America* might have been a disappointment.

From the onset, Scott-Heron kept with his

tradition as a funk-folk minstrel by explaining each number before driving into it. *95 South*, a tale dedicated to an aged civil rights leader in Mississippi, was prefaced with this sardonic remark: "When I was growing up in Tennessee, we had a joke that went: What has four eyes and can't see? . . . Mississippi." This sort of running commentary makes a Gil Scott-Heron concert always a unique, if not an extraordinary affair.

Musically, however, the band seemed somewhat lacking the spirit and tightness of prior performances I had seen. Not until the very end—with the aid of a magnificent free-form dance and percussion display by Williams—did the band rouse the attentive (but not very excited) crowd to their feet. In the past, that has been accomplished easily.

At its most percussive, the Midnight Band is capable of matching the best street-corner efforts that Earth, Wind & Fire, War or George Duke can provide. Spearheaded by Williams, who continued to prove himself as the most underrated percussionist in the business, and Scott-Heron, who during one feverish jam strolled the aisle shaking the gourd-like shekere in both hands, the band can light the urban fire in the remotest of locales. The problem this evening was not the quality of the players, but the shortage of them in the large hall.

But the loss instrumentally was gained back vocally by the background duo of Karen Holland and Chi-cas, who created a gospel environment every time they wailed. Not since Victor Brown left the group two years ago has Scott-Heron's baritone been complemented by harmonizing of higher-range voices. It is a welcome return.

Seven tunes from the beginning, Scott-Heron asked the audience if they were "ready to celebrate," and once receiving their approval ceremoniously broke into *The Bottle*. Fifteen minutes later, with the show over and spectators filing to the exits, I sat stunned in my seat, amazed at how the song keeps getting better and better. The interplay between Scott-Heron and Williams is among the most sincere and explosive of our time.

Backstage, I complimented Williams on his performance and asked how many times had he played *The Bottle*. He counted with his fingers, "120 times a year for the last five years. You figure it out." I was pleased to have seen Gil Scott-Heron, Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band perform it for the 600th time.

—steve bloom

IANNIS XENAKIS

PICK STAIGER CONCERT HALL
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Personnel: Iannis Xenakis.

To say that the cold, off-white interior of Northwestern's Pick Staiger Concert Hall was warmed up by the electronic realization of Iannis Xenakis' *The Legend Of Er* would fall short of describing the mass of kinetic energy set in motion by tape deck, six cunningly aimed speakers, and by the abstract, mathematical design of Iannis Xenakis.

Appearing as part of the 1978 International Computer Music Conference held at Northwestern, Xenakis prefaced the performance of his work with a non-technical talk, showing slides of a warped parabola lined with strobes and lasers—a kind of musical/visual pleasure dome—the yet completed shape within which *Er* was intended to be performed. But Xenakis, himself once an architect, could only hint at the dimensions of what was to follow, a performance intended as both a "multi-media event" and a "jest."

Composed, if that's the correct term, at CEMANu, the Center for Mathematical and Automated Music, *The Legend Of Er* is realized through computer-generated sound and electro-acoustic instruments. The piece begins as an exercise in musical minimalism: resonant vocal sounds float in subtle locational modulation; then the computer's algorithm plucks one tone or sound from the many, isolates it, crunches it, and heightens its intensity until it seems to hover over a sound cabinet, a swarm of red laser bees. Just how these sounds events were plotted and produced must have seemed an academic question to those in the audience who literally held their ears.

And so, as the stochastic sound masses of thumping garbage cans were punched into a speaker cabinet on stage right, their clatter did seem, in fact, almost like music—a relief, at least. Pleasure and pain redefined? And as the choirs of whines and cries, hisses of supercharged white noise and concrete vibrations emerged from this musical *Naked Lunch* (and as some auditors trickled out before *Er* was over), it became apparent that the unfolding work could not be understood in any terms but its own. Exacting terms, at that.

"What I'm trying to do above all," said D. W. Griffith at the beginning of this century, "is to make you see." Perhaps a parallel perceptual purpose informs Xenakis' *Er;* for it seemed, at least to this reviewer, that those who stayed and stood in standing ovation had been given a rare, raw glimpse of another world.

—jon balleras

bility to stand by and come in for his finale. He played solo piano but for his last tune, which would be something uptempo, I was supposed to join him and take it out and then come on with Zutty's band. Of course Art Tatum was so fabulous that I don't think I ever caught up to him; his changes were too fast for me and he left me standing at the post. But it was just such a joy to see him, and he was a very nice person. He could see slightly if you put a very bright light behind his eye, so during intermissions we played pinochle together.

"Zutty had the band, mostly New Orleans guys. It was Zutty playing drums, Lee Collins, a great trumpet player whose wife recently put out a book about him; there was a kid from New Jersey, Cozy Cole's brother, who played piano, and Everett Barksdale was the guitar player. We worked for months at the Three Deuces and my acceptance as a musician was established, because Chicago was a New Orleans town—all the jazz was New Orleans jazz—and Zutty Singleton was *the* drummer. There was Baby Dodds and Tubby Hall, but Zutty was really the guy. He had been with the Louis Armstrong Hot Five, with Earl Hines and Lil and Preston Jackson, who is now living in New Orleans. Zutty finally decided to take me into his rhythm section. Now I was with the king and now I was established as a top bass player in Chicago.

"And now Cab comes down and he listens to me play. He never said a word to me, he just sat there—I saw him in the room—and a guy said, 'Cab is in.' He came in with a big coonskin coat and a derby and man, he was sharp, people were like applauding. He sat at a table and listened to us play, and on the intermission he invited Zutty over to the table to have a drink with him—not me but Zutty. He said, 'Hey, I'd like that bass player, I heard he's pretty good,' Zutty was most beautiful and kind to me and he was only too happy to have me make some progress, and he said, 'You can have him,' in that long drawl, New Orleans accent he had. So Cab said, 'Well, thanks man, and if you ever get to New York and there's anything I can ever do for you, you just let me know,' and they shook hands. Then Zutty came upstairs—I'm playing pinochle with Art Tatum—and said, 'Well kid, you're gone.' 'Where am I going, Zutty?' 'Cab just asked me for you and I told him he could have you.' I said, 'Don't I have to give you some kind of a two week notice or something?' and Zutty said, 'If you don't get your black ass out of here this evening I'll shoot you.'

"Cab finally comes up and sings a song with us, he hi-de-ho's and breaks up the house—and as he's leaving he says to me, 'Kid, the train leaves from LaSalle Street Station at nine o'clock in the morning. Be on it.' That's all he said to me, no discussion of salary or anything. I dashed to the phone, called my mom, and told her to pack that other suit I had and my extra shirt. I got my stuff—of course there was no time to sleep—and I met the band at the station. It was quite an experience, because I had never been on a train except coming from Mississippi to Chicago, and you know I didn't come on a Pullman or any first class train—we were right next to the engine. I'd never seen a Pullman in my life, and here all of these big time musicians were on this train, on their own Pullman.

"There were these fabulous musicians: Doc Cheatham, the trumpet player; Mouse Randolph, another trumpet player; Foots Thomas, the straw boss, the assistant leader of the band, a saxophone player; Andy Brown, a saxophone player; and the drummer, Leroy Maxey. These guys had been working in the Cotton Club in New York and they were really professional: Lammar Wright was another great trumpet player in the band; Claude Jones, a great friend of Tommy Dorsey's, was the trombone player; and there was my old friend Keg Johnson who had recommended me.

"I must have looked pretty bad. I had this seedy suit on, a little green gabardine jacket with vents in the sleeves—we called them biswings in those days. Keg was introducing me around, and the great Ben Webster was in the band. He and Cab had been out drinking that night and they missed the train at LaSalle St., but you could catch the train at the 63rd St. station. They were out on the South Side balling away with some chicks and they didn't have time to come downtown. So they picked up the train at 63rd St. and got on just terribly drunk. I was sitting there and Keg was trying to introduce me to the guys, and Ben Webster walks in terribly stoned and he looked at me—I must have weighed 115 pounds soaking wet—and said, 'What is this!?' and Cab said, 'This is the new bass player,' and Ben said, 'The new what!?' I remember thinking I would never like Ben, and he turned out to be one of my dearest friends.

"I hadn't asked anybody about the price; I

was making $35 a week with Zutty at the Three Deuces and that was one of the best jobs in town. Fletcher Henderson was at the Grand Terrace at that time with Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, and Chu Berry and they were making 35 bucks a week. I didn't know how to approach anybody about money with Cab, so finally I told Keg that Cab hadn't said anything to me about money. Keg said, 'Oh, everybody here makes $100 a week.' Well I almost fainted—$100 I had never heard of; it was a fantastic amount of money. This is before Social Security—they only took out $1 for union dues and you got $99, and $99 in those days was like $9000 today. Honestly, you could get a good room for $7 a week; you could get a fantastic meal for 50¢ and cigarettes for 10¢ or 15¢ a pack; bread was 5¢ a loaf; so you can imagine what the thing was like.

"Cab told me after we started making one night stands that he was only hiring me until he got to New York and got a good bass player. I was quite happy even to do that for 100 bucks a week. We made one nighters for three months before we hit New York, all through Iowa—Des Moines, Sioux City, everyplace, and I got a chance to really get set and all the guys liked me.

"Well, Al Morgan was not a reading man. He had been in the band so long he had memorized the book, so there was no bass book. And here I was quite academic—I'd studied violin and I'd studied bass legitimately with a bass player from the Chicago Civic Opera and I never had a problem with reading—I was playing Mendelssohn's Concerto in E-minor so there was no problem. I said, 'Where's the music?' and there was no music, so Benny Payne, the piano player, said, 'You just cock your ear and listen and I'll call off the changes to you.'

"Benny was most kind and we've had many laughs about this later: I'm about 5'7" and Al Morgan was a tall man, he must have been 6'3". There was no time to get new uniforms so I had to wear his clothes, and when I put on his coat I was just drowning in it. His arms were much longer than mine so that you couldn't see my hands because they didn't come out through the sleeves. The guys said I looked like Ichabod Crane or somebody—I'm playing bass through the coatsleeves and they were laughing.

"I had never really played with a big band of that caliber, and when they hit it that first night it almost frightened me to death. The black guys in those days used to wear their hair in a pompadour—it was long in front and we would plaster it down with grease and comb it back and it would stay down. Of course, when it got hot that grease melted and our hair would stand straight up. I had this big coat on and I got to playing and the grease ran all out of my hair and my hair was standing up all over my head and Benny Payne is calling out these chords to me—'Bb! C! F!' The guys in the band told me later that they were just rolling with laughter, they could hardly contain themselves, because I was really playing good but I looked so ungodly funny.

"Finally Cab saw that the guys liked me and we were having so much fun that he said, 'We'll give him a blood test.' There was a special tune that Al Morgan did, featuring a bass solo, called *The Reefer Man*. Cab said, 'Okay—*The Reefer Man*,' and my eyes got big as saucers because I didn't know anything about this new music. I said, 'How does it go?' Benny Payne said, 'You start it,' and I said, 'What!?' He said, 'We'll give you the tempo but it just starts with the bass—just get into the key of F.' I tell you, I started playing F, I chromaticized F, I squared F, I cubed F, I played F every conceivable way, and they just let me go on for five or ten minutes, alone, playing this bass, slapping the bass, and doing all this on this F chord. Finally Cab brought the band in with a 'two . . . three . . . four' and they played the arrangement. Benny's calling off the chords to me and after three or four minutes the whole band lays out and Benny says, 'Now you've got it alone again,' and here I go back into this F. I must have played five or ten minutes, and Benny comes over and says, 'Now you just act like you've fainted and just fall right back and I'll catch you,' and I did it and it was quite a sensation as far as the public was concerned, and the musicians were just out of their skulls they were laughing so.

"By the time we got to New York, Ben Webster liked me and Claude Jones liked me and the guys all said 'This guy's going to make it,' so I was in. I stayed with the band 16 years, until 1951.

"Now, the Cotton Club was coming down to 48th and Broadway. They opened in 1936 where the Latin Quarter was and where the Palais Royale, where Paul Whiteman played, used to be, and the name is now the Cotton Club Downtown. It was opening and the first show was Cab Calloway with Bill 'Bojangles' Robinson the featured attraction. We didn't worry, we were going to rehearse for two or three nights, then they found out that I didn't belong to the New York union so they wouldn't allow me to work. Cab's going to send me back to Chicago—of course I don't want to go—but the guys in the band now like me and they told Cab that he was a big man

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and he could make some connections and keep me in the band, which he did. He hired another bass player, Elmer James, to work while I worked out my transfer with the union.

"It was a very beautiful time, 1936—I was at the Cotton Club and Benny Goodman, who was very popular, was at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and I was seeing my old friends like Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson. Teddy got the contract to do some recordings for Columbia and later to record with Billie Holiday, and since I was an old friend he used me so I got to make some of the early recordings with Billie Holiday. Lionel Hampton got a contract on RCA, so Hamp began to use me a little bit to record with him and Charlie Christian and Cozy Cole and Clyde Hart. That's how I got into that New York society and into recording.

"As I said, I stayed in Cab's band 16 years—I didn't quit, the band just disintegrated. It broke up around 1948 and we continued as seven pieces with Jonah Jones on trumpet, Sam 'The Man' Taylor on tenor, Hilton Jefferson on alto, Keg Johnson on trombone, Dave Rivera on piano, and Panama Francis on drums, and we traveled around the country playing small clubs for several years. Then things got a little rough and we went down to a quartet with just Jonah Jones, Dave Rivera, Panama Francis, me, and of course Cab was singing. We played Milwaukee and ran into great jazz musicians there, and then we played Cuba and worked all the nightclubs in Cuba. In 1951 we organized a big band again and went to South America, to Montevideo, and we did carnivals for a month or two. When we came back the band fell apart, and that's when I was left without a job, because there was just no work for us.

"I finally ran into my old friend Jackie Gleason and he gave me a job recording with him. I got to make all those records with Bobby Hackett, like *Music For Lovers Only,* and I got to do *The Honeymooners* and my name was being kicked around. At this time in New York we were like the Jackie Robinsons of the music business because they didn't have any black guys in the studios recording. I began to get work, from one band to the other. Then Joe Bushkin saw me and I went into the Embers with him, Buck Clayton, and Jo Jones and we stayed for a couple of years.

"Gleason liked us and took us on tour with him. We toured in the summer after his show was over in places like the Chicago Theater. He took *The Honeymooners* cast, he took the DeMarco sisters and Zano Cunningham, and Art Carney went along, and Steve Allen's wife, Audrey Meadows, and the Joe Bushkin Quartet; we toured every major city in the Midwest. I did the music for the whole *Honeymooners* series, with Sammy Spear conducting. I began to get known in the recording business and it got very lucky for me. I got to make recordings with every big artist in New York. In the beginning I made the first records with Johnny Mathis, the first records with Aretha Franklin, the first records with Barbra Streisand, and I recorded with Hugo Winterhalter, Andre Kostelanitz and Percy Faith.

"It was a great challenge to do all these different things, because at that time I was a studio guy on call during the day and at night I worked in a club and played jazz. I was making lots of bread, man; I might be making 300 or 400 bucks a week, which was fantastic. I got to do a Saturday morning radio show with Bernie Leighton called *Gil Hendricks, The Housewives Protective League.* Also on Saturday I did the *Woolworth's Hour* with Percy Faith, who had a big orchestra with 50 or 60 men, and on Wednesdays I did *The Big Record* with Patti Page on CBS.

"I'm in all of these bands and these were the same bands that were doing all of the recording sessions. I got to know all of the really good players and naturally improved because I played all the time. We formed a combo with the rhythm section—Hank Jones, Barry Galbraith, the late Ossie Johnson, and myself—everybody wanted us and we did so many records together that we became known as the New York Rhythm Section. For years we went from one studio to another recording with all different artists, Dinah Washington and just everybody and it was quite a thing.

"That's been going on right up to now. We went out to Vegas with Barbra Streisand when she made her first appearance at the International Hotel, and I've been touring with Pearl Bailey recently. I made the very last tour with Bing Crosby—I was with him just before he died. We finished at Brighton on Monday, I left Tuesday, he went to Spain to play some golf and that Friday he was gone. I was working with Bobby Rosengarden on the *Dick Cavett Show*—George Duvivier, who is a friend of mine, alternated with me. I'm teaching at Hunter College now and I've been doing quite a bit of work at Michael's Pub in New York with people like the late Joe Venuti and Red Norvo and Matt Dennis, and I'm going back soon with Sylvia Sims. That brings us up to this December, 1978." db

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HOW TO

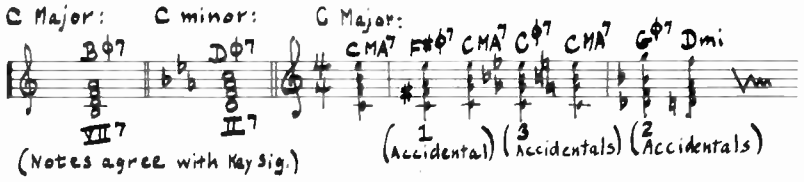
AUGMENT YOUR HALF-DIMINISHED SEVENTH REPERTOIRE—PART II

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

Part I of this article (**db**, Jan. 11) discussed various ways of moving any half-diminished seventh chord to any dominant seventh, particularly along the II7 (5b) to V7 progression. Part II will consider variations in the half-diminished seventh structure, symbolized from now on as Ø7, and variations in its resolution. Part III (**db**, Feb. 8) will treat its relationship to melodic line and to turn-arounds.

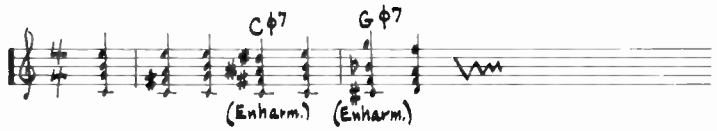
• • •

Rooting the Ø7 structure anywhere outside its natural habitats—on the VII in a major key or on the II in a minor key—necessitates chromatic alteration of one or more key signature notes, alteration which in turn intensifies the pressure for harmonic motion. In general, as chromatic alteration increases, so does harmonic energy:



Normal Versus Enharmonic Spelling

Normal spelling means that the letter names of the chord notes can stack up in thirds, like F#, A, C, and E for the above F#Ø7, or C, Eb, Gb, and Bb for the CØ7, or G, Bb, Db, and F for the GØ7. Enharmonic spelling means that one or more notes replace their normal letter names with others of the same aural pitch, like A# for Bb, or C# for Db, a practice which prevents excessive accidentals, but which obscures recognition of both chord type and chord root, for enharmonic letter names cannot stack in thirds above the true root. In the following enharmonic version of the above example, replacing three flatted notes in the CØ7 and one in the GØ7 by their enharmonic sharped-note equivalents removes the need for four extra naturals, but at the same time erases the true letter-name relationships with the roots—the CØ7 still sounds the same, but now looks like three chromatic lower neighbors, while the GØ7 now looks like a couple of chromatic passing tones plus an appoggiatura on top:



To help identify Ø7 components and visualize Ø7 structures in either normal or enharmonic spelling and root position or inversions, readers might find the following facts useful.

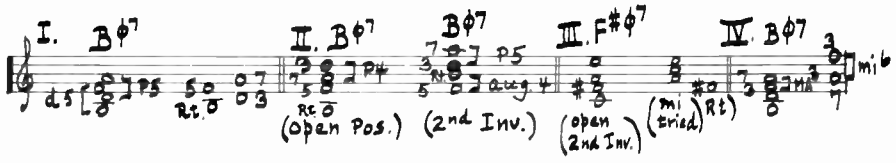
Component Identification

I. In root position and close voicing, the Ø7 contains one diminished fifth interval (root up to fifth) and one perfect fifth interval (third up to seventh).

II. Inversions and open voicings sometimes reverse these component-intervals into an augmented fourth (fifth up to root) or a perfect fourth (seventh up to third).

III. In any position or voicing, three of the notes in a Ø7 form a minor triad. The other note is the root.

IV. One—and only one— of the thirds in the Ø7 is major, Its lower note is the chord fifth; its upper the chord seventh. When this major third inverts to a minor sixth, its chord components also invert.



Structure Identification

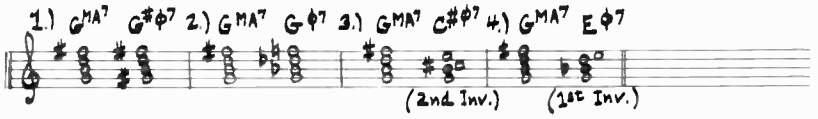
Viewing the Ø7 structure as a modification of more familiar chords eases its identification. Adding a 6th (A) above a C minor triad (C, Eb, G), for instance, produces an inverted AØ7. Other such easy chord-modifications are:

Ø7 from MA7:

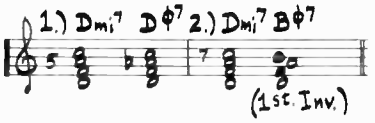
1.) Raise the MA7 root by half-step, or

2.) Lower by half-step its three other components, or

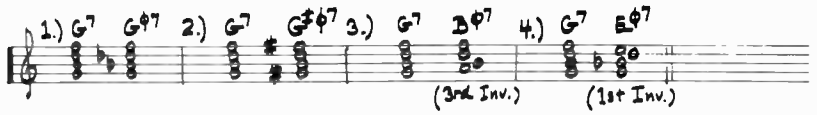
3.) Lower its fifth by half-step and its seventh by whole-step, or
4.) Lower its third by half-step and its seventh by whole-step.



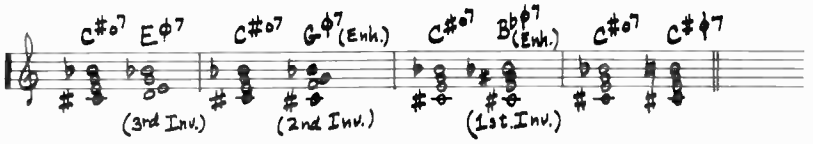
ø7 from Mi7:
1.) Lower the Mi7 fifth by half-step, or
2.) Lower its seventh by half-step.



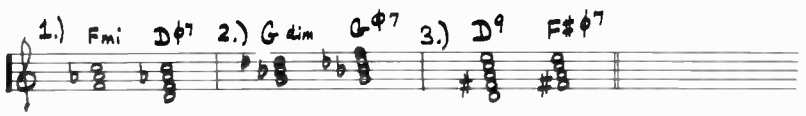
ø7 from Dom7:
1.) Lower by half-step both the Dom7 third and fifth, or
2.) Raise by half-step both its root and its seventh, or
3.) Raise its root by whole step, or
4.) Lower by half-step both its third and seventh.



ø7 from Dim7:
Raise any note of the Dim7 by half-step.



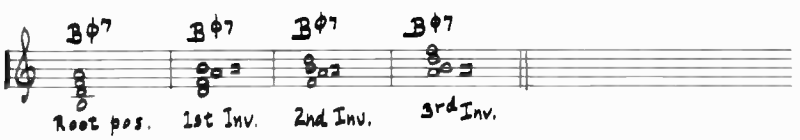
ø7 from other chords:
1.) Add a minor third below the root of a minor triad, or
2.) Add a major third above the fifth of a diminished triad, or
3.) Delete the root from a Dom9.



As a practical harmonic application, each of the above actions, whether heard forward or backward, makes an interesting progression to or from the ø7.

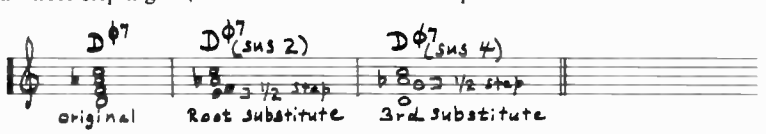
Inversion Recognition

When the notes of a normally-spelled ø7 have been placed together as closely as possible, its root position will exhibit only thirds, its first inversion will exhibit a whole-step on top, its second inversion a whole-step in the middle, and its third inversion a whole step at the bottom:

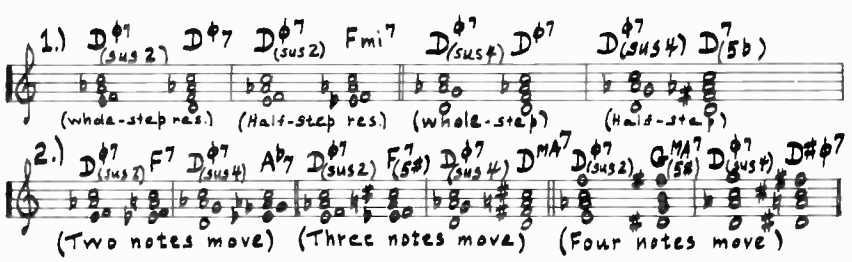


Substitute Notes Within The ø7

Two particular note-substitutions add exceptional beauty to any ø7. One replaces the root a whole-step higher and therefore lies a half-step below the third. The other replaces the third, also a whole step higher, and therefore lies a half-step below the fifth.



Both chords satisfy their resolution tendencies by 1.) moving the substitute note down or 2.) moving more than one note, including all four:



harmonic purposes, and you have to be careful of that, and read carefully. During solos you can almost work it out like you were in a small group, but then the band comes in and you have to get back down to basics, way down." *Impact* was recorded in New York with 18 pieces; Houston was one of a triumvirate of bassists, along with Reggie Workman and Cecil McBee. He had earlier waxed with Roy Ayers on *Red, Green, And Black* and *Live At Montreux*, and with Getz and Joao Gilbreto on *The Best Of Both Worlds*, but with Tolliver, Houston's art can be discovered in full force; the quartet setting of the *Tokyo* concert especially spotlights his furious speed and melodic strengths. After working with Tolliver, Houston took off for Japan again on a summer tour behind trumpeter Teramasu Hino, his brother, Motohiko Hino, a drummer, and guitarist John Scofield.

"I've been working with Woody Shaw since the band was first put together, September 1, 1977," Clint continued. "He called me two days before I left for Japan. I came back August 29 and went to work at Sweet Basil's two days later. It was the first time we had all played together. I had never worked with Victor before, or Onaje Allan Gumbs, either—only Carter Jefferson; he was with a lot of r&b groups, and when I was playing Bloomer's a lot in early '77, Carter was down every weekend playing with different groups.

"We started and you should have heard! Woody turned around and said 'God *Damn*, I *knew* I picked the right group.'

"I was recently talking to Woody, and he was saying 'This group is going to get off the ground, I know it is.' And he looked at me and said, 'What's going to happen then?' I said, 'Well, for me, after I leave this group I'm going to put together my own group, because I won't be able to play with anyone anymore.' Everybody in this group has been a leader, or has had an album at one time or another, and they've done it themselves. I just did my record for Japan's Trio Records, finished recording it in New York. Joanne Brackeen, John Abercrombie, Al Foster the drummer, and Onaje are on it—he played on one tune and overdubbed some synthesizer on another.

"It's called *Watership Down*—that's one of my compositions, the title track. It's probably the best thing I've written; I don't know if the influence is Japanese or Portugese—where I've been and what I've heard tends to show up in my writing. It's a very slow bossa nova and the melody, how I get up on that harmony D major, E flat minor 7th to A flat minor 7th, E flat to E, those three changes on the major part of the melody sound Oriental, but the rhythm sounds very Brazilian.

"The only thing I can see doing next is having my own group, and moving in the direction that I want to work in. I really want to use the upright bass as a horn—Ron Carter has been doing that, of course, but on the piccolo bass; I want to do it with a full sized bass. The piccolo bass is pretty, but I think the reason he picked that was because he needed the foundation of a bass behind him, and so, rather than have another instrument in the same octaves, he went up an octave so there are no conflicting notes and there's better distance in the harmonies.

"But more than that, I also play guitar, and I play electric bass—the way I hear electric bass, whew, it's starting to scare me. I hear so much music floating out of it. I'm just in the shed, you know, playing on it and practicing, but when I do come out I want to do things with bowed bass and a horn to get some large harmonies, maybe use phase shifters to get a bigger sound, and then be able to put that down, pick up an electric and play it like a guitar.

"I also want to compose more—and I'm writing all the time we're on the road. Sometimes I compose on the piano, sometimes on the guitar, sometimes on buses, sometimes on trains. I've recorded one tune, *Sunshowers*, which starts as an arco feature, on Woody's *Rosewood* LP; I've written some others, but we haven't had time to rehearse them yet."

Houston can be heard on a 1976 Timeless album he shared with duet partner Joanne Brackeen; he hopes *Watership Down* will eventually become available in the U.S., and he continues to play a prominent role alongside Onaje Allan Gumbs and Victor Lewis, behind Carter Jefferson and Woody Shaw. He accompanies with confidence; his solos are dramas of fluidity. And like a modest model of the complete bassist, he feels incomplete.

"What I'm really looking for in the instrument and through my kind of bass playing is texture. My notes are very definitely selected, because they have to go through the changes, but there's a texture I hear," said Clint.

"It's like if you play fast enough, you can almost play single notes like a chord. If you play an arpeggio on the piano fast enough, it's like you just hit the chord, and sometimes I can just about get it on the bass—at the proper tempo." A suitable challenge for the bassist in the '80s. **db**

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The MA 8S delivers value you can hear with 200 watts RMS power (100 watts per channel). Eight input channels for high or low impedence. Individual channel pre-fader monitoring that lets you follow any lead while the mains put out the sterec or mono mix you want. Individual LED overload (clip) warning lights for each channel that make controlling distortion automatic. And five-band graphic equalizers for stereo mains and monitors that tame the toughest clubs in town.

Effects? Patch a tape recorder into the MA 8S console. Tap your toes on Fender's famous long-spring, foot-operated reverb. You can even pan your stereo mixes between the two incredible Thiele-aligned 2-12 HF speakers mathematically designed to maximize frequency response bandwidth and efficiency.

So mix your next set with an MA 8S. New at your authorized Fender® dealer. A stereo system like this is something to cheer about.

Fender®
MADE IN U.S.A.