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music magazine

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JAZZ WORLDWIDE

with

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Luiz Villas-Boas
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Niranjan Jhaveri
Kiyoshi Koyama

LEE KONITZ

Without An Equal

ALBERTA HUNTER

Back To Singing
Again!

JEFF LORBER

He's Got FUSION



Review of The Seventies

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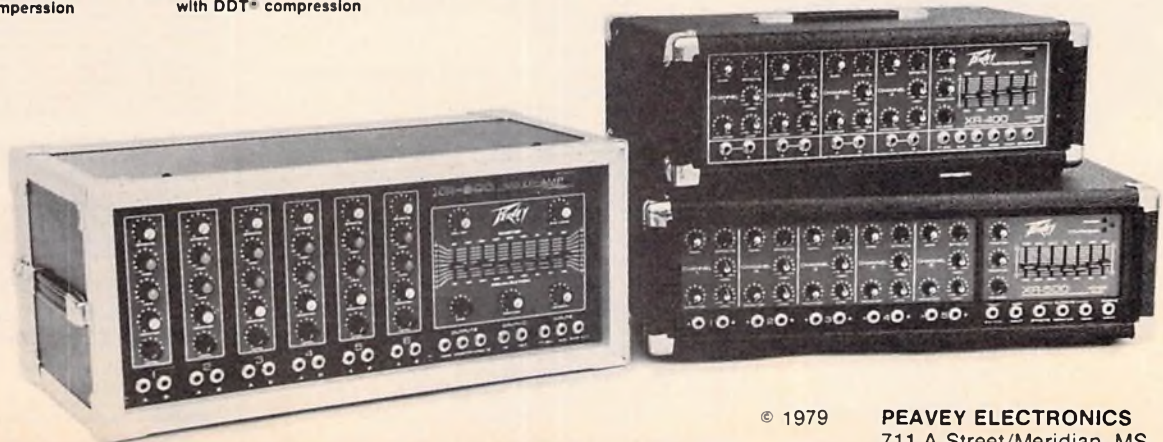


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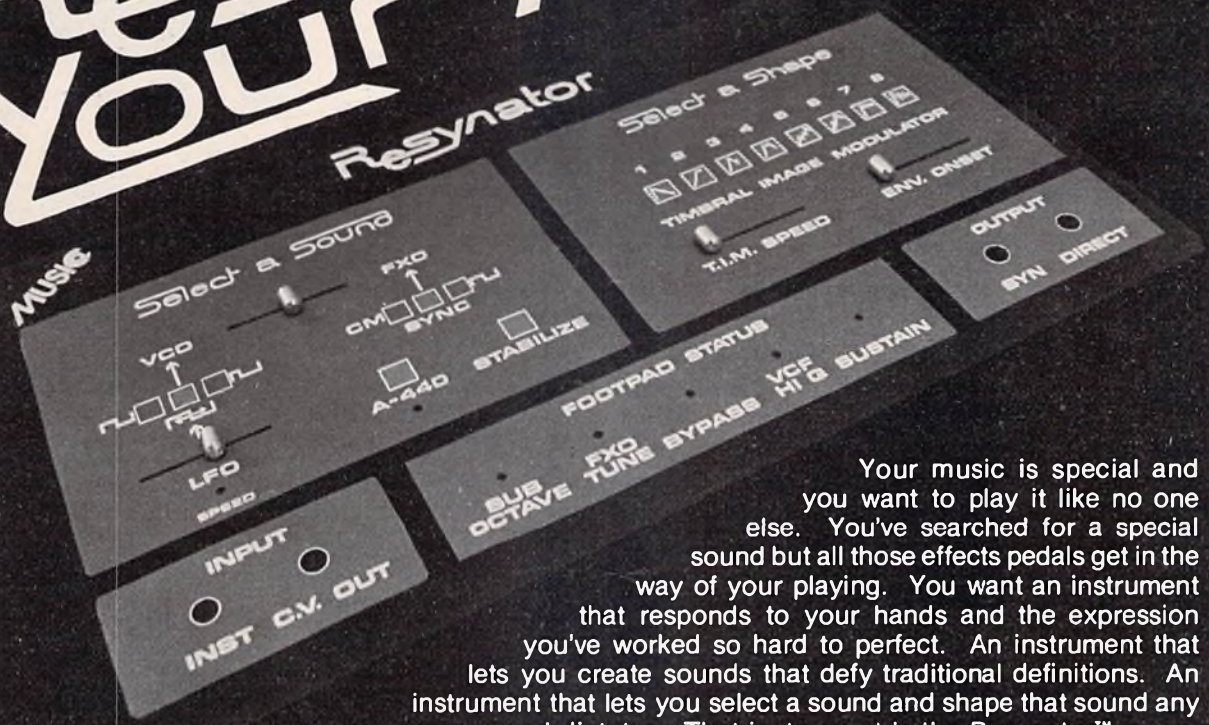
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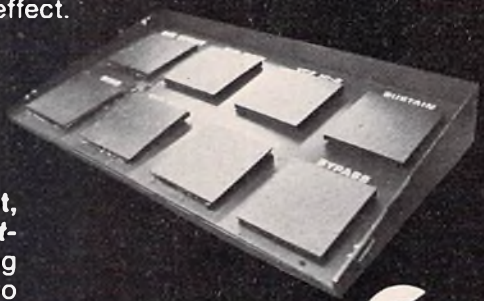


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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

This first down beat of the 1980s finds jazz still evolving, still regarded by people living outside the U.S.A. as the music of universal freedom, and still impossible to define.

Dan Morgenstern in his "Jazz in the Seventies" article does a masterful job of identifying the significant influences on jazz in the last ten years. He accurately indicates that the revival of bebop was and is not nostalgia but the desire of young musicians to play a style of jazz on which they can build their own music. (Jeff Lorber, in this issue, describes his group—average age 23—as "taking some aspects of bebop and sticking them into the modern context, rhythmically and formwise, and adding melodies that people can really latch onto.")

Morgenstern also points out that there was less sectarianism about jazz in the '70s than in the rabid '60s. The members of the AACM were admitted under the jazz umbrella along with Keith Jarrett and his European-oriented improvisations. Even the electronic fusioners were admitted but with the cautionary caveat that most electronic instruments did not allow for personal identification.

Maybe it was Watergate, Vietnam, and *Roots* that caused us to reach back for something to identify with, something to build on.

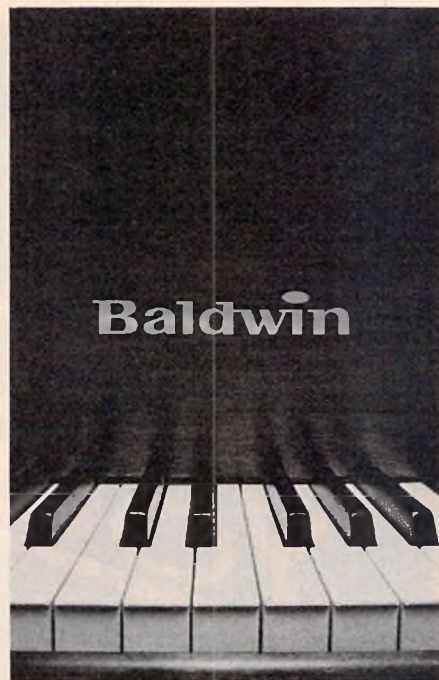
The Seventies also gave us repertory bands, recreated groups, a cornucopia of jazz reissues and new jazz labels, working elders Earl Hines, Benny Carter, Mary Lou Williams, Dizzy Gillespie, Alberta Hunter and Eubie Blake whose careers predate the recorded history of jazz.

Americans should read the International Roundtable—a forum of five foreign jazz critics-promoters—with pride and not a little guilt. We are told that jazz represents freedom to so many young people around the world but we seldom export our jazz to where it would do so much good. And we are again reminded how niggardly we treat jazz and jazz musicians in this country.

After reading this article, you may want to send a copy to your congressman and President *Salt Peanuts* Carter with a letter encouraging increased exports of our unique music. You might want to add a quote from Morgenstern's article: "Jazz as we begin to see and hear it whole, emerges as the strongest living music of our time."

A new Pro Session on Sound Equipment debuts in this issue, researched and written by Larry Blakely, audio consultant-musician-recording engineer, who aims to increase the **db** readers' working knowledge of professional audio equipment. (For example, in the next issue, Blakely discusses the proper selection, use, and care of microphones.)

Speaking of Pro Sessions, here's your chance to do a good deed. Refer your string playing friends who feel left out of jazz to page 66 where Randel Sabien, Chairman of Berklee's String Department, leads them unto Improvisation and other unholy fiddle-fuddle. **db**



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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Tower of Power Horns coming

Although I've never subscribed to *down beat* I manage to read most issues. I wish there were more coverage of certain artists who have become popular yet have maintained the quality of their music, like Steely Dan, Bill Champlin, Mike McDonald, Scawind, Stevie Wonder, Tower of Power and Neil Larsen. None of these are straightahead jazz artists, but they have created a synthesis of popular styles and more serious music, and made it accessible to the average listeners as well as the hip. Thanks.

D. G. Pendergrass Salinas, Cal.
Next issue we'll have a feature story on the Tower of Power Horn Section. Ed.

That ole devilish song

Pablo's face is red. When I produced Zoot Sims' *Warm Tenor* album I wrote in my notes at the session, *Old Devil*, instead of writing out the entire title. Months later, when I turned my notes over to my art department they assumed that the song was *Old Devil Moon* instead of *That Ole Devil Called Love*. Unfortunately, I caught my goof after the album had reached the dealers and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

My apologies to everyone who bought the album and especially to the writers of that lovely song *That Ole Devil Called Love* (not, as

db says, *Ole Devil Love*) which I first heard Billie Holiday do decades ago.

Norman Granz Beverly Hills, Cal.
Pablo Records

Johnny Hodges and Trane

October's Pro Session on John Coltrane by David Baker was highly informative. However, in listing Trane's influences, Johnny Hodges was somehow omitted. I believe Coltrane credited Hodges as an influential force in his playing several times.

Larry Hollowell Norfolk, Va.
You're right. In 1960, Coltrane said, "Johnny Hodges became my first main influence on alto, and he still kills me." (db 7/12/79, page 17) Ed.

Mangione's chops

I am in complete agreement that most Chuck Mangione albums deserve no more than one or two stars, but I continue to be flabbergasted by the reasons given for reviewers' one star "awards."

I would give Mangione credit for his writing and arranging, but would cringe at the thought of honoring him for his abominable horn play. It remains the most sour of all time. He continues to sound like a struggling youngster in his first lesson while trying—and missing—most medium to high range notes. Yet no one ever comments on his poor play, not even the experts.

Ron Fox North Hadelon, N.J.

Ted Curson's time

down beat is second only to the *Economist* in my choice of magazines. From 1965 to the present I have never felt shortchanged by any issue. From record reviews (Weather Report's one star *Mr. Gone* vs. Johnny Griffin's *Return*

Of The Griffin, five stars) to biographical sketches of diverse talents and eras (John Coltrane vs. Joni Mitchell), *db* shows an impartiality that educates and entertains its readers. An expanded, monthly *db* only puts the icing on the cake. However, I have been very disappointed in not seeing a story on Ted Curson and his band.

Ted Curson! What a giant! What a band! he exemplifies all that is great in music today. Anyone who saw Ted on 52nd Street marking the end of the Newport Jazz Festival 1979 will agree that he deserves wider recognition. Henry W. David Brooklyn

Record review scrutinizer

As a subscriber primarily for your record reviews, I would like to make a few comments about that section of your now-monthly magazine.

Is it my imagination (or paranoia: I liked bi-weekly *db*) or is *db* going traditional on us? With new releases of Burton/Corea, Oregon, Jarrett, Eberhard Weber, Weather Report, and Corea's *Delphi* just begging to be reviewed, space is devoted to LPs recorded ten or 15 years ago by artists like Ellington, Clifford Brown and Thelonious Monk.

Don't ignore the giants of jazz, but *do* remain contemporary. You see, I liked your previous format: informative, dependable, but *diverse* record reviewing.

Ric Archer Birmingham, Alabama

Your imagination has overtaken reality. We think we're still diverse. In our November issue we reviewed Burton/Corea's *Duet* and Jarrett's *Eyes Of The Heart*. In our December issue find reviews of WR's *8:30* and Weber's *Fluid Rustle*. *Delphi* and the *Oregon* record will be reviewed in a future issue. Just about perfect, huh? Ed.

1955: "TWO BASS HIT." His first recording of the tune, at his very first Columbia session. With a firm, relaxed Coltrane solo the highlight.

1958: "LOVE FOR SALE." That famous front line (Miles, Cannonball, Coltrane) with Bill Evans, Paul Chambers and Jimmy Cobb.

1961: "BLUES No. 2." A hard-bop, ad-lib blues, with a fiery Miles and feisty Philly Joe Jones battling it out for the last time.

1967: "CIRCLE IN THE ROUND." A side-long search with Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock (on celeste), Ron Carter, Tony Williams and guitarist Joe Beck. A masterpiece, with a spirit like ghosts singing.

1968: "TEO'S BAG." From Miles' most prolific period, full of sunfire and devil's claws.

1968: "SIDE CAR I." A month later, the quintet on an austere, even, little bounce.

1968: "SIDE CAR II." Guitarist George Benson joins Miles and company on another go 'round.

1968: "SPLASH." Later in the year, Zawinul, Hancock and Corea join Wayne, Tony, Miles and bass player Dave Holland on a funky, stop-time taunt.

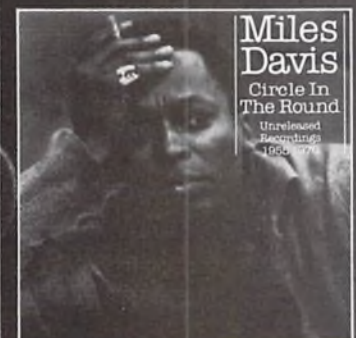
1968: "SANCTUARY." An earlier version of this flickering "Bitches Brew" flame, with blissful warmth from the quintet plus George Benson.

1970: "GUINNEVERE." As smoky and unabashedly odd as Miles could make it. With two reed players, two keyboards, two bass players, three drummers and a sitar.

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NEWS

Thad Jones' New Home, New Band, New 'Bone

MANCHESTER—Although he is 4,000 miles from his native soil and set the jazz world buzzing by leaving the Jazz Orchestra which he created with Mel Lewis 14 years ago, Thad Jones is back and it is just like old times. With a new band, new compositions, new arrangements and a new instrument, he again has a Monday night residency, echoing his long-standing tenure at New York's Village Vanguard. Now, however, he's in a Copenhagen nightclub called the Vognporten.

The rift with the jazz orchestra early last summer was prompted by a complex of reasons. "It was something which had been coming on for some time," Thad explained. "I wanted to do some things on my own." But the timing of his departure was occasioned by an accident. "I got pushed through a plate glass window and had to have an operation on my lip to remove some glass." This prevented him from playing his beloved cornet, trumpet and flugelhorn, but, not being a man to remain idle, he took up the valve trombone. Its slacker embouchure enabled him to continue playing a

brass instrument without undue discomfort to his injured lip.

Three months since his return to Denmark, Jones won the coveted PH Prize from the Paul Henningsen Foundation—a sort of Danish Pulitzer for musicians, artists and writers. His new band has already recorded its first album of his new arrangements for the Swedish Metronome label.

The orchestra includes several other expatriate Americans and a number of Danish musicians, few of whom are well-known outside their own country. Trumpets, led by Erik Tschentscher, comprise Tom Hagans, Jan Glasel, Lars Togeey and Egon Petersen; trombones are Niels Nygaard, Richard Boone, Bjarne Phanning, Thure Larsen, Axel Windfeld; reeds are Olaf Tur Nielsen, Mike Hobe (altos), Jurgen Nielsen, Bent Jaedig (tenors), Sahib Shihab (baritone). Horace Parlan (piano), Jesper Lumgard (bass) and Kurt Rietel (drums) complete the band, though Ed Thigpen replaced Rietel for the Metronome session.

Jones began playing cornet

cont. on p. 14

FINAL BAR

Nadia Boulanger, who taught composition to several generations of notable American composers, died in Paris Oct. 22 at age 92, after being in a coma for some time.

Ms. Boulanger was the first woman conductor of the New York and Boston symphony orchestras, a keyboard soloist, professor and eventually director of the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, France. She was born into a family of music professors and composers, and shared her inherited talents with her sister Lili, who died in 1918 at age 24.

"Do, do things, act," she said. "Make a list of music you love, then learn it by heart. And when you are writing music of your own, write it as you hear it inside and never strain to avoid the obvious. The person who does that is living outside life."

With such advice she instructed (among many notables) Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, Virgil Thomson, Anthony Braxton, Donald Byrd, Quincy Jones and Walter Piston, who later constructed a Harvard University-Nadia Boulanger axis for his composition students. Ms. Boulanger has been called "the midwife of American neoclassicism" for her early sponsorship of Stravinskian ideas, but she was a professor capable of teaching craftsmanship and technique while encouraging her students to maintain their individuality.

Also saxophonist **Gene Patrick "Corky" Corcoran**, 55, died of lung cancer Oct. 3 in his hometown, Tacoma, Washington. A musical prodigy, Corcoran turned professional at 16 and for two decades performed with a number of leading swing orchestras, including those of Sonny Dunham, Tommy Dorsey and Harry James (on and off, more than 15 years)—in the late 1940s he had led his own band but was forced to give it up, and he rejoined James. Leaving the trumpeter in '57, the altoist returned to his home, and performed with local groups in the Seattle area.

10 down beat

POTPOURRI

John McLaughlin, electric guitarist, no longer has a contract with Columbia Records, the label of his many albums since the Mahavishnu Orchestra's creation. McLaughlin took to Europe with **Stu Goldberg**, **Billy Cobham** and **Jack Bruce** for a six week tour in fall; meanwhile his former violinist **L. Shankar** planned a late spring tour of the states with **Egberto Gismonti**, to feature violin-guitar duets and piano segments.

Elvin Jones will play the Smithsonian Institution January 20, with **Pat LaBarbara**, tenor sax, **Andy McCloud**, bass and **Marvin Horn** on guitar; recently returned from tours of Europe and Japan, Jones recorded for Japanese Trio Records at Rudy Van Gelder's studio last summer.

Studio Red Top is a downtown Boston loft promoting women's jazz and jazz poetry—according to organizer Cathy Lee it will offer "a comfortable setting for women to play jazz and for men to form creative collaborations with women other than those with whom they have personal relationships," although so far record listening sessions and group discussions are the space's major activities. Phone 617-426-3427.

Pianist/producer/composer **Bob James** was everywhere in the Apple in early December, headlining at the Bottom Line for two nights, concertizing at Town Hall with **Richard Tee**, **Joanne Brackeen**, **Steve Gadd** and **Edle Gomez** one evening, and wrapping the week with a big band concert at Carnegie Hall. Next: tour dates with **Earl Klugh**.

Photographer David Spitzer's collection of glossy black and white shots of 193 jazz musicians is just out in 8½ × 11 paperback. All **db** Critics and Readers Poll winners of the past year are included (except Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Mel Torme, Toots Thielemans, Jaco Pastorius and Stephane Grappelli). Available for \$10.95 from Zerkim Press, P.O. Box 680371, Miami, Fla. 33168. And photographer **Tom Copi**, **db** contributor (see Konitz on our cover) is selling his 1980 Jazz All Stars Calendar. It's 11 × 17 inches and has space for notes near sharp shots of a jazzperson for each day of the month. Available for \$5.00 each, plus \$1 each for postage, from Tom Copi Photos, 879 Douglass, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Club Med, Senegal will celebrate the 30th birthday of the resort operation with an international jazz festival that started Dec. 15 and continues to May 1. Among the jazz players are **Frank Foster**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Clifford Jordan**, **Stan Getz**, **Bob Cranshaw**, **Roy Haynes**, the **Xanadu All-Stars**, **Jimmy Owens**, **Dexter Gordon** and **Woody Shaw**, and the **Heath Brothers**. Fees, including air fare from New York, run \$1400-\$1500 for 13 days.

Two interesting music schools that have come to our attention: New York City's **Third Street Music School Settlement**, incorporated in 1904, claims 1000 students in attendance per year and led the teaching of popular musics like jazz, Latin and rock; it instructs in fundamentals, all orchestra instruments, voice, piano and guitar; fees run from \$30 to \$90 per 16 week semester. And in Chicago, the **Bloom School of Jazz** (which has also opened a suburban branch) is a three year old institution founded by 30 year old guitarist David Bloom, offering intensive, personalized study of "jazz as art," including courses in basic theory, melodic ear training, harmonic ear training, improvisation, arranging and composition for \$100 (three hours weekly for five weeks).

Donte's, one of L.A.'s top jazz clubs, celebrated its 13th anniversary in late October.

To announce a New York City sponsored composer's series, Mayor Ed Koch proclaimed Oct. 22, 1979 **Charles Mingus Day**; the **Mingus Dynasty** band played at Gracie Mansion, the mayor's residence, and many members of Mingus' family attended.

Theme of the National Association of Jazz Educator's Convention (in Albuquerque, NM, Jan. 17-20) is "The Latin Influence On Jazz."

Corrections: Tuition for the **Cecil Taylor** intensive at Creative Music Studio (P.O. Box 671, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498) is \$375, \$25 more than we reported in November, and total fees for a ten week session, including room and board, are \$1,800. And in **db** 6/21, the photo captioned Alvin Alcorn and band was actually the **Humphrey Brothers**: Willie, clarinet, Percy, trumpet, **Narvin Kimball**, banjo and **Cy Frazier**, drums.

**It's time to honor some
of our national resources:**

**Aaron Copland
Ella Fitzgerald
Henry Fonda
Martha Graham
Tennessee Williams**

They've created music for us. They've sung. Acted. Danced.
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Saturday, December 29, CBS-TV

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POTPOURRI

Jazzmobile, directed by Dr. Billy Taylor, will premiere a new work at the Winter Olympic Games in Lake Placid, N.Y. February 1, and appear in concert and informal settings around the Adirondacks during the Games. It's part of the National Fine Arts program, required by the International Olympic Committee to bring the arts of the host country to an international audience, expressing the Greek concept of the Olympics as a celebration of the whole human being.

San Francisco's ROVA saxophone quartet toured Europe in

late fall, performing in Rome, Perugia, Verona, Padua, Florence, Geneva, Zurich, and at the Tilburg, Holland Bay Area Jazz Festival with John Carter's and James Newton's quintets.

Bassist Miroslav Vitous and percussionist Pat Hollenbeck have joined the faculty of the New England Conservatory in Boston.

"Big Band Swingtime Festival," a limited series of six concerts, began at Pasadena's Ambassador Auditorium with Benny Goodman Oct. 21. Following are the big bands of Bob Crosby (with the Bobcats, Kay Starr and Johnny Best, Dec. 4); Les Brown (Jan. 15); Count Basie (Feb. 5); Lee

Castle leading the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra with Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberle (March 4); and "The Glenn Miller Sound" led by Tex Beneke (March 25).

A 1979-'80 jazz series co-sponsored by the Scottsdale Center for the Arts and Jazz in Arizona, a private group of local jazz enthusiasts, opened its six event program Nov. 3 with Zoot Sims, Ruby Braff, Roger Kellaway, Mike Moore and Bobby Rosen-garden. Upcoming are Joe Williams with Dave Pell's Prez Conference (Jan. 10); Herb Ellis, Charlie Byrd and Barney Kessel (Feb. 2); Woody Shaw (March 6); and Gerry Mulligan (April 25).

Established and administered by the National Association of Jazz Educators (NAJE), a Stan Kenton Jazz Education Memorial fund will provide monies to "further the education of music students as Kenton sought to do through his own generosity and the well-known Kenton clinics," said NAJE executive director Matt Betton. Contributions payable to "Kenton Memorial Fund" can be sent to Jack Webster, Asst. Vice President, City National Bank, P.O. Box 4072, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

John Klemmer and Mosaic played L.A.'s Roxy Theater three nights in late Oct., followed by Flora Purim for two nights.

Jazz People Convene, Agree Unity's The Key

NEW YORK—Radio Free Jazz, a Washington, D.C. based monthly newspaper, convened some 200 music and business people at the Shoreham Americana Hotel October 11-13 to discuss the "business of jazz," intending to "make 1980 the year that jazz and general awareness [of it] increases 100 per cent in the United States."

In his keynote address, Nesuhi Ertegun, president of WEA International, spoke of jazz as an art form, pointing out that it will never reach the level of popularity that some of its boosters aspire for it. "Duke Ellington is as important as William Faulkner," Ertegun stated, adding, "and William Faulkner never sold like Harold Robbins."

The convention was centered around ten panel discussions, the opener chaired by Dan Morgenstern (Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies) of persons involved in the non-profit jazz community. Bill Kirk, an associate of Michigan Representative John Conyers (who's sponsoring legislation providing artists royalties from mechanical play) said, "Where there's a constituency that's organized and vocal, there will be a chance for government funding." Others discussing such funding were Aida Chapman (National Endowment for the Arts), Cobi Narita (Universal Jazz Coalition), Larry Ridley (Artists In The Schools program), John Carter (Collective Black Artists Assoc.), John Sinclair (Strata Associates), Ann Sneed (International Art Of Jazz), Jim Quinlan (Creative Music Studio) and Jack Livingston (Monmouth County, N.J., Library).

Also under discussion was jazz record marketing (with ECM Records' U.S. director Robert Hurwitz saying, "Music is the truth dictator of marketing"); advertising and promotion; record retailers and

distributors; artists and repertoire; jazz radio programming; media; technology (informed by a solo Paul Bley); artists and management. Among the panelists were Orrin Keepnews (Milestone/Galaxy/Fantasy/Prestige), db contributor Leonard Feather, vibist Milt Jackson, promoter George Wein, GRP producer/pianist Dave Grusin, writer Ira Gitler, pianist/AACM founder Muhal Richard Abrams, producer/composer Teo Macero, Voice of America's Willis Conover, Inner City's Irv Krakta, Muse's Joe Fields, Columbia Record's Vernon Slaughter, producer

Michael Cuscuna, Steve Backer, representatives of record distribution companies, small record labels and college radio stations.

Most of the participants agreed that while the panel discussions were interesting, they covered familiar ground, and back of the room handshaking and head to head discussions were more useful. Ira Sabin, Radio Free Jazz publisher and owner of Sabin's Discount Records, assured everybody that this was the first of annual conventions, the second to occur in October 1980; but whether the convention will have

any long term effects remains to be determined.

Music at the convention was abundant; Red Rodney, Michal Urbaniak, Ted Curson, Jeff Lorber, Michael Gregory Jackson, Bill Hardman and Pepper Adams were heard in jam sessions, and D.C. stalwarts including bassist Keeter Betts and tenorist Buck Hill played on through the night.

Morgenstern summed up the weekend best with a call to unity, stating, "We are not going to get any federal money if we argue about things like whether or not something is jazz." —lee jeske

Record Collectors Meet, Swap, Jam, Gab

WASHINGTON, D.C.—For three nights and two days in late August, the nation's capitol hosted the annual convention of the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors (I.A.J.R.C.), a non-profit organization devoted to the furtherance of all matters pertaining to jazz. Between 300-400 member collectors from all over the country, as well as from Canada, the British Isles, and Europe, converged to buy, sell and trade records, tapes, photographs and memorabilia, to watch rare jazz films from the collection of Ken Crawford, and to rap endlessly into the night about favorite obscure musicians.

On two evenings those members also interested in live jazz were able to saunter out of the record sales room, grab a drink at the adjacent hospitality bar, and dig the free jam session being held across the hall in the Holiday Inn's spacious banquet room. Some of the sitters-in at the sessions were local Washington and Virginia jazzmen, but the majority were club members, many of whom had never before met. Star of the second night's session was 71 year old bass saxist Spencer

Clark, an Adrian Rollini disciple who more than 50 years ago filled his mentor's chair in the legendary California Ramblers.

The next day, nursing his chops from the night before, this clarinetist/db correspondent, along with jazz historian Frank Driggs and Smithsonian Institution's J. R. Taylor, hosted a panel interview with Clark, pianists Paulie Fried and Squirrel Ashcraft, and jazz photographer Bill Gottlieb. Clark and Fried, besides discussing their mutual experiences touring Europe in the late '20s with Bud Freeman, Dave Tough, Jack Purvis, Danny Polo and Babe Russin, were also very revealing about their contacts with such early jazz giants as Bix Beiderbecke, Leon Rappolo and Frank Teschmacher. The 80ish Ashcraft, who regularly ran Monday night sessions in his Evanston, Ill. home from 1930 until the onset of WW II, regaled the enrapt audience with his stories of Bix, the Condon gang and the Bobcats. Gottlieb discussed his years with down beat, his many nights covering such long-defunct beats as 52nd Street, Harlem and Greenwich Village, and his personal recollections of the jazz

greats he encountered along the way.

The I.A.J.R.C., which produces its own privately-distributed records at the rate of about two a year, now has 30 items in its catalog. The material for the LP's is contributed by the members and generally consists of rare 78's, previously unissued performances, airchecks and transcriptions. All proceeds from the sale of these records are rechanneled into the club treasury, to provide operating funds for the publication of the club quarterly, the I.A.J.R.C. Journal, and for the production of more records. U.S. residents whose \$10 annual dues are not in arrears can buy the records for \$4 each, while members living overseas or in Canada are required to pay a dollar more, (price includes postage). No member is ever obliged to buy any club-produced record, but, as it turns out, most do, and simply because the material is so fascinating.

Further information, LP catalogs, and application forms can be obtained from I.A.J.R.C. Secretary Gene Miller, 90 Prince George Drive, Islington, Ontario, M9B 2X8, Canada. —jack sohmer

Synthesized Apocalypse Of Nature, Men At War

SAN FRANCISCO—After one version was junked as inappropriate and some \$750,000 and three years were spent, master synthesist Patrick Gleeson created in three months the sound track to Francis Ford Coppola's movie epic *Apocalypse Now*, integrating environmental jungle noises, 20th century men at war sounds and 1960's rock music.

Supervising three other synthesists (Bernie Krause, Don Preston and Nyle Steiner), Gleeson, who came to prominence as Herbie Hancock's synthesizer programmer and player in the early '70s, orchestrated the score composed by the director's father, Carmine Coppola, and performed some of the most interesting sections (David Robinson produced and mixed the Do Long bridge sequence) himself.

"Francis told me he wanted the soundtrack to be the sound of the Vietnam War," said 42 year old Gleeson, sitting in the spacious living room above his recording studio, *Different Fur*, newly turned 48 track.

"The bass lines would be helicopters; the screams of the men in the water would be melodies. He wanted to merge the music and the environment. I think he also realized that there is something ersatz in everyone's minds about the synthesizer. We talk—even synthesizer players—about synthesized instruments and real instruments. It's a bit artificial. It's

bizarre. And I think both the ideas of artificiality and bizarreness had to do thematically with what he felt the Vietnam War was like in terms of American presence. So the synthesized music has all these different functions; it's the jungle, but it's also the American presence in Vietnam which is artificial, and it's the war itself, which is bizarre."

Because of its unusually complex coordination of music and sound effects, the soundtrack (released on Elektra) has been called "the most important film score of our time, a revolutionary work in every sense of the word." Gleeson disagrees, saying, "Everyone else that has been involved with the project seems to think this was a revolutionary development, but I can't quite see that."

"Everything we did on the film, including the environmental stuff, were things I had done before. For a long time I've been interested in the relationship between sound of nature and industry on the one hand, and sound that we normally consider music on the other. And how one transforms the other."

Gleeson used a custom synthesizer of his own design for the film. His setup, built in '78, includes a four voice E-mu system modular synthesizer, a 16 voice E-mu synthesizer "of my conceptual design," two custom ten voice sequential circuit Prophets, a Lyricon custom wind driver and a Z-80 custom E-mu computer keyboard.



"And the whole thing is tied together, everything is computer driven," explained Gleeson. "This is a large synthesizer. For example, it's got a total of 200 oscillators. A MiniMoog has three."

The major problem in realizing the *Apocalypse* score had to do with the composer's unfamiliarity with the synthesizer. "The disadvantage with Carmine—and it was a serious one—was that the guy who is writing a normal score will have some idea of what it will sound like because he envisions the kinds of instruments that will perform it. Carmine didn't know. It's not true that a synthesizer can do all things. You can approximate the sound of any instrument. But there are some which you can approximate more easily than others, and certain things won't work. It turns out that if you score a melody in octaves for strings, it will sound gorgeous. But do that with a synthesizer and it'll sound like the shits. Octave linking in synthesizers for stringlike sounds does not work. So I had to transpose what he had written so that it would sound good on a synthesizer."

Still, according to Gleeson, there were no real musical or

technical problems in executing the score. "See, it's no different orchestrating for synthesizer than for a traditional orchestra. The problems for me on the theoretical level are the traditional problems . . . You're always dealing with the overtone series. That's what harmony is all about. People who think there's a difference will always have trouble with synthesizers and synthesized music and will never be able to play a synthesizer. You have the same problems that every other musician has, which is with the music. These difficult, glorious problems involving harmony and progression and the way harmonics relate to the melody. There's no difference whatsoever. Even if you can make sounds unidentifiable as far as pitch, it's no big deal. What about drums?"

"Musically, working on the film was a real joy," said Gleeson. "It was an opportunity to do the very best work you could do without someone standing over you saying, 'Gee, we've been on this for three hours. We better get moving.' Francis was completely unconcerned with money—or at least he kept any concern he had from us." —michael goldberg

Catalonian Pianist In The U.S.



VERYL OAKLAND

stay in Barcelona in the early '50s; his first international recognition came at the 1958 Cannes jazz fest and since then he has played and recorded extensively in Europe as both a soloist and with the bands of Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin, Kenny Dorham and Ben Webster, who remarked, "This fellow swings like no other pianist in Europe."

At the Institute, a cultural center which has hosted such Spanish artists as Andres Segovia, Tete combined Catalonian folk songs with jazz standards including *Come Sunday* and *Have You Met Miss Jones?* His hour and a quarter set was characterized by a powerhouse left hand and a lightning right, which sent long clean single note runs into the air. The audience which included tenorist Gordon and Czech pianist Adam Makowicz responded with several enthusiastic ovations.

This tour marked Montoliu's second appearance in the U.S. and his first since a 1967 stint at the Village Gate. There are tentative plans for him to return in May.

NEW YORK—Tete Montoliu, the Spanish pianist, completed a four week tour of the U.S. (that started at the Monterey jazz festival) with a recital for 150 invited guests at the Spanish Institute on New York's Park Ave.

Born in Barcelona in 1933, Montoliu has been blind since birth. He studied with Don Byas during the tenor saxophonist's

NPR's *Jazz Alive!* Schedule

Jazz Alive!, National Public Radio's weekly program hosted by Dr. Billy Taylor, begins its Winter '79-'80 schedule December 30; tapes are broadcast by local member stations within seven days of their initial release, so in order featured artists are: (in January) Grover Washington Jr., Jasper Van't Hof quartet, Lee Ritenour's Friendship; John Handy's Rainbow (with Ali Akbar Khan, L. Subramaniam, Zakir Hussain and Bola Sete), Art Lande's Rubisa Patrol and duets with Charlie Haden; A Salute To Charles Mingus, with the late bassist himself and his bands, Joni Mitchell and Herbie Hancock, and the Mercer Ellington orchestra; and (in April) Frank Capp/Nat Pierce Juggernaut, Bill Berry's big band, Dave Fishberg's solo piano, and trumpeter Bobby Shew's quartet. And hear NPR New Year's Eve.



GORM VALENTIN

Jones, 'Bone, & New Home from p. 10 again just recently. "I'll be sticking with the valve trombone, though. It's given me the chance to get back, making it a little easier to keep blowing. Also, it's so interesting. I like the sound of the instrument and it intermingles well with the sound of the orchestra, so I have written a couple of things for the orchestra which feature it."

He's also enthusiastic about the work of a young composer/arranger from Rochester, NY, Keith Foley, two of whose charts will be featured on the *Metronome* LP. "I met him some years ago when I was teaching a summer class," Thad said. "He was only 17 or 18, but even then his work was outstanding, so I was pleased to get him to do some charts for the new band. There's a blues, *Snicker Doodle*, and an unusual ballad,

Everessence, which features my valve trombone and runs the gamut, orchestrally and emotionally."

Jones is equally proud of his young bassist, Jesper Lumgard, who is already earning a reputation in Copenhagen as the successor to Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen: "He is an outstanding player, strong in all departments, but then, the whole band is incredibly developed. Their vitality

and strength is amazing—even those who are not so well known have a phenomenal knowledge. And, in the very short time we have been together, they have travelled about three years in technique and empathy."

Jones has spent time in Scandinavia previously, working with the radio bands of Denmark, Sweden and Finland. Recorded evidence shows that European musicians can provide an excellent collective vehicle for his arranging talents; more, they give him the incentive to continue his writing, both redeveloping old pieces and composing new ones.

This visit is different though. "I have no plan to return to the United States," Jones said. "I will devote time to the new Orchestra and to my writing, which is taking up much more time now."

European recordings of Jones include *Thad & Aura*, (available from Four Leaf Clover Records, Kajak Record Corp., 155 1st St., Carlisle, Iowa) and *Greetings & Salutations* (Biograph) with the Swedish Radio Orchestra; *The Danish Radio Big Band And Thad Jones* (Metronome) and *Thad Jones/Mel Lewis & UMO*, from Finland, now released by RCA.

—chris sheridan

NEW RELEASES

Gifts and goodies: from Miles Davis, via Columbia Records, comes unreleased tapes of years 1955-'70, covering a spectrum of the retired trumpeter's bands; a two-fer, the package is called *Circle In The Round*. Also from Columbia: *Havana Jam II*, with Irakere, the CBS All Stars (big band and combo sized), the Trio of Doom, the Cuban Percussion Ensemble and more **Weather Report**; **George Duke's** *Master Of The Game*; a two-fer sampler, *Individuals*, **Bob James** with **Earl Klugh**, *One On One*, and **Jean Carn's** *When I Find You Love*.

Arista offers **Air's** *Air Lore*; *That's Nat!* (**Adderley**); **Larry Coryell** with **John Scofield** and **Joe Beck**, *Tributaries*; *Have You Heard?* **Balrd Hersey** and **Year Of The Ear**; **Michael Gregory Jackson's** *Heart & Center*; an Asian-American fusion, *Hiroshima*; **Curtis Fuller's** *All-Star Sextets*; **Yusef Lateef's** *Angel Eyes*; **Charlie Parker's** *Bird! Encores Vol. 2*; **Sammy Price** with **King Curtis** and **Mickey Baker**, *Rib Joint*; **John Scofield's** *Who's Who*; *Time Is The Key* from **Pierre Moerlen's** *Gong*; *The Vocal Group Album* of doo-wop, 1944— and **Angela Bofill's** *Angel Of The Night*.

Blue Note recordings of all unreleased material (now on the UA-EMI label) include **Lee Morgan's** *Sonic Boom*, **Wayne Shorter's** *The Soothsayer*, **Dexter Gordon's** *Club House*, **Grant Green's** *Solid*,

Donald Byrd's *Chant*, **Jimmy Smith's** *Confirmation*, **Stanley Turrentine's** *New Time Shuffle*, **Jackie McLean's** *Consequence*, **Hank Mobley's** *A Slice Of The Top* and **Bobby Hutcherson's** *Spiral*.

Prestige two-fers are reissues, including *Early Getz* (**Stan** with **Al Halg**, **Jimmy Raney**, **Terry Gibbs** and others), *The Freedom And Space Sessions* of **Booker Ervin**, and **Red Garland** with **John Coltrane** and **Donald Byrd**, *Saying Something*. Galaxy has released **Stanley Cowell's** trio in *Equipoise*, and **Johnny Griffin** with a quintet playing *Bush Dance*.

From Inner City emanates trombonist **Jimmy Knepper** *In L.A.*, with **Lew Tabackin** sharing the quintet's frontline; also **Andrew Hill's** trio of '76, *Nefertiti*, and **Masahiko Togashi**, *Spiritual Nature*.

Pablo offers **Oscar Peterson's** quartet, *Night Child*, and **Basie Jam #3**, with **Joe Pass**, **Clark Terry**, **Benny Carter**, **Al Grey**, **Louie Bellson** and **John Heard**; also *I Remember Charlie Parker* by **Joe Pass**.

Chick Corea and **Herbie Hancock** duet on *Corea-Hancock* (from Polydor, a two-fer). Elektra has **Donald Byrd**, *And 125th Street, N.Y.C.*, and **Lee Ritenour's** *Friendship*. Atlantic's **Herbie Mann** flutes his 50th release since 1960, *Yellow Fever*; **Fred Wesley's** *Horny Horns* featuring **Maceo Parker** *Say Blow By*

Blow Backwards. From Finnadar comes the *Miaskovsky Cello Sonatas*, performed by **Yehuda Hanani**.

1750 Arch Records provides **Denny Zeitlin** a solo piano LP, *Soundings*, and pianist **Art Lande's** programmatic *The Story Of Ba-Ku*. Discovery has come up with **Ray Pizzi's** *The Love Letter*, and its direct-to-disc arm, Trend, issues **Bob Cooper's** *Tenor Sax Jazz Impressions*, also accordionist **Frank Marocco** with *Pizzi, New Colors*.

Kenton's Creative World presents Hawaiian altoist **Gabe Baltazar** with a **Don Menza** arranged big band. **Larry Coryell**, on Vanguard, is with the brothers **Brubeck** on *Return*. Piano soloist **Sal Mosca's** *For You*, and **Benny Aronov's** quintet *Shadow Box*, are both from Choice Records. The **Anthony Davis-James Newton** quartet reveal *Hidden Voices*, and **Cecil McBee** with **Don Pullen** and **Chico Freeman** in his sextet explore *Alternate Spaces*, both from India Navigation. Monmouth Evergreen checks in with the **Billy Taylor** trio's *Jazz Alive*, and clarinetist **Johnny Mince's** quartet from *Summer Of '79*. CTI found **Yusef Lateef** *In A Temple Garden* with the **Brecker Brothers** and others. New from New World Records is **Cecil Taylor's** *Unit, Phase III*; pianist **Bradford Gowen's** debut *Exultation*; *Oku Shareh*, *Turtle Dance* *Songs Of San Juan Pueblo* and live performances by the **Budapest** and **Pro Arte** string quartets.

Mosaic purports to be the best of **John Klemmer**, Vol. 1 (from

MCA). Guitarist and multi-instrumentalist **Dan Sawyer** tries for *Crossover* on PMP Records. **Alfredo** on Criollo Records is **Alfredo de la Fe**, violinist formerly with salsa's *Tipica '73*; **Dandy's** *Dandy*, *A Latin Affair* with a star salsa cast, is on Latin Percussion Ventures, Inc. **Mango Records** reggaes on with the **Wailing Souls'** *Wild Suspense* and *Intensified!*, original ska 1962-66. **Bob Marley's** *Survival* is on Island.

Pianist **Diana Hubbard** and her all star Scientologists issue *Life-Times* on Waterhouse Records. **Louis Lausche**, bassist, meets tenorist **Paul Plummer** and drummer **Ron Eyraud** in *Acoustic Jazz Trio*, on his Cincinnati based **Jewel Records**; tenor saxist **Bill Perkins** is *The Other Bill* . . . the one from San Fran, not L.A., with a sextet on *Famous Door* records. **Chris Capizzi's** *A New Day* quartet is from Pittsburgh's **Returnity Productions Ltd.** **Jerry Rusch** with nonet and strings offers *Rush Hour's* *Great Expectations* on L.A.'s **Jeru** label. Pianist **SI Perkoff** composed *Poet's Journey* for the **Perkoff Music Energy Company**, San Rafael, CA.

From overseas we've lately received **Peter Sonntag** quintet's *Like This* (on Maj, from West Germany); **Red Mitchell** on vocal, bass, piano and with friends on *What I Am* (Caprice, Sweden); **Chet Baker** and vibesman **Wolfgang Lackerschmid**, *Ballads For Two* (Sandra, Stuttgart); **Toto Blanke's** *Electric Circus* with **Stu Goldberg** (Bellaphon, Germany); and reedman **Lajos Dudas'** *Reflection Of Bach and Contrasts* (on Rillophon, Dusseldorf).

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**FIRST
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LEE KONITZ

Searches for the Perfect Solo

by NEIL TESSER



VERYL OAKLAND

In his autobiography, *Beneath The Underdog*, Charles Mingus relates a story about tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson, in which Thompson tells a story about someone else:

"... I remember some kid telling Bird he heard Negroes used trick mouthpieces to make things easier. Bird reached in his case, said, 'Here, try this Berg Larsen, son.' The kid put it on his horn and blew. Wheeee! Nothing came out but air. He turned red and blue in the face. Not a sound came forth. Bird said, 'Give it here, let's see what's wrong with it. Oh, the reed's too soft.' [Too soft.] He took out a 50 cent piece and held the reed to it and burned around it with a cigarette lighter—burned it down almost to the stem. Then he tried it out. 'Plays beautiful,' Bird said. 'Still a little soft but it will do.' If that kid had tried to blow a reed that stiff he'd passed out or died before he got it to play. You know who that was? A kid named Lee Konitz. . . ."

Now, forget for the moment the fact that Konitz was himself using a very hard reed—the better to produce and control his pure diamond cool tone—by the time he arrived in New York, which is the only place he ever ran into Charlie Parker, in 1947. And forget the fact that, despite the real respect Konitz showed Bird on their infrequent meetings, those tete-a-tetes were certainly not characterized by the sort of supplicating naivete of the above account.

In fact, forget that the story in question is a complete fabrication (either by Thompson or Mingus), that it is entirely untrue; that's another story altogether. What makes it so appealing a piece of apocrypha is its allegorical function, for one could hardly design an anecdote that better encapsulates how very different from Charlie

Parker was Lee Konitz. And in 1947, that difference was vital: it said a lot about Konitz. It was still saying plenty in 1950, when he supplanted Parker as the fans' choice on alto sax in the *Metronome* All-Stars band. Lee Konitz arrived in New York, playing Charlie Parker's horn, at a time when Parker was not only the most influential altoist, but the most influential *musician* in jazz—when not only fellow alto players, but tenor men, pianists, even drummers were trying desperately to sound like Bird—and he became the only altoist to develop and retain a unique style in that atmosphere.

Which ain't too shabby for a kid of 21.

"Unique" is something that Konitz, at 52, continues to do extremely well. (The word is overused, but it's been carefully considered here; indeed, Konitz's music would be a joy if only because it proves one can still employ the word "unique" with justice.) With characteristic quiet, candor, and doggedness, he has continued to develop his improvisation in the direction of a rarefied "essence of jazz," and it is a process in no danger of cessation: Konitz comments often about "sticking with it" in order to continue to improve with age. He has gradually stripped the frills and extras from his style in an effort to play solo after solo totally denuded of cliché, thus illustrating an artistic lesson rarely found in jazz: that one can say far more by implication and selectivity than by virtuosic overstatement. Rather than draw garish attention to its messages, Konitz's style seems to say to his audience, "I trust you. You're bright. You'll pick this up without flashing lights and arrows."

As might be expected from listening to his laconic, thoughtful improvising, Lee Konitz is not a man to run off at the mouth. He

speaks slowly, pensively, as unwilling to waste words as notes, and it is hard to tell if it is his life or his art that's held the greater sway over the other. ("I'm just a very domesticated being who's lived a very quiet life," Konitz comments. "I can't travel too fast, and I have a tendency to low blood pressure," he laughs. "The 'cool' is more than in name only.") He is also, as you can see, a man of gentle and self-effacing humor. Speaking of his continued striving for greater economy in his playing, he recollects; "Once with Claude Thornhill, I got very stoned, and I walked up to the microphone and just stood there for a whole chorus. Cracked up the whole band; I didn't play one note. I just stood there and listened to the rhythm section: the perfect chorus."

And of course, there is Konitz's classic one liner in response to the question of how he came to develop a style so markedly different from Parker's. "I tried to play bebop," he has stated. "But it was too hard."

Konitz was born in Chicago on October 13, 1927, and lived there until he was 19. He began playing clarinet after hearing Benny Goodman on the nationwide radio broadcasts, received a tenor sax the following year; and then, when he was 16, he received an offer to play alto with the Jerry Wald Orchestra, a Chicago based touring band. "It was during the war, and they had an opening," Konitz recalls, and he became an alto saxist, graduating (in lieu of high school) to the Claude Thornhill band in '47. The Thornhill gig was largely a matter of pragmatism for Konitz: he needed to get to New York, and ten months after he joined up, the band landed him where he needed to be.

New York had more than the usual importance in Lee Konitz's life at this time, because in 1945 Lennie Tristano had moved there from Chicago. Konitz had begun studying when he was 15 with the blind pianist, quickly absorbing (and being absorbed into) his theoretical intricacies and his heady, flowing brand of improvised logic. Compared to bebop, Tristano was cool and reserved, though some misread cold bloodedness into his restraint. This was the music—informed by Tristano's personal charisma as a "teacher, a friend, and an employer"—that captivated Konitz, and of which he would become the leading exponent when he moved to New York.

Before he met Tristano, Konitz was depending on the usual models for his musical influence: Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young on tenor, and Benny Carter, Willie Smith and Johnny Hodges on alto. Those and others went quickly by the boards. "I was just very involved with Lennie's thing, and that made complete sense to me. In a way, I was avoiding some of the similar routes that other guys were taking by being so influenced by such a strong force as Charlie Parker was. Then I realized I was just missing something in my education that's indispensable for an improviser—to know Charlie's music as well as anyone else that was playing great music.

"I feel that I was a little ahead of myself, in a way, with Lennie's influence. I feel that he got me a little more quickly to the top of the chain." As a consequence, Konitz found it necessary to eventually go back and learn Bird's music; he also developed a firmly hierarchical view of the education process, which he stresses in his own teaching today. "I'm very concerned, in teaching, with the step-by-step process, making sure that a student doesn't miss any of the information needed to make him a well rounded musician." In Konitz's mind, that crack about the difficulty of playing bebop strikes rather closely to his own experience.

Tristano, of course, was onto something else—the other progressive jazz idiom (besides bebop) to replace swing and point the way into the 1950s. The band that purveyed Tristano's important developments was the sextet that coalesced in New York in 1948-49, featuring Billy Bauer on guitar, Arnold Fishkin on bass, Harold Granowsky (or Denzil Best) on drums—and Tristano, Konitz and a young tenor saxist named Warne Marsh, who quickly became Konitz's musical soulmate. The sound of closely harmonized alto and tenor winding through Tristano's quick slithery lines made a fast impression on the listening public—even though the sextet worked rarely and left, as a recorded legacy, enough tracks to fill only half an LP.

"It was definitely kind of a guru situation, although it wasn't fashionable then," says Konitz. "We were all students of Lennie; we hung out; we talked about music; and we were the sidemen in his band. And relating to him as a blind man was a unique experience,



HERB NOLAN

WITH WARNE MARSH

too, in many respects. We were very close, up to a point, and he gave us our impetus." In Chicago, Konitz had worked with Tristano in cocktail lounges—"There was one, the Preview, that had a revolving bandstand with a couple of jerks in it, and I don't mean us," and there was one gig that featured a drummer with a wooden leg—but in New York, they foundered. Konitz claims he can count the sextet's total bookings on both hands; he doesn't even need his toes.

Which was one reason that, in 1952, he joined Stan Kenton. "When Stan called me, he was still known as something of a heavyhanded operation, but he said he wanted to lighten up, have something more of a jazz band." In that case, Kenton must have been thinking "cool," for by this time Konitz had already appeared in the Miles Davis Nonet sessions, lending his dry, vibratoless timbre and crisp, unencumbered solos to what would become known as the *Birth Of The Cool*. (Similar qualities were to be found on the West Coast at about this time, in the person of a young wit named Paul Desmond.)

"I had always admired Kenton, from seeing him when I was a child at the Oriental Theater in Chicago," Konitz continues. "So he represented an opportunity that was of interest to me—a steady job, among other things, which I knew very little about." It was a decision that would greatly increase Konitz's popularity with everyone except his old musical circle; Tristano never quite accepted this odd defection (which lasted 15 months), and Konitz concedes that the others "were putting me on about it."

Whatever differences occurred between master and disciple—and there were some before Konitz and Tristano played their final concert together in 1964, after which the pianist gave up performing until his death—Tristano occupies an important role in Konitz's memories. "He understood, in many respects, the nature of my kind of talent, if you will, and he nurtured that; he enabled me to play some form of this music."

Still, no one understands the nature of his talent better than Konitz himself. "I feel that over all these years, I've had to very carefully deal with fundamental things with respect to this discipline. You know, it's kind of easy superficially to just jump in and play some variations of *All The Things You Are*. But to really account for every note, as I think a serious improviser or composer ought to do . . . I try to go in with a blank slate, and not a whole vocabulary of useful licks." This



WITH JIMMY GIUFFRE



VERYL OAKLAND

GIUSEPPE G. PINO



realization is something Konitz hit upon on his own, without Tristano's direct guidance: "Sure, Lennie would call me down every time I jumped into a double-time passage that had no bearing on the phrase before; but Lennie was far from any economical considerations. It had more to do with complexity and intricacy. . . ."

After returning from the Kenton band, Konitz began the winnowing process that would eventually reduce those complexities to elliptical suggestions, and that would turn his clear, clean tone into a sometimes breathy, sometimes gurgling, sometimes out-of-tune and always more expressive voice. It was the beginning of a life's commitment to the stripping of artifice: like Shakespeare's *Lear* or the existential unlayering that Sartre delineates, Konitz steadily peels back the learned clichés, the polished praxis, in an effort to get at something more profound. Those advocating the "art follows life" syndrome might find solid evidence at this time in Konitz's life; for as he began to thin his style, the years had grown lean as well.

He taught; he held the occasional day gig; he worked rarely, mostly

as a single in New York, Boston, or Washington, D.C. "I was not what I would call a 'leader of men,' and so I never really put a band together. Then even the single dates happened less and less." Konitz stops, confesses to a certain awkwardness in discussing this period of his life: "Basically, the novelty was over, and I had to deliver a good strong product; and it wasn't strong enough, apparently, to warrant my making the cycle among jazz clubs. And I didn't really qualify myself to do studio work; there was nothing wrong with it, it's just that I'd had enough acknowledgement in the beginning to figure I would like to really try to get that creative thing together." Besides, he didn't double; he bought a flute, but never really made it sing.

Konitz moved to California, in 1962; he returned, rested, to New York in '64. He almost didn't make it. "I was set to join Lennie at the Half Note, and I was a couple of days late, because I chickened out in a way. I didn't want to get back into the maelstrom, be judged all over again. In California, I'd been basically living in the country, just, uh, kinda relaxing." Konitz's voice is an aural shrug. "Doin' nothing, again. I love to do nothing for long periods of time."

That fits. That fits extremely well.

But by 1964, Konitz was again ready to "face up to the stimulus of New York." The stimulus was different now than when he'd left: the music of Ornette Coleman was becoming accepted; John Coltrane was starting to go out, and Sonny Rollins would not be far behind; and in Konitz's hometown Chicago, Muhal Richard Abrams, Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman and others were experiencing the apathy that would result in their organizing the AACM a year later. This was not music he could become comfortable with—although he professes a liking for Coltrane's modal experiments—and it forged in Konitz a conservative streak that drew upon his own lopsided musical background for fuel.

"The avant garde? Well, I'd heard that they weren't concerned—respectful, if you will—of the same educational process that I was [laughs] hung up with. I kind of resented that, in a way; I thought it was rather unfair that they didn't go the whole route. I'm talking about from Ornette on. The nature of the energy was too alien for me; I couldn't identify with it at all. I don't have that kind of energy, and I'm not really interested in that. I'm too concerned with making what I feel is a traditionally accurate expression—playing in tune, with substantial sound, all that—so I wasn't interested in the distortions. For myself. But I could appreciate how expressive they are." Nonetheless, Konitz points to the sharp break with past developments, which characterized Ornette Coleman's music, as a bad sign. (None of these comments should be taken personally, by the way; Konitz recalls a pleasant afternoon playing bebop duets with

SELECTED KONITZ DISCOGRAPHY

- EZZ-THETIC—Prestige 7827
- LEE KONITZ & WARNE MARSH—German Atlantic ATL 50 298
- PEACEMEAL—Milestone MSP 9025
- SPIRITS—Milestone MSP 9038
- I CONCENTRATE ON YOU—SteepleChase SCS-1018
- SATORI—Milestone M-9060
- LONE-LEE—SteepleChase SCS-1035
- LEE KONITZ MEETS WARNE MARSH AGAIN—Pausa PR-7019
- LEE KONITZ NONET—Roulette SR 5006
- LEE KONITZ QUINTET—Chiaroscuro CR 166
- LEE KONITZ NONET—Chiaroscuro CR 186
- OLEO—Sonet SNTF 690
- with Lennie Tristano:**
- CROSSCURRENTS—Capitol M-11060
- FIRST SESSIONS 1949/50—Prestige 24081
- with Miles Davis:**
- BIRTH OF THE COOL—Capitol M-11026
- with Gerry Mulligan**
- REVELATION—Blue Note BN-LA-532-H2
- with Dave Brubeck**
- ALL THE THINGS WE ARE—Atlantic SD 1684
- with Bill Evans**
- CROSSCURRENTS—Fantasy F-9568

JAZZ IN THE '70s

NO ENERGY CRISIS

by DAN MORGENSTERN

Crystal ball gazing is a risky enterprise and predictions about the future of jazz, made with some regularity since the late 1930s, have usually left the prognosticators with egg on their faces.

Thus (though it is considered bad form to quote oneself) I take some pride in what I wrote in *Music '71*, this magazine's 1970 yearbook, in an attempt to look ahead at the then-new decade:

"While rock music is far from dead, it has toppled from its position of dominance. . . . Young people today . . . are open to anything musical. . . . The many jazz programs in schools and universities . . . can't help but build new audiences for the music. . . . The dormant club scene is coming back to life. . . . The hitherto laughable jazz allotment of the National Endowment for the Arts will be quite substantially increased. . . . In spite of adversity, the music is alive and strong. Potentially, it is stronger than ever."

Those are words I didn't have to eat, and while my concluding thought, duly identified as wishful, that the '70s "might become the decade for jazz," didn't quite materialize, things did turn out rather well—all things considered. As we take leave of the '70s, jazz is still very much alive, and in some ways, it is stronger than ever.

To some, the '70s were a puzzling period. It was the first decade since jazz reached maturity that was not dominated by a trend or personality. This disturbs futurists—those whose thought processes are governed by the belief that innovation is the cornerstone of progress, and that there not only can but *must* be progress in the arts. This kind of thinking, inspired (often unconsciously) by science and technology, had its innings in the world of jazz from the mid '40s to the late '60s—when the music underwent rapid and often startling changes, and trend followed trend with bewildering speed.

But since the death of John Coltrane in 1967, jazz has entered a new and different phase. The music has not ceased to change and develop, but it is changing and developing in many directions, with no single piper to call the tune. And while the futurists still await the new Messiah, ever on the alert for a new, unilateral direction to point the music in, an astonishing variety of approaches manage to co-exist in relative peace.

What has evolved in the world of jazz during the '70s can perhaps best be described in the borrowed ecumenical phrase "unity in diversity." Gone, thankfully, are the strident debates between generations and styles, which had more to do with politics and theology than with music. Significant numbers of people are discovering that it is possible to respect and enjoy the music of

Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker, of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, and of their followers, without the exclusivity so characteristic of the turbulent past. Instead of revolt, there is respect. (As always, there are exceptions. In certain European countries, the attitudes and the vocabulary of the '60s live on, and we have our domestic reactionaries and fanatics as well.)

In many ways, the '70s were a period of rediscovery. If any one artist can stand as a symbol of this process, it is Dexter Gordon, who personifies the resurgence of bebop, a style once declared dead. Unlike some of his contemporaries, Gordon remained true to his artistic roots: that is the secret of his durability, survival and eventual triumph. His kind of perseverance can give faith to young musicians in doubt about which way to go, and ought to be an object lesson to those of his own musical parentage who have vacillated.

Since Dexter's homecoming others have followed suit, knowing they would get a hearing. These days, to be an old bebopper is an honor, not a stigma. The bebop revival is not a matter of nostalgia, but a creative impulse. Young musicians are not copying the style, but finding new ways of expressing themselves within it, modifying and extending it. And those who feed themselves day to day by making other kinds of music return to it when they can. (It wasn't merely a joke when some of them made an album of neobop entitled *You Can't Live Without It*—and then there was V.S.O.P.)

What are most significant, of course, are the ways in which the most gifted of the new players are using the tradition—and the fact that there is no *one* way. For instance, Ricky Ford and Chico Freeman (my choices for up-and-coming tenor heavyweights) both know very well where the music came from, but no one would mistake one for the other.

I want to make it clear that when I write "tradition," I mean it to include the significant discoveries of the '60s. It is not a coincidence that so many of the most promising new players of today directly or indirectly emerged from the AACM movement, and that the '70s saw the founders and prime movers of the AACM coming out of Chicago and into the mainstream of the music—a development symbolized by Muhal Richard Abrams' move to New York. Freeman, George Lewis, Ray Anderson, Arthur Blythe, James Newton, Douglas Ewart and Anthony Davis all have been touched and shaped by what began as a local phenomenon but by the end of the '70s had reached all corners of the jazz world.

Though it was little understood at the time, respect for (and understanding of) the roots of jazz was a key characteristic of the AACM's

musics (the plural is intentional) from the start. It is no coincidence that Air, one of the finest groups to emerge from the AACM, in its latest album addresses itself to the musics of Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll Morton.

(In this connection, it is instructive and amusing to recall that when what was once called "the new thing" first surfaced, it was frequently charged with charlatanry by its detractors. All new movements in the arts attract their share of poseurs and impostors, but they are quickly weeded out. Many changes have taken place in what eventually became known as free jazz—like all names attached to styles and trends, a misnomer—but the serious and dedicated players have prevailed, while the others have vanished.)

As it has since the days when Paul Whiteman introduced "symphonic jazz," and classical composers first began to play around with the externals of the music, jazz in the '70s spawned its share of hybrids. These ranged from the varied but invariably well crafted and lovingly produced works of the ECM stable to the music of Oregon and the various experiments involving third world influences. It can't be denied that there is an audience for such things, as manifested by the release of Keith Jarrett's ten LP set of solo piano improvisations (though Jarrett may be too individualistic a musician to be cited as an example of anything but his own remarkable success). It is no coincidence, however that ECM is a European based operation, and that certain kinds of new improvisation music, which may or may not be jazz, had a much larger audience in Europe than they did here.

In this connection, it is worth noting that the '70s brought about an increasing proximity between experimental jazz and what for lack of a better term might be called experimental contemporary concert music. What composers like Steve Reich, Terry Riley, Philip Glass and Frederic Rzewski are doing with their different uses of improvisation, rhythm and timbre, is certainly not jazz, but just as certainly would be unthinkable if jazz had not existed first. Some recent works by musicians from the jazz sector, such as Anthony Braxton's pieces for multiple orchestras, seem to belong to this new school. (Braxton's *Creative Orchestra Music 1976*, on the other hand is firmly rooted in jazz, and represents one of the decade's most original approaches to the big band tradition. Significantly, this recording project drew heavily from the ranks of the AACM.)

In keeping with the diversity of the '70s, there have been other ways to the legacy of Parker and Gillespie. Jon Faddis, of course, is a direct descendant of Dizzy, and by virtue of his gifts as a lead and high-note trumpeter who can read anything placed in front of

him, spends more time in the studios than on the jazz scene. Tom Harrell is a brilliant young trumpeter whose talent, first recognized by Horace Silver, has yet to achieve full recognition. Like Harrell, altoist Richie Cole is a relatively straightahead player. The Brecker brothers take time out for bop, often at their own club in New York, which features that kind of jazz pretty consistently. And while Supersax had less than startling significance, the group's approach was yet another way of saying "Bird lives."

One of Supersax's members was Warne Marsh, a forgotten man to all but a few in the '60s, who surfaced slowly but steadily in the '70s, both on his own and in tandem with his old partner, Lee Konitz. When they got together again, the music was still fresh. For Konitz, one of the most uncompromising of musicians, the '70s were a new peak. He has made more records in the past seven or eight years than in all the previous days of his recording career, which began in 1947, and all of them are worth hearing. Konitz's nonet

(unfortunately not a regular touring unit) was one of the most rewarding large groups of the decade. Konitz even spawned a gifted follower, altoist Bob Mover. Though Konitz long ago cut his umbilical cord to Lennie Tristano, I think that this strange, essentially unfulfilled and very gifted man was pleased to hear his erstwhile disciple doing so well. And Sal Mosca's brand-new album (on Choice) shows that Tristano's music didn't die with him.

Some young players went beyond bebop to look for inspiration in the '70s. If one contrasts the reception of Scott Hamilton to that accorded Ruby Braff 20 years earlier, one can discern some of the differences between then and now. While both musicians were regarded as anachronistic, Hamilton was received with sympathy, while Braff became the unwilling object of ideological disputes between modernists and traditionalists. Trumpeter Warren Vaché Jr., Hamilton's frequent sidekick, has received less publicity than the tenor man, but is a player to watch.

He's from New Jersey, where a surprisingly large and steadfastly loyal audience for mainstream and traditional jazz has developed. Hamilton hails from Providence, and the contemporaries with whom he first played swing-style jazz there have followed him to New York. One of them, altoist Mike Hashim, leads by far the most interesting of the "repertory" bands that were a phenomenon of the '70s. Called the Widespread Depression Orchestra, it doesn't copy vintage arrangements but fashions its own charts from classic materials of the '30s and '40s.

The repertory concept was another sign of the decade's respect for the past. It began with the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra, an idea (by George Wein) that was ahead of its time and did not find the financial support to make it permanently viable. Still in existence as a touring group performing at Wein's festivals under the leadership of Dick Hyman—whose very special gift for authentic recreation blossomed in the climate of the '70s—it refurbished, with varying degrees of



DAVID ELLIS

HAMPTON HAWES, CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, NAT ADDERLEY, DEXTER GORDON, GENE AMMONS.



HERB NOLAN

ROSCOE MITCHELL and MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS



RANDI HULTIN

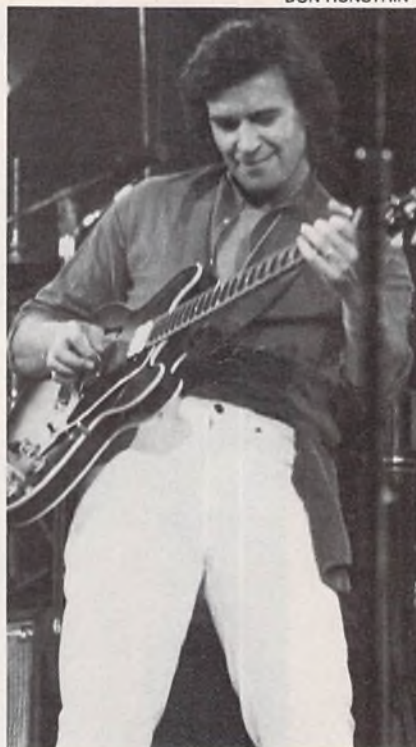
CLARK TERRY and EUBIE BLAKE

ANDY FREEBERG/ENCORE



CHICO FREEMAN

DON HUNSTRIN



JOHN McLAUGHLIN



ALAIN BETTEX

WOODY HERMAN



JØRGEN BO

HARRY EDISON and ROY ELDRIDGE



DON SCHLITTEN

DIZZY GILLESPIE

success, the musics of King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke (and Jean Goldkette), Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Lunceford and Duke Ellington, among others. (One of the one-shot "others" was the Savoy Sultans, a unique nine piece band that used to take on all comers at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. Near the decade's end, drummer Panama Francis re-formed the Sultans and invested their music with amazingly swinging new life.)

Two musicians involved, on occasion, in these attempts at recreation (a concept that used to be considered antithetical to jazz), Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern in the '70s co-led a band that made creative and original use of the pre-bop past. While it lasted, Soprano Summit brought to life, in its own fresh way, the joyful legacy of that great New Orleans triumvirate of reedmen: Sidney Bechet, Johnny Dodds and Jimmie Noone, with an occasional touch of the Chicagoans touched by them, Frank Teschemacher and Benny Goodman, and a bow to the unique Pee Wee Russell. (In 1979, Davern recorded with Steve Lacy, while Wilber did the Mozart Clarinet Quintet, among other novel forays.)

At the heart of the mainstream tradition stood the surviving greats who had helped to mold it, men and women like Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, Earl Hines, Vic Dickenson, Doc Cheatham, Mary Lou Williams, Lionel Hampton, Harry Edison, Buddy Tate and Jo Jones. Once, jazz was regarded as a young players' music. At 72, Carter can still outplay and out-write most of the competition, while

Eldridge, approaching 69, is an awesome contender for trumpeters half his age or younger—Roy'll take them all on, and they'd better be ready. Hines' fingers still do the bidding of his mind, and his ideas are as quick and unpredictable as ever. That young, new listeners have come to appreciate the artistry of these great survivors is cause for rejoicing, albeit they remain underexposed. Those who do not seize the opportunity of hearing these living legends "live" while it can still be done will live to regret it.

Not all the legends, alas, will be around as long as the unique Eubie Blake, whose 100th birthday ought to be one of the highlights of 1983. In the '70s, Blake became the sparkling embodiment of the ragtime revival, one of the more unexpected phenomena of the decade. What had too long been regarded as cartoon music was shown to hold all kinds of musical delights, and Scott Joplin's *Treemonisha* was finally given full scale productions, some 60 years after his death in obscurity.

It was via records that the ragtime revival took hold, and the '70s were a record jazz record decade as well. Never before had there been such a proliferation of what the industry calls "product." Good and bad, legitimate and suspect, the records kept coming. There were new labels, including many produced by the artists themselves, and there were new labels for the hybrid music produced, in the main, by producers. There were airshots and private recordings, from tape and acetate and wire, with sound so bad only a true fanatic could savor it (and minor

miracles of restoration of such material and ancient 78s as well), and electronic wizardry that strained the capabilities of the most advanced reproductive equipment. There were (in Europe and Japan, but very seldom in the U.S.) complete editions of the works of both major and minor figures. There were ambitious reissue and retrieval programs by major labels. There were two-fers and boxed sets, lavishly packaged and arcanelly annotated, and there were "instant warp" pressings and unlisted personnels. Neither collector nor apprentice fan had ever had it so good. By mid 1979, tremors in the industry, mainly the result of foolhardy and ultimately counterproductive inflation of sales figures by companies, implied that things might soon change, but thus far the flow has continued unabated. The advice of one who has seen jazz records come and go since the days of 78s is: get them while you can, or pay up to five times as much later.

As always, record industry practices were responsible for much manufactured music, tailored to sell. Some of it did, making some jazz musicians successful in the marketplace. Success isn't necessarily a disgrace, and some talented musicians can function within its artistic limits. A very few know how to extend those limits and use success to their own artistic advantage—for example Joe Zawinul, though not necessarily Wayne Shorter.

But it is interesting to note how quickly most of the successes will jump at the chance to play a different kind of music, for much less money. They claim they can afford to do

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ALBERTA HUNTER

SINGER OF SONGS

by LEE JESKE



“You know, ladies and gentlemen, I’m known as kind of a saloon impresario,” says Barney Josephson to the audience at his New York City night spot, the Cookery. “Starting in 1938, in Greenwich Village, in Sheridan Square, I opened a little saloon known as Cafe Society with no less a singer than Billie Holiday. I had Hazel Scott and Lena Horne, Patti Page and Sarah Vaughan. Comedians too—Jack Gilford and Zero Mostel. The greatest of all jazz piano players—Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson. The most wonderful of all blues shouters, Joe Turner. I mention these names only to lend the kind of importance I think I have to give to Miss Hunter. For me, ladies and gentlemen, the names I’ve thrown at you, you may forget. If I’m ever remembered for anything I have ever done in this business, I want you to remember me as the man who brought Alberta Hunter back to singing again. And now, it’s the greatest joy of my life, Alberta Hunter . . .”

Alberta Hunter steps to the microphone with a bounce. A small woman with grey hair pulled back in a thin braid, she wears a long, flowing, deep blue dress and her ear lobes are distended by a pair of earrings that seem the size of badminton racquets. She extends her arms in appreciation of the applause, quickly nods to her two accompanists, and begins, “Come on up some night my castle’s rockin’/ You can blow your top cause everything’s free . . .”

By the second chorus the capacity crowd in the Cookery has begun clapping in time and Alberta Hunter is dancing, shaking, grinning, winking and mugging.

“Top floor third door to the left/ That’s where you’ll always find me/ Stuff is there/ And the chicks fairly romp with glee . . .”

On the day Alberta Hunter was born, the *New York Times* front page had stories on Bismarck’s 80th birthday. GERMANY WANTS HORSE MEAT, shouted one headline, because “beef costs from 15 to 25¢ a pound in Germany and is out of the reach of the average workman.”

Joseph Jefferson was about to open at the Harlem Opera House playing Rip Van Winkle. A “colored woman” of about 22 was murdered and disemboweled and when her body was put on display for identification, “Many white people filed past the stretcher. Very few of these came to aid in the cause of justice. To nearly all it was a rare show. Well-dressed young women entered and left giggling, some women brought babies in their arm to look at the dead . . . The colored people,” the story continued, “behaved better.”

In Memphis, Tennessee on that first day of April, 1895, Alberta Hunter was born into poverty, the daughter of “a scrubwoman in a 22 □ down beat

sporting house.” Eighty-three years later Alberta Hunter was back on her native Beale Street, receiving the key to the city.

“The first time I went back, they tore the whole street down. There was nothing there and I said, ‘Fix up Beale Street. That was a great, famous street.’ And you know what—I went there a couple of months ago and they had already started fixing it up.” Alberta Hunter smiles with her whole face. The eyes widen, the eyebrows arch and her mouth stretches into a mischievous grin. She squeezes my arm tight and laughs.

“I left Memphis when I was eight years old. My teacher, Miss Florida Cummings, had a train pass to Chicago, a child’s pass. She asked me if I’d like to go to Chicago on the train and I said, ‘Yeah, I’d like to go.’ So she said, ‘Run home and ask your mother and if she says you can go, you can go.’ But I never did ask my mother. I just ran and hid between two houses until it was time to leave. My mother thought I was staying over at my friend’s house or something.

“Once we got to Chicago I just left my teacher on the streetcar. I just jumped off and left her there. And would you know, I got out of the streetcar right in front of the Burlington Building where the only person I knew in Chicago was. Just like that. And would you know that I walked up and walked right to the door of that woman, Miss Helen Winston. She was a friend of my mother’s. She took one look at me and said, ‘Pig, what are you doing here?’

“They called me Pig because I used to get so dirty all the time, see. Right away Miss Helen fixed me up to look older and got me a job as a cook for six dollars a week, with room and board. The first thing I did was send my mother two dollars so she’d know where I was.”

Before Alberta Hunter left Memphis she had heard very little music. Her grandmother took her to church where she’d listen to the choir and on some rare Saturdays her mother would send her to the local music hall to “sit up in the poor gallery.” Here she heard some popular singing, but not very much. Alberta Hunter began singing in Chicago, learning songs off player piano rolls at a “sporting bar” called Dago Frank’s.

“I kept trying to get a job singing there and finally they gave me the chance. I got paid five dollars a week. All my songs then I learned off the player piano. *Where The River Shannon Flows* was one of my first songs. The player pianos had the words printed on the song rolls and I would learn off that.”

Alberta was still a very young girl at the time. She was immediately taken under the wings of the ladies who worked for Dago Frank.

“Yes. People don’t realize—prostitutes are good people. Prostitutes are the *best* people. People don’t know what makes pimps and

prostitutes what they are—it's *circumstances*. Circumstances lead to that way of life. You know what I mean? Circumstances. Prostitutes taught me to be a good girl . . . they *made* me be a good girl."

Chicago had a wild night life during the first few decades of this century. Hugh Hoskin's and the Panama Cafe were two nightspots where the young Alberta Hunter sang. Other young singers making the rounds were Florence Mills and Bricktop. Soon Alberta found herself at the Dreamland Cafe with such white entertainers as Sophie Tucker and Al Jolson in the audience and King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band behind her.

"That was the most exciting place I ever worked. They had a big glass floor with spotlights. King Joe Oliver and the band were the *best* accompanists in the world. If I thought of a tune I would just go over and hum it to Lil [Hardin, later Armstrong] and she would play it just like that. And not only Lil—Joe Oliver would join in and play it like he knew it. Louis [Armstrong] had just come up at this time and he was as great as they say. He and Joe used to do a duet that was so pretty—the most beautiful thing you've ever heard, *Jerusalem*. I think some jealousy formed between Louis and Joe when Louis began to be recognized.

"There was everybody at the Dreamland—Negroes and whites. Al Jolson used to ask me to do *Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose*. He loved that and every time he'd see me, he'd ask me to do that. He was a great entertainer.

"Sophie Tucker used to come and see me, too. She was one of the best there was. I loved Sophie Tucker, but she used to watch me to learn things. She used to invite me over to teach her my songs, but I wouldn't go. I guess it was an honor to be invited to Miss Sophie Tucker's, but I didn't want her to steal everything. So she started sending her maid Belle around to my dressing room. I was crazy about Sophie Tucker and she had an effect on my singing."

During her five years at the Dreamland, Alberta began composing and recording. One of her early records, *Downhearted Blues*, was a million seller on the Paramount label in 1921. Two years later it was a million seller again—as the first recording by Bessie Smith.

"I never knew Bessie Smith. Everybody's always asking about her and I never so much as said hello to her. The only time I ever saw

morning I was at the Drury Lane and that's how I got the job as Queenie in *Showboat*, with Paul Robeson."

Showboat was a smash. Paul Robeson's "song about the ol' river" (as the *London Times* put it the next morning) was a smash and Alberta Hunter was a star in Europe.

"Paul Robeson was a great, great man," she remembers. "He had a strong, wonderful voice and he was such a big, powerful man. Paul Robeson wasn't no communist, but he was a great man and he died with a broken heart."

After she left *Showboat*, Alberta began singing on the continent. She replaced Josephine Baker at the Casino de Paris and sang songs in French while scantily dressed showgirls swung in bird cages.

"I sing songs in six different languages. I didn't just want to sing French like a parrot, so I went and learned how to speak the language. I never wore all those costumes like Josephine Baker, but they put me in beautiful outfits. I don't know where they got the idea of thinking I had such a nice figure, but they dressed me up in gowns. Afterwards I went all over Europe. I went to Copenhagen and Istanbul and the Continental in Cairo before I came back to England." One early photo shows Alberta grinning and waving from atop a camel.

On her second extended stay in England, Alberta played at the Dorchester Hotel where she was a great favorite of the Prince of Wales (the future King Edward VII and Duke of Windsor).

After returning to New York, Alberta Hunter began working in radio. In 1939 she was in the cast of *Mamba's Daughters*, Ethel Waters' Broadway dramatic debut.

"Nobody could sing like Ethel Waters, but I guess she didn't much like what I was doing, because she was mean to me. She did some mean things, but jealousy makes people do things they don't really mean."

During the Second World War, Alberta Hunter joined the USO. For the next decade, until the end of the Korean War, she entertained American troops throughout the world.

"They built a whole unit around me. I sang blues songs and some popular songs. I sang for General Eisenhower and General MacArthur. For a time I was right in the middle of the war, in



IN EGYPT



BROADCASTING IN EARLY '40s

**ALBERTA HUNTER
DISCOGRAPHY**

REMEMBER MY NAME—Columbia JS 35553
CLASSIC ALBERTA HUNTER—Stash ST 115

Bessie Smith was when we were both working in Chicago and I passed her as she was leaving her theatre and I was coming in. I never even heard her sing. That's one of the things everyone says, that I knew Bessie Smith. I didn't know any of those people. Victoria Spivey, I never knew her."

Although Alberta's compositions were mostly blues, her repertoire included most of the popular tunes of the day. Such vintage numbers as *Someday Sweetheart* and *June Night* are forgotten by most singers today. Not by Alberta. She claims to remember about 85 songs, any of which she might introduce into a performance today.

In 1923, Alberta Hunter came to New York and worked in two shows, *How Come?* and *Change Your Luck*.

"Acting was natural—you just be yourself. I never had trouble learning lines. I just went out and was me, just like when you ask me a question, I answer as me."

Soon Alberta was on her way to London. "I've never kept my feet still, I always looked for some higher ground. When I went to Europe to work I went 'cause of Noble Sissle. It was impossible to just go over and work, you needed a work permit and that took six months. So Sissle told me that he'd arrange things and he said, 'When you get to the border, mention the Lord Mayor's name.' So I did and soon I was working in London.

"When I was in London I got to sing at the London Pavillion, not the Palladium, the Pavillion. In the audience were Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein. Afterwards I get a note from them to come to the Drury Lane Theatre, eight o'clock sharp. Eight o'clock the next

Sakhalin, you know, the place the Russians and Japanese are always arguing about. I was the only unit that was right there—I even have pictures of me in my galoshes going into my quonset."

In 1954, while working as an understudy in the Broadway production of *Mrs. Patterson*, Alberta Hunter lost her mother.

"My poor mother was the most important thing in my life. She was living with me all the time I was in New York. She died on January 17, 1954 and that was the day I swore to give up singing and become a nurse. I went right to the YWCA and enrolled in their nursing program. I was accepted, by the goodness of God. I became a registered nurse and went to work at Goldwater Memorial Hospital on Roosevelt Island."

Alberta Hunter became a full time nurse in 1957. She told the hospital administration she was 50. She was, in fact, 62. For the next 20 years, Alberta Hunter remained a nurse. She recorded two rarely heard albums for Chris Albertson (on Riverside and Prestige Bluesville) in the early '60s, but she had no interest in doing anything else in show business. She was content helping people and left her past in the past. Then the hospital administration forced her to retire. She had no choice but to give in to the mandatory retirement age of 70. But the sly Alberta Hunter, who was an actress before most of the hospital administration was born, was playing a role again. She was 82.

Barney Josephson's Cafe Society was *the* pioneering club in New



MAMBA'S DAUGHTER, NEW YORK CITY, 1939: ETHEL WATERS, FAR LEFT; ALBERTA HUNTER, CENTER

York City for integrated audiences. Just a small fistful of years younger than Alberta Hunter, he re-entered the nightclub business when he opened the Cookery, a Greenwich Village boîte with a long, varied menu featuring spaghetti spinaci and croque monsieurs and a long, varied list of jazz and blues performers including Helen Humes, Mary Lou Williams, Big Mama Thornton and both Joe Turners.

Barney Josephson is a small, white haired, pale man. He has a ready grin, when he isn't keeping a watchful eye over the business. Alberta Hunter never worked at the Cafe Society, but Barney knew her reputation. It was a phone call from Charlie Bourgeois, publicist for the Newport Jazz Festival, that led him to the new Alberta Hunter.

"Alberta was at a party of Bobby Short's where Charlie was present," Josephson recalls at his club. "The party was given by Bobby for Mabel Mercer who was going to London on a gig. He gave her a little send off. And Alberta, an old friend of Mabel's, was asked up. She was retired from her work already, out on the island. Charlie had never heard her except on records, she was a legend to him. He said, 'My God, Alberta, you should be singing again.' She said, 'No, I'm not singing anymore. I haven't even hummed a tune in the bathtub in more than 20 years. I don't know that I can sing. I don't need the money, I got enough to live on. The rest of my days are a little sacred to me.' He said, 'Why don't you call Barney Josephson, he's the only man I know who'll do something about an old lady.' She said, 'I don't know Barney Josephson and I'm not going to call him.' Charlie said, 'Let me have your telephone number.' So she gave him her telephone number.

"The next morning at 10 o'clock, Charlie calls me on the telephone and says, 'Barney, do you remember Alberta Hunter?' And I said, 'Christ, is she still around?' Now, I hadn't heard of her in all these years—you think they're gone. He said, 'Yeah, she's around,' and he told me about the party the night before and that she wouldn't take my number. So I said, 'How do I reach her?' and he said, 'I knew you'd ask, that's why I took her number.'

"I took the telephone number and called her as soon as he hung up. I said, 'This is Barney Josephson. I want you down here as fast as you can get here. I want you down here right away.' Within two hours, Alberta was here. We exchanged greetings and chatted. I said, 'I've got Helen Humes here. She's closing on October 8. That's three weeks from now, you're opening on the 10th of October. You've got three weeks to get ready. You're coming back, you're going to sing and don't tell me you don't know if you can sing anymore, or you don't want to sing, or don't need the money—whatever, you're going to be singing again. You know a piano player you want to start working with? If you don't I'll get one.' And she answered, 'Yes, I think I know one.'

So Barney Josephson hired an 82 year old registered nurse, sound unheard. "I never heard her. You don't ask an 82 year old to go and audition for you; how do you do a thing like that?"

"The only thing I looked at when I was talking to her was her mouth, her teeth. See, I figured at 82 you could have dentures. If she had dentures I might have been a little cautious because you get the click, click over the mike and the hisses. When I saw she had a healthy mouth and teeth, I said to myself, you haven't a thing to worry about with this baby."

Ten days later at the first rehearsal, Barney Josephson knew what
24 □ down beat

he had. The Cookery, which did acceptable business throughout its years on the corner of Eighth Street and University Place, became the scene of one of the greatest comebacks in recent show business memory. The policy of no cover charge and a \$3.50 minimum, which was the case when Alberta opened, has grown to a \$5 cover, with the minimum remaining the same. Josephson is now Ms. Hunter's manager as well.

"Barney Josephson is the most honest man I've ever met," says Alberta. "He keeps giving me raises and I say, 'Barney, why are you doing this?' He's too honest for this business."

Gerald Cook has been Alberta's pianist for her two year stint at the Cookery. His touch is light and sweet. Cook comes from a background of cocktail and classical music and his accompaniment is gentle, yet assertive. The bassist has changed each season and is currently longtime Ellingtonian Aaron Bell. (The Cookery is in a non-cabaret zone, meaning no drums or horns may be used.) They warm up the audience with a short set of standards before each show. Alberta works five nights a week, two shows each on Tuesday through Thursday and three on Friday and Saturday.

She usually begins the set with *My Castle's Rockin'*, a song she recorded with Eddie Heywood in 1940. Her voice is deep and clear. She has a rich bellows of a vibrato and uses her whole body like any actress—emphasizing what the audience might miss without her amazing eyebrows, which do their own two steps to bring out double entendres, or shrivel up to show-off the melodrama of some of the torch songs.

Alberta introduces the second number of the set as one she composed for *Remember My Name*, an ill-received movie that added nothing to the reputations of its stars, Anthony Perkins and Geraldine Chaplin. However the song, *The Love I Have For You*, was also recorded at that session with Heywood in '40. These two are re-released on *Classic Alberta Hunter*, a compilation covering some of Ms. Hunter's recorded output in the '30s and early '40s. The song is a tear jerker and Alberta gives it her all, her left hand clutching the piano and her body erect and solemn. The record reveals a higher voice; her singing has improved with the years.

I Got Rhythm follows at a brisk tempo. Alberta's left foot frequently disappears under her gown and she occasionally puts her hand on her stomach, raises her other hand in the air and feints a quick dance. The lyrics "knocking 'round my door" are replaced by a pussycat snarl. She then sings a song in German before going into three numbers that she wrote—*Working Man*, *Having A Good Time* and *Rough And Ready Man*. All three numbers have distinctly different melodies, the first and last are blues and the last was written in 1976. The audience is with her at every turn. She plays right to the crowd, milking her big lines for all they're worth. It's not just a set, it's a performance.

The set closes with two ballads, no mean feat for a singer to pull off, but Alberta does it. *Glory Of Love* begins with an appeal for the audience not to ignore their parents which would bring tears to the eyes of Lizzie Borden. The set wraps up with a heartfelt *Old Fashioned Love*.

Alberta Hunter has written over 80 songs in her estimation, yet it's only now that she's getting all the money she is due. It took her Beale Street neighbor, the late W. C. Handy, to get her admitted to ASCAP in the first place.

"I've got a good lawyer, and he's getting money for me that they

GLOBAL JAZZ BOOSTERS DEMAND MORE U.S. MUSIC



by
MICHAEL BOURNE

Jazz, more than ever before, is a universal music. Around the world, more than the classics, more than rock and roll, jazz has become a universal language, what all music is supposed to be, especially among the young. The spirit of jazz has endured even when outlawed.

In the essay, *Red Music*, Czech writer Josef Škvorecký tells of the time when the Nazis, and later the Communists, prohibited jazz. Jazz was "judeo-negroid" music; it "defiled" the music of Aryans. To play or even listen to jazz was, to the Nazis, virtually a capital offense. And yet the music was played and was listened to, even in the camps. Jazz became a music of liberation among oppressed peoples in Europe. The musician in Škvorecký's novella *The Bass Saxophone* remembers even German officers who played jazz: "It was simply everywhere, that sweet sickness, it would have eventually infected everyone, and perhaps if the war had turned out badly it would have infected the victors, ultimately—even though it might have taken many years, maybe centuries—transforming them into people."*

Despite the efforts of the communists against "decadent" American music, the musicians and listeners have endured—jazz endures—behind the Iron Curtain. There's even a jazz festival now in Moscow. And from New Orleans, Chicago, New York, Hollywood and St. Louis to Berlin, Lisbon, Santiago, Bombay and Tokyo, there is jazz.

While attending the 1979 Newport Festival in New York, I came together with producers and critics from some of the faraway places where American music often seems better appreciated than in America, to talk about jazz, the "sweet sickness" that infected the world.

Joachim-Ernst Berendt is the author of *The Jazz Book*, the best selling book ever written about jazz, now translated into 18 languages, and edits "Jazz Calendar." Founder of the Berlin Jazz Festival, Berendt is one of the pioneers of German radio and television. As a producer for MPS, he's recorded Albert Mangelsdorff, Elvin Jones, Cecil Taylor, Baden Powell and others through the years, and has involved himself with musicians around the world. Berendt was honored by the Polish government for his efforts on behalf of Polish musicians. It was Berendt who inspired the Goethe Institute to send forth jazz musicians in their worldwide cultural efforts.

Luiz Villas-Boas became a virtual evangelist for jazz in Portugal. For more than 20 years, starting in 1945, Villas-Boas produced a weekly radio program in Lisbon, *The Hot Club of Portugal*, and in 1948 opened a real Hot Club where visiting musicians like Count Basie and Quincy Jones played. He's involved himself in festivals from Macao to São Paulo and is the producer of the Cascais Jazz

*Josef Škvorecký, *The Bass Saxophone*, translated by Káča Poláčková-Henley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1979.



COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA AT NICE, FRANCE

Festival in Portugal, which began in 1971 with Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman and became an annual Newport-like event.

José Hosiasson, better known as Pepé, was born in Poland but emigrated with his family to Chile before the war. While developing a successful import-export business, Hosiasson produced a popular jazz program on Chilean radio from 1949 to 1964. The founder of the Santiago Jazz Club, he's now the president of the jazz committee of The Chilean-North-American Binational Cultural Centre in San-

tiago and teaches jazz history at the Santiago Conservatory.

Niranjan Jhaveri was the editor of *Blue Rhythm*, an Indian jazz magazine in the 1950s. The founder and secretary-general of Jazz-India, a non-profit charitable trust established in 1975 to encourage the cultural exchange of jazz and Indian music, Jhaveri organized Jazz-Yatra in Bombay in 1978, the first international music festival in India (Sonny Rollins is the festival's American "patron"). He's since rid himself of his interests in an Indo-American electronics company to devote himself to furthering Jazz-India ventures. Now working toward Jazz-Yatra '80, Jhaveri hopes to present a festival of Indo-Afro-American music in the U.S. in 1981.

Kiyoshi Koyama was the Japanese editor of *down beat* from 1961 to 1963, and later, from 1967 to 1979, was the editor-in-chief of *Swing Journal*. Koyama is now more involved as a producer. As the director of the Jazz and Pop division of Nippon Phonogram, along with trying to encourage the Japanese to listen to American jazz, Koyama wants to encourage Americans to listen to Japanese jazz.

The roundtable came together at the New York Hilton, and from the first it was lively—which was to be expected of people who have devoted their lives to jazz. They didn't always concur, but their love of the music was always manifest. Whenever the talk became too idealistic, Pepé played the devil's advocate—and later cooled everyone off with Chilean wine. Koyama was supposed to attend, but became too involved with a recording of the Yamashita Trio's Newport concert. I talked with Koyama later and have interpolated his reactions to what was said. There was no formal opening to the roundtable as the conversation began almost at once about which came first to their countries: the chickens or the eggs? the musicians or the critics? records of Louis Armstrong or writings of Hugues Panassie?

Berendt: The roots of jazz are in America. America is the soil jazz comes from. But to other countries, jazz has to be imported.

Villas-Boas: In the beginning in Portugal, jazz was a one-man show. Nobody was interested in jazz. Nobody knew about jazz. I started a radio program in 1945. We started a club in 1948. Everyone put it down. I was called a crazy guy.

Hosiasson: There must have been something before you started.

Villas-Boas: The first and only American musician I saw was in 1941. Willie Lewis was coming from France when America was coming into the war.

Koyama: We don't have a long tradition of appreciating jazz in Japan. It only started in the '50s. There was very little interest in jazz before the war.

Jhaveri: We were fortunate in India to have

black musicians in the early '30s: Teddy Weatherford, Cass McCord, Cricket Smith, Leon Abbey. The maharajahs, who were the patrons of the arts, had a lot of money. They came to America and liked the black musicians immediately, so they went to the hotels and said that instead of having silly bands from England, they wanted jazz musicians.

Hosiasson: In the '20s, certainly the '30s, there was a lot of jazz activity in Chile. There was a show on the radio in 1938.

Bourne: How did the music get there?

Hosiasson: There were records, and American musicians toured South America. The first Chilean musicians were amateurs, professional people who would get together and play. That was an important movement in all our countries.

Berendt: Many countries learned about jazz not from the United States, but from France. In Brazil in the '30s, the first information about jazz came from Paris, from French writers: Panassie, Delaunay, Ansermet, Goffin. All these people were writing about jazz before there were jazz musicians in Europe in the '30s.

Hosiasson: Panassie's book was translated into Spanish in 1938. It was the only book available.

Berendt: In all these countries, there were

U.S. It's always been like this. Louis Armstrong, Duke, then in the '60s Anthony Braxton, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and Oliver Lake—they all were successful first in Europe before they were accepted in the U.S. But what they really wanted was to play in the U.S. and they're very happy to get back. And now that bebop is more successful in the U.S., Art Farmer, Johnny Griffin, Dexter Gordon all left Europe as soon as possible. They're much more happy here now than they were in all the years in Europe.

Bourne: One reason some musicians left the U.S. was racism.

Hosiasson: But there is reverse racism in Europe. If you're a drummer, you'd better be black!

Berendt: All over the world, except maybe the U.S., if you want to be a jazz musician you'd better be black. A jazz musician was always more successful in Europe when he was black.

Bourne: Black musicians fulfilled a cultural stereotype?

Hosiasson: Yes. And because there were no blacks, they were exotic phenomena.

Berendt: It's a very human thing. In a world where you find very few blacks, you are more likely to consider a black musician as something special.

windows open.

Indian influences are being absorbed into jazz, made part of jazz.

This is what has made jazz the most powerful music on the earth today. It is constantly looking for new things. It is constantly grabbing whatever it can meaningfully incorporate.

Hosiasson: I disagree with that statement in a way. I've found in my travels that people reject the combination. In Brazil, the people who like jazz reject the combination of jazz and Brazilian music. They hate bossa nova. They want to hear straight jazz.

Jhaveri: The same thing happens in India. Jazz fans tell me that they don't want this mixture of jazz and Indian music. This is why there weren't more Indo-jazz happenings in the festival we organized—even though the musicians wanted it!

Hosiasson: You're right. It's the audience that doesn't want the mixture.

Jhaveri: Some people feel that jazz musicians are trying to dabble in our traditions and may destroy our traditions, but I explained to them that the jazz musicians value our traditions more than we do. Their idea is to expand and enrich our traditions.

Berendt: Ravi Shankar said that the first people in the West to understand the musical



LUIZ VILLAS-BOAS



JOACHIM-ERNST BERENDT



NIRANJANI JHAVERI



JOSE HOSIASOON

writers. In Poland, there was Leopold Tyrmand. Even in Japan, writers like Shoichi Yui were on the scene writing about jazz before there were any worthwhile Japanese musicians. In America, of course, it was just vice versa. There was a flourishing jazz scene before there were any articles. The articles were being written in Europe.

Bourne: Jazz is America's music, yet it's said that jazz is better appreciated elsewhere. So many musicians have emigrated, moving especially to Europe. There was no work or not enough respect in the U.S. Is this all a myth, or is jazz better appreciated elsewhere?

Jhaveri: It was, but maybe now it's changing.

Berendt: It is both truth and myth. It's a myth because, even with all those musicians leaving, there are still a hundred times more musicians living in the U.S. and doing well, at least living acceptable lives. The few Americans who lived in Europe were blown up, grandified.

Jhaveri: They became heroes.

Berendt: Just because there were so few.

Hosiasson: Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington did very well in the U.S.

Bourne: Didn't they have triumphs in Europe before in the U.S.?

Hosiasson: But they finally made it here.

Berendt: They're always aiming for the

Bourne: Are you aware of a controversy among young black musicians trying to exorcise absolutely any European "white" influence in their music?

Berendt: That's very silly. In the "cool jazz" era, it was just vice versa. Some critics said there was very little black influence. Who was it who said that there's more jazz in a corps of Hungarian gypsy fiddlers than in any African music? That was just as wrong. Jazz was born in America out of a meeting of black and white.

Hosiasson: Otherwise, it would have been born in Africa.

Berendt: And there's nowhere in the world that has less understanding of jazz than Africa. This was the experience again and again of Armstrong, Duke, Art Blakey, of anybody who came to Africa. They came with open hearts, coming to the countries of their forefathers, and they were disappointed. They found a beautiful acceptance in Europe, in Japan, all over Asia, but not in Africa. Jazz is a black music, but it cannot be that black after all.

Bourne: Why is jazz so popular in the East?

Jhaveri: It's an intangible feeling, the way jazz has absorbed so many different cultures. Jazz started as a mixture of European and African music, but the tradition of jazz is to absorb other music. Jazz has always kept its

and spiritual elements of Indian music were the jazz musicians. And the last ones were the classical musicians!

Hosiasson: I nevertheless question the popularity of jazz in the East.

Berendt: The enthusiasm for jazz is really amazing in Japan.

Koyama: I don't think the jazz market is big enough. My main post is to promote jazz to the Japanese people. And because I love jazz, because I've dedicated my life to jazz, through the years I think I've influenced many people to become aware of and appreciate jazz. And now many young people have become involved in jazz. Some became record producers. Some became club owners. There's a very good community of jazz in Japan. V.S.O.P., Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock are appreciated the same as rock groups. Chick and Herbie played the same place the rock groups play: the Nippon Budokan, in Tokyo. It's like Madison Square Garden, and they filled the hall. We've had a festival since 1977 in a huge outdoor coliseum, Denen Coliseum, which holds close to 11,000 people. V.S.O.P. played there.

Hosiasson: Japan has one hundred million inhabitants, half the population of the U.S. The fact that you can fill a concert hall in Tokyo does not mean that jazz is popular among the great percentage of the Japanese

population.

Koyama: We're in the process of getting an audience. The younger generation is most eager.

Bourne: American musicians are idolized in Japan more than anywhere else in the world. But it's said that Japanese musicians who play jazz and other American musics are never more than imitators.

Berendt: That's not true anymore. The Japanese in any field, not just in music, start imitating like they imitated German cameras; but now they build much better cameras than the Germans or anybody.

Jhaveri: The same with motorcars, all technology.

Berendt: Musicians like Yamashita are not really imitating American musicians. He has a power similar to Cecil Taylor's, but he gets it, not from black tradition, but from a Japanese Zen tradition, which is a completely different thing. There are quite a few musicians like this in Japan.

Koyama: Yamashita's music is based in the Japanese pentatonic scale. He's used

Hosiasson: Time will tell how important this is. But if you look back in history, how many non-American musicians are really relevant to the history of the art? Django, of course. Any guitar player, American or otherwise, owes a debt to Django's music. Who else? I'd say Albert Mangelsdorff, who's had a long enough history to say that he's somebody in the jazz world.

Bourne: Latin rhythms are important in the music, and Latin musicians like Chano Pozo.

Koyama: You might remember the contribution of Austrian-born Joe Zawinul. His influence on electronic keyboards is enormous. I think Miles Davis got some inspiration from Joe Zawinul.

Hosiasson: Grappelli's influence is also enormous, and Jean-Luc Ponty's.

Bourne: How French is their music?

Hosiasson: I don't know how French, but there was nobody in the States playing like Ponty.

Berendt: The whole interest in the violin on today's scene started with these two

said, is modality. Modality has to be played with a certain spirituality. That's why Coltrane became so important in this development. Ryo said that black people play music in a spiritual way and Asian people play music in a spiritual way, almost a religious way. For Europeans and white people in general, music and religion have very little in common. They *can* have something in common but don't have to. Ryo said that spirituality in the Asian tradition of music is very strong, and it's also strong in the black tradition of music.

Jhaveri: The spirituality was there all the time in jazz, but without awareness. People didn't realize that when they listened to Parker or Billie Holiday or Bessie Smith, something spiritual was happening to them. They'd feel it but without being able to identify what was happening. Something greater was taking over and inspiring them. I think it's human nature. We all have blood in our veins. Our hearts pump in the rhythm. And it's something to do with genius.

Bourne: India has a great and ancient



JEAN PIERRE LEOIR

Japanese folk songs for his compositions. Of course Japanese musicians have learned from American musicians. If the Japanese musicians want to play jazz, they have to learn about jazz, what jazz is. But they have their own feelings, their own cultural background and environment, so their music will have the uniqueness of Japanese music. Some of the Japanese musicians, like Terumasa Hino and Masabumi Kikuchi, are established in America. But few of the important Japanese musicians ever go out anywhere, like the drummer Masahiko Togashi. He started out like Max Roach but lost a foot in an accident. He's created some special percussion instruments and now has his own group working in Japan. His musical mind is far superior to anybody's in Japan right now. We're thinking of bringing Togashi out to Europe to make records. He's made several records in Japan with American musicians like Steve Lacy and Don Cherry. I hope to bring him to the States. He'd be the perfect drummer for Paul Bley, or for anyone who is really creative. He has the uniqueness of the Japanese sense of time. In Togashi's music, in the music of Toshiko Akiyoshi, in some of the music Kikuchi is producing, there are uniquely Japanese traditions with jazz traditions.

French musicians.

Hosiasson: With all respect to Joe Venuti and Stuff Smith.

Berendt: Stephane Grappelli was almost forgotten, then Ponty came on the scene and became successful and attention turned towards Grappelli. Only then was the violin "discovered" by the Americans.

Bourne: Then from Poland came Michal Urbaniak and Zbigniew Seifert. The violin is considered a European instrument.

Berendt: And now the greatest violin player, in my opinion, is Didier Lockwood, who again is a Frenchman.

Jhaveri: Didier Lockwood is also into Indian music. The name of his group is Surya; it's an Indian word. Indian musicians have not directly influenced jazz, but jazz musicians are drawn to different cultures.

Hosiasson: This still doesn't explain the popularity of jazz in the East.

Berendt: Ryo Kawasaki, the Japanese guitar player, pointed out to me that jazz became popular in Japan only after Charlie Parker and the bebop era. A main reason, he

musical tradition. What do you need jazz for?

Berendt: You need both of them.

Jhaveri: The alternative is the European classical tradition.

Berendt: The two greatest musical traditions are the Indian and the European, and these countries today all have jazz in common. It's not just an accident.

Hosiasson: But still, in my country and in India and Germany, the classical field is completely separated from jazz. Classical people don't understand jazz and don't want to have anything to do with jazz.

Berendt: This is not so in Germany. There is much understanding between the classical people and the jazz people. On German radio, we have "chains" of different types of music and programs. All of my jazz programs are broadcast in the classical chain.

Bourne: The disciplines and esthetics of classical music and jazz are very different.

Jhaveri: Something has happened in the world in the last hundred years which has liberated the individual. In the old days, we were governed by an emperor, and in classi-



COLLIS DAVIS/SHAI DA

JEFF LORBER

Forging Fusion's Future

by BOB HENSCHEN

With his current group averaging about 23 years of age and a new album debuting at number 21 on the *Billboard* jazz charts, Jeff Lorber nevertheless resists being tagged as a jazz success story. "I think that's a very relative thing," he hedges wisely, "because I don't consider myself a big success yet. But the amount of response we've been having is very gratifying.

"In a certain sense, I *am* pretty successful and I *am* really making it, but not compared to the kind of financial security that a successful rock and roll artist has.

"When you think of groups like Spyro Gyra and George Benson and maybe Herbie to some extent, and Chick . . . I'm sure a lot of jazz musicians, and myself to an extent, would like to see that kind of acceptance happen. And I don't see anything wrong with wanting to see that kind of success story occur a little more frequently."

To that end, the Jeff Lorber Fusion has been blanketing the small club circuit from coast to coast, cramming four musicians, a sound man, and all of their equipment, into manager Jeff Ross' plush van. Despite the cramped quarters and long hours spent driving between such forlorn outposts as El Paso and Tucson (where *db* caught them for this interview), their attitudes are positive—and businesslike.

Lorber says release of a single "is definitely going to happen. I think it's going to be *Toad's Place*." This won't be the first 45 to be issued by the band, but its chances for success seem enhanced by better planning and increased visibility on the Arista label.

"On the last album, it was kind of strange because the song that was getting the most airplay was *Katherine*, so that was supposed to

be the single. Then they put out the single and they put this samba, which was supposed to be the B side, as the A side of the single, and *Katherine* as the B side." Releasing a single "helped a little bit, but it didn't really break out as a major hit or anything. It's very difficult for a jazz instrumental song to actually get played as a single."

Asked if his quest for better sales would ever prompt him to intentionally write a marketable Top 40 single, Lorber responded thoughtfully: "No, I don't think so. Well, I haven't yet, let's put it that way. Basically, I just try to write songs that I'm excited about.

"I personally don't feel like it's necessary, at least in my case, to compromise your musical feelings and values in order to get that. Actually, I feel like I've seen almost as many cases of jazz musicians . . . purposely trying to compromise their musical values . . . being *unsuccessful*. It's hard to overgeneralize when you talk about this, but it definitely exists. More specifically, I think that there's a difference when you're examining some older musician who started out as a bebop musician and eventually got into this kind of music, compared to somebody like myself who kind of organically grew out of the whole fusion situation real naturally."

Perhaps Jeff Lorber just happens to write and play in a funky groove that, in this musical era, turns out to be commercial.

"Yeah, I think that's how it happens. I think it's just the result of having such strong roots into r&b, from playing in so many soul and funk bands, and at the same time being very much into the fusion music and modern progressive jazz. I just think it kind of ends up that way."

In a lighthearted moment, we asked Jeff whether he could ultimately handle talk show guest shots like Chuck Mangione is beginning to enjoy. "Well, that's not something I've

specifically thought about," Lorber laughed, "but I'm interested in bringing my music to as many people as possible. If doing something like that would help to acquaint more people with our music, then it might be something I might consider doing."

"Fusion" has certain contemporary connotations relating to rock-oriented eclecticism and instrumentation. As Lorber views it, "Fusion is basically just a more modern form of jazz. Jazz has always combined musical styles and elements from a wide variety of places, and I think that what I do is just jazz. It's just where jazz is in 1979."

Asked if he could identify the kind of listener who comes to his concerts and buys his records, Lorber was uncertain. "I really don't know. I don't *intend* to have a particular audience. I would say generally it's 18 to 35 year old people. In a lot of the urban areas we end up having more of a black audience than a white audience, which is interesting. I just see it as people who are developing a more refined taste in music than people who are listening to rock and roll, people who want to hear something that's a little more stimulating harmonically and improvisation-wise and orchestration-wise. Just people whose taste is evolving a little bit beyond three chord, guitar-oriented rock and roll.

"I listen to all kinds of music and I enjoy a lot of different styles . . . bebop, funk, Latin. The musicians in my band are big bebop fans, and I am myself. I've studied bebop a lot, and I love to play it, especially at home. I think there's a really strong bebop influence in our music. *Lights Out*, on *Water Sign*, has chord changes taken exactly from a bebop tune. Rhythmically and melodically and everything else it's totally different. But I'm not interested in playing bebop 'cause—although I enjoy it, it's fun to play and it's fun to listen to—I feel like that's not really what's happen-

ing right now in music. I'm not really excited about making a musical statement playing bebop. Taking some *aspects* of bebop and sticking them into the modern context, rhythmically and formwise, and adding melodies that people can really latch onto—that's basically what this band is about."

In three albums, the Jeff Lorber fusion style has defined itself. Stronger than the bebop influences are Lorber's appreciation for the simple, catchy pop-rock melody and a healthy emphasis on r&b rhythms.

Raised in Philadelphia, the son of a team physician to the Philadelphia 76ers, Jeff was exposed to black popular music at an early age and played in a string of soul and rock groups whose names he has since forgotten. "They definitely were not well known, I can tell you that. Early in high school we were doing a lot of songs by the Temptations and Four Tops, that kind of stuff . . . Motown and the Philly sound. That was good music. And then I got more into the rock thing. I got some kind of Farfisa organ and we were playing Jimi Hendrix, the Doors and things like that.

"When I moved to Boston, I was in a group that was being produced by a guy named Herschel Dwellingham—he played drums on one of the Weather Report albums—and it was a black group that didn't go anywhere. It

was shortly after that when I decided I wasn't going to make it as a musician and I started studying chemistry.

"What happened to me in Boston was really a result of just hanging out with the students at Berklee who were very much into groups like John McLaughlin's and what Chick was doing. I'll never forget when I heard Herbie Hancock for the first time; it was the summer of 1970, I think, and I was up in Boston looking for an apartment because I was going to go to Berklee. I was at someone's house and he put on the *Fat Albert Rotunda* album (Warners). And it was like I had really found it when I heard that record. It just totally knocked me out the way he played, and how much feeling he had and style. So I just started getting into that.

"And from that I started to get much more interested in finding out where that originated, and I started to investigate and really study some of the precursors to Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea . . . Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver very much . . . I'm a big Horace Silver fan. Wynton Kelly was a real big person for me; I really got into his stuff and I started transcribing his solos.

"That was something that helped me immensely, transcribing solos of different piano players. It's a great way to learn the

guy's licks and you can analyze it. It's a real good technical exercise, a good ear training exercise. It's probably one of the best things you can do to become a player. In fact, that's one of the main things that introduced me to Chick Corea. After I had transcribed a few of his solos—I think the first things I did were off his record *Now He Sings, Now He Sobs*—I sent those to him and he sent me a letter telling me that he liked the stuff I was doing—and that my turntable must be a little flat because I did everything a half step off. Our communication got started by the mail, because he puts his address on the back of his records."

After a year and a half at Berklee, then private piano and composition studies with Madame Chaloff, David Amram and Ray Santisi, Lorber became temporarily discouraged with the Little Feat/Bonnie Raitt covers he had been doing and decided to concentrate on chemistry.

"I think the first thing I did when I moved to Portland was enroll at a local community college called Clark College. I started studying chemistry and then shortly after that I got a job teaching jazz improvisation there, which I did for about four years. Then I started studying at a local music school called Marylhurst College."

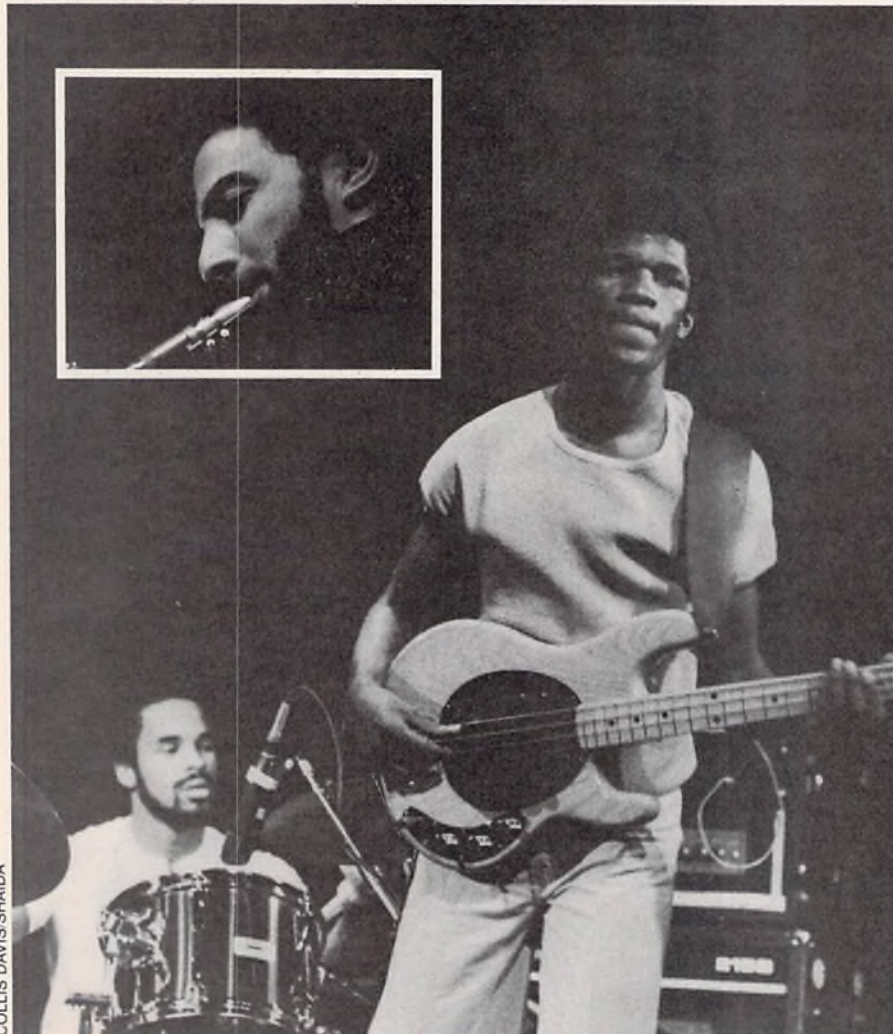
Lorber had moved to Oregon in 1973, attending school by day and playing funky jazz at night, including material by Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, Graham Central Station and "probably every song that Earth, Wind & Fire ever wrote." He met drummer Dennis Bradford during this period, and the idea of forming Fusion came together. "I became associated with a recording studio near where I lived in Vancouver, Washington and I started making demo tapes of some songs I had been writing, and sent them to Inner City and that's how that got started."

In 1977, after four years and "plenty of rejection slips," the demo tape by Jeff Lorber's Fusion crossed the a&r desk at Inner City Records and the big step to national prominence was taken. Lorber was a musician with the right concept in the right place at the right time. His second LP, *Soft Space*, with big name help from Chick Corea and Joe Farrell, received a four star review from *down beat* (2/8/79) and became the largest selling album in the label's history.

"Inner City was a good label," Jeff attests. "For a small jazz label I think it was one of the best. It's a great service that they provide, because it's a way for people like myself to get their foot in the door. I have plenty of rejection slips that I can show you from the major labels when I was first getting started. It's nice that there's a place where somebody can go that's just getting started . . . they can have a little easier time getting heard."

With burgeoning success on Inner City, the Jeff Lorber Fusion was sought by several labels and wound up releasing their most recent album, *Water Sign*, on Arista Records.

"There's obviously a number of advantages to being on a major label. They have a much more extensive promotional staff. And more money as far as recording budgets. On *Water Sign*, I was able to really take my time with every aspect of the production and get it to exactly where I wanted it, whereas on my previous albums I was a little bit more limited. I couldn't really take my time, I had to rush and worry about how many hours I was going to be spending in the studio. Still,



COLLIS DAVIS/SHAIIDA

INSET: KENNY GORELICK. DENNIS BRADFORD and DANNY WILSON

continued on page 60

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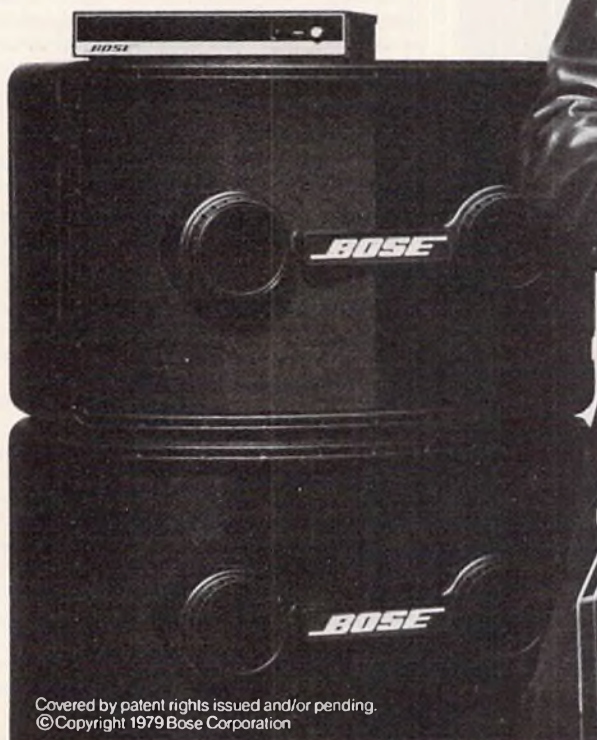
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RECORD REVIEWS

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

JAY HOGGARD

SOLO VIBRAPHONE—India Navigation IN 1040: *Samba Pa Negra*; *Comfort In The Storm*; *May Those Who Love Apartheid Burn In Hell*; *Believe In Yourself*.

Personnel: Hoggard, vibraphone.

DAYS LIKE THESE—Arista/GRP 5004: *West End Dancer*; *Takin' It To The Streets*; *Kalima's Garden Song*; *Samba Pa Negra*; *We Got By*; *Brown Lady With The Golden Braids*; *Days Like These*.

Personnel: Hoggard, Deagan Commander electric vibraphone, Musser M-35 acoustic vibraphone; Dave Grusin, acoustic piano, electric piano, Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer (cut 1), percussion (1); Francisco Centeno, electric bass; Marcus Miller, electric bass (2); Buddy Williams, drums; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion, talking drum (1), cuica (4); Errol Bennett, congas and percussion (1); Sammy Figueroa, congas, percussion; Larry Rosen, percussion (3); Jeff Mironov, electric guitar (2, 7); Rob Mounsey, Arp 2600 synthesizer (1); Dave Valentin, flute (1, 4); Chico Freeman, tenor sax (6); Patti Austin, Ullanda McCullough, Adrienne Albert, Luther Vandross, Frank Floyd, vocals; Marvin Stamm, trumpet; James Pugh, trombone; Walter Kane, baritone sax; George Young Jr., alto and tenor sax; David Nadien, Diana Halprin, Harry Cykman, Barry Finclair, Richard Sortomme, Matthew Raimondi, Marvin Morgenstern, Joseph Rabushka, Max Ellen, Charles Libove, Emanuel Vardi, Alfred V. Brown, Jonathan Abramowitz, Charles McCracken, strings.

Jay Hoggard's work with Sam Rivers, Cecil Taylor and Chico Freeman first established the vibist as a promising new player, perhaps the most talented exponent of the instrument since Bobby Hutcherson. Now, the 25 year old alumnus of Wesleyan University's ethnomusicology department has refined his playing to a point where traditional mainstream and new jazz impulses are blended into a singularly refreshing style, one that adumbrates the musical essences of, say, Taylor, Hutcherson, Bags, Hamp, Teddy Charles and Lem Winchester.

Of the initial two Hoggard releases, India Navigation's *Solo Vibraphone* is the artistic breakthrough. This vinyl documentation of a performance at New York's Public Theatre places him in the spotlight alone, to either triumph or fail. Happily, the result is strictly storybook. *Samba Pa Negra*, undertowed by a wonderfully energetic rhythmic beat, bristles with wild improvisations teasing the melody. Here the crystalline clarity of each note—apparently he favors controlling the vibrato by using his hands rather than the fans—lends to a spell-binding continuity: it's a fascinating percussive workout, fraught with sterling single-note passages.

The Wiz's Believe In Yourself is a merry prance down that well known road. Near the song's end, the vibes prod the audience into a moment of spontaneous approbation. The music creates a universality; there are no barriers to human camaraderie on this evening. On *Comfort In The Storm*, Hoggard sets up the piece's emotional thrust by carefully juxtaposing gentle meditative sections with

forceful fast tempo onslaughts: the vibes are at once brazenly self-assured and continually inquisitive. *May Those Who Love Apartheid Burn In Hell*, composed by the vibist for poetess Ntozake Shange's *Soveto Suite*, is not as menacing as the title may suggest. Out of the discord looms a rich melody—optimism exists in even the bleakest of situations.

Arista GRP magnates Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen were present for that very special gig at Joseph Papp's new jazz emporium and inked Hoggard to a contract soon after. Hoggard wants his music to reach a wider audience and the partnership with Grusin is a wise one. While the exploratory nature of his playing is suppressed, there's still much to admire in his vibes lines on *Days Like These*, though I wish he had been given more room to improvise within these clever Grusin arrangements.

The uptempo numbers cook with an intensity befitting the presence of hot percussionists Nana Vasconcelos and Sammy Figueroa. *Samba Pa Negra* matches the excitement of the solo version, and *Brown Lady With The Golden Braids* features lively Hoggard and Freeman solos over a smoking r&b backdrop. Only on *Takin' It To The Streets*, the slick Doobie Brothers song, does the accompaniment sound heavy handed: the vibes are backed into a corner by the horns and voices. And *Kalima's Garden Song* and *Days Like These*, soulful originals which are in a more contemplative vein, accent the joie de vivre found at the root of his distinctive sound.

Days Like These is a likeable record, but *Solo Vibraphone* is the more striking, a superb display of Hoggard's stellar facility and originality. As Gary Burton learned, it's not easy to bounce between the worlds of commercial and "non-commercial" jazz. It will be most interesting to see what this virtuoso does next.

—hadley

STEVIE WONDER

STEVIE WONDER'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS—Tamla T13-371C2: *Earth's Creation*; *The First Garden*; *Voyage To India*; *Same Old Story*; *Venus' Flytrap And The Bug*; *Ai No, Sono*; *Seasons*; *Power Flower*; *Send One Your Love (Music)*; *Race Babbling*; *Send One Your Love*; *Outside My Window*; *Black Orchid*; *Ecclesiastes*; *Kesse Ye Lolo De Ye*; *Come Back As A Flower*; *A Seed's A Star And Tree Medley*; *The Secret Life Of Plants*; *Tree*; *Female*.

Personnel: Wonder, vocals, misc. instruments; Ben Bridges, sitar (cut 3), guitar (4, 9, 11, 17, 18); Michael Sembello, guitar (4, 8, 12, 17, 18); Larry Gittens, trumpet (10); Hank Redd, sax (10); Josie James, vocals (10); Rick Zunigar, guitar (11); Syreeta, vocals (16); cut 17: Dennis Davis, syndrums; Ron Kersey, keyboards; Nathan Watts, bass; Earl DeRouen, congos, bongos; Joe Johnson, ago-go bell; Tata Vega, vocals.

The days when a Stevie Wonder album was a straightforward proposition of songs are long gone. Ever since his first self-produced album, *Signed, Sealed, And Delivered* (Tamla) in 1970, Wonder has departed increasingly,

record for record, from the soul music norm that informed his music in the mid '60s. Instead his albums have become forums for more and more personal expressions, independent of genres, autonomously performed.

Critical acclaim has been steady since the first two releases under this second phase of Wonder's career. The decade of the '70s belonged to the individual artist-performer. Company involvement, especially Motown's kind, was frowned upon and branded conformist and inhibitingly commercial. As we enter the '80s, the polarization between company and artist seems to be disintegrating. Both parties have become more sophisticated in dealing with each other, and many performers have come to realize that complete artistic freedom can be another form of inhibition. In Stevie Wonder's case, one can only question the validity of total control when all it leads to is one (double) album every three years, and when one of them is *The Secret Life Of Plants*.

The album is conceived in the main as a soundtrack to a film called *The Secret Life Of Plants*, and consequently it may not be fair to judge it on musical terms alone. Effective soundtracks do not necessarily make good listening records. On the other hand, most pop musicians' soundtrack albums these days are being judged as regular releases, the album consists of songs and not bits of incidental music, is being presented as Stevie Wonder's new album and, finally, the record is all we have.

One immediate difference between this and other Wonder releases, ostensibly attributable to the soundtrack nature of the album, is the prominence given to instrumental cuts, which count for about half of the songs. In addition, ethnic choirs perform on *Ai No, Sono* and *Kesse Ye Lolo De Ye*, Syreeta has the lead vocal on *Come Back As A Flower*, and Stevie Wonder allows his own vocals on *Race Babbling* and *Venus' Flytrap And The Bug* to appear in electronically distorted form. That leaves us with seven fully realized vocal performances, or approximately one and a half album sides. After such a wait, that is a serious indictment of Wonder's flow of creativity or of his critical sense.

Starting out with a synthesized version of the sound of earth's creation, Stevie Wonder's journey does become quite a musical peregrination. In authentic ethnic terms it touches base in India (*Voyage To India*), Japan (*Ai No, Sono*) and Africa (*Kesse Ye Lolo De Ye*), but in other instances it reveals overtones from such surprising sources as Rodgers & Hammerstein (*Seasons*), French songs and film music (*Send One Your Love (Music)* and *Tree*) and Ennio Morricone (*Ecclesiastes*). Apart from occasional beautiful harmonica and keyboard work, these cuts do not offer anything of melodic or instrumental substance. The gimmickry on *Venus' Flytrap* of a singing bug character is embarrassing, while a potential number such as *Race Babbling* turns out to be indeed just that.

Of the seven real Wonder performances, only one, *A Seed's A Star And Tree Medley*, comes close to capturing the old Wonder excitement, but even that is marred briefly by the intrusion of a "talking tree" episode.

The remaining six songs are all ballads, and while Wonder's instinctive melodic sweep and ranging warmth will distinguish almost any balladic material, the lyrical content,

steeped in horticultural declarations and metaphors, soon tires most listeners. Best are perhaps the title song and *Send One Your Love*, but all the ballads are routine Wonder material.

Stevie Wonder's love of plants and flowers may be genuine enough, and his desire in communicating his message to us may be a sympathetic one—but more often than not, it is with the good intentions you create bad art. The excesses and self-indulgence increasingly felt in his work suggest that Wonder may have exhausted the creative possibilities of his cottage industry production style, and that the road to renewed artistic strength will lie in the challenge of working with fellow musicians and with material not quite as esoteric and messianic.

—gabel

BIX BEIDERBECKE

GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STL 104; *Copenhagen; Big Boy; My Pretty Girl; Clarinet Marmalade; Singin' The Blues; Ostvich Walk; Riverboat Shuffle; I'm Coming Virginia; Way Down Yonder; For No Reason At All In C; Three Blind Mice; Blue River; In A Mist; Clementine; Wargin' And Twistin'; Humpty Dumpty; Crazy Kat; There Ain't No Land Like Dixieland To Me; At The Jazz Band Ball; Royal Garden Blues; Jazz Me Blues; Goose Pimples; Sorry; Crying All Day; Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down; Three Blind Mice; Changes; Lonely Melody; Mississippi Mud; Dardanelles; From Monday On; Sugar; Tain't So; That's My Weakness Now; Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now; Louisiana; Louise; I Like That; China Boy; Bessie Couldn't Help It.*

Principal selected personnel: the Wolverine Orchestra; the Jean Goldkette Orchestra; the Paul Whiteman Orchestra; Beiderbecke, cornet; Bill Rank, trombone; Jimmy Dorsey, Pee Wee Russell, Don Murray, Irving Friedman, clarinet; Frankie Trumbauer, C melody sax; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Joe Venuti, violin, Eddie Lang, guitar; Chauncey Morehouse, Stan King, drums; Frank Signorelli, piano; Hoagy Carmichael, Bing Crosby, Al Rinker, Harry Barris, Segar Ellis, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Up until 25 years or so ago the trumpet was jazz's most important instrument. It had been so since the beginning. No one questioned it or considered that there might be an alternative. No one bothered to make distinctions between one style of trumpet versus another, either. The trumpet was the trumpet—period. Then in 1927 and '28 came the Great Schism. The Louis Armstrong Hot Sevens and his monumental collaborations with Earl Hines launched the dominant virtuoso brass lineage that went on to include Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie and other related players. The other hemisphere of the schism came to center on a seminal group of recordings made by one Bix Beiderbecke at precisely the same point in time as the Armstrongs, 1927 and 1928.

This Time-Life Giants of Jazz collation gives the listener a thorough primer on this brief but crucial period in Beiderbecke's career. Bix was among the first important players in jazz to bring a sense of artistic consciousness to his work. He was schooled in the classics, had a decent foundation in theory, and was articulate enough to talk intelligently about what he played. Whereas Armstrong fulminated with instinctive brilliance and urgent power, Beiderbecke found it possible to create in a bold but circumspect manner. He retreated from the hot brass conventions of his time into a lyricism that was virtually unprecedented. His ideas have an unusually mature clarity about them when one compares his work to his contemporaries. But this lucidity is coupled to an emotional restraint—"in the interest of

form." Richard Sudhalter points out in his detailed and incisive program notes. Form indeed is the word that best describes Bix's approach to music. Discipline isn't a bad word either.

Of the 40 selections included on the three LPs, 34 are from the 1927-28 period. No significant Beiderbecke landmarks are ignored, and some lesser efforts are included, too, i.e. *Crying All Day*, which is to Beiderbecke's *Singin' The Blues* as Coleman Hawkins' *Rainbow Mist* is to his *Body And Soul*; or *Humpty Dumpty*, with its insinuations of *Charleston Alley* and modest Beiderbecke solo presence. But we get *I'm Coming Virginia*, *Jazz Me Blues*, the driving and harmonically alert *Lonely Melody* with Paul Whiteman, and many other gems. And of course, there is the eccentric, slightly out of register logic of *In A Mist*.

Unlike other stars in Time-Life's Giants of Jazz series, Bix is the consistent center of interest here. There is little of importance offered by Beiderbecke's co-stars, save for the remarkable if dated work of Eddie Lang on guitar, Joe Venuti on violin and early Bing Crosby, who was the first to demonstrate what a singer of popular songs could learn from jazz musicians. Beiderbecke's most celebrated partner, Frank Trumbauer, has moments of introspective glory (*For No Reason At All In C*) but time has taken its toll on his playing generally, regardless of his historic relationship as an antecedent to Lester Young.

As impressive as the records and no less significant is the accompanying 52 page book, which guides the listener first through Beiderbecke's life of self-inflicted destruction (Curtis Prendergast's bio is a first rate compression of the definite Sudhalter/Evans life of Bix) and then through the music, chorus by chorus. Sudhalter's program notes are rich with anecdotes and keep the performances in wise perspective in order to aid the novice through the material. A most intelligent presentation of one of the more curious geniuses of jazz.

—mcdonough

JAMES WHITE and the BLACKS/THE CONTORTIONS

OFF WHITE—ZE Records ZEA 33-003: *Contort Yourself; Stained Sheets; (Tropical) Heat Wave; Almost Black; White Savages; Off Black; Almost Black (Pt. II); White Devil; Bleached Black.*

Personnel: White, alto sax, organ (cut 5), vocals (1,2); Don Christensen, drums; Pat Place, slide guitar; Jody Harris, guitar; George Scott, bass; Adele Bertei, piano (1), percussion (4); Kristian Hoffman, piano (2,3); Paul Colin, tenor sax (4); Bob Quine, guitar (4,6); Ray Mantilla, congas (3); Lydia Lunch, guitar (8); Vivienne Dick, violin (9); Stella Rico, vocal (2); Ginger Lee, Tad Among, vocals (3).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BUY THE CONTORTIONS—ZE ZEA 33-002: *Design To Kill; My Infatuation; I Don't Want To Be Happy; Anesthetic; Contort Yourself; Throw Me Away; Roving Eye; Twice Removed; Bedroom Athlete.*

Personnel uncredited: produced, composed, arranged and mixed by James White.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the risk of sounding like the typical tabloid scribbler, this is the best rock 'n' roll I've heard all year. Disquietingly so, for altoist/vocalist James White, aka James Chance, nee James Siegfried, is perhaps the most unsettling and enigmatic culture hero to have emerged from the freakish world of avant rock since Iggy Pop. Were he merely another self-flagellating exhibitionist, one could dismiss him as simply the latest in a

squalid series of Bowery punks, No York's heir apparent to Johnny Rotten's crown of tarnished safety pins. What is truly unusual about White, however, apart from the onstage antics and backstairs gossip, is that his *music* is itself of significance. Better late than never, the outermost fringes of the white art-pop scene appear to have embraced some semblance of the visions that danced in Ornette Coleman's head more than 20 years ago. Those prophetic cries, along with the "newly" rediscovered proto-funk of James Brown, are White's most obvious inspirations. The problem is that he can't seem to own up to them. If Great Black Music is to remain the black man's soul province, what right then do whites, or White, have to dare its creation? Echoing Iggy's pale wail—"I'm strong! I'm black!"—White reflects the racial ambivalence of an anemic white culture (or subculture) grappling with its long overdue debt to Afro-American music.

To put it bluntly, White/Chance has hurled racial insults, abused his audiences, boasted of his proclivity for heroin, and finally, to go the Sex Pistols one better, dissolved his band with maximum acrimony on the eve of his U.S. album debut. So much the worse for him, for the raw cutting drive that the Blacks, aka the Contortions, display on these discs is not likely to be resurrected. Even if he manages *not* to join ranks with Jim Morrison, Brian Jones, and Sid Vicious in rock's pantheon of martyred kamikazes, White, like Rotten sans the Pistols, at least runs the risk of deluding himself right back into the dubious grandeur of obscurity. But then, Chance was his middle name.

Off White is a re-mixed edition of the original ZE import, geared somewhat toward commercial acceptance under the aegis of distributor Arista/Buddah and manager/girlfriend Anya Phillips. The Contortions' first waxing, comprising four tracks on the *No New York* anthology and including the blistering cluster chords of defecting keyboardist Adele Bertei, drew a mixed reception even from such die-hard punkzines as *Slash*, where epithets like "neo-nihilistic dissonance" and "anti-music" were mingled with an uncomprehending visceral receptivity. Weaned on the triadic minimalism of the Ramones, these "new wavers" are aurally unequipped to deal with White's dislocated harmonics, much less with the fractured omnirhythmic melodies of a Braxton, Mitchell or Lowe (that's Frank, not Nick).

The leadoff cut, *Contort Yourself*, rendered in initial chaotic form on the import album and later discified onto a 12 inch 45, has been altered once again here in the apparently vain hope of a Blondie-style crossover hit. The remainder of the first side is similarly rendered, with a pouty put-down of frustrated phoner Stella Rico—"Who gave you my number anyway?"—on *Stained Sheets*, a campy parody of Irving Berlin as Van Morrison on Berlin's *(Tropical) Heat Wave*, and an unidentified female vocalist moaning White's sexual praises on *Almost Black*, perhaps the most revealing of his cathartic, self-loathing lyrics. "I love him 'cause he might be white," she emotes, "but every time I feel that smack, I want him more 'cause he's almost black," in evident reference to White's emulation of his early bop idols. A trained musician and grudging admirer of contemporary black musicians (a rare public appearance found him in the audience at a

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BUCK CLAYTON
Passport To Paradise IC 7009

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DIZZY GILLESPIE
Havin' A Good Time In Paris IC 7010

Gillespie was inspired, a virtuoso but sensitive trumpeter, irresistible showman, great inventor of melodies and ready to swing at each moment.



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James Ulmer concert), White rages at his inability to become one himself, a racial irony not unfamiliar to the world of jazz.

Side two consists entirely of instrumentals, in the Ulmer/Bootsy/Beefheart genre that one critical camp has been aggressively touting as the next wave of the future. Over drummer Don Christensen's stiff modified backbeat, bassist George Scott's plangent neo-vampings, guitarist Jody Harris' floating dissonant chords, and slide guitarist Pat Place's exquisitely timed squeals, White squawks his alto with a thin piping tone that would get him kicked out of an AACM audition in five minutes. All the same, the ideas are there, deliberately thought out and intoned. If the execution is faulty, the motifs repetitious to the point of pleonasm, and the derivations all too obvious, this music, judged by the standards of today's rock, is nothing short of revolutionary. Set beside a Cecil Taylor, White is a musical midget; next to a Springsteen, he seems ten feet tall.

Buy The Contortions was produced after the break-up of the group, and former bandmembers have expressed great displeasure over the subsequent re-dubbing, not to mention the absence of any personnel credits. Nonetheless, despite the cheap title and tacky jacket by Anya Phillips (who created a masterpiece for the cover of *Off White*) this LP is the more venturesome, integrated and successful of the pair. White's Jagger-cum-JB vocals are closely meshed with pungent sax squiggles over a throbbing metal rhythm matrix, tighter and funkier than *Off White*. The titles spell out the message: *Design To Kill, I Don't Want To Be Happy, Throw Me Away*, and most telling, yet another *Contort Yourself*, a reasonable facsimile of the import version, displaying James at the top of his form as he gives voice to the Aylerish angst of his horn.

"Forget your affection for the human race . . . reduce yourself to a zero . . . try being stupid instead of smart . . . forget the future"—are these epigrams to be taken literally, or as a didactic exercise in reverse psychology? Only White knows for sure, and whether he is really a "quiet, sensitive human being," as one former friend recalls, or as ex-sideman Harris remembers, "always kind of vicious" is moot. And not to digress, could it be mere co-incidence that Robert Kennedy's son David, when apprehended after trying to "cop" in Harlem's mean streets, was known to local dealers as "White James?" —*birnbaum*

HENRY THREADGILL

X-75 VOLUME 1—Arista Novus AN 3013: *Sir Simpleton; Celebration; Air Song; Fe Fi Fo Fum*.

Personnel: Threadgill, alto sax, flute, bass flute; Douglas Ewart, bass clarinet, flute, piccolo; Joseph Jarman, soprano sax, flute; Wallace McMillan, tenor sax, alto flute, flute, piccolo; Leonard Jones, Rufus Reid, Fred Hopkins, basses; Brian Smith, piccolo bass; Amina Claudine Myers, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

OLIVER LAKE

SHINE!—Arista Novus AN 3010: *Kuon Ganjo; Reference; Ladius; Shine!*

Personnel: Lake, alto, soprano, tenor saxes, flute; Michael Gregory Jackson, electric and acoustic guitars, vocals; Pheeroan Ak Laff, drums. Cuts 1, 2 add: Anthony Davis, piano; Abdul Wadud, cello; Carl Ector, George Taylor, violins; Clifford Morris or Felix Farrah, violin.

★ ★ ½

These albums, each by fluent and highly developed avant garde reedmen, have some-

thing else in common, and that is an emphasis on composition and arrangement—though the whole area of performance, especially improvisation, of course plays a large role. (To narrow the similarities further, Threadgill and Lake have each turned to the fiddle family to augment their ensembles.) X-75 is the more successful; but both exist near the interface of new jazz and the classical avant garde that has been coalescing in recent years.

Along those lines, it would be a mistake to buy X-75 for Threadgill's soloing; that's well in evidence on his recordings with Air, and anyway, there's not a whole lot of it here. X-75 flies on a purposefully loose togetherness that summons up the early Delmark recordings, which introduced the AACM to an unsuspecting world. Threadgill's drumless band features a bass section and a reed choir—those segments pitting four flutes against the four basses resound with unusual clarity—and the additional shadings of Amina Claudine Myers, one of the few vocalists who is not a liability in the heady atmosphere of free improvising. (Often enough, Myers is actually the key to the musical events around her; though she is fully integrated into the ensemble, the air of a singer backed by an accompanying unit is never far off.) The four pieces on X-75 show an impressive variety, yet Threadgill's melodies have a shamanistic air, a residue of folk magic, that helps tie them together.

Sir Simpleton is a simply misleading title, since, from the opening polymetrics of the bass men, the point of the piece is a complex variety. Filled with partially developed motifs, it serves partly to introduce *Celebration*, which is a very informal canon. The bassists are showcased here, which is fitting, since the liner sleeve poetry suggests the piece is dedicated to Charles Mingus: it opens with basses bowed in unison (or something approximating it) and then in chords; at one sparkling juncture, Jones picks a beat, Hopkins solos above it, and then both supply the backing for Smith's piccolo bass statement. *Air Song*, performed by Myers and a flute quartet (piccolo and standard, alto and bass flutes) is a dreamy study in the higher frequencies, echoing the longtime AACM penchant for tintinnabulation. *Fe Fi Fo Fum*, the most spirited piece, is the only major disappointment of this fresh, fulfilling project: it just drifts on too long. The welcome ending shows that Threadgill can indeed write a stirring climax—but on this piece, he doesn't smell the blood till it's too late.

Threadgill's band—eight of whose nine members cut their musical teeth in Chicago, half of whom still live there—is uniformly excellent, and the few actual reed solos warm the soul. Of particular note is the versatile Wallace McMillan and Douglas Ewart, whose frequent Chicago concerts have marked him as long overdue in leading his own album. Among other things, he's the most accomplished explorer of the bass clarinet's capabilities since Dolphy. Threadgill steps from behind his composer's desk to wield a striking alto solo on *Fe Fi*—harsh, declamatory and positively Konitzian in its even note lengths—making the forthcoming *Air Lore* album even more eagerly anticipated.

Despite the fact that his regular band takes its name from the ether, Threadgill writes considerably earthy music—at least, compared to the etherialism of Oliver Lake's

writing. *Shine!* is a sort of Lake sampler: on side one, which focuses on his composing, Lake uses his version of a string quartet (three violins and a cello and no basses at all) to augment his regular trio; the remaining two pieces were recorded at a concert by that energetic threesome in late 1978. It is here that Lake's broad and authoritative instrumental vocabulary is heard to best advantage; his sound alone, be it one or three dimensional, gutturally rough or Parker-pretty, has helped him mold a conversational style of great virtuosity.

None of which makes this album any better than it is; *Shine!* has many individual fine points that somehow don't jell. *Kuon Ganjo* is a case in point. It introduces the rather accomplished ensemble Lake has selected, and it presents some intriguing compositional effects. In his composing, Lake writes lines that are anything but angular, then further shrouds their definition: he does this with an avoidance of sharp attack; a reliance on the band's soft colors (violins, flute, amplified guitar); and the musical device called hocket, in which the theme of a piece is tossed around, note by note, among different instruments. The result is a sort of aural fog that contains Lake's information without exactly advertising it. The concomitant rootlessness of this piece—and of the next one, a sort of rondo called *Reference*—is, I'm sure, what Lake was aiming for; I don't think it is a target of vast artistic potential, however, as both pieces sputter off into the dusk.

In fact, the most memorable aspect of these two pieces is the solo work by guitarist Jackson, a versatile contributor to Lake's music for a couple of years now. Jackson thinks extremely well: sometimes, he offers so much material—and it so tightly packed into his compressed style—that his rich, elliptical solos are all but unfollowable on the first listen. On *Ladius*, his held single notes are the soft-edged cushion supplied by the violins on side one; elsewhere, he is a scratching, driven member of the two-man rhythm section. Ak Laff excels in the concert pieces as well, borrowing somewhat from the shadow-boxing drumming of Phillip Wilson and Steve McCall, but not slavishly so. The surprise is Lake, whose performance here is uncharacteristically empty, though crammed with squawks, freneticism and other exploratory trappings. The solos sound more like avant garde etudes; the words are all there, but the experience is strangely lacking. On its surface, *Shine!* has all the potential to do just that. Underneath, it needs the clarity of a Sam Rivers, the funneled intellect of a Roscoe Mitchell, to bind it all up. —*tesser*

MIKE NOCK

CLIMBING—Tomato TOM-8009: *Casablanca; Mossafto; Blue Monastery; Eye Of The Rainbow; Speak To The Golden Child; Climbing; Song Of Brazil*.

Personnel: Nock, piano, Fender Rhodes. Oberheim Four Voice Synthesizer, MiniMoog; John Abercrombie, electric guitar, electric mandolin; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; David Friesen, acoustic bass; Al Foster, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

While Mike Nock is far from big name status at this point, *Climbing* has the makings of success and the potential to be Tomato's first jazz chart-topper. The material here is mellow and catchy enough to appeal to the Chuck Mangione crowd, but the jazz content is considerably better. *Climbing* is not an overt attempt at commerciality, but it has that kind

ECM

George Adams

George Adams, tenor saxophone, vocal.
Heinz Sauer, tenor saxophone.
Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn.
Richard Beirach, piano.
Dave Holland, bass.
Jack de Johnette, drums.

Sound Suggestions (ECM-1-1141)



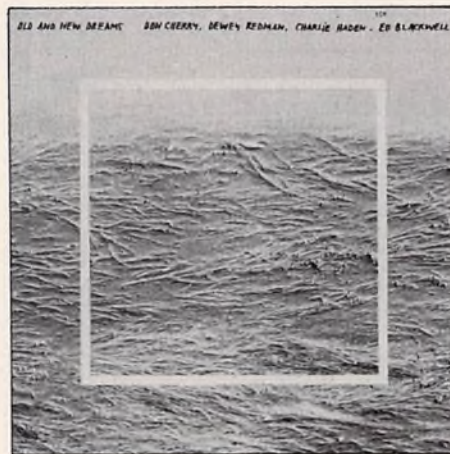
Pat Metheny Group

Pat Metheny, guitars.
Lyle Mays, piano, oberheim, autoharp, organ.
Mark Egan, bass.
Dan Gottlieb, drums.

American Garage (ECM-1-1155)



Old Friends, New Friends (ECM-1-1153)



Old And New Dreams (ECM-1-1154)

Ralph Towner

Ralph Towner, guitars, piano, french horn.
Eddie Gomez, bass.
Michael Di Pasqua, drums, percussion.
Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn.
David Darling, cello.

Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, Ed Blackwell

Don Cherry, trumpet, piano.
Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone, musette.
Charlie Haden, bass.
Ed Blackwell, drums.

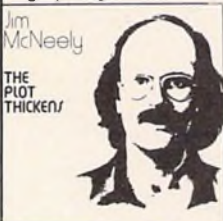


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of attraction on subdued fusion groovers like *Casablanca* or pretty ballads such as *Blue Monastery*.

Without doing an abrupt about face, other cuts manage to stretch in different directions. *Mossaflo* has a Latin feel and some Horace Silver ideas from the pianist (interestingly enough, Tom Harrell came up through Silver's group). *Eye Of The Rainbow* is stretched out and liquid, given an ECM shading by Abercrombie's solo and Foster's feather touch on the cymbals. *Speak To The Golden Child* shares many of these traits, with just a taste of synthesizer to accent the Oriental-sounding theme.

Song Of Brazil is slightly rocky as Nock cooks a little harder on MiniMoog, but never to excess. Control and patience characterize the leader's approach; even his improvised piano intro to the title track combines equal amounts of form and freedom. Nock is a lyrical pianist, whose low key approach may not immediately turn heads, but eventually works a kind of magic on the listener.

Harrell's beautiful, full tone gives these seven compositions an added warmth. And the rhythm section is absolutely buoyant: Foster is much like DeJohnette or Jon Christensen with one of the European bassists. Altogether, the quintet produces relaxing music that leaves a pleasant aftertaste. In fact, you'll probably want to hear much more from Mike Nock. —henschen

ZBIGNIEW SEIFERT

PASSION—Capitol ST-11923: *Passion; Where Are You From; Sunrise Music; Kilimanjaro; Pinocchio; Singing Dunes; Quo Vadis; Escape From The Sun.*

Personnel: Seifert, violin; Jack DeJohnette, drums; John Scofield, guitar; Eddie Gomez, bass; Richie Beirach, piano; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion; Gene Orloff, string contractor.

Zbigniew Seifert died of cancer this past February at age 33. This album, released posthumously, was his last. While an earlier Seifert recording was criticized for being too commercial, that is certainly not the case here. The music on *Passion* is honest and open all the way.

Seifert wears two hats here, reflecting his dual training as a jazzman and as a classical violinist. Seifert's jazz is fusion, fueled by a rock beat and ostinato bass lines. This style appears on five cuts, performed by a superb sextet—one which is practically identical in instrumentation to the early Mahavishnu Orchestras. Jack DeJohnette's jazz insights have made him an incredibly resourceful rock drummer. Eddie Gomez's popping sound is perfect here, although the ostinatos keep him straightjacketed too much of the time. Except for one impressive solo, Richie Beirach is locked into an accompanist role, which he fills well.

Of the five jazz cuts, there is really only one that does not hit the mark, and that is *Pinocchio* (not to be confused with Wayne Shorter's tune of the same name). The others are solid examples of fusion. *Kilimanjaro*, for instance, written in a percussive triple meter, has a long, striding melody that succeeds in evoking a mountainous image. But on *Kilimanjaro*, as on all five jazz cuts, the solos overpower the melody. The simple vamps become emotional battlefields during the solos. Most of the turmoil comes from Seifert, understandably, but it carries over to Scofield, too; their solos are abstract and severe. An innocent tune like *Where Are You*

From gets such harsh treatment! Seifert tackles *Kilimanjaro* with a vengeance and wrestles his way to the top. He gets positively frantic on *Quo Vadis*, and *Passion* is a better description of the solos than of the piece itself.

The other three compositions are tone poems. Written as concertinos for violin and string orchestra, they would fit nicely into a program of contemporary symphonic works. Gone are the surging solos and percussive rhythms, replaced by long tones and a flowing string sound. These are Seifert's ballads, and they are quite beautiful. Most impressive is *Escape From The Sun*, which evokes visions of flight, struggle and ah! bright wings. —clark

LEE ALLEN, BIG JAY McNEELY, HAL SINGER, SAM "THE MAN" TAYLOR, PAUL WILLIAMS

HONKERS AND SCREAMERS—Savoy 2234: *The Twister; Boogie Mr. Williams; Turtle Rock; Canadian Ace; Rompin'; Jelly Roll Boogie; House Rockin'; Back Bender; Midnight Jump; Happy Days; Hot Bread; Loose Riff; Feels So Good; Swanee River; A Plug For Cliff; Beef Stew; Man Eater; Wild Wig; Cool Blood; Sunday Dinner; California Hop; Cherry Smash; Deacon's Hop; Artie's Jump; Creole Alley; The Eel; Let's Make Love Tonight; Midnight Rambler; Deliver Me; Deacon's Hop.*

Personnel: cuts 1-4—Paul Williams, baritone sax; unknown accompaniment. 5-8—Williams, baritone sax; James Poe, trumpet; Billy Mitchell, Louis Barrett, tenor sax; Floyd Taylor, piano; John Holliday, bass; Bill Benjamin, drums. 9-13—Hal Singer, tenor sax; Willie Moore, trumpet; Chips Outcalt, trombone; Tate Houston, baritone sax; George Rhoades, piano; Walter Buchanan, bass; Butch Ballard, drums; Chicago Carl Davis, vocal (13). 14-15—Singer, tenor sax; Milt Larkins, trombone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Frank Skeete, bass; Hey Jackson, drums. 16—Singer, tenor sax; Willie Moore, trumpet; Chips Outcalt, trombone; George Rhoades, piano; Walter Page, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums. 17-24—Big Jay McNeely, tenor sax; Bob McNeely, baritone sax, remainder unknown. 25-27—Lee Allen, tenor sax; Jack Willis, trumpet; Waldron Joseph, trombone; Ed Frank, piano; Frank Fields, bass; Justin Adams, guitar; Earl Palmer, drums; Earl Williams, vocal (27). 28-30—Sam Taylor, tenor sax; Heywood Henry, baritone sax; Robert Banks, organ; Lee Anderson, piano; Carl Lynch, guitar; Charles Manz, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums; unknown vocal chorus.

This is a party record par excellence. It successfully captures the inspired abandon of the '40s and '50s r&b sax players, giving the listener a real sense of just how exciting these crazed musicians must have been on night club and theater stages.

In his excellent, comprehensive liner notes, Robert Palmer makes the observation that the breakthroughs made by Coleman and Coltrane in the '60s owed a lot to the r&b saxophone tradition exemplified on this album. After all, Palmer points out, both Ornette and Trane spent some time "honking and screaming" in Southwestern r&b bands, where they absorbed and extended such generic traits as distorted tone and ascending intensity in their solos.

Palmer's notes provide a good critical defense of this kind of music, but from the standpoint of 1980, the music speaks pretty well for itself. In our current age of sterilized, multi-tracked r&b, and cerebral, laid-back jazz, *Honkers And Screammers* provides a lot more than nostalgia. It sounds fresh, raucous and powerful; it packs a visceral punch and has a genuine excitement that most music lacks nowadays.

The album kicks off with eight late '40s sides recorded by Paul "Hucklebuck"

Williams in Detroit. With *The Twister*, Williams quickly establishes the style and tone of the rest of the album. The baritone-playing leader fronts a pack of riffing horns as he works and worries the riff line, testing the tonal limits of the sax, building his solo to ever increasing levels of abandon. This is clearly music to go a little crazy by.

The Williams sides are probably the most primitive of the lot and, as a result, the most atmospheric. *Turtle Rock*, for instance, really evokes a live setting as Williams pulls out all the stops, working out with showy low notes and lots of stomping and screaming.

The Hal "Cornbread" Singer sides show a little more instrumental agility than Williams'. When Singer is on, he's reaching for the ultimate showmanship possibilities of the tenor, going way up high for that crowd pleasing squawk of delight.

Singer's performances are singularly good-humored. *Happy Days*, for one, features some crazy ensemble scat singing for spice, while the rollicking tenor solo splits high and low notes, encouraging the imaginary audience to get up and shake that thing. The "studio party" ambience also prevails in the ragged vocals on *Feels So Good* (pre-Mangione) and the frenzied tenor wailing on *Hot Bread*. It's certainly not what you'd call refined, restrained jazz music, but the impact is undeniable.

Big Jay McNeely's sides reveal him as the master riff-extender. He works the *Man Eater* riff playfully, gradually making the notes longer, rougher and wilder. *Wild Wig* is r&b jump tenor at its most impassioned; Big Jay seems to be taking the music to its edge,

pulling the last emotional possibilities from his instrument. He does it again by getting real lowdown on *Cool Blood*, a slow blues with a tinkling piano overlay.

The Lee Allen cuts date from 1954 New Orleans, and have the kind of funky precision associated with Crescent City r&b. The rhythm section has a clean, uncluttered New Orleans sparseness which is offset by Allen's vocal, emotional tenor. High points include the expressive vibrato on *Creole Alley* and Allen's slow-build, calculated solo structures on *The Eel*.

The album finishes off with three early '60s sides by Sam "The Man" Taylor. The relative sophistication of the backing here heralds changing times for r&b tenor—everything here is a little more controlled, a bit cleaner. But the emotion comes through on *Deacon's Hop*, where Taylor lets loose with some powerful, full-bodied preaching. Taylor is at the top of his form here, sustaining notes and phrases and displaying a canny knowledge of how to inspire an audience through repetition and contrast.

A word of warning about this album might be in order, however: the repetition and riff-orientation of the music might tend to drive some listeners up the wall after sustained listening. There are two viable solutions to this problem, though. Number one: listen to the album in parts, switching to something else when in danger of overdose. Number two: Don't *listen*—participate. Get into the atmospheric feel of the music, let it pull you back a couple of decades, and lose yourself in an orgy of getdown boogie tenor. In other words, *party*. —schneckloth

ARNETT COBB and the MUSE ALL STARS

LIVE AT SANDY'S!—Muse MR 5191: *Just A Closer Walk With Thee; Blue And Sentimental; On The Sunny Side Of The Street; September Song; Broadway.*

Personnel: Cobb, Buddy Tate, tenor saxes; Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, alto sax; Ray Bryant, piano; Alan Dawson, drums; George Duvivier, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

HOUSTON PERSON

THE BIG HORN—Muse MR 5136: *Bluesology; This Love Of Mine; Gee; Baby Ain't I Good To You; The More I See You; Memories Of You; I Concentrate On You.*

Personnel: Person, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Buddy Caldwell, congas.

★ ★ ★ ★

Old and contemporary southern tenor sax sounds are pitted against each other on these two Muse releases. On one, Arnett Cobb, a founder of the style which applies gospel and (rhythm &) blues techniques to a basic Ben Webster model, offers authentic glimpses in mildly tempoed songs of what was once a formidable weapon, while on the other, Houston Person, basing *his* version of the sound on its "modernizer" David Newman, is heard to unusually great advantage in the midst of an inspired, absolutely marvelous rhythm group.

Despite its credited co-leadership, *Live At Sandy's!* is rather an Arnett Cobb album than a jam session: only on *Broadway* are Buddy Tate and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson heard. Perhaps the two other releases planned from this engagement will focus more on Cobb's fellow saxophonists? Meanwhile, Arnett



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celebrated growls, howls, grunts, wails and draws. Not a mere inventory, though, of parts of a style, Arnett Cobb's performance—apart from its obvious accomplishments and enjoyability—again serves to remind us that his tenor style, long relegated by many critics to a marginal position in jazz, represents a valid and central sound, upon which many modern tenor players have drawn.

Cobb's cadences, for example, in *Blue And Sentimental* point directly to those of Sonny Rollins, and Cobb's drawling fervency, much in evidence here, has been a source of inspiration for hyperbolic romanticists such as Shepp, Ayler and most recently, David Murray.

The rhythm section has been carefully selected on grounds of empathy and is as supportive as could be expected, with Ray Bryant as its most effective soloist. One does not tamper with a musical monument such as Arnett Cobb; the value of *Live At Sandy's!* lies for the listener in realizing how authentic the sound is and how authoritatively Cobb continues to honor it.

The decisive difference between the Cobb and the Person records is not one of age or taste but one of disposition: Cobb is featured in a wholly familiar landscape while Person is cast challengingly with a relatively advanced rhythm group.

Person, who unites a Newmansque tone with improvising skills rare among his breed of tenorists, is also a no-nonsense player with an approach that can be forthright to the point of hurriedness. *The Big Horn* is both an illustration of and an amendment to this: while Person's solos are executed at their customary clip, their latent perfunctoriness, normally provoked by Person's regular time-keeping accompanists, is held at bay by Cedar Walton's expansive and buoyantly singing improvisations; and the match of two temperaments, one terse and direct, the other joyful and inviting, is most complimentary.

Even more of a coup by producer Michael Cuscuna is perhaps the presence of Buster Williams. Smitten with the same chemistry that ignites Walton and Person, Williams plays with drive and a vertiginous abandon that, although traditionally too advanced for a mainstream musician such as Person, is at once fully compatible and dimension expanding.

Accepting a discreetly functional role behind Walton and Williams, Grady Tate and Buddy Caldwell perform smoothly and self-effacingly throughout. —gabel

FRANKIE CAPP/ NAT PIERCE JUGGERNAUT

LIVE AT THE CENTURY PLAZA, FEATURING JOE WILLIAMS—Concord CJ-72: *Fiesta In Brass; Base's Deep Fry; Souvenir; Capp This; Tarragon; Swing Shift; Joe's Blues; What The World Needs Now Is Love.*

Personnel: Al Aarons, Bill Berry, Bobby Shew, Frank Szabo, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Buster Cooper, Alan Kaplan, Britt Woodman, trombones; Bob Cooper, Bill Green, Lanny Morgan, Herman Riley, Marshall Royal, reeds; Nat Pierce, piano; Ray Pohlman, guitar; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Frankie Capp, drums; Joe Williams, vocal (cuts 7, 8).

Listening to this big band, I am tempted to go back and rerate all the Woody Herman, Buddy Rich and Stan Kenton LPs I've reviewed in the last few years; rerate them down a star or two. Because this Capp/Pierce crew makes you realize how meager the level

of rhythmic vitality and swing is in big band of the '70s. Charts such as *Fiesta In Brass* (Jimmy Munday) and *Swing Shift* (Buck Clayton) and even *Tarragon* (Al Cohn) really move. They don't shout and scream. They just pick you up and carry you away with their light, buoyant ensembles that swing with the relaxed confidence of a soloist.

You can't really judge a band by the quality of its musicianship today. Practically any band that records regularly has the mechanics of music making down beyond criticism. It's the writing that counts. And perhaps that's what makes this band a little different. Nat Pierce is an arranger. He doesn't write every chart, to be sure. But he picks his book with the ear of an arranger and seems sure of the sound he wants. Most often than not it's a Basic or vintage Herman sound, but that's fine. There's room in the world for more than one Basic, and Herman, for all the interesting music he plays today, simply does not swing very much. (Want to hear Herman swing? Dig up *Woody's Winners* from the mid '60s Columbia period and experience *Opus De Funk*. It was arranged by Nat Pierce. The world of swinging jazz is a small one.)

In order to swing, I am convinced, a big band chart cannot have it both ways. It cannot be simple and complex. It has to be conceived with a swinging feeling in mind, and then it has to stick with it. That usually means keep the damn thing simple! It cannot shuffle time signatures about and indulge tricky dynamics. Challenging as they may be to good musicians, they rarely swing. And the swinging big band may be headed for extinction. There aren't very many around today that sound as good as this crew.

As is the format with Capp/Pierce LPs, a couple of tracks are reserved for a little blues shouting. This time Joe Williams handles the task with spirit and good humor. And since one of the co-leaders is a drummer, there is the obligatory percussion showcase. *Capp This* is a sort of *Cute* with sticks. Aside from these few coasting moments, however, Juggernaut is one of the brightest big band records since . . . well, the last Juggernaut LP. —mcdonough

MATRIX

TALE OF THE WHALE—Warner Bros. BSK 3360: *The Fly; Tale Of The Whale; Homage; Galadriel; Nessim; Narouz.*

Personnel: John Kirchberger, tenor and soprano saxes, alto flute, percussion; Larry Darling, trumpet, flugelhorn, Moog synthesizer, percussion, vocals; Mike Hale, trumpet, flugelhorn, congas, percussion, vocals; Jeff Pietrangolo, trumpet, flugelhorn, percussion; Kurt Dietrich, trombone, Oberheim synthesizer, vocals; Brad McDougall, bass trombone, valve trombone, percussion, vocals; John Harmon, Fender Rhodes and acoustic piano, percussion, vocals; Randy Tico, fretless and fretted electric bass; Michael Murphy, drums, percussion.

Not to play an old saw into the ground, but Matrix still serves as one very visible focal point for the jazz vs. academia controversy. Once a product of Lawrence University, Matrix is technically impressive and compositionally bold. But can they play with inspired spontaneity? Can they improvise with good old fashioned passion?

Yes, they can. Although Matrix is still involved in the clinic end of jazz education, their years of constant touring are gaining the nonet a post grad degree in road dues. Jeff Pietrangolo and John Kirchberger immediately show how far they have gone beyond book learning when they solo on *The*

Fly, and all of these guys can handle a spotlight when called. True, the combined horns sound glossy, the section work is highly arranged and heavily featured, and the muted brass colors of *Galadriel* seem like a direct link to the collegiate stage band experience. But on the other hand, spookier chart ideas aid *Nessim* and timely incendiaries spark *Narouz* and *The Fly*.

Brad McDougall's bone solo on *Homage* requires a kind of mellow, traditional ballad backdrop; it's pleasant but confining. *Tale Of The Whale*, spaced out by Randy Tico's humpback whale introduction, is more like the kind of experimentation for Matrix to get off on, complete with Tico's funky bottom on an upbeat middle section. Cuts like these point up virtual polarities in the Matrix repertoire—tendencies to ease into big band comfort, frequent attempts at progressive expansions.

Interestingly, most players in this group are able to double on keyboard synthesizers and/or Latin percussion instruments. While electronics take a backseat to Harmon's electric or acoustic piano, and remain an area to be more fully explored, the rhythmic side of Matrix surfaces at least once per album. Last year it was the cool and Brazilian *Spring on Wizard*. This time it's a hot, batucada-type percussive jam on the middle section of *Narouz*. These opportunities for both group and listener to unwind are refreshingly welcome after the highly controlled material that dominates each Matrix release. *Narouz* also hints at the reason for Matrix's support role on Flora Purim's recent tour.

Harmon's composing still relies extensively on literary allusions, particularly to fantasy works by Tolkein (*Galadriel* was an elfin queen in *Lord Of The Rings*) or C. S. Lewis, and an apparent concern for ecological causes (*Tale Of The Whale*). He's a fine writer within this programmatic context, a textural perfectionist if not a free swinger. Matrix could use more of the percussive flexibility featured at certain junctures of this album, more room for individual expression beyond the tight ensemble work. But the team concept behind John Harmon and Matrix is still intellectually stimulating and a promising basis for continued fusion experimentation. —henschen

ALAN BROADBENT

PALETTE—Granite GR-7901: *Ah-Leu-Cha; M; Liz; Tonto's Revenge; Summer Soft; Sopranissimo; Belvedere; Sunrise Song; Idyl.*

Personnel: Broadbent, piano and Fender Rhodes; Don Rader, Bill Stapleton, trumpets and flugelhorns (cuts 1, 4); Garnett Brown, Jack Redmond, trombones (1, 4); John Bambridge, Pete Christlieb, Don Menza, Bill Perkins, Dick Spencer, Ernie Watts, Phil Di Re, reeds (3, 5, 7-8); Maurice Dieterow, E. Marcy Dieterow, Herschel Wise, Dana L. Rees, strings (2, 6); Fred Atwood, bass; Nick Ceroli, drums; Emil Richards, Mayuto, percussion.

Recipient of a 1966 down beat scholarship to Berklee, Alan Broadbent came into public consciousness as a result of his imaginative reworking of *Blues In The Night* for Woody Herman's band. A skillful writer, his piano playing had been less widely heard until he popped up as an accompanist for the late Irene Kral. But *Palette*, built as it is around his muted keyboard artistry, should awaken many to his special charms. Using three contrasting supportive instrumentations as cushions, Broadbent lightly grazes in both acoustic and electric pastures, ultimately

bringing forth some of the most musical pop/dance sounds heard in a long time.

There is no heavy jazz here, but a lot of mix and match contemporary devices that in some circles may pass for jazz. Parker's *Ah-Leu-Cha* and Stevie Wonder's *Summer Soft* present the brass quartet; and while Broadbent's spare single lines alternate with the contrapuntal activity of the horns on the former, flugelist Stapleton gets to take a well molded boppy turn on the fusion-infested chart-topper. The titles with the strings, *Mz Liz* and *Belvedere*, are the least jazz-like in the lot. Admittedly strings are the most difficult section to write for in a jazz context, but Broadbent neatly skirts the issue by relying on stock movieland guidelines.

With a cast that includes such tantalizing swingers as Christlieb, Menza, Perkins and Spencer, one would normally leap to the assumption that on the woodwind tracks is all the jazz that has eluded us so far. However, of the four numbers utilizing reeds, only *Sopranissimo*, with its healthy share of Christlieb tenor, Menza flute and Spencer soprano, emerges as something approaching sustained jazz interest—and even this is leavened by a fast fusion beat and an electric piano. Incidentally, the woodwind instrumentations for *Tonto's Revenge* and *Sunrise Song* are reversed on the liner credits.

Taking the effort as a whole, Broadbent does not appear to be especially concerned with straightahead jazz, but therein lies the measure by which this album should be judged. For what he has achieved, though it may be disappointing to purists, at least renders the pop approach listenable, and maybe that's what he was trying to do in the first place. —solmer

GIORGIO MORODER

E = MC²—Casablanca Records NBLP 7169: *Baby Blue*; *What A Night*; *If You Weren't Afraid*; *I Wanna Rock You*; *In My Wildest Dreams*; E = MC².

Personnel: Giorgio Moroder, composer, producer; unidentified electronic musical instrument programmers, male and female vocalists, percussionists.

★

SYNERGY

GAMES—Passport PB 6003: Program 1: *Delta Two*; *Delta Four*; *Delta One*; Program 2 Soundcheck: *Delta Three*; *Delta 3/A*; *Delta 3/B*; *Delta 3/C*; *Delta 3/D*; *Delta 3/E*; *Delta 3/F*.

Personnel: Larry Fast, using electronic musical instrumentation by Bell Laboratories, Moog, Oberheim, Sequential Circuits, PAIA, 360 Systems, Musitronics, MXR, DBX, MCI, Eventide Clockworks, Sony, Teac-Tascam, EMT, the Synergy System, Apple Computer Corporation, Deltalab Research.

★ ★ ★ ½

Is Giorgio Moroder, the producer and composer and near single-handed formulator of the European disco sound, doing us any musical favors when he and an assortment of computerized synthesizers, micro synthesizers and electronic percussion, plus a handful of vocalists and engineers, set their binary sights on merging "digital technology and human creativity?" Hardly. This elaborate technological blend succeeds only in making already stilted pop even more mechanical. We're treated here to a hyped-up disco/pop marriage, with tired Top 40 styled vocals grafted to lowest common denominator rock changes. Supporting all this are pin cushions of electronic percussion, endlessly sequenced pings and bubble machine effects, and timed-to-the-nanosecond portamenti.

This marriage of disco primitivism with big bucks technology may well portend the triumph not of man over machine, or vice versa, but of a new wave of producer's music, assembled with such coolness that all the bits and bytes holding this thing together seem almost human in contrast. Although this release's state-of-the-art engineering produces a flawlessly transparent sound, what's the point if there's nothing to listen to?

In light of such hard sell technology, a new release by Larry Fast, the multi-electronic instrumentalist who alone makes up Synergy, gives reassurance that a creative rapprochement between musician and machine may yet be possible. And Fast's occasional shortcomings in composition and orchestration make his music welcomingly human.

The bulk of Fast's work is in the tradition of imitation orchestral synthesis. *Delta Two*, for

example, is a bright, Chicago (the band) styled rocker with kicky brass exclamation points, string chorusing, and plucky guitar and bass lines. Less conventional is *Delta Four*, a tape loop etude which plays wonderfully creaky violin sequences against sustained chordal drones, ending in a swell of low bass and tympany rumbles.

Delta Three again points up Fast's 19th century orchestral influences, as blocks of sound accompany the extended development of a pleasingly disjunct motif. The variants following *Delta Three*, all themes developed during Fast's tour with Peter Gabriel, again confirm that Fast has developed a large and interesting vocabulary of electronic textures and sonorities.

No doubt extended reviews of this music could be written cataloging and extolling Fast's broad sound palette, from gongs to



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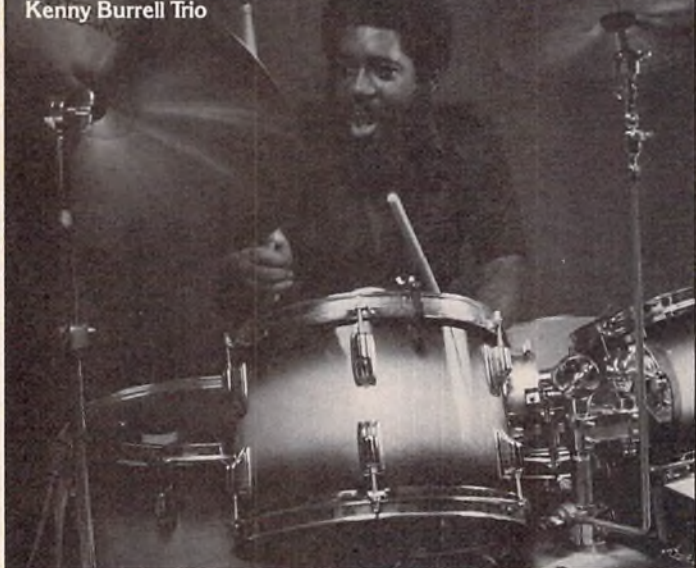
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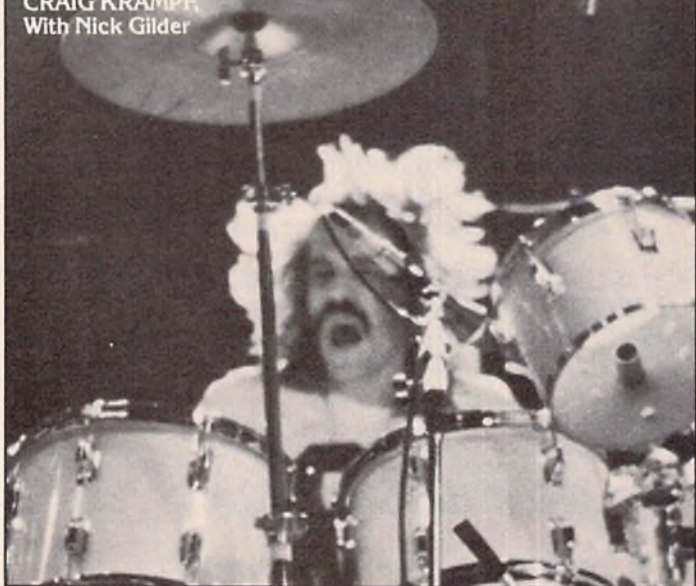
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piccolo xylophones. More to the point, though, is the issue of Fast's musicality. Fast's melodies, like *Delta One*, too often take the comic way out, or, like *Delta 3/E*, a sound collage, lapse into bravado. And as an electronic orchestrator, Fast is overly partial to syrupy, chorused string passages, stiff percussive accents, and grandiose orchestral tuttis.

Occasional imaginative shortcomings aside, there remains a substantial amount of music here, music worth listening to not only for its technical polish but also for the pleasure of sensing the labors of a mind seriously confronting the means and ends—not of a new wave, but of a new music.

—ballerav

GEORGE LEWIS and DOUGLAS EWART

GEORGE LEWIS/DOUGLAS EWART—Black Saint 0026: *Jila; Save! Mon; The Imaginary Suite; Charon; The Phoenix.*

Personnel: Ewart, flute, Ewart/flute, alto sax, percussion, electronics; Lewis, trombone, percussion, electronics.

Over the past nine years trombonist Lewis and reedist Ewart have been heard together in a variety of settings; they have been simultaneous members of ensembles led by Mihal Richard Abrams, Fred Anderson, Lester Bowie, Anthony Braxton and Roscoe Mitchell. In 1976-77 when they co-led a four-horn quartet called Quadrisect, they began to collaborate as a duo, and the first recorded result was *Shadowgraph* (Black Saint).

As a duo the twosome has largely concerned itself with mapping out the common ground of its dissimilar instrumentations. Particularly in Ewart's compositions, they have explored the surprising abilities of brass and woodwinds to mirror each other's sonorities and movements; this commonality was most surprising when Lewis showed up playing a tuba and Ewart a piccolo. Even in working with the giant brass pieces, Lewis' technique has often bordered on the astounding; adept at blending glisses and growls, he often parodies technical impeccability in a tongue and cheek manner—he has it all and often pokes fun at it—and along with German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, who is nearly 20 years his senior, Lewis shares the notability as perhaps the most nimble valve and slide man we've heard to date. (Though Lewis has been largely identified with the new music of the AACM, his recent tours with the orchestras of Carla Bley and Count Basie have laid to rest any notions that the trombonist couldn't play "mainline" jazz—for more persuasive evidence, hear his version of *Lush Life* on Sackville's *George Lewis Solo Trombone LP*.)

The most interesting aspect of this Ewart-Lewis collaboration is its treatment of textural sound variations through vocal embellishments, contact miking and various homemade synthesizers. On this album the two are given a side apiece for their compositions, and though they use the same elements—their horns, electronics, and smatterings of percussion—the results are highly contrastive. Ewart's *Jila* is a trombone-flute duo, and *Save! Mon*, a piece for trombone and alto sax. Both employ the barest of charts and rely on a mutual malleability of the players as they bend brass sounds to wood and back to match tonal qualities at pre-

scribed points while improvising in between.

Though Ewart's flute work is impressive on *Jila*, *Save! Mon* is the more interesting of the two; the players move through an elaborate game of cat and mouse with each taking his turn as the chased; heavily utilizing vocal overtones they buzz into the upper registers rendering the listener confused—the trombone and sax merge into a third tonal body.

Lewis' album side is primarily melodic and heavily electronic. In the two movements of *Imaginary Suite*, Lewis sheds his customary hyperspeedy dexterity and adopts a more spare, lyrical format. The first movement, *Charon*, presents the listener with a brackish backdrop of oscillating electronics fronted by deep bass-like trombone musings, accompanied by Ewart's brooding bass clarinet. On *The Phoenix* the pulsating electronics are less evident and Lewis employs an eerie tone to work through a ghostly melody that quickly brings to mind its subject's mythos; it is also here that Ewart's flutes are most effective, suggestably Pan-like, which reinforces the mythological feel.

Though the two offer new sounds here, they are at times set forth baldly, and at moments almost instructionally. There are sonic possibilities, but they remain just that, possibilities. To musicians of such an accomplished level it is merely left to ask, now that we have the results of the experiments, where do we take them?

—staples

RICKY FORD

LOXODONTA AFRICANA—New World NW 204: *Loxodonta Africana; Ucil; Blues Peru; Dexter; My Romance; One Up One Down; Aerolinos.*

Personnel: Ford, tenor saxophone; Oliver Beener, Charles Sullivan, trumpets; Bob Neloms, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; cuts 3, 6 add: James Spaulding, alto sax; Janice Robinson, trombone; Jonathan Dorn, tuba.

*** 1/2

MANHATTAN PLAZA—Muse MR 5188: *Fadism; Afternoon In New York; Diane's Melody; Ceal's Place; On The Plaza; If You Could See Me Now; Olean Visit.*

Personnel: Ford, tenor sax; Oliver Beener, trumpet; Jaki Byard, piano; David Friesen, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.

At the tender age of 25, tenor saxophonist Ricky Ford is already a veteran of the jazz wars, having served successive and successful hitches of duty with the Ellington orchestra, Charles Mingus, the 1978 version of the George Russell orchestra, Ran Blake and Walter Bishop Jr. These two albums suggest that he is not only a follower, but a promising leader as well, providing a transfusion of fresh blood into the mainstream of the music without overly resorting to cliché or caricatured imitation.

The compositional tone and carefully delineated solo space of both records calls to mind a flock of Blue Note sessions from the '60s by such current stalwarts as Wayne Shorter, Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson and Lee Morgan—especially Shorter, whose writing style Ford's resembles, most notably in the unusual chord progressions and uneven bar lengths. *Loxodonta Africana*, *Aerolinos*, *Blues Peru* and *Dexter* all make attractive use of these features, though *Loxodonta Africana* also seems influenced by Mingus' *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, considering its aggressive opening and concluding call-of-the-wild polyphony. *Blues Peru* is an out-of-tempo essay with Dolphy-like solo chromatic constructions by Ford and trumpeter Sullivan. And *Dexter* repays part of the tenorist's

stylistic debt to its dedicatee.

The two nonet tracks on the New World album were arranged by Paul Jeffrey and display a succinct organizational design and expansive voicings—my only complaint is that more solo space wasn't allotted for altoist Spaulding, always a hard swinging, inventive colorist.

If *Manhattan Plaza* is slightly less ambitious in its compositional garb, it has the advantage of Jaki Byard's keyboards. Moreover, Byard contributes three pieces to the album, and *Fadism* is an exuberant treat. This cut shows Ford at his best: assured, concise, with a juicy full tone that belies his age. His vitality is reminiscent of the young Jackie McLean. However, Ford has yet to develop a flexible ballad sensibility, which make *My Romance* and Tadd Dameron's *If You Could See Me Now* the weakest items here. Once he learns to modify his large tone to allow for nuances in a slow legato line, Ford will be a more consistent player. He has the chops, but needs a little more seasoning to develop a voice of his own.

Equally as exciting as Ford's debut, however, is that of trumpeter Oliver Beener. No youngster, at age 41 Beener has gigged with Ray Charles, Hank Crawford, Count Basie and Gerry Mulligan; here his squeaky-clean articulation and logical phraseology enlivens each of his appearances. He deserves a date of his own.

—lange

RICK LAIRD

SOFT FOCUS—Timeless/Muse TI-308: *Outer Surge; Now You Know; Thorn In A White Rose; I Love You; Soft Focus; Tranquility; We'll Be Together Again; Epilogue.*

Personnel: Laird, bass guitar; Joe Henderson, tenor sax, producer; Tom Grant, electric and acoustic piano; Ron Steen, drums.

JOE HENDERSON

BARCELONA—Enja 3037: *Barcelona; Mediterranean Sun; Y Yo Quiero (And I Love Her).*

Personnel: Henderson, tenor sax; Wayne Darling, bass; Ed Soph, drums.

Joe Henderson's 1976 tour of Europe provided occasion for a rare Rick Laird recording session. Henderson produced *Soft Focus* and played on two of the eight tracks, but Laird's is basically a piano trio situation with Tom Grant and Ron Steen. Compared to Laird's flashy Mahavishnu exploits of yesteryear, *Soft Focus* contains some pretty tame material and a delivery bordering on conservative.

Because Laird is far from extroverted on electric bass, Grant is thrust into the solo spotlight, doing a solid job on the slow standard *We'll Be Together Again* and Laird's Spanish-inflected title tune. His electric piano, however, is disappointingly lightweight on *Now You Know*, and on Jan Hammer's colorful *Thorn In A White Rose* tends to stumble over critical changes. *Epilogue* is Laird's promising solo finale, full of harmonic color, but too little diversity too late.

The clearest playing on *Soft Focus* comes from the tenor sax on Henderson's originals, *Outer Surge* and *Tranquility*. The former is mainstream bop with substantial blowing from all. *Tranquility* is a not-so-sedate cool groover with Henderson proving buoyant, swinging, and in fine tone.

Which brings us to the Enja session, recorded six months later in concert at

Wichita State and in Europe at Munich's Trixi Studios. *Barcelona* is so long—28 minutes—that one-fourth of the piece has to be lopped off and continued on side two. Understandably, this is an exploratory tenor tour de force.

Barcelona begins as a two man joust between the bowing Wayne Darling and an un-hindered Henderson. After several minutes of search, Darling locates a speedy bop bottom, Joe jumps in, and Ed Soph increases the dynamics. Later, all three men stretch out into virtual silence, then advance toward another progressive sequence. Heading into side two, the trio finds more familiar, swinging territory and then promptly makes way for a cubistic drum outbreak with lots of edges, rim shots. The changes keep everyone on their feet.

Mediterranean Sun and *Y Yo Quiero* are bass and sax duets, more limited in stylistic scope perhaps, but even better vehicles for the leader's heady explorations. With Darling laying down a Spanish drone, Henderson is free to roam the full range of his instrument. The tunes are so similar in tone that they appear to run together. But no matter. It's all saxophone for the closing 10:02 of side two, and there's definitely a master at work.

—henschen

RICHARD DAVIS and the JAZZ WAVE

MUSES FOR RICHARD DAVIS—Pausa Records PR 7022: *Milktrain*; *A Child Is Born*; *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise*; *What Is It?*; *Muses For Richard Davis*; *Toe Nail Moon*.

Personnel: Davis, bass; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Eddie Daniels, tenor sax; Roland Hanna, piano; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet (cut 5); Jerry Dodgion, alto sax; Louis Hayes, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

RICHARD DAVIS

HARVEST—Muse MR 5115: *Forest Flower*; *This Masquerade*; *Half Pass*; *Three Flowers*; *Windflower*; *A Passion Flower*; *A Third Away*; *Take The 'A' Train*; *Forest Flower (reprise)*.

Personnel: Davis, bass; Ted Dunbar, guitar; Bill Lee, bass; Consuela Moore, piano; Freddie Waits (cuts 1-3, 5), Billy Hart (6, 7), drums; Marvin Hannibal Peterson, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto sax, flute.

★ ★ ★ ½

RICHARD DAVIS and L. D. LEVY

CAULDRON—Corvo 790357: *Fly The Distance*; *Criterion*; *Raven Street*; *Little She-Bear*; *Limbs*.

Personnel: Davis, bass; Levy, bass clarinet, alto sax, flute.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Davis may be a bassist's bassist even to a fault, or so these three sessions as leader would indicate. A master accompanist who has inspired peak performance from some of the greatest names in music, he seems ill at ease in the spotlight. On *Muses For Richard Davis*, his lustrous supportive work fails to ignite what is basically a routine date. Even on *Harvest*, where he bows the lead over Bill Lee's pizzicato, Davis does not presume, as did Mingus, to impress his persona upon the entire ensemble. His artistry shines most radiantly on the *Cauldron* duets with Dolphy disciple L. D. Levy, and yet it is the second-billed Levy who consistently sets the tone. True to his vocation, Davis is most comfortable in the shadows, responding to another's call. Little matter, for he remains one of the finest foundation players in contemporary

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music, and his reputation, like his musicianship, is as secure as the rock of Gibraltar.

Muses is a re-release of a 1969 set previously available as an import, featuring the Jazz Wave Ensemble drawn from members of the old Thad and Mel band. Relaxed, retrospective and far removed from the frontiers of creativity, these mini-big band charts simmer lightly on the back burner, with ample solo space to showcase Davis' exemplary technique. Aside from those spots, Davis stays well in the background, even on his candlelight duet with pianist Roland Hanna. He stretches out on the long trio cut with Hanna and drummer Louis Hayes, but only on the title track, an unaccompanied duo with a gorgeously muted Freddie Hubbard, does he rise to full glory, his elegiac arco lines eerily foreshadowing the new music of the '70s.

A deep streak of melancholy suffuses much of Davis' work, nowhere more evidently than on *Harvest*, which ironically takes its celebratory theme from a series of floral titles. His burnished, singing arco technique is unsurpassed, with a vibrato that Heifetz might envy, and yet it is placed in the service of a lugubrious sentimentality that teeters precariously on the brink of bathos. Davis croons his way through one poignant lament after another, but he is most profound (with pizzicato) on *A Third Way*, where he is more involved with original harmonic exploration than in reiterating another composer's familiar theme.

Cauldron is an independent production featuring L. D. Levy as sole composer and featured voice on bass clarinet, alto sax, and flute. If the instrumentation recalls Dolphy, it is no coincidence, for Levy is as surely in Eric's thrall as Stitt was in Bird's or Azar Lawrence in Trane's. Levy can at least claim a more original clonedom, but however fine a player he may be (and he is excellent), he suffers, like all imitators, by comparison to his model. For all his penetrating clarity of tone and scalar fluidity, Levy cannot muster Dolphy's fire, leaping lyricism or architectural sense, and it is frequently difficult to avoid the impression that one is listening to a graduation recital. Davis, a close associate of Dolphy's, is nothing short of brilliant as he spans a panoply of bass effects, his resonant timbres (and Levy's as well) captured in all their pellucid fullness. If Davis functions essentially as a sideman, it is not for lack of musicianship, but rather out of an abiding commitment to the traditional role of his instrument. —birnbaum

SNOOKY YOUNG

HORN OF PLENTY—Concord Jazz CJ-91: *Lady Be Good; Alley Blues; The Gypsy; My Buddy; Rosetta; Old Blue; Valerie; Bad News.*

Personnel: Young, trumpet and flugelhorn; Ross Tompkins, piano; John Collins, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

It is very possible that, by virtue of his long-standing tenure in the *Tonight Show* band, more people have seen and heard Snooky Young than any other jazz trumpet player since Louis Armstrong. But as enviable as his job with NBC may be in other ways, it has not done any more for his reputation as a jazz soloist than did his years in the orchestras of Jimmie Lunceford, Lionel Hampton and Count Basie. Last year, however, he was featured, along with altoist Marshal Royal, on

a Concord combo album specifically designed to redress the negative connotations associated with big band lead and section work. *Snooky And Marshal's Album* (CJ-55) was a good one, and it led the way for two more, *Royal's First Chair* (CJ-88) and *Young's Horn Of Plenty*.

Snooky is joined here by John Collins, a fondly remembered Christian-styled guitarist from the '40s, whose name would be better known today had it not been for his many faceless years accompanying singer Nat Cole. Collins has a very personal sound and touch, and undoubtedly we will be hearing more from him in the near future. If Concord's past and ongoing affection for mainstream guitarists is any indication, Collins will have a leader date ready shortly.

The two flow effortlessly through a balanced program of well known standards, a largely forgotten pop tune, a down home blues, and three provocative originals by *Tonight Show* saxman Tom Peterson. Young's style is a spare and thoughtful one, presumably indebted to Armstrong's and Eldridge's, but just as often suggestive of Bill Coleman, Cootie Williams and Clark Terry. He plays with great sincerity, and, like that other even longer established leadman-turned-soloist, Doc Cheatham, he has an ear for pretty notes and apt turns.

A fine record, but one which should be savored along with the others already mentioned. —sohmer

ROY HAYNES

THANK YOU THANK YOU—Galaxy GNY-5103: *Thank You Thank You; Bullfight; Quiet Fire; Processional; Sweet Song.*

Personnel: Haynes, drums and bell tree; Ron Carter, bass (cut 1); John Klemmer, tenor sax (1); George Cables, piano (1,3); Bobby Hutcherson, vibes (1,5); Milcho Leviev, piano (1); Stanley Cowell, piano (1,5); Marcus Fiorillo, guitar (2); Cecil McBee, bass (2,3,5); Kenneth Nash, percussion (2,3,4).

★ ★ ★ ★

VISTALITE—Galaxy GNY-5116: *Vistalite; More Pain Than Purpose; Wonderin'; Venus Eyes; Rok Out; Water Children; Invitation.*

Personnel: Haynes, drums and bell tree; Ricardo Strobert, flute and alto sax (1,2,4,5); Joe Henderson, tenor sax (1,2,4,6); Stanley Cowell, pianos; Marcus Fiorillo, guitar; Dave Jackson, electric bass; Kenneth Nash, percussion (1,3,4,5); George Cables, pianos (3,5); Cecil McBee, bass (3,6).

★ ★ ½

There is no question that Roy Haynes is one of our most tasteful and skillful drummers. He has command of the complete drum set and can wash a session with airy cymbal work or bombard with the best. Unfortunately, these two sessions are extremely spotty. The high points are clearly those where Haynes solos or supports a soloist as able as himself. The latter category is a select one and, where Henderson, Hutcherson and Cowell live up to it, Fiorillo, Klemmer and Strobert do not.

The first album, *Thank You Thank You*, is easily the more satisfying of the two. The title cut, which opens the LP, is mere pop. It's a simple riff in that light fusion vein of George Benson, et al. Haynes is just too good a drummer for that bland 1-2-3-4 required. Klemmer, a better soloist than is evident here, honks through a repetitious series of phrases. *Bullfight*, the extended cut which closes the side, is a boring pseudo-Spanish riff. It is a cliché and almost an insult to the large group of professional Latin oriented songwriters. However once the theme is

stated and the thing settles into its groove, some sparks fly. Hutcherson is sure and melodic and Haynes' solo is all fire—Haynes likes to work out on the tom-toms and here he just bombards like crazy.

Side two opens with a George Cables original, *Quiet Fire*, a title which, like the closing *Sweet Song*, is quite appropriate. Cables is a fleet improviser at this fast tempo and Haynes solos again with more fire than quiet. The gentler Roy Haynes is on display in *Processional*, an improvised duet between Haynes' traps and Kenneth Nash's carpetbag full of percussive tricks—congas, bells and whistles being most prominent. The two percussionists have their ears open. Haynes, using more cymbals here, does not try to outsmash his colleague. Nash, who has been getting a lot of work on the West Coast, keeps his array down at first and quietly builds in tandem with Haynes.

The album closes with Cowell's *Sweet Song*. It's a lovely melody and it shows the pure, romantic sides of the four involved—Haynes, Cowell, Hutcherson and McBee. Though this is a nice session which showcases Haynes' ability as a soloist, it doesn't cohere due to somebody's idea of having different musicians pop in and out. Galaxy would have done better to assemble one unit for the date and let them work it out.

This is the whole problem with *Vistalite*, a disappointing hodge-podge, made all the more annoying by its sparkling moments. If such highlevel jazz is possible from such high level musicians as the leader and the much under-appreciated Joe Henderson, why must so much space be given to Marcus Fiorillo, a pleasant lightweight guitarist, and Ricardo Strobert, again a pleasant but not particularly imaginative flutist/saxophonist? While *Vistalite* contains some pulse-quickening music (most notably a corker of a blowing session on the final cut, Bronislaw Kaper's *Invitation*), it also contains more than its share of pap, including two left-overs from the *Thank You* session.

The opener, *Vistalite*, features a teasing solo from Henderson. Fiorillo, Strobert and Haynes turn in rather perfunctory spots and the thing just fizzles before the final bars. Henderson exhibits his clean, fat tone on *More Pain*, but the usually substantive Cowell sounds skeletal. *Wonderin'* is a fusionish outtake from the previous session and it shows no one to advantage. *Venus Eyes* ends the side with a screechy riff. Cowell plays a bit of harpsichord and Strobert ascends and descends the scales on alto.

Rok Out, which opens side two, is not nearly as bad as the name suggests. Again, Haynes is playing in an electric typewriter-like rhythm which gives him very little chance to make himself felt. Fiorillo, the number's composer, turns in a fast, flavorful solo over the insipid fusion rhythm. *Water Children* is another outtake—it's listenable, background music lacking in meat and bone.

But the last cut is a gem. Haynes is back at home on his top cymbal, Henderson is breathy, fluid and boppy and Cowell is restrained and uplifting. Haynes plays with his angel's touch—as if he had miniature Fred Astaires on his cymbals. Here Haynes just kicks the number along and it's a joy which is too rare on *Vistalite*. Roy Haynes is a five star drummer and one should expect, and insist upon, five star albums from him.

—jeske

PHIL WOODS

I REMEMBER . . . —Gryphon G-788: *Julian*; *Paul*; *O.P.*; *Ollie*; *Charles Christopher*; *Flatjacks Willie*; *Sweet Willie*; *Gary*.

Personnel: Woods, alto and soprano saxes; Mike Melillo, keyboards; Steve Gilmore, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums; Kenny Wheeler, Derek Watkins, Ian Hamer, trumpets; Dave Horler, Geoff Perkins, trombones; Gordon Beck, electric piano; Louis Jordan, percussion; Martin Kershaw, guitar; Ray Warleigh, Stan Sultzman, Bob Efford, saxophones; Richard Morgan, oboe; Jack Rothstein, Christopher Warren-Green, violins; Brian Hawkins, viola; Charles Tunnel, cello; Harry Rabinowitz, conductor.

I Remember . . . is a collection of eight compositions that Phil Woods wrote as eulogies for eight important musicians in his life. The album concept lends itself to sentimentality, and the music is maudlin at times. However, the orchestrations are flawless and the interpretations impeccable, right down to the nuance.

Julian (for Cannonball Adderley) begins with a piano intro full of Broadway tenderness, eventually moving into a big band gospel groove with good solos from Beck and Woods. *Paul* (Desmond) is weepy string music, although one must marvel at Woods' mastery of the alto sax. Bassist Steve Gilmore takes the spotlight for *O.P.* (Oscar Pettiford), playing in front of a nice variety of textures. About halfway through Woods jumps in and brings the big band swinging along behind him. *Ollie* (for Oliver Nelson) comes on like gangbusters. Mike Melillo plays a strongly idiosyncratic keyboard solo, and then Woods burns for awhile. The mood changes suddenly when the strings enter for a dreamy tone row canon which becomes a slowly undulating backdrop for an oboe melody. The big band turns the lights back on at the end, but the contrast is too stark to be effective.

Side two opens with a big band swinger called *Charles Christopher* (Parker), and it's a good chart from top to bottom. The melody reveals an affinity for Bird's music that is genuinely touching. Kenny Wheeler takes a whimsical solo, and Melillo takes another glib-fingered one. Woods' spot is more conventional but right there just the same. Percussionist Willie Rodriguez provided the inspiration for *Flatjacks Willie*, a wily Latin tune which Woods plays on soprano. *Sweet Willie* refers to trombonist Willie Dennis. There is a sunny West Coast sound to this cut, with Dave Horler doing the bone work in a Brookmeyer mold.

Woods' own artistry is most apparent on the final cut, written for Gary McFarland. The altoist is in total control of his horn. Range, tone, articulation, intonation, you name it—Woods does not err. But on the whole, this album is more valuable for its craftsmanship than its musical import.

—clay

BUD POWELL

BUD POWELL TRIO AT THE GOLDEN CIRCLE—Vol. 1, Vol. 2—SteepChase Classics SCC-6001, SCC-6002; (Vol. 1) *I Like Someone In Love*; *I Hear Music*; *Mouse The Mouche*; *Blues In The Closet*; *Star Eyes*; (Vol. 2) *Move*; *Just A Gigolo*; *Relaxin At The Camarillo*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Reets And I*; *Hacksack*. Recorded live by Bengt Torgstange in Stockholm, Sweden on April 19, 1962.

Personnel: Powell, piano; Torgjorn Hultcrantz, bass; Sune Spangberg, drums.

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Powell recordings, these first two volumes of previously unissued live masters are a must. For those who have yet to fall into the magic and mystery of Powell I would strongly suggest recordings from his earlier periods.

If Powell's brief and tragic life was divided into three distinct musical eras the first would exist between 1946 and 1951. Classics such as *Cherokee*, *Tempus Fugit*, *Hallucinations* and *I'll Keep Loving You* show Powell in rare form. The second period, from 1952 to 1959, yielded compositions like *The Glass Enclosure*, *Cleopatra's Dream*, *Time Waits* and Bud's final Blue Note record in 1959, *The Scene Changes*. His final period, from 1960 to 1966 can be considered one of decline. Powell's output is very uneven, his speed is gone. The aggressive attack has dwindled. *Trio At The Golden Circle* sadly falls into the heart of this, the painful and most tragic time.

These sessions were recorded when Powell's loneliness and depression seemed to blossom as in a garden of moonless, windless darkness. The razor fine strokes of his musical genius have diminished. His extremely fast, almost forced, energy has lapsed, and what we hear are the final efforts of a swimmer before he drowns.

The importance of these sides is the fact that they are "living transcriptions" of Powell's music, vintage bop in slow motion. When a record transcription is made, the speed of the master is often slowed to half—and in Powell's case a third—the original time, thus enabling the transcriber to notate each passing line and spot the chord. What we find on these sides are the roots and foundations of the bop idiom, via Powell, at a tempo that makes it possible to better hear what he is doing.

His "terrace effect" of running two distinct harmonies, with right and left hands playing rhythmic and harmonic lines in alternating keys, was explored to its fullest in the classic *Cherokee*, and can be heard in both *Move* and *Star Eyes* from this date.

The ballad *I Remember Clifford*, written in memory of the early death of both Clifford Brown and Richie Powell, Bud's younger pianist brother, is indeed an emotional masterpiece. Pain, isolation and fear is expressed in a dark style that goes beyond even the soulful movements of Mahler's later symphonic works.

With both jazz musicians and historians there is often a preoccupation with stories about drugs, mental institutions and jails. Perhaps in the future a more musical and in depth study of musicians like Powell, Parker and Hawes can be made. These sides are, for the current generation of musicians and listeners a living comment on the foundations and eventual evolution of Bud's bop idiom.

—sparrow

JOCQUE and LE SCOTT

THE ORNETTE COLEMAN SONGBOOK—Theatre for the Evolving Arts TEA-100: *Humpty Dumpty*; *Beauty Is A Rare Thing*; *Lonely Woman*; *The Empty Foxhole*; *A Girl Named Rainbow*; *Lorraine*; *Song For Che*.

Personnel: Jocque, voice; Le Scott, voice, piano, reeds, flutes; Scarecrow Temple, voice, bass; Jack Stamp, drums; Semisphere Robinson, percussion; Manny Fox, trumpet; Dillwyn Hill, cello; Jesse Passoa, Paraguayan harp; Albert Passoa, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jocque and Le Scott—principals of Washington's Theatre for the Evolving Arts—take six Ornette Coleman compositions (plus Haden's *Song For Che*) and adapt them to a

46 □ down beat

dramatic setting with Le Scott's free verse the focal point and Jocque's singing the vehicle of expression. Language—Le Scott's street poetry—doesn't detract from Ornette's visionary force; in fact, the oft-melodically free "lyrics" effectively capture the human, vocalized cry of the Texan's alto sax and songs. Also, Le Scott and company wisely avoid a total dependence on unfettered instrumental outbursts—harmolodics remain sacrosanct to Ornette's specially instructed covey of musicians—but shifting textures, abrupt tempo changes, unusual tone colorings and swinging passages dutifully recall Ornette's ethereal union of sounds.

Le Scott says *The Ornette Coleman Songbook* should "reactivate that vast emporium of thought, feeling, and love we have lost somewhere along the way." While parts of the disc, particularly *Humpty Dumpty*, border on smugness, there is no question that these qualities went into the project, and the result successfully expresses the same. *The Empty Foxhole* reflects free music's kinship to politics: Le Scott's imagery—*the fox outwits the "hounds of America"*—is grand satire. *Lonely Woman* shares the disturbing beauty of the original and *Lorraine* is an effective statement on inner city life. Perhaps Ornette, who has listened to the *Songbook* carefully, sums it up best: "This oughta be on Broadway!"

(Write Theatre for the Evolving Arts at 1776 F Street, Washington D.C. 20006 or Meherrin, Virginia 23954, for this album).

—hadley

FREDERIC RZEWSKI/ JOHN HARBISON

SONG AND DANCE/THE FLOWER-FED BUFFALOES—Nonesuch H-71366.

Personnel: *Song And Dance*: Susan Palma, flute; Virgil Blackwell, clarinet, bass clarinet; Donald Palma, contrabass; Richard Fitz, vibraphone; *The Flower-Fed Buffaloes*: Blackwell, clarinet; Les Scott, tenor saxophone; Rolf Schulte, violin; Jerry Grossman, cello; D. Palma, contrabass; Ursula Oppens, piano; Fitz, percussion; David Everts, baritone; the Emmanuel Choir of Boston, John Harbison, conductor.

★ ★ ★ ½

Composer Frederic Rzewski has made his mark primarily on the basis of his solo piano works. While these include both improvised and written-out music, they naturally highlight the composer's keyboard virtuosity. His ensemble compositions, in contrast, tend to feature much simpler parts, allowing classical musicians to improvise within a fairly rigid structure.

Song And Dance, composed in 1977 for Speculum Musicae, the avant garde performing ensemble, represents a more flexible point of view. While requiring the precision that one expects from classical ensembles, it also demands an ability to improvise that is beyond the grasp of most classically-trained musicians. The Speculum Musicae players on this disc, however, rise to the occasion and take Rzewski's ideas to a level of sophistication approaching that of jazz.

When the musicians plunge into free improvisation, their journey lies through a partially charted region. The composer has provided them with "a reservoir of nine melodic figures which may be played any number of times in any order and may be transposed by any interval," according to Rzewski's jacket notes. But initially, they seem hampered by these directions. Their playing lacks even the spontaneity of a syncopated

canon which comes earlier in the piece. It is only as they start to *feel* the time and their relationships to one another that the players leave their classical preconceptions behind. While Donald Palma pumps up the rhythm on contrabass, flutist Susan Palma and clarinetist Virgil Blackwell engage in a spirited tug of war, and vibist Richard Fitz embarks on a solo flight that gilds the whole performance with a silvery patina.

The unusual combination of instruments in *Song And Dance* is highly evocative, and the written-out section features lovely solos for vibes and bass clarinet. But the pervasive reiteration of the work's basic motive can become wearisome. Now that Rzewski has proven the validity of his overall concept, he should branch out into more advanced thematic transformations.

John Harbison's *The Flower-Fed Buffaloes* springs from a long line of American choral works in which composers have tried to combine poetry and music to make a "comment" on the American condition. Unfortunately, like most of the others, it misses the mark. The poems by Vachel Lindsay, Hart Crane, Gary Snyder and Michael Fried are too disparate to hang together, and the musical settings of them sound equally disconnected. The result is a farrago of ideas without much impact.

—terry

BIG JOE DUSKIN

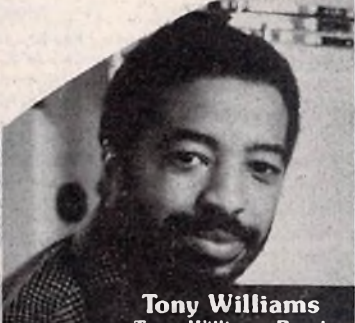
CINCINNATI STOMP—Arhoolie 1080: *Mean Old Frisco*; *Roll 'Em Pete*; *Stormin' In Texas*; *Cincinnati Stomp*; *Little Red Rooster*; *The Tribute*; *Down The Road Apiece*; *Well, Well Baby*; *Honky Tonk Train*; *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight To The Bar*; *Tender Hearted Woman*; *Stoop Down Baby*.

Personnel: Duskin, vocal, piano; Jimmy Johnson, guitar (cut 1); Bob Margolin, guitar (1, 11, 12); Truck Parham, bass (1, 4, 11, 12); S. P. Leary (4, 11, 12) or Ben Sandmel (1), drums.

★ ★ ★

In terms of both style and repertoire, 58 year old Cincinnati resident Duskin has learned his music almost solely from recordings—as good a way as any of assimilating the basics of a music—but in his case he's not gone beyond this fundamental stage into the development of a creative or individualistic handling of the style's conventions. During the late 1930s and '40s, when he first took up boogie woogie piano, he fell under the sway of the idiom's leading performers, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis and Pete Johnson, who remain the major sources of his music, as is acknowledged here in a somewhat simplified version of Lewis' *Honky Tonk Train*, Johnson's *Roll 'Em Pete* and his two "originals," *The Tribute* (patterned on any of several Ammons-Johnson duets) and the album title piece, basically an uptempo variant of *Mr. Freddie's Blues*. In every case Duskin performs them as faithfully to the recorded originals as his technique allows him.

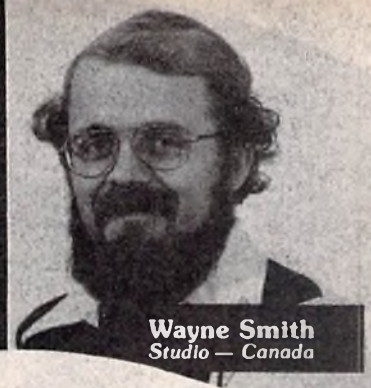
I think the chief reason Duskin has not progressed beyond this imitative stage is that, in deference to his preacher-father's wishes, he voluntarily gave up playing for almost a quarter of a century, a hiatus that coincided with what would normally have been the next step in his musical development: the shaping of an original approach anchored to, but departing from his earlier models. He would have been assisted in this normal process of artistic growth through participation in whatever local performing scene then existed in Cincinnati. Now that he's resumed playing,



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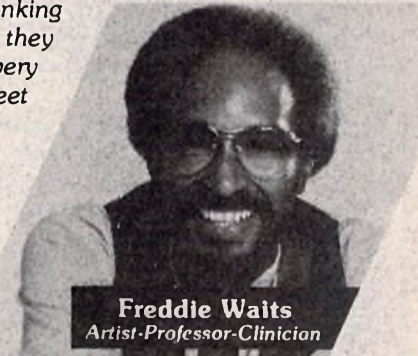
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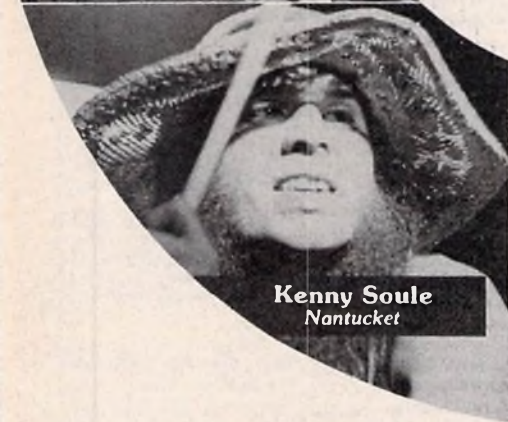
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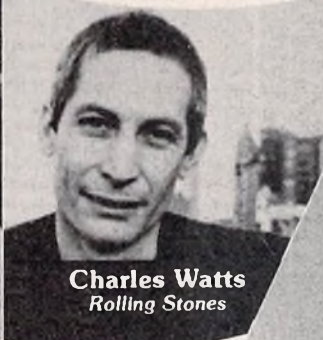
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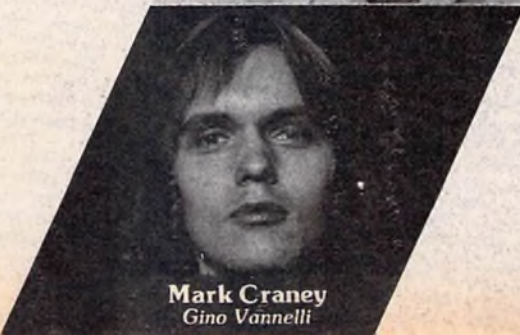
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Duskin's music remains firmly rooted in its recorded sources, which now embrace a number of blues standards—*Mean Old Frisco*, *Little Red Rooster*, etc.—in addition to boogie woogie and novelty pieces like *Down The Road Apiece* and *Beat Me Daddy* associated with the popular boogie craze of the early '40s.

The addition of a small Chicago styled blues band lends needed coloristic variety to the program, and the bass-drums tandem of Parham and Leary enlivens *Cincinnati Stomp*. Limitations noted, Duskin is a fine, spirited interpreter of blues and boogie woogie piano (and there are not too many of the latter around these days) who makes up in conviction and enthusiasm what he lacks in originality of expression. Given time and proper encouragement, he might achieve a measure of the last named quality. Kudos to Arhoolie's Chris Strachwitz for undertaking a project of such limited commercial potential as this generally admirable, satisfying set. —*welding*

ABE MOST

THE MOST—ABE, THAT IS—Annunciata Records AR-1051; *Uptown*; *All Of Me*; *Nick's Tune*; *Send In The Clowns*; *Pacific Jam*; *Tee Time*; *Estrellita*; *Avalon*.

Personnel: Most, clarinet, Ray Sherman, piano; Ray Leatherwood, bass; Nick Fatool, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Abe Most, elder brother of flautist Sam, led his first recording session in 1947, but has been rarely heard in a pure jazz context since then. While he has been vaguely apparent over the intervening years as a most able studio musician, the present album indicates a persistent enthusiasm for the freedom of improvised music. Abe was clearly brought up on a diet of '30s and '40s Benny Goodman and there is an almost overwhelming influence of the Goodman trio pervading this session. Almost, but some things do survive the death touch of recreation: Most's warmer clarinet timbre, reminiscent at times of white New Orleans players, the wisps of bebop harmony, a superior sense of solo construction and, above all, the congenial spirit of the group as a whole.

As with Goodman, the swingers do better than the ballads; of the slower pieces here, even that schmaltzy period piece *Estrellita* demonstrates greater jazz potential than the equally sentimental but more contemporary straightjacket *Send In The Clowns*. And as with Goodman the faster items predictably gain heat and momentum as they race to their conclusions; this tendency to overheat in the stretch seems to be one of the more unfortunate legacies of the White Chicagoans (alias the Condon Gang). Still, Most does frequently display a more attractive tone and more fluent dovetailing of phrases than his master. Certainly *Avalon*, *All Of Me* and the "originals" on familiar sequences *Uptown*, *Tee Time* and *Nick's Tune* contain swinging, technically assured, if unadventurous, clarinet solos. Ray Sherman's piano work is also idiomatic, while Leatherwood does what is necessary and Fatool acts like the well-schooled BG alumnus he is.

Some of us may regret the lack of a clarinet style in contemporary jazz, but the present recording demonstrates that the approach that became the swan song of the instrument was not entirely without virtue. My rating may be amended up or down ½ star on the basis of the reader's allegiance or otherwise to the Swing King's genre. —*martin*

NAT ADDERLEY

A LITTLE NEW YORK MIDTOWN MUSIC—Galaxy GXY-5120; *Fortune's Child*; *A Little New York Midtown Music*; *Sunshine Sammy*; *Yeehaw Junction*; *Come Rain Or Come Shine*; *Whipitup*; *Saguaro*.

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Johnny Griffin, tenor sax; Victor Feldman, electric and acoustic pianos; Ron Carter, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

★ ★ ½

Nothing much new or exciting going on here, even if it is Adderley's first reunion with Griffin in umpteen years; Adderley's cornet sounds tired, distant and strained, and his compositions are some flat blues (*Child*, *Sammy*, *Yeehaw*) or the title song that sounds like *Look For The Silver Lining*. From the listless statement and indifferent, hasty cornet solo on *Child*, the energy level never picks up much. It's a shame to have to record fine players on off days (and even the best will admit to being off more than on), but it doesn't hurt to give them a bit of a challenge, either, and that's what's missing here.

Even the repatriated Griffin, generally fresh and bouncy—especially in live settings—on his re-entry orbit to the Stateside scene, sounds like he has to pump up second wind for second choruses. Things fare better on the faster tempos and meatier themes of the last three tracks. Griff gets teeth into *Rain* and *Saguaro* (Carter-built on *Autumn Leaves*, which Griff recorded a month later in the same studio with much more zest for *Return Of The Griffin*).

Feldman's elegant yet punchy piano is a rare treat these days; Vic grabs a breezy pair of choruses on *Muscle*, pulls out a delicious coda on *Shine*, and his quick *Whipitup* provides a bright spot for all. Spiffy McCurdy and buzzy Carter comport themselves with professional glibness.

In terms of overall thoughtfulness and the leader's generally spirited, spattery, witty cornet, this date isn't a patch on Adderley's other recent efforts, *Don't Look Back* (Inner City) or *Hummin'* (on Little David). Galaxy and producer Orrin Keepnews have had a pretty fine track record so far, but this day the inspiration was just not there. —*bouchard*

SONNY FORTUNE

WITH SOUND REASON—Atlantic SD 19239; *Igbob's Shuffle*; *Boy From Witbank*; *Francisco*; *Come In Out Of The Rain*; *Georgiana*; *Loneliness Returns*; *Afortunado*.

Personnel: Fortune, soprano sax, alto sax, alto flute; Ray Gomez, guitar; Larry Willis, keyboards; Willie Weeks, bass; Mark Egan, bass; Steve Jordan, drums; Raphael Cruz, percussion; Sammy Figueroa, congas and percussion; Manolo Bachena, percussion.

★ ★ ★

Nearly a decade ago, playing with an ambulance's urgency on McCoy Tyner's *Sahara*, Sonny Fortune sounded like an approaching Coltrane. On much of *With Good Reason* Fortune stands up to past releases, live performances and the mention of Trane.

But, much to Sonny's misfortune, this isn't a solo album. He increasingly entrusts his albums to the compositions and arrangements of Larry Willis, the session pianist late of Blood, Sweat and Tears, who is no match. In a fusion setting, Fortune shrieks like a siren among metronomes.

If Fortune opts against acoustic post-bop, a player of his stature could at least infuse life into geriatric jazz-funk, as Freddie Hubbard did in 1978's *Superblue*. But as a co-producer,

Fortune settles for a layered, non-live sound, cushioning his own edge with chunka-chunk percussion, plush keyboards and predictable pseudo-Latin tunes (the sole exception is Milton Nascimento's *Francisco*). Those players less dynamic than Fortune but more familiar with the genre, like saxophonists Grover Washington Jr. and Wilton Felder, achieve a more spontaneous and cohesive sound in the studio.

Not that Fortune doesn't have many moments—one simply must wait for them. Near the end of side one, on *Come In*, Fortune finally sandpapers off the gloss. He cries. He screeches. He squeaks in despair. Drummer Steve Jordan, for one, answers his soprano with a tempestuous break. With a flatted, mewling soprano on *Georgiana* and a breathy Ben Webster-cum-Johnny Griffin reading of *Loneliness Returns*, Fortune salvages the two succeeding cuts.

Taken together, the solos imply Fortune would be better off alone than with his current studio company. Why not, then? The explanation must come to the Atlantic execs, the cynics and the conspiracy theorists.

—freedman

GATO BARBIERI

EUPHORIA—A&M SP 4774: *Theme From Firepower; Sophia; Carnavalito; Lions Also Cry; Gods And Astronauts; Secret Fiesta; Speak Low.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax, percussion, voice; Eric Gale, Steve Khan, Jeff Layton, David Spinozza, Lance Quinn, guitars; Eldie Martinez, Pat Rebillot, Richard Tee, keyboards; Ron Carter, Luico Hopper, Anthony Jackson, Neil Jason, basses; Billy Cobham, Idris Muhammad, Alan Schwartzberg, drums; Jimmy Maelen, Miguel Valdez-Pomier, percussion; David Nadien, concertmaster; Jay Chattaway, arranger.

There are two important things to note about this recording. One is that all the cuts sound pretty much the same. The other is that the emotional range is very limited. These characteristics may make the music ideal for the doctor's office, but they may also make the patients sick—especially if they like to listen to music.

Euphoria? Hardly. Nausea is more like it. *Theme From Firepower* is naked city melodrama. The bombastic arrangement and driving rhythms assure us that the L.A.P.D. is on the scene, lights flashing, guns blazing. But the danger and excitement are as phony as TV cops, and there is not enough musical interest to arrest me. *Sophia* almost succeeds at being sordid—which I would consider a triumph—but the soupy arrangement spoils it. *Carnavalito* is more of the same in a major key. The incredible wealth of talent on this album goes to waste on tunes like this.

There is, naturally, a Latin feeling throughout the album, but it has no subtlety at all. You know—plenty of percussion spiced with occasional yelps in Spanish. Gato's tone is huge but one dimensional; there is so little variation to his rough edged timbre that it becomes blunt. His horn becomes a dull machete hacking its way through the urban jungle. But clearly this barrier is in Hollywood, not east L.A.

On *Gods And Astronauts* Gato plays a tedious solo over a two chord vamp. Near the end he squeals but jumps back immediately, afraid of his own shadow. This is Gato? This is the Cat? There is no adventure to his playing here and none of the audacity of old. There is only an unnerving sense of latent power, like a ticking time bomb that never explodes. And ul-

timately this makes the music banal. It's TV music. During *Speak Low* I can see the credits going by, and I keep expecting a voiceover saying, "Quincy unravels a mystery when he unravels a mummy—next on Nine."

The album cover has a little poem about Gato that reads, "Flowers spring up in his footsteps which bring happiness and euphoria to the one who picks them, until the flowers fade . . ." These flowers will never fade. They're made of plastic.

—clark

BRENDA RUSSELL

BRENDA RUSSELL—Horizon SP-739: *So Good, So Right; In The Thick Of It; If Only One Night; Way Back When; A Little Bit Of Love; You're Free; Think It Over; God Bless You.*

Personnel: Russell, acoustic piano, vocals; Ron Stockert, Fender Rhodes; Ed Brown, bass; Andre Fischer, drums; George Sopuch, Fred Tackett, David Wolfert, guitars; studio string and horn section.

★

PATRICE RUSHEN

PIZZAZZ—Elektra 6E-243: *Let The Music Take Me; Keepin' Faith In Love; Settle For My Love; Message In The Music; Haven't You Heard; Givin' Up; Call On Me.*

Personnel: Rushen, electric piano, lead vocal; Fred Washington, bass; Leon Chandler, drums; Marlo Henderson, Paul Jackson, guitar; studio string and horn section.

★

It's about time James Brown or Little Anthony opened a school for "pop dance music," *anywhere* in California. Sun, money, exotic chemicals and multi-track heaven give you packaged slop-jumbo. Harry Belafonte singing *Day O* backwards has more essence and presence.

On the back of Brenda Russell's record she is sitting on a grand piano and that is where she should stay. Lame one chord songs with that artificial overkill, and where is the voice? After the reverb unit, the delay, the 24 track straight jacket, what do you have? A very pretty face and a waste of time.

If you listen real hard to some of the lighter songs like *Think It Over*, beneath the strings and horns and reverb lies perhaps a distinctive voice, with warmth and feeling—but that quality is so far removed from the sound of the group . . .

The hair braiding on Patrice Rushen's record cover was done by Mr. Bradley, who wins the prize for the most artistic contribution to the production.

Ms. Rushen's voice is weak, frail and recorded much too soft. The bass player and drummer needn't stop between tunes, for they are playing the same beat and chords, despite the lyrics and mood of the pieces. Electronic pop music should give you a sense of profound excitement, make you get up off the chair, pull away from the bar and want to dance—and dance 'til you sweat.

The lyrics from *Let The Music Take Me* tell it all:

I get frustrated, don't like no mess, I hate it, do you?

I am so uninspired, I get sick and tired, Do you?

Yes. It reminds me that across the country there are creative individuals with ideas and emotions that are *real*. Blues singer Mama Yancey lives in Chicago and has for so many years, and the people who live near her might not even know about her life of singing and living the blues. I wish that she could just stand up on the John Hancock building, and with one note from her rich voice blow all these cosmetic clowns away.

—sparrow

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HOLTON

WAXING ON . . .

Contemporary Jazz From Eastern Europe

- Tone Jansa: *Jazz Kvartet* (Radio-Televizije Beograd RTB LP 4202): ★★★
- Tone Jansa: *Kvartet* (RTB LP 4205): ★★★
- The Quartet* (Poljazz Z-SX 0688): ★★★★★
- Tomasz Stanko: *Twet* (Muza SX 1138): ★★★★★^{1/2}
- Sun Ship: *At The Aquarium Live* (Poljazz Z-SX 0686): ★★★
- Martin Kratochvil's *Jazz Q: Elegy* (Supraphon 1 15 1983): ★★★
- Jazz Celula: *Ohen Az Pozar* (Panton 11 0638): ★★★^{1/2}
- Prague Big Band: *Portrait* (Panton 11 0692): ★★★★★^{1/2}
- Katowice Big Band: *Music For My Friends* (Muza SX 1560): ★★★★★^{1/2}
- Alexej Fried, Gustav Brom Orchestra: *Solstice, Moravian Wedding* (Supraphon 1 15 1738): ★★★★★
- Bohuslav Martinu: *Jazz Inspired Compositions* (Supraphon 1 10 1014): ★★★★★
- Karel Velebný S + H Quintet: *Jazz Non-Fables* (Panton 11 0338): ★★★^{1/2}
- Jiri Stivin & Co. Jazz System: *Five Hits In A Row* (Supraphon 1 15 1229): ★★★★★^{1/2}
- Jiri Stivin & Rudolf Dasek: *Tandem* (Supraphon 1 15 1799): ★★★★★
- Jiri Stivin: *Zodiac* (Supraphon 1 15 2015): ★★★★★^{1/2}

As the recent migration of many Polish and Czech jazz musicians to New York has shown, there is a lot of excellent jazz activity in Eastern Europe. The records from those two countries plus Yugoslavia reviewed here show how many talented players, composers and leaders remain in their native lands.

Many of these records, such as the Polish Jazz Society's Poljazz releases, are not available outside Eastern Europe. However the Supraphon, Panton and Muza releases may be obtainable in stores that carry many imports or through record import companies. Some are worth searching for; they all give an important picture of the jazz scene in the Communist countries, and indicate that the U.S. no longer has a monopoly on good jazz. If the average ratings of these discs seem inordinately high, it must be remembered that these are chosen from the best jazz releases from countries where, generally, only the top musicians get recorded.

Eastern European jazz, as these albums also demonstrate, does not only draw on American jazz—although there is much debt to John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner and top fusion groups—but also draws on classical and folk musics. These latter debts perhaps account for the often excellent use of instrumental colors, giving some freshness to even the fusion offerings, and the higher level of players' technical skills.

Yugoslavian saxophonist **Tone Jansa**, who has studied at Berklee College, owes much to Trane—his manner of building a solo, use of trills, some of his phrasing—yet there often is a non-Traneish edge to his tone, a bite that owes a little to Eastern European folk reed instruments. He is a good improviser but

often solos too long and his compositions—he wrote all the tunes on both albums—are not distinctive. The musicians with him, especially bassist Ewald Oberleithner of Austria and pianist Andre Jeanquartier of Switzerland, are good, but the group, despite their years together, never really jells.

Poland's current top group, **The Quartet**, presents much more excitement in the Coltrane manner. There is authentic fire and drive here. Saxophonist Tomasz Szukalski builds real tension into his solos; Pawel Jarzebski is a strong, full toned bassist; Janusz Stefanski an inventive, swinging drummer who is all over his traps, and Slawomir Kulpowicz, the group's highly talented composer, pounds out alternating chords with his left hand in the best Tyner manner. They manage to sound fresh—the remarkable interplay between them helps to create excitement—while being highly derivative, and Kulpowicz's Traneish compositions make an immediately strong impression.

These four musicians played with Tomasz Stanko and Zbigniew Namyslowski, two of Poland's biggest jazz names, before forming The Quartet in 1978 and hopefully they will develop a more original sound. "We all love this man," Szukalski said of Coltrane to me before he sat in with a Polish swing group in a concert, where he played in a style closer to Ben Webster and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis.

As **Tomasz Stanko's** *Twet* shows, Szukalski can also play in a "free" style. He contributes much to this album, but it is really Stanko's brilliant show, with strong help from bassist Peter Warren. Stanko combines a soft yet full warm, sweet tone and fine technical control with the ideas of Ornette Coleman. With the use of such "little instruments" as whistle and harmonica and vocal sounds as well as shifting moods, there also is much of the Art Ensemble of Chicago in this highly original music. The selections are even credited as group compositions.

There's also some Coltrane in the playing of tenor and soprano saxophonist Zbigniew Jaremko of **Sun Ship**, but this popular Polish group takes a soft and gentle approach to jazz, even when keyboardist Wladyslaw Sendek switches from acoustic to electric piano. It is only on *Zlodziejka*, the hardest driving of the album's five tunes (all originals), that solos lack focus and ramble. Otherwise the music is pleasantly nice.

The melodic riffs and bass lines on the Czech group **Jazz Q's** *Elegy* album can be as inane and repetitious as those of any American fusion group, yet there often is imaginative, and sometimes classically inspired, employment of harmonica, electric violin, string synthesizer and electric trumpet. Despite all this effective color, there is little solid substance.

Electric guitar, piano and bass are used to give a fuller sound to *Ohen Az Pozar* by Czech trumpeter Laco Deczi's **Jazz Celula** group. Deczi is perhaps the best trumpeter in Czechoslovakia today—sharp, crisp playing with a solidly modern mainstream approach. None of the other soloists are identified, but the trombonist has a gutsy, punchy style that adds to the driving excitement while a good tenor saxophonist fills out the horn sound. However, none of the eight original tunes, three of them by Deczi, are very strong and most are in similar light, swinging moods, the arrangements following a single structure. Despite Deczi's exciting playing, the album

begins to wear thin.

A much better use of electric instruments behind acoustic ones occurs with the **Prague Big Band's** *Portrait*. Electric bass, guitar and piano lay a cushion beneath the brass instruments—and sometimes vice versa. The contrasting sounds effectively work together on both uptempo tunes and ballads. But basically this is a hard driving 18 piece band, with touches of Stan Kenton, Gil Evans and Thad and Mel. The ensemble playing is crisp; the rhythm section throbs away with electric sounds and the soloists tear away, sometimes very well, such as saxist Jiri Stivin, but always effectively. All six compositions are originals and would credit the book of any American big band.

The **Katowice Big Band** plays in styles ranging from Count Basie to Don Ellis. Of this album's eight selections, five are totally original, two are the band's own versions of Keith Jarrett's *Sorcery* (an excellent arrangement by its fine guitarist Jan Smietana) and Otis Redding's *Madrox*, while the remaining piece is Neal Hefti's *Li'l Darlin'*.

The playing isn't as tight nor the sound as full as that of the Prague aggregation and the soloists aren't as strong, except for Smietana. But then this is a school band—attached to the State Higher School of Music in Katowice (the equivalent of a U.S. graduate school of music)—while members of the Prague group are all professionals. Still there are some good things about this LP.

A more ambitious use of an orchestra is made by Third Stream Czech composer **Alexej Fried**, who Americans may know through his work *Sidonia* which was recorded by the Don Ellis band. The 21 minute *Solstice-Jazz Double Concerto* sounds much like many of the extended pieces played by Ellis' band; good, but nothing special. However, the 20 minute *Moravian Wedding (Sinfonietta For Jazz Orchestra)* is a more original and successful work, from its Moravian fanfare-like opening and other classical touches to the dancing folk-like high pitched reeds to the driving jazz parts. The jazz portions swing, the folk elements swirl and pulsate and the jazz solos are well integrated into the work. There is much original use of orchestral and instrumental color that lends the work real distinctiveness.

Czech jazz dates back to the early 1930s, but there was interest in the music in that country even before then, as the **Bohuslav Martinu** release proves. These six works written by the great Czech composer from 1922 to '29 are far "jazzier"—in terms of rhythm, mood and style—than many of the jazz influenced pieces written by Stravinsky, Milhaud and Ravel during the same period. Of course, this is not modern jazz, or even swing. It's blues and ragtime and also such popular forms of the day as the tango and charleston. But generally it doesn't sound old fashioned, for Martinu makes effective use of such solo instruments as clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, piano and cello and violin (played pizzicato). Only occasionally does the music sound too close to "jazz" written by George Gershwin and Kurt Weill. Most enjoyable are the *Trois Esquisses* for solo piano and the four part *Jazz Suite* for piano and chamber orchestra. The only failure is the corny *Le Jazz*, a 4:15 minute Paul Whitemanish work for three saxes, banjo, chorus and symphony orchestra. Generally, these pieces are delightful early Third Stream music.

Jazzove Nebajky (Jazz Non-Fables) by vibraphonist **Karel Velebný's S + H Quintet** is mainly modern mainstream jazz into which have been incorporated sounds from duck decoys, bowls of water, bells, a water pipe, a newspaper and a "Stauffer's lubricator" to give a series of sound pictures of South American land and sea settings. The music includes slow blues with organ under vibes and soprano sax, throbbing rockish sounds, gentle ballads and Coltrane-like swingers. None of it is startling, but it's all refreshingly pleasing.

Jiri Stivin, a very technically accomplished flutist (who also plays sax and recorder) has strong roots in classical, rock and jazz and has played classical chamber music to big band charts.

The 1972 *Five Hits In A Row* is a tightly knit tour de force by Stivin, the late Polish violinist Zbigniew Seifert, guitarist Rudolf Dasek, bassist Barre Phillips and percussionists Josef Vejvoda and Milan Vitoch that ranges from wildly careening Colemanish free jazz to lovely flute-violin-arco bass voicings, especially a long violin-bass duet with Seifert double-stopping throughout.

Stivin's next album was recorded with Dasek alone at the 15th International Jazz Festival in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, in 1974. Dasek plays amplified guitar in conservative style that reveals his debt to Jim Hall, while Stivin plays alto and soprano saxes, flute and even soprano recorder, which has a sound similar to but less thin than piccolo—he swings like mad on this instrument on the uptempo *Puzzle Game*. On the swinging *Hey Man* (another Dasek composition), Stivin displays his clean articulation and subtle note shading on flute, as well as his skill at scat singing and humming between and during phrases. Elsewhere he wails, cries, screams and spits out husky-toned phrases on alto and soprano saxes. The results are not as great and exciting as the *Five Hits* album, but it's still a powerful disc.

On his latest Czech album, *Zodiac*, Stivin—playing drums, percussion and bass as well as his standard reeds—again works with only one other soloist, Gabriel Jonas, who performs on acoustic and electric pianos and harpsichord. This time a mixed chorus and a string quartet fill out the arrangements.

The chorus sounds square, repeating trite melodies that fade in and out without any integration into the overall writing. But the string quartet is fairly well integrated into the proceedings.

Jonas plays in a stretched-out Bill Evans style while Stivin more originally swings on soprano recorder, plays a lovely duet with himself on flutes on a romantic theme and cries out on alto sax on a free jazz segment while the string quartet members play close to their bridges to get a screechy sound. On another track a gentle rhythmic line is played on bottles for a calliope-like sound. If the chorus was dropped and each segment arranged as a separate piece, instead of using trite themes in an unsuccessful attempt to link them, the album could be a strong one. Still it is interesting, and when Stivin and Jonas are at their peaks as soloists, it is exciting.

This release, and the others, attest that there is much individuality in Eastern European jazz; many musicians are at least in part going their own ways, as well as adopting popular Western styles. —*de muth*

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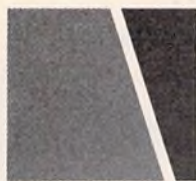
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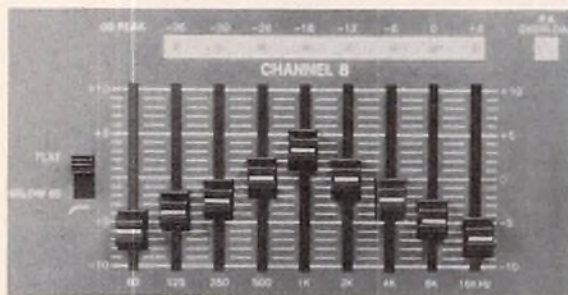
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BLINDFOLD TEST



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

Anita O'Day

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Anita O'Day's first Blindfold Test appeared in *db* 4/4/57; she has since paid visits approximately twice a decade (most recently 3/29/73).

O'Day's act now opens with the screening of an old movie in which she sings her first hit, *Let Me Off Uptown*, with Roy Eldridge during their stint with Gene Krupa's orchestra. Within seconds, a 37 year time lapse brings the audience to a latter day live O'Day, whose appearance and chops have phenomenally defied time.

She remains the prototypical jazz singer, making her own special use of melisma, using *Wave* as her theme but generally remaining loyal to a repertoire of older standards. For this latest test she was exposed to several singers who have come to prominence relatively recently. The comments were made in her usual fast, clipped, honest manner.

She was given no information about the records played.

1. MARLENA SHAW. *More* (from *Marlena Shaw*, Columbia).

That's a disco type thing, I'm sure, but I never had the time to get to one. However, last week I was in a club called Studio One and the Backlot, which is a very large place in Hollywood. You go through a long hall, and you have your choice: on the left there's this disco room—and this is the music I heard from afar. And if you turn right, there's a cabaret which is into jazz.

This is the one disco record that I've got to say you do understand what she's saying, and I love that down beat [sings to illustrate]. I got the story of this and it's very interesting . . . and if I knew how to disco, I'd be doing it.

I have no idea who the singer is. Rating it, for the type of thing it is—I'm now getting accustomed to what's going down at these disco places and I would say that's very good. Four stars.

2. URSZULA DUDZIAK. *Night In Tunisia* (from *Midnight Rain*, Arista).

This particular record hits me like it would be played in the satellite, going off into space, as we will be doing soon. Now they play anything you want in airplanes: you push the button and you hear what you want. This would definitely be in that style of the future. I had no idea what the song was until it got into a little bit later on, and then I said, "By Gad, here we are 100 years in the future and they're still playing [hums *Night In Tunisia*]." That has two titles, you know: *Night In Tunisia* and *Interlude*.

With the work I know goes into electronic sounds, putting them together to where you close your eyes and listen . . . I loved it. I had no idea who it is because it's so electronic sounding. It could be Betty Boop returned! Who's that 24 year old saxophone player . . . Scott Hamilton. Well, he's modern and from this time, but plays from 40 years ago. Okay, I'm

mmmm years old, and we're listening to the future and I love it. Five, because I think that's sensational.

3. CHRIS CONNOR. *Someone To Watch Over Me* (from *Cocktails And Dusk*, Bethlehem).

Well, that deep tone . . . I used to be in that category; I'm not any more. It used to be Anita O'Day and Ann Richards and June Christy and the gal who's on this particular side, Chris Connor. But how can you tell the difference between Ann Richards and June Christy and Chris Connor? You have these customers come up and say "Oh, I just love your new album . . ." and I say, "That's June Christy." And then you get another one who'll say, "Oh, boy, you really sing that song . . ." and I say, "I've never sung that song in my life; it's gotta be Chris Connor." But you can always decipher the difference if you really are listening.

Chris Connor attacks it like a trombone, like she hits it, then lets the tone fall back and vibrate through her. And June has no vibration at all—that's how she falls on the flat side. But she's not singing any more, and she doesn't have to because she's great and she set the 20th century.

Ann Richards is singing every night. And I'm just out there singing. Anyhow, how to decipher the lady that we just heard from all the rest—when she says the word "heart." Heart's a hard word to say; even to say it, you gotta say it kind of quick, and then you don't want to say it quick, because it means so much, it has depth. But the word "heart" is a hard note and word to sing and Chris Connor says [demonstrates] and then she falls back on the vibration.

Well, that's how I know it's her, because that's how she plays her chorus. Thank you, Miss Connor. Five stars.

4. FLORA PURIM. *Samba Michel* (from *Ev-*

ery Day, Every Night, Warner Bros.)

Heigh-ho, Leonard. You go to the track much? Well, if you ever go to the track, they've got six furlongs for three year olds and up; they've got a mile-and-a-half for three year olds and up and so on . . . and all of a sudden you look at your program and it says "Two year olds." And this is what this record does to me: it stops me and makes me say, "Gee, I don't really place it, I don't know the horses as I read the program . . . they're only two year olds, it could be anything."

So, as you listen to this, it gets more exciting and more exciting, you could even pick the winner out of it all. This also gave me the thought about the last time I lived in Hawaii for quite a few months. Herb Alpert had a six piece group and they got together on this kind of Latin thing. I'm sure that's not it, though, because we're back to the young, moving, exciting . . . I really like it. I have no idea who it is. It was really exuberating, thrilling as I sit here and listen to these performers. I loved it. How about five for the Portuguese people.

5. DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER. *My Prayer* (from *Dee Dee Bridgewater*, Atlantic).

The very, very beginning is so lovely . . . you say, "Ah, I can sit back and listen to a lovely lady singing in English . . ." and then you hear the song and you recognize it from a long time ago . . . then it starts to build, and it starts to build . . . and by the end of the tune you're in chills completely because this lady has all of this power. It's fantastic, at the end there she gets up into . . . she must have at least a four octave range—I've got one and four notes!

So, a very exciting record and one that you're going to remember if you hear it one time . . . it's going to stay with me. Please introduce me to this lady. It's got to be out there with the rating: five. That's a very good presentation, if you're in the business and you're trying to put it in a box and tie it with blue ribbons, etc. you can't beat the old starting out nice and then letting it build. And this is done very well. And then she has the chops to back it up with, on top of it all. So, she's the winner!

LF: It's Dee Dee Bridgewater.

A O'D: Oh, I heard that name in Japan. Now I had that thought of Japan right at the very beginning; I thought, this is how they play in Japan. They sing English . . . but it's very o-o-old style and very quiet . . . then it gets into more modern, like finally we wind up in New York City . . . and you gotta be out there to get on top of it all, and this lady did it. She's very big in Japan.

6. CARMEN McRAE. *Skylark* (from *The Greatest Of Carmen McRae*, MCA). Ben Webster, tenor saxophone.

My favorite song by Johnny Mercer, I'm sure. And listening to this entire record, my mind went back to the days of 1949 when I was appearing at a club in Chicago, called the Hi Note on Illinois and Clark St., and there was an intermission singer there—really, an intermission singer, like I'm supposedly the star, and there's an intermission singer? At the end of my set. I would sit nearby and listen to this intermission singer, and everything she did was better, each song. And I kept thinking, "She should be somewhere doing something. What is she doing as an intermissionist in a club where I'm supposedly the star?"

And then, ah, good and best wins out, because the next thing you know she went to New York City and got a large contract with some big company and now she's way out there, way out there . . . and we're still buddies from the original days when I met her. She can sing anything, just anything. She plays very good piano. Being just an intermissionist, just a single person, she played and sang. Not only did she sing well, which is all I can do, but she plays groovy piano, too.

So, there we are with Miss Carmen McRae and that beautiful song, *Skylark*, and what can I say?

LF: Did you recognize the tenor player?

A O'D: Oh, I could take a chance at it—I was so engrossed with Carmen. I would say that's got to be Mr. W . . . ? Ben Webster. There's only one sound like that I know. Five stars.

PROFILE



WILBUR LITTLE

BY JERRY DE MUTH

Wilbur Little was one of the top bassists on the New York jazz scene, playing with Tommy Flanagan, George Coleman, Clark Terry, Barry Harris, Ellis Larkins and other top names, when he moved to Amsterdam three years ago.

Although he has had no direct contact with the American scene since then and may be forgotten by jazz fans—"When you get removed from the New York jazz scene it's easy to be forgotten," he confesses—he has not been forgotten by American musicians who come to Europe to tour.

"I've played with musicians here, such as Archie Shepp and Charles Tolliver, whom I had never played with in the States," he said while relaxing one afternoon in his tiny Amsterdam apartment.

"A lot of horn players come over without a bass player. They call me and send me a contract. I've done two tours with Archie Shepp, two tours with Charles Tolliver and I've played with Horace Parlan, Duke Jordan, McCoy Tyner and others.

"I played at the sax battle at the North Sea Jazz Festival in The Hague [Holland] last year. There was Stan Getz, Illinois Jacquet, 54 □ down beat

David Newman, David Murray, Jaw [Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis], Shepp, Hank Jones, Max Roach and myself all on the same stage together. I can't remember playing with Getz, Jacquet or Jaw before and it was my first time between Max and Hank. *That was a pleasure.*"

Little and his wife share a two room apartment near the center of Amsterdam that barely has enough room for a few pieces of furniture, a small record player, some records and his upright bass. But they were lucky to get even this in the city's tight housing market.

"We had to stay in a hotel for about three months after we arrived," he said. "We were paying 1400 guilder (about \$700) a month. My wife kept looking for an apartment and we finally took an expensive place. Our daughter was living with us at the time. Now she's in school, at Mills, back in the States so we don't need so much room."

Little, who is 51, got into playing—piano, then bass—while in the Army in the mid '40s and played a lot of service clubs then. After getting out, he settled in Washington, D.C., in 1949, working with many small groups and occasionally taking lengthy U.S. and European tours. Then in 1967 he moved to New York, at first working with drummer Elvin Jones.

"But ten years in New York was enough for me," he said. "I needed to go some place and just relax but still be able to work. I had made my first trip to Amsterdam in 1952. I liked

Amsterdam then. So I just took a chance and came over here.

"Philly Joe Jones had set up a tour and his bassist, Jymie Merritt, had a heart attack the same day I got here. Philly Joe got in touch with me and I did the whole tour. Then I did a tour with Jimmy Raney.

"In the spring of 1977 Charles Tolliver called me from his offices in New York and sent me a contract. We toured together that summer. Then I did some dates with Horace Parlan. Next Archie called me from New York and asked me if I would do a tour with him. We did a month long tour in Switzerland, Germany and France in early '78 and then did a three week tour together in November '78."

"There's more work for rhythm section players than horn players over here," commented tenor saxophonist and fellow U.S. expatriate Sandy Mosse, who also lives in Amsterdam. "Horn players come over to tour. They know Wilbur is here and will get him rather than bring someone with them."

Little has recorded three albums for Steeplechase since his move to Amsterdam, all an outgrowth of tours he did—two albums with Parlan and one with pianist Duke Jordan. And while talking over cups of tea in his living room, he received a phone call from Belgium, asking him to cut an album with American saxophonist Louis McConnell in Liege the next month.

"It's word of mouth," he commented about the work he has been able to get. "But I've never had any problems getting work, even in New York."

Just one meeting and one hearing can convince anyone that Little's personality and musicianship would place him in great demand. A warm openness and youthful liveliness balanced with gray-haired maturity make him immediately appealing. And as for his musicianship, Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler, in *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Seventies*, described him as "a resourceful soloist and an accompanist capable of pulling his weight in a duo or big band and any place in between."

"Amsterdam is kind of centrally located," Little continued describing the pleasures of living in the Dutch city. "I know most of the musicians who come over to tour and they drop by here and we have a few drinks.

"The work I get here is spasmodic. Touring is the biggest part of it. I do a tour and then I'm off. But I have three students and my wife works. She's a keypunch computer operator and has a work permit so we get health benefits.

"I have a quartet here with Wally Shorts on flute—he's from England—and Eric Gold, who's from California, on sax and John Engels on drums. He's Dutch. We go out and play in the suburbs and we play a lot all over the country during October, which is jazz month. There are some 350 jazz organizations all over Holland so there's a lot of work. But I try not to play the Bimhuis [Amsterdam's sole jazz club] too much. I don't want to be known as a home town boy." He paused and shrugged. "You know that scene."

"Every year I go to Belgium and teach for a week too. Then we play one night in a club in Dwarp which is near Brussels.

"Then last year I appeared in and did the sound track for a short film.

"Things," he nodded with restrained confidence and a slight smile, "have been moving

right along."

Although Little may be forgotten by many American jazz fans—"Whether I am or not is not really important to me"—he manages to keep in close touch with the American jazz scene.

"I regularly get letters from friends over there who let me know what's going on," he commented. "And I see more of the musicians from New York over here than I did when I was in New York. That's probably because in New York everyone is always going in and out of the city. So I keep up with the news scene through the musicians who come over."

But Little said he does plan on returning for a brief visit probably by early this year. Meanwhile he looks forward to when he can obtain a permanent visa to stay in the Netherlands.

"It's very difficult to get one," he said. "We have to stay here five years to get that. But then we can go back to the U.S. for a long stay and then come back here and it's still good."

Clearly Wilbur Little intends to make Amsterdam his home. db

URSULA OPPENS

BY ART LANGE



"It's funny being interviewed for *down beat* magazine, because by no means am I at all an improvising musician, though I'm trying to *get* involved, stage by stage, with more degrees of freedom."

For pianist Ursula Oppens, freedom means the facility and opportunity to perform not only the standard repertoire developed over 200 odd years of European classical music—Bach, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky; in other words, the music she was trained almost from birth to play—but also those thoroughly contemporary composers whose music defies categorization and shares a penchant for cross-breeding of previously distinct musical styles and syntaxes—one of which, improvisation, is not only the lifeblood of jazz but also a great many other musical cultures around the world, including, up until approximately the time of Beethoven, classical music.

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"Christian Wolff, for example, whose music I really love playing because it's so interesting; there's a great deal of freedom there, but when you play it, it sounds like his music. I mean there's no way of playing his music so it can sound like Elliott Carter. Or Leo Smith's music, which is notated but in his own fairly strict system, where certain things have different meanings from the ones we're accustomed to. For instance, notes that are not barred to other notes are supposed to be followed by a silence equal to the value of the note. But there are other aspects to a piece like *KQjmar*, in which there's a main line and a number of subsidiary lines which can be played in any order simultaneously with the main line. Also the rhythmic values don't add up in a conventional way, and there are other interpretive freedoms, so that to play it one has to know Leo's music. But even with the freedom it still sounds like his other music."

A native and current resident of New York, Ms. Oppens grew up in a musical household. "My parents are both musicians; my mother's a piano teacher, my father's a piano tuner and writes about music. So it was hard for me *not* to get into music. What was harder was to find the music I could get into by myself and on my own which was sort of independent of what I'd heard." After graduating from Radcliffe she worked for her musical Master of Arts at Juilliard—then as now not exactly a hothouse of new music practitioners and radicals. Nevertheless it was there that she first came in contact with a number of people who were to point her in the direction she was searching for.

Foremost among these were her piano instructor, Rosina Lhevinne, widow of one of the last of the great Romantic virtuoso pianists, Josef Lhevinne. "Rosina Lhevinne was a great influence even though she's not associated with contemporary music, because when I studied with her she was 85 years old and still very interested in what was new. I mean what's new politically, socially, and musically too. I had the impression that's what kept her young, that's why she was alive, because she was continually involved in the present. And though I play older classical music it seemed to me that it was not interesting to be only involved in the past. The concerts I went to and enjoyed most were concerts of music I didn't know beforehand."

Though her concert repertoire includes the traditional warhorses—and she will be recording a series of Beethoven sonatas for Vanguard in the near future—Ms. Oppens finds no paradox in her desire to stay firmly rooted within the flux and flurries of contemporary musical activity, bridging Mozart with Messiaen and Schubert with Schoenberg. "No matter what you play you're involved in what it is individually. I mean, Bach and Mozart are completely different. Mozart and Schoenberg are completely different. Each one is himself, so that even though there are technical things that, let's say, Mozart and Beethoven have in common, that you don't find in Carter, when you perform a piece you're very involved in what's specific about it. That's why it was very important for me to get into music that I had never studied, because new music teaches you how to figure things out for yourself—which is really what you should do with Mozart and Beethoven too. Not only in terms of things like fingerings, but how to imagine the sound that you haven't heard before. You have some hint of

it on the paper but you don't have that sound in your ear, so you have to imagine it and create it. And the worst trap one can fall into in playing the standard repertory, I think, is just imitating a sound you heard before, rather than trying to imagine it as if you didn't have a performance tradition."

In 1974 Ms. Oppens met Frederic Rzewski when both were panelists at the New York State Arts Council. She had been previously familiar with the wide range of his activities, both as a pianist performing scores under the Stockhausen/Boulez banner, and as a composer whose experiences included spontaneously conceived collaborations with musicians the likes of Anthony Braxton, Steve Lacy, Roscoe Mitchell, Leo Smith, Karl Berger and Dave Holland. It seemed only natural, therefore, that when she was given a grant from the Washington Performing Arts Society to commission a composer to write a piece of music specifically for her, she chose Rzewski. And Rzewski subsequently composed *The People United Will Never Be Defeated*, an hour long series of extraordinary variations on a Chilean revolutionary song, *El Pueblo Unido Jamas Sera Vencido* by Sergio Ortega. The work's structure is similar to Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* or Brahms' *Variations On A Theme Of Handel*, though its length and staggering degree of difficulty demands a heroic breadth, penetrating intellect, an athlete's endurance, and a virtuoso's technique—all of which Ms. Oppens brought to this 20th century masterpiece, and all of which are evident in her Vanguard recording of the work. Rzewski wrote the piece with her phenomenal keyboard control and facility in mind, and included an optional improvised cadenza which at first frightened Ms. Oppens, but eventually allowed her to feel her way slowly into the unfamiliar terrain of the improviser.

Her association with Rzewski, her inherent attraction to alternative, advanced musical developments, and a friend at the New Music Distribution Service introduced her to the world of jazz, and today she unself-consciously lists Cecil Taylor, Mary Lou Williams and Anthony Davis among her favorite pianists. She has performed a version of Steve Lacy's *Precipitation Suite* on the piano, has recorded with Carla Bley (*3/4*), threatens to go on tour with Michael Mantler, and teaches at Karl Berger's Creative Music Studio in Woodstock, where she is surrounded by the likes of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Oliver Lake, Marion Brown and Anthony Braxton.

"Anthony's written a lot of piano music, something like 40 hours worth, and he's promised to collate a version of it for me, and the minute he does I'm going to play it. So this should go into print to tell Anthony to hurry up! But I think that what's really so exciting about people like Anthony, and what's embarrassing about a lot of people who are in the classical tradition, is that someone like Anthony feels it's his responsibility to know both traditions, to know Monk and to know Schoenberg. In order to be a musician you should use the whole past—and that isn't true of a lot of the people in classical music."

It certainly is true of Ursula Oppens, however, and yet it's interesting to note that despite her success in the classical kingdom, her many awards (two of which include a First Prize at the Busoni Piano Competition

in Italy in 1969 and the Avery Fisher Prize in New York in 1976), her performances with the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras around the country, her touring both as a soloist and with Speculum Musicae (a group which specializes in 20th century music, of which she is a co-founder), she still feels insecure when it comes to jazz phrasing, improvisation, and that intangible feeling known as swing. "I don't think I could do it well, yet. I think that to play Ellington or Monk, you've got to be able to play the blues tradition, and then you get away from it. I mean, my 'time' is very classical. But I want to start to study it as a beginner. My secret fantasy is to someday play jazz." **db**

ROLAND VAZQUEZ

BY MELODIE BRYANT

The rambling Spanish house is like a quiet oasis in the big city of Los Angeles, a touch of the exotic, complete with red tile floors and high carved wooden ceilings. It is the home of Roland Vazquez, drummer, arranger and composer of a new Latin/jazz LP called *Urban Ensemble*. And he moves in his surroundings like a native. In fact, he was born in Pasadena.

"I'm not from a particularly Latin household," says Vazquez in flawless American tones which belie his jet black hair and classic Latin features. "That's just the kind of music I like."

With artists like Al DiMeola, Chick Corea and Chuck Mangione all playing under the Latin influence, it looks like you don't have to be born there to play the music these days. And *Urban Ensemble* draws from similar roots.

Combining Latin and funk rhythms over jazz changes, this LP features a roster of players including Patrice Rushen, Abe Laboriel, Dave Grusin and Manolo Badrena. While it may not have the crossover potential of a group like Spyro Gyra, *Urban Ensemble* is a cooking album with a lot of jazz integrity. Vazquez also plays drums, though he considers himself more of a composer than a drummer.

"Drummers are like flavors. The dynamic that they are as people is what gives the foundation to the music. You can have a great piece of music, but if the level of the foundation is so high no one can reach it, or so low you don't have access to it, it's not happening.

"I'm not a drummer's drummer. I play drums because that's the instrument I have the most vocabulary on. But I play drums to fit the music. And I believe that in time, if I am consistent, there will be a feeling established about the music."

Born into a musical family (both his parents played, and his sister sang with bluesman Lightnin' Hopkins), Vazquez was all set to be a drummer's drummer when at the age of 12, he was inspired at a concert of Mongo Santamaria's band. By high school, he was saving up for a drum set, and listening to drummers like Bernard Purdie, Buddy Rich and Carmelo Garcia. But in 1969, an event occurred which altered the direction of his aspirations.

"I was on my way to my drum lesson on my motorcycle when I was hit on the freeway and

my skull was crushed. They told my mom that night that I wouldn't live until morning, but I just kept living and living. Finally they knew they had to do something, so they went in and rebuilt my skull. After that, I started having these dreams where I saw music. Then when I went to the piano, I played the same thing. That was when I decided I wanted to write music."

At that point, Vazquez began composing, but for a long time, even after he recovered, he couldn't give his music away. In spite of the popularity of his band at gigs in Utah, where he also played with Pat Williams and Jim Hughart, and in spite of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts in 1977, which allowed him to tour Europe, there



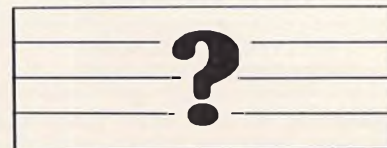
were no takers among the record companies, and Vazquez ended up back in L.A. playing small jazz clubs and getting a mediocre response.

One day, he stumbled on a way to finance his own albums through a tax shelter loophole. The loophole has since been eliminated, but not before Vazquez and his musicians had recorded four albums' worth of material, and sent off a demo to Dave Grusin.

"I sent Dave the tape and a fan letter because I had liked his production on an Earl Klugh album. But I didn't expect him to be interested in me because my stuff was already produced. I didn't even include my phone number in the package. But then my mom got a call asking where I was." The upshot was *Urban Ensemble*, a collection of what producers Grusin and Rosen considered the strongest material. It was given a re-mix and some additional tracks. They also optioned another album's worth of tunes.

It's been a long haul for Vazquez, and still there are some nagging hitches. Of the remaining material he recorded, two albums were sold to private companies. Since they were purchased exclusively for tax shelter reasons, they are receiving little if any distribution. Released under the group name of the L.A. Jazz Ensemble, these two albums, *In The Life Before* (Korman) and *Urantis* (PBR) feature the same fine players and, for my taste, equally strong material as that on *Urban Ensemble*. *In The Life Before* was a top *Billboard* pick last year, and made it to the top of some jazz radio charts. "But," complains Vazquez,

is there music
in you that
can't get out?



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"the problem was that if you looked around, there weren't any albums in the state."

With Arista behind it, *Urban Ensemble* will probably fare better. It is already getting pretty good airplay nationwide. And Vaz-

quez, in addition to opening for Earl Klugh's California dates, is being considered for major tours with Jean-Luc Ponty and Gato Barbieri, so rehearsals will soon be underway. "But," says Vazquez, "the guys in the band

are going to have to memorize the music. The interaction between the players and me will only go as far as they can get past the paper. We should be able to make it a music experience, not just a rehearsal." **db**

CAUGHT!

THE CLASH

HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Personnel: Joe Strummer, vocals, guitars; Mick Jones, guitars, vocals; Paul Simonon, bass, vocals; Nicky Headon, drums; Mick Gallagher, electric organ.

Frustration and anger often produce great rock and roll. The Clash does, too. This band's emotions spring from class consciousness, not teenage horniness.

The Clash came along with the rise of English punk, but their lyrics show as much compassion as anger—anger at the political and economic powers that be, compassion for

their victims.

Most of the Palladium crowd didn't care about the message. They were out for a rock and roll night, and the Clash gave them a hot one, from *Safe European Home*, which got the already standing crowd jumping, to the last encore, *Be Bop-A Lula*, when "fans" formed a wall onstage. For 75 minutes, the Clash delivered aggressive versions of their best known songs—including *Julie's On The Drug Squad*, *What's My Name*, and Bobby Fuller's *I Fought The Law*—plus several new numbers.

The band showed some welcome growth since their last visit. Guitarist Jones still used slashing, distorted chords and lead lines, but alternated that with a livelier sound. In this show's *Complete Control*, he got terrific impact while picking few notes. This tour's organist, Mick Gallagher, added a lithe, sinewy feel to

several songs, and was especially effective filling in place of vocal harmonies or doubling those that were sung. He deepened the total texture when in the background, but sounded misplaced taking leads.

Good diction hasn't been important to most rock, but it is to the Clash. Fats Domino's dictum, "Never sing the words too clearly," is great when the subject is the moon in June, but for class conflict? Strummer has clarified his vocals on record, but this night some times his passionate shouting garbled the lyrics, and it was up against the wall for the Clash's message.

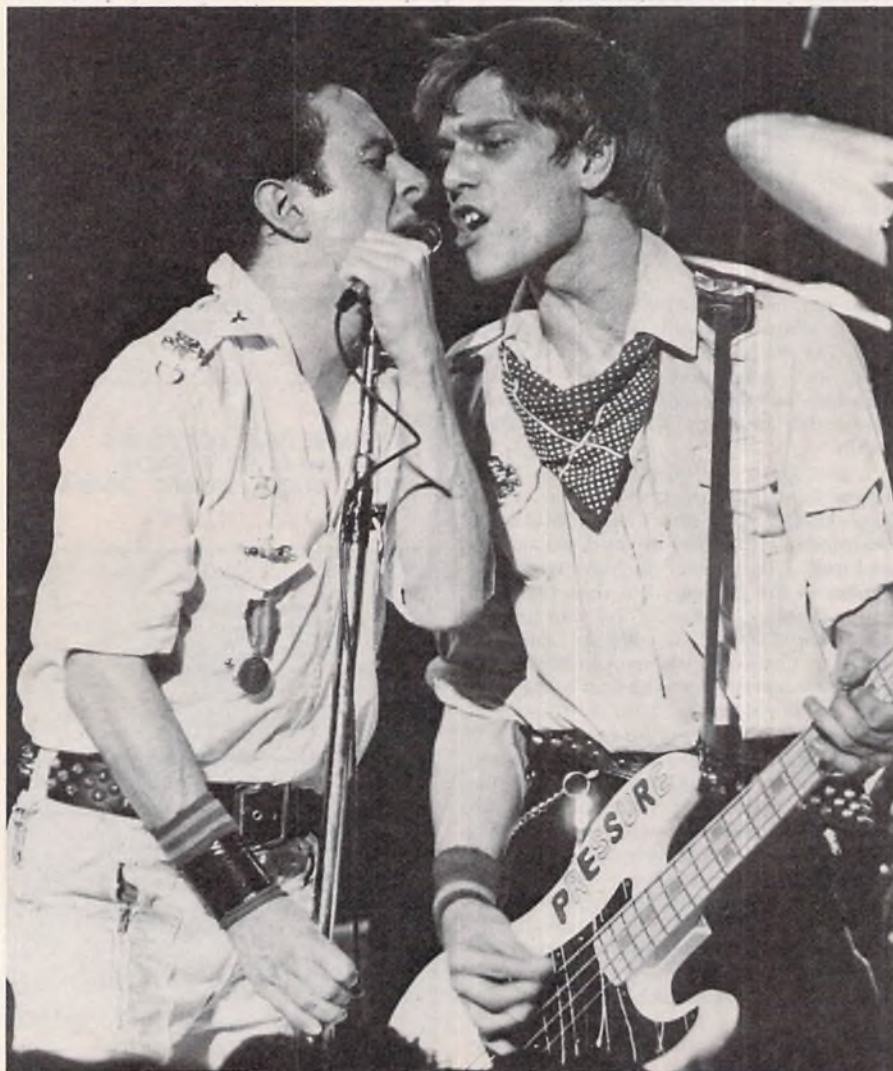
The fans didn't care. As thousands jumped and shouted, about 100 of them sporadically assaulted the stage with spit, ice, and their own bodies. During *Clash City Rockers*, a crowd tore off Jones' guitar. He looked stunned. The band carried on but finished the song anticlimactically without him. Coming back strongly with the eerie reggae-rocker, *Police And Thieves*, Jones suddenly counterattacked a spitting fan. Strummer interceded and Jones played his solo, but another song was weakened.

Apparently trying to lighten the proceedings and cool off Jones, Strummer and Simonon then took running jumps and slid for yards across the now slick stage. The band was able to regroup and rock unremittingly for the duration.

Consider, though, the effect of the Clash's message. As a sharp rock band they attract fans who perceive no more than the hot sound and the angry stance, which gets them rocking, oblivious to the words, escaping, in part, the things that the words concern. Even for those attracted by the lyrics, rebellious, "political" rock can act as a soporific as easily as it can a catalyst. The listener passively reaffirms beliefs—but takes no responsible action. Even if few fans go beyond feeling self-righteous while digging the band, the songs remind us of problems many try to forget.

Three minute lyrics ensure that the Clash's analyses can't be comprehensive. Yet they do what rock does best by cutting to the heart of the matter. In recounting a Jamaican trip in *Safe European Home*, they could have succumbed to rock's Us-vs.-Them mentality by glorifying the reggae scene. Instead they wrote that despite their sympathies, their white faces made them targets, not allies. They temper their social anger and punk bravado with a survivor's street sense, as when they caution a friend out of jail, "Have a drink on me/ But go easy/ Step lightly/ Stay free." (*Clash City Rockers*)

Good times and self-protection match anger and compassion as song subjects. At their best the Clash slam these themes over in rough, singalong melodies like *Safe European Home* and *Janie Jones*. Tonight they only interrupted their fast attack for the ballad *Stay Free*, two reggae numbers, and, beginning the second encore, a wild honky-tonk number with country writer/rocker Joe Ely. The Clash is above all intent on delivering the message and rocking like mad, with no



JAMES LEE SOFFER

solo reveries, no flagging interest.

"Then you realize you gotta have a purpose/ Or the city's gonna knock you out sooner or later. . . ." (*Clash City Rockers*). It just might anyway. I think the Clash would like to help see that it does not. —c. b. lord

JAMES MOODY QUARTET

SWEET BASIL
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Moody, tenor and alto saxes, flute; Mike Longo, piano; David Lee, drums; Paul West, bass.

Thanks to the Osmond Brothers, James Moody was able to play his first club date in New York City in over seven years. Moody stopped touring for the serenity of the Las Vegas pit bands, but got time off because the visiting Osmonds carry their own orchestra. Moody came into this small, wooden Greenwich Village club for his week's engagement toting a reputation of being the hottest tenor player at last year's Nice festival and several of Dick Gibson's Colorado jazz parties. Supported by a rhythm team of ex-Gillespieites, he proved himself one of the living masters of the tenor saxophone.

The first set opened with a *Good Bait* played with the throat. Moody's tenor lines were long and sinuous. Each chorus logically relating to the preceding one, his solo quickly stopped building off *Good Bait* and began building on itself. Moody piled chorus on top of chorus while Lee kicked him along with a

multitude of cymbal figures. Longo, an able, funky soloist in a Horace Silver mode, left some cracks which were erased as the set progressed.

A flute version of Jobim's *Wave* followed. Moody's tone was distinct and airy and his solo dipped and rose easily. His playing was free yet always touched base with Jobim. This was followed by a 12 bar blues that began on flute. His tone was winking along with West's steady walking bass—no flute trills or flutters.

The first set closed with Eddie Jefferson's reworking of *Pennies From Heaven*. *Bennie's From Heaven*, Moody singing in a high voice reminiscent of his long time associate, Jefferson. His vocal phrasing was slurred and boozy, but when he finished his vocal he showed that hard, gritty tenor we were expecting. His solo was hard as nails, a masterful composition in itself that left the crowd exhilarated. Moody is a classic soloist. His mind is as fleet as his fingers and he spares us an overabundance of quotes and cliches. Even when he uses quotes, bop cliches, honks, or growls, they are so precisely used in the context of the solo that they can breeze by unnoticed.

In the second set, the quartet began to jell. *The Shadow Of Your Smile* opened with an introduction in the canyons of the tenor. Before it was finished the complete range of the horn was employed. It would be hard to pigeonhole James Moody with a style. He has the power and authority of Rollins, the strut and swagger of Gordon, the speed of Griffin and he's a bebopper to his soul. His mixmaster of a tenor spun the overheard changes of *Shadow* into a fine, lyrical puree.

A deep and resonant *Stardust* followed and

turned into a snapdragon *St. Thomas*. Lee brought out the calypso in the tune on his floor toms and Moody played a legato solo in a voice-like timbre. Longo was on top of the piece from the start and it tumbled along until the players reached their most fevered pace of the night.

Moody then switched to alto for a straight-ahead reading of his own solo on *I'm In The Mood For Love*. This is one of the most famous of all jazz solos and James Moody has a right to play it forever. He didn't bother to improvise on his three decade old improvisation (but he didn't have to sing the "girl's part" in a high falsetto either). Moody seems to have been greatly influenced by the late Eddie Jefferson and, in the same ways as Jefferson's re-working on *Moody's Mood* was a salute to the saxophonist, Moody's readings are obvious nods back at the singer.

Old Folks was next on flute, including a perfectly executed cadenza. The set closed with a butt-kicking *Ooh Pa Pa Dop*, including a stoptime solo from the bowels of the tenor, drenched in blues and including all the gristle, fat and bone along with the meat.

James Moody is absolutely in the front rank of jazz soloists today and easily one of the most commanding voices on the tenor. His return from the Vegas desert should have been met with at least as much hoopla as the return of the tenor players who went to Europe. But if you took away the jazz writers on opening night, and such musicians as Slide Hampton and Billy Mitchell, Sweet Basil would have been empty. It behooves us to listen whenever James Moody can be persuaded away from his Vegas nest.

—lee jeske



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should have been giving me years ago. They were cheating me. You know how much the dirty dogs were giving me? A one-fourth of a penny. *A fourth of a penny* and they never changed it in all those years. And my poor little mother, not realizing that she was throwing away a lot of money, threw away the contract that I had with them even for what little they were giving me. You see what happened—Congress changed the rule altogether. The songs that were written before a certain date reverted back to the writer regardless of who claimed to own it.

"So I am the owner of *Chirping The Blues* and *Downhearted Blues*. And another thing—they used to put different people's names on songs that I wrote. On *Down South Blues* and *Chirping The Blues* they put Ethel Waters' name and Fletcher Henderson's name and Lovie Austin's name. God is so good; they were all nice enough to give me letters saying that they had absolutely nothing to do with the songs."

Alberta Hunter has had a startling two years. Besides recording the soundtrack to a major motion picture (which was released by Columbia) and receiving the key to Memphis, she performed at the

Kennedy Center for Chinese Vice-Premier Teng and President Carter (the year before she turned down an invitation to the White House Jazz Festival because it was on her day off). She has an autobiography in the works for Doubleday and is consulting with a British television company that wants to film her life as a mini-series starring, if Alberta has her way, either Cicely Tyson or Ruby Dee. She has done concerts and television, including the *Dick Cavett Show*. Yet, she says, if she could go back to nursing tomorrow she would. Her old patients frequently come into the Cookery, as do such old friends as Eubie Blake. There is a new Columbia album in the works and, in spite of her being dragged back to the stage, Alberta Hunter is a happy woman who is doing what she was meant to do.

"I'm very happy. I get a chance to help people I couldn't help. They call me a blues singer, but I'm not a blues singer, that's a mistake. I'm a singer of songs. I sing pretty songs and old songs; blues is just a part of what I do. I'm just Alberta, singer of songs."

With that it's time for the second set of the night. Aaron Bell is walking, Gerald Cook is vamping and Alberta Hunter is bouncing, *bouncing*, to the mike, "Come on up some night my castle's rockin'..." db

LORBER

continued from page 29

we brought *Water Sign* in for a very reasonable price because I like to work pretty quickly and efficiently. I think it's obvious to anybody that there would be a lot of advantages to being on a major label. Inner City did well. But I think Arista has a little more muscle."

Permanently providing the pace for Fusion music are 23 year old drummer Bradford and 18 year old electric bass dynamo Danny Wilson. "Even though most of the rhythms that we play are very funk-oriented rhythms based on 16th notes," explains Lorber, Bradford's "unique style" gives "an overall swing to the whole thing." The son of Seattle trumpeter Bobby Bradford, Dennis has been playing bebop in clubs with his dad since age 12. He's cool and professional beyond his years.

Wilson was discovered making salads at a Portland nightspot called Chuck's. "He was only 17 then," says Lorber about Danny's audition over a year ago. "I knew within three minutes that *this* was the cat! And the thing that was so incredible about him was that he had almost no experience playing professionally. He had only been playing for three years, but he was great, he was incredible. He didn't even own his own amplifier!" Two weeks after joining the group, Wilson played before 3000 people at Corea's NARCANON benefit in Los Angeles.

Multi-reed man Kenny Gorelick replaced Steve Springer shortly after completion of the Arista session and now rounds out the touring quartet. Lorber says the Seattle native "had all the necessary ingredients that I need from somebody. He improvises real well, plays a number of different instruments, and he reads well, which is important to me because I like to have my stuff written out; you come to rehearsal, you read it down, and it sounds good the first time through."

Water Sign took off, jockeying for position among the top *Billboard* jazz LPs. "One thing I really like about it is that it captures the live sound of the band a lot more than the other two records did. I think it's just that the band has learned to relax a lot more in the studio because we've had more experience."

"Being in the studio you've got to be very careful. There's a certain balance you have to strike between being real careful about making mistakes and still playing with the same kind of zeal and feeling that you would normally play with in a live situation. In a live situation, if you play a bad note it's forgotten

pretty quickly. *Water Sign* is just a further growth and development of the same direction that we started with on the first two records."

For *Soft Space*, Lorber sought to flesh out the band's colors with some guest solo work by well known players. "I just more or less let my imagination go when I decided I'd like to have Chick Corea and Joe Farrell. And actually, I *really* didn't expect to be able to get those guys to play on my record. But I was very happy that they were into it."

If the demands of the road will allow, Lorber would like to continue in some kind of part time teaching or consultant capacity at Clark College near his Portland home. "I really enjoy teaching. To explain the fundamentals of jazz harmony to people, and to be in that kind of a situation, is something that I find real stimulating to my own musical thoughts and processes. I've used that class to experiment a lot with my tunes that I write, too. It's been a good experience, and I hope it's something that I will be able to continue doing as far as that class is concerned, and hopefully as far as clinics in other areas, too."

"There's a music scene in Portland, and actually in the Northwest as a whole, that allows jazz musicians to make a living in clubs, which I don't think necessarily exists in other places. So now that this is appearing in *down beat*, I'm sure that musicians from all over the country will flock to Portland."

"Actually, it's a situation that kind of has its ups and downs. At some points there's a lot of very happening bands that are playing in a lot of clubs, and sometimes some of these clubs fold and open and different situations happen. But it's hard to pinpoint the exact reason. I think there's an audience, and there are clubs, and there's a certain lifestyle there that's kind of good for musicians."

Oregon has definitely been good for Jeff Lorber, in terms of both a wholesome family life and artistic inspiration. "Right before we went out on this tour I took a trip to a place in central Oregon which I just love, it's a great place to just hang out, vacation and relax. I took this trip to Crater Lake and climbed up Wizard Island, which is this tiny little volcanic island in the middle of the lake. When I came back I was feeling so great that I just sat down at the piano and I was feeling so clear about this whole experience that the song just materialized. I call it *Wizard Island*. It was great!"

In concert, the tune *was* great. It will be on the next Jeff Lorber Fusion album, already in progress. db

GLOBAL JAZZ

continued from page 27

cal music the composer dictated what everybody would play. He was precise. He wrote it down and nobody could change it. Now the political and social circumstances have changed. There is a need for the human individual to have a music which expresses this new phenomenon which has come into the world, a music of democracy, of freedom.

Bourne: Is jazz so liberating a music?

Berendt: Jazz is the real universal language.

Jhaveri: No power on earth has been able to curb jazz. Hitler tried to. Stalin tried to. But it just penetrates the Iron Curtain or anything. It's also something to do with the world of today. We didn't have recordings a hundred years ago. We didn't have communications. We didn't have these methods of transferring ideas of music. Jazz caught on so well because of the facility with which it can be heard everywhere. And America has the resources which a country like India doesn't have. We don't have the resources to spread out music and look into different directions.

Hosiasson: America hasn't done much to spread jazz.

Jhaveri: Not America. The jazz musicians have done everything to spread jazz.

Hosiasson: But the question is: why would somebody in India or any of our countries buy a Louis Armstrong record or a Jelly Roll Morton record? These are some of the records which have sold and people have enjoyed, along with some of the new music when the musicians have traveled. Why would this catch on?

Jhaveri: Because jazz expresses human freedom! It expresses a joyous way of liberating a human who was for years and years oppressed. It is only in the last hundred years that the human individual was recognized as being important.

Koyama: The essence of jazz is freedom. The freedom of expression in jazz is most important to the Japanese.

Bourne: So, apart from the spiritual and esthetic appeal, there is a political appeal to jazz?

Berendt: It's faddish to talk about jazz as a political music. I'm sick of this—but I'm not sick because it isn't true. I'm sick because people today who talk of jazz being political act as if they discovered this. In Germany in Nazi time, it was a matter of life and death for we who were jazz fans. We knew then that jazz is political music. It expresses tolerance, the freedom of personal and individual

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expression. When you try to define jazz, improvisation, jazz phrasing, jazz sound, swing, spontaneity—all these elements have to do with personal, individual expression, with freedom and with tolerance. That's why jazz is political. And it wasn't only in my country. In all countries where there have been dictators, whether right wing or left wing, in Japan during the war, in Russia, in Poland, the dictators have all been against jazz. Even when they tolerate jazz today, they tolerate jazz because they have to. Deep down in their hearts they don't want to. Two years ago they finally allowed a jazz festival in Moscow, but the condition was that no posters were to be seen in the streets. And whenever they allow a jazz festival, they try to keep it outside.

Jhaveri: Under the carpet.

Berendt: Deep down in their hearts, these countries fear jazz. They fear the contradiction of what they stand for and what jazz stands for.

Jhaveri: India is friendly with all the communist countries. The fact that our government has accepted jazz, that the minister came to inaugurate our festival, that the festival was accepted as an important event in the cultural life of India, should open the eyes of our friends in Eastern Europe. Even we have accepted jazz! We have a 5000 year old tradition of our own, yet we find something worthwhile in jazz.

Bourne: You have all experienced changes in government through the years, some devastating. How have your governments encouraged—or discouraged—jazz?

Berendt: Jazz was broadcast on German radio from the time radio started after World War I. Radio in Germany was always a kind of state radio. The radio stations had managers; some were more democratic, some were in the middle, some were more fascistic. Up until the time of Hitler, the managers who were more democratic than fascistic played much more jazz.

Hosiasson: But I think you'll find that jazz penetrates all social structures, all political parties.

Berendt: At no time did any Nazi I ever knew like jazz!

Bourne: Did the Nazis outlaw jazz because it was freedom music or "judeo-negroid" music?

Berendt: Both, of course. But the feeling of freedom is more of an unconscious thing. You don't analyze that jazz represents freedom. You feel it.

Villas-Boas: It's a question of people. Every year the Communist Party in Portugal has a festival. They called me to get some jazz groups.

Berendt: It's more striking now in Italy. Italy was practically off the map of jazz. Now the communists have taken over. In many communities today, the ones who are creating some fascinating jazz activity there are the communists! In Italy today there is more jazz activity than in France or in Germany.

Hosiasson: Jazz means different things to different people.

Villas-Boas: For some countries, the biggest problem is trying to create a jazz movement among local musicians. In India, there are not many jazz musicians. In Portugal, in the 30 years I've been promoting jazz, only five or six jazz musicians have come up.

That's not many. Why? I think it's economics. With the duties put upon it, a saxophone in Portugal costs thousands of dollars. It's taxed like a luxury item.

Jhaveri: It's the same in India.

Villas-Boas: I think it's about time that the national missions do something for jazz, to save the music we love. The foreign aid that America is giving to other countries can be applied to jazz. The countries which have more should think about the countries that don't have so much.

Jhaveri: Wherever you find a country where the economy is booming, you find that jazz is booming. Look at Japan and Germany.

Berendt: I disagree. Jazz is booming in Poland and you can't say that they have a booming economy.

Villas-Boas: Poland is one of the few countries where jazz is subsidized.

Koyama: Unfortunately in Japan we don't have much government funding in the field of jazz. The government regards jazz as something from another culture. Some funding is made for cultural exchange programs. Some of the bands that have played the Newport Jazz Festival in the last few years were supported by the cultural exchange programs. In the States, the National Endowment for the Arts has supported the creative activities of individual musicians, but in Japan we don't have those kinds of funds or grants.

Hosiasson: I refuse to believe that jazz activity has anything to do with the economy of a country.

Berendt: Jazz came from American ghettos, from black people with the lowest standard of living. Jazz has nothing to do with the standard of living.

Villas-Boas: If a country is poor, the schools can't afford musical education. In Portugal you can't afford instruments, you can't afford records. With the duties, a record costs ten dollars! The point I want to make is that, because of the economics, I don't see a future for jazz in my country! There's an audience that wants jazz, but there are no jazz musicians!

Berendt: They can't buy jazz records in the Soviet Union either.

Jhaveri: But they *can* buy instruments, and there is music in the schools.

Berendt: But the people are just as poor there! There are jazz groups all over the Soviet Union. Remember how it was in Nazi time in Germany? Jazz was officially banned, and yet we had secret jazz clubs. Remember the jazz in the catacombs in Poland? They had no records. It wasn't possible for them to buy instruments. Jazz was completely suppressed by the government—and yet there was a flourishing jazz scene!

Hosiasson: We're missing the point. In Europe and Latin America, there isn't as much of an audience for jazz as there is for soccer. Sports will always have more of an audience than jazz. This is a fact we have to reckon with.

Berendt: The subject we really ought to talk about is why jazz gets so little encouragement from the country of its origin, the United States. You know that I inspired the Goethe Institute to send jazz tours all over the world. Wherever I go, Americans come up to me and ask why it is that *Germans* send these jazz groups. Why is the American Department of State, or whoever is responsible, doing so little? This is the really impor-

tant question. I can't understand why a country with so glorious a tradition in music is not conscious of it. Germans are very important in European music. German music is taught in every school from the lowest grade on. It should be natural in America, where this beautiful music was created, that jazz be taught in American schools, just as European music is taught in our schools. People in America would become more conscious of this fantastic heritage they have. And then it would be the most natural thing for the American government to send out jazz groups, as it's a natural thing for the French and German governments to send out groups playing Debussy and Beethoven. This is what's really missing in the U.S.

Jhaveri: Such a small percentage of the money the Americans are spending on music comes to jazz.

Berendt: Of the money spent in America for music, two per cent comes to jazz—which is ridiculous when you consider that jazz is the real creative contribution of America to music!

Jhaveri: Why does the American public tolerate such a situation?

Hosiasson: Because the American public isn't interested!

Berendt: Because jazz is associated with blacks!

Jhaveri: For the jazz festival in India, after a lot of problems, the Americans sent one group. They sent Clark Terry—but with so many conditions! They wanted the group to come from Europe or Japan so they could save on expenses. I wish India was a communist country. Then they would have sent me Count Basie's whole orchestra, or whatever I wanted. But the Americans don't see any reason why they should send jazz groups to India.

Berendt: For your festival, many countries sent jazz groups.

Jhaveri: For the first Jazz-Yatra festival, I got two groups from England sponsored by the British government, three groups from Germany, three groups from Poland sent by the Polish government and *one* group from America.

Berendt: The richest country in the world and the country which originated the music! We must make clear to the people in Washington that this is not something they have to sacrifice. It's not something they have to do for other countries. They have to do it for themselves! Whenever the Americans have sent out jazz groups, they have gained so much sympathy from people. There is no other music, not rock, nothing else, that gains so much sympathy for Americans as jazz. You know the story when Dizzy was in Greece in the late '50s. There was the crisis on Cyprus. The diplomatic relations between Greece and the U.S. were on the breaking point. The man who saved everything was Dizzy with his concert. Just by chance it took place that same evening in Athens. And it could happen again all over the world if the people in Washington would make a habit to have jazz groups continuously on tour—ten jazz groups, not just one. They'll send out a group every other year, and then they send out the obvious things. Germany sends jazz groups all the time to Asia. It's so strange that the Germans are doing more for American culture than the Americans themselves.

Bourne: What you're all saying is that the American government ought to send, along

with the guns and butter, the music.

Berendt: When the German cultural institutes present concerts of European music, of Mozart and Beethoven, in India, Malaysia, Latin America, the concerts attract people who are, so to speak, Western-thinking. There's no need to attract these people, the European-educated businessmen, Indians who have studied in England. They already know the music. They go to concerts of the same classical music that they already have in their countries. There's not much sense for the Germans or the Americans to send this music out. But when they send jazz to India and other countries, it attracts a wholly different audience: the young people who never go to the other concerts. These are the people who have to be counted on.

Villas-Boas: They're the future.

Berendt: It's the young people around the world who have to be addressed, who need to get the message of jazz.

Hosiasson: We all know the U.S. government should do more for jazz. It's been said for 20 years. We all agree on that.

Berendt: It must be said again and again!

Hosiasson: But I must say that your reasoning is kind of dangerous. If they want to go to the masses, the governments will not send jazz groups; they'll send rock groups. They'll send the Bee Gees! I don't think our purpose is to beg the American government to help us. The American people have to do that. What we can do is what we've all been doing: work with the American embassies. I've been doing it successfully. I've gotten some support.

Berendt: You're lucky! More often, if you go to the American embassy and ask for jazz, they look down on you!

Villas-Boas: I've fought with the American embassy for 20 years! I've said, "You send ballets—but your ballets are nothing to compare with the Russian ballets!" Then they send astronauts! The Russians have the same astronauts. They go around the same way. But they don't have good jazz in Russia! The Americans take jazz for granted. It's next door. They can see it tomorrow. I've noticed this for many years. And the American media doesn't care a bit. There's a jazz radio station in New York that's dying every time I come here. Something should be done. Maybe we can start something, come up with a manifesto to the American government, so that they might understand how important jazz has been and could be.

Jhaveri: Let us write a letter to President Carter about how we feel that more American funds should be given to jazz.

Villas-Boas: It could be a beginning, a pebble that starts waves.

Berendt: After all, with Carter there is finally a President of the United States who likes jazz.

Hosiasson: Who sings *Salt Peanuts*.

Jhaveri: It's not that we're begging.

Berendt: We're insisting!

Bourne: What about some more practical considerations, like: How will we get more jazz records to your countries?

Hosiasson: We have to create a market for them.

Jhaveri: In India, there is a total ban on the import of records. I can import pornographic books, but I can't import jazz records.

Bourne: Why not?

Jhaveri: Because my government is stupid.

Hosiasson: They're protecting local industry. We've all had that for years. But local industry does not issue jazz records because they don't sell! Chile has free imports, but if there's no market . . . It's a vicious circle.

Koyama: Japan is one of the few countries with a flourishing record business. I think it is most important that American producers be more cooperative with producers of other countries. I'm finding it hard to make Japanese records available over here. Jazz records are produced over here, so American producers don't feel right promoting Japanese musicians in America—but I've been promoting American musicians in the Japanese market for more than 20 years! I believe this music should be listened to in Japan. I love to promote the records of unknown, talented American musicians to the Japanese public. Somebody's got to try the same with Japanese musicians over here.

Bourne: You all feel that jazz is or will be the music of the global village?

Jhaveri: It is.

Hosiasson: Of an elite global village—which is an unpleasant thing to say.

Villas-Boas: No, it's becoming more popular. In Portugal, there is an audience that is not socially classifiable. It's young people of all standards of life: students, mechanics. Jazz is getting away from the elite and is coming to be a universal language—in Russia, everywhere I've been. People come up to me and say, "I don't know about jazz, but I like it!"

Hosiasson: A very interesting phenomenon is that, to my audience, if you play a Jelly Roll Morton record and an Ornette Coleman record, they're the same, they're equally as foreign.

Berendt: Jazz is the universal artistic language of the world, especially among young people. We have to stress the word artistic, because there's an awful lot of trash that's popular around the world. The world is getting smaller and smaller.

Koyama: I'm Japanese. I'm based in Japan. But if I thought only as a Japanese, then *Swing Journal* would never have been so popular around the world. *Swing Journal* has

readers from all over, subscribers from unlikely places like Argentina, readers in Russia, the Middle East. And now as a producer, when I produce a record for Japan and the U.S. and Europe, it's *the same record*. The more universally the music is produced, the more exciting jazz we'll have.

Berendt: We talk about jazz being a universal language; perhaps we should say why this is so. When I founded the Berlin Jazz Festival in 1964, I asked Martin Luther King to write something for my program book, and he speculated on why music born of the black struggle for identity and for freedom became so universal, a world musical language. And he figured that the struggle of blacks in America became the universal struggle of people all over the world, and that's why the music which expresses this struggle became the music of the universal struggle for freedom, for identity.

Hosiasson: There's one country in the world where I found no jazz: China.

Berendt: I have found jazz in China. The first time I went to China was in 1962, and as usual on my trips around the world I was looking for musicians playing jazz. I figured I'd have a hard time finding them in China. But in Shanghai I met a young guitar player and he knew all the Wes Montgomery licks. He was listening to Willis Conover on the Voice of America. He said something that I want to quote: "If I didn't have this music, I wouldn't survive!" It's true for us, and I have felt this all over the world. In Nazi time in Germany, if we didn't have this music, we would not have survived!

Hosiasson: Even today, how could we survive without it? We're all in what we have to call the jazz business. It's naive if we didn't call it a business. And we have an obligation to bring this music to people. If you know somebody needs something for survival, you've got to bring it to them.

Villas-Boas: The Americans don't think of others! They take jazz for granted. And the Americans are the ones who would benefit if jazz is spread all over the world. I speak English because of jazz! **db**

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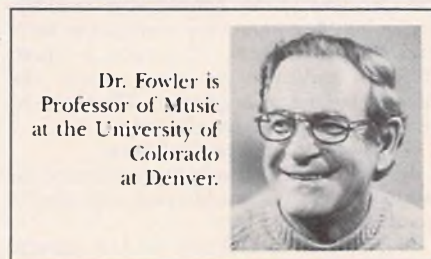
EUROPEAN AUGMENTED-SIXTH CHORDS Part I

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

American jazz musicians and European augmented-sixth chords ought to be best friends: the chromatic versatility of these European bundles of harmonic energy furnishes ideal material for American jazz inventiveness. But when American jazzers, accustomed as they are to chord-symbol nomenclature, seek to probe the elusive augmented-sixth personality through textbook study, they meet a language barrier, the chromatic figured-bass nomenclature system. In theory books, for example, German sixths indicate their construction by means of such

6+ 6+
3 3

awkward configurations as IV 5 or ii 4+ + calculated over some bass note which is never the chord root. And the same theory books usually restrict augmented-sixth chord resolutions to those most commonly used by 18th



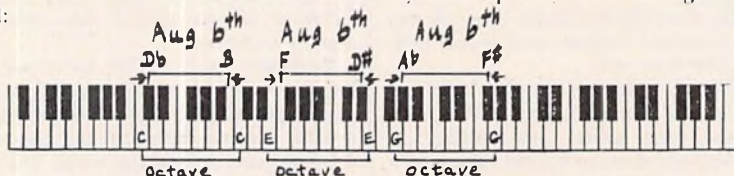
Dr. Fowler is Professor of Music at the University of Colorado at Denver.

and 19th century European composers, resolutions to the dominant root-position chord or to the tonic second inversion.

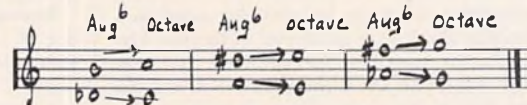
In the interests of furthering International harmony, therefore, this article essays a formal introduction to augmented-sixth principles without benefit of theoretical figured-bass descriptions, and explores additional resolutions and alterations for these already-altered chords.

THE AUGMENTED-SIXTH SOUND

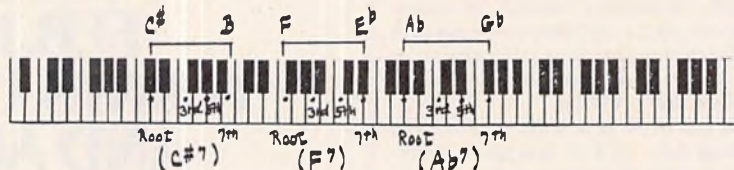
When both notes of an octave move inward by half-step, they form an augmented-sixth interval:



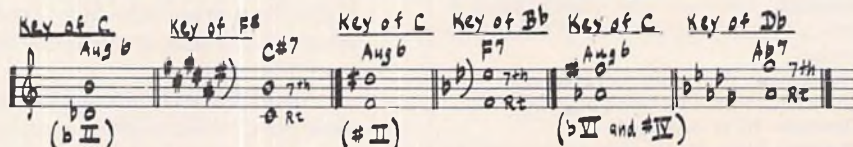
Like a compressed steel spring, these two notes push outward towards the octave:



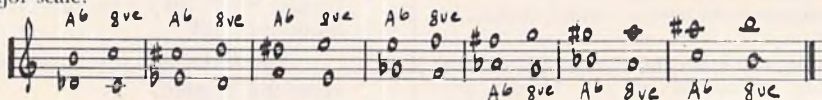
On the keyboard, an augmented sixth interval looks like the root and seventh in an ordinary dominant seventh chord:



These look-alikes sound different, though, because the augmented sixth always contains at least one chromatically-altered scale tone while the seventh never does:



The following augmented-sixth sounds resolve as shown to their respective octaves in the C major scale:



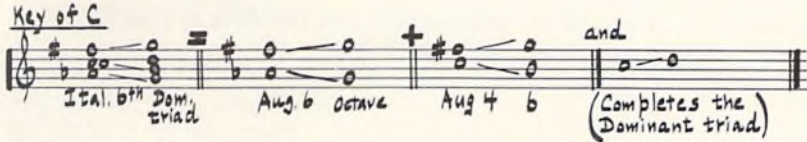
THE ITALIAN-SIXTH SOUND

Despite its chromatic energy, the augmented-sixth interval by itself sounds thin and raw. The inclusion of a major third above its bottom note, though, adds fullness and sweetness, and

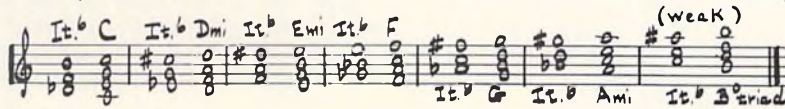
simultaneously increases harmonic energy by forming an augmented fourth (tritone) between the added note and the top note. This most energetic three-note chord, the Italian sixth, looks on the keyboard like a fifthless dominant seventh:



The classical Italian-sixth resolution follows the dictates of both augmented sixth and its augmented fourth to expand:

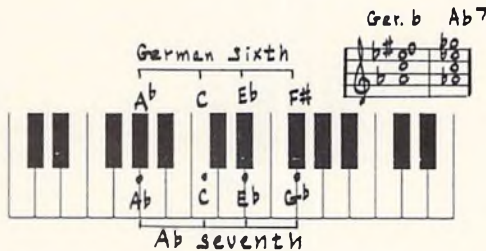


The following example resolves the Italian-sixth sound to each diatonic triad in C major:

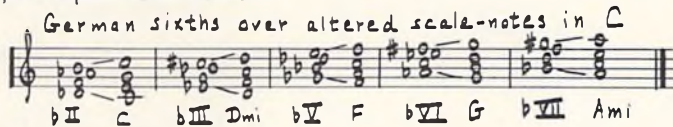


THE GERMAN-SIXTH SOUND

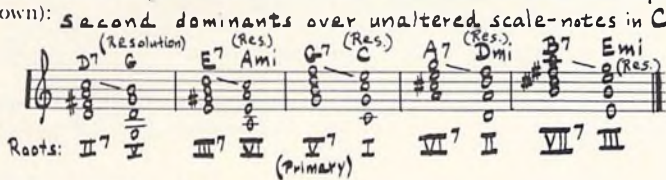
On the keyboard, the German sixth looks like a dominant seventh, but on the staff, it looks like an enharmonic spelling of that same dominant seventh:



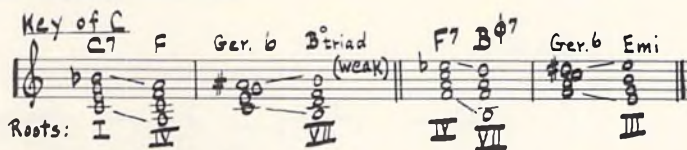
When the bottom note of this structure lies a half-step above any scale note, and especially when that bottom note is chromatically altered, the augmented-sixth sound occurs, together with its urge to expand to an octave:



Conversely, when the bottom note actually is a scale note, the dominant-seventh sound occurs, together with its urge to resolve to a chord whose root lies four notes up the scale (or five notes down):

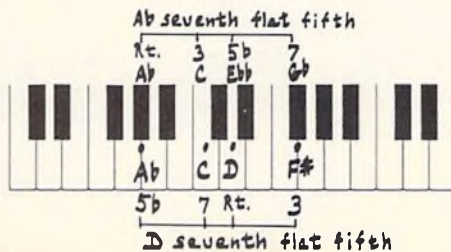


Since both the tonic and the subdominant are scale tones, yet lie a half-step above other scale tones, either resolution works well:



THE FRENCH-SIXTH SOUND

On the keyboard, the French sixth might at first look like a root position dominant seventh with a flatted fifth, but a further look will reveal another such altered dominant seventh, its flatted fifth this time on the bottom:



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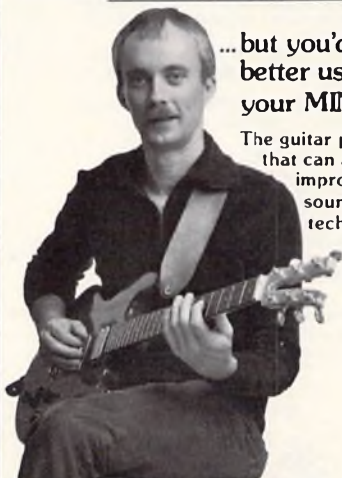
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Randel Sabien is Chairman of the String Department at Berklee College of Music in Boston.



STRINGS: JAZZ PHRASING, BOWING and AMPLIFICATION

By Randel Sabien

Since I began teaching at Berklee, I have become increasingly aware of the many problems peculiar to jazz improvisation on stringed instruments. Certain problems recur so often and are so serious that I can define them and propose a solution to each.

Insufficient volume is the initial problem that occurs when a violinist, violist or cellist attempts to improvise with a group of other musicians. Even in orchestras, the wind section can drown out the string section, but this problem is worse in amplified jazz or rock groups.

One solution is to play with other acoustic stringed instruments. Most performances, however, are for large groups in moderate-sized halls, and amplification is needed to reach an effective volume level.

Microphones are a common and simple way to overcome the volume deficiency of strings. The sound of the acoustic instrument can be reproduced fairly accurately on high quality microphones and good speakers. Stephane Grappelli comes across very well in his live performances by using just a microphone and P.A.

But freedom of movement is limited since the player must stand fairly still to assure proper pickup by the microphone. Mike stands can get in the way and feedback and improper balance are constant threats, unless the system is attended by an expert soundman.

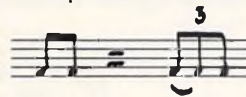
Perhaps the most logical form of amplification in an electric group is an electronic pickup attached to the instrument and played through a guitar amplifier. Two basic types of pickups are available: a contact microphone (De Armond) held tightly to the top by an elastic band; or a transducer that picks up vibrations from the bridge or soundpost (Barcus-Berry, FRAP). It is up to each individual musician to find the best way to amplify the instrument and get the exact sound desired.

Another problem of a violinist in jazz improvisation can be phrasing that just doesn't swing. Most string players develop their technique and repertoire from a strict classical, traditional method of teaching. There are special techniques involved in jazz that must be dealt with before a string player can really swing.

1. Vibrato must be used sparingly. A strong classical vibrato that sounds great in the Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto* will sound out of place in a blues tune. Here is an exercise I give my students at Berklee.

Play a note with no vibrato. Start a vibrato very slowly, increasing gradually and steadily until you are vibrating as fast and intensely as possible. Then slow back down gradually to the point of no vibrato. When done properly, the process takes one and a half to two minutes. Do this on all strings, with all fingers and many different notes. This helps to develop control of vibrato.

2. In jazz, eighth notes require special rhythmic treatment. Their time value is different from those in classical music. Swing eighth notes are actually groups of triplets, as opposed to an even division of eighth notes.



String players seem to have great difficulty achieving the proper articulation of swing eighths. They sound too stiff or square and don't actually swing. Part of the solution is to play nearer the tip (like Stuff Smith did).

Here are a few bowing suggestions that have helped my Berklee students overcome some of their phrasing problems.

It is helpful to slur the off-beat eighth note to the next down-beat eighth note when there is a long string of swing eighths.

Excerpt from *Well, You Needn't* by Thelonious Monk



Any time you come across a phrase that ends with a long eighth note followed by a short eighth note, bow it down-up.



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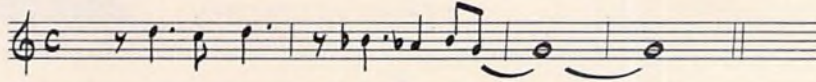
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On the upstroke, bring the bow off of the string and lift the finger that is depressing the note slightly away from the fingerboard (but keep the finger on the string). This will make the note short and percussive. If you leave the note depressed it will resonate too long. If you fail to bring the bow off of the string, the note will be choked.

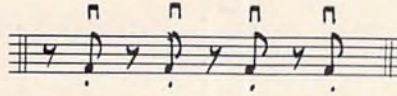
When a note begins on the off-beat, place the bow solidly on the string during the preceding eighth rest. Put plenty of pressure on the bow, then pull it and release the pressure. This process allows you to feel the down-beat, and it gives the syncopated note a strong entrance.

Excerpt from *Satin Doll* by Duke Ellington

no vibrato—gradually add it

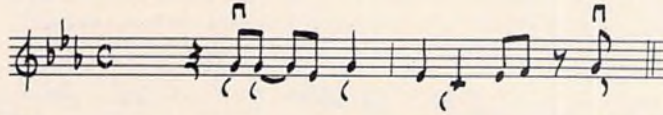


A series of short, syncopated eighth notes can be treated in the Stuff Smith style—all down bow at the frog.



3. In jazz phrasing it is not always appropriate to land exactly on pitch. Accurate intonation is important, but it is characteristic of jazz to slide into notes and bend them in and out of tune. Thirds, fifths, and sevenths are commonly flatted or bent to create blues feeling. It takes a while for the classically trained player to become comfortable sliding the fingers around.

Excerpt from Stuff Smith solo *Ain't She Sweet*



Many standard jazz tunes are written in keys which are difficult to play on the violin. Leaf through a fake book and you will see many tunes in Bb, Eb, Ab, and Db. Those keys are comfortable for horn players but the tuning of the violin makes it easier to play in sharp keys. The first jam session with a saxophone player will be an eye opener for the novice jazz violinist who has practiced only the sharp keys. Be familiar with *all keys* and concentrate on the less frequently encountered flat keys.

Improvisation involves a working knowledge of jazz theory and any violinist interested in playing with a jazz group must have a solid understanding of chord progression, and an awareness of the importance of ear training.

Cellists have a particularly difficult time with jazz phrasing. Phrasing jazz at the tip doesn't work very well on the cello. The string crossing motion is so magnified at the tip that it actually hinders the sound. A fluid swing sound is more easily produced by bowing in the middle where string crossing is easier.

Some cellists spend most of their soloing time on the A string (comparable to a violinist soloing exclusively on the E string). Use the full range of the instrument when soloing.

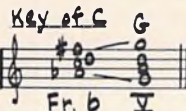
Pizzicato is much more resonant on cello than on the violin or viola. A cellist can use pizzicato to solo using the same technique as an upright bass player. I've worked with cello students in developing pizzicato solos on tunes such as *Take Five* and *Goodbye Porkpie Hat* and gotten great results.

Recently, the violin has gained more popularity in jazz and rock as the great success of Jean-Luc Ponty and the revitalized career of Stephane Grappelli attest. McCoy Tyner is presently working with a violinist. Jerry Goodman and L. Shankar played electric violin with John McLaughlin. Much of the solo and background space on Van Morrison's *Wavelength* album is given to violin, and Morrison has just toured with a lady fiddler. Frank Zappa has featured Sugar Cane Harris and Jean-Luc Ponty in his music. There are, unfortunately, those who still claim that the instruments possess certain inherent impediments making it impossible to create a hard-driving rhythmic swing. The fact of the matter is jazz *can* be played on stringed instruments. Just try it. db

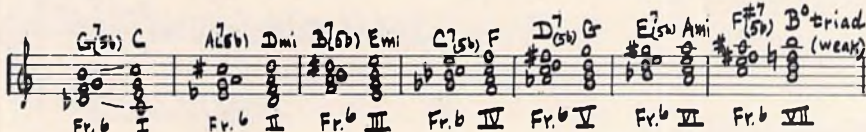
HOW TO

continued from page 65

On the staff, the French sixth looks like the latter, a spelling which fits the classic resolution of an augmented-sixth interval expanding to an octave:



Like the Italian and German sixths, the French sixth resolves to any tonal triad:



All the augmented-sixth resolutions thus far in this article have been to root position triads in major. Part II (db, Feb. 1980) will cover partial resolutions, resolutions to inversions, resolutions to non-triads, modulatory resolutions, component extensions, and various inversions and voicings for the augmented sixths themselves, including energy bursts.

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PRO-SESSION

WIND INSTRUMENTS

CIRCULAR BREATHING

by Bruce Fowler

I first became fascinated with circular breathing in high school when I heard Raphael Mendez's four and a half minute, double-tongued, seemingly impossible sequence of 16th notes entitled *Perpetual Motion By Paganini*. I immediately asked my trombone teacher, Ned Meredith, how Mendez was doing it and found out about filling my cheeks with air and playing with this little bit of air while breathing in through my nose, thus making it possible to play an unbroken note indefinitely.

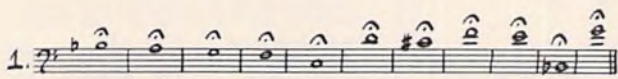
This is how circular breathing is accomplished. Air is pushed out by the cheeks, causing the lips to vibrate as if supported by a normal column of air, while at the same time, air is breathed into the lungs through the nose. The two critical parts of the process are the transition areas: first, the moment when the cheeks are filled with air and the air stream from the lungs is cut off by the epiglottis (as in swallowing food) and, second, when fresh air from the lungs is once again released into the mouth. These transitions should be made as smoothly as possible so as to avoid jerkiness and breaks in the tone.

A step by step procedure for learning circular breathing follows. It is recommended that the non-playing exercises be done *blowing onto the fingers* so as to detect changes in air pressure and thus practice smoothness.

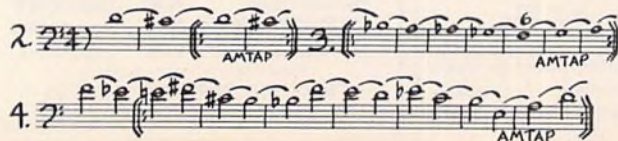
1. Fill your cheeks with air and push it out evenly with your cheeks (throat closed)—a little puff of air.
2. Fill your cheeks with air and breathe through your nose.
3. Keep breathing and push air steadily out with the cheeks.
4. While breathing out fill your cheeks with air, then cut off lung-air with the epiglottis—the back of your mouth—and push air out with the cheeks, trying to keep air pressure on the fingers uniform. This is the first transition.
5. Breathe in. Fill your cheeks with air and push out. As air from the cheeks runs out add air from the lungs, trying to keep steady air pressure on the fingers. This is the second transition.
6. Now you're ready for the whole sequence. Take a breath. Blow out through your mouth until air gets scarce. Fill your cheeks with air, close your throat, and push air out with your cheeks. Breathe in through your nose. Let air back into your mouth from your lungs and resume a normal airstream. Repeat this process until you have the timing down, until it feels natural and you have a steady breath on your fingers.

Now try it with your instrument. The same concept applies as with blowing onto the fingers except that the blowing air causes buzzing of the lips. Try making a note with just the air you can hold in your cheeks. It may sound pinched at first. It will sound better soon. You have to discover which pressure from the cheeks gives the best tone quality and intonation. The volume can vary but generally cannot get extremely loud.

Pick an easy note (say middle B-flat). Hold it and try the sequence. As the air runs out, fill the cheeks; breathe in; and then let new air in, still holding the note. Repeat. Now play exercise #1, holding each note until you have it under control or your lips get tired.



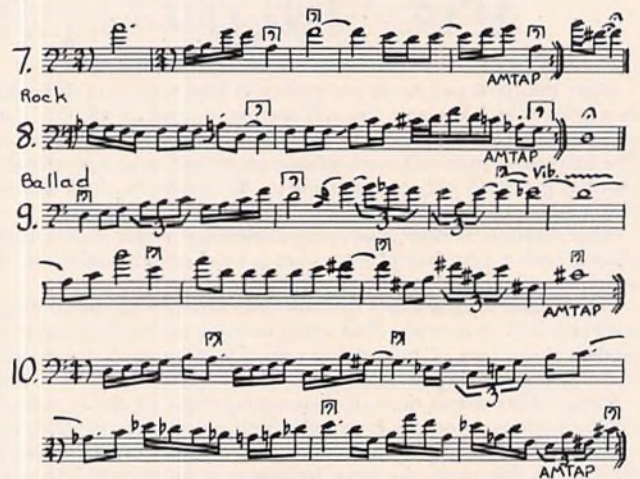
Exercises #2-6 are similar to #1 but are played in meter. Breathe at any points of your choosing, as necessity dictates. (AMTAP means "as many times as possible.")



Trombonist Bruce Fowler, 33, has worked extensively with Frank Zappa, as well as with Woody Herman, Captain Beefheart and on various West Coast studio sessions, following his studies at University of Utah and North Texas State. He has said, "I like all the creative players . . . who improvise and come up with new ideas that stimulate me emotionally and intellectually."



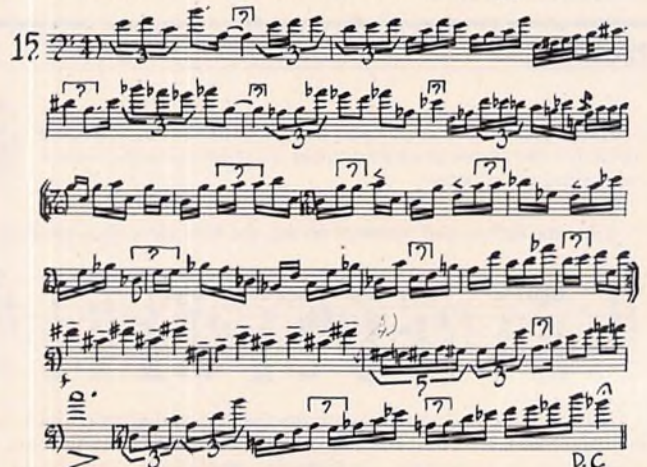
Usually the longest note of a phrase is the easiest to breathe on, but it is also important to choose a rather unaccented note, if possible, so as to minimize the effects of imperfections during the breath. Exercises #7-10 are intended as typical examples of how circular breathing may be used. They should be played with both legato and harder tongues. Optional circular breath marks are included.



Exercises #11-14 deal with taking the breath until tonguing and changing notes. This is easiest when all the notes are on the same harmonic (overtone).



#15 is an etude covering difficult circular breathing problems.



Many good recordings of circular breathing exist. Raahsan Roland Kirk is incredible on his *Saxophone Concerto* from the record *Prepare Thyself To Deal With A Miracle* (Atlantic SD1640). Also his record *Natural Black Inventions: Root Strata* (SD1578) is great. Harry Carney, with the Duke, did some great circular breathing on bari sax. Evan Parker, from England, plays for over 20 minutes continuously on *Monoceros* (Incus Records #27) on soprano sax. Almost any Clark Terry record should have some masterful circular breathing. Charles Owens on tenor sax is featured on Discovery Records. On Captain Beefheart's *Shiny Beast* (Warner Bros.), I used circular breathing extensively on background parts, particularly on *Bat Chain Puller* on the part with the harmonica and on *Owed T'Alex* with the guitar.

One last word of encouragement is in order: Circular breathing is like whistling or riding a bicycle; it's easy once you've got it and you never forget how to do it once you learn. Have fun! **db**

KONITZ

continued from page 18

Coleman in Paris, and he insists that his musical criticism is only that.)

Of course, the argument might be made that Coleman's music came at a time when just such a break was needed, when jazz was in a rut and only a raw, essentially unschooled concept would be fresh enough to pull jazz out.

"I don't think in those terms," says Konitz. "I think in terms of becoming a well educated musician. There is the possibility of the 'genius' who comes out of left field, and makes a new sound, and there's always validity in that; we've heard ad nauseam about Monk's lack of pianistic ability, but I think we can agree that he made a very unique sound at the piano. Some of us like it very much. Lennie, though, could never get with Monk; to his last days, he was putting him down, he really resented him. And that's how I reacted to Ornette."

It is intriguing to hear Lee Konitz complain that Ornette Coleman failed to learn the music in the proper order; it is odd to hear him downplay the fact that Coleman was thus granted the freedom to create an alternative to the standard influences. It is absolutely fascinating to consider these views in relation to a young Chicagoan, one generation earlier, who *also* didn't learn the music in the right order; who, by his own admission at the beginning of this article, avoided being influenced by "such a strong force as Charlie Parker." The result, as I've mentioned, was the only original alto style of the Parker years—the Konitz style, which would (oddly enough) become a touchstone for later avant garde experimentation in the persons of AACM altoists Anthony Braxton and Henry Threadgill.

It's true that converts make the most fervent zealots; but nevertheless, placing Lee Konitz in the position of keeper of the bebop flame for a younger generation would seem to be one of Fate's little fast ones. He remembers spending a couple weeks with Braxton when both were teaching at a jazz clinic in Denmark: "Anthony became one of the most eager students on campus; he said, 'I'm going to learn how to play bebop if it kills me.' So he worked on it.

"But again, without attacking personalities or anything, just out of respect to the discipline—I had a student recently, and I was trying to make a point, and he was taking it personally. And I had to explain it had nothing to do with him, it had to do with my respect for the discipline, and if you play a wrong note in that situation, it's not your fault or anything. But in order to do that correctly, you can't play that note there!"

Konitz spent the '60s in New York, mostly teaching, again supplementing his earnings with an occasional recording or performance. One such record demonstrated what has become a Konitz hallmark in the last 15 years—a fondness for unorthodox instrumentation—by featuring Konitz in duet with a variety of top-flight jazzmen. "That started as a very pragmatic enterprise," Konitz explains, "and had nothing to do with recording, really. I just wanted to play with different people. I realized there were so many nice players that I never get to play with and never will. So I made myself available to come to their houses—'cause I know you can't get anybody to come to your house—and just picked whoever came into my mind. Only later did it become an album."

No one could be more surprised than Lee Konitz at the stunning success that he has hit upon in the last half of the '70s, a decade dominated by the avant garde and fusion's noise, and which has nonetheless proven a boon for jazzmen of Konitz's age group. Since 1976, well over a dozen LPs under Konitz's name have appeared on small labels in America and Europe, and he pops up as a guest artist on at least three others. Konitz says it has something to do with the music's cycle and jazz's current recognition as America's classical music, and this may be true for the general scene. The specifics of

Lee Konitz's resurgence, however, are a little simpler—and a good deal more colorful.

"I moved to a new apartment in Manhattan and discovered a club across the street that I'd heard about, called Stryker's, and I just went in and started working there a couple of nights a week. Then someone came over from another club, and I ended up working two nights a week there [this was Gregory's]; and I realized it was possible to blow four nights a week in my home town, the first time that ever happened. Then the word got around that I was out and working, and that made me a viable product."

So much for the domestic market; and in 1976, at four one morning, Konitz got a call informing him that Ronnie Scott's in London wished to employ him, on very short notice, to replace Sonny Stitt for a three week gig. "They made me an offer I couldn't refuse." The three weeks became eight months, as one gig after another opened up in Britain and Europe; there was a reunion tour with Warne Marsh, which alone yielded some five albums; and by the time he returned to New York, he felt—as he hadn't since the beginning of his career—"like a professional jazz musician.

"But still, as a student of the music," he explains, "I have the exact same attitude—this has been my undoing, and possibly a positive part of what I do—in that I play with the same attitude as when I picked it up as a child: I just kind of noodled around on it, and enjoyed making good sounds, here and there [he laughs]. I don't have whatever it takes to make a hit record; I'm not bragging about it, but as long as this is supposed to be some kind of character study, I'm willing to confess it to My Public."

Today, Konitz's style is more idiosyncratic than ever. The small, hale melodies he invents to take the place of the standard tunes he calls present knotty musical puzzles often enough, while his approach to rhythm has become one of detente: in his efforts to write singularly new music with each performance, Konitz seems to coexist with his music's inner rhythms, rather than exploit them. He has been active in a variety of contexts—the most popular of which is the revised nonet (with charts by Sy Johnson) that encamped at Stryker's earlier in the decade—but he actually prefers playing with the smaller groups. Since he is too democratic to appropriate extra solo space, it is only in the small bands that Konitz gets enough playing time to suit him.

"It's all part of a process," he says of his improvising, "designed to get as much of me to be centered as I can at any given time, and to not go on automatic. The tendency as a performer is to get a hit thing going and deliver it every time, and that is just alien to my temperament. I've been told repeatedly that it's rather difficult to listen to me, in some respects, because of that kind of walkin' on the fence thing that happens when I'm not quite doing it well." More likely, if such difficulty exists, it comes from watching a man work very hard and very carefully at something he does with uncommon skill.

And for what it's worth, Lee Konitz still uses a very hard reed. Even if he wasn't using one when *Beneath The Underdog* came out, he might have been inspired to try one. As it is, his story about Lucky Thompson's story is even better than the original.

"I bought Mingus' book, and I'm laying back, reading and waiting to hear some good stories about the cats. He keeps talking about his sex life, and I'm feeling more affinity for him as a human being, but not too many stories about the cats; I wanted to hear about Bird and everybody . . .

"All of a sudden, there's this thing about this kid named Lee Konitz who couldn't get a note out of Bird's horn. And I said, 'Wha?' The implications of the story were clear, and that's okay, he can say whatever he wants; but Mingus had been very nice to me, whenever I walked into someplace he was playing, he'd embarrass me with compliments from the bandstand. So when I read that, I was very surprised, and it hurt my feelings.

"I wrote my first letter to the editor of **down beat**. I said, 'Charlie Mingus, the worst thing I can wish on you is that they make a movie of your book and use your dialogue. Your implications are clear, but the fact is, that never happened, and I would appreciate a public apology.' I knew Mingus was famous for writing letters, but there was nothing in the next issue, or the next, or the next.

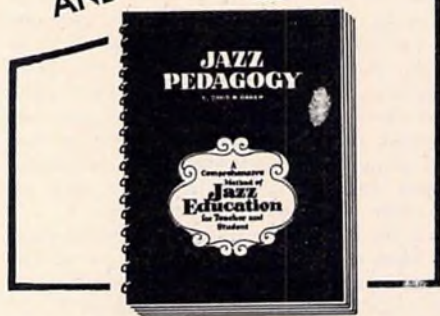
"Maybe a year after all this, my wife and I were sitting at the bar at the Keystone Korner in San Francisco, and I turned around, and in walked Mingus. And he spotted me immediately, and he said, 'But you told me—' and I said 'I never told you nothing!' [laughs and laughs] A year, year and a half later.

"So I said, 'So where's the apology?' And Mingus says, 'I wrote it. I published it in *Changes* magazine [which, owned by his wife, had a circulation perhaps one-eightieth of **down beat**]."

"Oh," said Lee Konitz. "I didn't happen to see that one." **db**

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PRO-SESSION

SOUND EQUIPMENT by Larry Blakely



Larry Blakely, president of CAMEO (Creative Audio and Music Electronics Organization, a group of some 35 manufacturers) is a consultant specializing in new product development and marketing. He has been, in the last 20 years, an on-location and studio recording engineer, involved in design and installation, music mixing, and live performance as a musician. A voting member in the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, Blakely has lectured and published papers on professional and consumer audio matters worldwide.

In the last few years there has been a greater focus of interest in professional sound equipment by musicians. This interest applies to two areas: stage sound equipment for live performances and professional recording equipment. Today there is a great deal of sophisticated professional audio equipment available to the musician.

Today's musician is in many cases a performer whose professional sound system includes microphones, mixers, power amplifiers, speakers, echo or reverberation units, etc. There is also a wide variety of specialty stage sound equipment and effects devices available. Stage sound gear is more sophisticated than ever and will be even more so in the future. Many have had to purchase different types of sound systems and equipment without any (or with at most) very little working knowledge of this equipment. Equipment options are available over a wide price range, and the uninformed purchaser of such equipment often obtains equipment that is *not* ideal for his or her purposes.

It is impossible for most of today's performing musicians to work without some type of sound equipment or system, yet once the equipment or system is purchased most do not have the expertise to operate the equipment to its fullest capacity. It would be an advantage for the musician to have access to the knowledge of professional mixing or sound engineers; it would enable them to obtain better results from their own stage sound equipment.

There is also a wide variety of professional recording equipment available to the musician. Some of this equipment is low in cost and well within the financial grasp of most musicians. In the past, if one wanted to make a record he had to rent time at a professional recording studio. The cost in studio time alone could run from \$5000 to \$100,000 depending on the studio that was used and its hourly rate. Today it is possible to purchase a basic multi-track recording setup for under \$5000. Small recording studios can be equipped for \$10,000 and up. It is now possible for the musician to take the money that would be spent on recording sessions

and set up their own private recording facility or studio. It is important to know professional recording equipment to purchase the right gear. After the equipment is purchased it will be necessary to learn how to use it, or hire the services of a mixing engineer.

If a musician walks into a pro sound shop and starts asking questions he will hear watts, ohms, RMS, impedance, dynamic, condenser, bandwidth, phasing, SPL, ambience, leakage, RFI, XLR, mute, group, solo, and on and on. Familiarize yourself not only with terms, but with features of equipment and methods of use as well. When there is so much to learn where do you start? At the beginning!

In following columns it will be my purpose to offer the reader knowledge about all aspects of professional audio equipment. There is much information to cover, so I will start with some of the basics that every performing musician should know. There will also be a great deal of information on the use of various types of equipment and systems, all in non-technical language. Readers following this column will greatly increase their working knowledge of professional audio equipment. I'll cover choice of microphones, use of microphones, basic uses of microphone mixers, echo and reverberation units, power amplifiers, loud speaker systems, sound reinforcement systems, multi-track tape recorders, basic multi-track recording procedures, compressor/limiters, recording mixing consoles and monitor speaker systems. From time to time I will also cover such subjects as the best way to make a demo tape, pitfalls to avoid when trying to obtain a recording contract, etc.

db



it; I claim they can't afford *not* to do it. No use belaboring the point; I don't think jazz-rock and crossover and other forms of layered music of the '70s have a potential for lasting significance. Of all the new fusion musics, perhaps the most appealing was that which merged elements of jazz and soul, as most successfully represented by Earth, Wind and Fire and Stuff.

But I'd lay heavy odds that *Maiden Voyage* will outlive *Feets Don't Fail Me Now*; that example will have to suffice. On the other hand, all *eras* of jazz have touched base with the demands of commerce; it is one way of keeping the music viable. The best that can be said for such music is that it provides an entry point for new listeners.

Electronics, of course, played a role in the '70s far beyond commercial application. The pros and cons will not be argued here. Any musical instrument or device can be put to creative use, and Gil Evans, for one example, has made such use of synthesizers and other new instrumentation. In terms of jazz, however, purely electronic music seems but a passing fancy. And a new technology is about to improve the reproduction of acoustic sounds to such a degree that all the fancy tricks of studio engineering may soon become just that.

Perhaps I need to make it clear that what I mean by electronics is not the use of such well established electric instruments as guitar, vibes, bass and piano. The first of these has, of course, been around since Charlie Christian, and it is the acoustic jazz guitar that has become a near forgotten instrument. It is unlikely that the fine work of the Marty Grosz-Wayne Wright duo will restore it to prominence. John McLaughlin and others further extended the electric guitar's possibilities in the '70s. The electric bass has long since become a fact of the jazz life. Its widespread use is often, I think, a result of its practicality, but it has by now produced such virtuosos as Jaco Pastorius and Steve Swallow. On the other hand, the acoustic bass is still very much in evidence. Nor are the electric piano and other current keyboards substitutes for the acoustic instrument. In the '70s, such established artists as Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan and Bill Evans have used it occasionally for a change of pace and color, but it is perhaps more revealing to note that when Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock do their celebrated piano duets, they use a pair of Steinways.

Speaking of duets, this genre, while not new to jazz (King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton made duet records in 1924, and the Armstrong-Hines *Weatherbird* is a landmark of '20s jazz) was more heavily mined in the '70s than ever before, notably in Oscar Peterson's jousts with prominent trumpeters. (His encounter with Dizzy Gillespie was one of the decade's recorded gems, courtesy of Norman Granz, whose return to recording activity was cause for celebration.) In all, the duets of the '70s ranged across all styles. And there was a goodly number of solo efforts as well—perhaps the ultimate answer to layering, sweetening and other impersonal engineering devices.

Meanwhile, radio, long the adversary of jazz, is slowly but surely coming around. The success in recent years of National Public Radio, and especially its live jazz program-

ming, and the increasing interest in jazz among college radio stations (many of which reach well beyond student populations), is quite astonishing—and it is a nationwide phenomenon. As yet it is no real threat to the reflex programming habits of commercial radio, but indications are that so-called alternative program sources will, by the end of the '80s, have broken the stranglehold of both commercial radio and network television. Exposure, that most important of all goals for jazz, is becoming more and more possible as the interest in special markets grows steadily. Those alternative sources include video cassettes and video discs—new configurations of sight and sound for which jazz would seem a natural subject. There will be all sorts of things to come, including the day when the recording industry will no longer be geared to the concept of million sellers and "shipping platinum."

One way to hasten that day is to achieve for jazz the same degree of cultural respectability now accorded music of the Western European tradition. While jazz in the '70s gained a foothold in the area of federal, state and private support funding, it still has a long way to go. It is, of course, a sign of progress that funding for jazz from the National Endowment for the Arts passed the million dollar mark for the first time in the fiscal year of 1979—a more than tenfold increase from the dawn of the decade—but this reflects a general growth in the allotment of public funds to the Arts Endowment, and basic inequities remain. As for the state arts councils, New York's is unique in allocating substantial funds to jazz. And private foundations still brush mere crumbs in the direction of the music.

The prejudice is cultural, and it will not change much until the names of Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker are in the books and on the lips of every school child in these United States. That's where it starts. Jazz education, however, is still very much the province of colleges and universities, and to a much lesser extent, high schools. That education, while still lacking in depth and quality, is improving considerably, in no small measure due to the missionary work of such dedicated professionals as David Baker and those who have learned from them. The success of the excellent Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz has helped greatly in achieving a better perception of jazz history.

But quality still has to take a quantum leap to keep up with—or just get within range of—quantity. It is a bit odd that there are thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of high school and college big bands, while the working big band is a vanishing species in the real world. It is not likely, however, that the focus will change in the foreseeable future. Perhaps the best answer is innovative work within the idiom, as represented by Jaki Byard's Apollo Stompers or the big band led by Paul Jeffrey at Rutgers University's Livingston College. The entry of first rate practicing professional jazz players into the ranks of the academy is a promising development.

I do not mean to imply that big jazz bands are dead. The '70s saw some refreshing new developments on this front, as well as some disappointments. The Toshiko-Tabackin band, which could not have been launched without the support of Japanese audiences

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and recording interests, was the most promising new arrival. I have mentioned the repertory bands, a new species (the semi-permanent National Jazz Ensemble is the longest-lived). Sun Ra's unique troupe broadened its audience in the '70s with regular forays to Europe and widely distributed recordings. Basie and Herman swung on, the leaders weathering, respectively, a heart attack and a serious accident. Mercer Ellington and Harry James hung in; Thad left Mel and both carried on; George Russell had a fantastic band for a few months, as did Charles Mingus; Nat Pierce-Frank Capp and Bill Berry are stoking the Basie-Ellington tradition in Los Angeles; Bill Watrous tried, failed and is about to try again; Maynard Ferguson soared into Top 40 land and, to these ears, crossed over beyond the fringe. And Buddy Rich drums on, with an output of energy that belies his age. Yet Gil Evans, a master of the idiom, could not make his band last through the decade, though it served as an incubator for such gifted players as (among others) Hannibal Peterson, Woody Shaw, George Adams, Billy Harper, Arthur Blythe, Dave Sanborn, Howard Johnson and Sue Evans. Unfortunately, that wasn't enough, even when Gil recast the music of Jimi Hendrix.

Whether one sees the death of Stan Kenton at decade's end as an omen, the days of big jazz bands as permanent entities are numbered. Only those surviving leaders who've spent the better part of their lives on the road are willing to take the grind and shoulder the risks, and their ranks are thinning. Kenton's last will and testament—No Ghost Bands!—does him honor.

For half of the '70s, we have been deprived of new music from one of the key catalysts of the preceding three decades, Miles Davis, whose post-*Bitches Brew* music can now be seen as a courageous attempt to come to grips with electronics, free improvisation and so-called fusion. If and when Miles comes back in the '80s, whatever he does is bound to matter.

One could not begin to attempt acknowledgement of the great losses jazz suffered in the '70s. Suffice it to say that a music that has survived the deaths of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, of Erroll Garner and Charles Mingus, of Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Rushing, Eddie Condon, Joe Venuti, Bobby Hackett and Julian Adderley has been severely tested.

At the heart of its survival lies the realization, at last, that true creativity is not the exclusive province of the latest find or the newest style, but that it is a gift of permanent value. An art form that can boast of the vital presence of so many fine players (in addition to those already mentioned) far too numerous to list here without sinful omissions, from veterans to newcomers (and including such rediscoveries as Jimmy Rowles, one of the decade's delights) all of whom exemplify unity in diversity, is strong and healthy.

Indeed, jazz, as we begin to see and hear it whole, emerges as the strongest living music of our time. As we learn to work together toward the common goal of true acceptance for this great music, it may at last achieve its rightful place in the scheme of things. If we don't fall back into quarreling among ourselves, the 1980s will bring us closer to that goal.

There is no energy crisis in jazz! **db**



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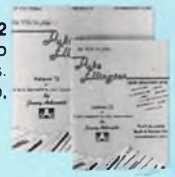
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TO BE OR NOT TO BOP

TO BE OR NOT TO BOP by Dizzy Gillespie with Al Fraser. 552 pages, Doubleday. \$14.95.

"If he's younger than me and playing the trumpet, he's following in my footsteps." This statement, an honest, unarguable statement of Dizzy Gillespie's, is the tone of the long-awaited autobiography of one of the undisputed pioneers of jazz. Never one for false modesty, Dizzy has a straightforward outlook on his life and contributions. Together with "long-time friend and former next door neighbor" Al Fraser, Dizzy has fashioned a large and meaty set of memoirs.

The style of the book is much like that of Stanley Dance's *The World Of Earl Hines*—Fraser has gone to exhaustive lengths to provide second opinions and eye-witness accounts to almost every anecdote in the book. Frequently this becomes obtrusive, but other times it provides sprightly exchanges, as in Dizzy's assessment of the reactions of Shad Collins and Dicky Wells to his joining Teddy Hill's band: "They even tried to start a little protest and threatened to quit if Teddy took me to Europe. That's what they said, but they didn't. Today, I'm a world-renowned trumpet player and Dicky Wells is a bank guard. I see him every now and then. Shad Collins is a cabdriver. When I get to be his age, I'll still be where I am now . . ."

This is followed by Dicky Wells' assertion, "It's a damn lie . . . damn lie . . . worst lie in the world. We were crazy 'bout Dizzy. Me 'specially." (Dicky Wells, by the way, is still a very active trombonist and co-fronts The Counts-men with Earle Warren.) Frequently, though,

the quotes are used to show the same view of certain incidents and, in that way, become annoying.

Fraser has no doubt spent hours editing the spoken words of Dizzy Gillespie but, unfortunately, the text *sounds* spoken. At times it becomes rather chatty—but these are really small complaints.

On the whole the book is a marvelous document of one of the more important lives that has blessed the jazz world. This is a musical biography and is devoid of anything resembling juicy bits of gossip. Never a drug abuser or public carouser like Charlie Parker and other contemporaries, Dizzy was always concerned with his art and music. Married to Lorraine for 39 years, Dizzy has always maintained a level-headed sense of life and himself which is in direct opposition to his monicker. The "dizziness" is reserved for onstage antics and the occasional binge—like the night Dizzy got drunk and yanked off some woman's wig, only to wind up in the hospital from the teeth marks she inflicted.

Surprisingly, there is very little new here about Charlie Parker. Dizzy claims to have been kept at a distance from the lifestyle that ended up sending Bird to an early grave. Dizzy writes, reflectively, "Yard married four or five times; I only married once. I don't know. I can see the similarities much more than I can dig dissimilarities. Perhaps he wasn't as strong. He had a softer personality, and mine was pretty hard. Why did he let it get to him while I didn't let it get to me? One of the reasons is I had a wife who was with me all the time and who was a staunch defender. So I had some help . . . I guess. Yardbird became a martyr for our music, and I became a reformer."

Dizzy takes a no-nonsense approach to his contributions to the fields of bebop and Latin music. Clearly the father of the former, and among the first to make extensive jazz use of the latter, Gillespie states, "I don't put myself up as an authority, but I'm the nearest thing to authority on Latin music in this country,

including all those guys who play—like Cal Tjader, George Shearing, Herbie Mann—and stay in that groove. I don't *stay* in that groove."

The book has many of the stories that have been unclear in other accounts of Dizzy's career—the story of he and Bird at Billy Berg's, the infamous spitball incident which led to his being fired by Cab Calloway, and, finally, the truth about the upturned bell (caused by the inebriated comedy duo "Stump and Stumpy").

Al Fraser interviewed over 150 people for this volume. Miles Davis, Lionel Hampton, Kenny Clarke, Max Roach and others are called on to hail Dizzy Gillespie's place in their lives and music. There is even a well selected 78 words each from Count Basie and Thelonious Monk. During the course of the transcribing of these interviews, Fraser's ear seems to have heard sentences and phrases somewhat differently from the way they may have been intended. One example is Fraser's spelling of Milt Hinton's comment, "He raised so much *cane* . . ." rather than the correct raising Cain.

All in all, a fine volume and one which should be required reading for every prospective jazz player. Dizzy's constant dedication to knowing the music, knowing the piano keyboard and knowing your instrument, not to mention those who preceded you, should be the wellspring of every musician's attitude toward jazz. In the next to last chapter, "Evolutions," Dizzy lays down one of the best treatises on jazz extant. He likens jazz history to a race in which the baton gets passed from one runner to the next. Buddy Bolden passed it to King Oliver who passed it to Louis Armstrong who passed it to Roy Eldridge who passed it to Diz.

"I'd like to be known as a major messenger to jazz rather than a legendary figure because sometimes legendary figures can fade," he writes. "When you're a major contributor to music, your contribution can't fade."

Dizzy goes on to write, "In improvisation, the first thing you must have is the sight of a gifted painter. You've got to be able to mix the colors and draw the lines. The better you mix colors and draw lines, the better the painting is going to be." Earlier in the book Lalo Schiffrin, making the same analogy, likens Dizzy Gillespie to Pablo Picasso.

The book includes a selected discography and filmography. There is an abundance of pictures from Dizzy's personal collection. All in all, *To Be Or Not To Bop* will stand as a cornerstone in the burgeoning field of jazz literature. It is a monument to a well-spent life that Dizzy best sums up in the book's final paragraph:

"That's the way I would like to be remembered, as a humanitarian, because it must be something besides music that has kept me here when all of my colleagues are dead. My main influence on whatever we'll have as a historical account must be something else because God has let me stay here this long, and most of my contemporaries—Charlie Parker, Clifford Brown, Lester Young, Bud Powell, Oscar Pettiford, Charlie Christian, Fats Navarro, Tadd Dameron—are gone. Most of them are outta here. So maybe my role in music is just a steppingstone to a higher role. The highest role is in the service of humanity, and if I can make that, then I'll be happy. When I breathe the last time, it'll be a happy breath."
—jeske

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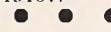
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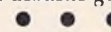
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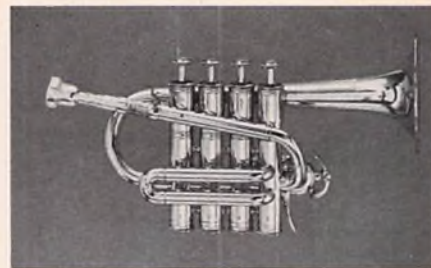
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Bentley's: National and local jazz; call 241-6663.

The Blind Lemon: Kenny Poole and Vicki May (Sun.); call 241-3885.

The Blue Wisp: Alex Cirin Trio (Wed.-Sat.); *Gordon Brisker with Steve Schmidt Trio* (12/26-31); *Bill Berry with Steve Schmidt Trio* (1/3-6), joined by *Cat Collins* (1/4-6); call 871-9941.

Bogart's: National and local jazz; call 281-8400.
Classic Jazz Society of Southwestern Ohio: Monthly jazz concert; write Box 653, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

The Rainbow Dinner House: Boots Johnson with Don Lewis (Fri. & Sat.); call 892-9402

The Sublette Winery: Local jazz; call 651-4570.

Tomorrow's: National and local jazz (Sun.); call 241-9555.

WGUC (90.9 FM): "Eclectic Stop Sign" (12 am, Tue.-Sat.); "Jazz Alive!" (12 am, Sun).

WMUB (88.5 FM): Regular jazz programming (8-2 am, Mon.-Fri.; 1-5 pm and 10-2 am Sat.; 10-2 am Sun.). "Jazz Alive's New Year's Eve Special" (9:30-4:30 am, 12/31).

WNOP (740 AM): Jazz sunrise to sunset.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: National blues, rhythm and blues and jazz; call 241-7950 for further information.

Blues Alley: Local jazz (Mon.); national jazz (Tue. thru Sun.); call 337-4141 for further information.

Cellar Door: National blues, rhythm and blues and jazz; call 337-3389 for further information.

district creative space: New music (Fri. and Sat.); call 347-4960 for further information.

Frankie Condon's: Local traditional jazz; call 424-0100 for further information.

The King of France Tavern: National jazz (Tue. thru Sat.); call 261-2206 for further information.

Potomac River Jazz Club Trad Jazz Hotline: (202) 573-8723.

SEATTLE

Skipper's: Adam Creighton Quartet (12/21 & 22); *Great Excelsior Jazz Band* (Sun.); 329-2363.

Seattle Concert Theater: *Air* in Jan.; *Chico Freeman* in Feb.

Cornish Auditorium: Composer's and Improviser's Orchestra (2/10).

Rainbow: Kidd Afrika (12/19-22, tent.); *Skyboys* (12/26-31 & 1/2-5); 632-3360.

Doc Maynard's: Blue Banjo Band (Fri. & Sat.); *Morrigan* (Wed. & Thurs.); open mike (Tue.); 682-4649.

Brooklyn Bridge: Herb & the Spices (12/26-31); 525-1335.

TORONTO

Albert's Hall: Charlie Gall or Jim Abercrombie with Doctor McJazz (Mon.-Sat.); 924-3884.

Bourbon Street: Milt Jackson (to 12/23); *Jack Sheldon* (12/26-1/6); *Gerry Niewood* (1/8-13); *Zoot Sims* (1/15-27); *Clark Terry* (1/28-2/9); *Scott Hamilton and Warren Vache* (2/11-23); 598-3020.

Burton Auditorium (York University): *Dollar Brand* (1/31); *Leroy Jenkins* (2/28); 667-2370.

El Mocambo: Occasional name jazz; 961-2558.

George's Spaghetti House: Pat LaBarbera (to 12/22); *Herb Koffman* (12/24-1/5); *Moe Koffman* (1/7-12); *Rob McConnell* (1/14-19); *Brian Browne* (1/21-26, tent.); others (Mon.-Sat.) TBA; 923-9887.

Music Gallery: CCMC (Tue. & Fri.); *Newband* (Mon.); new music concerts (Sat. & Sun.); 598-2400.

Red Lion: Modern jazz w/*Eugene Amaro, Sam*

Noto and others (Mon.-Sat.); 921-0664.

Soho: Jim Howard and the Soho big band (Sun.); modern jazz after hours (Thurs.-Sat.) including *Kirk MacDonald* (12/6-8); *Ginger Kahn* (12/13-15); *Pat Clemence* (12/20-22); *Earl Marek* (12/27-29); *Brian Wray* (1/3-5); *Shox Johnson and the Jive Bombers* (1/10-12); *Bill and Jim McBirnie* (1/17-19); *Manteca* (1/24-26); 862-0199.

NORTHWEST

Jazz Quarry (Portland): *Sky Trio* (Wed.-Sun.); *Gene Diamond* in Dec.; *Zoot Sims* tent. in Jan.; (503) 222-7422.

Jazz DeOpus (Portland): *Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway* in Dec.; (503) 222-6077.

The Earth (Portland): *Trigger's Revenge* (12/20-23); *Seafood Mama* (12/28-31); (503) 227-4573.

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

The Gallery (Portland): *Spice of Life* thru Dec.; (503) 234-9979

Orpheum (Vancouver, B.C.): *Andres Segovia* (1/23); *Jury's* (2/21).

MIAMI

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

Les Jardins: Joe Donato & Good Bread Alley (Tue.-Sat.); call 871-3430.

Bayshore Inn: Joe Roland (Tue.-Sun.); call 858-1431.

Montego Club: Jeff Palmer/Dave Rudolph (Wed.-Sun.); call 693-4786.

Unitarian Church: Simon Salz & Friends (Mon.); call 667-3697.

Alley Club: Frank Hubbell & The Stompers (Sun.); call 448-4880.

Royal Palm Dinner Theater (Boca Raton): *Don Goldie & The Lords Of Dixieland* (Mon.); call 426-2211.

Bubba's (Ft. Lauderdale): *Eddie Higgins Trio*; guest stars *Sonny Stitt* (12/3-8); *Ira Sullivan* (12/11-4/12); (Tue.-Sat.); call 764-2388.

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

Jazz Hot Line: (305) 274-3834.

LAS VEGAS

Tender Trap: Gus Mancuso Trio/special guests (Tue.-Sun.); call 732-1111.

Barbary Coast: Bobby Sherwood Group (Thurs.-Tue.); call 737-7111.

Shy Clown (Reno): *Asleep At The Wheel* (thru 12/8); call 358-6632.

Sands: Bob Sims Trio (lounge); call 735-9111.

Mr. Porterhouse: Jazz Ltd. (Mon.-Sat., tent.); call 382-0700.

Musician's Union: Jazz bands (Wed.-Fri., 10 pm), call 739-9369.

Las Vegas Jazz Society: Special events; call 734-8556.

KORK (920 AM): "Monk Montgomery: Reality Of Jazz" (Sun., 8 pm).

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

SAN DIEGO

Le Chalet: Mega (Wed. & Thurs.); *Solid Funk* (Fri. & Sat.); *Big City Blues Band* (Sun.-Tue.); jazz jam (Sun., 2 pm); call 222-5300.

Black Frog: Sammy Tritt Organ Trio/Ella Ruth Piggee (Thurs.-Sun.); call 264-5797.

Triton: Ron Bolton Group (Tue.-Sat.); call 436-8877.

Beach Club: Blue Edge (Fri. & Sat.); call 222-6822.

Tavern: Butch Lacy Group (Wed.-Sat.); call 454-9587.

Harpoon Henry's: Pelikan Alley (Fri. & Sat.); call 224-8242.

Crossroads: Ted Picou Quartet (Fri. & Sat.); 233-7856.

Chuck's: Joe Marillo (Mon.-Thurs.); *Zzaj* (Fri.-Sun.); call 454-5325.

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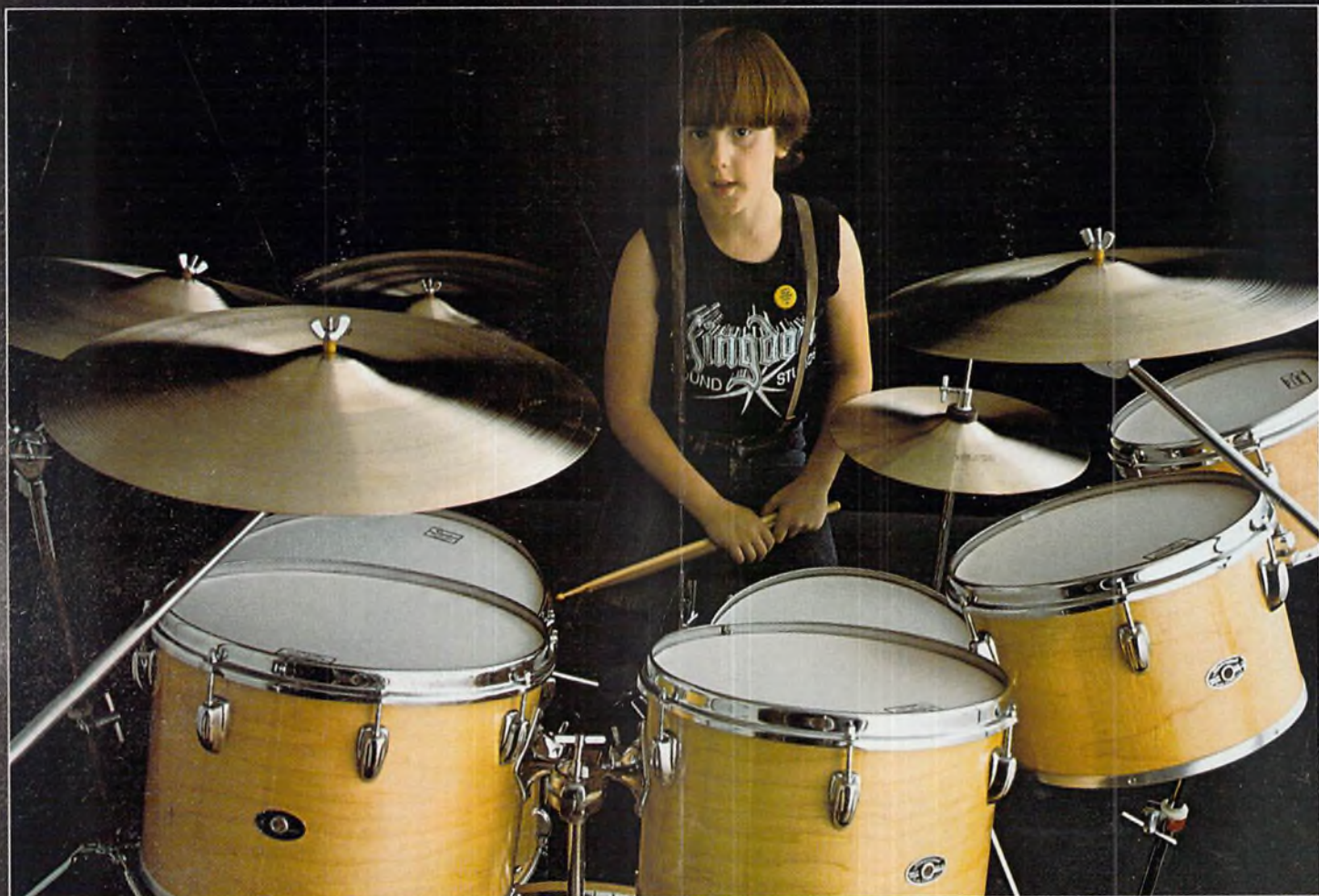
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