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## JUNIOR WELLS

A Passionate Bluesman

## TOWER OF POWER HORN SECTION

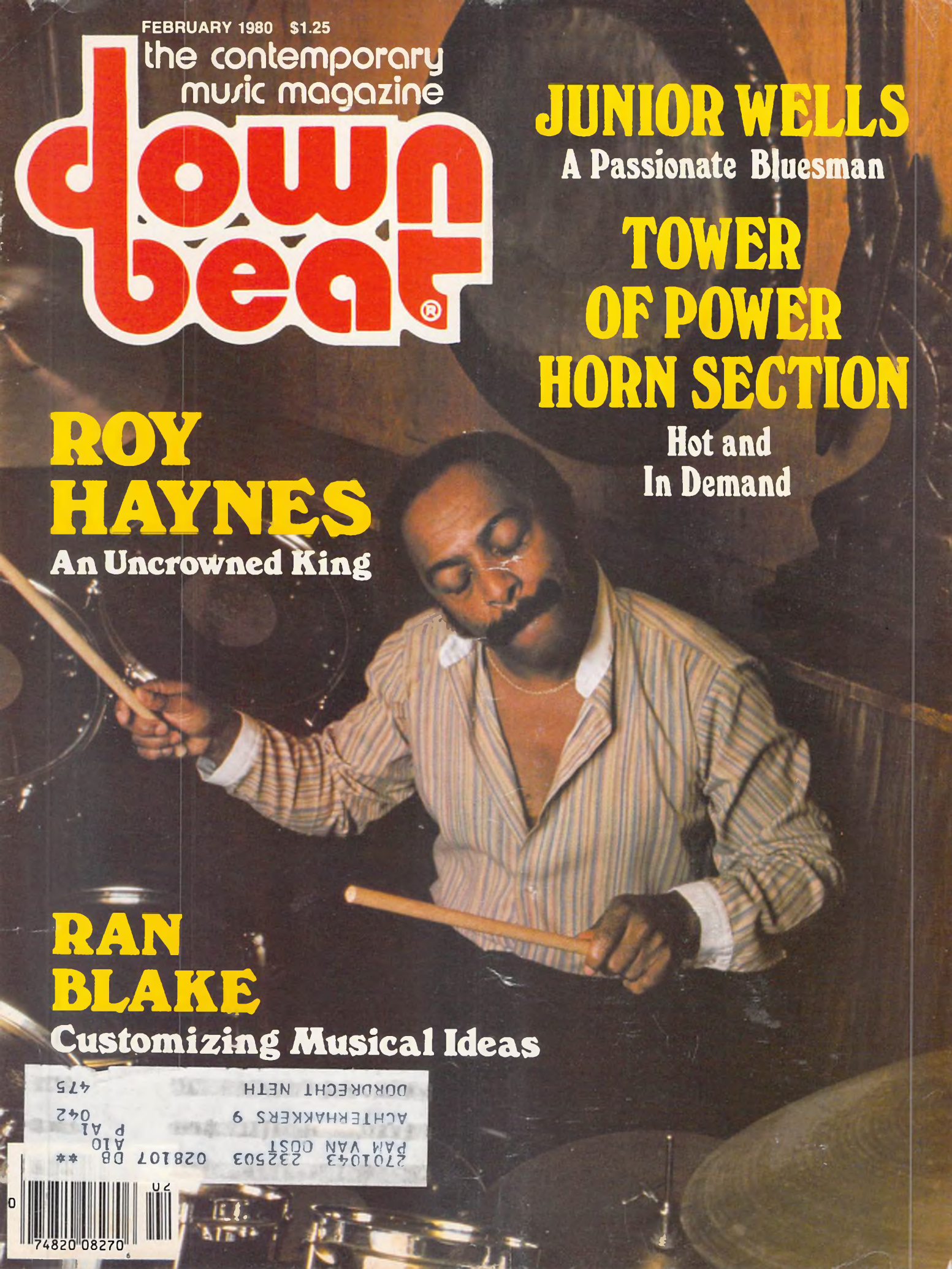
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## ROY HAYNES

An Uncrowned King

## RAN BLAKE

Customizing Musical Ideas



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**KENDOR MUSIC**

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**down  
beat**  
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## CONTENTS

- 6 FIRST CHORUS  
9 CHORDS AND DISCORDS  
10 NEWS  
14 ROY HAYNES  
"Royal of Haynes Swings Sooo Good," by Lee Jeske. He's a self-proclaimed king, but nobody denies his crown.  
19 JUNIOR WELLS  
"Blue Diamond in a Rhinestone Sea," by Larry Birnbaum. The Chicago-based harpist will carry the blues to the end, whether it's bitter or sweet.  
22 TOWER OF POWER HORN SECTION  
"Pro Blowing Section," by Michael Goldberg. Combining tenacity with professionalism, these players have established themselves as an in-demand section for hire.  
24 RAN BLAKE  
"Third Stream Visions," by Art Lange. With movie images dancing before his eyes, the pianist fuses the most diverse elements to create his personal brand of music.  
28 RECORD REVIEWS  
Etta Jones; Della Reese; Lorez Alexandria; Paul McCandless; Glen Moore; Mary Lou Williams; Ry Cooder; Bobby Rush; Lonnie Brooks Blues Band; Stu Goldberg with Larry Coryell & L. Subramaniam; Barrett Deems; Dexter Gordon; David Sancious; Ronnie Foster; Sir Roland Hanna; Andrew Cyrille and Maono; Lenny Breau; Marcio Montarroyos/Stone Alliance; Sunny Murray's Untouchable Factor; Ted Harris; Sonny Rollins; Gordon Mumma; Benny Goodman; Judy Roberts; Philly Joe Jones; Bill Perkins; Art Farmer; Art Farmer and Jim Hall; The Fabulous Thunderbirds; Joe Albany; John Coates Jr.; Annette Peacock; Ella Fitzgerald; Anita O'Day; Marion Brown Quartet; Waxing On: Pacific Jazz Reissues (The '50s Vol. 1, The '50s Vol. II, The '60s Vol. I, The '60s Vol. II, Art Pepper Plays Shorty Rogers And Others; The Best Of The Gerald Wilson Orchestra  
50 BLINDFOLD TEST  
Joanne Brackeen, by Leonard Feather.  
51 PROFILE  
John Scofield, by Lee Jeske; Mark Murphy, by Tom Schnabel; John Wood, by Lee Underwood.  
56 CAUGHT  
SoundStage: An Evening with Ella Fitzgerald, by John McDonough; Jeff Lorber Fusion/Michael Gregory Jackson, by Nelson George; 1979 Berlin Jazz Festival, by Joachim-Ernst Berendt.  
PRO SESSION  
66 "How To Americanize European Augmented-Sixth Chords, Part II," by Dr. William L. Fowler.  
68 "The Harmonic Bass Guitar," by Tom Fowler.  
70 Sound Equipment: "What Microphone To Use," by Larry Blakely.  
72 "Introducing Digital Synthesizers," by Bob Moog.  
75 PRO SHOP  
77 CITY SCENE  
Cover Photo: Collis Davis/Shaida  
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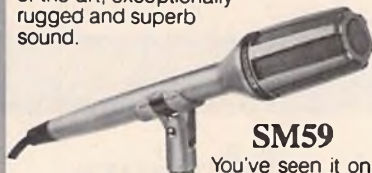


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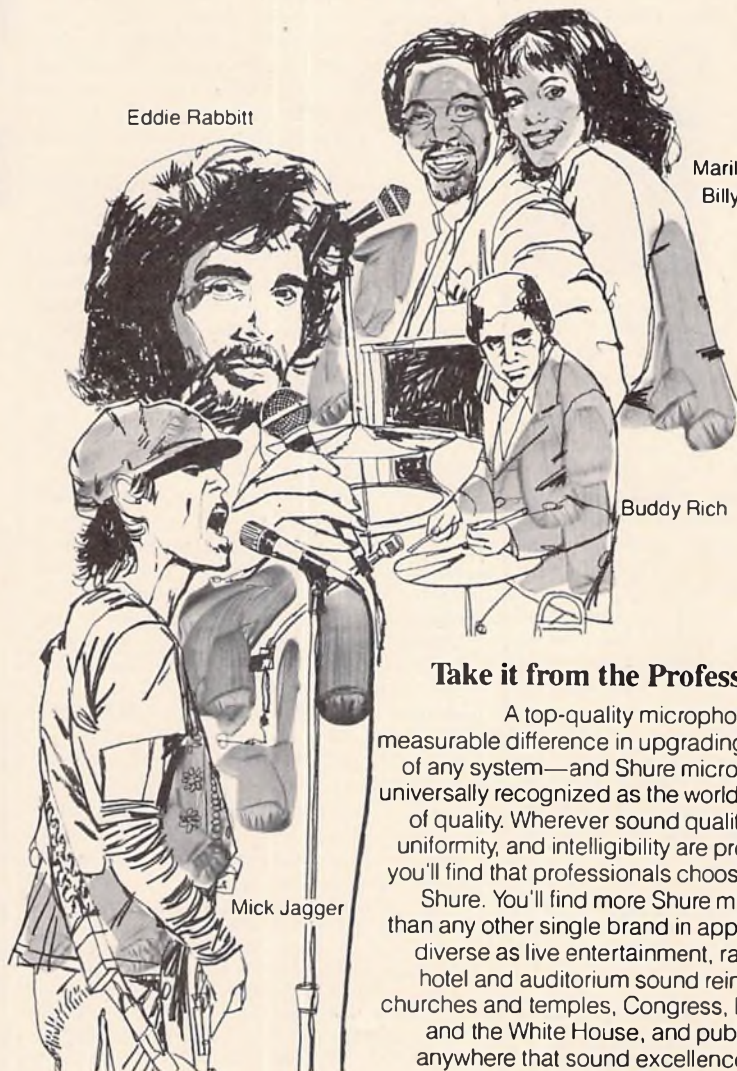


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## education in jazz

—Ray Pizzi

Ray Pizzi's latest album is *The Love Letter* (Discovery 801). He is featured sound track soloist on Mancini's *10*, Streisand's *Main Event*, and *Grease*. On Feb 15, Pizzi's music will be performed by his own group at the L.A. Music Center.

My first awareness of what music could be like—and my first contact with Berklee—came when I was still in Quincy High School and studying woodwinds privately with Joe Viola, who ranks among the very best teachers I've known.

So there was no question about which college to attend. I enrolled at Berklee as a music education major. (After graduation, I did teach general music—band, chorus, the whole thing—in junior high for five years.)

Like many Berklee students before and after me, my education was a day and night experience. During the day, my teachers showed me that music comes first; even if you're playing a page of whole notes, you do it with feeling and make the music come alive.

At night, I'd gig with a pre-BS&T jazz fusion band with fellow students John Abercrombie, Rick Laird, Mike Gibbs, and Alan Broadbent; or with a big band made up of Berklee faculty and students.

I wasn't the greatest student in the world and didn't think my playing was up to the star level of some of the other students such as Gary Burton, Steve Marcus, and Tony Williams (he was so young, he was frightening). I was a late bloomer: my urge to play professionally came after I left Berklee.

But when I did go on the road, I was ready. The key was versatility. I had no difficulty fitting in with Woody Herman, Louie Bellson, Ravi Shankar, Willie Bobo, Thad & Mel, Frank Zappa, and then later, the L.A. studio scene.

Berklee well prepared me for two vocations: teaching, which I still enjoy; and performing. No wonder that I consider the Berklee experience as the very foundation of my musical fibre.



*Ray Pizzi*

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## the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

Last May, we alerted you to an Alice-in-Wonderland situation wherein the U.S. Office of Education had ruled that "band instruments" were not "instructional equipment" and, therefore, ineligible for federal funding. Your response was immediate and impressive: you sent letters to Congress, testified at public hearings, and convinced the federal bureaucracy that one does need an instrument to play music.

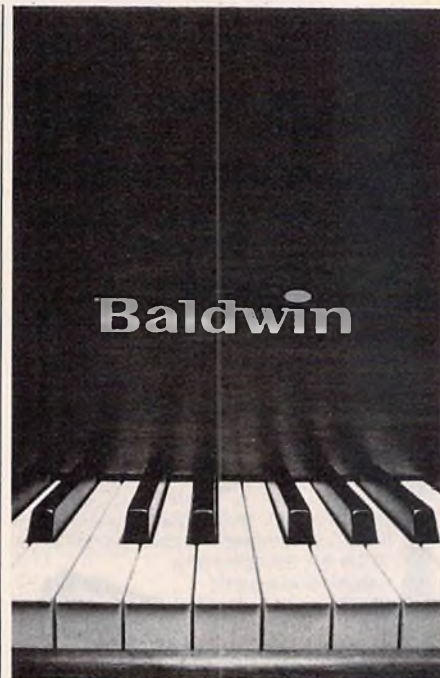
But now remedial legislation is stalled in Congress. Two bills which would allow schools to spend federal money for musical instruments are bottled up in the House Subcommittee on Elementary, Secondary and Vocational Education, and the Chairman, Carl D. Perkins (KY) seems unwilling to let either bill be voted on by the entire House. Why? Because, fellow citizens, lobbyists from the American Library Association, the Association of Media Producers, and the Association of American Publishers have testified that band instruments are *not* instructional equipment. According to the written record, one lobbyist even accused music man Harold Hill of seducing poor, innocent Marian the Librarian. There's trouble in River City!

Here's what we all must do. Write a letter or send a mailgram to your Congressman, U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515. (If you don't know his or her name, call your local newspaper or, better yet, ask your local librarian.)

Say in your own words that Title IV-B of Public Law 95-561 should include band instruments as educational instructional equipment. Ask your Congressman to endorse your letter and forward it to Chairman Perkins and the other Subcommittee members (listed below). Urge your Rep. to co-sponsor or to vote yes for either H.R. 5569 sponsored by Congressman Marlenee or H.R. 5772 sponsored by Congressman Cleveland. A heavy response is very important at this time. Let the lawmakers know that music education has a large, concerned constituency, and that music is an integral part of our culture and our education.

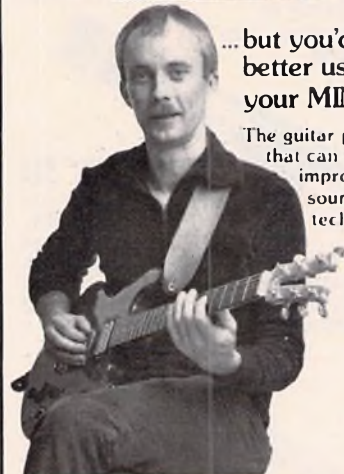
U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Education and Labor, Subcommittee on Elementary, Secondary and Vocational Education: Carl D. Perkins, Chairman (KY), William D. Ford (MI), Ike Andrews (NC), George Miller (CA), Austin Murphy (PA), Baltasar Corrada (PR), Dale Kildee (MI), Pat Williams (MT), Augustus F. Hawkins (CA), Michael O. Myers, (PA), Ray Kogovsek (CO), William Goodling (PA), John Buchanan (AL), Arlen Erdahl (MN), Daniel B. Crane (IL), and John Hinson (MS).

**Last chance:** Tapes or discs entered in the 1980 **deebee** Student Recording Awards competition—for high school and college players and singers—must be in our Chicago office no later than Feb. 5. If you don't have an Official Application, pick one up at your local **db** dealer or use coupon on page 48. Prizes include **deebee** plaques and pins, Shure Golden Mikes, and Berklee scholarships. Winners and honorable mentions will be announced in May '80 **db**, out April 17.



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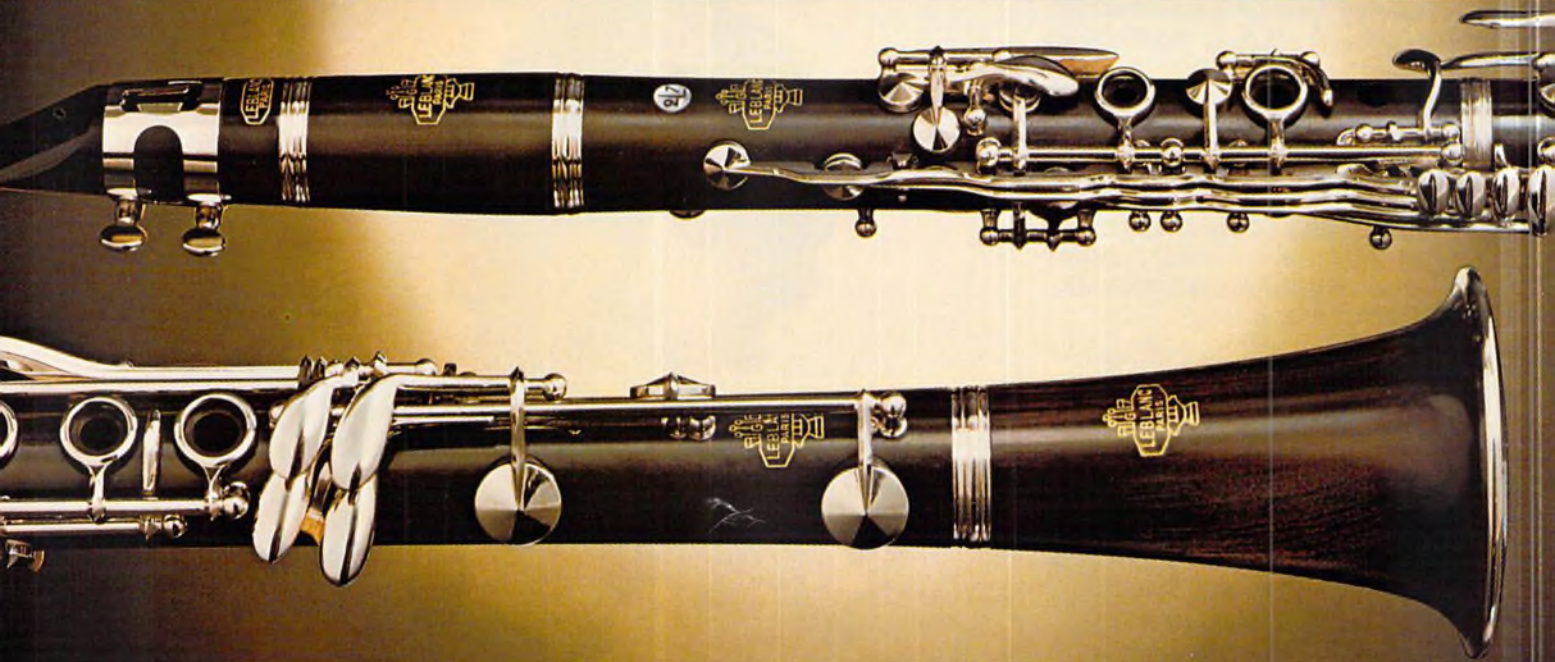


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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Poll revisions suggested

I would like to propose an expansion of the existing **db** Poll categories which I find incomplete. My revision includes the adoption of three new categories as follows:

1) Recognition Deserving Wider Talent: Qualifications for consideration are self evident. Winner: Stanley Clarke; runner-up: Chuck Mangione.

2) Pendulum Award: For most radical change in viewpoint and/or musical direction. This one is glutted with nominees, but it's not even close. Unanimous winner for his North Pole articles, "The Function of an Artist" (printed in **down beat**) and his Circle band, and then traveling the circle 180 degrees to the South Pole, *Music Magic*: Mr. Chick (Let's Hear-It-For-Him) Corea. Runner-up: For his Pendulum from early ads for Latin Percussion to his picture with Larry Coryell on *Back Together*, Alphonse Mouzon.

3) Invisible Sideman: Winner: Manfred Eicher, for making everyone sound the same. Runner-up: L. Ron Hobbit [sic], for making the same sound like everyone.

Please, if you disagree or get angry, I suggest before you go for the pencil and paper or the gun, go back to the top of this letter, insert your tongue in your cheek (the one with your lips on the outside) and reread. Then, if you still think I'm only joking, go to your room, for you do not understand. Thank you, thank you.

Name withheld by request North Brunswick, N.J.

## Pianist rights wrongs

In the October 1979 review of the Stuart/Blackley Quartet album *Determination* (Waxing On), Art Lange refers to the song *Awakening*. He writes of the piano solo: "Pianist McFetridge does a Tyner imitation." This is untrue, and can be shown untrue through musical analysis, if Mr. Lange will pursue it further with me. Such uninformed remarks are demoralizing to the artist and misleading to the potential listener. Mr. Lange doesn't seem to appreciate the difference between influence and imitation. Surely the latter implies mechanicalness and the former is part of learning.

I wish to express my concern with the hurt done to the artist and to the music in general by carelessness such as this.

George McFetridge

Toronto

## Notes from our fans

I read with enthusiasm Herb Nolan's "New Message From Art Blakey" (11/79). Let's not ever take the stand that creative ideas cease at age 60, as I'm in there now, somehow.

I certainly am convinced that your broad coverage of all facets of jazz will be appreciated in the future as it has been for many, many years.

Ernest M. Murdock

Seattle

I've been reading **down beat** nearly 40 years and have enjoyed every issue. The new expanded format shows real promise. In particular I am looking forward to more articles and reviews by John McDonough who, in my opinion, is the most skillful writer in jazz today. I hope he contributes more of his excellent coverage of Benny Goodman, Count Basie, etc. I'm glad he did the comprehensive item on Stan Kenton just prior to Stan's untimely death.

Dan Bied

West Burlington, Iowa

I must say that although I don't entirely agree with some of your album reviews, **down beat** has much to offer the new wave of young jazz musicians, namely recognition of jazz giants from whom the younger generation can glean knowledge and music. They are the greatest role models.

Other magazines get their monies from beginners (huge money business) but **down beat**, steadfastly and true, stayed with the music business and will soon reap rewards. The younger generation grew up with rock and are going toward jazz with an ardent fervor. Thanks, **db**, for remembering us, and thanks for keeping real music alive throughout the greedy times. It all comes back to the people who are sincere and real.

Carol Kaye

Denver

## Crass commercialism

I could not let Kenneth Vermes' 12/79 letter concerning Joni Mitchell go unanswered. To accuse Joni Mitchell of "crass

commercialism" at any time in her career and, particularly with the *Mingus* album, points out Mr. Vermes' total lack of understanding of Mitchell's work.

I really am curious as to what constitutes "crass commercialism" to Mr. Vermes. Any examination of Mitchell's work from past to present will reveal that she has always been an experimental artist who has always been more interested in finding new ways to communicate than in racking up tremendous record sales.

Although always considered a pop or folk artist, the truth is most of Mitchell's work defies classification. She has always at least tried to bring something new and fresh to music, constantly pushing the limits. Granted, Mitchell's albums have had respectable sales. But compare her sales to those of Linda Ronstadt, Donna Summer or any number of others. Perhaps Mr. Vermes feels that anyone who makes the pop charts engages in crass commercialism. This is a distinctly elitist point of view.


To imply that Jaco Pastorius' presence on the album was a commercial move is totally ridiculous. Mitchell has worked with him on two previous albums. She respects him as a musician and felt that he transcended any of Mingus' prejudices against electric instruments. That is why he was used—not to make the album more commercial.

If anything, *Mingus* may turn out to be Mitchell's poorest selling album in recent years. She took a great risk in making it. So, save your accusations of crass commercialism for those who really deserve them.


Colleen Castle

Troy, N.Y.

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# Hallowed Be His Name



VALÉRIE WILMER

SAN FRANCISCO—"How many of you listen to Jimi at least once a day?" asked Al Burge, a slim black man who, dressed in blue velvet pants, knee high boots, red embroidered vest and pimp hat, looked a bit like the late, great guitar hero.

Dozens of 16 and 17 year old boys raised their hands or shouted out, "Right on!"

"How many of you listen to Jimi ten times a day?" shouted Burge.

Hands shot up again. "Ten times a day," enthused Burge with exaggerated awe. "And this is ten years later."

Actually, it wasn't all that amazing. Burge, the owner of the Underground Head Shop, one of those low rent places where one can still purchase water pipes, roach clips, 78 varieties of rolling papers and wall-sized fluorescent posters of your favorite '60s rock and roll heroes, was staging a memorial to Jimi Hendrix. "Battle of the Guitars Jam," as it was called, was being held Nov. 27, 1979, when Hendrix would have turned 37 if he hadn't died in London in September, 1970. To add a bit of nostalgic drama to the event, "Battle of the Guitars Jam" was taking place in the Berkeley Community Theater, where the live album *Hendrix In The West* (Warners) was recorded.

Five bands, all severely influenced by Hendrix's explosive psychedelic heavy metal rock and roll, were fighting it out for prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250. But it was the between sets action that really

excited the crowd. Burge had a box of Hendrix biographies and was challenging the stoned audience to recall all manner of Hendrix trivia to win them.

"What was Jimi's name at birth?" asked Burge. "Nope, but this other guy's got it: John Allen Hendrix. Give him a book!"

In the lobby, Burge had set up a concession stand, where everything for the Hendrix aficionado was available: Hendrix albums, Hendrix books, Hendrix belt buckles, color and black and white Hendrix glossy photos, Hendrix post cards, Hendrix posters, Hendrix t-shirts and Hendrix flags.

One of the groups that performed, Saber, featured a lead singer dressed just like Jimi with all kinds of scarves, velvet clothes and black electric hair. He strutted out, holding his electric guitar proudly, but after the first song he admitted to the crowd, "I can't play the guitar."

Winner of the \$1,000 prize was (you guessed it) a three piece power trio with a black lead guitarist, Ralph Woodson, who played remarkably like Hendrix. They even performed versions of *Hear My Train Coming* and *The Star Spangled Banner*.

And next year? According to Burge, this is only the beginning. He will create the "Jimi Hendrix Electric Church Foundation" this summer. The "church" will be a non profit organization dedicated to keeping the name of Jimi Hendrix sacred.

—michael goldberg

## NEW RELEASES

By last month most winter discs were issued, but there are a few new ones that may have just missed you:

Like **Jimi Hendrix's** five minute medley of Christmas songs (on Warner Bros.).

Muse signed some new young artists—**Steve Giordano**, guitarist, debuts on *Daybreak* and tenorist **Mack Goldsbury** is teamed with John Scofield, Ed Schuller and Billy Hart on *Anthropo-Logic*. **Walter Bishop Jr.'s** quintet (with Bill Hardman and Junior Cook) burns a *Hot House*. **Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis** is *The Heavy Hitter*, **Charlie Earland** blinks *Infant Eyes* and **Jimmy Heath's** finest waxing from the Cobblestone label is revived as *Jimmy*.

**Anthony Braxton's** *Alto Saxophone Improvisations 1979* is a solo two-fer from Arista. **Manhattan Transfer's** *Extensions* on Atlantic is dedicated to the late Eddie Jefferson. **Art Pepper's** *Straight Life*—the record, not the book—is from Galaxy; also **Red Garland**, **Hank Jones** and **Roy Haynes** anchor a two-fer *Live Under The Sky*, by the Galaxy All-Stars in Tokyo (July, 1978). Solo guitarist **Alex de Grassi's** *Slow Circle* comes from Windham Hill Records (Stanford, CA).

**Sergio Mendes** fronts *Brasil '88* on *Magic Lady* (Elektra). *The Best Of Herbie Hancock* (Columbia) collates hits from *Headhunters* to *Feets Don't Fail Me Now*. The **Ray Brown Trio** hosts vocalist Ernestine Anderson on a live date from '79, and **Warren Vaché** offers his *Polished Brass*, both from Concord Jazz. Singer **Bill Henderson** is on the *Street Of Dreams* with tenorist Pete Christlieb backing him up (from Discovery). PA/USA releases *Jazz Crystallizations* with **Shelly Manne**—it's trumpeter **Woody James' date**—and two discs live from Dick Gibson's 1971 Colorado Jazz Party: *Oleo*, featuring the trombones of **Carl Fontana**, **Kal Winding**, **Urbie Green** and **Trummy Young**, and *On The Trail* with trumpeters **Clark Terry** and **Harry Edison**, sax men **Zoot Sims** and **Budd Johnson**. Good news—PA/USA has contracted with German MPS to issue some catalogue and new releases stateside.

RCA continues its Bluebird reissue program with *The Complete Glenn Miller, Vol. V* (1940) and *The Complete Tommy Dorsey, Vol IV* (1937). On Everest Records, the budget label, is **Jack Teagarden's** *Big Band Jazz*, **Stanley Morgan's** *Ink Spots In*

*London*, **Joe Venuti** and *The Dutch Swing College Band*, **John Lee Hooker's** *Hooked On The Blues*, **Lionel Hampton In Paris**, **Dizzy Gillespie** *The King Of Bop*, and **Jean-Luc Ponty** and **Stephane Grappelli**, *Violin Summit*.

**Ran Blake** and his New England Conservatory cohorts are featured on *Third Stream Today* (Golden Crest, NY, NY). **Bea Benjamin** (aka Mrs. Dollar Brand (aka Abdullah Ibrahim), aka Sathlma) *Sings Ellington* on Ekapa (from NYC). QED Records (of Mansfield, MA) put out *Don't Punk Out*, duets by tenorist **Frank Lowe** and guitarist **Eugene Chadbourne**, and *School Days*, a **Roswell Rudd/Steve Lacy** quartet recorded in 1963. Bassist **Slrone's** quartet (James Newton, flute, Muneer Bernard Fennell, cello; Don Moye, percussion) shows *Artistry* (of the Cosmos Records, NYC). Reedman **Glen Hall's** *The Book Of The Heart* (with Joanne Brackeen, Billy Hart, Cecil McBee and Joshua Breakstone) is from Sonora (no address) records.

Just before Infinity Records was dissolved by MCA it issued **Solomon Burke's** *Sidewalks, Fences And Walls*, and the Japanese band **Native Son**. **Teddy Pendergrass** is *Live! Coast To Coast* (from Philadelphia International); **Pink Floyd's** *The Wall* is from Columbia, as is *The Emotions' Come Into Our World* and **Tyrone Davis' Can't You Tell It's Me**. **Little Feat's** last, *Down On The Farm* comes from Warner Bros.; **Wilson Pickett** claims *I Want You* (EMI America); **War**, *The Music Band 2* is on MCA; Atlantic offers **Narada Michael Walden's** *The Dance Of Life* and *Les Plus Grands Succes De Chic* (their greatest hits). Motown releases **Bonnie Pointer**.

And from overseas we've received: guitarist **Marc Fosset** and bassist **Patrice Caratini's** *Le Chauve Et Le Gaucher* (Fosset joined by **Patrice Galas** and **Franco Manzecchi** on organ); pianist **Michel Graillier's** *Toutes Ces Choses* and saxist **Jean Claude Fohlenback's** *LP Mais qu'avez-vous donc fait de la face cachee de la lune?*—all from Open Records (Bordeaux, France); from L + R Records (distributed by bellaphon) singer **Miriam Klein** *By Myself*; **Roland Hanna**, **Hans Koller** and **Attila Zoller**, *Trinity*; **Albert Mangelsdorff** *Quintet 1963*, *Tension*, and **Emil Mangelsdorff's** septet, *Swinging Oil Drops*. Italy's Red Records (Milan) have the **Stafford James Ensemble** and **Kai Winding's** *Duo Bones* with **Dino Piana**.

# Women Fest In Boston

BOSTON—Lulu White's was the place to hear the diverse expressions of women's jazz, during a two night mini-fest in November organized by Mary Ann Topper.

It opened with a Berklee student contingent: Lee Ann Ledgerwood (piano) and Carol Chaikin (tenor sax) propelled by the already legendary 14 year old Terri Lyne Carrington on traps. The promising youngsters preceded Patti Bown, whose highly percussive, gospel-inflected piano technique easily could have dominated her rhythm players, Alan Dawson (drums) and John Neves (bass). The gentlemen met the threat tidily, and resisted a temptation to counter Bown's attack. Then the

first lady of jazz trombone, Melba Liston, introduced an up and coming pianist from Berkeley, CA, Mary Watkins. Liston called a selection of mellow bebop standards, including *Black Coffee*, and Watkins drew from the gospel, funk, and classical traditions.

Though mainstream jazz was the focus the first night, on the second the accent was definitely on "women's." Violinist Michal Urbaniak, with electronically singing soul-mate Urszula Dudziak, was the only beard on the bill. Performing solo this time, Mary Watkins played an acoustic version of *Witches' Revenge*, a composition familiar to her fans in its ensemble form on Watkins' Olivia album

# NEWS

*Something Moving.* The aptly-named Alive! ensemble then samba-ed onto the stage. Comprised of Barbara Borden (drums), Carolyn Brandy (congas, percussion), rhiannon (vocals, percussion), Janet Small (piano) and Susanne Vincenza (bass, cello), Alive!'s music combined Afro-Cuban polyrhythms with stylistic stops at a gospel meeting, in the deep woods and outer space. A boppish arrangement of *City Life* affirmed the versatility of rhiannon's voice, which can be both breathy and substantial in the

course of a chorus. But without doubt, the evening's high point was Alive!'s rendition of an Ida Cox original that featured a saxophone solo by guest artist Laura Dryor and the overwhelmingly female audience singing each coda in unison: "Wild women don't worry! Wild women don't get the blues."

Proceeds from that night, unofficially estimated at \$2200, benefited Emerson College's radio station WERS-FM, which programs about 30 hours of well integrated jazz a week.

—cathy lee

## A Long Way From New York!

# Wisconsin Students Shun Sebesky Suite Of Classical Themes

MADISON—"When I began my career I was playing *Lady Of Spain* on my accordion with a maroon sash around my stomach," claims Don Sebesky, composer, arranger, orchestrator and conductor. His latest work, *Bird And Bela In Bb* (on Gryphon Records) is a more sophisticated offering—a concerto for jazz quintet and orchestra. Sebesky's reconstruction and arrangement of Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring* and a Bach-inspired composition, *Sebatian's Theme*, were to be premiered with *Bird And Bela* at the University of Wisconsin in early November.

So Sebesky flew in from New York; Jon Faddis and Richard Davis, both of whom recorded the three pieces in London last July along with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, were on hand; conductor Catherine Comet spent weeks preparing the score, and local musicians Joan Wildman, Chip Staley and Les Thimmig worked over their difficult parts. The morning of the concert, the UW Symphony Orchestra's student-staffed directing board decided against performing Sebesky's Stravinsky and Bach derived works.

Davis, University professor of jazz studies, told Sebesky the news. Shaking his head in disbelief, Davis said, "I knew I was a long way from New York, but I didn't realize how long."

He was told the students didn't "feel comfortable" with Sebesky's contributions, that they couldn't "hear it." And they refused to play unusual jazz arrangements of classical composers' pieces unless conductor Comet forced them. As guest conductor from France, she reluctantly abided by

their decision.

Faculty member and featured soloist Wildman was noticeably upset, having mastered both the classical and jazz piano parts, reading difficult passages and improvising with imagination to play only in rehearsal.

What was performed, *Bird And Bela*, was brilliantly executed in concert, considering the jazz quintet had only one rehearsal with the full orchestra. Faddis and Thimmig swung hard, trading bebop lines, with Davis propelling the rhythm section and student percussionists. It was a successful, multi-layered, many colored work that made Sebesky's CTI arrangements pale in comparison. From the extended ovation, it was clear the audience wanted to hear more, but when the musicians left

the stage with their instruments, confusion ensued. No announcement explained the concert's brevity.

"I understand where they're coming from," Sebesky said of the reluctant student instrumentalists, "and I think as they get older they might learn to temper their attitudes, to open up and relax with music a little more. A purist would say I was tampering with the music of genius, but my feeling is that people who are considered great masters—Stravinsky, Bartok—would be a little looser about playing the actual written notes. Nothing is written in golden ink. Music evolves. We're always changing, open to influences and moving on."

Davis, who played bass under Stravinsky himself for two weeks

some years ago, felt the composer would have applauded Sebesky's reconstruction. "Stravinsky himself wrote *Ebony Silhouette*, a concerto for jazz group and orchestra," the bassist recalled. "I can imagine that Stravinsky, from what I know about him, experienced with his music and have heard people say, would have felt complimented. I doubt that these young people are aware of Stravinsky's universal concept of music."

"Young students at this age can be very philosophical about things," said trumpeter Faddis, rather youthful himself. "But I think that their not wanting to play this was an insult to Don Sebesky, who's a great composer and a great musician. And I think it's a drag."

—chuck france



Sebesky receives his standing ovation.

CHARLES BEHNKE

# New York Theatre Draws On Jazz For Shows

NEW YORK—The trend that began two years ago with the Broadway smash hit *Ain't Misbehavin'* seems to be continuing. Three shows have opened here featuring onstage musicians, each show covering a different era of jazz. *One Mo' Time* is about Bessie Smith's type of blues, set in the '20s; *The 1940s Radio Hour* is a swing musical, and *Be-Bop: The Hip Musical* covers the scene pioneered in New York in the mid '40s.

*Be-Bop* is an uplifting, spirited evening which celebrates the sound and its creators without dwelling on the maudlin aspects of its existence—drugs, et al. The onstage band also acts, and included saxist Gary Bartz, drummer Charli Persip and pianist Walter Davis Jr. during its three week showcase run at the tiny Wonderhorse Theatre in New York's East Village. The revue, with standards like *Groovin' High*,



"Be-bop" cast: Joe Gardner, Celestine Desaussure, Tony Azito, Walter Davis, Jr., Neva Small, Gary Bartz (standing), Bob Cunningham (standing), S. Epatha Merkerson, Marion Cowings

*Moody's Mood For Love* and *Ornithology*, is being primed for a March opening on Broadway, with former db East Coast editor Bret Primack serving as creative consultant and associate producer.

*One Mo' Time* is a revue with a plot. The story concerns Big Bertha's touring company on a rough night at the Lyric Theatre in New Orleans. The music is authentic, including tunes like

*Kitchen Man*, *Hot Time In The Old Town* and *New Orleans Hop Scop Blues*; the onstage New Orleans band includes legendary trumpeter Jabbo Smith, blowing strong at age 72. The show is currently running at the Village Gate, long a home of both jazz and off-Broadway revues.

*The 1940s Radio Hour* is a book musical based on the flimsy premise of a one hour show being broadcast live from a radio studio on Dec. 21, 1942. The plot's corniness is almost made up for by the authentic sounds from the well-placed big band on the stage. *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*, *Blues In The Night*, and *Our Love Is Here To Stay* are heard, as is Duke Ellington's *I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)* sung by two-time db poll winner, Dee Dee Bridgewater. *The 1940s Radio Hour* is currently running on Broadway at the St. James Theatre. —lee jeske

## POTPOURRI

**SteepleChase Records** of Denmark will begin manufacturing its straightahead releases (mostly of underrecorded artists) in the U.S. in January, and is firming Stateside distribution deals. Nessa Records' **Chuck Nessa** will head American operations, but **Nils Winther** is still in charge.

Guitarist **Pat Metheny** requests that "fusion" not be used in reference to his music; he prefers the

term "Big Wave," explaining: "It's a combination of New Wave and surfing music."

"A Celebration of Musical Instruments and Their Makers" ran at the American Craft museum in New York City from Oct. through Dec. Among harps, violins and flutes were Bob Hanson's instruments made entirely of athletic equipment, and Skip LaPlant's saxes made of vacuum cleaner

hoses and old bottles. New for the '80s—junk rock?

Trombonist **J.J. Johnson** is returning to recording activity, with a *Galaxy LP* ready for issue and two *Pablos* planned for '80; since moving to Los Angeles in 1970 he's been active mostly as a TV composer and studio musician.

**Hank Guaglianone** of Rolling Meadows, IL won the Slingerland/Louie Bellson national drum contest, a shot on the *Tonight Show* and a spot playing behind **Wayne Newton**; **Todd Strait** placed second and **Jim McCarty** third. Best of the beat, boys.

Seattle's Cornish Institute continues its composers' performance and residency series with **Art Lande** and **Gary Peacock** having worked in early January (then going on to East Coast gigs with **Elliott Zigmund**); trombonist **Julian Priestler** playing with his ensemble Feb 3; vibist **Karl Berger** teaching from 2/7-9, and concertizing with the Composers and Improvisors orchestra 2/10; and **Anthony Braxton**, in residence March 10-14, performing with the orchestra 3/14-15.

The Latin Percussion Jazz Ensemble—**Tito Puente** (timbales, vibes), **Patato Valdez** (congas, percussion), **Johnny Rodriguez Jr.** (bongos, timbales), **Eddie Martinez** (piano) and **Andy Gonzales** (bass)—with **Alfredo de la Fe** on violin, returned in Dec. from their second European tour

of the Netherlands and Scandinavia.

The National Flute Association invites taped auditions for its Young Artist competition; for details write Irene Maddox, 4508 Carriage Dr., Charlotte, NC 28205, by April 1.

**Giacomo Pelllicciotti**, creator of the Italian Black Saint label in 1975, has disassociated himself with the company following disagreements with its owners.

Towson State College's 7th annual Trombone Workshops run Jan. 24-27 on the campus near Baltimore, with **Silide Hampton**, **Carl Fontana**, **Bill Watrous**, **Dick Shearer** (late of Stan Kenton's band) and the Philadelphia Orchestra's trombone section in residence and performance; call John Melick, 301-321-2826 for details. The International Trombone Association sponsors its 10th annual workshop in Nashville, TN May 26-30; **Albert Mangelsdorff**, **Fontana**, **George Masso**, **George Lewis** and **Buddy Baker** will be there; write Henry Romora, Blair School of Music, 1208 18th Ave. South, Nashville, 37212.

The 300,000 member American Federation of Musicians (AFL-CIO/CLC) ratified in Dec. a new 25 month contract for players employed by record companies, with three hour commercial session fees pegged at \$137.21 to \$146.81; one and a half hour sessions start at \$90.56.

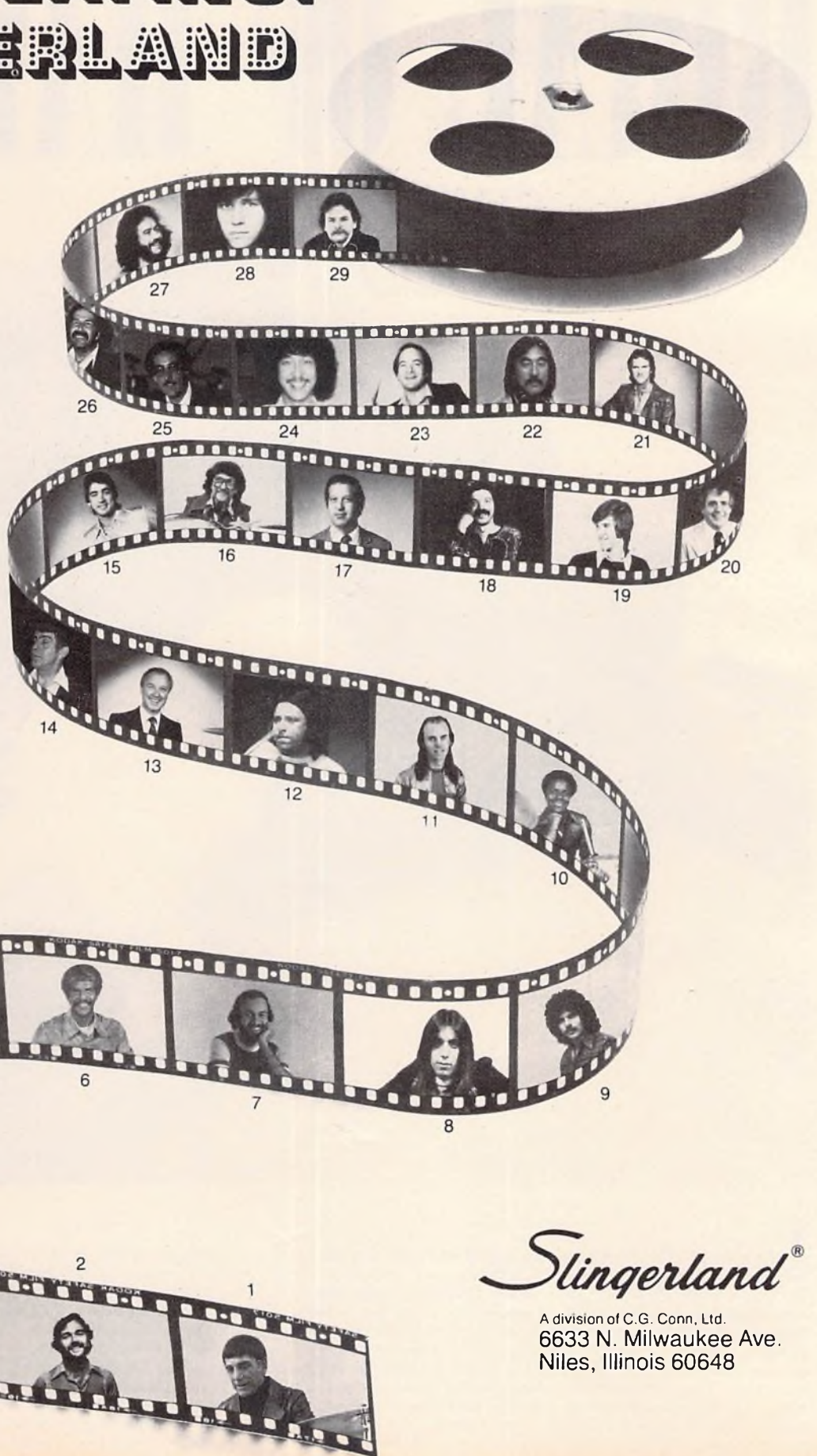
## FINAL BAR

**Leon Sash**, jazz accordionist, died Nov. 25 at age 57 from a chronic heart condition. Chicago born, and blind since he was 11, Sash began as a teenager playing a cousin's instrument and developed into a virtuoso who introduced to the U.S. the Bassetti accordion, on which the left hand plays a keyboard rather than chord buttons. Leading a trio or quartet that usually included his wife, Lee Morgan, on bass and contributing lyrics, Sash worked such clubs as the Blue Note, Cafe Society and Storyville, and scored a triumph at a Newport Jazz Festival, resulting in a Verve recording with Toshiko Akiyoshi. He also waxed for Delmark and Columbia/Harmony; his Emarcy discs, awarded five stars in **down beat** when they were originally released as 78s, featured six voices singing as brass and reed sections. Sash also wrote charts for tenor, bass and standard accordions to play together. For three years, he was a staff musician on WLS radio, and he was active in the organization Save A Pet. His survivors include his father, his wife and stepdaughter.

Pianist and composer **James R. Brent**, 26, of Huntingdon Valley, PA, died October 16 of a heart attack. Brent worked at various East Coast clubs, was also a member of the Philadelphia Jazz Ensemble and wrote most of his material (heard on a live album on Half-track Records). An album of his compositions for piano and bass is ready from SteepleChase. His music teachers included the late Bernard Pfeiffer and bassist Al Stauffer; Brent graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1975, and is survived by his parents, his grandmother, two brothers and a sister.

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# ROYAL OF HAYNES

## SWINGS SOOO GOOD

by LEE JESKE



COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA

In October of 1978, the Boston Jazz Society set up the Roy Haynes Scholarship Fund to be presented annually to a student at the Berklee College of Music. In a letter, printed in that society's newsletter, Sonny Rollins wrote, "I am so happy that Roy is being honored. Not only does he deserve it, but Roy has been a close personal compatriot and friend of mine almost from the start of my professional career. I looked to Roy as a model in helping shape my own career. There are no other words to use except to say that I love him . . . Just think of the people who Roy worked with and pushed. Lester, Bird, Miles! Roy should be immortalized. I can dig a statue somewhere like the one of Sidney Bechet in Antibes, France, maybe

in Boston at a music school or whatever . . ."

About a year later, Roy Haynes received a letter from the Boston Department of Traffic and Parking; a life size photograph of him is to be erected in downtown Boston, along with a handful of other native Bostonians who have made it. In the proposal, Roy is to be standing shoulder to shoulder with Arthur Fiedler and former leader of the Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky.

"I'm a king, man, and I don't need the industry to tell me that or put it on paper. I'm an uncrowned king and I know it. And I've always lived like that as far as my attitude goes. Older musicians, they were really professional, which I dug. Like a Sonny Greer. I dig that

feeling, man, when he comes out, when he sits behind his drums. I got part of that from the older cats. And I carry myself like a goddamn king. So I don't wait to see how many votes I get from **down beat** or if I'm in there. I *know* I'm cool. I've been to the mountain top. And I feel good. I feel *sooo* good."

Roy Haynes leans back in his easy chair and smiles. He is wearing a salmon colored tee-shirt with a photo of Eric Dolphy on it and matching salmon colored pants. Always known as a sharp dresser, he was even on *Esquire's* best-dressed list in the early part of the '60s.

Haynes' house in suburban Long Island is as well turned out as he is. It is his retreat and, except for the barking of his pet dog Ko-Ko, it is quiet and peaceful. There is a drum set on the top floor and one in the basement. In between is a neat home with only an occasional reference to the occupation of its inhabitant—a gong hung on the brick wall of the living room, and a photo of Roy standing with Stan Getz, Chuck Israels, Gary Burton, the King and Queen of Thailand and Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.

Roy Haynes has spent time with a ridiculously eclectic complement of musicians. Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Lennie Tristano, Sarah Vaughan, George Shearing, Thelonious Monk, Getz, John Coltrane and Burton all were propelled at some time or another by the trap drumming of the man that Lester Young nicknamed "the Royal of *Haynes*." He also put in a week once with the Louis Armstrong big band and was invited to replace Louie Bellson in Duke Ellington's orchestra. Roy Haynes is nothing if not adaptive.

"I could swing. It's one of the secrets. *That* is one of the secrets. I never tell secrets, but that's one of the secrets. 'Cause a lot of the people *couldn't* swing or *didn't* swing. I could swing, so I could adapt. If you can swing, you can play a lot of the other shit. If you can't, you can't play with a lot of other people—and make it *jump*. Think about that."

Roy Haynes did his first swinging as a teenager in his native Boston with the big bands of Frankie Newton, Pete Brown and Sabby Lewis. A one way ticket from bandleader Luis Russell brought the young drummer to New York in 1945. As soon as he hit the city, Roy did what a lot of other teenage musicians did.

"I came down and one of the first places I wanted to go was 52nd Street. And I went down there and saw all these clubs with people playing next door to each other—people like Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas, Bird, Max, Dizzy—it was like a dream. I had always wanted to play around there, so I started hanging around there. I could always swing, so I didn't have a problem getting a gig. When you could swing in those days, you had to have it made. Everybody wanted to play with a drummer that could swing."

After two years working with Russell and playing around 52nd Street, Haynes, just barely old enough to vote, was asked to join the Lester Young quartet.

"I joined Pres in October of '47. I had already been here two years and I had become a star. Not a *star*, but pretty popular in jazz circles. I remember the first week I joined him, which was at the Savoy Ballroom, he played a concert at Town Hall with Billie Holiday, and I had to play with Billie Holiday, which was a kick. My first week with Pres and here I am playing with Billie Holiday. But I was a positive youngster. I was strong, I had my mind made up to play and I had a direction where I wanted to go and what I wanted to do. I was very young when I went with Pres and I remember the first set at the Savoy. He turned to me after one of the tunes and said, 'You sure are swinging Pres; if you have eyes, the slave is yours.'

"I had heard that Pres was very sensitive towards drummers, which he was. So when I played with him I just tried to swing lightly, politely, but still positive. And he dug it. *No problem!* In fact, the only reason I left was because he started with Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic at that period. So when he came back I was pretty busy around 52nd Street.

"Pres was one of the most original men I had ever met, as far as the way he talked, the way he played, the way he held his horn. Everything about him, I thought, was so original. He was happy a lot—if he was depressed he didn't always show it. There were times, but it wasn't that often. In fact, he kept me laughing, he was so humorous. Pres used to drink a lot, but he was pretty cool. He would mellow out, you know."

Roy started gigging around after Pres went on the road. He played on 52nd Street with Kai Winding and in Brooklyn with the very first Miles Davis band. Miles had just left Charlie Parker (to be replaced by Red Rodney). While Roy was working at a club called the Orchard with Bud Powell, Max Roach came across the street to inform Roy that Charlie Parker was going to have to find a replacement on the drums. Max was leaving the quintet and he had suggested to Bird that Haynes replace him.

"Bird came over later. I was playing across the street with Bud Powell and we were swinging so ferociously that everybody was coming over on their breaks." Roy got the job and joined the growing list of bebop drummers that included such names as Kenny Clarke, Teddy Stewart, Art Blakey and Harold "Doc" West.

"With Bird it wasn't like being with a group today where you're constantly working every week. Everybody was professional and everybody was over 21, so you just had to take care of your own thing. I never had any problems. There were some nights when he wasn't too well, but there weren't many of those nights. I remember some pay nights in Philadelphia when things used to be kind of drastic—we would be in a place 'til daylight getting our money together.

"There were some nights, though, that I'll never forget. We went into Cafe Society in the summer of 1950, playing opposite Art Tatum. Imagine four weeks, playing with Charlie Parker, listening to Art Tatum. Opening night Billie Holiday came in and sang with us. Ray Bolger came in and did a soft-shoe. It was a very memorable engagement. It was summertime and Kenny Dorham was there with us. A lot of times I wouldn't even go out during the break; I'd stay right there listening to Art Tatum. Near the end of the engagement we all sort of jammed together. Days like that it was a thrill to go to work. Not that it's not a thrill now, but the whole scene was so much more pure."

During this time Roy put together his first band for a short gig at the Audubon Ballroom. The group included Kenny Dorham on trumpet and a very green Sonny Rollins.

Charlie Parker wasn't the most dependable of bandleaders and his musicians were never too sure of how much they were going to work or when. In 1953, Haynes signed on for the beginning of a five year stint with Sarah Vaughan.

"That was a steady gig and I enjoyed it. I'm into songs and lyrics. Sarah Vaughan is a genius. My first night with Sarah was in Philadelphia and at that time John Malachi was her pianist. John didn't show up—he got the dates wrong. The bass player and I showed up and Sarah played piano for herself all night.

"Those were exciting days. Billy Eckstine was a bitch, Sugar Ray Robinson was the champion and Harlem was happening. New York was happening. Broadway was a two way street then—you could almost drive your car into Birdland. Those were very exciting days. Nat Cole was *hot*. I had money and cars and was single."

There was a dark side, too. Drugs and alcohol were beginning to make substantial claims on the lives of jazz musicians.

"I think a lot about my buddies that left. I'm going back to the early days when I used to hear about people like Jimmy Blanton. I heard about those guys, that they drank a lot and they had TB. TB was a big thing in those days. A lot of jazz musicians were hanging out, getting TB and having to be cured. I always tried to be moderate; sometimes I'd get pretty wild. Any of us can pass any minute.

"I'd see the guys go out and smoke herb when I was with the big



COLLIS DAVIS/SHAIKA

bands—some were my age, some were older. They would not go out and smoke herb unless I was with them, and I wasn't smoking nothing. I was breathing fresh air. Everybody wanted to be around me all the time. Charlie Parker used to say to me, 'I'm going to follow you to see what you're doing.' The cats in the band, they couldn't go out and get high unless I was with them, because they said I could make them laugh.

"Bird had been doing stuff since he was a kid. That's why I don't think it would have made any difference if anybody had tried to help. None of that ever bothered him.

"My father was from Barbados. My father was a little dude, but he was strong, boy, he was independent. I don't know if I got some of that in there, but once they were preparing to do a Charlie Parker memorial concert and there was a guy from the *Times* there. They had Jackie McLean, Al Haig, myself, Tommy Potter and they talked about different things and the subject came into drugs. I think most of those guys were involved, I don't know how much Tommy was involved, but he did some heavy drugs at one point. When they came to me, I said, 'I'm a strong son-of-a-bitch.' I was strong as a kid, I was positive, I had a direction, because I worked with Bird, man, and saw cats do everything.

"We all have to go—sometimes we have to go early. If we can help it, we want to live as long as we can. So that's what we have to deal with. I can't analyze it—why is it happening? A lot of us are being killed. A lot of us are being just shot right down. If I was weak I would have been strung out on drugs or alcohol, or *dead*, but I'm not going to let the system run me into anything that I don't want to go into. The system meaning me and you, even . . ."

At this point, Roy Haynes is on his feet. His fingers move as if he was playing through *Cherokee*, his index finger stabbing toward the ground with the equivalence of a well placed bebop bass drum bomb.

"Sometimes I say, 'What's happening?' But life goes on while you're here. I know years ago we used to talk about the band, the band up in heaven—whether it was in heaven or wherever it was. Who's in the band now. They don't talk about that band no more, at least I don't hear cats talking about it like the older guys used to talk about it. They don't talk about that no more, so we don't have to. We got to pass that direction.

"The first night I joined Sarah Vaughan, we hung out. She was drinking gin and every time she would order one, she would order one for me. I never drank so much gin in all my goddamned life. The next day I had a hangover, the first time I ever had a hangover. Pres used to drink gin. I don't think I ever had a drink with Pres. I didn't really start drinking until 1958."

Roy spent five full years with Sarah Vaughan "by not even thinking. Sarah was so dynamite—she would go into a recording studio and the producer would have some new material for her, maybe a song that she'd never sung before, and she would just read through the damn music. And that used to blow my mind. She was kind of like another instrument.

"With Sarah, I was traveling to a lot of places I'd never been. I just enjoyed it and before you know it, I'd stayed too long at the fair. You get caught up in something, even if it's *not* wanting to do something—you can get caught up in not wanting to do it all the time. During Sarah's vacations I would make some gigs on my own."

After five years with Sassy, Roy "just wanted to lay down . . . my kids were very young then." Laying down meant taking a gig with Thelonious Monk at the Five Spot.

"It was a challenge playing with Monk, but a very interesting challenge. Monk used to say, 'Drummers can only play three tempos. If you take them out of any of those three tempos they would either bring it up or bring it down'. And he was right.

"He played the *weirdest* and the *oddest* tempos I've ever played. The *oddest* tempos!! Like he played *dum, dum, ding, dong, ding*. He would find a tempo so weird that I threw him off on some records. We'd do 16 weeks at a time at the Five Spot. Griffin, Ahmed Abdul-Malik.

"Monk reminded me of Pres, the way he talked—very original. He was somewhat in *his* world. He used to come to work sometimes at midnight and go right in the back and go to sleep. *Then!*"

After leaving Monk, Roy spent several years working with a smorgasbord of jazz talent including Kenny Burrell, George Shearing, Getz, and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. He put together his own quartet in 1960 featuring Frank Strozier on reeds, Larry



King Roy says: "That's me at about age 16, when I was playing in Frankie N Cozy Cole is playing my first kit. Look at the way I'm looking at hi



"You can't see my face too good here, but look at the way Bird is looking at me."

Ridley on bass and Kenny Barron on piano. At around the same time, there was a new jazz wind blowing into the Apple and it frightened some, confused others and made still others sit down and scoff. Its spearhead was a Texan named Ornette Coleman and its foundations were clear to Roy Haynes.

"When I first heard Ornette Coleman, I heard a lot of Bird in that. A lot of Coleman's compositions and a lot of his ideas were different as far as time signature was concerned. But I loved it. When Eric Dolphy came to New York, he knew all the stuff that Bird played, but they thought he was playing something new—that's how dumb some of the critics were. And here's a guy I loved.

"I heard Trane when he was with Bird. I heard Trane when he wasn't playing like that. I heard Trane when he played alto. I loved him all the time, too. More so later, after we all had grown."

Roy Haynes became one of John Coltrane's favorite drummers during the saxophonist's heyday. In an interview with then *db* editor Don DeMicheal which appeared in the magazine in 1966, Coltrane said, "Roy Haynes is one of the best drummers I've ever worked with. I always tried to get him when Elvin Jones wasn't able to make it. There's a difference between them. Elvin's feeling was a driving



's Band.



Benny Harris, Teddy Kotick, Charlie Parker, Haynes.



Town Hall concert, June 16, 1962: Dexter Gordon, Jackie McLean, Kenny Dorham, Haynes.

force. Roy's was more of a spreading, a permeating. Well, they both have a way of spreading the rhythm, but they're different. They're both very accomplished. You can feel what they're doing and can get with it."

"Trane was beautiful," remembers Roy, now sitting on the very edge of his seat. "Sometimes people take the drummer, they use the drummer as the slave. They depend on the drummer. You've got to have some of that feeling inside yourself. That's why I could play with Coltrane. He had a built-in drummer. He's got the drummer, he's got the chords. Coltrane, man, was one of the most *complete* saxophone players or complete *musicians* that I have ever played with. And I played with Bird and Pres, but he had grasped *that* shit and went beyond it as far as where *I'm* sitting on the bandstand. Now maybe to someone else he didn't get there. But I got so much . . . this man was something else. He had so much *feeling*. Some people just play and they have no feeling. This man could play anything and make it sound good. He could play a ballad, he could play fast, he could play African things. And he had the rhythm. He had all of it—he was complete! The things he did with Miles, when Wynton Kelly was there or Red Garland. Shit. I don't blame Miles for getting on the

side and listening to *that*."

Roy enjoyed working with Coltrane so much that he would give up jobs with his own quartet to replace Elvin Jones in the classic Coltrane unit.

During the '60s, Haynes spent a lot of time playing with Stan Getz, whom he had first worked with as early as 1950. He played the White House with Getz and in Stan's group he met Gary Burton, with whom he played in the later part of the decade. He even snuck in one night with Ike and Tina Turner in Atlanta.

Haynes began feeling comfortable as a leader. After the quartet with Frank Strozier disbanded, Haynes put together the instrumentation that would serve as a prototype for his Hip Ensembles—a saxophone and trumpet front line consisting of Charles Tolliver and Bennie Maupin. It was around this time that John Coltrane followed Bird and Pres to that "band up in heaven."

"I was saddened and shocked each time. I was working at the Apollo Theatre that time when I heard Bird died. I was saddened at that point, but I've learned so much more about life since then. I was probably more shocked with Trane. I had just arrived back from Athens to Kennedy Airport and one of the guys I knew there, a



With Stan Getz.

skycap, told me some saxophone player died, he couldn't think of his name. So I had to wait until I got home to find out. My kids told me about it later. I was shocked. I didn't realize he was sick."

At this point Roy Haynes heads upstairs to take a shower, returning in a checkered sportcoat and collarless shirt. He pours cognac and seats himself at his black Ludwig drums. He then pounds out a series of drum solos that start to sizzle and crackle, like a piece of bacon slowly beginning to fry. Soon he's flying, bass foot going with electric typewriter precision, cymbals crashing. He even throws in a musical imitation of Art Blakey that's right on target. After 20 minutes Haynes is loose and cooking. He quickly stuffs down a turkey and cheese sandwich and we return to the living room to discuss the bandleader Roy Haynes.

"I always knew I wanted to express my feelings on the drums and I could do it if I had my own band. I put the Hip Ensemble together in about 1969. I think I had George Adams and Charles Sullivan together in that first band. I worked at Basie's in Harlem with Adams and Sullivan, and Adams recalled certain nights when the two of them were so tight that he said, 'We were breathing together.'

"One night Stevie Wonder came in and sat in *on drums*. And, man, the shit that he played *then*. His conception was different. It's a lot of the stuff that's happening now. That's happening *now*. Here's a guy who's blind and I had my drums muffled for that studio shit and he fell in love with them. I don't even know if he remembers that. But that was the beginning of the Ensemble."

In the November, 1979 issue of *down beat*, George Adams said, "I got a Master's degree working with Roy." The Hip Ensemble has been together, in one form or another, for over ten years. Most of the time the instrumentation has been two horns and either a three or four man rhythm, depending on the availability of a good conga player. Although Roy Haynes just lost his wife to cancer and he calls himself in "semi-retirement," he is currently at the helm of a quartet that features Ricardo Strobert on reeds, Dave Jackson on bass and Marcus Fiorillo on guitar. He is also trying hard to drop the word "Hip" from the Ensemble.

"I don't use the name anymore. I don't even know where it came from. I was with a fine lady when I decided it. It caused me so much controversy."

Roy Owen Haynes has worked with some of the top leaders in the history of jazz. Members of his Ensembles, "Hip" or not, have frequently been as youthful as "the Royal of Haynes" was when he was Lester Young's drummer. Does he consider himself a good leader?

"I'm a dynamite leader without even realizing it. I don't always do the right things, sometimes I wait too long and then I have to pull it—like when you're riding a horse and you have to pull the reins, tighten up on it. So every now and then I have to sit the guys down there and tell them what it's about and what they've got to do.

## SELECTED ROY HAYNES DISCOGRAPHY

OUT OF THE AFTERNOON—Impulse 23  
HIP ENSEMBLE—Mainstream 313  
SENYAH—Mainstream 351  
THANK YOU THANK YOU—Galaxy 5103  
VISTALITE—Galaxy 5116

with Lester Young

THE ALADDIN SESSIONS—Blue Note LA 456-H2

with Charlie Parker

THE VERVE YEARS (1952-54)—Verve 2523

with Sarah Vaughan

SARAH VAUGHAN—Trip 5501

with Thelonious Monk

AT THE FIVE SPOT—Milestone M 47043

with Stan Getz

EARLY GETZ—Prestige P 24088

with John Coltrane

IMPRESSIONS—Impulse 42

SELFLESSNESS—Impulse 9161

MASTERY OF . . . VOL. II—ABC 129346/2

with Gary Burton

DUSTER—RCA LSP 3835

TIMES SQUARE—ECM 1-1111

with Chick Corea

NOW HE SINGS, NOW HE SOBS—Solid State 18039

with Larry Coryell

BAREFOOT BOY—Vanguard 6573

with Ted Curson

THE TRIO—Interplay 7727

BLOWIN' AWAY (w.D. Reece)—Interplay 7716

with Sal Nistico

NEO NISTICO—Bee Hive BH 7006

with Nick Brignola

BARITONE MADNESS—Bee Hive BH 7000

"I tell the guys in my band—I'm one of the hippest sidemen left. That's why I can play with so many people. But I don't want to play with all the people. I'm not going to sit on the bandstand and do things to make it sound good. If I'm going to go and I'm going to have a challenge and we're going to have a battle where we're grooving each other back and forth and they're giving me something, it's a bitch. I tell the guys in my band, 'You've got to give me a challenge.' In the right way, though. I used to tell Bill Saxton that. I didn't *have* to tell George Adams that. And I say, first of all, I don't want nobody coming on the bandstand playing long solos if that shit is not happening. I mean, you play as long as you want, man,

# JUNIOR WELLS

Blue Diamond  
in a  
Rhinestone Sea

by LARRY BIRNBAUM



MARC FOKEMPNER



STEVE KAGAN

Theresa's Lounge stands at the corner of 48th Street and Indiana Boulevard, in the heart of Chicago's seamy South Side ghetto. A cramped basement tavern in a dingy tenement building, the club is quite inconspicuous but for a hand-lettered sign proclaiming the "Home of the Blues," and a notice advertising, "Every Fri. Sat. & Sun. Jr. Wells." Outside the club the mood is menacing, with knots of tough looking young men loitering in the bleak shadows. Down the steps and through the transom, visitors are greeted by the hard-eyed stare of proprietress Theresa Needham, who carefully screens out underage patrons and disorderly inebriates. "T," as she is known, has been in her present location for some 30 years, no mean feat in these impoverished and often violent surroundings. The chain across the entrance is lowered, and one steps into the world of Chicago blues, to the average white American a world no less exotic than, say, Bali.

When he is not on the road touring New York, Vancouver, London, Australia, Japan or one of Chicago's North Side pubs, Junior Wells can generally be found at T's, as often as not pouring drinks behind the bar as old acquaintances approach effusively and importune him for handouts. Abruptly, the jukebox is silenced and the band takes to the stage. Sammy Lawhorn, Muddy Waters' great former guitarist, leads the four piece combo through a few numbers, his mournful countenance immobile as he squeezes sweet soul juices out of his vintage Guild.

Finally the star of the show is announced, and announced again, until at last Junior mounts the bandstand. Occasionally he is ill or out-of-sorts, the band can't pick up his mood, and Junior returns disconsolately to the bar. More often he is in the spirit; the band fastens on his every gesture, and the set is under way, sometimes lasting two hours or more. Junior mugs, he preens, he flirts outrageously with the women at the front tables. He reaches into his attache case and pulls out a harmonica—this one, no—that one. He puts the harp to his lips and draws in, whooping, crying, exulting,

mourning. He begins to sing the blues, bawling, screaming, whispering, cajoling, pleading, making strange sensuous sounds with his lips and teeth. Women gush with embarrassment, men grin and slap palms, and in the narrow dance space behind the tables patrons of every size, shape, age and color shake their booties with an unself-conscious abandon no disco can match. At Theresa's, one never knows what to expect—I recently dropped in to find a British camera crew shooting a film for German television. Junior was utterly unperturbed—he accepts adulation as well as obscurity as the lot of a bluesman's life, a life he has chosen and to which he doggedly adheres.

"I'm a dedicated blues singer and I'll go down with the ship," he says. "I'll never give it up. I never felt that the blues was going to die, but even if it went so low that it fell off the end of the world, I'd go with it. Because this is me—I'm not a pretender, I'm a blues fanatic, and my whole life is playing the blues."

Junior is one of the world's premier performers. A brilliant showman, master of the blues harmonica and superlative vocal stylist, Junior has more soul in his little finger than all the white imitators since Jolson rolled together. The Grateful Dead did a mediocre cover of his classic rendition of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*, and the Rolling Stones aped Junior's version of Robert Johnson's *Stop Breakin' Down*, but unaccountably the real thing has yet to win acceptance beyond a limited circle of blues fans. Perhaps it is for the same reason that American consumers prefer the taste of instant coffee to fresh ground, as a recent survey revealed, or perhaps it is simply a case of racism—whatever the cause, Junior Wells remains a superstar in obscurity, a diamond awash in a sea of rhinestones.

"With a blues singer, they wait until he gets old before they decide to push him. I'd have liked to see Muddy Waters make it when he was a younger man, so he could have enjoyed it better. But the blues has



D. SHIGLEY



Junior and Buddy Guy



With Phil Guy

to be pushed strong, just like any other type of music. And what I hate to see is that a black blues singer never gets recognition until he's damn near about to die."

At 45 Junior Wells is no longer the proverbial "kid" he was when he burst upon the Chicago scene in the late '40s. The "little shrimp" with the big voice had been experimenting with what he jestingly calls the "Mississippi saxophone" since his boyhood days in Arkansas, where his friend Junior Parker lived right across the street. "Junior was playing harp too, and I figured that I didn't want him to beat me playing, so we used to get it on."

Arriving in Chicago in 1941, Wells persevered with the harmonica until around 1948, when he met the Myers brothers, Louis and Dave, who with drummer Freddy Below were to become renowned as the Aces. "We were nothing but teenagers messing around, but then Ms. Lola King got us into the union—that way we could play in the clubs, but of course we couldn't be served."

The early '50s were golden years for the Chicago blues, and young Junior found himself in the thick of it. "In those days you had many more blues clubs than you have now—47TH Street was booming, 35TH Street was booming, 31ST Street, 63RD Street." The city's South and West Sides were throbbing to the sounds of such blues immortals as Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Elmore James, Sunnyland Slim, Big Maceo, Tampa Red, Big Bill Broonzy, Little Walter Jacobs, and not least Sonny Boy Williamson (Rice Miller), who was to become Junior's mentor. "By the time I met Sonny Boy I already had my basic style and I thought I could play, but when I listened to him I knew I had a long way to go. He sounded so much more professional than I did, and I wanted to pick up some pointers."

Junior continued to work various South Side joints with the Aces until 1950, when he replaced Little Walter in the Muddy Waters band. No rehearsal was necessary—"I already knew how to play behind Muddy." Waters was in his heyday, and Junior accompanied him at such legendary clubs as Sylvio's and the Zanzibar, until he left to enter the Army in 1953. Just before departing, he cut the first of a pair of sessions for Leonard Allen's States label. The stellar personnel included Muddy, Elmore James, Otis Spann, Willie Dixon and the Aces, among others. Although never widely circulated, these early sides, including the biting original version of *Hoodoo Man Blues*, were among the cream of '50s blues 45s, capturing the raw new sound of Chicago's revolutionary electric combos.

Recently reissued on Delmark as *Blues Hit Big Town*, the States sessions reveal a wild and primitive Junior Wells, wailing his harp with fiery keening between urgent, high pitched vocals. The impetuosity of his youth was leavened with soulful earthiness and tempered by the masterful rhythm section to produce what many feel is a classic album. Junior himself demurs: "I think it's okay, but it doesn't sound that professional to me. When I first started recording, everybody was telling me I had a nice voice, but I don't think that my voice at that time was as strong or mature as it is now. I couldn't

execute it as well then. Now I know exactly how to throw it to keep from hurting myself, because you've got to keep it at a certain level so you don't mess up your vocal chords. So I really think that this LP could have been better. People say they like it, though."

Leaving the service in 1955, Junior rejoined Muddy's band, where he remained for the next two years. "We played mainly in town, but we were going out on little gigs. Our first big tour was called 'Rampaging The Blues,' a package tour with Sarah Vaughan, Al Hibbler, Nappy Brown, the Cardinals and Arthur Prysock." In the audience as the blues rampaged through his hometown of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was a local guitarist named George "Buddy" Guy. In 1957, Junior left Muddy's band to strike out on his own; the following year Buddy Guy arrived in the Windy City. "We started messing around," says Junior, "and finally we got some recordings together." Those local pressings, on the Chief-Formal-USA series, were the first to present Guy as accompanist and partner. Long unavailable, such singles (on the Profile label) as *Prison Bars All Around Me* and *Little By Little*, featuring a vocal duet by Junior and Buddy, fetch up to \$100 on the collectors' market today.

Backed by Buddy's band, Junior Wells was already a fixture at Theresa's by the early '60s. An established recording artist with a small but loyal following, he came to the attention of producer Bob Koester, whose fledgling Delmark label then specialized in older dixieland and country blues stylists. According to Junior, "I met Bob, and I wasn't under contract to anybody, so we talked and he asked me to record for him. So me and Buddy, Jack Myers and Bill Warren got together and went on over and did this LP for Bob."

*Hoodoo Man Blues* won **down beat's** 1965 album of the year award in the r&b category. It was, says Koester, "One of the first albums of modern Chicago blues that wasn't just a string of 'greatest hits,' but ... a document of what one particular tavern band sounded like." In Junior's words, "What I actually liked about recording for Bob was that I didn't have any hassle in the studio—I did it just like I wanted to do it and he let me do it that way."

*Hoodoo Man's* unique blend of mellow pulsating swing and gritty, raw edged funk opened up many a young white ear, particularly among those whose only prior blues references were toothless old men or callow English schoolboys. West Coast folkies plugged in to the earsplitting amplification of the Paul Butterfield band, all former Theresa's devotees, while British Invasion fans discovered the roots of rock in their own backyards. "I don't know," says Junior, nonplussed, "I really appreciate the *Hoodoo Man* LP because it just seems to be the type of album that won't stop selling."

In the same year, Junior led off Sam Charters' groundbreaking three volume compilation, *Chicago/The Blues/Today!* The Vanguard series introduced a wider public to a whole new generation of electrified bluesmen, among them Otis Rush, James Cotton and J.B. Hutto. Junior's five tracks on the first volume are some of his finest, including a moving *Tribute To Sonny Boy Williamson*, the humorously

self-mocking *Messin' With The Kid*, and an improvised update on J.B. Lenoir's *My Brother's In Korea* retitled *Viet Cong Blues*, a song which was subsequently to give Junior some cause for regret.

Under contract to Vanguard, Junior recorded a sequence of albums, departing progressively from his original sound toward a more commercial approach. Retaining his local following with such independent 45 hits as *Up In Here* and *Tuff Enough*, Junior's style was transfigured for the LP market with popular Memphis soul material and embellished with heavy brass charts and studio effects.

"I was never helped by it none," he now avers. "The people at Vanguard wanted these things in there and they were trying to change my style, so I let them know it and it was a hassle. Then I told Vanguard that I wasn't going to record for them anymore if Sam Charters had to have his nose in it. He didn't know how I felt and I didn't need him to produce nothing for me. I'd get halfway through the song and he'd want me to stop—'Try that again.' I don't need any alibis—I go into the studio and I do it just like I do in the club, and if I feel that I can do it better, then I try it over again until I feel it's right. It's more effective that way."

As the traditional black audience turned away from the blues, a new listenership arose to take up the slack. "You got the younger white kids really listening to the blues and it made a big change. It helped the blues a hell of a lot." Junior began to appear at white clubs and colleges, first in the Chicago area and then beyond.

"The first place I went to on my own was a festival in Pottstown, Pennsylvania in 1965. Dick Waterman of Avalon Productions had called [disc jockey] Bill Hill to ask whether I wanted to come up.

They quoted me a price and it was alright, so I went up there and did it, and from there I went to Cambridge, Massachusetts. Then I started going to Canada and then to Europe [with the American Folk Blues Festival in 1966]. After that I started taking State Department tours."

During this period, Junior was in constant demand at rock festivals, colleges, clubs and psychedelic ballrooms. Always he would return to his home base at Theresa's and the neighboring Pepper's Lounge, where it was not uncommon to see white faces outnumber blacks in this most segregated community. T's became a stop on the tourist circuit for out-of-town and overseas fans, a veritable station of the cross on the itinerary of touring British rock stars, not to mention Frenchmen, Indians, Africans and Japanese. Theresa's survived, as it does today, with its rollicking down home atmosphere very much intact.

In 1970, Junior and Buddy toured Europe with the Rolling Stones, where rumor had it that Junior was giving Mick Jagger harmonica lessons. "I wasn't actually teaching him," Junior corrects, "I was just giving him some pointers on the thing. He liked to listen to the different changes, so he used to come to the dressing room between sets and we'd drink and talk and mess around—me, him and Buddy. But it was a nice tour because the Stones are nice people. I've been knowing Mick before they got their big start, and I really like him and Keith and all because they're down to earth people, so we enjoyed the tour. But actually most of the people who came to the concerts didn't know that me and Buddy were going to be on the show, because it wasn't advertised. There wasn't anything about us

continued on page 70



Sweet Pea, Sammy Lawhorn, James Cotton, Junior, John Parma

MARC POKEMPNER



Theresa's

MARC POKEMPNER

The basic tracks were cut in Atlanta, Georgia. The strings were arranged and overdubbed by Gene Page, and Melissa Manchester put down the lead vocal tracks in an L.A. studio. In Sausalito, California, five men in the Record Plant's Studio B added the unique ensemble horn sound which has gained them recognition around the world as the Tower of Power Horn Section. (The album, *Melissa Manchester*, is out now.)

"This is the best horn section in the world," draws producer Steve Buckingham, a former session musician whose first production effort was Alicia Bridges' disco hit, *I Love The Night Life*.

For the Tower of Power Horn Section, it's a typical session. Trumpet and flugelhorn player Greg Adams pulls out a sheaf of charts and hands one to each member of the section. For over five years, Adams has arranged the horn charts for just about every session the T of P section plays.

"For years we were known for how quickly we could do a head arrangement," says Adams. "But when they send you a tape a week ahead of time, you have some time to get ideas. When you're doing two dates a day, you can't be going into the thing cold.

They're paying \$165 an hour for studio time. They're looking at their watch every half hour. They want an arrangement."

A short man with balding light brown hair, droopy mustache, oversized tortoise shell shades, bright Hawaiian shirt and a look of perpetual worry, Adams is a little concerned tonight.

"Greg had to write the horn charts without knowing what kind of string arrangement Gene Page had done," says Mic Gillette, who generally plays trombone, trumpet and tuba in the T of P section. "So just knowing how Page writes, Greg had to write around that."

"Greg knows how Gene writes. So hopefully, it'll work out," says Emilio Castillo, Tower of Power's founder, who writes songs and plays tenor sax.

"If it don't," laughs Gillette, a short, hefty man with brown hair and a slight goatee. "we'll say, 'See them strings?'" Then Gillette indicates thumbs down.

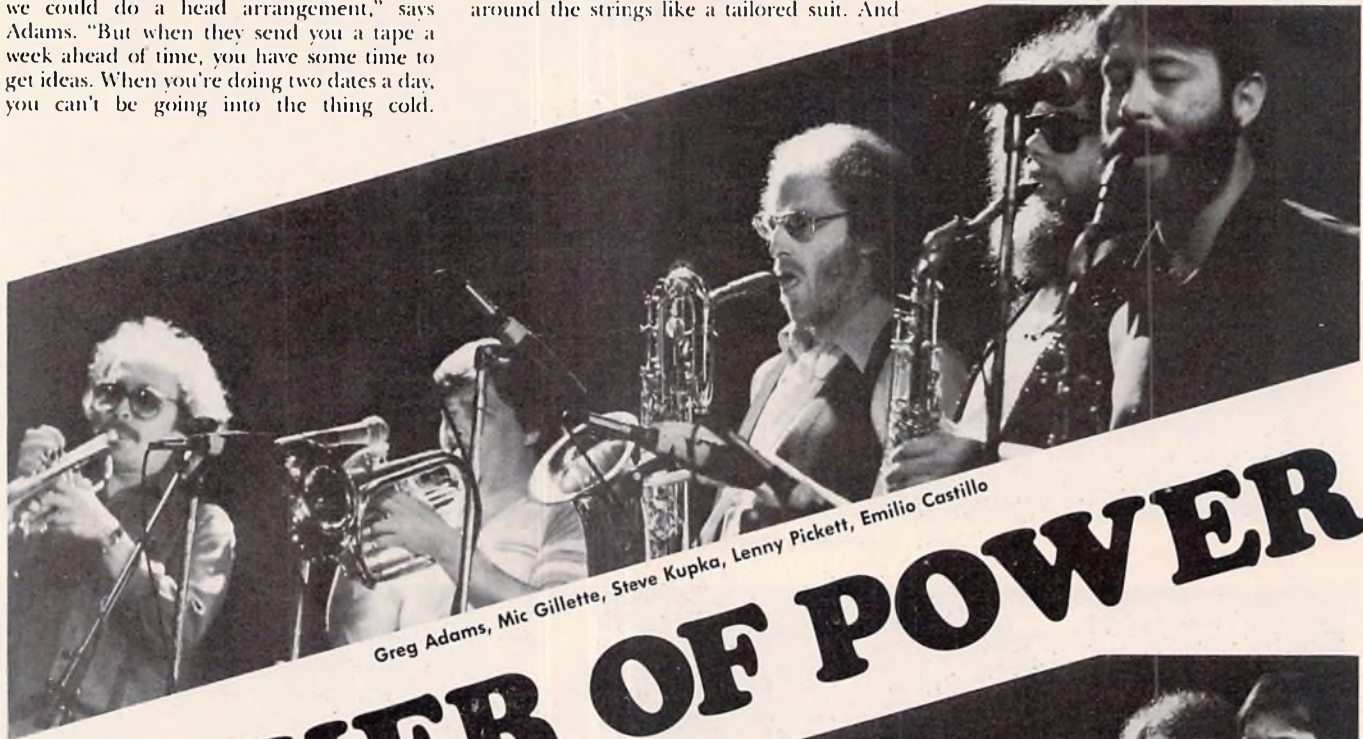
No need to worry. Adams' arrangement fits around the strings like a tailored suit. And

although members of the section haven't seen these charts before, they run through the song *Hold Onto The Lovin'* a couple of times and then cut it in less than one hour.

The Tower of Power Horn Section has been together in its present form—Lenny Pickett, 25, tenor, alto and soprano saxophones, piccolo, flute, clarinet and wind synthesizer; Emilio Castillo, 29, tenor sax; Greg Adams, 27, trumpet and flugelhorn; Steve "Doctor" Kupka, 33, baritone sax, and Mic Gillette, 28, trumpet, trombone, flugelhorn, piccolo trumpet and tuba—since Pickett joined in 1972.

"We fight a lot," laughs Gillette when I ask how they've managed to stay together for seven years.

"We haven't really got any lemon personalities in the horn section," says Castillo, a large bear of a man with neat but longish



Greg Adams, Mic Gillette, Steve Kupka, Lenny Pickett, Emilio Castillo

# TOWER OF POWER

## PRO BLOWING SECTION

by MICHAEL GOLDBERG



brown hair and a full beard. "Nobody is completely out of hand to deal with; everybody knows how to give and take."

"We're proud of what we are," interjects Gillette, taking a seat on the floor.

"Even though in the entire Tower of Power band, there have been some personnel changes," says Castillo, alluding to the numerous lead vocalists that have passed through the group in its ten year existence. "It's always been like a family. It's amazing to have a ten piece band and not have a real starstruck egotist."

"A lot of musicians get hung up on the trappings of stardom, forgetting that it's your playing that makes you what you are," says Doctor Kupka. "And if you think being a star is more important than playing good, you're gonna be a falling star."

"But I don't think there's anybody who cops that attitude in our band," says Castillo. "I think we're all stars, but we're fortunate to have some smart guys."

Smart guys indeed. Lenny Pickett developed a horn synthesizer a few years ago called the Wind Synthesizer Driver which is being marketed by Computone. Leaning against a grand piano, Pickett explains, "It's an instrument that controls synthesizers in the same fashion that you would control a regular wind instrument. It's dynamic with your breath. The pitch is changeable with your breath. It works with a synthesizer the same as a regular keyboard does. It's built to interface with just about any voltage controlled synthesizer."

Meanwhile, Mic Gillette has been busy revolutionizing the trumpet. "Because I play trombone, I couldn't play the normal small trumpet," he explains. "So I went to the Martin people and said, 'Make me a bigger trumpet.' I asked when it stops being a trumpet."

"They made me a real large one, all out of french horn parts. And it has a six inch bell. It's got a warmer, friendlier tone. Trumpets have been getting so bright and tinny. Nobody has spent any time broadening the tone of the horn. The larger bell darkened up the tone a bit. Some of the top L.A. guys like Steve Madaio and Chuck Findley have already ordered them."

For Tower of Power, Lenny Pickett's synthesizer experimentation was a point of tension. "I'm a real purist," said Gillette. "I don't even like to put a mute on my horn. I just like good musical tones out of acoustic instruments. It's taken me years and years to get used to this synthesizer stuff. Lenny and I fought nail and tooth for years."

Hanging out with the T of P Horn Section is like being around members of a winning sports team. With camaraderie and mutual respect they toss jokes casually back and forth, and all are at ease talking among each other and to this reporter. Team spirit is evident in their music, too.

"In our style of playing we clip our notes," Castillo explains. "We're not legit players. When we hit a quarter note, we don't stretch it out. A lot of times it's clipped short. Our communication level is so quick because we've been together for so many years. We almost breathe in unison."

"We know where to end a note," adds Lenny Pickett. "Music as it's written is always suggestive; it's not an accurate science. We know what four eighth notes is supposed to

sound like in the particular idiom we're working in. We know what it should sound like if you put a dot over this one and a line over that one."

"Or if we're doing a fade," says Castillo, "we'll just, by nature, fade at the same time. We'll just look at each other and start fading."

Such communication, along with the group's sound, has gotten them work with an extensive list of pop stars including Elton John, Peter Frampton, Rod Stewart, Little Feat, Santana, Quincy Jones, Jose Feliciano, Sergio Mendes, Rufus, America, Brothers Johnson, Frankie Valli and Graham Central Station.

"A lot of producers have trouble explaining what they want," says Castillo. "They'll say things like, 'It doesn't sparkle. I want it to really ba ba pow!' Well, Greg knows how to interpret people like that. He'll say, 'Lenny,

## SELECTED TOWER OF POWER DISCOGRAPHY

EAST BAY GREASE—San Francisco SD 204  
 BUMP CITY—Warner Bros. BS 2616  
 TOWER OF POWER—Warner Bros. BS 2681  
 BACK TO OAKLAND—Warner Bros. BS 2749  
 URBAN RENEWAL—Warner Bros. BS 2834  
 IN THE SLOT—Warner Bros. BS 2880  
 LIVE AND IN LIVING COLOR—Warner Bros. BS 2924  
 AIN'T NOTHING STOPPIN' US NOW—Columbia PC 34302  
 WE CAME TO PLAY—Columbia JC 34906  
 BACK ON THE STREETS—Columbia JC 35784  
**Horn Section with Little Feat**  
 FEATS DON'T FAIL ME NOW—Warner Bros. 2784  
 TIME LOVES A HERO—Warner Bros. BS 3015  
 WAITING FOR COLUMBUS—Warner Bros. 3140  
**with the Meters**  
 NEW DIRECTIONS—Warner Bros. 3042  
**with Graham Central Station**  
 RELEASE YOURSELF—Warner Bros. 2814  
**with Rufus**  
 RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN—MCA AB-909  
**with Melissa Manchester**  
 MELISSA MANCHESTER—Arista AL 9506

you play a B and Doc, you play the root and you play the third and every other time we'll fall on it and the ones in between, we'll do a bop. The communication is very quick and that saves the producer a lot of money."

"Van Dyke Parks was producing a Little Feat track and he wanted us to sound like cow pies hitting the side of a barn," laughs Lenny, a tall man with long, frizzy brown hair and a full beard, who looks like a French seaman wearing dark blue sweatpants, blue crewneck sweater and a black beret.

"And what we did, to him, sounded like that," says Castillo.

"We aim to please," smiles Gillette.

"When we're doing a session, the Tower of Power Horn Section is there to please," says Castillo. "This is a business. We make sure we give the producer exactly what he wants."

Still, most often these days, what the producer wants is a sound that only T of P can give. "We had played this album session and recorded all the horn parts except for one song. The horn section couldn't make the final date," says Adams, "but I was the arranger and I could. So I had the top guys in L.A. come to the session for the last song."

"With these super great guys we worked on it for about an hour and a half. And the producer finally called me into the control room and said, 'Just tell them it's fine and then we'll have you guys come in another day.' Later, we went in and had it in half an



JAMES LEE SOFFER

hour. It was the phrasing. They just weren't playing it right."

"Or maybe they were playing it right but the producer was after the way we played it wrong so good," says Castillo.

"Another time," he continues, "Jimmie Johnson, this producer at Muscle Shoals, flew all the way out here to Sausalito for the specific reason of having our section on his album. He said, 'I want you guys to sound the way you sound. I want to record you in the studio you usually work in. He wanted that Tower of Power sound; us playing at the Record Plant in Sausalito. He used the Muscle Shoals horns on four or five other tunes but flew all the way out here to get our sound."

"And he got it," says Adams. "I was blown away when we did Brothers Johnson. Quincy Jones produced that. And to me, Quincy Jones is probably the finest writer/arranger/composer around. And he had me do the horn parts! But it made sense after he told me, 'Hey, I'm after your sound. If I wrote them it would sound like me.'"

Although it is the urban soul with its Latin and occasional jazz overtones that the Tower of Power band truly likes to play, there is little condescension or reticence when it comes to playing anything from disco to rock and roll on session dates.

"It's a living," they all shout in chorus.

"Sometimes it can get real depressing," admits Pickett. "We were in L.A. for a week and must have done five dates, every one the same drum beat." He pounds out a simple 4/4 disco beat. "Half were in E and the other half in A and they were all disco tunes. That's depressing 'cause you think, 'Is all the work I do for the next three years going to be like this?' Because it's not interesting for musicians to play the same stuff all the time."

Castillo lights a Winston. "We're lucky 'cause we're in a band. Even if we do nine sessions this week and we really get burned out, we know we've got a really great band and we're not going to be playing sessions for the next 52 weeks."

This afternoon, the Tower of Power group is going to rehearse a song called *Vuela Por Noche*, which they recorded on a 1975 album, *In The Slot*. It's a Latin flavored instrumental which they haven't ever performed live and want to perform at a special concert they'll be giving for the San Francisco Latin community in a few days.

continued on page 62



STEVE KAGAN

# RAN BLAKE'S THIRD STREAM

by ART LANGE

To say that Ran Blake is not your typical jazz pianist would be as colossal an understatement as saying that Lenny Bruce was not your typical comedian. As did Bruce in his way, Blake attempts to puncture the established order of things—and in so doing prick our collective conscience in ways social and political as well as musical—through the subversion of his audience's expectations and his iconoclastically imaginative, innovative interpretation of the music's traditional structural and emotional devices. You won't find him riffing endlessly on *I Got Rhythm* changes, though he has great respect for practitioners of the art who do; his variations are of a more conceptual bent.

Blake's esthetic is an outgrowth of an incredibly cosmopolitan blend of sources old, new, borrowed and blue. He's as comfortable with Debussy as with Mahalia Jackson, with Bud Powell as Ravi Shankar, with Stevie Wonder as Mikis Theodorakis—and his diverse and prodigious performing repertory reflects his wide-ranging and unclassifiable musical tastes. But don't think that music is his only friend. Ran Blake's creativity is simply too fanciful and all-consuming to be confined to a keyboard.

"I feel I am a frustrated film director who can't hold a camera—I can't even take good photographs. But often when I play I'll forget the audience and imagine a screen in front of me with pictures, and a plot that is very vivid. I'm really the biggest film nut, having gone to about 12 New York film festi-

vals and everything else; I'm nutty about Bunuel and Hitchcock, and have been hung up on film noir since childhood. I've seen *The Spiral Staircase* 18 times—Ethel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, the red house, the inn, the well—it's always been the mystery, the muted, the suggestive and not the obvious that has intrigued me. And this sort of dream world is in the music—the image of the raven of Edgar Allan Poe, or whatever—along with social situations present in the real world, the Greek revolution, my hate for racism, people living in poverty. Music's not going to revert somebody's thinking or change somebody's views—I wonder if even a speaker could do that—and after all, the programmatic intent of a chord on the piano could be somebody bumbling out of the bathtub as well as a bomb on Birmingham. But films and images do flash in front of my eyes when I play."

Blake's unique pianism is a direct result of his emotional impulses, which define themselves in his spontaneous and near-total recomposition of popular songs, jazz standards, film scores, folk songs from around the world, even his own malleable compositions. He might take a familiar piece like *Alone Together* or *Volare* and gently, unassumingly destroy and then rebuild its harmonic framework and melodic contour through substitute chords, chromatic wanderings, chilling dynamic variance, shifting accents, or pedal-point suspensions, all in the space of two or three minutes, creating an atmospheric miniature tone poem of uncom-

mon power and persuasion. Some critics, amazingly, have accused him of being "bloodless" and too abstract in his reconstructions, yet just below the surface of a piece of music like *Biko* (a stunning two minute series of variations on a dramatic, rather than thematic, statement, with corresponding sections evocatively representing alienation, fear and aggression, and dedicated to the martyred South African freedom fighter Steve Biko) bubbles all the outrage, anger and painfully suppressed violence that music can convey.

In the liner notes which Blake wrote for a Horace Silver album, he remarked that "the energy with which Silver erupts is often greater than the content of ideas" and suggested that there are "stories" behind Silver's incorporation of quotes. Both statements are keys to unlocking the conundrum of Blake's own musical vision—especially his quotational tendencies, which took root from the wonderfully variegated experiences of Blake's childhood.

"I took lessons with a wonderful lady, Janet Wals, and Lloyd Stoneman, and as soon as they told me a couple of things about relative majors and minors, scales began to bore me. I love playing in various keys, I couldn't stand reading music, and I would say right from the start I used the African aural tradition, but what I heard was not black music except for gospel. I stumbled into a black church by mistake, on my way to the "accepted" church I was supposed to go to. Then after my family moved to Southfield, Connecticut, a



lady in town said she was driving down to a church in Hartford, and that the spiritual church I was going to was nothing compared to this. I went with her and heard Edith Powell sing, and I remember her son, Hubert Powell, he must have been four or five at the time, playing organ, and that Powell family and Bishop Jefferson and Mother Carter have been my surrogate family ever since then. I was about 14 or 15, didn't have a driver's license, and I'd get friends to drive me or I'd bribe people to take me. It was a good 35 minute drive, and sometimes I'd have to hitchhike, but I went there and I was absolutely devastated.

"Of course, I heard music on the radio. I was totally bored with the big bands, but I listened to the *Sythian Suite* by Prokofiev—his other music was too tame, but this was barbaric. Later I got to Bartok's *Music For Strings, Percussion, And Celeste*, and Stravinsky's *The Rite Of Spring*, and the less hackneyed Debussy—certainly *Afternoon Of A Faun* was played enough—but *Clair De Lune* and Ravel's *Bolero* bored me. Anyway, I was with Janet about two years, and then a couple of years with Lloyd, painfully reading music, bored to death. I just wanted to go listen, listen, listen and dream, imagine, but then finally I knew one just couldn't have that via a sinister Peter Lorre coming up the staircase, it had to be a

# VISIONS

bassoon—I imagined each Hollywood actor or actress had an instrument attached to them—and so I had to learn what a bassoon was.

"Other than the church my great musical source was Ray Cassarino, who gave me a great deal of faith in what I was doing. I started with Ray when I was 14 or 15 and we must have gone on 'til I was 22, so it was an awful long time. I went through the cocktail piano, jazz piano scenes with him, never did some things as well as others. He may not have known what to do with me in my more dissonant, less jazz moments, but it was a discipline going through a course, forcing myself to finally do some scale work, and realizing that I didn't want my fingers to get ahead of my ears. Some of it was remedial work that I should have done as a kid, and others were new things, voicings and things which I already knew, but I wanted to consciously know.

"At that time I improvised some, while listening to Bartok, Stravinsky and Prokofiev, but one shot wasn't enough, you know, I wanted to have more. I wanted something stronger, more dissonance. Eventually I graduated from Bard College, where I persuaded the president to let me major in jazz—I was the first there to do that, and then to the Lenox School of Music. I worked at a record store when I was 19 or 20, and a salesman gave me Cecil Taylor's Transition record, he said, 'Here's one copy of this but we're not going to sell it,' and I asked him if I

could have it. I did like *Innovations Of Modern Music* by Kenton, and I immediately fell in love with Monk. The Blue Notes weren't available then, but those Prestige records—*Friday The 13th*, *Little Rootie Tootie* . . . I still love one thing Shorty Rogers did, called *Shapes, Motions, And Colors*, on a ten inch Contemporary disc with Shelley Manne. I think it's the most mature thing that Shorty did, and Manne is, I feel, a sensitive drummer. I don't think drummers really interested me then. I did like *Hallucination* by Bud Powell, and *Parisian Thoroughfare*, but it really

album, but always it was Monk, Monk, Monk and George Russell, never missing one set at Birdland, which takes us up to 1960."

In addition to these formative influences, Blake has studied with some of the best pianists around, including Mal Waldron, Oscar Peterson, Mary Lou Williams and Monk.

"Now when I say studied, I don't mean long five year relationships. I was in the Lenox School of Music for four years, and Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie, George Russell and all these people were on the faculty.



With Jeanne Lee

wasn't in me like *Sythian Suite* or Edith Powell, or a lady called Eunice Glover, who was from the same church and was the composer-in-residence before Hubert Powell took over.

"Other singers—Bessie Smith no, Robert Johnson yes. Chris Connor, I believe has gotten a very raw deal; I saw her live every night for weeks and she took outrageous chances. Billie Holiday I only saw four or five times in my life but she was strong, Mahalia Jackson, the Newport album. Probably I hadn't yet heard of Betty Carter, and Abbey Lincoln came later, particularly her *Candid*

Oscar would come in to town and give me about five lessons, never charged me a penny. I had at least one lesson with almost everyone who taught at Lenox—J. J. Johnson, William Russo, and then John Lewis introduced me to Gunther Schuller, who helped me put it all together. I owe so much to Gunther. And one other great teacher, Willis Laurence James, who I'd walk through the woods of Lenox, Massachusetts with, and he would imitate the birds, and then sit down at the piano and guide me, be very patient with me."

But what about that lesson with Monk?

"I was a waiter at the Jazz Gallery at the time—they fired me once because I kept dropping too many bowls of soup and drinks. I remember hearing Max and Abbey doing *Freedom Now Suite*, and every time he'd hit a rim shot—bam!—cocktails would fall. Anyway, I waited on Nica Konigswarter, brought her Chivas Regal, and she said she would arrange it that I could see Monk that weekend.

"But Monk's line was busy, so I went to his house, and it had burned up, and the phone line had been cut I guess. I knocked on the door and it opened and he and his wife, son and daughter were on this large bed. The place was demolished, the beautiful grand piano burned up. I don't know, I think I

## SELECTED RAN BLAKE DISCOGRAPHY

RAN BLAKE PLAYS SOLO PIANO—ESP 1011  
BLUE POTATO AND OTHER OUTRAGES—  
MILESTONE 9021  
CRYSTAL TRIP—HORO HZ06  
OPEN CITY—HORO HDP 7/8  
TAKE ONE—GOLDEN CREST 4176  
TAKE TWO (alternate takes)—GOLDEN CREST  
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STEVE KAGAN

probably embarrassed him by running out and getting food from different clubs. I know the Vanguard gave me a hamper full. Connie Kay gave shirts, Nica gave me \$100 to buy children's clothes—I realize now that this may not have been cool of me, but I was just mortified to see this guy in such bad shape. They became sort of a family—they were my family, I was not their family. There was still a detachment, and I would just be there, half-serving, half-hanging on, probably Monk would say, 'I wish this blue-eyed cat would get out of the house and leave me alone.' But I did run errands; he loved his fried rice.

"Anyway, he got to finally call me Ran, and we went down to hear George Russell, and I started talking, and he said, 'No, listen, silence here.' And once I started to turn a light off, and he almost came like he was going to hit me and he said 'Think!' or something. Maybe that was the lesson. I don't remember being in the apartment where there was a piano; I don't think he heard me play. But maybe I was a verbal student, or I mean there were things I learned in the sense of education while running around, but it would be stretching it a bit to say I was a student of Monk's."

One of Blake's first professional collaborations was with singer extraordinaire Jeanne Lee. "I was a freshman at Bard College, playing piano in Bard Hall one drizzly day, and she came in and said, 'Gee, you sound like Art Tatum.' I thought, what could make a beautiful girl like that make such an idiotic statement—nothing could be further from the truth. Anyway, we performed a lot together while at Bard College; we even cut a

record. We paid \$25 to make a recording of *Jeepers, Creepers*, and I did a piano solo. A couple of years later, in New York, she'd come over to my place and we'd rehearse. I introduced her to Gunther when we did a benefit at the Jazz Gallery, and through Gunther and Guy Freedman, a New York agent, she got an RCA record date from George Avakian. Jeanne's extremely loyal, and she insisted that I be used, so that was my first real recording, that RCA album. After that we made a few successful tours of Europe together during the early 1960s, and I think we played Monterey once. We were the intermission act, while they were moving furniture."

Except for that duet album with Jeanne Lee, and a few pieces on his most recent album, *Rapport*, on Arista/Novus, Blake's rather sketchy recording career has consisted solely of solo piano performances. This is partially because his unusual and quirky musical modulations are apt to occur so suddenly, so spontaneously, that it is extremely difficult for other musicians to keep pace with him, and partially because Blake has always felt himself to be something of a loner at heart.

"I would rather play alone. It's my own plot. Am I going to say to someone, 'Here you have to be violent, or whatever'? Maybe at that moment I'll change my mind and I can't verbalize all these moves quickly enough. Maybe it's an indulgence. I have had some great collaborations, with Ricky Ford, whom I've played with several years now off and on, and Eleni Odoni, who is now my favorite singer to work with. She does Edith Piaf

things in French, but she's also really good in Spanish and Greek, so we do Theodorakis songs like *Vradiazi*. I could name five or six others that I enjoy playing with, and I feel now I've got to collaborate to grow, but I'm still afraid of being a dictator or not being flexible enough. One great collaboration I did was with Larry Livingston, who is the vice president of the New England Conservatory of Music, but who conducted the orchestra as my partner. We did things like *You Stepped Out Of A Dream*; that was notated by Daryl Lowery, a saxophone player I work with. I knew their part was somewhat definite and I could play around that, but the poor orchestral players were the robots; they gave me the framework."

Since 1977 Blake has been head of the Third Stream Department at the New England Conservatory. It's a labor of love which grew out of Blake's involvement with the school on a different capacity.

"At first I worked in a place called the Service Center, doing different mail room jobs—I even ran an elevator. Eventually I got attracted to the Community Service Department. It was my idea to start bringing music to people who were incarcerated and who could not come to us, like the local penitentiary and the Hebrew Rehabilitation Home for the elderly. I had a budget for bringing in community people, and then we went out into the community. I loved doing this, and we formed a nucleus of people from various backgrounds. Gunther Schuller [as president of the Conservatory] gradually decided to start a Third Stream Department."

What does a Third Stream Department do? "Basically, it does three things: first, we get people in touch with their ears. The whole freshman year is full of ear exercises, using Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington songs, pieces from Spain and Greece. Secondly, we are eclectic. We want people to deal with dualities. And finally, I want every student to come out with a self portrait. I need four years with people. They've got to get in touch with themselves and not just do a C major chord with dissonances and be eclectic. I've expanded the whole definition of third stream; it's not just a synthesis of jazz and Europe; it can be Alaskan music aligned with Kampala or Uganda, and then the spices must be cooked from within. It's not with a jazz group on one stage, with a rock group over there and a symphony orchestra in the middle.

"We could say that jazz was originally a third stream, as a duality. We could say Mingus was third stream, but he might have bashed me. *Freedom Now Suite* was third stream, but it's not the combination of Mozart and Shorty Rogers but of Africa and the American black. I don't think Max Roach would want to be called that; he might associate third stream with Jimmy Giuffre and Shelly Manne experiments, and might consider that an insult, but you could make an argument for or against.

"After all, we have to have a label. If it's pretentious, it still makes some people think 'third world.' It doesn't bother me, obviously it doesn't, since I'm chairperson of the department. I'd rather have that than have people come and expect me to play *Groovin' High*. Boy, I'd love to do that, but on the third chorus I'd run out of ideas and I would see twisted demons and Edgar Allan Poe would be coming down. . . ."

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# RECORD REVIEWS

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

## ETTA JONES

**IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW**—Muse 5175: *What A Little Moonlight Can Do; Ghost Of A Chance; I Saw Stars; If You Could See Me Now; I'm In The Mood For Love; It Could Happen To You; The Way We Were; Ain't Misbehavin'.*

Personnel: Jones, vocals; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Sonny Phillips, keyboards; Sam Jones, bass; Idris Muhammad, drums; Melvin Sparks, guitar; George Devens, vibes; Lawrence Killian, percussion.

\*\*\*\*\*

## DELLA REESE

**ONE OF A KIND**—Vol. 3 Jazz a la Carte: *Close To You; Every Time We Say Goodbye; After You've Gone; The Best Thing For You Is Me; Everybody's Blues; Mack The Knife; Get Out Of Town; Little Boy Lost; I'm Old Fashioned; Make Someone Happy.*

Personnel: Reese, vocals; Lou Levy, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Jimmie Smith, drums; Bob Magnusson, bass; Chile Charles, congas.

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

## LOREZ ALEXANDRIA

**A WOMAN KNOWS**—Discovery 800: *Till Love Touches Your Life; Something Cool; I Remember Spring; I Can't Get Started; Artist's Spoken Autograph: A Woman Knows; A Lover Knows; Trouble Is A Man; Morning; Artist's Spoken Autograph.*

Personnel: Alexandria, vocals; Jack Wilson, piano; Charles Owens, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Brian Atkinson, vibes; Rick Zunigar, guitar; Allen Jackson, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

Critic John William Hardy once wrote of trumpeter-vocalist Chet Baker: "His efforts invite empathy—the acute listener struggles with Baker to remember the words, to execute the next phrase, to hit a difficult note on the head."

Hardy's words remain a benchmark for evaluating jazz vocalists. Especially when one depends on romantic standards, some tension, some implicit pathos, must grip a listener. Perfection isn't perfect. That's the reason, among others, no doubt, Judy Collins and Beverly Sills don't sing jazz.

But Etta Jones, Della Reese and Lorez Alexandria surely do. Even after scores of years, they can inflame a torch song or lope at a boppish pace. These albums, their most recent, are not triumphs of technique. Scatting is rare, octave leaps infrequent. Rather, they are elemental, blue and soulful.

Jones' disc exhibits the empathy and telepathy of a working group. She has worked for almost five years with her chief accompanists on *If You Could See Me Now*—saxist Person and pianist-organist Phillips. And, having seen the group perform recently, a reviewer can attest that Jones, Person and Phillips are equally magical live.

Jones doesn't flaunt her range, but devotes her energies to the power of decades-old

lyrics. If a good singer tells a story, Jones *orates*. Except for an occasional slurred run of four or five words, she drenches each word with meaning. When her voice rises half a scale on the line "I'd be true" in *Ghost Of A Chance*, she has mined to the heart of the matter. Her virtues rescue a canine tune like *Mood For Love*, and caress *The Way We Were* where Streisand strangled it.

Throughout, the band is excellent. Person leaves his normal lusty grits-and-greens tenor for subtle, mid-register solos and answering twos and fours. Phillips is the smooth essence of what he calls "featherbedding." The brief solos by drummer Idris Muhammad and vibist George Devens always matter.

This may not be a ground-breaking album; Jones has been good for years. But *If You Could See Me Now* chronicles a woman at the height of her powers.

Reese's album reasserts her place in jazz after sojourns in television (hosting a talk show) and on stage (*Same Time, Next Year*) and captures a pick-up group at full inspiration. The album liner photos show Reese and sidemen reading charts as the music was recorded. It was released, according to the liner notes, as an afterthought. One is thankful for that. From Bob Magnusson's wide, bent bass to Reese's word-by-word punctuation to Kenny Burrell's scat-chording on the opening tune, the performance is anything but raw or slipshod.

Lou Levy has given Reese a diverse array of charts, ranging from ballad to samba to a bebop, Art Blakey-like revision of *Mack The Knife*.

Reese brings an actress' skills to her vocals, inserting spoken words for emphasis and improvising lyrics at a fast pace between verses. She also wrote *Everybody's Blues*, a touch of sarcasm and baiting in the lyrics and her raspy vocal. When she sings about the "empty bed blues," it is apparent TV and stage have not taken her too far from life's fundamental issues.

Lorez Alexandria, though, has never ventured from jazz (and is one of Jones' favorites). *A Woman Knows* shows her skills solid as ever. She boasts a low, alluring voice, one which she pulls higher without strain. Pianist Jack Wilson, reedman Charles Owens and guitarist Rick Zunigar give superb support.

Two of the best tunes—*I Can't Get Started* and the title song—are virtual duets with Wilson. Owens' flute is soft, low, but rarely lost amid the group. And Zunigar plays like a younger George Benson, his rounded notes delivered fast without flash.

Alexandria thanks her sidemen on minute-long spoken credits at the end of each side. The gesture is noble, but the two minutes would've been better spent on more music.

—freedman

## PAUL McCANDLESS

**ALL THE MORNINGS BRING**—Elektra 6E-196: *St. Philomene; Bowsprit; On, Elf Bird!; Slumber Song; Palimpsest; All The Mornings Bring; Sarabande; Song For One; Moon And Mind.*

Personnel: McCandless, oboe, bass clarinet, english horn, Delje flute, whistles; Art Lande, piano, percussion; David Samuels, vibraphone, marimba, percussion; cuts 5-7, add: Jennifer Sperry, oboe, english horn; Walter Kane, clarinet; David Tofani, clarinet, bass clarinet; Loren Glickman, Patricia Rogers, bassoons; Peter Gordon, John Trevor Clark, french horn; Eddie Gomez, bass.

\*\*\*\*\*

## GLEN MOORE

**INTRODUCING GLEN MOORE**—Elektra 6E-197: *Hawaiian Shuffle (with Bass Reprise); Cream Of Bartok Soup; Contre Emotions; Deeper In Duet; The Walk; Rag Da-Da-Dre; Practice, Practice; Three Step Dance; Go To The Window; CB 292; Zbigny; Love Over Time.*

Personnel: Moore, bass, piano, violin, viola; David Darling, cello; Zbigniew Seifert, violin; Jan Hammer, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

When a group as unique and eclectic as Oregon splinters, the individuals' new ventures are likely to be varied and exciting. Bassist Moore and double-reedman McCandless have indeed struck out for new territories nurturing major offshoots of Oregon's carefully tended ensemble sounds. The first things remarkable are the absence of pinging plectrum players: there are neither Ralph Towner's high country 12-string nor Collin Walcott's Indian sitar (or tabla). These two are pursuing their paths toward personal definitions of improvised chamber music, McCandless via moody romanticism and Moore via a wiry, aphoristic realism. Both continue to draw freely on classical inspiration, Moore from Bartok (ostensibly) and Cowell (apparently), McCandless from Delius (*Palimpsest*), Nielsen (*Mornings*), and Schoenberg (*Sarabande* is superficially reminiscent of *Yesteryears* from *Five Pieces For Orchestra*)—with only a touch of Jimmy Giuffrè.

Moore's plangent bass (a deep bell) and McCandless' keening oboe (a high hawk) are, as usual, right in front. When McCandless moves to his cavernous bass clarinet it is mainly for orchestral color, except for *Bird*: when Moore moves to piano it is to indulge in rather pedestrian etudes (*Practice, CB 292*) woodenly executed. And there's the real difference—McCandless is the far better composer. His soaring, mellifluous writing style, long one of the strongest identifying elements of Oregon, is to the fore here; at least *Philomene* and *Moon*, the longest tracks present, have been recorded by the parent group. Moore, while unquestionably a bass virtuoso, seems to be scratching around with his pen, and his record's best moments emerge, unlike with the cool and controlled McCandless, from spontaneous serendipity.

Though both albums keep to low personnel, the McCandless, even the side-and-a-half of duos/trios, sounds as big as all outdoors or as, well, an ECM album. Mike Zipkin's notes point out that Paul discovered Art Lande through his first ECM side (*Red Lanta*, duos with Jan Garbarek) and had jammed and worked in duo with Dave Samuels long before his albums with Double Image, the two-mallet group (on Inner City and ECM). But Paul's warm, dark wood hues predominate, not Manfred Eicher's glass and steel; only the short and sprightly *Bowsprit*, a sort of Caribbean hornpipe, uses flutes at all. And the interplay is quick and bright, not som-

nambulistic: some of the trio's gossamer weavings burn like angel hair. Paul's octet writing manages to sound at once lush and austere—Russian *ikons*. *Palimpsest* (layered parchment) explores extraordinarily gorgeous wind voicings.

Moore's solo bass pieces stand as compelling musical statements as anything on the record; they are substantive, resilient, memorable. *Walk and Window* are massive duos with the self, calls and responses to the inner spirit; *Reprise* tolls harmonic corollaries to the scratchy, catchy *Shuffle* which, with *Dance* and the choppy suitelet *Love*, provide the album's quite effective hooks, allowing space for Sciefert's ecstatic wailing and Hammer's bullish tromping. Beyond that are the piano fripperies, a dull *Duet* with Darling (a capable cellist), dry *Emotions*, and two very interesting "classical" trios: skittering fugal tidbits and ostinato sawing represent *Bartok*. *Zbigny*—wisps of hesitant harmonics and creepily erratic intervals floating eerily as if on the whim of a breeze—is a somewhat mystic and adenoidal version of *Flageolet* on Oregon's *Violin* (Vanguard). Moore, a stunning bassist, has more a sense of texture than line in composition. —bouchard

## MARY LOU WILLIAMS

MARY LOU WILLIAMS SOLO RECITAL—Pablo Live 2308 218; *Medley: The Lord Is Heavy, Fandangle; Old Fashion Blues; For The Figs; Baby Bear Boogie; Roll 'Em; Over The Rainbow; Offertory Meditation; Tea For Two; Concerto Alone At Montreux; Little Joe From Chicago; The Man I Love; What's Your Story Morning Glory; Honeysuckle Rose.*

Personnel: Williams, solo piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Supremely warm and eloquent, fiery and dissonant, jazz pianist/composer Mary Lou Williams gathers sounds from many sources, making each musical statement a living commentary on her own history and genius. On this live recording from the Montreux Jazz Festival of 1978, Mary Lou's musical pictures include forms that go back as far as ragtime, boogie and early swing. The mastery of so many diverse styles becomes the foundation of her recent compositions and the heart of her multi-sided improvisation.

Softly, the way fingers tease a silk stocking, melodic lines spin from her right hand. At other times bold clusters and percussive bass lines reveal one of the best developed left hands in modern jazz. These melodic-harmonic extremes create a profound tension that keeps the listener and musician on the edge of their chairs, lost in the power, grace and technique.

A medley of tunes opens side one. The introduction, with its first theme cast in rambling major-minor keys, breaks apart, descending with strong left hand figures towards the bottom of the piano. This section leads to the first distinct passage, *The Lord Is Heavy*, stated briefly in its given key, with a major gospel sound. The theme goes through melodic and rhythmic variations and is finally torn apart forming the transition to section two, *Fandangle*. The style is now classical ragtime and played at a brisk tempo with clarity and ease. When we begin to feel the pull of this historical system, Mary Lou slows it all down and slides into a mellow *Slow Blues* in 12 bar form with walking bassline. Rambling octaves, major seconds, minor thirds and funky clusters coast between the well paced chords. Once again she changes moods and falls into a Tin Pan Alley

like strut. *For The Figs*. Traces of Earl Hines, Art Tatum and Fats Waller can be felt. Chromatically she descends again in the extreme bass region, landing on a dissonant two fisted cluster that blossoms into variation number five, *Baby Bear Boogie*—the raw beauty of this form makes you want to dance. Her hands move apart, vamping harder and faster into the finale, *Roll 'Em*, a rockish boogie blues.

Mary Lou's interpretation of *Over The Rainbow* is light and simple with flashes of clean right hand lines. The chords are not lost, for her sustaining pedal technique is used not to blur the flow of sound but to control the overall dynamics.

*Offertory Meditation*, a Williams composition, was by far the most beautiful selection of this concert. A waltz-like lead is set in the left hand, while assorted blues licks and perfect lines weave teasingly through the melody.

*Concerto Alone* goes beyond the established forms that exist today in both jazz and classical music, experimenting with systems that project into the future. Dissonant and melodic fragments move at random, suspended on a wall of sound that is formed with wide bass intervals. Tension builds until the bottom splits open, full as ripe fruit, beneath a sharp trilling cluster on the extreme upper end. This piece does what Arnold Schoenberg tried to do with his *Three Piano Pieces*.

The live piano recording quality is excellent as on most Pablo productions. Records of this power rival the extensive collection of Art Tatum (also on Pablo). Perhaps in the future a set of the *Complete Mary Lou Williams* can be issued, with all of her past and present efforts recorded and preserved. There is so much music on this one date (a lot more than Keith Jarrett's latest ten sided treat). Thank you, Mary Lou! —sparrow

## RY COODER

BOP TILL YOU DROP—Warner Bros. BSK 3358; *Little Sister; Go Home, Girl; The Very Thing That Makes You Rich; I Think It's Going To Work Out Fine; Down In Hollywood; Look At Granny Run Run; Trouble You Can't Fool Me; Don't You Mess Up A Good Thing; I Can't Win.*

Personnel: Cooder, guitar, mandolin, vocals; Jim Keltner, drums; Milt Holland, percussion; Tim Drummond, bass; David Lindley, guitar; Patrick Henderson, organ; Chaka Khan, Bobby King, Jimmy Adams, George McFadden, Cliff Givins, Pico Payne, Herman Johnson, Greg Prestopino, Randy Lorenzo, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ever since the mid '60s, when Ry Cooder played with Taj Mahal in a band called the Rising Sons, the multi-talented musician/historian has immersed himself in the fertile soils from which have sprung contemporary American music. From the rural, bottleneck blues of his first album on up through regional but influential styles of Hawaiian and Tex-Mex Norteno music; to the pressing Beiderbecke of *Jazz* and the seminal musical roots of this century, gospel and rhythm and blues; Cooder absorbs and interprets with a near-scholarly dedication, though without the pretensions and/or cooption to which those lighter-skinned champions of ethnic musics sometimes fall prey. Cooder simultaneously pays homage to and contemporizes gospel through doo-wop on *Bop Till You Drop*, with sophisticated yet entirely straightforward and relaxed ease and compassion.

The archetypes that fill roots music—and

which, in one way or another, have filtered their way into all of popular music, as well—become for Cooder not stylized clothing into which he blithely steps, but powerful and personal realities whose lessons are timeless. In the conflict between the love of a friend and the love of that friend's lover, the fraternity of friendship wins out, as Cooder gently tells his would-be lover to *Go Home, Girl*. Even if "every day can't be Sunday." Cooder and gospellers Bobby King, Jimmy Adams and George "Biggie" McFadden are optimistic they can beat the devil on *Trouble You Can't Fool Me*, backed by the marvelously understood contributions of studio aces Keltner, Drummond, Lindley and Holland. There is friendly resignation in the gospel-blues *The Very Thing That Makes You Rich (Makes You Poor)* but what starts out as a lament, half way through begins to rock with a syncopated sparkle and wit that lets us know the next day will shine bright and clear.

For all the exceptional musicianship on *Bop*, this eighth Cooder opus is really a singer's dream. Chaka Khan helps out on Cooder's jive-filled paean to the Sunset Strip hustle, *Down In Hollywood* and on the less stimulating *Don't Mess Up A Good Thing*; but it's the male vocalists here that really touch the heart and soul. They simply shine everywhere, particularly on the rollicking *Little Sister* and the aforementioned *Trouble*. And Cooder's own lead vocals show a relaxed matter-of-factness and cool passion he's been seeking for a few albums now. This is an altogether delightful project that uplifts the American spirit, and the music that helps it grow. —zipkin

## BOBBY RUSH

RUSH HOUR—Philadelphia International JZ 35509; *I Wanna Do The Do; I Can't Find My Keys; Let's Do It Together; Intermission; Nickname; Evil Is; No Axe To Grind; Hey, Western Union Man.*

Personnel: Rush, guitar, harmonica (cut 5), vocals; other personnel not listed.

★ ★ 1/2

## LONNIE BROOKS BLUES BAND

BAYOU LIGHTNING—Alligator AL 4714; *Voodoo Daddy; Figure Head; Watchdog; Breakfast In Bed; In The Dark; Worked Up Woman; Albany; Watch What You Got; I Ain't Superstitious; You Know What My Body Needs.*

Personnel: Brooks, guitar, vocals; Bob Lewis, guitar; Rob Waters, keyboards; Harlan Terson, bass; Casey Jones, drums; Billy Branch, harmonica (cuts 4,7).

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Rush and Brooks are two of the last of the "younger" generation of major artists (leaving perhaps only Buddy Guy's brother Phil) to emerge from Chicago's blues ghetto. Rush has struggled for years on the fringes of the scene, while Brooks has emerged only recently from the depths of the West and South Sides to cater to the city's white pub trade. Rush cut a couple of singles in the early and mid '60s, including the original of James Brown's *Camel Walk* and the classic *Chicken Heads*, but as *Rush Hour* reveals, he has come up with little in the way of fresh material since. Brooks, who started his career as a rock 'n' roller back in his native Louisiana before settling down in some of Chicago's roughest lounges as a blues/soul cover artist, here displays himself at last as a composer of the first water, one of the few of today's bluesmen to show genuine crossover potential into the r&b radio market.

There are many ways to put together a sound system. You can spend a lot of money on mixers, equalizers, power amps, and accessories. Or, you can buy one of the new XR Series compacts from Peavey. The working musician who makes his money playing clubs, lounges, and small auditoriums will be hard pressed to find a more functional system.

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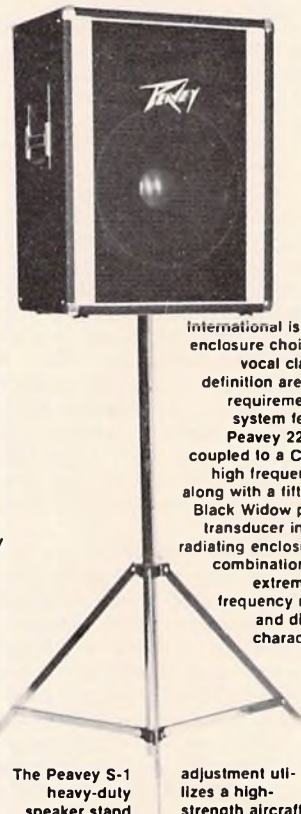


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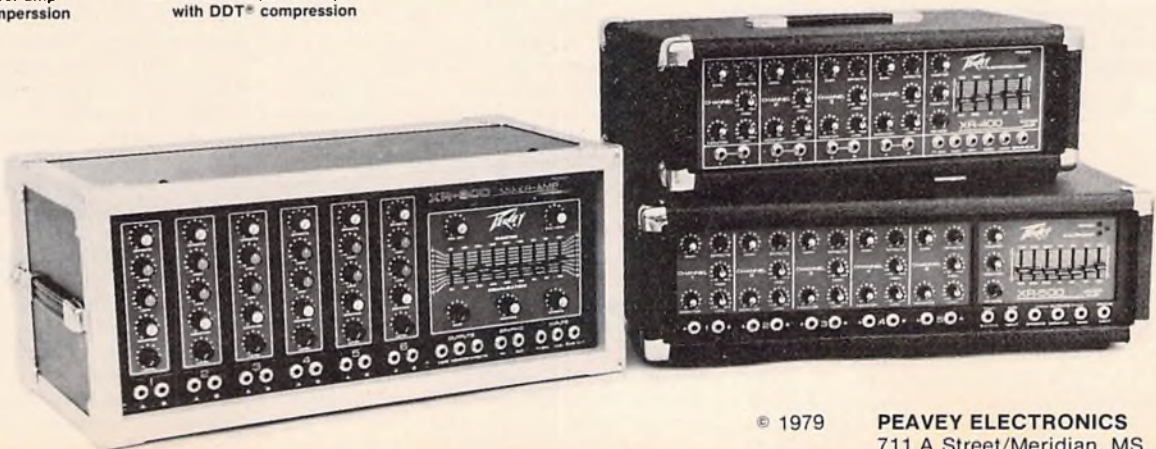


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Bobby Rush has engaged the dubious services of Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff (or they have engaged him) to render his raw, barbed-wire attack into a glossy, slicked-down, neo-funk affair, obviously tailored for airplay. Billed as "urban blues," the material they have furnished him is as thin as a stretched balloon, utilizing repeated variations of *Chicken Heads* and other familiar themes, and running the shopworn gamut of lyrical blues clichés from *Wang Dang Doodle* to the latest in "get-down, get-down" funkadelia. Best tunes are the thumping *I Want To Do The Do* and especially *Nickname*, with engaging lyrics and a punchy vamping guitar riff. Worst is the Gamble/Huff-ed *Intermission*, where Rush's downhome harp is thoroughly smothered in countrified mush. Like Motown's gamble on Luther Allison, this is one blatant crossover bid that seems most likely to backfire, although production values are first-rate throughout, with a full forward thumping aural presence.

Lonnie Brooks (aka Guitar Jr., aka Lee Baker Jr.) by contrast, has been given the spare, blues-oriented studio treatment favored by producer Bruce Iglauer. That would be fine, but for the fact that Brooks has chosen a repertoire of soul-tinged originals and covers that virtually beg for a full horn complement, if not a string section. Lacking that, the mostly white accompanying band with which Brooks has been touring the college/club circuit lacks the fire and depth of his old soul review, in former days easily the hottest show in town. Still, Brooks' gift for a tune conquers all, with soulful ballads simmered in swamp juice and catchy uptempo jump tunes that stick in the mind like crazy glue. Lonnie employs mainly his single string Albert King-like guitar style, although I have always found him to be a superior chordalist, and the band fails to supply the little "earball kicks" that one would expect on, say, a Jr. Wells and Buddy Guy album. Nevertheless, the straightforward power of such burners as *Voodoo Daddy* and the crafty *Breakfast In Bed* is more than enough to convince that Brooks is a rising talent with the potential to become a major soul/blues recording artist. He even manages to take Willie Dixon's *I Ain't Superstitious*, to which Howlin' Wolf affixed his eternal seal, and transform it into an ersatz Lonnie original, no mean feat after dozens of mediocre imitators have tried and failed. Indeed Brooks may turn out to be the most original blues writer since Dixon himself, with some of the wittiest and most engaging lyrics to appear since the golden age of the '50s blues. —birnbaum

### STU GOLDBERG with LARRY CORYELL & L. SUBRAMANIAM

SOLOS-DUOS-TRIO—PA/USA 7036: *Vrindavan*; *Westward Reach*; *I'll Remember April*; *Ama Dablam*; *Solar Wind*; *Satya Priya (True Love)*.

Personnel: Goldberg, keyboards; Coryell, acoustic guitars (cuts 1, 3, 5); Dr. L. Subramaniam, violin, viola, tampura, suramandat (1, 6).

★ ★ ★ ★

At 26, keyboardist Stu Goldberg has had an eclectic and prodigious career, appearing with such mainstreamers as Ray Brown and Louie Bellson and touring with such musically diverse personalities as John McLaughlin, Alphonse Mouzon and Freddie Hubbard. *Solos-Duos-Trio* finds Goldberg in yet another context as he parleys with Dr. L. 32 □ down beat

Subramaniam, the Indian violin master, and Larry Coryell, a master in his own way of some intricate string idioms.

The full ensemble appears only on *Vrindavan*, the longest and most complex of these tracks. This raga-based piece opens with a stately violin melody, enhanced by resonances from the 12 supplementary strings on Subramaniam's expanded violin. After growls, brittle sawing-wood riffing and some remarkable runs, Subramaniam is joined by Goldberg's flute-patched synthesizer in an extended follow-the-leader exchange as Coryell supplies drone chords to fill out this blend of Eastern and Western musical idioms.

*Satya Priya*, a duo between Goldberg and Subramaniam, is similarly incantatory but even more densely woven because of Subramaniam's extensive overdubbing, not only of violin lines but also of parts on viola and on the suramandat, an Indian harp.

While these tracks leave no doubt as to Goldberg's flexibility, the two cuts on which he plays solo acoustic piano are less enticing. Influenced perhaps by Keith Jarrett's churning, freely associative style, Goldberg, an expansive, eight-full-octaves player, is too prone to substitute pyrotechnics for musical development. His key crunching on *Ama Dablam* is enthusiastic, but since melody and harmony often get etherized in the process, only Goldberg's dense rhythmic patterns and diffuse keyboard architecture remain to be savored.

Happily, Goldberg's expansive technique is tempered by his two pairings with Coryell. *Solar Wind*, a sort of cosmic hurricane, sends notes flying in all directions, yet is cohesive and empathetic. Finally, *I'll Remember April*, a brisk, free wheeling outing, is a masterful collaboration, immediately suggestive of Bill Evans' and Jim Hall's first-take romps through standards.

Some diverse, exciting playing by all.

—balleras

### BARRETT DEEMS

DEEMUS—Claremont Records LJH 1001: *Deed I Do*; *New Orleans*; *Shine*; *After You've Gone*; *Seven Come Eleven*; *Six Appeal*.

Personnel: Chuck Hedges, clarinet; Don DeMicheal, vibes; Bob Roberts, solo guitar; John DeFauw, rhythm guitar; Steve Behr, piano; Wilson McKindra, bass; Barrett Deems, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There was a time when jazz drew creative potency almost entirely from its rhythmic power. The notes were pretty well determined by the changes and tended to take care of themselves. A good idea or a snippet from some distant key was to be encouraged only so long as it didn't get in the way of the rhythmic momentum and dislodge the fragile relationship that sets one note against another in a phrase to detonate the energy which drives the performance.

In a small ensemble—such as on this record—the effect could be and remains electrifying. Barrett Deems' group is a fine-tuned synchronous mechanism that swings furiously. All hands march to the stinging tempos Deems pours on from the drummer's chair. He sets a groove that hardly ever lets up.

Although this is an ensemble rooted in the swing years of Benny Goodman, it manages to capture the youthful enthusiasm and abandon that originally established the idiom 35 odd years ago but that many of the surviving original practitioners muster only

occasionally these days. Chuck Hedges especially is a clarinetist of remarkable power and fluency, easily the equal of Kenny Davern, Bob Wilber and others who play in the Goodman mode. He leads the group through a galloping finale on *After You've Gone*.

DeMicheal tends to swing between the lines of the beat, locking step with the pulse when he pleases to great effect. Catch the connecting riff which joins his first and second chorus on *Shine*. Hamptonian to the core! The clarity and drive of Steve Behr's right hand often reach levels of strength that are normally the private preserve of Dave McKenna.

The group as a unit moves smoothly and decisively, due in part of the iron-wristed lash of Deems and the more insinuating power of McKindra and particularly DeFauw's rhythm guitar. He and Bob Roberts also generate some nice little interpolations, such as *Flat Foot Floogie* behind DeMicheal on *Deed I Do*. All in all, a superb high energy LP, full of sheer rhythmic power. By mail from Music Unlimited Inc., 1880 Holste Rd., Northbrook, Ill., 60062. —mcdonough

### DEXTER GORDON

CLUBHOUSE—Blue Note LT-989: *Hanky Panky*; *I'm A Fool To Want You*; *Devellette*; *Clubhouse*; *Jodi*; *Lady Iris B*.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Billy Higgins, drums; Bob Cranshaw, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

CHEESECAKE—SteepleChase SCC-6008: *Cheesecake*; *Manha De Carnival*; *Second Balcony Jump*.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor sax; Tete Montoulu, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Alex Riel, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If any of America's greatest jazzmen have found themselves thriving amidst the current revival of bebop, Dexter Gordon has. Never in his career has Dex been recorded so prolifically, toured so often and enjoyed such widespread appeal as he does now. After all, being under contract to a company like Columbia can only intensify an artist's media exposure. But through it all, Gordon has remained loyal to the kind of music that historically he helped to create: hard bop tenor saxophone.

The two LPs here, recorded in the mid '60s, present both sides of Mr. Long-And-Tall: the polished studio disciplinarian, and the burning, fervently impassioned live performer. Both sessions, especially the SteepleChase, are of particular interest to dedicated fans of Gordon's music.

Recorded in May, 1965, *Clubhouse*, previously unreleased by Blue Note, features Dexter in the company of some first rate sidemen. The playing throughout is uniformly high, even inspired, but the most striking aspect of this date is the remarkable balance of material, the polished presentation of an array of carefully selected tunes.

*Hanky Panky* is a bluesy funk tune, a far superior alternative to the opening go-go surfer tunes that typified many Blue Note LPs of the '60s. *Lady Iris B.* and *Devellette* are soulful, Horace Silver-flavored compositions featuring the interplay of Higgins' beautiful cymbal work and Gordon's surging tenor. Hubbard sounds a bit more lyrically inclined than usual; the searing flights of pyrotechnical excesses that sometimes characterize his playing are not as evident in this session.

*Clubhouse*, the tune itself, is a refreshing bebop romp, an attractive chord structure



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The CS-40M can store and recall, at the push of a button, up to 20 sounds that you've created, even after the power is shut off. Interface with a tape recorder requires just two patch cords.

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|--------|------|-----|-----|----|-------|------------------|
| CS-5   | 37   | 1   | 1   | 1  | 1     | N/A              |
| CS-15  | 37   | 2   | 2   | 2  | 1     | N/A              |
| CS-20M | 37   | 2   | 1   | 2  | 1     | 8                |
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featuring some superb accompaniment by Barry Harris. Two ballads, the standard *I'm A Fool To Want You* and the tenorist's intriguing *Jodi*, receive Dexter's smoothest treatment (still, as far as his ballad playing, Dex has yet to top *Darn That Dream* from the Blue Note *One Flight Up*).

*Cheesecake*, also previously unissued, was made in 1964 during Gordon's three month stay at Copenhagen's Monmartre Jazzhus. Away from the confines of a studio, where time, solo, and thematic restrictions can place a burden on a musician's creative spark, the atmosphere of a jazz club can't be beat.

In contrast to his usual reserved studio approach, Dexter plays with a searing intensity, most notably on the title track—an intensity missing in many of his current recordings. The European rhythm section, while lacking the confidence and experience of Blue Note's group, more than makes up for it with their spontaneous enthusiasm and willingness to take liberty with the format at hand.

*Second Balcony Jump* shows Dexter's cutting edge. If you liked *Go!*, you'll love his solo on this tune as he digs into the *I Got Rhythm*-based changes (with an altered bridge), firing one round of ideas after another. Pedersen is rock solid underneath, and though only 18 at the time of this recording, plays with the confidence of a musician twice his age.

Alex Riel is not the discerning craftsman that Billy Higgins is; his cymbal work is obtrusive at times, and is further diminished by the relatively poor quality of this recording. But unlike many of the other European drummers of the time, Riel has a good sense of drive and swing.

Tete is particularly hot on *Manha De Carnival*, taken as a fast bossa. Even in '64, his touch was as committed as it is now, and his musical vocabulary unending. Dynamically, he tends to stay at the same level throughout this recording, but swings as hard as most American pianists, if not harder.

Both LPs are warmly recommended: *Clubhouse* for its presentation, *Cheesecake* for its performance. —moorhead

## DAVID SANCIOUS

JUST AS I THOUGHT—Arista AB 4247: *Run; Just As I Thought; Again; The Naked I; Valley Of The Shadow; Suite (For The End Of An Age); Remember; And Then She Said; Again (Part II)*.

Personnel: Sancious, acoustic and electric piano, PolyMoog, Prophet V, MiniMoog, Hammond organ, electric and acoustic guitar, electric bass (cut 1); Ernest Carter, drums and percussion; T. M. Stevens, bass guitar (3, 5); Jeff Berlin, bass guitar (2, 8); Kabir Ghani, vocals (3, 6); Brenda Madison, choir voice (6, 9); Eve Otto, harp (6).

★ ★ ★ ★

## RONNIE FOSTER

DELIGHT—Columbia JC 36019: *Argentina; You're The One; We As Love; Let Me In Your Life; Feet; When Will I Write You A Song?; Delight; I've Got Your Love*.

Personnel: Foster, acoustic and electric piano, Moog synthesizers, Moog bass, Mutron, lead vocals; Robert "Pops" Popwell, bass (cuts 1, 6); Nathan Watts, bass (2, 3, 5, 8); Leon "Ndugu" Chanler, drums, bongos, congas, timbales (1-3, 5-8); Freddie White, drums (1, 2); Dennis Davis, drums (3, 5, 7, 8); Steveland Morris (Stevie Wonder), drums (4); George Benson, backing vocal (4, 8); Phyllis Hymn, backing vocal (2, 6); Kabir Ghani, backing vocal (2, 4, 6); Jim Gilstrap, backing vocal (2, 4, 6); Jerry Peters, producer, backing vocal (2, 4, 8).

★ ★ ★ ½

Two young multi-keyboardists with loads of raw talent, both David Sancious and

Ronnie Foster are struggling to find their niche in the pop-jazz fusion scenario. It's a busy field for endeavor these days, with everyone from Lonnie Liston Smith to Jan Hammer featuring vocals, accessible song forms, and less jazz improvisation. Both Sancious and Foster have the capability to break out into the Top 100 without major alterations to their current gameplans.

Sancious, in particular, deserves greater attention. He gained his first taste of national notoriety as part of Bruce Springsteen's airtight E Street Band, then split off for a solo career on Epic. His first solo LP, *Forest Of Feelings*, was full of promise, a near-brilliant marriage of rock, classical and jazz.

Sancious has an orchestral approach to keyboards that ranks him amongst the Zawinuls and Fattorusos, and a songwriting imagination better than most rockers. His move to Arista for last year's *True Stories*, with former Oblivion Express singer Alex Ligertwood in full force, augured well for Sancious' continued advancement.

Although he has abandoned Ligertwood and the *True Stories* lineup, Sancious shows his many strengths on *Just As I Thought*, stressing his instrumental abilities. Powerful jazz-rock overtures are made on cuts like *Suite (For The End Of An Age)* and *Valley Of The Shadow*, broiling with the energy of UK or early Gentle Giant. On the other hand, *Again* is a beautiful vocal ballad featuring Kabir Ghani, with a melodic and lyrical content that escapes most crossover writers. And although Sancious is a master of synthesized textures, *The Naked I* may contain his best solo of the album—on acoustic guitar, no less. While not every cut attains the leader's full potential as a composer, *Just As I Thought* is a very good album that should lure rock fans away from a tired Fleetwood Mac.

Ronnie Foster has proven his instrumental chops on the road and in the studio with several big crossover stars. As a featured artist on his own records, Foster has been leaning heavily toward the Stevie Wonder school of vocalizing. Like George Benson, who puts in a support performance here, Foster shows himself to have a silky singing touch (*You're The One, Let Me In Your Life*) and a commercial attitude. Ballads and light funk set the scene.

Maybe Foster sounds so much like Wonder/Benson that it limits his impact as a singer/songwriter. His songs have appeal and considerable craftsmanship, but no burning social relevancy or poetic punching power. And he doesn't make up the difference on his ivories either, though the musicianship is highly competent throughout. Ndugu's percussion threatens to put some grit into *I've Got Your Love* and other tunes, but most of the emotional basics are homogenized right out of this music by stereotyped production. *Delight* is right for MOR and fireside soul tastebuds, but jazz and serious instrumental devotees will find little of lasting significance. —henschen

## SIR ROLAND HANNA

A GIFT FROM THE MAGI—West 54 WLW 8003: *A Gift From The Magi; A View From The Island; Treasures Lost; My Secret Wish; Silence; Afterglow; Dee's Unique; Campanile (Under The Clock); A Romp Through The Woods Somewhere*.

Personnel: Hanna, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a very relaxed Hanna, in mood and style. None of the compositions (all but

Charlie Haden's *Silence* by Hanna) are packed to the bursting point with ideas as is sometimes his custom and only on *Unique* does he begin to rely on runs. Instead we get dreamy melodic lines that are rich in chords.

These are nine exquisitely colored piano moods that display Hanna's love of and debt to the harmonic impressionism of Claude Debussy. (There is even a brief reference to Debussy's great piano work *La Cathédrale Engloutie* in *Island*.) But this is a gently swinging Debussy with subtle differences in rhythm, as well as in melody, characterizing each piece, with these subtleties helping to give the 55 minutes of music the flowing feeling of a suite.

The rhythms are throbbing (*Magi*), lilting (*Island*), pensive (*Treasures*), gently striding (*Wish*), tender (*Silence*), relaxed (*Campanile*), buoyant (*Afterglow*), swaying (*Unique*) and, finally, driving (*Romp*), with each one reflecting and integrated with the melodies.

Although the 47 year old Detroit (one of so many great pianists to come out of that city) has been at last recording a number of solo and duo albums in recent years, this is the first domestic release comprised mostly of his own compositions. Although I still have a special love for his Japanese releases of his 24 *Preludes*, this is a damn fine release, finally showing here his special skills as a composer as well as a pianist. —*de muth*

## ANDREW CYRILLE and MAONO

**METAMUSICIANS' STOMP**—Black Saint BSR 0025; *Metamusicians' Stomp*; *My Ship*; 5-4-3-2; *Spiegelgasse 14*

Personnel: Cyrille, drums, percussion; Ted Daniel, trumpet, flugelhorn, wood flute; Nick DiGeronimo, bass; David S. Ware, tenor saxophone, flute.

★ ★ ★ ★

Though best known for his work with Cecil Taylor over the last decade, Andrew Cyrille has lent his dazzling percussive views to his own group, Maono, for a few years now. Maono has recorded a handful of albums for an equal number of small labels, and each is worth hearing for any number of isolated moments of inspiration and evocation. *Metamusicians' Stomp*, however, is their best recorded documentation to date, featuring strong solos, interesting compositional structures and excellent sound quality.

If Maono occasionally takes on an ensemble sensibility reminiscent of Anthony Williams' early Blue Note sessions, it is because of Cyrille's stylistic flexibility and fastidiousness, forcing his cohorts through a wide range of textural and emotional situations. 5-4-3-2, for example, is a rondo-like structure which alternates a jaunty, intricate theme with a series of compact, elastic statements from a variety of duo and trio combinations in which each instrumentalist is allowed to speak his piece—all in under five minutes. Similarly, the title cut finds the drummer altering his accentual flow and rhythmic personality depending upon the soloist's needs (much in the manner of the ever-underrated Ed Blackwell)—adopting a Latinate riff-like momentum behind tenorist Ware's inside-and-out potency, and then turning up the heat when trumpeter Daniels decides on a more subdued exposition.

And Cyrille's solo on this track is remarkable for its fluency and verve, as he integrates three simultaneous crossrhythms—a solid

bass pulse, an ornamental rumble which thickens the texture in one hand, and a three note punctuation in the other.

Kurt Weill's *My Ship* is given a relaxed, partially perfunctory, ballad treatment, with Daniels' trumpet succinct and Ware's tenor playful with a broad, burlesque edge to his burnished tone. *Spiegelgasse 14*, which takes up all of the second side, is divided into three parts—*Reflections & Restaurants*, *The Park*, and *Flight*—though one section flows seamlessly into the next so that the effect is of a leisurely stroll down a boulevard containing a constantly evolving environment of sights, sounds and smells. Bassist DiGeronimo is the hero here, maintaining an even, steady, though never monochromatic pulse, over and around which Daniels and Ware alternate bluesy and brassy episodes while Cyrille flutters in the background like an omnipresent butterfly.

Both emotionally and structurally this music is a long way from Cyrille's involvement with the volcanic contexts of Cecil Taylor's sound spectrum; nevertheless it reveals a portion of the depth of his multifaceted musical personality, and as such can be highly recommended. —*lange*

## LENNY BREAU

**FIVE O'CLOCK BELLS**—Adelphi AD 5006; *Days Of Wine And Roses*; *Toronto*; *Amy*; *Other Places*; *Other Times*; *Five O'Clock Bells*; *Little Blues*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Visions*.

Personnel: Breaux, guitar and vocal.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lenny Breaux occupies a unique place in the wide spectrum of solo guitarists. His most obvious roots are jazz and flamenco, but his finger-picking style also has a country flavor to it. There is a kind of provincial quality to his playing, a lack of hipness but not of facility. This is folk jazz.

The album begins with some random strummings; warming up, showing off, call it what you will. Then the producer cuts in: "How's it feel?" "I think it sounds good," says Lenny Breaux in the voice of a country boy who's done time on the streets. This leads right into a wistful version of *Wine And Roses* with Breaux slipping back and forth between ballad and swing. The rendering has heart and some nice voicings but not much swing. *Toronto* is a kind of flamenco fantasia, filled with *picados* and dark harmonies. Breaux inserts a chorus of *Milestones* in a minor mode, and then he's off to new horizons—different modes, different moods—before returning to the flamenco feel.

The album cover says that Breaux's guitar is electric with a classical neck. On *Toronto* it sounds classically acoustic, but on *Amy* it sounds more electric, more sustaining. *Amy* is a ballad in the old style, floating on gossamer wings. In his backwoods voice Breaux introduces the next tune as a "sort of Spanish song mixed with other feelings from other places, other times, other things." That leaves it pretty wide open—perhaps too much so, for the piece wanders about almost aimlessly, brushing against a number of styles and moods without really grasping them.

Breaux calls the title cut "an instrumental with lyrics," which is an apt description because the lyrics add to the piece without dominating it. It is five in the morning, not in the afternoon, and the music tells you that even without the lyrics. Breaux's voice is untrained and folksy but not false. *Little Blues*

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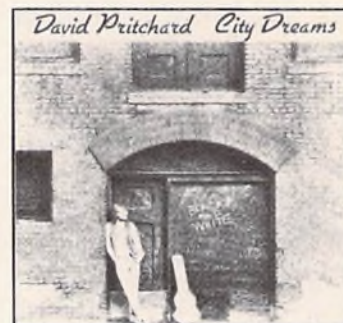
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is a lesson in variety with Breau taking a different approach to each chorus. He begins with a fast-walking bass line, comping on the higher strings. He drops this to spin some silvery single note lines without any accompaniment, and then the lines become simpler as he adds chords or a bass line. At this tempo Breau's sense of swing is better. My *Funny Valentine*, another nod to Miles, is just as changeable, lined with lilagree harmonics, swing choruses and flamenco-fingered flights. McCoy Tyner's *Visions* is shadowy and intense. Breau keeps up a drone in the bass while he scurries about the upper strings.

This is an unusual album. Maybe it's eccentric, and it's certainly idiosyncratic, but it's worth hearing for Breau's homespun approach and techniques. —clark

## MARCIO MONTARROYOS/ STONE ALLIANCE

MARCIO MONTARROYOS/STONE ALLIANCE—PMR-014: *Hey Bicho, Vamos Nessa; Risa; Rua Da Boa Hora; Libra Rising; Menina Ilza; The Greeting; On The Foot Peg; A Child Is Born.*

Personnel: Montarroyos, trumpet, flugelhorn, mellophone, keyboards, percussion, voice; Steve Grossman, soprano and tenor saxes, keyboards; Gene Perla, bass, keyboards; Don Alias, drums, percussion, guitar, voice; Hermeto Pascoal (cut 5), flute, piano; Erasto de Holanda Vasconcelos (2, 3, 6), David Sion (2, 3), Dom Bira (1), percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Talking about jazz is difficult; too often, our discussions are clouded by emotionally charged labels that infuriate more than inform. So, if our goal is to communicate clearly, we have a special obligation to define terms.

In getting a handle on the music of Stone Alliance, the term *fusion* seems apropos in its sense of referring to a merging of diverse elements into a unified whole. The group's elements are of two kinds.

When Grossman, Perla and Alias banded together in 1975, the trio dedicated itself to "the creative forces of music in many styles including Jazz, Afro-Cuban, Rock and Pop." These forces emerged in their previous albums, *Stone Alliance* and *Con Amigos* (both from PMR). Here, however, the integration is more complete, more cohesive, more unified.

The second element, a synergetic cross-cultural interplay, results from the presence of the South American musicians, especially brassman Montarroyos. Recorded mostly in Brazil, the tracks reveal an emphatic merging of diverse elements from both sides of the equator.

The music impresses in a number of ways. Most essential, it is played with conviction. There is a palpable interpersonal commitment, respect and trust in both ensembles and improvisations.

The well-balanced repertory includes evocative shifts in tempo (from an edgy upbeat *Libra Rising* to the rubato balladry of *A Child Is Born*), mood (embracing a tough *Hey Bicho* and romantic *Menina Ilza*), and texture (from a spartan *Greeting* to a richly embroidered *Rua Da Boa Hora*).

The playing is precise and passionate. Grossman growls and screams (*On The Foot Peg*); Montarroyos, reminding of Miles, parries and thrusts (*Risa*); Pascoal, fluting and humming at once, buzzes and stings.

Also, the album is an outstanding studio effort, particularly in respect to its feeling of spontaneity in the overdubbed episodes. In *Foot Peg*, for example, the superimposed 36 □ down beat

tracks by Montarroyos on mellophone, flugelhorn, trumpet, piano and Moog melt into flowing gestures of supple plasticity. Fusing spontaneity and studio technique, a well integrated trio with empathetic but still unfamiliar collaborators—this *all* is a difficult business. But Perla, Alias, Grossman, Montarroyos, et al do constitute a stone alliance. —berg

## SUNNY MURRAY'S UNTOUCHABLE FACTOR

APPLECORES—Philly Jazz PJ 1004: *Applecores; Past Perfect Tense; One Up And One Down; New York Maze; Applebluff.*

Personnel: Murray, drums; Frank Foster, tenor, soprano sax (cuts 1-3); Oliver Lake, alto sax (2); Jimmy Vass, alto sax (1, 3); Youseff Yancy, trumpet, flugelhorn, Theremin, various electro-acoustical sound manipulating devices (1, 3-5); Don Pullen, piano (1-3); Monette Sudler, guitar (1-4); Cecil McBee, bass (1-3); Hamiet Bluiett, baritone sax (4); Arthur Blythe, alto sax (4); Fred Hopkins, bass (4); Abdul Zahir Batin, flutes, whistles, percussion (5); Sonny Brown, drums (5).

★ ★ ★ ★

Murray was one of the pioneers of "free drumming" in the '60s; behind such visionaries as Albert Ayler, he laid down a multi-directional rhythm bed that opened up unprecedented opportunities for exploratory improvisation. How unfortunate then that Murray himself has been afforded little opportunity to perform in recent years. With the present resurgence of the "outside" scene in New York, Sunny has recorded an album which may help to rectify that circumstance. With varying ensembles that include New York veterans as well as recently transplanted Midwesterners, Murray spans the gamut from bop to the outermost reaches of the "new thing," with somewhat uneven results.

On the more traditionally structured pieces, the exuberance of these top-caliber musicians cannot quite compensate for the lack of rehearsal. On Murray's accustomed astral turf, the players seem not to need any rehearsal—their spacey effulgence flows as naturally as breath.

Frank Foster's *Applecores* is a classic bop breakdown that unfolds into a loose, bluesy jam. Foster (on tenor, not soprano as listed) seldom strays from the Parker canon as he swaps choruses with Jimmy Vass' eely, Criss-like alto. Altoist Oliver Lake's pungent, nut-toned horn leads the way through his gorgeous, elegiac *Past Perfect Tense*, but the band seems ill at ease coping with such a complex melodic structure in an impromptu context. To cap the A session, Foster switches to soprano in a fair bid to summon up Coltrane's ghost on the latter's *One Up And One Down*.

Murray's *New York Maze* is something else again. Arthur Blythe and Hamiet Bluiett command such extensive ranges on alto and baritone that it is frequently difficult to tell which is which on this abstract exercise in phased honking. Blythe's solo work is particularly brilliant, but exemplary space-walks are inscribed by all concerned, including Youseff Yancy on trumpet and theremin, Monette Sudler on guitar and Fred Hopkins on bass, whose association with Steve McCall has suited him eminently to Sunny's open-ended style. Sunny is joined by percussionist Abdul Zahir Batin, drummer Sonny Brown and Yancy for the cosmic hymn *Applebluff*. After opening exhortations to "dance and praise the Lord," Yancy intones an Ayleresque repeating motif on an electronically

modulated flugelhorn, enabling him to produce sax-like slurring effects over a free percussive matrix. Here, as throughout the album, the most consistent and effective voice is Murray's own, possessed of an unflagging rhythmic intelligence that never stops swinging through the most abstruse excursions. —birnbaum

## TED HARRIS

INTRODUCING TED HARRIS—HD 628: *Speakin' 'Bout It; Autumn Leaves; Love Is The Gift I Offer You; Shiny Stockings; Shirley; Sunrise, Sunset; Love Won't Let Me Wait; Tippin'.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor and baritone saxes; Charles McPherson, alto and tenor saxes; Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Barry Harris, piano; Bill Lee, bass; Leroy Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Harris is a New Jersey reedman who has gathered an impressive lineup for his debut recording, which features four originals by himself and the late altoist Wilbert Dyer; the latter's thoughtful, incisive arrangements give each tune, even the weary *Leaves*, a distinctive air. And though the date is not as sharp and precise as could be (the piano is out of tune, leader Harris' playing a little loose), there is an endearing, genuine quality to this date that stays with the listener.

Perhaps this spark is provided by the rich compositions of Harris and Dyer, for in *Gift* and *Shirley* they have given us two sumptuous, beguiling ballads; or it could be the superlative performances of the musicians, who are never less than very good.

For example, Turrentine has a lovely reading on *Gift*, using a soft, filmy sound as he explores the edges of the long notes like a picky shopper, then wisely chooses the center and adds a smidgen of vibrato. McPherson everywhere shines with intelligent, singing lines, as on his captivating ballad rendering of *Won't*, where he prances gently in the middle register. The pianist Harris treats the slow tunes with care, and has a spritely outing on *Speakin'*, where his second chorus double-ups splash in and out of the horn's restatement of the melody. Finally, there is the leader's shaky but affectionate *Shirley*, a memorable tune for his wife, to which Dyer's writing adds a warm touch.

*Introducing* is a musically rich offering. From Box 34, Teaneck, NJ 07666. —stewart

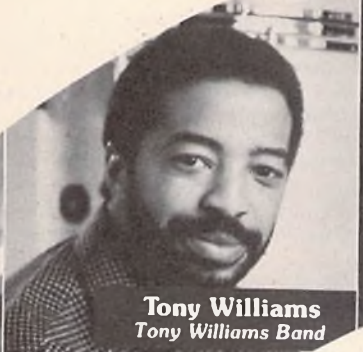
## SONNY ROLLINS

DON'T ASK—Milestone M-9090: *Harlem Boys; The File; Disco Monk; My Ideal; Don't Ask; Tai-Chi; And Then My Love I Found You.*

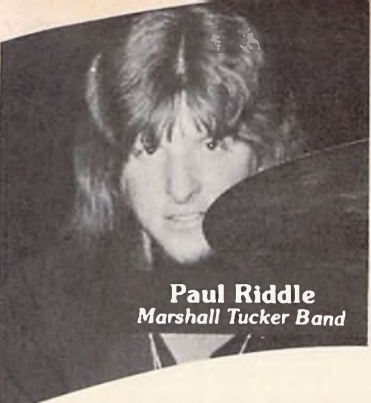
Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone, Lyricon; Larry Coryell, guitar, electric guitar; Mark Soskin, piano; Jerome Harris, electric bass; Al Foster, drums; Bill Summers, percussion.

★ ★ ★

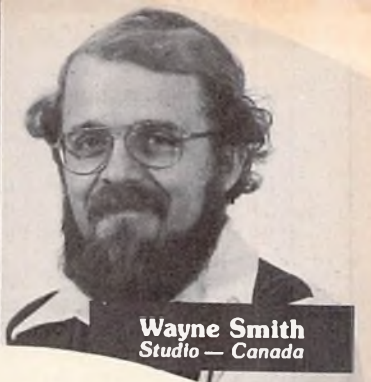
*Don't Ask* perpetuates the dichotomy that is Sonny Rollins: old vs. new, live excitement vs. studio strangulation, jazz neglect vs. popular success, mind (the intense motivic improvisation he is known for) vs. body (the dance music he currently favors). Like Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock and others, Rollins has simplified and funkified his outlook over the past few years—alienating those listeners weaned on *Way Out West* and *Saxophone Colossus*, attracting others whose jazz experience has been limited to the saxophone riff of James Brown's *Papa's Got A Brand New Bag*. In either case, the result is controversy, and it's too easy for the critic to answer by saying that the saxophonist *par excellence* has sold out for financial security. But then, Rollins



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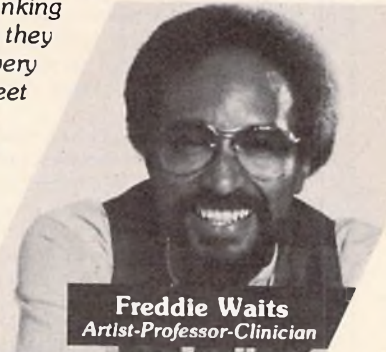
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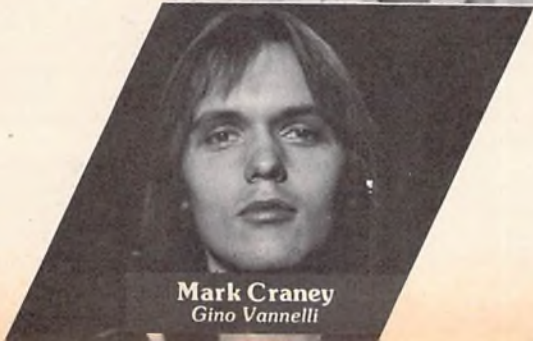
**Kenny Soule**  
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**Mark Craney**  
Gino Vannelli

wrote five of the seven tunes on *Don't Ask*, not Orrin Keepnews, and this music is obviously fun to play, if not exactly profound. And hasn't Rollins been doing this sort of thing for a long time?—after all, if you can't dance to *St. Thomas*, there's something definitely wrong with your feet.

The problems that ultimately betray *Don't Ask* are not the result of our wanting Rollins to be something he isn't, but rather of Rollins trying to serve two musics and only diluting both. One problem lies within the rhythm section; dance music should never plod, but that's what happens here more often than not—and one need only hear the way Tony Williams' aggressive, skittering attack kicks the saxophonist into overdrive on the *Don't Stop The Carnival* dates to understand much of Rollins' complaisant playing here. Rollins' much vaunted collaboration with Larry Coryell wasn't worth the effort; though Coryell knocks off pleasant fusion-type solos here and there, the two acoustic guitar/tenor duets (*The File and My Ideal*) never cohere. Rollins' huge sound simply overshadows the guitarist, as the two musicians seem mismatched in tone and temperament. An album of duets by Rollins and McCoy Tyner might be the answer.

In addition, the songs are weak. *Harlem Boys* is a cut-and-dried unadventurous theme and the title tune is a nice ballad, but outside of the buoyant changes of *And Then My Love I Found You* (which inspires Rollins to his most aggressive, joyful playing of the date—though still no comparison with his forceful, energetic, nearly raucous work occasionally evident on *Don't Stop The Carnival*) none of the melodies stick in your mind after a dozen hearings. And the abysmally titled *Disco Monk* is exceptionally curious, apparently so named because of the alternate fast and slow sections, tenuously similar to Monk's *Brilliant Corners*.

Rollins' saxophone supplies the strongest sparks of electricity—but they come few and far between. In the middle of a lethargic solo Sonny will suddenly, casually, almost forgetfully toss off an out of tempo flurry or unexpected chromatic run, which jolts the music briefly to life. And his brief, blazing, unaccompanied cadenza on *My Ideal* reminds us of the need for a Sonny Rollins solo record. But as for the rest of this album . . . well, don't ask. —lange

## GORDON MUMMA

DRESDEN/VENEZIA/MEGATON—Lovely Music VR 1091: *The Dresden Interleaf* 13 February 1945; *Music From The Venezia Space Theatre*; *Megaton For Wm. Burroughs*.

Personnel: Robert Ashley, Harold Borkin, Milton Cohen, George Manupelli, Joseph Wehner, electro-acoustical sculptures; Tony Dev, percussion; Gordon Mumma, sound mixing and electronic communications (cut 3).

\*\*\*

All three of these electronic works date from the early '60s. *Music From The Venezia Space Theatre* was composed in Ann Arbor, Michigan at the Cooperative Studio for Electronic Music, which Mumma co-founded with Robert Ashley in 1958. The other two pieces had their premieres at the ONCE Festival for Contemporary Music, which was also held in Ann Arbor.

With the advantage of hindsight, one can see that Mumma was beginning to investigate the identical terrain that such "trance" composers as La Monte Young and Terry Riley

were exploring at around the same time. Long, sustained chords, for example, resonate through all of these works, although their component tones seem less like discrete pitches than aspects of a complex noise. In addition, Mumma's music, like so much of what was to follow in the '70s, is curiously static. Apparently taking his cue from John Cage, Mumma simply juxtaposed images without trying to relate them in a linear progression.

Since the common theme of the works on this album is war, the images tend to be stark and profoundly disturbing. *The Dresden Interleaf*, for instance, begins with a sound like a drill grinding through metal. A climax in the middle of the piece can be pictured as the amplified buzzing of giant, hungry flies. *Music From The Venezia Space Theatre* also features the twittering of electronic insects (which recall a similar effect in the "summer" section of Walter Carlos' *Sonic Seasonings*). And *Venezia* and *Megaton* include sounds that simulate, respectively, a bombing run and the drone of an aircraft squadron.

One of the most evocative moments on the record occurs near the close of *Venezia*. The bombing has ended, and one hears a quivering, throbbing sound (the agonies of the dying?), contrasted with a noise like the creaking of a clothesline in the wind. Then, in the distance, there are warped, garbled sounds, like voices from the grave.

Mumma is clearly an awesome technician and a real innovator. Yet this is not one of my favorite electronic albums. One can only stand unrelieved pessimism for so long; after that, listening becomes masochism. —terry

## BENNY GOODMAN

BENNY GOODMAN: GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STLJ05: *Waitin' For Katie*; *Jazz Holiday*; *Wolverine Blues*; *Blue*; *Clarinetitis*; *Sweetest Melody*; *Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Dip Your Brush In Sunshine*; *Farewell Blues*; *King Porter Stomp*; *After You've Gone*; *Body And Soul*; *Three Little Words*; *Stompin' At The Savoy*; *Goody Goody*; *Swing Is Here*; *Moon Glow*; *Vibraphone Blues*; *Down South Camp Meetin'*; *Bugle Call Rag*; *Ridin' High*; *Sing Sing Sing*; *Roll 'Em*; *Opus 1/2*; *Pick-a-Rub*; *And The Angels Sing*; *Flying Home*; *I'm Confessin'*; *Wholly Cats*; *As Long As I Live*; *Benny Rides Again*; *Scarecrow*; *Air Mail Special*; *The Earl*; *Sunny Side Of The Street*; *Why Don't You Do Right*; *Mission To Moscow*; *Rachel's Dream*; *Oh Baby*.

Principle personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Jimmy McPartland, Coote Williams, Roy Eldridge, Bunny Berigan, Red Nichols, trumpets; Jack Teagarden, Glenn Miller, Lou McGarity, Vernon Brown, trombones; Babe Russin, Hymie Shertzer, Art Rollini, George Auld, reeds; Jess Stacy, Teddy Wilson, Count Basie, Mel Powell, Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Harry Goodman, Art Bernstein, bass; Charlie Christian, guitar; Gene Krupa, Dave Tough, drums; Lionel Hampton, vibes; Peggy Lee, Helen Ward, Martha Tilton, Teagarden, Goodman, Hampton, vocals.

\*\*\*

Some careers are better suited to the Time-Life Giants of Jazz series than others. Beiderbecke's was ideal because it was so brief. Billie Holiday was another good subject, since her finest work was all done within a few short years. Armstrong even received adequate treatment because the last 40 years of his career were basically reflections on the first ten, with certain notable exceptions. Ellington, however, could not be captured on three records, and, neither it seems, can Benny Goodman.

This album is a sampler, and a very good one. It takes us from his beginnings as the most imaginative and fluent of the Chicago clarinets of the '20s (let us not be blinded to this fact by the myths of Johnny Dodds and

Jimmy Noone) through his second peak as a bandleader in the early '40s. The inclusion of the 1945 sextet version of *Rachel's Dream* may be a ringer, but it's a good one. *Oh Baby* from '46, the closing track, is explicable anticlimactic, however. Yet while the journey through the first 20 years of his career is interesting and instructive (superb bio and program notes by Frank Kappler and George Simon make it a most literate trip as well), it is not quite definitive. We get only glimpses of the fury that gave the original band such sting. *Roll 'Em* is still one of the ultimate tours de force of swing and evidence that Harry James was perhaps the premier trumpeter of his generation. The collection of broadcast performances on Columbia (OSL 180) from which this is taken is much better suited to fire an initial enthusiasm for Goodman in the novice listener.

Although practically every cut tells us something special about Goodman's unique brilliance, there is no depth of coverage in the important areas and there are wasted tracks in the insignificant ones. Here are some random reflections: *Wolverine Blues*, *Clarinetitis* (a trio), and *Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble* illustrate his early virtuosity. He is tense and fiery on *Dip Your Brush*, but the context (a Ted Lewis vocal) is pure corn. The 1936 *Stompin' At The Savoy* is bland and colorless compared to other BG charts. And the original RCA *King Porter Stomp*, a favorite of Goodman's today, sounds just a little too stiff compared to the Fletcher Henderson version of 1932 or a later Goodman broadcast performance. *Three Little Words* and *Swing Is Here* are two of Goodman's finest studio performances of the period, however, both done with recording groups assembled under Gene Krupa's name. They are among the album's best moments. Of the two tracks by the original quartet, both are slow tempo pieces, a very ill-advised choice considering that the quartet's forte was middle and uptempo firecrackers. And the inclusion of *Body And Soul* by the trio seems more for the Teddy Wilson it contains than for anything contributed by Goodman, who was always more interested in the rhythmic than the harmonic possibilities of a piece. And therein lies the reason Goodman never became an important balladeer or blues player in the sense that, say, Coleman Hawkins was.

*After You've Gone*, on the other hand, gives us a sample of definitive Goodman chamber jazz as does the later *Opus 1/2* with Dave Tough on drums. *Goody Goody* (with Helen Ward singing) and *And The Angels Sing* (with Martha Tilton) showcase Benny's two early star vocalists in big pop hits, although both singers made better recordings with him.

The sextet is nicely covered on side five, which includes an uneventful but previously unissued *I'm Confessin'*. And *Benny Rides Again* (another unissued version) by the band still stands as one of the most enduring and musically interesting arrangements (by Eddie Sauter) of the decade. Curiously, Peggy Lee gets two typically hip, laid back vocals, but Helen Forrest, who was probably the best singer Benny ever had, is not heard at all. Perhaps it would have been better to avoid the singers entirely, however, since a later volume in the GOJ series is so earmarked. The final cut, *Oh Baby*, begins as a combo, offers Benny in a husky, finger-popping vocal, then swapping licks with the band, and finally erupts in a strutting big band chart by



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Mel Powell. A great production number, but not an important Goodman piece.

—mcdonough

## JUDY ROBERTS

THE JUDY ROBERTS BAND—Inner City 1078: *Never Was Love*; *Thumbs*; *Fantasy*; *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*; *You Light Up My Life*; *Dandelion*; *Yes Indeed*; *Watercolors*.

Personnel: Roberts, Wurlitzer electric piano, ARP Pro Soloist, ARP Omni, Hohner Clavinet, Baldwin concert grand, Fender Rhodes piano, vocals; Neal Seroka, guitars; Sean Silverman, bass; Phil Gratteau, drums; Tony Carpenter, congas and percussion.

\*\*\*

During ten-plus years of regular gigging in Chicago clubs, Judy Roberts has amassed a sizeable and loyal Midwestern following—with good reason. A self-assured performer of considerable talent and drive, Roberts knows how to woo her audience. Her live material is a pastiche of the familiar—standards, popular, rock—performed with a fresh jazzy feel; she conveys enthusiasm and authority and really seems to like what she does.

On this (her first) record, Roberts has chosen to present a narrower view of herself than she does on stage, presumably for larger marketing ventures. The transition (albeit not a great leap) to a more commercially viable format leaves her, unfortunately, less charismatic than in live performance. For the uninitiated, Roberts' record may seem too familiar to make a sound impression.

Roberts relies heavily here on her electric keyboards. Electronic effects abound on the record and tend to dominate, producing a venerated sound. The overall tone is more jazz-like than jazzy; the layered electronic sound is cold and lacking in spontaneity. Roberts plays acoustic piano on only two cuts, *Water Colors*, a pretty, airy tune on which she takes an extended solo, and Seroka's guitar showcase *Yes Indeed* (which along with the bassist's *Thumbs* are break tunes cum funk jams), where her short but powerful acoustic break seems almost an afterthought. She is a sensitive, articulate pianist with depth and range; the fact that she has chosen not to highlight her acoustic chops on this album is unfortunate.

Known as a singer as well as a pianist, Roberts sings on every track. Though not especially full, her voice is pleasant and breathy; her choice of material is well-suited to her range. What she lacks in power she supplies in her strong sense of phrasing. She is childish and petulant or worldly and sultry in accordance with the mood; as she sings her facial expressions are almost audible. The one instance in which this works against her is on *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*. The sparse instrumentation and halting tempo place her interpretation of Rahaan Roland Kirk's lyrics in the tune's focal point. Her phrasing and articulation are cloyingly cute, and do the song injustice.

Oddly enough, the most successful cut both vocally and instrumentally is her treatment of Debbie Boone's *You Light Up My Life*. Roberts has transformed it into a delightful samba, bearing little resemblance to its dirge-like predecessor.

Debut albums are difficult undertakings and exceptional ones are rare. Roberts is testing the waters of a more wide-ranged popularity; perhaps the next effort will reveal her to be the strong performer her Midwestern fans know her to be. —ladd

40 □ down beat

## PHILLY JOE JONES

ADVANCE—Galaxy GNY 5122: *Trailways*; *Invitation*; *Helena*; *Midnight Waltz*; *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*.

Personnel: Jones, drums, Blue Mitchell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Slide Hampton, trombone; Charles Bowen, soprano (cut 1) and tenor saxes; Harold Land, tenor saxophone (1-3); Cedar Walton, piano; Marc Johnson, bass.

\*\*\* 1/2

Having been a tasteful rhythmic legislator of a famed edition of the Miles Davis quintet, Philly Joe Jones has gone on to re-enact the high style of his work with that unit with a host of fine mainstream players—including recent concertizing with one of pianist Bill Evans' brightest groups. This offering is a relaxed blowing session highlighted by Slide Hampton's skillful arranging on the opening *Trailways*, and the free-spirited, cleanly articulated phraseology of West Coast tenorist Land on side one. One is happy and reassured by the taste and flexibility exhibited here, and by the fact that Jones wisely considered the attributes of his fellow musicians first, as opposed to merely asserting himself as "leader of the band."

Jones' *Trailways* opens with a crisp large ensemble, becoming primarily a feature for tenorist Land and his concise, not-a-note-unmeaning style. Trumpeter Mitchell then weaves in and out of Jones' rhythmic currents effortlessly, showing a light pin-pointed tone that settles well within the thickly layered ensemble texture.

*Invitation*, an exceptionally executed reading of Bronislaw Kaper's classic, begins with Land over a piano vamp set-up by Walton, until the theme asserts itself with Jones and bassist Johnson in tow. Walton's accompaniment is indicative of his mature, complete musical thinking; his chordal accents behind Land manifest at multiple points in the rhythmic fabric and show thoroughly uncommon activity for a player of his persuasion. At the close, Land plays a soft romantic coda and the entire ensemble comes in for its only appearance, dramatically.

*Midnight Waltz* contains a deceptively intricate lead motif that develops into some evenly proportioned tensional statements by the rhythm trio. Walton's Tatum/Hines intro resolves into a brief, sensitive spot for Jones on brushes, leading into unison passages which flow into a solo spot for the bassist. Pianist Walton's solo makes for a good main event in this unusually constructed waltz. Jones, following his interlude with the pianist, plays a mechanistic drum exercise, too long for this reviewer, that brings us back to the hauntingly eerie theme.

The closing Kern tune, *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, features Mitchell, but he's embarrassingly inept. It's the weakest cut on the LP, and perhaps reflects the then-failing health of the late trumpeter. But overall this release will serve you right . . . in the neon light of reason/in the blue spot of happiness.

—riggins

## BILL PERKINS

CONFLUENCE—Interplay IP-7721: *Confluence*; *La Costa*; *Indoor Sports*; *Civilization And Its Discontents*; *Dylan's Delight*; *In Love With Night*.

Personnel: Perkins, baritone and tenor saxes, flute; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Gordon Goodwin, tenor and soprano saxes; Lou Levy, piano; Bob Magnusson, bass; Carl Burnett, drums.

\*\*\*

With all due respect to Bill Perkins, *Confluence* can unhesitatingly be recommended

as a prime Pepper Adams date. Perkins does double on a most cogent baritone himself, but it is Adams who impresses, on five of the album's six tracks, as the most dynamic, the most inventive and the most emotionally committed of the ensemble's featured soloists. The sixth selection, *In Love With Night*, is the only number on which Adams doesn't play, although he is responsible for its composition. A ballad, it is handled as a baritone/tenor duet by Perkins and Goodwin. Adams also wrote *Civilization and Dylan's Delight*, but, happily, as duets for himself and the session leader. On the former, a quasi-Oriental mood piece, Perkins plays flute, and on the swinging latter, baritone; though listed as playing tenor on Goodwin's opening blues, *Confluence*, it is actually Perkins' rugged baritone that is heard. His Brothers-ish tenor does come to the fore, though, on *Indoor Sports*, a bright Goodwin original also notable for the composer's own sprightly tenor work. Natalie Cole wrote the light bossa, *La Costa*, but the colorful arrangement for flute, soprano and baritone, like the others, goes uncredited. Presumably, Perkins did all of the writing for the date, but, if so, this fact remains unconfirmed by the album's producers.

Adams is a very personalized player. And like many other individualists in jazz, he cannot claim consistency as his highest virtue. No musician whose improvisations reflect his feelings "at the moment" can. But despite his occasional lapses, as noted elsewhere, when hosted by such well-prepared veterans as Perkins and Levy, one can be certain that the baritonist will be at his best. Coupled with his responsive technique is a fertile, creative mind, one capable of sustained, undiminished fury, all the while pursuing a variety of intriguing motivic themes through a bewildering array of inviolable resolutions. Adams' sound—deep, gruff, and huge—is a living tribute to Coleman Hawkins and Harry Carney, his long abiding mentors, while his incredibly adroit execution and harmonic daring appear to stem directly from Charlie Parker. —sohmer

## ART FARMER

THE SUMMER KNOWS—Inner City IC 6004: *The Summer Knows*; *Manhã Do Carnaval*; *Alfie*; *When I Fall In Love*; *Ditty*; *I Should Care*.

Personnel: Farmer, flugelhorn; Cedar Walton, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

\*\*\* 1/2

## ART FARMER and JIM HALL

BIG BLUES—CTI 7083: *Whisper Not*; *A Child Is Born*; *Big Blues*; *Pavane For A Dead Princess*.

Personnel: Farmer, flugelhorn; Hall, guitar; Mike Moore, bass; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Steve Gadd, drums.

\*\*\*

*The Summer Knows* is a set of pop tunes that's easy listening in the best sense, soothing and mellow but never dull or sticky. Farmer's understated, almost effortless flugelhorn style blends perfectly with Cedar Walton's more busy, down to earth piano approach, and they're both complemented by an adventurous rhythm team. Bassist Jones reaches high on the neck and bends notes at will, while Higgins fires off tom-tom rolls and cymbal flourishes that always fit right in. All four have free reign but no one's in a hurry, and the set glides smoothly from one number to the next.

Cedar opens the title ballad with a brief



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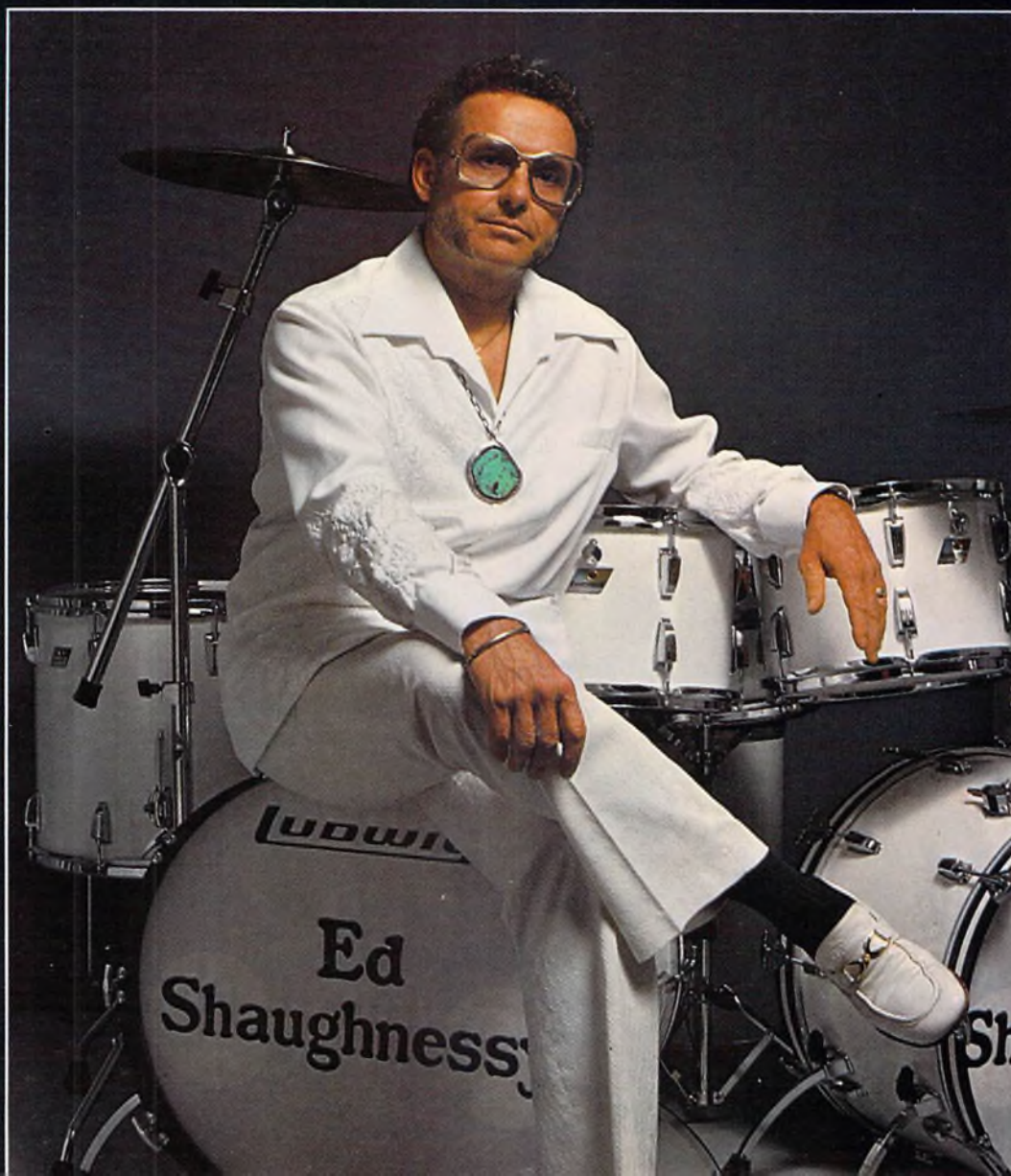


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chordal statement, then Farmer gives a nod to the theme. His light, airy riffs curl around the melody like pulls of smoke, some staying close and others drifting away. Art says a lot with very few notes, and even when excited his clean tone has a dreamy quality. Walton by contrast is expansive, embroidering the tune with treble runs and quick chord patterns. His sparkling rhythm inspires Jones into triplets while Higgins responds on the sizzle cymbal and its center bell. Farmer comes back to take the song home, quietly.

*Manhã Do Carnaval* is not an Irish drinking song but rather a bouncy Latin piece with nice work from all concerned. Farmer shows *Alfie* what it's all about with a wistful rendering that pales the vocal original. Higgins' dense brush work provides a slight but essential rough edge that holds down the sugar content.

Walton plays the blues on *When I Fall In Love*, and then Art scales the heights firmly anchored by the other three. The album's excellent mix is especially evident here. Jones leads the quartet into *Ditty*, a catchy bop tune penned by Farmer; Higgins' solo blends fast hands with good taste. *I Should Care* gives Jones a well deserved workout.

If this seasoned, intuitive group had tackled more ambitious material a memorable session would have resulted. As it is they've made a truly pretty record from start to finish. A bit lightweight, but a gem in its own way.

*Big Blues* is in a similar vein but the tunes are longer with less fluff in the program. Guitarist Hall shares Farmer's subtle, low key format, while Mike Mainieri's vibes give the set speed, fire and funk. Steve Gadd and Mike Moore are impeccable throughout on drums and bass, pushing or laying back as the moment demands, listening carefully and contributing their own dynamic accents.

*Whisper Not* is a relaxed medium tempo track with soft, pleasant changes. Farmer makes some intro remarks and then steps back for a long solo from Hall, who lays down graceful single note figures over light chords from the vibes. When Mainieri takes it the pace intensifies as Gadd and Moore cook in response to his shimmering runs and syncopated phrases. Farmer comes back to restate the theme; his playing on this album is more focused than on *Summer*. The dreamy quality is still apparent, but here his explorations are more detailed and closely linked with the melody.

Hall runs the delivery room on *A Child Is Born*. With beautiful tone and timing he gently bends notes and works into a dialogue with Mainieri. This ballad's guitar-vibe interplay recalls Lee Underwood and David Friedman on Tim Buckley's *Happy/Sad*. The title track finds the players in a solid groove with overlapping conversations between the various instruments.

The last cut is the most memorable, a free interpretation of Ravel's *Pavane For A Dead Princess*. Solemnity is enhanced in the mix with a noticeable increase of reverb; moods change throughout the 11 minute jam, which is held together by one brief, descending three note phrase, repeated at intervals. There's no single climax but the listener has an interesting choice of peaks and valleys.

*Big Blues* doesn't share *Summer's* delicacy but it's an inspired, attentive and satisfying stretch-out. Put on the latter if you're entertaining for two, spin *Blues* any old time. Both sets are nice and easy. —saudmel

## THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS—Takoma TAK 7068: *Wait On Time*, *Scratch My Back*, *Rich Woman*, *Full-Time Lover*, *Pocket Rocket*, *She's Tuff*, *Marked Deck*, *Walkin' To My Baby*, *Rock With Me*, *C-Boy's Blues*, *Let Me In*.

Personnel: Kim Wilson, harmonica and vocals; Jimmy Vaughan, guitar; Keith Ferguson, bass; Mike Buck, drums.

★★★★

In live performance, the Fabulous Thunderbirds come off as an exceptionally tight and skillful Chicago-style blues band. The four young Texans display an easy, natural control of the idiom, with no sense of artificial straining for "authenticity."

This, the group's debut album, has the cohesiveness and drive of their live shows, if not the excitement. The T-Birds happen to be a very slick band, in a good sense of the word. Live, this slickness is a real advantage—the audience comes away exhilarated by the Texans' effortless expertise. Unfortunately, this exhilaration doesn't quite translate onto wax: maybe it's the nature of the medium.

At any rate, there are a lot of fine '50s r&b performances here. The two instrumentals (*C-Boy's Blues* and *Pocket Rocket*) are uncanny re-creations of Little Walter's '50s sound, reminding one of (and inviting comparison with) such golden Walter oldies as *Juke*, *Off The Wall* and *Blue Lights*. Lead singer and harp player Kim Wilson definitely has Walter's style down, just as guitarist Vaughan's runs come off as a ghostly evocation of the Myers brothers work of two decades ago.

Wilson also struts a convincing, unaffected vocal style on *Wait On Time* (a shuffle) and *Full-Time Lover* (a spare, gutbucket slow blues). Like some other white Texans (Delbert McClinton and Doug Sahm come to mind), Wilson is able to capture blues nuances without seeming academic or out-of-place in the idiom.

On *Scratch My Back* and *Rich Woman*, the group gets the sparse, funky qualities of the originals, largely due to the uncluttered playing of the rhythm section and guitarist Vaughan. The T-Birds have not fallen into the trap (common to many white blues bands, particularly the English) of displaying skill through speed and a lot of notes.

The key is *naturalness*, and the Fabulous Thunderbirds sure have it; they're good, and they don't have to prove it. If this album whets your appetite, try to catch the band live. —schnechloth

## JOE ALBANY

AT HOME ALONE.—Revelation 25: *What's New*; *You're Blues*; *Why Was I Born?*; *Jitterbug Waltz*; *Night And Day*; *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?*; *Barbados*; *Can't We Be Friends*; *Everything Happens To Me*; *You've Changed*; *Birdland Blues*; *Isn't It Romantic?*  
Personnel: Albany, piano.

★★★★

## JOHN COATES JR.

AFTER THE BEFORE.—Omnisound N-1021: *My Melancholy Baby*; *Goodbye*; *Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair*; *Game Dance*; *My Song*; *Going To School On A Mule*; *In Search Of . . . After The Before*.  
Personnel: Coates, piano.

★★★★ 1/2

Both Albany and Coates have been "lost" pianists. Albany, an early bop pianist who was a member of Benny Carter's band, played with Charlie Parker, Howard McGhee and

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others during the '40s. He did not record until a date for Riverside in 1957 and then was again absent from recording activity until '71 when he made some tapes on his own before moving to Europe.

Coates, who turned 41 in February, '79, making him 14 years younger than Albany, has been playing at the Deer Head Inn in Delaware Water Gap, Pa. for most of the last 16 years. A late '60s LP on Savoy was his only recording for a long time.

This lack of visibility has changed lately and each pianist is now represented by several albums. *After The Before* is Coates' second solo piano release and third album for the Omniscand label, which is based in Delaware Water Gap. Most of his releases—all but *Black* on this latest—were recorded at the Deer Head Inn.

Albany has been represented by two SteepleChase albums released here on Inner City and a Revelation album predating them. This solo album is even earlier—Albany's entire '71 output before departing for Europe (at least some of the tracks were previously released on British Spotlite).

Despite Albany's bop roots there are no feverish "Powellisms" on these very relaxed sides. Albany plays with some debt to the rich harmonies, stride touches and brilliant runs of Tatum on the old standards which comprise most of the LP, while he sounds more like a bop Teddy Wilson, with hints of Thelonious Monk, on the two Parker tunes. But there's nothing imitative in his playing.

There is a simple directness—nothing is ornate or overly involved. Unfortunately, Albany also sticks very close to the melodies and so, despite the fine approach he brings, all 12 numbers remain runthroughs rather than extended statements. One has only to compare his 4:37 performance of *What's New* here with the continually evolving nine minute interpretation on *Two's Company* (his brilliant duet album with bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen on Inner City/Steeple-Chase). The depth and vitality on that '74 recording is missing from his "at home" solo performance, although it is still more welcome than many solo albums by any one of Keith Jarrett's imitators.

Extended treatments is what Coates gives the three traditional pop and folk tunes on his album, including a 7:15 version of *Melancholy Baby* which is no joke. Coates decorates the introduction with ornate runs and crashing chords before settling into a bluesy syncopated treatment, with brittle playing in his right hand while his left hand rolls out rhythmic bass figures. In *Goodbye* he mixes delicate, poignant lines with gospel-like throbbing phrases; *Black* is filled with lush voicings, brightly resonating single note lines, contrapuntal sections, shifting meters, gospel shouts, Debussyesque, shimmering harmonies—a stunning performance.

Rocking gospel touches with warmly glowing harmonies permeate the four originals which comprise the flip side. At times it is a bit reminiscent of Jarrett, but Coates never gets trapped by an idea, and smoothly and subtly shifts moods and rhythms, even percussively stomping the foot pedals in *Mule*. And at his most gospelish, there's a fragility to Coates' playing. He does not believe in hitting listeners over the head, even though he is playing on a Friday night in a restaurant in the Poconos. This fact, almost as much as the music, warms one's soul. —de muth

44 □ down beat

## ANNETTE PEACOCK

X-DREAMS—Tomato Tom-7025: *My Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook; Real & Defined Androgens; Dear Bela; This Feel Within; Too Much In The Skies; Don't Be Cruel; Questions.*

Personnel: Peacock, vocals; Mick Ronson, Chris Spedding, Jim Mullen, Tommy Cosgrave, Phil Lee, Brian Godding, guitars; Kuma Harada, Jeff Clyne, Stu Woods, Peter Pavli, Steve Cook, bass; Bill Bruford, John Halsey, Rick Marotta, Dave Sheen, drums; Darryl Le Que, Brother James, congas; George Khan, Dave Chambers, Ray Warleigh, saxophones; Peter Lerner, keyboards.

\*\*\*

On the cover of her album *X-Dreams*, Peacock pouts and looks very much the sullen bohemian poetess. She's no charlatan: Peacock's formative years as a pianist, singer, and composer were spent working with Albert Ayler, Paul Bley, and Don Cherry, all important ministers to the free music of which Ornette and Cecil Taylor were/are sovereigns. After spiritual work with Timothy Leary, she settled in England and has appeared for the rare London gig, the forgotten *I'm The One* solo disc, and sessions with Bill Bruford and Kenny Wheeler.

*X-Dreams* is the assemblage of tracks culled from tapes dating back to 1971. The older songs are electric-charged forays into erotic poetry. *My Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook*, a self-mocking feminist manifesto, is chock-full of witty sexual innuendoes and *Real & Defined Androgens* is the X-rated, Beat exegesis on narcissism. Her voice is gymnastic; the passively seductive singsong sporadically flies off on upper register incursions before settling back into its deadpan sensuality. An array of British progressive rock heroes fittingly provides a flammable texture with swirling guitars and howling saxophones.

Side two, however, with the newly recorded numbers, diffuses *X-Dreams'* energy and passion. Here Peacock's musical imagination doesn't match the immediacy and beauty of her prose. These meditations on love's subjectivity suffer from a musical sameness: there's no sign of tonal or dynamic variation and the perfunctorily performed accompaniment is no more than, well, pleasantly boring. Peacock, singular artist, can do better.

—hadley

## ELLA FITZGERALD

FINE AND MELLOW—Pablo 2310 829: *Fine And Mellow; I'm Just A Lucky So And So; (I Don't Stand) A Ghost Of A Chance With You; Rockin' In Rhythm; I'm In The Mood For Love; Round Midnight; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; The Man I Love; Polkadots And Moonbeams.*

Personnel: Fitzgerald, vocals; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; Harry "Sweets" Edison, trumpet; Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor sax.

\*\*\*

Relaxed is the word for this recording. The session seems as informal and friendly as a Sunday afternoon cookout. The musical fare is as basic as barbeque—no exotic dishes here—but it's all very tasty and enjoyable.

It's a balanced meal, too. There's a slow blues (the title track) and a jumping one (*Rockin' In Rhythm*). There are three ballads, a couple of swing standards, a funky rendering of Ellington's *Lucky So And So*, and a slowly building version of Gershwin's *Man I Love*. Ella handles them all with seeming ease. Her voice is still as smooth as cream. Her upper register is beginning to wear thin, but from mid-range on down she sounds richer and

fuller than ever. As for style—well, even her vibrato swings.

The four man rhythm section plays as one. No one gets out of step, even when the footwork gets fancy. Yet there is hardly a moment when Ella sings alone with the rhythm section: there is nearly always a horn player blowing alongside her. Ella dances with each of them in turn—muted Sweets, soulful Clark, cool Zoot, kinky Jaws.

Ellington's *Rockin'* is the showcase piece. Taken at a quick tempo, everyone gets to solo, highlighted by Ella singing three separate scat choruses. The best scat on the album, however, comes during *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, when Ella and Clark Terry trade scat fours, egging each other on in their wildly different styles.

There is not much edge to this jazz. It doesn't open any new doors or threaten any conventions. It is as mainstream as the Mississippi. But there is a fine sense of fun here, the comfortable feeling of people who are having a good time. This is the music of musicians who have mastered their art and enjoy sharing it with each other and with us.

Although lately released, this recording was made five years ago. So what? —clark

## ANITA O'DAY

MELLO'DAY—GNP Crescendo GNPS 2126: *Old Devil Moon; Lost In The Stars; Meditation; You're My Everything; You Could Have Had Me Baby; Them There Eyes; On The Trail; You Can't Go Home Again; When The World Was Young; So Nice; Yellow Days; Lighthouse Blues.*

Personnel: O'Day, vocals; Ernie Watts, tenor and soprano saxes, flute; Joe Diorio, Laurindo Almeida (cuts 3, 8, 10), guitar; Lou Levy, piano; Harvey Newmark, bass; John Poole, drums; Paulinho Da Costa, percussion (2, 8, 10).

\*\*\*

Anita O'Day has not made many bad records in her career, but this one has got to be among her best. Using her working rhythm section of Levy, Newmark and Poole as a proven starter, she ensures added melodic interest—as if she needs it—in the persons of multi-reedman Watts and guitarist Diorio. On the Latinized *Meditation*, *You Can't Go and So Nice*, Almeida takes over for Diorio and percussionist Da Costa is added.

A pure jazz singer since her beginnings in the '30s, O'Day is perhaps best known for her historic collaborations with Roy Eldridge in the 1941-'42 Gene Krupa band. But Anita is not one to reflect on former glories; she is far too busy for that. Untouched by an embittered resistance to the flow of time, she incorporates what recent trends she deems most appropriate, and through it all has succeeded in retaining not only her inimitable vocal texture but her infectious charm as well. So the O'Day sound and style are still intact. What remains is her choice of material and accompanists.

As to the former, there can be little complaint. A handful of evergreens cooked up with refreshing vitality, a few of the most worthwhile bossas, a lovely French waltz and a chromatically modulated swinging blues written by Lorraine Feather's dad, Leonard. Of her accompanists, similarly slight fault can be found. Watts, though hardly an individual stylist, can invariably be expected to turn in a professional performance whatever the nature of his assignment. Here he plays tenor, soprano and flute, but it is on the larger horn, with its explicitly stated allegiance to Coltrane, that he will no doubt make his

strongest impression. Diorio has been featured extensively on the Spitball label, but still too few are aware of his many excellences; Almeida is a big star by comparison. But both guitarists, as well as the members of the rhythm team, are past masters at the art of accompaniment. Indeed, drummer Poole is so good at it that he has been with the singer for 25 years. If he doesn't watch out, it may turn into a steady gig.

A thoroughly delightful album; Ms. O'Day is without doubt its major attraction. —*sohmer*

## MARION BROWN QUARTET

LA PLACITA/LIVE IN WILLISAU—Timeless Muse 314: *La Placita*; *Fortunato*; *Sonnymoon For Two*; *Bosco*; *I'm Sorry*; *Soft Winds*.

Personnel: Brown, alto sax; Brandon K. Ross, guitar; Jack Gregg, bass; Steve McCracken, drums.

★ ★ ½

Marion Brown's poised, deliberate voice first sounded amidst the fury of early Shepp and Coltrane records, and despite the paths he's explored since 1965, I suspect most admirers naturally envision him in terms of the second wave of the New Music, along with Shepp, Murray, the Aylers. A highly sensitive and adaptable musician, he worked in multiple styles, in settings as open as his *Duets* (Arista Freedom 1904), with their ever-changing free flow, and as closed as this 1977 concert. Frankly an experimenter, his confidence once led him to adapt a free thematic style and a Chicago-like perception of sound/space to his late bop inspired technique, a far remove from the virtuosity of Coltrane or the '60s Chicagoans—with distinctive success, too, though unfortunately this aspect of Brown has only partially emerged on record. Precision of melodic line and note definition, even in areas of overtones and multiphonics, over the years demonstrate both analytical wisdom and dedication to jazz essentials, virtues that occasionally have seemed at a premium recently.

His music has also demonstrated some awkward tendencies beneath the surface that occasionally hinder his adventures. For all the movement of his lines, a symmetry of internal rhythmic shape and expressive content of his phrases stands in opposition to the most moving lyricism. Imagine a typical long Parker phrase, for example, beginning off the beat and snaking across the rhythm; now imagine Brown's comparatively even note values, exactly delineated, played here with a chocolate-on-the-radiator alto sound—you have Brown's improvising in the two blues, Stitt meeting Paul Desmond. In *Sonnymoon*, an alarming tendency to accent strong beats dulls his lines, though *Winds* moves with more comfort. Perhaps the concert recording quality is at fault, but in the former the drummer's random playing suggests a cat-fight among garbage cans. In the latter, the guitarist strums on every beat, an unnecessary, plodding accompaniment; elsewhere on the album, Ross' solos are muzzy at best. Might a more skillful rhythm section inspire Brown to improvise more freely?

In the other four works, Brown seems bound by his choices of material: *Bosco* is a Brubeck-like fugue, *La Placita* an imitation Mexican folk song, *I'm Sorry* a medium pop song with debilitating changes. His *Fortunato* solo is more nagging than investigative or structured; in all these works, his severe ties to the changes present a dull, ornamental

surface, perhaps unintentionally, for his work never previously implied crumbling rococo facades. Do not expect anything like the daring of his earlier work here; it's outside character has been reduced to occasional passages that serve less as contrast than as exhaustion of the body of his soloing. The outside lines tend to resolve in harmonic conjunction anyway, thus minimizing their effect; having denied his more adventurous talents, Brown here offers little of substance in their places. Occasionally a strikingly-turned phrase reveals the younger, more familiar Brown; only in some *Winds* choruses does he arrive at some substantial continuity.

One hopes this album represents only a moment in Brown's art, and not an accurate reflection of his late '70s thought. —*litweiler*

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issuing some Gerry Mulligan performances Bock had recorded. Pacific Jazz Records quickly became one of the most active and successful jazz labels of the period primarily through its close association with the so-called "West Coast Jazz" phenomenon. Sold to Liberty Records more than a decade ago, the label all but disappeared from sight when Liberty was in turn acquired by United Artists. The label's activities have been memorialized in a series of reissues that restore the Pacific Jazz name to currency and a number of its finest productions to print. Compiled and edited by Bock, the albums generally succeed in providing an overview of PJ's coverage of major West Coast developments during the music's heyday. Four anthology sets have been organized into two pairs of LPs (available singly) surveying the 1950s and the '60s. Single LP sets by Art Pepper and the Gerald Wilson Orchestra supplement the anthologies.

As charted in *Jazz Of The '50s, Vol. 1*, its first several years saw some of the most valuable music in the Pacific Jazz catalog recorded, and the careers of a number of artists launched to spectacular success. Chief among these were **Gerry Mulligan**, **Chet Baker** and **Bud Shank**. The former's celebrated pianoless quartet—at the time described as unprecedented or groundbreaking by those who had forgotten, say, the marvelous Sidney Bechet-Muggsy Spanier Big Four of a dozen years earlier—is represented by a single selection, the lithe, swinging Mulligan composition *Five Brothers*, notable for the buoyant heterophonic interplay of the leader's gruff, loping baritone and Baker's quiet, probingly lyrical trumpet. The instinctual rapport that existed between the two was uncanny—according to Mulligan, occasionally frightening—producing music that remains among the great delights of the period. One track however, merely tantalizes. The time is ripe for a complete chronological reissue of the music of this marvelous, still fresh sounding group, the original edition of which produced enough material for one lengthy, plum-filled twofold set.

A year and a half later Mulligan had formed a sextet, an early edition of which is heard in an appealing, delightfully free-wheeling "live" performance recorded at a 1954 San Diego high school concert. Mulligan and tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims the featured soloists on the latter's *Red Door*. *Jazz Of The '50s, Vol. II* offers another Mulligan composition/performance, *Four And One More*, on which his baritone was buttressed by a nonpareil saxophone section of Sims, Allen Eager and Al Cohn, and the admirably deft rhythm team of guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Henry Grimes and drummer Dave Bailey, heard in the performance of a typically arresting, resilient Bill Holman arrangement. Like the best of his and Mulligan's work from the period, it still compels our interest.

On the Mulligan Quartet's dissolution after slightly less than a year's existence, trumpeter Baker formed an equally productive collaboration with pianist Russ Freeman—one of jazz' great unsung originals—that resulted in a large number of stunning recordings: one of which, a brisk, incendiary reading of Jerome Kern's *All The Things You Are*, here represents the original Baker Quartet's work. A later edition, with Leroy Vinnegar and Shelly Manne replacing original members Carson Smith and Larry Bunker on bass and

drums respectively, also is to be heard in the series' second volume, a 1957 recording of *Love Nest* performed with even greater authority and crisply focused power than characterized the earlier group. No matter how poorly his reputation fared in subsequent years, Baker was at this stage of his career an improviser of grace and poignancy and in Freeman, possessor of a wonderfully wry, elliptical, highly personal approach, the trumpeter found the perfect foil.

As with Mulligan, Baker was recorded in a number of other contexts too, of which a 1954 sextet date with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, Bud Shank on baritone sax (his recording debut on the instrument), Freeman, Smith and Manne produced the rousing *Tommy Hawk*, written and arranged with swinging, unpretentious élan by Johnny Mandel, included in the first volume. A later, regularly working Baker unit was the admirable 1956 quintet with tenor saxophonist Phil Urso, pianist Bobby Timmons, bassist Jimmy Bond and drummer Peter Littman. The group pursued a warmly lyrical hard bop line à la the Miles Davis band of the period, an orientation well reflected in its lovely, controlled performance of Harvey Leonard's *To Mickey's Memory*, product of the quintet's only recording session, offered in the '50s' second volume. Excellent, thoughtful solos by the Prez-influenced Urso and the leader, as well as a nicely shaped and colored percussion foray from Littman.

Given the derivative nature of much of his music, Bud Shank, commercial success notwithstanding, has been given an unwarranted amount of space, I feel. His five cuts in the first volume could easily have been pared down to, say, two—*Shank's Pranks*, by the Bud Shank-Shorty Rogers Quintet (pianist Jimmy Rowles, bassist Harry Babasin and drummer Roy Harte), and the delightful collaboration with guitarist Laurindo Almeida, *Carinosa* (Babasin and Harte again present)—with absolutely no loss in artistic or historic value. The three tracks thus saved could have been devoted to any number of more interesting, valuable performances: Lee Konitz with the Mulligan Quartet; Hoagy Carmichael with the Pacific Jazzmen; Bill Perkins-John Lewis (the justly celebrated *2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West* date); pianists Freeman, Hampton Hawes, Al Haig or Richard Twardzik; the Chico Hamilton Trio or Quintet or even, come to that, more by the Mulligan, Baker or Art Pepper groups.

Of the remaining selections in Vol. I, the **Clifford Brown Ensemble's** *Tiny Capers*, attractively arranged for septet by Jack Montrose, sports an elegant, well-turned solo by the trumpeter and an effortlessly swinging tenor sortie by Zoot Sims. Bass trumpeter **Cy Touff** leads a well-chosen octet through *Keester Parade*, a delightful Johnny Mandel-penned evocation of the Count Basie brand of relaxed swing highlighted by Harry Edison's puckish muted trumpet and Richie Kamuca's warm, full-bodied celebration of Lester Young and Touff's sly punctuations. Easy and insinuating it is, too. Although all the participants acquit themselves well enough, the **Jack Sheldon Quintet** (altoist Joe Maimi, pianist Kenny Drew, bassist Vinnegar and drummer Lawrence Marable), pursuing a hard bop line on the pianist's appealing *Contour*, produces music that is more manner than matter.

The second volume documents that half of

the decade's activities by the label. In addition to the performances by Mulligan and Baker already mentioned, the set contains a number of enjoyable, valuable items. Composed and arranged by **Shorty Rogers** to feature the alto saxophone of **Art Pepper** against the cushion of a medium-sized ensemble, *Po Po* recalls the linear approach of the Miles Davis Nonet of less than a decade earlier without, however, being directly imitative. Once past the written line, the track consists wholly of a string of solos by the altoist (lengthy, fiery), valve trombonist Stu Williamson and tenorist Bill Holman, with a round-robin exchange by all the group's members before the theme is reprised. (The same performance, is found in the altoist's featured set in the series.)

Following earlier trio recordings, drummer **Chico Hamilton** premiered in the middle of the decade a quintet whose unusual instrumentation (tenor saxophone/flute; guitar; cello; bass, and drums) and generally imaginative orchestrations brought it deserved critical and commercial success, as attested by its fetching version of the old Eddie Durham-Edgar Battle blues anthem *Topsy*, recorded at the group's first, and by all odds best session early in 1956 and boasting a delicious Prez-inflected tenor solo by the underappreciated Buddy Collette and a thoughtfully canny one by the young Jim Hall on guitar. Still, it's a somewhat atypical track in that Fred Katz' cello, an otherwise integral part of the group and its sound, is not featured in any way.

Among other admirable recording debuts in this set are those by guitarists **Hall** and **Wes Montgomery**. The former is represented by a warmly satisfying performance of the Ellington staple *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, although the version included is not the undotored 1957 trio recording (pianist Carl Perkins and bassist Red Mitchell) but rather a later "stereo" one, drums having been overdubbed onto the original, a fact not acknowledged in Bock's liner annotation or personnel listing. Montgomery is one of several Indianapolis-based players—among them his brothers Buddy (vibraharp) and Monk (electric bass) and the young Freddie Hubbard (trumpet)—featured on the lengthy *Back To Bock*, a relaxed blues that elicits fine playing from all, recorded in Chicago in 1959.

Bock contributed richly to the then meager discography of orchestrator **Gil Evans** by underwriting a pair of big band albums featuring his charts, one of which showcased the glistening persuasive alto saxophone of **Cannonball Adderly**, a fruitful collaboration here signaled by a stirring version of the perennial *St. Louis Blues* that comes off with both strength and subtlety in about equal measure. An unexpected but most welcome sport concludes the package, a remake of the early jazz classic *Louisiana* performed with wit, taste and plenty of affectionate warmth by the lamentably shortlived **Bob Brookmeyer Quintet** (Jimmy Giuffre, Jim Hall, Joe Benjamin and Dave Bailey). The section hails from the group's only recording, *Traditionalism Revisited*, which, as the title suggests, sought to recapture the flavor of the jazz past through its more or less modernist reinterpretations of some of the music's early pacesetter pieces. A modest, unassuming success, prefiguring Giuffre's celebrated trio.

As underscored by the two volumes dealing with '60s, Pacific Jazz' second decade was marked by a move away from the "white" jazz

styles that had dominated the label's activities, and West Coast jazz in general, during the '50s, replaced by the then hugely fashionable hard bop and other permutations of a more overtly "black" musical consciousness. If anything emerges from a comparison of the musical directions signaled by the differing emphases of the two decades' albums it is that, at least insofar as PJ was able to chronicle, there actually was considerably more variety and individuality to the music of the '50s than has been believed and that the prevalent funk modes of the '60s led to a far greater stylistic homogeneity, and often anonymity, than did the much maligned music of the white West Coasters. The latter, it appears, were the unwitting victims of a critical backlash during the waning years of the '50s. As is frequently the case when ideology intervenes in artistic matters, the musical reality was actually far different than was claimed at the time. West Coast jazz was not nearly so trivial, bloodless or irrelevant as a number of critical voices proclaimed nor was funk/soul/hard bop/East Coast jazz the sole miraculous rejuvenating tonic with which to encounter this presumed sterility. The truth, as usual, probably was to be found somewhere between the two extremes. However, extramusical considerations carried the day—if funk was in, West Coast had to be out—and the baby was thrown out with the bathwater.

Guest soloists enliven all three Les McCann tracks in Vol. I of the '60s sets: soloing well, vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson and tenor saxophonist Curtis Amy provide most of the interest on the Horace Silver-inflected

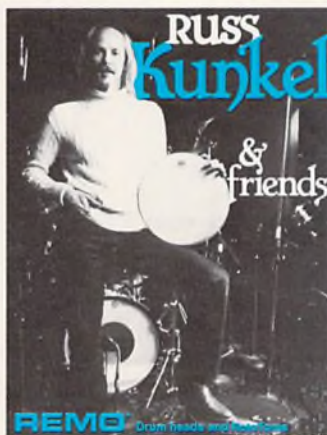
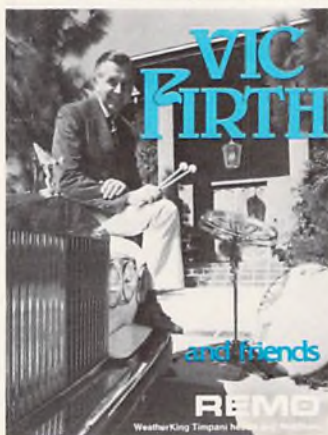
*One More Hancock Please* (which actually is more appealingly melodic than its title would suggest); recorded at the Village Gate in 1962, *A Little 3/4 For God And Co.* boasts a frontline of trumpeter Blue Mitchell and tenor saxists Stanley Turrentine and Frank Haines, with a sustainably heated Turrentine solo dominating the track; the then newly discovered Joe Pass shines on *Bernie's Tune* recorded in mid-1962 shortly after the guitarist had made his recording debut (also for PJ) with the Sounds of Synanon group. Pianist McCann performs capably if somewhat anonymously, although he handily outclasses his "discovery" organist Groove Holmes, on the latter's *Good Groove*, a selection notable solely for the participation of tenor saxophonist Ben Webster. Funk, too, is at the core of Bud Shank's *New Groove*, a 1961 selection that introduced the flaring, Clifford Brown-influenced trumpet of Carmell Jones and saw the altoist attempting a more visceral approach than had been his wont during the previous decade.

The same month, April 1961, saw the recording debut of the **Jazz Crusaders**, an event memorialized here by Wilton Felder's attractive *That's It*, offering over crackling rhythm section work a spirited tenor solo from the composer and an equally pleasing one from trombonist Wayne Henderson. Early the following year the group cut its crisp, burning *The Young Rabbits*, a hugely infectious Henderson composition that earned the group its first commercial success. Pursuing a similar vein, the group enjoyed such popular acceptance that later in the decade the Crusaders found it necessary to

reassert their jazz credentials with tunes like *Milestones* which, along with a rousing *Promises, Promises*, is offered in the second '60s volume, both being fine examples of the brand of accessible invention that from the start has characterized the group.

Deviating somewhat from the prevalent funk styles represented by these selections is *Far Wes*, an ingratiatingly low-keyed piece written by and featuring guitarist Montgomery, whose generally satisfying improvisations are eclipsed by tenor saxophonist Harold Land's elegant, beautifully shaped variations. The 1965 collaboration between **Dizzy Gillespie** and veteran orchestrator **Gil Fuller**, *Man From Monterey*, on which the trumpeter was supported by the 20 piece Monterey Jazz Festival orchestra, derives much of its inspiration thematically and coloristically from the earlier Miles Davis-Gil Evans collaboration *Miles Ahead*. Dizzy, however, plays himself, and that's more than enough for just about anyone. With the support of soprano saxophonist Tom Scott, the admirable Chuck Domanico on bass and drummer John Guerin, pianist **Roger Kellaway's** *Portrait* is very handsomely limned following lines delineated almost a decade earlier by the Davis Quintet/Sextet in *Kind Of Blue* and other works. The pianist solos to excellent effect, with plenty of the muscular, intelligent lyricism for which he is noted.

Buoyed by the spare, emphatically helpful support of rhythm guitarist John Pisano, bassist Jim Hughart and drummer Colin Bailey, guitarist **Joe Pass** offers in Vol. II a thoughtful, driving and always inventive exploration of Earl Hines' *Rosetta*, deriving



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# LAST CHANCE

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from his second solo album for the label. Backed by a saxophone quartet and a Count Basie-styled rhythm section, altoist Bud Shank turns in a glistening, hugely effective reading of *On A Clear Day*, aided materially by pianist Bob Florence's rich, imaginative writing and the crisp professionalism of the players.

The balance of the two '60s sets is given over to two Los Angeles big bands of the period, those of **Buddy Rich** and **Gerald Wilson**. The two selections by the former included in Vol. II, Bill Potts' *Big Swing Face* and Don Picstrup's *Group Shot*, emphasize the band's formidable excitement-generating abilities pretty much to the exclusion of all other values. As powerful, stirring examples of what in the Swing Era used to be called "flag-wavers," they succeed admirably, scattering sparks aplenty. However, three of the four cuts are duplicated in the single LP devoted to the band's music in this series, which makes no sense whatsoever. The band recorded extensively, so there was no lack of material on which to draw for further, equally splendid examples of its work. Then there's the further question: with Wilson being treated to a whole LP of his own in the PJ series, why allot him so many tracks in the two '60s anthologies? Particularly when there were many other performers and musical styles that could have enhanced the sets' goals—i.e., the big bands of Clare Fisher and Don Ellis; the latter's remarkable quartet with Paul Bley; the fine Carmell Jones-Harold Land or Bud Shank-Clare Fisher collaborations; the music of Kenny Dorham, Jackie McLean, Art Blakey or Booker Ervin.

The point is that somewhere between conception and execution, the basic idea of the series got turned around: these sets don't offer a comprehensive survey of PJ's activities and achievement during the two decades so much as they concentrate on the label's commercial successes. The kindest view to take is that a fine idea unfortunately went awry, and this confusion extends beyond the choice of material to the supporting documentation and other aspects of production—performers' names are misspelled, dating and personnel errors abound, the artificial stereo reprocessing of the early mono recordings has been poorly done, etc. Then too, while it's interesting to have producer Bock's reminiscences of the recordings as liner notes, these often are far too imprecise, perfunctory or laudatory to provide one much in the way of illuminating commentary. More extensive, objective and just plain accurate documentation should have supplemented his memories as a means of placing these performances, many of which are genuinely important, in some sort of musical-historical perspective. The general sloppiness in production, however, undermines the fundamental value of the series.

The set by altoist **Art Pepper** is the one of greatest value to the collector. Not only does it contain some marvelous examples of Pepper's work but, in addition, offers a number of previously unreleased performances as well as several others that if not exactly rare have had extremely limited circulation. Side one, for example, presents for the first time the complete Art Pepper Nine recordings, organized by composer-arranger Shorty Rogers (who does not play on the date) to spotlight the altoist in a series of sprightly performances that strike a judicious balance

between the ordered suavity of the Miles Davis Nonet experiments eight years earlier and the spontaneity of a blowing date. An attempt at the best of both worlds, and one that succeeds nicely, thanks primarily to the thoughtful, unpretentious Rogers charts, the enthusiastic skill with which they were executed, no less than the gripping, satisfying personal voice of Pepper which, despite solos by the other participants, so effortlessly dominates the proceedings. The only thing that might have improved the side is the use of alternate takes of the tunes (I know they exist, having come across and heard them in the company's vaults some years ago).

No less rewarding are the four tracks recorded in mid 1956 by a sextet co-led by Pepper and trumpeter Chet Baker which included tenorist Richie Kamuca, pianist Pete Jolly, bassist Vinnegar and drummer Stan Levey. Of the four, only *Little Girl* and *Ol' Croix* (a Pepper line based on *Cherokee*, stunningly performed by him and the rhythm section) had been issued in earlier PJ anthology sets, making *Minor Yours* and *Tynan Time* (two more standard-based Pepper originals) valuable new additions to the altoist's discography. Baker plays well but not exceptionally so, Kamuca is fetchingly languid in his best Lester Young manner, Jolly romps through his solos with invention and agility but none is a match for Pepper, who utterly steals the show. Again, what we have been given is fine but it would have been even better to have the balance of this delightful session: *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* (just Pepper, Vinnegar and Levey) and the lengthy *The Route* (by the full sextet).

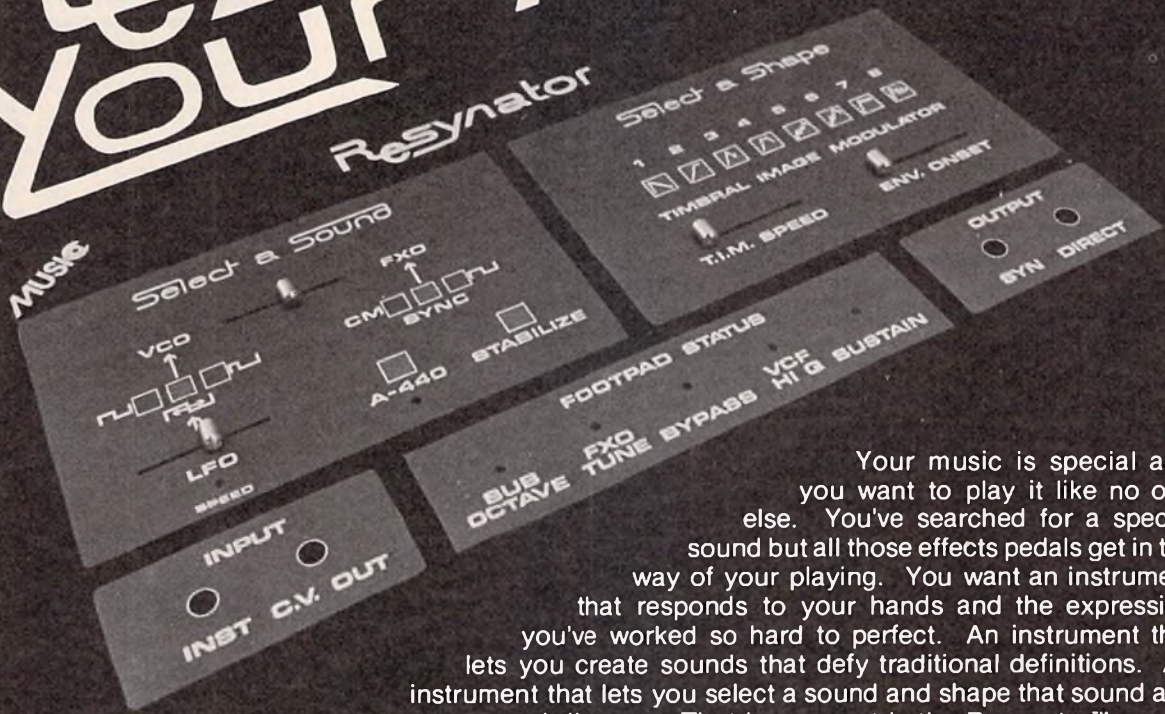
The set featuring the **Gerald Wilson Orchestra** is an absolute gem, containing a number of its finest performances from the years 1962, when it was reformed by the trumpeter/arranger/leader, to 1969 when the George Duke feature *Bluesnee* was recorded. Among the performers showcased in this genuine all-star orchestra were vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson (*Lighthouse Blues, California Soul*), tenor saxophonists Harold Land (*Blues For Yna Yna, Lighthouse Blues, Equinox, Down Here On The Ground, California Soul*), Teddy Edwards (*Viva Tirado*) and Hadley Caliman (*Bluesnee*), alto saxists Bud Shank (*Milestones*) and Jimmy Woods (*The Feather*), trumpeter Carmell Jones (*Blues For Yna Yna, Milestones, Viva Tirado*), pianists Jack Wilson (*Viva Tirado*) and Duke (*Equinox, Bluesnee*), guitarist Joe Pass (*Milestones, Viva Tirado*) and organist Groove Holmes (*Blues For Yna Yna, Equinox*). As this listing of titles indicates, there was to the band's work a strong blues underpinning, a heritage of Wilson's earlier grounding in Jimmie Lunceford's commendable combination of discipline and spontaneity. This concern with basics had nothing of the dated or reactionary to it, however, for Wilson's deft orchestrations were always crisply contemporary in flavor, as is underscored by the still fresh-sounding excitement borne in this intelligent sampling of the band's achievements. As a single disc introduction to its work, this album succeeds brilliantly. The documentation accompanying it, however, is less than satisfactory. There are no liner notes to speak of but, worse still, the band's personnel is not listed nor are the dates of recording given for the individual selections. In terms of providing basic data, this is the most derelict of all the series' sets. Still, the music remains galvanizing.

—welding



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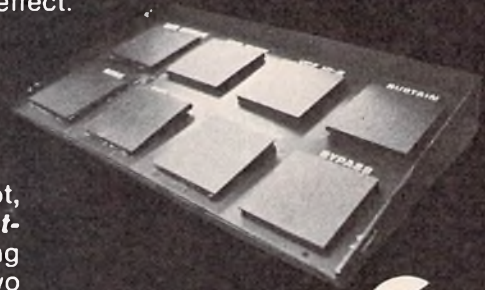


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# BLINDFOLD TEST



VERLY OAKLAND

## JOANNE BRACKEEN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The late 1970s saw the gradual and belated emergence of Joanne Brackeen as a major creative force; the 1980s seem likely to establish her as a seminal pianist/composer of the decade.

That she has been a late bloomer (her career got under way in 1958 in Los Angeles, where she worked in local rooms with Teddy Edwards, Dexter Gordon and Harold Land among others) can be attributed to two factors. First, she was never recorded during those early West Coast years; second, she was married to saxophonist Charles Brackeen in 1960 and spent the next ten years raising her children, who are now 19, 18, 16 and 13.

During that time she moved to New York, working with vibraphonist Freddy McCoy's combo from 1965-8, but she dates her real return to the jazz scene at 1969, when she began a three year off and on association with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

After stints with Joe Henderson (1972-5) and Stan Getz (1975-7) she began working exclusively as a leader, usually with a trio. She now has six albums out, the most recent *Keyed In* on Tappan Zee. This was her first Blindfold Test; she was told nothing about the records played.

**1. TETE MONTOLIU.** *Giant Steps* (from *Tete!*, Inner City). Montoliu, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Albert "Tootie" Heath, drums.

It reminded me of some recordings I heard of Tete, a piano player in Europe—I mean, I'm not sure, the bass player sounded like Niels Henning when I heard the solo. An incredible solo! And the drummer sounded like someone on Billy Higgins' style. It's nice. It didn't sound like the drummer had his own drum set. If he did, it wasn't Billy.

The tune *Giant Steps* is really great, and they did a great job on it. They got through the chords and everything very musically—bass player included, which is very rare. I thought everything was good—the fours between the drums. . . . I didn't like the way the bass was recorded. I think it could have been louder. In a trio I like all three instruments to really stand out. The drums and piano were recorded very well.

LF: What made you think it might be Tete?

JB: Just some of the things he does; Cedar Walton plays into that vein, but in a looser way. It had certain things he'd do on every tune that he did on this tune—I guess you'd call that clichés—that Tete would do and Cedar wouldn't.

Four stars. It was very musical.

**2. TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI.** *American Ballad* (from *Finesse*, Concord Jazz). Akiyoshi, piano, composer; Monty Budwig, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Once again I don't really know who that was, but if I had to guess, the only person I know who plays piano like that is Jimmy Rowles. The rhythm section you could tell was someone who doesn't ordinarily play in that context. It sounded like Billy Hart and Buster Williams. I don't know who it was, but it was really excellent accompaniment. But I wish the piano player—and Jimmy does this often—had taken another solo. He just played the melody and then came in on the middle part. I wanted more solo.

I liked it. The composition was different, obscure. And that made me think of Jimmy also, because he plays all these tunes that I've never ever heard of. It had changes that were ordinary changes, but the way they came in, like the chord would come in four beats before you'd expect it, and another chord would compensate for it. I don't know what the tune was; I think it was a fantastic composition, different and very pleasant.

50  down beat

The bass sounded nice; it seemed like someone who could play a lot more than that, but contained their talents to fit with the thing. And the brushes were real loose and flowing. The way he hit the cymbal at the end made me think of Billy, or someone who is very, very conscious of sound and time. Three and a half stars. If he had taken a longer solo, I would have given it four.

**3. MCCOY TYNER.** *Four By Five* (from *Supertrios*, Milestone). Tyner, piano, composer; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

I know he recorded this before, in an earlier recording; I've never heard this one, but that was McCoy Tyner, Eddie Gomez and I think Jack DeJohnette. Five stars—what else can I say? Another master creator of a music that was unplayed before he began playing it. And he really does an excellent job of playing that way. It's great to hear that accompaniment with him. Everything built up great; I can't imagine what I'd want to hear on the record that wasn't there.

It was recorded well—but, again, I have a thing that I would like to hear the actual notes that the bass is playing during the piano solo and I can't, even though on the bass solo it sounded great. I don't know if sometimes it's a recording impossibility, but I do like to hear the individual tones, and I couldn't hear them as well.

LF: When did you first hear McCoy?

JB: Maybe about 1963, I think I saw him once. I don't really remember how he played at that point.

LF: Were you at all influenced by him?

JB: How could I help it. . . . he was really playing music of the earth, a very vibrant, natural type of music. Incredible!

**4. JOHN COATES JR.** *Impressions* (from *In The Open Space*, Omni Sound). Coates, solo piano.

Yeah, that was something else: a piano player playing a bass line. It was just really incredible the way that he phrased the bass line! It sounded exactly like he played the bass line because he could never find a bass player that would play just what he wanted to hear. The only person I've ever heard play like this, and who that sounded like it might be, was Stanley Cowell. I would have to give it five stars just for it being really different, creative on another level. It was nothing new in ideas, but the way they were brought together was so unique.

The bass line was really amazing; not just the notes, but the way they were phrased in context with the right hand—he wasn't playing right with it. . . . playing the way someone might really want the bass player to play. The tune was *Impressions*, I know.

There is another piano player who plays bass lines—Dave McKenna, who is very excellent too.

**5. OSCAR PETERSON.** *Dancin' Feet* (from *Night Child*, Pablo). Peterson, electric piano, composer; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; Joe Pass, guitar.

You can hear the applause after that one! It's not my favorite idiom but just really very, very well done. The tune sounded like something Cedar Walton would have written. But it sounded like Oscar Peterson playing the electric piano—maybe he would never ever do that, but it sounded like him. But whoever was playing electric piano really liked Oscar. It sounded like Niels-Henning on bass. The drums had a great sound; I don't know who it was. It could have been someone that doesn't play that style but was just playing that way. And I don't know who the guitar player was, but he also was playing the same kind of lines as the bass and piano and fit in well.

It was done great; almost like a little disco funky jazz thing. It was really nice, very pleasant.

LF: Do you play electric piano at all?

JB: I don't have one. The last time I played one was with Stan Getz. One time Terumasa Hino's brother brought a little piano to work with him, a Yamaha acoustic-electric, and I played it. It was nice.

I like the acoustic-electric. But I've been using the acoustic. It sounds good; a different sound altogether, but really nice.

On this, whoever it was didn't go all over the piano as much as Oscar would normally do. And it didn't have that many chords. Where he might go into octaves or chords, it makes me wonder if it was him or not. But then if he decided he wanted to do a tune like that, he might make a special way that he had decided to play. The time feeling was just like him, and the way that he extends the lines. I'd rate it somewhere between four and a half and five stars.

**6. MARIAN McPARTLAND.** *Matrix* (from *Portrait Of Marian McPartland*, Concord Jazz). McPartland, piano; Jerry Dodgion, alto sax; Jake Hanna, drums; Brian Torff, bass.

There was nothing *wrong* with it—I realize that there are certain things I like to hear in music—and this is all personal preference, it's nothing against whoever it is playing, but they're not playing the spirit of music as I hear it at all. The horn player approaches it—he gets across because of his feeling, but the ideas he's playing, *they* don't feel at all.

The other people are playing correctly and adequately, but they don't fill my body with any type of what I call music, even though it is music and it probably sounds very pleasant to a lot of people—but it doesn't hit any center at all. I don't know who they were, the other three. I'd rate that, for the emotion of the horn player, two and three: because the horn player's on it, a three; and because it's actually correct and everything, a two.

**7. HERBIE HANCOCK-CHICK COREA.** *Liza* (from *An Evening With Herbie Hancock And Chick Corea In Concert*, Columbia).

That's incredible! Five stars! Whoever it is, and I'm sure I do know who it is, but I don't; I dare not say. But it's really amazing. It's two pianos, isn't it? I've never heard two pianos recorded or played like that; that's what I might imagine in my own mind and hope one day that I could hear—two people play like that. It's really exciting; it's incredible, amazing! And it's people that play in another idiom—that wouldn't be usually a tune that they would play.

It sounds like a whole lot of schools all in one; that's what makes it so fascinating. The energy level is beautiful; the way they play together is incredible, and it dates back from the '30s and, I would say, goes up to what's happening now, in certain contexts. And the tune is not that easy either. It's a beautiful tune, *Liza*. It was recorded live, too; it must have been some people who had been playing on a tour and had been playing for a while.

# PROFILE



COLLIS DAVIS/SHAI DA

## JOHN SCOFIELD

BY LEE JESKE

At 28 John Scofield has performed or recorded with Billy Cobham, Charles Mingus, Gary Burton, Jay McShann, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Liebman and Zbigniew Seifert. Add albums recorded in Japan with Tony Williams, Ron Carter and Terumasa Hino, albums recorded in Europe with Lee Konitz, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen and Martial Solal, two albums recorded in Germany under his own name (for the Enja label, released here by Inner City), and now, finally, an American issue of his own, *Who's Who*, and an acoustic collaboration with Larry Coryell and Joe Beck, *Tributaries* (both on Arista). How old did I say this guy is?

"I started playing guitar in high school in Connecticut. I was into rock and roll and such. I started playing in soul bands, playing r&b type stuff at high school dances. Then, when I was about 15 or 16, I studied with a local jazz player. He really turned me on to what was going on. I just started listening to all the mainstream stuff—I was listening to everybody."

So John Scofield did what thousands of young aspiring plectrists in the early 1970s did—he packed up and went to Berklee. He arrived just as the onslaught of guitarists had begun. Scofield was interested strictly in jazz right from the start and under the guiding capo of Mick Goodrick soon began developing enough of a style to work local clubs.

"I stayed at Berklee for three years. At the time I went up there, I couldn't really read and didn't really know harmony; I was playing by ear. At the beginning Berklee was

very good, because they have a very organized system of teaching harmony, arranging and things like that. As far as improvisation and stylistic stuff, you have to do that on your own. What Berklee provided was really moving away from a small suburban town to a city where there are a lot of good players. But that really wasn't Berklee; that was just being in Boston. If you're good, by four years at Berklee, you'll become a player, so there's no need to stick around and take string writing."

Guitarists he was listening to at this time include Jim Hall, George Benson and Pat Martino as the most influential, with a smattering of B. B. King and Otis Rush on the side. He describes his current sound as "sort of in between B. B. King and George Benson."

At Berklee, Scofield had the opportunity to play with Gary Burton and, being in Boston, he was heard by Alan Dawson who suggested to Gerry Mulligan that he hire the young guitarist for a coming gig at the Jazz Workshop. This developed into a short stint that included being recorded at Carnegie Hall by C.TI on the two Mulligan/Chet Baker LPs.

"At that time I was meeting players in New York and trying to get to move to New York. I played with Horacee Arnold on a demo tape that Billy Cobham produced. So at the end of '74 Cobham called me up to ask if I'd join his band. I joined Cobham's band replacing John Abercrombie. Mike and Randy Brecker were in the band. It's a great pressure to come from Somerville, Massachusetts living on \$40 to one of the best gigs in New York. It was just pressure all the way around, but it was great really."

Scofield stayed with the Billy Cobham band (which became the George Duke-Billy

Cobham Band) for a full two years. He was recorded four times with them, before the unit broke up. Scofield then began gigging around New York and ended up in the studio with Charles Mingus for his *Three Or Four Shades Of Blues* date.

"I just got the call from the producer, Ilhan Mimaroglu. He knew my playing and Mingus was looking for another guitar player to make the date. The charts were the hardest thing I've ever had to sight read, ever. No rehearsal—we went in, rehearsed in the studio and then we'd take it. We were playing single note things along with the horn ensemble and it was definitely the hardest thing I've ever had to sight read."

Soon Gary Burton called and John Scofield replaced Pat Metheny in the Burton ensemble. During the year he was with Burton he also toured Japan with Terumasa Hino.

In 1977 George Gruntz, of the Berlin Jazztage, offered the opportunity to put together a group and tour Europe. So Scofield took Richie Beirach, George Mraz and Joe LaBarbera and headed for Europe. This resulted in his first LP as a leader, *John Scofield Live* (distributed in the U.S. by Inner City). Now he tours Europe as a leader every fall (his second tour is represented by the Inner City release *Rough House*).

"There is a real good audience there for the type of music I play. I can go to Europe and tour and do well, and I've got a certain following in Japan. It seems like overseas I've got more shots than I've got here."

The two albums recorded in Europe display a fluent, burning guitar style and show Scofield to be an interesting writer with a distinct Coltrane flair. During this time he also played on Jay McShann's two Atlantic albums, showing a good, clean blues sound that fit in perfectly with the other sidemen—such swingers as Buddy Tate, Doc Cheatham, Dicky Wells and Earle Warren, all about old enough to be the grandfathers of the bearded Scofield.

More recently John Scofield has had the chance to record his first album for an American label—Arista's *Who's Who*. It clearly shows off Scofield's talents and places him in the front of the clowder of young guitarists plugging in all over the jazz world. Scofield is also featured on tenorist Mack Goldsbury's *Anthropo-Logic* on Muse.

Currently John Scofield is a working member of Dave Liebman's group. He also spends a good deal of his time teaching. And he continues to record throughout the world—an album with the late Zbigniew Seifert (*Passion* for Capitol), a trio record with Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen for SteepleChase (in Denmark), an album for Trio (in Japan), an album with a concert band in Germany (MPS in Germany), and on and on.

Would Scofield like to travel with his own group? "Yes I would when the time is right. The economy is so bad now, but hopefully I'll get the chance to tour with my own group here. I like a quartet thing now. I'd like to play the stuff I have on *Who's Who*, really funk type stuff, as well as really swing out and play beautiful, lyrical ballads. I'd like to have a group that can do all that, really."

Reading over John Scofield's list of accomplishments, one would think that he is a 20 year veteran. But there is one number on *Who's Who* that puts the new generation of jazz musicians in their proper perspective. Its title: *The Beatles*. db

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## MARK MURPHY

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BY TOM SCHNABEL

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Mark Murphy has just finished singing his gutsy version of Freddie Hubbard's *Red Clay* when he sidles off the stand and whispers in my ear, "I'm freaking out; my voice is all dried out. I *knew* I should have steamed before going on tonight, the vaporizers just aren't enough sometimes." The contraptions hissing steam in front of the stage are part of this singer's nightclub survival kit. "Could someone please open the door," he intones. The air clears a little by the

time he gets into his flawlessly-timed scatting in *Farmer's Market*. When Murphy gets to the snap-beans my eyes are still smarting from the poor ventilation, but the singing is so terrific I decide to stay for another set, and not just to hear that endangered species, the male jazz singer. Mark Murphy sounds twice as good live as he does on records.

Mark Howe Murphy was born in Syracuse, New York in 1932, and was raised in a musical family. "I've been singing since I was four. My parents had beautiful voices. We were brought up in the Methodist Church—my mother and father met in the choir, my grandmother played organ for it, my aunt succeeding her. She still plays every Sunday.

"The whole family got up Sunday morning, had breakfast, and split to church, put

on robes, and sang for an hour. That was the family ritual. We're still very close; my brother is a music teacher near Albany, and my sister still sings great and teaches her little kids piano. My younger brother and his daughter both have 'the voice.' It's a very deep musical background, and very rhythmic also; we're very Irish, very Celtic. The Scottish marching band—if you've ever watched one, you'll know where a lot of my jazz pulse comes from."

The first records were for Decca in 1957, with Murphy on the cover clad in Ivy League sport coat and penny loafers. "That was sort of my 'ten years before ready' time," Murphy explained. "Even then I had been given the 'jazz' label. It was a dirty word then, not like it is now. It's become a good label now, but I had to wait so long for it. In those days, Decca didn't know what to do. They wanted to bend things this way and that way, to make compromise albums, which there was no market for. The thing I'm proud about, well, a man came in last night who was talking about those records—he still has all of them—though they didn't sell many copies, the people who did buy them cherished them, so I must have been doing something right."

By 1962, Murphy had already appeared on Steve Allen's *Jazz Scene USA*, *Tonight*, and other television shows, sung at the Village Gate and Village Vanguard, and received critical acclaim for records that featured Ralph Burns and other top orchestra leaders.

"I was still trying to become a tuxedo singer, yet still managing to sing things I liked. And it just wouldn't work."

In early 1963, Murphy left for Paris, enticed by an offer from a woman to play the male lead in a Broadway show supposedly being written by Michel Legrand. Instead of writing the show's book, the woman concentrated on *Beaujolais*, and Murphy was stranded in Paris.

"But soon I got a call from Fred Burkehardt, who worked in Holland for Philips. This started my years of recording for Joop de Roo, a Dutch radio producer. Eventually this culminated in a brilliant seven part Dutch television series on Broadway composers with Dolphe vander Linden's Metropol Orchestra, singer Gretje Kaufeld, myself, and some great players: Piet Nordyke, alto; Ferdinand Povel, tenor; and Ack von Rooyen on flugelhorn. Gerry van Rooyen and Rob Bronk did the fantastic orchestrations. This was certainly one of the high points of my career and life. I'm now trying to get the Harold Arlen segment on here in the States, with Ernestine Anderson doing Gretje's part.

"But getting back to the beginning; Burkehardt said he could get me some gigs around Europe, so I said okay. At that point I went to England and, oddly enough, the second album I did for Riverside, *That's How I Love The Blues*, was much better distributed in Europe than it was over here. Over there I had the only hit single in my career, my Riverside version of *Fly Me To The Moon*, recorded in New York City just before I left. It even got onto the American charts in about ten cities. But at that time, bossa nova was new, and Joe Harnell did his own version, which knocked us down.

"But living in London at that time was lovely, and so cheap you could live like a king."



TOM CORPI

While in England, Murphy also worked as an actor. "Right away I got some work, the role of chief witness for the prosecution in the B.B.C. 'documentary' on the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. I also clowned and sang a gangster role in the B.B.C.'s adaptation of Brecht's *Arturo Ui*. And if you've seen the film *Steppenwolf*, that was me with the French accent singing a song dubbed in for the actor Pierre Clementi in the cabaret scene."

Murphy was also cast as Jesus Christ in a pilot film series by an English television company, but the project was later discontinued.

Mark Murphy's career could have taken the route of the vapors coming out of the steam machines he takes on the road. But Murphy tenaciously thinks there is an audience for his music.

"I think it's a sort of different return to American roots, where people are beginning to take a fresh look at their own culture. It has also to do with the '60s record boom, where a lot of young people got into the habit of buying lots of records. Now this same group has grown up and their tastes have become more sophisticated."

After returning to the States in 1973, Murphy recorded several albums for Muse, but it was not really until the 1978 release, *Stolen Moments* (MR 5102) that things began paying off. It was tremendously satisfying for longtime Murphy fans to hear him singing his own lyrics to the Oliver Nelson evergreen over jazz stations coast to coast, and to see the album climb the charts. And to him, it came as a complete surprise.

"I had no idea that *Stolen Moments* would get so much play, I just had *no idea* they would

dig that so much. It's brought the whole song back. Funny, I've been putting original lyrics to jazz tunes for a long time. I put Herbie Hancock's *Sly* to words but it didn't get much play at all. My version of *Red Clay* was a mini-hit, but nothing like *Stolen Moments*.

"I've noticed that there is a whole new wave of interest in jazz choir work all up and down the West Coast, spearheaded by this guy named Dr. Kirby Shaw, who teaches up at a tiny little college in Weed, California, at the base of Mount Shasta. It's funny, you walk around the little town, and you expect to hear a little country-western or maybe some folk music on some soupy station. But then you go into this high school auditorium and the kids are singing bebop, all loving each other's performance. I first noticed it when some kids started hanging around the Dock in Tiburon, California, where I sang for ten months. These were kids who work in a high school band and choir in Marin County. They came in one night and all scatted with me, and I was *amazed*. Then I found out, through Herb Wong, about what Kirby was doing up there, and started doing clinics for him. I love to do clinic work because it gets me out of nightclubs and it's a way of using another side of your brain. I gave them a little tape lecture on historic jazz singers the other day. I found out that Bessie Smith's teacher was Ma Rainey. Now I have to find out who taught Ma Rainey, and that would take you back to almost 1900. I teach that jazz is a true fusion of cultures which together have produced an art form. It happened in Louisiana, a Creole, Latin-based culture, but also in Cuba and Brazil, where the African rhythms met the different kinds of European music. Jazz was

first vocal, then the instruments came in sounding like voices, and now we've come full circle, with people calling us singers who sound like horns.

"It's ironic that *Stolen Moments* did so well, because I felt rushed recording it and didn't like it when it was done. For one thing, the mix seemed bad at the time. We use a producer the same way a film does a director, since you can't concentrate on all the details like the producer can, since he or she's watching you as well as the overall operation. To have the money that Columbia was going to produce Eddie Jefferson with is kind of like a singer's dream. The other extreme is how Gino Vanelli records, spending a month on all those tracks. I wouldn't want something quite as rigid as that, but I sure would like some more time. I'm going to be recording my next record soon, and if all goes well, and if the success of *Stolen Moments* is any sort of indicator, this next record should be successful.

"But I don't kid myself. This country's geared on money success and an awful lot of people have to find a way to survive without it. I've been doing that for years. If I had kids I'd probably tell them to go into jazz singing only after they had equipped themselves with another skill, like maybe plumbing. Then they could do what they wanted."

But as things now stand, Mark Murphy won't have to sling any pipe wrenches or plungers around. His uncompromising artistry has never faltered even in the toughest times. The public and the recording industry are discovering that jazz singing is one of the most fascinating idioms in American music; and Mark Murphy is a proven master. **db**



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## JOHN WOOD

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BY LEE UNDERWOOD

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Slightly more than two years ago, pianist John Wood said, "Any progress will be a gradual fade-up, slow, but very steady. Whatever recognition I get will be built on

something solid and human, not something that was created and supplied for economic reasons. The only thing you can hope to achieve in music is just being yourself. If you can do that, then you've done it all." (Profile, 9/8/77)

John's progress has been steady indeed, but not slow. Today, at 29, he wears many hats, and impressively well.

Born in Nashville, Tennessee, November 1, 1950, the third of three children, John moved permanently to Los Angeles with his parents when he was six.



His father, Randy Wood, is well known as the founder of Dot Records; as the founder of one of the largest mail order record businesses in the world (Randy's Record Shop, Gallatin, Tenn.); as the creator of "The Randy Show" (a 50,000 watt radio music program, widely known in the North and South as "a strong cultural force for blacks in our country"); and as a major producer of pop music in the '50s, including all of Pat Boone's hits, as well as hits by Billy Vaughn, Patti Page, the Hilltoppers, and many others.

Rather than disappearing under his father's shadow, young John decided to create his own shadow, remaining loyal and loving toward his father while establishing himself as an independent individual on several fronts.

As a pianist, he steeped himself in the music of Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner, Horace Silver and other early jazz giants. He has solidly absorbed the traditions, and continues to develop his own style.

In 1977, he released his first album, *Until Goodbye* (LAPR 1002). Since that time, he has released *Freeway Of Love* (1001), "Say Hey" (1004), and his most recent, *Inner Merge* (1005), featuring reedman Ray Pizzi (Profiled 10/20/77), bassist Tony Dumas (Profiled 9/8/77), and drummer Billy Higgins.

John produced these albums on his own record label, Los Angeles Phonograph Records, and has acquired his own distributors, first on the West Coast (L.A., San Francisco, San Diego, Seattle), and now on the East Coast (New York, Philadelphia).

As well as performing, producing, packaging, and acquiring distributors, John has two upcoming additions to the catalogue: veteran trombonist Benny Powell, and newcomer vibraphonist Ricky Kelly (all records available also by mail: Los Angeles Records, 8312 Beverly Blvd., L.A., CA, 90048).

On *Until Goodbye* and *Freeway Of Love*, John was a poetic, introspective performer, captivating to be sure, but occasionally hesitant, tentative. He feels that "Say Hey" and *Inner Merge* represent new and different outlooks. "My playing has become stronger and more aggressive," he said. "My ideas today are more complex and demanding, and they are expressed with greater fluidity and completeness.

"Part of that is because I've been playing seriously now for over 13 years, and it's showing, it's paying off. I can get around the axe now. I can pretty much play what I hear, which was not always the case. So the years of developing technique have helped. I'm better now than ever before, which is as it should be. I intend to keep growing.

"The other part is the fact that I'm playing with genuine jazz musicians, dedicated to the art and life of jazz. To my mind, you can't get any better than, say, drummer Billy Higgins, who has played with Ornette Coleman, Sonny Rollins, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane and hundreds of others. Playing with Billy makes you swing.

"Before I made my first record, I talked with [the late] Lester Koenig of Contemporary Records. He said I was good, and then he gave me advice: Don't play with your friends. Play with people who speak your language and are intelligent.

"On 'Say Hey', Billy Higgins helped me get the feeling of 'It's jazz, and it's great!' I didn't have to beat the guys over the head to swing, and I could be myself.

CAROLINE HYMAN

"He and Tony Dumas, Ray Pizzi, Leroy Vinnegar, Henry Franklin and others I play with all speak my language. They are dedicated to jazz, and are intelligent. They can give and take. At each one of our sessions, and on each of the various club gigs we've had as a result of the records, we plant the seeds of lasting relationships. We're going to make it work because of the power of believing in one another, and the power of good music."

As his own record company executive, John quickly learned that nothing takes care of itself by itself. "I remember my father back in the '50s. I never saw him without a telephone in his hand, never. I learned then that the record business is all about communication, talking to people, making them think about what you're doing, getting their attention.

"That means we contact independent distributors all across the country, making them aware of our catalogue, getting them to take on our lines and sell them. We send records to every jazz station across the country, some 350 of them. We send them to all of the reviewers.

"It's not at all easy to get records distributed. To anybody trying to make their own record and put it out on their own label, I say one thing: good luck. Distributors just don't want to deal with one record made by one guy on his own label. They want a catalogue. So it's rough. I happened to be fortunate in the beginning, because my father has a great reputation and has done a great deal of business with distributors over the years.

"I was also fortunate, however, because my first record, *Until Goodbye*, sold well on the West Coast, got played on the radio, and got positive feedback from 50 reviewers across the country. Each record has sold at least 1000 copies, and now we have distribution on the East Coast as well, so everything is beginning to roll.

"Getting independent distribution is tough, but getting major record companies and distributors to distribute jazz is nearly impossible. They couldn't care less about jazz. They're in it for the money, not for the music of jazz. I understand that, but I don't feel that way myself. I'm in it for the music, and would like to see it pay for itself as well over the months and years as we grow."

John Wood also manages the family owned recording studio, Studio Masters, spending up to 12 hours a day on the job. "My duties there include anything that has to be done. I spend hours on the telephone. I do some engineering when necessary. I book time, discuss rates, type invoices, make sure the schedules are coordinated, and keep the studio humming up to 24 hours a day. Business has been good this year, although we've never run an ad anywhere, nor are we listed in any studio publication. People book our studio because of word of mouth, and because we also have state-of-the-art recording equipment."

When club dates at the Lighthouse, Sound Room, Pasquale's, Carmelo's and other L.A. jazz rooms started to happen as a result of the successful *Inner Merge*, John was initially nervous, not only because he had not per-

formed for eight months prior to that first gig, but because he aspired to the heights of his models Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, et al.

"So I had to relax, build up my confidence, reassure myself that I could play. My first gig went well, and so have the gigs since then. It's now to the point where if I have a gig tomorrow night, I'm ready. I played last night, and I'm glad I did. I am not playing tonight, but I wish I were.

"Jazz has helped me connect with people and things that I would otherwise still be separate from. Among other things, jazz demonstrates to everybody that we in the world—blacks, whites, Orientals, Latins, Russians, all of us—we're in this thing together. That's the reality of human existence. That's the truth of it: we're all in this world together. Historically, however, we have tried to deny this—wars, prejudice, greed, pollution.

"By contrast, jazz illustrates how we can all work together, bring out the best in each other, help each other. We all need each other. We have to recognize that, and strive toward spiritual unity. Jazz can help us do that.

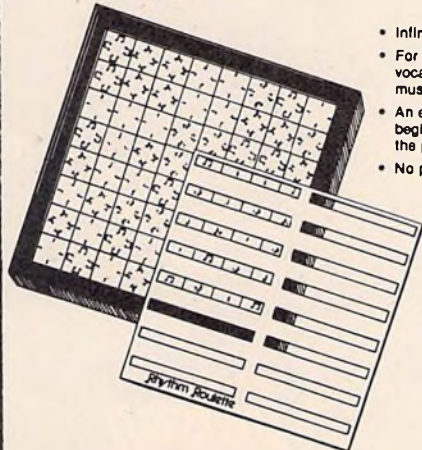
"My goals today are to be clear headed and hard working, to be able to walk into a room full of people and feel relaxed and confident, to have something to say, to have a positive impact. I want to be naturally intoxicated through communicating with other people.

"We can help each other, and we can love each other. Through the music of jazz, I think I can contribute to those processes that will enable us to do so." db

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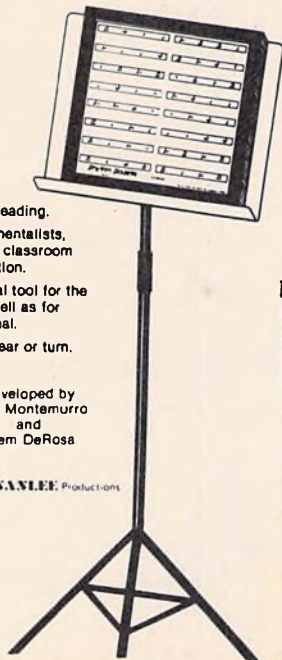
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# CAUGHT!

## AN EVENING WITH ELLA FITZGERALD

SOUNDSTAGE  
CHICAGO

**Personnel:** Ella Fitzgerald, vocals; Roy Eldridge, guest trumpet; Zoot Sims, guest tenor; Joe Pass, guest guitar; The Count Basie Band: Sonny Cohen, Pete Minger, Dale Carley, Paul Cohen, trumpets; Mel Wanzo, Booty Wood, Bill Hughes, Dennis Wilson, trombones; Eric Dixon, Kenny Hing, Bobby Plater, Jim Turner, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Fred Green, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Duffy Jackson, drums. The Paul Smith Trio: Smith, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Norman Granz brought his company of strolling players to Chicago November 12 to tape a TV special first aired December 9. Ken Ehrlich, of Chicago's PBS station WTTW, first contacted Granz in 1975, but Granz's insistence on complete control of production and final editing made Ehrlich reluctant. Finally, however, Granz had his way (even down to the unprecedented ban on a studio audience). But whatever the compromises, the resulting 90 minute special was an artistic success.

(The only disappointment was the absence of Oscar Peterson, who had planned to fly in

from his home in Mississauga, Canada, until a train derailment five blocks from his home caught Peterson in the middle of the largest mass evacuation in North American history.)

The taping started about 12:45 in the afternoon. The Basie band was massed on the simple stage and walked through a peppy, brassy trio of staples—Neal Hefti's *Splanky*, *Blues For Stephen* (which was mostly piano and practically no band) and a stampeding Ernie Wilkins evergreen called *Basie*. There were no false steps, but no surprises either. Although it's still a bracing group to hear in person, Granz is probably right when he says that just about all that can be done with recording the band has been done. Ella joined the band on stage next for her songbook set. Paul Smith replaced Basie at the piano and conducted the band (now little more than a good studio ensemble) through a program of charts by arrangers such as Paul Weston, Nelson Riddle, and Marty Paich. After two breakdowns on *Let's Do It* (Ella was unfamiliar with the lyric and read from cue cards) an excellent take was punctuated with a couple of shimmering falsetto leaps. Roy Eldridge was warming up off camera as Ella went into *Love To Keep Me Warm*. Eldridge provided pleasant if uninspired muted accompaniment. Zoot joined Ella on *Mountain Greenery*, Roy returned for an uncertain,

paunchy *Love Is Here To Stay*, and it was Zoot again on *Blues In The Night*. A goof in the lyric just before a brief double time sequence three-quarters of the way through caused a retake. Ella was visibly tense and impatient with herself. Before the band broke up, a second version of *Love Is Here To Stay* was done at Roy's request. His muted horn was noticeably more authoritative the second time around. That ended the band set.

It was about 1:55 and lunch was served in an adjoining, rather frigid studio. People broke off into little groups. Granz and Sims discussed plans for an album to be recorded in Los Angeles in December with Shelly Manne. Ella retreated to her dressing room. Roy munched fried chicken and cheese potatoes on a stool in the ladies room, which had been designated dressing room for the musicians for the occasion. He complained that with all the millions spent to build the huge TV complex no consideration was given to providing acceptable facilities for musicians and performers.

Basie was the first one back in the studio after lunch. He sat at the piano and, joined by Duffy Jackson and Cleveland Eaton, poked his way leisurely through a lean, stripped down *Honeysuckle Rose*. Sims and Eldridge were on the stand with Basie by 3, and, with Granz looking pleased, began to develop a set of their own. Relaxed, swinging Kansas City style riffs seemed to suddenly materialize from nowhere, as the rhythm section laid down an unflinchingly solid beat. Granz explained the lack of Fred Green's rhythm guitar: "It locks you in too much." Perhaps, but the steadiness of this rhythm

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team left no room for flexibility, and a guitar would have added dimension and texture to the pulse. Granz called for three numbers and suggested tempo variations. Roy obliged with a 32 bar riff figure that Sims and Basie quickly picked up. When it was over Roy pronounced it good. "I like it," he grinned. Sims' tenor filled the large studio with uncanny echoes of Lester Young. Next was a medium blues, and finally a fast blues. Basie's piano work was bare bones. There was no break between rehearsal and taping. Basie just flicked his finger and the recording machines rolled. During the final tune, Granz stood behind the center camera and gestured to Roy to take out his mute and play open horn. It was good advice. There were no breakdowns or retakes, although Basie took Jackson by surprise when he signaled for a drum solo. It was that easy. This segment, the "Kansas City Five," was undoubtedly the meatiest sequence of the afternoon, but Granz may have to fight hard to keep all three numbers in the final show.

Roy and Zoot left, Basie and the rhythm section stayed on and Ella returned for a set with the Basie trio. It was pure joy. *Honeysuckle Rose* was hip and intimate. *One O'Clock Jump* had the spontaneity of real communication. Basie said he liked it better than his band's version. Next, Basie and his rhythm complement were replaced by Ella's pianist the Paul Smith trio and Roy and Zoot came back for a JATP style set. (Oscar Peterson would have played this, as well as a Satch and Josh set, had he been available.) But Paul Smith made a surprisingly impressive showing. After two ballads, (*Ghost Of A Chance* with Zoot and *Can't Get Started* with Roy) Ella led the group into the traditional JATP closer, *Lady Be Good*. Smith practically stole the piece with three lashing choruses of hot, driving right handed lines that were in wild contrast to his upright bearing, which resembles that of a retired Naval commander.

Ella did a set next with the Smith trio that included *Make Me Some Rainbows* and an Ellington medley. By about 5:15 Joe Pass finally mounted the stage for his two numbers—*Ain't Misbehavin* and another one, both of which he wanted to do over again. Granz indulged him, but when Ella suddenly appeared ready for her numbers with Joe, the retakes were postponed. The two faced one another on stage, settled on the key of F, and began *Meditations*. The start was awkward and Granz stopped the take. A second try went perfectly. The final business of the afternoon was to tape the show's opening and closing tunes, both of which will feature only Ella and Joe. *Am I Blue* was done in one take, but the final tune, *Once In A While*, proved the most troublesome of the day. There were no less than seven takes. On two occasions there were technical problems. A frog crept into Ella's voice on the final note of another. And several times Ella drew a blank of the lyric, a problem many singers can have with ballads. The pace is so slow, the mind can sometimes wander from the words.

Through it all Granz exercised a knowing, never intrusive control. Stopwatch in hand, he scribbled notes to himself in a small log. Ella especially relied on him for counsel, criticism and assurance. In any case, it was all wrapped up in less than six hours, including lunch. The first half of the taping involving the band tended to be more rigid and formal. It was as if one institution was relating to



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Ella, Zoot Sims, Roy Eldridge

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another institution, and all the proprieties were observed. After lunch, however, it all became much more of a party. In the Kansas City Five, the trio and JATP sets and the duets with Pass, we are allowed to witness the essence of jazz—people communicating and responding to people. It comes through without hype or pretense.

*Post script:* Two weeks before air time, the program was edited and ready. The station's PR department hustled the press into preview rooms for an advance look at the final product. All concerned can be proud of the

show, a nice mixture of spontaneity and calculation, freewheeling jazz and thoroughly respectable commercialism. The camera work catches some marvelous reactions from Basie during the duets with Ella on *Honeysuckle* and *One O'Clock Jump*. Animated twinkles of delight sparkle through Basie's impassive, imperturbable musical presence. Unfortunately the first two of the three Kansas City Five numbers (Basie, Roy, Zoot, plus rhythm) have been left on the cutting room floor. But the fast blues that remains is full of energy, with no less than three out choruses. The transitions from sequence to

sequence are artfully handled with freeze frames and dissolves; one hardly notices the absence of an audience. As for Ella herself, the program becomes the definitive TV catalog of her immense craftsmanship. If every performance isn't perfect, who cares? Nobody ever said jazz had to be perfect anyway—as long as it swings.

—John McDonough

*Ed. note:* Ella Fitzgerald was voted by our readers into the *db* Hall of Fame in our December issue. The third woman so honored, she joins Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith.

## JEFF LORBER FUSION MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON

BOTTOM LINE  
NEW YORK CITY

**Personnel:** Lorber, synthesizer, electric piano; Danny Wilson, bass; Dennis Bradford, drums; Kenny Gorelick, saxes, flute.

**Personnel:** Jackson, acoustic guitar, vocals; Jerome Harris, bass, vocals.

The Jeff Lorber Fusion and Michael Gregory Jackson shared the bill at New York's premier showcase club just as they share an affiliation with Arista Records. Both musicians are willing participants in the cultivation of a mass audience for jazz via the 'crossover' approach.

Stylistically, they differ greatly. While Lorber's music uses older styles quite professionally, Jackson's moves ahead and anticipates the future.

Watching Lorber and his band in action, the keys to his appeal become clear. Lorber's music is not fusion in the Miles Davis, *Bitches Brew* sense; instead of mixing rock's more energetic electronic elements and a jazz sensibility, the Fusion owes its greatest debt to r&b rhythmic concepts.

Lorber's use of progressions from musi-

cians as diverse as Chick Corea, organist Jimmy Smith, and Horace Silver is judicious, though not particularly creative. His play is familiar enough to interest a few older fans and give the rock audience a feeling that



Jackson

Lorber is a musical heavyweight. Putting these elements together one hears a steady backbeat with progressive sounding keyboards floating over it, a simple formula that can please. Lorber's *Soft Space* is the largest selling album in Inner City's history.

The two best received pieces during Lorber's set were those most representative of the group's style: *Toad's Place* and *Water Sign*.

Wilson's position is the most difficult of any of the Fusion's members. For any bassist growing up in the 1970s the overwhelming tendency is to assimilate, then regurgitate Stanley Clarke's rapid fire licks. And to some extent Wilson is taken in by Clarke's influence. He also finds the ever popular thumb flying, string popping technique of Sly Stone's former bassist Larry Graham contagious.

One overlooks Wilson's occasional errors in judgment because of his age and otherwise poised play; he is young enough to develop his own personal approach. His funk sound serves Lorber well.

Bradford's style is much more his own, developed as a youngster playing for various r&b outfits, including some dates with James Brown. On *Toad's Place* and *Water Sign* he maintains a soulful tempo, but with much use of cymbals for accenting.

Lorber plays over this strong bottom on both tunes with tasteful blues touches on piano and a mix of sustained notes and right

COLLIS DAVIS/SHALDA

hand riffs—often reminiscent of a rock guitar—on synthesizer. Lorber's play is truly a mix of Americana. While the blues, at least on this occasion, was something of a recurring motif, bebop, Latin, and country all had their moments.

Kenny Gorelick had been added to this trio on sax and flute for the tour. He has played with many r&b groups, but tonight did not show the strength or passion it takes to make a good player in that idiom. His contributions to the Fusion's sound were minimal.

The Jeff Lorber Fusion is a byproduct of a generation of musicians and listeners who revere the artistry of jazz, but find greater comfort in the more familiar textures of soul and rock. Like Spyro Gyra, Lorber reaches back while keeping 4/4 on the floor.

Michael Gregory Jackson is looking to reach the same audience Lorber has captured, though he starts from a spot far removed from the pop-jazz mainstream.

On record he has collaborated with Oliver Lake and Anthony Braxton. He has performed many times with musicians like Muhal Richard Abrams and Julius Hemphill. He has also composed for members of New York's black theater movement including Ntozake Shange, author of the controversial *For Colored Girls* . . .

He recorded two albums on small, almost invisible, labels before his first solo release on Arista-Novus, *Gifts*. He followed that with *Heart And Center* from which he drew most of his material this evening. On that disk he makes use of a wide range of accompaniment, but only brought bassist Jerome Harris to provide support for this date.

Jackson's avant garde background doesn't prepare one for what he delivers. I was caught off guard by his beautifully melodic songs and a singing voice that had the glowing appeal of Stevie Wonder.

His opening song, *Unspoken Legend*, one of only two instrumentals he performed, gave some hint of what was to follow because of its intricate melodic line. Jackson scatted along with his guitar, not in the sure-to-please manner George Benson has adopted, but with great variations in pitch and phrasing. Some in the Bottom Line audience laughed quietly in the background at what they obviously considered Jackson's eccentricity.

Jackson then hit his stride with two songs, *Risin' Up* and *Can You Hear What I'm Saying*. Both were melodically complex, using a range of harmonies that most pop music writers avoid, even if they consider them. As do his "new music" counterparts, Jackson constantly fights to resist the musically obvious. But Jackson still has a fine touch for accessibility. The tunes are challenging, yet hum-able, a quite remarkable parlay.

Jackson's voice is light and airy. He slides up into a falsetto often, more reminiscent of the anguished cries of a Delta bluesman than a favorite soul singer. It is not a smooth sound—it's too full of determination and effort to fit that niche.

His lyrics are simple, just hooks to hang his floating, twisting melodies upon. One song had an entire lyric consisting of "Speak your mind today/Live your life your way/It doesn't hurt." Not profound, but presented with the sincerity of the early and best music of Bill Withers.

Harris' contribution was substantial. His bubbling bass supplied rich and flexible rhythmic support and his vocal harmonies

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with Jackson were always sharp. Also his stage persona was relaxed and easygoing, a nice contrast to Jackson's intense manner.

Jackson's second instrumental, an untitled tribute to Mingus, was Jackson's most disappointing composition. It didn't appear related to Mingus, serving more as a platform for him to use rock fingering on his acoustic guitar. The inspired play that has led some to compare him to John McLaughlin wasn't apparent here.

The only other disappointment was Jackson's failure to use a full band. The music was so rich in possibilities, often crying out for an electric piano, another guitarist or a drummer so the melodies could be properly highlighted.

His direction, however, is flawless. "New music" harmonies and sensibilities married to melodies any pop-jazz man would envy is a worthy experiment. Jackson comes to this synthesis with a naturalness that provides hope that music in the 1980s won't just play to its audience, as Lorber does, but challenge the public even as it pleases it. —*nelson george*

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## THE 1979 BERLIN JAZZ FESTIVAL

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The 1979 Berlin Jazz Festival ("Berliner Jazztage '79") offered much good music and, at the same time, more problems than in most of its 16 year history. For this writer, the two main highlights were contributed by women: Carla Bley and Toshiko Akiyoshi. It is beautiful to see these great ladies—wonderful looking in their modish clothes, resolute but still feminine—conducting and directing all those men in their respective orchestras.

Carla's compositions had the warmest, fullest sounds I've ever heard in any of her bands. They were spirited and hilariously humorous, especially *Boo To You, Too*, about the notoriously rude booing of the Berlin audiences. Carla had sent a stooge up to the balconies in order to give her the "catch-boo" for her song (with Carla's own great singing!). There were great solos from Gary Windo on tenor sax, Gary Valente on trombone and—most remarkable of them all—by Arturo O'Farrill on Hammond organ in what could almost be called a new style on that instrument (the first one since Larry Young!).

The Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band offered a fascinating performance (however, by far not as breathtaking as their work just three days earlier at Poland's Warsaw Jazz Jamboree) with its power, its inspiring Tabackin solos on tenor and flute (two completely different styles!) and its wealth of new ensemble sounds (for instance, its flute section or its combinations of three flutes, tenor and baritone sax, or—especially original—one flute, one alto, two sopranos and one clarinet).

However, this is where the problems begin. Toshiko and Lew Tabackin founded their orchestra in the spring of 1973.

By the summer of that year it was obvious that this was one of the great jazz orchestras of our era. It used to be a well established tradition of the Berliner Jazztage to immediately react to new, important developments—and even anticipate them as it had done so many times in the past. But nowadays, under its director, George Gruntz, the festival needed six years before it made up its

mind to present the TA-LT-BB. Also, the World Saxophone Quartet (in Berlin they really performed like a ballet on saxes... like dancing on their instruments) had already played two years earlier at the Moers Festival (near West Germany's border with Holland), and at the festival in Willisau, Switzerland, and even traditional-minded George Wein presented the troupe in his festival before Berlin—a fact which would have been unthinkable a couple of years ago.

The Berliner Jazztage does not look ahead anymore. It looks backwards. It does not anticipate, but follows developments—in many cases, rather reluctantly.

The program book talked about the "new traditionalism" and especially the revival of bop." However, neither the more important "new traditionalists" (for instance, Scott Hamilton and the men from the Concord label; in this respect even the Warsaw Jazz Jamboree was ahead of Berlin), nor the young musicians representing the contemporary bop of the late '70s (for instance, the young boppers of the SteepleChase, Muse and Inner City stables) were present in Berlin—with the exception of beautifully-playing Dave Schmitter. But even he was there only "accidentally" because he happened to be a member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, who were hired for the opening concert—a lovely "Blakey Hommage" featuring some of the musicians who are Messengers alumni, among them Jackie McLean, Curtis Fuller and—almost a rediscovery!—Benny Golson.

The closing concert was another tribute, "Music for Mingus," but neither the two German groups on this concert—the Theo Jörgensmann Quartet and Günther Lenz's Springtime—nor Carla Bley's band have much to do with Mingus. So the Original Charles Mingus Workshop Ensemble, Mingus' last group with Eddie Gomez on bass, had to carry the message alone, which they did beautifully. The real Mingus homage, of course, would also include the Mingus Dynasty plus, possibly, a commission of an orchestral piece in memory of Mingus to men who have worked in this vein, Heiner Stadler, for instance, or Anthony Davis. It's not enough to just call it "Music for Mingus." You have to back up such a demanding headline.

German player Theo Jörgensmann, by the way, is developing into one of Europe's greatest jazz clarinetists as the clarinet seems to be having a worldwide jazz revival. In a way, he sounds like a contemporary Edmond Hall.

Luring Von Freeman out of his self-imposed seclusion in Chicago, and pairing the legendary tenor giant with his son, Chico Freeman, was a great idea. The playing together of the bop-rooted father and his free-playing son really symbolized the unbroken line of the great black tenor tradition in one family. Billy Hart (drums), Buster Williams (bass), and Donald Smith (piano) gave each of the tenorists the accompaniment they needed and created continuity and a—relative—togetherness, in spite of the contrasting styles of father and son.

However, the commission to Carla Bley and the combination of the two Freemans really were the only two creative programming ideas of the Berliner Jazztage '79—not enough for a festival which featured 19 groups in six days. And also not enough to

maintain the festival's prestige—and, of course, not enough for the money that is available to be spent. After all, it is the world's most wealthily subsidized jazz festival.

In one of the concerts, the David Friesen/John Stowell Duo was followed by the Egberto Gismonti/Jan Garbarek/Charlie Haden Trio, and, of course, many of their pieces were real gems. But after two and a half hours of soft and, mostly, slow music a Berliner shouted in typical dry Berlin humor: "Finally, they play a slow number!" After the marvelous "togetherness" of Friesen and Stowell, the Gismonti-Garbarek-Haden Trio, in some respects—and with respect!—sounded like an all star group—one of the typical combinations with which Manfred Eicher groups and re-groups the men of his company in never-ending variations: "Jazz for people who do not like jazz," as the French *Jazz Magazine* called it. In the light of such combinations, one cannot avoid putting the accent on the record company. This, really, is "ECM Music." With other performances, one talks about the musicians only, hardly mentioning their companies; but with ECM, in a way, the label seems to be more important than the players.

An impressive side aspect of the Berliner Jazztage '79 was its string of great bass players—like a lovely necklace adorning the body of the festival: Eddie Gomez, Reginald Workman (with Blakey), David Friesen, Charlie Haden, Buster Williams, Jaco Pastorius (in a phenomenal 70 minute solo performance), Steve Swallow (who, in fact, did some of the things before him that Jaco now gets credit for), and the great father figure, Ray Brown, who, I'm sure, was—and still is—an inspiration in all of these players' careers.

However, in general, the festival's programming is without vision and imagination. The reader might feel that I am writing this with more personal involvement than is usual in a festival review. I founded the Berliner Jazztage and after directing it for eight years, I proposed George Gruntz as my successor. When he took over, he promised to follow the established traditions. That's why I kept silent for six years, just waiting to see what would happen. But now it's time to speak out to avoid the festival becoming just another routine event. One of the Berlin reviewers felt already that "the festival is more concerned with high TV ratings than with music." Another called it "The Prussian Festival" (ironically enough, run by non-Prussians)—streamlined, rich, but lacking the kind of humanity, communication and care which made the Warsaw Jazz Jamboree such a warm and unforgettable event. East German and Polish jazz fans, musicians and critics who had heard both this festival and Warsaw's all felt the Toshiko-Lew Tabackin Big Band played so much better in Warsaw than in Berlin because of the lack of warmth and humanity in the latter city.

When you flip through the pages of Europe's (and, for that matter, America's and Japan's) jazz magazines, you now find the festivals in Moers, West Germany and Willisau, Switzerland much more often mentioned than the "Berliner Jazztage." This is where things are happening now—and yet Moers and Willisau have only a fraction of the money Berlin has. Here as everywhere else, money is not everything.

—*joachim-ernst berendt (translated by joe weisel)*

if it's happening. In fact, what I do now is I stop playing. I don't kill myself. I stop, man. Sometimes I stop and they get better. That gives the listeners a time—when the drums get out of the way.

"But most nights it feels great, especially now that I'm older. When I get on the bandstand with my music, what I play is precious. It's too precious to give out for whatever money is involved. But what I really get out of it, when I enjoyed it, and I know the people on the bandstand enjoyed it and I know the audience enjoyed it—those are the goddamn rewards, man. Without no bullshit. Hey man, that's a feeling that's almost hard to describe. You know, it's a spiritual feeling. And you can't always get it in a concert hall, where you're playing one or two sets with that sound. I can get it in a funky club, man, in a *funky club* where there's smoke and that reward that you get from playing and you can feel the strength from you going out to the other guys on the bandstand, going out to the audience and then coming back from the audience to you."

Roy Haynes slumps back in his chair now as if his talking had worn him out. His eyes shut for a moment and then he's back on the edge.

"You know what kills me? I do a symposium every now and then for Ludwig. I did a symposium for the past summer in Texas for five days. And they have a lot of drummers—they have rock drummers, they have all *kinds* of drummers. And you have high school students, college students, teachers and just people in general. You have kids of all ages—girls, boys. And I'm not a teacher. We get so *involved* and at the end of the thing they're crying 'cause they don't want me to leave. I'm so involved and so true about what I'm doing. But I don't like waking up in the morning and trying to get involved and be a teacher. That's not my thing. I teach on the bandstand.

"A lot of these kids coming out of schools don't know how to swing. Capital S-W-I-N-G. A lot of them don't know nothing about it. It may not be there for them. I think going to school is good, because that's the way the world is geared today. And in order to be successful, they're going to have to. But they're losing that raw jazz, swing feeling. Ricardo Strobert came from a school, a good school, but when we play some bebop I say 'No,' and I hum something to him. Years ago, they had ear training. Now it's all reading. If a drummer couldn't read, man, he had to have some dynamite ears. He had to play a lot of shows and things with big bands. They've got no ears today. They can probably read and write it, but they play with a funny feeling."

Roy Haynes has done an awful lot in jazz over the past three and a half decades, yet there is one thing that he'd still like to do.

"I'm a hell of a big band drummer. In 1951, when I was with Bird, I remember doing a concert at Carnegie Hall and Duke Ellington was there. Louie Bellson had just married Pearl Bailey and they were going to Europe for a honeymoon. I was to go with the band, which I never did. 'Cause I knew Duke was cool, but I knew I was going to have to deal with a lot of people in the band who were not ready for a Roy Haynes. Hahaha. I would bump into Duke after that and he would always mention that to me.

"I would love to do a gig with my own big band. That's one of the things I'd love. It would probably just be for a season, for a couple of gigs. I would love to do it for kicks. There are many things that I'd like to do, but that's one of the things."

Lately, Haynes has been working more and more as a sideman. His boot-in-the-butt trapwork has graced recent albums by Ted Curson, Nick Brignola and Sal Nistico. He has made several appearances guesting with Dizzy Gillespie, including the most recent Newport and Monterey Jazz festivals. Yet, for all his work and dedication, Roy Haynes still considers himself under-recognized and, as he put it, an "uncrowned king." In the most recent *down beat* Readers Poll, he was at the bottom of the 14 names listed.

"My father used to say he was a self-made man. I'm not going to say that, but I get no help from nothing. I'm the most independent son-of-a-bitch out there playing jazz. One of the most independent sons-of-bitches playing jazz. I'm talking about jazz. And I keep going, keep going without getting down. I'm proud of that, too.

"I know a lot of drummers today that copped a lot of my important shit. They're big time drummers. I've got two of them in mind, but don't ask me their names. And we love each other, but certain little things seep out now and then.

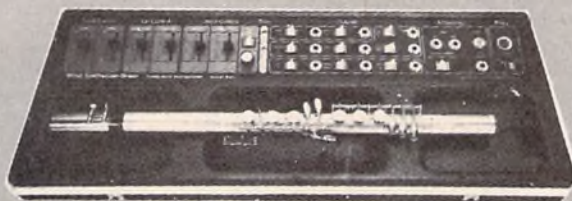
"I just sit back and laugh at most of it. Not all of it, but I like to lay back a little. I don't have to give all my shit out, I want to save some for those good days when I'm going to get up on the bandstand and *do it*, man. I'm in semi-retirement, like I say, but I'm going to play 'til I die. And if anybody had any sense, anytime I'm advertised they would be there."

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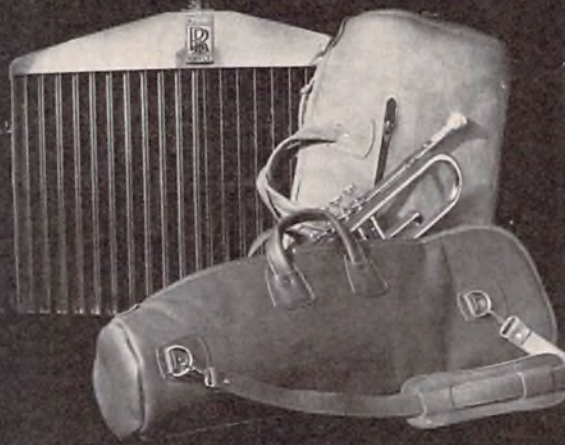
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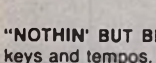
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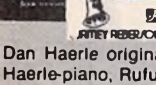
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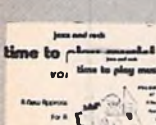
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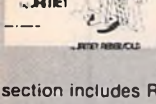
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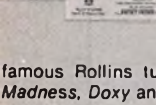
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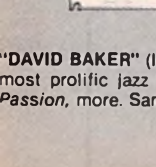
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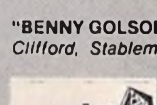
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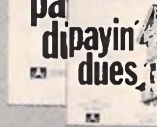
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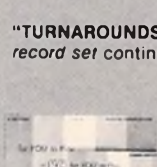
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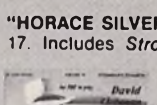
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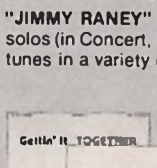
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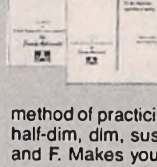
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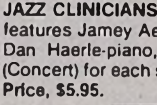
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## T O F P

continued from page 62

stiffing a laugh.

In 1967, Castillo formed his first "serious" band with Mic Gillette. Gillette had been playing trumpet since he was four. His father, Ray Gillet, was a successful trombone player who had, according to Mic, "played with Harry James, the Dorseys, all the big bands." Young Mic would jam with his dad and became such an exceptional player that when he was in grade school, "They were shipping me out to play in the high school bands after school."

Mic played in school bands in high school and was in the California State Jazz Band at Cal. State, Hayward. "We won the West Coast championships at the Reno Jazz Festival in 1969 and 1970," he boasts.

Castillo remembers hooking up with Gillette. "I had seen this local soul band with horns and I decided that I wanted a band with horns. My brother knew Mic. When Mic auditioned, I didn't know what a good trumpet player was at the time... but it was evident."

The band Castillo formed was called the Motowns and they played soul music. "I was only into soul music," says Castillo. "My mind was real closed to everything else. It wasn't 'til I met Doctor that I opened up to white music and realized that there was just as much soul in a white guy like Burt Bacharach as in Holland, Dozier and Holland."

In 1968, the Doctor was added to the section. Steve hadn't picked up an instrument until he was 12 and began playing oboe. He was in high school bands and orchestra but realized that he wasn't going to be good enough for a symphony orchestra. "In 1967 I got into rhythm and blues," recalls Kupka. "I wasn't going to get anywhere playing oboe in that context. I thought about tenor sax, but so many guys played tenor. I had always dug those baritone scoops, so..."

With only one year of baritone sax under his belt, Kupka was working as a roadie for the Loading Zone, a Bay Area soul/rock band featuring vocalist Linda Tillery, when he ran into Emilio Castillo. "The Doctor saw us play a gig," says Castillo. "And he said, 'You guys sound really good. Only one thing, your horn section is missing a little bottom.' Then he tells me, 'By the way, I play baritone sax with a low A key.'"

"I invited him down for an audition and I forgot to tell everybody. We had just decided that we weren't going to add any more horns. Three was going to be it. We were practicing in a garage and the door didn't open so you had to climb in through the window. Doc's a tall guy and he's got a big axe and here he comes in through the window and these guys are going, 'Who's this? What is this?' I say, 'Oh, I forgot to tell you...'"

"My father came out and took one look at the Doctor and listened for a few minutes and took me into the kitchen and said, 'Whatever happens today, keep that guy.' And I did. He just seemed to know."

The Motowns dressed in matching outfits and played obscure r&b. They had a large following in Oakland. "We'd play after hours from 2 a.m. until 8 a.m. We could pack the night clubs. And with no liquor. Just because we were a good dance band."

But the Motowns were merely moderately sized fish in a very small bowl. They couldn't get a gig outside the Oakland/Berkeley area.

Over in San Francisco white psychedelic rock was the rage. "We realized we'd never go anywhere as the Motowns," says Castillo. "That's when we decided to grow our hair a little longer and try to get into the Fillmore scene. We picked the name Tower of Power off a list."

Until this time, Castillo and most of the other Motowns were teenagers living at home. But when he turned 18, Castillo's family was moving back to Detroit. He remembers: "Was I going to stay living with my dad and be a little kid or pursue my music seriously? The band was really important to me and I told my dad, 'I can't leave.' But it got to the point where it was almost for sure that I would have to split from the band and join my folks in Detroit."

"We were starving and nothing was going right. We couldn't get gigs 'cause the Alcohol Beverage Control, a state agency, had busted us for having some underage guys in the band. Everywhere we'd go, the A.B.C. would be saying 'We'll close your club down if you hire these kids.'"

We had an audition lined up at the Fillmore West. We worked and worked, rehearsing for that. I remember leaving that gig and catching a plane for Detroit and waiting to hear and the guys calling me and saying, 'Bill Graham liked it!' And I got on a plane and flew back and that was it."

A few months later Graham and producer David Rubinson signed Tower of Power to their San Francisco Records. Shortly after the signing, in 1970, Greg Adams came aboard.

Adams began playing cornet when he was five. "I learned how to play in the Salvation Army Brass Band," he recalls. In addition to playing in the Westmoor High School Band in Daly City, Greg began playing casuals. He learned how to write and arrange for his high school band leader, Howard Loeffler.

One of the groups Greg Adams played with was Sweet Linda Divine. Ironically, it was a band Linda Tillery had put together when the Loading Zone disbanded. "They were sharing this rehearsal hall with us," says Castillo. "And Greg and this other player sounded incredible. When our other trumpet player quit, we just immediately thought of Greg."

"It was a real big decision for me, going with them," says Adams. "I was about to go off to Berklee. Now I wouldn't discourage anybody from going to college. But if you get the opportunity to start working in a professional band when you're 22 years old, there's no better experience. If I had gone to Berklee instead of joining these guys, I'd probably be teaching in South City right now, tearing my hair out."

Tower of Power's debut album, *East Bay Grease*, came out in 1970 and was a regional hit. Two years later, the group signed with Warner Bros. Records and became a national sensation. The key to Tower of Power's quick fame was a soulful ballad, *You're Still A Young Man*, which climbed to the Top 20.

"*Still A Young Man* was the first song I ever wrote," says Castillo. "I was listening to an LP by Curtis Mayfield when I wrote that and there was one song with this beautiful trumpet introduction and I wanted my tune to have something like that."

"I'm more blown out over that song now than I was then. The first tune I ever wrote is still the killer," says Castillo, obvious amaze-



ment in his voice. "Every night we do it, the crowd goes bananas. They hear the first two notes and go crazy. And that really blows my mind. We have to perform that tune. If we don't do it, they'll come backstage and lynch us."

For Tower of Power's first two albums, sax player Skip Mesquite was in the band. But in 1972 he left, shortly after recording *Bump City*, Tower's first hit album. Eighteen year old Lenny Pickett was Mesquite's replacement. "Lenny was a local hero," says Castillo. "He had this incredible reputation in Berkeley. The day before I called, he'd been offered a gig with another band which was doing real well at the time called Cold Blood. And he didn't want to take that gig, but he needed the money."

"Lenny was starving, man. He was really poor. I remember he couldn't afford to buy clothes. He showed up for the audition wearing a pair of black Ben Davis pants with holes all over them. When I called he said, 'Oh my God, I can't believe this. I feel like my ship came in.' See, Lenny really liked Tower of Power."

Session work came about by total chance. "Our first session was in 1970," recalls Adams. "We used to play the Keystone Korner in San Francisco, which was the hip jazz and rock club. Nick Gravenites used to play there with Michael Bloomfield. Nick liked us and when he cut an album (with Big Brother and the Holding Company following Janis Joplin's death) he asked us to play on it."

Though they continued to play sessions, a date with Elton John recording on most of his *Caribou* album was the turning point for the T of P Horn Section. "After that session, we

realized we had to get serious about it," says Castillo. "So we made up this ad which ran in *Billboard* which had our horns set on chairs around a music stand. And it announced that the Tower of Power Horn Section was available for work. We were really stating our existence to the industry. And we just kept getting work."

Although the Tower of Power band scored other hits including *So Very Hard To Go* and *What Is Hip?* their own albums have been overshadowed during the past five years by the reputation of the horn section as session-men.

The group is so highly regarded that Elton John, Peter Frampton, Rod Stewart and the Bee Gees all attempted to "bid the horn section right out of the band," says Adams. "The Bee Gees were going on a six month tour and wanted to take the horn section along. And Elton John offered us so much money that our manager wouldn't tell us how much he offered."

"But what are we gonna say to our rhythm section," asks Lenny Pickett. "'You guys just hang out for six months?' No way!"

"Tower of Power is our own personal project," says Gillette. "It's our thing and we're proud of it." The group's latest album, *Back On The Streets* (Columbia), enjoyed a brief run on the *Billboard* soul chart.

Currently, the group works an incredibly tight schedule, balancing live dates, outside session work and the recording of their material. The Horn Section can pick and choose which sessions they want to do. "We're still not the kind of cats who work on the assembly line in L.A. We're selective. People go after us because they want a certain

sound," says Adams. "It's not filler. They want the T of P Horn Section to be an integral part of their record. They want to incorporate the sound we get into their stuff. So we get the choice calls."

Although every member of the horn section is not the least bit shy about their individual and collective abilities as musicians, Castillo has a theory about the group's rise to the top of the session heap during the past decade.

"I think it's because of the name," he says. "We got the first session. Then another and another and people started seeing that 'Tower of Power Horn Section' on the back of albums. And no one else did that. Like the Memphis Horns played for years and years on soul hits for everybody, but you wouldn't see the Memphis Horns written anywhere until years later. I think we were the first that people noticed. They saw this horn section popping up. 'Who are they?' And that kind of snowballed. Now, when people want horns, they think 'Tower of Power.'" **db**

#### T of P Horn Section Equipment

Greg Adams: Getzen flugelhorn; Vantage trumpet and Jet Tone mouthpieces.

Mic Gillette: Custom designed Martin trumpet; King 3B trombone with an F attachment and Jet Tone mouthpieces.

Steve "Doctor" Kupka: Selmer baritone sax with a low A key and a Berg Larsen 130/1 mouthpiece and 1/2 plasticcoat reeds.

Emilio Castillo: Selmer Mark VI tenor sax with 115/0 Berg Larsen mouthpiece.

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# HOW TO

## AMERICANIZE EUROPEAN AUGMENTED-SIXTH CHORDS Part II

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

This part of the article builds on information contained in Part I (db, Jan. 1980). For readers who may have missed that information, here is a recap:

- 1.) Compressing any scale-note octave one half-step at each end forms an augmented-sixth interval.
- 2.) An augmented-sixth sounds as if it should resolve outward to an octave.
- 3.) Adding the note a Major third above the bottom note in an augmented-sixth interval forms an Italian sixth chord.
- 4.) Adding the note a Perfect fifth above the bottom note in an Italian sixth forms a German sixth chord.
- 5.) Adding the note an augmented fourth above the bottom note in an Italian sixth forms a French sixth chord.

(Key of C)

1.) octave aug 6    2.) aug 6 5ve    3.) A<sup>b</sup> Italian 6<sup>th</sup> A<sup>b</sup> German 6<sup>th</sup>    5.) A<sup>b</sup> French 6<sup>th</sup>

6.) On the keyboard, the German sixth looks like a dominant seventh chord, while the French sixth looks like a dominant seventh (5b) chord:

A<sup>b</sup> seventh  
Root 3 5 7  
Root 3 5<sup>b</sup> 7  
A<sup>b</sup> 7 (5<sup>b</sup>)

7.) European classical tradition prefers the augmented-sixth interval to be built on the lowered sixth degree of the scale and to resolve to the dominant octave. The following classical clichés result:

Key: C Major C minor CM(or mi) C Major C minor CM(or mi)

It. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    It. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    It. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    Enharm. Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>  
C Major    C minor    CM(or mi)    C Major    C minor    CM(or mi)

Fr. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    Fr. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    Fr. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup>    (Typical cadence)  
Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> I<sup>b</sup> I<sup>b</sup> I<sup>b</sup> I<sup>b</sup> I<sup>b</sup>

### GERMAN-SIXTH SUBSTITUTION

Raising the root and lowering the fifth in any second-inversion dominant-seventh chord forms its substitute German sixth. Since both the dominant seventh and its German-sixth substitute contain exactly the same tritone (IV and VII), and since the German sixth chromatically alters its other two notes, where the dominant seventh does not, the German sixth furnishes more harmonic energy:

(Key of C)

Dmi7    G<sup>7</sup>    C    Dmi7    D<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> C  
II<sup>7</sup>    I<sup>7</sup> (2nd inv.)    I    II<sup>7</sup>    substitute Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> I

Such tritone substitution also applies to secondary dominant sevenths. In the key of C, for example, the secondary dominants are 1.) D<sup>7</sup>, 2.) E<sup>7</sup>, 3.) A<sup>7</sup>, and 4.) B<sup>7</sup>. Their respective tritone substitutes therefore would be 1.) A<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6th; 2.) B<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6th; 3.) E<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6th; and 4.) F Ger. 6th:

(sec. dom. 1.)    (sub. 1.)    (sec. dom. 2.)    (sub. 2.)  
Ami<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>    Ami<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> G<sup>7</sup>    C E<sup>7</sup> Ami    C B<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> Ami  
(sec. dom. 3.)    (sub. 3.)    (sec. dom. 4.)    (sub. 4.)  
C M<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dmi    C M<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> Dmi    C B<sup>b</sup> F# E mi    C F Ger. 6<sup>th</sup> E mi

When tritone substitutes appear, adding the root of the original chord as a bass note brings harmonic stability to the progression even though that note increases dissonance:

(Substitute German sixths)

Another method for enhancing substitute German sixths adds the actual notes which might appear as extensions of the original dominant-seventh chord:

Again, this procedure also applies to substitutes for secondary dominants.

### PARTIAL RESOLUTIONS

In a partial resolution, only one of the notes in the augmented-sixth interval moves to its note of resolution. The other note can then hold, or leap, or move in parallel motion with the note which resolves:

Whenever the non-resolving note holds, it forms a Major-seventh interval with the note which resolves. Since several chord-types contain a Major-seventh interval, the other voices will determine which type the second chord becomes. To demonstrate, here is a systematic exploration of the A♭ German sixth with its non-resolving note held over:

Whenever the non-resolving note of the augmented-sixth interval moves by half-step in parallel motion with the resolving note, the augmented-sixth interval automatically becomes a minor seventh interval. Again, the other voices will determine which type of seventh chord the second chord becomes:

Whenever the non-resolving note leaps, it can form any one of several intervals with the resolving note. Accordingly, the number of possible resolution chords vastly increases—each of the several intervals makes several chord-types possible as the second chord:

### INNER RESOLUTIONS

When both notes of the augmented-sixth interval hold while the other notes move, the second chord is likely to set up new tendencies for resolution, thus negating the original drive of the augmented-sixth interval to its octave resolution.

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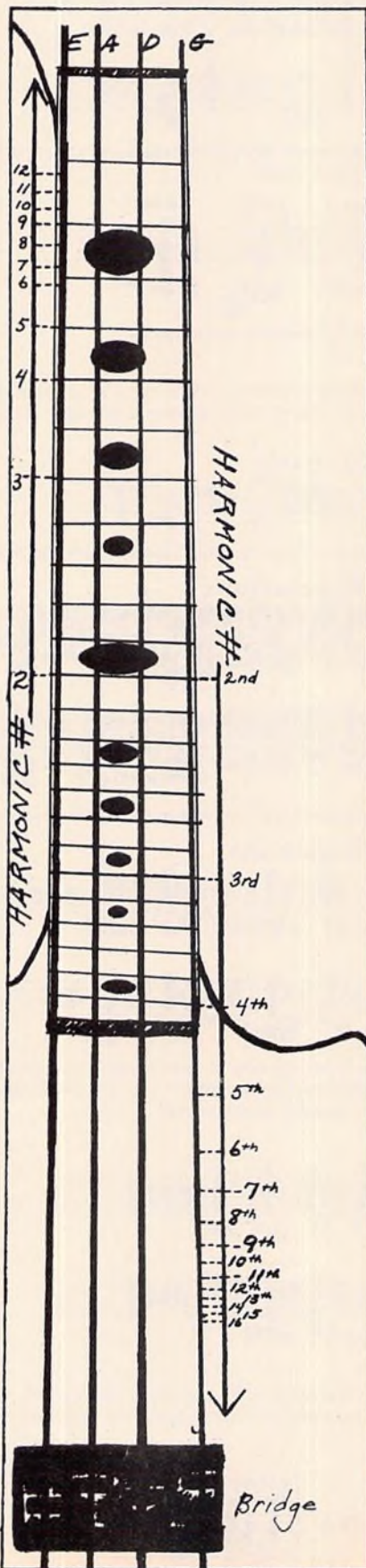
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# PRO-SESSION

## THE HARMONIC BASS GUITAR by Tom Fowler

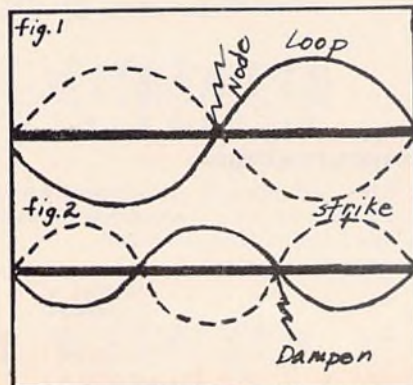


Tom Fowler, 28, began violin at age six and upright bass at 14. He joined Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention in 1973 and Jean-Luc Ponty in 1975. Recently he has been freelancing in Los Angeles. He has also been working with the Fowler brothers' band "Airpocket" since 1977.



Ever since Jaco Pastorius first displayed his masterful *Portrait Of Tracy*, bass guitarists everywhere have been scrambling to create and utilize the lovely, bell-clear sounds of amplified harmonics. Though used for centuries with acoustic instruments, these tones have never before been so audible or accessible to the listening public. Whether utilized in double, triple or quadruple stops, in combination with "real" tones, through various tone altering devices, or created by "artificially" dividing varying fingered string lengths, harmonics present a whole new area for expansion in the electric strings arena.

Harmonics on the bass guitar are overtones, created by dividing into equal fractions the fundamental string length. These fractions consist of "loops" (lengths of string which vibrate, producing sound waves) and "nodes" (points between loops where vibrations cease and begin). (Fig. 1). An open string naturally divides itself into over 20 separate subdivisions when struck. At least the first 16 are easily utilized on bass. The E string, for example, will vibrate in its entire length as one loop, producing the principal generating tone. At the same time, two loops vibrating at twice the frequency of the fundamental appear, divided by a node at the 12th fret. At the seventh and 21st frets, two more nodes divide the string into thirds, with three loops vibrating at three times the frequency of the fundamental, and so on. By lightly stopping the string at node points either closest to the bridge or the nut and plucking between the stopped node and the pickups, harmonics are easily produced. Maximum volume is obtained if the string is struck in the center of the loop nearest the pickups. (Fig. 2).



Since node points progressing nearer the bridge produce higher harmonics, the right hand must make constant adjustment to maintain equal volume and tonal makeup. For instance, the second harmonic is best struck at the 24th fret; the third harmonic midway between the 21st fret and the bridge; the fourth harmonic midway between the 24th fret and the bridge. Striking an open string at a node point effectively cancels out the overtones associated with that node and double and quadruple that frequency. Striking the third harmonic at the 21st fret while dampening the string at the seventh fret produces a dead tone, as does striking the fourth harmonic at the 24th fret while dampening at the fourth. One can train the right hand to automatically go to the correct plucking position by visually halving each harmonic loop nearest the bridge.

Harmonics may be fingered near the nut or the bridge. When used in combination with fretted notes they usually are played near the nut. A great advantage of these combinations is the frequency distance between the low fingered notes and the much higher harmonics. Chords naturally speak with more clarity in the upper registers and when lower notes are also present great fullness of sound is made possible. For example, if the fifth harmonic of the G and D strings are combined with the fingered third fret of the E string, a G major seventh chord with a three octave plus range is produced. Low F combined with the sixth harmonics of the G and D strings produces an F 13th

chord encompassing nearly four octaves. Many other combinations are possible with conventional tuning, unconventional tuning, or the use of capos.

Artificial harmonics can be created by fingering the fret board with the left hand while lightly dividing the resulting string lengths with the index finger of the right hand and plucking with the right thumb or a pick.



The second harmonic sounds if the speaking length of the string is divided in half by the index finger. The third harmonic sounds if the index finger dampens the speaking length a third of the way from the bridge, and so on. When notes are fingered below the first octave on the fret board, one can use the second octave as a guide for where to place the right index finger in order to produce moving second harmonics. Artificial harmonics provide greater flexibility in melodic playing, and a way to produce difficult harmonic notes without retuning. It is possible to play real and artificial harmonics

simultaneously, as well as artificial harmonics and real tones.

Harmonics can be accentuated by using various tone-altering devices. A wah wah pedal can be manipulated to the correct frequency response position to bring out very subtle harmonic tones. Compressors can be very helpful, as can graphic equalizers. Components of chords utilizing harmonics can be successively accentuated by phasers. Bright strings such as round wound or ground round wound seem to produce the clearest and loudest harmonics. db

E String Harmonics

(as written for bass guitar)

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# PRO-SESSION

## SOUND EQUIPMENT



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.

### What Microphone To Use

by Larry Blakely

When you are buying a microphone, the salesman will probably ask if you want omnidirectional or cardioid, dynamic or condenser, high or low impedance, balanced or unbalanced. So that you don't get unbalanced in the bargain, here's a glossary of microphone types.

**Pickup pattern** refers to the area of the microphone which is most sensitive to sound.

**Omni** pickup pattern picks up sound with equal intensity from all directions. A non-directional mike is ideal for recording a group around a table, since it doesn't have to be pointed in the direction of each speaker. An omni mike is not so good for sound reinforcement, since it will pick up sound from the audience with the same intensity as from the stage. Omnis are susceptible to feedback, coughs and other unwanted sounds.

**Cardioid** pickup patterns are sensitive to sound toward the front of the mike and far less sensitive at the rear. This makes a cardioid mike "directional;" it won't pick up sound with equal intensity in all directions. A cardioid mike is ideal for sound reinforcement: when properly placed, it's sensitive to sounds from the stage, but rejects sounds from the audience. Cardioids are far less sensitive to feedback than omnidirectional mikes.

**Pickup elements** convert the acoustic vibrations in the air to electric signals. The pickup element has a diaphragm which picks up the sound, and an electro-mechanical converter to change the diaphragm's vibrations into electrical impulses. Although there are many types of pickup elements, the two most commonly used for high quality studio work are "dynamic" and "condenser."

**Dynamic** microphones—like most microphones—use a diaphragm to pick up the sound. An electromagnet is connected to the diaphragm, and sound waves are converted to electric impulses. Dynamic mikes are probably the most rugged of high quality microphones, and a good one will deliver excellent audio quality while taking lots of abuse.

**Condenser** microphones contain two diaphragms: one to pick up the sound, and a stationary one. The two diaphragms are separated by air. Condenser mikes don't have an electromagnetic assembly like dynamic mikes, so special electronics and amplifiers must be located inside the condenser mikes. These special electronics require internal batteries or an external power source. Battery-powered mikes can be a hassle for performing musicians: if the battery goes dead during a performance, the mike stops working.

Condenser mikes are more popular for recording because of their excellent sonic quality and their high sensitivity. Usually, condensers produce a noticeably higher sound quality than dynamic types.

**Impedance** is the resistance to the flow of alternating electric current, and is measured in ohms. The length of the cord running between the microphone and amplifier determines what impedance is needed in the mike. High impedance mikes—typically with impedance of 5000 ohms or greater—are used where there is a short cable run. High impedance mikes are ideal with ten-20 foot cable runs; sometimes high impedance mikes are required by the

specifications of other equipment. Although high impedance mikes are generally less expensive than low impedance mikes, typically there is no quality difference between the two. Unbalanced microphones with two conductors—one positive and the other a combined ground and negative—are almost always of the high impedance variety.

As long as the cable run is short, high impedance is okay. But if the run is over 20 feet, a loss of high or low frequencies may occur and there is danger of picking up hums, buzzes and radio interference. Low impedance mikes—usually with impedance of 250 ohms or less—are more desirable with long cable runs and will be less susceptible to extraneous electrical noises. Low impedance mikes cost more because an extra transformer inside the mike must convert it from its normal high impedance to low impedance. Balanced microphones with three separate wires (positive, negative and ground) almost always have low impedance. Mikes can be switched from high to low impedance by external transformers which are commercially available.

**Microphone connectors**, which bring the mike signal into the audio gear, are of two basic types: phone plug and XLR. Phone plugs are broken down into two types. A two circuit phone plug (see figure 1) is almost always used with high impedance apparatus. A three circuit phone plug (figure 2) is generally used with low impedance. The two circuit plug is used for unbalanced mikes; the three circuit type is used for balanced ones.

But the XLR connector (figure 3) is the most popular with pros. This connector is more expensive, but it's also rugged to the point of being nearly indestructible, and makes a better electrical connection than phone-type connectors.



Fig. 1 Tip-Sleeve phone plug



Fig. 2 Tip-Ring-Sleeve phone plug



Fig. 3 XLR type connector

I hope this brief rundown helps you with microphone terminology. But many problems of terminology and practical application will have to be left for future columns. If you have any specific questions about mike selection or application, please write me at **down beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago 60606.

### WELLS

continued from page 21

on the billboards or posters—just the Rolling Stones. We saw one poster where we were down there real small. But that was the management's thing, it wasn't the Stones' fault. Knowing them like I know them, I'm pretty sure that they wouldn't do no shit like that—not Mick."

Junior has also toured Africa twice, most recently in 1974, performing to enthusiastic crowds. "Oh baby, they love the blues in Africa. But music is an international language. Everybody understands the beat." Although his own style is replete with African derivations, Junior disavowed any direct connection between African music and the blues, "except for the traditional things—the beat of the drums, and when they work they sing all day. It's the same identical thing that the slaves here would do. Myself today, if I have a job to do, it makes it much easier for me if I go to it singing. It seems like the work gets over quicker and you're not as tired."

As to the origin of his own uniquely Afro-American vocalisms, notably his patented glottal "clicks," Junior is self-effacing. "Oh, that's just me—I do that with my tongue. It's just the way I learned how to do a thing and the way I feel sometimes, and it became a habit to me. Sometimes I do it unbeknownst to myself. I don't know what it means, though. It's just a thing that I started doing as a little gimmick."

The blues fever that figured so prominently in the cultural upheaval of the '60s gradually ebbed, as whites sought oblivion in the distorted caterwaulings of "heavy metal" and everyone seemed to



MARC POKEMPER

At Theresa's

gravitate toward the pounding dance beat of disco. "Before Leonard Chess died, you could get blues played on the radio, because he would see to it. After that, nobody else would touch it. You'd talk to the deejays and they'd say, 'I don't have no space.' Then they'd quote you a price, and if you had it you could get in, but otherwise not, because the big companies had bought up all the time. The only way you're going to hear a blues record on the radio today is on an FM station off an LP. You can hardly get an AM station to play a blues 45 unless you've got somebody big pushing it."

Album dates for Mercury and Atlantic proved less than fruitful, from both artistic and commercial standpoints. "I could feel myself getting involved in something I didn't really feel, and anything I don't feel I don't want to do. The same as if I go up on that bandstand and I don't feel what I'm doing—I don't want to do it. It's impossible for me to go up there and play without feeling it myself. How am I going to get it over to the people out there if I don't feel it first? And if I don't feel it when I go into the studio, it doesn't make sense to make the record. You've got to feel it for yourself."

Forsaking the majors, Junior returned to Delmark and to his own unadulterated brand of blues. *Southside Blues Jam*, featuring the last recorded appearance of the late Otis Spann, presented Junior in a relaxed impromptu setting, highlighted by the topical *Blues For Mayor Daley*, where he speculated that one day even "that old man" might show up at T's door. "It was just something we came up with in the studio. Everybody was making jokes like, 'Better get it right, because Mayor Daley might not like it,' and that's when I came up with the song. It was just some verses over a turnaround." The followup *On Tap* showcased Junior in a driving get down, sparked by a highballing *Train I Ride* that makes Elvis' *Mystery Train* on Sun sound like a wheezing tram car.

Today, with disco apparently headed for the boneyard, the blues seems to be making a comeback. "Public demand can put you in there—this is what it takes. All the big shots that are supporting rock and roll can keep you out to a certain extent, but all the money in the world can't stop you if the public supports you. Kids have told me they heard an album where they thought I was doing rock and roll. But the blues are the blues, and rock and roll is supposed to be rock and roll. I can do *Hoodoo Man* slow and it's the blues. I can do it fast and they would say it was rock and roll. What's the difference? Just the tempo, that's all."

Junior is dismayed by the lack of black support for the blues. "If it weren't for the white audience, the blues wouldn't be as strong as they are today. You still have black people who support it, but they don't support it like I think they should. You know, most black people will come to the door and say, 'What they playing those blues for? I don't like no blues.'

"I just can't see that—to me, it's impossible for a black person to say he doesn't like the blues. I know they've got to be lying. I see a lot of young whites trying to play the blues, but very few young blacks—I couldn't really say why. I'd like to see both black and white young people play the blues, if that's what they want to do. But I don't knock anybody who doesn't want to play it—you should play what you feel and what satisfies you.

"I feel that any nationality of people can play the blues. I don't say that any nationality can express the blues the same as black people. But the blues is a traditional thing like any other music, and I feel that even if a person doesn't express it like a black musician, that doesn't mean he's not playing the blues—he's playing the blues like he feels it. In Japan they've got all the blues records and they've got

some Japanese blues bands that can really play. I was in Tokyo one night after a concert and we decided to go out. We passed by a place, and I thought they were playing one of my records. I went in and it was a Japanese band playing and singing it."

Largely neglected at home, Junior has won wide acclaim overseas, where he has toured virtually everywhere but Russia and mainland China. Often pressed to speak out on racial issues, he responds that he is "a musician, not a politician," a stand that has seen him through some narrow scrapes. He incurred the ire of Maoists in West Africa when asked to comment on life in the ghetto, replying, "I don't live in no ghetto—I live two blocks from the Loop."

In East Berlin, a cheering throng demanded the *Viet Cong Blues*. To their riotous delight he obliged, only to be approached afterward by an East German official who informed him that a tape had been made, offering ever larger sums if only Junior would sign a release. A quick phone call to the American embassy quashed the deal immediately, but when Junior stepped off his return flight at Chicago's O'Hare airport, he was hustled from the terminal by two FBI agents to be interrogated by State Department officers.

"It's a good thing you didn't sign," they admonished. "It might have been construed as treasonable activity." Ironically the East Germans released the tape anyway. I asked Junior if he had performed the tune on his subsequent tour of South Vietnam. "No way," he replied. "They didn't ask and I didn't offer."

As to the future, Junior is philosophical. "I've always said that I'll get what's good for me, and what's not for me I don't even want. I'll take a good day just like I would a bad one, and I'll accept it the same way."

Unlike most bluesmen, he writes his own material, much of which has yet to be exposed.

"I got so many tunes now it's a cryin' shame. Everybody wants me to record, but don't nobody want to give me the right deal, so I'm not recording until I get it. And if I don't get it then it's their business and my tunes and I'll keep 'em. But I get ideas from all kinds of music. I listen to all blues, Lightnin' Hopkins, Mississippi John Hurt, everybody. I listen to jazz too—Louis Armstrong was my favorite man. Now Coltrane you could keep—that cat was too far out for me. But there are so many—I listen and get new ideas, just like I get ideas from country and western music.

"Money can make a big difference, though, and the people with money are pushing rock and roll. They have all the air space and they can play a tune on the radio over and over until they put it in a person's head. If they would push the blues and support it like they should, you wouldn't have to worry about it.

"But I don't have any squawks. I accept life just as it comes to me. If it's good today, okay, and if it's bad, there's no use crying—just reach out and get it. Still, I'm a dedicated person to what I do and I won't give it up no matter what."

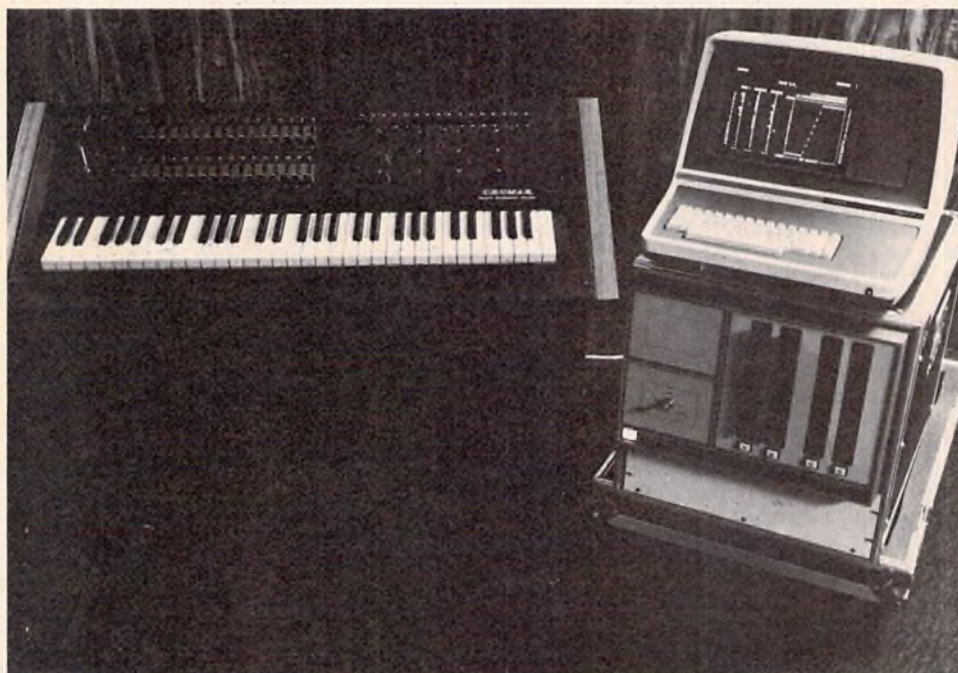
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# Introducing digital synthesizers

By BOB MOOG



The complete Crumar GDS. Keyboard and player controls are in the console to the left. Data entry terminal and computer are to the right. Other computer instruments are divided in a similar manner.

A new class of musical instruments—those that produce tones by means of digital computer technology—is now becoming a reality. These new instruments generally have keyboards and panel controls, and therefore bear superficial resemblance to electronic organs and synthesizers. However, they possess several unique features that differentiate them from virtually anything you've heard or played. I will describe the Crumar General Development System and similar digital keyboard instruments that have recently been introduced, comparing them with currently available keyboard synthesizers, none of which rely on digital circuitry to produce their tones.

It is not my intention to highlight the bells and whistles of these new instruments, or to tout their "limitless variety" or "infinite possibilities" that will dazzle your audiences and propel you to the top of the **down beat** polls. You will read enough about such things in the manufacturers' advertisements! Rather, I will focus on the basic musical utility

of the new computer instruments.

## Some Basic Terms

*Digital* instruments use electronic components to generate and process discrete numbers. A sound waveform is produced digitally by first generating a stream of numbers corresponding to the heights of points on the desired waveform that are closely spaced in time, and then converting these numbers to a succession of voltage changes which yields the sound when applied to an amplifier and loudspeaker. A digital instrument is said to be a *computer* (or use *computer technology*) if some of the numbers which it handles are *instructions* to portions of the circuitry to perform certain numerical operations, while other numbers which it handles are *data* which are manipulated as the instructions dictate. *Programming* a computer instrument means assembly of a set of instructions that determine what kind of data the instrument generates, or how it processes data which is fed into it. The *hardware* of a computer

instrument is all of the circuitry (digital and otherwise) that is available for data and instruction manipulation, while an instrument's *software* is the instruction set with which the instrument is programmed.

*Analog* instruments, which include all acoustic musical instruments and virtually all synthesizers, produce sound waveforms by generating constantly varying air pressure of electrical voltage changes. The differences between digital and analog signals is similar to the difference between a mosaic and a conventional painting. If the pieces of the mosaic are fine enough, and if the observer stands back far enough, a mosaic will be perceived as a continuous unbroken design even though it is made up of separate discrete pieces.

## Digital vs. Analog

As an example of the relative advantages of acoustic, analog electric, and digital computer instruments, let's consider four "vibrators" that produce musical sound waveforms in either acoustic or electrical form. The first vibrator we will consider is a violin E string. It's very simple—just a piece of wire. It has a pitch range of about two octaves. Its waveform of vibration is rich in harmonics. It takes skill to get it to vibrate at the proper pitch, but a skilled player can create complex pitch and tone color variations with it.

Now think of a tone oscillator out of a 1950s organ. It's fairly simple as electronic circuits go these days: one vacuum tube and half a dozen other components. Its frequency range is limited to the production of vibrato at one pitch. Its waveform has some harmonics, but is simple and static, adequate for a polyphonic keyboard but not what a musician would call expressive or even appealing.

Next on our list is the oscillator circuit of a circa 1965 synthesizer. It's a lot more complex than an organ oscillator: typically a dozen transistors and a couple of dozen other electronic components (including a bunch of tuning adjustments). Its pitch range is more than five octaves. Although it offers a variety of waveforms, they are all simple and static. What makes the synthesizer oscillator special is that its frequency can be varied rapidly, smoothly and precisely over its entire pitch range, in response to an electrical control signal that is presumably under a musician's control.

Finally we look at a digital oscillator of the type used in the Crumar GDS. Its circuitry consists of several dozen integrated circuits, each of which may contain hundreds or even thousands of transistors. It is capable of generating not one but 32 sine or other simple waveforms. The frequency, frequency envelope (contour of pitch variation) and amplitude envelope of each oscillator may be programmed over the entire range of hearing, with great detail and accuracy. The digital oscillator contains no tuning adjustments of the types found in all analog instruments. It follows the programming instructions with perfect accuracy, and therefore never needs tuning.

Let us now compare the general features of these four "vibrators" which have been developed at four different times in the history of technology. The violin string is capable of producing rich sound, with much complexity in the way the harmonics change with time, all with intimate control by the musician. However, its mode of operation, musically



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satisfying as it is, is unique and unchangeable. The organ oscillator produces a new type of waveform, but with little harmonic richness and dynamic control. The synthesizer oscillators offer increased timbral richness (although not equalling that of a violin string), and the potential for musician control is as

#### Software and Hardware

The value of digital software manipulation to the performing musician can best be explained by comparing the operation of a computer instrument with that of an analog synthesizer. An analog synthesizer like the Arp Odyssey or Minimoog consists of three

filter," a set of instructions that tell the digital synthesizer how to perform in order to simulate the response of a very complex analog filter. This is called *software programming*. It is much more efficient in the production of complex musical material because the complexity resides in the software, not the hardware.

The keyboard and panel controls are also treated as software. There is no electrical or mechanical connection between the player controls and the digital synthesizer. Numbers indicating what your hands are doing on the keyboard and panel controls go into the computer. The computer then translates them into instructions to the synthesizer. The function of a given panel control is determined by the computer's operating program. For this reason there are no labels on the panel controls (see photo on page 72). It is possible for any of the controls to vary any parameter. Operating programs are often designed so that the graphic display (that box on the left that looks like a TV) tells you what each control does. The manufacturer supplies front panel overlays for standard operating programs.

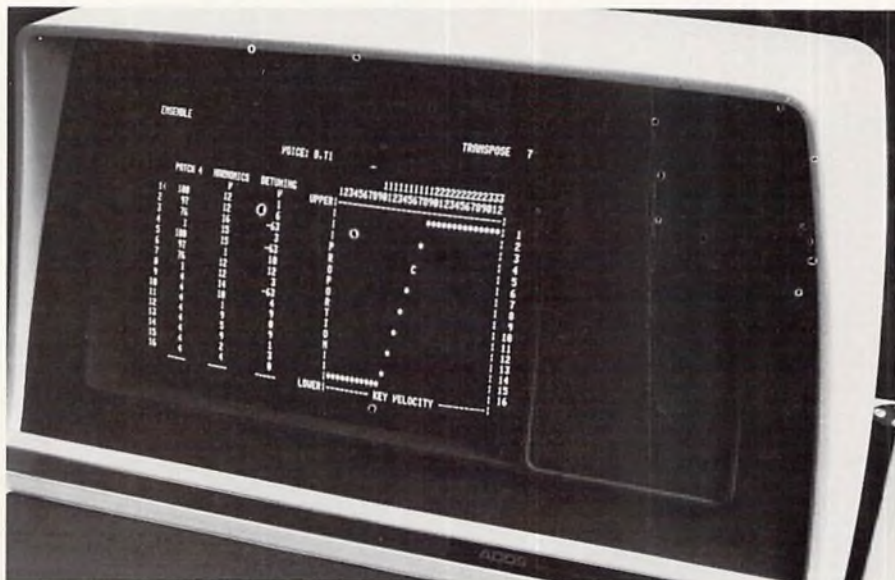
The Fairlight CMI (a computer instrument made by Fairlight Instruments in Sydney, Australia) offers a novel alternative to panel controls: you draw the operating modes on the screen of the graphic display with a light pen. This method of data entry is handy in a studio environment. Other methods of sound shaping would be desirable in live performance.

The keyboard of the Crumar GDS, like that of some other computer instruments, is velocity sensitive. Numbers representing the velocities of the keys being depressed are sent to the computer, where another program "weights" the numbers. What this means is that you are able to tailor the *response* of the keyboard to your own ears and hands. To help you, the computer displays a graph of the response that you've specified, as shown in the photo of the graphic display.

Finally, digital instruments can produce sequences and patterns according to instructions from the musicians. Everything you play on the keyboard and all moves made on the panel controls can be stored in memory and recalled on command. You can sort out and manipulate musical gestures as easily as your bank sorts out and adds up last month's cancelled checks. You can play back brief passages as an ostinato, or you can assemble line upon line, multitrack-recorder-style, or anything in between!

#### Computers in the sky by and bye

The new computer-based keyboards such as those being offered by Synclavier, Fairlight and Crumar offer the potential for a wide spectrum of rich tone colors, carefully tailored performance responses, unparalleled flexibility in manipulating musical gestures, and inherent reliability and tuning accuracy. As you may surmise, the price tags aren't small. However, the price of digital technology has been dropping fast since the invention of the first electronic digital computer less than 40 years ago, and is expected to continue to drop as pocket calculators, automotive on-board computers and do-it-yourself lie detectors proliferate. Already one manufacturer is planning to introduce one or more "derivative" instruments in a year or so. So keep your ears open. Digital music is here to stay. **db**



This voice display shows how the oscillators are assigned and how the keys are programmed to respond.

intimate as that exercised over a violin string by a skilled violinist. Finally the digital oscillator, by allowing the musician to treat each of its 32 waves as separate harmonics, and to program the variations of each of these with great detail, offers the musician a tone source that equals and perhaps surpasses the violin string in both timbral richness and intimacy of musician control, and *in addition* allows the musician to change the timbre and response over an extremely wide range, simply by changing the instructions with which the oscillator is programmed.

Is all this fancy hardware really desirable? Do musicians need a state-of-the-art computer instrument that simulates a couple of "programmable violin strings"? One way of suggesting an answer is by pointing out that, although the Crumar GDS and similar computer instruments may seem elaborate and hi-tech in comparison with other musical instruments, analog synthesizers were perceived as monstrous mindblowers when they were introduced just 15 years ago. The first electronic organs were so big and expensive that only wealthy institutions could afford them. Even steel E strings were state-of-the-art technology when they were first used, hundreds of years ago. Where would musicians be today if catgut were still the preferred material for musical instrument strings?

Another answer to the question of the suitability of a computer instrument for making music lies in the usefulness of software manipulation, which takes place in a different part of the instrument than the part that actually computes the sound waveforms. In the Crumar GDS, software manipulation is handled by a standard minicomputer. Some other computer instruments have a specially designed central processing unit (CPU) for software manipulation.

main sections: a) oscillator and related waveform-producing circuitry, b) filters, modulators and similar circuitry that shapes the waves after they're generated, and c) keyboard and panel controls that give the musician handles on the circuitry. The type of sound material produced by the synthesizer is determined by how the player sets up, or "programs" the panel controls and switches. Modular synthesizers use patch cords to interconnect various parts of the circuitry; the latest generation of synthesizers with program memories, such as the Prophet or the Oberheim OB 1, have digital circuitry that stores a number of control panel settings for use during performance. However, all analog synthesizers share the property that each function in generating or shaping the final sound is performed by an analog circuit that is designed especially for that purpose. For instance, if you want a sawtooth wave, you connect into a different portion of the circuitry than you would for a sine wave. Thus, programming an analog synthesizer is done by connecting actual circuits and setting actual controls. For this reason it is called *hardware programming*.

In a typical computer instrument, on the other hand, there is a "digital oscillator" or "digital synthesizer" circuit that performs a great many functions. Its mode of operation is *not* determined by patch cords or panel controls, but by instruction numbers (software) from the computer or CPU. As an example I will describe the "filter" of the Crumar GDS. When you set up the filter, you specify the strengths of 32 separate fixed frequencies. It's completely arbitrary. You can specify whatever shape frequency response you want. But nothing actually gets filtered. Instead, frequencies are boosted or cut according to the *program* that you, the programmer, enter in. You would say that the GDS is programmed to have a "software

# PRO SHOP

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

## GUITAR FAMILY



The **Lead I** and **Lead II** solid body electric guitars are new from **Fender** (Fullerton, CA). Both guitars feature solid ash bodies, new circuitry and a modified head shape. The Lead I is equipped with a high output single humbucking pickup with coil selector and series/parallel switches, while the Lead II has two high output high fidelity pickups and one phasing switch. Both guitars include pickup shielding.



The **DL-100** (active) and **DL-200** (passive) **Direct Line Boxes** are now available to bass guitar, keyboard and lead guitar players from **Musimatic** (Decatur, GA). A guitar or keyboard player can plug the output of his amplifier, guitar or keyboard directly into the sound mixer or PA system, allowing the musician to have clear sound without the use of microphones or transformers. The boxes will not cause ground loops or hums. Suggested retail price for the DL-100 is \$93.50 and the DL-200, \$85.60.

The **Slinger**, a three-piece leather guitar strap designed to provide increased playing comfort through improved balance and weight distribution, is from **Ranger Leather Products** (El Dorado, AK). The design of the strap distributes the guitar's weight over a larger area of back and shoulder muscles. A suede lining keeps the guitar from slipping. The Slinger is made of top grain cowhide stitched with heavy linen cord. Suggested retail price is \$32.95.



**J. D'Addario and Co.** (East Farmingdale, NY) has announced **James L. D'Aquisto strings** for guitar and bass. The line includes 13 new string types and bears the name of the luthier who builds handmade D'Aquisto guitars, James L. D'Aquisto.



A small portable electric guitar amplifier powerful enough to drive stereo headphones or a small speaker has been introduced by **EACA International** (Hayward, CA). The **EACA Microamp** uses integrated circuits and is powered by two nine-volt batteries. It turns on automatically when connected to an instrument output jack. The Microamp's suggested list price of \$29.95 includes a one year warranty.



**Audio-Technica U.S., Inc.** introduces several new products for the audio buff and home recordist. The **ATH-1** is a lightweight (5 oz.) headphone set which can conform to the wearer's head. The lightweight design avoids total isolation, so room sounds are still audible.

Stereo cartridges vary both in quality and in flavor of the sound they produce. To answer questions about phono cartridge design and performance Audio-Technica has prepared the **Cartridge Buying Guide**, which includes an explanation of cartridge-related specifications and terminology.

Microphone selection and placement is a complex science, and one guide is the pocket **Microphone Selector**, a trouble-shooter which illustrates placement techniques for recording various instruments and sounds. The free booklet and \$2 guide is available from Audio-Technica, 33 Shiawassee Ave., Fairlawn, OH 44313.



## KEYBOARD

A new **flat top harp cover** has been introduced by **Rhodes Keyboard Instruments** (Fullerton, CA). The new top will be standard on all new Mark II Rhodes Stage and Suitcase model pianos, and is also available as a retrofit for existing Stage and Suitcase pianos as well. Replacing the curved Rhodes top, the flat top cover will allow other keyboards or keyboard adjuncts to be stacked on top of the Rhodes. The cover, which is ribbed for added strength, can support a stack of keyboards over three feet high and weighing several hundred pounds. No modification of existing pianos is needed to install the new cover.

# PRO SHOP

## SCHOOLS

The **Guitar Institute of Technology** and the **Bass Institute of Technology** (6773 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, CA) present post secondary training in vocational music skill to students interested in and capable of benefiting from a program of professional guitar or bass playing.

The aim of the Institute is to provide educational opportunity not otherwise available to students preparing for professional careers. The program is designed to enable students to achieve occupational competence and to provide them with opportunities for developing skills leading to employment in their chosen field.

The G.I.T. and B.I.T. program offers 44 weeks of instruction in the areas of reading, writing, and playing music in a variety of styles and with the practical ability to instruct on the instrument. The year is divided into four quarters. The first weeks are spent studying the basic techniques and the physical applications necessary to be a professional player. The second quarter adds instruction in the stylistic specialties necessary for professional performance. The third and fourth quarters prepare the student to practically apply his skills in a variety of simulated performance situations including recording sessions, club dates playing jazz, rock, and

## DRUMS



Chicago musician **Rick Trankle** has developed the **Pocketpad**, a small (3 1/4" square) drummer's practice pad. "I wanted a practice pad that was smaller and had better weight, resiliency and action than those on the market," says Trankle. "It also had to be quiet enough not to disturb people around me."

The Pocketpad is made from a steel plate sandwiched between two rubber pads. The steel plate gives the practice pad enough weight (13 oz.) so it does not move around. Suggested retail price is \$7.95, available from Rick Trankle, 3717 N. Newland, Chicago, IL 60634.

76  down beat

country, a classical concert, teaching beginning students, and writing an arrangement for an orchestra. These experiences are under the guidance and control of an instructor. Tuition for the 44-week program is \$2,900.

Staff instructors for guitar and bass include Ron Eschete, Don Mock, Jimmy Wyble, Mundell Lowe, Joe Diorio, and Bob Magnusson. Visiting faculty guitarists include Joe Pass, Lenny Breau, Pat Metheny, Dr. William Fowler, Jerry Hahn, and Lee Ritenour. Visiting bass faculty include Abe Laboriel, Richard Davis, Carol Kaye, Ray Brown, and Alphonso Johnson.



## SOUND EQUIPMENT

The **5302 Mixer/Preamplifier**, from **James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.** (Northridge, CA), is a solid-state mixer/preamplifier with two line and six microphone inputs. Designed to accept an unbalanced, high impedance signal, each of the microphone inputs can be converted to balanced low impedance with the JBL 5901 transformer. The two line inputs are also wired for unbalanced, high impedance operation with optional accessory transformers for conversion to balanced low impedance. One of the mike inputs can be internally switched to accommodate a magnetic phono cartridge; a dual phono jack is provided for program input from a stereo source. Individual level controls, a master gain control, a monitor level control and high and low frequency tone controls are other features of the 5302.

## STUDIO

**Studio Registry** (New York, NY) is designed to serve record producers, a & r people, and music publishers. Offering services from booking studio time to musician contracting, instrument rental and photographer contacts, all Studio Registry needs from the client is information: when he wants to record, how much he can spend, what kinds of equipment and instruments he needs, and whom he would like to engineer. Studio Registry will book the studio, contract the musicians, rent the instruments, and show up at the session to ensure that everything operates smoothly. Digital recording and editing using the Sony PCM-1600 is also available. This system and an operator are available for location recording or for digital mixdown in the studio of the client's choice.



## STEREO

A family of tuned port speakers which put out strong bass sound even at lower power levels was recently introduced by **American Acoustics Labs** (Chicago, IL). The **Equation Series** includes three two-way systems, four three-way designs and one dual-driver bass enclosure. All of the Equation speaker systems can be driven with as little as five RMS watts per channel. The moderately priced speaker systems complement economical lower-powered receivers and amplifiers. Equation speakers have a full ten year limited warranty.



## VOCAL

Phil Moore's **For Singers Only** presents six *For Singers Only* kits, each containing special vocal routines written and arranged by Moore on six standard tunes along with printed manuscript arrangements for voice, piano, bass, guitar and drums. There is also an LP (or cassette) recording containing rehearsal tracks and vocal demonstrations of the arrangements by Moore. A special record designed to enhance phrasing and techniques comes with Vols. 5 and 6; "Your Singing Career," a book of professional advice, is included in Vols. 1-4.

Moore is a noted composer-arranger, music director, jazz musician and vocal coach. He has worked with Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Aretha Franklin, Bobby Short, Ray Charles and Perry Como, among others. He has been a composer in residence at the University of Massachusetts, and an instructor at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

In the kits Moore uses the same system he uses with top pro singers. "I create the vocal routine first," he says, "then give the singer a tape of it with me doing the vocal with maybe piano and bass accompaniment. It shows them exactly how it's supposed to go."

Songs in the most recently released volumes are all of the 1970's, including *Evergreen*, *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life*, *For Once In My Life*, and *Since I Fell For You*. Previous sets include standards from the Gershwins, Rodgers & Hart, Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer. Songs include *Embraceable You*, *Anything Goes*, and *I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues*. Each kit is available for \$19.95 from *For Singers Only*, Box 10, North Hollywood, CA, 91603.

A new pitch pedal that leaves a performer's hands free to play while instantly tuning any RotoTom over its full range has been introduced by **Remo, Inc.** (North Hollywood, CA). The pitch pedal operates the same as does a pedal timpani and still permits manual rotating for fine tuning. Used with a timpani head, it provides a compact and portable timpani-like instrument; used with a tom tom head, it acts as a rapid-tuning pedal tom tom. Adaptable to all existing RotoToms, the pitch pedal is available in two models: RP10L (27" to 33" height) and RP10H (35" to 48" height). The pitch pedal is available through all RotoTom dealers.



DECEPTIVE RESOLUTIONS

In a deceptive resolution, both notes of the augmented-sixth interval move, but neither to its octave resolution. If the deception results in some recognizable harmonic pattern, the ear welcomes it. In the key of C, for example, when an A<sup>b</sup> German sixth resolves to a D<sup>b</sup> Major seventh, the deception sounds exactly like a V<sup>7</sup> to I<sup>7</sup> progression one half-step above the tonality, a pleasing temporary modal shift.

Or when the same A<sup>b</sup> German sixth occurs as a result of chromatic passing tones between two closely-related chords, the deception fulfills melodic urgencies:

The conclusion of this article (db, Mar. 1980) will cover augmented-sixth chord-component extensions, modulation through augmented-sixths, energy bursts, and miscellaneous augmented-sixth uses.

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Lincoln Center (Alice Tully Hall): Lennie Tristano Jazz Foundation presents Warne Marsh (1/26); call 874-6670 for further info.

Jazz Forum: Jill McManus Trio (1/16); Mark Morganelli Quartet (1/18 & 19); Pate Yellin Quartet (1/23); Bob Berg/Tom Harrell (1/25 & 26); Barry Roseman (1/30); Clifford Jordan (2/1 & 2); Harris Simon Trio (2/6); Ronnie Boykins w/Ricky Ford (2/8 & 9); Peter Ponzol (2/13); Kenny Barron Trio (w/ Buster Williams & Ben Riley) (2/15 & 16); Orpheus Five (2/20); call 477-2655.

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Rutgers University: Horacee Arnold, Billy Hart, Freddie Waits (1/22); Doc Cheatham, Panama Francis, Sammy Price, Slam Stewart (1/29); Tiny Grimes and Ted Dunbar (2/5); Chico Freeman (2/19); call 201-932-4150. All concerts preceded by clinic; admission free.

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Parisian Room (Washington & La Brea): Arthur Prysock Review (1/18-2/10); Joe Williams (2/12-17); Yusef Lateef (2/19-24); Mongo Santamaria (2/26-3/2); Eddie Harris (3/4-9); phone 936-8704.

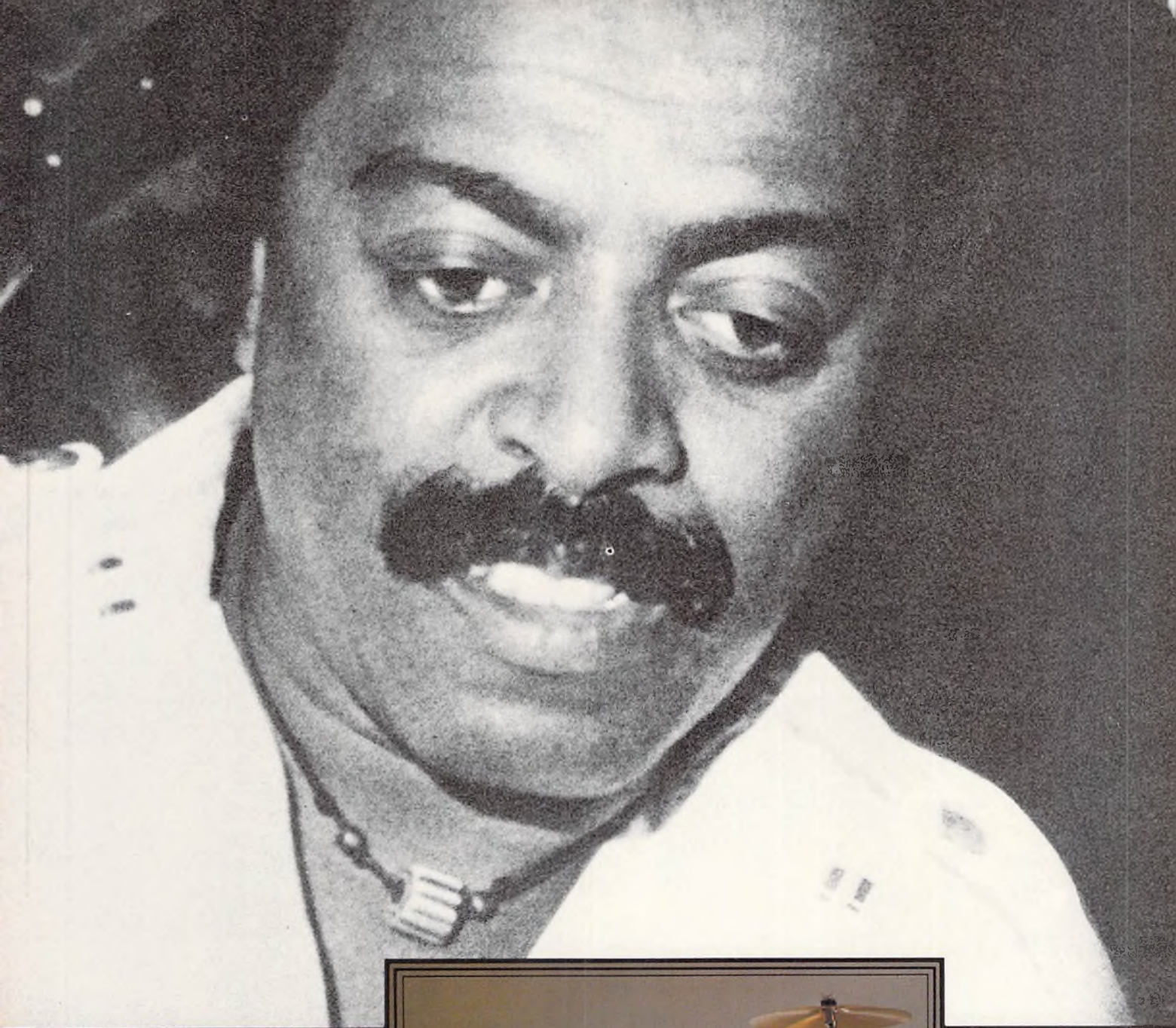
Hollywood Free Clinic Benefit and celebration of Charlie Christian's 61st Birthday, featuring: Herb Ellis, Kenny Burrell, Tony Rizzi, Ron Eschete, Joe Diorio, John Pisano, Al Hendrickson, John Collins, Mundell Lowe, Bob Bain; Sunday aft., 1/20, at Bace's Hall, 1528 N. Vermont; phone 660-2400.

El Camino College (16007 S. Crenshaw Blvd., Torrance): Sonny Rollins (2/23, 8 pm); call 532-3670, ext. 405.

Donte's (North Hollywood): Bud Shank, Mundell Lowe, Grant Geissman, others; 769-1566.

Dorothy Chandler Pavilion: The Orchestra, "America's Musical Roots" show; guest artists include Quincy Jones, Phil Woods, Freddie Hubbard, others; (2/12, 8:30 pm); 972-7211.



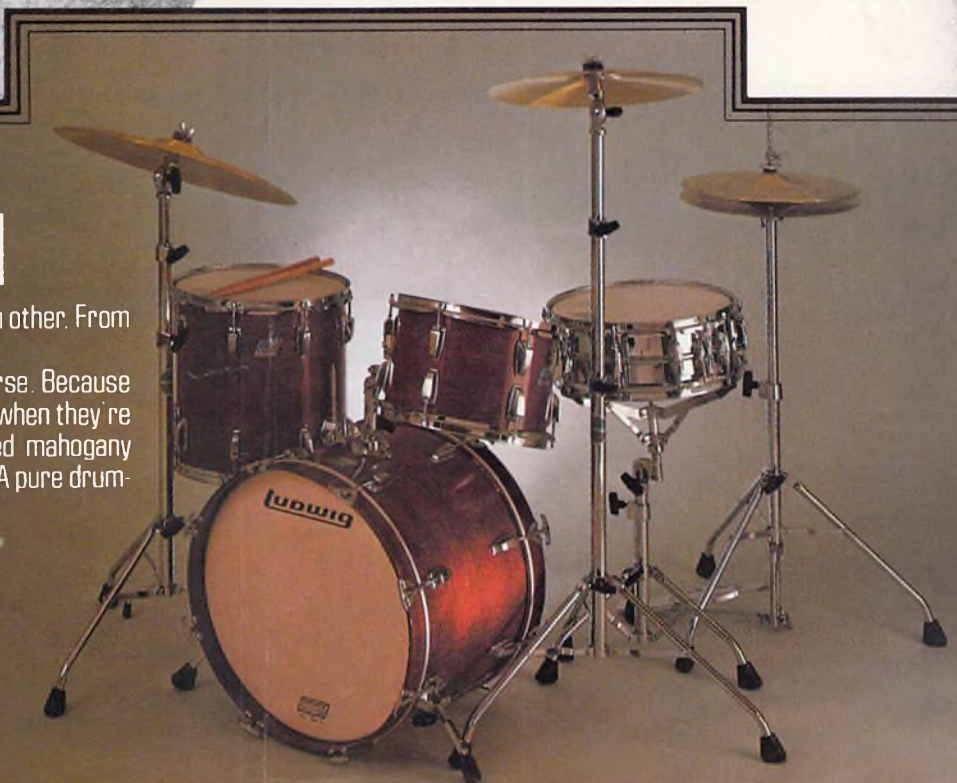


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