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the contemporary  
music magazine

# downbeat®

## EARL KLUGH

### No Jazz Encounters

## VIC DICKENSON

### Finds New Fame



## MANHATTAN TRANSFER

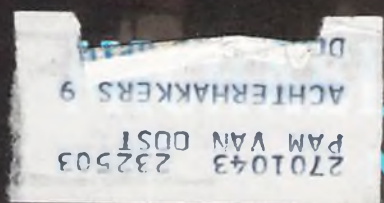
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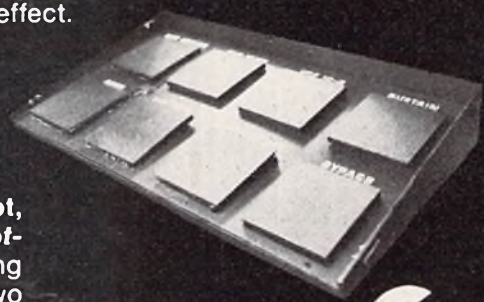


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# HOLTON

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(ISSN 0012-7568)

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### Pat La Barbera

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After my second year, my brothers, John and Joe, came to Berklee to see what I'd been raving about.

I still feel very close to the school and visit whenever I'm near Boston.

### John La Barbera

My experience in a state college was similar to Pat's. There was little that was practical, and compared to Berklee, everything seemed rudimentary.



My first impression of Berklee has remained: complete dedication to traditional values and exposure to all the contemporary idioms. My teachers opened me up to what arranging was all about. My trumpet teacher made me learn traditional trumpet repertory, and, for example, what precision means in playing a Broadway show.

I feel that Berklee gave me a musical background broad and deep enough to operate as a complete professional.



### Joe La Barbera

Berklee encouraged me to learn more about my instrument and more about music.

My teachers at Berklee equipped me with what it takes to play drums on a professional level—in any situation.

I'm most impressed by Berklee's facility for every kind of player, whether it's big band, small group, or arranging. I'll always remember the guys I got to play and learn with: Rick Laird, Miroslav Vitous, Alan Broadbent, Lin Biviano, John Abercrombie, and others.

I still go back to Berklee whenever I can. It's where I started.

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## the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

With all the fuss about fusion going on and on, it's a welcome relief to hear a calm, reasoned voice. Listen to this:

"It's that substantial production element that fusion is all about, not the virtuoso element that all the writers (and many jazz musicians) seem conditioned to look for. If that point could be made, then a lot of the jazz community's factionalism and in-fighting might be eliminated."—Steve Backer, producer and executive of Arista/Novus records.

Backer has a lot more to say, in this issue, about today's recording world in particular and the business of music in general. All of it right on the money and worthy of study by anyone concerned with contemporary music. Backer also picks up on the now famous interview with the Brecker Brothers (6/17/79 db) and their complaints about record companies and critics and other things. He agrees with our commentary that busy studio musicians find it difficult to develop their own sound or recording career. Backer: "... if you want a successful recording career, you have to devote the vast majority of your time to it. That involves not just writing, arranging, producing or playing on your next album, but also securing proper management, agencies, touring, interviews, promotion. You have to be willing to sacrifice until you either become successful, or wake up to the fact that you're not going to make it."

For contrast, don't overlook the Earl Klugh article in this issue. He carries on something fierce about being called a jazz player and how unfair critics and this magazine are to him and other great musicians. Klugh is too good a musician to really believe all that.

Speaking of fusion and foolishness about music labels, remember the University of Wisconsin-Madison student symphony players who refused to allow Don Sebesky's brilliant jazz/symphonic reconstruction of Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring* to be performed? (See news story, Feb. '80 db and Record Reviews, this issue.) Obviously, the students didn't know any better but why didn't they? The school of music faculty should review its attitude about "serious" music.

**Reminder.** The U.S. Congress has not yet voted on remedial legislation which would permit federal funds to be spent for school band instruments. (See First Chorus, May 17, 1979, and Feb. '80 issues of *down beat*.) If you have not yet done so, write today, now, to your Congressman (c/o House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515) and ask him/her to cosponsor or vote yes for either H.R. 5569 or H.R. 5772. Both bills call for Title IV-B of Public Law 95-561 to include band instruments as educational instructional equipment. Make it loud and clear that one needs an instrument to learn and play instrumental music.

Next issue features a doubleheader with Cecil Taylor and Max Roach and their recent duo concert in New York plus a good look at Cecil Taylor, the teacher, doing it for students at Creative Music Studio. There will be, of course, other pieces of note in the April db, out March 20.



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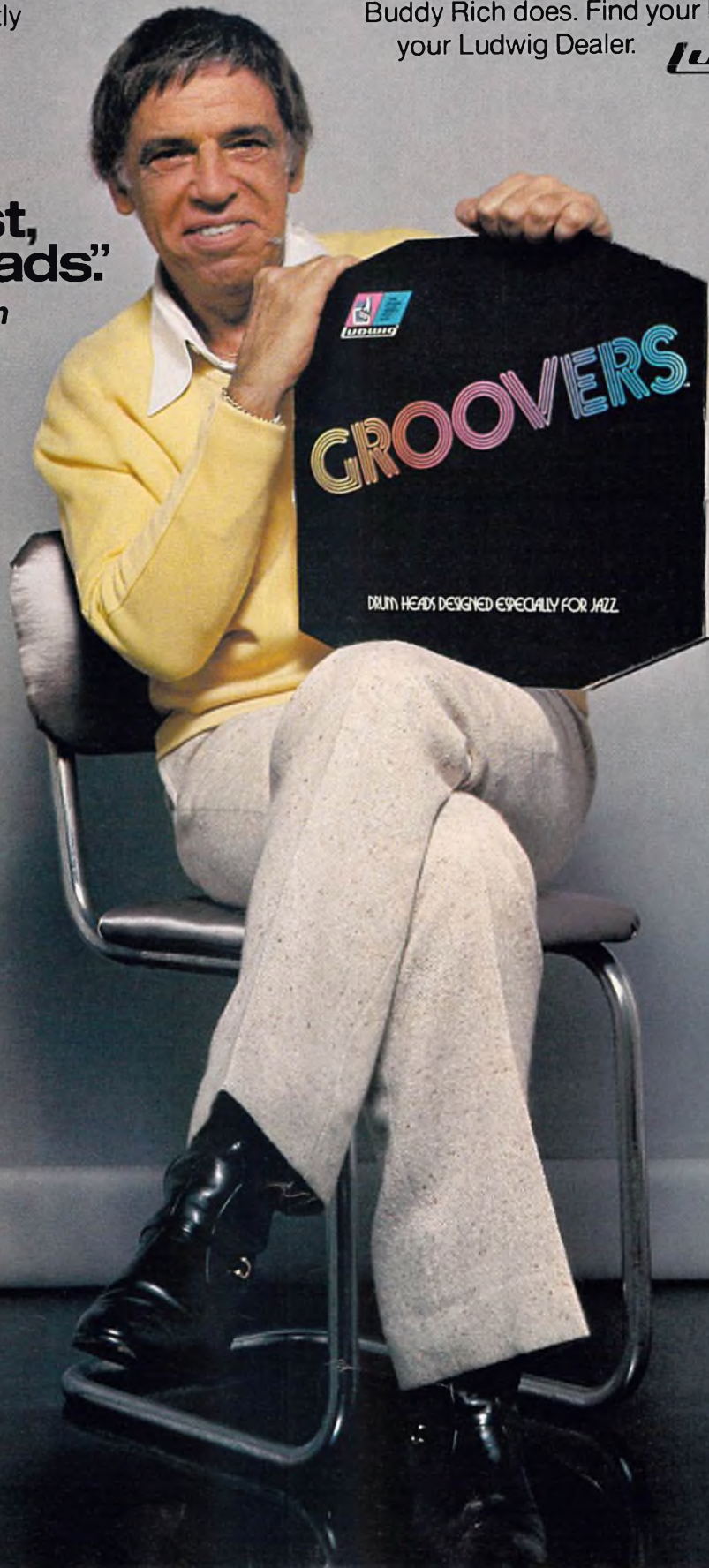
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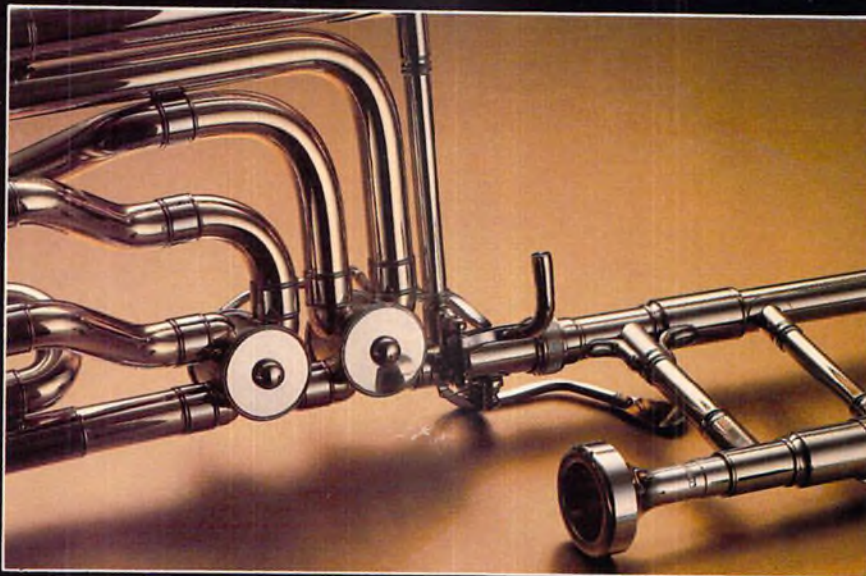
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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## 8:30 elaborations

At least **db's** one-star review of *Mr. Gone* elaborated on the disappointment with that album. In the review of *8:30* (Dec. '79), however, Douglas Clark gets away with quacking on and on about the live tunes that everyone already *knows* are great, and then passes off the new studio material in two lousy sentences as "filler."

Mr. Clark describes *Brown Street* as a "carnival tune that starts sleepily and gets happy." Is this critical analysis intended for professional musicians, or a gross generalization intended for small children? Mr. Clark could have at least been specific enough to point out that Zawinul plays all of the bass lines in the studio. But I guess bass lines are irrelevant compared to carnivals.

For a magazine whose readers just voted **WR** as number one band, a two-sentence "analysis" of their very latest music is a little cheap.

Ted Northridge New Brunswick, N.J.

## Seeing Redd over Mitchell madness

What is all this madness about non-singer Joni Mitchell? Who needs her wailing (which sounds like it's emanating from a maternity ward) to validate the artistry of the giant that Charles Mingus was? To h— with this nonsense. There are some of us who know the truth, and are not afraid to speak it.

Vi Redd Inglewood, Cal.

## '70s jazz summation

I'd just like to thank Dan Morgenstern for his thoughtful, well-tempered and perceptive review of jazz in the '70s. He covered it beautifully in an all-too-brief article. Someone else could have said it longer, but no one could have said it better.

Georgia Griggs Santa Monica, Cal.

## Wilbur Ware tribute

I read with great interest your article on the late Wilbur Ware (Dec. '79), whom I met when he was in very sad physical condition at Charles Mingus' first "rebel" Newport Jazz Festival in Newport in the early '60s.

On the evening of the first late-night, all-night jam session at Cliff Walk Manor, which was crowded beyond belief, Mingus, seeing Ware walk into the room, handed his bass over to him, and Ware played as only he could. Years later I found a Music Minus One record on which he played bass, and enjoyed hearing his wonderful walking lines.

Thank you for showing the editorial sense to pay honor to a very fine musician whose addiction won out over his talent.

Patricia C. Frost Piedmont, Cal.

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## Brookmeyer prayer answered

Thanks for the many good interviews in your magazine. How long do we have to wait for an interview with Bob Brookmeyer? I think he is one of the most original and inventive musicians around, not only as a valve trombonist, but also as a writer. He's recorded a few diamonds on piano as well. He is now playing inside and outside like no musician I have ever heard.

I am a Swedish jazz trombonist working in Germany, and everywhere I meet other musicians, the question is, "Have you heard anything new about Brookmeyer?"

Swami Harisharam Stuttgart, West Germany

*We'll have a feature story on Brookmeyer soon.*  
Ed.

## They found it!

Bob Dylan has never been afraid to say what he thinks and probably never will. I was disturbed to read Charles Carman's review of *Slow Train Coming* (Dec. '79); the writer is either ignorant about Christianity or perhaps he is afraid of what would be said of him if he applauded Mr. Dylan.

*Slow Train Coming* is the word of God the way Bob Dylan sees it, put inside a musical framework that young and old, Christian and non-Christian can relate to. Dylan should be applauded for trying to tell a very important message in an enjoyable and contemporary way.

Chris Werner                      Versailles, Indiana

To reduce a man who has had such a profound effect on so many young Americans by tossing around phrases such as "silly" and "tired take-offs on the Golden Rule" is without excuse and poor journalism indeed. Bob Dylan's message now has a sufficient basis—Scripture. With this base, it is no longer Dylan's intent to present art for art's sake but to once again tell it like it is.

Whether you acknowledge it, the love from which Dylan speaks will overcome this world. Stan Kenton never thought stereo would catch on, either.

Paul Littrell                      Atlanta, Georgia

## Rovner ligature

In your 11/79 issue the Pro Session on woodwinds by Ray Pizzi spoke of a ligature developed by Phil Rovner. How can us reed folks out here in the bush get ahold of one of these?

Those of us who economically, geographically or otherwise cannot be near an instructor who can steer us on the right developmental track can use this information. Whenever you print the equipment used by the pros, I read it with great interest.

Chris Hall                      Lincoln, Neb.

*For Mr. Hall and other readers who inquired, the address is Rovner Products, P.O. Box 15006, Room A, Pikesville, Md., 21208. Send \$11.95 and your mouthpiece type, material, and brand, and indicate "light" (according to Rovner, "for a lively, brilliant, projecting and big sound") or dark ("for a mellow, full, rich and warm sound").*

## Second Coming

For the past year, I have avoided db out of protest against its generally meaningless and stereotyped interviews. I have broken my promise to never read the magazine again, and have returned as an avid reader, primarily to keep abreast of current developments.

By the way, to suggest by the title of the article on George Adams (Nov. '79) that he is artistically or technically different from five or six years ago is ridiculous. George Adams has not just arrived; he has just been ignored for the past ten years.

J. Stonewall Dorsey                      Toronto, Ontario

## Candescant Connie Crothers

Connie Crothers is, to me, the greatest piano player on the jazz scene today. Her genius is astounding—not only does she play the instrument better than anyone I've ever heard, but her originality creates textures, colors and sounds that are totally new. She is a great innovator of our time and the prime mover in a new jazz scene which, in my opinion, is about to explode and revolutionize music all over the world. Connie is also a beautiful, deep singer and a profound poet. She is an inspiration to all who hear her.

I have attended all of Connie's concerts since she emerged on the scene in 1973, when she was presented by Lennie Tristano. Absurdly, record companies have not clamored to record her; she has only one record, *Perception*, on Inner City. That was recorded in 1973.

[A five-star review of Ms. Crothers' December 9, 1979 Carnegie Recital Hall concert has been omitted for space reasons.]

Hearing Connie Crothers in person is an experience no one should miss. She deserves to be recognized for her astounding contributions now.

Liz Gorriell                      Queens, N.Y.

## Hall of Fame material

I generally love your magazine and read every issue cover to cover, but I must respectfully disagree with John McDonough's assessment of Cootie Williams' later years (*Waxing On*, Dec. '79). McDonough wrote, "In his later years his appeal came to rest on dense textures and emotional hyperbole rather than swing."

To my ears, Cootie was swinging *hard* on many Duke Ellington albums from the late '60s and early '70s. Just listen to his spectacular solo on *Portrait Of Louis Armstrong on New Orleans Suite*. On these albums, Cootie's plunger work is a special delight—the work of a unique and major stylist, who supplies an emotional content sorely lacking on many of today's swing albums. Within the confines of swing, Cootie Williams developed a highly unique vocabulary and a totally personal sound and style, which I feel he kept up undiminished until illness intervened.

My two passions are jazz and baseball. I have always thought of Cootie Williams—with his overall excellence and spectacular playing—as the Roberto Clemente of the trumpet.

William Davis                      Ann Arbor, Mich.



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# POTPOURRI

New grant application guidelines from the National Endowments for the Arts' jazz program for fiscal year 1981 are now available from NEA, Music Program: Jazz, Washington, D.C. 20506, or call 202-634-6390. Among the changes from last year's NEA grant guidelines: the maximum available to any single artist (applying in two categories) is \$20,000; 1980's single composer/performer category has been divided into two categories, one each for performance and composition.

●  
"Mann Alone and Moore" was the January West Coast tour flutist Herbie played solo, while Oregon bassist Glen opened the shows. Oregon itself is waxing collaborations with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in the studio, following the groups' live performances together last fall.

●  
**Author's queries:** writer Burt Korall (2 Park Lane, Mt. Vernon, NY 10552) has embarked on a "love project," an historical book about jazz drummers, tracing all styles (including influences of Latin, r&b and rock) from the late 19th century to the present. He seeks info on how early drummers played, their equipment and anecdotal material; he's especially interested in little known tubmen like the late Tommy Miles, a Gene Krupa favorite, as well as acknowledged greats like Baby Dodds and Zutty Singleton.

Meanwhile, Thomas Rusch (301 Cedar Avenue, Minneapolis, MN) and British writer Roger Hunter are compiling a Hampton Hawes discography and hoping to hear from anyone working on a similar project.

●  
Joni Mitchell is using her *Mingus* album tour as the basis but not subject for her first movie—which she directed, aiming at a TV sale. And most of the tunes from her collaboration with the late, great bassist show up on Elektra/Asylum's release of the *Mingus Dynasty* band album *Chair In The Sky*, featuring John Handy, Joe Farrell, Jimmy Owens, Jimmy Knepper, Don Pullen, Charlie Haden and Dannie Richmond.

●  
Jack Kleinsinger's **Highlights In Jazz** mainstream jam sessions at New York University celebrated its seventh anniversary in February by co-billing **Jaki Byard's Apollo Stompers** with **Zoot Sims-Bucky Pizzarelli** duets.

**Clubs come, NY:** At least three new venues appeared in the Apple since our December '79 report: **Soundscape**, a midtown loft, has featured John Tchicai, Sun Ra, Archie Shepp, solo performances, lectures and more standard fare; Jazzmaniac Mark Morganstern has brought music to 23rd St.'s Shandon Tavern, located several floors below his busy music space—now called **Jazzmania Up 'N' Down** the operation lets two groups gig at once (Lee Konitz' nonet was below recently); and **Grand Finale**, an uptown room, has switched from cabaret acts to middle of the road jazz draws like Buddy Rich and Nancy Wilson.

●  
**Clubs come and go, LA:** Perennial **db** poll winning organist **Jimmy Smith** closed his Jimmy Smith Supper Club on New Year's Eve, '79-'80, exactly four years after its opening, in response to the sale of its building. Disbanding his trio (Ray Crawford, guitar; Kenny Dixon, drums), Smith has gone on the road to demonstrate the Wersi organ. Now the good news: early December saw the debut of LA's first Japanese owned and operated jazz club, the 250 capacity **Maiden Voyage**, launched by Hajime Shinuzaki and Robin Otani with the **Dudley Brooks** quintet, followed by pianist **Bruce Cameron's** group and the **Akiyoshi-Tabackin** big band. The room, located in the Wilshire district near MacArthur Park, plans activity seven nights a week.

●  
**The Soundroom**, which opened in 1976 in Studio City and closed January 31, was a small room with license to sell only beer and wine, but it was a seven night a week staple featuring mostly local musicians, including Milcho Leviev, Ray Pizzi, Moacir Santos, Alan Broadbent and Bud Shank, among others. Its owner/operator David Abhari has opened a small restaurant. Meanwhile **Carmelo's**, in Sherman Oaks, is strong, doing great business with visitors like Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, Richie Cole, Shelly Manne, Pete Christlieb's band and occasional sitters in; Bill Henderson and Jon Hendricks sang duo there, and some players are making the watering hole run by musician Chuck Piscatello their frequent hangout.

●  
Former **db** East Coast Editor **Arnold Jay Smith** is currently writing a monthly jazz column called *Da Capo* for *Words & Music*, the B'nai Brith Music and Performing Arts Lodge paper.

## Canadian Plays On Jazzmen's Lives Cast Musicians

TORONTO—Two jazz legends, Buddy Bolden and Charlie Parker, have had their lives and deaths dramatized for the stage in plays produced early in 1980 by Canadian companies.

Michael Ondaatje's *Coming Through Slaughter*, an adaptation by the author of his earlier biographical novel of the same title, opened at Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille on January. Ardon Bess has been cast as cornetist Bolden, and Sandi Ross as his wife Nora. Music is supplied by soprano saxophonist Jim Gallo-way and members of his Metro Stompers, including Ken Dean who takes Bolden's cornet parts.

*Birdflight*, by Peter Stevens of Windsor, Ontario, opened February 1 at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. The Sepia Players, directed by Ernie King, present alto saxophonist Parker's life, family, friends and music.

Meanwhile, *Indigo*, the blues revue conceived by singer Salome Bey, returned in January to Basin Street in Toronto for an eight week stand prior to preparations for a Broadway opening. —mark miller

## Blind Player Sues TV Group For Job Rights

LOS ANGELES—Dwayne Smith, a blind pianist and composer, filed suit against Group W Productions, Inc. Westinghouse Broadcasting, claiming that his civil rights were violated when he was refused employment because of his blindness.

In January 1978 Smith composed, arranged and performed the theme for Group W's television pilot for the *Everyday* series. When the pilot was sold for syndication and appeared on CBS, Smith expected to be hired for the series. He was not. His keyboard replacement was sighted. Smith filed suit on December 14, 1979.

Smith, 35, is active as a solo recording artist (*Get Directly Down* on Casitas Records) and as a soundtrack studio musician (*Welcome To L.A.*, *Uncle Joe Shannon*). He has recorded with numerous pop artists, including Bill Wyman of the Rolling Stones, Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, D. J. Rogers and others. He also appeared as an actor in *The Bionic Woman*, *Welcome To L.A.* and NBC's *James At 15*.

## FINAL BAR

**Richard Rodgers**, a dean of American theater music, died in New York City December 30 at the age of 77. Rodgers' career spans 60 years, from his first song *Any Old Place With You* published in 1919 to the score of *I Remember Mama* which played Broadway in 1979. In all, his published output consists of more than 300 songs, almost all of which were written for the theater with one of two lyricists, Lorenz Hart (who died in 1943) or Oscar Hammerstein II (who died in 1960), with whom Rodgers collaborated on three of the most popular musicals ever written, *South Pacific*, *Oklahoma* and *The Sound Of Music*.

Many of Rodgers' melodies have become jazz standards, most notably John Coltrane's version of *My Favorite Things*, Miles Davis' renderings of *My Funny Valentine* and *Surrey With The Fringe On Top* and Billie Holiday's recording of *Have You Met Miss Jones*, and including *Blue Moon*, *Manhattan*, *The Lady Is A Tramp*, *Thou Swell*, *You Are Too Beautiful*, *My Romance*, *Mountain Greenery*, *Isn't It Romantic*, *Where Or When*, *This Can't Be Love* and *Blue Room*.

In his book *American Popular Song* Alec Wilder wrote, "Over the years Rodgers' songs have revealed a higher degree of consistent excellence, inventiveness and sophistication than those of any other writer I have studied."

At the time of Rodgers' death a revival of *Oklahoma* had just opened on Broadway to favorable notices. Its marquee along with those of every other show on Broadway was dimmed on New Year's night in memory of the composer, who is survived by his wife and daughters.

Pianist **Ernie Washington**, 53, died in a Chula Vista, California, hospital Christmas Eve, after undergoing treatment for cancer in Mexico. Born and raised in Philadelphia, Washington moved to New York City in the late '40s, playing with such bop-era greats as Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Kenny Clarke. In 1955 Washington moved to Honolulu, where he soon became a key element in that city's small but vital jazz scene. Washington typifies that breed of musician who practice the art of jazz off the beaten track—talented, individualistic, willing to give much with little in return. Hawaiian altoist Gabe Baltazar, an early associate, said "I'd compare him with Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson or Fats Waller. He had a fast left hand and a faster right—Bud Powellish." Washington returned to the East Coast in 1979 to play several concerts, including appearances at the Baltimore and Newport Jazz Festivals. Surviving are his wife and son.



## Jazzteens' Careers In Philly Thrive From Striving

PHILADELPHIA—With ballots from readers of Fred Miles' local *Abundant Sounds Jazz Weekly* all counted, the most popular jazz group in town seems to be Pieces Of A Dream, a trio of musicians all under 18 years of age, who constitute the youngest professional jazz band in the country. Their impressive credits—appearances with Count Basie and Al Grey, gigs backing Milt Jackson, Helen Humes, Ted Curson and others—indicate that at a young age they have grown from novelty status to professional stature, gaining the respect of established musicians. "They're a hard act to follow," Count Basie remarked after a joint appearance. "I've never heard such music from musicians so young."

According to their mentor, Gerald Price, a respected Philadelphia pianist just back from touring with Bags, "Milt said he'd rather play with them than some older musicians because their playing is so progressive."

He was speaking at the home of the group's manager, Danny Harmon Jr., who, as the drummer's father, represents the family commitment that has guided Pieces Of A Dream—bassist Cedric Napoleon, 17, pianist James Lloyd, 15, and drummer Curtis Harmon, 17—through the vicissitudes of nightclub performing while they attend high school. As a result, Pieces Of A Dream has become the house band for *City Lights*, a Philadelphia television show, ap-

peared at the Atlantic City Jazz Festival and impressed Columbia Records executives at the Radio Free Jazz Convention in Washington, D.C. without losing discipline, nerve or humility.

"We've played some real dumps," volunteers Napoleon. "As far as the drinking and smoking in clubs, well, we just concentrate on playing and leave the rest. We *do* socialize with the audience, because that's part of playing in clubs." They've been on the circuit three years.

"In the beginning we were a novelty," continues the bassist, "but when people pay \$30 a head, they don't want to just see something cute. We have progressed beyond that."

Most impressive has been their ability to play with established musicians on even terms. When Joe Williams' piano player did not show for a recent Philadelphia gig, James Lloyd filled in with no rehearsal. The group feels great confidence in their abilities; rather than being overawed by encounters with giants such as Jackson, Curson or Grover Washington Jr., they are simply inspired to play better.

"It's not the easiest thing in the world but it's not as complicated as some people make out," adds Napoleon. "The hardest thing is knowing the feeling they want. We're capable of doing all the things they want us to do."

As the band members look ahead to attending the same mu-

# NEWS



sic school, one wonders if early success will spoil them. Daniel Curtis Harmon Sr., Curtis' grandfather and a Temple University music professor, thinks not.

"Danny Jr. has done a great job with them. They've never stopped growing, as so many musicians do—this seems more phenomenal than their talent. If their heads get big, we just play them something they can't play. That brings them down to earth quick!"

Gerald Price feels the Pieces

must play more with other musicians to complement their formal studies. With nightclub gigging of all types, classical training, and major record company interest, Pieces Of A Dream will reach adulthood with an ideal preparation for life as contemporary musicians.

"We've really strived," says Napoleon. "It didn't just come. But we've been fortunate. Everything seems to be falling into place."

—randall grass

## Author-Photographers Take Their Jazz Books On The Road



Louis Satchmo Armstrong, shot by William Gottlieb, graces the cover of Joachim-Ernst Berendt's *Photo History*.

CHICAGO—On the crest of book publishers' interest in jazz themes, it's encouraging that swinging "authors" are being sup-

ported with national tours to promote their products. Two of these—William P. Gottlieb and Joachim-Ernst Berendt—visited

us during their local stops.

Gottlieb, who worked full time in db's New York City office during 1946-'47, offers *The Golden Age Of Jazz*, "On-location portraits, in words and pictures, of more than 200 outstanding musicians from the late '30s through the '40s."

When music writer Gottlieb was with the *Washington Post* in '36, the newspaper was loath to assign photographers to illuminate his text, so he added photography to his repertoire. The book is mostly devoted to well-displayed photos; Gottlieb supplies all the text here, but only writes when the spirit moves. *Golden Age* is published by Simon & Schuster; 158 pages; \$7.95 in soft cover, \$17.50 hard.

Bill Gottlieb is one of many who contributes photos to Joe Berendt's *Jazz: A Photo History*, a 9½" x 11", 355 page opus which serves up 370 photos from 64 different sources, including Italian

Giuseppe G. Pino and db contributor Veryl Oakland. The book is liberally laced with quotations from musicians and Berendt's own informed—and often opinionated—critical observations.

*Jazz: A Photo History* has been spotted in bookstores here on high-volume tables reserved for pre-determined best sellers. Published by Schirmer Books, a division of Macmillan; \$29.95 in hard cover.

Berendt told db that he's been able to find and pay all the contributing photographers except William Claxton, a leading snapper of the West Coast scene in the '50s, whose work is prominently featured in Berendt's book. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of William Claxton (or his estate) is asked to write Berendt at Auf de Alm 11, 757 Baden-Baden 22, West Germany.

Both books will be reviewed in an upcoming issue.



## Big Apple Benefits

NEW YORK—While tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan was recovering from his total hip removal and getting use to its plastic replacement in a New York hospital, jazz musicians spearheaded by bassist Reggie Workman held a fund-raising benefit for him at Leviticus, a midtown disco. When bassist Wilbur Ware died, some of the same players (Hank Mobley, Gary Bartz, Hamiet Bluiett, Tom Browne, Ray Barretto, Chico Freeman, Ricky Ford, Jimmy and Percy Heath) rallied at the Tin Palace to gather monies for Ware's family. And the largest, most recent such benefit, for ailing bassist Sam Jones, 'pictured,' took place at the large uptown theater Symphony Space.

"We've got to take care of ourselves," Workman told the performing assemblage at Leviticus,



JORGEN BO

where for \$7.50 a head jazz fans packed the house for an all night bash with free buffet. Hoping to make the benefit sessions monthly and buoyed by the enthusiasm of both players and listeners, Workman feels musicians are moving towards helping each other. In addition, he's set up an address for contributions by check to the benefitees: P.O. Box 637, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10036.

## Promoter Wein Listens For Consensus

CHICAGO—George Wein is the promoter of *big* musical gatherings, including the annual Newport (In New York, now sponsored by Kool), Los Angeles Playboy, Munich, London, Nice and Kool jazz festivals, and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage fest. Stopping on the way to discuss with McDonald's the burger chain's national promotion of high school big bands, Wein, at middle age a youthfully enthusiastic gourmet and hard-to-stop talker, spoke of precepts and plans.

"My idea, from the beginning, has been to have a consensus jazz festival; not that I should decide what is jazz, but that what is considered jazz I should present. The one thing I might know about is chemistry, what makes for a sell-out house and good quality music. I've learned from the folkies, from the rock and roll kids—I learned about sound, about multiple stages (from Pete Seeger, who wanted to have 21 workshops all over our field on one afternoon), about not wiring down reserved seats—the rock kids didn't care, they'd sit on the grass to hear the music. I respect the people who know the music, that's why when we do country things I work with Jim Halsey, the biggest in *that* business.

"And I have a tremendous respect for the greatness of jazz; that's something I'll never mess with. I don't care what you say about, for instance, Count Basie, if you don't like his current band or you do; as long as Count Basie is around, I'll present his band. He's got that beat, and all he has to do is start it up to make me feel great . . . and when Basie's gone, that

14 □ down beat

beat goes, too. Now I've got to admit, there are few who know about both the music and the business like I do.

"Take Norman Granz—he's a team player; he gets his team of artists, his Pablo people, and he likes to have it under his control, to record it, to run the same programs all around. I do it myself, I'm not a team player. Norman's a manager; I create events."

Wein has, however, been relegating some responsibility for his events to "associate producers." "The first fests we did," he recalls, "I was onstage every minute, changing the bands' instruments, watching the time—that's how I became known as 'the Hook'—getting acts on and off. But I never cared what they called me. The point is, by moving things along, we reached beyond the usual jazz audience; that sense of pacing attracted different people.

"Then it was just me and Charlie Bourgeois, who counted all the tickets. Now we're getting older, and I don't want to run around so much, I'd rather set it up and bring in somebody like Quint Davis (who sets up New Orleans), who really loves the music and understands the business end, too. I helped show him how to do it, and turned it over to him." At last year's Newport, Wein had New Audiences produce the Pat Metheny-Jaco Pastorius billing, Rigmor Newman presenting Cecil Taylor and Sun Ra at Symphony Space, Betty Carter introducing her Friends (George Adams and Charles Sullivan, and Dorothy Donegan) at Carnegie Hall, and Richard Sudhalter feting Hoagy Carmichael—to varying degrees

## The Orchestra's Language Of Jazz

LOS ANGELES—*The Universal Language* was The Orchestra's second concert presentation, with the 86-member ensemble performing four works heavily influenced by jazz and Latin music. Three of the four offerings premiered at the well-attended Music Center concert had been commissioned by the group's parent organization, the non-profit Foundation for New American Music.

Most impressive of the three was Chris Swanson's four movement *Badger Music For Phil Woods*, the dedicatee's fiery, inventive alto saxophone work bringing him a richly deserved standing ovation. Only slightly less compelling was the opening piece, Les Hooper's *Fantasy For Soprano Sax And Orchestra*, featuring the underappreciated veteran saxophonist Jerome Richardson,

who negotiated the blues-drenched work with fluency and feeling. Third new work was *Suite For Flora*, three Brazilian songs arranged by Jon Harmon and performed, in Portuguese, by vocalist Flora Purim, with husband Airtio Moreira as percussion soloist.

Sole sport in the program was Lalo Schifrin's *Gillespiana*, composed in 1961 in tribute to his American mentor, bebop giant Dizzy Gillespie, which deployed only the brass and rhythm sections of the ensemble. While not a new piece, it was nonetheless welcome, for the attractive, well conceived five movement work has seldom been performed. The composer was on hand to conduct and perform at the piano, while honoree Gillespie's part was handled expertly by studio veteran Conte Candoli.—pete welding

of artistic and commercial success.

Wein himself selected talent for the White House's jazz party of July 4, 1978 ("I had Cecil and Ornette on because they are the most *vital* musicians in jazz") and Playboy's first L.A. fest ("I've always known I could do a festival in L.A., it was just a question of everything being right"). His French event at Nice "is a traditional, mainstream—that is, bebop—three stage jazz festival, nothing but jazz and the blues. Some people complain there is too much blues, but I think it's a good balance. And maybe this year I'll add a new music group; maybe by now my audience there is ready for it."

The European audience, Wein theorizes, enjoys "the new music that doesn't swing *because* it doesn't swing, and because it's coming from European ideas. Of the newer groups, the Art Ensemble of Chicago seems to be about the only one that's made any headway in the U.S."

And that other "new music"? "Fusion doesn't have much to do with mainstream jazz. But there is an audience out there for that music, and we'd like to have that audience in attendance at Newport, so we prepare shows for them." He concedes that neither Avery Fisher nor Carnegie Hall is much good for electric bands, "though it helps if they'll just listen to a few of our suggestions. Like, you don't need seven mikes on the drums in a hall where if you touch a cymbal it's SPLOOosh. It happens when the band's sound man wants to get the sound just like the record. You can't do that



MARC POKEMPER

live, that's all."

Regarding jazz' purity, Wein defends the Kool jazz fests being packed with soul acts. "The Kool shows are extremely important; calling them jazz fests brings out the adult audience that might be put off if they were called soul shows. The Kool fests are the biggest black entertainment events in America—other than them, big concert attractions just play one nighters. The Kool fests are celebrations that entire families attend.

"Of course, I don't approve of free jazz fests, they'll put me out of business," Wein mock grumbles, "but they're great for jazz, and I'll give some money to the Atlanta fest people this year—I have one of my biggest Kool shows there, and I'd like to do something to support the community. Of course, we put on a free fest ourselves—on 52nd Street the last day of Newport every year. Three bandstands, the street blocked off, teeming with people. They say it's great. By that time, I'm pretty worn out with Newport," he shrugs, "and I've yet to be there."



# NEW RELEASES

Winter warms, we hope, with these discs' release:

Saxist **David Murray's** second volume, *Live*, **Arthur Blythe's** *Metamorphosis* and **Chico Freeman's** *Spirit Sensitive*, all featuring stellar progressive music casts, come from India Navigation. Talk about progressive: **Ornette Coleman's** duet with **Charlie Haden**, *Soapsuds*, *Soapsuds*, comes from Artists House, along with *Tales of Captain Black*, in which guitarist **James Blood** (Ulmer) leads a trio, and on some tracks, a quartet with Ornette. Also from AH: the **David Liebman** Quintet's *Pendulum*, trumpeter **Waymon Reed's** *46th And 8th*, and solo pianist **Andrew Hill's** *From California With Love*.

*Great Encounters* is **Dexter Gordon's** latest on Columbia, with guest artists **Johnny Griffin**, **Woody Shaw**, **Curtis Fuller**, and on two cuts the late **Eddie Jefferson**. Also from Black Rock, **Arthur Blythe** looks snappy on *In The Tradition*; and the rhythm pair **John Lee** and **Gerry Brown** have a *Chaser*. *The Best Of Billy Paul* is a two-fer from Philadelphia International.

Muse offers **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers' *Reflections In Blue*, *Articulation* by guitarist **Rodney Jones**, **George Adams** quintets' *Paradise Space Shuttle*,

**Rein de Graff's** quintet (with **Tom Harrell**, **Ronnie Cuber**, **Sam Jones** and **Louis Hayes**) playing *New York Jazz*; also **John Lee Hooker's** *Sittin' Here Thinkin'*, and *Cryin' In the Morning*, an anthology of post-war blues, two reissues.

Inner City issues *Children Of The Night*, by pianist **Bob Degen's** quartet, **Joe Derise** singing at his piano *I'll Remember Suzanne*, and **Cecil McBee's** band with **Chico Freeman**, *Music From The Source*. Flying Fish has **David Amram** joined by **Pepper Adams**, **Jerry Dodgion**, **Candido** and **Ramblin' Jack Elliot**, among others, on *No More Walls*; the late **Joe Venuti** *In Chicago*, 1978; guitarist **Roy Bookbinder** *Goin' Back To Tampa*, vocalist **Paula Lockheart's** *It Ain't The End Of The World*, blues and boogie pianist **Erwin Helfer** and friends *On The Sunny Side Of The Street* and guitarist **Geoff Muldaur's** *Blues Boy*; **Leo Smith's** *Spirit Catcher* and tenorist **Von Freeman's** *Serenade And Blues* are on the associated Nessa label.

Delmark Records debuts three artists on new LPs: trumpeter **Frank Walton** on *Reality*, blues guitarist/vocalist **Jimmy Johnson's** band on *Johnson's Whacks*, and traditional trombon-

ist **Jim Beebe's** Chicago Jazz on *Saturday Night Function*; they've rereleased an **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson** session, *Kidney Stew Is Fine* (with **Jay McShann** and **T-Bone Walker**).

The **Bob Magnusson** quintet featuring **Joe Farrell** has a *Revelation* on Discovery Records, while **Jack Willson's** trios play *Margo's Theme* and other songs and **David Allyn** sings *I Only Have Eyes For You* under Discovery's auspices. **Carol Sloane** sings *Cottontail* over a quartet and **Jimmie Rowles** in trio displays *Paws That Refresh*, both on Choice Records. *The Fabulous Bill Holman* leads a big band, and **Jay McShann**, alone, does the *Kansas City Hustle*, on Sackville. The **Steve Spieg** big band waxes *Hot* (on Orange, CA's Sorcerer Records).

Pacific Arts, another West Coast company, releases **Charles Lloyd's** *Big Sur Tapestry*, keyboardist **Susan Muscarella's** *Rainflowers*, and **Mike Cohen's** *Moments*. *Namymanu* on Atlantic Records has alto saxist **Zbigniew Namyslowski** teaming with pianist **Guido Manusardi**, and was recorded live in Poland. The band **Flairck**, which premieres here with *Variations On A Lady*, is a Dutch acoustic fusion instrumental group, and the TOP horn section appears on **Alicia Bridges' Play It As It Lays; both are on Polydor. Guitarist **Alex de Grassi's** *Slow Circle* is on Windham Hill Records, of Stanford, CA.**

Vocalist **Martha Ost** divides her *Something New, Something Blue* LP (Kendroit Productions, Bloomington, IN) into contemporary and nostalgia sides. **Bernie Krause**, one of the original synthesizer experimenters, has *Citadel* on Takoma (distributed by Chrysalis). **B.B. King's** *Take It Home* comes from MCA. Tenorist **Dickey Myers** bows before a **Joe Albany** piano trio on *Dickey's Mood* (from Quadrangle Music by way of NMDS/JCOA). King endorses **Carmen Leggio** and trumpeter/flutist **Flossy Tall** have issued *Gem* and *Another Gem* on Leggio Records (Tarrytown, NY); volume two features **Gene Krupa**.

Solo jazz pianist and singer **Liz Gorrill** attests *I Feel Like I'm Home*, a two-fer on Jazz Records, a Hollis, NY firm, part of the Lennie Tristano Foundation.

JAPO Records, imported through ECM and available from Warner Bros., have put out the *Globe Unity Orchestra*, **Kent Carter's** trio TOK playing *Paradox*, a quartet of **Barry Guy**, **Howard Riley**, **John Stevens** and **Trevor Watts** on *Endgame*, the **Contact Trio's** *New Marks*, multi-instrumentalist **Stephen Micus' Till The End Of Time, and the quartet **Rena Rama's Landscapes**.**

**The Singers Unlimited**, with saxist **Tom Scott** taking reed solos, perform on *Friends*, with four-part harmony arrangements by **Gene Puerling**, released from the German MPS original in the States by PA/USA.

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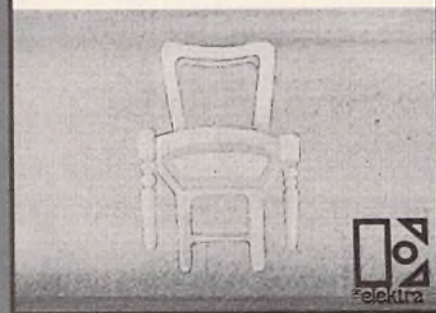
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# MANHATTAN



BRIAN ARIS

## TRANSFER

Sings

### The Songs Of Birdland

by LEONARD FEATHER

Vocal groups have long been an anomaly in jazz, and particularly in the **db** Readers' Poll. Established in 1944, **db's** Vocal Group category was won for the first six years by the Pied Pipers, then for three years by the Mills Brothers, for five of the next six years by the Four Freshmen (the Hi-Los took over in 1957 only), and from 1958-63 by Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. After three victories for the Double Six of Paris, the category was renamed Rock-Pop-Blues group, enabling the Beatles to win twice, Blood, Sweat & Tears three times and the Mahavishnu Orchestra twice. Following a reversion to the Vocal Group name, the Pointer Sisters won in 1974-76; Earth, Wind & Fire in 1977. Steely Dan in 1978-79.

For the past several years Manhattan Transfer has hovered among the top few, reaching second place in 1975. Last December it transferred down to fourth, but with the release of its most recent album, *Extensions*, the chances seem good for its being taken seriously as a combo with considerable artistic aspirations, rather than the cute novelty act it has often appeared to be.

Of course, the tradition of four-part vocal harmony predates jazz, reaching back to the era of the barbershop quartet. This sound was reflected in the early work of the Mills Brothers, of whom there were four when they came to prominence around 1930. Today, these groups are regarded mainly as nostalgic relics; even such later combos as the Pied Pipers, the Modernaires and the Merry

Macs have become similarly dated.

The most musically oriented choral group to have come to prominence in recent years is the unique Singers Unlimited, three male voices and a woman, best known through a series of brilliantly voiced and recorded sessions for MPS. But the new, sophisticated image of Manhattan Transfer seems likely to make an even greater commercial and musical impact, since MT is a permanently organized unit with a strongly established popular image.

The Transfer members have always employed jazz overtones, using Zoot Sims and other jazz musicians on their records; however, the *Extensions* album (Atlantic SD 19258) came as a revelation, mainly on the strength of Janis Siegel's remarkable arrangement of *Birdland* with lyrics by Jon Hendricks, and the group's renovation of the late Eddie Jefferson's *Body And Soul* lyricization.

A vital figure in the success of the recent Manhattan Transfer project was Jay Graydon. In addition to producing the album, he wrote some of the arrangements, played guitar and/or synthesizer on some tracks, and threw in some additional vocal work on his own *Twilight Tone*.

Graydon, 30, is the son of pop singer Joe Graydon. Born in Burbank, he worked as a guitarist in several rock bands and was with the Don Ellis orchestra off and on for some five years.

In 1973 he made his way into the Hollywood recording scene and for several years was one of the busiest of local studio musicians, in the \$200,000 a year bracket. He was also heavily into electronics. Graydon then decided to go into business for himself; he now has his own studio at home, with 24 track facilities, and it was here that all the overdubbing and mixing was done for the MT album.

Coincidentally, Graydon wrote a hit single, *After The Love Is Gone*, for **db's** 1977 vocal group winner, Earth, Wind & Fire. At presstime he was completing his own LP, with a group he calls Airplay, for release on RCA.

Back from a long tour in Europe, where they are even more in vogue than at home, the Transfer recently visited the West Coast for a series of concerts. MT members are Janis Siegel, 26, Alan Paul, 30, Tim Hauser, the founder, 37, and Cheryl Bentley, 24, who replaced Laurel Masse last May.

The following conversation took place



shortly after the release of *Extensions* and before the quartet took off for London to sing *Body And Soul* on a television special.

**Feather:** Where are you all from?

**Siegel:** I'm from Buffalo, N.Y.

**Paul:** I was born and raised in Newark, but later moved to New York.

**Bentyne:** I'm from Seattle, Washington.

**Hauser:** I was born in Troy, N.Y., raised in New Jersey, but I grew up in Ocean Township, N.J., and moved to New York at 22.

**Feather:** How did the group happen to be organized?

**Hauser:** We list our official getting-together date as Oct. 1, 1972, but we had met the previous March. At that time I had another group called Manhattan Transfer on Capitol Records. I gave up that group because I wanted to do essentially what we are doing now.

**Feather:** How would you characterize the main difference?

**Hauser:** The other group was into that Stax-Volt type of r&b stuff, and certain country things. I felt there were so many people around doing that, I couldn't see us doing it any better. I wasn't stimulated by it, and I was more into drawing upon swing music, orchestrated sounds.

Between groups, I was broke; I went into construction work for a couple of months, and I drove a cab around New York at night. One evening I picked up Laurel Masse as a fare. She was working as a cocktail waitress at a place on 63rd and First, where Heywood Henry was playing.

She asked me what I did besides drive a cab. I said I was a musician. She said, "I thought so," and when I told her the details

she said she had our album, had seen us at the Fillmore, and was a singer herself. Well, I was looking for some female singers at the time; I was making some demos, trying to get back in the business.

A couple of weeks later I picked up a conga drummer who'd just played a gig. He invited me to a party. He was working for this great country and blues singer out of Nashville, Diane Davidson. At the party Janis had a trio of girls called Laurel Canyon, backup singers. I told Janis what I did, and Janis said . . .

**Siegel:** I told him I had been following the group, hearing them on WNEW-FM, because harmony has always been my main love, and to hear four-part harmony really knocks me for a loop. I was very interested, and *Java Jive* and *You're A Viper* were getting a lot of airplay at the time. So this was the beginning of our relationship.

**Hauser:** We all hung out during the summer of '72 and made a demo together. We decided to put Manhattan Transfer back together, but we needed a fourth member. Well, Laurel's husband was in the pit in *Grease*, playing drums, and Alan was in that show, so that was how we found him. Alan joined, and we resolved to rehearse every day for six months.

After five months and two weeks of rehearsal, some friends invited us to a talent night at Dr. Generosity's. We did it, and blew the audience away. Did the same thing two weeks later and the place was twice as full. Pretty soon we were doing a lot of gigs around town, and the following year we started working the cabaret scene regularly: Trude Heller's, Max's Kansas City.

By the end of '74 we were really well

## MANHATTAN TRANSFER DISCOGRAPHY

THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER—Atlantic SD 18133

COMING OUT—Atlantic SD 18183

PASTICHE—Atlantic SD 19163

MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE—Atlantic K 50540

EXTENSIONS—Atlantic SD 19258

known, playing Reno Sweeney's with fashionable people lining up around the block to see us. We got a write-up in *Newsweek*, and Ahmet Ertegun, who had come to see us in Philadelphia, signed us to Atlantic. We cut the first takes on my birthday, Dec. 12, and finished the album in February of '75. But our manager decided we needed to be on the West Coast when the LP came out. He said, "If you don't happen in L.A., forget it." So we did two weeks at the Roxy with a big splash, and things began happening fast.

After Los Angeles we did a small tour. In Chicago, Hugh Hefner sponsored us. We got the Mary Tyler Moore special with Ben Vereen; then, through Monte Kay, we got our own summer TV series with CBS.

In retrospect, I feel that those TV shows and playing Las Vegas kind of spoiled our underground image and gave a slick commercial feel to the act, which hurt us in the States. But luckily, things had begun taking off in Europe. *Tuxedo Junction* was a small hit, so we played London and toured the continent. In 1977 *Chanson d'Amour* was number one for several weeks in France and England. We played MIDEM, the music business convention in Cannes. Since then we've been back to Europe several times for tours and TV specials.

**Feather:** Have you been to Japan yet?

**Siegel:** We expect to do our first tour in April; meanwhile, we've done a commercial in Japanese for a big department store, and our records are there.

**Feather:** Janis, what were you doing before MT?

**Siegel:** I've been singing professionally since I was 12. I had an all female trio and we all played acoustic guitars, mainly doing folk music, but with a lot of harmony, and I was writing original material. We went to Nashville and made an album with Diane Davidson.

When I heard Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*, that really turned me around. I was 14. But I never sang jazz before joining MT. Tim gave me a real education in pre-World War II jazz, and also in '50s rock and roll. I also started listening to Chris Connor, Anita O'Day, Johnny Hartman, Ella, Aretha Franklin, and Vi Redd—I've memorized everything off of Vi's album.

**Bentyne:** I grew up with swing music. My father played clarinet and was known as the Benny Goodman of the Northwest. From the age of 16 until I was 20 I sang with his band. From 21 to 24 I worked with a group out of Seattle, the New Deal Rhythm Band. Then I moved to Los Angeles, waitressed for a while, sang showcases, and finally auditioned for MT.

**Paul:** I started singing at seven. My first influences were vaudevillian: Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor. I did *Oliver* on Broadway when I was a kid.

I got into nightclub singing, majored in music education at a college in New Jersey,



BILL RICHERT



then went into *Grease* until I met Laurel and Janis and Tim. I had sung in the college choir and after the boredom of a year in *Grease* this was a real challenge for me. I found that Tim's ideas coincided with mine.

**Feather:** The ideas at present seem to be strongly jazz-oriented, and very full sounding. How much overdubbing did you do in *Extensions*?

**Hauser:** On *Birdland* we did a lot—in fact on some parts we quadrupled the voices, to give it that strength.

**Feather:** Janis, you must have gone to a tremendous amount of effort listening to the original record. It sounds so much like the original; did you talk to Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter before you wrote it?

**Siegel:** No, I was just really into their record. Usually I do like to talk to the composers. When we did *Four Brothers* I talked to Jimmy Giuffrè and he suggested certain voicings.

**Feather:** On *Body And Soul*, who did the lyrics?

**Siegel:** The first chorus is by Eddie Jefferson, but the second half, which is *about* Eddie Jefferson, was written by Phil Mattson, who did the vocal arrangement. I met him at the Reno Vocal Jazz Festival; he was there with Richie Cole and Eddie. Phil is a professor at Foothill College in Los Altos, C.A. where he has a jazz choir of young kids, and they were doing a project with Eddie Jefferson. So that track was a tribute to Coleman Hawkins and Eddie.

**Feather:** Have any of you heard the original Coleman Hawkins record?

**All:** Oh, yes.

**Hauser:** When I first discussed it with Eddie, he said, "Don't listen to my record; listen to Hawkins' original." I made a cassette of the Hawkins record, which I'd had in my collection for quite a while, and sent it to Phil; so our record is based note for note on Coleman Hawkins.

**Feather:** It must be difficult to reproduce in person some of the effects on the album.

**Hauser:** Surprisingly, it works out. In fact, we open our show with *Birdland*. The only one that was really hard to do was *Coo Coo U*, because it involves a lot of electronics.

**Bentyne:** I went to college with Jay Beckenstein, and he taught me a lot about music. All of a sudden I hear that he has this group Spyro Gyra. I listened to the album and thought *Shaker Song* was just the end; we did that and have no problems with it.

**Siegel:** Then there's *Wacky Dust*. We got that off a very old Ella Fitzgerald record; she recorded it around 1938.

**Hauser:** *Twilight Tone* was a concept I always had. I was a big media freak, always into *Twilight Zone*. Bernard Herrmann's writing for that show was atonal, and over the years I never could understand why nobody did anything with it. So my producer Jay Graydon and I decided to write this song *Twilight Tone* and combine it with *Twilight Zone*.

You know who else was very important to us: Baby Laurence, the great dancer. In fact, he staged our first show, and during the last year of Baby's life we worked with him twice a week.

**Feather:** Are you all good readers?

**Siegel:** We've gotten much better just being in the group, because a lot of the arrangements are written. In four-part harmony, it has to be precise.

18  down beat

**Feather:** How did the collaboration with Jon Hendricks come about?

**Hauser:** We originally commissioned Eddie Jefferson to do the *Birdland* lyrics, but he kept putting it off. Later, Joe Zawinul commissioned Jon to do them.

**Paul:** The Swingle Singers mentioned the possibility of doing *Birdland* in an album. I don't think they ever did, but the interest sparked Jon, and he came over to Janis' house with his lyrics and helped us rehearse them. He sang into a tape machine so we could get certain ideas more clearly.

**Siegel:** There were some things I just couldn't figure out, and Jon kept saying, "Just listen, you'll get it."

**Hauser:** Jon Hendricks is amazing! He wrote words to every inflection on the record. We couldn't figure it out at first, then we realized that at one point, for example, he had three different sets of lyrics going. He

Like many pop and jazz groups, Manhattan Transfer is heard in two settings: an orchestral context of varying size on its albums, and a smaller, set group for its personal appearances.

Organized last summer by its Israeli musical director Jaroslav Jakubovic, Manhattan Transfer's in-person combo includes two other Israeli musicians, Yaron Gershovsky on keyboards and synthesizer, and Aaron Kaminsky on drums.

Completing the group are Don Roberts on baritone and tenor saxophones and Wayne Johnson on guitar, both of whom have been with MT for more than two years, and bassist Alex Blake, formerly with Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Cobham.

Before joining MT, Jakubovic was Bette Midler's musical director. He plays tenor sax, Lyricon and synthesizers, and has two albums of his own on Columbia.

*Extensions* employs the talents of such studio and session regulars as drummers Jeff Porcaro, Ralph Humphrey and Alex Acuna, synthesists Michael Boddicker, Greg Mathieson and Ian Underwood, bassists Chuck Domanico, Andy Muson, Abraham Laboriel and David Hungate, guitarist Dean Parks, percussionist Paulinho Da Costa, alto saxist Richie Cole, and pianists Michael Omartian, Jai Windling and Bill Mays.

vocalized everything—the bass, the piano, even Joe Zawinul's synthesizer solo at the end—while Janis is singing over it.

**Feather:** Are you going to try to stay more in the jazz area as a result of the success of this album?

**Hauser:** Oh, yes. In fact, we're about to commission Phil Mattson to do a four-part arrangement on *Moody's Mood For Love*, which we plan on using in the next album.

That tune has a very special significance for me. When I was in high school, I used to listen to Symphony Sid's radio program. He'd always start out his show with King Pleasure's *Jumpin' With Symphony Sid*, but he'd also play Eddie Jefferson's version of *Moody's Mood For Love*. I was about 17 when I first heard that, and it just killed me.

I found the album that Jefferson had done with James Moody on Chess, and when I

moved to New York a lot of people around my age bracket who were into jazz talked a lot about King Pleasure. Well, I only knew two of Eddie's recordings, *Billie's Bounce* and *Moody's Mood*, and I would tell people, "This is where it all comes from—Eddie Jefferson is the man who really started that!" It's such a shame that over all these years he never got the recognition or the credit for being the first to write lyrics to jazz solos.

**Paul:** The week before Eddie was killed, we were working on a project together. Tim was producing a record for Richie Cole, and it turned out to be the last thing that Eddie did.

**Feather:** What else do you have planned for the next album?

**Hauser:** We're going to do Horace Silver's *Doodlin'*. Gene Puerling, who arranged *Foreign Affair* for the last album, has written a great four-part arrangement of *A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square* for us a cappella.

Another idea we're working with is the concept of alternate dance music, an alternative to disco. Our musical director, Jaroslav Jakubovic, has some Ellington tunes like *Rockin' In Rhythm*, and some old bebop compositions, for which he feels the rhythm can be altered in such a way that these tunes can be danceable by today's standards.

The thing that's nice for us is that by doing material of this kind, and doing it well, we earn the respect of musicians we admire, and that gives us an opportunity to work with these people. Working with men like Zoot Sims, Baby Laurence, Eddie Jefferson—this has been a real thrill for us.

We're trying to break away from the idea of worked-out solos; we want to get into more improvisation.

**Feather:** How about original material?

**Siegel:** Well, I used to write a lot and I will again. We want to branch out into any area we can handle. It's not only a matter of musicality, it's also how open you are, and how confident. You have to go through a whole emotional process.

Shortly after the interview, I caught MT's performance in concert at UCLA's Royce Hall. Playing to a capacity house, they went through some of their familiar routines. *Tuxedo Junction* is still there, along with the outrageous comedy routines of Hauser and Paul, and the wild costumes. Manhattan Transfer, for all its changes and musical upgrading, remains first and foremost a polished group of entertainers, yet the underlying sincerity in their recent musical accomplishments comes through clearly in the course of the show.

It seems only yesterday that the Pointer Sisters flashed onto the scene, comet-like, with their occasional bebop numbers (including, perhaps not coincidentally, a Jon Hendricks piece, *Cloudburst*), and their garish 1940s clothes. There were four of them at the time, and for a while it looked as though they might achieve something of true musical value. But the four became three and the jazz-oriented, period-oufitted act gave way to the rockish Pointer trio of today.

It can only be hoped that the present direction of Manhattan Transfer will not turn out to be a similar flash in the pan. With their impeccable musicianship, sedulously crafted arrangements and obvious earnestness, Tim and Alan and Cheryl and Janis seem to have picked up where Bonnie, June, Ruth and Anita left off.



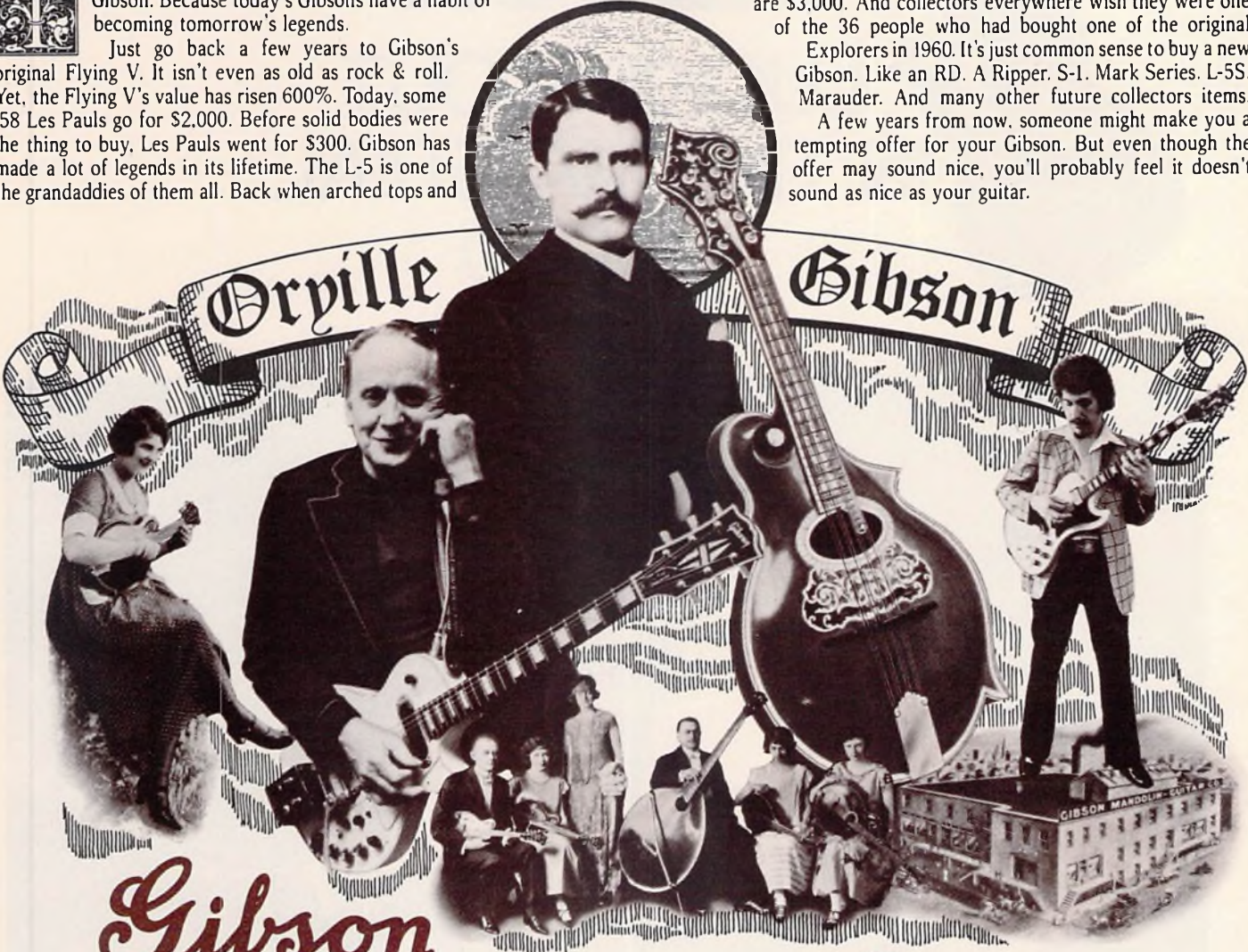
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# EARL KLUGH

## P LUCKING OUT IN THE MATERIAL WORLD

by STEVE BLOOM



DARRYL PITTECORE

The term "Second Generation Fusion," recently coined by this publication as a handle for certain younger, so-called "jazz" musicians, is nebulous at best. Some included under this heading might take offense at the absence of the word "jazz." Others think that the less often their music is deemed "jazz" the better.

Guitarist Earl Klugh, a Top Ten "jazz" charter in all the major trade magazines for the past three years, surprisingly favors the latter grouping. At 25, Klugh is already considered by many observers a jazz master of finger style guitar, but at the first mention of jazz—when inquiring about his jazz influences—he becomes moderately incensed.

"The first thing I want to say is that I'm not into a jazz thing at all. Don't give me that label. I don't play jazz. I never have, I never will. I don't like . . ." he says, emphasizing clearly, "jazz." A light tension hovering in the New York Media Sounds studio where our discussion is taking place breaks with laughter. "No, seriously . . . really," he tries to continue, but to no avail until the chuckling subsides. "Let me say this honestly and truthfully—I love and appreciate all kinds of music, but I know what I play.

"It just seems like I have a very hard time whenever I have an interview letting anybody else know what I play. They always want to say, 'He's a jazz musician, but he's playing fluffulous, pop . . . bullshit.'

You may think the music I'm playing is that, but that's what I like. That's what I do."

After five top selling instrumental albums, Klugh wants to set the record straight. "They call it fusion and jazz and all this," he starts. "I just view it as pop music, the same as James Taylor or Barbra Streisand or anything like that. I don't consider myself any heavier an artist than that. I don't care to be. I mean, those are pretty heavy artists, but in terms of having a jazz attitude, you figure if you're not Coltrane, you're not playing. It really doesn't interest me to play all that stuff. It really doesn't."

This clarification seems odd considering the weight of Klugh's actual jazz experience. At 16, when overheard practicing in a music store in his hometown Detroit by Yusef Lateef, he was promptly asked to accompany the much older Lateef on a record date (*Suite 16*) in New York. By then, he had also become a regular at Detroit's historic jazz hang-out, Baker's Keyboard Lounge. Was Klugh's a case of unharnessed ambition. I wonder?

"No, not really. I just did what I did . . . I was never . . . I mean, people just came and got me," he responds shyly. "I think what happened to me was that by that time—around 15 or 16—I had gotten my act together a lot more than most people because that's all I did. For 1969, I guess it was sort of unique."





With George Benson

Unique, indeed, for Klugh, unlike many other musicians, did not benefit from a musical upbringing, except, he says, "for the fact that my mother loves music and encouraged me in that direction." Here again, he bolsters his anti-jazz theme while distinguishing between the variety of musical courses he claims to have been most swayed by.

"What you have to understand," he resumes the argument, "is that my first influences were Top 40 radio, first and foremost, because that's what you heard. Plus, Motown I heard all the time because I was from Detroit. But as far as my awareness of jazz . . ." His voice trails off as he gathers his thoughts.

"Okay, my first influences when I started playing guitar was folk music—Peter, Paul and Mary, Dylan and that kind of thing. After about three years, when that had reached its peak as far as my playing was concerned, there was nowhere else for me to go. Then I heard Chet Atkins. He was the first guitarist I ever heard who played the melody and chords finger-style simultaneously and that had a real big impression on me. This was from when I was about 13 to 15 years old. At that point, I went out and bought all of his records and started emulating him."

As a child of the '60s, wasn't Klugh into rock and roll, too?

"By that time, what was being played in rock was so completely foreign to what I was playing that there was no use to me for someone like Hendrix," he admits. "By listening to Atkins and guitar of that nature, I already had gone in a whole different direction. My whole attitude about music had become very narrow. I was after one thing and only interested in getting that together."

While staunchly maintaining his finger-style stance, Klugh was not so stubborn about plugging in—electronically—which he did following the discovery of George Van Eps. "Then—natural progression—I heard about Wes Montgomery and a little later, George Benson," he recalls.

A year after the Lateef session, the 17 year old Klugh met Benson through mutual friends. The then unheralded giant of jazz guitar immediately liked what he heard. Their first collaboration on Benson's *White Rabbit* LP ensued and was followed by a club hopping jaunt across America the next year. While Klugh is always quick to show admiration for his mentor, his reminiscence is even further tainted by anti-jazz feelings:

"I played with George Benson because I was fascinated with that kind of music, but I was fascinated with a lot of things. If I lived in Nashville, I probably would have toured with country and western bands instead. Due to my instrument and geographic location, my outlet for touring was basically with jazz groups, but that's not all I wanted to do. Touring with Benson was something I very much wanted to do, though I do consider it just another experience.

"There is one thing I did learn from watching jazz musicians, however," he adds. "I saw the amount of suffering that goes into that

**EARL KLUGH'S EQUIPMENT**  
Earl Klugh plays a Velasquez guitar with a Barcus-Berry pickup.

## SELECTED KLUGH DISCOGRAPHY

with George Benson  
WHITE RABBIT—CTI 6015

with Bob James  
ONE ON ONE—Columbia FC 36241

as leader  
EARL KLUGH—Blue Note LA596-G  
FINGER PAINTINGS—Blue Note LA737-H  
LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE—Blue Note LA667-G  
MAGIC IN YOUR EYES—United Artists LA877-H  
HEARTSTRING—United Artists LA942-H

kind of thing. I decided that that wasn't going to be my life, I wasn't going to suffer. Look at Benson—he played his ass off for years and nobody listened. So I became very intent on *not* coming to New York to starve and play. If that was going to be it, I would've gone back to school or something."

But, being a member of the "Second Generation Fusion," Klugh would have no such worries. He would never have to seek out the fabled but cruel New York City jazz life, take a flea-bag hotel room and sit in around town all night. Instead, he stayed home and concentrated on writing "real simple melodies," especially like those of Sergio Mendes which, he says, had deeply affected him. With the addition of a soft, sellable Brazilian touch to his already-recognized jazz virtuosity, Klugh had suddenly become a safe commodity. By 1976 George Butler, then Blue Note VP, contracted the young guitarist, farming out the production work to Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen for the first of their many fusion-jazz assignments. Klugh did ultimately arrive in New York, but, unlike the heroes of another ravaged era, went straight to the studio.

*Earl Klugh*, his first solo effort, was rapidly succeeded by the hit record *Living Inside Your Love* (which has been repopularized recently by Benson). The title track was everything Klugh readily concedes he was after—pop simplicity, memorability and romantic beauty—and lit a fuse across the then burgeoning commercial jazz radio network nationwide. Two years later, Chuck Mangione's *Feels So Good* was to shake the Top 40 world as the first pop/jazz instrumental to explode since the hallowed days of Herb Alpert and Al Hirt in the '60s. Earl Klugh, you might say, was there.

"It's hard to break instrumental songs on Top 40," he says, "but I think a lot more could happen if the record companies are really educated to point where it could happen. In most instances, they just plain don't think that it can. They think if you play more than three or four notes, you'll confuse Joe Blow the Average Guy."

The results from last summer's *Heartstring* album (his fifth) are in, and Klugh has once again missed the Top 40 boat. Commercially, however, that is the only sour note *Heartstring* has sounded; otherwise, it has plowed—with true crossover intensity—into the adult contemporary market and even scaled as high as the 40s on several major Top 100 album charts. How does Klugh explain his continued good fortune?

"I think, basically, I'm just . . ." He stops, then pronounces slowly, "Really mellowing out."

Actually, he claims to have "worked very hard getting *Heartstring* together" because of his disappointment with the previous LP, *Magic In Your Eyes*, Klugh's first recording away from Grusin and Rosen, produced by Booker T. Jones. Too much touring, he attests, was the reason.

"The most creative time musically for me is recording in the studio. When you're out on the road with the band you're doing old music, so you don't really get the chance to grow. You can grow with the music, but only to a certain extent. To me, it's like a dead issue—I'd rather get on to new music. I just think I spent a lot of time touring the year before last, which is something I really don't intend to do anymore because it gets in the way of the creative process."

For the remarkably successful Klugh, studio time is becoming more and more of the essence. In addition to his commitment to United Artists (one band album per year) and his selective datework with a close circle of musician friends, he has been quietly drawing up blueprints for a solo debut. Drawn more by Keith Jarrett (who he calls "tremendous") than Pat Metheny's work in that field, such a move for the multi-faceted Klugh seems natural. The real question at this point is whether UA is prepared to back him in this expectably more artistic endeavor.

Klugh is not overly optimistic. "I think I have a good record company that's trying their best to sell my music as it is. They really haven't ever bothered me, except for when I started the solo record. Then, people suddenly were saying, 'We don't understand what it is.'"

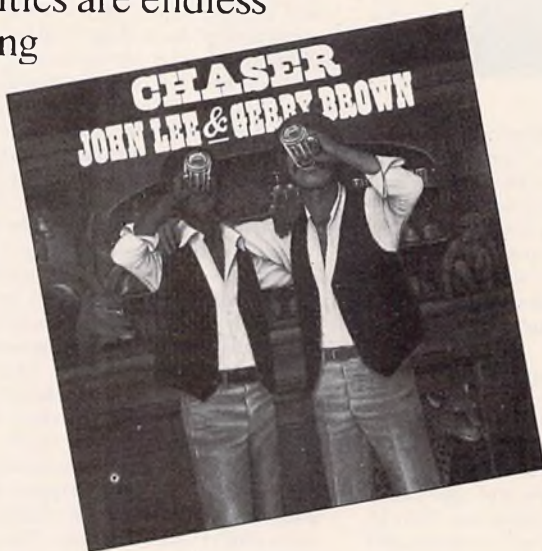
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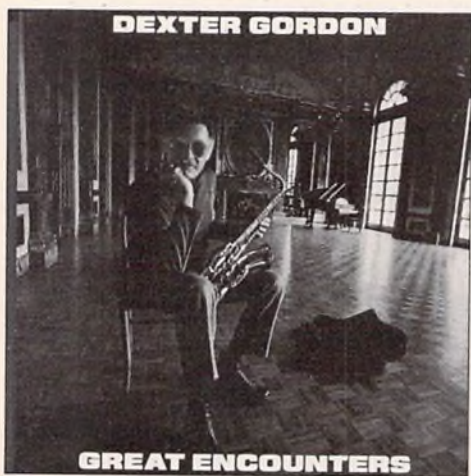
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John Lee and Gerry Brown, "Chaser"—Stalwarts of the '70's progressive scene (they've played it all with Michael Urbaniak, Larry Coryell, Return to Forever and others), bass player John and drummer Gerry show that the possibilities are endless when you're being chased by your talent.

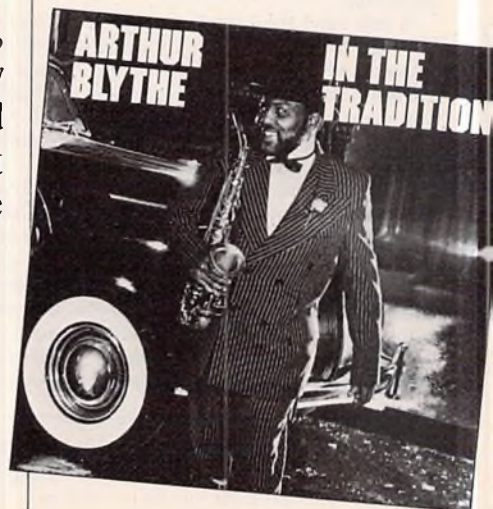


OUT-  
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Arthur Blythe, "In the Tradition"—He's been called "the greatest alto player since Eric Dolphy." Now this supreme modernist carries the flame lit by his predecessors with a program of standards and original tunes. The album shows he's not only respectful of tradition—he's writing it.



Dexter Gordon, "Great Encounters"\*—Long tall Dexter leads a troupe of nonsense performers. With Johnny Griffin, Curtis Fuller, Eddie Gladden, Woody Shaw, George Cables and Rufus Reid, plus the last recorded vocalese of the late Eddie Jefferson.



COMMANDING





# Litling

Eddie Daniels, "Morning Thunder"—You've already voted him among the top clarinet players in *down beat's* 1979 Poll. Now hear him hope and lift and pipe away on his solo debut that's as thick with drama as day-break is.

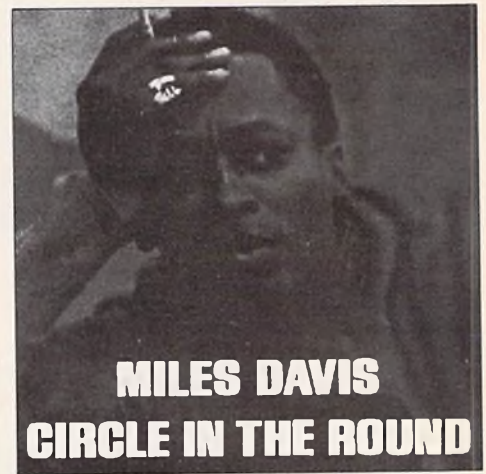
# MOONLIT



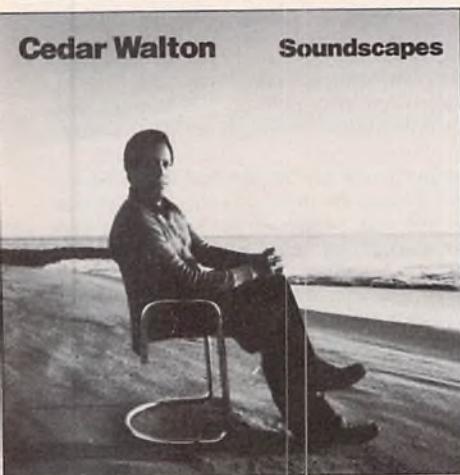
Wilbert Longmire, "With All My Love"\*—With Wilbert's soft and bluesy electric guitar and silver-shining vocals, his message of love is one that truly delivers. Featuring the finest studio supporters, including Gary King, Steve Khan and Bob James.

# PROPHETIC

Miles Davis, "Circle in the Round"—A two-album set of previously unreleased tracks from one of the undisputed leaders. Recorded between 1955 and 1970, it's a must for collectors. An eye-opener for anyone.



# SHIMMERING





Cedar Walton, "Soundscapes"—With his electric and acoustic keyboards, Cedar builds some beautiful visions. He's helped along by such stars as Freddie Hubbard, Al Foster and special guest Leon Thomas.

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\*Johnny Griffin appears courtesy of Galaxy Records

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INDIVIDUALS.**



At New York City's Crawdaddy Restaurant:  
Jackie Williams, drums, Dickenson,  
Chuck Folds, piano.



# VIC DICKENSON

## SWING MASTER ESCAPES CONDON GANG

by LEE JESKE

In a *Handbook Of Jazz*, published in 1958, Barry Ulanov called trombonist Vic Dickenson "A barrelhouse musician of great good humor on and off his horn, who has played with many bands and never seemed out of place, no matter how different the styles of the surrounding musicians from his own dixieland qualities."

In *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Sixties* Leonard Feather wrote, "Dickenson, wrongly identified with dixieland, is one of the most fluent and versatile trombonists to have emerged during the swing era."

"I don't know how that happened," says the lean, rubber-faced trombonist, "they always took me in them dixieland groups. And I have to work somewhere, you know, and that's the only time they'd offer me any work. They think the trombone is brraaah-brri-brreer, but a trombone can play a lot of things."

During the '70s, Vic Dickenson has spent most of his time as the house trombonist at Eddie Condon's, a club on New York's West 54th Street that caters to businessmen who never tire of hearing *Muskrat Ramble*, *That's A-Plenty* or *South Rampart St. Parade*. Night after night Dickenson goes through the paces, employing his witty, slurring tone to the warhorses of a musical style that he didn't come to until he was a 20 year veteran of the music business. But on rare occasions, like the 1976 Newport Jazz Festival, Vic has found himself part of a heavyweight swing jam session featuring Count Basie, Illinois Jacquet, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Kenny Burrell, Milt Hinton and Roy Haynes, and has displayed his growling, chuckling trombone style that was nurtured in territory bands and swing bands during the '20s and '30s.

24  down beat

Vic Dickenson was born in Xenia, Ohio in 1906, the son of a cement plasterer. "My father played a little on the violin, just, I would say, little ditties. I never heard him play nothing real serious, you know, I only heard him play little ditties—Scotch ditties, Irish ditties, things like that."

"There was a trombone at my house. My brother had been playing on it. In those days they didn't have very many jazz bands, so he was playing in a street band. He was supposed to be playing the trombone, but he went to rehearsals and didn't make much out of it so he put it down. So it was in the house for a long while and I used to pick it up and play on it—I'd hear a record and I'd play something that I thought I'd heard. The trombone would just be saying daraak-darraak and I said, 'Heck, I can do that.' I thought the trombone should be able to play more than that."

"When I was in school a group of us kids used to get together and call ourselves having a band. We didn't play nowhere, we just rehearsed. One of the first bands I played with was a little hometown band. I played with them by luck. One of the guys either got sick or had to go out of town or something and I asked my mother if I could go and play with them that night. She didn't like me going out at night, but she let me play with them. So I went with them and played that night and they liked the way I played."

Still, if Papa Dickenson had his way, his son would have followed him into the plastering business. But a broken rung on a ladder and a nearly broken back meant the plastering business would be one strapping young contractor less, and the music business could welcome another trombonist.





PHOTOS: COLLIS DAVIS/SHAI DA

In the early '20s, most of the music that was required from small bands was either for dancing or for the movie houses. "We had a job where we used to play matinees Saturdays and matinees Sundays, in between while they were changing the reels. Playing the trombone was all I could do—I couldn't do anything else, I couldn't do no other kind of work."

There was only one hindrance to Vic Dickenson's blossoming career as a musician—he couldn't read music. "I used to fake reading. You know, like the do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do set—if I could find out where do was, I could read it like that. No A-B-C-D-E-F-G, nothing like that; that didn't work."

So when Vic Dickenson left Xenia to travel all the way to Madison, Wisconsin for a gig, he soon was sent back because he didn't know how to read. He learned how very quickly afterwards. At this time he was also developing his gentle, singing style.

"I used to listen to horns besides trombones—I used to want to play like clarinets and trumpets. Louis Armstrong was a big influence on me. So was Coleman Hawkins. So was Buster Bailey. Claude Jones was a trombone player I used to like very much. He was with McKinney's Cotton Pickers and he used to play fast. Jimmy Harrison was another."

Vic spent a couple of years knocking around with various bands in and around Columbus, Ohio before ending up with the band of

#### DICKENSON'S EQUIPMENT

Vic Dickenson plays a Vincent Bach Stradivarius trombone.

Speed Webb, an aggregation that claimed, "We don't make records, we break 'em." The pianist in the band was young Teddy Wilson and one of the trumpeters was a powerful blower named Roy Eldridge.

"We traveled a lot. We'd have a couple of little things that lasted two or three weeks. We'd travel by automobile. You know, in them days you had running boards. You'd put the suitcases on the running board and we'd tie the bass drum on the back tire."

After several years of traveling with Webb, Dickenson found himself as one of Zack Whyte's Chocolate Beau Brummels. "Zack Whyte did a five band tour. We came to New York and did a tour with Chick Webb, Blanche Calloway, Benny Moten and Andy Kirk. We'd each take turns playing. They'd call it like a battle of music, you know. Each band would play a set, I guess it consisted of about two numbers. We'd play two sets, the next band would play and you'd rotate. It was supposed to be competitive, but all the guys knew each other and liked each other. No animosity, no rivalries, no bad vibrations; everybody was real cool.

"We went all the way to Cincinnati and I became friendly with the guys in Benny Moten's band. They had two factions in that band at that time—one wanted to go by themselves and one wanted to stay with Benny Moten. The ones who were going by themselves sent for me. I went to Kansas City and joined Thamon Hayes. That was the band that eventually became Harlan Leonard's Kansas City Rockets."

The other faction from the Moten band later became the Count Basie Orchestra.

Vic Dickenson was becoming quite an accomplished journeyman swing trombonist. Moving from one place to another didn't bother him and he was not fazed at the thought of learning new band books. After his stint with Hayes in Kansas City, Vic went with a band that made its home in the Northeast—the underrated Blanche Calloway's Joy Boys, led by Cab's singing sister.

"Blanche had a *beautiful* band, a great band. I think she deserves to have better recognition than she got, but she was a woman. Woman bandleaders in those days . . . they *still* don't get the things that they should have. Really, I think that by her being a woman, it's the only thing that held her back, because she had a good band, man.

"There were a lot of great musicians in her band, but a lot of musicians that no one ever heard of. I could tell you a name, but nobody knew about them. There have been some great musicians in big bands who never got heard of—because they never got a chance to play solo and things that they should have gotten. In those big bands, in the repertoire you've got charts and solos in certain parts for certain guys. I was never a good lead trombone player, as far as playing legitimate lead. I could play a melody, but I never had the range that you should have because I taught myself how to lip a horn.

"After Blanche I played with Claude Hopkins and Benny Carter, before going with Count Basie."

In the "swingingest band in the land" Vic Dickenson waited to get the recognition that he deserved. He replaced Benny Morton in the trombone section that included Dicky Wells and Dan Minor. "Dicky had the solos, because he had been there all the time and the charts called for him on solos. And people requested numbers. I didn't have no solos and I had to play parts. It is a little aggravating sometimes when you don't get a chance to play. But it was all right. I wanted to play some, too, but everybody can't be the big chief. You've got to have one chief and more Indians.

"It was great, really—I had a ball. That was a band that was like brothers, everybody was just great in the band. It was like a party every night."

But the party ended very quickly. "I got fired from Basie because I got juiced, I got *too* juiced. I just overindulged myself a couple of times at the wrong times. It's alright, I don't have any animosity toward Basie. I knew it was my fault."

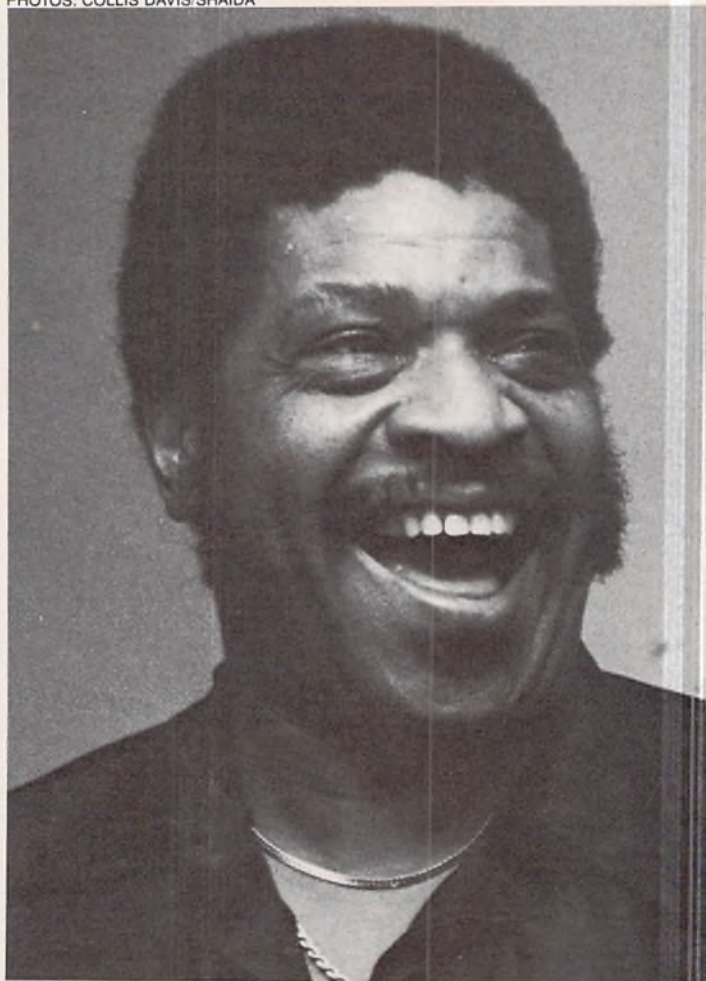
As Vic Dickenson talks his eyes seem to drift back towards those days of one-nighters. He is dressed in a three piece grey suit that engulfs his scrawny frame. He is drinking double shots of Cutty Sark, smoking Kool regular cigarettes and waiting for Chuck Folds, the pianist, to summon him back to the bandstand. The gig is an unusual one—Vic is the leader and the total support is from Folds and Jackie Williams' drums. The room, Crawdaddy, is an authentic reproduction of a New Orleans restaurant. High-back chairs and white wicker furniture sit under a system of overhead fans that belie the 20<sup>th</sup> weather outdoors. The menu features jambalaya, crawfish pie and

continued on page 60



# GEORGE COLEMAN

by ANDREW SUSSMAN



## Survival Of

This should start out with a resounding boom, an ominous crash, or at the very least an informative, pertinent, unbearably witty parable. Fireworks and bells would be nice, and maybe a 100 gun salute. For after 27 years as a professional musician, this is George Coleman's first interview for *down beat*—as far as I can tell his first for any major publication. In light of his distinguished background, I was a little apprehensive before our first meeting. He would have every reason to be indignant, but he wasn't, and my fear was stifled in the first few minutes we shared in his small apartment on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

George Coleman has undeniably been short shrifted in the world of publicity and recognition, despite a talent which is rich, often overwhelming, in scope. There's a smoothness to his playing which is quite unique, a fluidity coupled with a brilliant sense of form and construction and melodic invention and climax. He is a powerful, energetic improviser with an enviable technique who is also capable of warm, lyrical passages, of bridling his aggression and gently caressing a ballad. His name has been respected among musicians and knowledgeable

jazz fans for years, but somehow he's managed to remain shrouded in obscurity. Yet he isn't bitter—or at least he doesn't show it. Instead, he retains presence and composure which augment a justifiable sense of pride.

"I'm an optimist," he notes. "I always like to think that everything is getting better, as far as jazz is concerned. Of course, I know that the disco craze is coming along and a lot of jazz musicians have jumped on the bandwagon to make some money. Some of 'em seem to like it; certain people feel like that's the kind of stuff they want to play—the rock oriented stuff that they like to call jazz. As far as I'm concerned that concept is questionable in my mind; but they do what they want to do, I can't speak for any of 'em. I just know what I wanta do—I wanta play some music. And I've been out here all this time strugglin' and I—first of all, nobody's given me any offers to do any of that kind of music, so I wouldn't say what I wouldn't do. Because if somebody really came to me and said, 'Look, I'd like you to do this and this and this, but you don't *have* to do this—you can do this in your own way,' then it might be a different story. I might not be opposed to using

electronics. But I would try to use them with taste, you know, and I would try to get some music out of them, not just a lot of noise and effects. That would be uppermost and foremost in my mind, if I were gonna do some of that. *If* somebody asked me to do it, which nobody has. Right now I'd just like to pursue tryin' to play good music—what I consider good music, the kind of music that I like to play. And I think that people like good music, too."

Coleman is a large man—athletic, with an almost hulking stature which would be difficult not to notice even in the midst of a crowded subway. He did play a lot of football at one time in his life and claims that were it not for music he might have become a professional. It's not hard to imagine him racing towards the goal line, knocking bodies out of his way with a flick of the wrist. That is, until he speaks—for there's nothing menacing about his nature. He talks slowly and thoughtfully, candidly answering questions with humor and perception. He talks, in fact, much as he plays his music: flowing and melodic, sparse yet direct and right to the point. His stories are sprinkled with wit and flavored with the drawl of his native Ten-





At Mikell's  
with Sal Nistico

## SELECTED GEORGE COLEMAN DISCOGRAPHY

MEDITATION—Timeless Muse TI 312 (with Tete Montoliu)

REVIVAL—Catalyst KUX-73-CT (with the octet)  
RONNIE SCOTT'S PRESENTS GEORGE COLEMAN LIVE—PYE Records N121

with Cedar Walton  
EASTERN REBELLION—Timeless Muse TI 306

with Miles Davis  
FOUR AND MORE—Columbia PC 9253  
MY FUNNY VALENTINE—Columbia PC 9106  
IN EUROPE—Columbia PC 8983  
SEVEN STEPS TO HEAVEN—Columbia PC 8851

with Herbie Hancock  
MAIDEN VOYAGE—Blue Note 84195

with Elvin Jones  
COALITION—Blue Note 84361  
THE PRIME ELEMENT—Blue Note LA 506-H2  
LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Enja 2036

with Booker Little  
VICTORY AND SORROW—Bethlehem 6034  
BOOKER LITTLE 4—United Artists LAX 3123  
(Japanese Import)

with Horace Silver  
THAT HEALIN' FEELIN'—Blue Note 84352

with Harold Mabern  
WORKIN' AND WAILIN'—Prestige 7687

with Max Roach  
DEEDS, NOT WORDS—Riverside SMJ-6194 M  
MAX ROACH + 4—Trip 5522  
MAX ROACH ON THE CHICAGO SCENE—Trip 5594  
THE MANY SIDES OF MAX—Trip 5599

with Jimmy Smith  
THE SERMON—Blue Note 84011

# The Grittiest

nessee. And, as he might construct a solo, he chooses words surely and with conviction and an uncompromising spirit of defiance.

Coleman's first album as a leader (*Meditation*, Timeless-Muse 312) was released several months ago. It's a beautifully crafted duet with the Catalonian pianist Tete Montoliu, recorded in Holland. Other albums are on the way (including a quartet session for Timeless) but most of the projects have been aborted for one reason or another. Under-recording of Coleman has persisted despite the fact that he has recorded amply and prolifically as a sideman and several of these LPs are regarded as classics (*Maiden Voyage* with Herbie Hancock and *My Funny Valentine* with Miles Davis, to name just two).

He is a proud man who considers his convictions essential to survival and would rather play music he finds fulfilling than cater to fads and commercial fancies. He is a man of integrity, and his background speaks for itself.

Born on March 8, 1935 in Memphis, George vividly recalls his first experiences with music. "I started back in 1950—that's when I really began to get involved with playin' the saxophone. And that was the only

instrument that I started on. I never started on clarinet or flute or any of that stuff—just saxophone. And how I came to get the saxophone was—my mother used to buy me all these little toy instruments. You know, the ocarina, the xylophone, the harmonica—all these things had a major scale . . . and from there I went to the saxophone. I think that helped me tremendously. You couldn't get accidentals, you couldn't get semi-tones out of the ocarina, but the major scale is enough. And I think that gave me *some* kind of foundation as far as the saxophone is concerned.

"My brother was the first to really buy the instrument. He bought the saxophone and I would just pick it up and practice on it. He and I both would study it. We really didn't know what the hell we were doin'. We didn't have a teacher. We didn't *even* have a fingering chart. So we would be playin'—I remember this quite well—we would be playin' the C major scale on the saxophone and instead of playin' the C we would play the C sharp. And he said 'Well, somethin' must be wrong with this horn, cause that's not the right note' . . . We didn't realize that we were fingerin' the horn wrong. You know, you

gotta flip over your finger to make that C instead of just goin' all the way up. But likely that was the influence of the ocarina. So we finally found out where C was on the horn—the *octave* C.

"I learned very fast. I remember picking up the horn somewhere around '49 or '50 and by '52 I was playin' gigs. As a matter of fact, in '52 I went on the road with a blues band—B. B. King. And so in two years time I was playin'. I mean, I wasn't fully equipped, but I could play enough to make the gig. I knew melodies and a little somethin' about changes, and I had good ears."

Aside from lullabies and such occasionally sung by his mother, Coleman's influences were at first the popular music of the time, rhythm and blues artists such as Louis Jordan and Earl Bostic. But it wasn't long before he began to listen to jazz. "And that was when bebop was really beginning to be popular, you know, with the berets and dark glasses and the different jargon."

Sonny Stitt and Lester Young and Dizzy Gillespie were all on the scene. And, of course, Charlie Parker. "He was really my idol. I never did meet him. I never saw him in person. That was something that I would've





really wanted to do, I would've liked to have walked up to him and shook his hand."

But George goes on to state, "I can't think of anybody that I haven't been influenced by. All the good players—I like them each, individually. I don't like to say, 'Well this guy's the greatest, he's greater than this guy.' I never say that. I always feel that everybody had something to say, and it was always personal. Nobody can play the stuff that Lockjaw Davis has played; nobody can play the stuff that Trane has played. They can imitate . . . but I don't even think there's anybody around that can *imitate* Lockjaw Davis, his style is so personal. If a guy's a good player he has something to say, and I think no less of any musician who plays well."

Memphis in the '50s was flooded with musicians who played *exceptionally*, and many went to the same high school that Coleman did. Prominent were Booker Little, Frank Strozier, Harold Mabern, Hank Crawford, Phineas Newborn, Charles Lloyd and Louis Smith, and George was a mentor to several of these artists—he's several years older than most of them. Company like this was inspiring for the young jazz musician, and many relationships were formed then that lasted; Strozier and Mabern are both members of Coleman's current octet.

Important learning experiences took place at Mitchell's Hotel, where Coleman played in the house band led by saxophonist/arranger Bill Harvey, a tenor player in the Ben Webster tradition. Here George got his first real jamming experience, and met B. B. King, who used to frequent the lounge and occasionally sit in until finally his records began to catch on and he hired a young, sax

playing George Coleman to go with him on the road.

Coleman recorded his first single with King's band (*Woke Up This Morning*), switched from alto to tenor and eventually, in 1956, moved to Chicago where he met saxists Johnny Griffin, Gene Ammons and a host of other master jazzmen, including Max Roach, whose band he joined in 1958. This was an important training ground, and the experience was invaluable.

"That's one of the disadvantages now with young musicians," he states quite frankly. "They have no place to go and jam and sit in . . . they don't have the benefit of that basic background. They can't listen to an old *Bird*, man. When they start listenin' they start right today, with maybe Gato Barbieri, somebody like that. And even if they listen to Trane, they hit Trane at the late stages instead of some of the older stuff."

"The first night I came in town there was a jam session at a place called the Flame—at 39th and Oakwood, I think. The jam session started at about five or six in the morning and continued on until about two in the afternoon. That's the way it was in Chicago during that time."

One of the bands he played with was Walter Perkins' MJT+3, which reunited him

#### GEORGE COLEMAN'S EQUIPMENT

George Coleman uses a #3½ Rico Royal reed with his Selmer Mark VI tenor saxophone, and three different mouthpieces—a Dukoff #8, a Laughton 10☆, and an Otto Link #7.

with Strozier and Mabern. "Muhhal Richard Abrams was in the band, too. He was like the musical director, doing the writing." But his most important association at this time was with Roach.

"Before I left Memphis I had done some experimental writing—never for any big bands or anything but maybe small groups like four, five horns. But I began to write a little bit more when I joined Max's band. Put a few things in the book, recorded a few . . . It was me, Kenny Dorham, Nelson Boyd and Max. Then later on, Kenny left and Booker Little came into the band, and Booker was a great writer also."

Coleman's first jazz recording, *City Lights* (Blue Note BST 81575), currently out of print, was taped just before this with trumpeter Lee Morgan. It was one of several blowing sessions, (like *The Sermon* and *House Party*) recorded at the same time with Jimmy Smith and Kenny Burrell.

After a year with Roach's band, Coleman left in '59 and settled in New York—he has been there ever since.

"When I left Max things got kind of funny," he remembers. "I started playin' all kinds of strange gigs—I just dropped pretty much into obscurity. I played a lot of blues gigs and club dates and that type of thing for about two or three years, and then finally I went with Slide Hampton in the early '60s and then I began to get back into jazz. But those other years . . . I was kinda catchin' it a little bit, I wasn't doin' too well."

He made his first trip to Europe with Slide Hampton, but he was never tempted to move there like many of his contemporaries. "I like bein' over there but I'm always glad to get back to New York." And shortly after Hampton's band broke up he received a call from Miles Davis.

George had sat in with Davis' group at the Café Bohemia once in 1959 or '60, playing Coltrane's horn and impressing Miles greatly. So in 1963, he finally got the call; and at first the band was a sextet which included Coleman's old friends Frank Strozier and Harold Mabern. "I think what he really wanted was a quintet, though," George remembers. "cause he used to always complain about the lengthy solos. And what he would do, he'd say (in a whisper), 'Hey, Frank, go tell George he's playin' too long'; and then he'd come to me and say the same thing—'Tell Frank he's playin' too long'. . . . So finally the sextet broke up and when we got back to New York he hired Tony Williams, Herbie Hancock, and Ron Carter was already there. And Jimmy Cobb left, so that was the famous quintet. I was only in that band about a year, you know. People can't believe it, but as soon as the band got together—well, *Seven Steps* was when we had the sextet, but he wanted only me to be the horn. He didn't want Frank for some reason—I don't know why. Miles wanted Victor Feldman rather than Harold, and of course he kept Frank Butler—he was on that, too. We recorded part of that album in California and the rest was recorded in New York with Tony Williams. You know, *So Near So Far*. A funny thing: we did some other versions of that *So Near So Far* in 4/4 time, but they never used it. That was in California. Then, when we came to New York he decided to put the 6/8 feel under there and that's what we used."

*Seven Steps To Heaven* was the first LP Coleman recorded with Miles; next came two



# MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON

At six o'clock in the evening, six musicians have been busily taping their parts on one number for several hours. After the guitar part's done, keyboards, vocal, saxophone and trumpet are added until the music becomes a tight blend of melodic and rhythmic contrapuntal activity. Directing the proceedings is Michael Gregory Jackson, a 26 year old composer/guitarist/multi-instrumentalist. The



COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA

## AVANT HEADS FOR THE CENTER

by CLIFFORD JAY SAFANE

result is *Heart & Center*, a relatively pop-oriented attempt to expand the parameters of improvised music.

Jackson is soft spoken and brims with confidence about his art and its direction.

He has led many of his own groups and worked with some of the leading individuals in the jazz vanguard—including David Murray, Leo Smith, Anthony Braxton and Julius Hemphill—but is probably best known for his provocative forays with saxophonist Oliver Lake. In all playing situations, the guitarist creates a refreshing vocal-like style on both acoustic and electric instruments, radiating warmth no matter how abstract the music. Communicating the music's structure and emotional setting is of primary importance to him.

Jackson remembers a time, however, when



he considered technique to be an end in itself. "When I was younger, I heard John McLaughlin, and was amazed at how fast he played," the guitarist recalls. "Then, the whole speed thing completely overwhelmed me and I concentrated on playing fast. This was good for me in that I was pushed to improve my finger and picking techniques, which I hadn't developed up until then. Even now, I'm pretty much of a three fingered guitarist except when I play chords.

"Now that I've had time to get my own conception together, I'm not interested in playing fast just for the sake of showing off my technique. In fact, I don't even think in terms of fast or slow. Rather, I concentrate on melody and rhythm, especially the way Jimmy Smith gets things going with the counterpoint between the organ keyboard and bass pedals. I like the idea of dialogue, and I try to get that feeling in my guitar work as well as in my compositions.

"I've also been heavily influenced by blues guitarist Son House. On the title tune of my album *Clarity*, my comping is based on his rhythmic style while the melody is built on a Japanese scale."

The blending of various elements into his own conception is one of the strongest features of Jackson's music. Much of this flexibility is due to the guitarist's musical maturation while simultaneously involved in several types of music.

"At the same time that I was playing blues, I was hitting on cymbals and fooling around with synthesizers. I also went through periods writing row music, pieces with five radios, scissors, compositions for toy pianos, and music where the concept was more important than the sounds themselves.

"I did all kinds of ensemble concerts, ranging from rock trios to large groups; I did solo concerts in which I played synthesizer, organ, drums and guitar—and even sang a few folk songs."

Jackson points to Duke Ellington, Mahalia Jackson, Anton von Webern, Ludwig van Beethoven, Jimmy Smith, Son House, Jimi Hendrix, Oliver Lake and Leo Smith as musical influences. He realizes that much great music can't be easily pigeonholed.

"If one is aware of the business aspects of music, he or she will realize that the terms 'jazz,' 'rock-jazz,' 'new wave,' etc., are purely marketing categories. To be sure, there are differences, but these aren't absolute separations. Pretty much any kind of music from anywhere in the world will have some element of another type of sound. That's why, for example, you can't separate Ellington from Stravinsky. Besides both men being masterful composers, you can hear European techniques in Duke's music and African rhythms in Igor's."

Music has always been an integral part of Jackson's daily activities—as a listener, student, composer, performer and teacher. Since 1976, he has been on the faculty of the Creative Music Studio in Woodstock, New York, and he recently joined the New England Conservatory staff.

Born and raised in Hamden, Connecticut, Jackson comes from a musical family. Jackson's father played the ukulele, mandolin, guitar and harmonica, and Michael's three brothers (one of whom was a member of the second edition of the Five Satins—"not the one that recorded *In The Still Of The Night*") sang and played a variety of instruments.

30 □ down beat



COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA

"One of these days, I'm going to have to do a Jackson Four, and get all my brothers on one of my records," the instrumentalist says with a smile.

#### JACKSON'S GUITARS

Electric: Gibson SG.

Acoustic: custom made by Michael Jacobson Hardy (on *Heart & Center*); previously used a vintage Martin.

## SELECTED JACKSON DISCOGRAPHY

### as a leader:

*Clarity* (2) (from WILDFLOWERS—THE NEW YORK LOFT SESSIONS, VOLUME 3)—Douglas NBLP 7047

CLARITY—Bija Records MJ-1000  
KARMONIC SUITE—Improvising Artists IAI 37.38.57

GIFTS—Arista Novus AN 3012

HEART & CENTER—Arista Novus AN 3015

### with Anthony Braxton:

730-S *Kelvin* (from WILDFLOWERS—THE NEW YORK LOFT SESSIONS, VOLUME 2)—Douglas NBLP 7046

### with Oliver Lake:

HOLDING TOGETHER—Black Saint BSR 0009  
*Zaki* (from WILDFLOWERS—THE NEW YORK LOFT SESSIONS, VOLUME 4)—Douglas NBLP 7048

LIFE DANCE OF IS—Arista Novus AN 3003

SHINE—Arista Novus AN 3010

Jackson first took up the drums, but switched over to the guitar at age seven. After studying formally for five years, he taught himself more about the instrument and also became proficient on synthesizer, harmonica, flute and many percussion instruments. He learned composition via Walter Piston's book on harmony.

In high school in the late '60s and early '70s, Jackson led his own rock bands, featuring his own music. "The only tune we ever played by anyone else was the Johnny Winter version of *Jumpin' Jack Flash*," Jackson proudly states. "The rest of the time, we played my music. We sounded different than the other groups around because my compositions included many time changes. It wasn't until bands like Yes came about a few years later that this technique became more common."

After graduation from high school, Jackson alternated between Hamden and Boston, working various day jobs and perfecting his music. During a teaching stint in New Haven in 1973, the guitarist met and began a professional association with trumpeter Leo Smith which profoundly altered his artistic direction and philosophy.

"At that particular time, I was feeling quite alienated from both the black and white music scenes because my art was very different from what was happening around me. Meeting and playing with Leo made me realize that everyone has his or her own thing. I found out that it was all right for me to hear what I was hearing, and so I began feeling strong enough to do what I was doing with some degree of confidence."

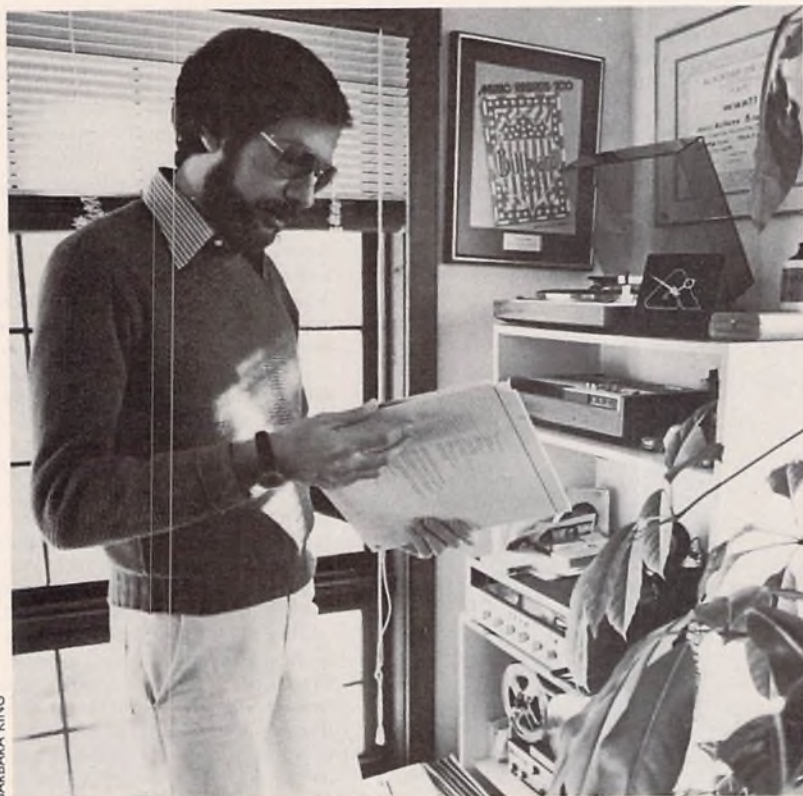
Through Smith, Jackson was introduced to many of the exploratory musicians from the Midwest, including Oliver Lake. The guitarist and saxophonist found themselves musically compatible, and began calling on one another for various concerts and recording sessions, including *Clarity* and *Karmonic Suite* under Jackson's leadership, and Lake's recordings *Holding Together*, *Wildflowers* (Volume 4), *Life Dance Of Is* and *Shine*. Their efforts—which still continue to this day—are characterized by a superior empathy highlighted by swirling contrapuntal textures and an imaginative array of colors.

Looking back on his experiences with Smith and Lake, Jackson warmly credits his colleagues with expanding his musical horizons: "Both men have an awareness about music from all over the world that really



# ARISTA'S STEVE BACKER MANEUVERS IN THE FRONT LINE

by FRED BOUCHARD



BARBARA KING

Backer in his New Hampshire office.

Anthony Braxton tackles Golson, Trane and Hamp tunes. Air goes back for Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll. John Scofield gets as softened as Pat Metheny. John Klemmer blows his buns off. Michael Gregory Jackson gets deep into electricity and vocals and cuts down on improvisation. GRP's pop-jazz shines in seamless grooves in which the leader no longer leads, but is a soloist of sorts, participating in a mellow production experience. Heavy changes for jazz.

Steve Backer is the brains behind some of these changes and surprises in contemporary music from Arista Records over the last five years, and for the four before at ABC/Impulse. Backer is tall, with a refined presence. He speaks rather softly, says no more than is necessary, waits to be prodded on some issues, and has a prepared rap on others.

Lean and graceful but unsmiling and thin-lipped, Backer seems to be a naturally conservative type, probably a strict scrutinizer of budgets—a good trait for the exec of an avant garde jazz line plunging headlong into the teeth of a major recession. However hard-hit the record industry may be, Backer intends to carry on, by whatever means necessary, fighting boardroom battles, biting the bullet, herding his artists through the mire and backdoors of megabuckdom for their thin piece of the pie. Backer is a true survivor, a guy with tenacity and conviction,

one of those few faces that stay on through turnovers, cutbacks and the endless political vicissitudes of the record industry.

He is an austere diplomat, no salesman. He offers no anecdotes about recording sessions, has little apparent sense of the camaraderie, name-dropping and back-slapping that goes on among many musicians. He does not delve into personalities for fun and profit, or play *People* with musicians' privacy. He lets their records do the talking, and makes but a few observations along the way—usually extramusical ones—about a record's accessibility or a musician's artistic progress.

Backer lives near Chester, New Hampshire, in a rambling white farmhouse, with a large doll house picket fence across the front and a handful of wooded acres behind. From his office looking out on stands of oak, he listens to the latest tapes from New York and prepares battle plans.

Plunging directly, I asked Backer for his reaction to the Brecker Brothers' public bitching in *db* (6/21/79) about their Arista contract, compromised artistic freedom and their conflicting roles as studio backup players and recording artists.

Backer had answers. "How can they claim their contract was no good? It was negotiated repeatedly by their top music lawyer for months prior to their signing. What's more, any limitations put upon them contractually

were not enforced in fact. For example, they doubled album budgets and nobody squawked.

"As for their unlimited freedom, they make it sound like a crime. They said that suggestions by the record company confused them. Interested company people always make suggestions to major artists. They don't twist their arms, but they do want to help. 'Why not try this?' Then the artists have the option of accepting or rejecting it. They make that sound in the interview like that's the cause of their lack of success. In fact, their artistic successes and failures were totally of their own making.

"Can you imagine Chick Corea or Joe Zawinul taking the advice of certain business executives on creative issues? Absurd. Mike and Randy produced three of their four Arista albums, and the fourth was produced by a guy Mike brought in named Jack Richardson. They've always had total freedom on that level.

"As for the dilemma of being a studio whiz and a full-fledged recording artist, I've seen this come up with Harvey Mason and Mike Mainieri as well: great players confronted with the problem of how to allocate their time. I've come to the conclusion that if you want a successful recording career, you have to devote the vast majority of your time to it. That involves not just writing, arranging, producing or playing on your next album, but also securing proper management, agencies, touring, interviews, promotion. You have to be willing to sacrifice until you either become successful, or wake up to the fact that you're not going to make it.

"Mike and Randy are two of the very finest players around on their instruments. To me, Mike is the best young white tenor player in America. But the fact that they are great musicians does not necessarily mean that they perceive things clearly outside music. Their problem, as I see it, is a basic uncertainty in their outlook to music. They have made hesitant attempts at both virtuosity and commerciality. The result is that they have ultimately been rejected by both the purists (press) and popularists (radio). By going between chairs, they reap the worst of both worlds. Career planning has to go on in any field of endeavor; by hedging and dichotomizing their efforts, they suffered in the process.

"The great musicians who survive on a timeless level are those who can transcend the day-to-day decisions and keep the long overview of their career. Braxton, for example, knows exactly what he wants to do and where he's going. He's very much aware of the dynamics of the shift between having 160 musicians play your score with no improvisation at all, then turning around and recording—completely alone—jazz standards totally improvised.

"Anthony's a very intelligent, witty person. Though he's immersed in his music, he's very aware of the forces that go on in the business and is cognizant of the choices open to him. He knows that if he plays the type of music he



does, he can't expect to reap enormous financial rewards. Actually, he's working quite a bit now. Some of the choices he's made have garnered positive critical attention, valuable on his level. He's a very wise person but also has a sense of humor; both come through in his music."

While he was on the Breckers' case, Backer got warm on the topic of jazz critics. "Critics who review fusion music as one would review a high art form—such as German *lieder* or American bebop—fail to recognize the different standards for making the music in the first place. Much of it is pop art, albeit jazz-textured. Purists who knock pop-jazz cut off their own noses to spite their faces, in a sense, because many of my colleagues and I would not have had the door kicked open to us to be able to record a lot of pure jazz were it not for the industry's excitement over commercial jazz."

As a critic, I often have a hard time adjusting my viewpoint when confronted

young musician to read. Absolutely! Guys that I really feel know the business well? Chick Corea, Donald Byrd, Ben Sidran, Mike Mainieri, among others."

When asked what Arista has been doing for the Novus line, Backer's prime baby, Backer stands pat on old recitations. "They've allowed me the amazing liberty for five years now of employing the philosophy of documenting, on a major label level, artists whom I consider to be masters, who are stretching the boundaries of the art form itself. This is very unique for a major label, particularly since it is done not necessarily from a profit motive. Their indulging me in this way is something I'll always be grateful for."

"Since a good part of the spectrum of jazz at Arista is commercially oriented, to have been able to get out of a lot of adventurous music in this country that is sheerly state-of-the-art documentation has been incredibly rewarding for me."



Anthony Braxton and Backer.

with the problem of what a given piece of new music is all about. Part of it is a cussed resistance to change. If I hear a fusion band I like (Jeff Lorber's) or one I don't (Auracle), I can't really determine why. Part of it is musical personality, which overrides the medium. Yet part of it, too, has to do with having been reared on older forms of jazz, and not keeping abreast of the artistic choices opened by advances in recording technology and new instruments—a point, by the way, made early on by the Breckers in the same article that Backer was rebutting.

Backer agreed. "If writers could approach this new music from the point of view of being able to appreciate the dynamics and craftsmanship of an amazing production team like Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen, they'd be right on the heartbeat for the '80s. It's that substantial production element that fusion is all about, not the virtuoso element that all the writers seem conditioned to look for. If that point could be made, then a lot of the jazz community's factionalism and in-fighting might be eliminated."

"Similarly, musicians have to know a lot more than their axes. They, too, have to know about recording and its new techniques. They have to know what the industry's all about. There are a couple of books they should read, like Sidney Shemel's and Bill Krasilofsky's *This Business Of Music* and Lee Berk's *Legal Protection For The Creative Musician*. These are books that it behooves any

Surely there have been problems with putting out such a line, and Backer expatiated with studied control on one of the eternal bugbears of the small esoteric line—distribution. "It is somewhat easier to get your own employees in a wholly-owned branch-type distribution system to work 'marginal product' than to get the old guard independents motivated to do so. WEA, Columbia and Polygram have branch operations; I got a great deal more sales with difficult music [Sam Rivers, Jarrett, Gato, Dewey Redman, Alice Coltrane, Marion Brown, Archie Shepp] at ABC with their branch operation. There have been rumors of Arista going that way for five years now, but I don't see it happening immediately."

"With distribution, you're dealing with an incredible array of middlemen and personalities in wholesale and retail operations, rack jobbers, one-stops . . . If a musician fully realized all of the variables and types of people necessary to bring his art before the consumer, he might wig out and never again try to make music for profit."

Backer maintains the basic relationship he established with Clive Davis and Arista five years ago. He's still an independent producer of quasi-employee status and under exclusive contract. He still oversees, advises and consults on nearly all of their jazz operations. He still structures his own budget, and has stuck to the original release schedule of four to six albums every six months. For the Savoy line,

purchased outright from the estate of Herman Lubinsky for \$2 million in 1976, he sits down with producer Bob Porter and works out the best way of handling re-releases. (Savoy is apparently now reaching deeper into the barrel and bringing up old treasures less frequently; the end of the bounty is at hand.)

"Bob Porter understands the techniques involved in reissuing—transfers, remastering, depopping, declipping—and he also recognizes the realities of today's economics and keeps his personal costs moderate." Savoy's still cost a lot less to put out because of minimal studio costs; Backer claims it has been a very profitable venture. The Charlie Parker two disc set *Masters* has broken records for reissues with over 50,000 copies sold (as of November 1979).

"With recording artists, at each option period we sit down and review what the advances will be, what sales figures have been, and production costs—then we determine whether it's worth going forward [an euphemism for renewing options]. Coryell, the Urbaniaks, Ben Sidran, Mike Mainieri, Oliver Lake have all 'gone forward' for second and third albums and then been dropped."

"In concrete terms, Ran Blake's *Rapport*, let's say, cost a moderate \$8-12,000. Our profit is approximately \$1 per album; it might sell 5-10,000. But we manage to keep advances and costs marginal. Practical management has us go to eight and 16 track studios at half the cost with no sacrifice in quality. The right producer can save you money; Michael Cuscuna is extremely efficient in this regard. Artists should know exactly what they want to do when they get there: Blake and Braxton do."

"It's a matter of opposing forces—documentation versus recording for profit, moral versus financial imperative. This current crunch forces us all to be more financial and less moral. It's not a matter of dropping esoteric artists and hanging on to the commercial ones. Air must be considered amazingly worthwhile for documenting; I'd try to go with them even if we were losing money."

"The music has to make sense to you. I hate being in that judgmental seat, but I trust myself before I'd trust a lot of others in the industry."

Backer admits that his favorite musicians and successes are not necessarily the most commercial or profitable. "I am currently knocked out by Michael Gregory Jackson's work. In addition to being a magnificent virtuoso guitarist, I think that the man will be a true star one day. Really. He has all the elements, just needs a few pieces of the puzzle to fall into place to make it happen."

"I was really proud to have put out Braxton's three record set, *For Four Orchestras* of 40 players each. My reasons were, admittedly, extramusical: to my knowledge this was the first time that this amount of energy, time and money has gone into performing and recording the strictly notated work of a black composer, especially one who is primarily known as an improvising artist."

"It was gratifying to have three albums win the **down beat** International Critics Poll: the Parker Savoy box, Braxton's *Creative Music Orchestra*, 1976 and Cecil Taylor's *Silent Tongues*. I also rate highly the Brecker Brothers' first album and Angie Bofill's pre-



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# RECORD REVIEWS

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

## CHICK COREA

**DELPHI I SOLO PIANO IMPROVISATIONS**—Polydor PD-1-6208: *Delphi I; Delphi II; Delphi III; Delphi IV; Delphi V; Delphi VI; Delphi VII; Delphi VIII; Children's Song #20; Stride Time I; Stride Time II (Soft Stride); Stride Time III (Soft Stride); Stride Time IV (Stride Bop); Stride Time VI (Stride Out); Stride Time VII (Rhapsody For Mr. T).*

Personnel: Corea, piano.

\*\*\*\*\*

According to Corea's album jacket notes, the "message" or "meaning" contained herein is incomplete unless placed in the context of the second and third volumes of this series of improvisations, all of which were recorded in the chapel at Delphi, a part of L. Ron Hubbard's school in Sheridan, Oregon.

Messages, complete or otherwise, have fascinated Corea. His ECM *Piano Improvisations, Vol. I* contained a sequence of eight brief "pictures," and he has spoken repeatedly of creating musical portraits which mirror real or imagined scenes of emotions. Now, almost a decade after *Piano Improvisations*, Corea again revives these improvisational frameworks. The "Delphi" titles here are eight vignettes reflecting Corea's feelings towards Delphi and depicting life at that school. These pictures at an exhibition are marked not only by subtly diffused recurring melodic and harmonic material but also by calmly introspective, lyrical lines. Corea's phrases breathe, his touch sings, and his anthem-like themes flower. While his *Piano Improvisations Vol. II* paid homage to the then avant garde, the Delphi portraits seemingly grow out of their own idiom, composing themselves, guided by Corea's vivid programmatic imagination.

Accompanying these pastels are seven pieces inspired by Art Tatum. Although jumping from the pastoral environs of a progressive Oregon school to the satirized, urbanely witty world of Art Tatum is a broad imaginative leap, Corea makes the switch without missing a dazzling run or tripping over those sly, gliding tenths and punchy chordal passages. But more than outlining the superficialities of Tatum's idiom, Corea has developed the unerring ability to *play into* Tatum's style. It's Tatum revisited, yes, but without the clichéd runs and mechanized bass register tricks—a coy, expansive portrait of the great pianist. As in the Delphi pieces, themes as such are unstated. Instead, Corea captures the flowing undercurrent of Tatum at his best, his trenchant commas and semicolons, the marvelous logic of his cadences, the continuous interplay between irregularly spaced stride patterns and recoiling treble splashes.

"Messages?" "Meanings?" Complete or otherwise, there's a lot to savor here, not just Corea's stylistic continuity and inventive powers, but his caring musicianship. —*ballerax*

34 □ down beat

## CHARLES MINGUS

**NOSTALGIA IN TIMES SQUARE**—Columbia JG 35717: *Pedal Point Blues; GG Train; Girl Of My Dreams; Strallin'; Jelly Roll; Boogie Stop Shuffle; Open Letter To Duke; New Now Know How; Birdcalls; Slop; Things Ain't What They Used To Be; Pussy Cat Dues; Song With Orange; Gunslinging Bird.*

Personnel: (in various groupings)—Mingus, bass, piano, vocals; John Handy, Booker Ervin, Shafi Hadi, Benny Golson, Jérôme Richardson, saxophones; Jimmy Knepper, Willie Dennis, trombones; Richard Williams, Don Ellis, trumpets; Horace Parlan, Nico Bunick, Roland Hanna, piano; Teddy Charles, vibes; Maurice Brown, Seymour Barab, cello; Dannie Richmond, drums; Honey Gordon, vocal.

\*\*\*\*\*

**PASSIONS OF A MAN**—Atlantic SD 3-600: *Pithecanthropus Erectus; Profile Of Jackie; Reincarnation Of A Lovebird; Haitian Fight Song; Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting; Cryin' Blues; Devil Woman; Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am; Passions Of A Man; Tonight At Noon; Passions Of A Woman Loved; Duke Ellington's Sound Of Love; Better Get Hit In Your Soul; Sue's Changes; Canon; Free Cell Block F; 'Tis Nazi USA; Goodbye Porkpie Hat; Mingus On Mingus.*

Personnel: (in various groupings)—Mingus, bass, piano, vocals; Jackie McLean, J. R. Monterose, Shafi Hadi, John Handy, Booker Ervin, Pepper Adams, Raasaan Roland Kirk, George Adams, George Coleman, Ricky Ford, saxophones; Jimmy Knepper, Willie Dennis, trombones; Ronald Hampton, Jack Walrath, trumpets; Mal Waldron, Wade Legge, Horace Parlan, Don Pullen, Bob Neloms, piano; Philip Catherine, Larry Coryell, guitars; Doug Watkins, George Mraz, bass; Dannie Richmond, Willie Jones, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

**MINGUS AT ANTIBES**—Atlantic SD 2-3001: *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting; Prayer For Passive Resistance; What Love?; I'll Remember April; Folk Forms I; Better Get Hit In Your Soul.*

Personnel: Mingus, bass, piano, vocals; Ted Curson, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, Booker Ervin, saxophones; Bud Powell, piano (cut 4 only); Dannie Richmond, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

When Charles Mingus passed away on January 5, 1979, he left behind over thirty years of recorded musical documentation—from his earliest days as sideman in Lionel Hampton's band, through working groups or ad hoc sessions with Red Norvo, Charlie Parker, Dizzy, Bud, Roach and Ellington, to the halcyon and turbulent days of his own ensembles, the Jazz Workshop, orchestral dates, and finally until illness struck him and he could no longer play his beloved bass and could only dictate the sounds he heard to those who would articulate them into sounds for us to share. From that thirty-odd year recording career albums continue to come and go in and out of print: official studio dates, live concert recordings, bootleg jam sessions. But no matter how many have been released in the past, or will continue to be issued in the future, one thing is certain: each and every one is a necessary chapter in the ultimate compilation and comprehension of the elusive and invigorating art of Charles Mingus. What makes this fact all the more unique is that the unquenchable Mingus vitality, creativity, and ruthless honesty is evident in every one—at least every one that I

have heard—and each is an engaging, electrifying, emotionally uplifting experience.

It was inevitable that the various record companies would begin repackaging their Mingus material almost immediately when they heard the word of his death; in the case of Atlantic Records this led to some soul-searching, as they perhaps hold more of his music in their catalog than anyone else does. Some critics have claimed that the best way Atlantic—or any other company—could honor Charles' memory would be to keep all of his records available and in-print, and I agree. However, I see the need for such an anthology as *Passions Of A Man*. There are a great many listeners—novice and veteran alike—who would like an introduction to or expanded view of the variegated Mingus canon, and few people can afford to buy twenty or thirty records at one time, however worthwhile they may be. This collection answers this need superbly. True, the hardcore, dedicated collector will be frustrated at the repackaging of many titles he probably already has, but then *Passions Of A Man* is not intended for him. There are no previously unissued tracks or outtakes to whet his appetite; this is merely as much of the basic Mingus as could be packed into three records.

And what records they are! Documenting twenty years of music, the earliest compositions such as *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, *Haitian Fight Song* and *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting* are among the acknowledged classics of the jazz discography, while the latest ones—*Better Get Hit In Your Soul* and *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*—are reworkings of earlier classics in refreshingly new instrumentations. In between are works which remind us that Mingus was more than a virtuoso bass player (though even this fact is often overshadowed by the wealth of talent his bands enjoyed); he was a composer of the first rank who continually attempted to expand the structural and, more importantly, emotional boundaries of the music's usual improvisational terrain. Unlike the highly successful Ellington approach, he never tailored his compositions specifically toward the talents of his colleagues, but, conversely, confronted them with material and situations which would constantly challenge them to find new, previously unexplored avenues of expression. And behind each of these works—from the unabashed lyricism of *Duke Ellington's Sound Of Love* to the gutbucket blues of *Devil Woman*—lies the often volatile physical immediacy and desire for emotional expression that made Mingus the man he was.

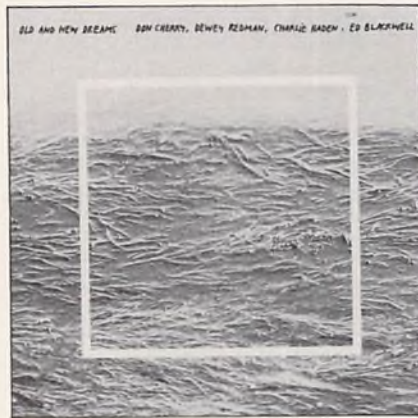
*Mingus At Antibes*, Atlantic's second memorial offering, balances the familiarity of the music on *Passions Of A Man* magnificently. This never before heard two record set of performances was recorded live at the Antibes Jazz Festival on July 13, 1960, just a scant three months before the classic Candid session *Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus*, which utilized the same personnel (minus Ervin and Powell, of course). Two works from that date, *What Love* and *Folk Forms I*, appear in still-formulating arrangements here, though trumpeter Curson's long, tumbling, rhapsodically reflective solo in the former is easily one of the concert's high points. And while any chance to hear Mingus and Dolphy in collaboration is one to be cherished, the presence of Booker Ervin's booting Texas tenor attack seems to inspire Dolphy even



**“The year’s best jazz records . . .”** Robert Palmer, *Rolling Stone*

## Old and New Dreams

Don Cherry,  
Dewey Redman,  
Charlie Haden,  
Ed Blackwell



*Old and New Dreams* (ECM-1-1154)

Also voted:

**New York Times:** Top Ten Albums (*Robert Palmer*)

**Village Voice:** Top 100 Albums of the 70s (*Gary Giddins*)

**Musician:** Underrated Jazz Artist—Charlie Haden (*3rd place, Musicians' Poll*)

**San Francisco Chronicle:** Top Ten Jazz Albums of 1979 (*Conrad Silvert*)

Watch for *Old and New Dreams* on tour in March 1980.

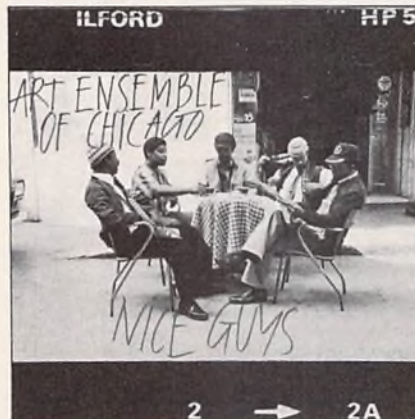
“*Old And New Dreams* is former Ornette Coleman sidemen Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell. With this LP they established a strong identity of their own. Their version of Coleman's 'Lonely Woman' is the LP's masterpiece.” (*Palmer*)

Also available on ECM records:

*Magico . . .* Charlie Haden/Jan Garbarek/  
Egberto Gismonti (ECM-1-1151)

## Art Ensemble of Chicago

Lester Bowie,  
Roscoe Mitchell,  
Joseph Jarman,  
Malachi Favors,  
Famoudou Don Moye



*Nice Guys* (ECM-1-1126)

“A Miles Davis tribute, a hint of reggae, percussion labyrinths, formidable saxophone solos and incredibly sensitive group dynamics are some of the ingredients that make *Nice Guys* essential.” (*Palmer*)

Also voted:

**Rolling Stone:** Best Jazz Artists, 1979

**New York Times:** Top Ten Albums (*Robert Palmer*)

**Village Voice:** Top Ten Albums of the 70s (*Gary Giddins*)

**High Fidelity:** Best Serious Contemporary Jazz (*2nd place*)

**Boston Phoenix:** Top Ten Albums of 1979 (*Bob Blumenthal*)

**Musician:** Underrated Jazz Artist (*2nd place, Musicians' Poll*)

Jazz Artist Influencing the 80s (*1st place, tie—Musicians' Poll*)

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**Art Ensemble of Chicago will appear:**

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**February 22** Troy, New York

**February 24** Philadelphia  
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more—as in *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting*, where Ervin's aggressive cosmopolitan preaching kicks Dolphy into overdrive for a bubbling, boiling testimonial. Or consider *I'll Remember April*, where the pair trade fours energetically, and Dolphy's typically unique, jaggedly chromatic intervals infect Ervin, who reacts with some abstractly angular phrasing of his own, fed by the exquisitely timed, confident comping from Bud Powell's piano. The overall excellence of this set suggests that Atlantic is sitting on a great deal of unissued Mingus material—a mouth-watering prospect.

*Nostalgia In Times Square*, Columbia's repackaging of their "immortal 1959 sessions," meanwhile, poses a number of pleasant problems for the Mingus lover. Basically what this issue reveals to us is that however well we thought we knew the *Mingus Ah Um* and *Mingus Dynasty* albums (most recently collected under one roof as *Better Get It In Your Soul*, Columbia G 30628) we actually knew them not at all. It seems that, in order to squeeze as many titles from four particularly fruitful studio sessions in May and November 1959 as possible onto two records, Columbia took to the knife and not only edited out whole solos, but also opened severe cuts in various retained solos and, amazingly, ensemble passages. Though the music sounds seamless on the original records, an A-to-B comparison with the unedited material on *Nostalgia In Times Square* shows that a great deal of structural damage was done to Mingus' initial conceptions (though album annotator Sy Johnson intimates that Mingus knew about the editing and, tacitly or vocally, approved).

Nearly two minutes were cut off of each of the shorter works, totalling nearly one-third of the compositions' entire length! *Birdcalls* was cut in half (six minutes to three), *Pussy Cat Dues* was cut by a third (nine minutes down to six), and *Things Ain't* nearly half (three out of seven minutes disappearing). Though the restored solos are certainly of interest, it is the ensemble sections which benefit most from the unediting. *Jelly Roll*, for example, loses much of its glibness when one is confronted with the balance and expansiveness of the unexpurgated version. In each of the compositions phrases flow with a greater coherency and design, and serve to introduce the solos with a greater urgency, powerfully illustrating that at this time in his career Mingus was more concerned with cohesive melodic flow and colorful, precisely blended orchestrations than he was during his cathartic Atlantic sessions of the previous few years. Though the vocal/horn outbursts and gossamery glossolalia, which grew out of Mingus' experiences with the Sanctified Church in addition to Ellington's "jungle music," are still in evidence, they have been softened and tempered—allowing volcanic exuberance in the bopishness of *Gunslunging Bird* or the jam session string-of-solos of *Things Ain't*, but also adding the expanded timbral palette, previously unexperienced, of *Open Letter To Duke* and *New Now Know How*.

However, with this two-record release Columbia has still not given us the complete 1959 sessions. Though they have included four previously unreleased numbers, they've inexplicably dropped *Fables Of Faubus*, *Better Get Hit In Your Soul*, *Self-Portrait In Three Colors*, *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*, *Diane*, *Farm Wells Mill Valley* and *Put Me In That Dungeon*, appar-

ently believing that a three-record set would sell less copies. Unless they plan on issuing a third record of the unedited masters of these cuts (which should have been included in this set) one is forced to buy the older collection and the new one anyway if one wants all of the music.

Of the new songs, *Pedal Point Blues* is the most immediately intriguing, with a polyphonic opening followed by strong stridish Parlan piano and an especially robust Ervin outing. *GG Train* makes typical Mingus use of a rhapsodic slow section between two hard driving themes, while *Girl Of My Dreams* is noteworthy for its complex meter juxtapositions, such as the bassist's feverish 6/4 doubletting behind the 4/4 soloists. *Strollin'* features lyrics by vocalist Honey Gordon's father Nat, and a conventional, uninspired arrangement.

It's wonderful that Columbia finally got around to issuing these four titles along with the unedited versions of the others—but how much more valuable this set would have been if they hadn't withheld the remaining seven cuts! Sy Johnson's informative liner notes tell us exactly what was put back in and where, along with revealing some intriguing, little-known facts about the session—for example, that *New Now Know How* was originally called *Africa* (this was 1959, remember, well ahead of the "back to the roots" movement)—and reminding us of the relationship between *Slop* and *Better Get Hit* (both written for Mingus' accompaniment for a Langston Hughes poetry/jazz recording, last available on Verve Special Products VSPS 36). But for all its faults, this recording, along with the two Atlantics, is required listening for anyone interested in the evolution and evocation of jazz. Just don't let your curiosity stop there. There's a lot of Mingus still around, with hopefully more on the way, and it all deserves to be heard.

—lange

## BILLIE HOLIDAY

GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STL JO3: *Your Mother's Son-In-Law*; *I Wishd On The Moon*; *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*; *Miss Brown To You*; *If You Were Mine*; *These n' That n' Those*; *It's Reaching For The Moon*; *These Foolish Things*; *No Regrets*; *Summertime*; *Billie's Blues*; *A Fine Romance*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm*; *This Year's Kisses*; *Why Was I Born?*; *I Must Have That Man*; *They Can't Take That Away From Me*; *Sun Showers*; *I'll Get By*; *Mean To Me*; *Foolin' Myself*; *Easy Living*; *Me, Myself And I*; *Trav'lin' All Alone*; *He's Funny That Way*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *When A Woman Loves A Man*; *Any Old Time*; *The Very Thought Of You*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Strange Fruit*; *Yesterdays*; *Fine And Mellow*; *Them There Eyes*; *The Man I Love*; *God Bless The Child*; *Trav'lin' Light*; *Lower Man*; *Big Stuff*. (All selections in chronological order and recorded between 1933 and 1946.)

Personnel: Holiday, vocals; accompaniments by Benny Goodman and his orchestra (cut 1), Artie Shaw and his orchestra (29), Paul Whiteman and his orchestra (38), Toots Camarata and his orchestra (39), and the respective combos of Teddy Wilson and Holiday (the remaining titles).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For reasons not always cheerfully accepted by jazz purists, the Billie Holiday set on Time-Life will probably enjoy wider currency and greater sales than any other in this admirably conceived series. But despite the general public's long demonstrated indifference to instrumental jazz, there can still be no overlooking the consistently high quality of musicianship abounding in this collection. Undoubtedly, the majority of people who will be hearing this music for the first time discovered Billie only recently—and, most likely, through *Lady Sings The Blues*, that

tasteless, charitably forgotten biopic of a few years back. But no matter. Once having heard the real Billie, supported as she always was in real life—by real jazz musicians—there can be no further illusion. All previous notions of the singer and her milieu, especially those fostered by Hollywood fantasy, will give way to an impatient demand for the truth, a truth that is inviolably etched into her every recording, from the first to the last. It is not possible to even approach an understanding of this complex and changing artist unless one is first familiar with the entirety of her musical achievements. This set is only a prelude.

The first selection in the album, quite logically, also reflects Billie's first experience in a recording studio. She was 18, nervous, and not yet solidified in her style, but she was still able to make her mark, albeit with the help of some never duly credited solo work by Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden. Recorded less than two years later, the next three titles not only commemorate the beginning of her fruitful partnership with Teddy Wilson, but also reveal, for the first time, a wholly new and assured woman and artist. Accompanying her is an outstanding group including Goodman, Roy Eldridge and Ben Webster, a stellar lineup that would not be improved upon until her meeting with Lester Young a year and a half later. In between, though, we are treated to several classic solos by Johnny Hodges, Bunny Berigan and Irving Fazola, as well as a welcomed reappearance by Webster. (Note that on *The Way You Look Tonight* Vido Musso errs in his statement of the straight melody, his incorrect scale line in the third bar occurring not once but twice, and probably because of an improper transposition of this then new and unfamiliar tune. Musso has not been known to have ever made that same mistake again . . . at least not on this number.)

When Billie started recording under her own name, one year after her first date under Wilson's leadership, a significant structural change was implemented that, as much as anything else, signaled her arrival as a star. Prior to the session that produced *No Regrets*, *Summertime* and *Billie's Blues*, Holiday always sang the second chorus, much in the manner, if not the style, of band singers everywhere. But leading her own session it was only just and proper that she should have first and last say on each side. Such major soloists as constituted her usual support on these dates were far from neglected, though, for their talents were gainfully employed in a variety of ways, i.e., Fazola's introductory break and half-chorus on *A Fine Romance*.

Lester Young makes his first appearance on *This Year's Kisses*, heralding the beginning of a musical relationship that to this day remains unmatched in the annals of jazz. Like Holiday, he was at his prime in these years, as anyone familiar with his then current work with Count Basie will readily agree. But the uncanny similarities in phrasing between the two, as well as their instinctively shared respect for "prettiness," still loom—more than 40 years later—as a once-in-a-lifetime esthetic coincidence. There are many instances of this high-level exchange to be found in the 15 tracks boasting Young's presence, but they are not always obvious. Careful and repeated listening is strongly urged for everyone, but especially for those interested in knowing how to play a melody—



any melody. Study Young on every side, of course, but, in particular, learn his way with *I Must Have That Man, Mean To Me, Foolin' Myself* and *The Man I Love*. Additionally, *The Very Thought Of You* is highlighted by his rarely heard but gorgeous clarinet, while *I Can't Get Started* is notable for far more than his one-note-too-many overspill into Billie's pickup—the preceding 16 bars easily excuse this single fall from perfection.

Throughout the sides with Young, as well as elsewhere, one can derive an almost equal pleasure from the inspired work of Buck Clayton, while there are moments of incontestable superiority also to be found in the periodic comments of Goodman, Hodges, Harry Carney, Buster Bailey, Artie Shaw, Charlie Shavers, Benny Morton, Ed Hall and, of course, Teddy Wilson. But a word of caution anent some of the rhythm sections: the all-too-obvious chunkiness that dates a few of the earlier four-man teams is not to be observed on the many titles with Freddie Green. Who then is the culprit? A sensitized perception of rhythmic grace, plus a little discographical comparison, will supply the answer.

—sohmer

## FRED ASTAIRE/ JATP ALL-STARS

THE ASTAIRE STORE—DRG Archive DARC-3-1102: *Isn't This A Lovely Day; Putting On The Ritz; I Used To Be Color Blind; The Continental; Let's Call The Whole Thing Off; Change Partners, Dancing In The Dark; The Carioca; Nice Work If You Can Get It; New Sun In The Sky; I Won't Dance; Fast Dances; Top Hat; They Can't Take That Away From Me; You're Easy To Dance With; Needle In The Haystack; So Near And Yet So Far; A Foggy Day; Lady Be Good; I'm Building Up For An Awful Letdown; Not My Girl; 'S Wonderful; Lovely To Look At; They All Laughed; Cheek To Cheek; Steppin' Out With My Baby; The Way You Look Tonight; I've Got My Eyes On You; No Strings; I Concentrate On You; I'm Putting All My Eggs In One Basket; Fine Romance; Night And Day; Fascinating Rhythm; I Love Louisa; Slow Dances; Medium Dances; Jam Session For A Dancer; Astaire Blues (1); Astaire Blues (2).*

Personnel: Astaire, vocals, tap dances; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor sax; Oscar Peterson, piano, celeste; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a wonderfully intimate, friendly, and unpretentious retrospective of a spectacular career. It is surely the definitive album of its kind, and I have no hesitation in bestowing a full complement of stars on it. But with this warning: it is not an album for everybody. When Norman Granz originally recorded it all in 16 sessions during December 1952, it was his intent to simply make up a few copies for friends. Like many of Granz' most epic projects, it was undertaken mainly for his own amusement and very definitely to his own uncluttered specifications of integrity. As his enthusiasm grew, he decided to issue it as a four LP limited edition, priced at \$50 a set. About 1,800 copies were pressed, and Astaire autographed about 1,000. Very definitely first class, and absolutely unprecedented in the history of record marketing. For those who wished to listen in steerage, Granz also made the sessions available on four separate LPs at \$5.95 each (at a time when virtually all 12-inch LPs sold for \$3.95).

There is no gimmick here. Astaire simply sings a selection of tunes he's been associated with over the years, setting aside plenty of time to let Peterson and company make their statements, and stepping in occasionally for some vigorous tapping. Most people regard Astaire as a dancer only, yet he has thrived practically since the beginning of his career

in the most rarefied heights of the American popular song. No one comes to mind who has introduced more lasting melodies into our musical heritage. His stable of tunesmiths has included Berlin, Gershwin, Kern, Porter and Youmans.

So what's his secret? Astaire's vocal style is light and relaxed, not unlike his dancing. He never pushes a lyric. In fact, he rarely even toys with it in the way Sinatra or Torme will bend words and twist notes into coil springs of emotional tension. Astaire prefers to let lyrics speak for themselves with stylish simplicity. He never really became a popular popular singer; other singers always sold his songs on records. But, curiously enough, he became a singer's singer of the first order. Tony Bennett and Mel Torme both have named him their favorite.

Most all the important songs are here, *Only Let's Face The Music, Pick Yourself Up*, and *Just Like Taking Candy From A Baby* are conspicuous by their absence. It will come as no surprise to find that many of the lyrics (ten by my count) are about dancing. And how interesting it is to find a trendy '70s expression like "where it's at" sitting comfortably in the middle of the verse of *Let's Call The Whole Thing Off*, vintage 1937.

In reissuing these sessions, DRG has also included the instrumental jam numbers by the JATP ensemble, and even added one not included in any of the original issues (*Astaire Blues*). Shavers, Phillips and Peterson are typically fluent and swinging in their rolls, as both soloists and accompanists. It's all been beautifully packaged. The original four records have been remastered and reprogrammed down to a more efficient three LP set, and a splendid booklet is also included full of photos and text by Granz and Astaire. David Stone Martin's marvelous sketches give us some of the most attractive album art around.

We understand that Book of the Month Club Records has also issued this same material in a competitive package at a lower price. But as the BMC issue is unseen by this reviewer, no opinion can be offered on its quality.

—mcdonough

## BUNKY GREEN

PLACES WE'VE NEVER BEEN—Vanguard VSD 79425: *East & West; April Green; Command Module; Only In Seasons; Places We've Never Been; Tension & Release; Little Girl, I'll Miss You.*

Personnel: Green, alto sax, piano; Randy Brecker, trumpet and flugelhorn; Albert Dailey, piano; Ronald Kubelik, piano (cut 5); Eddie Gomez, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There is a place in Manhattan—not far from where this album was recorded, within earshot when traffic wanes—called the Jazzmania Society. It's a living room of jazz atop four flights of tenement-like stairs. The audience is relaxed and attentive; the music is brave and subtle and most always conscious of the fact that it must somehow swing.

That same ambience—the sound of 23rd Street?—permeates *Places We've Never Been*.

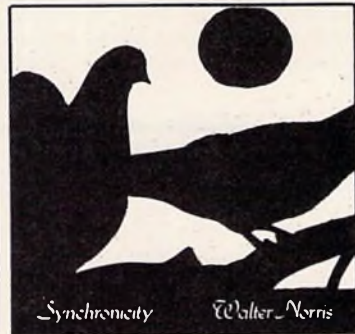
The album represents a departure for the Green known as a ferocious blower. Instead, he cools jazz in the manner of Miles Davis. He strips away many of the changes, turns down the volume, leaves plenty of air between notes and solos, but keeps the rhythm section working overtime. This album is made for listening to at dusk, lying on a couch, not quite asleep.

# INNER CITY ENERGY



## LEW TABACKIN / WARNE MARSH IC 6048 Tenor Gladness

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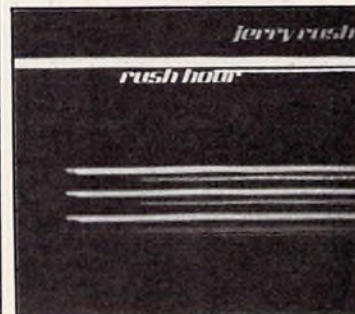
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Places holds together as a cohesive, but not a monotonous, whole. Some element of mystery or reflection colors each selection, starting with *East & West*. Bassist Eddie Gomez's doublestops, Freddie Waits' pulsing drums and Green's dabbling, flowing alto breathe like one living thing. Elsewhere, Green's soft dissonance and Gomez's bent single notes reaffirm the mystique. Only in the unfinished snippets that begin *Only In Seasons* does the theme intrude as a device.

The burden of soloing falls to Green and Randy Brecker, here taking another vacation from fusion. They are not one of the more compatible sax-and-trumpet couples, rarely sharing even a few measures. But they stand up well separately. At times, Green recalls the precision and quiet playfulness of Paul Desmond. He remains capable, though, of summoning hoarse, reedy screams on *Command Module* and *East & West*. Brecker also proves capable of a broad stylistic spectrum. He sounds fluid and understated on *April Green*, then crackles like a born-again bopper on *Module*.

Dailey and Gomez get their share of venturesome solos, too, leaving Waits as the rhythmic epoxy of the quintet. Without overwhelming the front men, he drives and thrashes them with rapid rounds of his tomtoms and cymbals. In the end, his steadfast swing assures that *Places We've Never Been* is much more than "chamber jazz"—a term as condescending in its own way as "lounge music."

—freedman

## DWIGHT ANDREWS

MMOTIA—THE LITTLE PEOPLE—Otic 1007: *Um Girrasol*; *Nao e?*; *Moers 1978*; *Dance das Kashala e Sarhanna*; *Mmotia—The Little People*; *Vamos Para casa*.

Personnel: Andrews, soprano and alto saxes, bass and contrabass clarinets, alto flute, Indian wood flutes, percussion; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion; Flexi-tone, Corpo, voice, bottles, beads, Atumpian; Nat Adderley Jr., piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Reedist/composer Dwight Andrews, who is probably best known for his recording and concertizing with trumpeter Leo Smith, is an engaging musician, one quite capable of laying the structural groundrules and ritualistic musical settings for the new generation.

His music is subtle, clear and yet amazingly unrestraining. He attempts, with the fine aid of pianist Nat Adderley Jr. and percussionist Nana Vasconcelos, to construct a visionary "tolerant" music that reaches out and captures the life enhancing forces in us all.

This recording is consumed with an Afro-Cuban, Carribean flavor, coupled with Andrews' fierce dedication to the mandates and prerequisites necessary to establish an authentic and important contribution within the World Music context. On the opening *Um Girrasol*, for example, Andrews states the passionate theme on soprano while Vasconcelos provides the rhythmic carpet for this intensely engrossing, melodically infested piece to take flight. After the brief theme is stated with ample percussive shading, pianist Adderley invents a sensitive, impressionistic interlude that becomes the heart of this moving music; he exhibits a fine ear for laid-back drama and primordial feeling. When the pianist finishes his solo, Andrews returns on soprano to float off into life's wonderland, Vasconcelos following him all the way. The theme appears again, and one feels blessed.

*Nao e?* is a soft, pensive piece for Andrews'

solo alto flute. Dedicated to the recently born child of reedist/composer Oliver Lake, Jahi Sundance Lake, this crystal clear tonal excursion makes creative use of Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* at its mid-way point. This is a reflective piece that provokes righteous meditation.

*Moers 1978*, dedicated to Tyondai Braxton (daughter of Nikki and Anthony), contains much of those things we've come to appreciate in the music of her father. Andrews' rhythmic feel here is very much like Braxton's, and settles well within that frame of reference. Andrews displays on alto saxophone a no-nonsense approach to the music at hand—every note has a definite meaning. The theme is stated in unison with Adderley's single note line and has elements of a wayward swing. There's a beautiful diminishing of tension and tempo halfway into the composition that sets up the structural directives of what is to come in the concluding, three-way interplay. An immensely rewarding music, extremely conscious of conventional movement, is represented here.

*Dance das Kashala e Sarhanna* opens side two with Andrews conquering the ambiguities of the bass clarinet. This tune is quite elastic. A pleasant thematic intro (bass clarinet and keyboards) leads into a brief percussion interlude; this develops into a second section of thematic variations with Andrews giving a complete bass clarinet statement and Adderley making a short Latin-tinged piano foray that leads to a recap of the last, elongated portion of the romantic, clearly discernable main motif. Then, unpredictably, Andrews switches to wood flutes for some exchanges with Vasconcelos and the melodramatic close.

The remaining two tunes are for percussion and contrabass clarinet, respectively. *Mmotia*, the title track, has Vasconcelos and Andrews teaming to produce an extremely rich, almost metallic, percussive soundscape. The activity is highly compressed, yet suspended; an ethereal mysticism is clearly conveyed—perhaps the strange paradox of precision.

Finally, on *Vamos Para casa*, the reedist elicits an amazingly sensuous, round tone from that cumbersome bear, the contrabass clarinet. His flexibility and agility on this maverick horn shows prolonged study and a careful look at the instrument's problems. In fact, this entire recording is indicative of long, hard woodshedding and planning—which has resulted in, I dare say, a classic recording for these times.

—riggins

## RON CARTER

PARADE—Milestone M-9088: *Parade*; *A Theme In 3/4*; *Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child*; *Tinderbox*; *Gypsy*; *G.J.T.*

Personnel: Carter, bass, piccolo bass; Joe Henderson, tenor sax; Chick Corea, piano; Tony Williams, drums; Jon Faddis, trumpet, flugelhorn; Joe Shepley, trumpet, flugelhorn; John Frosk, trumpet, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, trombone; Tom Malone, bass trombone; Jerry Dodgion, flute, clarinet, alto sax; Frank Wess, flute, clarinet, tenor sax.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

*Parade* is the album Ron Carter has been making, or meaning to make, for years. Not content with reigning as the preeminent jazz bassist of his day, Carter has tested his writing and arranging on his solo albums. The results, as in 1978's *A Song For You*, which included a cello quartet, have been admirable for the chances taken, but unexceptional.

*Parade* emerges from that crucible of effort almost unmarred.

And chances for error abound. On all but one selection, Carter works with a ten man group, almost a big band. The seven member horn section includes the steady likes of Jon Faddis, Urbie Green and Frank Wess; but joining Carter in the rhythm section are Chick Corea and Tony Williams, whose outputs have been uneven, if protean. But with conductor Wade Marcus handling the horns and Carter leading the core quartet (rhythm and Joe Henderson on tenor), the ensemble sounds as smooth as the equally large contingent of Dexter Gordon's *Sophisticated Giant*.

Carter rewards his companions with some fine compositions. Previously, his best work has been his sparest, performed in duet with Jim Hall and trio led by Red Garland. On *Parade*, he scores exits and entrances like a traffic cop. There is lots of activity, but not undue busy-ness. The offerings range from the suave, stylish *A Theme In 3/4* to the bop *Tinderbox* to the elemental, New Orleans echoes of *G.J.T.*

Each piece cleaves into smaller, exciting elements. On *Parade*, Carter solos against the horns, twice chorusing past their punctuation. *Tinderbox* features two duels: Williams matching hi-hat charges against Corea's scalar twists, and Carter pinioning Henderson's scrambling, scrapping solo.

Carter's soloing has always been worthy of acclaim. *Parade* is no exception. He matches awesome mechanical skills with emotion—often sad or resolute from a man said to be wry and satiric in person. He closes *Motherless Child*, for instance, with a furious "drumroll" and a single, eerie, hollow bell of a sound.

Most of all, Carter controls—his mates as much as himself. He opens *Gypsy* in a double-time fury, alone. Gradually, Henderson and Williams join the building tempo. Corea's chords slash the rhythm. Eight minutes later, at song's end, one realizes Carter hasn't eased his pace yet, but has drawn everyone else into it.

The same could be said of his *Parade*, in which the drum major's baton is his bass.

—freedman

## DON SEBESKY

THREE WORKS FOR JAZZ SOLOISTS & SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gryphon G-2-791: *Bird And Bela In Bb*; *The Rite Of Spring*; *Sebastian's Theme*.

Personnel: Alex Foster, saxophone; Jon Faddis, trumpet, flugelhorn; Gordon Beck, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums; Joe Beck, guitar; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Don Sebesky, piano; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Harry Rabinowitz, conductor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Although classical purists may turn up their noses at Sebesky's use of material by Bartok, Stravinsky and Bach, music lovers will rejoice in this album. There is much to marvel at in Sebesky's judicious mixture of jazz and classical, written and improvisational styles; and some of the improvising, especially in *Bird And Bela In Bb*, is truly inspired.

Sebesky certainly owes a debt to the "third stream" idiom invented by Gunther Schuller and John Lewis in the '50s. But, at his best (in *Bird And Bela*), Sebesky surpasses those earlier efforts at classical-jazz fusion. For, instead of watering down both types of music to make them fit together, Sebesky has provided a framework in which talented



musicians can tap the resonances of classical music while playing lusty, uninhibited jazz.

*Bird And Bela* refers extensively to Bartok's *Concerto For Orchestra*. The first few bars are nearly identical to the opening of the concerto, while the last movement of Sebesky's work for jazz quintet and orchestra borrows string figures and rhythms from the finale of the Bartok piece. In addition, there are passages that recall Bartok's *Music For Percussion, Strings And Celeste*, Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, and other major 20th century works.

The title's reference to Charlie Parker is also meaningful in the context of the piece. While the hard-edged, dissonant texture of the outer movements shares the uncompromising quality of post-Miles modern jazz, the intricate lines played at dizzying speed by Alex Foster and Jon Faddis in the first movement are memorials to the bebop style that Bird elevated to high art.

Foster, a young, Juilliard-trained musician who has played with Jack DeJohnette, among others, really steps out on this album. He shows a wide range of expression, loose and sassy in the opening movement, classy and elegant in the second. He also proves himself the equal of Jon Faddis, a real virtuoso who learned his chops from Dizzy Gillespie. Their teamwork is especially remarkable in the fast unison passage just prior to the fugue in the finale. Gordon Beck, Richard Davis and Jimmy Madison also contribute vital ingredients to this fine quintet.

But the glue that really holds it all together is Sebesky's masterly arrangement. Foster's plaintive, yearning variation on a Bartok theme in the opening section, for example, springs from the shadow of brooding violins and cellos like a hothouse flower of the streets. And, in the last movement, Sebesky adroitly slips back and forth between his two musical worlds: following an avant garde-style duet for drums and xylophone, a big band brass section powered by Bartokian rhythms segues into Faddis' and Foster's bebop solos and a reminiscence of Bartok's main theme in the strings. I cannot think of any piece of comparable complexity—either jazz or classical—in which the written and improvised parts mesh so well.

*Rite Of Spring*, a shorter work, is somewhat less successful than *Bird And Bela*. The problem is that, by sticking closer to his model, Sebesky ends up wandering further away from it and from his goal. The most ludicrous example of this occurs during some variations on the theme from Stravinsky's slow movement. During a lovely, fluid solo, Gordon Beck takes the theme in a direction that begins to sound uncomfortably like *White Christmas*. In his ensuing solo, Faddis enlarges upon Beck's idea, carrying it still further into the pop realm. Then, when the orchestra barges back in with the bridge to the finale of *Rite Of Spring*, the juxtaposition is downright laughable.

Despite its faults, *Rite Of Spring* is at least an honest attempt at classical-jazz fusion. *Sebastian's Theme*, on the other hand, is sentimental garbage. The schmaltzy piano intro followed by strings is pure Muzak, and Joe Beck's guitar solo is both unimaginative and poorly performed. It is rather sobering to realize that someone as talented as Sebesky can sink to the level of *Sebastian's Theme*. But it is encouraging to think that he might write something else to equal or surpass *Bird And Bela In Bb*.

—Terry

## LESTER BOWIE/ PHILLIP WILSON

DUET—IAI 37,38,54: *Duet; TBM; Finale*.  
Personnel: Bowie, trumpet; Wilson, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

## PHILLIP WILSON/OLU DARA

ESOTERIC—Hat Hut Q: *Lester B (I, II, III); Double Click; The Chad; Caut Call! (The Eso, The March And Ragtime, Elephant Bossa); Olu (I, II); Lost And Brash*.

Personnel: Wilson, percussion; Olu Dara, trumpet, serpent horn.

★ ★

The common factors here are trumpet/drum duos and drummer Phillip Wilson, but

the differences between Lester Bowie and Olu Dara go beyond stylistic ones to include production practices and the tastes for avant-garde in America and Europe. France and Italy have been especially enamored of practitioners of Great Black Music in the raw since the revolutionary '60s, enough so that tiny labels were quite happy to indulge black American artists with free rein on casual improvisational sessions. A prominent example was BYG, a French label that released the better part of a hundred sides all recorded, it seems, in the latter half of 1969, on its *Actuel* line of new music, by artists passing through such as Archie Shepp, Grachan Moncur III, the AEC—Don Cherry and Ed Blackwell laid down some extraordinary trumpet/drum

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sides (*Mu, I & II*), much more African in spirit, during BYG's incredibly busy month of August, 1969.

My own view is that these fortuitous journeyings provided the European intelligentsia—hooked on African art and culture since it was brought back "alive" at the turn of the century—a direct chance to explore and patronize Afro-American art at a time when it was far from understood or appreciated, indeed in exile, from home. If the dates often seem aimless and floaty, chalk it up to inexperienced production, short studio time and budgets, and the sociopolitical zeitgeist that found the artists carefully examining their roots and even visiting Mother Africa. Though the European avant garde recording scene has evolved, presenting much more sophisticated and variegated efforts over the decade (viz., Italian labels Horo and Black Saint) *Esoteric*, a Hat Hut release, appears to be a deliberate throwback.

Phillip Wilson and Olu Dara got together in a Paris studio with Swiss producers and enthusiasts Pia and Werner X. Uehlinger, and they turned on the tapes. What got pressed was intimate, conversational, but rarely inspired noodling. *Lester B.*—dedicated to the other trumpeter, I guess, whose session with Wilson was recorded two months after these tracks and four before the rest of the album—consists of *I* (eight minutes mostly of *soito voce* mcows, yodels and gurgles over soft-mallet tom-tom patterns) and *II/III* (five and a half of very relaxed and loose drum solo, heavy on reverberating bass drum and untightened toms). Wilson works gingerly with a small kit and Olu Dara sounds flaccid, vocal, and bent-toned as if he's blowing an old dented horn with a half-inch bore. There are some bright moments on side two with muted Eldridge horn over cymbals (*Ragtime*), the droll serpent (*Bossa*), and a weird, compressed *Taps* (*Olu II*). But there's no overview, only loose-limbed, scratchy sketches, off the cuff and off the wall, quiet in-jokes that don't go anywhere and aren't meant to. For Europeans, this is American art music, '60s vintage: raw, refreshing and decidedly esoteric. Hat Huts are available from Box 127, West Park, NY 12493.

Paul Bley devotes himself to experimentation with unusual combos on his IAI label, but nothing goes down off-handed or self-indulgent. Consequently the air is charged with electricity and purpose when Wilson and Bowie go at it. (There is no whimsy and mystery in the muted cover photos, either.) Bowie, one of the most dramatic and dynamic soloists on his instrument since Henry "Red" Allen, makes a strong pair with his old high school pal and AACM associate. Both know how to structure the half hour's improvisation exquisitely and, though there is fine give and take, the trumpet—as when leading troops into battle—takes charge. Bowie signals most of the turns of direction, Wilson nudging and galloping and pawing like a champion stallion. Bowie not only runs the gamut of sounds to be had from the trumpet, from exquisitely clarion calls to Dizzyish kazoo notes so squeezed it sounds like he's coming and going on the Doppler effect, but he also creates little wells of lyrical referents—a bright staccato high-life, *Three Blind Mice* variants, a four-bar descending blues figure built from Wilson's snare brushing pianissimo into a call-and-response argument, two of Bowie's "voices" screaming

epithets over Wilson's cymbal and tom bashes—that glue all the pieces together. Wilson's role here is more of collaborator than independent contractor; together with Bowie they construct a set that has sweep, majesty, and excitement aplenty. —bouchard

## WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET

STEPPIN' WITH THE WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—Black Saint 0027: *Steppin'*; *Ra-Ta-Ta*; *Dream Scheme*; *P.O. In Cairo*; *Hearts*; *R&B*.

Personnel: Julius Hemphill, alto, soprano saxes; Oliver Lake, alto, soprano saxes, flute; David Murray, tenor sax, bass clarinet; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone sax, flute.

★ ★ ★ ½

## OLIVER LAKE- JULIUS HEMPHILL

BUSTER BEE—Sackville 3018: *Buster Bee*; *Vator*; *Fertility*; *S*; *A Stand*; *Flesh Turns Chi*.

Personnel: Lake, alto, soprano saxes, flute; Hemphill, alto, soprano saxes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

*Steppin'* is the long-awaited first LP by the sort of group that succeeds so well in theory but only sometimes in practice: four of the very best modernists, with shared principles of harmony and free melodic motion. The players' differences are distinctive, too, for previous LPs by each show dissimilar attitudes to line, space and expression. The group's extroversion is clear from the very beginning—indeed, despite the attention to the compositions, the playing often threatens chaos, and Lake's *Ra* is a model juxtaposition of high spirits: the stately baritone sax theme with sax choir chords followed by a squabble of collective improvisation. And Murray's *P.O.* is a warehouse of funky themes, with hot playing by the high saxes in the collective improvisations—you'll note that ensemble blowing is the WSQ's primary mode of improvised discourse in this set.

They play elaborate scores, and the four Hemphill pieces each achieve distinction—*Steppin'* through no more than a bass clarinet vamp. *Hearts* is a near-ballad, no improvising, an archetypical Hemphill melody. The blues *R&B* begins with the kind of hip line that would put any post-Parker sax section on their toes—then *progresses* to subtle, tricky phrasing. A fine exchange of fours precedes and lends urgency to the collective improvisation. *Dream* is certainly the best of these realizations. Improvised snips of sound and melodic snatches evoke the imperfect glimpses and changing images of the dreaming state, with clever themes to clarify the dream's movement. The characteristic Hemphill care for detail in melody and orchestration, and of course the responses of four outstanding saxophonists (the flutes and bass clarinets are largely peripheral), make the album valuable.

Ideally, the WSQ can be the concert vehicle for the marvelous kinds of works that appeared on Hemphill's 1977 multiple-tracked solo albums. *Blue Boyé* (Mbari MPC 1000X) was self-produced and poorly distributed, but its excellence and comprehensive self-portrait make it a crucial event in today's jazz. In concerts and on record, both in chamber jazz and straight ahead blowing, Hemphill's success has been consistent over the years, whereas Lake's musical journey has been fraught with perils. Thus it's a special pleasure to report that their duet record is so



outstanding, a collaboration of thought and sensibility whose success almost rivals *Blue Boy*.

Lake's style draws upon the entire jazz tradition but is based on wholly free instincts for linear movement and spontaneous drama. From the beginning, the expressive power of his saxophones—multiphonics, overtones, unusual and exactly articulated dynamics—has lent authority to his work in many varied contexts. At heart, his angular style is a distance removed from the pure melodism of Hemphill, whose lines give voice to Parker's blues and whose lyricism is inclined to high detail, however straightforward his surface. But as with Ellington's *Mr. Gentle And Mr. Cool*, the collaboration is a surprising unity of improvised design, a stimulating document of unusual warmth and sensitivity.

As with recent Roscoe Mitchell and Cecil Taylor albums, these duets are not for casual listening: they demand the listener's whole attention. By far the most of the album is two alto saxes improvising; despite sometime adventures incorporating "outside" sounds, there's no harshness of sound or emotion. Bright, vivid lyrical melody leads to a sense of sunny day music, unforced, moving freely in time and space. I love the bop lilt of the *Buster* theme, after which the two saxes alternate lead and commentary, spontaneously exchange roles, interrupt each other with flights of fancy. There is more hot sax blowing in the blues *A Stand*; in the twining of lines, the shared inspiration inspires the listener in turn. Without crudity, Lake becomes two cartoon characters in a passage in 'S'; *Flesh* is an exchange of several superb solos; *Vator* features Lake's mobility over the deliberately more static Hemphill lines. And there's the beauty of the two-sax sound in *Fertility*, both in theme and evolving improvisation—all of these performances are bathed in a benign glow.

The differences between the players are not modified, but the act of creating together brings forth grace, respect, easy humor. Again and again each man's sensitivity to the other is tangible: here are two outstanding jazzmen renewing the discoveries of their many years' association. Melody flows in a continuous stream from beginning to end of this album; more, the joy of Lake's and Hemphill's duo art communicates directly to the listener. *Buster Bee* is one of the highlights of a rich year for jazz recordings. —litweiler

## JOHNNY GRIFFIN

THE JAMFS ARE COMING!—Timeless Muse T1 311: *The Jamfs Are Coming*; *Wee Dot*; *Wee*; *All The Things You Are*.

Personnel: Griffin, tenor sax; Art Taylor, drums; Rein De Graaf, piano; Henk Haverhoek, bass; Kooz Serierse, bass.

BUSH DANCE—Galaxy GXY 5126: *A Night In Tunisia*; *Bush Dance*; *The Jamfs Are Coming*; *Since I Fell For You*; *Knucklebean*.

Personnel: Griffin, tenor sax, voice; Cedar Walton, piano; George Freeman, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Albert Heath, drums; Kenneth Nash, percussion, congas.

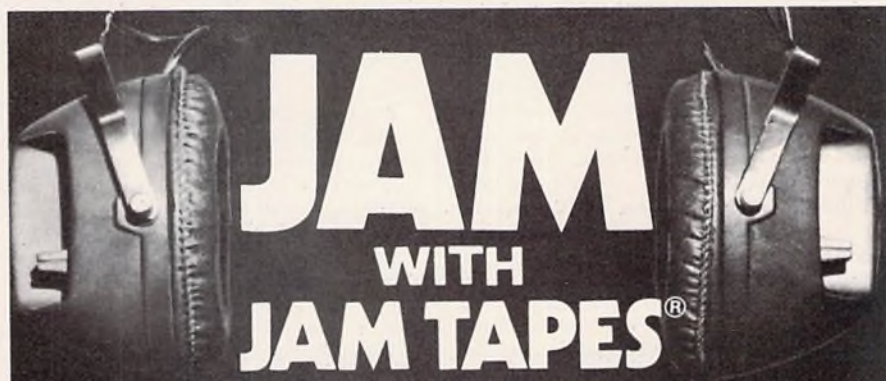
"Little" Johnny Griffin is one of the Chicago stable of big sounding tenorists—including Gene Ammons and Von Freeman—trained by the legendary reed mentor Walter Dyett; by the time Griff was picked up by Lionel Hampton in 1945, he and his high school classmates had considerable experi-

ence with the arrangements played by Basie, Duke, Hamp and the rest. It was music professor Dyett who assigned the diminutive Griffin to alto sax—because the tenor was "too big" for him—and to this day the swift and high quality of the smaller horn shows through Griff's tenor.

After 15 years in exile, Griffin's return to the U.S. is accompanied by discs in the can like *The Jamfs Are Coming* and newer studio dates like *Bush Dance*. Do these albums reflect what's to come? The contrast is considerable.

*Jamfs* was recorded in two sets (1975 and 1977) at a club near Griffin's Netherlands home; the atmosphere is clearly an Art Taylor-Griffin jam. *Bush Dance* is a studio recording with more premeditation. On the live album the quartet plays host for more

than 17 minutes of Griffin and Taylor horsing around on a satirical mid-tempo blues; on the flip side Griff and Taylor push each other on *All The Things* into excellent high energy solos. Particularly when Griff breaks away into one of those expansive solos, he is devastating; he fires through his musings on Jerome Kern's chords, letting the melody lurk just beyond for over 20 minutes. On the Galaxy release Griffin heads a sextet—and in addition to sounding somewhat hastily put together, the recording includes studio concessions. The *Jamfs* here is seven minutes and stands in sharp contrast to the longer, relaxed segments that show the range of Griffin's strengths and sensibilities. Here, when Griffin loses his roomy spaces, he's greatly restrained. The lead *Tunisia* is



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interesting, its intro framed by a pleasant enough African motif, and the head itself extended in a swaggering blues approach. *Bush Dance* follows the same North African feel, but shares the common malady: the cuts are reserved, withheld—slick without being tight.

Spacious solo segments are Grif's life energy, so it would have been appropriate had *Bush Dance* been a quartet. Excellent musicians in their own rights, George Freeman on guitar and Ken Nash on percussion are not well integrated into the arrangements. Tootie Heath's drum work is an expensive and tragic duplication of effort, considering Nash's congas, and Cedar Walton, the veteran of many a knock-down-drag-out session, is neglected here; though he catches fire occasionally, the space allowed him is much too small.

Of Grif's '70s recordings, *Live In Tokyo* (Inner City) is the major spoiler for both *Jams* and *Bush Dance*; *Live* shows Griffin at what he does best. The energetic doubletuning and extensive explorations of *Jams* provides a view of Griffin at home, live with a casual freedom. *Bush Dance* may help Griffin's commercial career, but it could be considered good Grif only if we'd not known him playing the wide open spaces, his balladic sense and mercurial swiftness as his guides. If this pair of albums pits the past against the future, we must advise Grif's producers to give him some space; though 20 minute tunes may not be the most commercially salable items, still the musician is best left to his strengths. —staples

## MARIAN McPARTLAND

PORTRAIT OF MARIAN McPARTLAND—Concord CJ-101: *Tell Me A Bedtime Story; It Never Entered My Mind; No Trumps; Wind Flower; I Won't Dance; Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most; Matrix; Time And Time Again.*

Personnel: McPartland, piano; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone; Jake Hanna, drums; Brian Torff, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Marian McPartland has put together a personally revealing and thoroughly enjoyable set of tunes for this self-portrait. Her taste for old standards of the Rogers and Hart variety is updated by contemporary tunes by composers such as Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock, and her group swings through them all. These musicians understand undiluted jazz (especially bop) and they play with facility and wit.

It has been said that Marian McPartland is an anonymous player; that her playing is not personally distinctive. On this recording, though, she is inventive, chiseling lines and balancing voicings perfectly. McPartland's playing is more than a pastiche of styles; she has learned her lessons, but she's no textbook pianist.

She was classically trained at London's Guildhall School of Music. Besides paying her dues in New York clubs, McPartland has taught and composed music and started her own record company (Halcyon). Her series with guest pianists on National Public Radio is the latest demonstration of her talents.

This recording reveals her assimilation of past styles and her moderate approach to picking up new ones. Old standards *Never Entered*, *Won't Dance* and *Spring Can Really Hang You Up* receive traditional, bop-influenced treatments. McPartland's playing is relaxed, proving she has thoroughly ab-

sorbed various interpretations of these tunes over the years.

Full chords and a harmonically complex texture characterize *Won't Dance*; the solo work here is among the album's most ambitious attempts to expand traditional harmonic boundaries. McPartland is at ease with the newer tunes, too, and her ideas sound fresh, if not always strikingly original. Dodgion, Hanna and Brian Torff each does his part to swing, despite a reserved quality from the drummer and bassist.

In the intro to Herbie Hancock's *Bedtime Story*, Hanna and Torff set a mysterious stage for the first solo in which Dodgion snakes his way around, weaving a nostalgic theme.

The reedman slips into something more comfortable for *No Trumps* (his own tune) and Torff gives agile support to Dodgion's vampish lines. McPartland's uncluttered one-voice lines are interspersed with boppish chordal jabs, leaving comfortable breathing room.

The temperature cools in *Matrix* (by Chick Corea) as Hanna drives the tempo without getting all steamed up. Dodgion's chordal approach to improvisation on lines more abstract than those elsewhere on the record holds up well structurally and melodically.

Titling a recording *Portrait* is, in some ways, inviting criticism. It sets up wonderful opportunities for those who like to typecast performers. By using a crosssection of tunes, McPartland may have lessened this temptation for would-be-classifiers. Her own composition, *Time And Time Again* mixes idioms to display her varied personality: reflective, swinging and self-assured. —guregian

## ELMO HOPE

LAST SESSIONS—Inner City IC 1018: *Roll On; Bird's View; Pam; If I Could I Would; Grammy; Toothsome Threesome; Vi Ann; Punch That.*

Personnel: Hope, piano; John Orr, bass; Clifford Jarvis or Philly Joe Jones (cut 3), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

HOPE FROM RIKERS ISLAND—Chiaroscuro CR 2009: *One For Joe; Ecstasy; Three Silver Quarters; A Night In Tunisia; Trippin'; It Shouldn't Happen To A Dream; Kevin; Monique; Groovin' High.*

Personnel: Hope, piano; Freddie Douglas, alto sax; John Gilmore, tenor sax; Lawrence Jackson, trumpet; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Earl Coleman (cut 6), Marcelle Daniels (9), vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

Periodically we need to remind ourselves that history is not the impartial chronicler we often assume it to be. It is the story of man, told by man. It is subject to its authors' pride, prejudice and ignorance.

History therefore must constantly be revised and rewritten as new information and perspectives come to light. Pianist Elmo Hope (1923-67), through his recordings and reputation, illustrates the need for taking a second look at basic assumptions about the recent past in jazz.

Though an intimate of Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk, Hope was left behind as the parade passed by. The explanation for Hope's fate involves several factors: a drug problem which led to revocation of his NYC cabaret license and, therefore, to the severance of important venues to showcase his talents; his paradoxically good/bad luck to record with such rising stars as Lou Donaldson, Sonny Rollins, Clifford Brown, Jackie McLean, John Coltrane and Hank Mobley who all grabbed the lion's share of the public's and critics' attention at Hope's expense, and

Hope's unique pianistic approach.

The last factor, though the least discussed, is, I believe, the key to explaining Hope's ostensible lack of success. As demonstrated in the albums covered here and in *Elmo Hope: Last Sessions Vol. 2* (Inner City) and *Elmo Hope: The All-Star Sessions* (Milestone) Hope's style is unique to the point of being an acquired taste.

Jazz, to a large extent, is a medium whose esthetic is bound up with aggressive assertiveness, massive outpourings of raw energy and displays of technical athleticism. These qualities were significant aspects of the bop/post-bop/soul period when Hope was active.

Hope's style, however, ran counter to such turbulent trends. While others pounded with jackhammer intensity, Hope essayed with a light, downy touch. While others slammed into the piano's low and middle registers, Hope skipped gracefully up high. While others articulated with razoredged impatience, Hope declaimed in relaxed conversational asides.

Hope's fine-line melodic arcs were sketched over rich harmonic backgrounds with Monk-like dissonances and evocative substitutions. He was a master of the subtle gesture, an Alexander Calder of jazz whose delicately balanced sonic mobiles seemed to float in space.

Today, with the parameters of jazz considerably stretched since his final years, the climate is right for a careful reassessment of Hope's sublime pianistics. That process, thanks to these reissues from 1963 (*Rikers Island*) and 1966 (*Last Sessions*) plus the ones mentioned above, can now begin.

I suspect that in future histories of the period's music, Hope will be treated as a significant figure. In the meantime, his work deserves to be heard. Its impact, when received with ears sympathetically attuned to its special emotionalism and intellectuality, is immediate and satisfying. —berg

## EDDIE HARRIS

PLAYIN' WITH MYSELF—RCA AFL1-3402: *Playin' With Myself; Freedom Jazz Dance; Vexious Progressions; There Is No Time; Trane's In; Plain Old Rhythm; What; Intransit; I Heard That.*

Personnel: Harris, acoustic saxophone, electric saxophone (cut 2), reed trumpet (9), Yamaha electric grand piano (1), Steinway or Yamaha grand piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Back when *Airport* was hot box-office property and American political consciousness was nearing its peak, saxist Eddie Harris, unlike his beleaguered jazz peers, was riding another wave of popularity—for *Swiss Movement* (Atlantic), the Montreux set with Les McCann. However, his horn magic, which had first caught on with *Exodus* (on Vee Jay) and continued throughout the '60s with *Freedom Jazz Dance*, *Listen Here* and *Live Right Now* eventually dissipated in the '70s when he paraded abysmally faddish r&b-pop (or some silly hybrid) recordings before us like debased contestants on *The \$1.98 Beauty Show*. This Me decade music was no longer innovative, no longer important, and his outstandingly bad singing and tepid playing pointed to an artist confused by the times, someone frantically using gimmicks to latch onto a hit formula.

*Playin' With Myself*, a most welcome jazz respite from the aforementioned dreck, proves that Harris is still an immensely gifted musician, no matter that his new disc is



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*A little recognition can go a long way.*



clearly more atavistic than forward-looking. Now he not only reaches into his old funk bag but draws heavily from John Coltrane's musical alchemy as well: here he harks back to 1960-'65 era Trane for his respectful acknowledgement of the past master. Importantly, these Harris originals are personal interpretations of Coltrane's musical-spiritual messages, obeisances to a tradition, and they never drift into mimicry.

*Playin' With Myself* is the forum for tenor saxophone and overdubbed keyboards and *Vexious Progressions* finds Harris literally prodding himself on as relentless piano exclamations coax the sax out on a melodic limb before somehow working back to terra firma. The momentum on *Trane's In*, by virtue of the piano's steady pulse, builds as he takes off on upper-register legato flights: the song structure threatens to topple but does not, as the ivories jostle the horn to a stand-off. The ballad *Intransit* and the lengthy (10:20) *What* also showcase Harris' winning combination of melodic liberties and rhythmic playfulness.

The less cerebral numbers are equally gratifying. The title cut captures the exuberance of his early Atlantic successes and steams along like the fire beneath him has been lit anew. Similarly, *Freedom Jazz Dance*, complete with ol' electric sax, is imbued with the same impetuosity that made the original so much fun.

Eddie Harris' improvising skills are again at the forefront, thanks in part to his liberal use of modes, and *Playin' With Myself* makes for an enjoyable homecoming. But what's on the agenda, Eddie? More commercial dross, or something else as valuable as this exemplary pure-jazz offering? —hadley

## COLEMAN HAWKINS

MEETS THE BIG SAX SECTION—Savoy SJL 1123: *Ooga Dooga*; *I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face*; *Thanks For The Misery*; *An Evening At Papa Joe's*; *Nothing Like A Dame*; *Thanks For The Misery*.

Personnel: Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, Coleman Hawkins, saxes; Nat Pierce, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is one of the forgotten gems of jazz, no doubt because it was almost completely ignored even when it came out in 1958 on World Wide Records, a division of Savoy that produced early stereo discs. In it Coleman Hawkins is placed in the loving embrace of what was then the reed section of the Count Basie band. In a period when recorded jazz was mostly short order blowing sessions, this date stood out as a delightful middle ground between the lock step discipline of the full scale orchestra and the casual inconsequentiality that often was obvious on so many instant LPs on Prestige, Blue Note and Verve.

The saxes certainly don't get in Hawk's way. Instead, they manage to provide a prodding, pulsating boot behind him on such an unusual piece as *Nothing Like A Dame* from *South Pacific*, which is played here in an astoundingly lilting concept. Hawk addresses himself rather tentatively to the number at first but soon finds a groove as the reeds sing behind him. He swallows another show tune, *Grown Accustomed*, with even greater ease. Hawk never became trapped in a melody because it was the harmony that he played to, not the tune. *Misery* is a slow blues which Hawk has to himself, after trading bars with the section. A second similar take not on the

original LP is also included, differing only in detail; Hawk is in fine form all the way. *Ooga Dooga* is a jaunty original blues with rocking playing by sidemen Royal, Foster and Wess. Nat Pierce and Fred Green keep a smooth Basie feel in the rhythm section throughout. It's a solid, swinging LP. Not inspired, but still first class.

—mcdonough

## BLUE MONTREUX I and II

BLUE MONTREUX—Arista AB 4224: *Blue Montreux*; *Rocks*; *I'm Sorry*; *Magic Carpet*; *Buds*; *Floating*; *The Virgin And The Gypsy*.

Personnel: Michael Brecker, saxophone; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Fender Rhodes, synthesizer; Mike Mainieri, vibes, percussion, synthvibe; Oberheim synthesizer; Steve Khan, guitar; Larry Coryell, guitar (cut 2); Tony Levin, bass, stick bass; Steve Jordan, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

BLUE MONTREUX II—Arista AB 4245: *A Funky Waltz*; *Candles*; *Uptown Ed*; *Love Play*; *Cloud Motion*.

Personnel: Michael Brecker, tenor and soprano saxophones; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Mini-Moog, synthesizers; Mike Mainieri, vibes, percussion, synthvibe; Steve Khan, electric guitar; Larry Coryell, electric guitar (cut 1); Tony Levin, electric bass, stick bass; Eddie Gomez, acoustic bass (3); Steve Jordan, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Four Arista artists banded together for 1978's Montreux Jazz Festival—the Brecker Brothers and another familiar duo, Warren Bernhardt and Mike Mainieri. These all-star label outings have traditionally turned out either garish publicity stunts where everybody comes to blow his own horn, or homogenized p.r. come-ons where the charts are so innocuous as to invite jazz disdain. With the profuse crossover credentials linked to the participants here, we might fear the latter.

Surprisingly, the Blue Montreux bunch is tight, together and sometimes tremendous. Certainly this is often music with a broad-based appeal, partially aimed at the big-name readers and jazz-rock initiates. But the Breckers put in a wide open appearance, the rhythm section is well oiled, and guest artists like Larry Coryell, Steve Khan and Eddie Gomez make valued contributions without distracting from the music.

The original *Blue Montreux* album, available for more than a year now, gets into a fusion thing right away. *Blue Montreux* and *Rocks* pack plenty of wallop, the former featuring nice horn treatment of the head and a fine trumpet solo, the latter boasting sax and Coryell guitar heroics that draw excited cheers from the crowd. Steve Khan's *Magic Carpet* flies even higher on side two, soaring on electric energy and an ominous rock pace. These cuts are partially balanced by *I'm Sorry*, a slow soul torcher for vibes and tenor, somewhat typical in content but passionately done, and the drizzly finale. *Buds* and *Floating* have their moments but are generally less interesting. Although the album sounds a bit commercial at first listening, it reveals deeper merit with time.

The second Montreux collection is no mere assemblage of outtakes and is in some ways a stronger performance than the first. Mike Brecker's speedy bop joy ride with Eddie Gomez on *Uptown Ed* will put to rest any doubts about Brecker's ability to play straight jazz. Mike's soprano work on *Candles* is pretty fine, too; it's a fine tune that displays the group's cohesiveness. Coryell and Randy Brecker reunite for Alphonse Mouzon's sizzling *Funky Waltz*, which they played on their first disc as the Eleventh House, and the crowd responds wildly. The album strug-

gles to maintain this momentum on side two, but finishes pretty strong with trumpet and bluesy heads on *Cloud Motion*.

Both albums are commercial enough to entertain the masses and educate them a bit, too. But *Blue Montreux II* goes that half-step further to create an artistic atmosphere where individual talents combine to take good music just a little bit higher. —henschen

## GARY PEACOCK

DECEMBER POEMS—ECM-1-1119: *Snow Dance*; *Winterlude*; *A Northern Tale*; *December/Greenwings*; *Flower Crystals*; *Celebrations*.

Personnel: Peacock, bass; Jan Garbarek, saxophones (cuts 2, 4).

★ ★ ★ ★

The reemergence of the unique voicings and intricate logic of bassist Gary Peacock has been one of the undeniable pleasures of the last few years. Peacock has served as the foundation stone for such diverse musical sensibilities as Albert Ayler and Paul Bley, and here he displays a full measure not only of his instrumental virtuosity but his compositional prowess as well.

*December Poems* was recorded at the same Oslo studio as Dave Holland's ECM solo bass album *Emerald Tears*, thus obtaining the same rich, velvety, full bodied reproduction of tone. Moreover, both bassists share a penchant for rhapsodic continuity and elaborate thematic investigations, though where Holland is prone to pull out all the stops and exhibit his frighteningly formidable technique, Peacock tends to retreat into his compositional framework, exploring its curves and emotional feel. As a result, Peacock the composer makes effective use of such devices as refrains, ostinatos and occasional overdubbing in order to dramatically juxtapose thematic events, colors and textures. And just when the tonal sameness of the bass (even in such colorful hands as Peacock's) begins to wear on the listener, he adds the striking, steely glint of Jan Garbarek's horns to enlighten the proceedings.

Among the highlights of this album are the double-tracked basses intoning a Spanish chordal motif on *Snow Dance* (with bows to Charlie Haden's utilization of this same sort of material?), and the sparse yet electric tension generated between soprano saxophone and bass on *Winterlude*. Here Garbarek's pinched, nasal inflections float icily, alluringly above the skeletal harmonic framework as set down by Peacock, and the saxophonist's salty bending and wailing of pitches contrasts nicely with the bassist's lucid insouciance. The latter's subsequent solo is full of a stuttering, abbreviated articulation which suggests myriad counter-melodies without actually stating them.

Garbarek's tenor is heard to somewhat lesser advantage on *Greenwings*, but is followed by a Peacock passage which begins with short, simple motifs then ornaments them progressively until they blossom into a garland of marvels. *Flower Crystals* backs the bass' balladic airs with an unannounced piano whose tone is somewhat modified to produce a nearly harpsichordish sound, spare and ethereal. And finally, *Celebrations*, the longest cut, clocking in at over nine minutes, is Peacock, alone, but using a referential ostinato as a cornerstone on which he builds level upon level of variational arabesque. *Celebrations* is a jewel of a performance, and *December Poems* is a gem of an album. —lange



## CURTIS FULLER

**FIRE AND FILIGREE**—Beehive 7007: *Minor's Holiday; Ballade for Gabe Wells; Hello, Young Lovers; The Egyptian Two; Yesterdays; Blue Monk*.

Personnel: Fuller, trombone; Sal Nistico, tenor sax; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Sam Jones, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Beehive Records releases some of the best "leaderless" albums this side of Muse—and the 1950s. Even the liner notes to *Fire And Filigree* dub Curtis Fuller the "nominal leader" of a quintet including former partners Freddie Waits and Walter Bishop Jr.

At their best, the Beehive albums offer frequently inventive soloing and muscular, melodic unison passages. *Fire And Filigree*, however, falls a niche below the best.

There isn't consistent sharpness from this group with the ingredients for perfection: a crack rhythm section, a tenor man sounding better than ever and a subtle and swinging trombonist. Though the compositions touch modal, bop and ballad bases, no single tune seems to grip the band members at once. And neither Fuller nor Nistico, though they solo intricately, can match the spark of their rhythm section, which is unfortunate because, considered apart, their solos are more than credible.

Fuller's solos start with short spurts of melody and give way to runs characterized by articulation that never seems overly defined. Nistico, freer than in his former big band milieu, responds with slurred, reedy scalar breaks and even a few Eastern intonations on *Egyptian Two*.

With their soft colorations, Fuller and Nistico work best on *Blue Monk*. The classic gives Fuller's bluesy leanings a vehicle while its angular changes challenge his smooth touch. Nistico's repeating, rising figures recall an equally exacting, but lustier, Paul Desmond.

More often, though, Waits, Bishop and bassist Sam Jones are the transcendent players. Waits, pugnacious and precise, paces the entire album with his hi-hat and rapid-fires solos as intelligent as they are brief. Bishop builds from stark couplets through syncopated chords, and always has a worthy answer to the soloing horn.

Waits and Bishop surely endear themselves to front men for unerring support and rare trespassing. But without different charts or selections to forge a unit from the components of Fuller's quintet, *Fire And Filigree* needed them—or someone—to forget equal rights and take command. —freedman

## URSZULA DUDZIAK

**FUTURE TALK**—Inner City 1066: *Kasia's Dance; Moontag; Future Talk; Shenkansen; Chorale For One; Klick; Roxanna; Quiet Afternoon; By Myself; The Cats; Double Bounce*.

Personnel: Dudziak, vocals, percussion; Michal Urbaniak, electric violin, Lyricon (cuts 4, 6, 10); Zbigniew Namyslowski, alto sax, cello; John Abercrombie, acoustic guitar; Calvin Brown, electric guitar; Kenny Kirkland, keyboards; Marcus Miller, bass; Buddy Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

A few years back Urszula Dudziak told Leonard Feather that boredom was anathema to music, "the worst thing that can happen." *Future Talk*, her second feature recording and the first for award-winning Inner City, is never tedious, but neither is it especially exciting.

Of the album's ten tracks (excluding *Klick*,

the 48 second voice-cum-Lyricon throwaway), four are solo spots for Dudziak's inimitable vocals, which still oscillate between Yma Sumac soprano cries and throaty Billy Eckstine bass lamentations. It's all rather remarkable, this artistic scat for the '80s ('90s?), but the wild improvisations tend to irritate after several listenings, like repeated plays of, er, those humpback whale "songs". *Chorale For One*, amazingly free of any overdubbing as are all vocals, solo parts and duets on the record, is the exception: starting with a lazy child's taunt the piece moves on to an eerie vocal drone—mood music to accompany one's reading of Poe by flashlight in a darkened cemetery—before rude interruptions by Dudziak as galactic typewriter. Here technique accents emotional depth, something the others lack.

The songs with the group are also a mixed blessing. *Kasia's Dance* has a riveting motif, yet there is little development within the Urbaniak composition and this electric simulation of Slavic foot stamping and fancy dancing goes nowhere. *Moontag*, a pretty number, has Dudziak using the sort of

honeyed vocal sweeping found on Flora Purim's middle-of-the-road essays. There's more of a bite to *Shenkansen* as she duels drummer Williams and they both emerge triumphant.

An old Muhammad Ali line serves as a suitable description of Dudziak's extraordinary voice when the material matches her talents and she does more than drift along with the band: "(she) floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee." Accordingly, Urbaniak's *Roxanna* cuts most fusion efforts to ribbons: her grand syllabizing on this animated 2/4 outing defines *excitement* as her violinist husband, Miller and Namyslowski add finely honed solos. *The Cats* isn't the *tour de force Roxanna* is, but this blending of folk, jazz and rock produces a lively horizontal movement that is stunning in its own right.

*Future Talk* is a modest success, and its best moments are supreme, as fine as the best spots on the Urbaniak fusion releases and her work with Adam Makowicz. Better an imperfect set from a consummate artist than a perfect date from a fusion megabucks seeker. —hadley

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## OSCAR PETERSON

ORIGINAL SCORE FROM "THE SILENT PARTNER"—Pablo Today 2312-103: *Theme For Celine*; *The Happy Hour*; *Party Time U.S.A.*; *First Reprise On Theme For Celine*; *Elliott (The Silent Partner)*; *Theme For Susannah*; *Blues For Chris (The Fox)*; *Second Reprise On Theme For Celine*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto sax; Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Milt Jackson, vibes; John Heard, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Most jazz collectors would probably pass this one by in the bins, for unless careful attention is directed to the small print on the back of the jacket, the record would look just like any other movie score album. Fortunately, though, for lovers of quality mainstream jazz, it is not that at all. What it is, quite simply, is one more of Pablo's estimable meetings of like-minded swingers, the main difference here being that the material is all Peterson's, and from what I've been told, the same as that on the soundtrack of the film.

There is a total lack of pretension in the music, with the results being easily comparable to any of many other latter day Granz sessions. All of the players are in typically good form, but it is Zoot who speaks the most to me, and especially so on *Second Reprise*, where his flawless tonal control elicits hidden depths from the already lovely Peterson theme. Two of the numbers, *The Happy Hour* and *Elliott*, are Latinized ballads, but these unnecessary concessions are largely offset by a preponderance of joyful sounds elsewhere. And among the most festive of these sounds is the old-timey, good timey *Theme For Susannah*, a swinger most notable for Terry's apt impersonation of Cootie Williams. While *Party Time U.S.A.* is a multi-metrical heated blues, the deceptively titled *Blues For Chris* is a brightly tempoed theme fleetingly reminiscent of the ancient pop, *Mary Lou*. —sohner

## DUKE ELLINGTON

UP IN DUKE'S WORKSHOP—Pablo 2310-815: *Blam*; *Goof*; *Dick*; *Love Is Just Around The Corner*; *Bateau*; *Wanderlust*; *Neo-Creole*; *Black Butterfly*; *Mendoza*.

Personnel: Cootie Williams, Willie Cook, Money Johnson, Eddie Preston, Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Fred Stone, Al Rubin, John Coles, trumpets; Benny Green, Benny Powell, Tyree Glenn, Buster Cooper, Lawrence Brown, Gluck Connors, Booty Wood, Julian Priester, Malcom Taylor, Vince Predente, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Norris Turney, Harold Minerve, Paul Gonsalves, Harold Ashby, Harry Carney, saxes; Ellington, piano; Paul Kondziela, Victor Gaskin, Joe Benjamin, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Wild Bill Davis, organ.

★ ★ ★

UNKNOWN SESSION—Columbia 35342: *Everything But You*; *Black Beauty*; *All Too Soon*; *Something To Live For*; *Mood Indigo*; *Creole Blues*; *Don't You Know I Care*; *A Flower Is A Lovesome Thing*; *Mighty Like The Blues*; *Tough I Shall Sleep*; *Dual Highway*; *Blues*.

Personnel: Ray Nance, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, reeds; Aaron Bell, bass; Ellington, piano; Sam Woodyard, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Duke's *Workshop* may not be the pick of the litter, but these odds and ends from the last five years of Duke Ellington's career are welcome nonetheless. Even in decline, Ellington could still summon up from his depleted ranks one of the most identifiable ensemble sounds ever struck by an orchestra. *Blam* is a simple middle tempo chart built around trombones and reeds principally, that allows plenty of room for solos. Turney evokes Johnny Hodges beautifully, and Gonsalves' 48 □ down beat

slurping phrases are delicious. *Goof*, which Stanley Dance passes over in his notes, sounds like less than the full band (ignore the personnel listings; they are largely confused) most of the time. In any case, Ellington himself is the soloist, playing in his best hunt and peck style. *Corner*, a non-Ellington tune and chart, lopes along rather stiffly until Cootie Williams blasts through with a solo of long, dense, impassioned notes. *Bateau* contains many suggestions of *Mt. Harissa* from the *Far East Suite*, mainly due to Jones' crashing drum work.

*Wanderlust*, from Duke's 1938 small group repertoire, is a standout with Cootie back again and Harold Ashby's tapered tenor as foil. *Black Butterfly* works very well as a vehicle for Turney's intimate alto and clarinet. *Mendoza* is another Latin-tinged piece which Rufus Jones once again dominates a bit too much. Wild Bill Davis' organ is another unwelcome intruder. All in all, a nice album, but not a package for the uninitiated Ellington listener to cut his or her teeth on. Lots of potatoes, but not much meat.

Far superior is the *Unknown Session* from Columbia—a lovely lean reworking of some not overly familiar Ellington tunes from various periods. The one warhorse is *Mood Indigo*, which is adequately fluffed up by the peach fuzz softness of Lawrence Brown, who had just returned to the band. This perhaps explains his high profile on side one, where he is also on display in a superb excerpt from *Creole Rhapsody* which carries a feeling similar to two other Ellington classics—*Come Sunday* and *Lotus Blossom*.

The more likely reason for Brown's visibility is the fact that this is not a full band session but an executive committee meeting of the elite, all of whom are happily in the spotlight. Hodges and Carney make up an amazingly full bodied reed section on *Everything* and give Nance and Brown warm support on a gorgeous *Black Beauty*. Carney's solo spots (particularly on *Flower*) are best when they let loose with the big thick shag sound and don't try to whisper. Hodges drifts through a couple of beautiful ballads like a bubble of bewitching gas before climaxing the session with an extraordinary *Dual Highway*, perhaps his best blues playing in collaboration with Duke since *Weary Blues* on the Verve *Black To Back* LP. This is, in short, first rate small group Ellington from a time when he still had it all securely together.

—mcdonough

## DEWEY REDMAN

MUSICS—Galaxy GXY 5118: *Need To Be*; *(The) Virgin Strike (March)*; *Alone Again (Naturally)*; *Unknown Tongue*; *One Beautiful Day*; *Daystar Nightlight*.

Personnel: Redman, tenor saxophone, musette, harp, vocal; Fred Simmons, piano, cowbell; Mark Helias, bass; Eddie Moore, drums, saw, percussion, vocal.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not surprising that after stints with such diverse musical sensibilities as Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett, not to mention extensive experience with California's and New York's best among both the front and rear guard, Dewey Redman has forged an esthetic which comfortably encompasses all the stances between funk and frenzy. Redman's music is never "free"—a great deal of thought, arranging, and rehearsal goes in before the sounds come out—though he leaves much space for spontaneity and in-

spired interaction with his cohorts.

On two vastly underrated albums for Impulse (*The Ear Of The Behearer* and *Coincidence*) Redman presented an astonishing variety of instrumental colors, textures and moods, utilizing various combinations of cello, alto saxophone, clarinet, zither, violin, trumpet and musette. Though on *Musics* he has sacrificed much of this expansive palette (only his musette appears of the instruments named above), he has gained a measure of warmth and lyrical understatement, especially evident on his sentimental but uncloying version of *Alone Again (Naturally)*. The balance of the album's first side remains in a mainstream mood, featuring Redman's Rollins-tinged tenor dancing over *Need To Be*'s bossa nova changes, and the quirky *Virgin Strike (March)*, which begins with an out-of-step parade rhythm and slides into a boppish bridge and subsequent solo of *Giant Steps* vintage.

Side two finds the quartet striking a more adventurous vein. *One Beautiful Day* is totally dependent on the juxtaposition of novel timbres (some zither-like harp work from Redman, Helias' arco bass drone, and Moore on bowed saw) and creates some fascinating, floating, dream-like sonorities. Similarly, *Unknown Tongue* provides provocative and refreshing musical images, as Redman's musette (mournful and melismatic at first, then salty and serpentine) summons up pictures of the mosques of Morocco and the Nile region while percussionist Moore's addition of a wooden African xylophone suggests landscapes further south on the African continent. Moreover, their vocal call-and-response dialogue in an unknown tongue carries scat singing to a new, exotic, expressive plane. *Daystar Nightlight*, meanwhile, is a more conventional soothing statement of balladic proportions which accelerates in intensity in its center section, with pianist Simmons articulating Tyneresque waterfall arpeggios behind Redman's Traneish reverie.

Though not the most viscerally exciting of Redman's recordings, *Musics* is a solid, satisfying tour through Dewey Redman's musical landscape—aided masterfully by Simmons' tasteful piano arabesques, bassist Helias' heroic solidity and tone, and Moore's unobtrusive, propulsive drumming—and well worth the trip. —lange

## J. J. CALE

5—Shelter SR-3163: *Thirteen Days*; *Boilin' Pot*; *I'll Make Love To You Anytime*; *Don't Cry Sister*; *Too Much For Me*; *Sensitive Kind*; *Friday*; *Lou-Easy-Ann*; *Let's Go To Tahiti*; *Katy Kool Lady*; *Fate Of A Fool*; *Mona*.

Personnel: Cale, guitar, bass, vocals; Christine Lakeland, vocals, piano, organ, guitar, percussion; Billy Cox, Carl Radle, Nick Rafter, bass; Karl Himmel, Ken Buttrey, Buddy Harmon, drums; Jimmy Karstein, drums, congas; David Briggs, Larry Bell, piano; Bill Boatman, guitar; Farrell Morris, vibes; Bill Kenner, mandolin; Shelly Kurland, Carl Gorodetzky, Roy Christensen, Marv Chantry, strings (arranged by Cam Mullins); George Tidwell, Don Sheffield, Dennis Goode, Terry Williams, horns.

★ ★ ★ ½

J. J. Cale may not be familiar to many down beat readers; in the rock world he's at best a cult figure, covered occasionally by Eric Clapton, and influencing bands such as Dire Straits. But Cale's music deserves more attention, for he's perfected a laid back style which uniquely blends elements of jazz, blues and country-western.

As a guitarist Cale has a lazy, single string



concept with a harmonic blend of pedal steel and Albert King. He bends and slurs the notes with a soft, melodic touch and mellow tone, phrasing in a subtly rhythmic fashion that highlights stark, suspenseful intervals of silence. Though not as diverse as players like Ry Cooder or Amos Garrett, Cale is comparable to them as a tasteful synthesizer of funky American ideas.

For the most part J. J. records his own songs. Like the blues of Jimmy Reed they're deceptively simple, in terms of tune and structure. But Cale's soft-to-whispered vocals, uncluttered arrangements, and penchant for minor changes combine to create an almost hypnotic effect. Mix the hip understatement of Mose Allison with the mystery and poignancy of Hank Williams, and you have some idea of his approach.

5 continues Cale's basic formula, succeeding for the most part. *13 Days* has a rolling tempo and wry lyrics about life on the road. Christine Lakeland's multi-tracked vocal choir is an especially apt touch. *Sensitive Kind* features a beautiful, bluesy arrangement of horns and strings that's lush yet low key. *Friday* holds the same single chord for five entrancing minutes, while *Katy Kool Lady* is a sparkling country reggae romp. J. J. sounds sinister on *Fate Of A Fool* and plays the blues on *Lou-Easy-Ann*. These last two, along with the jazzy *Too Much For Me*, are this album's best showcases for his spare, fluid guitar work. Check out *Magnolia* on the 1971 LP *Naturally* (Shelter) for the ultimate Cale solo.

A few dull cuts keep 5 from rating with J. J.'s best sets. At times his lyrics are so simplistic, as on *I'll Make Love To You Anytime*, that he seems to be putting every one on. But the balance of the album is a real pleasure, and it's time this artist got wider recognition. If you're not hung up on dazzling sophistication, Cale may sound very good. —sandmel

## NICK BRIGNOLA

**NEW YORK BOUND**—Interplay IP-7719: *Tears Inside; Sophisticated Lady; In Your Own Sweet Way; Jitterbug Waltz; After You've Gone*.

Personnel: Brignola, alto, soprano, baritone saxes, clarinet, flute; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Sam Jones, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

One of the chief justifications for multi-doubling among saxophonists is the obvious advantage such versatility would normally represent in the commercial world. Certainly, no one would reasonably expect it of a jazzman, whose sole esthetic concern, presumably, is the expression of his feelings and/or musical ideas. For that purpose, a single instrument of the player's choice has always proven most acceptable. The greatest improvisers in jazz were men whose primary vision was so all-consuming, and the development of it so demanding, that there was simply no time or reason for them to master other means of expression. The perfection of their chosen voice was in itself a lifetime's work.

Nick Brignola's presently demonstrated ease with five of his fourteen displayed instruments does not controvert that truism. A quickly rising baritone whose tonal approach places him in the Carney/Chaloff/Adams camp, Brignola also exhibits an admirable fluency on his other featured horns—alto, soprano, clarinet and flute. But, in the main, his conception of improvisation remains essentially the same. He is a driving player deeply rooted in the Parker tradition,

and this intensity characterizes his work regardless of the instrument in his hands at any given moment.

Whether purposeful or not, his enthusiastic delivery on alto is reminiscent of Sonny Criss and implies a synthesis of bedrock Parker and a JATP Willie Smith. This horn is featured on *Tears Inside*, a funky, medium blues, and *After You've Gone*, the flagwaving finale. Halfway through the latter, Brignola switches to clarinet for a series of technically commendable ride-out choruses, but fails at any point to reveal the individual behind the fingers. Though virtually flawless in their execution, his interminable runs ultimately speak of little more than years of conscientious practice. By contrast, he gets a warmer sound on flute (heard on *In Your Own Sweet Way*), but perhaps because of the similarity in fingering, his patterns resemble those he plays on sax. His well-intoned soprano is showcased on the contemporized *Jitterbug Waltz*, but rave notices must be reserved for his exemplary work on *Sophisticated Lady*. Dedicated to Harry Carney, this challenging frame sets off some of the most sincere baritone playing in recent memory, and, far more than his dutiful accomplishments elsewhere, suggests that here, on the instrument with which he is most closely identified, can be found the true Nick Brignola, jazzman.

—sohmer

## DOLLAR BRAND

**ODE TO DUKE ELLINGTON**—Inner City 6049: *Impressions On A Caravan; Solitude; Ode To Duke; In A Sentimental Mood; What Really Happened In The Cornfield Is That The Birds Made Music All The Day And So I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart; Two Spirituals (From Africa: Sadava; From America: Come Sunday); Rose Got It Bad In Harlem (A Single Petal Of A Rose); I Got It Bad; Drop Me Off In Harlem*.

Personnel: Brand, piano, voice, tympani (cut 3).

★ ★ ★ ½

**BLACK LIGHTNING**—Chiaroscuro CR 2005: *Black Lightning; Little Boy; Black & Brown Cherries; Blue Monk*.

Personnel: Brand, acoustic piano (cuts 1, 2, 4), electric piano (3); Basil Manenber, tenor sax, flute; Kippie Moketsi, alto sax (1, 2, 4); Duku Makasi, tenor sax (1, 2, 4); Siphon Gumedde, bass (1, 2, 4); Gilbert Moses, bass (3); Gilbert Mathews, drums (1, 2, 4); Monty Weber, drums (3).

★ ★

It's not surprising that South African pianist/composer Dollar Brand (who is now also using the name Abdullah Ibrahim) should record a tribute to Ellington; for apart from the interest and expansive scope of Ellington's music, it was Ellington who first brought Brand to the attention of American audiences.

*Ode To Duke Ellington*, Brand's version of the Ellington songbook, was recorded in Germany six years ago; now distributed by Inner City, its strength lies not only in its inclusion and interpolations of bits of neglected Ellingtonia (*At Duke's Place, Wig Wise, Drop Me Off In Harlem*) but also in Brand's freely associative linking of his own complementary compositions with Ellington's works. *Sadava*, the African hymn, merges with *Come Sunday*, and *What Really Happened*, a mosaic of Brand/Ellington themes, phrases and musical mannerisms, likewise swells into moving structural intricacy.

While Brand's facility as a rearranger/recomposer lacks neither taste nor imagination, his playing is at best musty, at worst uninspired. His tempos often plod, and for every sassy Ellingtonian quote there's half a dozen right-under-the-fingers Tatumesque

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arpeggios. Although on pieces like the pensive, introspective *Solitude* Brand's technical limitations nearly become virtues, he remains most effective as a keyboard architect and conceptualist, not a full-bodied keyboardist. Worse, more than once Brand lapses into banality. In *A Sentimental Mood* gets decorated with the most obvious tinkly embellishments, and the arcane *Single Petal* is treated as a Victorian etude in treble embroidery.

Deficiencies notwithstanding, there's music to listen to here: the infectiously bouncy *Drop Me Off*, the brittle, Eastern-tinged *Caravan*, and a rollicking *C Jam Blues*—such felicitous choices and Brand's fine structural sense almost make up for his sometimes pedestrian pianistic conception.

The second of these releases, *Black Lighting*, is not, alas, similarly redeemable. The best that can be said about a cut like the 14 minute title track is that the saxes are occasionally interestingly voiced, faintly, just faintly, reminiscent of Brand's electrifyingly chaotic *African Space Program*. But the tune's trite piano/bass pseudorock vamp and its extended blues lick soloing make one doubt whether lightning has struck once, let alone twice.

*Black And Brown Cherries*, a quartet piece, pulls out the crudest of the studio stops: thick reverb of the sax, electric piano, lead lines panned left to right, and a chugging jazz-rock underpinning—everything but viable content. *Little Boy*, built on a kind of *Hang On Sloopy* bass line, moves into Brand's characteristically infectious, ingenuous stance, and altoist Mokitshi gets off some liquid, dynamic statements.

The clue to these musicians' true predispositions comes on their solid reading of *Blue Monk*. Like fish tossed back into the water, the horn soloists revel in the luxury of Monk's straight ahead walking blues as Brand feeds them pointed fragments of Monk's archaic melody. But does one cut, packed with conviction, make an album? No—if anything it points backwards to Brand's earlier, more compelling efforts; and those seeking Brand at his best might well search out some earlier releases: *African Space Program*, *Ancient Africa* and *African Sketchbook*, to name only a few of Brand's best works.

—balleras

## BOB SZAJNER

TRIAD—RMS 10088: *Meeting Competition; Come Back Little Thyroid Gland; September Sunday; Black Monk; The Parson; At My Leisure; Five Flats Up; Side Street; No Bridge In Sight; Strange Change; V 576; That's Pretty; Sandbags On Rye; Flying Horace; What's The Matter; Ralph's Grave; Murphy's Law; Reminiscence; Blues In E Sharp; Extra Light; The Goose; 136.5; Mere Formality; 17 Mile Drive; Roger And Out; Anticipation; Apprehension; Royal Outhouse Blues.*

Personnel: Szajner, piano; Ray McKinney, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

\*\*\*

A three record artist produced set might suggest the avant garde, but pianist/composer Szajner's *Triad* is all swinging mainstream bop.

With excellent support from McKinney and Brooks (and what else could one expect from these two, even if they weren't familiar with the tunes before the recording session?) Szajner reveals himself as a fluent, swinging pianist with fine technique, though his attack is almost always quick and sharp, with little or no use of the expression pedal.

But, with his self-indulgence, Szajner

partly defeats his purpose in making his album. For although this set does get his music out there for people to hear—and it is worth hearing—as composer and improviser his work is not distinctive and varied enough to sustain interest for two hours. Each of the three records does have its own title—*Jazz Opus 20/40*, *Sound Ideas* and *Afterthoughts*—perhaps indicating each disc will be available separately, yet none has an identity of its own.

So while in small doses the music is fine, a two hour onslaught is tiring.

There's a strong, bluesy Bud Powell influence in Szajner's light, racing single note lines and the way he abruptly starts and ends solos. There's also an occasional nod to that funky Powell disciple Horace Silver in ballads such as *Side Street* and medium tempo tunes like *The Parson* and *Blues In E Sharp*. (And there's a bit of mellow *Misterioso* in *Black Monk*.)

But Szajner's melodic themes are brief and, lacking distinction, they grate rather than delight with their repetition. Further, Szajner's approach to each piece is boringly similar. In terms of mood and feel, most tunes are slightly bluesish and played at medium tempo. Even *Reminiscence* which begins as a warm, mellow ballad shifts into a medium tempo light blues. The lilting *Extra Light* and the slow dreamy *Side Street* are just about the only exceptions.

In addition to this similarity of mood and tempo of most of the 27 pieces, melodically and harmonically there's a sameness, and his solos all follow similar structural paths. The bass and drums (except for brief bass solos and drum breaks when Brooks trades fours with Szajner) provide support in an old fashioned bop trio way.

All this, again, is not to say that Szajner is bad. He's good in a pleasant way and I am sure he would be enjoyable to hear on the bottom half of a double bill, as a club's off-night pianist, or at an after-hours spot.

One record is nice, then. But the additional four sides do not provide anything new or different. Rather they underline Szajner's shortcomings. At presstime, *Jazz Opus 20/40* was issued on Seeds And Stems Records, Mirus Music, Cleveland, Ohio. —de muth

## HAMIET BLUIETT

S.O.S.—India Navigation IN 1039: *Sobre Una Nube/Na Likolol/On a Cloud.*

Personnel: Bluiett, baritone saxophone; Don Pullen, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Famoudou Don Moye, sun percussion.

\*\*\*

Recorded live in New York City in 1977 but only just released, this date captures an uncut, 38 minute set by the Hamiet Bluiett Quartet. The fact that it was recorded live allows each of the participants to stretch out, and adds a sense of immediacy and spontaneity—though, perhaps unavoidably, there are moments of tedium and overly enthusiastic excess which could have been edited out.

Pullen's piano opens the performance a cappella, alternating stride, atonal clusters, lush harmonies and a lazy rhapsodic tempo very much as Ellington might set the mood for a Ducal medley. Bluiett joins him at ballad tempo, and only with the entrance of Hopkins and Moye does the felicitous Latin vamp around which the music is built appear. Each musician extemporizes, either on the changes, as do Bluiett and Pullen, or suspending the chordal progression to present material of a contrasting nature. The per-

formance ends after an irritating episode of ensemble cacophony and a brief reprise of the theme.

Surprisingly enough, Bluiett is the weakest solo voice on this occasion. His outing is technically impressive, as he essays the entire length and breadth of his horn, but the extended upper register forays sound awkward and uncharacteristic of the baritone. Pullen's chameleonic keyboard is a constant delight, whether caressing the melodic line or castigating it with slashing glissandi and dissonant chord clusters. Hopkins shows how he has become one of the most flexible and expressive of bassists with his timbrally inventive solo, and Moye's is merely magical, built from delicate slivers of cymbal and chime to thunderous, dancing rolls reminiscent of the great Ed Blackwell. It's just too bad that the totality of this performance isn't greater than the sum of its parts.

—lange

## STAN GETZ

CHILDREN OF THE WORLD—Columbia IC 35992: *Don't Cry For Me Argentina; Children Of The World; Livin' It Up; Street Tattoo; Hopscotch; Rainy Afternoons; You, Me And The Spring; Summer Poem; The Dreamer; Around The Day In Eighty Worlds.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor sax; Mike Lang, Clark Spangler, Sonny Burke, synthesizers; Mike Melvoin, Rhodes piano; Dennis Budimir, Tim May, Paul Jackson, guitars; Abe Laboriel, Stanley Clarke, bass; Victor Jones, drums; Paulinho da Costa, Larry Bunker, Joe Porcaro, Steve Forman, Bob Zemmitti, percussion; Lalo Schifrin, piano, arranger; Kim Richmond, arranger on *Argentina*.

\*\*\* 1/2

STAN GETZ AND FRIENDS—Prestige P 24088: *Michelle* (3 takes); *T&S* (2); *Terry Tune* (2); *Cuddles; Speedway; Battleground* (2); *Four And One Moore; Five Brothers; Skull Buster; Ante Room; Pennies From Heaven; Pop! Deck; Marcia; Pinch Bottle; Earless Engineering; Be Still TV; Short P; Not LP; I've Got You Under My Skin* (2); *What's New; You Stepped Out Of A Dream; My Old Flame; The Lady In Red; Signal; Lee; Round Midnight; Motion.*

Personnel: Getz, Al Cohn, Allen Eager, Brew Moore, Zoot Sims, saxes; Shorty Rogers, trumpeter; Earl Swope, Kai Winding, trombone; Terry Gibbs, vibes; George Wallington, Walter Bishop, Al Haig, Tony Aless, Hall Overton, piano; Curley Russell, Gene Ramey, Tommy Potter, Percy Heath, Red Mitchell, bass; Jimmy Ramey, guitar; Shadow Wilson, Charlie Perry, Stan Levey, Roy Haynes, Don Lamond, Frank Isola, drums; Blossom Dearie, vocals (cuts 21, 22).

\*\*\*

Stan Getz drifts like a star in the wind in *Children Of The World*, a pleasant, pretty but otherwise rather insubstantial series of musical beds for a soloist's musings. All but one of the compositions are by Lalo Schifrin, and none are likely to be any threat to Gershwin or Sondheim. But Getz handles them all with kindness and compassion, which gives the album its superficially attractive sheen.

The arrangements (except one) are also by Schifrin. The ersatz strings provide a funky Mantovani underpinning for Getz, who seems about as at home in a pop-fusion context like this as in a real jazz group. But that's alright. The album is more or less what it sets out to be. Schifrin and Getz can be forgiven for the modest amount of electronic gimmickry and the rippling cadenzas of the Echoplex, which come boomeranging back to us like a page out of *Bitches Brew*. The real complaint, even within the album's own modest groundrules, is the lazy, slapdash quality of the writing, in which five of the numbers don't even get legitimate endings written for them. It's as if Schifrin heaps layers of percussion upon rich shimmering chords, builds it up to a point, becomes



suddenly bored with it all, and walks away. Fade outs are cop outs. Make no mistake about it.

The most intimate selection on the album is also the best, *Rainy Afternoons*. This is a glimpse of the eternal Getz, the cool sensualist. The most engaging track of the batch is almost certainly *Argentina*, the one non-Schiffrin composition on the program and one in which Getz gets off some sweeping playing. Kim Richmond's arrangement builds to a fine emotional high, but doesn't resolve. It simply evaporates. Still it's the most commercially viable cut of the LP.

Commercialism was much less of a concern to Getz during the period covered in the Prestige two record set—1949 to 1953. The white beboppers were at their height, and Getz was preeminent within their ranks. Yet this does not prevent Terry Gibbs from dominating most of side one with his lunging, trip-hammer runs. Earl Swope and Shorty Rogers are fuzzy and uninspired in supporting roles. Getz's translucency is rather like a melding of Lester Young and Lee Konitz. His sound has a see-through quality to it, but there is power and momentum to his rhythmic sense, more so than one finds in the other horns.

The five tenor line-up on the first half of side two is bright and airy in its simplicity. Eager, Cohn, Sims, Getz and Moore all read with conviction from the gospel according to Lester. Gerry Mulligan's writing swings from bar one on *Five Brothers*, and Al Cohn's chart on *Battleground* bears the stamp of the Second Herd. The remaining cuts are mostly quintets. Getz is drab and pasty on a Latin

flavored session that fills out the side, notwithstanding the presence of Al Haig and Jim Raney. *Ma-via*, from a 1949 session, rambles in vain searching for an emotional climax without much success.

The pace improves somewhat on the remaining cuts, which are mostly various small groups in which Getz is the only featured horn (save for four numbers he shares with Kai Winding). Guitarist Raney and vocalist Blossom Dearie offer a pair of bop vocals that are as dated in their way as the vo-do-de-o-do sound of the '20s. The collection really hits its stride with the quartet and quintet tracks of side four, although Getz' best work of the period is on an earlier Prestige set (24019) and Roulette (RE 119). This is a more valuable set for collectors than listeners. It gathers together a number of unissued and long dormant takes, and generally completes the Prestige Getz. But musically and artistically, it's a very irregular package. —mcdonough

## GEORGE THOROGOOD and the DESTROYERS

BETTER THAN THE REST—MCA 3091: *In The Night Time*; *I'm Ready*; *Goodbye Baby*; *Howlin' For My Darlin'*; *My Weakness*; *Nadine*; *My Way*; *You're Gonna Miss Me*; *Worried About My Baby*; *Huckle Up Baby*.

Personnel: Thorogood, lead and slide guitar, lead vocals; Michael Levine, bass; Jeff Simon, drums, background vocals.

\* \*

This is a 1974 woodshed session, released over Thorogood's objections. The legal situation is still unresolved, and it's obvious why

George didn't want these tapes issued—beyond mediocre two-track sound quality the music is halfbaked, showing him at a middle stage of development. Today Thorogood is hardly a virtuoso, and certainly not an innovator, but energy, showmanship, and sincerity explain his well deserved success. Five years ago, George was immersed in Chuck Berry, Hound Dog Taylor and Johnny Cash, practicing the licks and moves which now make up his electrifying stage act. When *Better Than The Rest* was recorded, he still had a long way to go.

Even as a greenhorn, though, Thorogood played with passion. Throughout the album he attacks solos aggressively, but then stays with the same few figures after exhausting a scant supply of chops. The slow blues and slide work are also full of feeling, but soon lapse into repetition. Shakiest of all is his singing, which comes up short on control and confidence; George has since turned his raspy voice into a cocky asset. With these limits in mind the best cuts are *I'm Ready*, *Goodbye Baby*, *My Way* and *You're Gonna Miss Me*. If the Destroyers didn't really destroy back in '74, at least they were learning how to cook. A key factor then as now is drummer Jeff Simon.

Everyone starts somewhere, and this demo session is nothing for the band to regret. It's instructive to observe a star at a formative period, but just mildly so in Thorogood's case, since his style and approach are largely unchanged. Thorogood's fans won't miss much by passing this one up, and out of respect for George that's exactly what they should do. —sandmel



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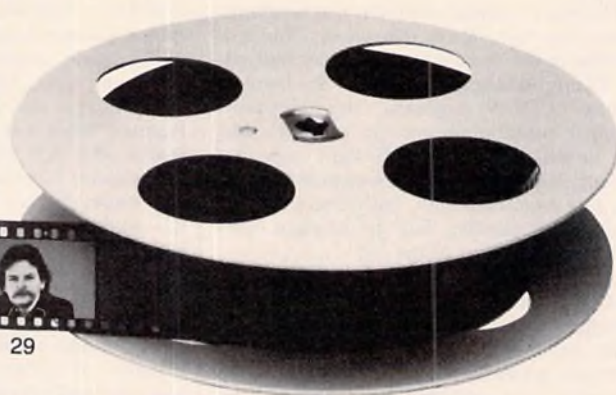
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# BLINDFOLD TEST

STEVE KAGAN



## RAN BLAKE

BY ART LANGE

"I direct my music to the community of people—a community which so often is uninterested in artists who reach out for new forms." Fitting that exploratory category himself, pianist/composer Ran Blake balances commitments to communicate (in his live and recorded performances) and to educate, through his role as chairman of the Third Stream department at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Born and raised in New England, he attended the Lenox School of Jazz and Bard College (where he was the only student to ever obtain a music degree with a jazz major), meanwhile studying privately with Oscar Peterson, Mary Lou Williams and Mal Waldron. In 1963 he teamed with singer Jeanne Lee for a successful European tour and an RCA recording (long out of print). Since then he has recorded only sporadically; his European Lps are on Owl and Horo; his most recent American releases include *Breakthru* (IAI), *Take I and Take II* (Golden Crest) and *Rapport* (Arista). His musical esthetic is wide ranging and difficult to pigeonhole—as might be expected, considering his acknowledged influences: "Charles Ives, Anton Webern, the Pentecostal Church, Thelonious Sphere Monk, Edgar Allan Poe, the Street, the Dream World, racism, and especially the exhaustion of long suppressed anger."

This is Blake's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information on records played.

**1. SUN RA.** *Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child* (from *Solo Piano Volume 1*, IAI). Sun Ra, piano.

I liked the pulse, the left hand, and also the breaks in rhythm—the rubato always freshened the rhythm when it came back, instead of the tyranny, the monotony of the rhythm. There was the feeling this person listened to Dollar Brand—heard some Africa in there. I want to compliment the pianist on the lack of right hand flash.

It's hard to get a sense of identity. Someone who'd have that sense of the entire history of the music would be Jaki Byard, and might do this. As the piece went on I heard a Cecil Taylor influence—I wish maybe more of that had been at the beginning. It was a little long—a good title for this might be *Motherless Child Theme And Variations*—I missed the arc, the curve, and where the climax was. Yet it was good the artist continued, since each variation offered a fascinating array of colors. I haven't the faintest idea who it is, but I'm very, very impressed.

**2. MARY LOU WILLIAMS.** *Concerto Alone At Montreux* (from *Solo Recital*, Pablo). Williams, piano.

Well, it's neither Monk nor Teddy Wilson. And an interesting last chord—a minor second with a major third on top. I was just about to very patly say this person has less of a knowledge of the history of jazz, which may or may not be true, but then I heard that very authentic blues sound like Mary Lou Williams has. The piece held so many fine things, but it suffered from a lack of composition, a melodic unity, though this person has a marvelous command. I say this sympathetically, because some people would say that I lack unity, or I don't want to keep a rhythm going for three 32 bar choruses.

This pianist has a lot of harmonic resources, and that blues lick came from authentic sources. It's a person who plays more piano than Sun Ra—maybe Herbie Hancock after he's left the Columbia studios at 2 a.m.? But I keep coming back to Mary Lou, though I think she'd frame things with a stronger beginning and end. I don't really know.

**3. CHARLES MINGUS.** *Body And Soul* (from *Mingus Plays Piano*, Impulse). Mingus, piano.

It really keeps screaming through me "Counterfeit, counterfeit!" It's someone who's heard the outer fringe of Art Tatum—am I going to play Dr. Freud? You see, here I don't hear the blues . . . I'm very disturbed by this. Technically, since there's nothing new or fresh, why isn't it rhythmically tight? And that last chord of the bridge, which was nice, but obviously rehearsed, since he played it each time—it was a very sensitive chord the first time.

The person can get around the piano. I envy speed when it's Bud Powell's; those patterns are so beautifully woven that you can't see the seams. But I don't think I love Tatum, so I don't love the source of this. Now, if you tell me it's Art, I'd be committing sacrilege, but I feel it's not and it's somebody wearing somebody else's raincoat.

AL: It's Charles Mingus.

RB: But where's the burning intensity, the Gospel Church . . .? I'm stunned. I don't remember him having that facility, for a bass player. But he's certainly one of the *least* counterfeit musicians; he and Monk and Roach . . . there are ten or 12 people that *make* the history.

**4. CECIL TAYLOR.** *Love For Sale* (from *In Transition*, Blue Note). Taylor, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Cole Porter, composer.

My full attention was on the piano—did the bass player stick to the changes? I don't think so. Anyway, I wish that Cecil Taylor had . . . I don't know how he learned the melody, did he get the sheet music or . . .? And he could write me an angry letter saying, "Yes, Ran, it's a melody I've been playing for 20 years and I love Cole Porter," but I didn't believe it. It's marvelous to hear brevity in a performance of Cecil's—and that jabbing, how wonderful it was, those left hand dissonances, so real. Very refreshing. And that anger. I want to applaud, toward the beginning, that first statement of the melody, those moments of space—and I'd like to hear more space. There were plateaus of climaxes; I'm glad the anger comes in.

Still, I feel he could have done more melodically with Porter's theme; of course, he's not Bill Evans and doesn't think in terms of 16th note melodies. He was a relatively young man then, and maybe he thought in that first chorus he was doing something new and being accessible. I think he's very rhythmically courageous, though one or two things in the right hand fell a little flat—sort of a tritone or the interval of a fourth. But the feeling in that left hand, and to do that against a relatively turgid rhythm section. He's grown so much rhythmically, and what the critics have called European, I hear as Pan-African. I don't think he was successful in exploring Cole Porter, but it's certainly Cecil, and remarkable.

**5. MORTON FELDMAN.** *Intersection 3 For Piano* (from *The Early Years, Odyssey*). David Tudor, piano; Feldman, composer.

I'm not going to hear any Ben Webster today? Well, if that's not Cecil, he's certainly easier to imitate than Monk. But the brevity . . . you know, I might say "Where's the curve?" But I tell my students: in a minute-and-a-half, ignore all rules. I'm thinking of Don Pullen, but I didn't hear the African intensity of Cecil. It could be Michael Smith, but . . . there was some sort of intensity, but . . . Could I hear it again?

[After second hearing] At first I tried to think who it was, but the second time I realized it's not somebody who records for Blue Note or ECM but it's a composed work. This person has stayed at one end of the needle—there's no blues in it. It was gorgeous, and I didn't think it was melodically gorgeous the first time, but the touches, those quiet notes, the sculpting. It sounds calculated. The harmonics and the density made me think of Cecil, not the rhythm. I'm sort of intrigued.

**6. STEVE NELSON-RANEY.** *Cell* (from *Some Piano Music*, Cody). Nelson-Raney, piano.

This wasn't written out, and it strikes me as being played by a person who sometimes plays more far-in. The hands adapt very well to speed and then silence, though the scalar passages weren't all that difficult. There are little rhythmic, melodic and harmonic references . . . the name that comes to mind is Muhal, but I don't really think so.

**7. MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS.** *1 and 4 plus 2 and 7* (from *Things To Come From Those Now Gone*, Delmark). Abrams, keyboards; Steve McCall, drums.

Do you remember Hitchcock's *Psycho*, where we got caught up with Janet Leigh and then suddenly the whole movie's point of view shifted? Well, I was all set for something by Paul Bley—the only other pianist the beginning reminded me of was Keith Jarrett, not really pentatonic, but actually I like a lot of those skips—and then I wasn't really prepared for that second half. Was that instrument an organ, or what? Actually, I began to get restless during the first half. It wasn't a rhapsodic history of jazz, he stuck to one area, but that gong, and I thought "What a lovely silence!" But the second half was far more attractive, and made me think of a black film noir.

I feel it's somebody of the younger generation. Could it be Chick? I have a feeling I'm going to be surprised at who it was, because I really enjoyed the second half. The mystery, the dissonance. When I couldn't hear individual notes at times it was cluttered, but how much less so than so many keyboard artists of the genre. I still have that detached feeling—I didn't cry like I do with Monk or Mingus the bassist/composer. Yet it was very good. I feel out of my element in terms of electronic technique.

**8. KEITH JARRETT.** *Overture/Communion* (from *Ruta And Daitya*, ECM). Jarrett, electric piano, Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Beautiful, sensitive percussionist. I liked that last note and a half, I was getting with it. That keyboard is a grotesque sounding instrument though. I don't keep up with Herbie, though I like *Headhunters* better than his duets with Chick. It's more real Herbie. So I can say very little about fusion—I don't get raw, primitive James Brown, Memphis, Al Green and that marvelous drummer with Otis, Al Jackson, out of it. Here I got bored in the middle and suddenly began to get in the groove. I wanted to like it for what it was, rather well done, but it's a genre that doesn't speak to me in a profound way.



# PROFILE



COLLIS DAVIS/SHARDA

## JAMES NEWTON

BY CLIFFORD JAY SAFANE

Although the flute has been played by many superior musicians such as Buddy Collette, Frank Wess, James Moody, Yusef Lateef, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Eric Dolphy, the instrument has usually been relegated to a second or third horn doubling status. Things may change through the determined efforts of artists like James Newton, a gifted 26 year old Californian.

Newton is at home discussing whatever is on his mind as he is on the bandstand. A man of compelling warmth and dignity, he speaks reverently about music, musicians that he admires, and his major sources of inspiration.

"Frank Wess and Eric Dolphy were extremely important in my development as a flutist as well as in jazz in general. Wess developed a beautiful, lyrical approach that made a lasting impression on me.

"As for Dolphy, I was struck by his sound right away, but as my musical knowledge developed, I came to admire the wholeness of his conception. He functioned on very high technical, compositional, and theoretical levels. There were also strong emotional and spiritual qualities in his music that touched me an awful lot, especially in *You Don't Know What Love Is* [from *Last Date*, Trip TLP-5506] and *Ode To Charlie Parker* [from *Iron Man*, Douglas Records, ADLP 6002].

"*Love* really pointed the door to the future on the flute. It laid down a number of variables and areas for me to explore, just like Coleman Hawkins' *Body And Soul* did for saxophone players."

Newton's music career did not begin with the flute. In high school he took up the

electric bass, playing in various rock and rhythm and blues bands. Later, he became proficient on the alto saxophone and bass clarinet.

Just before he entered his senior year Newton heard a flutist playing some incidental music for Arthur Miller's play *Death Of A Salesman*. "The acting and the music meshed so well and touched me so much that I immediately wanted to learn the instrument," Newton recalls. Although he continued playing the saxophone and bass clarinet to make his college pocket money, the flute increasingly dominated his attentions.

"The more serious I got with the flute, the more I realized that it would take me more time to get to an adequate level. I was getting better on the sax, but I wasn't really enjoying myself. It just wasn't my voice.

"Finally, two and a half years ago, I put the saxes in the closet and gave the bass clarinet away to a friend, and said 'that's it.' And to this day, I don't miss them at all."

Like many of his contemporaries, Newton is intimately acquainted with different types of music from around the world. From his early association with rock—Jimi Hendrix was the flutist's original musical source of inspiration—he gradually assimilated jazz, European classical music, shakuhachi, and several kinds of folk music. *Toru*, (from Newton's solo album *From Inside*, BvHaast 019), for example, draws from these sources while still projecting Newton's own aesthetic conception. And the Japanese koto is featured on *Binu* (Circle RK 21877/11) by the Newton Trio and Quartet.

"I remember listening to my grandmother and aunt singing Baptist hymns and teaching me spirituals. These experiences had a very strong effect on my development because they taught me at an early age the spiritual power that music has.

"As I matured, I came to recognize certain spiritual things in life—like music, and how

people—especially blacks—survive pressure. Religion was one of the strongest forces to cope with the pressure of prejudice.

"When I was in the tenth grade, I went down South. I couldn't believe the situation even though I had previously heard about how things were. I became so enraged. I had never thought of myself as being militant before that point, but the things I saw gave me so much pain without an outlet that I had to sit back, try to put myself in these people's situation, and see how they dealt with it. I found out that many coped with the pain through religion. Then I realized the spiritual power of gospel music for these people. Singing in church got them into another realm altogether.

"By listening carefully, I eventually saw this quality in other musics as well as in specific performers and composers. People like John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Olivier Messaien and Mahalia Jackson were able to get into that realm, which is what music is all about to me."

Color is another focal point of Newton's music. The instrumentation of a composition (the duet and quartet versions of *Monk's Notice on Solomon's Sons*, Circle Records RK-16177/5, and *Paseo Del Mar*, India Navigation, IN 1037, respectively, make for a stimulating comparison) as well as how Newton attacks, shades, and projects notes and phrases lends his work a compelling urgency. In addition, the flutist's large, forceful sound adds to his music's effectiveness. In his duets with David Murray, documented on *Solomon's Sons*, Newton adjusts to the difference in volume between his partner's saxophone and his own flute until both instruments function as equals. Newton also duets with Sam Rivers on *Flutes!* (Circle RK 7677/7.)

One of Newton's most important techniques is his simultaneous use of voice and flute. While the instrumentalist readily points out that former Duke Ellington band members Bubber Miley, Tricky Sam Nanton, and Cootie Williams, as well as Rahsaan Roland Kirk and several contemporary European classical musicians have previously employed vocal growls, humming, and multiphonics, Newton is able to produce these sounds more clearly by using special fingerings. "I've developed it to the point where I can sing a melody, hold it, and then improvise on it while I'm singing the melody.

"I think very much in a contrapuntal sense, using both voice and flute. I have a piece called *Choir* that deals in four voices of holding a tone, singing a tone, and the different tones between the two. This is such a new field that classical flute players in Europe are always coming to hear me play, and then asking how I get these sounds."

Currently, Newton has a productive association with pianist Anthony Davis, both in playing duets (*Crystal Texts*, Moers Music 01048) and co-leading a quartet (*Hidden Voices*, India Navigation IN 1041). The groups' range and flexibility give credence to the instrumentalist's belief that this is the best band that he's been associated with. There are chord changes and 4/4 swing elements, which Newton still considers an important part of his creative life, and also more abstract and freer elements.

Both Newton and Davis complement one another's artistry. Although each has his own aesthetic viewpoint, they share and draw from similar points of reference, most nota-



bly Duke Ellington (who Newton calls "a master of colors that are as overwhelming as the earth itself"), Thelonious Monk ("one of the most important people for developing what is known today as *avant garde*"), and Charles Mingus ("one of my first and foremost influences"). Like these three musicians, the flutist and pianist are not afraid to draw on their heritage in a fresh manner.

Because of his musical commitments, Newton now resides both in New York, his major music center, and Los Angeles, where his wife and son live. Such a split existence invariably makes heavy demands on his personal life. Yet, the flutist finds that this arrangement is the best way for him to develop his art.

"I had a lot of problems getting adjusted to living in New York because I'm used to the slower-paced life style on the West Coast where I was born and spent most of my life. There, I was more or less making my living

from playing classical music, but it wasn't what I really wanted to do with most of my artistic energies.

"I find New York very exciting because you have to put your art on the line in order to survive. I'm also stimulated by seeing what's new in the other art forms. I find that painting, for example, influences my conception of form and how to shape phrases and lines."

Looking to the future, Newton plans to mainly concentrate on his partnership with Davis. However, he also anticipates several independent projects, including recording the Debussy *Sonata For Flute, Viola, and Harp* with a group that he's been rehearsing with in Los Angeles for the past year, and working with guitarist Les Coulter who appeared on the flutist's first album *Flute Music* (Flute Music Productions 001). In addition, Newton hopes to write a flute concerto with strings, which will most likely be premiered by a

London-based orchestra, as well as continue to increase his art's and instrument's expressivity and communicative powers.

"I think that my music is very accessible, because I am a strong believer in emotion. No matter how different the musical language may be for someone who isn't familiar with it, the emotions projected are universal.

"In Europe, I've run into very little difficulty compared to what I've encountered in the U.S. It's hard for certain people to hear the flute as a jazz instrument. This is kind of sad because all instruments should be a part of today's music. If anything, this period is about getting into new instruments and exploring orchestral and compositional concepts.

"The flute is such a beautiful instrument. I feel about it just like one feels about falling in love with a woman. You have an insatiable appetite for her and can't get her out of your mind." db

## WOLFGANG DAUNER

BY JOACHIM-ERNST BERENDT

"I find it inconceivable that some people want to use music only for money-making purposes and contribute nothing to its development," says German keyboardist/composer/arranger Wolfgang Dauner about the large international record companies.

Dauner, born in Stuttgart, Germany in 1935, received the 1979 Record Award of the German Phono Academy (comparable to the American Grammy). He is the leader of the United Jazz & Rock Ensemble, which features American alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano; drummer Jon Hiseman, trumpet player Ian Carr and saxophonist Barbara Thompson from England; Dutch flugelhorn player Ack Van Rooyen; and Germany's Albert Mangelsdorff on trombone, Volker Kriegel on guitar and Eberhard Weber on bass. The two records released by this band (on Mood Records) have sold 80,000 copies so far, marking it as the most successful jazz group on the European scene since Django Reinhardt.

Wolfgang Dauner has made approximately 30 LPs. The first ones appeared in the early '60s on the Saba label (forerunner of today's MPS label), and on CBS (European Columbia). The style was reminiscent of Bill Evans. At that time, *down beat* said, "Dauner's technical virtuosity is enough to scare anybody."

"Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner were very important for me," Dauner says. "I also was interested in Lennie Tristano. I've heard a lot of Anton Webern, Schönberg, Bartok. . . . I loved Dick Twardzik, Chet Baker's piano player in the second half of the '50s. I can't understand why the jazz world has forgotten him. He did things then which other pianists can do only now. But the problem is: you come to love these great musicians so much that you are in danger of losing your own identity. You have to learn from them, but you also must be able to forget them again. This is the problem, especially in Europe."

During the second half of the '60s Dauner

went through an experimental phase. He said, "Noise, for me, is the better part of music," and he destroyed a violin and burned a piano on stage. He ensnathed the heads of an entire choir—one of Germany's most renowned—in nylon stockings so that they couldn't sing, but only emit noises.

During this phase Dauner created *Free Action* for a jazz septet which featured Jean-Luc Ponty (on MPS), *Psalmus Spei* for choir and jazz group for the 1968 Berlin Jazz Days (also on MPS), and *Dauner-eschingen* for choir and instruments for the 1970 Donaueschingen Music Festival.

"I love this type of music," says Dauner. "I'm interested in different types of media—jazz, concert music, electronics, theater, opera. I want to mix the media. But you can't keep writing this music forever. There are only a couple of festivals in Europe commissioning real *avant garde* music for large orchestras. I've had commissions from all of them—including the Berlin jazz festival, The Donaueschinger Musiktage, the Jazz Workshop of Hamburg Radio, and from the New Jazz Meeting Baden-Baden. The people who run these events cannot commission the same musicians again and again. They always have to discover new people. That's part of their job.

"So, where else can you go after you have received all the commissions which are available? And besides, the experiments which were necessary at that time are incorporated in today's music. The musical material is more accessible. The need to find new sounds or structures no longer exists. Today what matters to me is the playing and composing utilizing all the experience which I—and others—have gathered."

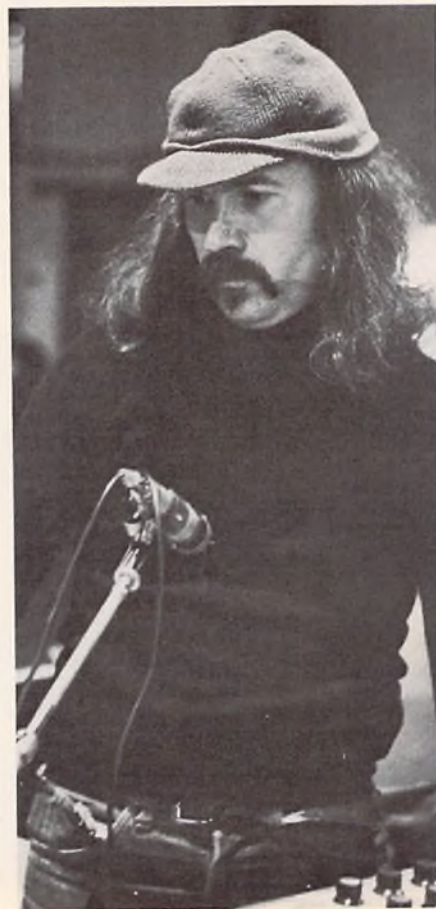
Since 1969, Wolfgang Dauner has led the Radio Jazz Group Stuttgart of the South German Radio Network. He loves to play solo concerts on acoustic piano and polyphonic Oberheim synthesizer. His solo record, *Changes* (Mood), is a big success in Germany. Dauner often plays with German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff in duo, trio and quartet formations. He is the piano player on Albert's latest record, *A Jazz Tune I Hope* (MPS 15.528) which features Elvin Jones and Eddie Gomez.

"Elvin was my drummer since I first learned about jazz in the late '50s," Dauner gushes. "That's why it was so beautiful for me to record with him." The feeling is mutual. "I

love to play with Wolfgang," Jones avers. "He is my favorite piano player in Europe."

Dauner writes music for films and television. In demand for children's plays, his writing for children evolved around his own two children. A German magazine called him "the Mozart of contemporary children's music."

Dauner knows much about the music business. One of his compositions for large orchestra, choir, solo voice (sung by Rimona Francis) and solo violin (played by Zbigniew Seifert) is called *The Primal Scream*. It is a vehement protest against record companies and producers, really a "primal scream" of musicians all over Europe: "Das Gefährliche



WALTER GOIZ



ist die Monopolstellung, die die Plattenfirmen einnehmen. Sie können bestimmte Arten von Musik einfach unterdrücken, sie können sie einfach unter den Tisch fallenlassen." ("The danger lies in the monopolistic attitude of the record companies. They can easily suppress certain types of music, they can easily let them drop under the table.") But in the finale of the large composition, the choir of the musicians insists: "Wir haben den längeren Hebel. Wir machen die Musik." ("We have the longer lever. We make the music.")

For his United Jazz & Rock Ensemble, Wolfgang Dauner negotiated a unique contract: 20% royalties—with each of the nine musicians sharing equally, perhaps the high-

est royalty ever for a jazz record. Up to now, the musicians have received—without any deductions—80,000 German marks (about \$45,000) in royalties!

Dauner says the established record firms "are caustic to the means of their own existence. When millions are made from music, it must be realized that the music that earned this money was a minority music only a few years ago, and at that time only understood by very few people. The minority musics of today must be promoted in order to make money with them tomorrow. It's about time the record companies finally realized this.

"I have never been able to understand why record companies are not interested in the

further development of music. To me this is simply illogical. It is as if gardeners, who wish to sell flowers or trees, are not interested in the growing of their flowers and trees. In the long run those firms are digging their own graves. This is one of the reasons for the catastrophic sales losses being experienced presently by the American record industry.

"If these firms hadn't spent the better part of the last ten years producing the same rock and funky music always from the same formulas, but had also thought of occasionally promoting and developing something new, then they wouldn't be standing there so pitifully today lamenting their million dollar losses."

Translated by Reni & Joe Weisel

db

# CAUGHT!

## STEVIE WONDER

AUDITORIUM THEATRE  
CHICAGO

**Personnel:** Wonder, keyboards, vocals, harmonica; Wonder Love (unidentified two guitars, electric bass, keyboards, drums, percussion, two trumpets, two saxes, four female background vocalists); the National Afro-American Philharmonic Orchestra, James Frazier Jr., conductor.

Stevie Wonder's new opus, *Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants*, proved to be much more than a bountifully produced two record soundtrack waiting for its movie. The sold-out premiere of Wonder's ambitious cantata was a two and a half hour stage show, comprising a short film of epic scope, a large young orchestra, a tight pop-rock band, an exhaustive set of greatest hits—in all, an amazingly generous and controlled extravaganza focusing squarely on the performance of its star, the abundantly talented Steveland Morris, visionary songwriter and naturally soulful charismatic.

In concept, this *Journey* might seem the ultimate overblown concert program of the '70s; there was self-indulgence in the name of ecology, sentiment lavished on a most imper-

sonal subject, and musical eclecticism that seemed to thin out the authenticity of any of the genres it tried. But Wonder made it work live better than on record. To start, serpentine lines flowed from the orchestra—as Gil Evans might voice electronics with french horns, woodwinds and strings—while on screen lava burst from the earth, clouds massed in the sky, the eye scanned desert vistas and was immersed to study ocean flora.

Wonder, led from the wings playing harmonica to his symphonic overture, was seated amidst two complements of Rhodes electric pianos, Hohner Clavinets, unspecified synthesizers and a grand piano. His lyrics reflected upon "that same old story again," the one about needing to replenish and maintain the world's natural resources, and he sang with the unmitigated immediacy of a messenger who devoutly believes.

Though his chromatic harp breaks seemed studiously repeated rather than improvised, Wonder's keyboard playing revealed itself remarkably personal, quirky in its rhythms, attentive in its detail. His voice was, of course, his own, instantly recognizable (except for the brief passages it withstood electronic modification for arcane effect) and still notably indebted to Ray Charles. The ingenuous character of his pantheistic concerts was

tempered by the longing that infuses his melodies; Wonder luxuriated in his balladic mastery, sometimes alone at his grand, but his audience responded more overtly to the uptempo edge and thump of *Race Babbling* and *A Seed's A Star And Tree Medley* than to the ripe sensuality of *Send One Your Love*, *Outside My Window*, *Black Orchid* or *Come Back As A Flower*.

For its sheer technical challenge, the show was touched by slight audio problems. A mix which emphasized bass and piano over the orchestra was most obviously inappropriate on the somber processional *Ecclesiastes*. Meditation on this number brought to mind disappointment over Stevie's conclusions, which reduce to "Tend your gardens." Recession-era audiences discovering gritty disco funk or reviving spare rock 'n' roll seem much less earnest than Wonder, whether they look for diversion or direction from an entertainer.

And so the concert's second part was bound to please more Wonder fans. Having changed from his loose, spangled red peasant clothes to a flashing blue tux jacket, the man returned as Little Stevie, blowing *Fingertips* and calling to the crowd in his younger voice, launching *For Once In My Life*, *My Cherie*, *Amour*, *Signed*, *Sealed And Delivered*, crooning more maturely *If You Really Loved Me*, *Superwoman*, *You And I*, *All In Love Is Fair*, *Don't You Worry 'Bout A Thing*, *Higher Ground*, *Golden Lady*, rising to dance through *Boogie On Reggae Woman*, getting the horns hot on *Sir Duke*, plunging into *Isn't She Lovely*, *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life*, *Superstition*, then





*Visions*, which became the theme *The Secret Life Of Plants* while the orchestra, having sat quietly, unlit, since intermission, revived. On the screen, empty since *Same Old Story*, appeared the sun, arising and filtered through a forest of evergreens; canyons were swept, then in closeup, time-lapse photography, flowers spooed, prismatic geometries were transformed and cellular activity surged.

To render vivid the universality of life, Stevie Wonder mounted a spectacle in which humans matter slightly, but in his unforgettable repertoire of older works *people* live and love, win or lose. Despite the grandeur of nature, most audiences care about their own troubles and triumphs more than those of the green world. —howard mandel

## DAVE HOLLAND

RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE AUDITORIUM  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

**Personnel:** Holland, acoustic bass.

The '70s may well prove, in retrospect, to have been the decade of the solo performer. All kinds of musicians have appeared onstage alone in recent years, including those whose instruments are rarely heard unaccompanied. The solo challenge lies in sustaining interest, maintaining the creative flow, exploring the variety of moods, textures, and approaches that a satisfying concert must present, all in a situation in which everything—inspiration, direction, the music itself—must come from one player.

This was one of the best concerts I've ever heard. The role of the acoustic bass in modern jazz might already seem near the boundaries of what's possible. But for Holland, evidently, there are no such limits. Virtuosity is not that uncommon anymore, but Holland's technique is subordinate to his strong musical intelligence, so it's not surprising that this was Holland's first organized solo concert.

The intimate R.C. Auditorium provided a perfect setting for the recital. On a stage empty except for his bass, amplifier and a chair, Holland did two non-stop 45 minute sets, alternately playing pizzicato and arco. The first set opened with a Latin-tinged ostinato from which grew a pitch-centered but freely modulating solo (the sort of improvisational base Holland often provides in accompanying Sam Rivers). A rapid walk peppered with explosions of eighth and 16th notes gave way to a rock-flavored line in fourths. A segue brought on Miles Davis' *Solar*, which indicated how fluently Holland can handle traditional changes. We heard his own *Emerald Tears*, along with some free, textural exploration, before a walking pattern built on fifths closed the set.

Holland opened the second set with *Blue Monk*, a very laid back theme statement followed by several choruses of boppish blues. The set closed with a moody version of Holland's *Conference Of The Birds*; the sustained applause brought Holland back for an encore.

We only learned later that the rich ribbon of sound between these points (and the encore) was totally improvised; except for the four titles listed, the concert had been created on the spot. Yet there was a feeling of smoothness. Holland never floundered between ideas, nor overworked those he used.

It was jazz solo art at its best, improvisation and composition merging.

Hopefully we won't have to wait too long for Holland's next solo concert. More people deserve to hear him on a good night, alone. —david wild

## JOANNE BRACKEEN

JAZZ SHOWCASE  
CHICAGO

**Personnel:** Joanne Brackeen, piano; Clint Houston, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

A strikingly tall young woman in jeans and tunic stood steeping tea in a styrofoam cup, chatting quietly with three guys on barstools about the weather and the tea she was drinking and the new purse she'd bought.

Fifteen minutes later I was a little surprised when she ambled stageward, and even more surprised when she surged at the keyboard of the Mason & Hamlin baby grand with the fervor of an eagle seizing its prey. Clearly, she had not come to chat.

Brackeen opened with *International Festival*, one of three new compositions she played during a five piece set. Recognizable were *Body And Soul*—which Brackeen played solo, stirringly—and *Haiti-B*, from her most recent album, *Tring-a-ling*. Aside from the solo number, the set featured aggressive, thoughtful interplay among the trio members—especially between Brackeen and Houston.

Backed by Campbell's crisp rim shots and a driving hi-hat and cymbal, the opening bars of *International Festival* established for the evening a pattern of lyrical interchange between Brackeen and Houston. Brackeen followed with a seven minute solo replete with merging melodies and lightning-fast single-note flourishes. Throughout the set, her playing was inventive, spontaneous and un-self-conscious.

*Lost Or Found* was highlighted by a commanding Houston solo. His old Chusak upright soared feelingly in the upper registers as Brackeen fed supple chords. Consistently, his playing underpinned Brackeen's solos with precision; his own solos—there were four during the evening—were infused with energy and imagination.


Brackeen and Houston have gigged together extensively in many settings during the past decade, in the States and in Europe, and during a common stint with Stan Getz. Wilbur Campbell, meanwhile, has become a fixture at the Showcase, capably backing whoever comes along. (Campbell was featured in *db's* 10/79 issue.) His work on this evening offered further testament to his versatility and craftsmanship. Too often, pickup drummers play distractingly splashy cymbals, and with too-tentative left hands. Campbell played with authority. His solos on the first and last pieces were compact and nicely-paced.

My favorite pieces were *Golden Garden* and *Haiti-B*. The former, a ballad, opened and closed with rich, rhapsodic Brackeen phrases, and offered a blithe solo by Houston. To close the set, *Haiti-B* fittingly ran the gamut of Brackeen's pulsing rhythms and lyrical twists, and even a dash of cowbell-accented honky-tonk. Houston took yet another sizzling solo, and Campbell offered some Latin, hands-to-snare drumming.

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There were more seats empty than occupied this Sunday evening, the last of five. The sparse crowd, though, was consistently approving. It was my first visit to the Jazz Showcase, and I noted for future reference that there were no bad seats in the house. It is constructed to please eye and ear alike.

When Brackeen's set had ended, it occurred to me I was going to have some

problem evoking on paper what I had heard. The music didn't easily fit into a category; it wasn't strictly bebop, or blues, or classical, though the influences of all those—particularly bop—were clear. Its character was romantic but not sentimental. Brackeen's solos tensed, crescendoed and released—like a finely-tuned Porsche red-lining through its gears across a twisting mountain road.

Brackeen and Houston hope to continue their fruitful association, though on this evening they had no specific dates. Brackeen's three new compositions will appear on a forthcoming album, *Prism*, a duo date with bassist Eddie Gomez. I'll be anticipating the album—as well as Brackeen's return to the Windy City—with enthusiasm.

—fred seitz

## MERLE HAGGARD AND THE STRANGERS

DANE COUNTY COLISEUM  
MADISON, WISCONSIN

**Personnel:** Haggard, vocals, electric guitar, fiddle; Roy Nichols, Red Lane, electric guitars; Ronnie Reno, acoustic guitar, harmonica, and backup vocal; Gordon Terry, fiddle; Norman Hamlet, pedal steel guitar; Mark Yeary, piano; Don Markham, sax and trumpet; Billy Joe Claton, bass guitar; Biff Adam, Bob Gallardo, drums; Bonnie Owens, backup vocal.

Merle Haggard's show at the Coliseum strongly reinforced his stature as one of country music's greatest singers and one of its most formidable bandleaders. Fronting a country big band which included four guitars, two drums, pedal steel, piano, fiddle, saxes and trumpet, Hag was able to faithfully render the Bob Wills-style western swing that he so deeply reveres, yet still harness the group's power to bring out the individual subtlety inherent in each Haggard song.

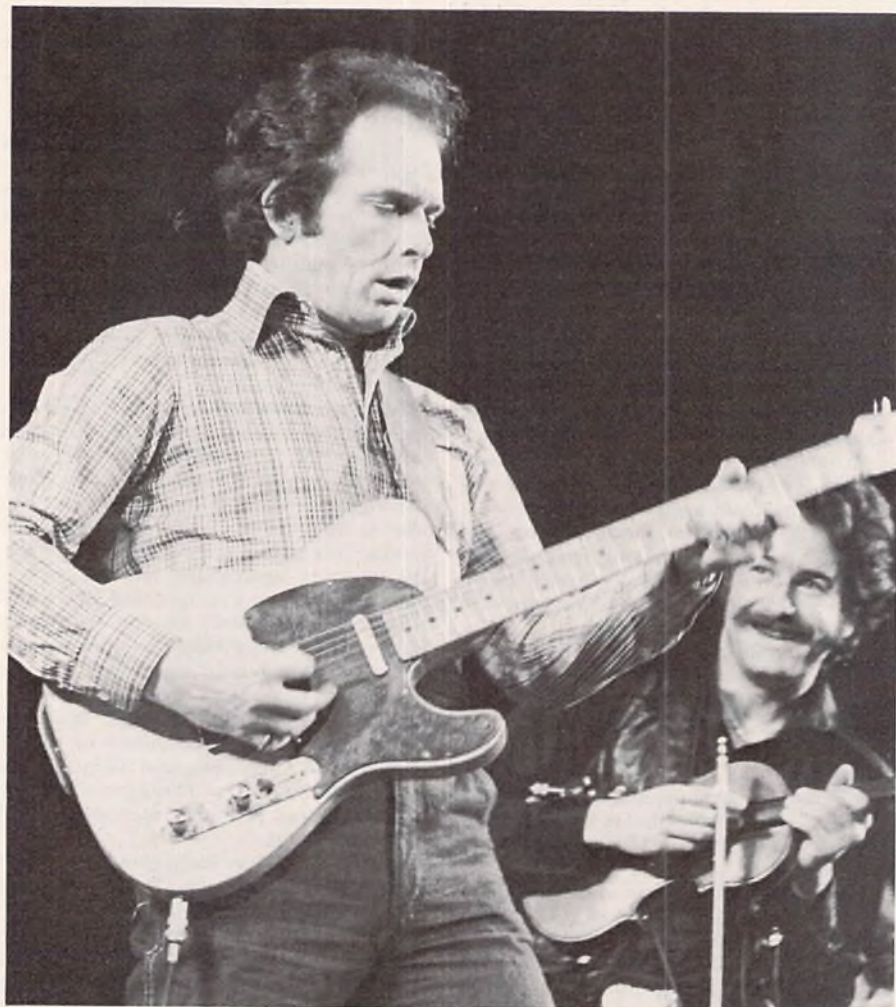
*Workin' Man Blues*, vintage 1969 Haggard, started things off at a brisk pace. But instead of cutting it off sharply and distinctly separating it from the second tune, Hag gently dissolved the brittle arrangement into a smooth *Always Late*, lovingly sung in homage to its author, Lefty Frizzell, the late honky tonk classicist who was as much an influence on Haggard as Wills.

This pattern of alternating swingin' up-beaters with mellow mood pieces continued throughout the rest of the one hour, music-packed set. The autobiographical *Mama Tried*, marvelously swung along by Roy Nichols' lead guitar riff, gave way to the sweetly intimate *It's All In The Movies*. The tender ballad *Today I Started Loving You Again* in turn led directly into the peppy classic *Ramblin' Fever*.

Wherever Haggard went, the Strangers followed closely with sparkling instrumental work and varying arrangements that gave each song its own character. Nichols and Haggard would exchange supple leads or twin together effortlessly, sometimes tripling with rhythm guitarist Red Lane. Drummer Biff Adam's basic foundations were ornamented by Bob Gallardo's crackling Rototomming. Acoustic guitarist Ronnie Reno's (Reno is the scion of bluegrass banjoist Don Reno) plaintive harmonica wails were answered by Gordon Terry's fiddle licks. Don Markham added sax or trumpet according to swing.

Straight-to-the-point solos were handed off liberally but always within the song's context. Obviously, though, the most appropriate context for this big band was country swing.

Haggard learned all about country swing and just about every other type of country music in hometown Bakersfield, Southern California's major agricultural and industrial trading center and consequent cultural vortex. There the young Haggard came into



CHARLES BEHNKE

contact with and studiously absorbed the country, jazz, gospel and blues music forms surrounding him. Country swing is an umbrella that covers all these styles; oddly it was utilized most impressively during the traditional folk standard *Get Along Home, Cindy*.

The tune began with Hag unstrapping his guitar and picking up his fiddle, which he had learned to play in the six months prior to his assembling many of Bob Wills' Texas Playboys for a recorded tribute to his and their mentor. After a jumpin' duet with Terry, Mark Yeary took a boogie piano break before passing the lead to sizzling pedal steel guitarist Norman Hamlet. Hag followed by singing a verse, then Nichols took a lead turn before twinning with Hamlet. Back to Merle singing, then Markham jumping in on sax, Terry taking over and making way for Haggard's final chorus, with Nichols and Hamlet twinning it out at the end.

Haggard continued in the same vein with a deft fiddle solo which was surpassed by Terry's bluegrass solo before dropping down a notch for twin fiddling with Hag, which led into Terry's hot *Orange Blossom Special*. Then

Haggard introduced his "partner in crime for 15 years," ex-wife and superb backup singer Bonnie Owens, who merrily yodeled her way through *Cowboy's Sweetheart*.

After slowing it down one last time for *If We Make It Through December*—one of his most memorable ballads—Hag capped the hour by kicking it back up for his two most famous songs, *Okie From Muskogee* and *Fightin' Side Of Me*.

It's a pity that Haggard will always be best remembered for *Okie*, the 1970 period piece that originated as a joke on his bus and became an unintended patriotic anthem. Hag saves it for last, knowing full well that he can't leave without doing it. Here it was a spirited rendition, jazzed up to make it less of the task that it so obviously is.

*Fightin' Side*, on the other hand, was timely once again. Before leaving the stage Haggard dedicated the song to "all our Iranian friends." There was no malice in his voice, just the same simple, straightforward, honest tone, and "honest," more than any other word, describes both the performance and the man.

—james bessman



# books

## THE LATIN TINGE

**THE LATIN TINGE: The Impact Of Latin American Music on the United States**, by John Storm Roberts. (Oxford University Press, 1979, 190 pp., \$12.95)

Latin influences on the musical styles of the United States is a worthy topic for a book. From the days of Vernon and Irene Castle tangoing across America to the current Latin disco craze, the music that has come north to America has had a profound effect. Unfortunately, although the basis of a book is there, *The Latin Tinge* is no more than an outline for that book.

Small in size and scope, *The Latin Tinge* is written like a well researched college term paper. Roberts has decided to spend his time in the library rather than interviewing first hand sources and, although the book is replete with song titles and quotes from various articles and books, it is lacking in accounts from many of the innovators themselves. Several quotes are taken out of Desi Arnaz's *A Book*, but there is a paucity of quotes from the likes of Tito Puente, Mongo Santamaria, Machito, et al. Roberts did his homework, but not his leg work.

The book does carefully chronicle Latin music's emergence in this country. After two introductory chapters the book is conveniently broken down into decades. Such figures as Xavier Cugat, Perez Prado and Carmen Miranda are discussed at length and long lists of song titles are offered. Roberts was correct in lingering over the popularizers of such forms as the Rumba and Mambo, but he also dwells on insignificant song titles that have some mention of a Latin locale.

The work alternates between an objective, straight-forward account and a subjective piece of criticism. Roberts approves a number of American composers using Latin styles (though of George Gershwin's *Cuban Overture* he writes, "The Cubanisms are no more than a banal garnish to a work both bland and pompous").

Roberts also takes time to tell us that the success of the popular song *Peanut Vendor* led to the Melody Lane Fountain of the Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles selling a "Peanut Vendor Sundae" which was "ironically" made with pecans. It is an interesting tidbit, as are some of the song titles such as *You Don't Play A Drum, You Beat It, Ed Sullivan Samba* and *I Came, I Saw, I Conga'd*, but it takes up space that could have easily been better used.

Roberts has avoided making any judgments as to the sociological reasons for any of the music. His interest was only to give the facts and this he has done. The book is not lacking in names or musical descriptions—there is even a handy 14 page glossary of terms which is invaluable to new fans of Latin music who want to know the difference between a guaracha and a habanera, or any other forms of music, rhythms or instruments.

Latin music would have been better served by a completely objective listing of the events, rather than as a vehicle for Roberts' own feelings (which he frequently stresses with exclamation points).

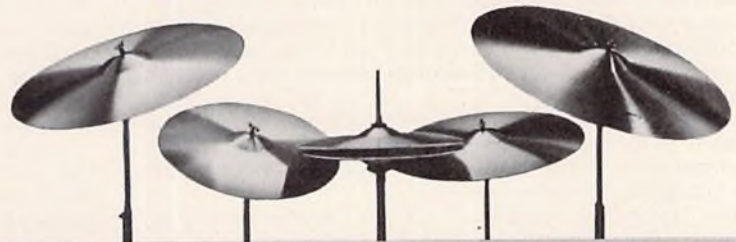
Pickiness department: a certain sloppiness runs through the book. A quote on page 98 begins "Sammy Kiamie believes . . ." but there is no other mention of Mr. Kiamie. Who is he? Near the end of the book appears the rather curious statement, "Others, among them singers Sammy Davis, Jr., and pianist Chick Corea, were so thoroughly absorbed in 'American' music that their Latin origins (musical or personal) were more or less forgotten." Sammy Davis, Jr.? He, too, is listed nowhere else, index included.

Three times the title of the song *Cuando*

*Vuelva A Tu Lado* comes up and all three times Roberts explains that it is known as *What A Difference A Day Makes*. The third time he makes the point he says, "almost nobody is aware of its Latin origin." By this reference, its origin is clear. When referring to specific records, Roberts is haphazard when it comes to giving such information as the label on which the record was released.

All in all, John Storm Roberts' *The Latin Tinge* is a dull, dry account. It is the first book of its kind and, hopefully, will inspire someone to print the English language volume on Latin music that is still needed. In the meantime this book will stand as a useful basis for further work in the field, but Roberts could have given us a little more carné with our salsa.

—jeske



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filé gumbo (for those of you who have ever tried to find a crawfish in New York City, you'll appreciate the rarity of such dishes in the land of pastrami sandwiches and knishes).

Over the past few years, Crawdaddy has brought in a selection of swing era greats—Doc Cheatham, Buddy Tate and Sammy Price among them. The reason the room isn't filled with authentic New Orleans-style sextets is that its budget only affords three pieces. Sometimes it's the drummer who gets sacrificed and sometimes, as in this case, it's the bassist.

"The only thing I regret not having is a bass," says Dickenson, who does *not* regret that he is in charge and can play *Muskat Ramble* only when he wants to, and does not regret the hours of the club—six in the evening until 11 with Saturdays and Sundays off. "I like to have a bass with me, it gives you some bottom to work with. Jackie would like it and so would the pianist."

Still, the chance to hear Dickenson unencumbered by other horns is a rare delight. He sits himself on a high stool, crosses his legs and launches into a muted *Squeeze Me*. Williams plays the entire set on brushes, so there's no reason for the trombonist to use a mike. His sound rises slowly and easily into the air—floating over the heads of the eaters, some of whom are obviously concentrating more on their plates than on the bandstand.

*Squeeze Me* is spun around so at times it becomes *Lady Be Good*. Dickenson fools with the melody as if it was a pussycat whose belly he was scratching to put it to sleep. *The Nearness Of You* follows and it includes a playful growl that almost sucks the bisque from a bowl on the front table. Chuck Folds is an able pianist in a Fats Waller vein, which is most evident on Waller's *Fit As A Fiddle*, which Vic calls at a skip-rope tempo. *There Will Never Be Another You* sounds as if it was taken to a Berlitz school and translated into the language of the trombone—one can hear the lyrics being played. George Gershwin's *Maybe* closes the first set—Vic likes to pull tunes out of the closet that don't get the play they might. The audience looks up from their gumbo and applauds the sad faced trombonist.

It was after leaving the Basie band that Dickenson began being hired by dixieland groups. Perhaps it started when he took a job with Sidney Bechet. But during the '40s, Dickenson began to firm up his reputation as a small-group swing player. Jobs with Lips Page, Frankie Newton and Lester Young kept Vic's chops in shape. Then there was a long stint with pianist Eddie Heywood that began at the Cafe Society in New York and ended up when Vic became ill in Los Angeles. He freelanced around California before heading back east, this time to Boston.

The number of dixieland groups that Vic Dickenson played with in the '50s is astounding. He worked with Eddie Condon, Ed Hall, Marian and Jimmy McPartland and in a band with Bobby Hackett which founded Vic's dearest friendship.

"Bobby Hackett was one of the finest guys I've ever known—I've ever known. It's just too bad that he's gone. I miss him very much." One of the drummers that Vic frequently works with now is Bobby's son Ernie.

Up through the '70s, Vic stayed quietly in the dixieland scene. He

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COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA

was with Wild Bill Davison, The World's Greatest Jazzband and Red Allen at the Metropole, a gig which prepared him for the frequently loud customers at such restaurants-cum-jazz clubs as Crawdaddy.

"If you could work the Metropole you could work anywhere. You could work at a construction site with steam hammers and things going. But if people come in to spend their money, who am I to tell them how to act?"

During the '70s Vic Dickenson began to be recognized as one of the masters of the swing trombone. Thanks to numerous appearances at the Newport Jazz Festival, where Vic was teamed with swing players of his calibre, and to several rave notices following appearances at various European festivals, Vic is now being hired outside of the dixieland idiom. His growling solo on *Lazybones* was the high point of a lengthy Hoagy Carmichael salute at last year's Newport fete, and his vocal duet on *I Want A Little Girl* with Doc Cheatham stole the singing honors right out from under Mel Torme and Jackie and Roy (Kral) at a salute to American song program later in the week.

"They appreciate music much better in Europe than the people do here," says Dickenson as his break between sets draws to a close. "They appreciate our music, just like the people over here appreciate English singers—the guys that come over here, the quartets and things. They go wild about the American music."

Folds and Williams take their places and Dickenson slowly lumbers to the bandstand, sprays his slide and begins a lilted, laughing *Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams*. The set includes a Jobim samba, a sweet vocal on *If I Could Be With You*, a foot-tapping *Wolverine Blues*, a rocking *Shimmy Like My Sister Kate* and an attention grabbing *Jingle Bells* with a snarling, growling bark on the part which would be "laughing all the way."

At the end of the evening, Vic Dickenson sits quietly packing up his horn, which he'll take in his car and drive up to his home in the Bronx. He happily shakes hands with the few remaining customers, some of whom leave their pecan pie for a minute to wish the trombonist well. "Ding, ding," he tells them when they compliment some part of his set.

Ding, ding?? Well, I don't know what it means, but it's just like a Vic Dickenson solo—it makes you smile and, damn it, you don't know quite why. But there's *something* about it that makes you smile, or even chuckle, and something about it that just makes sense. **db**



classic waxings from the same concert at Lincoln Center—*Four And More* and *My Funny Valentine*; and then in 1963 they recorded *In Europe* at the Antibes Jazz Festival in Juan-Les-Pins. Quite a lot of superior saxophoning music—enough, you might think, to interest a record producer somewhere in this growing talent?

Unfortunately, this was not to be and while all the other members of the Quintet went on to fame and fortune, George left the Davis band after a year to freelance. Coleman's replacement on tenor was Wayne Shorter.

"Miles was ill during that time—a lot of times he wouldn't make the gigs and it was frustrating. I would be standin' out front and a lot of people thought I was Miles Davis, if you can believe that. And I used to stand out in front and make a gig some nights after the first set, 'cause he would split . . . 'cause he was hurtin', you know. His hip was botherin' him—and so there was a lot of pressure on me, and sometimes the money would be late and I'd get it in a check and have to try to get it cashed, so I really got tired of it; so I just decided to leave."

Then came stints with Lionel Hampton, Charles McPherson, Lee Morgan, Elvin Jones, Cedar Walton and countless others. Coleman performed at most of the major jazz festivals, taught several students, concentrated on composition, and formed an acclaimed octet which featured saxophonists Frank Strozier, Mario Rivera and Harold Vick, later Junior Cook, Danny Moore (trumpet), Mabern (piano) Lisle Atkinson (bass) and Keno Duke (drums). The band relentlessly explored musical textures, with very distinctive results; and that each of the artists is a powerful soloist lent great variety to its work. The band can still be heard on occasion in the New York area, and cut an album available in Japan (*Revival—Catalyst KUX-73-CT*).

Of his past, Coleman notes with characteristic aplomb, "It's been like a school. All these different concepts in all these different bands that I've played in—it's been like an education. You can't play the same way in all situations; you have to know how to play in whatever band you're in. In Max's band, everything was fast, harmonically complex—which was great for me. I love the challenge of the changes. But there was no piano, see, so you had to be counting all the time and you had to have your harmonics together 'cause you still had to play the changes. That's the perfect situation for someone to play in today who likes to play free—but we weren't playin' free. We had *freedom*, but still had the harmonic discipline. And Slide Hampton's octet was the same way—no piano, but we did have some harmony from the horns.

"Of course with Miles I got everything—uptempos, harmonic situations, takin' chances. I began to take more chances, play things that I didn't know how I was going to come out of, whereas before I was always a careful player—always strictly tryin' to play the changes no matter what. Maybe not succeeding all the time, but always trying. With Miles I began to really get this adventurous spirit; I began to try to stretch out a little bit, play some different stuff. He left it more spontaneous—in a creative sense.

"Right now, I'd like to pursue this quartet

thing more than anything. It would give me a chance to stretch out and play a lot. And I remember Trane playin' with a quartet all those years, and I think a quartet is really the thing for an aggressive player, and I feel I am somewhat aggressive. A player who really needs to play a lot. And I think a quartet situation is perhaps the best thing for me—at least I'd like to pursue it a little bit further, 'cause I've never really been in a quartet situation on my own, with my own band, for any length of time. But also I'd like to become involved with the octet, I'd like to do some writing for that. And of course here in the city there will be some quintet gigs."

Several years ago Coleman received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts which culminated in a suite for his octet—*Revival Of The Fittest*—and now he would like to get involved with another project. "Perhaps do a book, because I've noticed that a lot of young musicians get some of these books out on the market today and it really tells them nothing about what they really need to know. There's a lot of good figures in the books that some of the good writers have written, like Oliver Nelson; but for the beginners, they don't know what to do with that stuff. It would take an advanced player to be able to utilize it. I'd like to simplify it a little bit and write a book explaining where to put these phrases—how they interlock and how they relate to the changes, because that's never in the books."

I remark that George has developed a reputation for calling tunes in keys other than the one in which they were written—strange keys, I say.

"Well, you see, no key is strange," he explains. "And that's what I always try to tell my students. If you want to become proficient and a good instrumentalist and a good improviser you should be equipped to play in any key. That's a good technique builder—trains your mind—and if you think in tonality you don't think in keys, you just think of the sound, you know—where you want your hands to go. But you still have to have the knowledge to know what the changes are in the key of B natural or F sharp . . . you should be able to play in all the keys. That's what I think; but the guys think you're crazy if you call *Cherokee* in A or E or D. They say, 'What you tryin' to prove? What you tryin' to do? You tryin' to mess somebody up or something?' No, it's just something that I like to do, 'cause I think it helps you—I'm *convinced* it helps you. It's a different sound in that key, it's a different kind of a pitch. It's a challenge. You are able to create more, you're gonna play differently in these keys 'cause you're not used to playin' so you come up with some different things. I do it for that reason."

Well, one could never accuse George Coleman of backing away from a challenge—or of lacking the spirit necessary to meet one. "There's one thing you can say," he mentions in passing. "I haven't been overexposed—in a leader capacity, anyway—but I've worked with so many people . . . As a matter of fact, I've probably gotten more exposure bein' a sideman than a lot of guys would who've got all kinds of records out on the street as a leader." With three LPs cut and another recently recorded at Ronnie Scott's in London, George Coleman will soon be more accessible to his public—if not exactly flooding the market. And as he says himself, there is indeed a *Revival Of The Fittest*. **db**



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opened me up, and made me start listening to pretty much everything. In particular, they turned me on to the new music and its practitioners whom I had never heard before.

"Leo and Oliver also have a real inner strength that affected me on a spiritual level. Both are extremely directed people. They really know what they're doing, where they're going, and what they want to do. I was so impressed by their attitude that I was able to get more in touch with myself."

Jackson's own strong convictions have allowed him to pursue a new artistic direction over the past year. His two albums on Arista, *Gifts* and *Heart & Center*, signal a departure from his previous work; both are more commercially oriented and include a more traditional instrumentation of guitar, horns, and rhythm section instead of the guitar and horn(s) context he employed for several years.

"*Gifts* came about because I had written some music for guitar, tenor saxophone, trumpet, electric bass and drums. At first, I wasn't completely certain who would be playing except for drummer Pheeroan ak Laff who has been with me for a couple of years. Eventually, the group evolved into myself, Pheeroan, Marty Erlich (sax), Jerome Harris (bass), and Baikida Carroll (brass).

"The group first got together at a concert at the Creative Music Studio where I was teaching. We worked so well together and enjoyed each other's company so much that I decided to keep the ensemble together."

Jackson used the band—adding keyboardist Barry Harwood—on *Heart & Center*. The album's extended use of short tunes, vocals, and r&b/rock rhythms has raised the eyebrows of purists—and those who remember the guitarist's previous efforts. Yet, Jackson maintains that the record is true to his artistic integrity.

"*Heart & Center* documents a direction that's right for me," he declares. "Of course, the music has different rhythmic elements than I've recorded before, but it does the same things harmonically that I've always done. Furthermore, the album has a sound that more people will listen to, which is an exciting prospect.

"Still, I don't see my current direction as the only way for me to express myself. I'm not prepared to get caught into any formulas. I just don't write that way. Yet, the new album is my music just like my older things are my music, too."

To these ears, Jackson's own assessment of his music is accurate. *Heart & Center* is an exceptionally well-crafted and musically inspired album that stands up to repeated scrutiny. The music tightropes between high art and commerciality, packing a considerable amount of material into brief periods of time. *Catalyst To Perception*, the album's last piece, for example, sounds considerably longer than it actually is because so much happens harmonically and melodically within a three minute period.

As for the future, Jackson is excited about touring with his band as well as engaging in special projects. In all of these situations, he wants to realize his potential both as a human being and a creative artist.

"Music has always been the dominant factor in my life," Jackson concludes. "I'm glad that I'm involved in and part of such an expressive and rewarding medium." db

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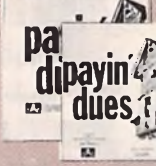
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Because the company has changed hands twice since I've been there [from Blue Note to United Artists, which was subsequently purchased by Capitol-EMI], I'm there longer than anybody else so I don't really feel I have to talk to anybody at the company about it," he confidently declares.

At the core of Klugh's arrogance is a man who, while relatively relaxed with his position in a business that has treated him reasonably well, realizes its love affair with mediocrity and the status quo. On the one hand, he consoles himself with the knowledge that he is "pretty well established," to the point where he can "at least go to bed at night and say, 'I'm a recording artist.'" On the other hand,

Klugh assails the industry for being "afraid" of people like Stevie Wonder.

"Here's a man who'll wake up in the morning and decide, 'I'm gonna play . . . this!'" Klugh contends. "That's totally different from what the record companies are geared for. See, that would be too much power for any one individual to have and the companies make pretty damn sure that they're in control of what people listen to, when they listen to it, how they listen to it and so on. They don't want individuals, they want something they can mass produce."

Other than the solo squabble, Klugh's real question to UA is how far, commercially, would they like to see him go. "Do they want me to reach a million people, two million people, 500,000?" he asks. "I don't know. All

I know is that I'm happy doing what I've always wanted to do. How many people can say that? It's like a blessing, right?"

"The problem with the music industry," he continues, "is that when you sell 100,000 records [per album], suddenly they want 300,000 or 500,000 next time. Hell, what about me? I'm grooving right now. Everything is alright. I don't need that crap, but they won't leave you alone."

While releasing steam, Klugh doesn't spare the numerous critics who have repeatedly branded his music as boring, supermarket jazz.


About record reviews: "I think everyone is entitled to their own opinion, but I will say this—I've never read a review where anyone has said anything negative about my music that has made me feel that he was actually aware of what I did. Whenever they criticize me it's always coming from a jazz standpoint, so right there he's off base. Whoever criticizes my music and anywhere in the article uses the word 'jazz,' then he doesn't really know what I'm doing and hasn't really taken the time to see that I'm not interested in that."

About critics: "I think in so many instances critics are frustrated people who haven't done what it is in life they want to do. So they sit back and take pot shots at people who are, at least, out there saying, 'Okay, this is me.' It's very easy to sit there and say, 'Well, this sucks.' Just don't say that something sucks. Sure, musicians should have to prove themselves, but if I were to believe the critics, then I guess people like me are questionable instrumentalists."

And about **down beat**: "There's a definite relationship in **down beat** between success and putdowns. When you record on a shoe-string budget they'll give you four stars, but when you get bigger and finally start doing things how you really want, then it's down to two stars. They're also very inconsistent. For instance, I remember the reviewer of Benson's *Weekend In L.A.* album saying it didn't compare to *White Rabbit*. I have the review of *White Rabbit*—they gave it two stars. I've collected other reviews, too, like *Coltrane & Strings*—no stars. The reviewer said the album had absolutely no value to him. Or Charlie Parker never winning a **down beat** poll.\* Where's the validity in something like that?"

Earl Klugh knows he'll never win any critics' polls and he'll be the first to tell you why. "The real innovators, like James Brown, Stevie Wonder and Miles Davis, will win all the awards, but they're going to have a hard time, too, because innovation is always going to be at a point where people aren't at yet," he explains. "Then there's somebody like me. All I am is me, no kind of source, with no great far-reaching ideas. I guess you could say I'm real lucky." **db**

\*Fortunately, **down beat** critics and readers are not as square as some think. Charlie Parker won the Critics Poll in alto in 1953 and '54—the first two years of that poll's existence. Readers picked Parker as top alto 1950-54, and named Bird "Favorite Soloist" in 1951. Charlie Parker was the fourth musician elevated to the **db** Hall of Fame (in 1955). Even in the '70s Parker has received awards: Reissue of the Year for *First Recordings* (1975) and *The Savoy Sessions* (1979).

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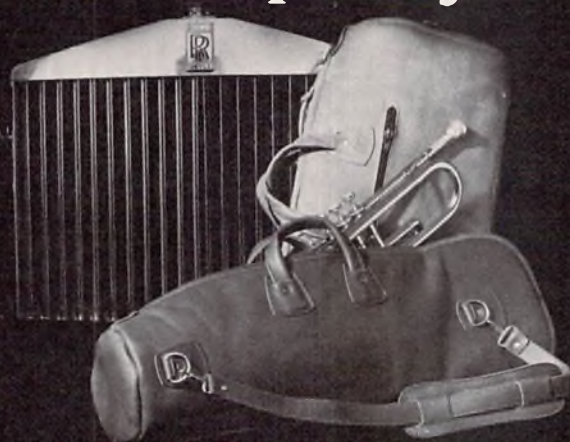
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miere, as two of my commercial favorites.

Backer was fairly candid about disappointments at Arista, especially in long retrospect. "I signed a number of artists who were first rate that I hoped would make first rate albums. Our first series of commercial albums was a disappointment. Larry Coryell's stuff was not where it should have been. Larry Young, who was a fine organist, made only mediocre albums for us. I had hoped John Hendricks' album *Tell Me The Truth* was going to be superspecial. He had not recorded much recently, and his time was ripe to score with markets opened up by Barry Manilow and Joni Mitchell doing his tunes. But I found Jon very difficult to work with and preoccupied with matters other than making a topnotch album."

Backer returned to his opening theme, with variants: "Artists are too ready to blame the record industry as the evil ogre who ruined their careers. It's the obvious entity to lash out against as the cause of all one's failures. But the record industry is just companies, and companies are just people. When you get people who really care in positions of power, you can alter the course of the whole situation. Sure, ABC and Arista are both 'bottom line' companies—they all are—but I still got a lot of good jazz recorded at both places. It's up to individual managers, promoters, artists and entrepreneurs to band together to put *themselves* in a similar position of strength to alter the course of the music industry's methods of dealing with jazz."

Since this was a topic Backer had tossed around on a panel at the *Radio Free Jazz* convention in Washington in October, he got to making a few comments on the media. I asked whether TV was getting off its duff. "A lot of people have been so disappointed with TV that they're finally doing something," said Backer. "At the convention it came out that several people are working on proposals for grants to fund national jazz programs. Ben Sidran is getting a proposal into the Rockefeller Foundation. He'd be an excellent guy to have in front of a camera; he's sharp, has the right personality, is very visually oriented and could really put it together. He and Chuck Mitchell [a former db editor] did a tremendous *SoundStage* show on Dizzy Gillespie a few years ago; TV's potential is there.

"As for the other media, radio remains in control as the key vehicle of exposure for all kinds of music, with the press a far second. After all, music is an acoustic experience. I see little improvement in the acceptance of avant garde acoustic jazz on commercial radio; in the current crunch the gap only gets wider. In times of trouble, people go for safety—the recognizable things, not the ear stretchers."

Backer offered philosophical summing-up that strikes a ringing closing note: "I feel I've been able to document where music is going, not where it's been. I know it's controversial, but the chance to record a pure, new jazz album opens up so infrequently with a major company that to me there's a moral imperative to fill it with woefully underrecorded artists who are stretching the music's boundaries rather than with someone who has been documented extensively and has frankly played better early on. If I could do both, I would, but given the choice, I prefer tomorrow over yesterday." **db**

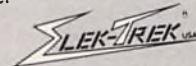
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# HOW TO

## AMERICANIZE EUROPEAN AUGMENTED-SIXTH CHORDS PART III

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

For those who may have missed Parts I and II of this article (db, Jan. and Feb., 1980), here is the essential information on the construction of augmented-sixth chords:

- 1.) The notes of every augmented-sixth interval lie a half-step inside some scale-note octave and push outward to that octave for their resolution.
- 2.) An augmented-sixth interval changes into an Italian-sixth chord by adding one internal note, then further changes into either a German-sixth chord or a French-sixth chord by adding another internal note:

1. (Key of C) augmented-sixth intervals and octave resolutions

2.) Chords

### ITALIAN-SIXTH EXTENSIONS

Because each of the three notes in the Italian-sixth structure exerts its own strong urge for melodic motion, their combination delivers pure and powerful harmonic energy, a harmonic force which can be weakened only by simultaneously sounding its notes of resolution:

Italian 6th plus resolution equals weakened force

Added non-resolution notes contribute color or bite or extra energy, all depending on the intervals such notes form against the Italian-sixth components:

Db It. 6th Non-resolution notes Bite Color Bite

Db It. 6th Extra energy Stability Bite Bite Color

(French 6th) (German 6th)

### GERMAN-SIXTH EXTENSIONS

Since the German sixth is itself an added-stability version of the Italian sixth, further note-additions extend the texture into five-or-more-part harmony. Again, color or bite or extra energy result from adding notes other than those of resolution:

Ab Ger. 6th Color Extra Energy Bite Color

Bb added within D added below Db added within B added above

### FRENCH-SIXTH EXTENSIONS

The two tritones plus the augmented-sixth interval in the French sixth maximize its harmonic energy. Added notes therefore tend to contribute color or bite rather than extra energy:

Db Fr. 6th Bite Color Color Color

A# added within Ab added below A# added below E added above



## AUGMENTED-SIXTH CHORD INVERSIONS

Inverting any augmented-sixth chord expands the linear possibilities of both bass line and melodic line without affecting the resolution urgencies of its component notes:

*Ab Ger. 6th inversions resolving to G* *Bass and melody variation*

## MODULATION VIA AUGMENTED-SIXTH CHORDS

Both German-sixth spellings form enharmonic equivalents of the dominant seventh built on the same bottom note:

*Ger. 6th spelling* *Alternate Ger. 6th spelling* *Dominant 7th spelling*

*Ab Ger. 6th* *Ab doubly aug 4* *Ab7*

When any German sixth resolves as its dominant-seventh equivalent would (V<sup>7</sup> to I), modulation automatically occurs:

*Modulation from Key of C via German Sixths*

*CM7 D6(=D7) GM7 CM7 Eb7(=Dmi) E6(=Cb) Ab7 C Emi F6(=BbM7)*

*CM7 F#7(=G6) C#M7(=BbM7) CM7 G A6(=F#) D#M7 CM7 Ami B6(=E#M7)*

Conversely, when any dominant seventh, be it primary or secondary, resolves as its German-sixth equivalent would (aug 6 interval to octave), modulation also occurs:

*CM7 Gb6(=G6) F# CM7 D7 Db CM7 A7 Ab CM7 E7 Eb CM7 B7 Bb*

*(I<sup>7</sup> to I)* *(I<sup>7</sup> to I)* *(I<sup>7</sup> to ii)* *(I<sup>7</sup> to vi)* *(I<sup>7</sup> to iii)*

The French-sixth spelling forms the enharmonic equivalent of the dominant seventh with flattened fifth built on the same bottom note:

*C French 6th = C7(b5)*

When either resolves as the other would, modulation occurs:

*F#M7 C F#6(=C7(b5)) FM7 CM7 C#7(=C Fr. 6) B*

*(I<sup>7</sup> to I)*

Whenever a chord inversion contains a minor-sixth interval, like F up to C, that interval can expand to an augmented sixth, which in turn can cause modulation by resolving to the octave:

*C7 Eb Fr. 6th D CM7 E6(=Cb) D FM7 E6(=Cb) D Ami E6(=Cb) Bb F#7 E6(=Cb) Bb*

## ENERGY BURSTS

Where the two notes of an augmented-sixth interval push outward to the octave, the two notes of its inversion, the diminished third, push inward to the unison:

*Ab 6ve* *dim3 unis.* *Ab 6ve* *dim3 unis.*

Replacing a chord-note with its surrounding diminished third ignites a small burst of energy within the chord, a burst of energy which dissipates upon its resolution to the original chord-note:

*D minor 7th with energy bursts*

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continued on page 72



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# PRO-SESSION

## GUITAR TRANSCRIPTION

Pat Metheny's solo on *Bright Size Life*, from the album of the same name (ECM 1-1073) was printed in our October, 1979 issue. An alert reader, Michael Petterson, of Evanston, IL, found that the transcription contained a number of errors, and was kind enough to tell us about them. Without further ado, here's the corrected transcription (at the medium tempo).

**Pat Metheny**  
*Bright Size Life*  
solo,  
transcribed  
by  
Jack Peterson



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2. Sequence bars 1 and 2.

3. Likes lydian sound on B-flat major chord
4. Use of double stops.
5. Use of chord tones more than scales



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Pat Metheny, Lyle Mays, Mark Egan

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# PRO SESSION

## SOUND PROCESSING

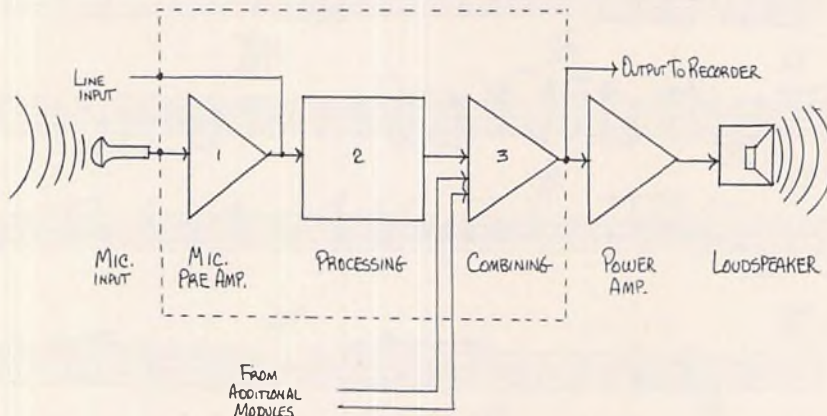
by Roy Pritts

Roy Pritts is an Associate Professor in the College of Music at the University of Colorado at Denver where he heads the Sound Reinforcement and Recording, and Electronic Music programs. He has been a professional musician in Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. and Miami. Among his publications are articles for *down beat*, the *Audio Engineering Society*, and the *Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers*.



A mixing board is that central processing, combining and distribution point that takes the electrical signals from your microphones and instruments and prepares them for the tape recorder or amplifier. Yeah, the one with all the sliders, knobs, switches and meters.

A single module of a mixing board would look like this in a block diagram:



Once you understand what is desired in a single mixing module, the rest is just multiplication of this basic chain to accommodate more modules. The large number of controls on the total console may look confusing, so we need to look at the functions of this basic module and see what we have.

The first stage is a microphone preamplifier. It is used to boost the relatively weak electrical signals from a microphone up to a standard line level. Signals that come from an electronic organ, synthesizer or piano are already at this desired level, so an input is provided which bypasses the preamplifier. Professional consoles have a control to trim the signal to a desirable level for the next stage.

The second stage is for signal processing. The most widely incorporated processing unit is the equalizer. An equalizer is a group of filters, and a filter is a selective tone control. A simple equalizer may be nothing more than treble and bass tone controls, while advanced units may have five or more bands which may be filtered. A great many knobs and switches could be associated with an advanced filter network.

Some mixing consoles have an equalizer built into every input module of the system. These are usually recording consoles. Others have equalizers only at the output stage, and therefore a stereo (two channel) mixer requires only two equalizers. These are usually reinforcement consoles. This type of E.Q. is used to color the finished program signals to fit the performance hall and to control microphone feedback (or howl).

Additional processing may be required outside the mixing console; at this point

switches and knobs allow you to tap from the signals and send them to echo units, cue systems, monitor systems or other effects. These are just more ways to provide variety in processing the sounds. They usually return to the mixing board at a later stage.

In this second stage a mixing console can really get busy. Seventeen control knobs, switches, or sliders could be used this far in a medium-grade system. A 16-in, 16-out console would have about 270 controls up to this second stage.

The third stage is really the mixing or combining stage, for it has the circuitry to combine many signals into one signal with highest possible fidelity. The finished signal is then distributed to the next desired point: either the tape recorder or the power amplifier. This output point is called the buss. Optical read-out usually happens at this point by a meter, light emitting diode ladder, or video ribbon. Again, the professional mixing console would have meters at all modules and at each channel of output. The smaller reinforcement mixing consoles would have metering only at the outputs. With the 16 switches and a meter for each module, the count on the controls of the professional console is up to 540. Now you see why it looks like the cockpit of a 747.

If you put "big bucks" into a mixing console, do business with someone who will still be in business when you have needs for repair, expansion or resale. Used equipment is of little value if its manufacturer is no longer around.

Don't try for "fuzz" or distortion effects by overdriving your equipment. You are setting



yourself up for costly repairs and down-time. Many units available are designed to do that job properly.

Turn the volume control of any module down (or off) when plugging and un-plugging connectors. This will help prevent sudden signal surges or signal loops that can damage components.

Some reinforcement mixers incorporate an equalizer for the output signal and a power amplifier all in the same console. This does not change the basic modular design concept. It is only a convenience factor. Having the E.Q. on the output stage only means that any coloration done at this point will affect all combined input signals. While this is ideal for voicing the finished product to accommodate the sound of the performance area and for controlling feedback, it also colors inherent equipment noises as well. Use it as a tool.

When an audience appraises your sound, they blame the musician for errors in the finished product, musical or electronic. They may not know why, but if the product is displeasing, all they remember is the disappointment. The sound engineer is every bit as important as the other performers in this respect.

Some sound engineers like to sub-mix sections of a large ensemble into a single

channel of sound. This is helpful when you have a large number of microphones to deal with and many of them require identical processing and mixing (like a choir or string section). It is not unusual to see small four-in, one-out mixers used for this purpose. They contain stage one and stage three components (mike pre-amps and a combining network), and provide an output to just one module of the mixing console. This eliminates the need for tying up precious space on the master console, and expands the input section of the board at lower cost.

This discussion of techniques can go on and on and on. It becomes the art of music engineering. What we are really after is artists using equipment that is correct for the job. Skill and artistic use of this equipment come with lots of experience and sensitivity. If we have a good grasp of the modular construction of a mixing console, of the building blocks employed and of each job, then we see the tools (not the toys) of the trade. That maze becomes a roadmap.

As one artist to another, remember that the sound engineer is no different than any other participant in a performance (live or taped). He must know the equipment, maintain it and maintain his proficiency on it. Practice, study, listen, broaden yourself. Hey—good mixing. **db**

## PRO SESSION

### MICROPHONES FOR VOCALS by Larry Blakely

Larry Blakely explained different types of microphones and connectors in the Feb., 1980 issue, page 70.

Microphones are used for vocals more than any other application. Vocal microphones are often used at very close working range, requiring what sound mixers call "close miking." Working close can cause low frequency "pops" in the sound system, particularly when words starting with "P" or "B" cause bursts of air from the vocalist's mouth. Pops can often be cured by placing a "wind screen," a cover made of sponge rubber, over the end of the mike to diffuse those bursts of air.

Mikes designed specifically for vocals have built-in wind screens, usually made of wire mesh. Vocal mikes often have special frequency response characteristics which roll off frequencies below the voice frequency range. Sometimes vocal mikes increase the level of midrange frequencies to give the mike more presence.

Vocal mikes are often dropped or knocked over, so traditionally dynamic microphones, known for their ruggedness and dependability, have been most often used by singers. Some condenser mikes—providing higher quality sound—are now available in solidly built models. Some of these condenser mikes also have their low frequency response rolled off.

Condenser mikes require a separate power source, and models which use their own batteries can be a nightmare when batteries go dead during a performance. Today, though, many condenser mikes use "phantom

power," which locates a special power supply in the microphone mixer. With this setup, the microphone voltage supply and the microphone signal run through the same wires. The results are that the mike won't go dead in mid-performance and the burden of handling external power supplies is eliminated. Another benefit of the phantom power supply is that other types of mikes can be used on the mixer along with the condenser mikes; the other mikes won't be damaged because they won't be provided with any power.

Historically, ribbon microphones have been the most fragile microphone type, but some have recently been introduced for vocals with outstanding results. Some models are now rugged enough to withstand road treatment, and the very warm sound—which made ribbon mikes popular in recording studios—is now practical and available for travel. Ribbon mikes are more expensive than dynamic mikes, but cost about the same as the less expensive condenser mikes.

All models and types of mikes sound different, just like all voices do, so it's important to experiment with different mikes to find one that sounds good for your voice. Some of a mike's characteristics can be changed with equalizers and the tone controls on the mike mixer. When testing a mike, you'll want to use your own mixer (or one just like yours) and your own equalizer to hear what the mike really will sound like.

When you're selecting a mike, don't forget that you must match equipment: high impedance with high impedance, and low impedance with low impedance—or you'll need an external transformer. And make sure the mike connectors match. **db**

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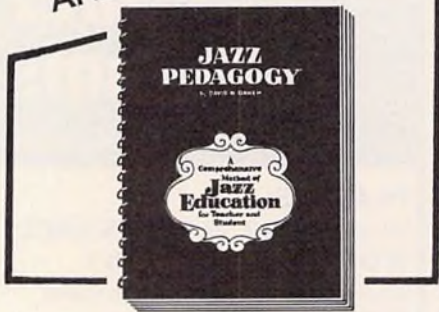
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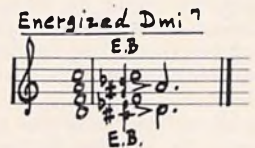
## HOW TO

continued from page 67

When properly resolved, such energy bursts upset neither the chord's harmonic identity nor its harmonic function. The following  $II^7-V^7-I$  progression, for example, functions as a cadence just as well with added energy bursts as without them, yet gains harmonic variety from them:

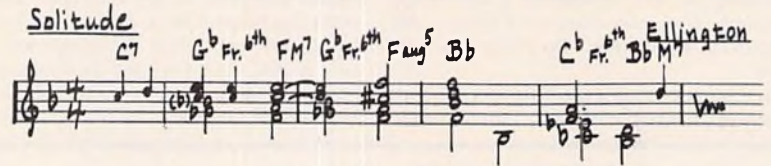


Simultaneous energy bursts increase harmonic intensity:

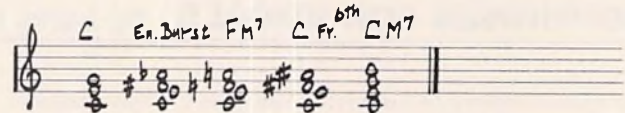


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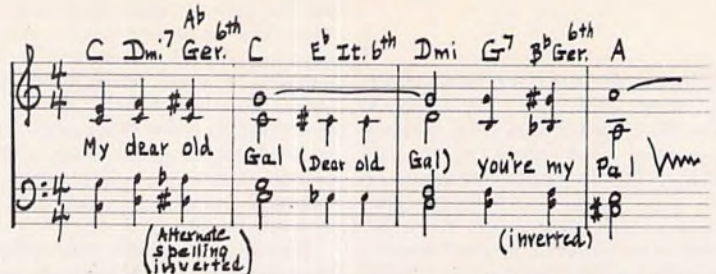
The French sixth resembles a Major-seventh chord with raised root and third. As a lead-in substitute for any Major seventh, the French-sixth energy enhances harmonic flow:



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## SOUND EQUIPMENT

The **D-222EB two-way cardioid dynamic microphone** by **AKG Acoustics** (Mahwah, NJ) has been included in the design collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The microphone was designed by Alfred Zlevor of AKG Akustische und Kino-Gerate Ges. m.b.H., of Vienna, Austria. Categorized as a two-way system, the microphone is a combination of two coaxially mounted dynamic transducers. One transducer, closest to the front grille, performs optimally at high frequencies. The second transducer, designed for low frequencies, is coupled to the first transducer through a 500 Hz crossover network. The D-222EB has a frequency range of 20 through 16,000 Hz, weighs nine ounces, and has a suggested retail price of \$195.

The **Model I Booster**, from **Power Pots** (West Covina, CA), is a linear signal boosting pre-amp that fits in place of an existing potentiometer in most electric guitars. The Model I delivers 20 decibel boost with a -68 db noise level. In operation the Model I Booster uses less than 200 micro-amps of battery power

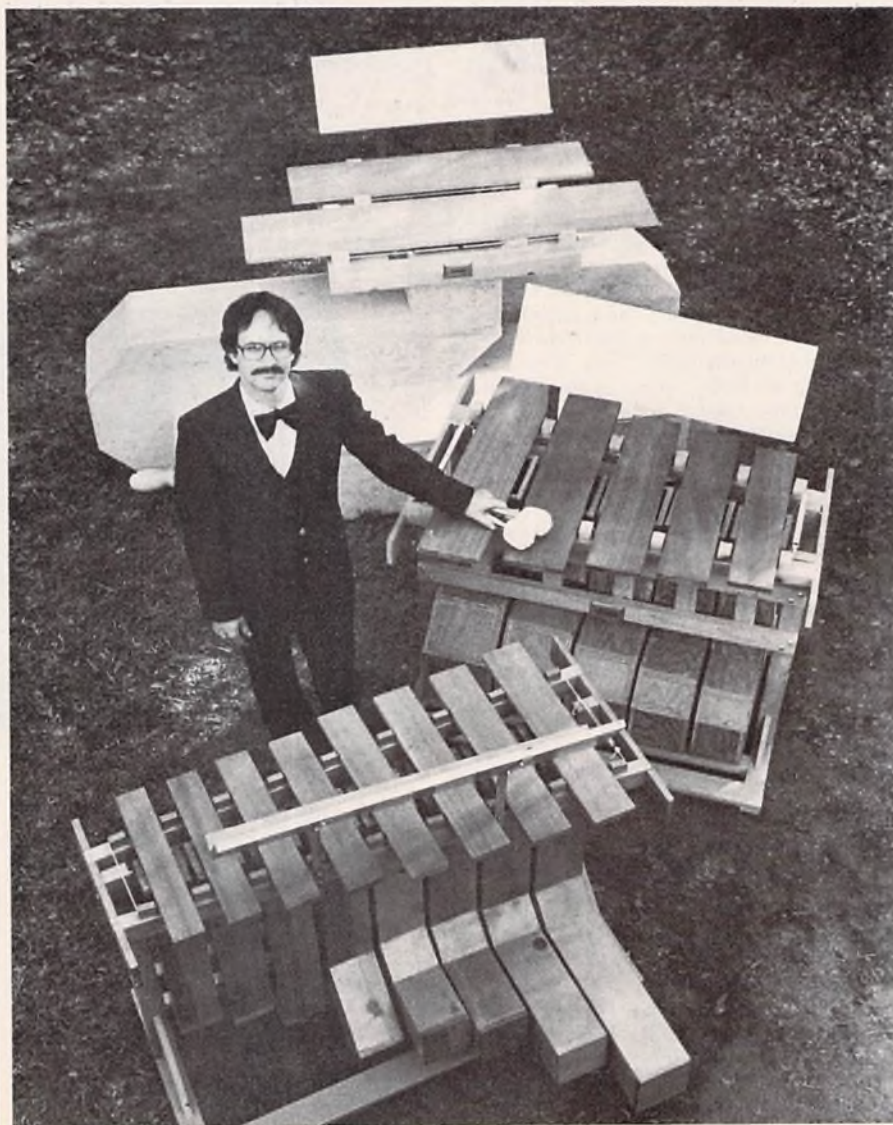
and is tied to a ¼" shorting jack in order to disconnect the power supply when the instrument is unplugged. Power Pots says the Model I can be installed with household tools and in most cases no modifications to the instrument are necessary. All wires are color-coded for easy installation.

## PERCUSSION

**Bass marimbas, contrabass marimbas** and even **sub-contrabass marimbas** are all offered by the **C.C. Banta Creative Percussion Company** (232 Wyoming St., Pasadena, CA). These percussion instruments cover the extreme ranges of profound pitch, from tenor "C" (130.8 cycles per second) down to sub-bass "C" (16.35 cps). Any scale, quantity of

notes, or frequency of pitches can be custom built by the company.

Every block comes from the same wood grain to maintain continuity of timbre throughout the range. The playing surface has a durable finish that lends itself to a wide variety of mallet types and sizes. These instruments are well braced and mobile.





## BAND INSTRUMENTS

Six new charts for advanced big bands of performances by the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band, taken from albums released only in Japan, have been published in Kendor's Toshiko Akiyoshi Series for advanced jazz ensemble. A free soundsheet featuring performances of the charts by the TA-LT Big Band is available by writing to Kendor Music, Main and Grove Sts., Delevan, NY 14042.



## GUITAR FAMILY

The Model 165 all tube guitar amplifier is new from Acoustic (Van Nuys, CA). Features include a switchable FET or tube front end, 60 or 100 watt RMS power output, dual master volume controls, five band graphic equalizer, and a built-in reverb. The amp contains a 12" Electro-Voice EVM 12L speaker, encased in a solid oak and walnut open back cabinet.

Also new from Acoustic is the Model 404, a front loaded single 15" bass cabinet. It can be used either as a primary cabinet or as an extension cabinet with the Acoustic 220/402 or 220/406 units.



## STEREO

The CX-350 and CX-370 cassette decks, from TEAC Corporation of America (Montebello, CA), offer metal particle tape capability at a moderate price. The CX-350 offers three-position bias and equalization settings for metal particle tape, chromium tape and standard tape. Using metal tape and integral Dolby noise reduction, the signal-to-noise ratio is 65 dB and the frequency response is from 30 Hz to 18,000 Hz. The deck is accurate to within 0.05% wow and flutter deviation and it also offers VU-type meters, a record mute type function and independent input and output level controls. The CX-350 has a suggested retail price of \$229.

The CX-370 has all the features of the CX-350 with the addition of the "Computomatic" program system, which enables the user to program the deck to begin playback from any one of 10 predetermined positions. This automatic search function can be activated from any place on the tape. The unit also has a memory function for return-to-zero repeat play. The CX-370 has a suggested retail price of \$279.

TEAC has also introduced a line of high quality low capacitance cable. The cables are made by Belden to TEAC's specifications. The seven-strand center conductor terminates in solder-filled pin barrels. The bare copper woven braid shield provides 95% coverage, running all the way through the handle to the shell for better RF rejection. Damage-proof jackets and a cadmium-plated steel shell were designed for the rigors of studio use. The cable is available in lengths of ten feet, five feet, three feet, 18 inches and seven inches.

78 □ down beat

## SOUND EQUIPMENT

The C-MOS series of guitar and bass amplifiers from Sunn (Tualatin, OR) includes seven models featuring one 12", two 10" and one 15" speaker versions available with and without reverb. All Alpha self contained amps include a 50 watt RMS power amp and the C-MOS controlled distortion drive circuit. Also included are preamp out/power amp in patching and a headphone jack for studio and rehearsal use.



The Model 8444 Pre-amp is new from Zeus Audio Systems (Alhambra, CA). The unit features a 21 dB boost and full tone circuit. The 8444 is designed for use with all electric instruments and can be used with good results with acoustic instrument transducers because of its low signal-to-noise ratio. The unit can also perform well as a line-level effects booster, and is packaged in an anodized aluminum case.



## GUITAR FAMILY



The Korg X911 monophonic guitar synthesizer (pictured above), from Unicord (Westbury, NY), features five mixable synthesizer voices with separate envelope generator control and variable filter control, six mixable instrument voices with a variable parameter on each, direct output, three-position octave switch, and footswitch-operated portamento, infinite sustain, variable interval and synthesizer cancel functions. It also allows direct, fuzz and processed guitar sounds to be produced for polyphonic effect. Suggested list price is \$350.

## STEREO

A collection of 16 new direct-to-disc records on the RCA-Japan and Toshiba-EMI labels are now being distributed in the United States by Audio-Technica U.S. Inc. (Fairlawn, OH). Selections from the RCA-Japan "Direct Master Series" include *Vintage Tenor*, by Lew Tabackin with Toshiyuki Miyama and His New Herd; *Romance De Amor*, by classical guitarist Kazuhito Yamashita; *Percussion In Colors*, by Sumire Yoshihara, and Eiji Kitamura's *Swing Sessions*. Toshiba-EMI releases include *Hello, Hank Jones*, by Clifford Jordan, Hank Jones, Reggie Workman and Freddie Waits; *Naima*, by Hannibal Marvin Peterson, Paul Jackson's *Black Octopus*; *Cadillac And Mack*, by the Detroit Four, with Barry Harris and Charles Greenlee; *Blackbuster*, featuring Jiro Iganaki's horns and Chuck Rainey's rhythm section, and *Acoustic Guitar*, by Stefan Grossman with John Renbourn. Direct-to-disc albums use no tape; the master is cut from the actual performance, providing greater dynamic range and frequency response.

Also from Unicord is the Korg WT-12 Chromatic Tuner, which features a five position range switch for five octaves of audible pitch reference and a seven octave tuning range, an illuminated tuning meter calibrated in Hertz and cents, a built-in microphone and speaker, a switch to change from visual to aural tuning, a direct input (the musician can tune without using a microphone), and a battery check LED indicator. The Korg WT-12 comes with earphone, AC adaptor, batteries and carrying case and has a suggested retail price of \$210.



and 'Huss' Charles (3/1); Leo Smith (3/7); Byard Lancaster (3/14); Rashied Ali and Lee Rozie (3/15); Marilyn Crispell Ensemble (3/21); call 581-7032.

**Sweet Basil:** Beaver Harris (2/19-23); Curtis Clark (2/24 & 25); James Moody (2/26-3/1); call 242-1785.  
**Syncopation:** Name jazz nightly; call 228-8032.  
**Tin Palace:** Hot name jazz nightly; call 674-9115.  
**Village Gate:** One Mo' Time, vaudeville review starring Jabbo Smith (Tue.-Sun.); call 475-5120.  
**Village Vanguard:** New York Jazz Quartet (2/19-24); Monty Alexander (3/9-16); Dave Liebman Quintet (3/18-23); Mel Lewis Orchestra (Mon.); call 255-4037.

**West End:** Swinging jazz nightly; call 666-8750.  
**Highlights in Jazz** (NYU Loeb Student Center): Jazz Greats on Film (3/6); 598-3757.

**Rutgers University** (New Brunswick, New Jersey): Chico Freeman (2/19); James Moody (3/11); Machito (2/26); Frank Foster and Tommy Turrentine (3/25); all concerts free; call (201) 932-4150.

## CHICAGO

**Jazz Showcase:** Northeastern Ill. Univ. Jazz Band (2/22-24); John Frigo Quartet (2/29-3/1); Bunky Green Quartet (3/7-9); March 12 starts "the Year of Charlie Parker"; Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (3/12-16); James Moody w/Johnny Cofas, trumpet (3/19-23); Elvin Jones Quintet w/Andrew White and Ari Brown, saxes (3/26-30); Dizzy Gillespie Quartet (4/2-6); Red Garland, Lou Donaldson, Jamil Nasser, Jimmy Cobb (tent., 4/9-13); Gerry Mulligan Big Band (4/16 & 17); Philly Joe Jones Quintet (4/18-20); Randy Weston Trio (4/23-27); 337-1000.

**Rick's Cafe Americain:** Helen Forrest (2/19-3/1); Tribute to Joe Venuti, with Red Norvo, Dave McKenna and others (3/4-15); Anita O'Day (3/18-29); Earl "Fatha" Hines (4/1-12); George

Shearing (4/15-5/10); 943-9200.

**Wise Fools Pub:** Lonnie Brooks (2/27-3/1); Koko Taylor (3/5-8, tent.); Albert Collins (3/26-29, tent.); Fenton Robinson (4/2-5, tent.); 929-1510.

**Bulls:** Ghalib Ghalib appears regularly; call 337-6204.

**Orphans:** Joe Daley Quorum (Mon.); Ears (Tue.); 929-2677.

**Gaspar's:** Jazz Members Big Band (Sun.); 871-6680.

**George's** (Kinzie and Franklin): Name jazz and cabaret acts in a downtown supper club; call 944-9443 for info.

**Stages:** Folk and occasional name jazz in a relaxed setting; 549-0203.

**Biddy Mulligan's:** Fine Chicago blues; 761-6532.  
**Steak 'n' Ale** (Arlington Heights): Jazz Consortium Big Band (Sun.); 255-0380.

**Jazz Institute Hotline:** (312) 666-1881.

## LOS ANGELES

**Concerts By The Sea** (Redondo): Dexter Gordon (2/21-24); Willie Bobo (2/28-3/2); Cal Tjader (3/6-9); Joe Williams (3/13-16); Jimmy Smith (3/20-23); Mongo Santamaria (3/27-30); 379-4998.

**Parisian Room** (Washington & La Brea): Yusef Lateef (2/19-24); Mongo Santamaria (2/26-3/2); Eddie Harris (3/4-9); call 936-8704.

**Dorothy Chandler Pavilion:** "All That Jazz" concert with The Orchestra, including Phil Woods, Freddie Hubbard, Quincy Jones, Dave Grusin (3/11); call 972-7211.

**Lighthouse** (Hermosa Beach): Name artists, including Kenny Burrell, Freddie Hubbard, Richie Cole; 372-6911.

**Donte's** (N. Hollywood): Toshiko Akiyoshi, Gabor Szabo, Bud Shank, Joe Diorio, others; call 769-1566.

**Century City Playhouse** (10508 W. Pico): New

music every Sunday, including Vinny Golia, Alex Cline, Bill Fontana, Nels Cline; for info call 475-8388.

**Carmelo's** (Sherman Oaks): Jazz seven nights a week, including Bob Brookmeyer, Dave McKay, Don Menza, others; 784-3268.

**Pasquale's** (Malibu): Ruth Price, Pat Senatore, Roy McCurdy, others; call 456-2007.

## NORTHWEST

**The Earth** (Portland): Paul Delay Blues Band (2/20-23); Upepo (2/27-3/1); Roadhouse (3/17 & 18); (503) 227-4573.

**Jazz DeOpus** (Portland): Eddie Harris (3/16); (503) 222-6077.

**Jazz Quarry** (Portland): Sky Trio (Wed.-Sat.): Sunday jam with Sky Trio; plus guest artists; (503) 222-7422.

**The Gallery** (Portland): Shades of Blue (Tue.-Sat.); (503) 234-9979.

**Prima Donna** (Portland): Mary Lawrence & the Ben Dorris Trio; (503) 227-5951.

**Whitman College** (Walla Walla): Composer's and Improviser's Orchestra (4/11).

## SEATTLE

**Parnell's:** Bob Dorough (2/21-23); Ted Piltzcker (2/28-3/1); Jane Lambert (3/6-8); Eddie Harris (3/13-15); Philly Joe Jones (3/20-22); Herb Ellis (3/27-29); Richie Cole (4/1-6); Art Lande (4/10-13); plus a Monday jam and an all-star big band Sundays; 624-2387.

**The Mint:** Joe Johansen (Fri. & Sat.); 624-1365.

**College Inn Pub:** Sanctuary (2/22-23); 634-2307.

**Mother Morgan's** (Kent): Ted Piltzcker (3/3); 1-584-7824.

**Seattle Center House:** Pete Leinonen (3/9 & 20).

**Seattle Concert Theatre:** Composer's and Improviser's Orchestra, with Jane Lambert (3/2, tent.).

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**DAYBREAK EXPRESS RECORDS.** JAZZ IMPORTS FROM EUROPE. Free Catalogue. Write: P.O. Box 250 Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

**RECORDSAVERS,** poly-lined inner sleeves ten cents, postpaid. MINIMUM 100. DEO, INC., Box 452-1, Glenview, IL 60025.

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**Owl Cafe:** Grandma's Cookies (2/29 & 3/1); 784-3640

**Rio Cafe:** Grandma's Cookies (3/20-22 & 27-29); 622-6613.

The following radio stations carry jazz programming: **KRAB** (107.7 FM, 325-5110); **KING** (98.1 FM, 223-5061); **KZAM** (1540 AM & 92.5 FM, 454-1540); **KXA** (770 AM, 682-9033); **KUOW** (95 FM, 543-2710).

## SAN DIEGO

**John Bull's:** Joe Marillo Quintet (Thurs.-Sun.); call 474-2201.

**Swan Song:** Dance of the Universe (Fri.-Sat.); call 272-7802.

**Chuck's Steak House:** Bill Coleman Quartet (Mon.-Thurs.); Zzaj (Fri.-Sun.); call 454-5325.

**Black Frog:** Ella Ruth Piggee/Sammy Tritt Group (Thurs.-Sun.); call 264-5797.

**Crossroads:** Gary Neives Group (Thurs.-Sun.); call 233-7856.

**Atlantis:** Kirk Bates Group (lounge); call 224-2434.

**Le Chalet:** Jazz every night; call 222-5300.

**KSDS** (88.3 FM): Jazz daily  
**KPBS** (89.5 FM): Jazz (Sat., 6 pm).

## CINCINNATI

**Arnold's:** Good Time Jazz Band (Mon.); Pigmeat Jarrett (Wed.); BlueBird Jazz Band (Thurs.); call 421-6234.

**Bentley's:** Crosswind (3/4-15); Mark Murphy (3/18-4/5); call 241-6663.

**The Blind Lemon:** Wayne Yeager and April Aloysi; call 241-3885.

**Brew House:** Alex Cirin Trio (Fri. & Sat.); call 961-9058.

**Edward's:** Local jazz (Thurs.-Sun.); Jimmy McGary Quartet (Fri. & Sat.); call 381-2030.

**Emanon Jazz Club:** Ed Moss Quartet (Wed.-Sat.); Elliott Jablonski & Billy Yarkin (Sun. & Mon.); call 281-9522.

**Gilly's:** Elvin Jones (3/17); call 1-228-8414.

**La Ronde Restaurant:** Frank Vincent (Mon.-Sat.); call 821-5115.

**Rainbow Dinner House:** Boots Johnson w/ Don Lewis (Fri. & Sat.); call 1-892-9402.

**Blue Wisp:** National and local jazz; call 871-9941.

**Bogart's:** National and local jazz; call 281-8400.

**K & K Lounge:** Local jazz; call 272-0557.

**Sublette Winery:** Local jazz; call 651-4570.

**Classic Jazz Society of Southwestern Ohio:** Monthly jazz concert; write Box 653, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

**WGUC** (90.9 FM): "Eclectic Stop Sighn" (12am, Tue.-Sat.); "Jazz Alive!" (12am, Sun.).

**WMUB** (88.5 FM): "Jazz Alive!" (8pm, Thurs.); jazz (8pm-2am, Mon.-Fri.; 1-5pm, 10pm-2am, Sat.; 10pm-2am, Sun.).

**WNOP** (740 AM): Jazz sunrise to sunset.

## ATLANTA

**E.J.'s:** Barney Kessel (2/20-24); Charlie Byrd (3/24, one night only, two shows); Herb Ellis (4/16-28); call 262-1377.

**Walter Mitty's:** Charley Williams Quartet (nightly); call 876-7115.

**Donte's Down the Hatch:** Paul Mitchell Trio (nightly); call 577-1800.

**Two Hundred South:** Local house band (trio); jam session (Sat.); call 755-3232 for details.

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**Jazz Forum Meetings:** Once a month on Wed.; call 758-2422 for more information.

**WCLK** (91.9 FM): Jazz daily from 12pm to 1am.

**WREK** (91.1 FM): Jazz and blues twenty-four hours.

**WABE** (90.1 FM): "Jazz Alive" (10:30 pm Fridays).

**WRFG** (89.3 FM): "Jazzette" (10 pm, Tuesday); jazz nightly (12pm-6am with Abdul).

## LAS VEGAS

**Tender Trap:** Adelaide Robbins Trio (regulars); call 732-1111

**Landmark:** Edie Aikels Quartet (Skytop Lounge); call 734-9110.

**Tropicana:** Chris Fio Rito (lounge); call 736-2022.

**Desert Inn:** Joe Castro (Raffle lounge); call 735-1122.

**Sands:** Bob Sims Trio (lounge); call 735-9111.

**Royal Inn:** Royal Dixie Jazz Band (Wed.-Mon.); call 734-0711.

**Pogo's:** Dixieland (Fri.); call 648-9935.

**Union Hall:** Big bands (Wed.-Fri., 10 pm); call 739-9369.

**Jazz Society:** Call 734-8556.

**KORK** (92 AM): Monk Montgomery's Show (Sun., 8-11 p.m.).

**KCEP** (88.1 FM): Jazz daily.

**KDWN** (720 AM): Jim Flint Jazz Show (6 p.m.).

## MINNEAPOLIS—ST. PAUL

**Northrop Auditorium** (University of Minnesota): Ella Fitzgerald (3/15).

**Orchestra Hall** (Minneapolis): Bobby Lyle (2/21); Ronnie Laws (3/3); Gunther Schuller and the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble (3/8 & 9); Oscar Peterson with the Minnesota Orchestra (3/22 & 23); Cleo Laine (3/24).

**Ambassador Motor Inn** (Minneapolis): Percy Hughes Trio (Thurs.-Sat.); call 545-0441 for details.

**Artist's Quarter** (Minneapolis): Eddie Berger All-Stars (Sun.); call 824-2130 for details.

**Coffeehouse Extempore** (Minneapolis): Local jazz; call 370-0004 for details.

**Cork's** (Minneapolis): Morris Wilson (Tue.); call 332-6036 for details.

**Curtis Hotel** (Minneapolis): Local jazz; call 340-5300 for details.

**Fox Trap** (Minneapolis): Morris Wilson and jam sessions (Sun & Mon.); call 332-2547 for details.

**Pearl Diver** (Minneapolis): Three on Cue (Fri.-Sat.); call 544-7211.

**Steak 'n Ale** (Minneapolis): Local jazz (Sun. & Mon.); call 545-3800

**Taiga** (Minneapolis): Pianist Bill Duna (Fri. & Sat.); call 331-1138

**Thunderbird Motel** (Bloomington): Tom Prin Trio (Sun.); call 854-3411.

**Walker Church** (Minneapolis): Local jazz; call 721-5011.

**Walker Arts Center Auditorium** (Minneapolis): Leroy Jenkins (2/28); Johnny Griffin (4/19, tent.)

**Children's Theatre** (Minneapolis): Sonny Rollins (3/3); World Saxophone Quartet (3/10); Carla Bley Band (3/25, tent.); sponsored by Walker Arts Center.

**The Buttery** (St. Paul): Local jazz (Thurs.-Sat.); call 222-5861.

**Emporium of Jazz** (Mendota): Traditional and dixieland jazz with the Hall Bros. Jazz Band (Fri.-Sun.); call 452-1868.

**Kozlak's Royal Oaks** (St. Paul): Dick Pendleton Trio (Sun.); call 484-8484.

**Lower Levee Lounge** (St. Paul): Red Wolfe and the Port of Dixie Jazz Band (Thurs.-Sat.); call 222-3331.

**Radisson St. Paul Hotel:** Peter Madsen Trio with singer Connie Foote (Tue.-Thurs.); call 292-1900.

**KTNW** (107.9 FM): Soft jazz (5 am-5:30 pm, Mon.-Fri.); "Mellow to Midnight" (6 pm-12 am, Mon.-Sat.); "Jazz in the Night" (12-3 am, Mon.-Sat.); "Jazz Album Hour" (8-9 pm, Sun.); "Triple Track" (9-10 pm, Sun.); "New Jazz Review" (10 pm-12 am, Sun.).

**WCAL** (89.3 FM): "Jazz Show" (7-8 pm, Mon.-Thurs.); "Jazz Opener" (9-10 pm, Fri.); "Shades of Black" (10 pm-11 am, Fri.); "Jazz Alive!" (12-2 am, Fri.); "Black Voices, Black Sounds" (3-5:30 pm, Sat.).

**KSJN** (91.1 FM): "Jazz Image" with Leigh Kamman (10:10 pm-6 am, Sat.).

**WCCO** (830 AM): Joe McFarlin show (12-5 am Sat., 12-6 am Sun.).

**KBEM** 88.5 FM): "Jazz Revisited" (6:30-7 pm, Wed.); "Frazola's Jazz Show" (7-7:30 pm, Wed.); "Music from the Big Bands" (7:30-8:30 pm, Wed.); "Jazz Alive!" (7:30-9:30 pm Thurs., 5-7 pm Sat.).

**KFAI** (90.3 FM): Occasional jazz (Mon.-Sun.).



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