

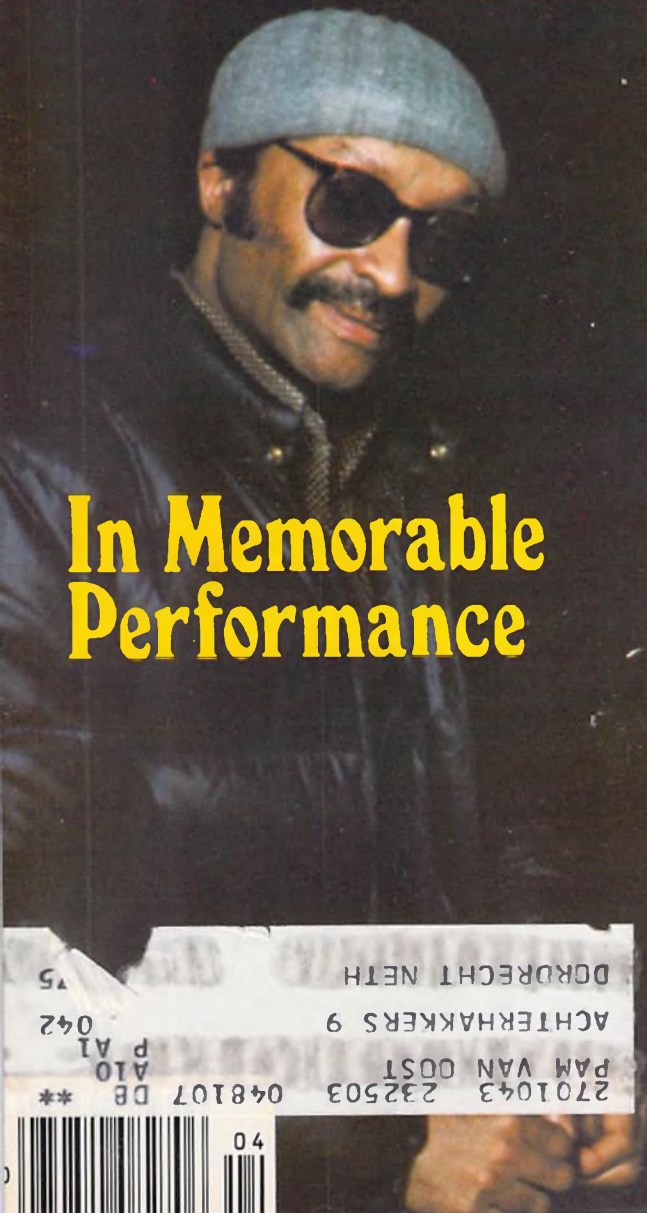
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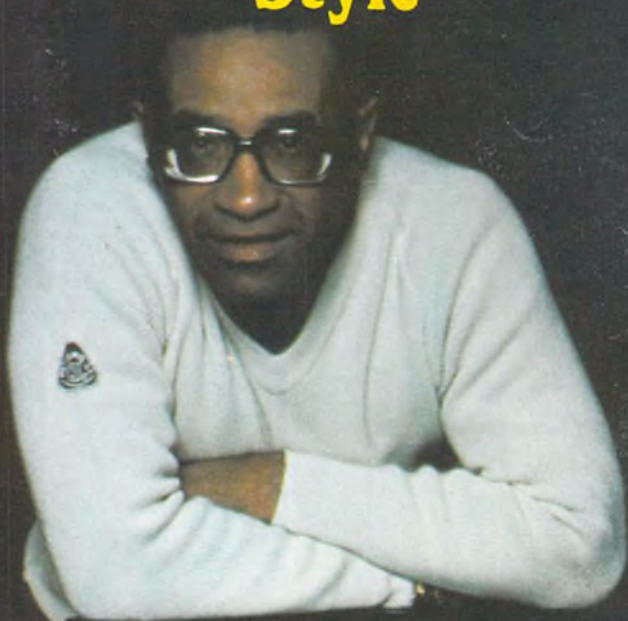
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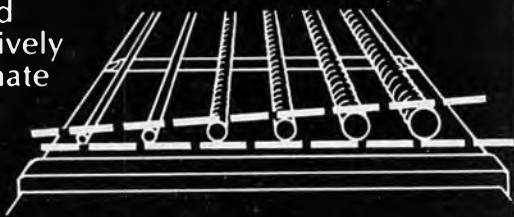
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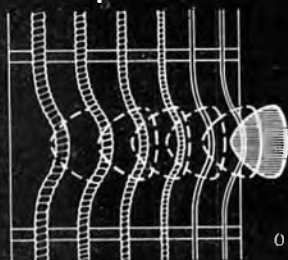
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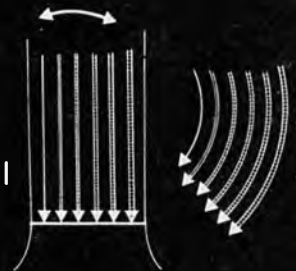


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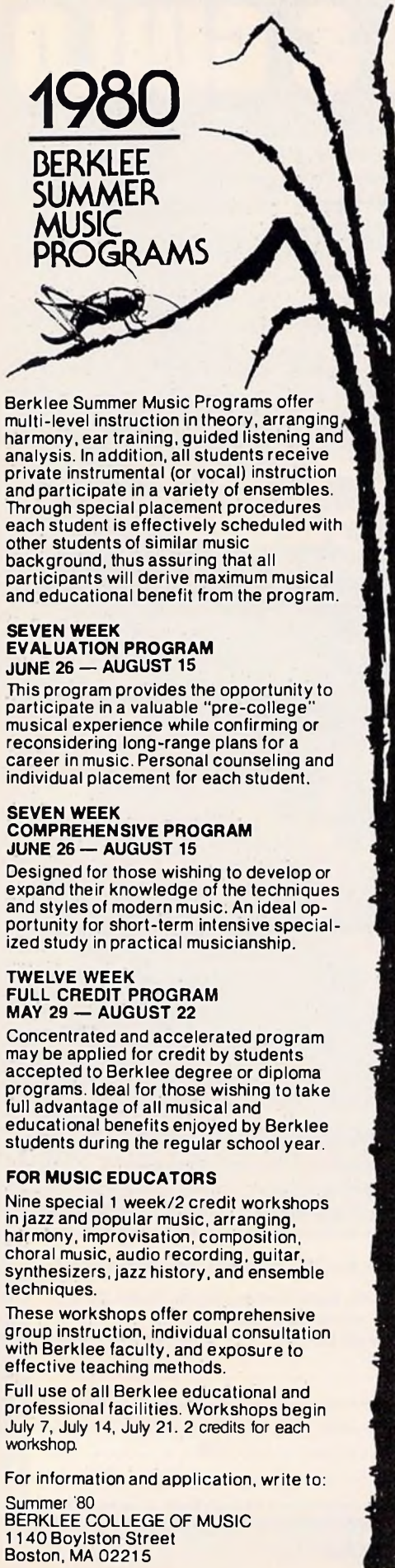
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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

There is strong evidence that the recent Max Roach/Cecil Taylor duet lived up to its premise. According to Lee Jeske's vivid review and analysis in this issue, the duet concerts were an Event: the meeting of Titans, the Ultimate Fusion.

Certainly this mixing of masters had all the ingredients to make a Living Legend. There was Max the Magnificent Melodist versus Cecil the Creative Cacophonist. *Tension*. Could canny Max penetrate Cecil's garde? *Tension*. Could serious Cecil beat Max's inexorable time? *Tension*. What went through their minds during those 45 tension-filled minutes when their Talents writhed and meshed? Think of all the jazz history, knowledge and experience fusing—coming together as very exciting music. In years to come, there will be many of us who will claim to have been there. Just as those thousands of people who somehow jammed into Minton's years ago to see Bird and Pres.

Speaking of Pres, don't miss the piece on Al Cohn in this issue. For my money, Cohn is the quintessential professional. He can play, he can write, and he can swing—and he makes it all look so easy. He is also a wise and gentle man. Be sure to catch his low-key comments on jazz in the schools, and Ornette Coleman, and Anthony Braxton, and his wrap-up statement. "What I like is music that moves me." Again, *tension*. It always comes down to tension . . . and release.

Also read the Arthur Blythe interview. This very talented alto saxophonist and writer is seeking—and finding—the same kind of honest fusion that Cecil Taylor and Max Roach found in New York last December. Blythe forecasts good things for the '80s. He could be very right.

Aside to California readers: Your support is needed for an arts education amendment to the state school code that will be voted on in the November 4th general election. This amendment would *mandate* "art education (music, art, dance, and drama) to be taught in grades 1-6 for 200 minutes, grades 7-12 for 400 minutes, every ten school days." Just like phys-ed! While only 300 thousand signatures are needed to put the initiative on the ballot, its sponsors are looking for two million names which would virtually assure a YES vote in November. Signature sheets should be available in your school music office or at a nearby music store. The passage of this unique proposition will have a very positive effect on music education throughout the U.S.

The next issue takes an upfront look at Merle Haggard, the downhome country jazz musician who carries on the western big band swing of Bob Wills and the white blues of Jimmie Rodgers. Also featured are soprano saxman Steve Lacy; father and son tenor saxmen Von and Chico Freeman, and several other contemporary musicians worthy of your attention; plus all the **deebie** winners—high school and college players, singers, writers, engineers—of the 1980 **down beat** Student Recording Awards. **db**

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it, and tell the parent that his money is better

used to support some musicians he's never heard of and probably wouldn't appreciate if he ever heard them?

Government assistance can easily translate into government control. Any field which becomes dependent on government funding is ultimately placed under the power of the state. Jazz is lucky in that it is not yet under

much state restraint. Don't let it become so. I believe in the cessation of all taxes; I concern myself with jazz here simply because it has given me some of the greatest pleasures in my life. For about two and a half years I was involved with the left "Environ" in N.Y.C., and met and listened to some of the finest musicians alive. Sadly, some of the musicians I know are of a more or less socialist bent and believe that they somehow have the right to other people's earnings.

But, as Jose Hosiasson pointed out, "[jazz is the music] of an elite global village." Don't cooperate with the system whose goal is to control you. To paraphrase Ayn Rand, it's one thing to be the cannibal's meal; it's another to do the cooking besides. Nitar-jan Shavert said, "jazz expresses human freedom!" Yes, but human freedom does not exist at the point of a gun.

Brian Olewnick
Corona, N.Y.

Looking for Lee Wiley

I am about to begin research on Ms. Lee Wiley for a critical biography of her life, times and career. The reason for this great and terrifying task is that I am the only person in Oklahoma who knows that she is Oklahoma's only great jazz singer. I appeal to db's readers and writers for any information they can furnish. I can raise money to reimburse for postage and photographs within upper poverty limits. Thanks to all.
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Where's Mariano's music?

Despite the flood of reissues in the past few years, there are still many jazz recordings which are no longer with us in any form. For several years now my main source of frustration is the almost criminal lack of availability of most of the recorded efforts of Charlie Mariano. Mariano hasn't recorded much but he has work owned by Prestige/Fantasy and Cavortics Corp. (the Bethlehem catalog). Used copies of these albums are selling for as high as \$60!

I have written both companies about this situation, but have received no reply whatsoever from either. If you publish this letter, Mariano (like the one you recently did with Art Pepper), perhaps some kind of groundworkswell would develop.

Kal Radin
New York City

Tom Fowler
Los Angeles, California

In my February '80 Pro Session, "The Harmonic Bass Guitar," I incorrectly placed the third harmonic of an open bass string at the 21st fret. It actually occurs at the 19th fret, as was shown in the accompanying diagram

Bass harmonics correction
issue. Ed.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Haynes' correction

This is to let you know I'm quite pleased with your in depth article about me [2/80]. However, there is one point that requires clarification. You quote me as saying that Tommy Potter "did some heavy drugs at one point." I do not recall saying that, but if I did I was mistaken. I have never known Tommy Potter to be involved with drugs and am very concerned about the effect this error might have on him and his family. I would greatly appreciate your cooperation in rectifying it.

Roy Haynes
Long Island, New York

Secret Life Of Plants

Much as I usually hate the "isn't" school of record reviewing, the *Mt. Gome* controversy was one of the reasons I subscribed to db. The magazine seems lively. So you can imagine my reaction to the review of Steve Wonder's *Secret Life Of Plants* (1/80). Yippie: here we go again!

Someone gave me the album, so I didn't have to decide whether to buy a two star album. I probably wouldn't have, since I agreed with db's one/love star review of Wonder's sappy/wonderful *Songs In The Key Of Life*. But after one play, *Plants* seems to me to be a solid four star.

I think db tried to review *Plants* as a jazz album, which it isn't. The reviewer also treated it as a collection of tunes, rather than as an extended piece of music. However, I think Wonder did a good job of producing a work of art from a wide range of musical materials. Even those parts that appear weakest when taken out of context have interesting moments. *Plants* is worth eight or nine bucks, and I'd recommend buying it. It's so good on its own terms that when Candice Bergen finally returns my calls and invites me over to the house, I'm going to play *Plants* for her to fill in those awkward moments when I forget my name.

Stan Taylor
Sacramento, California

To fund or not to fund

The most provocative article of your January 1980 issue, "Global Jazz Boosters Demand More U.S. Music" by Michael Bourne, was one of courage, deliberation and devotion. After my great number of years reading *down beat*, never has an article captured my sentiments of the jazz struggle better than this one. I comment the spirit of Michael Bourne and his select group of interviewees. Truly, jazz is the most expressive means of creativity that's come along in the last century of the universe.

Rognald Cole
Barry A.E.B., Colorado

In "Global Jazz Boosters," as often in the past, *down beat* has given strong support for a measure which, in the long run, will cripple the very music you seek to preserve. Think where the government grants come from. Money is taken from people who earned it, and who would probably not support this music if they had a choice. Could you face a middle class parent who wants desperately to send his child to college but now can't afford

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POTPOURRI

Arizona's burgeoning free jazz scene presented in January "An Evening of Creative Improvised Music," with a solo piano set by the mysterious **Prince Shell**, a tribute to **Sonny Rollins** and **Philly Joe Jones** performed by **Allan Chase** and **Lewis Nash**, and interpretations of music written by **Muhai Richard Abrams**, **John Coltrane** and **Roscoe Mitchell**.

A Jazz Guitar Marathon concert benefit for the Hollywood-Sunset Free Clinic was organized by **Dan McKenna** to commemorate the anniversary of **Charlie Christian's** birthday, January 20. **Joe Pass**, **Mundell Lowe**, **Joe Diorio** and **Ron Eschete**, **Barry Zweig**, **John Collins**, **John Pisano**, **Tom Prujillo** and **Tommy Rizzo** and his Five Guitars Plus Four played at Baces Hall.

Los Angeles' Bilbrew Library was the scene of a special salute to black Americans with **The Orchestra**, co-led by **Allyn Ferguson** and **Jack Elliott**, running an open rehearsal for its Music Center concert with gospel performer/composer **Andrae Crouch**, *A Tribute To Martin Luther King*. Sandwiched between the two rehearsal sessions was a set by **Euble Blake**; the event recognized Black History Month.

Sandy's Jazz Revival, until its closing last year a top New England jazz club, reopens this spring with **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Earl Hines** and **Joe Williams** slated for one nighters (rather than week long stays), and an emphasis on acts from the Boston jazz scene, along with jazz film screenings, dancing and stand-up comedians.

Reggae, the musical produced by **Michael (Hair) Butler**, opened on Broadway at the Biltmore Theater March 20.

More New York jazz venues: **Leviticus**, a midtown disco with a Tuesday night jazz policy; **Greene St.**, a Soho restaurant with a nightly, mostly jazz policy, and, for a third go-round, the **Cotton Club** on Harlem's 125th St.

The Century Sky Room in Phoenix has begun a 12 part *Roots of Jazz* series, starting with "The Blues," wherein the idiom was chronicled from New Orleans to James Brown by singers and musicians formerly on the Southwest chitlin circuit, including **Big Pete Pearson**, **Baby Rama Bagley**, **Duke Draper**, **James Fish Price**, **Maurice Cotton**, **Emerson Carruthers**, **Virgil Lane** and **Small Paul**. Next in the series (to be marketed to Southwest clubs) is "Bird 'N' Bebop."

NEWS

Boston's Jazzified Week

BOSTON—Founded in 1968 by fans and musicians to provide good milieus for jazz performances by local and visiting musicians and to educate a jazz audience, the Jazz Coalition has stuck to its credo with satisfying success. Over the years it has held benefit concerts (notably for **Kenny Dorham** and **Ed Blackwell**), pioneered all-night jazz marathons, expanded jazz in the classrooms through the public schools and generally, through the aid of volunteers, kept the music's profile high. JC's most ambitious effort is its Jazz Week, held annually, combining all the above mentioned activities and more.

1980's Jazz Week, April 25-May 4, dubbed "Celebrating The Duke," takes place around the Back Bay, with a parade through the area, lectures and seminars at Boston's Public Library (last year led by **Jaki Byard** and **George Russell**), outdoor noontime jams in Copley Square, an Ellington film

retrospective, concerts at the JC's homes, Emmanuel Church and Church of the Covenant (a few doors apart), art and photography displayed at City Hall, and gigs at schools, hospitals and prisons. Substantial grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Massachusetts Council of the Arts make all events except the headline concert (band to be announced) free.

"Through the collective cooperation of its members," says **Ron Gill**, JC president and singer, "the Coalition has been helping to create an atmosphere of jazz in this city. People like **Mark Harvey** (trumpeter/minister), **Charlie Perkins** and **Steve Elman** (WBUR-FM hosts), **Bob Blumenthal** (lawyer/jazz critic), **Ellie Boken** (artist), **Arnie Cheatham** and **Hollis Hedrick** (musicians/teachers) and **Justin Freed** (theater owner) have pitched in over the years to make it all go." Not to mention players and listeners. —*fred bouchard*

Philly's Hopes Aloft

PHILADELPHIA—Over the years this city's been accused of not supporting its native creative musicians. Philly, it has generally been conceded, is a place to be from rather than a place to be. Recently, this attitude has been changing, as both performers and fans attest that Philadelphia isn't as bad as many Philadelphians claim.

Among the positive examples of this revitalization of the city and its music is the Village Loft (at 3207 Spring Garden St., in Powelton Village). Founded in late '78 by musicians **Umar Raheem** and **Abdul Rashid** of the house band **Ruh** and the building's owner, **Faruk Mumin**, the Loft is an attractive performing space with a row of ceiling-to-floor length windows providing the backdrop to the stage and blown-up photos of entertainers adorning the white-washed walls. A good sound system services the hall which, a few months ago, was expanded to seat about 350 people. The club is intended to be an alternative to the jazz bar circuit, so no alcohol is served, but healthy natural food and drink are available.

The Village Loft has been host to exciting musical moments in the last year. Sets are scheduled every Thursday, Friday and Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. A careful balance between local groups and out-of-town musicians has been maintained; in addition to concerts by lesser known talents like drummer **Bobby Durham**, pianist **Sumi Tonooka**, guitarist **Monnette Sudler**, and saxist **Byard Lancaster**, more famous players (including **Philly Joe Jones**, **Leon Thomas**, **Dick Gregory** and **George Coleman**) have come to the Loft.

Perhaps the most encouraging appearances, though, were by two Philadelphia musicians long recognized as being among the city's best, and also regrettably long absent from the studio and the stage. Both **Hank Mobley** and **Jymie Merritt** turned in extraordinary performances.

Besides the Village Loft being a pleasant place to hear jazz in Philadelphia, by providing the city with a wide variety of top notch music in an uplifting and straightforward atmosphere the club is living up to its lofty ambitions.

—*russell woessner*

NPR's Jazz Alive! Schedule

Jazz Alive! releases its 90 to 120 minute programs to National Public Radio stations for broadcast within two week periods. The spring programming begins March 30; check local listings for dates and times to hear the following shows, listed in order of release (separated by semi-colons):

In April: **Frank Capp/Nat Pierce** Juggernaut band, **Bill Berry's** big band, **Dave Frishberg** solo piano and the **Bobby Shew** quartet; **Art Pepper** quartet and **Tommy Flanagan** (with bassist **Will Austin**); **Toots Thielemans** quartet and the **Texas tenors** of **Arnett Cobb** and **Buddy Tate**, joined by **Scott Hamilton**; **New Music from Europe**, featuring the **Globe Unity Orchestra** from the **Moers New Jazz Festival, 1979**; **Woody Herman's** band and vocalist **Jane Lambert** with the **Dave Peck** quartet.

Released in May: **Tom Scott**, **Jeff Lorber's Fusion**, **Tim Eyerman** and his **East Coast Offering**; **Oscar Peterson**, **Ed Bickert**, **Salome Bey**, **Terry Clarke** and **Don**

Thompson, **Fraser MacPherson**, all Canadians live from **Montreux '79**; the **L.A. Four**, **Ray Brown's** trio, **Ernestine Anderson**; **Anthony Braxton**, **George Lewis** with **John Carter** and **Bobby Bradford**; the **World's Greatest Jazz Band**, **Harry "Sweets" Edison** and **Guy Lafitte**, **Clark Terry** with **Hank Jones**, **Stephane Grappelli** and others from the **Grande Parade du Jazz, '78**.

For June release: **Newport '79's** **Black Broadway** concert hosted by **Bobby Short**, with **Eubie Blake**, **Adelaide Hall**, **Edith Wilson**, **Diahann Carroll**, **Nell Carter**, **Herb Jeffries** and **Dick Hyman's** 20 piece orchestra; **Mingus Dynasty**, **Phineas Newborn** with **Joe Beck**, **Ray Brown** and **Dannie Richmond**; **Lee Konitz** nonet, **Jackie and Roy**, **Moe Koffman's** quintet; **Billy Taylor** and his 19 piece big band, with **Dexter Gordon** and **Johnny Hartman**.

Welcome, too, to **Fred Bourque**, occasional **db** contributor, joining the *Jazz Alive!* staff. Tune in your radios!



The stereotypically non-political jazz community turned out a surprising array of supporters for the 1980 Democratic presidential ticket of Carter-Mondale, at a jam party in late January co-sponsored by George Wein and New York's Michael's Pub owner Gil Weist. Left to right, the votes go: Larry Ridley, Stella Mars, Mel Lewis, Major Holley, Jack Lesberg, Mike Longo, Ellis Larkins, Jaki Byard, Teddy Wilson, Lou Stein, Ray Bryant, Joan Mondale, George Duvivier, Ruby Braff, Panama Francis, Budd Johnson, Wein, Machito, Al Grey, Illinois Jacquet, Oliver Jackson, Jo

Jones, Charlie Rouse, Jimmy Maxwell, Buck Clayton, Beaver Harris, Herbie Mann, Paul Jeffrey, Cab Calloway, Rose Murphy, Sonny Fortune, Spiegel Wilcox, Lee Konitz. In attendance but not in the photo: Elvin Jones, Ornette Coleman, Sonny Greer, Gerry Mulligan, Roy Haynes, Jabbo Smith, Sam Rivers, Howard McGhee, Johnny Hartman, Scott Hamilton, Warne Marsh, Eddie Gomez, Jim Raney, Milt Hinton and Cecil Payne. The session featured fascinating stylistic crossovers. Who do the incumbents' opponents have improvising for a change?

FINAL BAR

Rhythm-and-blues pioneer **Amos Milburn**, whose driving piano style formed one of the foundations of rock 'n roll, died in a Houston, Tx. hospital early in January, of a series of strokes and heart attacks. He had been confined to a wheelchair for some time prior to his death.

Born in Houston in the mid '20s (the date of his birth has variously been given as 1924, 1925 and April 1, 1927), one of 13 children born to a construction worker, Milburn reportedly began playing piano at age five and largely taught himself over the next dozen years or so. Enlisting in the Navy at 15, he spent most of his tour of duty in the Pacific Theater, earning 13 battle stars while stationed in the Philippines. Following his mustering out, he returned to Houston, took up a musical career and soon formed his own group, which on occasion swelled to big band size, with which he performed in the Texas area. While performing in a San Antonio nightclub in 1946, he was heard by Houston-based booking agent and talent manager Lola Cullen. On his return to Houston Milburn recorded several "demo" selections for Mrs. Cullen, on the basis of which a recording contract was negotiated with Los Angeles' Aladdin Records, and in September of that same year the two ventured to the West Coast to undertake the first of the singer-pianist's recordings for the label.

He remained with Aladdin through the late 1950s, recording more than 100 selections and enjoying considerable popular success with his infectious, danceable form of jump blues, highlighted by his insinuating vocal delivery and his energetic, authoritative command of bedrock blues and boogie woogie piano. Milburn's first significant commercial success occurred in 1947 with his anthemic *Chicken Shack Boogie*, giving him his first national record hit as well as the name for his backing group, the Chickenshackers. This was followed two years later by *Hold Me Baby*, one of the top r&b records of 1949, a year in which he also scored with *In The Middle Of The Night*, *Rooming House Boogie*, *Empty Arm Blues* and *Let's Make Christmas Merry, Baby*. During this period the singer-pianist became one of the leading concert and nightclub performers of the emerging r&b style, and was booked by Mrs. Cullen into most of the music's leading venues, where he shared the bill with such luminaries as Louis Jordan, Joe Turner, Roy Brown, Wynonie Harris and Roy Milton. Recording success continued with 1950's *Bad Bad Whiskey*, a number one record, 1951's *Let's Rock Awhile and Tears, Tears, Tears* and 1953's *Let Me Go Home Whiskey* and *One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer*.

While he continued recording for Aladdin through 1958, the last-named was Milburn's final chart record, as his engaging vocal style and relatively simplistic musical style gradually was supplanted in the public's favor by the more aggressive approaches of the first wave of rock 'n rollers. By '55 he was forced to disband his regular group and over the next half dozen years or so worked as a single, picking up bands in the cities he worked. Following the expiration of his Aladdin contract, the singer-pianist recorded little, in 1959 cutting a pair of duets with Charles Brown in New York for Ace Records and two years later waxing two titles for King Records, but was unable to duplicate his earlier success. A 1963 album for Motown Records, while enjoyable, failed to sell. During much of the '60s Milburn, then living in Cincinnati, was only intermittently active in music, performing in local clubs and for a time working as a hotel clerk. He returned to his hometown in the mid '70s. There he was recorded in a program of his hits by producer-performer Johnny Otis for the latter's Blue Spectrum label, but the first of a series of heart attacks curtailed his further performing.

12 down beat



Bip guitarist Pee Wee Tinney, bopper Babs, altoist Rudy Williams at a 1947 recording session.

Babs Gonzales, jazz vocalist, lyricist, author and raconteur, succumbed to cancer January 23 in Newark, N.J. at age 60.

Babs, born Lee Brown, was one of the pioneers of bebop singing. During the '40s he composed several well known bop vocals, including *Ooh-Pa-Pa-Da*, and co-led Babs' Three Bips and a Bop with pianist/arranger Tadd Dameron in 1946. He worked with James Moody in the '50s and guested with various bop ensembles throughout the '60s and early '70s. In the late '70s, Babs spent much time in Europe, performing at festivals throughout Germany and Switzerland and giving a series of 17 lectures at Holland universities, spiced with innumerable anecdotes and including an anti-drug message.

Recently Babs had taken to publishing his own books and producing his own records. His company, Expubidence Publishing, printed *I Paid My Dues: Good Times, No Bread* and *Movin' On Down The Line*. He is survived by a brother.

Former television and night club star **Jimmy Durante**—comedian, singer, dancer, jazz pioneer—died January 29, at the age of 86. A ragtime pianist at the beginning of his career, he heard the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in their sensational 1917 New York visit and, aided by the ODJB's leader-cornetist Nick LaRocca, organized his own Original New Orleans Jazz Band later that year. Durante's quintet gained authenticity by including three New Orleans players, including Creole clarinetist Achille Baquet and former ODJB drummer Johnny Stein. The group recorded its first two titles for Okeh in 1918; they recorded three more sessions in 1919 and 1920, for Gennet, the last under the name "Jimmy Durante's Jazz Band".

The next year Durante began recording jazz under the leadership of violinist Sam Lanin: "Bailey's Lucky Seven," "Ladd's Black Aces," and "Lanin's Southern Serenaders" were the group's usual pseudonyms. (Two Lanin titles with Durante were fraudulently released as "Henderson's Dance Orchestra" on Black Swan; usually, Fletcher Henderson led the house band for the allegedly all-black label.) Durante's last jazz sessions were in 1922, with Lanin; none of Durante's jazz records is currently available on LP.

His early dixieland band was based in a 125th St. club, and he continued his cabaret career throughout the '20s in New York. Durante and his 1921 drummer, Jack Roth, continued to work together over the

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NEW RELEASES

Ah! the sounds of spring: The first ten Steeplechases in U.S. manufacture are **Chet Baker's *The Touch Of Your Lips***; **Walt Dickerson and Sun Ra** inventing *Visions*; *Introducing Doug Raney*, guitarist; **Lee Konitz's** *Yes, Yes, Nonet*; **Johnny Dyan** with **Don Cherry** waxing a *Song For Biko*; **Duke Jordan's** *Artisty*; the **Kenny Drew** trio playing *Ruby, My Dear*; *Tete A Tete* by pianist **Tete Montollu's** three-some; **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen** with Messrs. Liebman, Scofield and Hart *Dancing On The Table*, and trumpeter **John McNeil's** *Embarkation*.

David Pritchard's *City Dreams* come from Inner City, as do **Warne Marsh and Lew Tabackin** expressing *Tenor Gladness*; **Hank Jones** with Tony Williams and Ron Carter making *Milestones* as the Great Jazz Trio; pianist **Walter Norris** in duo with bassist **Aladar Pege**, *Synchronicity*; trumpeter **Jerry Rush's** *Rush Hour*; **Keith Slane's** *Star Captain* and **JoAnne Brackeen's** duo with Eddie Gomez, *Prism*.

Verve's latest two-fer reissues include **Gerry Mulligan** *With Getz And Desmond*, **Lester Young's** mid '50s *Mean To Me*, **Ella Fitzgerald** singing *The Duke Ellington Songbook*, and **Ben Webster** mapping *Soulville*.

Trumpeter **Jon Faddis's** *Good And Plenty* is the first release of Arista/Buddah's new Versatile label. **David Axelrod** is *Marchin'* on MCA. **Errol Parker's** *Experience Doodles* on Sahara Records (NYC). **Ron Cuccia** and *The Jazz Poetry Group*, from New Orleans, are on Takoma/Chrysalis. **The New Black Eagle Jazz Band** recorded *On The Road* for their self-named Marblehead, Maine label. **Geoff Muldaur** is a *Blues Boy* on Flying Fish, and **Tony Rice** plays *Acoustics* on FF's associate Kaleidoscope label.

Gary Lawrence and his *Sizzling Syncopators* flash on Columbia, and clarinetist **Eddie Daniels** is a *Morning Dancer* on Columbia, too. **Claude Williamson's** *La Fiesta* and bassist **Sam Jones's** 12 piece band on *Something New*—both on Interplay. Percussionist **Manolo Badrena** leads a session on A&M; vocalist **Irma Thomas** issues *Safe With Me* on Baton Rouge, LA's RCS Records. **Carmen McRae, Joe Williams, Claude Bolling, Thad Jones** and **Cat Anderson** appear on *Jazz Gala '79*, from Personal Choice Records (Gillette, NJ). **Daoud Abubakar Balewa** displays *Ambiance*, from Da-Mon Records, Los Angeles.

George Lewis, trombonist/composer, pays *Homage To Charles Parker*; **Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons** and **Jeanne Lee** form a trio waxing *Nuba* and the **String Trio Of New York** come to the States via Italian Black Saint, distributed by Rounder Records, Birmingham, Ala. based Trans-

museq offers *Jewels and Velocities*, trios with distinctive instrumentation.

Rescued from MPS for U.S. release by PA/USA: Cecil Taylor's Unit, *Live In The Black Forest*; **The Singers Unlimited** with Roger Kellaway's Cello Quartet, *Just In Time*; French violinist **Didier Lockwood's** *New World*; the **Elvin Jones Jazz Machine**; **JoAnne Brackeen's** solo *Mythical Moment*; **Hank Jones's** '77 trio *Have You Met This Jones?*; **Bill Evans** with Claus Ogerman's orchestra, *Symbiosis*; **George Shearing and Stephane Grappelli**, *The Reunion*; and **Michal Urbaniak** with **Urszula Dudziak** and Fusion, *Heritage*.

Electric guitarist **Henry Kaiser** sent along his trio with Jim French (reeds) and Diamanda Galas (voice), *If Looks Could Kill* (on Metalanguage, from Berkeley), as well as a sampler of new guitar players produced by **Fred Frith** on Red Records, *Guitar Solos 3*. Two-horns-at-a-time trumpeter/bandleader **Gary Wofsey** celebrates *Mel* on Ambi Records, (Darien, Ct.). The American Composers Orchestra performs **John Cage's** *The Seasons* and **Charles Wuorinen's** *Two Part Symphony* on CRI.

Bill Evans's '77 trio (with Gomez and Zigmund) is heard on *I Will Say Goodbye*, from Fantasy; keyboard artist **Ahmad Jamal's** *Genetic Walk* is on 20th Century Records. Clarksdale, Mississippi's **Jelly Roll Kings** are *Rockin' The Juke Joint Down* on Chicago's Earwig label.

Maintaining traditions: the **Mingus Dynasty Band** plays *Chair In The Sky* from Elektra/Asylum. The Lennie Tristano Foundation's Jazz Records label issues **Liz Gorrill's** two-fer *I Feel Like I'm Home*, and a previously unissued **Lennie Tristano** quintet, with **Warne Marsh** and **Billy Bauer**, *Live At Birdland, 1949*. Survivors of **Chase** regroup on *Watch Closely Now* (Churchill Records, Brookfield, Ill).

Annette Peacock has *The Perfect Release*, and guitarist **Jorge Santana** avers *It's All About Love*, both from Tomato. **Ira Nepus** has that *Trombone Feeling* on Honolulu's Heaven Records. Pianist/composer **Michael McFrederick** recorded *Four Instrumental Compositions* with the New York City Ensemble (on Golden Age). Guitarists **R. Keltie** and **J.P. Lowrie** duet *Avec Moi* on Red Bud Records, Bloomington, In. Guitarist **Tony Favazzo's** *Minus Tide* comes from AJF records, Alliance, Ohio. The **U.S. Steel Cello Ensemble** offers *Bitter Suites* (from JCOA/NMDS, NYC), and pianist **John Fischer's** *Interface*, with **Marlon Brown**, offer *Glimpses* (on ReEntry Records, also NYC). Guitarist **Dan Rose** and his group perform *Close Opposites* on Alacka Records (Nau-gatuck, CT, or JCOA/NMDS).

FINAL BAR



Professor Longhair

Durante, Opie Cates, Gary Moore

continued from p. 12

decades, culminating in Durante's '50s star turns on the Sunday TV *Comedy Hour*. Although television programmers' tastes changed, Durante remained a national night club favorite until a stroke in '72.

Seminal rhythm and blues pianist-singer-whistler **Henry Roeland Byrd**, best known as **Professor Longhair**, died Jan. 29 of a heart attack while he slept in his hometown, New Orleans. He was 61, and for more than 30 years had been a foremost exponent of New Orleans popular music. Born Dec. 19, 1918 in Bogalusa, La., Byrd was raised in the Crescent City, where, as a youngster, he began developing a unique approach to the piano, mixing rumba, mambo and calypso music. His strong, distinctive style, emphasizing metric subdivisions, had an enormous impact on later pianists from the area, among them Fats Domino, Huey "Piano" Smith, Allen Toussaint and Dr. John. As a teenager Byrd began performing with small groups locally, soon graduating to clubs where he led his own combos. While working the Caldonia Inn in 1949 he was named Professor Longhair by the club's owner. His recording debut was in '49 for the Star Talent label; the sides *Mardi Gras In New Orleans* and *She Ain't Got No Hair* (recut as *Baldhead* for Mercury the next year), earned 'Fess his first r&b chart success. That year, having been heard by Ahmet Ertegun, he waxed for Atlantic records; in '50 he waxed for King Records' Federal subsidiary. Rejoining Atlantic in late '53 Byrd created his classic, exuberant *Tipitina* (the Atlantic sides were reissued as *New Orleans Piano*). Ebb Records (Hollywood) caught him in '57; in '58 he cut a remake of his earlier hit, calling it *Go To The Mardi Gras*, which has become enduringly popular, heard everywhere during New Orleans' annual festivities. A 1962 session for Rip Records was followed by several for Watch Records in '63 and '64, from which came the tune *Big Chief*, renewing attention on its composer when Dr. John played it on his *Gumbo* LP. In the '70s 'Fess basked in the period's reexamination of New Orleans r&b styles, and resumed an active career, becoming one of the most popular entertainers at the annual Louisiana Jazz and Heritage Festival. He appeared at Montreux, was recorded live at the Heritage Fest (on Atlantic), recorded for Blue Star in '74, and the next year had a live performance on the river boat *Queen Mary* captured by Harvest Records. Longhair's death came the week his Alligator Records album *Crawfish Fiesta*, with Dr. John and members of his eight to ten piece touring band, was released. 'Fess was given a jazz burial at which the Olympia and Tuxedo Brass bands performed, amid considerable media coverage and some 3,000 mourners. His name was applauded at gigs that weekend by such New Orleans followers as the Neville Brothers, drummer Johnny Vidacovitch and vocalist Etta James, and at Mt. Olive cemetery wreaths from Fats Domino, Irma Thomas and the Professionals ringed the plot marked "Matthews" in which he was interred. Jerry Wexler eulogized Longhair, who once said, "I don't mostly play for the audience. I can keep *them* happy, but I've got to give other musicians something to analyze." Survivors include his widow, children and numerous grandchildren.



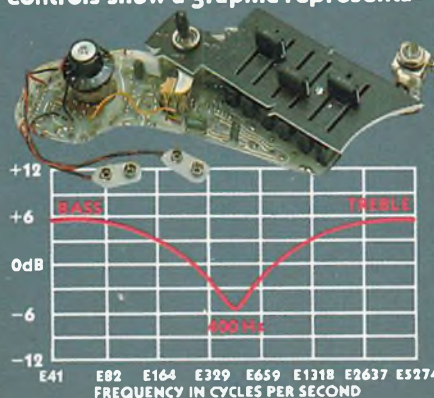
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MAX & CECIL



PERCUSSIVE PIANIST MEETS MELODIC DRUMMER

by LEE JESKE

Maxwell Roach is the most melodic of jazz drummers. Cecil Percival Taylor is the most percussive of jazz pianists. Max Roach plays the jazz trap set with the touch of an angel while Cecil Taylor frequently plays the piano with his fists, palms and elbows. Roach has always been open to innovation, moving easily from bebop, which he helped pioneer, to hard bop to free improvisation. Taylor, on the other hand, has been almost xenophobic, playing his own conceptually two fist piano, frequently devoid of obvious harmonic and melodic structures, with a small coterie of musicians—including saxophonist Jimmy Lyons, a 20 year member of his unit, and drummer Andrew Cyrille, a 15 year member.

When it was announced that Messrs. Roach and Taylor would be meeting for two performances of duets at Columbia University, the New York jazz community buzzed with anticipation. The names "Max" and "Cecil" were bandied about as if they were two beloved, elderly uncles. Would Cecil Taylor, the infamous iconoclast of jazz piano, actually collaborate with Roach, or would the adaptive Roach be left to fend for himself under a barrage of pianistics?

Slowly the walls of jazz are breaking down. The avant garde, which shut itself off from much of the music's traditions during the angry '60s, has begun to embrace the history of jazz in a fresh, open light. On Anthony Braxton's latest record he performs Lionel Hampton's *Red Top*; Air's LP of the music of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and Scott Joplin (*Air Lore*) was one of the highlights of last year; Arthur Blythe's latest on Columbia, *In The Tradition*, has him playing a bevy of standards, as Chico Freeman does on his India Navigation LP *Spirit Sensitive*; Lester Bowie has sat in with Roy Eldridge at Jimmy Ryan's, and Pharoah Sanders now features *Body And Soul* in his nightclub performances. If there is a currently discernible trend for jazz in the '80s, this embracing of the music's tradition is it. And when

two masters of different styles, if not eras, meet for a concert of duets to close the decade, it is cause for rejoicing, especially when the two players are Max Roach and Cecil Taylor, and especially when the two performances are as successful as were the two on December 15, 1979.

The first reaction to the pairing of Cecil Taylor and Max Roach was one of surprise, but after a moment's thought the idea didn't seem that farfetched at all. In the past several years Taylor has opened his deeply personal musical contexts to new ideas, however cautiously. On April 17, 1977 Carnegie Hall was the site of a concert entitled "Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor: A Concert of New Music for Two Pianos Exploring the History of Jazz with Love." Shortened, the concert was called "Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor: Embrace." A still better title would have been "Mary Lou Williams *versus* Cecil Taylor"; that attraction was like two heavyweight prizefighters ferociously maintaining their individual styles for 15 rounds. After the final bell, the battle was declared a draw (it can be reviewed on Pablo's two disc documentation).

Early in '79, Tony Williams' *Joy Of Flying* LP (Columbia) featured an intriguing duet between the drummer and Cecil Taylor; later in the year somebody came up with the idea of pairing Mikhail Baryshnikov with the pianist. This idea seemed to be on slightly better footing—Taylor has always emphasized the influence of dance on his music, and Baby Laurence is one of his few idols. The results of the pairing were mixed, according to those who caught one of the three performances in Chicago, Hollywood or Philadelphia. **down beat's** Associate Editor Howard Mandel, after seeing the debut performance in Chicago, found "no particular communication between them. Stylistically it didn't seem to correspond."

Max Roach, on the other hand, has been embracing the newer

continued on next page

Cecil Taylor Unit at the Creative Music Studio

by PETER ROTHBART

ORCHESTRATING THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS

The Cecil Taylor Unit's ten day Intensive Workshop at the Creative Music Studio in West Hurley, New York served as "a one of a kind opportunity to examine the composition and organizational style and life philosophy of Cecil Taylor," according to the Studio's communication director Jim Quinlan. The December-January workshop attracted 40 students from as far away as Australia, France, Yugoslavia and California.

Some participants, such as Dan Fried, came to "improve technique and work on the psyche, find the center." Others, like Dan Froot, came hoping to "take the process back with me—the concept of creative process and self expression." Most participants agreed that they came for "the experience of making great music and being shown how to make it; to gain more of an understanding of Cecil's music; to get past the pyrotechnics to the art," as Fried explained.

The workshop served as a focal point, a meeting place for avant garde jazz musicians. It attracted members from organizations throughout the world, such as the Dallas Association for Avant Garde and Neo-Impressionistic Music, and the Institute for the Advancement of Creative Perception from Paris, which is run by Taylor's bassist, Alan Silva.

The nucleus of the workshop was, of course, the Cecil Taylor Unit: Taylor on piano, Jimmy Lyons on alto sax, Ramsey Ameen on violin, Silva on bass and cello, and Jerome Cooper on drums. Rather than emphasizing the Unit's musical talents as performers, the workshop concentrated on developing the musical and perceptual skills of the participants. Taylor's compositions served as the vehicle for the student's development, with all Unit members sharing the responsibilities of rehearsing the full student ensemble. Instrumentation for the ensemble ranged from vibes to pocket trumpets, from bass clarinets to violins, including the usual assortment of saxophones,

basses, drums and pianos. Rehearsals reflected the informal intensity of the workshop and usually lasted six to seven hours with one or two hours for lunch. Evening rehearsals or spontaneous jam sessions always ran past midnight and often until two or three in the morning. One jam, with Sunny Murray on drums and Taylor on piano, created "a magical sound, a spiritual healing force," as Murray described it. In fact, the spiritual aspects of the workshop were often alluded to by the participants.

Various sections of the full ensemble usually rehearsed simultaneously in the main rehearsal studio, with Unit members each directing a separate group. The resulting cacophony often made concentration difficult, according to some participants, and only when the ensemble rehearsed as a single unit did Taylor's music take on its inimitable shape.

Taylor's notational system consisted not of notes on musical staves, but simply note names written out, some visually higher or lower on the page than others, reflecting the shape of the line. Taylor chose the pitch material, occasional vertical sonorities, and delineated structural pillars while the individual student sections improvised rhythms and explored different phrasing possibilities for the pitch groups. Sections began to expand upon rhythms from other sections, creating an organic whole that classicists would call rhythmic transformation. The ensemble sections rehearsed by repeating phrases in an almost meditative way that forced the performers to be intimately aware of all aspects of the phrase, and served to crystallize the rhythm; the works took on an intrinsic structural unity because of the pillars established by Taylor and the rhythm that emerged from the ensemble's collective consciousness. Thus the complete

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innovations of jazz for the past three decades. Rather than resting on his bebop laurels, Roach quickly formed one of the most influential hard bop bands in the '50s, co-billing himself with the young Clifford Brown. He was, perhaps, the most influential drummer of the '60s avant garde—Ed Blackwell, Dennis Charles and Sunny Murray all acknowledge their debt to Max Roach's melodic methods on a trap set. During the '70s Roach was at the helm of a quartet which was playing lengthy pieces with few harmonic restrictions, and in the late '70s Max Roach recorded duet albums with Archie Shepp (in Italy), Anthony Braxton (in France) and Dollar Brand (in Japan).

"But the one with Cecil was the one I looked forward to," says Roach. "That one was on my mind *all* the time. I've known Cecil and we've always said hello and I'd say, 'Cecil, I hope someday we'll do something together.' And he'd say, 'Well, I'm looking forward to it.'"

When Max mentioned this desire on the airwaves of Columbia University's radio station WKCR-FM, Bill Goldberg, the interviewer, contacted Jim Silverman, Cecil's manager, agent and go-between, and the details were ironed out. Max and Cecil would receive a flat fee for the concert, Cecil would get to bring along the 96 key, \$60,000 Bosendorfer concert grand piano which he endorses, and the two musicians would privately finance a tape of the performances which they could auction off to the highest bidder. The date was set, the hall was set and the tickets went on sale. Two of the liveliest masters of jazz, a mere eight years apart in age, would collaborate for two concerts on October 11—and then one of those masters ended up in the hospital with a pinched nerve. On October 9, the concerts were postponed.

"Max and I have been to the hospital to visit Cecil," said Jim Silverman, "and his doctors won't let him do it. But you should see Cecil and Max together. Cecil is so wound up and Max is so cool." But Cecil was wound up in two ways, since he was spending six hours a day in traction.

The concerts were rescheduled for Saturday, December 15 and, again, the speculation began.

A rehearsal and sound check were scheduled for noon the day of the performances—there were to be two shows at 8 and 11 p.m. Bill Goldberg and WKCR were sponsoring the event so the venue was Columbia University's McMillin Theatre, a 1200-seat shabby box on 116th St. and Broadway. Tickets were selling slowly, but steadily.

When I arrived early in the afternoon, Cecil Taylor and Jim Silverman were supervising the unwrapping and placement of the nine foot Bosendorfer. The piano, which has an extra eight notes in the bass, is endorsed by only two artists in the jazz realm—Cecil Taylor and Oscar Peterson (I hope Bosendorfer won't one day come up with the perverse idea of pairing their endorsers). Watching five workmen juggle the piano is a chilling experience. Finally, after much huffing, sweating and swearing the instrument was on the stage.

Cecil was jittery when we spoke. His feet were shifting and he was

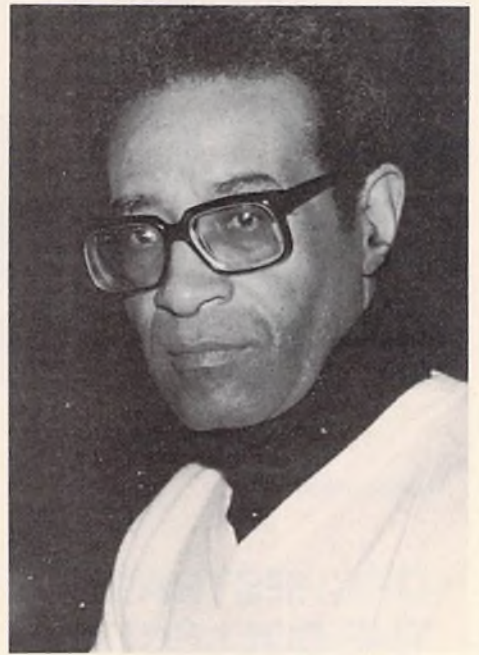


rubbing his hands together. "I couldn't find this place," he barked to Goldberg. "Why the hell aren't there signs out there?" Cecil sashayed around the piano, singing to himself as Silverman buzzed about like a gnat, "Where's Max? Where are the soundmen?"

As he and Goldberg went sniffing, I sat myself in the center of the auditorium and Cecil sat himself at the piano. Dressed in brown pants tucked into knee-high boots, a bulky, blue parka, dark glasses and topped off with a green hat pulled over his eyes, Cecil began to spin chords and phrases from the piano. Sitting in the middle of the empty house and listening to Cecil Taylor slowly work himself into a froth, I felt like William Powell playing Flo Ziegfield. His playing was bluesy and melodic and it was easy to hear the Horace Silver influence that Cecil claims. He ran up and down scales, slowly becoming as one with the instrument. Occasionally Silverman would come in and say something to Taylor, who would nod or grunt without looking up from the keyboard. Soon he was playing hand-over-hand, his arms and fingers becoming a blur as they pursued each other over the keys. For one solid hour, Cecil played at a fever pitch. Then Max Roach showed up.

"Bosendorfer," cried Max from across the room. "Hey Boss," yelled the drummer jumping on the stage. "Hey, I'm sorry I'm late, CT." Taylor got up, greeted Max, and sat back down at the piano, where





he would remain for the rest of the afternoon—furiously working over the entire length of the keyboard, including that voluminous, roaring bass octave.

In the meantime Roach, dressed in white sweater and dark pants and looking as if he just walked off the golf course, began setting up his drums. "I want to look right at Cecil." The drums were set up so that Max's left side faced the audience and his head was pointed right at Taylor. Soon Max was bombarding away. Cecil was thrashing the piano and Max was pummeling the drums. Cecil was in a fervor, never once looking up at Max, who was exploding all over his kit. At one point Max asked, "Can Cecil be heard when I play really hard?" Told that he couldn't, Max shrugged and said, "I'm not going to play that hard, anyway."

There was no question that there were going to be fireworks that night, but Cecil Taylor gave no indication of paying any attention to his partner. When Cecil finally stopped playing to pose for some photos, he told Max, "Let's try for a wave of sound."

After some juggling of the piano and drums, Cecil wanted the piano toward the back of the stage. "But CT," Max patiently explained, "they won't be able to see you on the sides of the room." "Okay, but just move it a little," the pianist said, shuffling his feet like a cross between Muhammad Ali and John Travolta. "Enough," he growled after about six inches. "But CT," said Max. "Okay, just a little," snapped Cecil.

The difference in the two men was quite apparent. During the photo session, Max stood firmly at the piano with a Buster Keaton deadpan on his face. Cecil jumped and squirmed. It was going to be an interesting concert.

At one point during the rehearsal, Max Roach sat down at the piano and began playing a gentle, sing-song melody. All of a sudden, Max became Cecil Taylor—traveling up the keyboard, one hand over the other.

"He used to play drums," said Max, "and my first instrument was piano, gospel piano in a church. Crazy!"

Not really crazy. Cecil Taylor is a kind of percussionist. In her book *As Serious As Your Life*, British jazz critic Valerie Wilmer suggests that every time Cecil Taylor sits down at the piano he is playing "88 tuned drums." Wilmer continues, "Cecil Taylor is different. He has often performed in a solo context but he *needs* drums, he *likes* drums. His collaboration with the percussionist is an Afro-American collaboration, an interweaving of polyrhythms." Cecil himself told Wilmer, "We in black music think of the piano as a percussive instrument: we beat the keyboard, we get inside the instrument."

Max Roach, on the other hand, is the most melodic of drummers.

In *The Sound Of Surprise*, a collection of his *New Yorker* pieces, Whitney Balliett wrote, "Though perfectly executed, his solos are made up of so many contradicting rhythms and disconnected, rapidly rising and falling pyramids of sound that the beat, which they are supposed to be embroidering, disappears. Indeed, it is not unusual to find oneself hypnotized by the lightning concatenation of sounds in a Roach solo, and then, astonishingly, to discover that it has been managed wholly without imparting rhythm." Max even has tunable Italian tom-toms made by Hi Percussion. "You just switch with the pedal and you try to create designs and patterns," he says.

McMillin Theatre was about three-quarters full for the first show. The crowd was filled with jazz critics and musicians and everybody was purring—there was an extremely high level of intensity in the audience, which spread through the room like a visible glow. Poet Bill Gunn made the introduction and Max Roach was out first.

Max seated himself at his kit, which was surrounded by various percussion instruments and a huge gong, and immediately began the most basic of rhythms—a heartbeat with the *lub* on the bass and the *dub* on the hi-hat. *One-two, one-two* in a steady dirge tempo, which produced an eerie tension throughout the five minute solo. Max built his solo from the snare, sending off little flutters to start and then, working towards the cymbals and floor toms, sending a barrage of rhythms into the air, always pausing to reassert the boom-tick of the heartbeat. Soon Max was rolling over his set, producing little polyrhythms that were frequently only suggested, as was the consistent heartbeat. The piece developed into a flood of rimshots and ended with a bass drum bomb.

Max then departed, stage left, and Cecil entered, stage right. He seated himself quickly and began his solo with a quiet peck at the treble, accompanied by a thundering rumble in the bass. Cecil started weaving a melodic, Debussyish piece: blissful and quiet with a repeated staccato theme in the bass and a touching lyrical strain in the middle range. Cecil ended with a ringing bass note.

Before the concert Max told me that they would be playing a piece that was "spontaneous on some kind of melodic/harmonic form."

It began with Max using mallets on his Chinese gong. Cecil was still melodic, but was starting to slowly work himself into a frenzied state. Soon Cecil began to pull away from Max, who had begun concentrating on the rims and head of his snare. Max began catching up after a couple of minutes: Cecil was all over the piano's upper octaves—stabbing, stabbing, stabbing. Max was revving up, but still kept on the snare, with bass and hi-hat accents. Cecil was palming the piano like mad, sounding like windchimes in a hurricane. Max was keeping the tension on a high level and flying—his phrases on cymbals and toms were short and hot while Cecil wreaked hell on the



With students at the Creative Music Studio

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20 down beat

musical idea was born.

Taylor's compositions were, therefore, a result of a cooperative compositional process, a sort of musical democracy. According to Amecn, "Cecil doesn't want to imprint [the students] with *all* of his ideas. That's the reason for his notation system. Everyday, every piece is different. We're trying to develop a feeling within ourselves for each day. The emphasis of the workshop is on the students working things out by themselves, and they came through on it."

The emphasis on individual responsibility appeared to be an underlying theme of the workshop. When one student approached Taylor with the idea of creating a score of one of the works just rehearsed, Taylor replied, "Just do it." The student held conferences with the members of the ensemble and produced a score by the next morning's rehearsal.

Amecn also emphasized the importance of the spatial arrangement of the ensemble. During one rehearsal, the ensemble was broken up into groups of players who then formed their own circles. They were told to focus on the physical center of the circle, in the hopes of creating a spiritual or musical center for the section, thereby focusing their music. Each circle was then instructed to focus on another circle. Students then attempted to recreate this focused feeling without the circle.

The exercise eventually evolved into *Ti-Et*, a work performed in the ensemble's concert on the final night of the workshop. Bodies and voices formed an intricate polyphony, with textures being visibly created by the degree of movement of each circle, culminating in a dissolution of the circles as students moved from the center into an improvisatory section. While primarily a work of movement, *Ti-Et* nonetheless demonstrated aspects and characteristics of Taylor's aural compositions. Individual lines were subjugated to the entire sound (or, as in this case, image) with individual phrases (or gestures) only occasionally surfacing as individual entities.

Taylor's concept of musical democracy can be occasionally confusing to the performer during rehearsals. As there is no centralized score, (notes were dictated to students at the beginning of each session), people were often confused as to what section was being rehearsed, and much rehearsal time was spent by students running around, trying to find the few notes they missed during the dictation session.

With a new work being rehearsed every one or two days, the orchestra often could not remember all the rhythmic ideas from previous works. While the sections of the ensemble were rhythmically cohesive, it often took several run-throughs for the ideas to be concisely recalled. This was apparent at the concert when a certain imprecision crept into the performance, an imprecision that students and members of the Unit had strived to eradicate.

On the other hand, the lack of rhythmic notation forced personality on the music, since the performer was intrinsically involved with it from conception to concert. Improvisation blurs the distinction between performer and composer. The individual as a member of a section assumed responsibility for both roles, and the section in turn assumed these same responsibilities on a larger scale, which in turn led to the ensemble as a whole.

"The section leader has as much control as the composer but

controls a different part of the process. He or she controls the timing; the composer controls the impulse," reflected Ameen. Taylor's directions were clear and precise. He emphasized "defining everything you do. Have a reason for doing it."

"I couldn't have dealt with his music before this workshop," said Fried. "I learned a lot about other musicians and what it's like to work with them on a large and more advanced level." emphasized Froot.

The process of Taylor's compositions (and it was the *process* that the students learned more than anything else) seemed to be an organic growth of musical ideas. That growth sprang from the ensemble's collective decision about an idea's rhythmic path. Yet it usually remained a cohesive outgrowth of the original thought supplied by the composer. The result was a rich contrapuntal work of orchestral colors simultaneously blending, yet capable of retaining their own identities.

Taylor's music is surprisingly traditional; aside from the obvious use of contrapuntal alternating with homophonic textures (the old verticality vs. horizontality trick), he uses such devices as retrogrades of pitch material, rondo, and theme and variation structures. Interestingly, while students were not intellectually aware of the retrograding of the pitch material, the rhythms they developed for this material invariably reflected the original source. The musical subconscious at work!

Though Taylor "is a jazz musician," as Jim Silverman, Taylor's manager (or as Taylor calls him, "organizer") insisted, Taylor's large-scale compositions are a logical extension of 20th century orchestral music. One wonders if in fact he should consider writing a work for orchestra. In this era of fused musical styles, there must be *some* orchestra interested in collaborating with a composer of Taylor's stature. After all, if Mangione can do it, if Braxton can find *four* orchestras, if Sebesky can produce a two-fer. . . .

While 20th century classical music has been concerned with decentralizing the orchestra (Webern's *Six Pieces For Orchestra, Opus Six*; Bartok's *Concerto For Orchestra*) or with emphasizing the chamber group (Elliott Carter's *four String Quartets*), Taylor at CMS was

bringing his "chamber music" to an orchestral setting.

Unit members had mixed reactions towards the students. Alan Silva felt the students "were not technical enough to master the musical concept, but they could realize the necessity of mastering their instrument. The problem is that they don't play enough standards. Their weakness is in the phraseology, the different ways to play the notes. In these terms, bebop is incredible."

Jimmy Lyons was inspired by the students' enthusiasm. "At least the students will have some idea of what to work on technically and esthetically. It will force them to clarify their knowledge. The whole workshop makes me review and reiterate the learning process." Taylor insisted that the students were the ones to ask concerning the workshop's value.

The orchestra's climactic concert on the final night of the workshop presented Taylor's works in a variety of contexts. *Woods*, for a trio of saxes and clarinet, was perhaps the most consonant work of the evening. As was the case with most of Taylor's music, it was sectionalized, with the quartet using a battery of multiphonics, glissandi and altissimo shrieks.

The concert also included a work devoted to Taylor's poetry, read by Ing Rid, and dance, choreographed and improvised by Dianne McIntyre. Taylor's poetry, some of which may soon be published, is full of textural and tempo changes with shifting accents. Ing Rid's rendition gave the poetry a Ginsberg-like flavor; syllables were stretched and shaped to create an onomatopoeic rhythm that conjured up surrealistic images.

McIntyre last collaborated with Taylor in 1977 when, as guest choreographer for the Alvin Ailey Dance Company, she asked him to compose. Her poetry-dance duet with Ing Rid was an attempt "to use the dancer's body as an instrument." The result was a counterpoint of words and dance, complete with solo sections for each performer. McIntyre's improvisatory performance was dazzling. While many artists achieve technical mastery, a certain indescribable quality distinguishes the truly gifted, who rise to the top. McIntyre dances with uncanny grace and unabashed freedom. Musicians might well attend one of her concerts with her company, Sounds in Motion, in New York to see how dancers and musicians successfully interact.

Skin On Stone, a work for four percussionists, featured Jerome Cooper. The work, constructed by Taylor and the performers, was sparse enough for individuality to show, a difficult task because three of the drummers were playing traps.

Branches, performed by the full ensemble, was a sound collage consisting of sheets of shifting tone colors created by constantly emerging lines. *One To 29* was perhaps the most coherent work of the evening, having been rehearsed just before the concert. Recurring themes abounded, along with some unusual and clearly defined tone colors.

Other works throughout the night featured each member of the Unit except Taylor, who waited in the wings, soaking up the results of his ten days of work.

As is always the case at CMS, the concert was recorded as a free service for the visiting artist. While no contracts have been discussed, there's a possibility of a disc in the tape's future. At CMS, the visiting artist retains control of the tape.

The concert was also videotaped by Media Bus, Inc., an organization funded in part by the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts. According to Bart Friedman of the company, they are "hoping to use these and other tapes for the new age of video, when video will be used as records are now—with the artist's consent, of course. We're hoping to de-mystify the process of rehearsal, to show a piece as it is being created."

Media Bus is trying to foster the use of video as a collaborative effort with other art forms. In this respect, they may have videotaped the right performer. In addition to his efforts as a composer, performer and poet, Taylor is branching out into other art forms. Along with his collection of poetry, Taylor is publishing a book on black music, entitled *Mysteries*. He is also working with some film producers to create a movie in which he will be responsible for many of the creative aspects of the production, including composing the music.

According to Silverman, "Cecil plays the festivals like everyone else and he still does the regular things—such as the live record he just recorded for Hat Hut Records with the Unit at Fat Tuesday's in New York—but he's going beyond the regular jazz circuit. Cecil's looking for alternatives to the normal situations jazz musicians are put into."

Perhaps Taylor is again one step out ahead. While other musicians are busy fusing musical styles, Taylor is busy fusing arts. **db**



STYLVAIN LEROUX

CMS students get a pointer from Jimmy Lyons

Kenny Wheeler's



BERNIE SENENSKY



by MARK MILLER

On January 14 past, Kenny Wheeler celebrated his 50th birthday. That means he was 40 when he first topped the **db** Critics Poll in 1970, sharing the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition (trumpet) category with Woody Shaw. While Shaw has become one of the most popular jazzmen of the day, Wheeler was back taking the same TDWR honor in 1978—this time on his own—and once more in 1979.

Traditionally TDWR is the category where young musicians make their first showing. Among the 27 other TDWR winners in 1979, only trombonist Jimmy Knepper and singers Helen Humes and Eddie Jefferson are older than Wheeler; they also represent the jazz traditions of their generation. On the other hand, Wheeler, even at 50, is in the vanguard of contemporary jazz, active in the full spectrum from free music to a little fusion.

That his career since 1952 has been based in London and pursued in Europe explains in part his late showing in North America. Seen and heard with great frequency by European audiences, he has become something of a hero on the continent. But even that popularity arose only in the past decade. His first substantial North American exposure came as the trumpeter in Anthony Braxton's mid '70s quartet. Several ECM recordings followed—his own *Gnu High*, *Deer Wan* and soon, *Around Six*, besides others with the trio Azimuth—and that's where it stands today.

If the poll showings have made Wheeler seem to be an anachronism, the trumpeter 22 down beat

inadvertently has made himself an enigma. His aversion to publicity left him an unknown personality, one made all the more intriguing by the breadth of his creativity.

Wheeler is widely thought to be an Englishman. By adoption he is, although the English rightly call him a Canadian. Canadians, in turn, are just now learning to claim him as one of their own. He was born in Toronto, he'll tell you in a soft voice tinged with a slight, acquired English accent, and raised in a succession of communities around the province of Ontario. At about 12 he was given a cornet by his father, Wilf, a trombone player.

"He didn't teach me," Wheeler recalls, "he just brought it home one day. I didn't take much interest in it for a few months, and then I started fooling around with it. I played in a military band in Windsor, a sea cadet band. I remember we all wore a navy type of uniform and went along once or twice a week to play in this band. The bandmaster, I think his name was Wood or Woods, Petty Officer Woods, taught me a bit. When I went to high school in Windsor, we had a small jazz band; it wasn't really a school band, just a few fellows who got together. I was maybe 14 by then.

"I had been interested in jazz already for a couple of years. My father being a semi-professional musician, and my brother playing a little, meant there was always music in the house. In listening to the dance band kind of music, I began to hear the other kind of players as well. The first was Buck Clayton.

At that time he was on quite a lot of records—Billie Holiday records, Kansas City things. . . ."

In St. Catharines, where the Wheeler family continues to live today and where Wheeler himself returns to visit whenever possible, he was introduced to the trumpet and, by local musicians, to bebop. "There was a black piano player called Art Talbot who seemed to be the central figure around St. Catharines. When I met him and the others, they exposed me to this new music. I changed very quickly, I don't even think it was a conscious decision." In place of Buck Clayton, Wheeler began listening to Dizzy, Miles, Fats Navarro, Howard McGhee and Kenny Dorham.

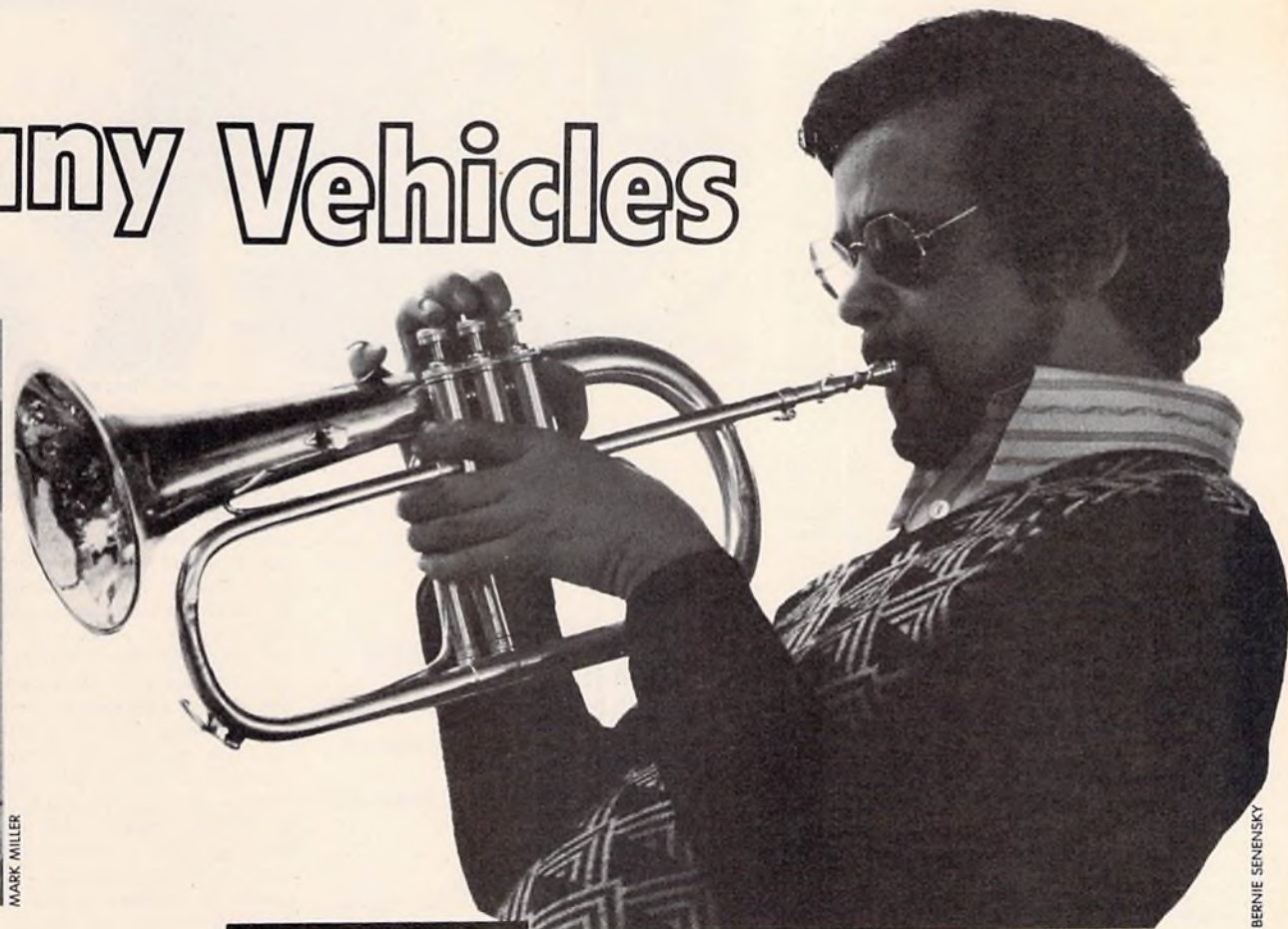
The major Canadian city nearest to St. Catharines is Toronto, and Wheeler studied there at the Royal Conservatory of Music with John Weinzweig (harmony) and Ross Mc-Clanathan (trumpet), and made several attempts of a few months each to establish himself as a musician. "I may have sat in once or twice around Toronto," he recalls, "but mostly I just listened. I played some Polish weddings on weekends, but as far as the big leagues of Toronto, I never made that."

In 1952 he went to Montreal to study music education at McGill University. "I didn't really want to do it; I was just conforming to society. I thought I'd better do something sensible pretty soon. At 22, I felt an awful pressure to get a job like everybody else." However, Wheeler stayed in Montreal less than a week, moving on to London at the suggestion of Gene Lees, a school friend

Many Vehicles



MARK MILLER



BERNIE SENENSKY

from St. Catharines who was working for a Montreal newspaper. "He seemed to know that the dance band era was still booming in England and that they needed a lot of trumpet players."

Indeed it was, and they did. "When I got there a lot of the bands were trying to dabble in jazz. They played for ballroom dancing but added the odd Stan Kenton number." After working a day job for a few months, Wheeler joined the orchestra of Roy Fox, an American leader whose heyday had been the '30s. His work with Fox was followed by gigs with the Vic Lewis Orchestra, clarinetist Karl Bariteau and tenor saxophonist Tommy Whittle. By 1956 Wheeler had made his first records in the bands of Bariteau, Whittle and Buddy Featherstonough.

In 1959 he joined the big band of saxophonist Johnny Dankworth, and began in earnest his work as a composer and arranger. "I'd done bits and pieces before, but this was the first time I'd done anything for such a good band—where somebody would say 'You can do whatever you want.' Usually they'd say 'I want a jazz arrangement, but not too jazzy.'"

Wheeler studied composition in the mid '60s, initially with Richard Rodney Bennett. "I only went to him for about six months, studying the beginnings of what you call serialism. Then, for some reason, I thought I should learn conventional counterpoint, so I went to Bill Russo for awhile. He was living in London at the time. I always intended to finish counterpoint and then go back to Richard Rodney Bennett. But my life went a

different way."

Wheeler made his first record, *Windmill Tiller*, in 1967, using the Dankworth band. The music is based on the picaresque novel *Don Quixote* by Cervantes; like the book, the record has become something of a classic. "It's getting to be a collector's item—I heard there was one on sale in central London for 20 pounds, which is about 45 dollars, so it's getting very hard to find. A lot of people—mostly musicians—still rave about it. I get a bit annoyed sometimes: What about all the other things I've written since? And they say, 'Oh, they're nice, too, but we like *Windmill Tiller*.'"

Among the other things he has written since are many pieces for his own big band, which has been sporadically active through the '70s. To its credit there is one record, *Song For Someone* (available from Incus Records, 112 Hounslow Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, England) and a few BBC radio broadcasts. A 20 piece band, it's an extension of the old Dankworth brass-dominated format. For *Song For Someone*, there were four trumpets (including Wheeler), five trombones, tuba, two reeds and a rhythm section. Wheeler used the voice of Norma Winstone as another instrument floating over the top, and introduced two "free" players, guitarist Derek Bailey and tenor/soprano saxophonist Evan Parker, as soloists at various points. Currently, though, the orchestra is dormant.

"I didn't have my yearly broadcast last year. That's about all I do—the band's too expensive for anyone to hire. Not that anybody in

the band wants a lot of money, but when you've got 20 people. . . . You have to have at least one rehearsal, which you have to ask the musicians to do for nothing, to get the music together. The whole effort involved is too much for me. It's a shame because I think the band is quite unique of its kind."

The big band is typical of the balance Wheeler has struck between the avant garde and the conventional in music—both in his career and in his own creative direction—since the late '60s when, at roughly the same time, he entered London's studio world by day and its free music scene by night. He describes his introduction to the latter, then centered at the Little Theatre Club: "I was starved to play. There were some very good trumpet players around London playing bebop, and I never considered myself a bebop player—I'm a bit nervous about playing it. So there didn't seem to be too much room for me. I'd heard about this club where this crazy music was played. I went up there and I hated it. But John [Stevens, drummer/leader of the Spontaneous Music Ensemble and the man behind the Little Theatre Club] was very kind and said, 'Come and play if you want.' After that I went, played, and found I was quite enjoying myself. I don't know *what* I was trying to play, I just seemed to fall into it. I just went and did it."

The association with the SME lasted about four years and produced as many records; Wheeler's work in the same field with another English drummer, Tony Oxley, resulted in three albums over a shorter period. Of free

jazz in general, the trumpeter comments, "For me, the enjoyment in most of that kind of playing depends on who you're doing it with. With the right people you can do whatever you want—you can have heads, or areas, or nothing at all—and it will come out nice. With other people it can be a struggle." Of the Stevens and Oxley bands he adds, "They were very comfortable. I hear something now, and I think it sounds like something John or Tony was doing 12 years ago."

Through the other musicians in the Stevens and Oxley groups, men like Derek Bailey, Evan Parker and trombonist Paul Rutherford who were also active on the continent, Wheeler was introduced to the European free music scene. The early 1970s saw him join Globe Unity, an "all star" orchestra of Europe's finest free musicians led by the German pianist Alexander von Schlippenbach, and the quartet of Anthony Braxton, then based in Paris.

"I can't remember the exact circumstances, but Anthony came to London once and rehearsed some of his music. It was almost impossible to play, but he must have admired my attempt to try and play it. Then he came back and did a record with Chick Corea and Dave Holland [issued as *The Complete Braxton*] and he asked me to do that. He was living in Paris and he asked me to come over a few times with him in France." What Wheeler describes as "the best period of my life" developed from there, continuing until about 1976. By then Braxton had returned to the U.S. "He did want me to move over to the States but he didn't really have anything definite. And I didn't feel like breaking into the New York music scene—it sounded too hard to me."

Wheeler's membership in Globe Unity, however, is up to date. "We've got a tour coming up of the Far East—that will be about five weeks—but the work seems to have dwindled in the last couple of years. The interest, even in Germany, in what's called free jazz seems to have gone down. I think there was a reaction, especially in Germany and Italy, against rock and pop music for a couple of years. I think the free jazz people

WHEELER ON EQUIPMENT

"I just bought another trumpet, as a matter of fact, a Bach trumpet with a Bach mouthpiece. Sometimes I change a bit but my mouthpiece generally seems to be about size seven. The flugelhorn is the same one I've had for 15 years, Couesnon—French—and a Couesnon mouthpiece. I've also been playing a cornet for the past year. I guess you would call it a trumpet-cornet—it has a slightly larger cone. It's another Bach. I've been playing Bach instruments for about five years."

Of the three horns, Wheeler explains: "I like them for particular things. All around I think I might prefer the flugelhorn. The trumpet I prefer for heavier solos—maybe free jazz or in a Mike Gibbs type of band. I never felt happy with a trumpet in a conventional context, just playing standards and things. It just doesn't feel right; I don't know why. For years I kept struggling with it, saying 'well, it's me, something's wrong.' Suddenly I had the idea again of playing the cornet. And it feels right in that context."



Azimuth: Wheeler, Norma Winstone, John Taylor

seemed to be the most contrary to that world. But now there seems to be some sort of compromise, and rock-jazz is popular everywhere."

Wheeler has worked in that genre with the bands of British composer Mike Gibbs and British drummer Bill Bruford, and with the

German-based United Jazz Rock Ensemble. His solos on Bruford's album *Feels Good To Me* have brought him some attention in areas his own music is unlikely to reach. As Wheeler notes with some amusement, "Teenagers say their only interest in me is the fact that I played on Bill Bruford's record. And I'm not particularly knocked out about my playing at all, mostly because I wasn't completely free to play the way I wanted. To me it was just another studio date. I didn't even know their names until after. I asked, and someone said, 'Oh, they're a big deal in the rock world.'"

But nothing could be further from fusion than the trio Azimuth, formed in 1976 and completed by pianist John Taylor and singer Norma Winstone. Its music, written largely by Taylor, is gentle, ethereal and elusive. Wheeler calls it "the band everybody loves to hate," adding hopefully, "I think slowly people are getting to like it a bit, but in England the response has been totally negative." His explanation reveals a certain cynicism about the popular acceptance of music. "We don't look good. A lot of people go to look at jazz, don't they? We're not jumping about or wearing funny clothes; we're just interested in music. Sometimes people mistake your apparent shyness for the idea that you can't play if you look like that."

Azimuth has not yet found a wide audience and thus, in Wheeler's current career, takes its place with other recent developments. "The studio thing seems to have faded out, if only because I've been playing more in Europe with different people. I suppose because I've got a bit of a name, more and more people are asking me to play. I'd still like to have my own small band, play my own music; I never wanted to do that before in life, but I'd like to do it now."

"I did a tour last September and October with a quartet of young German musicians—Andy Lumppe was the piano player, Hugo Read played saxophone, Reiner Linke bass, and the drummer was Wolfgang Eckart. They're all about 22 or 23, and very good players. They asked me if I'd like to tour with them; they wanted to play my music. I thought they played it great and I'd like to work with them again. It's the first time I've ever had anyone do that for me and I was quite flattered that anyone should want to work that hard on some of my stuff."

For his own future band, Wheeler would like something similar, but adds, "I always like working with singers, so I think ideally I'd like six or seven people: maybe a singer—someone like Norma—and another person

SELECTED KENNY WHEELER DISCOGRAPHY

WINDMILL TILTER—Fontana STL 5494 (big band, 1967)

SONG FOR SOMEONE—Incus 10 (big band, 1973)

GNU HIGH—ECM 1069

DEER WAN—ECM 1102

AROUND SIX—ECM 1156 (To be released in June)

with Azimuth

AZIMUTH—ECM 1099

THE TOUCHSTONE—ECM 1130

with Anthony Braxton (1971-76)

THE COMPLETE BRAXTON—Arista Freedom 40112/40113 (2 LPs)

ANTHONY BRAXTON QUARTET AT MOERS FESTIVAL—Moers Music/Ring 01010/01011 (2 LPs)

NEW YORK, FALL 1974—Arista AL 4032

FIVE PIECES 1975—Arista AL 4064

CREATIVE MUSIC ORCHESTRA 1976—Arista AL 4080

MONTREUX/BERLIN CONCERTS—Arista 5002 (2 LPs)

with Globe Unity

LIVE AT WUPPERTAL—Free Music Productions FMP 0160

EVIDENCE—FMP 0220

INTO THE VALLEY—FMP 0270

PEARLS—FMP 0380

JAHRMARKT/LOCAL FAIR—Po Torch PTR/JWD 2

IMPROVISATIONS—JAPO 60021

with John Stevens & SME (1968-71)

KARYOBIN—Island ILPS-9079

OLIV—Polydor 2384-009

THE SOURCE—Tangent TG 107

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?—Tangent TG 118

with Tony Oxley (1969-71)

BAPTIZED TRAVELLER—CBS RM 52664

FOUR COMPOSITIONS—CBS S 64071

ICHNOS—RCA Victor SF8215

with John Dankworth (1960-64)

COLLABORATION—Roulette SR 52059

JAZZ FROM ABROAD—Roulette SR 52096

WHAT THE DICKENS!—Fontana MGF 67525

ZODIAC VARIATION—Fontana MGF 67543

with Philly Joe Jones

TRAILWAYS EXPRESS—Black Lion Select 2460

142

with Elton Dean & Joe Gallivan

THE CHEQUE IS IN THE MAIL—Ogun OG 610

with Bill Bruford

FEELS GOOD TO ME—Polydor PD-1-6149

with Louis Moholo

SPIRITS REJOICE—Ogun OG 520

with George Adams

SOUND SUGGESTIONS—ECM 1141

with Leo Smith

DIVINE LOVE—ECM 1143

with Ralph Towner

OLD FRIENDS, NEW FRIENDS—ECM 1153

REFRESHING TRADITIONS

by BOB BLUMENTHAL

In the last two years, alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe has finally emerged as one of the most flexible and compelling voices in contemporary music. He not only finds increased opportunity to perform under his own name in a variety of settings, but also works frequently with Lester Bowie's quintet and Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, two of the period's finest ongoing-occasional bands. This growing exposure has only confirmed the claims of Los Angeles and New York insiders, who have long hailed Blythe as an unknown giant.

The large, complex sound of Blythe's alto is immediately involving. He can employ a variety of special techniques, but prefers to concentrate on more traditional shadings. The nasty lyricism of the blues and Blythe's wide, sweet vibrato lend a traditional cast to his lines that is never totally absent; no matter how astringent he becomes in mid-solo, the dulcet underbelly of Blythe's tone remains exposed. There is little sense of random sounds and ideas crowded into a Blythe solo; instead, phrases appear in bold relief, with Blythe often expanding upon them through repetition or drawing back for silent reconsideration. Above all, Blythe swings hard and maintains a sense of ebb and flow even when wandering from the beat.

Blythe is no *enfant terrible*. He was born in 1940 and spent the first 34 years of his life on the West Coast. After moving to New York in 1974, he won his first substantial recognition through work with Chico Hamilton and Gil Evans, and eventually began leading his own groups in lofts like the Brook.

After his 1969 debut on Horace Tapscott's *The Giant Is Awakening* (Flying Dutchman)—where he appeared as Black Arthur—Blythe only recorded sporadically (with Hamilton,

Azar Lawrence and Julius Hemphill) until 1977; but in that year the music started happening fast. *The Grip* and *Metamorphosis* (India Navigation), both from a New York concert, feature a sextet containing tuba and cello and give the best indication of Blythe's range. *Bush Baby* (Adelphi) features his most extended blowing in the unusual trio of alto, tuba and congas. The big surge came after Blythe signed with Columbia: *Lenox Avenue Breakdown*, released in '79, is a septet date which strikes a rare balance between freedom and accessibility, while on the recently issued *In The Tradition* Blythe plays Waller, Ellington and Coltrane with the superb Stanley Cowell/Fred Hopkins/Steve McCall rhythm section. Readers should also hear Blythe with Bowie on *The Fifth Power* (Black Saint), and on the new DeJohnette album *Special Edition* (ECM).

This interview took place backstage at Boston's Modern Theater, shortly before a breathtaking performance by the Bowie quintet. Questions have been edited out, so all of what follows is Arthur Blythe speaking:

"This is my third trip to Boston this year: I came with Jack in the spring, then returned to the same club, Jonathan Swift's, with my own trio. I've been working with both Lester and Jack occasionally for the last couple of years, though basically I've spent more time with my own thing. New York is the place where those connections can happen—it's like Mecca for musicians, the focal point. You get to meet and play with musicians of extremely high caliber.

"So many of the best players suddenly find themselves in more than one ongoing situation; I haven't experienced it on this level before. Many of us have the same aspirations, and that's what draws us together. So why not? When musicians are on a certain level,

ARTHUR BLYTHE



COLLIS DAVIS/SHADA



Havana, Cuba, in early 1979: Eric Gale, Jimmy Heath, Blythe, Hubert Laws.

DON HUNSTEIN

that puts their music on that level, too. When all members of a band are strong individuals, and know how to play collectively, too, that's the best way; when everybody is equal, and equally integral to making the music happen, that's when I learn the most.

"But you can have too many captains. Some musicians who have leadership ability can't lay back and let someone else take care of business. If that someone else is taking care of business, then fine, I have no problem working for another 'leader'. There's a certain ego fulfillment in groups like those I've worked with lately, where everyone is striving together. Still, if you compare the person who goes out on a day job and works for somebody to one who creates their own business, then I want to initiate my own business. The other cats probably feel that way, too, which is why none of these groups stay together permanently; but if we can peacefully coexist, and come together to elevate the music personally and collectively, for the musicians and the listeners, hopefully that will maintain a high standard and keep the music growing.

"My recent recognition is satisfying for what goes with it. I can work, pay my rent and take care of my family. As far as feeling successful, I still haven't gotten beyond myself; I'm still trying to get it together. I feel I've got my foot in the door now, and with Columbia's massive distribution I'm getting a little more exposure. It's not happening like rock and roll, but I do feel that I'm doing something right.

"I'm also learning—academically—how to

make better music, as well as understanding how the business aspects relate to me and what I must do to look out for myself. For example, Chico Hamilton is one person who taught me about being a leader and the psychology of keeping a group of musicians working together. Some people may be born with strong leadership qualities and go straight ahead, but it's always been my contention that most good leaders were good followers at one time. I've learned things working with Lester, too. Knowledge comes from many directions, you don't just get it from one source.

"Horace Tapscott has tapes from 1963 until now, which cover the entire ten year period I was with him in Los Angeles. Two tapes of me from 1963, when I was just 23 years old, sound a little weird. (A friend of mine has a record we made in a direct-to-disc booth when I was 17, and that sounds real strange, too.) We had a big band and we focused on original compositions, just like

SELECTED ARTHUR BLYTHE DISCOGRAPHY

- THE GRIP—India Navigation IN 1029
- METAMORPHOSIS—India Navigation IN 1038
- BUSH BABY—Adelphi 5008
- LENOX AVENUE BREAKDOWN—Columbia JC 35638
- IN THE TRADITION—Columbia JC 36300
- with Horace Tapscott
- THE GIANT IS AWAKENING—Flying Dutchman 10107
- with Lester Bowie
- THE FIFTH POWER—Black Saint 0020
- with Jack DeJohnette
- SPECIAL EDITION—ECM-1-1152



At New York City's Tin Palace: Anthony Davis, Wilbur Morris, Blythe.

the AACM. The Chicago people took their thing a little further organizationally, but musically and artistically we were dealing with the same things. It was about being original and contributing to the overall black music consciousness. We were listening to Trane, Bird and Miles, Monk and Duke. We revered those people, and wanted to be a part of that and perpetuate that type of accomplishment.

"It's a strange thing about California, though—I don't know if I can put it into words—there's another kind of consciousness going on about what it is and what it isn't. Once I got away from there for a little while I said, 'Wow! How did I deal with that?' Yet I had been there my whole life! I grew up in San Diego and went to school there, then after school I moved up to Los Angeles. That's when I met Tapscott, in 1959 or '60. I remember speaking to my mother about moving to New York during that period, but she told me that everything happens in time. If I had moved then, maybe I wouldn't have been strong enough to maintain my personality. Now, in California, you've got time and space to develop at a slower pace. You've got to be hitting it when you come to New York. Talk about taking care of business; you can't say 'I'll be just a minute,' there's no time for that. So I stayed in L.A. and put my efforts toward developing community involvement, awareness and support of the culture.

"I did come East in 1968 with a friend, and I can remember coming through the Holland Tunnel and ending up at Slug's on the Lower East Side. That horrified me, man; it scared the shit out of me. I had never seen anything physically that looked that way, coming from California where everything is all manicured up. That's the vibe out West—so Slug's was a little weird. Since I didn't know anybody in New York, and didn't have enough money in my pocket to try to deal with New York, I didn't stay long. It didn't seem like too much hope was in the air at that time.

"I was always open to the free thing. I don't mind playing other types of music, but seeing the free style develop first-hand in the '60s was exciting. You know, Horace Tapscott wasn't the only musician I was associated with in L.A.—I also worked with a piano player named Raymond King a lot, and that helped me learn because Raymond played a bit differently than Horace. I've been blessed in that way, and in being able to play different

COLLIS DAVIS/SHAI DA

Continued on page 84

AL COHN arranges to make longevity count

by LARRY BIRNBAUM

Al Cohn's name may not be a household word—at least not yet—but as Phil Woods has said, "He's been a musician's musician for many years." Best known for his longstanding association with fellow tenorist Zoot Sims, Cohn has enjoyed a solo renaissance since his featured tenure with Don Schlitten's Xanadu label, where he has teamed with the likes of Dexter Gordon, Barry Harris, Sam Noto and Jimmy Rowles. A professional musician from the age of 17, Al emerged from the big bands of Joe Marsala and Georgie Auld to join Sims and Stan Getz in the famed Four Brothers tenor section of Woody Herman's band. No showboat, he lacked Sims' gregarious showmanship or Getz's studied nonchalance, but his early recordings already reveal an accomplished Pres-influenced stylist with an individual melodic approach and a smooth, yet emotionally charged delivery.

However, the self-effacing Cohn did not pursue a performing career and when the big bands died, worked for many years as an arranger for television, recordings and Broadway shows. Renewing his partnership with Sims, Al won fresh exposure through regular gigs at New York's Half Note and occasional road tours until Schlitten and the bop revival of the '70s brought him back into the limelight.

Today Al Cohn is in demand as a leader and soloist in clubs and colleges throughout the country. He played Japan with Zoot in 1978, and was preparing to tour England when I spoke to him between sets at Chicago's Jazz Showcase. Sparked by the local talents of pianist John Young, bassist Steve Rodby, and drummer Wilbur Campbell, Cohn wove and drove through a beguiling set of standards



STEVE KAGAN

and originals, highlighted by his droll arrangement of *America The Beautiful*.

Al's tone, at once ample and compact, has evolved from its formerly sleek, Lestorian contours into a broader, chestier vibrato that he wields to express dark, passionate colors in a fluid and masterfully idiomatic bop context. Always swinging, Cohn's bluesy tenor lilts through intricate melody lines and concise, eloquent phrases, combining spontaneous intensity with an ineluctable musical logic. An occasional composer, he brings the same craftsmanly precision to his tightly plotted tunes, which infuse modern harmonics with a minorish, almost Gershwinque sentimentality.

As he recounted his career, Al's straightforward and unpretentious manner betrayed no hint that he is considered by many of his peers to be one of the most underrated players in music today.

"I was born in Brooklyn in 1925. My parents liked music, but they were not musical. They would go to the theater to see all the great shows—Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Rodgers and Hart—but I was too young, so I wasn't really exposed to much music. My mother did play piano, though, and she would play the showtunes from sheet music. I had piano lessons, which I didn't like, when I

was six or seven years old, but it was the usual situation of being forced to practice when I would rather be playing ball. Then at about 12 I started to listen to jazz music on the radio and on 78s. I listened to Goodman and then I heard Lester and that was it—I was seduced. Lester was it, as far as I was concerned, and nothing else made it for me. Later on, of course, your tastes broaden."

Beginning on clarinet, Al soon switched to tenor. "In high school—Erasmus Hall in Brooklyn—we had a swing band, about 14 or 15 guys, and we were into Basie. Basie had been in New York since '36, but of course I didn't hear him in person—I only knew him from records. We played church dances and neighborhood things, but we were trying to swing. We got no help from the schools, nothing from the music department. They had a marching band for the football games and a crummy symphony orchestra, but they didn't have stage bands like they do now.

"There was very little printed material available, mostly stock charts, so in order to have something hipper to play, I tried to copy off records. I have a pretty good ear, so I'd listen to the records and put down the lead lines and the bass line. It was very laborious—I was just copying other people's charts, making lots of mistakes, and I learned

through trial and error. I never had an academic background, and sometimes I've regretted it.

"But we weren't good enough to get any kind of sound without charts. Sometimes we faked riffs behind somebody, but we only had a couple of guys who were really talented and the rest just liked jazz, so there weren't many solos. We'd try to break it up, give it to one guy who could play a little bit, but on the records we heard it was always just an eight bar solo, so we thought it was supposed to be that way.

"When I got out of high school I started hanging around Nola Studios in New York City. They always had big bands rehearsing there, and there was always a chair vacant—somebody leaving. There was always a chance to sit in with somebody, and if they liked you, you could get a job. It was easier to break in then than it is today, and that's how I broke in.

"I got a few little gigs playing weekends in Staten Island and that sort of thing. Then I managed to get a job with Joe Marsala in '43—that was my first big band. I didn't write for Joe, but in late '43 or '44 I went with Georgie Auld's band and that's when I started writing."

Three years with Auld led Cohn to brief stints with Buddy Rich and Alvino Rey. In 1948 Cohn enlisted in Herman's Second Herd, taking Herbie Steward's place as the fourth Brother with Sims, Getz and Serge Chaloff. "Woody's band was absolutely tops as far as musicianship was concerned. The arrangements were all great, and there was a different kind of sound, a tenor sound that was really smooth. Everybody was Pres-oriented and that kind of sound seems to blend well, as compared to the Coleman Hawkins/Ben Webster style. We had a kind of flat vibratoless sound, and it made a nice smooth bk. 1."

Limited to brief solo spots, Al left the Herman band after 15 months to return to New York, where he worked for a time with Charlie Ventura and then Artie Shaw. Though unknown to the general public, Al had already acquired a cult reputation by the

time he recorded his first date as leader for Gus Grant's small Progressive label. The 1950 session included George Wallington, Tommy Potter and Tiny Kahn in a Lesterish romp that already featured some distinctive Cohn shibboleths, notably his soulful moans on *Let's Get Away From It All*. Three years later he took a break from the Elliot Lawrence orchestra to record again for Grant, this time with Horace Silver, Curley Russell, Max Roach and trumpeter Nick Travis, with whom he had played in the Lawrence ensemble. Here the bop influence is more pronounced, and it is a testament to Cohn's talents that he more than held his own in the stellar aggregation.

Through Elliot Lawrence, Al became involved in television work, writing and arranging for Sid Caesar and Ernie Kovacs specials and later the Miss USA and Tony Award shows, which he continues to do to this day. He has also arranged for the *Anne Bancroft Show*, the *CBS 50th Anniversary Special*, and the *S'wonderful*, *S'marvelous*, *S'Gershwin* retrospective, among others. Remembering the impact of rock 'n' roll in the early years of television, Al related: "I was an arranger for the *Hit Parade* TV show, where they'd perform the top ten hits every week. When *Hound Dog* came out, we had to do it five weeks in a row, and each week they had to come up with a new presentation. The last time they did it as an 18th Century costume scene, with powdered wigs and a drawing room set, and that was really the writing on the wall. The show was cancelled soon afterward."

Also in the early '50s, Al began writing for RCA Victor. "Jack Lewis was the a&r man at Victor and he liked me. He was active in New York and we recorded frequently for him with Joe Newman, Frank Rehak and others. I don't think those albums are available now." In addition, Cohn wrote charts for singers and nightclub acts and even ghostwrote for composer/pianist Ralph Burns. Later he arranged the hit musical *Raisin* and dubbed the solos for the movie *Lenny*, about the life of comedian Lenny Bruce.

As Al now avers, "I never really wanted to be a writer—I always wanted to be a jazz

musician, and Zoot Sims and I had played together ever since Woody's band. We took a group out on the road in '56, I think, and we played the Modern Jazz Room in Chicago. We went out for about three months, did the concerts and made some records. Then we started at the Half Note in '59 and we played off and on there for maybe 12 years. We'd get other jobs once in a while, mostly around New York, but I played the Plugged Nickel in Chicago, and we'd go up to Boston or down to Washington occasionally. Then when I got these records out on Xanadu about four years ago, things started to get busier."

Asked whether he had ever felt overshadowed in playing second banana to the top-billed Sims, Al was characteristically modest. "Zoot deserved it. Besides, he'd been out for years and I was glad to have the opportunity to tour because of him. Zoot and I still work together sometimes."

SELECTED COHN DISCOGRAPHY

- PLAY IT NOW—Xanadu 110
- AL COHN'S AMERICA—Xanadu 138
- TRUE BLUE (with Dexter Gordon)—Xanadu 136
- SILVER BLUE (with Dexter Gordon)—Xanadu 137
- HEAVY LOVE (with Jimmy Rowles)—Xanadu 145
- A SONG FOR YOU—Xanadu 147
- XANADU AT MONTREUX, VOLUME TWO (with Billy Mitchell)—Xanadu 163
- BE LOOSE—Biograph BLP 12063
- BROADWAY 1954—Prestige PR 7819
- THE PROGRESSIVE AL COHN—Arista Savoy 1126
- with Zoot Sims
- YOU 'N' ME—Trip TLP 5548
- BODY AND SOUL—Muse MR 5016
- EITHER WAY—Zim ZMS 2002
- MOTORING ALONG—Sonet 684
- with the Four Brothers
- TOGETHER AGAIN—RCA Masters RC 240
- with Woody Herman
- MASTERS OF SWING VOL. 4—EMI IC 054-81 714 (German import)
- RHAPSODY IN WOOD—First Heard FH-29
- with Zoot Sims, Mose Allison, Phil Woods, Nabil Totah and Paul Motian
- JAZZ ALIVE: A NIGHT AT THE HALF NOTE—United Artists GXC 3139 (Japanese import)



At Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase in Chicago: Steve Rodby, John Young, Cohn, Wilbur Campbell.

COHN'S EQUIPMENT

Al Cohn plays a Selmer saxophone with a Dukoff mouthpiece and Rico reeds.



Earlier days with stablemate Zoot Sims.

LAWRENCE N. SHUSTAK

After years in the shadows, he is enjoying his belated re-emergence. "I'm primarily playing now. I still arrange for the shows I've been doing every year, but the rest of the time I play, record and go out on the road, so I'm very happy. Maybe longevity counts for something. If you're around long enough, people catch up to you. I'll tell you one thing—when you go out these days, you generally get a pretty good group of musicians. It's not like the old days when you didn't know what you were gonna get. Even in smaller towns you still get pretty good groups. The sound systems are better too, because the owners are aware of how important it is. They even have pretty good pianos now."

Cohn still pens the occasional tune "more or less as the mood comes. Writing is like playing, in that you've got to keep your chops up. If you don't do it all the time you lose it, so I have to struggle over tunes to turn them out and do these dates—they only give you a week to get your material together and you have to have it. I used to write four or five tunes in three days sometimes—now I struggle a little bit more."

Queried as to the players he has admired since Lester Young, Al replied: "Sonny Rollins was always my favorite. I always thought of him as a Bird-influenced musi-

cian." As for Bird himself, "he was such a genius that he had his own identity right from the beginning, one of the few guys that had it right off the bat. But I didn't think of bop as something so radical—it was more of a logical continuation. They used more of the substitute chords and a different way of phrasing, but it wasn't revolutionary to my mind—I thought it was just what should have happened. Maybe it was because I was young then—I was about 18 when I first heard Charlie Parker on 52nd Street, and it really knocked me for a loop. It was great, and there's been nothing like it since, where you had six or seven clubs so close to each other."

Ellington is another favorite. "Duke's material never goes out of style. Oddly enough, I didn't understand Duke when I was starting out—Basie was the only thing for me—but later I got to like him. Another one like that was Armstrong—I thought he was corny when I was a kid and then one time it suddenly hit me."

As to the more experimental sounds of the '60s and '70s, "It never really did much for me, but I never wanted to be like the guys I remembered who put Bird down when he first came out because they couldn't understand him. When Ornette Coleman came around I could appreciate it intellectually, but it didn't have emotional value for me.

What I like is music that moves me. I recently heard a record of Anthony Braxton playing clarinet, and I couldn't believe it—it was just *nothing*. But I used to follow Coltrane when he was with Miles and that I liked. He played a little sharp, but that was probably on purpose. I wouldn't say it was out of key, it might have been just a hair sharp, but many people do that—lead trumpet players do that all the time."

Of his own technique, he offers: "I use medium-soft reeds and sometimes I end up burning them a little bit at the tip. It seems to me you can get what you want without working too hard—the idea is to get the volume and sonority you want with the least amount of exertion. Some people like a loud sound—it takes more effort, and it makes them feel like they're playing harder. As far as the early days, everybody learns by imitation, and that's what many of us are doing, I guess, imitating. When I changed my sound—it's not like all of a sudden I decided to play with more vibrato—it took more like a year. But everybody's got to do what they feel. You can't do something because it's popular if you don't really feel that way."

Al takes issue with those boosters who believe that jazz will overtake rock in the popularity sweepstakes. "I don't believe it's the music of the masses. Maybe there's a nostalgia for it, and with all the great music programs in the schools, students got interested in all the things that had gone on before. But with the kind of music they play in the colleges, Kenton or Maynard charts, anyone who is technically able to play that music can make it sound good, whereas in order to play, say, Ellington or Basie music, you've got to have a little something in addition.

"At the same time, though, they have a nostalgia for the music of the '50s, which I think is the worst thing that ever happened. I'm not talking about people like Illinois Jacquet or Arnett Cobb, because those guys were good. I played with Arnett recently and he's marvelous. But something like Sha Na Na or the show *Grease*—which is just a big pile of shit—that that could be a great commercial success is a disgrace."

With six albums currently on Xanadu, Al is going strong. "I just recorded another album earlier this week and I think it's pretty good. I love playing with Barry Harris and we have Walter Bolden on drums and Steve Gilmore, from Phil Woods' band, on bass. I have one new tune on the album called *Danielle*, plus another original and a couple of Ellington things—*Mood Indigo* and a duet with Barry on *Sophisticated Lady*."

The recent "rediscovery" of such premier bop stylists as Johnny Griffin and Dexter Gordon bodes well for Cohn's future, for master musicians simply don't grow on trees. As fine as his recorded output has been, he is one blowing saxophonist who should be heard on the stand to be genuinely appreciated. He may, in the words of Gus Grant, "look more like a banker than a hot tenor player," but when he raises the horn to his lips, there can be no doubt as to his true vocation. **db**

Maynard's Little Big Horn with the soft-jazz bore.

"I designed this trumpet because I wanted to offer the player an instrument that's exactly the same as my MF Horn except for the bore. The MF's is large — .468. This one's just a tad smaller — .465. I like to have both trumpets on the stand so I can switch from one to the other.

"I like this one particularly for playing some of the softer jazz things because it isn't quite as demanding as far as air power and velocity go.

"Also, I realize that not everyone uses my size mouthpiece. A player might prefer a *huge* one, and rather have an instrument with a bore that's not as large as the MF's. The theory of 'large mouthpiece/small-bore horn.' Now, with this trumpet, we're offering him a slightly smaller bore to complement his mouthpiece better. Plus all the features that've made the MF so popular.

"Fast valves. I want to press a valve and see it come up fast. Even when it's not show room



clean. I mean, I wonder how many players clean their horns out after every performance, as the little pamphlet says. I've used hundreds of trumpets in my day, and these are the valves that work the best.

"Toughness. I'm very rough on an instrument. So it has to be designed and constructed so it'll withstand me. And the airlines. For a test, once, the President of Leblanc tossed my horn into its case, took it to the edge of a stairwell, and threw it

over! Just threw it down the stairs! I almost freaked! We examined the horn then, and it was still perfect. Perfect!

"Brass or silver. The instrument comes in either brass or silver-plated brass. If I were playing in the trumpet section a lot more, like in the back row, I'd go for the silver, which seems to sound brighter. But up front, I'd rather hear it darkened or mellowed. So I go for the brass. It's all very personal, anyhow, and we give the player a choice.

"A live bell.

Holton and I put time and energy into the size and shape of the bell. We experimented with smaller bells, bigger bells, less flare, more flare. And we hit on one that has a live sound. It *rings!*"



Maynard Ferguson's Little Big Horn. The Holton MF4. It's included in a full-color 32-page catalogue of Holton brass and woodwinds. For a copy, just send two dollars to Leblanc, 7019 Thirtieth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

HOLTON 



The Little Big Horn

RECORD REVIEWS

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

CECIL TAYLOR UNIT

3 PHASIS—New World 303: *3 Phasis, sides 1 and 2.*

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Raphé Malik, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto sax; Ramsey Ameen, violin; Sirone, bass; Ronald Jackson, drums.

★★★★★

LIVE IN THE BLACK FOREST—PA/USA 7053: *The Eel Pot; Sperichill On Calling.*

Personnel: as above.

★★★★★

Early in his career, Cecil Taylor's music proved to be essentially a piano soloist's art, as a result of the absolute originality of his vision. The sidemen's problems of creating improvisations of worth simultaneous with an "accompaniment" of such extreme speed, density, and explosive variety of harmony, dynamics and tempo—only barely restrained even when not actually in use—suggests the plight of the tiny boatsmen in Hokusai's painting *The Wave*. Even the best of improvisers, those as skilled as Taylor and those as original, may have felt they were struggling for survival within the pianist's contexts. Longtime listeners recognize that, on past records, Taylor ensemble success has tended to be a relative matter: the conjunctions of disparate instrumental styles have yielded only erratic communal sharing.

For Taylor as leader and composer, the problem has several facets. Certainly solo piano performances, which include much of his very best work, cannot contain his thought. Throughout his career public activity has been off-on—yet added musicians need extended experience within Taylor's music in order to create effectively: one does not jam with a Taylor band. Taylor is aware of the threat of stylistic effacement to his associates; but now can he alter his piano style without drastically distorting his own identity? Interestingly, recent recorded duets with musicians named Williams demonstrated solutions. A call and response piece with drummer Tony proved ideal for both players. A more problematic concert with pianist Mary Lou had varying results, but the severely anti-romantic Taylor at one point guided her through a long romantic modal improvisation—for my taste, one of her few successful experiments in this modernist vein, fragile feeling for once disrupting the opacity of style.

Perhaps Taylor's past ensemble struggles seem so dramatic just because these new albums are so excellent. Jackson proves to be a real discovery, a drummer who neither limits himself to punctuating Taylor's musical flow nor drives very fast, involved playing beyond immediate group service. Rather, he moves freely, changing tempos and sounds from his traps kit, asserting a presence that is no less distinctive and invigorating for its sensitivity to Taylor's and the group's move-

ment. Sirone's great mastery of technique does not for a moment interfere with his musicality, either: note in particular his "solo" that uses Taylor's duetting in *Eel Pot*. There's a rewarding naturalness with which Sirone and especially Jackson enter Taylor's solo reflections, responding to and eliciting response from the pianist—the success of these albums as ensemble works begins with the rhythm section.

Is trumpeter Malik familiar with the work of Donald Ayler? Malik uses short Ayler-like phrases, though not in a breathless way; hear his *Eel Pot* solo. Hard, brassy fanfares are his primary material, and listeners can hear the rhythmic and structural rudiments of a personal style. Ameen impresses through aggressiveness: there is the cathedral bell beauty of his tones near the beginning of *3 Phasis*, his continual willingness to match invention with the rhythm section and horns, and the headlong charge of his solos in the *Black Forest* LP. Ameen's energetic technique almost invariably involves multiple-stopping, and his ideas of structural movement, contrast and density reflect some of Taylor's own discoveries. This is brave stuff with which he makes his style.

The singing clarity of Jimmy Lyons' alto confirms both his ease within Taylor's difficult idiom and his importance as a source of weight and stability to the ensemble. The solidity of his unflustered solo line in *Sperichill* brooks no interruption or digression despite the rhythm section's recurring jazz march accompaniment. Lyons' solo is the *piece de resistance* of *3 Phasis*. The work's longest single sequence, its typically nervous fast lines, lead naturally to overtones, sweltering repeated motifs, and original "jump up" phrasing before a lovely repeated phrase in a ritard calls the solo to subside. It's a fine solo, especially rewarding for its depth of insight into Lyons' personality.

Throughout the greater portion of its length, *3 Phasis* is a structured, flowing work that raises the very modern issue of composition vs. improvisation. Apart from the obviously voiced themes, the music has an improvised feel, yet as the players offer and echo motifs, exchange lead and accompaniment roles, and comment musically on each other, complex design is evident. Throughout the first side, Taylor begins solo interludes which are joined by one or both rhythm section fellows; violin and horns join one by one or all together, a musical sequence is developed at brief length until it subsides into a pastoral Taylor alone again. Perhaps *3 Phasis* originated as a suite, but the work's flow, the recurrence of organizational devices, and then the crucial breakthrough of the long Lyons solo suggests the group's perception of *3 Phasis* as an organic whole.

The very different work of the Art Ensemble of Chicago and mid '60s Sun Ra are

comparable in terms of subtle improvised design and the revolving responsibility of individual players for directing specific passages in performance. As with most Taylor work, demarcations are never immediately clear, nor can the independence of the individuals propose results that are always conjunct. Yet the incorporation of some of Taylor's specific ideas into the styles of Lyons and Ameen and the complementary work of Malik and, in particular, Jackson and Sirone—all these suggest that Taylor's current Unit is the best ensemble he's had for presenting original conceptions. This album lacks the occasional intensity that distinguishes Taylor's first New World LP; the success of *3 Phasis* as a large scale work makes it an equally valuable album.

Beyond the superb ensemble and individual playing on the *Black Forest* album, there is an unaccompanied piano solo in *Eel Pot*. The constituent passages are spaced, and despite moments of great urgency, the brink of violence is not crossed; the near-serene calmness of his pauses serves to continually reorganize the improvisation. The beauty of Taylor's solo is the high point of an outstanding concert; may this particular sextet remain and grow together, to produce future works as exciting as these two albums. —litweiler

LARRY CORYELL

EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS—Arista Novus AN 3005: *Toronto Under The Sign Of Capricorn; For Philip And Django; Rodrigo Reflections; April Seventh; Silver Medley; A Song For My Father/Sister Sadie; Copenhagen Impressions; Variations On A Theme.*

Personnel: Coryell, solo acoustic guitar.

★★★★★

RETURN—Vanguard Freestyle VSD-79426: *Cisco At The Disco; Rue Gregoire Du Tour; Three Mile Island; Return; Sweet Shuffle; Mediterranean Sundance! Entre Dos Aguas.*

Personnel: Coryell, electric guitar; Darius Brubeck, electric piano, organ; Chris Brubeck, electric bass; Dan Brubeck, drums; Ray Mantilla, percussion.

★★★★

TRIBUTARIES—Arista Novus AN 3017: *The File; Mother's Day; Little B's Poem; Zimbalue; Solo On Wednesday; Thurman Munson; Equinox; Akter Fields.*

Personnel: Coryell, six and twelve string acoustic guitars; John Scofield, six string acoustic guitar; Joe Beck, six string acoustic guitar.

★★★★★

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

YOUNG DJANGO—PA/USA PR 7041: *Djangology; Sweet Chorus; Minor Swing; Are You In The Mood?; Gallerie St. Hubert; Tears; Swing Guitars; Oriental Shuffle; Blues For Django And Stephane.*

Personnel: Grappelli, violin, piano (cut 9); Philip Catherine, guitar; Larry Coryell, guitar; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass.

★★★★★ 1/2

By the time you read this, prolific Larry Coryell may have released yet another album; he seems to crank one out every four to six months or so. His last works on Vanguard were reissues and outtakes that have been at least partially regretted by the guitarist in a **down beat** interview. But all four of these sessions, including the Vanguard date, are recently recorded efforts that warrant comparison.

European Impressions was taped in 1978, the first side live at Montreux. Throughout most of his electric years in the post-Mahavishnu '70s, Coryell's solo acoustic concert warmups often contained the best licks he would play in an entire evening. His acoustic chops are by now considerable, and salient albums in this vein like *The Restless Mind* (Vanguard

VSD-79353) or the solo *The Lion And The Ram* (Arista AL 4108) should be catalog items for some time (this last, we understand, is now out of print).

European Impressions is an interesting display of technique, covering a spectrum of moods and fusing several contemporary and classical styles into a one man guitaristic barrage. *April Seventh* and *Copenhagen Impressions* are the most esoteric of Coryell's intense introspections, the latter containing a brief sitar invention. *Rodrigo Reflections* is a captivatingly serious Spanish piece that, quite unexpectedly, evolves into a busy takeoff on the *Dueling Banjos* sequence from *Deliverance*. The gypsy-jazz tribute *For Philip And Django* was no doubt inspired by Coryell's experimental fling, with Philip Catherine, in one of Charles Mingus' last bands. It was Mingus who dubbed Catherine to be "Young Django." The licks are impressive and the tunes are strong. Despite a lack of additional instrumentation, this disc contains nearly as much color, depth and diversity as two of the other albums listed here.

Young Django is Stephane Grappelli's album first, Philip Catherine's second, and then Coryell's, but Larry's role is not inconsiderable. Collecting seven classic Reinhardt/Grappelli compositions from the late '30s, plus an original each from the two guitarists, the excellent music here keeps an emphasis on *le jazz hot*. Grappelli, of course, is still in his prime, delivering memorable solos on *Sweet Chorus*, *Minor Swing* and elsewhere.

But his equally young cohorts manage to keep up with the pace, jumping in together on the skittish *Swing Guitars*, doing nice things to *Sweet Chorus*, and playing with the whimsical *Are You In The Mood?* The lack of a drummer proves insignificant, as the guitarists share rhythm duties and Pedersen is super steady. The older tunes from *Young Django* may recall a bygone style, but they seem far from antiquated in the hands of this amicable foursome. An LP of historical import and artistic merit.

Coryell's jazz-rock fling with Eleventh House, after a fairly hefty debut, came under considerable critical fire, and in retrospect the group really wasn't all that consistent. *Return* gets Coryell back into rock electronics, but with more control than previously. The Brubeck boys are dependable in support, but Coryell dominates the action—with finesse on *Return* and fire on the blues-rocking *Three Mile Island*. A trashy title like *Cisco At The Disco* implies sellout, but it's actually more of a rock 'n' roll cut, with only secondary references to the big dance beat. Coryell's hot solo makes the most of a rather simple chart.

Mediterranean Sundance has dynamics to burn, but Coryell's electric version here is just not as potent as Al DiMeola's original acoustic collaboration with Paco De Lucia. The other tunes are decent potboilers, but *Return's* competence is not always inspired enough to go beyond jazz-rock convention. Given more complex fusion material, this group could be potent. But they're only cooking sporadically on two or three of the tracks.

Coryell's guitar duets with Catherine and Steve Khan may have led to the new duo and trio experiments on *Tributaries*. *Mother's Day* and *Little B's Poem* are duets with Joe Beck and John Scofield respectively, both of which grow from written head figures into aggressive soloing. On cuts like *The File* and *Alster Fields*, trio interplay is bright and tuneful.

Solo On Wednesday begins with a slow, mantra-like melody and revs into an open, rocky jam. This time it's Coryell overdubbing skillfully a la *The Lion And The Ram*. Most sensitive of the trio ventures is *Thurman Munson*, a lament for the late baseball star written by Coryell. There's a healthy variety of material on *Tributaries*, and the three guitarists work well in combination.

Throughout the course of these four records, Coryell handles hard rock, delicate balladry, vintage swing, spontaneous improvisation, blues, flamenco . . . and all of it with a considerable degree of freshness and commitment. While his career has gone off onto tangents, Coryell seems to thrive on this diversity. There has been a recognizable acoustic direction to his recording lately, but his ability with the electric guitar is still considerable. Larry Coryell is keeping his chops up in every department these days, and each of these albums shows him off in a different light.

—henschen

OSCAR PETERSON

THE LONDON CONCERT—Pablo 2620 111: *It's A Wonderful World; People; Ain't Misbehavin'; Jitterbug Waltz; Pennies From Heaven; I Get Along Without You Very Well; Sweet Georgia Brown; Falling In Love With Love; Hogtown Blues; Emily; Satin Doll; Ellington Medley; Cute.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; John Heard, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; recorded live in London at the Royal Festival Hall, 1978.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
THE PARIS CONCERT—Pablo 2620 112: *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; Who Can I Turn To; Benny's Bugle; Soft Winds; Goodbye; Place St. Henri. Medley: Manha De Carnival, If, Ornithology, Blue Lou, How Long Has This Been Going On; Gentle Tears; Lover Man; Samba De Orfeo; Donna Lee; Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Niels Pedersen, bass; recorded live in Paris at the Salle Pleyel, 1978.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
In the last several months Oscar Peterson has released 10 if not more records. Peterson's brilliant work on the soundtrack for Daryl Duke's film *The Silent Partner* went by almost without any critical attention at all, though Jack Sohmer awarded the Pablo album three and a half db stars. While the groups that display and personify "fusion" fall into musical apathy and confusion, and young punk "new wavers" tack on primitive horn lines calling the sound "punk jazz," Peterson continues to grow and develop beyond his swing foundations.

The London date with Heard on bass and Bellson on drums features Peterson in the context of the classic swing trio. Popular standards like *People*, *Pennies* and *Emily* undergo multiple forms of musical surgery. Tempos evolve from Peterson's massive left hand, stimulating the aggressive but warm attack of bassist Heard and projecting an orchestral presence, supported by the incredible right hand of drummer Bellson. His rhythmic variations pass through the air falling on key chord changes that are produced by not only the piano, but its relationship with the bass. Bellson plays the chord by placing and orchestrating his rhythms on, around and after the fundamental changes. By developing strict control of all four limbs this drummer plays rhythmic melodies.

On trio dates before, Peterson developed a distinct style or approach to each tune. Today the structure of his approaches incorporates elements of late romantic classical music and the innovations of the jazz avant garde. In the introduction to *Pennies* the harmonic essence

of the tune is established by a thin Brahms-like sketch that leads to the familiar melody. The bass and drums slide in gently, like worn petals from a rose, and fall into a funky blues-swing. The song's chords become the rhythmic shelves of the trio and the solo line of Peterson's right hand creates the new song, a child of the original melody.

The solo treatment of Hoagy Carmichael's *I Get Along Without You Very Well* is a study in perfect melodic balance. The structure of left hand patterns is an extension of the smooth transitional sequences perfected by both Brahms, in his solo and chamber music, and Art Tatum, in his impressive solo sides (still available on Pablo).

Guitarist Joe Pass and bassist Niels Pedersen form the trio at the Paris concert. Those stories that floated around implying that Oscar cannot bop seem quite insane after one exposure to the trio's interpretation of Charlie Parker's *Ornithology*. The absence of drums leaves the whole piece out in the open, and at the given tempo it is *do or die*, and they do it!

The melting of two movie themes, *Black Orpheus* and *If*, is indeed the perfect harmonic wedding of songs and it is impossible to determine exactly when the transition is made.

The bass work of European Pedersen is smooth and exact, blending with the ultra clean lines of guitarist Joe Pass, a veteran of many Peterson dates. On side four the pianist bows out, leaving the stage for a very rare and remarkable series of guitar-bass solos and duets.

There is so much music on these four discs. Peterson's sound defies time, form and style; it is the product of extreme beauty, technique and love. When Art Tatum was alive some asked: "Who will wear the crown after he?" I think we all know.

—sparrow

JACKIE McLEAN

CONSEQUENCE—Blue Note LT-994: *Bluesanova; Consequence; My Old Flame; Topsy; Slumber; Vernestune.*

Personnel: McLean, alto sax; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Harold Mabern, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

What was once the exclusive preserve of a select coterie of "bop snobs" has become the new mainstream of jazz tradition, as the original contributors to the school of hard bop take their rightful places in the ranks of old masters. Of these, none is more deserving of popular attention than Jackie McLean, a survivor in a world where survival is no mere metaphor. Jackie's bittersweet duets here with the late Lee Morgan are a poignant reminder of the precarious existence these artists led, for as Larry Kart points out on the liner, Morgan could as easily have been credited with the date.

McLean's early work has fortunately been well documented, first on Prestige and then, for nearly a decade, on Blue Note, where the altoist departed from the fixed progressions of the post-bop period to wax such experimental outings as *Let Freedom Ring* and *Destination Out* before returning to more conventional structures. This previously unreleased session dates from 1965, by which time the bop market was fairly saturated and the snobs' fancy had turned to expressionistic modal music—whatever the reason, the set has remained in the can until now. No matter, for *Consequence* is a classic of its genre, an

ECM

Terje Rypdal

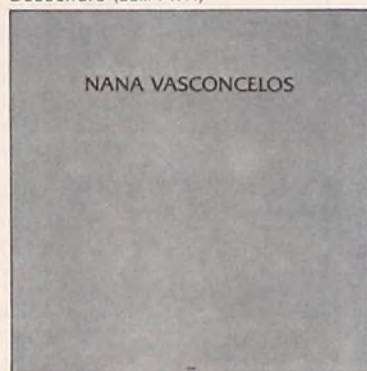
Terje Rypdal,
guitar, keyboards, flute.
Palle Mikkelborg,
trumpet, flugelhorn, keyboards.
Jon Christensen,
drums, percussion.



Descendre (ECM-1-1144)

Nana Vasconcelos

Nana Vasconcelos,
berimbau, percussion, voice,
gongs.
Egberto Gismonti,
8-string guitar.



Saudades (ECM-1-1147)

Charlie Haden, Jan Garbarek, Egberto Gismonti

Charlie Haden,
bass.
Jan Garbarek,
saxophones.
Egberto Gismonti,
guitars, piano.

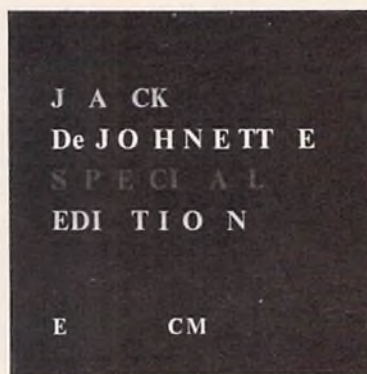


Magico (ECM-1-1151)

Jack DeJohnette

Jack DeJohnette,
drums, piano, melodica.
David Murray,
tenor saxophone, bass clarinet.
Arthur Blythe,*
alto saxophone.
Peter Warren,
bass, cello.

*Appears courtesy of
Columbia Records.



Special Edition (ECM-1-1152)

Miroslav Vitous

Miroslav Vitous,
bass.
John Surman,
soprano saxophone,
bass clarinet.
Kenny Kirkland,
piano.
Jon Christensen,
drums.



First Meeting (ECM-1-1145)



On ECM Records and Tapes
Manufactured and distributed by
Warner Bros. Records Inc.

album which will delight new listeners as well as old aficionados with its driving urgency and relentless swing.

Bluesanova is a hard-edged Latin blues in a post-Horace groove, featuring a gorgeous ensemble duet by Jackie and Lee, followed by an exciting exposition in which the sharply pitched alto and fat, sassy trumpet vie neck and neck down the stretch like two blue thoroughbreds. The title cut is an uptempo blowing vehicle that showcases Jackie's biting attack, and the balladic *My Old Flame* builds momentum behind alternate choruses of Lee's Brownie-like chops and Jackie's lilting, Rollinsesque phrases.

Rollins' shadow looms again on the vampish *Tolyso*, where McLean's punchy tone and Morgan's percussive blasts ride hard over a pulsating Caribbean beat. *Slumber* belies its name with an insomniac melodrama that releases into a throbbing gospel romp, setting the stage for the closer, *Vernestune*, a smoking bopper that races through tortuous changes until the final reprise comes barreling out like a rifle bullet.

Pianist Harold Mabern and drummer Billy Higgins supply a torrid rhythm accompaniment, while bassist Herbie Lewis provides a solid push beneath the mix. The contemporary influence of the Coltrane quartet is apparent in Mabern's McCoyish chording as in McLean's scalar modulations, but on the whole the album represents a sharp retreat from the avant garde and a return to the rich motherlode of "inside" music that Jackie continues to mine to this day. Not least, it displays Lee Morgan once again at the top of his form—did he ever give less? —birnbaum

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI TRIO

DEDICATIONS—Inner City 6046: *Solar*; *Swinging Till The Girls Come Home*; *Israel*; *Two Bass Hit*; *Enigma*; *In Your Own Sweet Way*; *Tempus Fugit*.

Personnel: Akiyoshi, piano; Bob Daugherty (cuts 1-3), Andrew Simpkins (4-7), bass; Jimmy Smith (1-3), Peter Donald (4-7), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Starting out in the early 1950s as a disciple of Bud Powell, Toshiko in the years since has expanded the range of her musical thinking to embrace a number of other sources. *Dedications* charts aspects of that development through seven performances in which the pianist acknowledges that number of primary influences. Corresponding to the song titles listed above these are Miles Davis, Oscar Pettiford, Johnny Carisi, John Lewis, J. J. Johnson, Dave Brubeck and Powell. Unacknowledged, however, either in this listing or in Nat Hentoff's otherwise informative liner notes is any indication of the major force at work on the pianist's music—that of Bill Evans—the influence of whose striking, distinctive approach to jazz piano can be felt in every one of these performances.

It's not that Toshiko is imitating Evans so much as she's irradiated her own lithe, muscular approach to keyboard, legacy of her earlier grounding in Powell, with compatible aspects of Evans'—his characteristic reharmonizations, melodic concision and clarity of line/thought/touch/tone, as well as his emphasis on true group interplay. The salutary effect this has had on her own playing is most keenly evident in her handling of ballads—wherein her previous tendency, shared with or inherited from Powell, towards an overlush, almost cloying romanticism has been tempered with a spare, tensile melodism and an open, almost austere har-

monic underpinning which have allowed her to totally loose her imagination.

This has made possible, among other things, a very thoughtful dirge-like version of Pettiford's *Swingin' Till The Girls Come Home*; slowed down to an almost funereal but never flaccid tempo, her performance never once falters in its basic pulsation or flow of interesting ideas. Likewise, she has given Johnson's *Enigma* an affecting, lyrically sober reading, while Brubeck's *Sweet Way* and Lewis' *Two Bass Hit* (patterned on the MJQ performance although her playing of the piece recalls Freddie Redd more than it suggests the influence of Lewis, Evans or Powell) crackle with a brighter, extroverted vitality more suitable to their natures. Her *Tempus Fugit* perfectly distills the essence of Powell, maintaining throughout a steady rush of brittle, hard-edged invention. But whatever the piece and what it might represent for her, Toshiko digs in and gives it her all, playing herself throughout this eminently pleasing recital, marked always by her mature musicianship, unerring swing and an imaginative fertility of uncommon resourcefulness. The support provided by her two teams of fellow explorers is all it should be.

These are subtle, thoughtful performances that grow in power the more, and more closely, one listens to them. If, as I did, you will play this record often, you'll be more than amply repaid for your time and efforts; you'll probably come to love it, for it wears very well indeed. —welding

GEORGE COLEMAN/ TETE MONTOLIU

MEDITATION—Timeless Muse T1 312; *Lisa*; *Dynamic Duo*; *First Time Down*; *Waltzing At Rosa's Place*; *Meditation*; *Sophisticated Lady*.

Personnel: Coleman, tenor sax; Montoliu, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Can an American tenor saxophonist meet a Spanish pianist in a Dutch studio without a bass or trap drum set and make improvised music of high quality? Yes they can, yes they can, yes they can!!

Tete Montoliu is a rhythm section. His left hand rolls and dips. It bounces and pushes. It is a left hand the likes of which are upon the arms of very few. Maybe it comes from living and working in a country that isn't exactly chock full of Ron Carters and Art Blakeys. Right here, on the very first cut, in his first solo, Montoliu sends bombs flying. His left jolts like Kenny Clarke's foot. As soon as that first piano solo is over, you know you're not going to have to worry about a rhythm section. Tete's in control.

George Coleman is a firm, hard-edged tenor player whose octet was one of the good reasons for living in New York during the mid '70s. Here he shows the agility and speed of the hard-boppers along with the freedom of expression pioneered later. He rides along on Tete's bass with ease. Sometimes he'll pull out a note or phrase that seemingly flew by in the piano comping and form a statement out of it. Other times Tete will anticipate and the two will land on the same note with a start.

The first side of the album is made up of short pieces. The opener is an uptempo warm-up in a distinctly Coltraneish vein. There is a break where the two musicians nip at each other like two playful dogs. When Coleman goes into a sheet-of-sound solo, Montoliu swirls beneath him.

The second tune is a Coleman original

called *Dynamic Duo* and it's a piece of bop pie. Tete shows us his bebop chops and his frequently used walking bass pattern. Coleman soars through—his tone is strong and clean, showing a tough approach to the instrument. Occasionally a breathy, gentle pattern pokes its head through, but for the most part this is tight-lipped, gutsy blowing.

The high points on this album of high points are the two lengthy pieces—Jobim's *Meditation* and Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*. The former is played at an easy bossa tempo and is frequently thrilling. There is a point in the stating of the melody where Coleman flurries down to the nadir of the horn to be followed in quick stead by Montoliu's flourish down the piano. They ascend together, they descend together. The whole album is as exciting as anytime in a club when the rhythm lays out and two in-tune players improvise head to head.

Sophisticated Lady is taken at a surprisingly brisk pace once the melody is stated. Coleman is brilliant on the melody—he wails as if he's standing in front of a 17 piece band. Tete tosses in a little stride and it sounds, when the tempo increases, like there is a bit of a competitive edge. At one point, about midway, the piece swings so mightily that it seems as if the thing will last about an hour. Tete soon brings it to a different level for his solo—romantic and searching. It is a pearl of a performance.

I would have liked to hear more work at a ballad tempo, but this is a compelling album that should stand high in anyone's collection as a strong example of a jazz duet, as a strong example of improvised music in general or as a strong example of what can be done with two men, two instruments and no embellishment. —jeske

McCoy TYNER

PASSION DANCE—Milestone M-9091; *Moment's Notice*; *Passion Dance*; *Search For Peace*; *The Promise*; *Song Of The New World*.

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Ron Carter, bass (1, 5); Tony Williams, drums (1, 5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The question with McCoy Tyner has become: what is left for him to do? He is jazz's predominant keeper of the John Coltrane flame and he is an individualistic composer/performer whose output is as diverse as it is prodigious. He operates at a steady pinnacle; his valleys are others' peaks.

Passion Dance, however, enters the Tyner oeuvre risking repetition. It is his third live album in 14 months, following *The Greeting* and Milestone *Jazzstars Live*. And as an album of solo and trio work, *Passion Dance* stands comparison to *Trident*, the seminal collaboration with Elvin Jones and Ron Carter, as well as *Super Trios*.

What raises *Passion Dance* above Tyner's constant four star plane, placing it among his finest work, is the unity of its wordless vision. Tyner has tempered his personal statements when playing with all star groups like the Jazzstars, or with singers and strings. *Passion Dance*, in contrast, completes a trinity of probing, sorrowful offerings begun by *Sahara* and *Trident*.

Musically, Tyner's shrapnel-sharp style pushes to the limits of chaos. Personally, his world view—*Sahara's* urban netherworld, *Trident's* gloomy sea—pushes to the brink of grief. Deliberation and resolve, the dominant emotions of *Passion Dance's* title song, constitute Tyner's sunny side.

From Tyner's left hand roll the rumbling thunderclouds of chords that even turn ballads ominous and give him the dynamism to abandon a rhythm section, as he does on three cuts here. All Tyner's work is so personally stamped one can hardly imagine anyone covering his compositions. His brooding, percussive chords and speeding single note runs reshape every song, from the ballad *Search For Peace* to two Coltrane compositions, *The Promise* and *Moment's Notice*.

Those two songs receive contrasting treatments. *Moment's Notice*, straightahead and spirited in Coltrane's version, becomes an exercise in rumbling dissonance from the very first bar here, and Tyner is already quoting a variation of the second chorus. Tyner shaves some of Trane's frenzy from *The Promise*, at times stripping to stride piano at its most basic. Even in his simplest, Tyner evokes a tremulous worry.

The relative exuberance of the final selection, *New World*, is Tyner's promise. Amid the gloom he can sprinkle hopeful phrases; he cares enough to continue trying. Given his medium, that is the assurance he'll make more music of this caliber. —freedman

AIR

AIR LORE—Arista Novus AN 3014: *The Ragtime Dance*; *Buddy Bolden's Blues*; *King Porter Stomp*; *Paille Street*; *Weeping Willow Rag*.

Personnel: Henry Threadgill, tenor sax, alto sax, flute; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums and percussion.

Jazz of the absurd is what this is. It's a kind of avant garde vaudeville, infused with wackiness whereby contradictions are commonplace. Old and new run together; the lines between melancholy, rage and cornball comedy disappear. Air has cultivated naivete to make this music; it has courted ambiguity. *Air Lore* is an oddball masterpiece.

Time came unglued for this recording. Air drifted back to the turn of the century, when jazz was just being born. Three of the compositions here date from the first decade: Scott Joplin's *Weeping Willow Rag* (1903) and *Ragtime Dance* (1906) and Jelly Roll Morton's *King Porter Stomp* (c. 1905). Morton wrote *Buddy Bolden's Blues* in 1939, but its style is grounded in early jazz (indeed, its legendary namesake, trumpeter Bolden, made his impact before 1900). Air does not re-create these works but reacts to them in light of 80 years of jazz "lore."

What results is a carefully conceived and flawlessly executed set of chamber pieces. Air does not mess with the original tunes. Consequently, much of this music is outrageously tonal; its rhythms are hopelessly regular, its harmonies shockingly simple. Yet it comes as no surprise that the music never sounds dated. Even the straightest passages reveal a contemporary and unconventional nature. Air's personality works its way into the cracks of each composition. A reedy honk, a bass glissando, a sudden rim shot or cymbal crash. . . . These things give the old hat a new slant.

Air's personality comes through most strongly in the improvised sections which are interpolated between the melodic strains. Here is how it all works in *Ragtime Dance*. Threadgill states the first strain on alto in a shrill, metallic warble, while Hopkins and McCall boom-chuck behind him. Then Threadgill drifts into a solo as free as a

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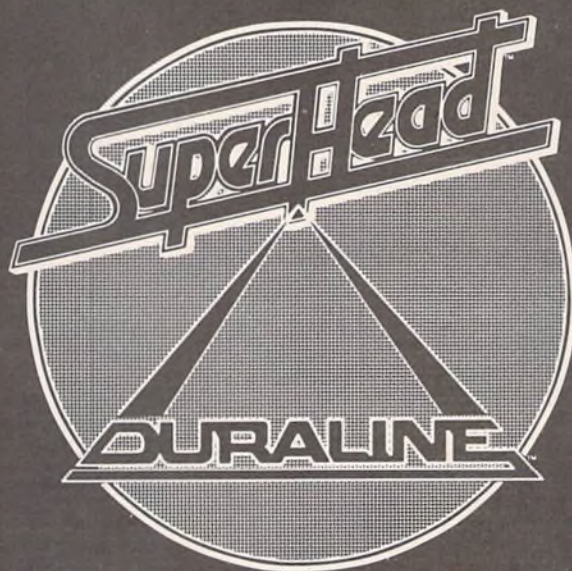


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daydream. Bass and drums keep the beat. Suddenly, the trio breaks into a circus tempo for the next strain. They play it relatively straight for two choruses, and then Threadgill wanders off to turn somersaults and back flips around the tune. A moment later the tempo drops and the spotlight falls on Hopkins, who skips around his bass without ever losing his accuracy or rich tone. This leads into the third strain, played only once before the spotlight swings over to McCall for a short, immaculate drum solo. The fourth and final strain is uptempo again, sandwiching more alto acrobatics in the middle. Who's a-mugging now?

King Porter, complete with its timeless riffs, and Weeping Willow are fashioned in the same manner: old and new ideas hanging together like a well-balanced mobile. Buddy Bolden's Blues has but one strain, a slow and elegant 16 bar after-hours blues which couples Threadgill's poignant tenor with Hopkins' exquisite bass lines. Threadgill's Paille Street is strikingly different from the other pieces. In contrast to the four-square syncopation of the rags, the counterpoint here flows more freely. The sound of flute and bowed bass is softer and more sustained. McCall acts more as a colorist than a timekeeper, using brushes on the canvas. Yet this work too seems ancient, timeless in its own way.

In one sense this music is yet another way of exploring the jazz tradition; it is another expression of the idea that jazz has become a classical music, rich and open to interpretation. But Air is more than a jazz repertory ensemble, and, again, Air Lore is more than re-creation. To make this music, Air has to be conversant with the jazz tradition, not just able to imitate selected styles. The trio has to understand—to feel as well as know—all the styles it touches: ragtime, swing, blues, free jazz, whatever. Air doesn't just mimic Joplin and Jelly Roll, as a piano roll would; it plays them and makes them ours. It's one thing to seek roots; it's another to comprehend them, to make them meaningful today—which is what Air does here. —clark

GIL EVANS

LITTLE WING—Circle RK 101978/13: *Dr. Jeckyll (Jackie); The Meaning Of The Blues; Little Wing*. Personnel: George Adams, tenor sax, flute, percussion; Gerry Niewood, alto sax, soprano sax, flute; Terumasa Hino, trumpet; Lewis Soloff, trumpet, piccolo trumpet; Bob Stewart, tuba; Evans, electric piano; Peter Levin, synthesizer; Don Pate, electric bass; Rob Crowder, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Evans derives his strengths as an arranger leader by providing settings that are both exciting frameworks for solos and rich displays of orchestral color, whether he is working with acoustic or electric instruments. Electric instruments never cover up any lack of ideas. But on these sides, recorded at an October, 1978, concert in West Germany, he doesn't fully exploit the "sound" possibilities. Further, many of the solos are weak, with the powerful Adams, for example, taking only one solo. Still there are many strong points to this release.

Jackie McLean's *Dr. Jeckyll*, the album's weakest track, is a straight bebop arrangement, with the horns playing the melody in unison. Niewood solos on alto with fire, but sticks to standard bop licks. As a result his solo, like those of Hino, Pate and Soloff, goes nowhere.

But the Bobby Troup-Lee Worth Blues is

given a fine treatment. It opens with dense, throbbing electrified sounds, including tonguing and blowing sounds on electrically amplified trumpet. Slowly the theme evolves out of the multi-layers of throbbing bass, growling horns and electric piano. Then it becomes Adams' show. His solo starts in the upper register, reaches down and then settles into mid-range from where he proceeds to tell all about the blues, using deep throated growls, lyric lushness, shrill cries—expressing every facet of the blues from sobbing despair to bouncy hope, ending his dissertation with pensive beauty.

Electric instruments, playing over a slow, swaying blues beat, also pave the way for the lovely theme of Jimi Hendrix's *Little Wing*. Levin takes an understated, almost sweet, solo on synthesizer followed by a lyrical tuba solo by Stewart, with a twin flute voicing underneath. Soloff, playing with a warm sweet tone on trumpet, picks up on this mood but then starts to get funky as bassist Pate throbs out a Mingus blues line (from *Los Mariachis* on the *Tijuana Moods* album), finally growling out the notes as he ends the solo. Then things start to swing lightly as Niewood solos on soprano with a bright lyricism.

The number, however, ends disappointingly with a repetitious drum solo by Crowder that is not at all integrated into the mood or musical ideas that preceded it. The full band returns with the theme to end it all.

During the same European tour, this band gave a far better performance of *Little Wing*—more fully developed, more varied in mood and feel and with more use of color—at the Zurich Jazz Festival. There was a spirit and fire that was not as great during this recorded performance.

Still, with a generous 54 minutes of playing time on this album, and with much of *Blues and Wing* really excellent, it is an LP that can be recommended. Evans' electric excursions of the '70s have not been well documented on vinyl and so this enterprising effort must be cheered as documentation as well as welcomed as fine music. —de muth

JOHN CLARK

SONG OF LIGHT—Hidden Meaning 001: *Song Of Light; Introduction; The Answer/Island Flower; Trevor's Dance; Glimpse Of Freedom, part 2; Belle's Ballad; Sandy*.

Personnel: Clark, french horn; Michael Cochrane, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Victor Lewis, drums.

★ ★ 1/2

STUART DEMPSTER

IN THE GREAT ABBEY OF CLEMENT VI—1750 Arch S-1775: *Standing Waves; Didjeridervish*.

Personnel: Dempster, trombone, simulated Australian Aboriginal didjeridu.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

JOSEPH CELLI

ORGANIC OBOE—Organic Oboe Records: *Sky; S For J; Spiral; Extended Oboe; A Summoning Of Focus*.

Personnel: Celli, oboe, english horn, voice, kazoo, miscellaneous instruments, electronics.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

The constant and extensive (as in stretching of limits) activities of small, independent jazz and new music labels provide fertile experimental ground for our more forward-looking musicians, and are often worth the search needed to dig them up. These three releases (all available through New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, NYC

10012) present us with the additional potential of three leader/composers dealing with instruments not normally associated with advanced improvising (trombonists Mangelsdorff, Moncur and Priester notwithstanding). As can be expected, they rise to the occasion with varying degrees of success.

Considering John Clark's background with Carla Bley and in various symphonic/orchestral settings, one expected a bit more from this quartet date on Clark's own Hidden Meaning label. He plays his instrument with grace and occasional passion, but his compositions seem either a bit leaden (*Trevor's Dance* and the title track) or too cocktailish (*Sandy*). He mixes light funk and hints of Latin, but—check *Introduction*—they aren't quite crisp enough to really grab, or mellifluous enough to slide.

Clark's orchestral use of overdubbed french horns, with echo, wah-wah, phaser, etc., works with relative success: *The Answer/Island Flower* has a lazy summer day feel to it, growing compellingly over a hypnotic, understated backdrop, though the echo becomes cloying at times. Clark's cohorts play solidly if not with much spirit, though they do know how to swing.

The remaining two projects in question deal not so much with melodic or song oriented approaches to the instruments, but emerge from a more conceptual framework of sound experimentation and "random" improvisation. Trombonist Stuart Dempster, who's been involved with the worlds of the symphony and the conservatory as well as in the avant arts with people like Merce Cunningham, David Behrman and David Tudor, here presents two long improvisatory works that deal magnificently with resonance, overtone multiphonics and the *shape* of sound. Recorded in the Great Abbey of Clement VI at Avignon—a towering space with a staggering 14 second echo, *Standing Waves* offers an amazing depth and textural richness, as Dempster builds echoing chords and oscillations, growling, buzzing, sometimes piercing chime-like in the upper registers of his trombone. He stresses certain tones in a sequence, those surrounding it acting as buffers and supporters. By altering mouth shapes, he creates otherworldly densities, burred intensely but somehow always harmonically consonant. Melodic motifs do surface occasionally, hinting at atmospheres previously created in pieces like Weber's *Colours Of Chloe* and Zawinul's *In A Silent Way*.

Didjeridervish, performed on plastic sewer pipes simulating the sound of the Australian Aboriginal instrument called the *didjeridu*, was likewise recorded live in the Abbey, and deals, through embouchure manipulation, echo and overtones, with an amazingly direct pastiche of cello-like tones, oscillating "singing" through the tubes, and alternately gruff and airy textures. About three quarters of the way through, Dempster begins dancing—literally—like a dervish, his circular movement transforming the sound into still more shapes and densely round lustres. All in all, this is a highly rewarding exploration of space that swells with each listening.

Avant garde oboist Joseph Celli here presents four boldly experimental works for double reeds, electronic tape and voice, one an original piece (*Sky: S For J*), the others by three of new music's foremost composers: Stockhausen, Elliott Schwartz and Malcolm Goldstein. Music as sound (*Sky*) and the

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transformation of sound (*A Summoning Of Focus*) via volume, quality, pitch, etc.; improvised dialogues between human and machine (Stockhausen's *Spiral* sets up one soloist with a short-wave radio; Schwartz's *Extended Oboe* is a more "ordered," melodic collaboration, with written cues); this is some of what *Organic Oboe* is all about.

Like Dempster, Celli is concerned with the subtle transformation of the shape of sound, particularly on *Sky* and *Summoning*. The former, for five English horns without reeds, is a rising and falling lament that wanders and oscillates like a membrane might, in a continual, vocal-like wash; *A Summoning*, with its multiphonics and high pitched squeaking, struggles to sustain the listener's interest. Dempster's sense of lush harmony is approached on *Extended Oboe*, which vaguely recalls Braxton's duets with synthesist Richard Teitelbaum. This intricate piece is often quite satisfying in its changing moods and polyrhythmic and tonal flights.

Spiral, too, has its fascinating moments, if only for some startling interplay between the short-wave and Celli's blustery kazoo. This one is not what one would call a particularly accessible piece, though, and after a while the static can dull one's intellectual curiosity. Yet, such experiments must be encouraged, because the thinner you stretch something, the deeper and clearer look you can get of its essence. —zipkin

ROB MCCONNELL and the BOSS BRASS

AGAIN!—Umbrella UMB-GEN-1-12: *Confirmation; Everytime We Say Goodbye; The 4,679,385th Blues In Bb; A Time For Love; Take The "A" Train; My Ship; Tickletoe; I Hear A Rhapsody; Pellet Suite (No! Not Sir Henry, Last Summer, The Back Bacon Blues, BB Gun).*

Personnel: McConnell, valve trombone; Arnie Chycoski, Sam Noto, Erich Traugott, Guido Basso, Bruce Cassidy, trumpets and flugelhorns; Ian McDougall, Bob Livingston, Dave McMurdo, Ron Hughes, trombones and bass trombone; Brad Warnaar, George Simpson, french horns; Moe Koffman, Jerry Toth, Eugene Amaro, Rick Wilkins, Gary Morgan, saxes and woodwinds; Jimmy Dale, acoustic and electric pianos; Ed Bickert, guitar; Don Thompson, acoustic and electric bass; Terry Clarke, drums; Marty Morell, percussion.

THE JAZZ ALBUM—PA/USA PR-7031: *It's Hard To Find One; Portrait Of Jennie; My Man Bill; Body And Soul; That's Right.*

Personnel: As above except Dick Berg, french horn for Warnaar and Michael Craden, percussion, for Morell.

The Rob McConnell band is an immaculate ensemble of seasoned Canadian studio men united together in a common struggle against middle-aged complacency. Stateside listeners may be familiar with their first album on Umbrella, and, correspondingly, can anticipate more of the same high-gear professionalism on *Again!* Prominent and heated jazz solos by Noto, Basso, Koffman, Amaro, Wilkins and the leader pepper the already spicy charts, while Toth, Dale and Bickert periodically add contrast with their cooler voices. McConnell conducted throughout and wrote all of the arrangements except *Pellet Suite*, which was both composed and arranged by McDougall. The overall style owes some allegiance to current rhythmic fashions, but for the most part leans on standard big band precedents.

Note that the Umbrella is a two record set, originally planned as a direct-to-disc showcase for that label's admittedly superior production techniques. It is explained that, because the original metal masters had be-

come "ruined at some point in the matrixing process," this release was mastered from the tape safeties. The difference in final product sound quality, though, must be taken as a matter of faith, at least by those unfamiliar with Umbrella's other work. Most will be more than pleased by the sound and noise free surfaces, but not necessarily by the total playing time of little more than an hour, normal for d-to-d but otherwise on the skimpy side. The best argument for quibblers, of course, is that it is the quality that counts, not the quantity.

Recorded at least two years earlier, with McConnell as producer, composer/arranger, and conductor, the PA/USA reveals a remarkably similar personnel, with the only differences being noted in the french horn and percussion sections—changes, at any rate, that would hardly call attention to themselves in a jazz-oriented big band such as this. Understandably, there is a looser, more relaxed feeling pervading this pre-d-to-d date than the more advanced recording procedures of today tend to encourage. This is not at all meant to slight the band's admirable feat for Umbrella, but is intended only to reflect on the greater potential for unforced creative expression when such a pressure is not felt by the performing artists.

Soloists on *The Jazz Album* include Noto, Basso, Amaro, Toth, Bickert and McConnell, himself a rewardingly fluid valve trombonist of the Brookmeyer persuasion. All of the players are on a comparable level with their American counterparts, and given the proper exposure, could probably garner as wide an audience. Their sound should be contemporary enough to be intelligible to younger listeners, while their still-unshaken admiration for Basie, Ellington and the entire tradition of bop-inflected swing will easily commend them to a more settled generation of fans. —sohmer

WAYMON REED

46TH AND 8TH—Artists House AH10: *Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Au Privave; 46th And 8th; But Beautiful; Blue Monk.*

Personnel: Reed, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jimmy Forrest, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

While unknown to most jazz listeners, Waymon Reed is a superior bebop-oriented instrumentalist. A veteran of the Count Basie and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big bands as well as numerous other ensembles, he now collaborates with his wife, singer Sarah Vaughan.

For his debut recording as a leader, Reed has chosen musicians and a program to complement his dark-toned sound and communicative style. Jimmy Forrest, a hard swinging saxophonist who was the trumpeter's colleague in the Basie band, shares the front line, while Ella Fitzgerald's former rhythm section of Tommy Flanagan, Keter Betts and Bobby Durham provide smooth, integrated accompaniment. As the latter three musicians are already an established team, they concentrate on enhancing the trumpeter's and saxophonist's efforts instead of having to spend most of their energy tuning into each other.

Reed's choice of compositions consists mainly of popular standards—*But Beautiful*—and pieces from the jazz tradition—*Don't Get Around Much, Au Privave, and Blue Monk*. Even his own tune—*46th And 8th*—uses the popular 12 bar blues form, although there is a rhythmic surprise in the sixth measure.

While such a familiar repertoire naturally leads to comparisons with other versions of these pieces, the current renditions stand up favorably under close scrutiny. Each performance contains numerous personal nuances and subtleties.

Reed usually makes the most of his solo spots, although his work on *But Beautiful* is not particularly inspired. The trumpeter's tone, inflections, and use of grace notes lend a warm feeling to everything he plays, and are reminiscent of Clark Terry without being derivative. In addition, Reed often exhibits a puckish sense of humor. On *Don't Get Around Much*, he playfully states the melody before romping through a dancing improvisation.

Forrest also contributes several effective improvisations. His deep, full sound is well showcased on *Don't Get Around Much*; he produces a predominantly melodic, flowing solo with several hard-edged r&b licks thrown in for musical contrast.

Backing and complementing the horn players' considerable contributions, Flanagan is impressive both in his soloing and accompanying roles. On *Au Privave*, the pianist backs Reed's thematic statement with rich block chords, creating an orchestral texture all by himself. Later, he offers one of his typically well-paced, seemingly effortlessly executed solos that "sings" despite the music's rapid tempo.

This fine album reveals more on repeated hearings. Imagine how good it will sound a year from now.

—safone

World music . . . and you definitely get it in *Full Moon*, *Ponteio* and *Yohimbe*. But Narell applies his steel sound to subtler styles as well, venturing into an almost Japanese imagism on *Samantha's Song*, a touch of bop on *Seven Steps To Heaven* (by Miles Davis and Victor Feldman), or exotic jungle jazz directions. Kenneth Nash must be given particular mention for the deft fire and finesse he brings to these rhythms.

Adding an extra dimension to the proceedings, however, is Narell's piano work. *Oskar's New Drum* hints at what he can do, overdubbing delicate piano atop his gently ringing steels. But *Richard's Tune* is Narell's solo piano spotlight, a progressive foray that is varied, flighty, accomplished and effective. Overall, the idea and sound of Narell's steel drums are intriguing, his piano work gives depth to

Hidden Treasure, and compositional maturity is on the way.

Incidentally, Narell's presence can be felt throughout Bernie Krause's excellent concept LP, *Citadels*. Electronic music fans will remember Krause for his important synthesizer explorations with the late Paul Beaver (*In A Wild Sanctuary*, etc.), on over 200 film soundtracks from *Rosemary's Baby* to *Apocalypse Now*, and with contemporary artists including The Tubes and countless others.

But *Citadels* is definitely not rock, and it is far less concerned with electronics than organic folk-jazz that is drawn, quite literally, from a world of influences. Originally recorded over four years ago, but not released before now, the album is an impressive fusion of cultural musics, both ancient and modern.

ANDY NARELL

HIDDEN TREASURE—Inner City IC 1053: *Full Moon*; *Oskar's New Drum*; *Ponteio/Kasudi*; *Seven Steps To Heaven*; *Richard's Tune*; *Yohimbe*; *Samantha's Song*; *Corre Nina*.

Personnel: Narell, steel drums, piano, timbales, percussion, vocals; Kenneth Nash, congas, bongos, timbales, percussion, vocals; Steve Erquiaga, guitar; Rich Girard, electric and acoustic bass; Glenn Cronkhite, drums, percussion (cuts 1,6); Jeff Narell, timbales, percussion (1,6); Jenny Holland, vocals (4,6); Debbie Poyes, vocals (6); Steven Miller, vocals (6).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

BERNIE KRAUSE


CITADELS—Takoma 7074: *Festival Of The Sun*; *Heights Of Machu Picchu*; *Flight To Urubamba*; *Jambo, Jambo (Zimbabwe, Africa)*; *Stonehenge: A Mid-Summer's Day Dream*; *Citadel, Ay Bobo*.

Personnel: Krause, synthesizers, tiple; Andy Narell, keyboards, percussion, shekere, steel drums; Mel Martin, bass flute, soprano, alto and tenor saxes, flute, piccolo, recorder, bass clarinet; Chris Michie, string synthesizer, guitars; George Marsh, drums, percussion, waterphones; Peter Maunu, guitars; Mark Isham, flugelhorn (cut 2); Bob Ferreira, flute (4); Curt McGettrick, flute, soprano sax (4); Dave Dunnaway, bass; Kenneth Nash, congas, bongos, vocals (4,6), shekere, gourd, misc. percussion; Ray Rivamonte, didjeridoo (1); Glenn Cronkhite, percussion; Jeff Narell, percussion, steel drums; Roger Squitro, percussion; Natan Rubin, violin (3,5); Myra Bucky, violin (3,5); Daniel Kobialka, violin (3,5); Judiyaba, cello (5); Susan Swerdlaw, Stephen La Chapelle, Lisa Janner, Eade Frazier Jr., Zena Sims, Alicia Quintal, children's chorus.

★ ★ ★ ★


The use of steel drums to front a jazz album is rare indeed, especially when the steel drum player comes not from the Caribbean, but from San Francisco. Andy Narell has much more than a novelty act going here too, more than just the usual steel warbling of *Yellow Bird*. He writes some interestingly contemporary tunes and plays them with passion.

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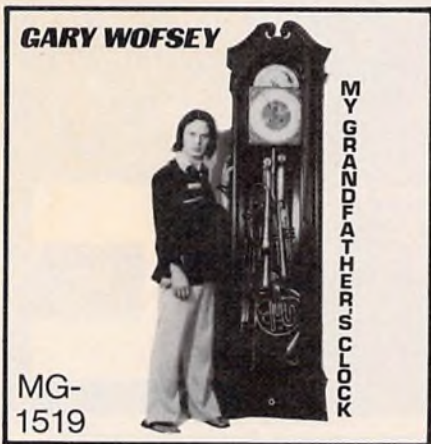
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Narell is used basically in a keyboard capacity, breaking out the steel drums for *Citadel*, *Ay Bobo*. Mel Martin is an integral solo voice on reeds, and Kenneth Nash is present again, this time motivational not only in a percussive role, but also as a singer of African and Haitian chants and vocals.

Krause's composing, aided at times by Narell and Nash, is inspired by literary works, especially L. Sprague de Camp's *Citadels*. The subject matter is fascinating and the multi-dimensional charts measure up. This album deserves more visibility than it is likely to get.

—henschen

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

BROKEN ENGLISH—Island ILPS 9570: *Broken English; Witches' Song; Brain Drain; Guilt; The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan; What's The Hurry?; Working Class Hero; Why D'Ya Do It?*

Personnel: Faithfull, vocals; Dyan Birch, Frankie Collins, Jim Cuomo, Guy Humphreys, Joe Mavey, Morris Pert, Barry Reynolds, Terry Stannard, Darryl Way, Steve Winwood, Steve York, instruments unidentified.

★ ★ ★ ★

Who would have guessed that Marianne Faithfull would resurface with a record which begs to stand as a non-feminist monument to womankind—eight fascinating songs which vividly assert her point of view, while having across-the-board appeal via kinetic Anglo-rock dance grooves. *Broken English*, then, is an affirmation, a cryptic testimony which reconciles once-crippling unhappiness and insecurity with new contentment and self-confidence. No longer must she wrestle the ghost of a Rolling Stone, recall the years spent as a perfumed commodity for pop-hungry mums and dads (her British hits *As Tears Go By* and *Come Stay With Me*), or heed the mythicized references to an innocence lost to rock's debauchery.

Faithfull's idiosyncratic bent runs rampant on *Broken English*. On *Guilt*, hedonism is squared off against puritanism; both impulses are impishly leavened by irony until blue-eyed soul chanteuses Dyan Birch and Frankie Collins announce the victor by chanting the song's title like offspring of Oliver Cromwell and Aretha Franklin. The title track has Faithfull's cracked, tinny and flat voice intersecting gloriously with the provocative bass-synthesizer underlining, as the frisky hi-hat rides the storm and keyboard and guitar flourishes dance around the edges. *Witches' Song*, perhaps the most enchanting pop number this side of Fleetwood Mac's *Rhiannon*, concerns the meeting of her sisters on the hilltop: "Danger is great joy/Dark is bright as fire/Happy is our family."

Sexual mores are also examined by the psychologically hale and hearty singer. *Brain Drain* concerns a lover's mental and physical exhaustion—the accompaniment, however, is anything but fatigued, and drummer Terry Stannard and Steve York on bass provide supple, exhilarating support. *Why D'Ya Do It?* drips acid: a two-timing beau is confronted with barbs that would send Mick Jagger scurrying for the door. Be damned, those who challenge Marianne's security, her reality.

Faithfull, who is self-revealing but not grandiloquent, becomes persona grata with *Broken English*. The fusing of her sensibilities to excellent backing and fine material marks this record as an unexpectedly alluring triumph.

—hadley

CARRIE SMITH

DO YOUR DUTY—Classic Jazz CJ 139: *Don't Be That Way; Deed I Do; Please Send Me Someone To Love; Careless Love; Give Your Mama One Smile; Everybody Loves My Baby; I Cried For You; Do Your Duty; All Of Me.*

Personnel: Smith, vocals; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Eddie Barefield, clarinet, tenor sax; Charles Thompson, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Panama Francis, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

HELEN HUMES

SNEAKIN' AROUND—Classic Jazz 110: *Exactly Like You; Sometimes I'm Happy; Sneaking Around With You; Tribute To Jimmy Rushing; Saint Louis Blues; Every Now And Then; Confessin'; You're Driving Me Crazy.*

Personnel: Humes, vocals; Gerard Badini, tenor sax; Gerry Wiggins, piano; Major Holley, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Here are two of our best female swing singers on discs waxed in France in the mid '70s. For Helen Humes, it came right at the beginning of her comeback; for Carrie Smith, it was her introduction to a wide jazz audience. Both issues succeed admirably in presenting these women in their best showcases.

Carrie Smith has been a well-kept secret for years. Although she headlines at Ronnie Scott's club in London, her appearances in the U.S. have usually been guest shots. She has a velvet and satin voice which she once used for gospel singing and which works well at all tempos. On a ballad like *Someone To Love* she frequently employs a deep, rich vibrato for emphasis. Other times she soars to the top of her smokey voice as if she was reaching for the top of a cathedral. Her gospel upbringing is used to wonderful advantage.

On the uptempo pieces, Carrie shows that she is possessive of a huge and forceful sense of swing. Many singers find it difficult to transfer their gospel and blues background into pop songs, but not so Carrie Smith—*Everybody Loves My Baby* rocks.

The band here is as proficient a sextet of swingers as you're going to find. Dickenson's plunger 'bone work is worth the price of admission in itself. Barefield's sultry clarinet fills on *Send Me Someone* purr, and Doc Cheatham... well, if any trumpet player has ever passed the age of 70 with a clearer, more intact tone and imagination than Cheatham, he hasn't come to my attention. Doc's obligato is the greatest gift a singer of this variety can be given. The rhythm section zips along like an outboard motor and everything feels good.

The tune selections are basically fine—*Careless Love* may seem an odd choice, but it shines. I don't particularly think *Deed I Do* is the best feature for Smith, but why be picky—this is a swinging mainstream bundle of pure pleasure.

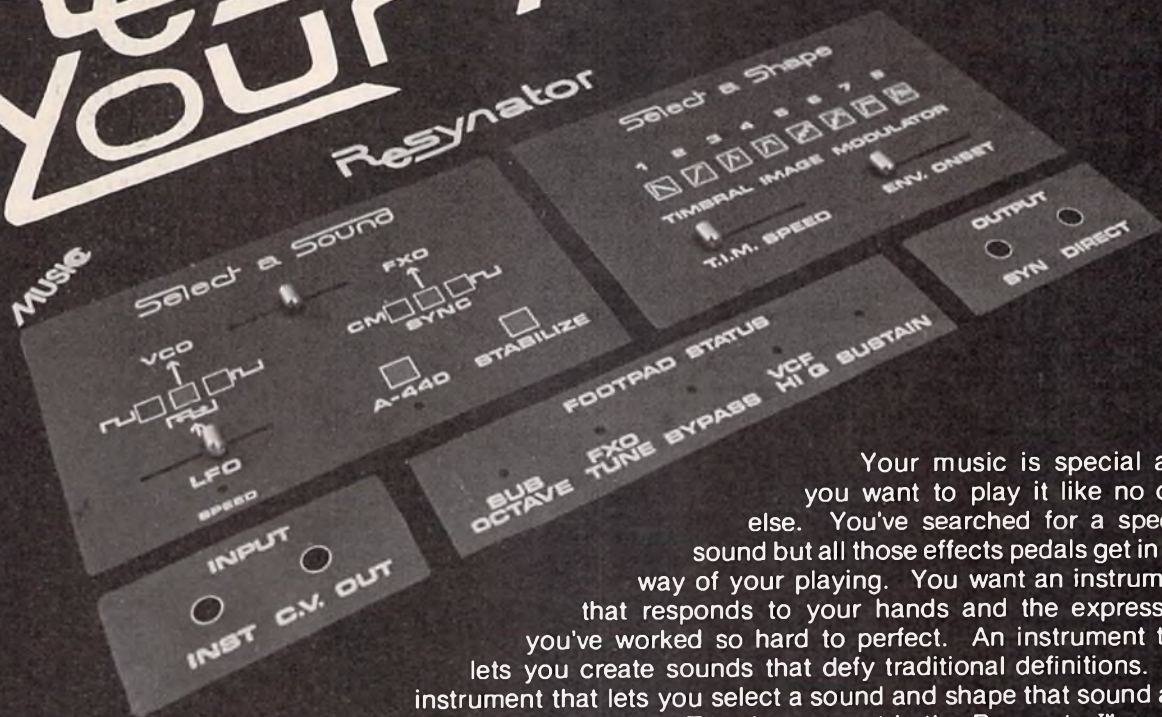
Helen Humes, since 1974, has been a busy woman. She is frequently singing her brand of light blues in clubs and at jazz festivals. Unfortunately she has a somewhat limited repertoire and the eight songs on this set are heard a bit too often.

Helen's voice is that of a happy little girl. She sings fast, swinging blues like nobody else—her uptempo choruses on *Saint Louis Blues* are invigorating, as is her version of *You're Driving Me Crazy*.

However, on the down tempo things, she seems to be less bold and convincing. *Every Now And Then* seems to strain and her perky

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delivery doesn't do justice to this schmaltzy torch song. She even does such things as making little whiney noises as if she doesn't take the lyric very seriously either. This set would have been better if somebody had put the reins on and not let some of the tunes run past four minutes. Humes is not an improviser and the one horn player here, Gerard Badini, is a fluent soloist in the big toned swing vein, but he doesn't propel the singer as the three others do in the Carrie Smith set.

Tribute To Jimmy is a swinging highpoint of the album—paying tribute to the man whom Helen Humes spent several years listening to when both were with the Count Basie Orchestra—Jimmy Rushing. She was the ballad singer, he the blues singer. Well, she's a blues singer now—and a damn good one. —jeske

PAT METHENY GROUP

AMERICAN GARAGE—ECM-1-1155: (*Cross The Heartland; Airstream; The Search; American Garage; The Epic.*)

Personnel: Metheny, six and 12-string guitars; Lyle Mays, piano, Oberheim synthesizer, autoharp, organ; Mark Egan, bass; Dan Gottlieb, drums.

Good musicianship isn't enough to enervate the anemic tunes on the Pat Metheny Group's *American Garage*. Although the tunes are polished, they lack focus, and the simplistic nature of the melodies would challenge the most inspired improviser. No one in this group, unfortunately, takes any chances improvisationally, and the end result is a commercially appealing, artistically disappointing recording.

Metheny and keyboardist Lyle Mays wrote all the songs for this album. Comparing them with the tracks Metheny wrote for his earlier albums (*Bright Size Life*, for example), one discovers commercialism is an obvious addition. Mays' glossy piano style gives away his influence in that department.

The tunes are made of sequences of repeated melodic fragments. The fragments are varied so little upon repetition as they are passed between players that a trance-like effect (emphasized in *Heartland* by a ringing ostinato) results. The overall appearance of smoothly crafted tunes is due more to an avoidance of conflict than to compositional skill. Without any obstacles (such as unprepared changes or metric complexity), conditioned musical expectations are never jostled and the audience learns to relax,

hearing passively instead of actively listening.

By relieving their audience of effort, Metheny and Mays also deprive us of the pleasure of surprise and the possibility of inspiration. Lack of form-expanding improvisation and interplay between lines here severely limits the chances of either.

Solos are almost strictly from guitar or keyboard: the group lays groundwork for the soloist rather than interacting with him, making for one dimensional performances. There are limits to how much a soloist can play off a drummer, but these soloists were far from those perimeters. The logical (and much greater) opportunities for reaction between Mays and Metheny are also wasted.

Rock influence permeates this recording, especially on the title cut, presumably a tribute to teen rockers getting started in the family garage. In *The Epic*, the group comes its closest to a jazz sensibility, but Mays' cocktail mannerisms (pampering each phrase until no melody is recognizable amid the glitter) and the slick compositional style combine for a frothy, forgettable product.

Metheny fans may be satisfied with this sleek effort but I don't think they should be. It's a shame for Metheny and the rest of the group to waste so much talent on artifice.

—guregian

SIRONE

ARTISTRY—Of The Cosmos 801: *Illusions Of Reality; Breath Of Life; Circumstances; Libido.*

Personnel: Sirone, bass; James Newton, flute; Muncer Bernard Fennell, cello; Don Moyé, drums.

*** 1/2

When Sirone is being discussed, more than likely the issue under discussion is strength. As a member of the Revolutionary Ensemble for seven years, Sirone was a contributor to a confluent body of musicianship that retained an impressive sense of coherence in improvisation rivaled only by the Art Ensemble of Chicago. During those ironically gigless seven years, Sirone ventured out to do some recording with Dewey Redman, another less-than-heralded improviser; and the results were a welcome addition to the limited catalogue of Sirone's recorded work (in particular hear *Ear Of The Beaver* on Impulse). Whether bowing, thumping, or walking the traditional line, Sirone is a powerful bassist who has been able to unobtrusively control the context, while pushing the compositions and the musicians to their limits.

On this, his first recording since the dissolution of the Revolutionary Ensemble, Sirone attempts to surround himself with a familiarly constructed ensemble consisting of a companion string instrument and experienced members of the new musicianship. The other strings are provided by Fennell on cello; the greatest depth of musicianship is lent by Art Ensemble drummer Don Moyé. Though flutist Newton is not without his own considerable talents, here he is caught in a context not totally sympathetic to his skills. From the outset a peculiar set of alliances are set up; Sirone interlaces with cellist Fennell, and the peppery Moyé is, perhaps by necessity, left to interact with Newton. The session has this somewhat divided character throughout.

Moyé snaps to with his distinct percussive range; with cymbal and rimshot he touches ground at many places in the meter, in any direction he chooses. *Illusions* is a Moyé dominated work; with Sirone close behind, Moyé drives Newton into some Kirkish flute-vocalizations. Similarly *Breath Of Life* is an eerie head with Fennell bowing, and Sirone moving impressively, but again it is Moyé who pushes Newton into a wider array of interesting flute sounds.

Side two is mainly extracted of Ornette Coleman's songbook—both *Circumstances* and *Libido* are of the *Skies Of America* genre, with heads constructed so that the two string players have room to move. Unfortunately for *Circumstances*, only composer Sirone seems to have a sense of where the piece is going. *Libido* is more interestingly built, beginning with a musing, feline bass-cello duo, adding Newton and then Moyé; it is here that the drummer gets his widest solo space (and shows all of his stuff).

It is clear throughout that Sirone is in search of another string partner with whom to renew the empathetic relationship he had with RE violinist Leroy Jenkins—the comparison is unfortunate, but unavoidable—and his dialogue with Fennell's cello has its moments but more often than not the two are searching for the right wave length. Similarly and subsequently the entire quartet seems to break down into individuals. Newton has some fine moments; but while he is sometimes an arrow zinging through the pieces, he gets lost in the shuffle at other points. Moyé comes through fit and sound throughout. But one strong bassist is still in search of an ensemble.

—stap's

SAMMY PRICE

RIB JOINT—Arista/Savoy 2240: *Rib Joint; After Hour Swing; Tishomingo; Back Room Rock; Rock My Soul; Juke Joint; Chicken Out; Gully Stomp; Ain't No Strain; Jive Joint; Bar-B-Q Sauce; Rib Joint-I; Roll 'em Sam; Sammy Sings The Blues; Kansas City Boogie Woogie Stomp; Levee; Wee Hours; Boogie Woogie Slop; Chicken Strut; Boogie Cha Cha; New Orleans Blues; The Saint's Boogie; Blue Drag; Honky Tonky Caboose; Pack Up And Boogie.*

Personnel: Price, piano, vocal; King Curtis, tenor sax (cuts 1-12); Mickey Baker, guitar; Leonard Gaslin, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums (1-12); Al Casey, guitar (13-25); Al Lucas, bass (13-25); Panama Francis, drums (13-25); 5, 7, 8, 10; Heywood Henry, baritone sax; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, bass.

*** 1/2



DAVE BRUBECK

BACK HOME: THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET—Concord CJ 103: *Cassandra; The Masquerade Is Over; Hometown Blues; Yesterdays; Two-Part Contention; Caravan.*

Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Jerry Bergonzi, tenor sax, electric bass; Chris Brubeck, trombone, electric bass; Butch Miles, drums.

The main thing Dave Brubeck proves in his latest album, *Back Home*, is that you can't go home again. As everybody knows, Brubeck established his reputation in a quartet setting in partnership with altoist Paul Desmond and a rhythm section that ultimately jelled with the addition of Joe Morello. It was a marvelous, swinging group. When it split up in the late '60s, Brubeck promptly formed another excellent quartet with Gerry Mulligan, Alan Dawson and Jack Six. Then as the '70s went on, Brubeck worked with his kids and became increasingly involved with

synthesizers and the like. For those who grew up on the quartets, it was a disappointing period, especially since Brubeck's stature in jazz had always rested more on the horns he worked with than his own piano playing.

So with *Back Home*, Brubeck returns to the original sax-plus-rhythm line-up. But that's about all that survives. This is not an attempt to recapture the spirit of earlier times. It is the Dave Brubeck Quartet of the post-Coltrane era, and the music of the last decade and a half has made its mark on the man who symbolized "modern" jazz for millions in the '50s. The gentle symmetry and warmth of Desmond and the muscle loosening drive of Mulligan have been replaced by the tough, vibratoless tenor of Jerry Bergonzi. His work is accomplished, full of energy and agitation, but only occasionally swinging. His most effective playing is on *Hometown Blues*, in which he snaps long runs of stark notes about with impressive whiplash; and the climactic *Caravan*, where it's all stops out. Even Brubeck manages to strike real sparks here, although elsewhere the longer he plays the more top heavy he is inclined to become (*Yesterdays*).

Overall, the album is nicely, if somewhat mechanically, paced. There is a fast, assertive opener, in which not a lot happens. Then a lyrical ballad, played at two tempos, and a relatively traditional blues. *Two-Part Contention* is a refreshing original, a sort of space-age dixieland number with Chris Brubeck on trombone. Dave sparkles again on this one. *Caravan* wraps it in a terse burst of thunder and lightning.

Butch Miles, in his first post-Basie LP, makes himself right at home. He may not swing the group very much, but he certainly keeps it moving in high gear. —*mcDonough*

ERROL PARKER

SOLO CONCERT—Sahara-1009: *Sundance*; *Daydream At Noon*; *E.P.*; *Oran*; *Lonesome Sister*; *Deceleration*.

Personnel: Parker, piano, recorded live at St. Peters Church, New York.

★ ★ ★

ERROL PARKER EXPERIENCE

DOODLES—Sahara-1010: *Doodles*; *Stuntman's Boogie*; *Fantabulous*; *Lament*.

Personnel: Parker, piano, percussion; Chris Albert, trumpet; Bill Cody, soprano and tenor saxes, flute; Bruce Johnson, electric bass, Bob Cunningham, acoustic bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

Of the six Errol Parker compositions from *Solo Concert*, there are no ballads or medium tempo tunes. Each musical statement exists on or above 140 metronome—and that is *fast*. Algerian born, Errol Parker combines the rhythmic complexities of northern African folk music with the harmonic innovations of modern jazz and European forms.

One of the remarkable things about Parker is his sense of control and technique. The hammers ring hard on the strings, but a clarity prevails in both melodic phrasing and harmonic voicing. Art Tatum was criticized in his early period with shots of "senseless virtuosity," and that is the major problem with Parker's sound. Sheer speed and technique are not the only ingredients to a mature piano sound.

The abilities to play softly and retain a sense of rhythm, to alternate basslines and

tempos, to create different moods—these are only some of the threads that form the final tapestry of the composition and the sound.

A good example of Parker's style can be found in the composition *Sundance*. There is a nervous, almost brutal flow to the repetitious vamp layed down in the left hand. Each hand is slated in a different key, with numerous bursts of melodic fragments that travel the upper three octaves of the piano. The tension that is created has no relief and much of what is played passes like a car fleeing from the scene of an accident.

The group effort *Doodles* offers a group transposition of Parker's compositional style. The tune *Stuntman's Boogie* begins with a fierce piano introduction, followed by a brisk quasi-boogie. Bill Cody plays tenor, along

with Chris Albert on trumpet on the head which is done in unison. Cody's tenor work is strong, but a lot of the bite is lost in the recording, which is very weak. Albert's trumpet work starts to jibe, but the head is reintroduced and Cody returns on the flute and the tune ends on a fade.

Several sections on the record are performed in a polytonal way. The trumpet plays lead lines in one key, the tenor in another with Parker hovering between the two. This system of simultaneous soloing offers more group interplay and puts a little more demand on the listener.

The recording quality of both discs is very poor. Many of the chords formed on the group effort are incomplete simply because they are not heard.

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—sparrow

BOB BERG

NEW BIRTH—Xanadu Silver 159: *You're My Thrill; Paulette; Neptune; This Masquerade; Magic Carpet; Shapes.*

Personnel: Berg, tenor sax; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Cedar Walton, piano, electric piano; Mike Richmond, bass, electric bass; Al Foster, drums; Sam Figueroa, percussion.

★ ★ ★

CARTER JEFFERSON

THE RISE OF ATLANTIS—Timeless Muse T1 309: *Why; The Rise Of Atlantis; Wind Chimes; Changing Trains; Song For Gwen; Blues For Wood.*

Personnel: Jefferson, tenor and soprano saxes; Terumasa Hino (cuts 1-3), Shunzo Ono (4-6), trumpet; Harry Whitaker (1-3), John Hicks (4-6), piano; Clint Houston, bass; Victor Lewis, drums; Steve Thornton, percussion (1-3); Lani Groves, vocal (1).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

DAVID SCHNITZER

THUNDERING—Muse MR 5197: *Thundering; Stardust; Flying Colors; Caa Purange; Herb's Blues; There Goes The Ball Game.*

Personnel: Schnitzer, tenor sax, vocals; Kenny Barron, piano; Ted Dunbar, guitar; Cecil McBee, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Guilherme Franco, percussion, vocal.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

MICHAEL PEDICIN JR.

MICHAEL PEDICIN JR.—Philadelphia International JZ 36004: *Song For Sherry; Sincere (The Infinite Hour Glass); You; Sneaky Return; That's A Good One; I Got The Keys; Now Of All Time.*

Personnel: Pedicin, alto, tenor, soprano saxes, electric saxes, vocal; Pete Jackson, Frank Smith, Bill Bloom, pianos, electric pianos; Ronnie James, Steve Giordano, Roland Chambers, guitars; Vince Fay, Derrick Graves, James Williams, bass, electric bass; James Paxson, Keith Benson, drums; Leonard Gibbs, James Walker, David Cruise, percussion; Jack Faith, flutes; Don Renaldo, strings; Evan Scott, Rocco Bene, Bobby Hartzell, trumpets; Roger DeLillo, Fred Joiner, Bob Moore, Richard Genovese, trombones; Joe Deangelis, Milton Phibbs, french horns; The Jones Girls, vocals.

★

These recordings by four young saxophonists reveal certain similarities, as well as differences. Each regards tenor as his primary voice, though Jefferson and Pedicin double fluently on smaller sized horns. Each exhibits substantial technique, though the level of inspiration and taste varies from record to record. Each adopts a mainstream view of phrasing and material, probably reflecting their past experiences: Jefferson and Schnitzer are alumni of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, Berg has gigged with Horace Silver, and Pedicin is a refugee from studio work backing Nancy Wilson, Lou Rawls, Johnny Mathis, the O'Jays and Dionne Warwick, among others.

Berg has a tight vibrato, a slightly pinched tone, and he favors the tenor's upper register—so much so that he often sounds like an altoist. *New Birth* displays plenty of enthusiasm—occasionally too much, as on *Paulette*, where his doubletting and gangly phrasing confuse the pleasant changes, adds unwanted tension, and never totally meshes

with the rhythm section. Likewise, his solo on *This Masquerade* is a poorly paced string of notes too obviously intended to launch Berg into the upper register of his horn, which has an unappealing rasp. He works hard to negotiate the fleet changes of the *Giant Steps*-derived *Neptune*, but says little of interest. He seems most comfortable on the funky, uncomplicated changes of *Shapes*. Luckily, trumpeter Harrell and pianist Walton satisfy with their less frantic, less cluttered stylings.

Jefferson, possibly best known for his association with Woody Shaw (who produced *The Rise Of Atlantis*), may not be an original voice, but he has synthesized his sources well. The first side of his album takes on an Impressionistic hue, especially the mellow samba-ish tints of *Why* and *Wind Chimes*. Jefferson's soprano articulation and sweet tone is noteworthy, both here and on the vibrantly Coltrane-styled outing, *Blues For Wood*. *Changing Trains* is his stab at a *Giant Steps*-type vehicle, and his fluid, warm work is convincing and dramatic. Jefferson shares his front line alternately with trumpeters Hino and Ono, both of whom are sparse and unadventurous.

If Jefferson's album subtly envelops you in its felicities, Schnitzer's *Thundering* accosts you with its power and directness—much of which is due to the rhythm section's perpetual groove via the always magical, eminently tasteful drumming of Billy Hart. Schnitzer doesn't try to be flamboyant or cloying with his rendition of *Stardust*, and his logical ornamentation of the melody results in a lucid, lyrical account. Franco's barrage of percussion in *Flying Colors* sounds like an orphan loose in a toy store on Christmas day, while Schnitzer is confident, breezy and in control all the way. *Caa Purange* is the sort of exoticism Dewey Redman excels at; here the tenorist builds a provocative, pyramidal statement over a monolithic bass and understated Dunbar guitar. The last two cuts are less successful. A perfunctory, by-rote reading of *Herb's Blues* convex theme leads to some bland blues blowing, while *There Goes The Ball Game* finds Schnitzer singing in a soulful Eckstineish baritone—not unattractive, but rather peculiar all the same.

Which leaves us with Pedicin's slick, over-produced dance Muzak. Half of the cuts feature a female chorus, which suggest Pedicin would prefer playing romantic obligatos behind Barry White than jamming with Jaki Byard. Actually, he seems to have some potential along those latter lines; witness his warm, fluid, inventive soprano on *Now Of All Time*, and some interesting ideas barely audible under the tonal excesses of his "electric tenor" on *Sneaky Return*. Elsewhere, however, his playing is tepid, and the whole concoction is a bland batter of homogenized, electrified funk better suited to fans of Gloria Gaynor than Dexter Gordon.

—lange

RONNIE CUBER

THE ELEVENTH DAY OF AQUARIUS—Xanadu 156: *Klepto; Open Air; Sunburst; Taurus Lullaby; Commit To Memory; Cumana.*

Personnel: Cuber, baritone sax; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Mickey Tucker, piano; Eddie Gladden, drums; Dennis Irwin, bass.

★ ★ ★

Cuber's second date for Xanadu turns out to be a routine affair, a competent exercise in neo-bop prowess that showcases Ronnie's

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muscular baritone and Tom Harrell's burnished brass. Swing music never ceased to swing until it took on the appellation "mainstream"—now the same hardening of the arteries has afflicted many latter-day exponents of bebop. Neither hot nor cool, Cuber's approach might be termed "lukewarm jazz" but for the invidious connotations; still this session is agreeably listenable, if only one doesn't listen too closely.

Cuber himself supplies most of what passes for excitement on a series of middling jams that adhere firmly to the standard head-solo-reprise format, incorporating a number of unnecessary recapitulations along the way. His rich throaty tone and effortless facility are displayed in an amicable Horace-like context, but here Cuber lacks the drive or imagination to raise some sand or find a less worn groove. Harrell's silky chops are clazzingly fluid, but his impassive delivery flattens the impact of even the most articulate phrases. Perhaps a more energetic rhythm section might have set the tracks to smoking; unfortunately, drummer Eddie Gladden often seems downright indifferent, while pianist Mickey Tucker comps with excessive politesse.

Tucker's *Taurus Lullaby* features a strikingly sonorous ensemble cadence and Bobby Paunetto's *Commit To Memory* allows Cuber to stretch out in a lilting, melancholy solo, but neither written nor improvised material is otherwise particularly memorable. Cuber has certainly shown himself capable of better things, and as players like Johnny Griffin and Jackie McLean have demonstrated, one can still blow plenty of life into those old familiar changes.

—birnbaum

LEE RITENOUR

FRIENDSHIP—Elektra 6E-241: *Bullet Train; Tighten Up; The Situation; Let's Not Talk About It; Here Today Hear Tomorrow; Waterwings; The Real Thing.*

Personnel: Ritenour, acoustic and electric guitars; Alex Acuna, drums, timbales; Steve Forman, percussion; Don Grusin, keyboards; Abraham Laboriel, bass; Ernie Watts, tenor and soprano saxophones, saxophone synthesizer, piccolo.

★ ★ ★
FEEL THE NIGHT—Elektra 6E-192: *Feel The Night; Market Place; Wicked Wine; French Roast; You Make Me Feel Like Dancing; Midnight Lady; Uh Oh!*

Personnel: Ritenour, electric guitars (all cuts), acoustic guitar (3), classical guitar (6), 360 Systems Synthesizer (1, 4); Steve Gadd, drums; Abraham Laboriel, bass; David Foster, acoustic piano (2, 5); Yamaha grand piano (3); Rhodes and clavinet (1); Mike Boddicker, synthesizers (1, 3, 4), synthesizer programming (2); Don Grusin, Rhodes piano (2-7), synthesizer and clavinet (2), Mexican whistle (7); Dave Grusin, acoustic and Yamaha grand piano (6); Joe Sample, acoustic piano (4, 7); Ian Underwood, synthesizers (4); Ernie Watts, tenor sax (1, 7), soprano sax (6); Steve Forman, percussion (2, 6, 7), tambourine (3), castanets (4); Alex Acuna, congas (2, 6), percussion (2), timbales (4); Steve Lukather, rhythm guitar (5); Patti Austin, lead vocal (5); Tom Bahler, vocal (5).

★ ★ ★
Lee Ritenour is one who has been around for a bit, for someone in his late 20s. This session player-turned-soloist has backed such diverse folks as Barbra Streisand, Ray Charles, Doc Severinsen, Aretha Franklin, George Benson, Steely Dan, John Denver and Joni Mitchell on disc, and Tony Bennett, Lena Horne, Peggy Lee and Sergio Mendes on stage. His playing can be heard in *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*. He has also toured and issued albums under his own name, mostly with the players on these albums, and he is usually identified with the Crusaders-Tom Scott L.A. nexus. His playing combines

aspects of both rock and jazz; while his solo style could be described as that of a rock guitarist who plays 16th notes, he has a storehouse of ideas.

What he tends to in his compositions is light and tight, possibly a result of his years in the studio. These two albums are no different. They are on the funky side and pleasant, but nothing new is tried and there's no drama. The difference between the two albums is that one, done under the group's name, seems to have a bit more inspiration behind it and contains more highlights.

Why? It would seem that the addition of cooks stirring the broth was an advantage. Both albums were produced by Ritenour and Don Grusin (Friendship member and a keyboard player on each LP), but *Friendship* is created "in association with Friendship," and there's more of the group in the writing. The addition of instrumental solo voices to Ritenour's, particularly Ernie Watts' increased presence on the group album, is welcome. An important change of drummers on the sessions also makes a difference. Steve Gadd is the drummer on Ritenour's solo *Night*, and compared to Alex Acuna, who handles kit drums on the group album and is the group's regular drummer, his playing is busy and military, less organic.

Two tunes highlight *Friendship*, and seem to show increased spontaneity and inspiration, in addition to heads-up playing. One of these is *Tighten Up*, written by Watts, on side one, a kind of funk piece that I'm glad to see hasn't left this discofied world. Opening like vintage *Headhunters*, it has a nice 'n' sassy soprano and synth melody, a soft interlude by Watts and a neat fake ending that divides the tune in two. The other, on side two, is *Waterwings*. Written by Grusin, it opens with Watts on soprano over hymnal piano, then goes to Abraham Laboriel doing a nice Braziliquesque with bass and voice (his playing is solid and witty throughout both LPs). There's a heated-up acoustic piano solo by Grusin over Latin rhythm and a solo by Laboriel. He comes back in with the bass-and-voice, Watts reprises the opening theme, solos, and fades.

The rest of both albums is mostly bland funk-fusion, with a bit of an edge to the group for its performance on *Friendship*. You could dance to some of it, or listen to it while the dentist is working on your teeth. I think there is something sadly significant about Ritenour's choice of a version of Leo Sayer's *You Make Me Feel Like Dancing* on his solo album; he must have liked this enough to issue it under his name. The only thing the tune needs to give it the proper humorous touch is Lou Reed singing it.

Summation: the *Friendship* album contains some moments, but the solo album is strictly for Ritenour fans, guitar freaks or someone with six bucks to spare.

—rogers

LUTHER ALLISON

GONNA BE A LIVE ONE IN HERE TONIGHT—Rumble RR 1001: *Strokes; You're Gonna Need Me; You Upset Me Baby; Movin' On Up; The Thrill Is Gone; Cat Blues; Messing With The Kid.*

Personnel: Allison, guitar and vocals; Kenny Arnold, drums; Mike Allen, alto sax; Kenny Berdoll, bass; Sid Wingfield, keyboards.

★ ★ ★

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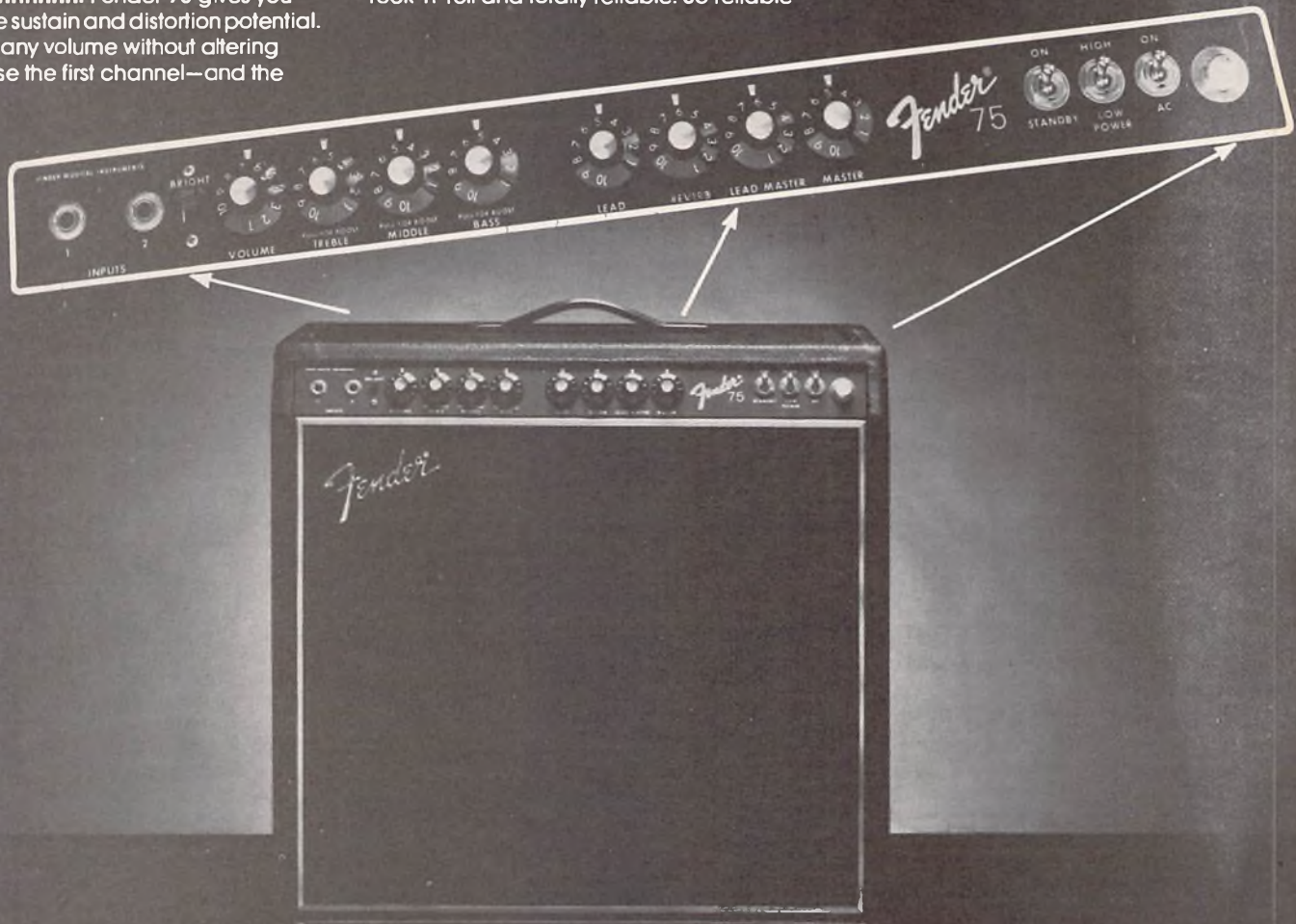
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slugging it out, and one of the most durable figures around has been Luther Allison. Starting out on Chicago's West Side, Luther was a key figure at the early Ann Arbor blues festivals; for the past ten years he has crisscrossed the country changing bands, agents and labels, enjoying minor Midwestern stardom and not too much else. Sadly, Luther's latest album will do little to bolster his career.

Gonna Be A Live One In Here Tonight finds Luther in good form, with urgent vocals, stinging guitar and energetic showmanship. But it also finds him flatly recorded with a so-so band, on a microscopic label that can't help but have minimal distribution. If the album was thoroughly hot, some national outfit might pick it up. Since it isn't, few people will ever get a chance to listen.

Luther works in the modern Chicago mold, along the general lines of Magic Sam, Otis Rush and Buddy Guy, and Sid Wingfield's Hammond B-3 gives the band a full, driving sound. Wingfield is the only band member who consistently stays in the groove, though—the rest cook at times, but lapse into some shaky intervals. Still they're adequate, if a bit uneven. *Strokes* kicks off the sets with a shuffle; *You're Gonna Miss Me* is a slow original with strong hints of Otis Rush. B. B.'s *You Upset Me* gets a great treatment, with Wingfield soloing like mad over Luther's solid rhythm work. *Movin' On Up* has a nice '60s soul feeling, and *The Thrill Is Gone* features Allison on some Benson-esque guitar/scat duets. *Messin' With The Kid* just doesn't quite make it.

The best track by far is *Cat Blues*, another original. Here Allison explores a musician's revulsion towards working a day gig, in this case the Caterpillar tractor plant in Peoria, Illinois. Clever lyrics lead into some entertaining talking guitar, while the band pushes hard for an exciting performance. This cut demonstrates that Luther Allison brings to the blues solid talent and a forceful personality. Maybe on his next album things will all come together. Rumble Records is Peoria based. —sandmel

FRANK ZAPPA

JOE'S GARAGE (Act I)—Zappa Records SRZ-1-1603: *The Central Scrutinizer*; *Joe's Garage*; *Catholic Girls*; *Crew Slut*; *Yet T-Shirt Nite*; *Toad-O-Line*; *Why Does It Hurt When I Pee?*; *Lucille Has Messed My Mind Up*.

Personnel: Zappa, lead guitar, vocals; Warren Cucurullo, rhythm guitar, vocals; Denny Walley, slide guitar, vocals; Ike Willis, lead vocals; Peter Wolf, Tommy Mars, keyboards; Arthur Barrow, bass, vocals; Ed Mann, percussion; Vinnie Colaiuta, drums; Jeff, tenor sax; Marginal Chagrin, baritone sax; Dale Bozzio, Al Malkin, vocals; Craig Steward, harmonica.

★ ★ ½

JOE'S GARAGE (Acts II & III)—Zappa SRZ-2-1502: *A Token Of My Extreme*; *Stick It Out*; *Sy Borg*; *Dong Work For Yuda*; *Keep It Greasy*; *Outside Now*; *He Used To Cut The Grass*; *Packard Goose*; *Watermelon In Easter Hay*; *A Little Green Rosetta*.

Personnel: as above, with Patrick O'Hearn, bass (cut 6).

★ ★ ½

Frank's longstanding gripes with Warner Brothers seem to have been justified, judging by the record sales figures of *Sheik Yerbouti* and now the rock opera *Joe's Garage* on the Zappa label. Abandoning his middle period flirtations with jazz improvisation and contemporary orchestration, Zappa has reverted to the conceptual doo-wop format he last employed on the Mothers' Kafkaesque exercise in cosmic paranoia *We're Only In It For The Money*. *Joe's Garage* is similarly premised on

the imminent prohibition of music (not such an absurd notion when one considers Iran) as it traces the journey of protagonist/guitarist Joe through the travails of the robot age.

Unhampered by company pressure, Zappa has stretched his operatic nightmare over three LPs, although the greater portion of this extravaganza is of no more substance than hamburger helper—can record execs be all bad? Frank certainly thinks so, and his purulent invective oftener-than-not degenerates into the most putrid scatological doggerel, lacking, however, the power to shock that his comparatively tame satire originally had. Between occasional thrusts of barbed humor and even rarer bursts of creative music, Zappa bogs down in a bilious quagmire of obscenity, misogyny and self-pity, raging with equal incomprehension over the demise of psychedelia and the recent emergence of the new wave. From enfant terrible he has become the old pooperoo, a cynical guru whose teenybopper minions are unlikely to be daunted by his latest cautionary fable on the pitfalls of a musical career.

Vocalist Ike Willis, as Joe, carries the ball through much of the tedious chronicle in a syrupy baritone that mimics opera only in its studied alienation of music from lyrical content. Thus the scabrous *Why Does It Hurt When I Pee?*, for example, is intoned in the manner of a funkadelic Tony Bennett, as though Willis were sight-singing some commercial jingle off a lead sheet. Zappa himself plays the Central Scrutinizer, a sardonic computer whose mock-sinister fulminations provide much of the continuity between otherwise unlinked compositions.

Joe's saga begins with the primordial garage band, depicted in ploddingly stereotypical fashion on the title track and enlivened, as it were, by a dippy guitar break that can only be excused on the dubious ground that it is a parody. There follows a lengthy descent into sexual bigotry comprising no fewer than three consecutive tunes plus filler, detailing the (mainly oral) peccadillos of Mary, played by Dale Bozzio, as she passes from the parochial sins of *Catholic Girls* to the hard-core ecumenicity of *Crew Slut* and on to the amusing japes of *The Wet T-Shirt Contest* (one awaits the inevitable diatribe against Protestant girls to complete Zappa's trilogy of All American Judeo-Christian sexism). After a heavy metal reverie of Hendrix-cum-Santana nostalgia, it's right back to woman-baiting on the aforementioned *Why Does It Hurt* and the lugubrious *Lucille Has Messed My Mind Up*, before the Central Scrutinizer takes it out with a teaser apparently intended to induce purchase of the concluding double album package.

Act II finds our despondent hero (this is the future now, I think) at the gates of L. Ron Hoover's First Church of Appliantology, where Joe is steered into a bizarre tryst scene with a polymorphously perverse mechanical gadget and a motorized Gay Bob doll. Here, as elsewhere, Zappa's toilet repartee is rendered with deadpan solemnity over a turgid score, although the dying words of the ravished robot—"You're plooking too hard, plooking on me,"—are seedily risible. From there, Joe is sent to musicians' prison where he is raped by various record executives and then released into the now music-free world where he takes solace in imagining some hot guitar licks that would have been quite an item ten years ago if only Zappa were able to

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play them then.

Heading down the stretch, Frank pauses to sling some manure at the journalistic profession—"the government's whore"—a characterization to which, not being one of "them rock 'n' roll writers," this reviewer feels no need to respond. Another ersatz Hendrix interlude paves the way for the mawkishly plaintive guitaristics of *Watermelon In Easter Hay*, which in turn gives way to the grand finale, an endless round of Tin Pan Alley hokum that features a few parting gibes at foreigners and the obligatory self-praise for the band's musicianship (compared to what?).

To Zappa's credit it can be said that, after years of hobble-gaited rhythms, he has finally found a drummer that can swing in Vinnie Colaiuta. Other than that, his current magnum opus is a vulgar bore. Perhaps a stage mounting might distract audiences from the humdrum music, but the recording alone is not sufficient to sustain the attention of any non-PCP user over the age of 16, which is of no moment to the bulk of Zappa's following anyway. Meanwhile, old Uncle Frank has released his new movie, *Baby Snakes*, which promises at least some sort of visual diversion from the soundtrack—all you kids be sure to go and see it. —birnbaum

WAXING ON....

Surveying Pianist Hank Jones

HANK JONES: *Hanky Panky* (Inner City IC 6020) ★★ ★

THE GREAT JAZZ TRIO: *Love For Sale* (Inner City IC 6003) ★★ ★★

HANK JONES: *Groovin' High* (Muse MR 5169) ★★ ★★

HANK JONES: *Ain't Misbehavin'* (Galaxy GXY-5123) ★★ ★★

HANK JONES: *Solo Piano* (Arista/Savoy 1124) ★★ ★ ½

HANK JONES/CLIFFORD JORDAN: *Hello, Hank Jones/Clifford Jordan* (Eastworld EWLF-98003) ★★ ★★ ★

There's a certain incongruity in Hank Jones' following his early gigs with Fats Navarro and Howard McGhee and the JATP tours with Bird, Eldridge and Roach with 17 years as a CBS staffer (including a stint as pit-pianist on the Ed Sullivan show). And *impeccable*, the adjective inevitably used to describe Jones' playing, literally means "free from error"—not entirely a positive accolade, since music can be well honed yet utterly boring.

This grouping of recent releases (and one re-release) helpfully untangles the Hank Jones enigma in that it forces one to recategorize Jones not as an early bopper lured into the studios, not as a flawless but unimaginative disciple of Waller, Wilson, Tatum and Powell, but simply as a gifted musician, one able to move effortlessly (and not always flawlessly) through diverse musical environments.

Hanky Panky, cut in 1975, the year Jones moved from the studios back to the free lance scene, finds him in the congenial company of Ron Carter and Grady Tate. More provocative, though, is Jones' eclectic selection of material, ranging from the *Sidewinder*-styled

backbeat of *Nothin' Beats An Evil Woman* to two delicate ballads by Sara Cassey (*Warm Blue Stream* and *Wind Flower*) through the flowing, Hancockian lines of Claus Ogerman's *Favors*, culminating in a serio-comic version of *Oh What A Beautiful Morning* that just about works. Refreshingly, perhaps, Jones' approach is far from impeccable. Uncomfortable in ballad tempos, he consistently double times his way out of them. *Nothin' Else* borrows heavily, too heavily, from Horace Silver, and the trio's architecture is stereotyped by bass solos and piano/drum fours falling precisely where you'd expect them. Hardly impeccable: perhaps such are the pleasures of imperfection.

If *Hanky Panky* is interesting in its near misses, *Love For Sale*, cut a year later, is gratifying not merely for its lack of errors but for its genuine musical virtues. Jones' companions on this trio date are Buster and Tony Williams (not related). A progenitor of the lauded *Great Jazz Trio At The Village Vanguard*, this disk features a carefree, sly Jones infection bouncing through six solid standards. There's a taut, splashy *Love For Sale* woven with long Powellian lines and a sparkling *Secret Love* which makes even Oscar Peterson's reading of this tune seem melancholic. Impressively, this is a jazz trio session. Buster's rusty, hauled-out-of-the-attic tone gives the ensemble a resonant bottom, and Tony's relentless, precisely timed kicks weave a congenial counterpoint to Jones' clever, bop-pish lines. But ballads again stymie Jones. *Someone To Watch Over Me* is diluted Tatum, fluently uninteresting. And *Glad To Be Unhappy* breezes by on the wings of Jones' pretty, fluttery, common domain keyboard tinkles. Again, in total, the album is redemptively unimpeccable.

Several years ago Jones paid effective homage to his 52nd Street roots on *Bop Redux*. *Groovin' High*, a sister record to that release, recorded with the crisp front line of brother Thad and Charlie Rouse, backed by Sam Jones and Mickey Roker, continues Jones' delving into bop arcana, drawing heavily on themes by Gillespie and Monk. There's a floating, tangential *Algo Bueno* and a brittle, authoritative reworking of *Anthropology*, that seminal bop anthem, upon which Rouse plays provocative, bitonal lines—some inventive small group scoring. *Groovin' High*, another bop tongue twister, is a jocular bounce. Jones' solo is one of his best: fluent, poised, with a profusion of ideas executed in a sparkling tone. On *Blue Monk*, a trio piece, Jones politely strips away Monk's dissonances and permutes simple blues motifs in effortless double time. *I Mean You* gets a similarly refined treatment, confirming again that Waller, Wilson and Tatum lie deepest in Jones' musical subconscious. On this tune and on *Jackie-ing*, the final piece by Monk here, the horns' angry, gritty attack is consistently foiled by Jones' smooth, urbane lines. Impeccable? Yes. Consistent with this group's direction? Not quite.

Such stylistic inconsistencies are not present on *Ain't Misbehavin'*, Jones' tribute to one of his first and most formative influences, Fats Waller. Recorded while Jones served as pianist/conductor of the identically titled Broadway musical celebrating Waller's life, Jones sympathetically and flexibly evokes Waller's piano style in this small group setting. Although Jones' playing is far more melodically and harmonically intricate than

Waller's (don't waste much time listening for Waller's stride bass or favorite runs), Jones' perception of Waller's sense of the comic and, above all, of Waller's rhythmic *joie de vivre* is complete and compelling. *Lounging At The Waldorf*, a trio piece, with bassist Richard Davis and drummer Roy Haynes, becomes music as celebration as Jones dances through his enormous vocabulary of swing era motifs. On several tracks the ensemble is augmented by two horns (Bob Ojeda, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor and clarinet) and a guitarist (Kenny Burrell), a replication of the instrumentation of Waller's own small band, Rhythm. Bill Holman's crisp, riffy charts empathetically brighten such Waller-esque perennials as *Mean To Me*, *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*.

While *Ain't Misbehavin'* points up one aspect of Jones' stylistic heritage, *Solo Piano* (recorded in 1956, now reissued) tallies Jones' debt to Art Tatum, the one pianist from whose influence few mainstream keyboardists have been able to escape. Like Tatum, Jones opts for short musical forms (there are 12 selections here), and like Tatum, Jones flirts more than once with the saccharine. *Heart And Soul*, a dangerous choice at best, comes off like one of Tatum's "set pieces"—variations on an obvious theme followed by melodic skirmish after melodic skirmish. Throughout, Jones' playing is impeccable. *Body And Soul* glides on marvelous tenths, decorated with clean staccato runs. *How About You* boasts flippant, expansive lines, seasoned with a wittily placed quote from *Scrapple From The Apple*. *You Don't Know What Love Is* provides some pensive relief from this happy bubbling, as does *Teddy's Dream*, one of Jones' most effective ballads.

Any judgment of Jones' playing is haunted by that double-edged term *impeccable*. In one sense, precision, finesse, propriety, formalism—all the classical virtues—can hardly be judged musical deficiencies. But in a second sense, these virtues, exercised mechanically, can produce merely "correct" musical utterances, the sort of playing valued in a studio musician but which can hardly substitute for creative drive and genuine inspiration in a jazz player. Happily, then, we come to *Hello, Hank Jones/Clifford Jordan*, a session on which the Dionysian side of Hank Jones recklessly and remarkably surfaces.

Perhaps Jordan's expansive, serpentine bent prompts Jones into adopting a loose, diffuse approach. Perhaps this is the side of Hank Jones that simply doesn't often get recorded. Whatever the reason, the result is compelling. On side one of this direct-to-disk recording, the group explores an extended form version of Jordan's *Vienna*, kicked along by bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Freddie Waits. It's an intense performance. Jones' lines become disjunct and tangential. Just as impressively, his solos build seemingly of their own momentum, mixing space with busy, tightly chorded passages. *Bohemia After Dark* continues the group's raw, no nonsense stance. And again Jones consistently drives forward, not with a Waller-esque bounce but with pure, felt intensity.

Need conclusions be drawn? The enigma of Hank Jones is simply that there's more than one of him. Jones the classicist, Jones the bopper, and Jones the modern jazzer. For musicians leading such inconstant, productive careers we should give thanks.

—balleras

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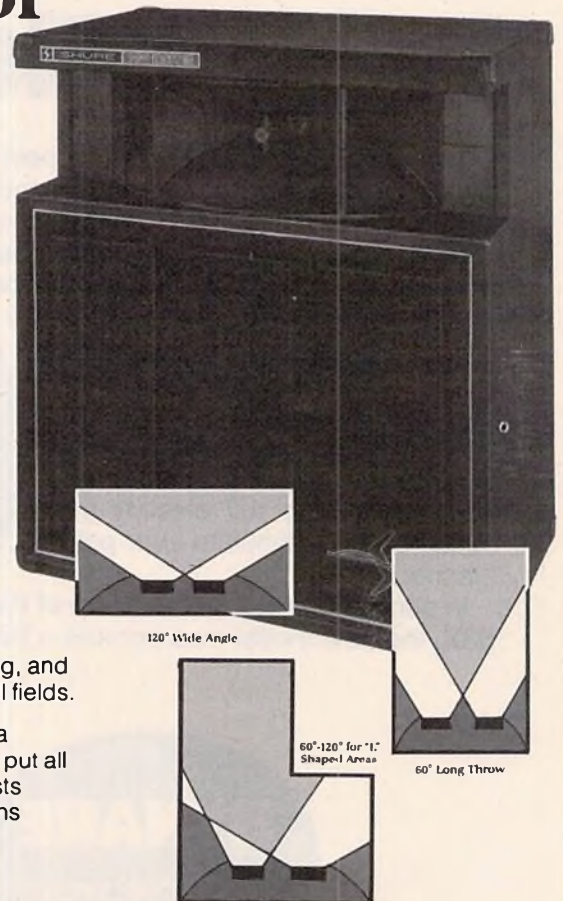
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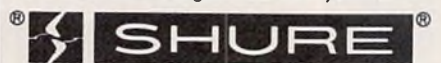
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BLINDFOLD TEST



BENNIE MAUPIN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Firmly established as tenor saxophonist, flutist, bass clarinetist, composer and recording combo leader, Bennie Maupin is one of the most gifted members of what might be called Detroit's second generation of jazzmen.

Thad Jones, Elvin, Lucky Thompson and their contemporaries were Motor City products of the 1920s; Maupin was born in 1946. After studying extensively with private teachers, he attended the Detroit Institute of Musical Art from 1960-'62, then moved to New York and took private lessons.

His first significant jazz associations were with Roy Haynes from 1966-'68 and Horace Silver, '68-'70. During the later stint he had a brief but valuable contact with Miles Davis, playing bass clarinet on the *Bitches Brew* album.

Maupin has spent most of the past decade with Herbie Hancock, whom he joined in 1971. Since moving to Los Angeles in 1972, he has recorded two albums for Mercury (there was an earlier one, cut in 1974 in New York for ECM). He has gigged with Eddie Henderson and Roland Vasquez, but now has his own sextet, Pulsation, and hopes to bring it to records soon.

This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. ANTHONY BRAXTON. *Side 2, Cut Three* (from *Creative Orchestra Music* 1976, Arista). Braxton, composer, contrabass clarinet, clarinet, soprano sax; Roscoe Mitchell, alto sax.

I thought it was Anthony Braxton. I'm familiar with his music from his albums, and I've also had a chance to hear him live. I particularly like Anthony's orchestration of music that's in this direction, and I like this composition. It's very interesting, very rhythmic and totally original. So, I would say that is Anthony.

I thought I heard Anthony on it—many times, maybe through overdubs. I heard the contrabass clarinet a few times, and that reminded me of Anthony. If it's not Anthony, then it's his friends, the Art Ensemble of Chicago. I would rate that three.

LF: How would you characterize this music?

BM: That would be very difficult to do. I actually couldn't, it's the kind of music that I would have to listen to . . . more than one time. I'd have to get more involved in it to be able to characterize it at all.

2. SONNY ROLLINS. *The File* (from *Don't Ask*, Milestone). Larry Coryell, guitar, composer; Rollins, tenor sax.

That was my good friend Sonny Rollins. I liked that very much. Sonny's always been one of the masters, in my opinion. I gain a lot from listening to his records. Years after I first heard him on records I actually got to meet him. I know him really well.

The guitarist, I'm not sure, it might be Larry Coryell, because I think they did a recording not long ago. I like the piece, it had a nice flow to it. It didn't seem like there was much of a melodic line; it just seemed to be flowing in and out; it was more of a rhythmic kind of piece.

It sounded like a 12 string guitar, unusual. And Sonny is just a master of rhythm. I would give this five stars. There's always a certain thing that he projects, whatever he plays. It can be a ballad, it can be a calypso piece—there's always a certain depth, a certain something that's just totally unique. Yeah, this was a hot one!

Sonny, maybe more than any other saxophonist, knows more songs . . . I mean, he knows the whole American song book, and he can play it coming from any direction.

3. HUBERT LAWS. *Allegro from Concerto #3 in D* (from *Afro-Classic*, CTI). J.S. Bach, composer; Don Sebesky, arranger; Fred Alston Jr., bassoon.

That was Hubert Laws—I've heard this piece before. I'm not sure what it is. I know it's an adaptation of some classical music . . . I really like his versions of these pieces that he takes and rearranges. He and Bob James do such an excellent job with them.

On this one he doesn't actually solo, but the version of it I thought was very nice. I particularly liked the bassoonist; he had excellent sound. Just because it's Hubert Laws and he is so excellent, I'll give it five stars.

Of those classical pieces that Hubert does, I think the one I prefer is *Rite Of Spring*. Some of them have a tendency not to be as exciting.

I was able to hear Hubert with [Jean-Pierre] Rampal at the Hollywood Bowl recently. There was one piece they did that was actually a composition of Hubert's, a really beautiful piece, and there were three flutes on the stage at one time: there was Rampal, Hubert and a young lady. I like Hubert's writing; I wish he would write more.

4. JAMES MOODY-AL COHN. *East Of The Sun* (from *Too Heavy For Words*, PA/USA). Moody, Cohn, tenor saxes; Barry Harris, piano.

I've heard this song a lot of times—*East Of The Sun*? At first, the intro sounded a little like Thelonious, but then I realized it wasn't as the piece went on. Barry Harris or Tommy Flanagan?

There were two saxophonists involved. That first solo I recognized as James Moody; the second one I don't recognize. I thought that it was very together rhythmically—the accompaniment for the solo and everything. I thought it was a really nice rendition of this piece. I've always liked Moody. He's one of those people . . . he's always been great.

Because it was such a nice version of a very old standard, I'll give it four stars.

LF: What was the difference between the two sax players?

BM: I think that Moody's rhythmic approach was much more varied. There were a couple of occasions he played something that was almost on the verge of

being a squeak, which is something he does sometimes because he gets really excited. The difference mainly, I think, was the use of harmony, the melodic development of the chords. Moody played a lot more substitutions. It seemed like the second saxophonist was staying pretty close to the melodic line and there wasn't that much rhythm variation.

5. BUDDY DE FRANCO. *Kush* (from *Blues Bag*, VJ). De Franco, bass clarinet; Art Blakey, drums; Dizzy Gillespie, composer; Victor Feldman, piano.

I don't know who that was; there's not that many people playing bass clarinet, but I'll take a guess. I'll say it was Nathan Davis. The composition I don't really recognize. It sounded quite a bit like something I heard Dizzy Gillespie play . . . it is by Dizzy?

The other members in the group I don't recognize either. I liked the sound of the bass clarinet. I thought whoever was playing, played it really well. But the record itself—the solo for the clarinet was a little bit too long. It seemed to not really go anywhere.

I did like some of the colors that the pianist started to play there for a while; he started some variations that were nice. It seemed like the drummer started to play a solo and then he stopped. But just because I love the bass clarinet so much, and I liked the sound of whoever this was—it's really good to hear the bass clarinet used, because very few people have . . .

LF: Why not?

BM: I think because the sound itself has never been a popular sound; the trumpet and saxophone received a lot more popularity. Because of the complexity of the clarinet, especially the bass clarinet, very few people want to use it as a vehicle for expression.

LF: Is it very difficult to play?

BM: I think so. All the clarinets are difficult. And I think that's why it's not really used that much. I'd rate that record two.

6. MARION BROWN. *Soft Winds* (from *La Placita*, Timeless Muse). Brown, alto sax; Brandon K. Ross, guitar; Jack Gregg, bass; Steve McCraven, drums; Benny Goodman, composer.

I believe the saxophonist was Marion Brown. The other members in the group I don't recognize, but I think the tune is *Soft Winds*. The recording of this was live, so I guess maybe that accounts for the drum sound being so tinny. But I thought it was very interesting to hear Brown playing a standard jazz composition. He mainly plays original compositions, mostly his own. I enjoyed listening to *him* particularly. I would give this a four.

7. DAVID FATHEAD NEWMAN. *Scratch My Back* (from *Scratch My Back*, Prestige).

I don't know who that was. Could have been Grover Washington. It wasn't very interesting. I don't think I'll give it a rating at all. I was very bored by it.

I think I know why musicians make this kind of album: they hope to generate sales, because of the direction of the disco-funk kind of thing. It's too monotonous. There's only one or two changes in it. Maybe for people at the disco it would be okay. I think something has to happen with disco music to make it interesting. Sometimes the arrangements are interesting, but on this particular track, I didn't even find the arrangement interesting. Most of it is totally devoid of improvisation. It's just a 4:4 with the bass drum and the background vocals . . . but there was nothing to really focus on. If it was Grover Washington, it was just sad, because he is a good player.

If guys are gonna make records like this, they'd better start to really look into it in more depth to make it a little more interesting for people who are not avid disco goers. A lot of guys are known for their ability to play and improvise in the direction of jazz, and to generate sales some people are using disco as a way to get there. People want some of the elements that are prevalent in today's music, but they also want something that's more of a challenge for them to hear, a little bit more enjoyable.

LF: It's David Fathead Newman.

BM: David Fathead Newman has done some really incredible things in the past. I guess he's moving ahead, so this is an effort to advance his career.

PROFILE

ALAN KAPLAN

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

"I've had the experience four times in my life of receiving a standing ovation. There's nothing like it," recalled trombonist Alan Kaplan, who at 27 is already a veteran of the Buddy Rich, Harry James, Louie Bellson, Capp-Pierce, Don Ellis and Bobby Knight big bands.

"The first time I got a standing ovation, I was 21 and playing with Buddy Rich down in Australia. Buddy used to rant and rave if you couldn't play eighth and 16th notes at fast tempos. He fumed if you just played an easy laid back solo. He wanted to hear as many notes as humanly possible. So I learned how to play fast.

"One night at the Sydney Motor Club, he called *The Champ*, a very fast Dizzy Gillespie tune. Buddy played it faster than we'd ever played it before. He was trying to burn me out. I stood up and played several choruses. About the fourth chorus, Buddy's right foot gave out, and he had to stop the bass drum!

"As soon as I finished my solo and sat down, the whole club stood up and gave me a standing ovation. Since then it's happened at my clinics three times. For me, that kind of a response makes all the work, hardship and sacrifice worth everything."

It would be safe to bet that Alan Kaplan, born the son of a stockbroker in L.A., June 2, 1952, has the vast body of his standing ovations ahead of him.

At Donte's in North Hollywood, for example, he played one of his stunning solos on Bobby Knight's arrangement of *I Got Rhythm* ("with the whole notes removed," said Knight). Critic Leonard Feather wrote, "The most startling brass adventurer [in Bobby Knight's Great American Trombone Company] is Alan Kaplan, whose solo in a convoluted chart of *I Got Rhythm* was a skyscraper of eighth-note stories constructed with almost impossible technique." Said critic Harvey Siders, "How Kaplan pulled off that impossible, staccato solo amazing his sliding colleagues, we'll never know."

One of Alan's earliest inspirations was a music store teacher named Bud Hassler. Although Bud was technically qualified to teach only beginning trombone, Alan stayed with him for five years. More than teaching exercises, Hassler had the gift of conveying the flame of music itself.

When Kaplan entered Venice High School in 1968, he joined Bill Paney's jazz band, long touted as one of Southern California's finest.

"At that time," said Kaplan, "I had no idea of what jazz was. I thought all of those improvised solos were written down. I was so naive. I assumed you didn't have to improvise jazz if you were a lead player, so I never worked on it. I saw other guys sitting down and improvising, but I thought they just had some talent I didn't have."

Having been convinced by his well-mean-



ing parents that he couldn't make a living as a trombonist, Kaplan entered L.A. Valley College, majoring in engineering. "But after my first semester, I knew I was going to be a professional trombone player, thanks to Bill Paney at Venice High and to the teachers and musicians at L.A. Valley, where most of the guys who later played in Don Ellis' bands were still studying. I changed my major to music and spent two and a half years there."

In the summer of '71, Kaplan took a road job with a rock band and began to learn how to improvise. In June of '72, he joined Buddy Rich. "I had just turned 21, but I knew the records, had played several of the charts in Venice High, and had seen the band every time they had come to town.

"I was really up for that gig, which was in a strip joint in Madison, Wisconsin. As we walked into the dressing room to unpack our horns, two women stood there, completely nude. The rest of the band went nuts. I was too nervous about the gig to even notice.

"I came through with a perfect performance. I don't recall a single mistake. Buddy couldn't say anything negative to me, but he had to say something, so he complained that my trombone stand had been in his way. After two or three weeks, I was finally accepted and acknowledged as a regular member of the band. I stayed two years.

"It was with this band that I began seriously working on improvisation, which never came naturally to me. It still doesn't. Pat LaBarbera and Rick Culver and several others were a tremendous help to me.

"My listening also changed. Up until that time, I had listened only to trombone players such as Carl Fontana, Rosolino, J. J. Johnson and to big bands. When I listened to the bands, I paid attention only to the ensembles. Solos were miracles that I couldn't understand.

"On the road, however, I carried about 100 albums on cassettes. I listened to them incessantly. During this time I got turned on

to Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker, and the whole of mainstream bebop—Phil Woods, Art Farmer, Kenny Dorham. These people did things trombone players didn't do. I heard more changes being made, more scales, more lines.

"I'd memorize things I heard and then learn what it was. I'd hear a line, then ask somebody what it was. They'd say, 'Oh, that's a diminished scale.' Then I'd read up on diminished scales. Or I'd listen to a line, memorize it, then take my horn out at the next bus stop and work it out. Later, I'd work it out in all keys. I didn't hear Clifford Brown or Charlie Parker playing exercise patterns, so I started practicing bebop licks. I practiced a lot. I was a good student, and I developed good technique.

"I noticed that very few trombone players can truly utilize their technique in playing jazz; some do—Carl Fontana, Bill Watrous, Frank Rosolino. They and a few others do it, but that's just a handful. For the most part, I didn't hear trombone players playing hip jazz ideas the way saxophone players and trumpet players did.

"There are certain things that lie characteristically on the trombone. So you hear a lot of trombone players playing the same types of licks. Rosolino and Carl Fontana developed the style, and now you hear a lot of other players sounding like them.

"These other players play 'trombonistically,' which I didn't want to do. I felt that the more sophisticated soloists were keyboard, sax and trumpet players. They tended to play solos that would be beautiful on any instrument. So for a few years I deliberately stopped listening to other trombone players. After studying other instrumentalists, I accumulated a sort of musical bank. Then things started coming out that were my own and in my own style. They were not trombonistic, but were musical apart from the trombone.

"So I dropped exercises and practiced working out jazz lines, getting them up to tempo, then faster, developing techniques that could also be used in performance.

"From there, I started making up my own exercises that would be useful in playing jazz, learning everything in all keys in order to develop fluidity and familiarity.

"Somewhere along the line, you're going to have to play in just about every key, even if it's only the bridge to *Cherokee* or *Joy Spring*. If you get locked into a few strong keys, you can become a basket case when you get to a bridge. To be a complete jazz player, you have to be able to improvise in all keys. Playing only in basic keys is terribly limiting."

Known for his big band work with Rich, Bellson and others, Kaplan began to get regular studio work in 1977.

"It wasn't terribly difficult to get into the studios. It was difficult only in that I put in a lot of years of hard work. I then took every opportunity to play, any rehearsal, any gig.

"As a result, I was heard by a lot of different studio trombone players, who began to recommend me when opportunities came up.

"I've played for Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Stanley Turrentine and a host of pop artists such as Donna Summer, Helen Reddy, Lou Rawls, etc.

"TV shows include *Hawaii Five-O* and *Battlestar Galactica*, and I've also played for films, including *Same Time Next Year* and

Animal House.

"It's interesting to me how this has all worked. As a high school student, I wanted to play only lead, and I thought improvisation was a mysterious gift, something others could do easily, but that I had to work at.

"But one of the reasons I've been successful in getting studio jobs is *because* of my jazz playing.

"Instead of being lost in the trombone sections of big bands and just playing parts, I've been asked to step out there and play jazz. Other people like what they hear, and then call me up to play parts in the studios—which usually don't require a note of jazz!

"Playing jazz gives me an edge. It makes me visible. You can't be only as good as the next guy—you've got to be better. You've got to be the player everybody's talking about.

"Knowing that gave me incentive. I practiced much more than the teacher said I had to. I worked things out further than I had to. I've approached music very consciously, acutely aware of every facet of my strengths and weaknesses, and I am now developing the more emotional and natural side of playing. I'm thinking less technically now and more musically. I practice singing now, pure vocal expression, and try to equate vocal singing with improvisation on the horn—direct emotional expression, not even thinking about the horn."

Kaplan plays a modified version of the King 2B, with a Bach 11-C mouthpiece. In addition to the tenor trombone, he also plays a Cohn 62H bass trombone, a Yamaha euphonium, and a Bach bass trumpet.

Asked how he felt when compared favorably to Carl Fontana and the late Frank Rosolino, Kaplan said, "I'm flattered, of course, but I don't put myself in that league. I've been a good student, and I've worked hard to learn how to play jazz at up-tempos, but I have years of work ahead of me before I reach the league they played in.

"Carl and Frank are super players. They have a pure sense of feeling and time and melodic direction.

"I want to overcome the cumbersomeness of the trombone, and get to the place where I play only melodic lines, no filler. Rather than superficially emulate their techniques, I want to make direct contact with the essence of the music, with the musicality of it.

"Carl and Frank did that. Their imitators got only the notes without the implications. Carl and Frank made a direct connection with the music within themselves. That's the direction I want to pursue within myself." **db**

BUDDY MONTGOMERY

BY JERRY DE MUTH

Playing six nights a week at one hotel and two late afternoons a week at another, pianist Buddy Montgomery is the jazz scene in downtown Milwaukee. He's also pretty much the jazz scene for the entire city which is noted more for beer than for swinging sounds.

"When it comes to jazz in Milwaukee, I'm the one," he laughed. "There's a club that brings people in, but it's only for a night or two. They catch them on the off-night from

Chicago. Some of us are trying to do something about that lack of a full-time jazz club now."

Even this small amount of jazz that does exist can easily be missed by the out-of-town visitor. Montgomery's presence in the Bombay Bicycle Club of the Marc Plaza Hotel is noted only by the marquee outside. There is not even a sign in the lobby. At the Pfister Hotel, Montgomery's twice weekly performances there are publicized only by signs in the lobbies and mimeographed typewritten notices of daily events posted in the elevators. The weekly "on-the-town" type booklet found in hotel rooms sometimes mentions him, but not all the time.

Since mid 1974 Montgomery, brother of Monk and the late Wes, has been playing at the baby grand in the Marc Plaza's room with the hokey India motif, either solo or with his trio that now includes Jeffery Chambers on bass and Ray Appleton on drums. His quintet—with Dumah on congas and Ramon Torres on various percussion instruments currently completing the group—has been playing since mid 1976 from 5 to 7 p.m. Wednesday and Friday in the Crown Room at the top of the tower of the Pfister Hotel.

Here Montgomery gets to play a Steinway grand which is used by name groups at night, but the sound of this instrument can seldom be enjoyed by the crowd. In fact, even with three percussionists, the entire band can seldom penetrate the loud talking at the Crown Room, where people come mostly for after-work unwinding and socializing, and where the pianist himself must frequently join groups at the tables, making the rounds between sets.

At the Marc Plaza, more people come to listen, including some regulars. But there are still the loud talkers, the clusters of bar groupies, and the couples who shrilly cry out while playing pong at one of several tables outfitted with the video game.

"There's always a convention going on at the Marc Plaza so I always get a crowd," Montgomery explained. "And there's a core of people who always come out."

The Bombay Bicycle Club began its entertainment policy with cocktail pianist Carmen Cavallaro, who did very well, according to Montgomery. But then the room faltered when a variety of local musicians and singers followed him.

"Then I was asked to play here," Montgomery said. "And I've been here ever since. They had no jazz downtown before. I had been working different clubs around the city plus some clubs in other cities before starting here."

Montgomery has been living in Milwaukee since 1969.

"This is one of the last places I worked with Wes before he died," he noted. Wes died at 43 on June 15, 1968. "I met a young lady here; we got married and I decided to stay here for a while. I was tired of the road.

"I'm still in Milwaukee because of Erroll Garner. He was playing in Milwaukee and I said to him, 'I really want to get out. I'm sick of it here.' Erroll said, 'You got a homebase to play. Why leave that?'"

Montgomery, who is now 50, taught at Wisconsin College Conservatory shortly after settling in Milwaukee.

"I only taught for a year and then it got to be a drag, getting up early after working late the night before," he said.

Then for about half a dozen years he taught some professional musicians from Milwaukee and Chicago privately. But it was on a very small scale, and he stopped doing even that a year or so ago. "I just don't have the time any more," he confessed.

Montgomery also has been performing at various state prisons. "The National Endowment for the Arts gave me some money to give concerts at all the state prisons; I also did things at the county hospital for mental patients and at some nursing homes," he explained. "I hired singers and other musicians to go along with us and put on a whole show.

"I run a school now to help parolees and probationers. It's funded by the state. It meets for three hours every Monday. I started with six students and I have 25 now, and eight teachers in addition to myself."

Montgomery also has been performing regularly since 1971 at Milwaukee's Summer-



fest, which includes several jazz concerts. And in the spring of 1977 he began touring again.

"I go out three or four times a year now," he said, "to get my material and my group heard. But we never go out for more than six or eight weeks at a time. We usually start in Vancouver or Seattle and then go to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Long Beach. Then we do a couple concerts in Las Vegas. Monk and I did a concert at Caesar's Palace there one time—we did some of Wes' tunes—but Monk and I don't play together much any more."

Buddy and Monk, sometimes joined by Wes, co-led the popular Mastersounds from 1957 until the group's disbanding in 1960. Buddy played vibes in that group while Monk played Fender bass, which up until then had not been used in any major jazz group.

"I got relaxed in Milwaukee," Buddy continued, "and didn't want to go out. Cats would always say to me, 'Hey, come on out!'"

"I just got my vibes fixed," he added, "and I'm going to start playing vibes again. It's been 12 years since I've played them."

A return to vibes—which he first started playing in 1957 when he and Monk formed the Mastersounds—could widen his current approach to music which, especially with his full quintet, is heavy on Latin-tinged funk. He often uses Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas* (a reworking of a traditional calypso tune) as a closer, and frequently does mellow in-

terpretations of Horace Silver's *Senor Blues* and *Song For My Father*. "Eighteen years ago I did a whole album of Silver tunes."

He also often does lengthy versions of *Goin' Out Of My Head*, Wes' Grammy-winning hit tune. "I like to work that in," he confessed. "It kinda keeps me close to him."

"Tunes from my album (*Ties*) go over well," he added. That album, which is his most recent, was recorded in 1976 for brother Monk's Las Vegas-based Bean label (BW-102). Two of its tracks feature Harold

Land and Oscar Brashear. He wrote most of the tunes himself and has been increasing his amount of writing ever since. "It makes me think a little more . . . a little differently."

Seated at the piano, Montgomery's single-noted solos build to climaxes marked by rapid trills and tremolos in the right hand, as he repeats and varies rhythmic figures in his left hand. Rarely glancing at the keyboard, his head often is turned to the left. He and Chambers watch each other as the young, smiling bassist takes over the lead with a

slowly emerging solo while Montgomery now only feeds chords to the group.

During these moments of interplay, the pianist doesn't seem to fit his assessment of himself as "kind of a loner."

But as he begins touring more and resumes his vibes playing, Charles F. Montgomery will probably again be establishing contact with more people. But it will always be from his unpretentious, simple base in Milwaukee. "People treat me nice here," he smiled. **db**

CAUGHT!



TOM CARAVAGUA

Nicholas Brothers today

STEPS IN TIME A TAP FESTIVAL

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
BROOKLYN

Personnel: The Copasetics—Buster Brown, Ernest Brown, Honi Coles, Charles Cook and Bubba Gaines, the Nicholas Brothers, Chuck Green, Sandman Sims, and Leon Collins, dancers; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Joe Carroll, vocals; Ed Cherry, guitar; Tommy Campbell, drums; Michael Howell, bass; Charles Sullivan, trumpet; Britt Woodman, trombone; Grady Tate, drums; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Stevenson, leader.

The term "jazz dance" has, over the years, taken on a number of connotations. One form of dance is truly dancing in a jazz sense—improvising with other dancers, competing with other dancers and, in effect, soloing. Of course, I'm referring to tap

dancing. The lineup that the Brooklyn Academy of Music gathered for their *Steps In Time* program represents the very cream of the remaining crop of tap dancers. The two shining lights in the field, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson and Baby Laurence, are both deceased, but one would be hard pressed to find a better group of practitioners than the Copasetics, the Nicholas Brothers, Chuck Green, Sandman Sims and Leon Collins. Add to this Dizzy Gillespie's trio, Joe Carroll's vocals and a swinging stage band and you are left with a show that is at once touching and joyous.

The show got under way with the stage band—including such jazz musicians as Britt Woodman, Charles Sullivan and Kenny Barron—playing *I Think You're Wonderful*, which the emcee, Leroy Myers, informed us was the theme song of the Apollo Theatre, long a home to hoofers of all sorts. The band then played *Mikki*, an original by leader Rudy Stevenson which featured some crackling trumpet work by Sullivan.

Dizzy Gillespie and his trio opened the show with a typical 50 minute set—Gillespie wise-cracking, ass-shaking and mugging through *Tunisia*, *Tin Tin Deo* and *Get The Booty* (a scatological piece of music played on a jew's harp and featuring several gastrointestinal noises with Dizzy's back to the audience). The evening was off to an interesting start; unfortunately most of the audience was there for the dancers, and Dizzy's set was too long.

Joe Carroll followed with a screechy, off-key *Bye Bye Blackbird* and a sweet reading of *Moody's Mood*. The musical segment of the show concluded with a rip-snorting *Ooh Pa Pa Da*, Dizzy and Joe scatting to a frenetic finish.

Then it was time for the elegant Copasetics, who glided onto the stage as if they had little roller skates on their tap shoes. Entering by size (there is about ten inches from the shortest to the tallest), they skipped around the stage in a circle, adding an extra little step on each revolution. Then it was time for some serious hoofing and clowning—Honi Coles, lean and elegant, was the epitome of grace, as paradiddles came effortlessly off his shoes. Charles Cook's solo was a little looser and a little more spectacular, arms and head bobbing along with the two Jo Joneses in his feet.

Ernest Brown, the shortest Copasetic—he looks a little like a grasshopper—was the fall guy; he was knocked about the stage in a crude, slapstick fashion. All five men kept up a lively banter, but it was the sound of their feet which caused the audience to gasp with amazement. Most of the crowd knew tap dancing from Fred Astaire and Shirley Temple movies, but seeing and hearing what can actually be done with nothing more than a pair of dogs and some shoes was, for many, a revelation.

Honi Coles then introduced an unscheduled tapper, the great Chuck Green, formerly of Chuck and Chuckles and one of the remaining originals of this art. Green, soft and graceful, went through a series of time steps which belied his age and his size, continually smiling and barely breathing hard. The first half closed with the Copasetics, Chuck Green and Dizzy Gillespie (who holds his own very nicely on any dance floor) forming a line and snap, crackle and popping through *Lester Leaps In*.

The second half opened with the Copasetics' nod to Bill Robinson—tuxedoed and derbied they recreated several of "Bojangles'" original routines to the tune of *Doin' The New Low Down*. Many people don't realize that tap dancing is more of an aural than a visual art. The symphony of percussion that was created by the Copasetics resounded through the large, ancient Brooklyn landmark like machine-gun fire. Cook then brought on two of his students and, with Dizzy adding trumpet accents, glided through *Groovin' High* and *Jitterbug Waltz*.

Sandman Sims was the next up. Sandman's monicker was earned from his penchant for reviving the field of dancing on a bit of sand, producing the same effect as brushes on a snare drum. Sandman is a flashy performer—clicking, gliding and flipping across the stage in a pyrotechnical display of acrobatics and dance. His was one of the loudest ovations of the program.

Leon Collins, a natty, dapper man, followed with a flamencoish *Green Dolphin Street*. He then produced a gaggle of his tap students and they floated through something called *Tapapella*.

The climax of the show was entrusted to the Nicholas Brothers. Fayard and Harold, whose acrobatic antics graced several Hollywood pictures of the '40s—most notably *Orchestra Wives*, where they were backed up by Glenn Miller's orchestra playing *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, and *Stormy Weather*, a movie the two brothers stole with an incredible dance sequence which included their descending a staircase one step at a time over each other's heads and landing in a split. Clips from both films were shown to the audience before the entrance of the two brothers, who stepped out of the screen. They then joked their way through several pop standards, doing a surprisingly spry series of dance patterns and maintaining a patter that was lively and entertaining. Immediately they assured us that they would do no more splits, and, of course, Fayard ended their segment with a final split during an uptempo *Perdido*.

The finale was a line-up of everybody on the program. Each man soloed in his own style, and a bit of competition entered the



Nicholas Brothers 1943

show. Leon Collins did a back-flip which culminated in a split and caused the entire audience to gasp; Sandman Sims did some healthy leaps across the stage; Chuck Green dazzled with understated eloquence. Even Dizzy was in rare form, playing a *Bugle Call Rag* that sent shivers through the audience.

The entire three and a half hour extravaganza ended with the Nicholas Brothers inviting the audience on stage. What resulted was a bevy of dancers of all sizes, shapes and

ages shimmying with some of the masters of a very alive art. As the ensemble shimmied off the stage, the last sight was the hand of Green waving to the audience as it disappeared into the wings.

The Brooklyn Academy has plans to bring *Steps In Time* back for a two or three week engagement in April. Nothing should keep anybody interested in dance or jazz or excitement away from Brooklyn. It is a once in a lifetime combination. —lee jeske

BAIRD HERSEY YEAR OF THE EAR

THE PUBLIC THEATER
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: John Hagen, reeds; Stan Strickland, reeds; Len Dello, reeds; Stanton Davis, trumpet; Mark Harvey, trumpet; Daniel Mott, trumpet; Tim Sessions, trombone; Doane Perry, percussion; Roger Squitero, percussion; Ernie Provencher, bass; Hersey, guitar; Lee Genesis, vocals.

Nothing in Year of the Ear's appearance even hinted at the music they would make.

The band meandered onto the stage; but from the opening bars of Stan Strickland's sax solo to the several climactic endings in their last number, *Your Voices Like Wind On A Mountain Top*, the Year of the Ear rocked, bopped and swayed with a powerful commitment to their own big band/jazz/classical/rock/blues fusion.

Leader and composer Baird Hersey, now 29, listened to Mingus, Rollins, Coltrane and Miles in high school on Long Island while he played in local dance bands. He studied composition at the Ethnomusicology Depart-

ment at Wesleyan University, listened to African music, formed a rock band called Swamp Gas, and moved toward European music (Ligeti and Penderecki) and the American composer, Carl Ruggles. Over the last six or seven years, he's been into pop and contemporary r&b, but still studying Ellington's large ensemble concept and his use of the band as an instrument. And always Miles, of course, especially for helping Hersey make the transition from rock to jazz.

Have You Heard?, the Year of the Ear's opening number (and title cut of their latest





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Arista/Novus album), set the sophistication of a classy big band horn section above a bubbling funky backbeat—a sound reminiscent of Ellington, Mahavishnu and Parliament/Funkadelic. Within the careful horn arrangements, spaces for free solos allowed individual moods to flow from every member, and this freedom-with-structure was maintained throughout the entire set. Then, the lid popped off their lackadaisical stance—Hersey's guitar solo screamed, rocked and perched soul over the brown.

In *Showdown*, James Brown underpinnings anchored horn arrangements that could have been part of a new *New World Symphony* for the year 2000, while Hersey's romantic guitar line brought back the raw power of electric music.

Coltrane's *Ogunde* (the only composition not by Hersey, but one he's used in his jazz workshops) opened with a lofty, melancholy interplay and elegant blending of trumpets, trombone and saxes, with congas adding a jungle edge. A cacophony of horns climaxed, then gave way to the exquisite reed sounds of the opening. The tune evoked the culture shock of the survival struggle in the world's forests and cities.

Three-quarters through the set, the unassuming Hersey wryly announced, "As is the tradition in big bands, we'd like to bring out a vocalist. Ladies and gentlemen, Lee Genesis." With that, a young singer from Boston (who recently released a roller-disco album with his own band Heat), sang three new Hersey compositions.

In the first, *Frame By Frame*, his voice was like another instrument; on *One More Wall To Climb*, Genesis crooned with the band rather than in front of it. Finally, on *Dreaming*, he sang with heavy doses of big band swing, gospel, and Motown.

The Prince: Where Are You Now That We Really Need You? was a contemporary rock tune, possibly influenced by both Hersey's days with Swamp Gas and his early infatuation with Miles' *Bitches Brew* and *In A Silent Way*. This song had a driving, funk beat, ascending solos by the trumpets and clarinet, and well-placed guitar punctuations.

Your Voices Like Wind On A Mountain Top was the most symphonic composition. About midway, a bluesy trombone solo was overshadowed by the remaining horns, crescendoing, to a drama of movie score proportions. This deliberate overpowering of traditional blues and big band riffs by dramatic funk happened again and again until the funk was finally drowned out by the horns' classical, symphonic strength. Elements of music history—from tribal drums to bebop to disco—were all here. Images kept appearing: Kansas City dance halls of the '30s, East African tribal rites, the Nile, the Amazon and the Mississippi.

The Year of the Ear, together since 1975, is a band powerful enough to open the fusion door wide enough for a mass audience. Their LP, *Have You Heard?*, is a strong, well-balanced blend of material from this live set (with the additional Hersey compositions *Ngoma* and *Des Montanas* and none of the new vocal pieces). The introduction of vocals on the next album would be interesting. The record is solid, but hearing their live set makes one want a live album; there's a flatness of emotion on the LP that might not exist if the band were recorded live.

—patricia cox

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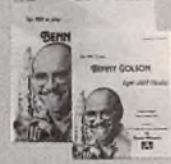


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TAYLOR/ROACH

continued from page 19

Bosendorfer's upper octave.

Max tried a slight shift in tempo, letting out the string and trying to bring the piece down, but Cecil wasn't ready yet—he relentlessly pounded, with an occasional pause for a quick *one-two-three* in bass octaves. Max was quickly back to rolling and crashing on the full set. Max had, earlier, said that he wanted to watch Cecil's face to "pick up some of those good vibes," and Max was intent on Cecil's face—Cecil, however, had yet to look up once, as if he was propelled by the sheer force of the collective energy which threatened a melt-down on stage.

Suddenly, 20 minutes into the piece, Cecil stared right at Max and began to subside into a more melodic and searching sound. Max began working only on the hi-hat, clearly and unashamedly showing his debt to Jo Jones. Cecil began fluttering in the sonorous bass as Max altered the texture by sticking to the hi-hat. Cecil again began playing hand-over-hand, once or twice pulling himself off the bench, but this time it seemed as if he was listening to and following the drummer. In unison, the two men started to build—faster and faster. Max noodled on his tunable floor toms for a minute and then—*crash*—Max was playing bebop on his ride cymbal. Cecil was flying again and the sound that was created was so intense and so powerful that at times it seemed the audience would explode from tension and excitement.

About half an hour into the work Cecil began to bring it down, as Max moved over to his percussion table, perhaps for a rest from the solid powerhouse display. Max picked up a piece of equipment and began to *whoop-whoop*. Cecil was playing a jagged, rhythmic section in response. Max began knocking and clapping and shaking with various devices on the table and Cecil responded with a rattling in the treble. Max ended his off-kit foray on the gong.

Cecil, ears and eyes open, was hunting and pecking now, using lots of triplets in the treble and working out a definite, single-note melody in the bass. Max returned to the traps on brushes—mixing and swirling right with Cecil. The tension, which had been sustained for a remarkable 45 minutes, began to dissipate. Max was playing a heavy *thud-thud* rhythm and, for a moment, the players began to drift.

Then, quietly, the two players became one. Taylor became playful and teased Max with single-note fragments. Together they began to dip and flow. Cecil, staring into Max's eyes, laid out for a moment and then began mimicking Max's patterns, on the piano. The two pawed at each other gently and respectfully.

Max let Cecil go it alone and the pianist was ethereal and gentle—quietly, easily winding down. "*Bwa-dee-duh*," played Cecil and then quiet.

Max picked it up and began playing "*one-two-and and-two-and, one-two-and and-two-and*," adding polyrhythmic patterns which began to boil and pop. There were gasps and "Whews" from the assemblage as Roach played beautiful patterns that sounded like a dozen drum geniuses together.

Cecil began to spray gentle dissonance in between Max's patterns and soon the two were playing percussive parchesi. Then it was back to the early segments, but this time the two men were truly playing *together*. They started to build momentum—Cecil twirling over the keyboard like an entranced dervish and Max just pushing and kicking on the traps. After one hour and a quarter, the energy of the two players was stunning—Cecil was palming the piano in opposite directions from the middle octave, his right and left hands like two repellent magnets zooming outward. And then, watching each other carefully, the musicians wound down the piece and ended with "*ting-ting-ting*"—Max on the ride cymbal and Cecil in the treble. The audience leapt to its feet and roared.

The second concert was somewhat similar. The solos were nearly the same and the duet was similarly structured. The first half of this piece seemed to be slightly more disjointed in the second concert, but the middle and later sections showed a further blending of the two players. Max threw in a calypsoish rhythm at one point during the second concert, and Cecil used his elbows a bit more. The level of intensity was somewhat higher, but that was due in large part to the audience, many of whom stayed for both shows.

It was a truly momentous meeting, and one which kept the jazz world buzzing for days. Everybody was impressed and everybody agreed that *something happened*.

Not long afterward I spoke with Max Roach. "What I think Cecil and I did mainly—we both were familiar with each other's work, and as Stanley Cowell so aptly put it, we co-existed. We didn't rehearse as such—what we did was we sat down and dealt with each other as two human beings and when we found out that we could live with our own attitudes and thoughts about life and things in music and liberty

continued on page 71



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by Joe Diorio

When Joe Diorio recently performed at the Los Angeles jazz club Donte's, Leonard Feather called him "the most mature and uncompromising new plectrist to work the room since Joe Pass." Diorio has toured and/or recorded with Stan Getz, Sonny Stitt, Eddie Harris, Ira Sullivan, Steve Bagby and Wally Cirillo. Having taught guitar at the University of Miami, Diorio is now on the teaching staff of the Guitar Institute of Technology, a school for professional guitar players in Hollywood. He has published a book illustrating his concepts of playing wide melodic-sounding intervals against chord changes, called *21st Century Intervallic Designs*. Another book, *Fusion*, is in the works. Diorio's most recent recordings are with Ira Sullivan, *Peace* (Galaxy) and with Monty Budwig, *Dig* (Concord). Joe Diorio will be profiled in an upcoming db.



4ths and 5ths in chord forms and single lines can add enormous richness to your guitar playing. Although 4ths and 5ths are popular today, especially with piano players, I feel that they have been almost wholly neglected by guitar players, because we have concentrated on playing single lines horizontally, as opposed to vertically or with wider skips. Picking is the main obstacle in playing these intervals. This material will help alleviate some of those problems and provide a clear insight into playing with more continuity using 4ths and 5ths.

Learning Suggestions: Concentrate first on getting the chord shapes under your fingers; this will allow you to move more quickly when learning the single lines, as most of the single lines are directly from the chord shapes. Play everything slowly to program the correct notes.

Picking Suggestions: At first play the single lines alternately (i.e. down—up); this will develop evenness and strength. Next observe when the 4ths are stacked together, usually three notes following each other; this is a good place to pick all down (glide picking). Keep your eyes open for other situations when alternate picking may not be the most practical. To develop an extremely proficient picking hand try picking the entire single line in down strokes. Remember to listen carefully for evenness and clarity.

In the following examples, numbers at the left side of the box indicate the position the chord is played in. The first finger determines the position you are in. Only circled strings are sounded—all others are deadened. Numbers below box are the fingerings for the chords.

Example #1 is 5ths stacked to make a chord. When these notes are inverted a 4th chord is produced. Chords by 4ths and 5ths will be used throughout (in boxes). The single line below the boxes is derived from the chord forms. When improvising try playing the chord forms and line over any of these chords: Bb Maj 7 b5; C7; C9; C13; Gmi6; Emi7b5.

Example #2 is the A Phrygian mode harmonized by 4ths and 5ths derived from the F Major scale, i.e. (A Bb C D E F G A). This also gives us the same harmony as Ex. #1 for soloing: Bb Maj 7b5, C7, C9, C13, Gmi6, Emi7b5.

Example #3 is a modified version of the A Minor pentatonic scale harmonized in 5ths. Play over Ami7, Ami9, Ami11; also over Bb Maj 7b5.

EXAMPLE #3

Examples #4 forward and retrograde will work well over G Maj 7b5, Emi9, Ami13.

EXAMPLE #4

EXAMPLE #4 Retrograde Starting on E

Examples #5 and #6, suggested harmony C Maj 7, C Maj 9, Ami7, Ami9, Ami11.

EXAMPLE #5

EXAMPLE 6 VARIATION ON #5 RETROGRADE

At this point I hope it is clear that what we are working toward is to sound as fresh as possible over diatonic harmony. Also, remember that the use of 4ths and 5ths when used as mentioned will sound different over a dominant or Minor 7th chord than what your ear has been used to. So don't panic; play these examples until they feel comfortable to your ear.

Let's take this idea one step further by picking any one chord form and moving that chord about, say up in Minor 3rds (symmetrically) or Major 3rds, or up in fifths or down a flat fifth. (See Example #7). We begin to create an "outside tonality" less diatonic. By experimenting, I'm sure you will find plenty of new material to incorporate into your music. One last thought is to take one of your own single lines and harmonize it with 4ths and 5ths. You will love the results.

Example #7 shows how by taking the interval of a Flat 5th and 4th chords from them we arrive at a less diatonic sound. Note how this line will sound over C7 altered, i.e. C7 #9, C7 #5.

EXAMPLE 7

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Example #8: Number 2, 3, and 4 are variations of #1. This example helps us to see how one idea can be permuted into many. Keep this theme and variation concept in mind for it will help expand the melodic lines you already have. Suggested harmony: G Maj 7b5, Emi9, A13.



These lines will enhance your hearing ability as well as your technique. It is important to be able to play them at a medium tempo for then you can better hear their flow and appreciate their strength and their beauty.

HOW TO

The snows of Colorado are no joke; Dr. Fowler was buried.
His column will return next month; db has dug him out.

ARTHUR BLYTHE

continued from page 26

feelings and idioms of the music. I didn't start having my own bands, trios with bass and drums, until around 1970; I didn't begin playing solo, or trying to organize my own things, until right before I left L.A. I guess the ego was busting out.

"The alto/tuba/conga trio didn't happen until I came to New York. Tuba players were just too few and far between in my circle in California. There was one who Tapscott used in his band a couple of times, and I dug how that sounded. He utilized the cello, too, and I also liked that. So Tapscott gave me my first involvement with those instruments, but they weren't really available until I moved East.

"Some of my music for the tuba can be adapted for my other bands, but I have to consider breathing for the tuba, whereas a bass can play continuous notes. I have to think of where the tuba player is going to *whoooooo*, and give him some margin to do that, which dictates how the phrase is going to lay. The breathing place may break up the little kick I want in the music, so then I have to go back and adjust the rhythm. It's challenging, but I'm learning. I'd like to try some more tuba things, hopefully with Columbia—and Bob Stewart, who plays on my first four albums, is a mean tuba player, isn't he?"

"The band on *In The Tradition* has worked at the Tin Palace. We have another gig coming up there in a few weeks, but this time John Hicks will be on piano. What prompted me to do that album now was not an attempt to be part of any trend, because several players are going back to the tradition, but just a sense that now the feeling would be right for an album like this. It helps an individual to place himself in the total music scheme; it offers more flexibility, to yourself and the listener, too, and it creates a larger audience. I like to do those things, and as long as I maintain musical integrity through all of it, then anything goes. I'd like to do

some stuff with some pygmies, some *heavy* pygmy shit—that would be a gas. Or go down to South America and do some things with the bush Indians. The integrity is the main thing when I play, not what *type* of music it is. The music on *In The Tradition* is basic and fundamental to so-called jazz. If you don't acknowledge anything of that nature, then what are you doing?"

"And there's another thing happening. We're going into another decade, and that has a psychological effect on people, whether they acknowledge it or not. People feel the need to change something, even if they might go in the wrong direction. I think, too, that this might be a period when a synthesis of what has preceded and more recent concepts is coming into being. Everything that *was* good, and *is* good, is cool. And if it is good, then do it!

"A bit of the pressure to be innovative is off. People don't have to be innovative to be creative. For a while everybody was trying to be innovative, but everybody isn't. I've always felt that the innovative thing comes about when one does his homework being creative. That's where people get the ideas—"Hey, maybe that can go over *there* instead of where it was." So I think it's going back to a creative situation where everything is possible. You don't have to reject everything that has been dealt with already and go look for the new horizons, because you could be out in the dark where you don't see shit. A lot of those expressions that were learned in the '60s are valid and were valid, and some of them weren't. All of this is a good sign. Freshness is being brought to the music, and the '80s ought to be wonderful."

ARTHUR BLYTHE'S EQUIPMENT

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PRO SESSION BRASS

DIMENSIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUMPET / CORNET MOUTHPIECES

by Dr. Maury Deutsch

There is nothing more crucial for a successful career as a trumpeter (or cornetist) than a proper fitting mouthpiece. This clearly points up the importance of a qualified instructor for the beginning student. A dangerous pitfall that befalls many a young trumpeter is an orgy of mouthpiece changes. This is frequently the result of an unwarranted belief that qualities such as range, tone, endurance, flexibility, etc., can be magically improved by a change of mouthpiece.

The purpose of this article is to clarify the functions and interactions of the dimensional characteristics of the mouthpiece and is not intended to encourage a self-induced mouthpiece change. A contemplated mouthpiece change should be undertaken only under the supervision of an experienced

Dr. Maury Deutsch began his study of the trumpet at age 15. A year and a half later he was awarded a New York Philharmonic Symphony Scholarship under the auspices of the world renowned trumpet teacher Max Schlossberg. Dr. Deutsch has

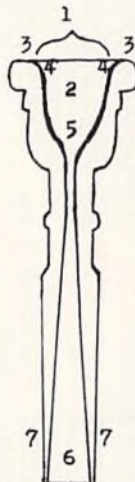


earned a bachelor's degree in mathematics, a master's in counseling, and a doctorate in music and music education. He has taught college and graduate level courses in composition and band arranging.

His articles on brass playing, arranging, composition, ear training and conducting have appeared in numerous journals. Dr. Deutsch presently divides his time between professional writing and teaching arranging and composition to aspiring T.V., theater and film composers.

instructor. Basic criteria for judging the efficiency of a mouthpiece are: (1) the column of tone possible in the lower register, (2) the ease of playing in the legitimate upper register, and (3) the lip flexibility obtainable in the middle register.

The constituent parts of the mouthpiece are: 1-Cup diameter; 2-Cup depth; 3-Outer rim; 4-Inner rim edge; 5-Throat; 6-Backbore; and 7-Shank.



Cup Diameter:

The component most frequently mentioned when seeking a new mouthpiece is cup diameter. A larger cup diameter favors both amplitude (tonal volume) and lower register. The resulting tone has a mellow quality because the energy principally resides in the fundamental and lower and middle partials. With a medium cup diameter the air pressure forces more of the energy into the upper partials with a corresponding increase of brilliance. Too small a cup diameter favors the highest partials; the tone thus acquires a metallic quality.

Cup Depth:

A deep cup makes playing in the lower and middle registers easier. The deep cupped mouthpiece, with its more mellow tone and greater volume, is frequently recommended for the playing of hymns.

A shallow cup provides a greater rebound of vibratory energy. This energy return interacts with the lip vibrations resulting in an increase of vibratory intensity. High notes of a metallic quality are thus consistent with the very shallow cup.

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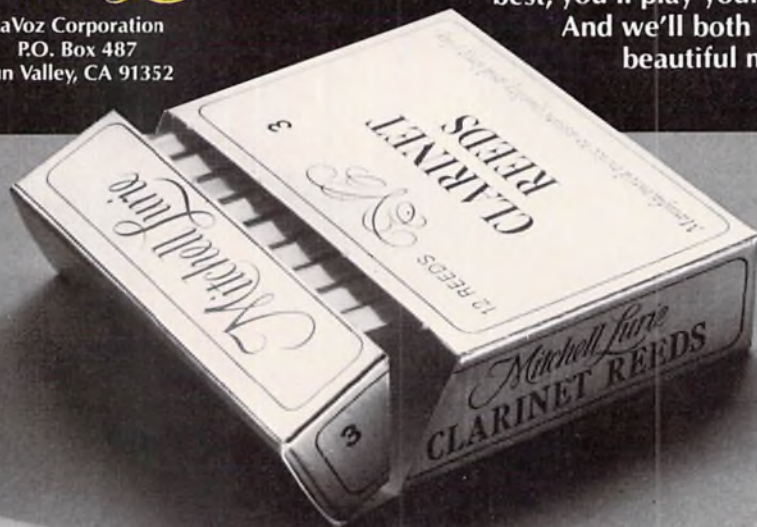
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A popular innovation used by many jazz artists is the double cup mouthpiece, i.e., a shallow cup progressing into a deeper cup. The shallow portion subtly aids the upper register and the deeper segment, the volume of sound. A negative consequence of the double cup mouthpiece is the loss of acoustical energy due to the greater number of reflective surfaces.

Higher pitched trumpets (relative to the standard Bb trumpet) naturally require a narrower cup diameter and a shallower cup for maximum playing efficiency; in contradistinction, lower pitched trumpets require both a wider diameter and a deeper cup.

Outer Rim:

The outer rim cushions the impact of the instrument on the lips and teeth. A narrow rim will subtly increase lip flexibility (less of the lip is demobilized); however, there is the danger of lip irritation from the instrumental impact over a relatively narrow area. A wider outer rim (cushion rim) acts as a catalyst for the attainment of the upper register by increasing the overall tension. However, the viselike effect of the broad rim is a detriment to flexibility.

Inner Rim Edge:

The principal function of the inner rim edge is to provide termination points for the vibrating lips. This is analogous to the opposite terminal points of a vibrating string. A moderately sharp inner rim edge makes for greater playing precision and accuracy of attacks. Too sharp an edge can cause lip discomfort and also interferes with lip flexibility. A too rounded inner edge has a negative influence on clean attacks and accurate intonation; however, greater flexibility is a possibility.

Throat:

Although a large throat favors a greater volume of tone, there is difficulty in playing pianissimo, especially in the upper register. The greater air pressure required to play the upper register frequently causes these tones to be slightly sharp. A narrow throat opening makes the high notes easier but creates a less sufficient lower register. The backwash of vibrations interacting with the lip tension

results in a nasal quality at lower dynamics and a metallic quality at louder dynamics.

Some trumpet players extend the throat opening (without increasing the diameter) in order to obtain still greater playing resistance. The upper register is made easier but there are negative consequences: the overcompensation required of the embouchure makes the low notes slightly sharp and the high notes slightly flat.

Backbone:

The backbone is encased within the shank. A too small backbone does not permit sufficient energy to reside in the fundamentals; the result is a nasal quality (the energy falls in the middle partials). In addition the upper register has a tendency to be flat. A too large backbone makes playing precision more difficult; also, the upper register has a tendency to be sharp.

Conclusion:

The ideal mouthpiece can never be prior determined. It must be based on the individual's lip, mouth, teeth and facial characteristics. A cardinal rule is to avoid extremes in each of the constituent parts of the mouthpiece. The actual choosing of a mouthpiece is an art rather than a science. The choice should therefore be entrusted to an experienced and sensitive teacher.

A great aid to the brass player who of necessity may have to double on one or more related brass instruments is the screw top rim. Doubling on trumpet, cornet, and flugelhorn (and in rare cases alto horn and even french horn) is greatly simplified with this device. Although the mouthpiece dimensions for the flugelhorn, alto horn, and french horn will vary from those of the trumpet or cornet, the lip feel is related.

Not all mouthpieces are made of metal. Louis Armstrong when a youth carved out a mouthpiece of wood. Plastic mouthpieces have some adherents. The softer plastic material has a subtle positive effect on flexibility; however, intonation and clarity of attack is subtly inferior because of the firmer support of the metal mouthpiece. Plastic mouthpieces are beneficial when performing outdoors during extreme cold spells. **db**

KENNY WHEELER

continued from page 24

who was an all-rounder and could play some percussion and something else."

For the upcoming ECM record, *Around Six*, he employed Evan Parker (saxophones), Eje Thelin of Sweden (trombone), J. F. Jenny-Clark of France (bass), Edward Vesala of Finland (drums) and Tom Van Der Geld of the U.S. (vibes). Of the music he says: "There are a couple of ideas which are old, but the rest was written especially with those people in mind." Of his playing: "I'm generally happier with my playing on the third album than with most of what I've done, but I still cringe a bit when I hear it. I play a little more in my screechy free style—that might shock a few people who've come to think of me as soft and melancholy and don't know the other, schizophrenic, style." Of the two Wheelers: "I

like mixing them up. I really do. I'd like to be able to play a little more inside than I can—I never could play completely inside with just a 'straight' rhythm section playing chords. I always get nervous if it's going well and I start screeching around outside. I don't suppose I'll ever change that."

Wheeler does seem rather more comfortable about his writing. Informed that in the same 1979 db Critics Poll, TDWR Composer category, he had tied for third (behind Carla Bley and Henry Threadgill), he says, "That pleases me very much; I find it easier to like my writing than my playing. I still find it very difficult to listen to a lot of my playing."

"I can hear the tunes that I write a bit more often and think, 'Oh, that still sounds quite nice.'" **db**

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PRO-SESSION MICROPHONE MIXERS

by Larry Blakely

The last two months I have devoted this column to some of the basics of microphones and applications. Microphones are most often plugged into a device called a microphone mixer. This device can provide a number of necessary and very interesting functions depending upon the particular model.

One of the main functions of the microphone mixer is to provide amplification for the microphone signal. Microphones have a very low output signal level (voltage) that is commonly referred to as a microphone level signal (mike level). Each microphone input on the mixer has a pre-amplifier that will increase the mike level signal to a larger signal level called "line level" to enable the signal from the microphone to be easily processed and routed within the mixer.

On many mixers there is a warning light that will flash if the microphone pre-amplifier is overloaded (which will cause audible distortion). This feature is usually referred to as an overload LED (light emitting diode) or indicator. When leaving the microphone pre-amplifier, the signal is usually routed to an equalizer (tone controls) which will allow the operator to actually change the audible character of the microphone signal. Equalizers provide a means whereby certain portions of the audible frequency spectrum can be increased (boosted) or decreased (cut) in level. Perhaps the most simple of equalizers is the bass and treble controls that are found on most every hi fi receiver/amplifier or record player. Many models of mixers have the similar type of bass and treble controls on each microphone input position.

The bass or treble for each microphone can be adjusted to provide the particular sound or effect that is desired. A great deal of richness and/or presence can be added with the use of equalization. Some of the more sophisticated mixers have more elaborate three knob equalizers that will allow not only bass and treble frequencies to be boosted or cut, but mid-range frequencies as well. Even more elaborate types of equalizers are available. Equalization is a very helpful tool when used properly (which usually means in modest proportions). Elaborate equalizers in the hands of the unknowledgeable user will most often provide a worse rather than a better sound quality.

The signal is now typically routed to a pan pot (if the mixer is stereo). This pan pot will place the microphone signal either in the left channel, right channel, equally in both channels (center), or at any other place between, i.e. left-center, right-center, etc. Each microphone input position has a volume control (fader). If the mixer has eight inputs there will be eight faders. This will allow all of the microphone signals to be adjusted for the desired musical balance (mix). This process is called mixing. For example, the sounds and musical balance of the bass, drums, guitar, piano, horns, and vocals can be completely controlled by the mixer.

An input position "cut" button is often provided to enable the operator to turn each

microphone input position "on" or "off" at will. This is handy if there is a solo part during only a portion of a tune. The cut button allows that microphone to be turned on during the solo and off afterwards while leaving the fader untouched and at the appropriate level setting. Often, unused microphones will pick up unwanted sounds of other instruments and vocals and the cut button provides an easy means to turn off these unwanted input positions until they are needed.

"Solo" is another popular feature that will provide the ability to listen to only one or a group of individual input positions. For example, if you thought that there was a buzz in the bass microphone, and wanted to hear only the sound from that particular microphone, it would be necessary to either pull down (turn off) all of the faders except the bass fader, or turn off all input positions with "cut" buttons, except the bass mike input position. If the mixer had the "solo" feature you would just simply push the "solo" button on the bass input position, and all you would hear is the bass signal. If you wished to hear bass and guitar you would push the "solo" buttons on both the bass and guitar positions simultaneously. On most mixers this can be done without affecting the main output signal, i.e., you could solo these individual inputs into your monitor or headphones. This would not affect the signal being sent to the house or tape recorder.

The master level control is used to control the overall mix or the output level. A mono mixer will have one such master level control. A stereo mixer will have either two such controls (one for the left channel and one for the right), or a single knob that operates a two channel level control. Some mixers have a built in reverberation system. This will add life to the sounds of instruments and vocals, simulating the resonance of a large cathedral or a hard tiled bathroom. Some mixers will have what is called an effects buss which will be another row of knobs (one for each input position) to derive another signal mix which can be routed to an external reverberation system or other type of external effects device.

Another similar feature is that of the monitor send. This is yet another row of controls (knobs) much like the effects send that is used to derive another signal mix that is to be routed to an external amplifier which will feed on stage monitor speakers for the musicians.

Onstage monitors have become very popular because they allow the performers to hear themselves and the other performing musicians better. The musical balance of the stage monitors will be quite different from that of the musical mix sent to the house. The onstage monitor mix is used to provide a musical balance that will enable the best performance from the musicians, while the house (main) mix is adjusted for the best overall musical balance and sound.

Mixers are an invaluable creative tool when used properly. Today's technology provides many sophisticated mixers at reasonable prices. Often many performing musicians who are utilizing elaborate mixers find that the sound they are now getting is not as good as what they were obtaining from their less sophisticated audio equipment. The reason is quite simple; they do not understand how to properly use sophisticated equipment, so the overall results are not desirable.



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Take the time to learn about sound reinforcement equipment, the advantages and disadvantages of different operational features and types of gear. Keeping things simple and not getting in over your head is always a good rule. Take the time to learn and talk to those who are knowledgeable in the field of sound reinforcement equipment. Ask other performing musicians who are getting a desirable sound what they are using and how they are using it. The proper utilization of sound equipment is an art and not an easy one to master. Experience and knowledge are your best allies. Seek to obtain all the knowledge that you can and the experience will come by doing and making a great deal of mistakes. **db**

TAYLOR/ROACH continued from page 60

and all the other things that people talk about, we knew that we could deal with each other on stage. And it was pure improvisation, we just dealt from that point of view and we knew from experience that something would happen if we went our own ways but were sensitive to each other at the same time. And I think we co-existed."

As to the technical aspect of the performance, Max said that a lot of people had bad locations acoustically—many on the sides of the orchestra couldn't hear either the drums or piano. "Where I sat on the stage the sound was outasight. Then when I softened down, I couldn't hear myself. Isn't that amazing? That piano is completely overwhelming. And especially the way Cecil plays. He doesn't play light piano.

"We've had offers to travel—people, when they heard about the concert, wanted to know if we would bring it to Paris or to Milano. People in Italy as well as France and Germany were asking if we wanted to come overseas with it. We've already had offers from Japan, Italy and Switzerland for the tapes, without people even hearing them.

"Cecil and I both agree that what we want more than anything else is the kind of visibility—we want people to hear the music, so it's not just a matter of people giving us a lot of money or anything like that. We'd like the people to hear it and just see how they feel about this type of music. This combination takes us into another area—certainly it does that to me. I was with Dizzy last week and he said, 'Now tell me about these duets.'"

Cecil Taylor wouldn't agree to an interview, but sources close to him say that he was just as pleased as Max at the outcome.

Perhaps the tape will be acquired by a major label, and be given the push it deserves. Columbia University has a videotape of the second concert which they have promised to turn over to the two artists.

Many of the young players in jazz uniquely blend the old and new. Players such as Anthony Davis, James Newton, Michael Gregory Jackson and Ricky Ford amalgamate all the styles of jazz—the influences of the beboppers blend into the influences of the free improvisers which blend into the influences of New Orleans style interplay. The results promise to be an exciting mixture as these and other players mature over the next several years. The monumental meeting of two of the stylistic fathers to dozens of these young musicians can only be a good sign for the state of the art of jazz at the dawn of the new decade.

A very good sign. **db**

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books

STRAIGHT LIFE

STRAIGHT LIFE by Art and Laurie Pepper. 515 pages, Schirmer. \$12.95.

Art Pepper, an immensely talented saxophonist, was the first altoist to break away from the viselike grip of Charlie Parker as he developed his own lyrical style. His talent has, if anything, grown over the years, and his two recent Galaxy Records releases—*Art Pepper Today* and *Straight Life*—show him to be one of the finest saxophonists recording. Yet somewhere between September 1, 1925 and the publication of this book, Art Pepper was many men besides a talented West Coast jazz musician: a junkie, an armed robber, a hardened convict. Pepper is certainly not the first gifted jazz musician to spend a good deal of his life involved with narcotics and prisons, but he is certainly the most eloquent to put his story into book form. *Straight Life* is a tough, dizzying, hard and honest book that will haunt anybody who opens it.

Disturbed is the key feeling that one gets from the book. Pepper remembers the aftermath of a successful armed robbery: "I look over and I see that there's just stacks of money. I felt so happy. I had never felt any elation like that before. It was a feeling of power, a feeling of accomplishment. I really felt like a man. I don't think I've ever been so satisfied with anything I've done. I looked at the other

people on the streets and I thought, 'They ain't nothin' compared to me! I'm a giant! King Pepper! King Arthur! Mr. Jazz! Mr. Everything!'"

It is a frightening passage in a book that just bubbles over with such honesty. Art Pepper describes the first time he took heroin with such emotion and lack of pretense that he at once stuns the reader and shows, clearly and precisely, why a person would resort to such a drug: "All I can say is, at that moment I saw that I'd found peace of mind. Synthetically produced, but after what I'd been through and all the things I'd done, to trade that misery for total happiness—that was it, you know, that was it. I realized it. I realized that from that moment on I would be, if you want to use the word, a junkie. That's the word they used. That's the word they still use. That is what I became at that moment. That's what I practiced, and that's what I still am. And that's what I will die as—a junkie."

Pepper's childhood was agonizingly lonely. Neglected by his parents, he was raised by a grandmother whom he considered cold and loveless. He learned quickly that nobody was going to help him in life, and he apparently made all the wrong choices, except for choosing to become a professional musician.

Pepper has many obsessions which become clear throughout this book: first and foremost is his need to be "loaded"; second is his preoccupation with sex, which becomes clear in a series of startlingly graphic passages; third is his obsession with music. It is the order of priorities that led to Pepper's living a life spent either in prison or in the Contemporary Records recording studio. And prison didn't mean a drying out period in the

hoosegow—it meant spending most of the '60s in San Quentin.

The book was written by Art and his third and current wife Laurie. The prose style is dramatic, fluid and highly readable. The book never takes on the chit-chat tone of other autobiographies that were transcribed from taped interviews. Interspersed throughout the book are quotes from various other people involved in Pepper's life. These segments add to the flavor of the book without becoming obtrusive. Whoever did the lion's share of the transcribing deserves a lot of credit for a fine ear and a good sense of speech rhythms. The only annoyances are lengthy segments from *down beat*, which merely reiterate much of what is already in the book.

Art Pepper comes off here as an egocentric son-of-a-bitch. But he also comes off as a man who largely understands his own life. He never apologizes for what he does, he just puts down cold, steely facts. I know of no more moving, more gut-wrenching, more painful account of the ways and means of living a life torn by drugs. I know that *Straight Life*, despite the ironic title, will stand as a major document, not so much of one life, but of a way of life—a way of life that sent many of Pepper's contemporaries to the grave. Art Pepper emerges as an occasionally loathsome, but extremely important, man.

—lee jeske

BLUES WHO'S WHO

LOST HIGHWAY

BLUES WHO'S WHO by Sheldon Harris. New Rochelle: Arlington House, 1979. 775 pages, illustrated. \$35.00 hardcover.

LOST HIGHWAY by Peter Guralnick. Boston: David R. Godine, 1979. 373 pages, illustrated. \$8.95 paperback.

Writing about the blues appears to be a formidable task, because few have done it well, though many have applied themselves with assiduity. While there is always room for perceptive commentary upon the methods and effects of the musician's art, satisfactory proof has never been offered that an inchoate love for the music is the same thing as critical perception, or that the random accumulation of factual detail is equivalent to insightful understanding.

Writing about blues has consisted, principally, of picturesque anecdote and amateur sociology, supported by the sure and indisputable judgement rendered by one's own (erring) peers. In this last matter we need to practice some humility, because we know that what "sounds good" to us today may not tomorrow, as our frame of reference widens, and we recognize that there is more to this music than those elements which provide immediate aural gratification: a beat, a tone, a certain screaming high note, or, in the characteristic but unfortunate phrase of more than one bluesman of my acquaintance, "something the kids can dance to."

It seems that blues musicians as a group have benefited widely from writers' desire to praise. A writer who judges any blues musician harshly is frequently considered unsporting at the least and seditious at the worst (though there are, of course, the unhappy few musicians upon whom the

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critical community has, by general consent, declared open season). One critic wrote recently about Muddy Waters' latest album (which plainly had disappointed him): "Oh no, you won't catch me writing anything bad about Muddy Waters!" Our culture demands only Great and Legendary blues artists; the Almost-Great need not apply. The blues record that does not get five stars might just as well have gotten none, because—so runs the logic—below the best there are only degrees of mediocrity. And so, few writers want the responsibility of having given the quietus.

Similarly, blues as a whole is perceived to be a dying art, and any expression of negativity against an individual may possibly be thought to contribute to an earlier demise of the form. Unexamined praise, like undigested food, must eventually inherit the wind, and there is wisdom in Samuel Johnson's observation that "we must confess the faults of our favorite, to gain credit to our praise of his excellencies."

The remedy against the maladies of blues criticism is simple: one need never write unless one has something intelligent on one's mind. Further, one cannot think intelligently without recourse to accurate information. Of the two new books here at hand, Harris' is the first major attempt in the English language to compile a source book of useful information about blues musicians, while Guralnick's is the most perceptive and well-considered study of blues (and other) musicians that I have seen in many years.

Sheldon Harris' *Blues Who's Who* is a volume of enormous human effort and erudition, the sort of heroic project which has all but been abandoned since the invention of the cassette tape and the built-in condenser microphone. The mass of the book is almost overwhelming, but *Blues Who's Who* is clearly organized and exceptionally easy to use. The cross-referencing is remarkably punctilious; anyone who has dispaired while using the Leadbitter/Slavin discography will have no trouble finding a listing here. The photos are nicely selected and well-reproduced, if poorly credited (the subscript "Courtesy Sheldon Harris Collection" covers a multitude of sources).

One's first inclination must be to judge a book like *Who's Who* according to its completeness and accuracy. Given the enormity of the undertaking and the single-mindedness of the author, one is inclined towards leniency. Harris has wisely chosen to limit his scope to blues *singers*, who, without denying the claims of non-singing instrumentalists, certainly deserve our first attention. Not all of the 571 singers included would be likely to find their way into the pages of the blues magazines; some readers may be put off by Harris' inclusion of a number of "white blues" singers in his book, the inevitable *betes blancs* of so many blues fans. Rather than complain of their presence, however, I believe we should be glad that Harris' criteria are broad enough to comprehend not only white musicians who perform in the blues idiom, but also (and more importantly) black musicians who have sung blues significantly but not exclusively: for instance, Ethel Waters, Butterbeans and Susie, Edith Wilson, Ray Charles and Lou Rawls.

The factual accuracy of *Blues Who's Who* is more difficult to assess. I know one re-

searcher who has already compiled more than 30 pages of specific corrections. But it is necessary to learn to separate the important from the trivial, because most of the errors fall among the trivialities. Sleepy John Estes said many times that he was born in 1900; if he were born, as Harris has it, in 1899, does this affect our appraisal of his music in any significant way? Sometimes, facts seem to tell us more than they really do.

A troubling ambiguity exists in the book's song index, a collation of over 6000 blues titles with their putative composers. At last, a clue through the vast labyrinth of who-wrote-what! But here we often find two or more musicians listed next to one title (one example among many: *Sloppy Drunk* is credited to Walter Brown, J. B. Hutto, Snooky Pryor and Jimmy Rogers but not to John Lee Williamson). One is left to wonder whether these are different songs with like titles, or the same song, whose authorship is in dispute, or four songs which are similar, but not quite the same. I can only conclude that Harris' plan was to include every piece of information he could get his hands on, and beyond that, there was no plan.

One might see in this welter of facts a studied avoidance of the significant statement, a camouflage built of "info" and erected over the artistic values of the blues. Harris declines to make any real critical assessment of the musicians he has catalogued; the most important omission from *Blues Who's Who* is a sense of the quality and importance of the music made by these 571 musicians. There exists an all too common inclination to think (and write) that anyone who offers himself as a blues musician is, ipso facto, doing something valuable and important. This is nonsense, because unless we maintain some regard for the merit of the music made by the musician—for its degree of creativity, for its originality, for its completion of purpose, for the personal stamp of the performance—then we're talking about music only in the narrowest sense. No serious dictionary of painters would list the birth and death dates, influences and works of the fellow who paints tiger heads on black velvet on the same page as the curriculum vitae of a Delacroix, though both have painted cats.

Harris' "quotes," which attempt to summarize briefly the merits of the musicians, are far from the point. Every musician is the "best" in some style, the most important, the most interesting, the most representative, the most exciting—we drown in hyperbole. Harris does not evaluate the musicians; he compliments them. A life of creative activity cannot be dealt with in this summary fashion. The casual library browser curious about the blues, or the high school student trying to research a term paper, or the novice who is seeking to build a record library will probably find themselves very confused when they pull *Blues Who's Who* from the shelf.

Blues experts, blues scholars—one hears of them often, but there are very few in this world; we only have many heads stuffed with trivia. What differentiates us from the Star Trekkies who consume and exchange all manner of info at their conventions without any sense of the real value of their Enterprise? The blues deserve better. "Not to know some trivia is a praise," as Pope says. If Sleepy John Estes were born in 1899 and not 1900, what is the real difference? It is a conceit to think that such a detail is even remotely as significant as the power of his musical

expression. It is important that we do not bury our noses in so much detail in order to avoid confronting the artistic power of the music itself. *Blues Who's Who*, by virtue of its very omnivorous diligence, has the effect of reducing each blues musician's career to a drearily predictable rubric.

In Peter Guralnick's new book, *Last Highway*, there is also a distinct strain of familiarity pervading the portraits of some 20 blues, country and rockabilly musicians. There is a sameness not of dates and places as much as of concerns, interests, enthusiasms and problems. This is clearly no random accident. Guralnick has chosen his subjects carefully—they range from Howlin' Wolf to Merle Haggard—and each one partakes of Guralnick's uncompromising sense of the aims of American music.


Peter Guralnick is the rare writer who knows his music, knows why he likes it, and knows how to explain why he likes it. Like his previous book, *Feel Like Going Home* (1971), *Last Highway* is a collection of profiles, and in them the music is never very far removed from the man making it. The connection, however, is never taken for granted. Guralnick has spent considerable time with his subjects, gone out on the road with them, kept up correspondences, and observed them over many years' time. Guralnick's artists see themselves as voices of and for their people. He quotes Ernest Tubb: "I want my music to be simple enough, so that the boy out there on the farm can learn it and practice it and try to play it." And James Talley: "I want them to think I'm telling their story."

For all of his sophistication as a writer, Guralnick maintains a palpable soft spot for populist American values and what one almost blushes to call the essential goodness of the common man. He sees that the important bond among blues, country and rockabilly is that they are *popular* forms of music in the best and most literal sense: the music of the people, pre-mass media. But he also sees that, insofar as the record industry has shaped the course of American musical taste, there is now a vast gulf between "pop" and popular music.

"Every artist in this book [he writes in the superb introduction] has an audience, every artist in this book has a *mass* audience—whether of 5,000, 50,000, or even half a million—but that is not enough. In order for a record to be successful, it has to sell millions . . . it is necessary to appeal to the lowest common denominator; all regional identification must be smoothed over. So—and this is the final step in my simplified syllogism—what is entertaining people on a mass level is no longer genuinely popular culture—in which the audience continues to have real input—but a pale evisceration, a pathetic dilution of a rich cultural tradition."

The hegemony of the million-seller is not news, but Guralnick's insight into blues, country and rockabilly as forms of an open and creative dialogue between audience and artist is the key to his method.

At the same time, Guralnick observes that the artist is not merely the pawn of tradition. "Every artist," he writes, quoting Charlie Rich's wife, "is a little bit odd, I've never seen one you could call normal." In the work of Howlin' Wolf, Elvis Presley, Charlie Rich, Charlie Feathers and others, he sees that their "very first artistic impulse stemmed from their alienation from the world in which

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CS-15	37	2	2	2	1	N/A
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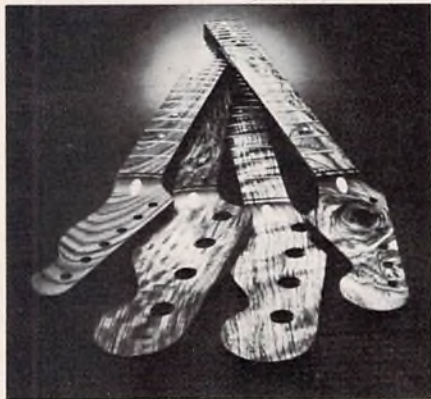
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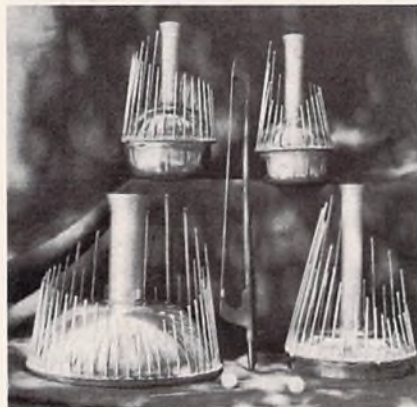
Replacement necks from **Schecter Guitar Research** (North Hollywood, CA) are available in a wide variety of exotic and domestic hardwoods, from birdseye to cocobola, bubinga, pau ferro and more. The necks, in four different styles, all feature one-piece construction with a lowered radius fretting surface, permitting buzz-free string bending. A choice of fret sizes is also available. The necks are sold sanded and unfinished or can be ordered with a rubbed oil or lacquer finish.



A **micro mini-amp** for any electric guitar has been introduced by **Guild Musical Instruments** (Elizabeth, NJ). The 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " unit plugs directly into the guitar; no cables are required. Containing a 2" speaker, the **MM-500** is powered by two standard nine volt batteries. Power output is 500 milliwatts. The amp easily fits into the accessory compartment of a guitar case, and different sounds can be obtained by using the guitar's volume control, from lively clarity to heavy distortion. The MM-500 mini-amp lists for \$55, and an M-55 adaptor for Stratocaster-type jacks lists for \$2.95.

PERCUSSION

Waterphones and other percussion instruments such as **water-gong drums** and **tunable Aeolian (wind) harps** and **wind chimes** are available from inventor-percussionist **Richard Waters** (1462 Darby Road, Sebastopol, CA 95472.). Waters invented the waterphone in 1967 and has used it with the Greenpeace Foundation in attempts at inter-species communication with whales. Made of stainless steel, bronze, and water, the waterphone is played by bowing, either with a fiddle bow or by hand. The waterphones pictured right are, from left to right: bass (\$250), standard (\$160), small (\$135), and flat-bottom wide range (\$175). Also pictured is a fiberglass waterphone bow (\$50) and a pair of superball mallets (\$6). For \$8, Waters will send you a cassette recording of any of the above instruments.



Weather Report drummer **Peter Erskine** (pictured above) now uses the **Elek-Trek** (Fullerton, CA) drum sound system to replace bothersome mike booms, stands and microphones.

The Elek-Trek system consists of powered electret condenser microphones designed for the frequency characteristics of the percussion instrument they're sensing. The mikes are mounted directly to drum counter hoops, cymbal stands and specially designed fixtures, eliminating the need for booms and stands. All

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The *CAMEO Dictionary of Creative Audio Terms* is now available from CAMEO (Creative Audio & Music Electronics Organization). The "creative audio" definitions have been boiled down into layman's terms and cover such areas as synthesizers, recording and stage sound. The purpose of the book, which lists over 1,000 terms, is to provide a fundamental and working knowledge of creative audio terminology to all who are involved in this industry. The *Cameo Dictionary of Creative Audio Terms* is available for \$4.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling from CAMEO, 10 Delmar Ave., Framingham, MA 01701.



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The *Catstick*, from *Octave-Plateau Electronics, Inc.*, (New York, NY) is a spring-loaded joystick device that can be used with any portable voltage-controlled synthesizer. The *Catstick* has four identical sections, one for each of the joystick directions. Each section allows the joystick to turn on one of two LFOs (provided with unit) and add a control voltage offset. The joystick returns to zero modulation when released by springing back to its vertical position. The *Catstick* is recommended as a replacement for ribbon controllers, pressure sensitive controllers and sliders on footpedals since it allows four different modulations (one for each of the joystick directions) to be controlled with one hand.

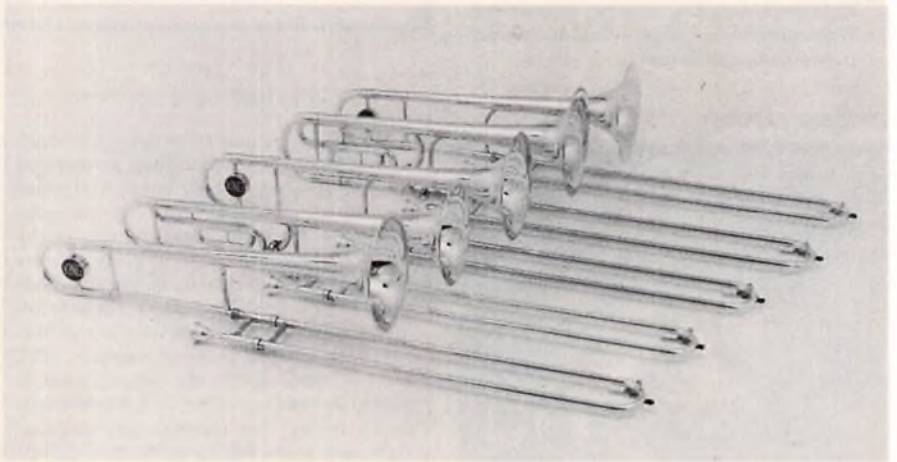


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BAND INSTRUMENTS



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they grew up."

It must be said that Guralnick is much better at discussing the traditions than the alienation, but his analysis of the traditional interplay between artist and audience is so free from cant that the loss is negligible. Guralnick is clearly drawn to the notion that there are, among musicians, definite lines of inheritance: virtually all of the portraits emphasize the influence of musicians gone before—in some cases, the debt to the past is made explicit in the lyrics of the songs, as in Stoney Edwards' *Hank And Lefty Raised My Country Soul*. Harris' random lists of "influences" say nothing of the devotion of certain artists for the formative past—both the personal past and the collective past of the music. Reading *Last Highway*, one can almost

see the laying on of hands and the transfer of keys. Guralnick seems to be saying that the sense of continuity is one way to tell the spurious from the real. "Pop" music has no past that matters.

Guralnick devotes more space to country and rockabilly than to blues, but in large degree he sees little difference among these forms. They are labels of convenience; they refer to unimportant formalistic aspects of the people's music. He is clearly fascinated by white singers who love blues and black singers who listen to the Grand Old Opry. Perhaps the point is overdrawn, but Guralnick is right in forcefully driving home the observation that we in our secular zeal too often blind ourselves to the varieties of experience which give life to an artist's work.

I once heard Sleepy LaBeef tell an audience of locals at a roadhouse in a Chicago suburb, "If you don't know who Peter Gural-

nick is, you ought to." Guralnick's honesty and willingness to immerse himself in all aspects of his musical passions set him apart as a writer. He is a fan of the failures as well as the successes, and he recognizes that the two usually coexist in close proximity. We have too often seen a distinct avoidance of the humane components of the blues. We see it reduced to a series of statistics and effects and thrills. Peter Guralnick presents us with an album of portraits of artists who are virtually obsessed with moral concerns, yet all too often as listeners and writers we have reduced these artists to machines by which to boogie or "get off." We need to know how to steer clear of the lowest common denominator—not just the lowest, but all aspects of the low. I can't help feeling that a reading of *Last Highway* would be a great (and entertaining) help in pursuit of this goal.

—*stew tomashefsky*

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Puente, solo (3/23); Sunny Murray, solo (3/29); Ronald Shannon Jackson (4/12); Eugene Chadbourne (4/18); John Zorn (4/19); New Rican Village (Tue.); call 581-7032.

Sweet Basil: Name jazz nightly; call 242-1785.

Tin Palace: Name jazz nightly; call 674-9115.

Village Gate: *One Mo' Time*, a musical revue featuring Jabbo Smith (Tue.-Sun.); call 255-4037.

Village Vanguard: Dave Liebman (3/21-23); Phil Woods (3/25-30); Horace Silver (4/1-6); *Old & New Dreams* (4/8-13); Richie Cole (4/15-20).

West End: Swinging jazz nightly; call 666-8750.

Carnegie Hall: Mel Torme & guests (3/28-30).

Carnegie Recital Hall: Liz Gorrill (3/23).

Rutgers University (Livingston, New Jersey): Music of Benny Golson feat. Frank Foster & Tommy Turrentine (3/25); Music of Kenny Dorham feat. Cecil & Ron Bridgewater (4/8); admission free; call 201-932-4150.

Jazzline: 421-3592.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: James Moody with Johnny Coles, tpt (3/19-23); Elvin Jones Quintet w/Andrew White and Ari Brown, saxes (3/26-30); Gerry Mulligan Big Band (4/16 & 17); Philly Joe Jones Quintet (4/18-20); Ahmad Jamal Trio (4/23-27); Heath Bros. (4/30-5/4); Art Farmer Quartet (5/7-11); Max Roach Quartet (5/14-18); 337-1000.

Blackstone Hotel: Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band (4/13); Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers and Betty Carter (5/16); call 337-1000 for details.

Rick's Cafe American: Anita O'Day (3/18-29); Earl Hines (4/1-12); George Shearing (4/15-5/10); Bill Evans (5/13-24); 943-9200.

Wise Fools Pub: Albert Collins (3/26-29, tent.); Fenton Robinson (4/2-5, tent.); 929-1510.

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 666-1881.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): Jimmy Smith (3/20-23); Pharoah Sanders (3/27-30); Willie Bobo (4/10-13); Seawind (4/17-20); Contemporary Records Recording Artists, including Joe Henderson, Joe Farrell, George Cables, possibly Art Pepper (4/24-27); Hank Crawford (5/1-4 & 8-11); Joe Williams (5/15-18); 379-4998.

Dorothy Chandler Pavilion: "A Celebration With Song" concert with The Orchestra, including Quincy Jones, Freddie Hubbard, Phil Woods, others (4/1); call 972-7211 for info.

Parisian Room (Washington & La Brea): Eddie Harris, Art Blakey, Hank Crawford, Sonny Stitt, Joe Williams; 936-8704.

Pasquale's (Malibu): Joe Pass, Art Pepper, Supersax, others; 456-2007 for specific dates.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Name artists, including Phil Woods, John Wood, John Abercrombie, others; for info call 372-6911.

Donte's (N. Hollywood): Art Pepper, Grant Geissman, Bob Magnusson, others; call 769-1566.

Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico): Jazz every Sunday night, including Bobby Bradford, Vinny Golia, Nels Cline, John Carter, Alex Cline, others; 475-8388.

MIAMI

Bayshore Inn: Joe Roland Duo (Tue.-Sun.); 858-1431.

Giovanni's: Maria Marshall (Tue.-Sun.); 665-3822.

Les Jardins: Gap Mangione (Mon.-Sat.); 871-3430.

Bubba's (Ft. Lauderdale): Eddie Higgins/Ira Sullivan Quartet (Mon.-Sat.) plus guest stars Jackie and Roy Kral (3/3-3/15), Charlie Byrd (3/27-4/5), Betty Carter (4/14-4/19), Monty Alexander (4/21-5/3), Clark Terry (5/5-5/17), Dexter Gordon (5/19-5/31); 944-0164.

Hidden Harbor (boat cruise) (Pompano Beach): Andy Bartha (Fri.); 781-1500.

Stan's Lounge (Commercial Blvd. at Intercoastal): Andy Bartha (Sun.).

Auntl Mame's (Ft. Lauderdale): Bill Allred's Continental Jazz Band (Tue.-Sun.).

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Ground Round (Ft. Lauderdale): Harry Epp & Friends (Fri.-Sat.).

Bahia Mar Resort Hotel (Ft. Lauderdale Beach): Don Goldie & Friends (Thu.-Sat.); 944-6716.

ST. LOUIS

Edison Theatre (Wash. U.): Art Blakey (3/24); Jack DeJohnette (3/25); ticket info at 889-5000.

Powell Symphony Hall: New Music Circle presents a Robert Wykes Commission (5/10-11); ticket info at 726-1752.

Moose Lounge: Freddie Washington Quintet (Thurs.-Sat.); 385-5700.

Lucius Boomer: Con Alma with Gordon Lawrence (Mon.); From This Moment On (Tue.); Quint (Wed.); Fairchild (Thurs.); Jerry Morris Jazz Company (Fri. & Sat.); 621-8155.

Upstream: Con Alma (Fri. & Sat.); 421-6002.

MONTREAL

Rising Sun: International jazz and blues groups (Tue.-Sun.); Woody Shaw (3/25-30).

L'Air du Temps: Local jazz groups (nightly).

Rockhead's Paradise: Nelson Symonds (Wed.-Mon.).

Jazz Bar C.&J.: Ivan Symonds (Mon.-Sat.).

Le Foyer: B.T. Lundy & Buddy Jordan (Mon.-Sat.).

Cock & Bull: Al Peters Jazz Band (Sun.).

Beacon Arms (Ottawa): Son Seals (4/7-12).

C.W.'s (Ottawa): Jazz Ottawa session (Mon.); jazz groups (Tue.-Sat.).

Black Bottom (Ottawa): Apex Jazz Band (Fri.); Bytown Jazz Band (Sat.).

Jazz Ottawa Jazz Line: (613) 232-7755.

BOSTON

Lulu White's: Horace Silver (3/18-23); Joe Williams (4/9-13 & 15-20); 423-3652.

Sandy's Jazz Revival (Beverly): Reopens 4.1 with name acts; 922-7515.

Wally's Cafe: Lloyd Wilson Trio plus jammers with Arlene Bennett (Thurs.-Sun.); open sessions for over a quarter-century; 424-2408.

Sunflower Cafe (Harvard Sq.): Bob Holloway 4 (3/23 & 24); also Chuck Chaplin 4, Semanya McCord, Shelley Isaacs Band, Ken Hollman 5, Randy Roos Band, The Fringe, Craig Purpura 4; 864-8450. Live broadcasts over WCAS Sundays at 3.

Boston Sackbut Week: 4/6-12 featuring concerts, church services, community affairs.

Jazzline (Courtesy WBUR and Jazz Coalition): 262-1300.

CLEVELAND

Cleveland State University: The Heath Bros. (3/15, 8 pm); call 687-2033 for other events on campus.

Peabody's Cafe: Tom Browne (4/16 & 17); jazz most nights; call 321-4072.

Theatrical: Glen Covington (3/10-29); Roy Liberto Dixieland Band (3/31-4/19); Tom Scott Trio (4/21-5/10); Sally Lynn (5/12-24).

Northeast Ohio Jazz Society: Call 752-0155 for information and membership.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard Lounge: Milt Jackson Quartet (3/7-16); Elvin Jones Quintet (3/18-23); Betty Carter and her Trio (3/25-30); Tom Brown Quintet (4/4-13); David Valentin (4/18-27); Mark Murphy and his Trio (4/29-5/4); call 864-1200 for details.

Royal Oak Music Theatre (Royal Oak): Maynard Ferguson (3/29); Chick Corea (3/30); call 547-1555 for details.

The Gnome: Local jazz groups; call 833-0210.

Showcase Jazz: East Lansing Blues and Jazz Festival, with Gil Scott-Heron (tent.), David Grisman Quartet, others being scheduled; call (517) 355-7675.

KANSAS CITY

Uptown Theater: Marian McPartland and Dave Brubeck (3/22).

Women's Jazz Festival: Cleo Laine, Joanne Brackeen, Carla Bley, Jill McManus and WJF All-Stars, Mary Watkins Band, Dianne Reeves, Bonnie Janofsky-Ann Patterson Band plus clinics, workshops, jams, special events; (3/20-23); (816) 361-8619.

Wichita Jazz Festival: Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Band, Gerry Mulligan Band, Milt Jackson, Clark Terry, Dave Friesen/John Stowell, and others; clinics, workshops, high school and college jazz performances (4/18-20); for further information send SASE to 1737 S. Mission Rd., Wichita, Kansas 67207; (316) 683-2284.

Pierson Hall (UMKC): Jazz Piano Festival (4/21); for further information, call (816) 361-5200.

MILWAUKEE

Performing Arts Center: Chick Corea (3/25); call 273-7121.

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

Crown Room: Buddy Montgomery Quintet (Wed. & Fri., cocktail hour); Penny Goodwin (Mon.-Sat.).

Milwaukee Jazz Gallery: James Moody (3/27-29); Phil Woods (3/11 & 12); Heath Brothers (4/7 & 8); local and Chicago jazz (Tue.-Thurs.); call 263-5718.

ATLANTA

E.J.'s: Charlie Byrd (3/24); Herb Ellis (4/16-28); further info at 262-1377.

Walter Mitty's: Charley Williams Quartet (nightly); 876-7115.

Donte's Down the Hatch: Paul Mitchell Trio (nightly); 577-1800.

Two Hundred South: Local jazz nightly (9 pm-3 am); jam session on weekends (11:30 am-3 am); call 755-3232.

LONDON

Ronnie Scott's (Soho): Buddy Rich (3/20-22); Lorez Alexandria (3/24-29); Dexter Gordon (3/31-4/12); Earl Hines (4/14-26); Horace Silver (4/28-5/10); Woody Herman (5/12-17); Gerry Mulligan (5/19-31); 439-0747.

King's Head (Fulham High St.): Modern jazz every Fri. & Sat.; 736-1413.

100 Club (Oxford St.): Trad. jazz every Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.; modern jazz every Mon.; reggae every Thurs.; Little Brother Montgomery (3/30); 636-0933.

Bull's Head (Barnes): Modern/mainstream Mon. thru Sun. & Sun. lunchtime; 876-5241.

BUFFALO

Kleinhans Music Hall: Buffalo Philharmonic Jazz Series; Gerry Mulligan (3/20).

University of Buffalo: Jazz Concert Series with Univ. of Buffalo Big Band and Combo directed by Lee Bash, Baird Recital Hall (4/3); Katherine Cornell Theatre (4/29).

Schuper House: Blues, jazz, folk, rock Tue.-Sun.; Bobby Previte & Pull to Open (3/21 & 22); Open All Nite (3/28); Atmosphere (3/29); call 877-9287.

Anchor Bar: Johnny Gibson Trio with vocalist Gerrl Peters (Fri.-Sun.).

CINCINNATI

Blue Wisp: Art Farmer Quartet (5/5-6); 16-pc. local big band (Wed.); Steve Schmidt Trio (Thurs.-Sat.); 871-9941.

Classic Jazz Society of Southwestern Ohio: Monthly jazz concerts; write Box 653, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

Edwards: Jimmy McGary Quartet (Fri. & Sat.); 381-2030.

Emanon: Ed Moss 7-Piece Big Band (3/19-22); Ed Moss Quartet (Wed.-Sat.); Elliott Jablonski & Billy Yankin (Sun. & Mon.); 281-9522.

Taft Theatre: Chick Corea (3/28); 281-4448.

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