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the contemporary music magazine

down beat®

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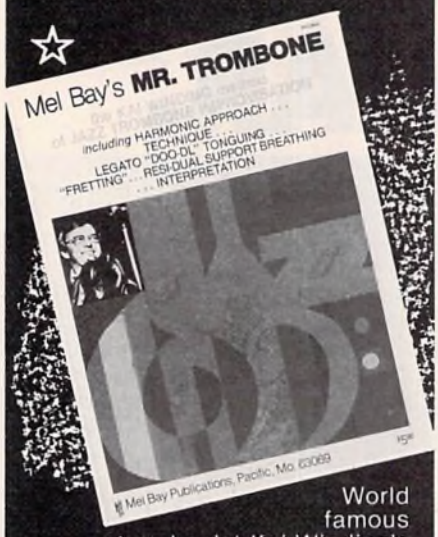

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education in jazz

——— by Marian McPartland

Today, in our fast-moving competitive world, more and more young people, women as well as men, are seeking a career in music. In order to reach their individual goals, whether as performers, teachers, or composers, they must be educated, for

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Naturally, I, as a woman musician, am eager to see other women fulfill their creative needs. All of us—men *and* women, if we are to grow as musicians and human beings, must nurture our talent, pool our resources, share our knowledge in the best possible way.

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Marian McPartland

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

With the school year coming to an end, our mail is heavy with students (and teachers) looking for answers to questions about making a living in music. We try to answer school administrators' questions about music career courses but it's not possible to answer individual letters or phone calls. Here is some advice distilled from the experiences of thousands of working professionals, including the musicians featured in this issue.

- Don't give up on going to, or staying in college. A degree is essential if you're going to teach and it's very likely that you will want to teach some time in your musical life. You don't need a degree to play bar mitzvahs or work in the studios but you do need, in addition to a good fake book, all the skills you can get from a good music school. Degree or not, college is the place to play many kinds of music and learn from your mistakes.
- Shop around for a school that has what you need. With enrollments dropping, many colleges, and even conservatories, are hard-selling tuitions. Out of self-preservation, they are adding business-of-music courses and allowing course credit for students working as interns in recording studios, record stores, instrument factories, and what all.

Don't leave home base for the big city music scene before you have honestly answered the following questions.

- Have you exhausted all the possibilities of making a career in music in your home town?
- Do you have all the technical skills and business knowledge it takes to be a successful working musician or a sound engineer, copyist, personal manager or whatever?
- Do you have enough money to live on in Big City, USA for at least three months—more if you have others to support? Or do you like driving a taxi?
- Do you know how to get that important first job? You must be prepared to "hang out"—be visible, available, and prepared!—until someone recommends you to someone else. Word-of-mouth recommendation is what outsiders refer to as "luck" or "knowing someone."

If you are sure that you are ready, go and don't look back. Better to know now if you can make it than reach middle age and wonder "if only I had tried." If you have doubts about making it in music, you won't.

(See **down beat**'s yearbook, *Music Handbook '80*, now available, which includes the fifth edition of a Guide to Music Careers, Guide to College Jazz Studies and Commercial Music, directories of artists, managers, agents, and record companies; musicians' guide to instruments and equipment, how to produce, manufacture, and sell a record; and many transcriptions of famous jazz solos . . . $1.95 from **down beat**, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.)

Next issue: down beat celebrates its 46th anniversary with a cover story on Maynard Ferguson plus feature articles on the current doings of James Moody and Joanne Brackeen, and an examination of the early music education of the late Clifford Brown.

George Shearing's Accompanist

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Photo by John Myers

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Berendt's Berlin backlash: some final words

Since Joachim-Ernst Berendt's Caught (**db** Feb. '80) contained a "general critique" of the groups and re-groups arranged by Manfred Eicher for ECM Records, I thought I should inform you and your readers of the groups and re-groups I have taken part in with ECM. These include the albums *Danca Das Cabecas*, with Nana Vasconcelos; *Sol Do Meio Dia*, with Nana Vasconcelos, Jan Garbarek, Collin Walcott and Ralph Towner; *Solo, Magico* and *Folk Song*, with Charlie Haden and Jan Garbarek; and *Saudades*, with Nana Vasconcelos, where I participated as a musician and composer of the music for the strings.

I have had total liberty from Manfred Eicher and the company regarding choice of partners and music, since our interest (mine and the company's) coincides in making music that reveals friendship, affection, love and respect, in a process of absolute trust.

Regarding the trio referred to in Mr. Berendt's article (Haden, Garbarek and myself): it was invented by Charlie Haden and me at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, when I was there playing with Nana Vasconcelos. Manfred Eicher, Haden, Garbarek and myself liked the idea very much and for this reason we did two albums and one tour between June and December 1979. I am certain that there wasn't any kind of pressure on myself by ECM for this or any other project.

Thank you for your attention and for the support given to my music.

Egberto Gismonti — Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

In Joachim Berendt's review of the Berlin Jazz Festival, the writer implies that ECM brought Gismonti, Garbarek and me together by saying, "Manfred Eicher groups and re-groups the men of his company," and "This, really, is 'ECM Music.'" This is a mistaken assumption on Mr. Berendt's part. ECM did not group us. I heard Egberto's music on a Brazilian label, not ECM, and subsequently went to talk to him at a performance in San Francisco about playing and recording together.

We asked ECM to record us because we believe in the integrity of the label and of Manfred Eicher.

Charlie Haden — Pacific Palisades, Cal.

More Madison madness

After reading "Wisconsin Students Shun Sebesky Suite of Classical Themes" (Feb. '80, News), I can only wonder at the quality and mentality of these kids. Sebesky is probably the most creative arranger and orchestrator in the business.

Let's hope that Richard Davis, Professor of Jazz Studies at the school and a fantastic bassist and musician, is allowed to "do his thing." It's a sad state of affairs when amateurs are allowed to dictate to professionals.

Angelo DiPippo — Garden City, N.Y.

Being a full time university student myself, I know that many times the legitimate music departments are staffed with "music professors" who know nothing about any form of music past 1900. Perhaps these Wisconsin students were influenced by faculty members to take the last minute stance. If not, let's hear their side of the story.

Jeff Enloe — Reseda, Cal.

Mayor Jackson plaudits

One of my priorities as Mayor of Atlanta has been to increase the audience for jazz in this city. For the past two years this interest has been manifested in the Atlanta Free Jazz Festival sponsored by the City of Atlanta Department of Cultural Affairs. As we enter the '80s, the festival is now established as a major musical event in the South and we appreciate the efforts **down beat** has taken to help publicize it.

Thank you for your support and best wishes for the continued success of your magazine.

Maynard Jackson — Atlanta, Ga.
Mayor

Dixieland devotees

Congratulations to Lee Jeske and **db** for a long-deserved portrait on a master stylist and fellow trombonist, Vic Dickenson (March '80). Young trombonists and readers would do well to select from Dickenson's discography and become familiar with Vic's very personal, sly, and occasionally tongue-in-cheek style—a sound that's instantly recognizable. It's a joy to read in **db** about a jazzman who doesn't take himself too se-

continued on page 69

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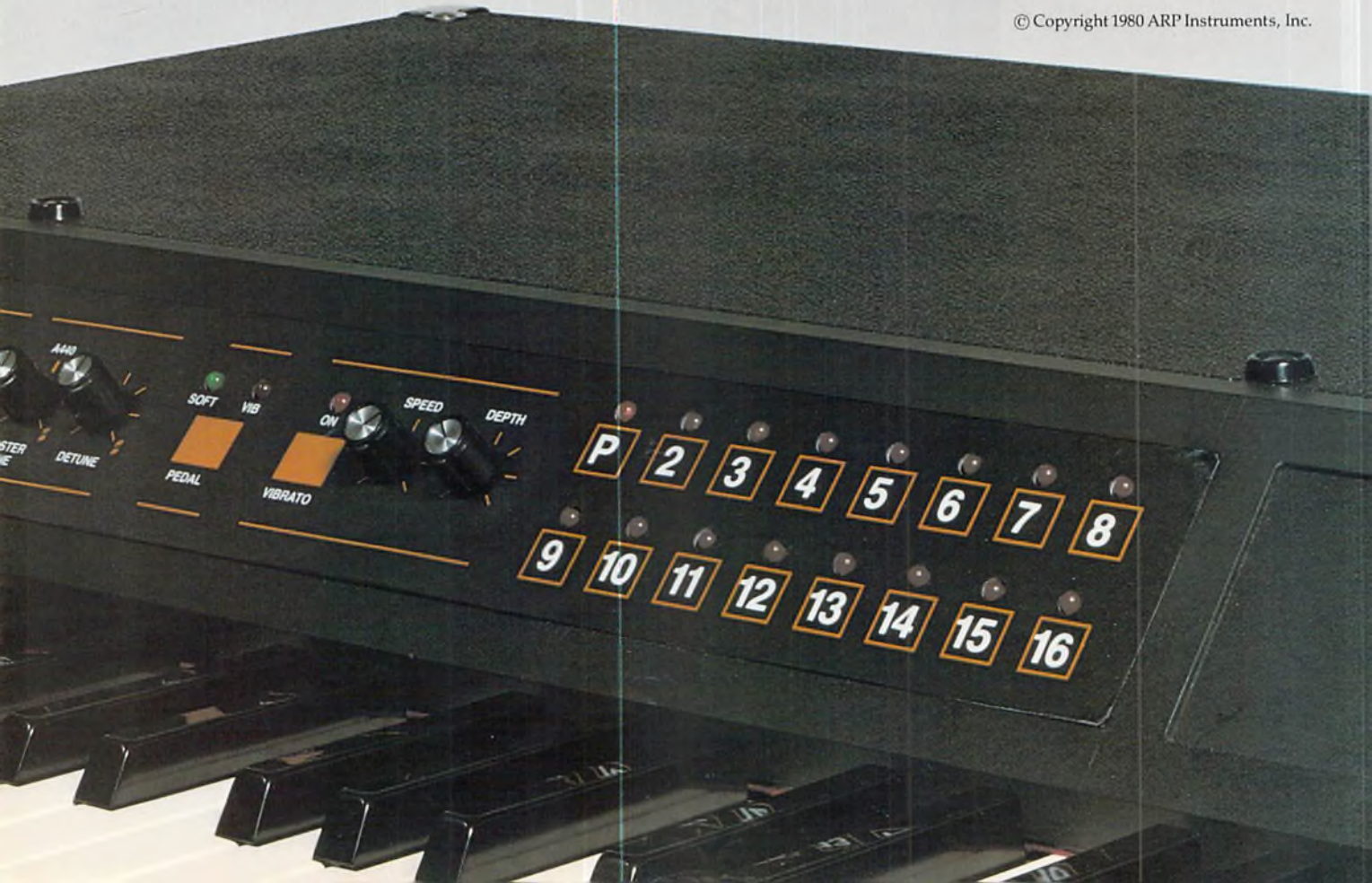


Kool Newport Fest: Jazz Scan

NEW YORK—The Kool Newport Jazz Festival begins June 27, runs for 10 days at venues in Manhattan, Waterloo Village (New Jersey) and Saratoga, N.Y., and is presenting a wide ranging overview of music.

Highlights include the opening night's Tribute To Charlie Parker, with beboppers galore running from Carnegie to Avery Fisher Hall, to work two concerts led by Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach. Further special tributes include Puttin' On The Ritz, dedicated to Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, Swingin' Taps with Benny Carter leading an orchestra to accompany tap dancers, We Remember Eddie Jefferson with Manhattan Transfer, James Moody, Jon Hendricks and Betty Carter, a Gato Barbieri Retrospective, and The Blues Is A Woman, with Beulah Bryant, Nell Carter, Adelaide Hall, Linda Hopkins, Koko Taylor, Big Mama Thornton, and Sippie Wallace.

Town Hall will host a series of avant garde performances, featuring Beaver Harris' and Don Pullen's band, Jack DeJohnette with Arthur Blythe, and James Blood Ulmer; the Art Ensemble of Chicago; the bands of Carla Bley and Robert Kraft; the World Saxophone Quartet and Archie Shepp; and an all star avant garde orchestra meeting the arrangements of the masters (Ellington, played their way). Solo piano concerts at 5 p.m. daily at Carnegie Recital Hall feature Jaki Byard, Dardanelle, Leroy Jenkins (violin), Hilton Ruiz, Mitchell Foreman, John Hicks, Eddie Heywood and Jimmy Rowles.

Waterloo Village will also showcase Swingin' Pianos, with Dick Hyman, Ralph Sutton, Derek Smith, Dave McKenna, Claude Williams and Jay McShann, as well as the jazz picnic. Count Basie and Sy Oliver will lead dance bands at Roseland; National Public Radio will broadcast Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin's big band with guests Curtis Fuller, Gillespie and Roach, and Phil Woods. Chick Corea will play a childrens' matinee. Among the major evening concerts, at Carnegie or Avery Fisher Hall, are Angela Bofill's Newport debut, the pairings of Dave Brubeck and Carmen McRae, Sarah Vaughan and Herbie Hancock and friends, Stan Getz' and Dexter Gordon's bands, Max Roach and McCoy Tyner's groups, Chick Corea and Gerry Mulligan, a Jazz Latino concert with Tito Puente, Mongo Santamaria, the orchestra of Charlie and Eddie Palmieri with Diz as special guest, and a Staten Island ferry trad concert.

Saratoga, an open air site in upstate New York, holds two days of Newport, and among the players venturing there are Vaughan, Fats Domino, Corea, Brubeck, Ronnie Laws, Spyro Gyra, Akiyoshi-Tabackin, Linda Hopkins, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, and John Abercrombie (on July 5); George Benson, Herbie Hancock, Torme, Cleo Laine with John Dankworth, Diz, Grappelli, Elvin Jones, Joe Pass, Woods, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Larry Coryell, Braff and the Heaths (July 6). Newport ends in Manhattan July 6 with a free jazz fair on 52nd St., where Abercrombie, Chico Freeman, Beaver Harris' 360 Degrees, Billy Harper, Francis Haynes' Steel Drum Orchestra, Roy Haynes, Hungarian bassist Aladar Pege, Gene Perla and Stone Alliance, Charlie Rouse, Woody Shaw, and the McDonald's High School big band will perform.

Write Kool Newport Jazz Festival, P.O. Box 1169, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023 or call (212) 787-2020 for ticket information.

NEWS

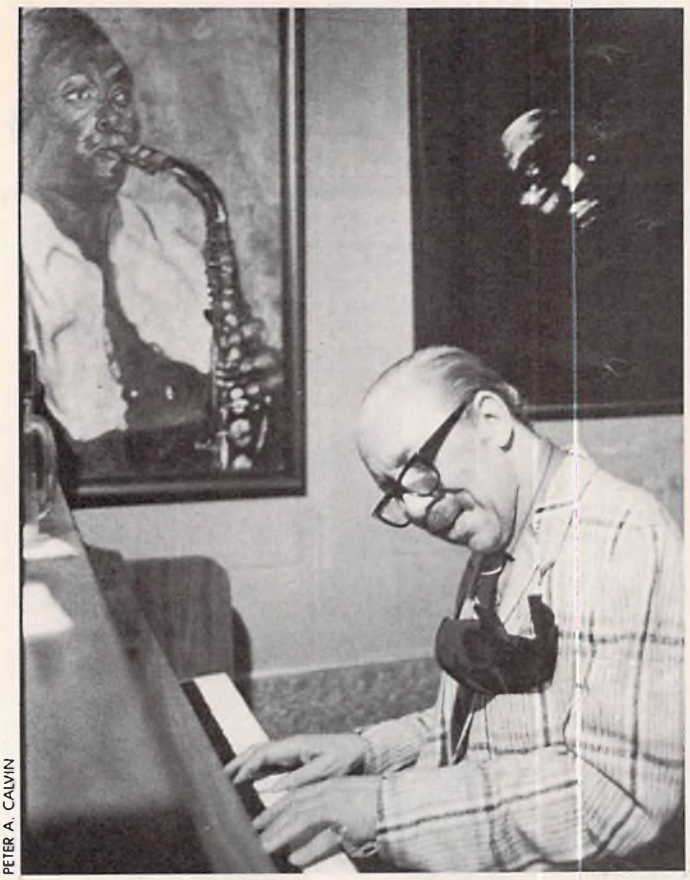
DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Charlie Morrow, pounding an American Indian gong while he "dream sings," is a director of the New Wilderness Foundation, producer of experimental music cassettes, composer of macrocosmic works and radio-tv commercials. He and David Byrne's ensemble, Alvin Curran, "Blue" Gene Tyranny, Robert Ashley, Pauline Oliveros, Michael Nyman, Laurie Anderson, Leroy Jenkins and Oliver Lake, Steve Reich and Philip Glass are among the guests of the Walker Art Center and the Minneapolis Star June 7-15, when New Music America will feature daily concerts, installations and learned symposia. An outgrowth of last year's New Music New York, the weeklong fest promises an earful of the future.

POTPOURRI

Orrin Keepnews resigned as vice-president and director of jazz a&r at Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone/Stax, to concentrate on independent productions for artists including **Sonny Rollins** and **McCoy Tyner** . . . Taller De Musicos, three musicians who started a jazz school in Barcelona, is holding an International Jazz Seminar in Spain 5/26-6/8, with **Chuck Israels, Bill Goodwin, Jerry Dodgion, Thad Jones** and **Jimmy Knepper** as teachers . . . **Martin Williams** of the Smithsonian Institution is trying to compile an LP of the 18 known recordings by **Charles Mingus** from his early, Post Office-West Coast days; originally 78s, the discs were put out by record stores in limited amounts under their own label names: Excelsior, Atomic, Exclusive, Black & White; if you have any of these pressings, contact Williams at 2100 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington, D.C. 20560 . . . **Grover Washington Jr.** enrolled in Temple University, pursuing a Ph.D. in musicology . . . Pianist/composer **Duke Pearson** has been presented a special award honoring persons who contributed significantly to black culture in Atlanta, GA . . . Creative Music Studio's summer sessions are on World Music (6/16-7/20) and New Concepts in Composition, led by trombonist/composer **George Lewis** 7/28-8/24; write P.O. Box 671, Woodstock, NY 12498 or call (914)338-7640 . . . **Phil Bernie,** president of Mockingbird Records, says he's looking for any type of talent to feature on the three month old label; write him at 1400 Williamsburg Dr., Plano (suburb of Dallas) Texas 75074 or call (214) 422-4231 . . . correction: **Bruce Cameron,** we're informed by Ed Sandoval, plays trumpet, flugelhorn and cornet, not piano as we printed in **db**'s March pot column.

The 18 piece University of Nevada at **Las Vegas Jazz Ensemble** played the U.S. Senate Office Building in Washington, D.C. in late March, as guests of Sen. Howard Cannon, having raised funds for the trip as interns in Vegas showroom bands . . . Composer/conductor **David Amram** led a 44 member Toronto Symphony plus Arab Traditional Music Ensemble, Margaret Christl, the Friends of Fiddler's Green, a Latin jazz quintet and Winston Wuttunee in a program called "Twentieth Century Symphonic Music: Folk Roots," sponsored by the Mariposa Folk Foundation . . . **Neftali Santiago,** a former member of Mandrill, used a new synthesizer, "The Beast," on a Capitol 45 rpm called *Land Of The Drums*—the instrument, invented by Louis and Barbara Marvin, programs 450 animal sounds from throughout the world, reproducing them in any combination, rhythm or desired pitch . . . Pianist/composer **Yusuf Salim,** aka Joe Blair, hosts a 14 program tv series, *Yusuf And Friends,* produced for the University of North Carolina television network by Joe Vanderford, featuring interviews and performances by active local players including Chip Crawford, Butch Lacy, the Brazilian band Minas, bassist Rachiim Sahu and the band Hands . . .



PETER A. CALVIN

Dallas Honors Pianist Garland

DALLAS—March 2 was Red Garland day, celebrating the pianist well known for teaming with Miles Davis in the '50s, whose activities have resurfaced through new Galaxy recordings. At a tribute concert held at the Recovery Room, Garland, age 57, was presented with a proclamation by Dallas Mayor Bob Folsom and given a plaque by the Dallas Jazz Society, Inc., making him an honorary life-time member.

Robert Sanders and the Recovery Room All-Stars (Bill Sikes, bass; Allen Green, drums) worked one set, and tenor saxist Marshall Ivery's quartet, with Glenn Moon on bass, Walter Winn on drums and Red (born William M.) on piano, played another. Sitting in were such local stalwarts as tenorist Lewis Hubert, baritone saxman Ron Brown, sopranist Peter Vollmers and Joe Benashan, flugelhorn and alto saxman. The painting of Bird is by drummer Winn.

—peter a. calvin

FINAL BAR

Bobby Jones, reedman in the Glenn Miller Orchestra, with Woody Herman, Jack Teagarden and, briefly, Charles Mingus, died March 6 in Munich, Germany. He was 52, and had suffered from emphysema for several years. Jones, primarily a tenor saxist, led two record dates, *The Arrival Of Bobby Jones* on Cobblestone and *Hill Country Suite* on Enja. In recent years he had tried arranging and studied the guitar, to remain active in music despite his debilitating illness.

Clarence "Shorty" Sherock, one of the most respected trumpeters of the swing era, died Feb. 26 in Los Angeles following a long illness; he was 74. Though never a superstar, Sherock was well respected among his peers as a solid player who handled solo and section work with equal skill. He played lead trumpet in the 1936 Ben Pollack band, and worked as well with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Gene Krupa, Alvino Rey, Raymond Scott and Horace Heidt. He led his own big band from 1945 to '47, rejoined Jimmy Dorsey briefly, then settled in Northridge, Ca. and began a successful career as a freelance Hollywood musician, recording with the studio orchestras of David Rose, Nelson Riddle and Billy May; his trumpet breaks grace several Frank Sinatra LPs. Sherock was active until last fall. He is survived by his wife Elaine, who was vocalist in his band, and a son.

Pioneering jazz band drummer **Jimmy Crawford,** rhythmic linchpin of the Jimmie Lunceford band from 1929 to '42, died of natural causes Jan. 27 in his New York City home; he was 70. Born in Memphis, Tenn., Crawford was a self taught drummer who first came to Lunceford's attention as a student at Manassa High School, where Lunceford taught. Crawford joined Lunceford's band when it was two years old, and remained until he left to work in a defense plant in '42. He played briefly with Ben Webster on 52nd St. before entering the Army in '43. There he performed with service bands led by Walter Gross and Sy Oliver, who had arranged for Lunceford. Mustered out in '45, Crawford returned to NYC, spending several years with clarinetist Edmond Hall at Cafe Society, among other gigs. In the early '50s he began performing with Broadway show pit bands, and as a studio drummer he recorded with leading entertainers such as Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney and Mary Martin, as well as being featured on numerous jazz and big band dates led by Benny Goodman, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie, Mel Powell, Neal Hefti and others. Crawford retired in '72.

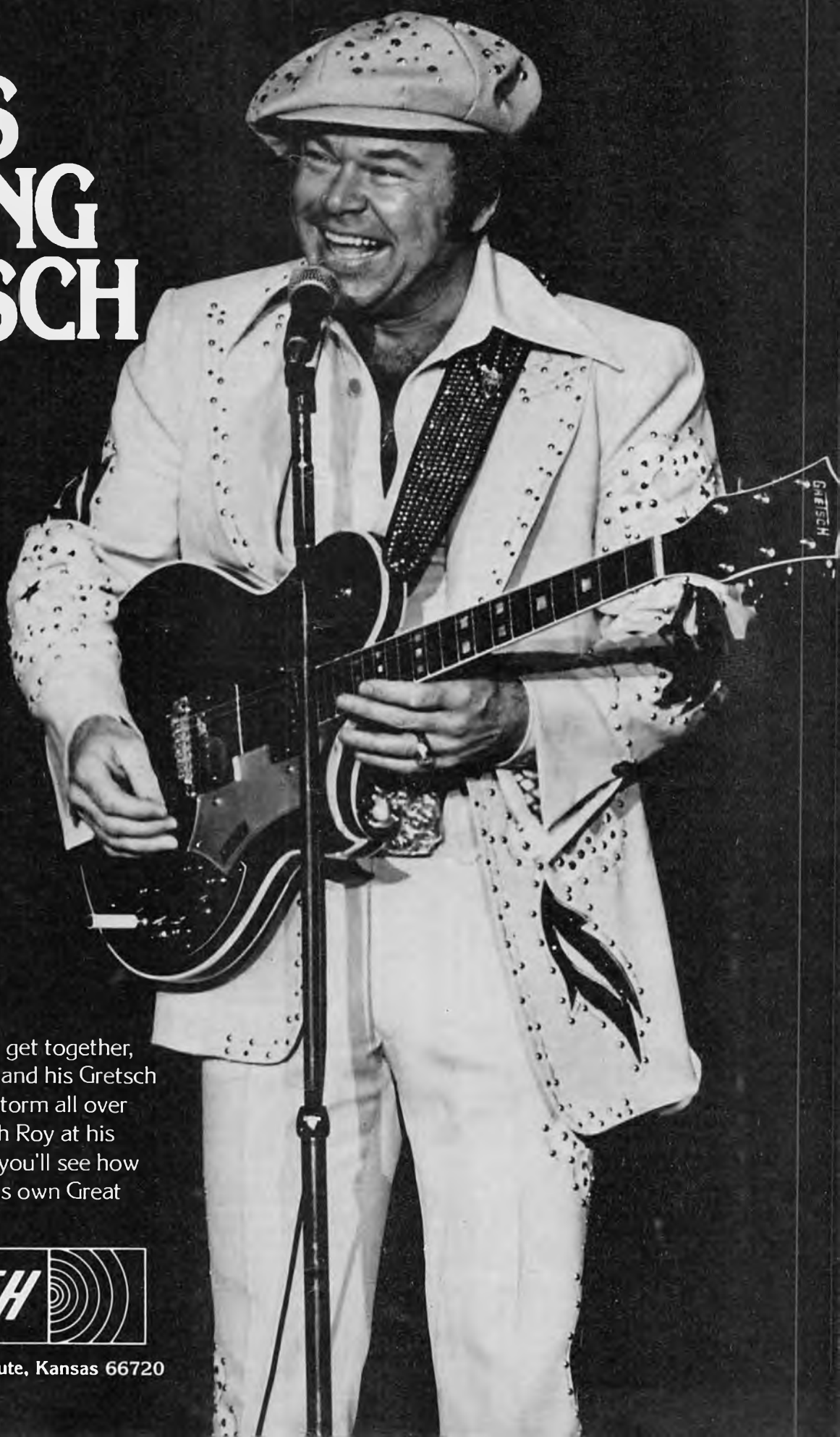
Arthur W. Dedrick, president and co-founder of Kendor Music, Inc., died January 20; he was an initiator of the school jazz band movement, following a professional career as a trombonist and arranger with the big bands of Red Norvo, Joe Marsala, Claude Thornhill and Vaughn Monroe, and for Buffalo radio stations WGR and WBEN. While teaching public school instrumental music, he recognized the need for student level stage band music and began to write and publish playable big band charts; eventually these numbered over 300, compositions as well as arrangements. He is survived by his wife, four children and grandchildren.

Drummer **Nathaniel "Wheaty" Morris,** a St. Louis native who worked with several big bands during the swing era and played into the '70s with organist Jackie Davis, died December 25, 1979 following a lengthy illness. He is survived by his wife and children, including a daughter who drums.

POTPOURRI

Tenor saxist **Ves Nolan** has opened The Jazz Musician, a club in San Jose's downtown DeAnza Hotel formerly used by saxophonist **Sonny Simmons** for Sunday jams, but now a 200 seater that started with **Richie Cole** and has booked Philly Joe Jones, Pony Poindexter, Gil Evans and others upcoming . . . the Aspen Music Festival (31 seasons old) will hold an Audio Recording Institute as part of its music school curriculum, with **Harold Boxer,** music director of Voice of America, heading it in three sessions: 6/23-7/13, 7/14-8/3, and 8/4-8/24—write 1860 Broadway, Suite 401, NY, NY 10023 or call (212)581-2196 . . . WYJZ-AM, Pittsburgh's black owned radio station, is now broadcasting 80 per cent jazz, 20 per cent gospel, with **db** correspondent D.J. Fabilli hosting mornings and serving as program director . . . **db's** Detroit correspondent David Wild has collaborated with author/producer Michael Cuscuna on *Ornette Coleman 1958-1979: A Discography,* with complete recording details, a brief biography, stylistic appreciation and photos, available at $5.50 postpaid from WILDMUSIC, Dept. D, P.O. Box 2138, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 . . . Indiana University's School of Music hosts the 12th Annual Horn Workshop 6/15-20 in Bloomington, with guest lecturers and clinicians from around the world including the US' **Dale Clevenger, Peter Gordon** and **William Lane,** and a performance featuring works of the winners of the International Society's Composition Contest . . . the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts holds a Percussion Master Class and Ensemble 7/7-25, and a Composer's Workshop 6/30-7/25, which will culminate in a three day mini-fest of contemporary music—write Box 1020, Station PC, Banff, Alberta, Canada TOL OCO . . . Ludwig Industries' Eastern and Western Division Percussion Symposiums will be held, respectively, at University of Tennessee in Knoxville, 7/6-12, and at California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, 7/27-8/2; for info write Karl Dustman at Ludwig, 1728 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647 . . . Baton Rouge's WRBT-TV and monthly magazine format entertainment program, *Louisiana Magazine,* sponsored a second annual Louisiana Music Poll and 1st annual Songwriter's Contest . . . Brassman/composer **Stanton Davis** joined the New England Conservatory's faculty as Artist-In-Residence, and the NEC's Summer school, 6/30-8/8 will offer **Ran Blake's** Third Stream Workshop Level 1, **Robert Ceely's** *Electronic Music Workshop,* and a guitar workshop; write Robert L. Annis, 290 Huntington Ave., Boston MA 02115 . . . Studio Red Top, at 76 Batterymarch St. (fifth floor) in Boston, continues Jam Sessions for Women and their Friends on Wednesday nights . . . the 12th Annual Quinnipiac College Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in mid April honored **Euble Blake** with a testimonial dinner . . . The International Trumpet Guild's 1980 Conference will be at Ohio State University, Columbus, 6/18-6/21, with visiting artists including **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Bobby Shew;** write to Dr. Richard Burkart, O.S.U. School of Music, Columbus Ohio 43210.

LOOK WHO'S PLAYING GRETSCH



When two Superstars get together, watch out! Roy Clark and his Gretsch are now pickin' up a storm all over the countryside. Catch Roy at his next appearance and you'll see how Superpicker makes his own Great Gretsch Sound.

GRETSCH

908 West Chestnut / Chanute, Kansas 66720

Tami Schultz, alto and flute, of Kent-Meridian High School (Washington) won the National Association of Jazz Educators' 1980 $500 Young Jazz Talent Award, made possible by the Jack Lewerke Jazz Education Memorial Fund.

West States Federate Jazz Societies

LAS VEGAS—In a sometimes discursive but ultimately rewarding work session, over 50 representatives from jazz societies, musicians, administrators and press from ten states convened in late February to form a Western Regional Federation of Jazz. A parade of opinions displayed the need for jazz people to create a blanket organization to provide support for common problems.

A recurrent theme was the sense of a Western community, far removed from the centers of jazz business and bureaucracy: New York and Washington, D.C. It was noted, for example, that jazz grants from the National Endowment for the Arts went to recipients in only seven states west of the Mississippi in Fiscal Year '79.

Monk Montgomery, bassist and president of the host Las Vegas Jazz Society, has been a Federation catalyst. He said in opening remarks, "We live in a society that is controlled by systems, and in jazz we are not used to that so much. But we have the expertise among us, here, today, to change that."

The proposed Federation would encourage the exchange of information and aid among jazz support groups and musicians in the West; promote the continued education of the public about jazz, and give individual musicians and non-profit groups help in dealing with public and private grant sources, with technical assistance, community service, regional touring, media use and school services.

Delegates came from as far as Barrow, Alaska and included representatives from Washington state, Oregon, California, Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Arizona, Texas and Utah. Observers were present from British Columbia, Chicago and New York; Aida Chapman, assistant director of the NEA's music program also spoke. Cooperation is expected from Hawaii, Wyoming, New Mexico and Montana. Societies represented had membership of three to 500.

A steering committee was elected to construct by-laws and a "statement of concerns" for the proposed Federation. Montgomery was the unanimous choice to continue leadership; others chosen were Benny Powell (Los Angeles Committee of Jazz), Orrin Keepnews (Bay Area Jazz Foundation), Duane Martin (Dallas Jazz Society), and Leo Johnson (of Las Vegas).

A final party featured music making by delegates and local residents, including some monumental blues from Joe Williams.

—maggie hawthorn

NYC, LA, & Chgo

NEW YORK NOTES: Sarah Vaughan's first nightclub appearance in five years, ten nights at the Grand Finale, was so successful she returns there 7/29-8/10 and again 11/11-23 . . . the Village Gate offers the rare opportunity to dance to swing groups like **Panama Francis'** Savoy Sultans and the **Widespread Depression Orchestra** at Saturday Midnight Stomps; the club is also screening collector David Chertok's jazz films, monthly . . . **Billy Taylor** taught ASCAP's first jazz songwriter's workshop . . . **Christian Blackwood's** *Tapdancin'* and **Gary Key's** *Memories Of The Duke* were shown together at the Museum of Modern Art's annual New Directors/New Films series; *Tapdancin'* features the **Nicholas Bros., Honi Coles, John Bubbles** and the **Copasetics;** Keys' film has footage of late Ellington performances interspersed with memories related by **Cootie Williams** and **Russell Procope** . . . the intimate West Bank Cafe, located in Manhattan Plaza, a NYC artists' residence, had **JoAnne Brackeen, Junior Mance, Joe Beck** and **Jimmy Rowles** start a series of Thursday night solo concerts . . . WKCR-FM, Columbia University's radio station at 89.9, presented a 77 hour nonstop tribute to **Teddy Wilson** in March, and an 81 hour nonstop **Oscar Pettiford** retrospective . . .

L.A. NOTES: Ella Fitzgerald was given the Will Rogers Memorial Award for her outstanding contribution to the world of entertainment in March . . . the **Bonnie Janofsky-Ann Patterson** big band, with 17 pros, all women, moved out from Sundays at BR's Saloon to play the Kansas City Women's Jazz Fest . . . Carmelo's maintains Monday nights for big bands—**Bill Holman, Clark Terry** and **Pat Longo** led aggregations and a planned Salute to Duke Ellington featured nine different big bands over a couple months' time . . . Guitarist **Grant Geissman** left **Chuck Mangione's** three-year-long employ to concentrate on his own group, which comprises Randy Kerber, keyboards; Gordon Goodwin, reeds; Jimmy Johnson, bass and Steve Turner, drums . . . 32 year old **Lou MacConnell,** tenor saxman and flutist, passed through town with

continued on p. 76

RELEASES

Start summer by spinning such discs as: **Oregon,** *In Performance,* a two-fer with old and new tunes, from Elektra—as is **Abdullah (Dollar Brand) Ibrahim's** *African Marketplace* and *After The Rain* by **Side Effect.**

The **Heath Bros.** *Live At The Public Theater* features a beefed-up drum section; **Patrick Williams** uses the London Symphony Orchestra on *An American Concerto* to frame a **Phil Woods-Dave Grusin** quartet; **Woody Shaw** is *For Sure!,* the **Isley Brothers** *Go All The Way,* **Lonnie Liston Smith** thinks *Love Is The Answer,* **Herbie Hancock** meets **Carlos Santana, Ray Parker Jr., Alphonse Mouzon** and 15 keyboard instruments on *Monster,* and **Cissy Houston** says *Step Aside For A Lady,* all on or distributed by Columbia.

From Arista, a new guitarist-singer-songwriter, **Scott Jarrett,** with some keyboard backing by brother **Keith;** also **Carmen McRae's** *I'm Coming Home Again,* a two-fer with all-star backing from **Freddie Hubbard, Grover Washington Jr., Cornell Dupree, Jorge Dalto, Hubert Laws, Buster Williams** and others.

Night Ride is keyboardist **Dan Siegel's** debut with guests J. Klemmer and L. Ritenour, on Inner City, which also debuts guitarist **Ray Wilkes** on *Dark Blue Man,* and vocalist **Yoshiko Kimura** with *Memories;* **Al Grey's** *Grey's Mood* come from the label on Classic Jazz.

Guitarist **Earl Klugh's** *Dream Come True* offers orchestra arrangements by **Dave Matthews**—it's on UA, which also sends (on EMI/America) the L.A. based band **Kittyhawk,** with Paul Edwards playing the Chapman Stick in lieu of bass *and* keyboards; and two Blue Note Classics, previously unreleased: **Lou Donaldson's** *Midnight Sun,* and **Grant Green's** *Nigeria.*

Muse issues **Kenny Burrell,** *Live At The Village Vanguard;* **Clifford Jordan** *The Adventurer;* guitarist **Vic Juris'** *Horizon Drive;* tenor saxman **Harold Ousley's** *Sweet Double Hipness,* and a repackaging of The Visitors' **(Earl** and **Carl Grubbs)** *Neptune.*

Lester Young *In Washington, D.C., 1956* comes from Pablo, as does **Stephane Grappelli + Joe Pass + Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen,** and **Count Basie** and his orchestra *On The Road,* recorded digitally.

Scott Hamilton and **Warren Vaché** collaborate on *Skyscrapers,* from Concord Jazz, which also proves **Dick Johnson** *Plays,* **Rosemary Clooney** sings *The Lyrics Of Ira Gershwin,* and **Ernestine Anderson** sings *Sunshine.* Trend/Discovery Records has **Heliocentric,** a quartet with a Latin tinge, and the **Bob Florence** Big Band *Live At Concerts By The Sea.*

PA/USA makes available here three MPS productions: **Oscar Peterson's** *Action,* pianist **Tete Montoliu's** *Piano For Nuria,* and **Alphonse Mouzon's** *Virtue.*

John Serry, late of Auricle, has *Jazziz* on Chrysalis; **Chuck Mangione** works for *Fun And Games* with a song he played at the Winter Olympics, and **Joan Armatrading's** *How Cruel* is four new songs that couldn't wait for an LP—both on A&M. **Gerry Mulligan's** New Sextet cut *Idol Gossip* for Chiaroscuro and **Benny Carter** is awarded the Time/Life Giants of Jazz treatment with an annotated three LP set.

Merle whetted your taste for country jazz? *Western Swing* vols. 4 and 5 trace the '30s on Old Timey Records (from Arhoolie, which also collected **Adolph Hofner's** *South Texas Swing).* Thinking swing—try **Dick Oxtot's** Golden Age Jazz Band's *Down In Honky Tonk Town.*

Smaller labels: **Bobby Knight's** Great American Trombone Co. toasts the *Cream Of The Crop,* Frank Rosolino's final waxing, on Pye International (London). **Stephen Roane,** bassist, has *Siblings* on Labor (NYC), with Cecil McBee, Bill Connors, Collin Walcott and others; guitarist **Nathen Page** *Plays Pretty For The People* on Hugo's Music (Oxon Hill, Maryland); the **Larry Dickson** Jazz Quartet put *Blue Bari* on Cincinnati based QCA Redmark; **Ed Conley's** *Piano Dynamics* and *Pure Piano* emanate from Skyline (of Tulsa, Ok) as does tenor saxist **Steve Wilkerson's** *Powerhouse One;* **Jim Roberts'** solo piano *Here Comes The Sun* is from Purple House Records (Ossining, NY); *And You Ain't Ready For This One Either* is by the **New York City Artists' Collective,** a guitar trio with vocalist; guitarist **Tom Hoffman** works with a tentet on *Journey To The Center* (Sail Records, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass); pianist **Larry Gelb** leads his *New Souls* on Essene Music (Delaware Water Gap, Pa).

Jazz In Detroit: Breadth Of Activity Marks Area's Renaissance

Bird-Trane-Sco-Now: this 12 piece ensemble of players aged 10 to 14 is directed by musician-educator Donald Washington, a member of the Detroit area's Creative Arts Collective. A self-determining musicians' group founded in 1973 by Roscoe Mitchell, the CAC has sponsored the music of A. Spencer Barefield, Anthony Holland, William Townley, Dushan Moseley and Raymond Brooks, all former Michigan State University students of Mitchell's. The pictured youngsters, writes Kofi Natambu, "double and triple on instruments ranging from violins to saxophones and . . . tintinnabula . . . have already appeared on both public television and radio in Detroit, and at the Paradise Theatre. . . . It is quite probable that nowhere else in the country is there a band of young people in this age group that plays so called 'avant garde' music on the disciplined level that Bird-Trane-Sco-Now does."

BARBARA WEINBERG

Jazz At The Crossroads: Startling, Organized, Earworthy

DETROIT—The Detroit Council of the Arts, under the directorship of Kenneth Ingraham, presented, with the Michigan Council of the Arts, four days of workshops and concerts early this year. Throughout the depth of Detroit's contribution to the esthetic and the musicianship of jazz was made clear, and shown off were the major talents who reside in this city as well as the emerging voices now attending its public schools. Though the audience was sparse due to promotion snafus, the consistent quality and musical surprises that "Jazz At The Crossroads" provided was startling, if not inspiring.

Produced by bassist-educator Vishnu Wood, himself originally a Detroit musician, the four days achieved a fine balance between workshops and panels. Planned to serve as preparations and adjuncts to the concerts, these seminars brought to the surface a great deal of history as well as controversy, some of which flared to real passion but maintained an atmosphere of mature disagreement rather than mere name-calling and the kind of pouting one associates with "sensitive" people. Whether one was listening to the remarkable historian Arthur LaBrew, (who was witty and brilliant), or Slide Hampton, there was almost always a feeling of great import and the authoritative sense of statement and insight that defines integrity.

The most controversy took place during the discussion on "The National Endowment for the Arts and Jazz," when the question was raised whether there should be a non-idiomatic panel at the Endowment for those musicians who say they don't play jazz and don't know what it is, but are always sending applications to the jazz panel and jump at any jazz job offered if it pays enough, from festival to club. It also became obvious that there has been more than a bit of unproductive infighting between Detroit jazz organizations for grants. But the manner in which the disagreements were handled and participants' willingness to listen suggested that much of organizational significance will come out of Detroit.

Some results are already apparent. Last year the Detroit Jazz Center was established to absorb the Pioneer Jazz Orchestra (directed by Sam Sanders to play new works by local composers), the Friends of Jazz volunteer fundraisers and staffers, and the Jazz Research Institute, which recently published *Jazz Space Detroit*, a photo and text book shot by Barbara Weinberg, written by Herb Boyd, which details the local scene. There is instruction available through the Jazz Center, and a Jazz Gallery open for performances and exhibits; the interdependent DJC provides some promotional aid, offers rental facilities and runs a jazz hotline: (313) 962-4124.

Most of the concerts were extremely good, when not excellent. They were held in Orchestra Hall, an acoustically superb concert situation presently being renovated. Three public school bands and a university band were presented the first night, with Murray Wright High School taking the most honors and showing off a discipline and authority that greatly belied the performers' ages. Local pianist Harold McKinney worked the next night with both a small group and a large ensemble that included singers and strings. The small group featuring reedman Wendell Harrison and trumpeter-flugelist Marcus Belgrave (a player who would clean up much of the game were he working in Manhattan) was the more organized and effective. The large group, and the work *Invocations*, attempting to blend gospel and jazz elements to say something about the evolution of black music and social experience in America, suffered from lack of rehearsal. Slide Hampton and his World of Trombones played superbly the next night and invited Belgrave aboard for a few tunes, each of which totally thrilled both musicians and listeners. The final night offered Jimmy Wilkins' big band with soloists Ron Carter, Billy Mitchell and Frank Foster; the second half of that concert was given to Carter's quartet.

A benefit was held for saxophonist Sonny Redd, battling cancer, at the Music Store, a local cooperative. Donald Byrd led a group including saxist Harold Vick, pianist Kenny Cox and drummer Roy Brooks which turned into a challenge when Belgrave joined them in stimulating and inspiring jazz. Let's hope more cities follow Detroit's lead, as the music and musicians can use all the official help they get. —*stanley crouch*

Montreux Fest In Michigan

DETROIT—The Motor City's always active jazz scene takes a quantum leap towards international involvement this upcoming Labor Day weekend (Aug. 28-Sept. 1), by hosting the first North American Montreux International Jazz Festival.

Details of the Detroit festival's lineup will be announced at the Montreux, Switzerland fest's opening night, July 4—which will feature Detroit musicians. The Michigan fest is co-sponsored by the Detroit Renaissance Foundation, the Plaza Hotel, the Music Hall Center for the Performing Arts, and the Detroit Council for the Arts.

Announcing the Detroit fest's plans in an enthusiastically covered press conference, Mayor Coleman Young heralded the scheduled music as another sign of Detroit's renewed vitality; the city will also host the Republican National Convention this summer. Free and ticketed events will be staged at various sites around the city's renovated downtown riverfront.

The only note of discord emanates from Ann Arbor, where the University of Michigan's student run Eclipse Jazz organization had tentatively scheduled a third Ann Arbor Jazz Festival to open its fall season in late September. Eclipse officials had no comment about the effect of the Detroit-Montreux fest on their plans, though they conceded that the southeastern Michigan jazz audience could probably not support two major musical gatherings within a month of each other. —*david wild*

Beauty is a rare thing: Ed Blackwel

TOM COPI

Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Dewey Redman make

old and new dreams

by CONRAD SILVERT

Old and New Dreams is a new band that is old. The name came into being in 1976, when Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell recorded an album for the Italian Black Saint label. About two years later, the quartet began to perform with some regularity in both Europe and the United States, and last year made an extraordinary album for Manfred Eicher's ECM Records to begin an ongoing relationship. As this is written, the band is touring the United States, and the current plan is to record a live album during a European tour this summer.

If this group is making dreamlike music, the dreams are certainly vivid, imaginative and ultimately haunting. Witnessing their recent concert at New York's Town Hall was not an everyday experience. The music made strong suggestions of things to come, and yet the stage emanated with waves of *deja vu*—there were fleeting bits of sound, emotion and interior fireworks that conjured up days past. And yet, again, the gravity was counterbalanced by the creative compulsion to make music of the moment. Moreover, the four seemed to be obsessed with making *great* music.

Now the band is making statements that have an immediate impact, and which are sure to endure. A new generation audience has become educated to jazz and improvisation in all its myriad guises, but has never had the opportunity to experience Ornette Coleman's innovations in their purest form, except on record. Ornette himself is involved with other, related ideas these days, but here are four profound musicians, all of whose lives have been inextricably intertwined with Ornette's, all of whom have reached a state of maturity that matches their gifts to their intentions, all of whom have something powerful to say, *right now.* And they are not just a caretaker band, preserving the classics like an historical repertory company. Old and New Dreams plays a few of Ornette's masterpieces (notably *Lonely Woman,* a new untitled piece, and *Macho Woman,* which Coleman has recorded in duet with Haden) but Ornette is also writing new material for them, and Cherry, Redman, Blackwell and Haden are all writing new pieces that comprise the major part of their repertoire. Ornette's spirit has infused this band with much of its impetus, to be sure, but Old and New Dreams is an ongoing, independent organism—not a "shadow band" but an original, multi-dimensional entity.

The discographies of these four musicians are not only enormous but reveal a fascinating multiplicity of interrelationships. Haden, for instance, played with Cherry in several of Ornette's editions, played with Redman for several years in Keith Jarrett's band, hired both Cherry and Redman to participate in his award-winning Liberation Music Orchestra album, recorded duets with them for his A&M Horizon albums and so on.

Haden has described Ornette's original band as "our own little conservatory of music." This applies to Old and New Dreams as well, with the additional camaraderie and depth of feeling that accrues when close friendships endure 20 years and longer. It's an egalitarian band. They travel in an atmosphere of continual learning and growing. Onstage, the spirit of the ensemble prevails over the separateness of the ego, and yet there is wide-open space for individual expression. Even if one is taking an unaccompanied solo, he is still relating to the others.

There seemed to be little need for verbal consultation among the four prior to the concert.

Before the afternoon sound check at Town Hall, Cherry, dressed in a gold-embroidered vest that made him resemble an Alpine yodeler, was describing to Blackwell the progress of one of Don's musical daughters. He spoke about the importance of playing the right notes, and playing them evenly. "My daughter was copying a Charlie Parker phrase," he said, "and she was trying too hard to make the phrase swing. I told her that Parker's selection of notes was so perfect, the phrase just swings by itself."

After a few minutes, Redman arose from his cat-nap on the dressing room couch, adjusted his rainbow knit cap, and walked downstairs to join Cherry, Blackwell and Haden onstage. Cherry was noodling on the piano, intermittently playing snatches of what sounded like an old r&b tune (playing and *singing*—a talent he keeps under wraps too much). Blackwell tested the drums' miking with quiet efficiency. Haden, who is a perfectionist and a bit of a worrier, noticed something wrong with the small amplifier that had been provided for his bass, and sent the stage manager off scouring Manhattan for a last minute replacement.

The set itself proceeded with great, calm concentration. Each piece was upwards of 90% pure improvisation, and yet each piece appeared to unfold to a logical, almost predetermined conclusion. Memory, intuition, passion, seriousness and playfulness were all present in a fine balance. As much dignity attended the performance as if it had been the Juilliard String Quartet.

"We've all been playing together for so long," Charlie Haden says, "and in so many situations, that we can always anticipate what the others will be doing at any given moment. The essence of this band is the sense of discovery and a feeling of urgency, that something *must* be done. And that certain 'thing' has to be discovered every time we play. Playing with these musicians is like looking forward to something you've never before experienced, but once we arrive at that new place it seems like we've been there before."

Don Cherry is a remarkable character, creative down to his toenails. In Sweden, where he's lived for many years with his wife Moki and two youngest children, he and his family grow much of their own food; he teaches when he isn't performing; he performs in an astounding variety of musical settings; he makes many of his own clothes, which are entertaining in

themselves; he even turns ordinary photo sessions into enjoyable exercises.

Cherry's first pocket trumpet was made in Pakistan. "When I first got it I was playing at the Five Spot in New York and Miles sat in. He wanted to try the pocket trumpet and he played practically all night." Later on, Cherry was given the rare distinction of being a trumpet player invited by Miles to sit in with the quintet of Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter and Tony Williams.

"Mingus and Sonny Rollins were in the audience, and after I played, Miles said, 'You're the only mother I know who stops his solo right at the bridge.' And then he tried it."

Cherry plays according to the system of "harmolodics" first developed by Ornette in the '50s. "Harmolodics," Cherry says, "is a profound system based on developing your ears along with your technical proficiency on your instrument. In the early days people felt that we didn't really know our instruments, that we were just playing anything. But harmolodics is based on a system of notation. We have to know the chord structure perfectly, all the possible intervals, and *then* play around it. The system gives you the freedom to phrase differently each time you play a song. It would take a long time to explain it completely, but it's good to know that Ornette is writing a book on harmolodics right now."

Cherry met Ornette nearly 30 years ago in the Watts district of Los Angeles, where Cherry had grown up and where Ornette moved after growing up in Fort Worth, Texas.

"I met Ornette in a record shop/cultural center on 103rd St. across from the police station. The owner would sell records and reeds, and one summer day Ornette was trying out a #4 reed. Through the years I saw him playing duets with Blackwell [the alto saxophonist and drummer roomed together for two years] and Ornette's playing struck me with a certain familiarity, though I hadn't experienced it before. His sound was vibrant, almost like Charlie Parker, a human quality. And his phrases used different intervals—he worked off the tops of the chords, 11ths and 9ths.

"Ornette wrote *Jayne*—that was the name of his first wife; she and I went to school together—from the chord structure of *Out Of Nowhere*, but he would change the melody, make a major chord into a minor phrase, and it would work perfectly. The trickiness of Ornette: he could play a simple melody but you couldn't duplicate his notes, the power of his mind."

Continuing on the subject of mind over matter, Cherry said, "If I play a C and have it in my mind as the tonic, that's what it will become. If I want it to be a minor third or a major seventh that has a tendency to resolve upward, then the quality of the note will change. But first I have to know all the intervals."

Cherry had a close friend in Los Angeles, George Newman, "a young alto genius," he says, who provided his garage to Ornette, Don and Ed Blackwell as a rehearsal space. They weren't getting a whole lot of work in those days. (Later, Blackwell moved back to his native New Orleans, and Billy Higgins and then Haden joined.)

"We got opposition in California, and in New York there was a controversy. Some musicians were interested, like Gunther Schuller, John Lewis, Max Roach, Mingus and Monk and Coltrane and Miles. Even Leonard Bernstein came down to hear us play [and, according to Marvin Page, then bartender at the Five Spot, Bernstein actually walked to the stage and put his ear to Haden's bass during the performance]. Painters came, Jackson Pollock, a black artist named Bob Thompson, writers like A. B. Spellman and Leroi Jones. There was a renaissance going on at the Five Spot."

Cherry is an adventurer. After he had lived in New York for several years, he traveled to Europe, hitch-hiking "from the northern part of Lapland all the way to Morocco." His international outlook has increasingly been reflected in his music. His other "co-op" band, Codona, includes Collin Walcott, an American who plays the Indian sitar and tabla, and Nana Vasconcelos, the sensitive Brazilian percussionist known for his work with Egberto Gismonti. Codona has been recording for ECM, and, prior to that, Cherry recorded albums for Atlantic, the second of which, *Full Moon*, has yet to be released. On it, Cherry plays with Walcott, Vasconcelos, synthesizer player Frank Serafine, his daughter Jan and cousin Ricky, who play violin and keyboards, respectively (his other children, David, Eagle Eye and Neneh are also involved with music).

In England last year, Cherry says, he worked "with the Slits and my group with the Lou Reed rhythm section, all in the same bus. In Europe people are willing to juxtapose different types of music—ethnic, contemporary classical, new wave, jazz—all in one concert."

One of the latest bloomers among major jazz musicians, Dewey Redman didn't decide to become a full time professional tenor saxophonist until he was 30 years old. Since then, however, he has more than made up for lost time, recording half a dozen albums with Ornette (including *New York Is Now* and *Science Fiction*), several albums with the Keith Jarrett quartet that included Charlie Haden and Paul Motian, several more with the Jazz Composers Orchestra (with musicians including Carla Bley, Roswell Rudd and Don Cherry), the two Old and New Dreams LPs, and six of his own, the newest of which, *Sound Signs*, is a current release on Galaxy.

Redman, 48, is two years younger than Ornette, and knew him when they were both teenagers living in Fort Worth. "Throughout the South," he says, "in every community all the black students went to the same high school. Ornette and I weren't intimate but I knew him as a good saxophone player who was playing what I wanted to play. He was in the school concert and marching bands and he had a little group called the Jam Jivers, playing music like Louis Jordan—a jump band, we called it. You could see his individualism back even then. It's hard to say exactly where he began to diverge from Bird—this was in 1947—but I'll say that Ornette was closer to Bird than any saxophone player I ever heard. And now the concept of free improvisation that Ornette brought forth has become very dominant."

In college, Redman was an industrial arts major, and later received a masters in education from North Texas State while he was simultaneously teaching in the public schools. In 1961, he moved to California to become a fulltime musician, settling in San Francisco, where he made his first album as a leader, *Look For The Black Star*, in 1966. Meanwhile, he stayed in touch with Ornette, and found himself a permanent member of Ornette's band shortly after moving to New York in 1967.

"A year later I was in the studio with Ornette and Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison making *New York Is Now*. I considered myself lucky, but I like to think that I was playing with Ornette because of my ability rather than our friendship."

Over the years, Redman's sinuous phrasing, sensuous tone and understated strength have grown and evolved to make his one of the most recognizable sounds in jazz. He's listened a lot and he's played with many of the best, but he's taken his own path.

"I used to see Trane and Sonny Rollins whenever I could. When Trane came to Bop City in San Francisco and told me he liked the way I played, I stayed high off that forever.

"I would go to Trane's motel room and ask him all these questions, like 'What is that powerful secret book you practice from?' And he told me the only thing to do is to practice on your own, to study your own embouchure, not to look for some magic secret from outside. And now, after all these years, I'm writing a book, my personal view about practicing, fingering, air flow, the selection of mouthpieces and so on."

Redman's primary instrument is tenor sax, but he also plays the musette, an instrument with a thin double reed which comes from the Middle East and North Africa, sounds somewhat like the Indian *shenai*, and which he calls his "soprano." "I've been playing it ten years, but I still wouldn't

TOM COPI

Billy Higgins, David Izenzon, Don Cherry, Ornette Coleman, Buster Williams, Ed Blackwell, Dewey Redman at Newport Jazz Festival, Avery Fisher Hall, 1976.

claim to have found my voice on it, at least not completely. It's the most difficult thing I've ever played, but I love it."

Charlie Haden has played with Redman in more different contexts than other musicians have, so, Haden says, "I've had a unique perspective on his life's growth. I would say that his use of freedom is just the opposite of incoherent—Dewey has a strong identity, a purpose. I feel the same way about him that I feel about Cherry and Blackwell and Ornette—that they are all developing a personal language on their instruments."

Ed Blackwell doesn't just play the drums. He coaxes some special stuff from a traps set that has nothing to do with the material world. And Blackwell's is the stuff of legend. Whatever Professor Longhair or Dr. John or the Neville Brothers have sung about, that's what Blackwell has. No matter how far "outside" Old and New Dreams may venture, Blackwell sits there, imperturbable, totally relaxed, cooking up those deceptively simple patterns that keep the music locked right down to earth.

New Orleans arguably has produced the most soulful (certainly the most downhome) American music of this century, and Blackwell is one of the great exponents of that tradition. Now he lives in Middletown, Connecticut and teaches drums to five students per semester at Wesleyan University. But he lived in New Orleans until he was almost 30, and you can hear it in every note he plays. The New Orleans sound is a spicy mixture of Caribbean, African and European ingredients. Blackwell reinforced the African elements of his playing when he toured the African continent with Randy Weston; when he played an extended solo at Town Hall on *Togo* (which he wrote, basing it on a Ghanese traditional folk melody), the man conjured up a whole battery of hand drummers.

Blackwell seems to erase the distance between his hands and the surfaces of the drums. "Blackwell," says Don Cherry, "has always made his own sticks, his own mallets, his own practice pads. And he always practices on the pads, so you never hear him crash or bang. His drums are pure swing. He plays independently with all four limbs and still going forward in one direction. He made an important impression on Ornette when they were in Los Angeles together, and Billy Higgins' hearing Blackwell helped him play with the band later on."

Blackwell, a soft spoken, exceedingly gentle man, doesn't seem overwhelmed by his own abilities. Before he left New Orleans, he was part of the American Jazz Quintet. "They were all bright musicians," he says, "and all admirers of Ornette. They all wrote original material, and they all had that New Orleans touch—you can't escape it if you're raised there. It's inbred. That's why you see so many rhythm and blues players coming to New Orleans just to record with New Orleans drummers. They're looking for that particular pulse and that New Orleans parade, that marching beat. I never actually played drums at the funerals, but I was around the parades, part of the audience called the 'second line' that followed the parade, and I was always there, clapping and dancing. It was a happy feeling all the way."

Blackwell went to Los Angeles in 1951 and met Ornette the next year. "Ornette and I lived together from '53 to '55. We didn't get much work because very few people put up with Ornette's way of playing at that time. We'd play for ten dollars a night, four dollars a night . . . different prices."

Considering Blackwell's talent, history and reputation, it is phenomenal that he just finished making his first album as a leader, *Don't Quit!* for Sweet Earth, a new company in New Hampshire. Blackwell's band consisted of Charles Brackeen, reeds; Mark Helias, bass, and Achmed Abdullah, piano (Helias also has recorded with Redman).

Blackwell enjoys teaching and occasionally gigging with his own group, but his time with Old and New Dreams plainly gives him his greatest satisfaction. "After leaving this band, the love I feel from them, from the music, lasts the whole year. I feel so full."

Charlie Haden was barely 20 years old when he joined Ornette Coleman's band in Los Angeles in 1957. He quickly gained a reputation as one of the chief innovators of his day. Following the breakthroughs of such predecessors as Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford and Charles Mingus, Haden, along with his friends Scott LaFaro, Gary Peacock and a few others, helped to further liberate the bass from its formerly strict function as a harmonically oriented timekeeping device. With Ornette and thereafter, Haden has used the bass not only to propel the music rhythmically and to anchor it harmonically, but also to sing independent melodic lines that don't necessarily adhere to a song's original chord structure or time signature.

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OLD AND NEW DREAMS EQUIPMENT

Dewey Redman plays a Selmer Mark VI tenor saxophone with a Berg Larsen #90/2 hard rubber mouthpiece and Rico Royale #4 reeds.

Don Cherry plays a Meha pocket trumpet (made in Paris) and a doussonguini (also spelled dozzonkoni), which is an African hunter's guitar made in Mali.

Ed Blackwell plays Hollywood drums, Paiste cymbals (22" ride, 18" crash, 13" sock) and Colato 5A sticks.

Charlie Haden plays a French-made bass and bow, through a Barcus-Berry pickup and amplifier.

For some jobs on the latest tour, the band has substituted a Polytone Mini-Brute bass amp and Sonor and Gretsch drums.

There was an importance to the Saturday Larry Coryell spent not long ago. At nine in the morning, he drove his two boys to their basketball game, sitting through a 13-0 loss. He read galley proofs of a screenplay by his wife, Julie, while she went to the movies. He made a fire. He made a salad. The night held TV watching and a sleep-over by a friend of his eldest son, Murali.

This brand of liberated suburban Dadhood matters to Coryell. It is, in a word, stability. It is foundation and release in a life that has been nothing if not turbulent. Coryell has emerged from his second bout with alcoholism; he has brought a musical personality, intact, from the crosswinds of style that tossed him for 15 years.

Coryell's new steadiness underlay a 1979 that saw him record twice as a leader, play sideman to Sonny Rollins, Stephane Grappelli and others, and make a considered return to electric guitar. His forthcoming music promises to be harnessed and focused, the work of a maturing man.

But music, Coryell says, is no longer his priority. Survival is.

"A few years ago I didn't know if I'd still be here," Coryell said after a January show in Chicago. He drank Perrier with a 7-Up chaser; his younger brother, Jim, sat nearby. "You've got to put everything in perspective. You're a human being first and, somewhere down the list, a musician. You have to do that so you can be a musician; you have to open yourself up to other things.

"Being so involved, so busy with normal family life gets you out of the ego trip. The things I do at home I put under the heading, 'I'm a human being first,' keeping my ego down, my priorities straight. I'm just taking more and more responsibilities, which I never thought I'd do."

Mike Mandel, a friend of Coryell's for 22 years and a collaborator (on keyboards) for many of them, agrees:

"In the past few months, Larry sounds familiar with his creative self, his calm self, his human self. He's growing, and I'm excited for the people who follow his work. There's a certain inspiration that's alive in the man again."

The man is 37 years old. Gray strands sprout from the center part of his hair. It has been a long time since he began growing up.

Coryell was born in Texas. When he was seven his family moved to Richland, Washington. Richland was not the Washington of Douglas firs and salmon, but a sort of company town for the Atomic Energy Commission, sprawled on the state's eastern desert. It was a place where the remarkable, and what passed for it, was noticed. Young Coryell stood out as a state-class pole vaulter and as a guitarist. He got a ukulele when he was 12, then a round-hole Sears folk guitar, the last acoustic he would play for more than 20 years. Even then, Coryell tackled genres two or three at a time. The radio gave him Chet Atkins and Chuck Berry. His first music teacher introduced him to the jazz of Tal Farlow, Barney Kessel and Johnny Smith.

At about that time, a 17 year old named Mike Mandel came to Richland to buy an amp and find a guitarist for his band. The counter man in the music store mentioned a young guy, Larry Coryell, just 15. Mandel demurred. The salesman called Coryell. He auditioned in the store.

"He was phenomenal," Mandel remembers. "He had great technique, diversity and big ears. He listened to everything."

Coryell joined Mandel's band, the Checkers. They toured from Vancouver to Tucson, on occasion not even letting Mr. and Mrs. Coryell know until their son was across the state line. Sometime during the next year or two, Mandel convinced a reluctant Coryell to take his first drink.

The Checkers faded when Coryell entered the University of Washington in Seattle, majoring in journalism. He didn't think he was good enough in music. He decided to become good enough when a roommate said he could never touch Dave Brubeck. Coryell's solitary studies, learning solos by ear off the radio, led him to Wes Montgomery. He listened to Montgomery or anyone who sounded like him. Today Coryell can still list every song Montgomery played the first time he saw him perform.

Much as Coryell loved Montgomery, he was rejecting much of "respectable" turn-of-the-decade ('50s to '60s) jazz. The Modern Jazz Quartet, he wrote in a review that he softened before it appeared in the college paper, "tiptoed through three sets of tulips last night." He found himself listening to blues, the pre-fusion of the Jazz Crusaders, Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Charles Lloyd, the "guru" whose presence drew Coryell to New York.

He made the move in 1965. It seemed so important that years later he would start his memoirs from that date.

New York City was "a foreign country," but a magical one, where even the clattering subway sounded like music to Coryell. Finally, he could indulge all his tastes. He found Lloyd, he says, with the same single-mindedness Miles Davis once used to search out Charlie Parker. He heard Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield, whites who had metabolized the blues he still hungered for. The Beatles were taking a turn for the serious on *Revolver* and Dylan was painting his masterpieces. Right on Coryell's own block of Eldridge St. lived the fellow eclectics who formed Free Spirits in 1966. It was a jazz-rock band before anyone knew the term, a precursor whose existence vindicates producer Danny Weiss in calling Coryell "the

STEVE KAGAN

original fusion guitarist."

After Free Spirits' sole album, Coryell played sessions with Chico Hamilton and joined the quartet of Gary Burton. Rather than settle down with the vibist, he would play Burton's softspoken jazz one month, or one week, and open for Cream at the Fillmore West the next. Coryell has called this lifestyle "the acoustic-electric-eclectic ethic." The term, if anything, is too narrow.

His musical Father, he would later write, "art a cross between Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Jimi Hendrix." Who but Coryell, on an album with liner notes comparing him to Charlie Christian, would play a Junior Walker soul tune, filtered through psychedelia, with ex-Coltrane sidemen Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison in the rhythm section?

Weiss, who produced the cut on *Lady Coryell* and has worked with Coryell on Vanguard Records for ten years, remembers: "Larry could be totally controlled or totally crazy. Being the original fusion guitarist means fusing styles. I think he listened to everything from Jimmy Webb to Ravel. He had this completely developed style. He had reached his potential the first time I heard him. He had flexible rhythm and was fiery and very emotional, humorous and witty and self-effacing. He was dramatic. He'd do anything at any time. He was willing to sound lousy if that's how he felt."

Coryell had amazing chops; no one disputed that. Critics called him the fastest guitarist around. Praise came from *Rolling Stone* and the *New Yorker*, publications touching the poles of jazz listenership. He won **db's** Critics Poll for Talent Deserving Wider Recognition in 1968 and placed consistently in **db** polls thereafter. But his talent, and its components, proved bane as well as boon. Coryell's diverse taste, and the fans' demand for flamboyant guitar heroes, stretched his musical personality to the breaking point. Following his first guitar teacher's advice, he tried everything new: pedals, fuzz-wahs and other Cuisinart spare parts on the bandstand, and extensive overdubbing in the studio. He played and replayed parts, even though he now realizes his first takes were usually the best. What Weiss believes is Coryell's top recorded solo, *Jam With Albert* on *Coryell*, was an impromptu encounter, taped by an alert studio hand. But Coryell's devotion to music meant neglecting business. He ended up recording for two labels, Vanguard and Arista, suffering spotty publicity and a tangle of publication and royalties litigation that lingers. The Eleventh House, his longest-lasting band, had two different managers until Julie Coryell took the job.

Coryell's recordings comprised his hegira—his wandering in search of an elusive musical divinity—and he came close to finding it several times. *Free Spirits* stands as a forerunner of fusion. *Spaces*, featuring John McLaughlin and Chick Corea among others, was state-of-the-art crossover. "This," wrote critic Robert Palmer, "is one of the most beautiful, perfectly realized instrumental albums in a long while."

But the benchmark of *Spaces*, or at least the timing of it, seems to make Coryell uncomfortable. When he was asked to name his best work and brother Jim nominated *Spaces*, Coryell sighed, "Nothing since then?" There have been what Coryell calls "search parties." The Eleventh House ran into critical disfavor and, for Coryell, personal heartbreak in the departures of Mandel and Randy Brecker. The Coryell/Alphonse Mouzon band lasted only one year.

The searching characterized Coryell's personal life, too. He has been through studies under guru Sri Chinmoy (who named his first child), a depression after the Breckers' exit from Eleventh House, one round of alcoholism in the period before the formation of that band, and another during 1978.

To Mandel, the personal and the musical difficulties were inseparable:

"Early on, Larry was trapped by his talents. People saw his talent and energy. Everyone wanted to use him for all his versatility. So rather than use his own talent, he got sidetracked by people telling him, 'You could be another Chuck Berry,' or, later, 'You could be another Jimi Hendrix.' One person would say he could be a rock star; his own feeling would be to write beautiful, eclectic, esoteric music on the path he got started.

"Working on the road can be very lonely. People can seduce you with love, with flattery, with drugs. I think stars and drug pushers are the only people who people'll wait two hours for without getting mad.

"So with a push toward drugs and the identity problem as a guitarist, Larry became confused. This push and shove, this tur-

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LARRY CORYELL'S EQUIPMENT

Coryell plays an Ovation acoustic guitar and a Hagstrom Swede electric guitar. He uses Adamas strings and a Fender Twin Reverb amplifier.

SELECTED LARRY CORYELL DISCOGRAPHY

FREE SPIRITS—ABC 593
BAREFOOT BOY—Flying Dutchman 10139
BASICS—Vanguard 79375
CORYELL—Vanguard 6547
AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Vanguard 6573
INTRODUCING THE ELEVENTH HOUSE—Vanguard 79342
LEVEL ONE—Arista AL 4052
ASPECTS—Arista 4077
ESSENTIAL—Vanguard VSD 75/76
FAIRYLAND—Zodiac 5003
LADY CORYELL—Vanguard 6509
LION AND THE RAM—Arista 4108
OFFERING—Vanguard 79319
REAL GREAT ESCAPE—Vanguard 79329
RESTFUL MIND—Vanguard 79359
SPACES—Vanguard 6558
TRIBUTARIES—Arista AN 3017
RETURN—Vanguard VSD 79426

with Alphonse Mouzon
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN—Atlantic SD 18220

with Philip Catherine
TWIN HOUSE—Atlantic 50342

with Steve Khan
TWO FOR THE ROAD—Arista AB 4156

with Stephane Grappelli
YOUNG DJANGO—PA/USA PR 7041

with Charles Mingus
3 OR 4 SHADES OF BLUES—Atlantic SD 1700
ME MYSELF AN EYE—Atlantic SD 8803

with JCOA
THE JAZZ COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—JCOA 1001/2

with Gary Burton
DUSTER—RCA LSP 3835
IN CONCERT—RCA LSP 3985
GENUINE TONG FUNERAL—RCA 3988

with various guitarists
GUITAR PLAYER—MCA 6002

LARRY CORYELL

SUBURBANIZING FLASH GUITAR

by SAM FREEDMAN

INDIA'S JAZZ YATRA '80

THE TRUTH ABOUT VEENAS, MRIDANGAMS, TALAMALAS AND THE CARNATIC ALTO

by LEE JESKE

There is something immediately peculiar about listening to a Polish septet play New Orleans-style music in Bombay, India. The band, the Old Timers, was bouncing through a typical dixieland repertoire and the mostly native audience assembled at the 2200 seat Rang Bhavan, under the western Indian sky, was tapping their feet and snapping their fingers and, in some cases, singing along with the more familiar numbers.

Michael Zwerin, former **db** correspondent and now jazz and pop writer for the *International Herald Tribune*, the emcee for Jazzyatra '80 (yatra is Sanskrit for "pilgrimage"), spoke of the 1970s as the decade of the "internationalization of jazz." The second Jazzyatra festival pointed very clearly in this direction—18 bands from 15 countries performed and many "name" players—Albert Mangelsdorff, Evan Parker, Palle Danielsson, Yosuke Yamashita, Kenny Wheeler, Didier Lockwood and Enrico Rava—were not from the United States, long the breeding ground for the world's jazz talent. And the musical hit of the week-long festival was a little known Hungarian bassist, Aladar Pege.

Jazz and India are not recent bedfellows. Beginning in the late '50s with the work of Yusef Lateef, the jazz world has turned frequently to the unique sound and instrumentation of Indian music. In 1961, alto saxophonist Bud Shank and sitarist Ravi Shankar released an album of duets. That same year, John Coltrane said, "I've really got to work and study more approaches to writing. I've already been looking into those approaches to music—as in India—in which particular sounds and scales are intended to produce specific emotional meanings." Coltrane, with his Eastern sound on the soprano saxophone, would face a whole generation of jazz musicians toward India. Don Cherry, Paul Horn, Don Ellis, John Handy and, most noticeably, John McLaughlin, who would adopt an Indian name for his Mahavishnu Orchestra, invite Indian musicians to collaborate in his band Shakti, and utilize Indian dress and postures, followed. Even the Beatles turned the world's attention to the subcontinent in the late '60s and made Ravi Shankar an international star.

Niranjan Jhaveri, a Bombay electronics merchant and long time jazz fan, fulfilled a dream and presented the first Jazzyatra in 1978, with headliner Sonny Rollins stealing the show. It took two years to arrange the second yatra and a lot of first-class wheeling and dealing, since none of the performers were getting paid by the festival. Some groups were sent by their governments, others came at their own expense, others stopped off in the middle of longer tours and still others came en route to a paying tour arranged by the producers of Jazzyatra. The resultant confusion and dissatisfaction (accommodations ranged from large, single rooms in the ritzy Oberoi Towers to a complete quartet sharing a room at the YMCA) were to be expected: a general lack of communication among the different musicians (who were spread out over the city) and a bit of grumbling at being asked to play more than the required two sets per group "at these prices." But the public was unaware of any problems. Audiences were large and enthusiastic, the music was on a very high level and there were no schedule changes.

Bombay is not a typical Indian city. Cosmopolitan, urban and sprawling, the city looks like Miami Beach—Miami Beach with oxen and water buffalo roaming the streets, Miami Beach with thousands sleeping on the sidewalks, Miami Beach with luxury hotels alongside crushing poverty.

The Jazzyatra presented seven evening concerts, with about five groups playing each night, and five morning concerts for the visiting critics and musicians—concerts of Indian classical music and dance held in a small, enclosed auditorium. The evening events, costly by Indian standards, were attended mostly by upper income Indians and Westerners. Most of the evening concerts were sold out.

The first evening concert began with the specially formed Jazzyatra Sextet, a group which makes an attempt at an Indo-jazz fusion. Short on the Indo and long on the jazz fusion, the Sextet is at the level of a first rate college bar band. Soprano saxophonist Braz Gonsalves and electric keyboardist Louis Banks are able jazz soloists and the group plays in a Chick Corea mode, except for the distinctive Indian-style vocals of Rama Mani. Mani is basically a classical vocalist and her chanting was soulful and lovely. Gonsalves is the strongest voice, bringing John Coltrane's innovations back to their home. The unit was joined for their last number by Asha Puthli, a strong local vocalist who is quite popular, though she now resides in New York (and appeared on Ornette Coleman's *Science Fiction* as well as a Charlie Mariano LP).

The second set was handled by Oriental Winds, a Swedish group led by powerhouse percussionist Okay Temiz, a native of Turkey who is best known for his work with Don Cherry. Temiz's band, without the Turk, records as Rena Rama: Lennart Aberg is a tough saxophonist who occasionally soars into the highlands only to return with a deep, rolling plunge; pianist Bobo Stenson plays hard, clear single note runs augmented by rich chord clusters; bassist Palle Danielsson is powerful and commanding. Temiz, on a set of custom made copper traps, is a whirlwind, at once subtle and forcefully in command. So the contribution that was lost on me was that of second drummer Leroy Lowe. He is there to back up Temiz's two showpieces—a long, wicked solo on the Brazilian berimbau, an instrument that looks like an archer's bow stuck onto a large Edam cheese, and sounds like a synthesizer, steel drum and jew's harp rolled into one meshugenah combination; and a crowd pleasing solo on the cuica, a small drum played from the inside (see **db** Pro Sessions, Dec. '79), which sounds like a series of animals laughing: a dog laugh turns into a cow laugh which turns into an elephant laugh and ends up in a mouse giggle. The audience caught it and tittered along; Temiz's virtuosic show was an immediate high point.

PANKAJ SHAH

Aladar Pege

The Mingus Dynasty followed. The band, at its strongest with the addition of Hugh Lawson's piano and George Adams' tenor, romped through some of the greatest hits of the Mingus repertoire—*Fables Of Faubus*, *Boogie Stop Shuffle*, et al. Dannie Richmond kept the pots on and the divine Jimmy Knepper played understated, well-paced trombone. Only a year earlier, Sue Mingus had traveled to India to sprinkle her husband's ashes upon the Ganges River.

Evening One closed with the sounds of the Old Timers—from Basin Street to the Rang Bhavan by way of Krakow.

Early the next morning very few musicians dragged themselves out of bed for the recital by Ustad Asad Ali Khan. Khan plays the veena, an ancient Indian string instrument which is like a baritone sitar. The veena, or "been" as it's nicknamed, has fallen into disfavor recently because it cannot be *heard* in the traditionally unamplified realm of Indian music. The morning raga was a stunning example of the philosophy of Indian music. Building his solo with patience and intensity over a two note drone, Khan used what we know as note bending, building blissfully for one hour before being joined for the second hour of the raga by the pakhaway, a cylindrical drum beaten on both ends. The raga built to a red-hot intensity and the few musicians who did turn out, including Mingusites Knepper and bassist Mike Richmond, both of whom sat transcribing bits of the raga, were duly impressed. After the recital, Richmond ordered his own veena.

The second evening concert opened with the Waseda University High Society Big Band, a Japanese college group that greased through its charts with ease. The soloists were unexceptional and lightweight, but the original charts were full of the verve and sock of which a well tuned university band is capable.

The second set was, visually, one of the festival's treats. Chapman Roberts, a slick Broadway-style gospel leader, arrived in India two weeks before the festival and amazingly whipped a 100-voice Indian choir into a wailing gospel outfit. The sight of the Indian singers, dressed in formal, colorful saris, ripping through *His Eye Is On The Sparrow* and other gospel favorites was impressive. The audience loved it and seemed ready to testify. For my tastes, there was too much polish on the music, but Chapman Roberts deserves credit.

Bulgaria's Green White and Reds followed, featuring the full bodied tenor work of Rollins/Coltrane-inspired Vaselin Nikolov. Time and again at Jazzyatra, the enormous influence of John Coltrane was evident.

The evening closed with a Russian band, Melodia, a big band without a sax section. Three trumpets and three trombones give them a brassy sock, helped by a sensitive rhythm section. Leader and alto saxophonist Georgy Garanyan plays smoldering second generation Bird (Cannonball, Phil Woods) licks, but the band is topheavy without a full reed section.

The word of the first morning's concert got around, so there was a healthier turnout for the second Indian concert. The combination of dance and percussion was among the finest sounds heard all week. The Talamala (translated as "garland of rhythms") is, basically, the rhythms of the tabla translated to human feet. It is made up of a strand of varying rhythms danced by three women over the intensely diverse percussion of the tabla. The dancing was stylized and structured, the sound of the group being punctuated by the sound of the dancers' ankle bells. The dance alternately reminded me of flamenco or belly dance or karate or Russian dance or Israeli dance. The polyrhythms and grace of the dancers was magnificent and the tablaist, Suresh Talwalkar, played a swinging, throbbing pattern on the two small drums that caused frequent cheers from the jazz musicians in attendance. Before leaving India, I purchased a set of tablas which are now sitting in my New York apartment making me feel guilty . . . and it looked so easy.

The evening performance began with something a little different—swing. Don Burrows, the multi-reedman who is a genuine star in his native Australia, and George Golla, an exceptionally lively and sensitive guitarist, teamed up for an exquisite series of swing duets. Burrows, thin and tanned, and Golla, a pale puff pastry of man, proved that Australian music isn't all *Waltzing Matilda*. Burrows showed his clear, fluent chops with *On The Alamo* on clarinet and *Brown Shoes Blues* on flute. It was the first real taste of swing at the festival and, judging by crowd response, was welcome.

Didier Lockwood and Surya followed. Lockwood is a 24 year old French violinist who has been gathering critical plaudits for several years. Taken under Stephane Grappelli's able wing, Lockwood has developed into a huge talent in the Jean-Luc Ponty vein, carving out electronic solos with style and taste. His chops are straightahead and his tone is light and sweet. His influences are clearly in the rock vein, though, and sometimes he gets caught up in a bit of razz-ma-tazz, turning the volume up a bit too high and getting lost in a frenzy of movement while his electric keyboard/electric bass/drum accompaniment tries to drown him out. But his talent will, no doubt, surface above the


LEE JESKE

Jimmy Knepper and Mike Richmond examine a veena


PANKAJ SHAH

Yosuke Yamashita


PANKAJ SHAH

Okay Temiz playing a cuica


PANKAJ SHAH

Kadri Golpanath and John Handy

din in the future. (There will be a profile of Lockwood in an upcoming issue.)

Yosuke Yamashita has something of an international reputation. Strongly influenced by the Cecil Taylor Unit, Yamashita is a percussive two-fist-and-two-palm pianist with a loud, roaring group to match. Something of a star in Japan (with some 20 albums available), Yamashita played last year's Newport Festival with somewhat mixed results. Since then he has added a bass to his saxophone and drums and toned his music down a bit. There were some subtle melodic bits and some fine, solid playing from tenor saxophonist Kazunori Takeda. The group particularly shone on a version of *Milestones*.

I was somewhat unprepared for the set that followed. The name of Aladar Pege (pronounced pay-gay) was brought to my attention on a sparkling album of duets with Walter Norris (*Synchronicity*—Inner City IC 3028) released earlier this year. Pege, a bearded bear, was born in Budapest in 1939, has gone through the Bela Bartok Conservatory and the Ferenc Liszt Music Academy and is a professor at the Budapest Academy of Music. He is also one of the finest bassists I have ever heard and, perhaps, one of the finest jazz bassists ever. I sat through his set with my mouth agape.

LEE JESKE

Ravi Shankar and Stan Getz

Pege's group comprised himself on double bass, a guitarist who gets a jazz feel with a rock tone, and a drummer. Pege plucks with four fingers and gets around the instrument quickly. At times he just muscles the thing and solos like a guitarist; other times he'll try a Mingusy ploop-ploop; still other times he'll dip into some chording and note bending. Pege is in charge at all times—his arco work underneath the ensemble on his original *Queen Of Spades* lifted the group on his ample shoulders. He is a burning wizard with the bow; enormous Eastern European classical influences and a large dose of the gypsy are apparent. He bows with such speed and skill that I kept expecting him to pick the damn thing up and put it under his chin. His show stopper was a ten minute solo with *all* the stops pulled out. It began with a mournful gypsyish arco theme of great depth and beauty which developed into breathtaking triple time and ended with the crowd of 2000 totally mesmerized. It was the greatest bass performance I have ever witnessed. At the end of his set, I raced backstage to meet the man and found him talking to a weeping Sue Mingus (there with the Mingus Dynasty) who promised to give him one of Charles Mingus' four basses—she was so moved by the performance. Pege, who speaks only German and Hungarian, was humble. He was playing a borrowed bass and was missing the saxophonist with whom he works. Did I really think it went well? His second set, later in the week, was no disappointment; Jimmy Knepper, who is used to good bassists, just sat shaking his head in awe.

The evening ended with the Finnish Piirpauke, which combines Scandinavian folk music with jazz in an interesting, lyrical blend that seemed lightweight after Pege.

Wednesday morning's Indian concert (and the last of that series I was able to attend), was, perhaps, the most interesting of the week. Kadri Golpanath, a young Carnatic musician (Carnatic music is the inspiration for McLaughlin's Shakti), heard the alto saxophone in a police marching band and decided to try to incorporate it into the Carnatic traditions, which already includes the violin, a "foreign" instrument long ago embraced by the Carnatic players. Golpanath plays an Indian-made alto with a very soft reed—his tone is straight and vibratoless, he can dive into the lower ranges of the horn, but there is almost no top range at all. His quintet features two mridangam players (another drum laid horizontally on the lap and played on both heads), a ghatam player (a round clay instrument resembling a bulbous flower pot hit with the bare hands) and a violinist. One of the things that separates Carnatic music from Northern Indian traditions is the use of interplay. Golpanath and his violinist frequently joined in call-and-response sections that, with eyes closed, could have been the work of Arthur Blythe and Leroy Jenkins. The interplay between all five players was almost telepathic. The violin makes it all sound more like Irish folk music than anything, but hearing Indian music played on such obviously western instruments made it much easier for these western ears to follow. At the end of his set, young Golpanath was joined by altoist John Handy, no stranger to the music of the subcontinent. The result was soulfully beautiful. Handy threw in blue notes and Bird licks that sent Golpanath's eyebrows twitching and the Indian player unraveled series of notes that made Handy grin. The two players resumed their collaboration that evening at the main performance, where I tried speaking with Mr. Golpanath, a difficult task since he speaks neither English nor Hindi, the two languages most frequently heard in Bombay (there are 14 *recognized* languages in India). He had heard the name Charlie Parker only the week before, when the Yatra producers sent him a tape. What did he think? His eyes rolled back into his head and he said, "Fantastic."

The evening performance led off with Tone Jansa, a Yugoslavian John Coltrane, playing very strong, but very derivative, pieces with a quartet.

Tanja Maria's trio followed. Maria is a Brazilian pianist and singer who has been highly touted after several smash engagements at Ronnie Scott's club in London. In Bombay she showed a very assertive, swinging piano style with a pounding left hand, and pleasant Brazilian scatting in a voice similar to, but stronger and with greater depth than Flora Purim's. This was second generation Brazilian music, not the kind that was taken away 20 years before by Getz and Byrd, but the kind that was brought back in the '70s by Chick Corea and company. The sambas left Brazil, got whirred around in an American Maytag and ended up back in Brazil electrified and funkified. Tania Maria received a tremendous ovation, but most of her loud, throbbing set was lost on me.

Emcee Zwerin, who spent the week agonizing over his onstage manner, finally looked at ease as he and Jimmy Knepper played a series of swinging two-trombone pieces, backed by a slapped together rhythm section: half of Stan Getz's backup (Victor Jones on drums and guitarist Chuck Loeb, both of whom had stepped off a 20 hour flight only several hours before), and Tania Maria's sensitive electric bassist Marc Bertaux. Zwerin was slurry and bluesy and Knepper was soft and divine, but it was Chuck Loeb who stole the set with some sizzling electric guitar work, with the kind of clear, crisp tone that he doesn't get to parade much with the Getz group.

The Old Timers followed with some more Polish dixie *(Struttin' With Some Kielbasa?)* and the Oriental Winds played a set that was almost identical to the one they played the first night, before Handy and Golpanath performed some more of their fine East meets West concoctions—one based on the Carnatic scale and one based on the western scale.

The next evening began with more of the same from Melodia before the Globe Unity Orchestra took the stand. Globe Unity truly lives up to its name—an all-star, free improvising big band which includes such international players as Canadian Kenny Wheeler, Briton Evan Parker, Italian Enrico Rava, American expatriate Steve Lacy and German Albert Mangelsdorff, all shepherded by Alex von Schlippenbach, an ambitious German pianist who has assembled one of the finest ensembles imaginable. The piece they played (partly written, partly improvised) managed to feature the entire band. Bob Stewart played a deep, unclear tuba solo followed by a bullish Paul Rutherford on trombone. Enrico Rava then began building a feathery, meatless trumpet solo over a Steve Lacy leak. Rava blew harder and stronger as the band built a neat, tense cushion of sound underneath. Paul Lovens on drums created a crashing melange of sounds as trombonist Gunter Christmann ranted and "schwooned." Tristan Honsinger played and moaned a cello solo which sounded like Major Holley at 78 r.p.m. Kenny Wheeler shone over a full brassy theme, Gerd Dudek played a deep-throated, Dexterish tenor solo, Michel Pilz followed on bass clarinet, Paul Lovens took a musical saw solo before the magnificent Mangelsdorff took over. Albert Mangelsdorff, one of the

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KENNY BARRON

PIANIST'S PROGRESS

by STEVE BLOOM

The story that follows might just as well empty from the pages of *Jazz Pilgrim's Progress*. It is about the life and times of 37 year old jazz pianist Kenny Barron. It is a yarn similar to those you have read before on this subject, but with one obvious difference: this story is Kenny Barron's and no one else's. To begin, set your clock back some 30 years and journey to a place they call the City of Brotherly Love.

* * *

Kenny Barron's first jazz remembrance is of running to the corner juke joint one teenaged summer to plunk nickels into the wondrous sound machine. He played one selection all the time that summer: Horace Silver's *Senor Blues*. Something about the chord arrangement struck little Kenny, he would realize a few years later. Anyway, he played it over and over. It was one dynamite tune.

This very early affinity towards jazz was not all that unusual for a young boy at that time. But, then again, Kenny probably didn't have much of a choice. For in his North Philadelphia home rested a piano which everyone—his four sisters and brothers and mother—except for his father, took advantage of. And his eldest brother Bill just happened to play tenor saxophone professionally. That didn't leave very much choice at all for an impressionable youngster.

Barron traces his introduction to the piano in this fashion:

"I must have been 12 or 13 when I heard my sister playing some blues progressions. One day I went to the piano and played them, too. Bill, who had a day job at the time, had just come home from work and heard me playing these chords. He said, 'Oh, yeah?' We sat down and played some together and talked. It wasn't long before he got me a gig working with the band he was playing with."

At 15, while struggling through high school, Kenny was offered the piano chair in Mel Melvin's orchestra. The music was jazz-oriented r&b, the general fare of the times. Was Barron prepared for such a trial?

"Well, yes and no," he recollects. "I was prepared in the sense that I had a good ear. I

was not prepared in that I didn't know any tunes. My first night I really messed up. My father had to come and pick me up."

Two more breaks—both again due to his brother's finagling—followed in rapid succession. In 1959, Bill moved up to New York and immediately found work with Philly Joe Jones. On his first swing back through Philadelphia, the band's pianist, Dick Katz, was unable to make the gig. "So I made it," Barron bluntly recalls.

Next, he was fortunate enough to strike up an association with saxman Jimmy Heath and quickly began jobbing around town with him. One day Yusef Lateef arrived in Philadelphia with his band, but minus a piano player. Heath passed Barron's number along to the Detroit-based saxophonist, who immediately placed a call to the Barron household. Kenny dropped the phone and rushed to catch the Monday matinee at the Showboat (now the Bijou). Two months later—and only days after he graduated from high school—he received another call from Lateef, this time from Detroit.

"I need you this week—pack your bags," Lateef yelled over the static. Barron hoofed it down to the bus station for his first road trip. He had just turned 17.

Musically, the week with Lateef threw Barron a left hook, but it also, he contends, changed his life. "It was some unusual music he was playing at the time, which I wasn't accustomed to. He would play straightahead bebop things, but he would also play some *other* kinds of things. A lot of it was very experimental. Yusef was dealing with very different sounds and colors that were very new to me. It really turned my head around. That's when I decided it was time for me to move to New York."

New York—like the Emerald City at the end of the Yellow Brick Road—was the only place for any self-respecting jazz musician to be. "That was the place to go," says Barron. "For the experience, exposure and the chance to be exposed to the giants. That's why you went to New York."

The year was 1961 and New York was crawling with jazz musicians. Barron's first stop was his brother's East Village pad. Upstairs, in the same building, lived Elvin Jones and Pepper Adams. A few doors down was Ted Curson. Across the street, sharing one apartment, were several more Philly cats—Lee Morgan, Tootie Heath, Reggie Workman and Spanky DeBrest.

"It was one helluva neighborhood. There were coffee shops everywhere. I could walk to the Five Spot and the Jazz Gallery. I used to go to the Five Spot all the time," he remembers.

The legendary Five Spot was where Barron negotiated his first steady New York gig. His version of that story reeks of nonchalance: "One time James Moody happened to be working there. I asked him if I could sit in. He said, 'Yeah, c'mon.' So I played." Was it really that easy?

"Well," he pauses, "if they didn't know you that well, you may not have gotten to sit in. See, he knew my brother. Bill was my entree. So I asked Moody if I could play and he said, 'Sure, c'mon—sit in.' Then I started working with him. It was a sextet—real nice music."

From that point, the ball just started to roll. That same year he was a sideman for short spells with groups led by Lee Morgan, Roy Haynes and Lou Donaldson. It all happened basically through word-of-mouth and "by just making sure that people knew you were available, just being seen so people knew you're around."

One day, several months after Moody had disbanded his unit and gone with Dizzy Gillespie, Barron coincidentally crossed paths with the saxophonist on Broadway. Lalo Schifrin had just vacated the piano slot in Diz's band. Moody advised Barron to hustle on over to Birdland, pronto. Barron, still shy of 20, sped to the famed 52nd St. club and introduced himself to the mythic trumpeter. Gillespie hired him on the spot.

"He never heard me play," Barron explains. "He just hired me on Moody's recommendation."

This time, Barron really hit the road. From '62-'66, he toured extensively throughout North America and Europe. Meanwhile, he tied the knot with his high school sweetheart from Philadelphia and relocated in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. (He's lived there ever since.)

While the steady work with Gillespie left Barron financially sound, oftentimes he found himself musically frustrated. "Dizzy's thing was very structured," he recalls. "I would get maybe one or two choruses per song, and some sets I wouldn't solo at all. After a while, I was looking for a chance to stretch out."

As if he'd rubbed a magic lantern, Barron soon got his wish. Following a brief stint with Stanley Turrentine at Minton's, he commenced a working relationship with Freddie Hubbard that was to span the next three years.

"Those were some really fantastic bands Freddie had," he reminisces. "First, he had a sextet with James Spaulding, Bennie Maupin, Freddie Waits, Herbie Lewis, Freddie and myself. The avant garde thing was very heavy at that time, so we became one of the few bands that could shift gears and play inside *or* outside, which we would do at any time. That was a helluva band. The next band I went through with Freddie was called the Jazz Communicators with Joe Henderson, Louis Hayes and Herbie Lewis. It's unfortunate that band never recorded, because it was a helluva band, too."

Barron shifted gears on Hubbard in 1970, leaving to accompany and arrange material for a blues singer named Esther Marrow. By then, he was becoming an accomplished composer, his works recorded by Gillespie, Hubbard and Moody, among others. After a relatively unsuccessful European tour with Marrow, Barron reunited with Lateef. This stay would measure the better part of five years. It would also, once again, offer Barron a chance to "stretch out."

"It was Bob Cunningham, Tootie Heath, me and Yusef—just another great experience," he points out. "Yusef was still experimenting, so it was big fun. This time, though, I even had more of a chance to stretch out, which kind of knocked me out because he's an older player, but his mind was so open. He never said anything about the music. If you wanted to play with your feet, you could do that. His only demands were that you be on time and that, in general, your demeanor be cool.

"I kind of like to play with whatever's happening," he explains. "That's my personal philosophy. Wherever the music is going is where I like to go. I don't like to run against the music or be different for the sake of being different. If being different is a personal statement, something that is a part of what is happening—that's fine, but just to be different for the sake of being different doesn't work for me."

Which is basically why, when many jazz musicians in Barron's generation were crossing over and hopping onto the fusion bandwagon at that point, he shied away from the whole commercial scene. It also has a great deal to do with Barron's undying devotion to the jazz heritage upon which he has built his career.

"What bothers me most about fusion music is that you can listen to 20 guitar players who play that music and they all sound alike—that's remarkable. That amazes me," he says. "Young players have unbelievable chops, but they sound like computers. Their technique is awesome, but they don't know how to use it.

"Now, when I listen to WRVR [New York's jazz-fusion station], I can't figure out who's who. At one time I could listen to ten different saxophone players and I could tell you who each of them was—and be right. Now I can't do that."

Barron openly yearns for a time gone by, a time when everybody had a band, when every

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COLLIS DAVIS/SHAIDA

BURTON GREENE

Jazzing The European Heritage

by JON BALLERAS

Talking with Burton Greene, the *enfant terrible* free jazz pianist of the early '60s, isn't much different from listening to one of his extended, free form solos: themes are introduced then summarily dismissed, only to reappear later in oblique, freely associative variations. Most striking, though, is this Chicago-born, Amsterdam-based musician's drive to relate cosmic themes to his personal and musical growth. Moreover, since Greene's interests—cultural, political, esthetic and mystic—sweep, sometimes pounce from a sizable mental keyboard, it's only when the performance is over that the links in his intuitive logic become entirely apparent.

For a musician who once spontaneously reenacted the crucifixion in a Village club by dragging a huge electric fan across the stage "like it was a cross," Greene's early musical training seems disappointingly orthodox. "I studied with Isadore Buchalter at the Fine Arts Building in Chicago," says Greene. "My mother took me, since I was seven years old. When I got into high school I just went into baseball, football, you know, to be normal. At the end of Von Steuben High I even got voted the most talented of my graduating class. That was because I arranged some shows, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* and some other ridiculous stuff, but people thought I was talented. I only heard the white cats at that time. I didn't know anything about black music. I mean, I knew the name Charlie Parker, etc., but I was on the white side—the really white side—of Chicago.

"When I started college, I met Sheila Porrett. I had a crush on her. She was singing professionally sometimes, and was close to Horace Silver. And one day she says, 'How much allowance you got this week?' And I says, 'Three dollars.' She says, 'You talkin' all that jive about music. I want you to hear some real music!' She took me down to Rose Records, on South Wabash, to the so-called rock and roll bin in the back, and they loaded me with a pile of 78s; they were ten or 15 for a buck, and I got 30 or 40 records for three dollars.

"I said, 'Who are these guys? Wardell Gray! What is this Harold Land? I don't know what this stuff is!' And she put it all on me: Bird and Diz, everything was in there, man. The MJQ, everybody. So much stuff to make my head swim.

"I came home and listened and listened and listened, and I said, 'Now what's *really* the difference between Bird and Lee Konitz, for example? I mean, everybody's talkin' about Charlie Parker. Now what's the difference?' And halfway through the *Don't Blame Me* solo, I heard it. I heard him flying over the chords like the chords didn't exist. Bird was, really *was*, and still *is* free, because he wasn't playing the form. He didn't create a new formal concept. His freedom took him into an area where the academicians come afterward and say, 'Well, he's doing this and so

forth and so on, intellectually, with those chords.' But I don't think Bird was thinking that way. His freedom came in that system. But he became a system for the lessers, for the imitators. To this day, I don't hear him computing those chords. He was free in his day, and still is free.

"At this time I was also studying with Dick Marx. He was, for me, incredible. Five years ahead of those Bill Evans things. He knew all those hip chords—the flatted ninths with the suspensions, and the 13ths—all that stuff that came much later. He played with Johnny Frigo at the London House and Mr. Kelly's, I think, Monday nights. At that time—'59—I was glued to all the Joe Segal sessions and whoever was in town at the Beehive. I was there for those great sessions Max Roach put out: those old wire recordings with him and Clifford, and I was sittin' in at the French Poodle listening to Ira Sullivan 'til four or five in the morning. He was a great teacher for me, and Wilbur Campbell, Jodie Christian, Nicky Hill, all those cats. That was really a great school! Once or twice they came out to my pad—I had a little coach house—and made music all night.

"But the seminal cat who got me out of that heavy, typical, unexposed-to-the-black-music-experience—playing on top of the beat with no syncopation—the guy who really got me out of that was Billy Green. He was the journeyman pianist everybody wanted to use.

"Once Billy asked me to play something for him. I'll just quote him: 'Hey, man, what's that heavy-handed shit you do? Would you *please* get up and I'll show you something.' So he sat down, and in five minutes, man, it was like six months of music school right there. Like a cultural exchange program, you know? He gave me the benefit of what he represented as a human being, directly, with no nonsense. He touched me, just the same way many years later a raga master I studied with touched me. You can play Indian ragas and scales out of a book all day long—it ain't saying shit. But if a man who comes out of a culture whose papa was a great court musician in Jodhpur, India, and his papa's papa all the way back—just the way Billy Green comes from a rich tradition—then you've been touched."

A belief in intuitive, spiritual communion seems a constant motif in Greene's life. Arriving in New York after a brief sojourn in California, Greene met a resonant spirit, bassist Alan Silva, with whom he founded the Free Form Improvisation Ensemble.

"Silva was a freak after my own heart," recalls Greene. "A beautiful cat. He came to the music late. He was a painter. But he was a really full-blown, blown-out cat. Completely free in mind, body and soul, and in the music. He wasn't conducted by any -isms. A kindred spirit. It's amazing the synchronism and underlying communication going on between us all these years. I'm touched with him on a spiritual/human level. Music just flowed out of us. And so, when I connected with Alan, free music blew open the total subconscious experience: a higher experience to work through. There's no question about the spiritual sources of that. Even people who call themselves atheists are directed. We might as well accept the fact that we're all vehicles, vehicles in a big cosmic drama.

"The Free Form Improvisation Ensemble was playing totally intuitive music. Of course, Cecil is the great innovator, and Ornette and Dolphy, but they played *prepared* compositions. They played the compositions freely in their own way, but the material was still prepared. We just played together, that's all. We had three bass players, one or two drummers, John Winter on flute, and Gary Friedman, the saxophone player, came later. This was the group that joined the Jazz Composers Guild."

Growing out of the October revolution in 1964, the Jazz Composers Guild was a substantial yet short-lived attempt for players of the new thing to control their economic destiny. Greene comments: "The Guild was the one time that I saw American musicians organizing themselves and not waiting for business people to tell them what to do. And I'd been hoping for that. I was one of the youngest members and I felt the vibes: 'You're lucky to be here.' Apparently Bill Dixon, Cecil Taylor, Roswell Rudd and those guys respected the Free Form Improvisational Ensemble enough to invite us. We were some of the not-known figures in the Guild.

"The Guild itself was known only around New York, but a lot of those guys had a lot more recognition, like Archie Shepp. But this experience was already tellin' me, in '65, 'Where are you gonna go in America?' The Guild was supposed to be about collective bargaining, collective energy, and producing and selling our own things, instead of living a hand-to-mouth existence, selling out at every moment, getting your tokenisms, waiting for Monday night at the Vanguard and a record date—a copout from the record company, more tokenism. We were supposed to get past all that hand-to-mouth stuff and wait until we got something going.

"We took over the Seventh Avenue South loft, upstairs of Edith Stevens' dance studio, and we were organizing ourselves every week with concerts. This was supposed to be our ploy until some younger businessmen came by and wanted to help us on our terms, not the other way around. We could have changed the scene around. Ornette was waiting in the wings to see what we were doing. So was Trane. That coulda been the time. But no. All the talk about brotherhood, idealism . . . It came down to 'Okay, the meeting's over. Sign the contract.' So nobody took us seriously.

"So this experience already told me that my days in America were numbered. Ultimately it's gonna be you get yours and I'll get mine. The old American rugged individualism, in this case, completely destroyed by manipulative commercial interests."

After the breakup of the Guild, Greene cut his first records on Bernard Stollman's adventuresome ESP, a label about which Greene's feelings are uncharacteristically mixed.

"One of these days I'm gonna get a lawyer for all those records I never got a dime's royalties on," Greene speculates, "and I'm gonna visit all those guys. I never got a dime royalty from anybody. I say that half joking in the case of Bernard Stollman, because I must admit he put me on the map. Bernard's a very controversial figure. He was hanging around the Jazz Composers Guild, waiting to see what would happen. ESP exposed some of the earliest, heaviest free music, some definitive, seminal tapes of Albert Ayler, Giuseppi Logan. Maybe Bernard's still got those tapes in the can. He should let them out. And Stollman recorded the first free jazz vocal—*Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair*—that I did with Patty Waters. People still get their blood curdled behind that. Patty was like a newspaper. She was telling about Watts, Detroit, long before it happened. She makes a motif out of the word 'black.' She begins in a very pastoral way. Then she hits *black* and explodes.

"Bernard Stollman hardly paid me anything for that record, but that record put my name on the map. They knew who I was when I got to Europe. So, for that I'm indebted to him. I did my first quintet date with Marion Brown, Henry Grimes, Frank Smith and Dave Grant for ESP, and a trio record with Shelly Rusten and Dave Weiss. We also did the first State Council Tour of New York with Sun Ra, Ran Blake and Giuseppi Logan. Giuseppi was an incredible musician. Once I played with him in a loft and he played perfect fourths for an hour. I thought I was drunk or out of my mind."

Greene's motives in leaving the States are disheartenigly typical: a lack of economic support coupled with an inability to find a substantial, receptive audience, and a general disenchantment with mainstream American culture ("Americans think that sitting by a swimming pool, having three cars, four televisions, that this is the ultimate reality," he says). Ironically, even Greene's strong ties with the avant garde worked to his disadvantage.

"When I left America," Greene observes, "I was completely identified and completely drowned by the avant garde image. I left at the time of the black revolution, and the music was the thing that guys like LeRoi Jones used as their banner, saying 'This is completely ours, and these white m.f.s, they haven't done anything.' Those of us who were involved with the founding of that music were the victims of history. So I had no place to go: I had to leave America because there was no image that I could sell. Even

continued on page 60

SELECTED BURTON GREENE DISCOGRAPHY

THE BURTON GREENE QUARTET—ESP 1024
PATTY WATERS SINGS—ESP 1025
TRIO ON TOUR—ESP 1074
PRESENTING BURTON GREENE—Columbia 9784
AQUARIANA—BYG 529.308
CELESPHERES—Futura GER 17
MOUNTAINS—Burton-Nose 01
AT DIFFERENT TIMES—Group Music 01
TREES—Burton-Nose 02
LIGHT—Burton-Nose 03
IT'S ALL ONE—Horo Records HDP27-28
STRUCTURES—Circle 111178/14
EUROPEAN HERITAGE—Circle
VARIATIONS ON A COFFEE MACHINE—Kharma PK 6

Presenting the Winners, Part 2:
The Third Annual down beat Student Recording Awards

Additional winners of the 1980 **down beat** Student Recording Awards are listed below. (See previous issue for Part 1 of the **deebee** awards, including the judging criteria used to choose winners and "outstanding performances" from hundreds of entries from high schools and colleges in the U.S. and Canada.

Each winning school is awarded an engraved **deebee** plaque; winning ensemble directors and soloists are each awarded a Shure Gold Microphone. Individual high school winners are each awarded a $1000 scholarship to Berklee College of Music (Boston); "outstanding performance" winners receive $500 scholarships to Berklee.

Special **deebee** pins and certificates are also awarded to various winners.

To receive an Official Application for the 1981 **deebee** awards, write **down beat,** 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.

Jazz Soloists

Best Jazz Instrumental Solo Performance, College Divison. Winner: **Guy Babylon** (23, sr.) keyboard solo of *Forevers & Gypsy Farewells* (Babylon*) performed on piano, Rhodes piano, Arp Odyssey and MiniMoog synthesizers, and Crumar Orchestron; with The Wakefield Valley Consort (duo), University of South Florida, Tampa; Mark P. Hendricks, faculty advisor. Judges' comment: "Beautifully sensitive use of acoustic and electronic instruments, communicates jazz feeling, excellent musicianship." *Outstanding Performance Awards* (alphabetically): **Reed Arvin** (24, grad.) piano solo of *Wood Dance* (Ron Miller) with Fusion Ensemble, University of Miami, Coral Gables, FL; Ron Miller, faculty conductor. **Gary Blackman** (23, grad.) trumpet solo of *Oleo* (Sonny Rollins) with quintet, Florida State University, Tallahassee; Clifford K. Madsen, faculty advisor. **Matt Carr** (2nd yr.) flugelhorn solo on *If Only You Knew* (Roger Myers) with Chaffey College Jazz Ensemble #1, Rancho Cucamonga, CA; James J. Linahon and Jack M. Mason, faculty advisors. **Brian O'Flaherty** (22, grad.) trumpet solo on *Caveat Emptor* (O'Flaherty*) with The Ensemble, Northern Illinois University, DeKalb; Ron Modell, faculty advisor. **Pete Olstad** (21, soph.) trumpet solo on *Ballad Of The Sad Young Men* (Derick Watkins) with Jazz Lab Band #1, University of Northern Colorado, Greeley; Gene Aitken, faculty advisor. **Mark Piszczek** (23, jr.) multi-instrumental solo on *Fire Castles, Majel,* and *Darkwood* (Piszczek*) performed on oboe, English horn, soprano and alto saxes, recorders, Irish tin whistle, and percussion with The Wakefield Valley Consort (duo), U. South Florida, Tampa; Mark Hendricks, faculty advisor. (* = student.)

Jazz Bands

Best Jazz Performance by a Big Band, High School Division. Winner: **High School for Performing and Visual Arts Jazz Ensemble,** Houston, TX; Dr. Robert Morgan, Director, Jazz Program. Judges' comment: "Big, mature sound, high level solos, well balanced album, everything swings." Personnel (20): trumpets—**Nelson Morales, Gerald Sanchez, Rene Gonzalez, John Pierce, Louie Moser;** trombones—**Collins Sita, Sal Gonzales, Eric Maier, Paul Araiza, Nancy Ottmers;** saxes/woodwinds—**John McDaniel, Shelton Crocker, Everette Harp, Eddie Smart, Erika Ford;** rhythm—**Mike Rojas,** p; **Marc Perkins,** g; **Jerry Osborne,** b; **Herman Matthews,** d; **Doug Roufa,** d. *Outstanding Performance Awards* (alphabetically); **Bloomington High School North Jazz Ensemble** (22 musicians), Bloomington, IN; Lissa A. Fleming, director. **Fairport High School Jazz Ensemble** (23 musicians), Fairport, NY; Tom Ghidiu, director.

Best Jazz Performance by a Big Band, College Division. Winner: **Chaffey College Jazz Ensemble #1** (two-year college), Rancho Cucamonga, CA; Jack Mason, Director of Instrumental Music, and Jim Linahon, Associate Director of Jazz Studies. Judges' comment: "Superior ensemble work, clean cutoffs, all the players breathe as one unit, a delight to listen to." Personnel: trumpets—**Matt Carr, Tony Pearsall, Dave Findley, Susan Wassilchalk;** trombones—**Ron Williams, Bob Rudolph, Leslie Nunes, Bill Conrad;** saxes—**Dalton Hagler, Brian McNair, Albert Alva, Henry Rosslow, Keith Squyres;** rhythm—**Jeanne De Gravel,** p.; **Reggie Chavez,** g.; **Chris Clarke,** b; **Kenneth Maldonado,** d; **Louis Ewing,** d/perc. *Outstanding Performance Awards* (alphabetically): **Eastman Jazz Ensemble** (21 musicians), Eastman School of Music, Rochester, NY: Rayburn Wright, conductor. **University of Miami Concert Jazz Band** (20 musicians), Coral Gables, FL; Whit Sidener, conductor. **The Ensemble** (21 musicians), Northern Illinois University, DeKalb; Ron Modell, conductor. **Ohio State University Jazz Ensemble** (21 musicians), Columbus; Tom Battenberg, conductor.

Composers & Arrangers

Best Original Composition, High School Division: (no winner).

Best Original Composition, College Division. Winner: **David Slonaker** (28, grad.)—*Inner Voices* performed by Eastman Studio Orchestra; Eastman School of Music, Rochester, NY; Ray Wright, conductor and faculty advisor. Judges' comment: "First rate composition, beautifully constructed, interest level remains high from start to finish." *Outstanding Performance Awards* (alphabetically): **Eric Nemeyer** (25, grad.)—*Short & Sassy* performed by a student septet; Eastman School of Music, Rochester, NY; Ray Wright, faculty advisor. **David Roitstein** (24, grad.)—*Coquina* performed by composer playing all parts on an ARP 2600 and overdubbed on a TEAC 80-8; School of Music, U. of Miami, Coral Gables; Whitney F. Sidener, Director of Jazz Studies. **Gerald Savage** (24, grad.)—*Subtlety In Bb,* performed by a Jazz Ensemble, School of Music, Indiana University, Bloomington, David Baker, Director of Jazz Studies. **Scott Stroman** (21, jr.)—*New Horizon,* performed by NIU Jazz Ensemble; Northern Illinois U., DeKalb; Ron Modell, faculty advisor.

Best Jazz Arrangement, High School Division: (no winner).

Best Jazz Arrangement, College Division. Winner: **Manny Mendelson** (24, grad.)—*Oleo* (Sonny Rollins) performed by Eastman Jazz Ensemble; Eastman School of Music, Rochester, NY; Ray Wright, Professor of Jazz and Jazz Ensembles. Judges' comment: "Excellent writing, sounds very easy, good balance in part and sectional writing, very mature and yet contemporary." *Outstanding Performance Awards* (alphabetically): **John Emche** (26, grad.)—*Solar* (Miles Davis) performed by OSU Jazz Band; Ohio State University, Columbus, Thomas Battenberg, Director, Jazz Ensembles. **Brian O'Flaherty** (22, grad.)—*Music* (Flaherty) performed by NIU Jazz Ensemble, Northern Illinois University, DeKalb; Ron Modell, Director, Jazz Studies. **Jules Edmund Rowell** (33, sr.)—*Stepping Stone* (Woody Shaw) performed by UC Jazz Band; University of California, Berkeley; Dr. David W. Tucker, Director. **David Slonaker** (28, grad.)—*Blue Bossa* (Kenny Dorham) performed by Eastman Jazz Ensemble; Eastman School of Music, Rochester, NY; Ray Wright, conductor.

Symphonic Performances

Best Symphonic Performance by a Band or Orchestra, College Division. Winner: **N.I.U. Philharmonic** performing *Overture To Candide* (Bernstein) and *Cello Concerto No.1, Op.33* (Saint-Saëns) featuring Katherine Kelly, cello; Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, Jacques Singer, conductor. Judges' comment: "Beautiful performance, the cello soloist shows remarkable talent and interpretation." *Outstanding Performance Award:* **CSUF Wind Ensemble** performing *Suite Francaise* (Milhaud) and *Scaramouch* (Snoeck); California State University, Fresno; Lawrence Sutherland, Director of Bands.

Vocal Soloists & Groups

Best Vocal Solo Performance, High School Division: (no winner).

Best Vocal Solo Performance, College Division. Winner: **Mike Ericson** for *Everybody's Boppin'* (Jon Hendricks) with University of Northern Colorado Vocal Jazz Ensemble I, Greeley, CO; Gene Aitken, Director. Judges' comment: "Very good jazz phrasing, excellent time sense, accurate interpretation of bop style." *Outstanding Performance Award:* **Lori Lubershane** for *Look To The Sun* (J. Peterson) with Northern Illinois University Jazz Ensemble, DeKalb, IL; Ron Modell, faculty advisor.

Best Vocal Group Performance, High School Division: (no winner).

Best Vocal Group Performance, College Division. Winner: **UNC Vocal Jazz Ensemble I** for *Everybody's Boppin'* (Jon Hendricks), University of Northern Colorado, Greeley, CO; Gene Aitken, director. Judges' comment: "Professional performance in the best tradition of Quire and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross; harmony, dynamics, projection are all top level." db

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RECORD REVIEWS

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

ART LANDE

THE STORY OF BA-KU—1750 Arch S-1778: *The Story of Ned Tra-La; The Story Of Ba-Ku.*

Personnel: Lande, piano; Bill Douglass, bass and flutes; Kurt Wortman, percussion; Bruce Williamson and Mark Miller, reeds; Mark Isham, trumpet and reeds.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There is a joyful beauty to the piano playing and story telling of Art Lande. *The Story Of Ned Tra-La* and *The Story of Ba-Ku* find their sources in the poetic and mystical imagination of a pianist who explores the limits of both his instrument and the basic concepts of jazz and modern classical orchestration. In many recordings that project an avant garde concept, there is a brutal anger and sense of frustration, painted in walls of sound that bend and break, alienating the listener by the sheer force of patterns that find their fuel in dissonance and driving rhythms. The keyboard work of Art Lande is both subtle and powerful, highly technical and childlike, yet projecting a sound that is confluent with both jazz and classical forms.

Side one is 23 minutes of solo piano. In Lande's liner notes, he describes a mystical journey by way of Borupas Trail. Ned Tra-La is tempted by *sensual rhythms*. The first motif is stated in the right hand, a simple melody with a bright Monkish twist. The animated, repetitive theme is developed with the addition of a swinging lower bassline. A sense of motion is established, following the journeys of Ned Tra-La. This Wagnerian system of story telling—of motifs depicting characters—provides room for almost endless experiments on the keyboard.

Lande's sound appears to be based on extensive forms of notation in relationship to areas that are designed for complete improvisation. Order and disorder become systems that are tools, carving away at the entire sound scheme, creating a sculpture of depth and variety.

The Story Of Ba-Ku fills side two. Lande chooses to introduce various sidemen at different times. The opening is like a symphonic fanfare, with brilliant trumpet work by Mark Isham. Fat major/minor chords are played on the piano in an aggressive way, with the melodic theme stated on trumpet in long, brisk whole tones. The piano falls away and the trumpet plays dark blue city sounds that depict a cold, restless energy. Bruce Williamson and Mark Miller enter on reeds in a transitional section, playing the pedal tone in unison with the trumpet, and disappearing, as if lost in the fog of an Appalachian morning. The pianist moves to the interior harp and percussionist Kurt Wortman enters, designing a wall of sound for the band. The melody *It Had To Be You* falls from a lone clarinet, paving the way for a fierce section filled with multiple melodies, phrases and energies. Bassist Bill Douglass tosses in ideas in pizzicato, also beating the side of his instrument. The funky theme that concludes the suite builds gradually on the piano's interior and upper bass strings, blending and fading, like the final page in a novel or the last sequence in a film.

The music of Art Lande is fresh and mature. The concept of telling stories by way of music is not new; the combination of these sounds and musicians is. *—sparrow*

ANDREW HILL

NEFERTITI—Inner City IC 6022: *Blue Black; Relativity; Nefertiti; Hattie; Mudflower; Unnatural Man.*

Personnel: Hill, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Roger Blank, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

FROM CALIFORNIA WITH LOVE—Artists House AH9: *From California With Love; Reverend Du Bop.*

Personnel: Hill, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Although Andrew Hill has been termed a "second wave avant gardist," it's more to the point to note that he's simply one of the most lucid, committed pianists around. And his album jacket claims that he can live "without condescending and [still] create a work of art" is strikingly and thoroughly substantiated by the music in these two releases.

Recorded with bassist Richard Davis and drummer Roger Blank, *Nefertiti* is a vital trio performance, with three independent and equal voices continuously bouncing off and feeding into each other in concentrated, disciplined improvisation. On *Blue Black*, for instance, Hill's cyclonic lines and high tension chord blocks are matched by Davis' hornlike leaps and fills in a constant dialogue. Blank's loose, implicit time heightens the group's sense of shared purpose.

Relativity is likewise of one mind. Hill's variegated, controlled attack (from a Monkian marcato to blurred, impressionistic legato) is mirrored in the group's constantly shifting textures, which in turn set up new contexts for Hill's thematic material. *Nefertiti* (Hill's original, not Shorter's tune) opens with funereal arco bass. Davis' whines, sighs and gasps are informed by the same sense of purpose and commitment which shapes all of this release. *Hattie* and *Unnatural Man* might be termed "paradox exercises." On *Hattie*, Hill's gliding parallel chords alternate with disjunct, rhythmically displaced lines: a playful jagged bounce. In its controlled frenzy, *Hattie* seems to be making up its own rules as it goes along. And these coherent, disciplined paradoxes show not the slightest trace of condescension.

The second of these albums, *From California With Love*, is hardly the musical postcard its clever cover might suggest. Instead, this solo release contains two long musical epistles, each penned in a stunning variety of moods and techniques. Again, paradox seems one of Hill's principal organizational strategies. On *California* (20 minutes of thematic variations on a 20 bar theme) crystalline upper register statements play against cascading runs and pouncing, where-will-the-next-note-clomp? bass lines. Purposeful meandering. Most striking is Hill's power of invention. A piece like this seems as though it could go on for 40 minutes, or two hours, or perhaps even perpetually.

Reverend Du Bop is even more tightly, thematically developed than *California*. Again Hill mixes delicate rubato with lopsided, piledriving passages and high voltage chords. In his dense probing of limited thematic material this large-form pianist never seems at a loss for a new nuance of expression or for a new twist on an old formula.

Two provocative, intense releases. And Artists House's typical accoutrements—discographies, beautiful graphics, critical commentary and even lead sheets—again place quality music in quality packaging.

—balleras

DEXTER GORDON

GREAT ENCOUNTERS—Columbia JC 35978: *Blues Up And Down; Cake; Diggin' In; Ruby My Dear; It's Only A Paper Moon.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor sax; George Cables, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Eddie Gladden, drums; Johnny Griffin, tenor sax, (cuts 1, 2); Woody Shaw, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Eddie Jefferson, vocals, (3, 5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ / ★ ★ ★ ½

Jimmy Forrest says that the idea for the staged tenor sax battle was born in the Andy Kirk band of the early '40s. That was where it all started, he proudly recalls—with a flagwaver of a blues that featured him in locked horn combat with fellow tenormen Eddie Loving and J. D. King. No other band of the period, to his memory, exploited so effectively the excitement-producing potential of the instrument, nor did he recall any having done so earlier, at least not in this specific way. Loving is described by Forrest as having been an excellent showman and a hit wherever the band played, while King, a little known early modernist, played "like Trane [did] in the '50s. He did all those things, those runs and scales. And he'd do them on changes very few people even knew about then." Whenever the moment seemed right to Kirk, he would call for this special number, and, one by one, the three saxophonists would approach the mike. Besting one's "rivals" was the name of the game, and, to this end, each of the three would appear visibly primed for the kill. The audience, by now a Roman mob, screamed for blood as the tenormen continued to trade in ever-diminishing segments of the 12-bar pattern.

Forrest also knows about the legendary cutting contests of the '20s and '30s, but those, he feels, differed markedly from the public combat of later years. Invariably, they were private sessions held in after hours clubs or someone's pad, with no audience present other than that formed by concerned musicians and friends. Quite often, too, they came about by accident. History has it that whenever a prominent tenorman like Coleman Hawkins or Lester Young or Ben Webster blew into town, there would be a line of hopeful challengers waiting for him, each dreaming that he might be the one to "cut" a giant, and, as a result, leap to a long-cherished stardom overnight. Of course,

there were also the infrequent encounters of the giants themselves, times when three or four of the most respected tenormen in the land would find themselves in the same club at the same time. And while tradition has always demanded a showdown between top runners, on the more exalted planes of jazzmanship the prizes bestowed are not for the feigned assault or the grandstand play, but for the intensity of swing and the originality of content.

That tradition is well represented today in both Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin, veterans each of innumerable such tests of virility, yet each still among the most potent of musical forces extant. Long-time friends, they could scarcely be considered rivals, but as the reports of their fabled European encounters continued to mount over the years, American listeners grew impatient with curiosity. What effect could these two titans, in company, exert on each other that could possibly contribute to a better music than that created by each separately? Until now, that question had to remain unanswered, but the speculation ends here.

Recorded live at Carnegie Hall on September 23, 1978, it is unfortunately only the closing portion of the concert that is heard here, but what a magnificent closing it is! Side one, consisting of the Gene Ammons/Sonny Stitt staple, *Blues Up And Down*, and Gordon's *Cake*, may be all that is presently to be savored of that evening's music, but if the quality of the included performances is any indication, then the omitted material must be at least of uncommon interest. The old Forrest-to-Loving-to-King play is used here on *Up And Down*, but to never-before-suspected creative advantage, as the long and little tenormen scale their queries and retorts down from two chorus and one chorus swaps to four-, two-, and one-bar fragments. Incredibly, the minute comments seem to merge into a statement of singular design, so closely attuned are the two. In increasingly imperative tones, they surge into an orgy of simultaneous riffing before triumphantly returning to the head. Both tenormen, in their extended solos on this and the even brighter *Cake*, are virtually exploding with ideas and swing.

The remaining selections were cut early the next year in the CBS studios, and, though lacking the excitement of the concert material, nevertheless convey a special charm of their own. Monk's *Ruby*, the album's single ballad, is a feature for Gordon's dry tenor, while the other numbers gain interest in the added presence of Woody Shaw, Curtis Fuller, and the late Eddie Jefferson, who sings his own clever lyrics to both *Paper Moon* and Gordon's romping blues, *Diggin' In*. Because of their intrinsic differences, though, sides one and two receive separate, sequential ratings here. *—sohmer*

DIDIER LOCKWOOD

NEW WORLD—PA/USA 7046: *Vieux Pape; Autumn Leaves; La Manufacture De Sucre Engloutie; New World; The Last Blade Of Grass; My Memories Of You; Giant Steps; Pentup House; Zbiggy.*
Personnel: Lockwood, violin, bass violin (cut 6); Gordon Beck, piano, electric piano (5); Niels-Henning Ørsted-Pedersen, bass; Tony Williams, drums; John Etheridge, guitar (5,8,9); Jean-Michel Kajdan, guitar (5); Francis Lockwood, piano (6).

★ ★ ★ ★

All jazz violin enthusiasts would do well to search out *New World*; the jazz content on Lockwood's debut is infinitely more interesting than that found on recent offerings by Noel Pointer, L. Shankar and Jean-Luc Ponty. The French-Scottish violinist manifests enough musical sagacity and concomitant self-poise to merit serious international attention.

Predictably, the disc's strongest moments involve the quartet—having Gordon Beck, Tony Williams and Niels-Henning Ørsted-Pedersen onboard as rhythmic navigators is a prodigious blessing. As *Vieux Pape* flames in its bop vein, Lockwood, encouraged, not intimidated by his comrades, packs his concise extemporization with super-abundant drive while time-keeper Williams boisterously fashions a cymbal maelstrom. The more relaxed tempo of *Autumn Leaves* better displays his pure tone and quirkily smooth phrasing: the initial statement of the theme is somewhat hesitant but the ensuing solo is immaculately and confidently executed—again the sidemen proffer their jazz elixir.

On *New World* Pedersen rumbles like a volcano reawakening, Williams calls forth the Miles and V.S.O.P. grandeurs and Lockwood nimbly oversees the duple meter romp until the carpet is discourteously pulled from beneath them: incredibly, shortly after high-octane riposting between fiddler and drummer, while the group brashly dances on, there's a fade out, an astonishing breach of jazz etiquette! Also *Zbiggy*, the tribute to the late violinist Zbigniew Seifert, ends in the same manner, though it's less painful because the electric guitar becomes an irritant. Shame on producer Joachim-Ernst Berendt.

La Manufacture De Sucre Engloutie and *My Memories Of You*, the former a totally improvised duet with Beck and the latter with composer-pianist brother Francis Lockwood and Pedersen, run closer to simulated classical music than jazz. Like Ponty, Leroy Jenkins and Stephane Grappelli, Lockwood had classical training and *Manufacture* sketches various impressionistic tonal colors. *Memories* pleasantly develops the rapport between bass violin and jazzy double bass.

Grappelli must be proud of his young friend—Lockwood (on *Pentup House*, for example) can't match the exciting swing of the septuagenarian master but he's on the way. Didier Lockwood: a name to remember.

—hadley

WALT DICKERSON

SHADES OF LOVE—SteepleChase (Direct Cutting) SCD-17002: *Infinite Love; Love Is You; Interim Love.*
Personnel: Dickerson, vibraphone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

WALT DICKERSON and SUN RA

VISIONS—SteepleChase SCS-1126: *Astro; Utopia; Visions; Constructive Neutrons; Space Dance.*
Personnel: Dickerson, vibraphone; Ra, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

BILL LEWIS and KHAN JAMAL

THE RIVER—Philly Jazz PJ 1002: *The River: The Waterfall; The River: The Vanishing Man; As Salim.*
Personnel: Lewis, Jamal, marimba.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jazz celebrates the individual. Among vibraphonists, Red Norvo, Lionel Hampton, Milt Jackson, Gary Burton and Bobby Hutcherson have followed their own artistic paths, establishing unique styles that expanded their instrument's expressivity. Today, this tradition of personal expression is carried on by a multitude of musicians, including Walt Dickerson, Bill Lewis and Khan Jamal.

First gaining recognition in the early 60's, Dickerson is a decidedly original artist whose preoccupation with textures sharply contrasts with many vibraphonists' penchant for emphasizing either a horn-like or pianistic conception. His personal sound is also due to utilizing rubber rather than felt mallets. With the former, he alternates striking and rubbing the keyboard with varying degrees of intensity and duration, transforming his instrument into an unusually rich, multi-dimensional sound producer.

Shades Of Love, a solo album, finds Dickerson leisurely exploring three pieces, placing little emphasis on producing a continuous barrage of sound or swinging in the conventional sense. Yet the music has considerable momentum and energy. As Chris Sheridan points out in his informative album notes, Dickerson has assimilated the harmonic and rhythmic practices of Art Tatum, Charlie Parker and Bud Powell into his own conception. In addition, he displays a keen sensitivity to overtones. On *Infinite Love*, for example, the vibraphonist piles up layers of sound until they overlap, creating a series of continually changing chords.

Through his use of contrasting timbres and tonalities, Dickerson sets up musical dialogues with himself that often give the illusion of two musicians playing together. On *Interim Love*, he even goes so far as to simultaneously play two vibraphones tuned in reverse order. *Infinite Love*, on the other hand, has Dickerson alternating chime-like sections with duller, dampened passages. He masterfully manipulates the two textures, obliterating clock time and making the music the listener's sole point of reference.

Visions features Dickerson with pianist Sun Ra. Because of the addition of the richly harmonic piano, the album's textures are fuller and more orchestral than those found in the unaccompanied *Shades Of Love*. The duet session also sounds more forceful, as the two musicians have to play out in order to respond to each other. *Space Dance*, an especially energetic performance, includes dissonant clusters and flurries delivered at a variety of speeds, before tapering off into an exquisite, echo-like dialogue.

Dickerson and Ra are both musical conversationalists who favor prolonged discussion. On *Astro* they match ringing sounds, with the former employing the vibraphone's motor and his colleague utilizing the piano's sustaining pedal. *Utopia*, however, features the two musicians in a contrasting counterpoint, pitting the vibraphonist's metallic scraps and fast runs against the pianist's barrage of sounds made mostly inside the instrument.

Bill Lewis and Khan Jamal, both Philadelphia-based musicians, have also come up with a stimulating set of performances which is quite different from the Dickerson/Ra collaboration. First, they opt for a vibraphone/marimba combination rather than a vibraphone/piano instrumentation, resulting in a homogeneous but still percussive sound.

Second, Lewis and Jamal's conception is more heavily rooted in various world folk musics than is Dickerson's. *The Vanishing Man* incorporates elements of both Gamelan music and the blues. These sources are struc-

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tured modally, with rolling ostinato figures that modulate to different tonal centers.

Despite an emphasis on repetition, Lewis and Jamal prevent textural monotony from occuring by altering the length and character of the ostinatos. Frequently, one of the musicians plays a riff while his colleague weaves a counter rhythm or solo against the primary pattern. Such a process produces polyrhythms which immeasurably add to the music's flow and vitality. *The Waterfall*'s opening figure, as well as its subsequent repetition, dissection and development superbly convey the motion, flow and energy of moving water. —*safane*

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR

CRAWFISH FIESTA—Alligator AL 4718: *Big Chief; Her Mind Is Gone; Something On Your Mind; You're Driving Me Crazy; Red Beans; Willie Fugal's Blues; It's My Fault Darling; In The Wee Wee Hours; Cry To Me; Bald Head; Whole Lotta Loving; Crawfish Fiesta.*

Personnel: Longhair, piano and vocals; Dr. John (Mac Rebennack), guitar; Andy Kaslow, tenor sax; Tony Dagradi, tenor sax; Jim Moore, baritone sax; Alfred "Uganda" Roberts, congas; David Lee Watson, bass; John Vidacovich, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Henry Roeland Byrd, better known as Professor Longhair or "Fess," flew out to the San Francisco Bay Area in 1977 to play the Monterey Jazz Festival, it was evident that the aging band leader would be taking his place in rock and roll heaven before too many more years passed.

Still, as anyone who caught Longhair during his West Coast dates that year, or at his New Orleans homebase, Tipitina's, can attest, Longhair was rockin' out with a vitality and vibrancy that had nothing to do with the state of his health. He may have needed help getting onto the stage, but once he sat down at the keyboards, he was as agile as a teenager. His performances of *Bald Head, Tipitina, Big Chief* and *In The Night* were so powerful, a listener felt privy to the very essence of rock and roll. Longhair banged and pounded, coaxed and seduced the keys like a desperate lover trying every trick to keep his girl's interest.

Ironically, Longhair's first studio recording in six years was shipping the day he died in New Orleans at age 61. *Crawfish Fiesta* is a terrific album; certainly the best representation of Longhair's idiosyncratic and influential contribution to rock and roll since Atlantic Records released selections from 1949 and 1953 sessions on a compilation album, *New Orleans Piano*, in '72.

On *Crawfish Fiesta*, Longhair leads off with *Big Chief*, a 1965 regional hit for him in Louisiana. The syncopated "second line" rhythm that drives the song sets the tone for this upbeat party album. Longhair's vocal is fluid and sexy. Whistling through the instrumental breaks, he imbues the song, which he certainly played thousands of times, with a fresh spontaneity.

But it's *Her Mind Is Gone*, the second cut and one of the album's finest, that really finds Fess hitting his stride. The horn section punches in with 2 a.m. joint-rockin' power one rarely hears on disc these days. Imagine Longhair bouncing on the piano bench as he sings, "I remember when I first got married/ I tried to settle down/but the woman who I took for my wife/Took me for a clown/ 'Cause her mind is gone/Hey hey hey, her mind is gone/When a woman starts doing wrong/She won't do right no more."

Throughout the album, Longhair's work on the ivories is exceptional, and you can hear every nuance. His nimble fingers flicker over the keys, cutting through the entire boogie-woogie band. The horn section's playing is equally stunning, ensembles tight, solos hot. The major disappointment is Dr. John's guitar playing, which is practically inaudible. Though Fess' working band's rhythm section is adequate, one wishes he'd teamed with New Orleans' much missed classic session band, the Meters; fireworks could have resulted from a studio pairing of Longhair with drummer Zig Modeliste, guitarist Leo Nocentelli and bassist George Porter Jr., with Art Neville on organ.

On *Something On Her Mind*, Longhair brings down the pace to a slow blues and the horns sway like trees caught in the wind; Longhair's blue vocal captures the loss of a love affair gone sour. Though it is his keyboard work that is most often praised, this cut really shows off his great voice. One can hear echoes of Elvis Presley in the low, rockabilly colorations that are particularly evident here.

But more often, Longhair sings his expressive blues over pumping rhythms and dance tempos. *You're Driving Me Crazy, Red Beans, In The Wee Wee Hours* and *Bald Head* (a remake of his first hit record) capture the Longhair magic. By expressing his trials and tribulations with do-wrong women over joyous "shake 'em on down" instrumental tracks, Longhair captured the party-spirit-in-the-midst-of-misery that is central to Carnival. It's no mistake that his song, *Going To The Mardi Gras*, is still played every year in New Orleans during the festivities.

Lovingly produced by Bruce Iglauer, tenorist Andy and Allison Kaslow, Fess' manager, *Crawfish Fiesta* is a tour de force that should be included in every collection of great rock 'n' roll and r&b. It's a near-perfect album for Longhair to leave behind. Still, it's too bad that he didn't get a chance to hear the praise *Crawfish Fiesta* will certainly elicit. —*goldberg*

KEN NORDINE

STARE WITH YOUR EARS—Snail Records 1: *Island; Angel's Lament; Alphabet; Cracks In The Ceiling; Mister Blister; Fadeaway Stranger; Once Upon A You Know What; Don't You Wish; Seven Ways Of The Meek; Ballad Of The Final Page; Inchoate Blues; Smelts; Scratch.*

Personnel: Nordine, vocals; Pat Ferreri, guitar, ARP Avatar guitar synthesizer; Manfredo Fest, keyboards; Kristan Vaughan, guitar; Thomas Kini, bass; Doug Mazique, bass; Don Simmons, drums, percussion; Tom Radtke, drums, percussion; Peter "Madcat" Ruth, harmonica; Ed Druzinsky, harpist; Odel Brown, organ; Ron Kirk, guitar; Alejo Poveda, percussion; Bonnie Herman and Bob Bowker, backing vocals; Kitty Haywood, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

RON CUCCIA & THE JAZZ POETRY GROUP

RON CUCCIA & THE JAZZ POETRY GROUP—Takoma TAK-7072: *Jazztown/Fastfood; Streets/My Darlin' New Orleans; Who Pushed The Button?/Children Of Creation; Summer Ain't No Secret, Anymore; Spring Rendezvous/Splendid Company; The Scuffle; Love Song.*

Personnel: Cuccia, vocals; Leigh Harris, vocals; Johnny Magnie, piano, vocals; Ramsey McLean, upright bass, cello; Charles Neville, saxophones, vocals; Ricky Sebastian, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

The return of Mr. Word Jazz himself, Ken Nordine, should be cause for celebration amongst aging beat poets and jive talking bopsters. Twenty years ago, jazz slang smoothies like Nordine, Al "Jazzbo" Collins, Herb "Mr. J" Johnson and others popularized a hip vocal style indebted to Cab Calloway, contemporary deejay prattle, Jack Kerouac, Symphony Sid and all points between. Now cool Ken is back, with his own record label, no less, and his vocal chops are definitely up. Nordine has been in constant demand for voice-overs on TV commercials by Levi jeans, Gallo wines, Taster's Choice coffee and other products.

Snail Records was so named because Nordine expects his stuff to catch on real slow, and he may be right. *Stare With Your Ears* could hold a novelty attraction for some small segment of Americana, especially because of *Island* (used liberally as a national television spot for wine) and *Scratch* (to which the Levi's trademark has been walked on a psychedelic leash). But the album will no doubt have more esoteric appeal for Nordine's longtime "camp" followers, or a younger generation of word jazz aficionados who have heard little beyond Al Jarreau, Tom Waits and Michael Franks.

This entire disc exhibits a flair for extensive rhyme, ambiguity, paradox, lingual oddities and tripped out imagery. Nordine's sense of humor and playful phraseology shows through on *Alphabet* and *Don't You Wish*, and he often takes us through twists and turns of double and triple entendres. Most powerful are those spacy stories of existential wonder that have always been Nordine's forte: *Cracks In The Ceiling, Seven Ways Of The Meek, Inchoate Blues*, and so on. Told in a style "more said than sung," these semi-sane tales hypnotize upon impact. The closing *Scratch* may be just another dog walk (Scratch being the canine's name), but Nordine makes it sound like a journey to Pulsar 93.

Musically, most of these tracks are subtly evocative. Typewriter percussion and computer voices distinguish *Cracks In The Ceiling*, water drips are used on *Once Upon A You Know What*, and high white noise colors the backdrop for the Endsday section on *Seven Ways Of The Meek*. A restrained, but effective, use of synthesized effects (Nordine may have aided Manfredo Fest) is integral to these moody scenes, and were recorded on twin 24-tracks at Nordine Groop in Chicago. The production is excellent.

Unfortunately, the high quality of *Stare With Your Ears* is regularly interrupted by cute, countrified cuts (*Angel's Lament, Fadeaway Stranger, Ballad Of The Final Page*) that, while potentially lucrative in a hokey jingle context, prove disruptive to the serious listener here. Certainly some comic relief is justifiable amidst Ken Nordine's resonant madness, and even these weaker tracks have a degree of lyrical viability. But vocal arrangements akin to the Anita Kerr Singers or Ray Conniff are disappointing. Nordine still has the ability to stun and amaze us, but he goes overboard to soften the blow.

Another kind of "word jazz" is coming out of New Orleans these days, and it is streetwise, sassy and swinging. Actually commissioned by the city to write and perform his poetry, Ron Cuccia delivers his rap atop a loose and goosey rhythm section, recorded by the famed Cosimo Matassa. Members of the Jazz Poetry Group, and particularly Leigh Harris, do the talking when Cuccia steps back from a rapidfire stream of tomes and poems.

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Together, this ensemble covers the gamut of possible topicalia, from jazz ("sax smoking like a midnight train") to fastfood ("a double scotch and a spanish fly") and interpersonal relationships ("I come with the works to go"). While emotions run rampant through all this verbosity, and the language gets deliriously lowbrow ("the barlady is shakin' like the back o' the bus"), writers Cuccia and Johnny Magnie are spontaneous, innovative and at least partially schooled in literature. *Streets* employs a Dylan Thomas beginning.

The vocal style is swaggering and apparently free form, but there is an emphasis on repetition (*Children Of Creation*) and rhyme (*Spring Rondezvous*) as well as super real descriptiveness (*Fastfood*). Cuccia's phrasing sounds very much like Tom Waits' at times, and so does his stream of consciousness nightlife imagery. When Ms. Harris joins him for *Spring Rondezvous*, she even sounds like Bette Midler to his Waits. These similarities are disconcerting at first, with Cuccia's artistic originality seemingly in question.

But there is no doubt about the poetic savvy of this album, even when the material appears blatantly sensational or sensual ("your eyes like nipples"). When the lyrics call for song, as on *My Darlin' New Orleans* or *The Scuffle*, the poets show that they can sing quite effectively without losing their dramatic direction. And setting the scene is a hot little combo from New Orleans that is up to anything from swing to r&b. This is a busy recording, packed with material that can be exciting at times, even if it has been done before. —*henschen*

CHARLES LLOYD

BIG SUR TAPESTRY—Pacific Arts PAC7-139: *Partington Cove; Partington Point; Hill Of The Hawk; Home.*

Personnel: Lloyd, C Flute, Chinese oboe, alto flute; Georgia Kelly, harp; side 2, Lloyd, alto flute.

★ ★ ★ ★

WEAVINGS—Pacific Arts PAC7-123: *Island Girl; Walk In Beauty; You Know I Love You; Ken Katta Ma Oom; Your Heart Never Lies; Weavings; Life Worth Living; Sailin'.*

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor and soprano saxophone, flute; Ron Altbach, piano; Wells Kelly, bass, percussion; Ed Carter, guitar; Mike Kowalski, drums, percussion; Gary Griffin, electric piano.

★ ★ ★

The return to the recording scene of a master musician such as Charles Lloyd is something to be hailed—and when it is with two almost simultaneous albums, that's worth writing about. The saxophonist/flutist has been in transition for many years, having discovered his spiritual mentor, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and made the conscious decision to follow the Maharishi's teachings.

Lloyd's association with Transcendental Meditation led him into alliances with other musicians traveling the same path, most notably the Beach Boys, and from this spiritual union arose some musical explorations. Back in 1973 Charles was heard on *Waves*, an album that was far below the standard he had previously established for himself, in which he and the Beach Boys sang and played a set of nondescript pop-rock tunes.

Seven years have elapsed and Charles Lloyd has emerged from his self-imposed exile to share his meditations and musings with the listening world. Using only a harp to augment his own flutes and Chinese oboe, Lloyd has achieved a fullness of sound and a richness of content that indeed creates a multi-faceted tapestry.

Side one opens with Georgia Kelly's harp in a mood reminiscent of Chinese temple music, and the poignant, plaintive sound of Charles' flute provides a perfect setting for meditation, for practicing yoga postures, or for making love. Big Sur countryside is noted for its quietude and sweeping magnificence—all this is evoked in *Partington Cove, Partington Point* and *Hill Of The Hawk.*

A barren and wintry moment is brought to life in *Home* as Lloyd introduces his Chinese oboe; Kelly is tacit. This track, in particular, displays the ever-searching, fertile imagination that has long been Lloyd's trademark. *Homage To The Universe* on side two moves through the many facets of a solo alto flute, electronics and echo effects being used with great care and sympathy. There are airy excursions out of the cosmos, trips "inside" and beautiful pastoral scenes all within the space of this almost 30 minutes of music.

Weavings, recorded in 1978, offers contrasts with *Big Sur:* Charles utilized all his reed instruments as well as conventional flute; he was leaning more toward jazz-rock; there was a full orchestra backing him on most tracks, with strings and additional horns; and it was recorded at the Maharishi International University in Iowa. By far the best tracks are the title cut and *Ken Katta Ma Oom (Bright Sun Upon You)*, which has a kind of reggae flavor, and finds Charles playing tenor sax with some good electric piano work from Gary Griffin (who also arranged the strings).

Weavings was apparently a great experiment for Lloyd, and has him starting out in a pensive vein on flute, accompanied by acoustic piano and a bank of strings. He gradually builds the mood, using the strings as a bridge for his switch to tenor sax; there is some superb electric bass work from Wells Kelly (who was keyman in the group Orleans), and a chorus of horns. The flute is in the foreground once again for the finale, closing out the tune with harpist Maureen Love adding an interesting coloration. Two of the other cuts, *You Know I Love You* and *Your Heart Never Lies*, were written by Lloyd to be used in the motion picture, *Moment By Moment*. Both are delicate love songs which, with the addition of the string section, serve their movie theme purpose.

In all, these two albums mark a welcome homecoming for an artist who began his solo recording career back in 1964 with an album called *Discovery!*. In 1980, Charles Lloyd promises to be a *re*-discovery!

—*nemko-graham*

PRINCE LAWSHA

FIREBIRDS LIVE, VOL. I—Birdseye Series 99001: *April Showers; City Of Zoar.*

Personnel: Lawsha, alto sax, flute, clarinet; Hadley Caliman, tenor sax, flute; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Buster Williams, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

FIREBIRDS LIVE, VOL. II—Birdseye Series 99001: *Mayflower; For The Child; Tracking Tram.*

Personnel: Lawsha, baritone sax, soprano sax; Kenneth Nash, African percussion; Roy McCurdy, drums; Hubert Eaves, piano; Ron Carter, bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

FIREBIRDS LIVE, VOL. III—Birdseye Series 99001: *Scarlet Ibis Birds; Journey To Zoar.*

Personnel: Lawsha, alto sax, flute; Sonny Simmons, alto sax, english horn; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Charles Moffett, drums; Buster Williams, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Prince Lawsha's music descends like dew

from his idea that "All musical sounds that have been sounded on earth are still hanging in the atmosphere, like a canopy over the earth. You can recapture these sounds," Lawsha believes, "if you concentrate deep enough and have enough minds all traveling in the same direction."

Indeed, Lawsha's music is charged with atmospheric energy. It is open, airy and changeable. But Lawsha's mysticism cannot conceal the earthly roots of his music: the free improvisation of Ornette Coleman, the meditations of John Coltrane, the bebop of Charlie Parker. These three volumes were recorded live at various Bay Area jazz festivals in the mid '70s. Although they vary in artistic and acoustic quality, they offer a representative sampling of the remarkable yet little-known Lawsha.

Vol. I, recorded at the Fifth Avant Garde Festival at U.C. Berkeley, is characterized by what Nat Hentoff once called the "affirmative lyricism" of Lawsha. This means that the emotional content is loving, not hostile or angry, and that the sounds, while dense and complex, will not drive you from the room. It is free jazz—free rhythms rather than meter, free polyphony rather than a chart with changes—but it is accessible free jazz.

Lawsha leads the way on alto, flute and clarinet. His lines have an unmistakeably boppish bent; his speed can be dazzling, but his articulation is always as clean as jewels on a chain. In comparison, Hadley Caliman has more blues in his music and less ingenuity. Bobby Hutcherson is in top form. Like a musical metalworker he hammers out his ideas, sometimes with the powerful, purposeful blows of a blacksmith, and sometimes with a silversmith's shower of precise raps. Charles Moffett plays colorfully and always musically, freely mixing the crack of sticks, the pat and tap of brushes and the shimmer of cymbals.

The jazz on *Vol. II*, recorded at the 1974 Berkeley Jazz Festival, is much closer to the mainstream. The tunes are all played in regular meters, pinned down nicely by Ron Carter's walking bass, Hubert Eaves' piano comping and Roy McCurdy's cymbal-dominated drumming. Above this conventional, swinging rhythm section, Lawsha runs free. He hovers around the groove constantly, but only occasionally slips into it. His bari playing is relaxed but not as fresh as his alto work.

Coming from the stage of the 1975 Monterey Jazz Festival, *Vol. III* is better recorded than the first two volumes. It is also the most intense of the three volumes, and overall it contains the most consistent performances. *Vol. III* is also noteworthy because it reunites the original Firebirds, one of the most creative if unsung groups of the '60s, who recorded twice, with slight personnel shifts, for Contemporary.

Scarlet Ibis Birds is a forceful 17 minute opus, thick with sounds but never impenetrable. Lawsha's Islamic leanings are most pronounced here, especially when he plays in a Middle Eastern-flavored mode while Moffett strikes the tambourine, Simmons calls on english horn, and Williams drones on bass. *Journey To Zoar* begins in a *Lonely Woman* mood and goes through several changes, including a fast and funky groove, before returning. Lawsha and Simmons take turns blowing and overblowing their horns, as well as playing in spirited tandem. Buster Williams performs beautifully throughout the album, playing not only with accuracy and resonance but always with appropriateness—walking, droning, sliding, bowing at just the right times. Hutcherson has less room to stretch out here than on *Vol. I*, which is a disappointment, but he is an integral part of the music's varied and vivid coloring.

These records may be hard to find. If so, try ordering them from Birdseye Records, 2340 17th Ave., Oakland, CA 94606. —*clark*

SHELLY MANNE

THE THREE—Inner City IC 6007: *Yearnin'; On Green Dolphin Street; Satin Doll; Manha Do Carnaval; 'Round About Midnight; Funky Blues.*

Personnel: Manne, drums; Joe Sample, piano; Ray Brown, bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

FRENCH CONCERT—Galaxy GXY-5124: *Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise; Body And Soul; What Is This Thing Called Love?; What's New?; Stella By Starlight; Take The Coltrane.*

Personnel: Manne, drums; Lee Konitz, alto sax (cuts 3-6); Mike Wofford, piano; Chuck Domanico, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE DRUM SESSION—Inner City IC 6051: *One Score And Four Drummers Ago; Shelly's Blues; Samba Sushi; 4 Aces; Super Mellow; Drum Battle, Section 1; Your Warmth; Take Three And C.*

Personnel: Manne, Louie Bellson, Willie Bobo, Paul Humphrey, drums; Bob Bryant, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jerome Richardson, tenor sax, flute; Mike Wofford, keyboards; Chuck Domanico, bass.

★ ★

THE MANNE WE LOVE—East World EWLF-98009: *Manteca; I'll Remember April; Night In Tunisia; Jitterbug Waltz; Cotton Tail.*

Personnel: Manne, Chuck Flores, drums; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Ted Nash Jr., tenor, alto and soprano saxes; Mike Wofford, piano; John Heard, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

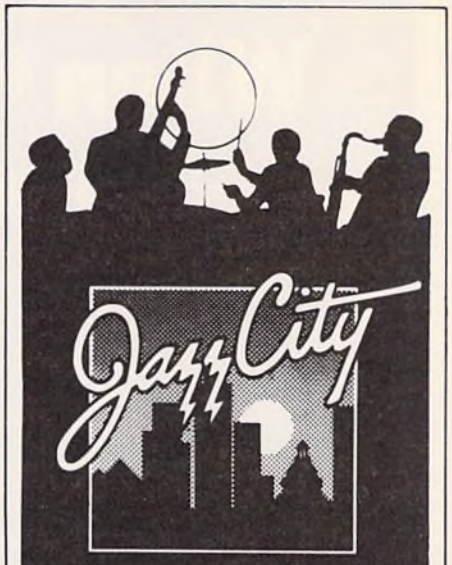
Pianist Sample has moved further from an early Art Tatum influence and closer to funk as he has become involved with the (Jazz) Crusaders, L.A. Express and Motown Records. And much of this relaxed, easy-going album by *The Three* is funk oriented through Sample's heavy blues chording, quickly repeated notes, short glissandi, tremolos and chases up the keyboard. In sharp contrast to the funk is, surprisingly, a very lyrical and unsad *'Round Midnight;* a loosely swinging *Satin Doll;* and a slightly boppish version, with some Powell-like fleeting runs, of *Dolphin*, which opens with some slightly dissonant runs. Also out of the ordinary is the opening of *Carnaval*, an abstract recasting of the theme that precedes Sample's verbatim restating of Bonfa's familiar melody. However as Sample's solo progresses, the tune gets increasingly funky with an overly familiar medium tempo Latin feel.

Brown takes solos on every cut, playing both melodically and rhythmically with strength, while Manne provides strong support, with occasional comments upon Sample's or Brown's work and a few breaks on *Satin Doll.*

Taken from a Japanese direct-to-disc recording, the sound is generally excellent, although the bass could have been captured with a more full rich tone.

What is really needed, though, is more of the Sample of *Midnight*, much of *Carnival* and the introduction to *Dolphin*—all of which are really special. The rest of the album is enjoyably pleasant but nothing more than that, no matter how well The Three play together.

French Concert, recorded in November 1977 (two years after *The Three*), opens with another Manne trio. The mood throughout is looser, more relaxed, than on *The Three* either



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When the sun goes down, the

Richard's second album features all the ingredients to make this a very strong date: he's joined by Eric Gale, Ralph MacDonald, Tom Scott, Steve Gadd and Hugh McCracken. The album also marks Richard's singing debut. Produced by Bob James.

Ralph MacDonald appears courtesy of Marlin Records, a division of T.K. Productions, Inc.

"There are many good tunes, honey, left in this old violin," sings Alberta Hunter. And the 85-year-old legend proves, with her new compositions and recordings, there isn't a singer around who is deeper into the blues. Produced by John Hammond.

Freddie loosens up with his lean quintet plus some special guests on an album with a feel Freddie calls "Skagly." The key to the name lies somewhere in the leader's clean attack, smooth soloing, and low, slow fire — and in the late-night lively things they get him into.

Leonard Feather said of Bobby Hutcherson's last album for Columbia, "[It] brings together all the elements necessary...to produce a perfect jazz album." Bobby's new one adds another—guest guitarist John Abercrombie. You can imagine that the interplay gets "Un Poco Loco."

John Abercrombie appears courtesy of ECM Records.

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Dave Grusin appears courtesy of Grusin-Rosen Productions.

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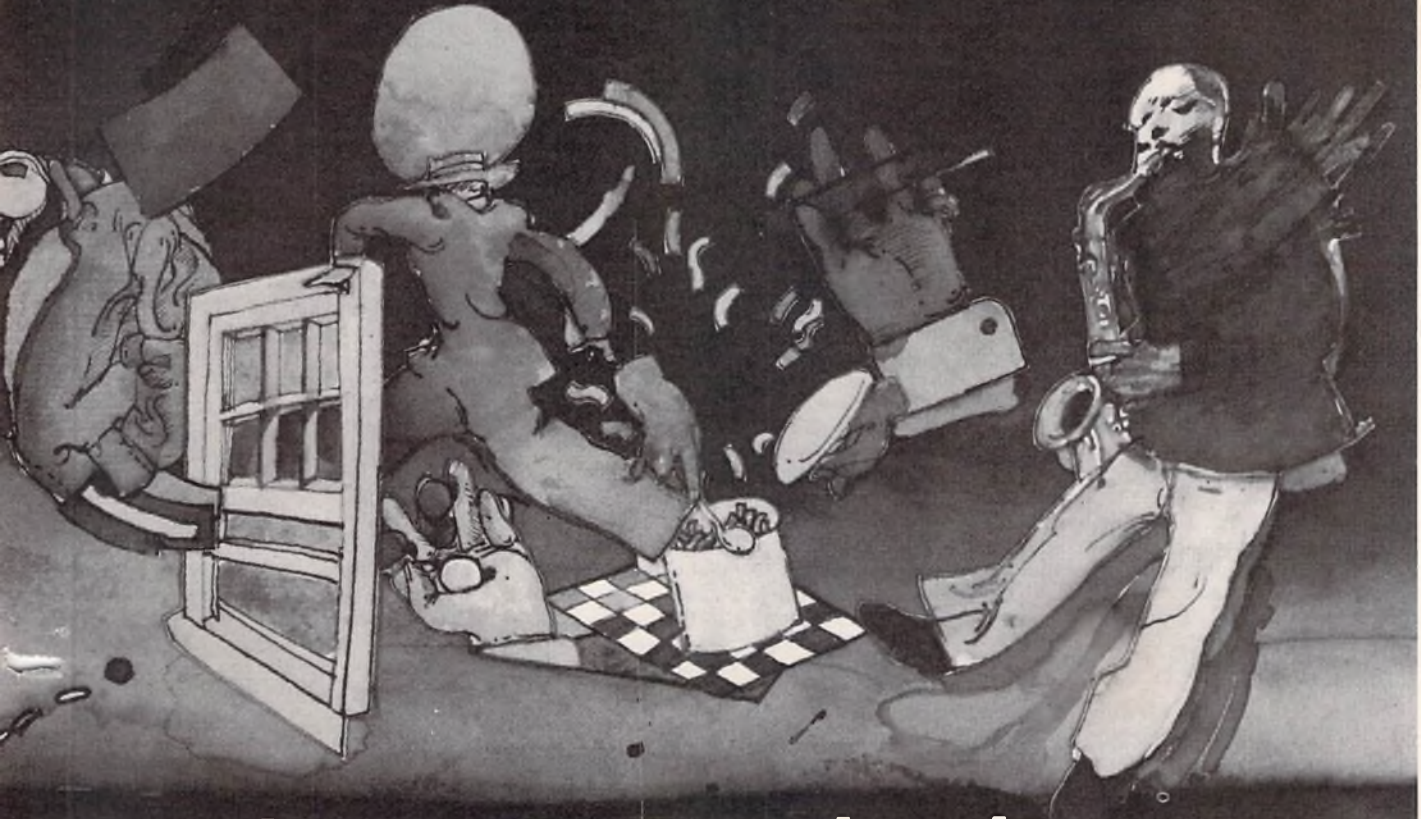
Norman Connors appears courtesy of Arista Records, Inc.



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because of the different conditions or the different group.

On the opening uptempo *Softly* Wofford spills out a steady, lightly swinging cascade of ascending and descending single note figures until he settles into the middle of the keyboard for some vigorous chording. On Johnny Green's standard, Wofford and Domanico stick closely to the familiar melody with Wofford embellishing the line with light right hand chords, and an occasional single note run, while enriching the harmony with full left hand chords.

The music gets freer as Konitz enters, playing an a cappella intro to *Thing Called Love* before the applause from *Body and Soul* fades. Manne breaks loose from rhythmic support, and on *Stella*, for example, creates a dense counterpoint under a somewhat free passage by Konitz. And Wofford's ideas contrast with and underline Konitz's playing as much as fill in or comment upon the altoist's ideas.

On the quartet's one ballad, *What's New?*, in sharp contrast to the trio's conservative approach to *Body And Soul*, Konitz and Wofford answer the title's question with their own gorgeous reworking of the Haggart and Burke standard. Throughout the last four tracks Konitz is a musical arsonist, setting everyone afire with his blazing, intense, flowing lines.

The recorded sound is excellent, especially the piano, with Radio France's mikes catching all the resonance. However, Domanico is using one of those pick-up mikes that isn't able to capture all the resonance and full tonal range of the acoustic bass.

The release of the five year old *The Drum Session* recording at this time does nothing for the memory of the late Oliver Nelson who is listed as producer. There is no sign of a true production here—just schedule a studio date (actually three days, according to the credits) for eight musicians, half of them drummers, jot down some heads and give these lead sheets a half-hearted run through. Not even the horn solos are well developed statements.

The drummers—there is no indication of who is located where on the mix on this liner note-less album—stick almost entirely to playing a rhythmic role—and 41 minutes of rolls, bass drum thumps and cymbal crashes becomes a little much. The drummers never are used melodically and only on *Your Warmth*, an all right ballad, are the color potentialities even hinted at. Wofford and Domanico play electric instruments throughout, a poor choice since the sounds of acoustic piano and bass would fit better with all the percussion.

The four drummers are a somewhat mixed but talented bag—big band driver Bellson, Latin music figure Bobo, the multi-experienced Humphrey and Manne, who can display a wide and subtle range of percussion coloring and rhythms. But they obviously didn't establish how they could best work together.

The two drummers on *The Manne We Love* do far more than the four on *The Drum Session*. Perhaps it's because two are less likely to get in each other's way than four and can maintain close contact with each other, but I suspect it's also because more preparation went into this session. As a direct-to-disc recording, it *has* to be well prepared.

There's always a fear that direct-to-disc can result in restrained performances out of fear of making a mistake. But the performances are exciting ones, more exciting than the all-standard selections would suggest.

Candoli drives with his fiery bursts of notes. Wofford sounds as if he can't wait to set loose all his ideas, for while the notes wildly spill out, each one reflects an idea. He sometimes plays as many ideas with his left hand as with his right, as on *Manteca* when melodic phrases are stated with the left while his right hand plays off of them. Nash, however, is somewhat tight, unable to express a steady, developing flow of ideas. He is most at ease on *April*, a strong melody taken here at a comfortably fast tempo, suggesting his major problem is lack of experience.

The recorded sound is really fantastic—each individual instrument is captured with a clear presence within the overall sound of the group. All of the resonance of the piano is caught so well that one can even hear the full range of the sound as it opens up or is muted with use of the foot pedal.

It would have been nice, however, if some of the tunes were a little less familiar and if there had been at least one slow ballad.

—de muth

ARTHUR BLYTHE

IN THE TRADITION—Columbia JC-36300: *Jitterbug Waltz; In A Sentimental Mood; Break Tune; Caravan; Hip Dripper; Naima.*

Personnel: Blythe, alto sax; Stanley Cowell, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

METAMORPHOSIS—India Navigation IN-1038: *Duet For Two; Metamorphosis; Shadows.*

Personnel: Blythe, alto sax; Abdul Wadud, cello; Ahmed Abdullah, trumpet; Bob Stewart, tuba; Steve Reid, drums; Muhammad Abdullah, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fat and juicy—that's Black Arthur's alto sax. A more robust and fruity sound hasn't been heard since Phil Woods and Tab Smith. Blythe's one of the more natural sounding and full-bodied of younger generation altoists, neither mean and anorexic nor chill and stainless steel, but hearty, generous and individualistic.

Hearing Blythe at Jonathan Swift's in Cambridge with tubist Stewart and Abdullah on conga gave object lessons in the beauties of spareness and heightened my appreciation for Blythe's searing tone, bold attack, deep roots and cheerful charisma (cf *Bush Baby*, on Adelphi). These two recent Blythe recordings show him in command of markedly different situations—a chamber jazz gig in a New York loft and an oldies-but-goodies studio date shooting unabashedly for airplay.

An uncomfortably trebly mix on the Columbia (following Blythe's gala label debut, *Lenox Avenue Breakdown)* gives the teeth-setting edge of a crystal radio to the music, so the LP seems at first more a tinny take-off than expansions on jazz classics; it also makes McCall's off center rolls and late cymbal kicks seem like put-ons. So I turned down the high and turned up the low and got into it. Blythe's energy is intense, and every track sings mightily.

Two good humored original blues *(Break Tune, Hip Dripper)* are kept short, but offer half the space to Cowell who draws on his own rags, parallel octaves, bop turns and wellspring of tradition (five years with the Heaths; childhood home sessions from Tatum). He also gets into some scorching crossfires with McCall. The standards have less clipped, matter-of-fact solos from Blythe (including an astonishing Bechet homage on *Waltz*), are taken more romantically and freely, and fade into the mists of time via lingering codas. Blythe's ballads shimmer with his sweet vibrato and ecstatic flights to falsetto range, backed exquisitely by the rhythm mates. *Naima*, really heady, soars to the stratosphere, Hopkins abandoning his role as anchorman to bow all out arpeggios and tremolos. As McCall told Gary Giddins for the liner, "You may think of Hodges and Coltrane, but you don't miss them." Blythe's history absorbs style and reminiscence, looking over the shoulder as well as straight-ahead.

The album from India Navigation (Blythe's second on that bold New York label) uses nearly as traditional foundations, but in "outer" guise. Blythe's writing, as clear and articulate as his playing, is firmly grounded in blues, often limned in gritty riffs. *Duet* for alto and cello builds a blues structure on rising arpeggios; the title track has a bumptious unison theme that never strays far. In his solos, Blythe effectively uses repetition, shouts, Dolphian figures, and—dig this for traditionalism—melodic variations. *Shadows* is appropriately dark toned and amorphous but never impenetrable, its vivid alto obbligato etched over slow horns; there follows a curiously textured section for the unusual rhythm, Stewart's nimble fingers and Wadud's *col legno* skittering to the fore. Even the free sections swing, and Blythe's spirit prevails. These two new facets of a protean, exciting young artist mark him as one of the brightest heavyweights in the new jazz.

—bouchard

BEN WEBSTER

SOULVILLE—Verve VE-2-2536: *Makin' Whoopee; Soulville; Lover Come Back To Me; Time On My Hands; Where Are You; Late Date; Ill Wind; The Touch Of Your Lips; When Your Lover Has Gone; Bye Bye Blackbird; How Deep Is The Ocean; In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning; Sunday; This Can't Be Love.*

Personnel: Webster, tenor sax; Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar (cuts 1-7); Stan Levey, drums (1-7); Ed Thigpen, drums (8-14).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Webster ranks behind only Hawkins and Young in the pantheon of tenor greats. A rollicking early Hawkins disciple, he was influenced during his tenure with the Ellington band by the silky ballad style of altoist Johnny Hodges. In the '50s Webster was largely neglected, and yet those years saw him at the peak of his maturity, an unsurpassed technician who had harnessed the huge, almost bellicose tone of his youth to a resonant romanticism capable of expressing the most delicate emotional nuance.

It is a relaxed and mellow Webster who is captured on these Norman Granz sessions with the groups of Oscar Peterson. Although contemporaneous dates reveal that he was still capable of the rough-hewn bawling that anticipated both r&b and the new wave, here Ben is featured in a thoughtful and melancholy vein that showcases his supreme mastery of the ballad.

Combining Hawkins' chesty vibrato with Hodges' smooth phrasing, Webster adds his personal signature, an audible column of quavering breath that escapes around his embouchure to create a lingering afterimage that surrounds each note like a halo. The effect is deeply poignant and affecting, with richly sculpted lines that emerge from

diaphragm to lips in soulful moans, hoarse cries and intimate whispers.

The Peterson trio and quartet mold themselves to Webster's style with exquisite sensitivity. Peterson is unusually spare in support, and his solos display an artless simplicity entirely free of his usual decorative bric-a-brac. Ray Brown, always solid, is positively sublime here, while Herb Ellis eschews technical gymnastics for pungent bluesy fills. Webster is lifted atop a pedestal of sympathetic accompaniment—perhaps that is why he later cited this band as his most supportive.

The 1957 *Soulville* session, featuring Ellis on guitar, and the followup *Ben Webster Meets Oscar Peterson*, with a trio backdrop, are similarly cast in a nostalgic mood, interspersing a few light swing tunes among the ruminative, blues-drenched ballads. Ben occasionally drifts into a dreamy fog of sentiment, but when he focuses on such superbly crafted compositions as *Time On My Hands* and *Where Are You*, he enters a transcendent realm of pure poetry, drawing on a vastly inventive reservoir of expression to refashion melodies into love-calls that the Sirens might envy.

Soulville is an excellent recapitulation of Webster's dusky brooding side, but it is hardly, as the liner notes would have it, the definitive Ben Webster. Recordings of the boisterous, hard-rocking "Brute" of legend are scarcely available, and until they are, the legacy of this most accomplished musician will remain incomplete. *—birnbaum*

MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON

HEART & CENTER—Arista Novus AN3015: *Lovin' You; Falling Rock; Risin' Up; Heart & Center; We're Connected Now; Of A Highly Questionable Nature; We Will Always Know; Catalyst To Perception.*

Personnel: Jackson, electric guitar, acoustic guitar, vocals, synthesizer, percussion; Pheeroan ak Laff, drums, percussion; Marty Erlich, soprano sax, alto sax, baritone sax, flute; Jerome Harris, electric bass; Baikida Carroll, trumpet, flugelhorn; Barry Harwood, acoustic piano, organ, electric piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

In view of the sluggish state of "fusion" music, whether it be jazz-rock, jazz funk, or whatever, this album stands out. Through repeated listenings, *Heart & Center* remains and even grows in its sincere and positive appeal.

Maybe it is a mistake to even make a comparison between Michael Gregory Jackson and contemporary jazz fusion. But apparently he is too young and soulful to be playing straight bebop, and his sound is too far from the crowd to be considered new wave. His surprisingly able voice is assisted by lyrics and melodies that weave through the music with thoughtfulness. But where much of today's fusion relies on slick production technique, Jackson has opted for a simple representation, both of himself and of a band with an uncommonly sweet demeanor.

Missing from *Heart & Center* is any of the lengthy (however excusable) self-indulgence that may have appeared on Jackson's earlier works, including the little-known 1978 *Karmonic Suite* (Improvising Artists Inc.) of duets with Oliver Lake on alto, soprano and flute. Jackson's Arista debut was *Gifts*.

Heart & Center alternates vocal and instrumental tunes. A vocal tune like *Lovin' You* is a good crossover r&b candidate because of its loose and swinging funk rhythms. The rhythm section's funk carries into the instrumentals as well, always serving to drive a soloist, or infuse a melody with energy and life. This energy is just as apparent in the forms of rock, Latin, or polyrhythms found here.

As guitarist, Jackson's mastery filters in and out of the total scheme of things, though the first real solo he takes is not until the last song of the first side. Jackson does not try to impress with lightning quick and smooth runs. He chooses his notes carefully, accenting and punctuating his bursts, often playing in a very percussive attack. Jackson expresses a freedom emphasizing more the man than his instrument. And even when he is well back in the mix, his subtleties on acoustic and electric guitar shape the flow of the music.

Drummer Pheeroan ak Laff speaks in strong grooves on this album. From the very first cut, ak Laff shows remarkable expression and taste. His ability to feel a pulse, as well as play it, contributes strongly to the record's sense of continuum. Interestingly, Michael Gregory Jackson adds percussion to almost every track. His simple use of a slapstick on *Lovin' You*, or tambourine on *Risin' Up* is so effective in filling out the sound that it's hard to imagine the songs without the percussion. Jackson also plays afuche, claves, agogo bells and vibraslap on *Heart & Center*, and his percussion-consciousness is a valuable asset.

Each song has a bright spot of its own: Baikida Carroll's electronic trumpet solo on *Of A Highly Questionable Nature*, the romping acoustic piano solo of Barry Harwood on *Lovin' You*, Marty Erlich's alto sax and flute,

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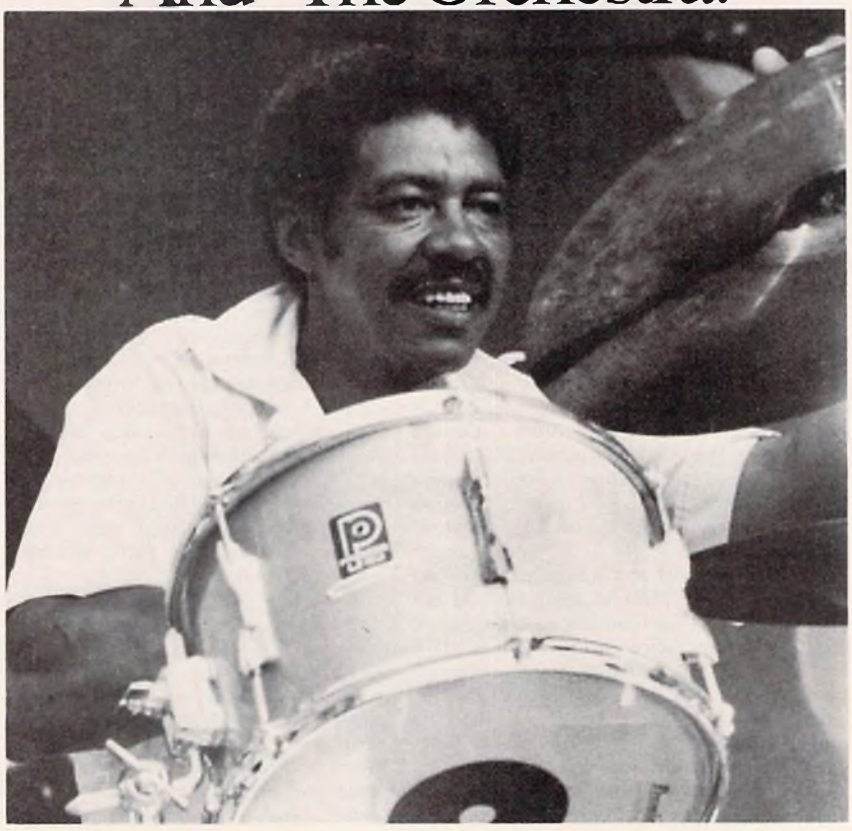

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joining with Jackson on harmonica to play the title track, and the most hypnotic whirlwind created by bassist Jerome Harris, Pheeroan ak Laff and Jackson on *Catalyst To Perception*. Indeed, looking for high points on *Heart & Center* is nit-picking. The album is a high as a whole. —*tolleson*

DONALD BYRD

CHANT—Blue Note LT-991: *I'm An Old Cowhand; You're Next; Chant; That's All; Great God; Sophisticated Lady.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Herbie Hancock, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Eddy Robinson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

AND 125TH ST, N.Y.C.—Elektra 6E-247: *Pretty Baby; Gold The Moon, White The Sun; Giving It Up; Marilyn; People Suppose To Be Free; Veronica; Morning; I Love You.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet and flugelhorn; Clare Fischer, keyboards; Ronnie Garrett, bass; William Duckett, electric guitar; Peter Christlieb, tenor sax; Marcus Carlisle, steel guitar; Ernie Watts, flute; Victor Azevedo, drums and percussion; Jim Gilstrap, John Lehman, Michael Campbell, Mitch Gordon, Joyce Michael, Zedric Turnbough, vocals.

★

Nothing risks disappointment and frustration more than hearing a performer at his fleeting peak once. You crave more, and there isn't any. So it has been for me and the Donald Byrd-Pepper Adams groups. Their summit was an obscure album called *Takin' Care Of Business*: no liner notes, no photos, no dates, rescued from the $1.99 bin at an Iowa City record store. All that record offered was infectious, joyously swinging bop and moving, mellow ballads, the likes of which haven't reappeared since.

To find anything even comparable, one must look back to *Chant*, a package of previously unreleased material from 1961, rather than the current *And 125th St, N.Y.C.*

In parts, *Chant* reminds one of the instant enjoyment Byrd, Adams and a young Herbie Hancock could summon. Byrd and Adams mastered creative tension: Byrd's high trumpet versus Adams' low baritone sax, Byrd's pulled single notes versus Adams' pushed flurries. Yet they were compatible. Playing together with one man riffing, the other improvising, sounding as if their eyes were glued to one another's during recording, was their trademark.

That is the Byrd and Adams captured on side two of *Chant*. *That's All* opens the side at a run, with Byrd and Adams swapping twos and overlaying solos from the first bar. Adams takes the first solo, squalling notes, then laying low in his range to catch breath and build anticipation. Self-driven, he cuts himself with each succeeding four. Byrd enters in fast tempo without losing either his vibrato-less tone or what producer Michael Cuscuna calls his "reverence for melody." A superb unison passage closes the tune. *Great God*, sparked by Hancock's choppy chording, and *Sophisticated Lady*, a solo vehicle for Adams, finish the side.

The quality, the *style* of side two makes side one vexing. There are two lesser performances (*You're Next* and *Chant*) and one miserable choice (*I'm An Old Cowhand*) that Adams almost delivers with a roaring break. Hancock's youth shows in his thin sound, and the duets between Byrd and Adams, normally their forte, at turns sound too long or too uninspired, as if they were hesitantly reading charts.

But an entire album of cowboy ditties and laconic chart-reading would shame *And 125th St, N.Y.C.* It is just dreadful, devoid of the spontaneity of its namesake street and city. It fails when measured against jazz, disco, funk or even the classy juke box soul of Byrd's former students, the Blackbyrds.

There is no challenge for Byrd here. Any competent session man could have played the fills and answers to which he limits himself. And the horn work is wasted on shlocky compositions, doggerel lyrics, tinny percussion, mushy keyboards, and guitar riffs that recall Kool and the Gang.

The futility of Byrd's present is not merely that he has embraced a mediocre brand of fusion. His rare bop ventures, most in person and on record with Sonny Rollins, indicate he has lost the chops, the motivation, the *something* that was everything to his past.

—*freedman*

MIKE NOCK

IN OUT AND AROUND—Timeless Muse TI 313: *Break Time; Dark Light; Shadows Of Forgotten Love; The Gift; Hadrians Wall; In Out And Around.*

Personnel: Nock, piano; Mike Brecker, tenor sax; George Mraz, bass; Al Foster, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Since bringing himself and his music Stateside from the Australia-New Zealand club circuit in the middle '60s, Mike Nock has passed through performing relationships, both formal and informal, with Joe Henderson, Sam Rivers, Dave Holland, Yusef Lateef, John Handy and the Fourth Way. His *In Out And Around* band contains none of the aforementioned, but includes some pleasant surprises, not the least of which is Mike Brecker, the round-the-clock tenor sax session man who'd need toothpicks to hold his eyes open if he took all of the available work. Al Foster is a quiet fire on drums, and Mraz is strong on bass, but Brecker is the unexpected one; he rides the rhythm and swings free with licks—some cool and some growling—that session men are not "supposed" to have. So much for preconceptions.

Nock has only two upbeat tunes here, a torrid piece called *Break Time* and the title cut which is reminiscent of Oliver Nelson's *Hoe-Down* in its folky quality. Between the hotter pieces Nock has placed four simple and reflective ballad type compositions, all of which are originals.

Break Time is anything but a break in the normal sense; Mraz and Foster set a frenetic pace while Nock and Brecker work a brief head that has the staggered linearity of compositions like those by Mal Waldron. The head breaks suddenly, leaving a gaping hole structured only by the rhythm section. Brecker fires down the open lane with sustained energy, and when he fades in places, Nock pops in with an impish dexterity, pushing him higher. Nock breaks up metric and harmonic progression in a way that provokes the other musicians into things different than what they're playing at the moment; he's two handed and possessed of an oblique sense of timing; his phrasing throughout is quirkish and surprising, but absolutely correct.

Dark Light has an uncanny melody; it hovers just above vaguely similar songs like a sort of unidentifiable deja vu. Foster is the master brushman here—he hushes everything for solos by Brecker and Nock. Similarly, *Shadows*, at ballad tempo, burns in a cool way; Foster's delicate strength at brush and cymbal is revealed here, too.

Before the set ender, there are *The Gift* and *Hadrian's Wall*, both with the eerie melodic quality characterizing the album's other ballads. They are immensely listenable but the question arises: why so much laid back music when the players are obviously present to make an energetic go of the whole project? Nock produced this one, so it was probably his choice. If his motivation was reaching a "wider audience" he may do just that, but the album is nonetheless a strong one. If Nock is holding anything back, I eagerly await its arrival. —*staples*

NOEL JEWKES and the DR. LEGATO EXPRESS

JUST PASSIN' THRU—Revelation 30: *Just Passin' Thru; The Girl On The Beach; Zephrtooti; Cushions; Winterlude; In A Sentimental Mood; Suspended Animation.*

Personnel: Jewkes, saxophones and flute; Ed Neumeister, trombone; Cal Lewiston, trumpet, flugelhorn; Daryl Larsen, tenor sax, flute; Gerry Gilmore, bass clarinet, flute; Joe Villa, Davis Ramey, guitars; Chris Amberger, Rich Garrard, bass; Jim Zimmerman, Scott Morris, Jerry Granelli, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

PAUL NASH

A JAZZ COMPOSER'S ENSEMBLE—Revelation 32: *Marigail-Marigold; Passing Glance; Our Time Is Numbered; Tamalpais Night; The Joy; Full Spiral.*

Personnel: Gregory Yasinitsky, soprano sax; Anne Yasinitsky, flute; Gary Myose, Charlie McCarthy, alto saxes; Noel Jewkes, Bobby Ferreira, tenor saxes; Ed Neumeister, Wayne Wallace, trombones; Mark Greenwald, Nick Tenbroek, bass trombones; Mark Isham, trumpet; Art Lande or Bob Mocarsky, piano; Davis Ramey, electric guitar; Nash, seven string acoustic guitar; Dave Dunaway, electric bass; Jim Zimmerman, Rick Quintinal, Eddie Marshall, drums; Kent Middleton, congas.

★ ★ ★ ½

People lament the lack of exposure for talent buried in the Big Apple, but there is an equal wealth of undiscovered musicians and composers currently living in the San Francisco Bay area. Both of these Revelation sides offer a showcase for many fine musicians playing charts written by two young San Francisco composers. Jewkes and Nash specialize in writing for the extended ensemble; for Jewkes it is the nonet, for Nash, the tentette.

For many composers groups of this size have remained a kind of no-man's land: octets, nonets, tentettes and the like have lacked the power and charisma of a large orchestra, while conversely tending toward an unwieldiness which prevents them from having the excitement and spontaneity of a small group. The genius of a Gil Evans or a Charles Mingus notwithstanding, there have been few leaders able to direct nine or ten piece bands with any great panache. Both Nash and Jewkes, composers-in-residence in the San Francisco school district and for Bay Area CETA programs, are revealed here as gifted composers, arrangers and performers who have achieved success in this difficult genre. And they have brought some of the best players on the Bay area scene into the studio for these recordings, cut in 1977 and 1978.

Just Passin' Thru is a carefully controlled and crafted work in which the listener senses very little was left to chance, yet which is full of spontaneity, emotional warmth and rhythmic assertiveness. The title track, as well as *Cushions*, are uptempo pieces punctuated by many difficult arpeggiated horn passages

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and rhythmic variations that could have been nightmarish for less skilled readers and players, though here the players execute them with crispness and precision. The score for these two selections, as for the other compositions, is for three reeds and two brass, plus rhythm section featuring guitar rather than piano. These cuts and others showcase the solos of Lewiston, who plays brilliantly and effortlessly, surely a major new trumpet talent, and Jewkes who, unlike many doublers, has mastered not only tenor and alto, but also the upper register of the soprano in addition to projecting a rich and warm tone on flute.

Lewiston and Jewkes both display wide emotional ranges on their instruments, playing fast passages with ease and superb timing, while extracting convincing depth in the album's ballad selections, *In A Sentimental Mood* and *Zephrtooti*. Ed Neumeister is the third principal soloist, and his best turn is on *Cushions*, where his virtuosic performance shows the chops and finesse that would make him an asset to any jazz orchestra.

Winterlude is a twist on *Summertime*, wherein unexpected modulations surprise the listener and betray Jewkes' compositional humor, while *Girl On The Beach* is flirtatious, again showing the composer's sense of humor. *Zephrtooti* features lush ensemble chords and an ambiguous emotional tone, besides Jewkes' alto sax solo evidencing harmonic implications similar to those Charlie Parker sang when playing with strings.

Just Passin' Thru is a happy, joyful debut effort whose orchestral settings are rich and yet are transparent and freely moving enough to allow the skilled soloists space to demonstrate their virtuosity. The recorded sound unfortunately does not reveal the orchestral texture, color, and cutting edge one would likely experience if hearing the band live or on a more elaborate production.

Paul Nash has studied with players like Herb Pomeroy and classical guitarist Andrew Caponigro, at both Berklee and the New England Conservatory, where he studied modern classical composition and psychoacoustics. He plays the seven string classical guitar, for which he uses an unusual tuning-in-fourths (B E A D G C F) principle. *A Jazz Composer's Ensemble* was originally produced merely as a demonstration tape, a thin and inadequate vehicle to express the rich variety of texture and tone color of the tentette. The orchestrations are similar to Jewkes': three reeds, trumpet, two trombone and four rhythm. The album is dedicated to Mingus, and Nash similarly embraces harmonically complex material, sounding bass trombone against guitar, flutes riding over the brass.

Nash's music is introspective and nostalgic, but without a trace of the sentimental or saccharine. The Spanish word *duende*, which has no precise English equivalent, characterizes the emotional tone of Nash's compositions and serves to distinguish them from Jewkes' writing. Nash's intensity is withheld rather than expressed, whereas Jewkes shows more extroverted tendencies. Like Jewkes', however, the writing is deliberate, careful and exacting, with many difficult ensemble passages, changes and modulations that surprise the listener and surely test the improviser's skill.

Marigail-Marigold has a Spanish flair, and Isham's trumpet solo is apt to recall Freddie Hubbard's solo in Coltrane's *Olé*. Here, as in other selections, Jewkes himself is featured on tenor, and turns in good solos. On *Tamalpais Night* the writing is difficult, yet Isham, saxophonist Bobby Ferreira and drummer Marshall pass the crucible with flying colors. The most lighthearted compositions are *Passing Glance*, a waltz which features Isham's best solo and a solo spot for the talented Charlie McCarthy on alto, and *The Joy* which, with its Latin rhythm and piano vamp, projects a lot of free emotional expression and a solo by soprano saxophonist Yasinitsky. *Full Spiral*, on the other hand, is convoluted, restrained and dense, expressive of the prevalent emotional ambiance in the album.

Overall, Nash's writing is more structurally dense than Jewkes', with the soloists remaining subordinate to the considerable demands of the charts. In Jewkes', on the other hand, the arrangements were geared more as solo vehicles. Nash's use of the bass trombone in addition to bass guitar and standard trombone make for a heavier orchestral sound, and though the use of the two trombones creates unusual colors and textures, the group sound becomes at times sluggish and bottom heavy.

Isham, a very gifted improviser, turns in some good solos, though his performances as a featured artist on Nash's disc are far from uniform. Art Lande, who solos so beautifully on *Full Spiral*, is featured on no other tracks, though he is listed as a feature performer. Eddie Marshall solos with grace, precision, and great adaptability, meeting all chart needs. Trombonist Neumeister, as on the Jewkes album, solos effortlessly. It is a shame that we hear so little from Nash himself, and what we do hear is poorly recorded, his guitar hidden behind the brass.

One senses that the performers on *A Jazz Composer's Ensemble* were faced with extremely demanding and idiosyncratic material without much rehearsal time, a sad comment on the recording situation of many fine jazz artists today. On the contrary, one watches lavish production budgets and a lot of studio time going into what amounts to a waste of vinyl. Had Nash, or for that matter, Jewkes, been afforded a Grusin-Rosen or Bob James production budget and schedule, the results could have been extremely satisfying.

The most important fact to this writer, however, is that both Jewkes and Nash are gifted and daring composers who have pursued a difficult genre in a very original manner. These two albums are auspicious debut efforts, and we should be grateful that Revelation Records has documented their work. Finally, a word of thanks to Philip Elwood and Michael James, whose intelligent and comprehensive liner notes grace the albums' back covers. *—schnabel*

JOHN MOONEY

COMIN' YOUR WAY—Blind Pig 779: *Brand New Woman; Shake Hands And Tell Me Goodbye; Ain't Gonna Get Drunk No More; I'm Mad; Train Is Leavin'; Pony Blues; Take A Walk Round The Corner; Dirty Rat; Move To Louisiana; Shout Sister Shout; Hot Tub Mambo; Reap What You Sow; Stop That Thing.*

Personnel: Mooney, vocal, guitar, mandolin, washboard, conga drum; Bob Cooper, piano; Nick Langan, harmonica, accordion, piano (cut 4); Steve Nardella, harmonica (5); Brian Williams, bass; Tom McDermott, drums; 3: Rich Lataille, alto sax; Greg Piccolo, tenor sax; Doug James, baritone sax; 7 and 12: David Swain Section.

★ ★ ★ ½

Vintage country blues being for the white interpreter of black folksong far more difficult to sing convincingly than to play, Mooney has sought to get around the problem by emphasizing in this collection good-timey hokum and jug band styles which are somewhat easier to bring off. The singer-guitarist performs these with plenty of unforced high spirits, aided materially by the sprightly, idiomatically correct support of his various accompanists, including Roomful of Blues' horn section on *Ain't Gonna Get Drunk No More* and the David Swain Section on *Take A Walk Round The Corner* and *Reap What You Sow*. Nick Langan impresses with his propulsive, masterly country blues harmonica, his driving, fluent solo on the Mississippi Sheiks' *Shake Hands And Tell Me Goodbye* being particularly outstanding. Steve Nardella exhibits a more vocally inflected but equally rousing approach to the instrument on the traditional *Train Is Leavin'*. In all, Mooney and cohorts have produced here a thoroughly pleasant set of performances notable for their adroit technical command and impressive eclectic range. This is probably as close to the sound of the Mississippi Jook Band and like groups as one is likely to hear nowadays. *—welding*

WAXING ON....

Jazz From European Labels

JELLY ROLL MORTON—*The Complete*, Vols. 1/2 (French RCA PM 42405) ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

REX STEWART—*Rex In Paris* (Barclay 80.972/973) ★ ★ ★ ½

SIR CHARLES THOMPSON—*For The Ears* (Vogue VJD-559) ★ ★ ★

JIMMY RUSHING—*The Essential* (Vogue VJD-556) ★ ★ ★ ★ / ★ ★

GERRY MULLIGAN—*Presenting The Sextet* (EmArcy 6336.712) ★ ★ ★

HOWARD McGHEE/BENNY BAILEY—*Home Run* (Jazzcraft 5) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

BENNY BAILEY—*Grand Slam* (Jazzcraft 8) ★ ★ ★ ½

BENNY BAILEY—*Serenade To A Planet* (Ego 4004) ★ ★ ★ ★

BENNY BAILEY—*East Of Isar* (Ego 4010) ★ ★ ★ ★

MAX ROACH—*Again* (Affinity AFFD-32) ★ ★ ★

DON CHERRY—*Mu, First Part* (Affinity AFF-8) ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DON CHERRY—*Mu, Second Part* (Affinity AFF-17) ★ ★ ★ ★

DON WELLER—*Commit No Nuisance* (Affinity AFF-44) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

THAD JONES—*Eclipse* (Metronome MLP 15.652) ★ ★ ★ ★

ANTHONY BRAXTON/GEORGE LEWIS—*Elements Of Surprise* (Moers Music 01036) ★ ★ ★

That jazz has become a global art form is reflected most significantly not in the diversity of non-American musicians, but in the breadth of international jazz record catalogs. After a decade when major American labels have ignored all but the most commercial aspects of the music, there has been a shift in its center of gravity. Starved of American-initiated products, an undiminished European market has encouraged its own branches of major labels like CBS, MCA, PolyGram and RCA to create their own huge

catalogs. At the same time, independents have grown more vigorously than in the U.S.—whereas only two in America have recently passed the magic 100 issue mark (Concord, Muse), that achievement has been matched by five in Europe, and approached there by several others. Between the two ends of the industry are contained almost an entire jazz history.

One of the most important current "old world" reissues is *The Complete* **Jelly Roll Morton**, a double album containing—chronologically for the first time—all Morton's Chicago recordings of 1926-'27. Indeed, the last time these quintessential sides were issued at all in the USA was back in the '60s, and then haphazardly. Their importance as initial organizing and formalizing instruments, creating structure within the music, has often been stressed, though this neglects the extent to which they formed the basis for future developments. In *Black Bottom Stomp*—the first and, ironically, unsurpassed Morton masterpiece, we have a pre-echo, not merely of Kansas City swing, but of later methods like Horace Silver's brand of hard bop. Time and again, in performances like *Dead Man Blues*, *Steamboat Stomp*, *Grandpa's Spells*, *Doctor Jazz*, *The Pearls* or *Wolverine Blues*, we are given evidence of Morton's ability to vary rhythm or to spin secondary and tertiary themes from his material as a means of unifying the improvisations. And even in a saccharine piece like *Someday Sweetheart* there is a concern for texture that, albeit comparatively unsophisticated, remained neglected outside the Ellington milieu until most modern times, finding sympathy in such diverse ambiences as those of Charles Mingus, the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Air. One final point is that *Dead Man Blues* appears for the first time on LP in unexpurgated form.

The 28 sides on *Rex In Paris* are altogether rarer fare, only eight having been issued before in the U.S. Coming so shortly after the bebop "revolution," they witness some stylistic eddies, but, above them, **Rex Stewart's** unique, rubbery cornet soars and bubbles in performances that advance the value of the album several notches. This is another chronological presentation and, if the opening *Bebop Boogie* witnesses a collision of styles from which few survivors could be expected, the contretemps is quickly salvaged. Rex's "talking trumpet" is at its most inimitable on the eerie *Jug Blues* and his personal concerto, *Boy Meets Horn*, which in a topsy-turvy way reminds one of Lester Bowie. Stewart is also eloquent on *Just Squeeze Me*, the charming *Madeleine*, the fragrant *I Didn't Know About You* (a.k.a. *Sentimental Lady*) and *Swamp Mist*. There are also two delicious reunions with Django Reinhardt (*Night And Day*, *Confessin'*) which add up to prime Rex. Elsewhere, he is supported ably by the unsung trombonist Sandy Williams—especially on the strutting tempos that suited his "chatty" style better than the flagwavers, where he was inclined to shrillness.

The next few years were marked not just by the rapid rise to popularity of West Coast jazz, but also by the resurgence of a brand of swing for which Stanley Dance coined the indelible description "mainstream." It was spearheaded simultaneously by Columbia and Vanguard, the latter recording four dates by groups under **Sir Charles Thompson's** leadership (he also cushioned several of Columbia's contemporaneous Buck Clayton *Jam Sessions*). Originally on four ten-inch LPs, they are brought together on *For The Ears*, a somewhat mixed, but generally rewarding double album. The outstanding session is the last, with **Coleman Hawkins** sweeping aside earlier pleasantries in a series of majestic *tours de force*. *Talk Of The Town* is a near masterpiece, challenging his more celebrated 1945 treatment of the song. It is matched by his rough-hewn lyricism on the unlikely *Under The Sweetheart Tree*, where phrases like rippling pools flow inexorably one into another. Trumpeter Emmett Berry, trombonist Benny Morton and altoist Earle Warren also solo well on *Dynaflow* and *Fore*. Elsewhere, a more languid sextet date is spiced by the pungent jump alto of Pete Brown, always a more interesting player than the more highly praised Willie Smith. And two airy piano trio and quartet dates underline Thompson's personal reinterpretation of the Basie style—curiously the basis also for the more publicized movement on the California coast.

From the same period, *The Essential* **Jimmy Rushing** is nearly that—a repackage spoiled by haphazard programming. Instead of taking simply the two best dates, it dips into each of Rushing's three Vanguard sessions, so that five good titles have been replaced by marginally inferior ones from 1957. Nonetheless, this is infectiously bold-blooded jazz which moves the feet as well as the heart, stomping off with a whooping *Boogie Woogie*. It's an effective contrast to an otherwise elegiac first session, dedicated to Oran "Hot Lips" Page, who had recently died. *Sent For You Yesterday*, *Good Morning Blues*, *See See Rider*, *Rock And Roll*, *Evenin'* and *Goin' To Chicago Blues* mark Rushing as perhaps the finest male singer of his lifetime (with the possible exception of the tragic Eddie Jefferson). They evince a wide range of expressive power, seen at its most touchingly somber on *How Long Blues*, which is backed by uniformly excellent solos from trumpeters Pat Jenkins or Emmett Berry; trombonists Henderson Chambers, Lawrence Brown or Vic Dickenson; tenorist Buddy Tate; and pianists Sammy Price or Pete Johnson.

Across the spectrum—and in 1955—**Chet Baker**, the *enfant terrible* of West Coast jazz, took his best quartet to France. With hindsight, *Chet Baker In Paris* becomes a timely reminder that he was neither as good as the sycophants had it, nor as bad as detractors suggested. Naturally a ballad player, his waiflike, eremitic style is drawn away from primness by pianist Dick Twardzik's provocative comping on the first nine titles. It results in a rich melodic flow that Chet has matched only recently. There is a hard edged confidence, even coquettishness, about his work on titles like the fleet *Rondette* and *Mid-Forte*, the bouncy *Re-Search* and *Pomp*, and the mazy *Piece Caprice*. This is further enhanced by Peter Littman's biting hi-hat work, stinging at the sheen of Baker's lines, and Twardzik's personal interpretation of Monk, then a forgotten figure. The following week, Twardzik died in his hotel room after an overdose. Subsequent dates saw darker shadows inhabiting Chet's work (*Exitus*), though *Once In A While* retains a fey quality. Apart from these quartet sides, there are seven relatively anonymous octet performances and two each by quintets including either Bobby Jaspar or Jean-Louis Chautemps on tenor. Only the Twardzik dates have ever been issued before in the U.S., and

then some 25 years ago. They remain compellingly personal.

The boss Baker had left behind—**Gerry Mulligan**—continued to run a quartet, first with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, then with trumpeter Jon Eardley. In 1955, he augmented it into a sextet, adding tenorist Zoot Sims to both Bob and Jon but, strangely, did not take advantage of the additional front line depth to test his arranging skills. *The Gerry Mulligan Sextet* therefore remains a blowing group, using minimal frameworks and, on these terms, provided entertainment which has withstood the test of time. A brisk *Mud Bug* and *Apple Core*; a genial *Nights At The Turntable*; a jolly *The Lady Is A Tramp* and a taut *Bernie's Tune* all confirm that the strongest roots of much West Coast jazz were not in bebop but in Kansas City. And one of that town's sons, Bob Brookmeyer, is perhaps the most consistently eloquent soloist here. This album, incidentally, is part of the EmArcy Reissue Series, born and extinguished in Chicago in 1977, and taken over by PolyGram's Dutch office.

Apart from massive reissue programs, much newly recorded jazz is also initiated by European producers, some when Americans pass through, some in Viking-like raids on New York. One emigré who has recently benefitted fourfold is trumpeter **Benny Bailey**, with LPs on German and Danish labels, recorded in Europe and New York respectively. It is an unexpected but welcome cornucopia at a time when he had not recorded under his own name for nigh on 20 years, and he shows—as he did on Dexter Gordon's *Homecoming* tour—that distance from his roots has not blunted his creativity. *Home Run*—an inspired teaming with fellow trumpeter **Howard McGhee**—is marginally the best of a powerful batch, with both men in the sort of form that sparks constructive rivalry. Being a first generation bopper, Bailey demonstrates an easy individual conception that has remained untouched by fashionable post-Navarro styles. His solos possess engaging symmetry, the legato lines dramatized by swooping phrases and explosive bursts of energy (*Brownie Speaks*). On ballads, like *You Never Know*, he happily reveals the unusual influence of Freddie Webster in singing statements that develop their material thematically. *Grand Slam* is a more genial date, lacking some of the tension generated by the controlled competition between McGhee and Bailey. However, tenorist Charlie Rouse has some good spots (*Reflectory*, *Let Me Go*) and Bailey's own playing is never lackluster. Both these LPs were recorded in 1978—the earlier German sessions, however, differ in presenting the freewheeling air of mid period Blue Note dates while continuing to emphasize Bailey's talent for opening a solo with a striking phrase which is almost a counter melody. On the first, *Aquarian Moods*, *The Kicker* and *Serenade To A Planet* are matched for interpretation of mood, tempo and rhythm by *Arrival*, *Blues For 'Trane* and *Body And Soul*, from *East Of Isar*. Of the other protagonists, tenorist Ferdinand Povel's dry amalgamation of Mobley and Coltrane is fluent but anonymous; on the other hand, the LP (*Planet*) benefits from Kenny Clarke's crisp drumming, which more than matches Nistico's swinging contribution to the second date.

The prize for mystery package of the year goes to **Max Roach's** *Again*, three of its four sides being recorded at an unknown concert, circa 1961. Annotator Alun Morgan blames "a conspiracy" to ostracize Roach for his outspoken support of civil rights for a lack of coverage of his concerts, hence no data. I would be less surprised to discover that the source is deliberately obscured for other reasons. The music itself is mixed: *The Highest Mountain* (mislabeled as *The Night Mountain*) is muddled; Clifford Jordan has a lyrically muscley solo on a much-paraphrased *Sophisticated Lady*; Roach has a remarkable solo spot (*Mop Mop*), though even his solos have limited marketability; *Jordu* is a bass solo that suffers from slightly muddy sound. Most striking are pianist Coleridge Parkinson's Red Garland/Bill Evans-influenced *Ceciliana* and Abbey Lincoln's (then Mrs. Roach) forthright vocals. The final side, recorded at a Paris concert in 1960, features Tommy and Stanley Turrentine in two pleasant but inessential outings.

Much more remarkable are **Don Cherry's** Parisian duets with drummer **Ed Blackwell**. Lit by a primeval life force, they illuminate in turn the extent to which the Blakey-inspired duologue between horn and drums had developed. More significantly for Cherry's stature as an improviser, the 12 performances on these two albums remain obliquely unified, despite the fragmentation that arises from such spontaneous creativity. They are not, however, initial steps on the road to fusion with multivarious international folk forms, as has been suggested. Instead, I think they define the perimeters of that fusion—all Don's subsequent successes in the genre have fallen within the scope of these performances—audacious, spirited distillations of the history of jazz trumpet, like *Omejelo*, *Brilliant Action* and *Vibration I & II*. His flute is heard dancing blithely on *Bamboo Night* and *Sun Of The East*, while his more functional piano remains evocative of the idiom's most primitive roots in *The Mysticism Of My Sound*. Blackwell's restraint on Cherry's discursive pecadillos (*Teo-Teo-Can*, for example) and his work in every measure is a spellbinding combination of the arts of paralleling melody and creating cross-rhythmic tension.

The surprise of the month should be English tenorist **Don Weller's** *Commit No Nuisance*, a beautifully eloquent flow of music from a man more usually associated with the brusquer areas of "free" playing or—previously—"jazz-rock." The sinew is evident on the characteristically titled *Nuisance* and on *Young Mum's Bums*, an anatomical appreciation which is appropriately earthy. Two ballads elicit contrasting approaches—fluffily romantic on *You've Changed*; mournfully vitreous on his original, *Fruit*. *Like Someone In Love*, an amiable trot along a much-loved path, has one chorus of raw passion when Don's double timing tenor is chased by percussive piano block chords. Then there is the opener, *Smudgeley*, a sunny, skipping waltz of such beguiling quality that it is hard to tear oneself away to hear the rest of the album. Don has coalesced well the lessons learned from John Coltrane, Dexter Gordon and Hank Mobley. His co-leader, drummer **Bryan Spring**, is crisp and dynamically aware, whether rustling sibilantly (*Fruit*) or driving hard (*Like Someone In Love*). Pianist Martin Blackwell interprets Bill Evans with a hard edged percussiveness, while bassist Roy Babbington, happily divorced from his electronics, stalks the soloists impeccably.

Eclipse is a forthright response to queries about **Thad Jones'** progress since his abrupt departure from the States. While making no radical digressions from the concepts applied by the Jazz Orchestra, it is a solid musical achievement, coming after just two weeks of rehearsal and four more on the road. I am sure Thad will surpass this effort, just as he did throughout the history of the earlier band but, for the time being, he has cut yet another fine album, vitiated only by certain flaws in the soloists' department. Sahib Shihab surprisingly makes little of his only solo (*Snickerdoodle*) and the trumpet soloists (Tim Hagans, Egon Petersen) lack bite. On the other hand, the Danes seem to have found another exceptional bassist—on this evidence, it cannot be long before Jesper Lundgaard is as well-known as Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen. A major point of interest will be Thad's valve trombone work—he uses the instrument only on the moody ballad, *Everessence*, reflecting his unique trumpet style while making impressive use of the larger instrument's tonal qualities. With two bands now playing Thad's arrangements, he represents a double threat; it is an interesting situation to watch.

Finally, the flaws noted in earlier attempts to create a Third Stream music may well have laid in the method—grafting musicians and ingredients from outside onto the jazz tradition. From deep within that tradition, however, a newer music has emerged which reflects contemporary classical music as strongly—and naturally—as its own roots. *Elements Of Surprise* presents two of its chief participants, men whose jazz pedigrees are flawless, but whose work, in shape, symmetry, rhythm and mood, often has a cerebral, dreamlike quality. The most approachable item is Parker's *Ornithology*, which most clearly delineates **Anthony Braxton's** roots in Lee Konitz's work, and cleverly coagulates linear and contrapuntal statements which are truly duophonic. The diagrammatically-titled opener is another substantial contrapuntal performance, but **George Lewis'** long *Music For Trombone And Bb Soprano* (mostly featuring clarinet!) is somewhat arcane, while the other Braxton composition—again titled diagrammatically—is too brief to develop into anything positive.

Although only a few of the issues currently available in Europe, these represent a reasonable cross-section of styles. Affinity Records are available from Charly Music, 9 Beadon Road, London W6 OEA, England; Barclay and EmArcy from Import Music Services, 17/19 Stratford Place, London W1N 9AF, England; Ego from Joe Haider Musikverlag, Landsberger Strasse 509, 8000 Munich 60, West Germany; Jazzcraft from Lars Johansen, Rødtjørnen 28, DK-2791 Dragør, Denmark; Metronome from Olav Bennike, Jydeholmen 15, DK-2720 Copenhagen-Vanløse, Denmark; Moers Music from Postfach 1612, 4130 Moers 1, West Germany; RCA (France) from Jean-Paul Guiter, 9 Avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris, France. In the U.S., direct inquiries to International Records, P.O. Box 7000-115, Redondo Beach, CA, 90277; Import Record Service, P.O. Box 343, South Plainfield, NJ 07080; or Rich Ballard Imports, P.O. Box 5063, Berkeley, CA, 94705. Other firms importing European—or Asian, African and South American—LPs, contact **db.** —*sheridan*

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PHILLIP WILSON

FRUITS—Circle Records RK 14778/10: *Electricity; Lee's Tune; F & L; Death Ain't Suppose To Be Negative.*

Personnel: Wilson, drums; Leo Smith, trumpet, pocket-trumpet; Johnny Dyani, bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

Percussionist Phillip Wilson first began his musical saga as a member of reedist/composer Roscoe Mitchell's famed Quartet, which eventually blossomed into the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Primarily through such musical associations and experiences Wilson began to develop his percussive thinking texturally—to where, at this point in his playing, he is able to use the rhythmic oscillations of the music to its (and his) best advantage as a means of determining the general course (direction) and shape of the sounds.

This is by no means a minor achievement but one that might, as this recording somewhat indicates, change the way we view pointillistically derived music and its textural implications and references. The music here—unlike that made by his present-day working quartet that includes, on occasion, tenorist Frank Lowe and trumpeter Olu Dara—seems pretty much in keeping with Wilson's earlier studies, in regard to enlarging the "field of musical discourse" for which the drums can be said to be justifiably functional.

This recording was done live at the North-sea Festival in Don Haag in '78 and tells a stimulating musical story. *Electricity*, the opening selection, is a rambling modulated sound excursion, a chase a la Ornette Coleman on the Don Cherry side of the fence. On this tune trumpeter Smith, as he does throughout the proceedings, becomes the center of the rhythmic densities in the sounds. Bassist Dyani, a bit over recorded for this entire session, spins rapid fire lines that echo the harmonic contours of this swiftly developing, tension charged offering.

Leo's Tune, written by Smith and the only tune not credited to Wilson, is an intriguing piece of music. The emphasis in this entire session is placed on minute-to-minute relatedness and the refinement of one's improvisational skills through the act of creatively dealing with the musical material at hand. Trumpeter Smith's very special talent for allowing his music to exist outside or independent of the harmonic frame of the work, and yet be undeniably tied to an elevated *feeling* as to what the whole of the music truly means, is primely displayed. The trumpeter's pitch sense, as well as his firm grasp of interval relationships, gives his music an airy, texturally tense existence that is quite remarkable. Wilson and bassist Dyani render hard-found elaborations on this sensitive, poignant tune filled with a shadowy, almost "distilled" blues lyricism.

F & L, which opens side two, fails to achieve the substance it constantly alludes to. Dyani is thoroughly obstrusive in his vengeful playing, leaving Smith and Wilson with the job of putting the harmonic and rhythmic implications of the piece back together. Although a sincere effort was made, there simply wasn't much they could do to save this music.

Death Ain't Suppose To Be Negative finds Smith leading the way on what I assume to be the metallic lushness of his pocket-trumpet. He shows beautiful phrasing, fine ideas and a sensitivity which pulls the band's better spirits his way. This piece goes through a rhythmically rich pastoral terrain wherein everyone contributes to the work's inward lyricism in a balanced and highly moving way. Wilson's solo spot exemplifies just how melodically inventive he can be in flowing, seemingly rhythmically predictable, situations. His dramatically conceived contribution here shows a distinctly urbane sensitivity that is accessible to anyone with ears and the courage to feel.

While this music leaves considerable room for improvement and refinement, it still rewards one with a certain type of purity that is all too rare in much of the music of today.

—riggins

MILO FINE FREE JAZZ ENSEMBLE

HAH—Hat Hut Records E: *Numbers 7,8,9, 15,16,17,20,21,25,26.*

Personnel: Fine, drums, bowed cymbals, piano, clarinet; Steve Gnitka, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ½

"Free jazz" for this recording means music made by Milo Fine and Steve Gnitka during a five week residency teaching 5th-8th graders about improvisational music. An aura of demonstration clouds the recording at times. Other times, though, Fine and Gnitka cut loose with some interesting results.

Styles on the recording range from jazz influenced (suggested primarily by Fine's strong sense of time while playing piano or drums) to more academic, acoustic ventures (*Number 16's* echo-chamber effect).

An overtone study (*Number 17*) is one of the more successful. Fine's clarinet lines flutter nervously, and the rich overtone series, overblown out, creates almost a whole new line as counterpoint to the notes played as fully sounded tones.

Although Fine and Gnitka exploit "new" effects that have been used before, their efforts have a personal stamp; generally one of rhythmic strength and unusual timbral combinations. While John Cage preceded them in his experiments with the timbral possibilities of piano strings, Fine takes a different tack in *Number 9*, experimenting with new ways of playing guitar strings along with those of the piano. When Gnitka becomes thoroughly absorbed in scraping guitar strings (producing an irregular gnawing sound), Fine switches to pointillistic piano techniques (on the keyboard now) and then to bowed cymbals which sound like metal wires rubbing against each other in the wind.

A Riley/Reich/Glass-styled drone opens *Number 15* but, to Fine's and Gnitka's credit, the reference is only passing. Fine's piano chops are in good shape here and he successfully stresses the percussive rather than the melodic capabilities of the instrument. Tones lay in shining circles, dropped behind as he skitters across the keyboard.

To record this disk, Fine and Gnitka used only one mike per person, yet the sound and balance is excellent. Each of the ten cuts (ranging from a funky 53 second opening dialogue between drums and guitar to a six minute, 25 second piece) is labelled by a number rather than by a title. This pared-down approach forces the listener to focus directly on the music. It also reminds me of the lingering influence of the Viennese school of Schoenberg, Webern, et al. Besides using utilitarian names divulging nothing about the music (e.g., *Six Pieces For Orchestra*, opus six), those composers stressed timbre and texture as being just as legitimate subjects as melody and harmony. Rhythm as both method and subject is Fine's and Gnitka's expansion of subject matter.

This recording demonstrates how the ideas of orchestral innovators 70 years ago have seeped into the wellspring of today's avant garde composers. In this new frame of reference, Abstraction and Minimalism have replaced Realism and Expressionism, which replaced Romanticism. Fine seems comfortable with the harsher aspects of new art. When he can inject warmth without losing his contemporary sound, he will have painted a more complete portrait.

—guregian

SAM MOST and JOE FARRELL

FLUTE TALK—Xanadu 173: *Kim; Something Sweet And Tender; When You Wish Upon A Star; Sound Off; Samba To Remember You By; Leaves; Love Season; Hot House.*

Personnel: Sam Most, Joe Farrell, flutes; Mike Wofford, piano and electric piano; Bob Magnusson, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums; Jerry Steinholtz, congas, miscellaneous percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

As an instrument of jazz expression, the flute has never attained the level of credibility with listeners that, say, the tenor saxophone or trumpet have. Categorically, the flute still rates between "novelty" and "double."

But even the staunchest jazz enthusiast can't deny the masterful contributions made by Frank Wess, James Moody, Eric Dolphy and Roland Kirk on the instrument. These men, as improvisers, set the standards by which all jazz flutists are judged. Sam Most's *Flute Talk* breaks no new ground in this sense. Primarily a high spirited straightahead session, this record nevertheless fills the void for those who like the sound of jazz flute, yet are disenchanted with the peppy muzak of Herbie Mann, Dave Valentin and Hubert Laws.

At the risk of sounding corny, the most appropriate cliché for this date is tasty. Most has provided some interesting originals for he and co-leader Joe Farrell to blow on, as well as clever arrangements of Charlie Parker's *Kim* and the Disney associated standard *When You Wish Upon A Star.*

Within a format like this (two of the same instruments with rhythm section), there is frequently a tendency to turn the material into a vehicle for establishing technical fluency: a cutting contest. But Most and Farrell show some restraint despite occasional flights into the virtuosic stratosphere. Generally, both flutists contrast each other effectively; one picks up ideas logically where the other left off, as opposed to jagged, misplaced bursts of individual inspiration. Most has a raspy, jazzy tone and although his technique isn't quite as focused as Farrell's, his phrasing is more relaxed, his sound more distinctive. Farrell's rhythmic concept is more symmetric in approach and his tone is more "legit"—the Laws influence abounds.

Whoever contracted this date (presumably producer Schlitten) found the perfect rhythm section. Mike Wofford's one chorus solo on *Love Season* is almost worth the price of the record alone. Borrowing generously from the lush harmonies of Bill Evans and the lagging block chords of Wynton Kelly and early Herbie Hancock, Wofford makes a strong case for the West Coast sound. He is

also a sincere accompanist, as is best demonstrated on *Hot House* and *Kim*. Magnusson possesses a glowing, resonant sound and swings impeccably; he gets my vote for journeyman bassist of the year. I've never heard him play unconvincingly. Drummer McCurdy and percussionist Steinholtz perform solidly, although Roy seems uncharacteristically subdued (perhaps for the better). This record is also available in direct-to-disc form. However, the conventional LP includes two additional tunes (*Hot House* and *Leaves*) and has an alternate take of *Samba To Remember You By*. If you listen to stereo equipment, get the direct-to-disc. If you listen to music, I'd suggest the conventional disc, at about half the price. —*moorhead*

HERB ALPERT

RISE.—A&M Records SP-4790: *1980; Rise; Behind The Rain; Rotation; Street Life; Love Is; Angelina; Aranjuez.*

Personnel: Alpert, Bob Findley, trumpet; Steve Schaeffer, Harvey Mason, drums; Louis Johnson, Bob Magnusson, Abe Laboriel, Jerry Knight, James Jamerson, bass; Tim May, Jay Dee Maness, Chris Pinnick, Carlos Rios, Abe Laboriel, guitar; Manolo Badrena, Randy Badazz, Emil Richards, John Bergamo, percussion; Julius Wechter, marimba; Andy Armer, Joe Sample, Mike Lang, Michel Colombier, pianos; Colombier, Armer, synthesizers; Peter Jolly, accordion; Tom Scott, Lyricon; Tom Tedesco, lute.

★

If you aren't asleep when you buy this record, you're sure to be after you hear the first side. It is—quite literally—a thumping bore. Alpert's precise, polished horn is polished clean of identity or individuality. Nowhere is there a sound, a phrase, an idea that is uniquely his. The most attractive melody of the album, *Angelina*, is played as if it was a trumpet exercise, without a hint of warmth or spontaneity. And where there's no heat, there's no light. As for improvisation . . . well, certainly, no card carrying studio man like Alpert would even *consider* that.

A glance at the instrumentation pretty well tells the story of this LP. It's one big rhythm section, and the result is a predictable soft core disco package. It should be called *Sunday Night Torpor*. As for *Rise*, which has Alpert living off the fat of his audiences' heads these days, it is essentially a rhythm loop which is repeated and repeated and repeated and repeated and repeated and repeated. . . . The 16 bar Spanish flavored theme is pleasant enough, but there is no emotional movement of accumulated tension, no beginning and no end. It's not really performed, it's extruded. The back end is the same as the front. But what the hell! Who's listening anyway? This is tootsie tapping music. —*mcdonough*

JASMINE

JASMINE.—West 54 WLW 8007: *Batik; Palmetto; Angelica; Over And Out; Hokus Pokus; Tempest; Tell Me When; Cycles.*

Personnel: Roger Rosenberg, baritone and soprano saxes, flute, alto flute, bass clarinet; Bill O'Connell, acoustic and electric pianos, Mini-Moog; Lee Smith, electric bass; Steve Berrios, drums, congas, percussion; Carmen Lundy, vocal (cut 3).

★ ★ ★

Jasmine is a band composed of four alumni of the Mongo Santamaria band, tipping the listener right away that its initial release will include generous courses of percussion. Yet the members have wide-ranging backgrounds; their experience with leaders runs from the adventurous likes of George Russell and Randy Weston to chart toppers Billy Paul and the Delfonics.

From the first cowbells on the opening cut, this lives up to its advanced billing as heavy on percussion, but it is not an over-dominating influence. Roger Rosenberg is a versatile reedman, emphasizing the soprano and baritone saxes and occasionally overdubbing the reeds to give a fuller sound to the band. He adds a pleasingly airy flute to several cuts. Lee Smith favors a relatively light, resonant bass sound that adds more color than drive to the band.

The album is most impressive on its single vocal track, *Angelica*. Carmen Lundy lends a delicate, supple voice to a medium tempo tune that, when she is coupled with Rosenberg's soprano lines, is mindful of Wayne Shorter with Milton Nascimento.

Yet Jasmine is an uneven initial outing. At several moments it is rhythmically uninspired and solos seem laid just to fill space. *Over And Out* and *Hokus Pokus* might as well have been left in the can. Just when the album seems to be falling flat, though, Rosenberg and O'Connell rescue it with earthy baritone and fleeting piano work on *Tempest*. Steve Berrios, here and on the rest of the album, is the most consistent performer, giving drive and creativity.

Jasmine could be successful in a pop market with an emphasis on the soprano and percussion and a more prominent role for Carmen Lundy. The band seems capable of producing two or three exceptional singles tracks, but it has trouble sustaining an album. —*dold*

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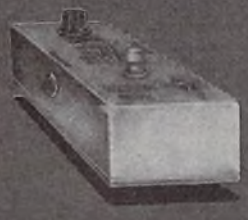

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BLINDFOLD TEST

RICHIE BEIRACH

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Richie Beirach has attained increasing prominence over the past three years, mainly through a series of albums for ECM, three of them under his own name, all of them displaying his fluent sense of improvisation and his feeling for structure and balance.

Born in New York in 1947, Beirach studied extensively from the age of five. After a year at Berklee College of Music he transferred to the Manhattan School of Music, receiving his musicology degree there in 1972, and meeting Dave Liebman and Frank Tusa, with both of whom he has since played frequently.

After a year with Stan Getz, he worked with Liebman's Lookout Farm from 1973-'76. In addition to occasionally playing duets with Liebman, he has since worked with his own trio, and has performed solo concerts in Europe, Japan and the U.S. John Abercrombie's quartet, formed in 1978 and first recorded for ECM in December of that year, has been his main gig lately, and it was during a visit to Los Angeles as a member of that group (along with George Mraz and Peter Donald) that he undertook this, his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. DOLLAR BRAND. *The Honey Bird* (from *The Children Of Africa*, Inner City). Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim), piano, composer; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

I don't know who it is, but I liked the composition and the way they were playing. But I found they weren't as selective as I would like them to be with that kind of material. And I felt that they didn't have too much of a dynamic range; it was like there were no dynamics . . . they started at a mezzoforte and it stayed there, went up a little bit and came down. The thing that bothered me the most was the lack of space.

It sounded very fresh; it definitely wasn't cliched. It sounded like someone who had listened to a lot of Andrew Hill and Cecil Taylor. I kind of liked it. I would say three stars. I really don't know who it is, but it could be a European pianist, say, Wolfgang Dauner, or this new young pianist Anthony Davis, or Dave Burrell.

2. CEDAR WALTON. *Ojos De Rojo* (from *Eastern Rebellion II*, Timeless Muse). Walton, piano, composer; Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Take it off . . . that's enough. The piano player sounded nervous, he was struggling—just stringing one cliche after the next over and over again. And he's a good pianist; he knows the vocabulary and he's got the licks down. But they just sounded uptight, like he was just trying to make the changes. There was no magic, no sense of drama; it was just playing. And I've heard that style of playing with more magic, more real connection. Two stars, for effort.

3. JOANNE BRACKEEN. *Prism* (from *Prism*, Inner City). Brackeen, composer, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass.

Well, that sounded like Don Pullen . . . or somebody like that. Also very influenced by Cecil Taylor in that kind of textural energy approach. But I like this better than the first thing, because there seemed to be more interplay between the bass player and the piano player. But, you know, a lot of that playing—just for my taste—sounds very random. And the problem with playing that way is that you repeat yourself in the attempt at a feeling of freedom, of no bar lines or definite chord changes.

The bass player's tone was short and very pointed and didn't have that nice fat sound in the bottom; maybe he didn't want it, but I missed that. There's a lot of beautiful things that can happen between a bass and a piano in a duet, with the overtones coming from the strings . . . which I didn't hear at all.

The composition is not really much, just kind of a head, a little ditty and it gives them a framework to play on. I'd say two and a half stars.

(Later: Joanne Brackeen? I'm surprised. That was an atypical cut; I admire her very much.)

4. BILL EVANS. *Dolphin Dance* (from *I Will Say Goodbye*, Fantasy). Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Eliot Zigmund, drums.

That was definitely Bill Evans with Eddie Gomez and Eliot Zigmund. It sounded like a trio record that they made recently. It's such a pleasure to hear Bill Evans, because he's a particular kind of genius, in that he's taken the bebop vocabulary and added to it and personalized it, to the point where he's got it refined down so low that you can be just drawn into every phrase.

He's a master of tone and touch and dynamics, the singing tone of the piano. It's a beautiful recording; sounded like a Fantasy recording. And the bass sounded great. Eliot sounded excellent. One of the most supportive drummers in the business. Very relaxed recording, with Eddie, lot of interplay but not getting in the way of Bill. It was nice to hear Bill playing a tune by Herbie Hancock, because that's like two masters that learn from each other.

The thing about Bill that I've always felt is that he's one of the few that have maintained a certain continuous line of integrity and performance over the past 20-30 years. He's never really deviated from what he started to do, and he's received a lot of criticism for that. There are other people like that, like McCoy, who just do what they do really well and keep doing it, and growing very slowly, instead of coming out with new things every couple of years. And I really respect Bill for his incredible staying power . . . the long race. I'd give that four stars.

5. ART TATUM. *Liza* (from *Masterpieces Volume II*, MCA). Recorded 1934.

Oooh! That's an old one, boy. It's definitely Art Tatum. The introduction completely took me out; at first I didn't know who it was. But it could have been someone like McCoy playing that style for a minute—but the recording gave it away, it was so open.

The great thing about Art Tatum is that he was the link in a lot of ways between Chopin and Bud Powell, because Art Tatum was tremendously influenced by classical piano music, romantic, etudes, Chopin, Rachmaninoff . . . and he had that incredible coordination between his left hand and his right hand, plus the incredibly featherlight touch that made it all happen.

I'm just realizing now what a tremendous influence Art Tatum has exerted on the modern piano players—especially McCoy. The left hand, not so much the right hand—the speed and dexterity, of course the notes are different, but the stride piano McCoy took as one of his main stylistic devices—with the fifths in the bass and the chords in the middle of the piano—it's a brilliant idea. That to me is what innovation is, when you use something of the past and graft it onto the vocabulary of the present. That's why McCoy's style is so great, because it's so rooted in the past.

The thing about Art Tatum that impresses me is not so much how fast he plays but the intricacy and the subtlety with which he makes the changes and still manages to put in a substitute chord in every bar. I never heard this particular version of *Liza*. Listening to Chick and Herbie play it, they both sound like him! Five stars, of course.

6. BILLY TAYLOR. *Naima* (from *Live At Storyville*, West 54). Taylor, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

At first I thought it was Ahmad Jamal, because of the arrangement and the feeling, but I really don't think it is. Actually it turned out to be a disappointment, because you can do a lot of things with that tune. It seemed like a real stock arrangement—like the bland leading the bland—it didn't grab me, it wasn't emotional enough to grab me. It sounded tentative . . . the touch. I would say two stars.

7. CECIL TAYLOR. *Jitney No. 2* (from *Silent Tongues*, Arista).

Yeah, what can you say about Cecil Taylor that hasn't been said? This struck me as a very similar thing to the Art Tatum . . . that grasp of the piano, that sonority. Cecil is in a way the last in that line of Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Cecil . . . there's millions of great piano players in between but, if you had to put it in the time capsule and tell people in the year 3,000 what it was, it would probably be Art Tatum and Bud Powell and Cecil Taylor . . .

The thing I like about this particular recording—first of all I love to hear Cecil by himself. I have difficulty hearing him in a group, because it's just so dense. I'm sure it's more fun to play . . . I've played that way, but I can't get the thing going. But he's got such a grasp of the piano, physical tactile senses, he's like a real sculptor, like dredging the notes right out of the keys.

I like this particular take because first of all it was short; I can't listen to maybe more than 10 minutes of that, and I've heard him play for a long time. This was stream of consciousness playing, but it made sense musically; he went from one idea to the next idea, elaborated, came back, made a crescendo, a diminuendo . . . it's music, you know? A lot of the stuff you played for me earlier was an attempt at this, I felt; it just didn't quite get it. I mean it's nice to hear an original. I felt a sense of history.

I'll give it four stars. See, for five stars, it would have to be Bill Evans' *Portrait In Jazz* or *Kind Of Blue* or Herbie Hancock's solo on *My Funny Valentine* or Paul Bley's solo on *Ida Lupino* . . . like staggering!

Art Tatum rated five; he's staggering because of who he is and when he played it; even though that particular style is not my . . . The rating thing is interesting, because I'm being asked to rate something based on what I like and dislike; but I also have to take into account when it was done. So even though I don't think of Tatum as very close to my style, I love what he did. But as far as what I would listen to for myself, I wouldn't listen to Art Tatum or Cecil Taylor; I would listen to something more like Bill Evans or Paul Bley . . . and Lennie Tristano. On an album of Tristano's there was a tune called *Line-Up*, with Lee Konitz, that was what really got me into playing jazz—that time feel, incredible drive.

PROFILE

JOE ALBANY

BY LEE JESKE

Joe Albany is a bebop pioneer of the late '40s and one of Charlie Parker's acknowledged favorite pianists. He also recorded some admirable sessions with Lester Young. But Albany's career started badly, and his life became a series of stops and starts. In and out of prisons and jazz clubs, Albany would surface for a while and then disappear. An album entitled *The Right Combination* was released by Riverside in the late '50s. It was Albany's first album as a leader and received critical accolades, but nobody even knew where the pianist was; the album was made and taped in the living room of sound engineer Ralph Garretson and it only increased the curiosity about the leader. When Riverside reissued the album a decade later, it was still the only LP by Albany and its new title was, naturally, *The Legendary Pianist*.

In the 1970s Joe Albany began to be heard from again. Albums from Europe began to trickle through (most notably for SteepleChase) and Albany appeared to be back in the groove. And then, suddenly, in April of '79, Joe Albany resurfaced in New York City, playing at the West End. The results were impressive; Albany's chops were honed and alive and his left hand had become a formidable piece of equipment. But after a short stand at the Tin Palace, which drew a rave by Scott Albin in **db**, Albany disappeared again, this time lost in the cocktail piano world atop the World Trade Center. But, for a year now, he has been in one place and just a short jump from Atlantic City, where he first began in music by playing the accordion.

"I got involved with jazz in my junior year and my last year of high school. There was a guy who had this fine collection and got us interested in it; that's when I heard Louis and Duke Ellington. Then I started to go to the record shops for Count Basie; they had the used records from the juke boxes and you could buy 'em cheap, so I'd look for Basie."

Joe Albany sits slumped on a couch in an apartment on New York's West 57th St. He talks in a high, reedy voice and shifts uncomfortably; the damp weather isn't kind to his 55 year old body after a lifetime of abuse.

"I was 18 when I started working a club in Atlantic City called the Paddock Club—the band was Willie Dennis and a lot of the guys from South Philly. We used to play for strips: the strip beat.

"My father had decided that we should go to LA when I was 17 and see if we could all make it there or something. He always liked the West Coast. So we went to the West Coast, stayed a half a year, '41, then came back and I went to work in the summer of '42 at the Paddock and we stayed there just that summer. Then we went back to LA again and I stayed out there and played with Leo Watson."

Leo Watson, the wacky, flamboyant scat singer is (dare I say it) another legend. "Oh, he had a lot of balls. Most musicians have a sort of craziness about them, but Leo could swing, swing on anything—a little cymbal bing-a-bing-a-bing. He was certainly one of the premier scat singers, he was a forerunner of scat singing on the West Coast."

Albany was gigging around the LA area, making his name known to the Central Ave. crowd. It was also around that time that Albany first came into contact with Lester Young, but it was a trip back to the Apple that would change his life.

"I was most impressed, at that time, by Art Tatum. After that, Bud was a real influence and Monk. I heard them after I'd gotten to New York. Tatum I had heard before; I heard some of his music and said, 'My God.'

"I fell into the New York scene on my ass. I came in with Georgie Auld, but he got stranded in St. Louis. I took a little tour around the TOBA [Theatre Owners' Booking Association-Tough On Black Asses] circuit with Benny Carter, but the Street was the thing in '45—that was when Bird was blowing my mind and everybody's mind. I actually just roamed around and slept where I could. Sometimes I stayed in the room Bird had, until he lost it. And I just carried on generally; those were my good days. I got some work with Bird, one night a week we used to work at the old Spotlite. We hung out. I can remember later on I lived in an apartment that Jimmy Knepper and Joe Maini had on 136th St. and Broadway. Bird went up there and he asked me if I knew *Star Eyes* and I says, 'Well, yeah,' and faked it. Anyway, we would kind of run it down as we went. But in those days he was all over the street when I worked with him. Stan Levey played drums and we didn't have a bass player, and I think we missed the bass player, to tighten it up behind Bird. It would have soared more and been more cohesive. I was struggling. But Bird was doing a lot of blowing. There were times I'd help him get up to his room up in Harlem, help him unpack his horn and lean on me. We would take a bus up there. Bird added a lot to my music career and jazz."

But Charlie Parker's influence was more than musical.

"I had taken drugs as a kind of challenge, once. One time, at 96th St. and Columbus Ave. in an apartment, I tried some morphine. I had never tried it and I was very vague as to the negativeness of drugs, so it was like a dare almost. This guy gives me a quarter of a grain and this chick I was going out with a quarter of a grain. She was throwing up all over the subway and I was nearly throwing up myself. And then I did nothing for six months. And then when I met Bird, we all started hanging out—Stan, myself, Manny Fox, who played trumpet. And Bird would score for us. I remember one time he said the guys uptown were getting worried about all the white cats he was bringing up and scoring for, and he said he wanted to get a knife. I had five dollars to my name and I went and bought him a switchblade. It probably went to drugs; I don't think he ever used it. Never heard of Bird using a blade.

"I was always running. I had no place to stay and they finally caught up with me. The quest of drugs did cost me a lot—five to seven years in prison and a lot of hassles and shit. And then I didn't know I was hooked, I didn't realize the accumulation.

"They gave me what was called a floater, which is a break in a way. I couldn't come back to New York. Anytime I'd come back to New York and get busted, I would do time, that kind of shit.

"I remember I had to get the money sent. My mother sent me $80, I think it was the bus fare, and so Bird borrowed $20, Dexter borrows $20 more and wants to give me his mouthpiece. And, of course, I had to get a taste, and the money was gone. And after then I found out that Bird had called my mother and said, 'You better get Joe out of New York before he gets in trouble.' And he said, 'If you put in half, I'll put in the other half.' She told me after he died about this and I think that's a nice insight into Charlie Parker's character. He borrowed money. He *cared* about me. I felt very close to him. Musically *very* close. He was opening my mind to things I *might* do, but he was doing them."

For the next 20 years, Joe Albany's life was spent wrapped up with drugs and prison.

"Thinking about it, I was a peripheral kind of junkie, because I wasn't one of those guys who had lines all the way down their arms and sunken veins from shooting so much. It was just like I'd be able to get some dope for a couple of days and then I'd be sick for three days and then I'd get another fix for a day and then I wouldn't use any for a week, something like that, you know, it was very iffy. I wasn't a good thief and when I tried to get it, I got in trouble. And, of course, I knew chicks that were hooking and they'd make the money from that and then we'd make a chase, but that's a whole bad scene. If there is a prototype criminal, pimp style, I didn't fit it. I was trying to find my own identity, because once you get into dope, that becomes paramount to being a macho person. And you're getting in with the criminal element and you don't want to be on the wrong side of them, you know. But you can't do that and be a musician, too. There's just no way you can do it. I don't think anybody has done it."

Joe Albany leans forward and grabs a piece of salami off a plate set down by Jean Roth, an old friend of Joe's from the 52nd St. days who is somewhat responsible for Albany's return to New York. By the window sits a

rented grand piano, piled high with clippings and music.

Between the stints in jail during the '50s, Joe Albany was living on the West Coast and "playing casuals when I could get them. I was still keeping my union card up, but mostly I was living off my parents. If I had a gig, which was very seldom, I would use the money for dope. We'd scrounge things up together, somebody else would have some money and *he'd* know a connection, things like that. I used to work for my father sometimes; he was a carpenter. He did a lot of work; that was his motive, to work. That was his creed 'til he went. But I never got tight with my father . . . *Yes, I was*, in the idea that the father is the head of the house in Italian families and Jewish families and all kinds of families. I used to help him when he painted houses, cutting windows, painting the walls and outside—I hated it. I remember one time, I walked off. I was trying to break some ground—sometimes it gets cold in California and the ground was frozen in the early morning when we'd go to work. I just put the shovel down and split."

It was in Los Angeles, in the fall of 1957, when Joe Albany unknowingly recorded *The Right Combination* with Warne Marsh.

"That was when I was married to a chick and we lived in South Laguna. We were getting a house and she got herself into a suicidal type thing—a car hit her, she stood in the road and let the car hit her. So that was the end of that, but for a while I had an old upright piano. That was one of the salient, positive points in my life, when I tried to get together and I made a stride forward technically. We made the tape in the engineer's living room. Warne, unbeknownst to me at the time, took the tape east with him. It wasn't even an original copy and that's why the fidelity is not so hot, took it to Riverside, who were recording everybody, and they sent a contract via the mail paying us union scale. It got nice reviews."

But Joe Albany still couldn't return to New York. "I couldn't, but I did. And, of course, I got in trouble again. I had a half-ass habit and was not really working much at all. I was married again and just getting by on the money my wife was making. I had a daughter and we came to New York in '63. I played with Mingus a little while and I played a place called the Parakeet Room in Brooklyn. And some guy called us up and said, 'Look, the police are looking for you because you have too many Citra Forte prescriptions out.' That was the thing to use; it's a drug that has an effect like heroin, but it's very pleasant tasting."

So Joe Albany was on the run again. At one point, he was finishing up the end of a two year parole and "somebody ran to the man and told him I was using some speed. And they came and busted me. I remember that they had to chain me. That was '69-'71.

"In late '71, I was trying to get back. In California they had a rehabilitation program where they would help you with whatever you did. In this case, I could rent a piano for six months, they paid for the rental. And I managed to buy a tape recorder from a second hand shop with the money they gave me. And I practiced—that was the second time I really got into it, actually, since the time I played in Laguna and made the record with Warne. But I wasn't straight yet, I was still messing around with speed.

"I sent the tape I made to Mark Gardner at *Melody Maker* in England. I guess it was pretty obvious that I needed money and that's why I made the tape—it was on a stereo Sony with only one channel working and I was running that and playing on this Spinet piano and half out of my head. And Spotlite Records bought the tape. I knew I had 80 pounds, English, coming to me from the sale of the records and I was into speed and writing scrips and all that shit, you know, and in and out and worrying my family to death. My father was dead, my mother is still alive—and I was living with her, or my sister when I could or some chick or wherever I could find speed and, man, I should have died."

Joe Albany leans back and scratches his head. He looks and sounds as if he can't even believe the story, as if he wonders where the 40 years have gone since he started playing *Lady Of Spain* on an accordion in Atlantic City.

Joe Albany, in the early '70s, decided to go to Europe. He had nothing to lose and was determined to be a jazz pianist again. He played in topless bars in England and at the Montmartre with Dexter Gordon. Most importantly, Albany began to practice at least four hours every day, a policy he has tried to maintain. He played with Tony Scott, Johnny Griffin, Kenny Drew and Wilbur Little and hung out with Ben Webster and recorded with Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson and, slowly, got himself back into shape. Finally, it

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was time to return.

"Well, I wasn't very happy over there and I wasn't working that much. I did the occasional concert and I got so tired of the weather, it's very bad for my arthritis; it's below sea level there [in Amsterdam, Joe's last home in Europe]. It's always damp, but Amsterdam is a beautiful city. It's probably the most progressive city in the world. Very social. But I missed my daughter; I missed my mother. So I came back to California and I had a piano which I had bought on time, an old piano. Then I got a call from Jean who said, 'Why don't you come to New York.' So I said, 'Yeah, I've been thinking about it.'"

Jean Roth spent a lot of time on 52nd St. in its heyday. She knew most of the musicians and she knew Joe Albany. Jean remembers, "The last time I had seen him was in '63. I didn't even talk to him, he was in such bad shape. And then I went out to Sam Goody and I bought the two records with Niels Pederson, took them home, heard them and realized Joe was straight. I decided I was going to give him a call, but it was very hard to get in touch with him. I hadn't spoken to him in 27 years."

After talking a girlfriend into letting her use an office phone to call California and wheedling the phone number out of the Los Angeles branch of the musician's local union, Jean Roth called Albany.

Joe sits back and smiles a thin, tired smile. He's been involved with several records since his return, but club dates have yet to come in thick and heavy, although for a while Joe was working seven nights a week, two at the Cookery and five at the World Trade Center. A gig with Howard McGhee at the West End was shaping up, and the Newport Jazz Festival had just called to ask Joe if he wanted to be part of the piano night at Waterloo Village. And a filmmaker named Carole Langer is working on a documentary about the pianist.

"I didn't feel there was any future in drugs, you know, I never did. I mean, I'd seen Bird—I'd seen what it did to him. Of course the ravages of drugs is a sad thing. Today I have a liver that's not functioning too well. But I watch myself—I'll die if I drink. I'm trying to exercise. We rented this piano—it ain't much of a piano, but it's not bad either. At least it's a grand. And now I'm working on some Monk tunes."

Joe seats himself at the piano and begins playing *Ruby, My Dear.* His latest album, on the Interplay label, is called *Bird Lives.* Joe Albany lives, too, even to his own surprise.

db

ANDY NARELL

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

In the winter of 1977-'78, Manhattan-born Andy Narell, now 25, decided to do something with his considerable talents as a steel drummer, pianist, and composer—show them to the world.

Living rent-free with vocalist Jenny Holland as caretakers of a private home in the Northern California redwoods, he composed the music to his debut album *Hidden Treasure* (Inner City IC 1053), then assembled and rehearsed a six-piece group. He used his own savings to finance a demo, and presented the tape to Inner City's Irv Kratka. Irv immediately signed him.

"The steel drums are a kind of ticket," said Andy. "They are unusual and rarely heard in America. People stop to listen to them, if only for a minute, because they want to check them out. I take it from there, playing a blend of jazz, Caribbean, classical and folk music from around the world. I've found that we have a broad appeal, cutting across all musical barriers wherever we go. People love what we do. We don't fit very well into preconceived marketing categories, but, because of its universal appeal, I hope to take this music around the world."

On *Hidden Treasure*, Narell plays steel drums, piano and assorted percussion. Guitarist Steve Erquiaga, formerly with John Handy and Joe Henderson, provides chordal cushions, rhythmic counterlines, and dazzling solos improvised with vigor, taste and touch. Bassist Rich Girard and percussionist Kenneth Nash lend substance, drive and color to the core ensemble. All are joined by a variety of vocalists (including Jenny Holland) and other percussionists.

If the music itself were just another version of Harry Belafonte's diluted "rum-and-coke" brand of '50s *Day-O* drivel, then Narell's treasures would remain hidden. As it is, Andy gives new dignity and stature to the steel drum. He is a fluid melodic improviser and a complex composer; the moods of *Hidden Treasure* are mostly bright and ebullient, with substance and depth, integrity and inner vitality.

As a composer, Andy is sophisticated, original, stimulating and accessible. He rigorously avoids compositional cliches such as *head-solo-solo-head*, choosing instead to write "what some people have called suites. One section follows another, rarely returning to the same place. Usually there are compositional sections, then improvisational sections leading to designated other compositional sections, then more improvised sections leading to still other compositional sections. *Full Moon*, for example, has eight sections.

"People have to spend a great deal of time learning my music, but they also have a lot of freedom. I constantly look for new structures, new ways to put things together. I rarely know what the form will be until I get to the middle of the piece. I'm notorious. I bring five-page charts to rehearsals. That drives everybody crazy. It takes ages to learn my music. You need a roadmap to play it."

The development of the steel drum itself might be credited to the staid and conservative British government, which ruled and dominated the West Indies until the very early '60s. Worried about the stability of the Caribbean Islands and the "unruly primitives," the government banned festivals and large public gatherings. They forbade the use of drums with skins (congas, bongos, etc.) as well as the traditional tamboo bamboo rhythm sticks (which conceivably could have been used as weapons).

Music, however, always finds a way. Initially playing five-gallon paint cans, later utilizing oil barrels from the U.S. Naval base and from the refineries, the first steel drum band was born between 1942 and 1944. They called themselves the Invaders.

In 1947 Ellie Mannette, widely regarded as

RON PELLETIER

one of the founding fathers of the steel drum, played Brahms' *Lullaby* over the radio. The steel drum concept had evolved from a single simple rhythm instrument into a variety of different sized drums on which could be played melodies, chords and cross rhythms in orchestral form.

Although Belafonte briefly popularized calypso music in the '50s, over the years only a few authentic calypsonians such as Mighty Sparrow, Lord Nelson and Mighty Bomber have played the West Indian pockets of New York City. Until Narell, nobody had removed the drum itself from the limited musical context of Caribbean music.

At the University of California, Narell studied medicine, then switched to music, graduating in 1973 at the age of only 19. He wrote some tunes and played in a band with saxophonist Mel Martin and guitarist Dave Creamer, both of whom he regards as major influences and mentors. He continued to develop his own compositional concepts, thoroughly studying a variety of rhythmic forms with the help of percussionist Kenneth Nash and his older brother, Jeff Narell, also a steel drum player.

Today, the band is ready to perform live. "Because we don't use a set of trap drums, we have an odd musical sound—my steel drum serves as the 'horn,' which plays over the bass, the guitar, and assorted percussion. We lack the 'noise' element of drums, however, so now all of us play percussion instruments when we can, which fills everything out, gives it atmospheric color and body.

"We can play with power, but we use it sparingly. With our instrumental setup, power can get boring real fast. We're not a guerilla band, you know: Go out and kill! It's a joy for me that we can cook real soft, stay with the pulse, keep the sense of dance, and develop a strong groove on a real delicate level."

Andy's first exposure to steel drums came when he was a boy of eight, living in Queens where he was raised. His father, a social worker in Harlem and the Lower East Side, worked with gangs. One night in a church, he heard a group from St. Thomas playing steel drums. He loved the sound. One of the counselors with the social agency, an exchange student from Antigua, knew how to make and play these drums. Andy's father had him make a set.

At home, Andy, his parents, and his brother all learned how to play. Andy switched from bass drum (rhythm) to soprano drum (melody), and stayed with it, dividing his time over the years between the steel drum and his original ax, the piano.

As a teenager, he performed regularly at bassist Major Holley's jazz sessions in Jacques' club in the Village. "I didn't know the changes to *Green Dolphin Street* or whatever, but I'd listen, then jump in and play. I learned by doing it, which is really the only way to learn how to improvise anyway."

Crafted by Ellie Mannette out of a 55-gallon oil drum, Andy's instrument has 31 notes, ranging from B below middle C, up three octaves to high F. Not all of the notes of the scale are included. Those that are yield the primary tone, its octave, plus the harmonics. The variety of tones are created by making thin grooves in the metal, separating the indented sections, then stretching and loosening each section with a hammer, shaping and tuning them to different pitches.

Andy strikes the notes with a seven-inch aluminum tubing stick topped with rubber tips made out of surgical tubing. The sides of his soprano drum are six inches long. Lower-pitched drums have longer sides (up to a full-length oil barrel for bass drums). The sides act as resonators and amplifiers.

"Except for wooden flutes and perhaps a very few other instruments," said Andy, "the steel drum is the only instrument I know of made out of a single solid piece of anything."

db

CAUGHT!

THE SPECIALS

WARFIELD THEATER
SAN FRANCISCO

Personnel: Jerry Dammers, organ; Neville Staples, vocals; Terry Hall, vocals; Roddy Byers, guitar; Lynval Golding, guitar and harmonica; Neil Bradbury, drums; Horace Panter, bass; Rico Rodriguez, trombone; Dick Cuthell, trumpet.

It was an incredible scene. As England's Specials—a racially mixed rock band that is

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doing for ska (pre-reggae Jamaican music) what the Rolling Stones did for American blues and soul in the '60s—bounced into their second encore, a loping, lazy piece of ska called *You're Wondering Now*, over 150 young San Francisco kids mounted the stage at the band's invitation. Swaying to the "backwards" beat ("bluebeat" as they call it in Jamaica) that is the music of Jamaica's most distinct feature, most of those on stage sang the song's chorus over and over: "You're wondering now/What to do/Now you know/This is the end."

With their ugly, uneven crewcuts and welfare chic garb of tight black jeans, torn white t-shirts and second hand overcoats, it looked as if many of the unemployed kids in the city had suddenly united to point an accusing finger at those who run this country.

It was a fitting finale of a set by the most exciting rock band since England's Clash.

Though it is difficult to pinpoint the specific differences between traditional Jamaican ska and reggae, ska has, historically, tended to be a simpler music, often making use of a slightly offkey horn section with the emphasis on dancing, rather than the political and religious preaching of reggae.

The Specials' innovation is to fuse their punk anger and acerbic social criticism to some of the most uptempo, danceable and *fun* music since, perhaps, Motown. The sheer, uninhibited lunacy of ska remains, but the messages of the Specials' original songs like *Too Much Too Young* (a criticism of a young girl for not using some form of contraception and thus ending up "married with a kid when you should be having fun with me") are contemporary.

In England, the Specials have spearheaded a ska revival. During the past year they have scored two top ten hits, while three other ska/rock groups—Madness, the Beat and the Selector (all of which have recorded for the Specials' own 2-Tone record label)—have also scored top ten British hits.

On stage, the Specials are like a small dance party in action. Jamaican lead vocalist Neville Staples, who wears a black suit and a gold neck chain, looks like a member of the Temptations or the Spinners, and dances in a mock soul choreography, even as he offers up Jamaican-style echo-heavy vocals on many of the tunes. Rhythm guitarist Lynval Golding plays the distinctive rhythmic offbeats while lead guitarist Roddy Byers inserts tasty melodic riffs that give the music its rock edge. Together with bassist Horace Panter, these three dance and run in place like happy squirrels on a treadmill. Lead vocalist Terry Hall (who looks like the archetypal "I'm so vacant" British punk) stands almost perfectly still and sings the Specials' lyrics in a deadpan monotone. Group founder/organist/songwriter Jerry Dammers alternates wheezy organ riffs on a portable Vox organ—imitating the cheap organ sound on most Jamaican records—with running like a maniac back and forth across the stage.

Of course such showmanship would be as inconsequential as Kiss' antics if the group didn't have some significant lyrical and musical chops. The Specials offer a tight, unique sound, as distinctive in its own way as the great soul rhythm sections like Booker T and the MG's and New Orleans' Meters.

Despite the party atmosphere, the Specials offer one serious message after another in their lyrics. In *It's Up To You*, the whole band implore the audience, "It's up to you—blacks/It's up to you—whites/It's up to you—UNITE!" Because the group is racially mixed, a song like that has an impact that it wouldn't have if sung by an all black or all white band.

Since the rise of punk rock in England in 1976, the parallels between the music of England's displaced youth and Jamaica's oppressed blacks have been unavoidable. Reggae star Bob Marley even attempted to make the connection explicit a few years back with a single, *Punky Reggae Party*. Conversely, English punks like the Clash have included reggae covers on their albums. However, it has taken the Specials to make the significant innovation of fusing the Jamaican music to the attitude and politics of modern English youth.

As they sing, "It's the dawning of a new era." Go for it! —*michael goldberg*

WEATHER REPORT

BEACON THEATER
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Joe Zawinul, keyboards; Jaco Pastorius, bass; Wayne Shorter, tenor and soprano saxes; Peter Erskine, drums and percussion; Robert Thomas, percussion.

This review will not dwell on Joe Zawinul's dominance of the band, or on Jaco Pastorius' state of the art electric bass playing and charisma, or even on Wayne Shorter's diffident saxophone playing and on-stage invisibility. Anyone who has seen Weather Report (sometimes known as the world's best fusion band) in recent years or listened to their albums since *Black Market* has noticed all this before. Far more fascinating, on this frigid evening, was the work of an extremely skilled musician who is, I think, underrated and underappreciated.

Peter Erskine, Weather Report's burly, bearlike drummer, is one of the finest rhythm makers around today, a fact obscured by the presence of his more celebrated co-workers. His effectiveness comes more from the variety of things he does well, rather than from one easily identifiable element.

However, Erskine's ability to stay with Weather Report's tricky tempo changes—particularly in keeping up with Pastorius' meandering bass style while still maintaining an individual voice—is his most significant accomplishment. In past performances this hasn't always been true, and Erskine has, as Shorter too often still does, appeared more a sideman for the Joe & Jaco show than a group member.

But at 25 Erskine has matured as a musician, and his part in molding the band's sound shouldn't be overlooked. Perhaps it's not coincidental that Erskine's emergence has come with the addition of percussionist Robert Thomas on the current tour. The band hasn't had anyone fill that spot since Manolo Badrena split after 1977's *Heavy Weather* album; thus, this is the first time Erskine has played with a percussionist in Weather Report's format. With Thomas providing flowing and sensitive support, Erskine is freer to follow his own muse. In fact the most stimulating sections of the two hour concert were those where Erskine's and Thomas' interplay was most prominent.

None of the 11 compositions played were announced; the band said nothing to the audience all evening. This was irritating since the bulk of it was new material, presumably being groomed for the next studio album. The nameless material fit in seamlessly with the old, most of it was saturated with Zawinul's keyboards and sensibility. Hopefully Erskine's confident play—and Thomas' too—will also be captured on disc.

An interesting sidebar to the music was Weather Report's non-verbal communication with the audience. A laser light show, followed by a three panel slide presentation with pictures of jazz greats and New York's famed 52nd St., foreshadowed the playing of *Birdland*.

More provocative was that prior to the concert's start the house lights were dimmed, and Ray Charles' version of *America The Beautiful* emanated from the dark stage. Considering the current state of American foreign affairs, this must be seen as Weather Report's personal comment. If so it was as sublime as the music that followed.

—nelson george

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA

ALICE TULLY HALL
NEW YORK

Debussy really started something. French Impressionism was a relatively short-lived movement, but the concept that color can be as important as melody or harmony is still very much alive. George Crumb has made it the cornerstone of his highly original style, and other post-serialist composers have also begun to pay as much attention to vivid combinations of timbres, dynamic contrasts and exotic effects as they do to complex organizational schemes.

The latest concert by the American Composers Orchestra featured three works that definitely fall under the colorist rubric: Donald Martino's *Ritorno*, Maurice Wright's *Stellae*, and Donald Erb's *Concerto For Trombone And Orchestra In Four Movements*. In addition to these New York premieres, the orchestra, conducted by Ainslee Cox, performed Ben Weber's *Dolmen: An Elegy* and Victor Herbert's *Concerto No. 2 For Violincello And Orchestra*.

Martino's *Ritorno* (1976) began with ghostly sounds: downward glissandi on a double bass, muffled tapping on a wood block, tentative brushwork on the cymbals. What followed was a brief orchestral explosion, complete with booming kettledrums, and a return to the groping, uncertain sounds of individual instruments. Long a characteristic of Martino's work, this nearly monodic progression from one instrument to another was varied by frequent rhythm changes. Cycles of expansion and contraction built most of the dramatic interest, although there were definite climaxes in *Ritorno*. Some were achieved through the use of obvious devices like string tremolos and chromatically ascending sequences, but there were also more unusual effects, such as the overtones created when two trombones were played a half-step apart. Overall, *Ritorno* showed Martino to be a master of orchestration and color.

Wright's *Stellae* (1978) utilized both an orchestra and a pre-recorded tape which was realized at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. The electronic part was nothing special—just a lot of pops, clicks and rattles that recalled some early '70s electronic pieces by composers like Morton Subotnick and Wright himself. Combining it with an orchestra would have been a bright idea if the electronic and acoustic sounds had been better arranged. But, except in a couple of places where the sounds happened to match—for example, in a passage where bells complemented high-pitched, rapid electronic sounds—the hybrid form resembled a science fiction monster, half robot, half human. The only section that really had an impact was one in which calm, unearthly strings played a melodic fragment over a very deep acoustic bass line. Like Crumb's *Music Of The Starry Night* from *Makrokosmos III*, this passage suggested the absence of humanity with the ghost of emotion.

In the program notes, Donald Erb described his *Concerto For Trombone And Orchestra* (1976) as "freely twelve-tone in conception, with occasional jazz-related improvisatory passages and sections of aleatory freedom of choice." The improvisational quality appeared in the first movement where trombonist Stuart Dempster ruminated tentatively amid the comings and goings of various orchestral sections. His direction was still unclear in the slow movement where he used different kinds of mutes to vary the trombone's timbre. But by that time, it had become evident that Erb's main intent was to create an exotic, dreamlike atmosphere. Among the components of this aural dream were some evocative string and harp passages, whirring glissandi that sounded like the wind, and the recurring motif of a pizzicato violin note plucked in tandem with a bell tone.

Dempster showed off more of his "extended" techniques in the slow movement, including multiphonics and "double stops." The latter sounded like chords but were actually the result of playing and singing at the same time.

The finale started with wild drum rhythms that brought *Le Sacre* to mind. The soloist was overshadowed by the symphonic texture as great, shimmering waves of cymbals swelled up behind dissonant brass chords. Near the end, as the winds played a repeated note, the rhythmic element again came to the fore, but it was never developed.

Ben Weber's *Dolmen* (1964) embraced more of the traditional aspects of composition than did the more recent works on the program. There was room in the work's semi-tonal style for melody and counterpoint, and the dissonances were relatively mild. In a way, with all the timbral variety in the development section, this, too, was a colorist piece. Dripping and running into each other like paint poured on a canvas, the orchestral colors suggested both a chilly majesty and a mortal sense of sadness.

Victor Herbert's cello *Concerto No. 2*, which dates from 1893-94, was a curious programming choice. Although beautifully performed with Lorne Munroe in the solo role, it was an anachronism, to say the least. But, juxtaposed against works that reflected the chaotic present, Herbert's melodic, sentimental piece was quite charming. *—kenneth terry*

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with a Columbia record out, I didn't have a gig for a year and a half in New York."

Greene lived first in Paris, then settled in Amsterdam. During the last decade he's written and performed a variety of works, utilizing divergent and often archaic musical traditions and contexts. In 1973 he formed the East West Trio with sitarist Jamal Un Din Bhartiya and percussionist Daoud Amin. His *Holiday Suite*, composed for the Danish Radio Orchestra, was followed by *Depth*, a piece written for a radio station in Holland. Multimedia works followed, as well as a jazz oratorio, *We Have A Dream*, commissioned by the World Commission on Humanity and composed in tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Like many expatriates, Greene delights in sensing the richness of Europe's cultural continuity and the integrity of its artifices, a tradition he traces back to the medieval guildsmen. "To this day when you walk through a square in Belgium," he comments, "it takes your breath away. Those buildings, built in the Middle Ages, were communities of interest, built by real architects, not commercial, short-sighted land grabbers. They were controlled by an esthetic council, where people were responsible. To this day you see at least as many statues of artists and esthetic-minded people and philosophers as you see of politicians and generals.

"The Dutchmen have this in their genes. So in Holland you have an honored position in society. Like, you can play in a dump, with the Holland Subsidy System, and you'll still make a living, say a hundred dollars a night. But when I get to New York—in some places the big deal is still to get $30 or $40 a night. Who can live in 1980 on those terms?"

Fittingly, one of Greene's most recent recordings, *European Heritage* (Circle), can be considered a reassessment of the cultural traditions to which musicians like Isadore Buchalter must have exposed him, back at Chicago's Fine Arts Building.

Greene describes this release as dealing with "the seminal sources of music that Caucasian musicians have to come to terms with. You know, like blacks going back to Africa, we gotta deal with our thing. That's what I've done on this record. I do variations on Bartok, variations on Romanian folk dances. Bartok orchestrated themes that he took down on the old wire recorder. He wanted to immortalize these themes before they were gone, which he did very well. But unfortunately when you freeze this music in a classical context, there's no improvisation. And these themes are screaming to be put back into folklore, which I've done. I've tried to interpret that folklore coming with a renewed Jewish cultural experience that I've felt in the last few years. I get into all that old stuff, but still with jazz syncopation."

The seeming incongruity between Bird and Bud, ragas, European folk music and free form jazz disturbs Greene not in the least. His reconciliation of these divergent musical streams is cast, typically, in metaphysical terms.

"The traditional cats," Greene argues, "are always screaming 'Where's the form? Where's the melody?' all that. My God, how many forms are there in a jungle, or in Antarctica in those ice formations? How many forms in a normal park? Did you ever look at the top of a tree? All people ever do is look at the trunks and see how symmetrical they are. Symmetrical asymmetry's been in existence since time immemorial. Every snowflake is different, a thing unto itself, a work of beauty.

"It's only your esthetic experience and your intuition that can give you that awareness of whether this form is complete or not. The way I feel about someone else's work is: Does he do what he sets out to do? Is it complete? The shape can be this way or the other; I don't care. But I don't want to *have* to hear chord changes and variations all the time, the sonata form, or the rondo form, or whatever the hell it is. I mean, it can be that; it can be extremely beautiful in those forms.

"By studying ragas—some of the oldest music in the world—you realize there's no old, no new. There's only *quality*. The things that were beautiful and lived back then live now, if you're keyed into them. All the great experiences of life and the teachers are still there. Plato is there to teach us now. Bird is there to teach us now. Everybody's there. It's only quality or non-quality . . . quality or bullshit. If people do things for the wrong reasons—for power games, for manipulation, for political games, to make love to all the chicks in the front row—I don't want to hear about that. I want to hear something which is a survival experience. That's what it's all about. I've always tried to let my life be led by such values, and not all the other nonsense. And the more you're useful, the more you're serving a higher purpose. Then you're taken care of; you won't ever want. If you have confidence in that, it'll come out."

Judging from Greene's uncompromising work and expansive vision, his higher purposes are being well served indeed. **db**

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OLD AND NEW DREAMS

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Haden is a singularly dedicated musician who likes to create music in an atmosphere that is rigorous and pure and free of commercial constraints (the same could be said of the other members of Old and New Dreams, of course). His approach is intense; he seems to concentrate on every note as if it were the last he might ever play. His lines challenge other musicians' ears and his solos challenge the listener's. Like Blackwell, Haden plays music that is melodic and lyrical, but deceptively simple. Haden's songful quality can be traced to his childhood—not many people know that he grew up in the general area of the Ozark Mountains, in Missouri, and lived for several years in Shenandoah, Iowa. The Haden Family was one of the nation's most successful country and western singing groups. They sang in churches, at state fairs and on a large radio network, their show for several years being broadcast from a small studio located on the family farm. "Cowboy Charlie" knew the lyrics to dozens of songs by the time he was four years old.

Over a period spanning more than 20 years, Haden has been part of virtually all of Ornette's most widely praised records—from *The Shape Of Jazz To Come, Free Jazz* and *The Change Of The Century* to their recent duet effort for Artists House, *Soapsuds, Soapsuds*. Both his albums for A&M Horizon, *Closeness* and *The Golden Number,* have won numerous awards in addition to five star reviews, but Haden appears only now to be entering the most fruitful period of his career.

Despite his artistic successes with Ornette, with Keith Jarrett and elsewhere, Haden was, off and on for two decades, burdened with problems connected to drugs and alcohol. Early in 1977, he moved to San Francisco to reside for two years with the Delancey Street organization, which has had a remarkable degree of success in allowing people to become what Haden refers to as "whole, healthy, responsible, giving human beings." Since departing from Delancey Street, Charlie has digested nothing stronger than coffee, has been running ten to 20 miles a week, and, far from coincidentally, has been playing the strongest, most consistently brilliant music of his career.

Haden's musical activities over the past two years have been astoundingly rich and diverse. The musicians he's performed and/or recorded with in that period include Don Pullen, Don Moye, Joseph Jarman, Alice Coltrane, Roland Hanna, Lew Tabackin, Billy Higgins, Joe Henderson, the Mingus Dynasty (Dannie Richmond, Joe Farrell, Ted Curson, John Handy, Jimmy Knepper and Pullen), Egberto Gismonti and Jan Garbarek (a tour and a superb album, *Magico*), Carla Bley and Art Lande. Add a few teaching stints and several lecture-demonstrations: he's been busy.

Haden refers to Old and New Dreams as "a phenomenal band," and says that he feels "fortunate to be playing with musicians who have the same degree of dedication which I have." At the Town Hall concert mentioned above, Haden's duets with Blackwell were dreams unto themselves, so perfectly did the two dovetail. But Charlie's *piece de resistance* was the long solo introduction to his *Song For The Whales,* which he wrote, he says, after "a young couple came up to me and said that 'what you do with your bow to get harmonics sounds like the voice of the humpback whale. You must hear this whale music.' And about a week later I received an album in the mail, soundtracks of the whale's mating calls and singing to one another. And it was beautiful. The whales are divine beings which are being indiscriminately killed, and I wanted to write a song for them."

During Haden's cadenza, you could distinguish between those whales which were far and those which were swimming near; you could tell whether it was one whale singing, or two, or three; you knew if the whales were happy or sad. And you were definitely under water. It was magic—*deja vu*—a dream.

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BARRON

continued from page 27

band had a personal sound. A time when, if "you went to see Horace Silver, you knew the music was going to have his personal stamp on it.

"A lot of young people have not heard that kind of thing," he maintains.

In that sense, Barron's work in Ron Carter's quartet over the last three years could be classified as somewhat of a crusade—an opportunity for younger audiences to experience a "tight band with cats who've been together."

Barron had met Carter back in the '60s at a record date with his brother, but little contact was established between them until they "ran into each other" out in California in 1976. Carter told Barron that he "had something in mind" and would call him when he returned to New York. Meanwhile, Barron was in the process of concluding his five year jaunt with Lateef. For the last few years—since Cunningham, Lateef and himself were all busy teaching during the school year (Heath lived in Sweden)—they would only tour during the summer months. Lateef, however, was denied tenure and was forced to take to the road. Barron, obligated to his professional duties in the Rutgers University Music Department, took this opportunity to sever his ties with Lateef.

Carter's idea was to assemble two basses (himself and Buster Williams), a piano (Barron) and drums (Ben Riley)—all acoustic—into a quartet scenario with himself becoming the primary soloist. It was a novel plan and Barron bit the hook. The group quickly became one of the most popular touring jazz units to cross the globe.

How do you go about creating the cohesiveness that is so fundamental for a "tight" jazz band?

"First of all, you can tell if it's going to happen right away. If it's not going to happen, you'll know that, too. The music may not be refined in the beginning, but you can tell if there's something there worth pursuing or not. You'll know that right away.

"When you've determined that you have got the right cats for what you're looking to accomplish, then you start depending on the musical vocabulary—that's from all the years of playing we all have had—that everybody knows. You draw upon that when you play. Like the drummer may play something, and I either anticipate it or maybe even *finish* it for him. That's because I know the vocabulary and vice versa—he can do the same with me. There's very little verbal communication. Everything becomes more or less intuitive."

The best recorded example of that intuition is the 1977 live, double-disc *Piccolo*. The quartet disbanded in February, but Barron, of course, will continue on. He plans trio work with Riley and Williams, sometimes adding vibist Steve Nelson. Kenny just was awarded tenure at Rutgers; he's an Associate Professor now. And look for his new quintet album, on Muse, in about four months.

If there is one sullen note to this story, it concerns Barron's discouraging results in the recording business thus far. Three limited editions on Muse and one poorly promoted album on TK are the extent of his personal discography. As a sideman, he's performed on over 50 dates, from Carter to Sonny Fortune to Buddy Rich. His second and final album on TK should be released any day.

continued on page 64

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BARRON

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Otherwise, in terms of record commitments, he's a free man.

"I just think I want to do some one shot things and do what I want to do," Barron says, matter-of-factly. "I don't feel like having to worry about whether or not it's going to sell. I don't want to have to consider that. I'd like to do some bebop, some outside stuff, some Brazilian. I'd like to record some of all of it."

Only a handful of mainstream jazz musicians sell enough records to make it worth speaking about. Barron points a finger at the companies for not only not supporting enough jazz acts, but cutting corners when acts are actually signed to a label. "A lot of the problems are due to the fact that recording companies won't spend, in terms of budget, the same money on jazz artists as they do on pop artists," he complains. "What jazz musicians are saying is: 'If you want my record to sell, then advertise it.' It's that simple. Make sure it gets on the radio."

But radio's another of Barron's peeves and justifiably so. "Personally, I feel there's room for everybody," he explains. "I guess what I resent most is the over-exposure that fusion has received. Every time I turn on 'RVR it's either Pat Metheny, Gato Barbieri or John Klemmer.

"See, we all grew up playing rhythm and blues. Funky stuff—we can do that. But first, there has to be some substance to the music. Don't play me one of those guitars and one chord all night long. After a while, that shit wears real thin. I think all we want—those of us who are interested in more traditional forms of music—is a fair share of exposure, that's all. We're not saying, 'Down with fusion.' Just give us our fair share." db

CORYELL

continued from page 21

bulence, got to him, distorted his artistic focus and his personality. We both got caught up in this syndrome. My problem was more speed, his more alcohol.

"I try to remind him not to be guilty. He's going to have to learn to live through these uncomfortable feelings. They're only feelings."

The feelings accounted for the resurgence of a man who was in musical and personal trouble as his 30s wore on. As Gail Sheehy wrote in *Passages*: "This is not to suggest that people who suffer the most severe crisis always come through with the most inspired rebirth. But people who allow themselves to be stopped, seized by the real issues, shaken into a re-examination—these are the people who find their validity and thrive."

Coryell found his validity in two separate events, four years apart.

In 1975, he unplugged his amp and picked up the acoustic guitar. The change was inspired by a Chicago critic, who said that Coryell's lone acoustic number in an Eleventh House show was the only time "his soul came through." Coryell read the review; he listened to the performance on tape; "He was definitely right."

He found a new range of colleagues, from Oregon to Steve Khan, John Scofield and Joe Beck, and Philip Catherine, "who just makes me want to play." He sharpened an already formidable technique. He tested the skills by performing solo, as he does still. And he decided to leave jazz-rock.

"Jazz-rock couldn't decide which way to go," says the man who helped found it. "I'm going back to where I was when I discovered jazz. That stuff lasts. That turned out to be the stuff I liked most.

"I'm a jazz musician. I'm labeled something else. I'm a jazz guitarist. I've been through a lot of other stuff, but this is what I've always been. I'm an improviser."

Coryell's return—as he titled his last album—to electric guitar should show the effects of his acoustic interlude.

"The music won't be so loud or crazy. More getting into the electric guitar as an instrument of beauty. Also, it's easier to play after all the acoustic work. I think I'm using more technique to be more musical and less technical. I want to be more lyrical. I no longer feel the obligation to be fast all the time."

And he no longer feels the addictive need to live fast all the time. During his 1978 alcoholism, Coryell continued to perform, although he "sounded like shit." It wasn't until he started blacking out that he quit drinking. He began taking Antabuse pills, which sicken a person when he drinks, and backed up the medical aid with a clearheaded resolution to stay sober.

"I can choose to drink, which is death and insanity," he says, "or I can choose not to drink, which is life.

"God, it was hard to stop. I drank all through '78. I don't even count the days I'm sober because I'm superstitious.

"I have no more regrets about the difficult times. You can't appreciate things until they're taken away. I've discovered the most important thing is you've got to be a person first. We used to talk about how narcissistic music is—how the opera singer warms up by singing, 'Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi.'"

Sober in 1979, Coryell proved he could be creative without being self-destructive. He led two albums: *Tributaries*, with Scofield and Beck, which he ranks with his best work, and *Return*, with a band anchored by Danny and Darius Brubeck. His ventures as a sideman were, perhaps, more important. From Charles Mingus on *Me Myself An Eye* (cut in 1978), from Stephane Grappelli on *Young Django*, from Chet Baker on the soundtrack to the movie *Cop Or Robber*, and from Sonny Rollins on *Don't Ask*, Coryell says he learned something about staying power.

"I don't ever want to be past my prime," he says. "There are plenty of examples of lasting—Chet, Dizzy, Lee Konitz, Joe Pass, Duke Ellington. It was incredible playing with Stephane Grappelli. You just learn age makes no difference. And when a cat is *so* good—he swings, he's creative, he's exciting—it doesn't matter how old you are.

"I sort of take it a day at a time. But all my long range goals involve playing and getting better, and I'm grateful to be alive. I'd much rather be playing at 70 than having someone eulogize me. That's no fun to me."

If there is more growth, it is because the past is completed, the loose ends tied. Coryell is back to one record label, Vanguard. He is back to electric guitar, playing, ironically, with the children of the man he supposedly couldn't touch. He has a permanent home in Connecticut, a restored barn with two fireplaces and no straight corners. His wife, although still his manager, is freed by his composure to pursue her writing and acting. And his children, Murali and Julian, joined their father in a jam session, just the other morning. db

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INDIA FEST

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finest trombonists jazz has seen, played a lilting, thoughtful solo. Von Schlippenbach was hot and rarefied on the keys, Evan Parker was raucous and ravishing, Lacy sucked from the wrong end of his soprano and the whole thing came crashing down with an exhilarating explosion. Backstage, Lacy agreed that it was a fine set and commented, "Just tickle them and they'll play."

The audience, however, seemed more attuned to the traditional groups presented. The cacophony of sounds produced by Globe Unity caused most of them to squirm restlessly. In the middle of Christmann's solo, one listener behind me quipped, "I feel like I'm in the zoo."

Stan Getz talked to Steve Lacy about soprano lessons before hitting the stage with his quintet: Jones, Loeb, Andy LaVerne's piano and Brian Bromberg on bass. Stan Getz is amazing; after you think you've heard enough, you sit back and listen to that tone again and realize just how beautiful a player he indeed is. But I didn't go to Bombay to comment on Stan Getz. Suffice it to say that for the jazz hungry crowd in attendance, he was the undisputed star of the week.

That evening ended with the Jazzyatra Sextet, joined by Mike Richmond and George Adams for a straightahead blowing session.

The sixth evening was all second sets—Lockwood, the Waseda University band, Pege, Yamashita and the gospel group. Yamashita played too long, Lockwood played too loud, Waseda played too similarly, and Pege played too gorgeously for words. There was one unannounced player, Portugese tenor Rao Kyao, who played a warm, cushy five minute solo, displaying a tough, Rollinsish tone, a good sense of time and a nifty ability to split notes. His was a controlled, tight solo with a welcome r&b backbeat.

Back at the Oberoi Hotel, Kyao joined Dannie Richmond, Ted Curson, Enrico Rava, Hugh Lawson and John Handy for a short jam session.

The final night's bill would have packed them in any place—Stan Getz, Globe Unity, Mingus Dynasty, Tania Maria and Ravi Shankar, who conducted a specially composed piece of his called *Jazz Mine* (a three-way pun lost in translation). The Dynasty, Getz and Maria played up to standards, and Globe Unity performed a long collective improvisation which featured a stunning duet between Lacy and Mangelsdorff. These two, so adept at playing solo, are perfect together; they both are sensitive, imaginative and quick. Globe Unity, in all its permutations, is a roving jazz festival by itself.

Ravi Shankar sat backstage surrounded by the white pajamaed musicians who were to make up the basis of *Jazz Mine*, a piece that featured a large Indian orchestra with a small chorus and soloists Adams, Handy and Mike Richmond along with Louis Banks and drummer Ranjit Barot from the Yatra Sextet. Before going out on stage, Shankar was approached by Getz, who outstretched his hand and introduced himself to the sitar master, "I'm Stan Getz." "Oh, yes," said Shankar, "Didn't you do some work with South American musicians a few years ago? I have some of those records."

The Shankar stage ensemble looked impressive. The piece got under way sounding very symphonic with Banks playing Bach-like figures on the synthesizer. The Indian chorus began singing what sounded like "Tanana, tanana, loom loom," before the piece settled into an Indian pop sound: good toe-tapping stuff. Then there was an extended solo on ghatam, before the jazz-fusion sound broke through the sitars and such. Richmond played with a special fury, Handy sounded comfortable, if not inspired, Adams soared with a buzz and a flutter and Barot played some fine traps before the singing and the theme resumed and the piece ended: a fitting conclusion to Jazzyatra '80 (*Jazz Mine* was recorded by Polydor for future release).

Back at the Oberoi Hotel a hot jam session of international proportions took place, as Dannie Richmond, Sweden's Bobo Stenson, Palle Danielsson, Mangelsdorff, Lacy, Curson, Kyao, Loeb, Bob Stewart and Enrico Rava settled in for a series of standards that included a bunch of Monk and a taste of bebop and was still going strong when I left at 5:30 a.m. for my plane trip to the ancient caves of Ajanta and Ellora.

Jazz no longer belongs just to America. It is an international music with strong players in nooks and crannies all over the world. Five continents were represented at Jazzyatra '80 and everybody played with strength and commitment. (Ironically, Africa was the only inhabited continent not represented.)

Mahatma Gandhi said, "I want the windows and doors of my house to be wide open. I want the cultures of all lands to blow freely about my house."

As the jazz musicians blew freely throughout the Jazzyatra, I'm sure Gandhi would have been proud. db

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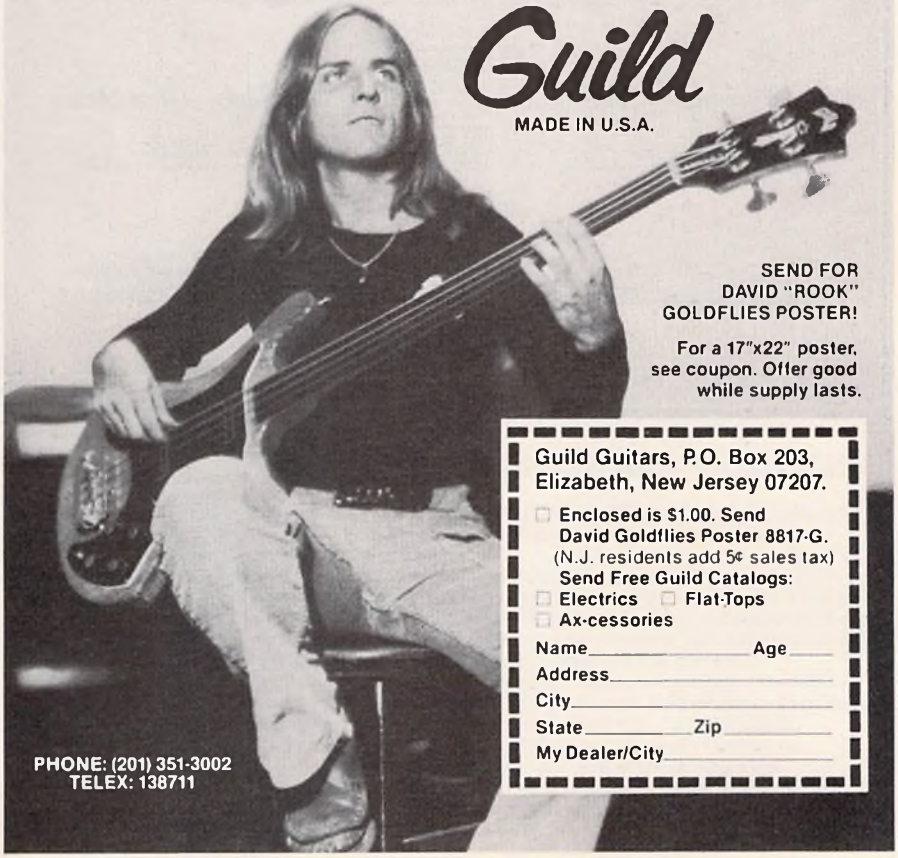

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HOW TO

LET INDIVIDUAL INSTRUMENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

Dr. Fowler is Professor of Music at the University of Colorado at Denver.

This article, which focuses on clarity between an instrumental melody and its orchestral background, launches an intermittent series concerning orchestration. Throughout the series, suggested recordings will predominate as illustrations—in music, hearing is believing.

* * *

Any instrument speaks most clearly against a background of silence, where the lack of competing sound lets every tonal subtlety come through. Without some harmonic or rhythmic support, though, the single sound of a single-line instrument soon wears thin—melody gains expression from accompaniment. It loses expression, though, when masked by an overloaded background. Accompaniment therefore serves best when it maximizes support, yet minimizes interference, a dual condition most easily reached through the clarifying powers of contrast: contrast between bright and dull, between rough and smooth, between animation and dormancy, between high and low, loud and soft, fast and slow—all cast as contrast between a melodic line and its supporting background.

Because timbre-similarity between line and background so easily masks melody, an examination of timbre itself might prove most valuable:

INDIVIDUAL TIMBRES

Two factors characterize timbre—its starting sound (attack or lack thereof) and its continuing sound (tone color). Slowly enunciating a verbal phrase like, "Oo, oo, you knew who to boo," will demonstrate relative accentuation among attacks, while slowly enunciating one like, "So Sy saw Sue say 'see,'" will demonstrate relative sonorities among tone colors.

Some instruments allow variety in both attack and tone color, thereby producing a variety of timbres. Any string player, for example, can not only sweep the bow in long strokes (legato), but also can bounce it (spiccato) or pick the strings (pizzicato), thus varying the attack, and furthermore can move the point of string-excitation anywhere from close to the bridge (ponticello) to over the fingerboard (sul tasto), thus varying the overtone structure and consequently the tone color.

Other instruments, such as oboe and french horn, cannot produce such variety of timbre, earning their orchestral importance instead from some particular and unique tone quality.

All melodic instruments, though, including those of the more fixed timbre, share certain common traits. While they gain relative brightness and penetration in their respective high registers, they sound comparatively thin there, and while they gain relative richness and breadth in their respective low registers, they sound comparatively sluggish there. Some timbre variations therefore occur within the total pitch range of every instrument, variations most discernible in such unaccompanied solos as *Love*, Cecil McBee's bass bash (Impulse ASY-9284/3); *Density 21.5*, Varese's definition of flute variables, or *My Funny Valentine*, Ray Pizzi's exposé of bassoon possibilities (from *The Love Letter*, Discovery Records, DS-801).

While unaccompanied solos such as these tend to explore timbre more thoroughly than do accompanied solos, the latter still offer abundant instruction, if only because the recorded literature teems with examples. Here are some samples from among the hundreds of informative accompanied solos:

Piccolo: Sousa's *Stars And Stripes Forever*.

Alto flute: Ronnie Lang's intro to Mancini's *A Cool Shade Of Blue* (RCA LPM-2101).

Bass flute: Gabe Baltazar's *Lightly And Politely* (Gee Bee Records, GBR 2150).

Clarinet: Jimmy Hamilton's *Island Virgin* (Ellington, Reprise 6185).

Bass clarinet: Baltazar's *I've Got The Minor Blues* (same Gee Bee record).

Contrabass clarinet: Anthony Braxton's *Donna Lee* (Inner City, IC 2045).

Oboe: Any Oregon recording featuring Paul McCandless.

English horn: Dvorak's *Largo* from his *New World Symphony*.

Contrabassoon: Ravel's *Beauty And The Beast* (from *Mother Goose Suite*).

French horn: Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*.

Piccolo trumpet: Marvin Stamm's *Bubbles Was A Cheerleader* (Pat Williams, Verve, V6-5052).

Tuba: Harvey Phillips throughout Golden Crest Records, RE-7054.

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TIMBRE CLASSIFICATION

Since the attack factor of timbre consists of how percussively a sound starts, it classifies as none, some, or a lot. But no such simple description applies to the color factor. It could be called liquid or dry, warm or cold, smooth or rough, vibrant or lifeless, thin or thick, brilliant or dull, compact or diffused, heavy or airy, bright or dark, delicate or gross, transparent or opaque, penetrating or veiled, or any condition in between. Adjectives like these do more than define color characteristics; they also connote relative carrying power and relative masking capacity. To this mind and these ears, qualities like "brilliant," "penetrating," "pungent," or "vibrant" suggest strong carrying power, while qualities like "veiled," "transparent," "delicate," or "airy" do not. And qualities like "dark," "gross," "thick," or "opaque" suggest

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strong masking capacity, while qualities like "dry," "thin," "lifeless," or "cold" do not.

BALANCE BETWEEN MELODIC LINE AND ACCOMPANIMENT

When orchestration pits a single melodic instrument against multiple background instruments, it risks masking the melody. Avoiding such imbalance starts with weighing the tonal strength in the melodic instrument, then ends with limiting background masking capacity as needed. A brilliant, penetrating tone in the melody, for example, would allow considerable density in its accompaniment—no full sax section plus trombones plus tuba ever obscured a soaring open-trumpet solo. But against such solid competition, the fragile low-flute sound would vanish. A more suitable accompaniment for the low flute would avoid tonal density, including instead qualities like "slightly dry," "slightly percussive," and "veiled"—the very qualities muted pizzicato strings would provide.

MELODIC DOUBLING

When two or more instruments play the same melodic line (doubling), the following effects occur:

Doubling different instruments in unison blends their separate colors into a new hue of somewhat strengthened carrying power, but somewhat reduced clarity, as evidenced by the English horn/viola section doubling in Tchaikovsky's *Romeo And Juliet Overture* (measure 183).

Doubling similar instruments in unison blurs their individualities into a composite of considerably strengthened carrying power, but only slightly changed color. And the greater the number, the stronger the carrying power, and incidentally, the more consistent their intonation; five trumpets in unison yield far more power, plus far more pitch and color cohesion, than do only two, and so does an entire orchestral violin section. With the full-section violin glow available, no sane symphonist would subject a melodic line to the intonation and textural dangers of only two fiddles, as any symphonic work will demonstrate.

Doubling either similar or different instruments in octaves greatly increases carrying power with little disturbance of individual tone color. While examples again abound, particularly effective octave reinforcements among the upper strings and woodwinds occur in Tchaikovsky's *Pathetique Symphony* at measure 70 and again at measure 134 of the first movement.

Including a percussive attack in doubled timbres clarifies melodic rhythm. The pizzicato string doubling which ends that same first movement of the *Pathetique Symphony* illustrates such inclusion.

The above instances add up to three reasons for melodic doubling:

1). Doubling for tonal modification helps extend the orchestral color palette.
2). Doubling for power helps prevent melodic-line masking.
3). Doubling for rhythmic clarity helps energize melodic motion.

And except for those climactic moments when full musical expression demands full orchestral power, and consequently full melodic doubling, these same three reasons add up to the only logical reasons, since indiscriminate doubling clouds rather than clarifies. While timbre-contrast between melodic line and accompaniment remains an effective way to keep the orchestral air clear, contrasts of rhythm, pitch register, tempo, texture, and dynamics also prove to be effective ways. Part II of this article will therefore include them. db

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CHORDS

continued from page 8

riously, and doesn't need to.
Rex Allen San Francisco, Cal.
Leader, the Fabulous Forties Orchestra

Thanks to Lee Jeske for his fine article on Vic Dickenson, one of the grand masters of the jazz trombone. But I object to Mr. Jeske's negative remarks on Dickenson's dixieland work, as though it was an awful curse he had to bear.

The crucial focus of traditional dixieland jazz is the ensemble and it is one of the most difficult things in jazz to bring off well. Vic is one of the few trombonists who can play effectively in this context and I suspect that he very much enjoys it as he does it so very well. Some of his best recorded work has been in this style.

It's unfortunate that hordes of cornballs and amateurs have all but destroyed the artistic credibility of the dixieland form. In the hands of pros who listen and interact with each other musically, this classic style can be one of the most interesting and exciting in jazz.
Jim Beebe Roselle, Ill.

Bari sax: author's query

I am preparing a book on the baritone saxophone and, so far, have transcribed solos by Pepper Adams, John Barnes, Hamiet Bluiett, Nick Brignola, Harry Carney, Serge Chaloff, Leroy Cooper, Ronnie Cuber, Charles Davis, Marty Flax, Bob Gordon, Jimmy Giuffre, Bruce Johnstone, Harry Klein, Trevor Koehler, Teo Macero, Gerry Mulligan, Jack Nimitz, Cecil Payne, Pat Patrick, Leo Parker, Les Rout, Billy Root, Ronnie Ross, Jerome Richardson, Sahib Shihab, John Surman and Joe Temperley.

I now require biographical information on all the above. In the case of the late Bob Gordon, I'd like to get in touch with his colleague, composer and tenor saxist Jack Montrose. Anyone who can help me: please write: 22 Villiers Road/ Southall/Middlesex/ UBI 3BP/England. Thanks.
John C. Williams Southall, England

Monterey memorabilia?

The Monterey Jazz Festival Archives is looking for memorabilia that may fill in gaps in the collection or recordings, published articles and reviews, and photographs pertaining to this 23-year-old annual jazz event. Of special significance are: any recordings, besides commercially released records, made of performances at the festival prior to 1970; and any written material that has appeared in international publications; good quality photos of musicians in performance at Monterey. The Monterey Jazz Festival is a nonprofit, educational organization. Material donated to it is tax deductible. The address is: P.O. Box JAZZ/Monterey/CA 93940. Thanks.
Chase Weaver Monterey, Cal.
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PRO SESSION

STRINGS THAT SWING: JAZZ BOWING

by Randel Sabien

Randel Sabien is Chairman of the String Department at Berklee College of Music in Boston.

The most important technical aspect of jazz violin is the bow and the right hand that controls it. A sax player breathes into the horn and controls the sound by shaping the flow of air with the mouth and tongue. To a string player, the bow is the breath and the right hand shapes the sound. Since most jazz phrasing is executed at the tip, the second, third, and fourth fingers of the right hand tend to relax and begin to leave the stick, leaving the *thumb and index finger* in control.

The subtle actions of the thumb and index finger determine the amount of pressure that the bow exerts on the string. The pressure is constantly being adjusted at the tip to produce accents, ghost notes, short and long notes, and fluid swing passages. This is the key element in achieving proper jazz phrasing with the bow. Here are two exercises that will develop an awareness of the role played by the thumb and index finger.

1. Hold the bow horizontally, using only the thumb and index finger, with the tip in the palm of the left hand.

Press the stick slowly into the hair with the index finger. Be sure to apply pressure directly to the top of the stick—do not squeeze from the side. The stick should meet the index finger between the outer two knuckles.

Slowly release the pressure by relaxing the index finger.

Repeat this process several times while you observe the function of the thumb and index finger.

2. Place the tip of the bow on the G string, continuing to hold it primarily with the thumb and index finger.

Draw the bow back and forth in a series of steady swing eighth notes using only the last six to eight inches of hair.

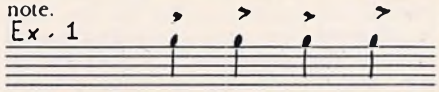
At first, put no pressure on with the index finger. Let the bow skim over the string producing a light, airy sound—the *flutando* effect.

Gradually add pressure until you start getting a scratchy tone. Then slowly release the pressure until the flutando effect is produced again.

These two exercises should make you aware of the importance of the thumb and index finger in controlling pressure at the tip. Now we need to develop specific adjustments of that pressure to produce jazz phrasing. The following exercises will begin the development of these skills.

3. Play a series of steady quarter notes on the open D string at the tip.

As you begin each bow stroke, turn your wrist so the index finger hits the stick, then let the wrist turn back, releasing the pressure with the natural rebound. Be sure that the index finger strikes the stick forcefully. This will produce a solid accent on each quarter note.

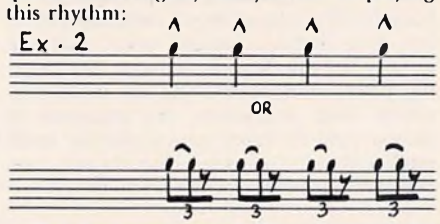


On the D string, play E natural with the first finger of the left hand.

Continue bowing the quarter note pulse accenting each stroke with solid pressure from the index finger.

Now, match the pulse of the bow with the first finger of the left hand by pressing the string to the fingerboard on each beat. Release the string from the fingerboard in time to allow you to press it down again on the following beat. (Do not lift the finger off the string.)

This process will shorten the length of the quarter note slightly and you will be playing this rhythm:

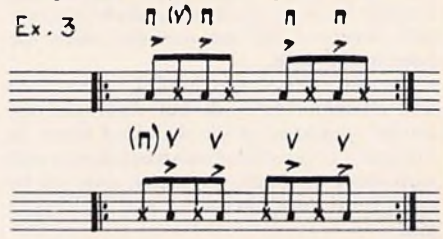


This bowing sounds halfway between the martelé and detaché stroke. It is not a staccato stroke as the bow continues to move, but it is not a legato stroke because the end result is a shortened note.

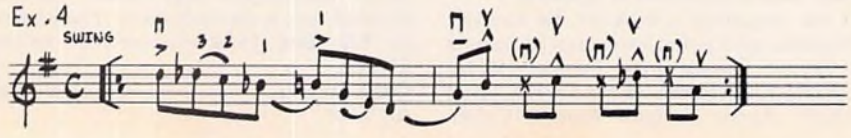
4. Produce the flutando effect as in exercise #2, holding the bow mainly with the thumb and index finger, using the last six to eight inches of hair, and playing a series of swing eighth notes.

Now we will produce accents with the index finger only on the designated beats. Do not be timid when applying pressure—use some muscle!

Where no accent is to be made, release the pressure, allowing the bow to skim over the string. This will produce a ghost note.

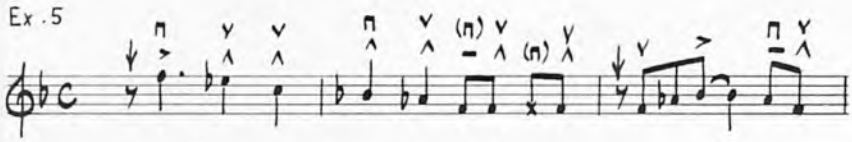


Let's examine a couple of musical examples so we can apply these exercises to a melodic passage.



This is a riff that could fit into a G blues progression. The accent marks designate places where the index finger of the right hand should put some sharp pressure into the bow stick. The down bow marks in parentheses are places where the bow should move with no pressure. The ghost notes mean the finger of the left hand has released that note from the fingerboard, muffling the actual pitch.

Ex. 5



This is the melody from *Sonnymoon For Two*, an F blues by Sonny Rollins. The arrows above the eighth rests mean that the bow should be placed on the string during that beat. Put plenty of pressure on with the index finger—the stick can actually touch the hair.

Then pull the bow hard, releasing the pressure, thereby accenting the note following the rest. The quarter notes should be played as in exercise #3; pressing and releasing each note with the fingers of the left hand. **db**

PRO SESSION

SUB-GROUPING

MULTI-TRACK TAPE RECORDING

by Larry Blakey

Larry Blakely is president of CAMEO and works as a consultant in development and marketing. Blakely has been an on-location and studio recording engineer for 20 years.

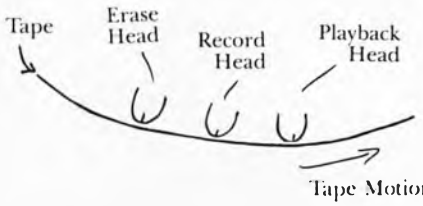
Most tape recorders with which we are familiar are either of the reel to reel or cassette types and are available in either mono, stereo (two channel) or quad (four channel) versions. However, these common tape recorders have one thing in common. They make recordings in "real time."

"Real Time" means that a group will perform and you must record everything in one pass. If any performers make a mistake you just have to live with it. If circumstances allow, you can re-record the entire selection and hope the performers don't make the same mistake or one that is worse. A skilled recordist may be able to re-record only the section of the performance where the mistake was made and splice it into the original tape recording. Whatever the circumstance you must still record the performers in discrete passes and you must live with what you get. The performers must give a perfect or acceptable performance, and the recordist must make a perfect or acceptable recording. If one person makes a mistake everyone goes back to square one.

The professional recording industry faced the same problems in tape recording until the 1950s. They were recording in mono and stereo during this time in much the same way described above. If Nat King Cole were recording with a full orchestra and made a mistake, the entire selection would have to be re-recorded. If any performer's playing or singing was marginal in a given musical selection, it had to be determined whether they could do a better job if the entire selection were to be recorded again. As described earlier, sometimes only portions of a selection would be re-recorded and spliced into the original recording.

During this time a musician by the name of Les Paul had an idea that was to later change the face of the entire recording industry. He conceived a process whereby certain portions of the music could be recorded during one session and other musical parts could be added at a later time in other recording sessions utilizing different channels (tracks) on the same tape. For example, the orchestra would be recorded on two tape tracks and the vocalist could be recorded on a third track. If an orchestra and vocalist were recording and there was a good performance by the orchestra but the vocal was unacceptable, the vocal part could be re-recorded at a later time. During the re-recording process the vocalist would listen to the orchestra recording (tape tracks one and two) on headphones while singing the new vocal part which was being recorded again on tape track three (thereby erasing the original vocal recording). This process is three track multi-track tape recording. You may ask, why can't I do this with my reel to reel tape recorder? Professional tape recorders utilize three tape heads, an erase head, record head, and a playback head.

TAPE HEADS OF A PROFESSIONAL TAPE RECORDER



In the example given above, if the vocalist were listening to the recorded orchestra tape tracks (tracks one and two) they would be played from the playback head. If the vocalist were recording a new vocal track (track three) it would be recorded by the record head. Since the playback head is located some distance from the record head, there is a time difference (lag) between the signals of the record head and the playback head. If a recording were made on a conventional tape recorder the vocalist would be out of time (synchronization) with the orchestra tracks. Les Paul's idea was a method whereby additional parts could be recorded on the same tape (using additional tape tracks) and still remain in synchronization. You simply use the record head for a playback head (only for those tracks that have been recorded). Refer

continued on p. 73

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PRO SESSION

THEORY OF TRUMPET INTONATION

by Dr. Maury Deutsch

The most expensively or expertly built trumpet (any brass instrument) can not as a matter of course yield the exact frequencies of the commonly used equal tempered scale. A variety of compensatory devices are built into every brass instrument to expedite the playing of equal temperament. Of all compensatory devices, however, none is more important than a well trained musical ear. A musician with a well developed sense of pitch can play even most poorly built instruments fairly well in tune; the antithesis is also true, a musician with an underdeveloped ear may cause the most expertly built instrument to sound out of tune.

Commonly used temperaments

An overview of the temperaments used in Western music: Pythagorean Intonation, Mean-tone Temperament, Equal Temperament, Just Intonation, is helpful in understanding why frequencies are frequently modified by the trumpet artist during performance.

Pythagorean intonation

The scale used in early Gregorian Chants was based on the "Pythagorean" succession of five perfect 5ths: F-C-G-D-A. This pentatonic arrangement, in close position, evolved to the seven tone modes and eventually, tonality: F-C-G-D-A-E-B. The modes were frequently harmonized with perfect octaves, 5ths, and 4ths (style of Organum). Pythagorean intonation is the result of continuous multiplications by the improper fraction 3/2.

F	C	G	D	A	E	B
X Hz	3/2X	$(3/2)^2$X	$(3/2)^3$X	$(3/2)^4$X	$(3/2)^5$X	$(3/2)^6$X

X Hz (Hertz) = X cycles per second

Mean-tone temperament

Mean-tone temperament was a natural consequence of harmonizations favoring the 3rd and 6th (Gymel, Faux-Bourdon). Successive fifths are flattened so that major 3rds are in the ratio of 4:5. Mean-tone temperament worked fairly well in closely related keys; however, it was deficient in distant keys.

Sequence of tones

$E^\flat$	$B^\flat$	F	C	G	D	A	E	B	$F^\sharp$	$C^\sharp$	$G^\sharp$	$D^\sharp$

(descending) ← → (ascending)

Mathematically, frequencies of successive 5ths are multipled by $\sqrt[12]{5}$ ascending and $\sqrt[12]{1/5}$ descending. A serious difficulty with mean-tone temperament is that $D^\sharp$ and $E^\flat$ are approximately a third of a semitone apart. This incongruity resulted in organs tuned to this temperament having thirteen tones to the octave; i.e., there were separate keys for $D^\sharp$ and $E^\flat$.

Equal temperament

The increased use of chromatic harmony and modulation to distant keys were the catalysts that established equal temperament as the dominant intonation from the 17th century to the present day. Equal temperament consists of twelve successive fifths wherein Dbb is sufficiently raised and $B^\sharp$ sufficiently lowered so that both are equal to C .

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.

Ascending: C G D A E B $F^\sharp$ $C^\sharp$ $G^\sharp$ $D^\sharp$ $A^\sharp$ $E^\sharp$ $B^\sharp$

Descending: C F $B^\flat$ $E^\flat$ $A^\flat$ $D^\flat$ $G^\flat$ $C^\flat$ $F^\flat$ $B^{\flat\flat}$ $E^{\flat\flat}$ $A^{\flat\flat}$ $D^{\flat\flat}$

Mathematically, successive equal tempered semitones result from the continuous multiplication by the factor $\sqrt[12]{2}$.

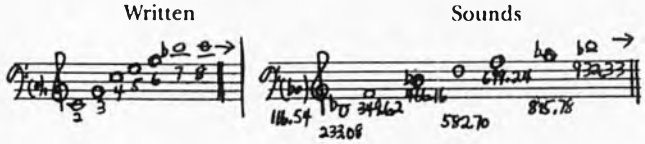
Just intonation

Complex 20th century harmonizations together with the use of electronic technology to create unusual timbral characteristics have been the impetus for the increasing popularity of just intonation. Justly intoned frequencies are based on harmonic ratios; i.e., integer multiples of a fundamental frequency. Chordal tones in just intonation result in maximum fusion.

Just intonation-trumpet scale

The natural trumpet scale is based on just intonation, i.e., a series of harmonics derived from fundamentals of the seven valve combinations: 0,2,1,12,23,13,123.

Open trumpet



(●) = Fundamental or pedal: The trumpet bore is too narrow for the production of efficient pedals. Frequencies are approximated to two decimal places.

To properly understand and utilize intonational subtleties during actual performance, the justly intoned trumpet frequencies will be compared to the similarly named tones in both equal temperament and Pythagorean intonation.

	Just intonation (Trumpet frequencies)	Equal temperament	Pythagorean intonation
Harmonic			
1st	116.54 Hz (Pedal)	116.54 Hz	116.54 Hz
2nd	233.08 Hz (Pedal)	233.08 Hz	233.08 Hz
3rd	349.62 Hz (Pedal)	349.23 Hz	349.62 Hz
4th	466.16 Hz (Pedal)	466.16 Hz	466.16 Hz
5th	582.70 Hz (Pedal)	587.33 Hz	589.98 Hz
6th	699.24 Hz (Pedal)	698.46 Hz	699.24 Hz
7th	815.78 Hz (Pedal)	830.61 Hz	828.74 Hz
8th	932.33 Hz (Pedal)	932.33 Hz	932.33 Hz

The 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 8th harmonics are the same in all three temperaments. The 3rd and 6th harmonics (perfect 5ths) are equal in just intonation and Pythagorean intonation; both are sharper than the equal tempered equivalent. The justly intoned 5th harmonic (major 3rd) is lower than the equal tempered or Pythagorean major 3rd; the Pythagorean major 3rd, however, is sharper than the equal tempered major 3rd. The justly intoned 7th harmonic (minor 7th) is significantly lower than the Pythagorean or equal tempered minor 7th; the equal tempered minor 7th is sharper than the Pythagorean minor 7th.

The justly intoned 3rd and 5th harmonics (perfect 5th and major 3rd respectively) can be adjusted to the requirements of equal temperament with little difficulty. It requires excessive lip manipulation to adjust the 7th harmonic (written as Bb but sounding Ab) to the equal tempered frequency; the usual procedure is to play this written Bb with the 1st valve. The justly intoned minor 7th (7th harmonic) is indicated where unusual chordal fusions are required or in the performance of both lip trills and hand shakes.

Sensitive musicians frequently favor Pythagorean intonation over equal temperament as a melodic climax or during an unaccompanied solo passage. Empirical evidence is cited by Seashore in his "Psychology of Music" to support this contention; furthermore, the natural scale system evolved from the accumulation of successive perfect 5ths. Conductors during important melodic passages may use expressions such as: "let the melody shine," "more brilliance please," "allow the phrase to soar," (the Pythagorean major 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 7th, and perfect 5th are sharper than their equal tempered equivalents).

At harmonic cadences or during sustained chordal backgrounds there is a predilection to favor just intonation. The difference tones, summation tones, and harmonic overtones of a justly intoned chordal grouping reinforce a consistent fundamental together with its harmonic spectrum. Conductors may exhort orchestral players during chordal passages as follows: "fuse your individual tones," "blend rather than stand apart," "subdue your desire to shine for the

general good," (the justly intoned major 3rd, 6th, 7th, and perfect 4th are flatter than their equal tempered equivalents).

Intonational problems related to valve combinations

It is a simple matter to construct a 2nd valve so that the open trumpet sounds a minor 2nd (semitone) lower when depressed. Similarly, a 1st valve can be built which results in the open trumpet sounding a major 2nd (full tone) lower. A difficulty arises when the 1st and 2nd valves are used in combination. The 2nd valve tubing is now insufficient to lower the combined open trumpet plus 1st valve a full minor 2nd. Manufacturers assuage the problem by lengthening the 1st valve slide. The insufficient 2nd valve tubing accentuates the problem still further when the 2nd and 3rd valves are used in combination. The compensatory ploy now used is to lengthen the tubing of the 3rd valve. Tones played with the 3rd valve are subtly lower in pitch than the same notes played with the 1st and 2nd valves. Max Schlossberg suggested to his students that the 3rd valve slide be slightly extended as a permanent feature.

A serious incongruity of pitch results when the 1st and 3rd valves, and especially the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd valves are used. Built-in compensatory 1st, 2nd, and 3rd valve tubing extensions are inadequate. Mechanical extensions on the first and/or third valves are essential for proper intonation with these fingerings; slide extensions are greater for the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd valves than for the 1st and 3rd valves. Correcting the intonational problems of these valve combinations by embouchure manipulation is not recommended as a general procedure because of the resulting inferior tonal quality.

Intonation above high C to double high C

Another important intonational consideration is in the playing of the extreme upper register, i.e., from high C to double high C. The tones in this register are acoustically so close that only through mentally visualizing the desired pitch can surety be developed.

The importance of a brass teacher sensitive to the intonational requirements of orchestral performance cannot be overstressed. Proper intonation is practically synonymous with good musicianship. The European approach to instrumental study, i.e., ear training and the instrument are taught simultaneously, appears to be a model worth emulating. db

MULTI-TRACK

continued from page 71

back to figure #1: if tracks one and two are being played from the record head and track three is being recorded on the record head all tracks will be in synchronization (sync). Ampex first developed this idea and named it "Sel-Sync." Today other tape recorder manufacturers offer this feature under different names to avoid infringing Ampex's trademark. This synchronization feature is commonly referred to as "Sync." A multi-track tape recorder has two or more tracks (channels) *with a "sync" feature.*

Musicians and record producers alike found the multi-track recording process a useful and creative tool. In the mid 1960s professional four track tape recorders became very popular in recording studios. When making rock and roll recordings with four track multi-track tape recorders, the bass and drums could be recorded on track one, the guitars, piano or organ could be on track two, the lead vocal could be on track three, and the background vocals on track four. However, the recording process would usually start by recording what is commonly referred to as a "bed" or "instrumental bed." This bed is typically the bass, drums, and rhythm instruments (guitars, piano, or organ). The musicians have the ability to record and re-record this "bed" until they are pleased with the musical performance and sound on those tracks. Then they listen to these previously recorded tracks on headphones and sing the lead and background vocals which are recorded on tracks three and four. The procedure of listening to recorded tape tracks and recording additional tracks is called "overdubbing." When all of the tracks on a multi-track tape recorder have been recorded, the "mix-down" process begins. The multi-track tape is played and the signals from all tape recorder output channels are routed to a mixing console which will combine the four channels to stereo (two channels) and be recorded on to a stereo master tape. During this mixing process each track of the multi-track tape can be placed left, center, or right (or degrees in between) in the stereo perspective. Equalization, echo, reverberation, or other signal processing may also be added during this process.

In approximately 1967 the eight track (multi-track) tape recorder become widely used. This allowed even greater versatility; instruments could now be broken into smaller groups on more available tape tracks. Recording procedures became a "cut and paste" process, done in building blocks. The instrumental bed could be recorded and re-recorded until everyone was pleased. In another session, brass instruments could be added on open tracks. In yet another session the strings could be added. The vocals could then be added even later. In each of these overdubbing sessions, all attention is placed upon the tracks being recorded at that time to allow greater perfection to be obtained from each recorded track. Today the recording industry utilizes four, eight, 16, 24, and even more channels for professional recording.

Professional studio multi-track tape recorders are expensive; typically from $8,000 to $50,000. However, in the last few years some companies have introduced *economy* multi-track tape recorders that are well within the financial grasp of most musicians. These economy recorders will range in price from $1,500 to $10,000 depending upon the make and number of tracks. Inexpensive mixing consoles, signal processors, and various other types of professional recording equipment are also available. Many fine-sounding recordings have been made on these low cost multi-track tape recorders. In fact, some commercially released record albums have been made with this equipment that is primarily used in private home recording studios.

In the last few years a new rage has been sweeping the country; musicians have been building recording studios in their homes. Economy professional recording equipment can be found in the pro sound department of many hi-fi stores and music stores, or in specialty pro sound shops. Commercial courses and books are available on professional recording and some universities have courses. Many musicians who wish to record a master tape are finding that the same amount of money they would spend in studio time will purchase the equipment for their own private recording facility or studio. Likewise many audiophiles who have desired to be professional recording engineers can now find their own recording studio within financial reach. If the subject of multi-track recording interests you or if this type of equipment will fill your current needs, take the time to investigate. If you desire product information on equipment of this type write: New Products, CAMEO (Creative Audio and Music Electronics Organization), 10 Delmar Avenue, Framingham MA 01701. db

PRO SHOP

A feature devoted to new instruments, products and innovations of interest to musicians, students and listeners:

SOUND EQUIPMENT

The **112SC,** a 75 watt guitar amp with one G12-80 Celestion speaker and channel switching via an LED illuminated footswitch, is new from **Gallien-Krueger** (Campbell, CA). The 112SC has two channels with master volume on each and a series switch to gang both channels for more sustain. Four bands of active EQ coupled with footswitchable contour provide total EQ flexibility. Reverb and a loop for effects before reverb are also included. The 112SC is designed to power one extension cabinet, the 112EC, with no danger of amplifier overload and no confusion about impedance switches.

INSTRUCTION

Los Angeles bassist **Jamie Faunt,** who has performed and recorded with John Klemmer, Dave Liebman, Chick Corea, the late Don Ellis and others, has established a series of classes collectively called **Creative Music Courses.** Instruction focuses on guitar, bass and wind instruments, and covers a wide spectrum from basic to professional levels, including a program on melodic and rhythmic improvisation. Write to Creative Music Courses, 1933 Grace St. #9, Los Angeles, CA or phone (213) 876-7579.

The first **three jazz band charts** in the **Don Sebesky series** are now available from **Kendor Music, Inc.** (Delevan, NY). The three charts are *Blue Moan, Mean Machine,* and *Song For Cymbaline.* For more information on these and other jazz releases, request a free copy of "Brand News-Vol. 3, No. 1" from Kendor Music, Inc., Main and Grove Sts., Delevan, NY 14042.

SOUND EQUIPMENT

The **SMF Direct Box,** from **Dallas Musical Industries** (Hawthorne, NJ), converts the high impedance signal from instruments such as guitar, basses and keyboards into a low impedance balanced source. The SMF Direct Box can be utilized in either of two ways: it can convert the high impedance signal from an instrument into a low impedance balanced output which is fed directly into the p.a. board, and by running a cable from the box into an amplifier the amp will act as an onstage monitor. Suggested list price is $80.

GUITAR FAMILY

Stainless Steel Round Wound Bass Strings by **D'Aquisto** are now available from **J. D'Addario & Co.** (East Farmingdale, NY). An exclusive computerized wire feed system insures consistent windings. The new strings are available in both light and medium gauges. A full set of the new strings is available to consumers for $5 and an outer wrapper from any other bass string set. This offer is valid for a limited time only.

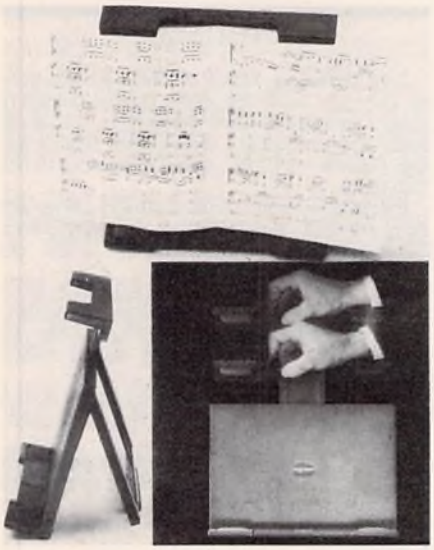
KEYBOARD

Buchla & Associates (Berkeley, CA) introduces the **Touche,** a keyboard instrument that combines both analog and digital circuitry. User communications and data processing are handled by a self-contained 16-bit computer operating under the direction of FOIL, an advanced interactive music language designed to facilitate real-time performance.

Sound production in the Touche is accomplished with a pipe-lined, multiplexed digital signal generator that assures absolute pitch accuracy (crystal derived) and provides timbral possibilities formerly available only to those with access to major computer installations. Touche's 24 digital oscillators are combined into eight voices that are playable in a variety of polyphonic, split keyboard, and multi-instrument modes.

Additionally, Touche contains a specialized hybrid processor that accepts multiple user inputs and simultaneously directs the progress of 64 acoustic parameters, each with a time resolution of 1/1000 of a second. This facility enables precise specification of complex sonic detail and offers expanded possibilities for expressive articulation.

Touche is fully programmable; in addition to static values for the various parameters, instrument definitions can include complex temporal variables as well as details of the timbral palette. Up to 64 labeled instrument definitions are instantly accessible; additional definitions may be stored on tape for subsequent retrieval. Suggested retail price: $8500.



The **Pagemate,** from **Pagemate Incorporated** (Tulsa, OK), is designed to solve the musician's headache of unmanageable music pages and soft back music books that won't stay open.

The Pagemate features foam grippers that keep music and pages in their place until you're ready to turn them. It will prop nearly flush against the fly leaf of a piano or organ and it has a recessed fold-out easel for stand-alone use. A sliding T-bar with foam grippers adjusts to accommodate almost any size book. Suggested retail price is under $20.

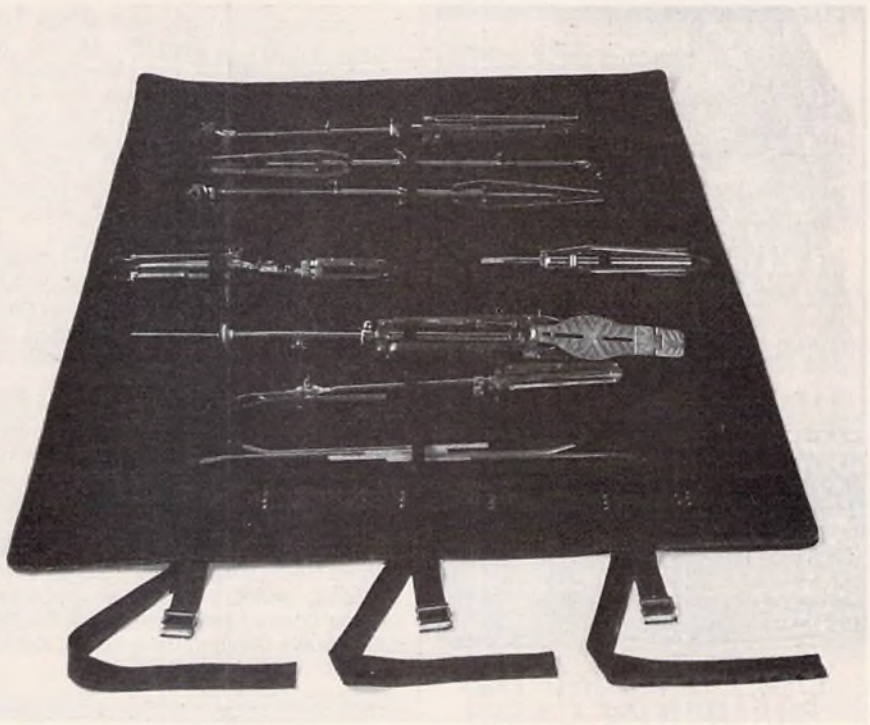
PERCUSSION

GrandStands, a new line of heavy-duty stands for cymbal, boom cymbal or boom tom tom, has been introduced by **Slingerland** (Niles, IL). GrandStands feature a 35-inch leg spread, height extension to 8½ feet and middle sections that are constructed of 18-gauge tubular steel, one inch in diameter. Rachet-grip swivel mechanisms are hexagon shaped for better grip. Other features include counterweighted boom, oversize wing nuts and ¾ inch diameter outer legs.

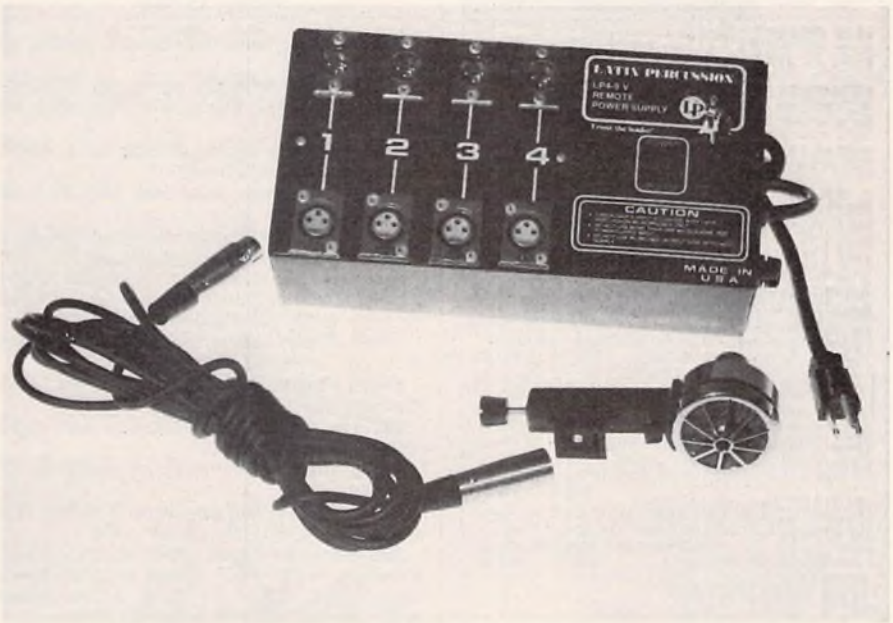
The **Syndrum CM** provides synthesized percussion sounds. From **Syndrum** (El Monte, CA), the CM is made of polycarbonate and has a Duraline head adjusted by means of four tension rods using a standard drum key. The CM mounts on any popular stand and contains its own power supply (no batteries).

KEYBOARD

A **54-key electric piano** is new from **Rhodes Keyboard Instruments** (Fullerton, CA). The piano is recommended for the young first time player or as a practice piano for professionals. The keyboard on the new Rhodes reaches from C (65 Hz) to F (1396 Hz). Dimensions are: 34" width, 9¼" height, and 22½" depth.



The **Original Drummer's Rug Caddy,** from **D'Aleo's of California** (Gardena, CA), is a 5′ × 6′ high-pile rug backed with moisture resistant vinyl. The rug contains loops which can hold eight stands securely in place. The rug rolls up into a compact package held together with steel buckled parachute fittings that is easy to carry. When the rug is unrolled and the stands removed, the rug's vinyl backing provides maximum grip to prevent drums from sliding on most any playing surface.



A problem common to many percussionists has been the satisfactory miking of the conga drum. Usual miking arrangements were prone to accidental movement, and the high sound pressure level of many percussion devices exceeded the capability of available microphones.

Latin Percussion (Garfield, NJ) proposes a solution to such problems in the form of the **LP Drum Miking System/Remote Power Supply** system, which makes it possible to clamp the microphone to the rim of the conga drum (or any drum). The microphone used is of the electret type, yielding a flat response similar to that of top quality studio mikes. The LP Power Supply can handle four microphone inputs with a 200 ohm balanced output that can be fed directly into an amplifier or mixer. The new system opens up new possibilities as far as adding electronic effects to traditional percussion.

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JAZZ IMPROVISATION (A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players) by David Baker. 184 pps., 8½"x11" spiral bound. **MW 1 . . . $15.00**

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GUITAR PATTERNS FOR IMPROVISATION by Dr. William Fowler. 28 pps., 8½"x11". **MW 7 . . . $4.00**

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continued from page 14

his European-produced album *Reaching For It*, featuring fellow expatriates **Wilbur Little** (bass) and **Vinnie Johnson** (drums), with French pianist **Michel Herr.** MacConnell left L.A. in the mid '70s for Europe, after a try at the avant garde scene, and in Paris met Art Taylor, then worked with Chet Baker through Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, France and Italy, where he met pianist Romano Mussolini, with whom he's appeared on European TV. Mac returned to the Continent in April . . . the third show in the Music Center's Jazz Series at Dorothy Chandler Pavilion paired pianist **Peter Nero** (earlier known in jazz circles as Bernie Nierow) with vibist **Bobby Hutcherson,** who were joined by flutist **Dave Valentin** and singer **Eloise Laws.**

TWO CHICAGO NOTES: the Empire Room in the Palmer House hotel revived its dance band policy of the '30s in March, with singer **Polly Podewell** and her five piece band, who performed through May . . . **Earl "Fatha" Hines,** who April 1 opened Rick's Cafe Americain's 12 week fest of piano greats, was reunited with stars of his Grand Terrace orchestra, among them **Shorty McConnell, George Dixon, Franz Jackson, Willie Randall, Rozelle Claxton, Dave Young** and **Ken Stewart.**

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Bottom Line: Name jazz/folk/rock nightly; call 228-6300.

Bradley's: Name pianists nightly; call 473-9700.

Carnegie Tavern: *Ellis Larkins* (Mon.-Sat.); call 757-9522.

Cookery: *Nellie Lutcher* (through 5/31); *Alberta Hunter* (6/2-20); call 674-4450.

Crawdaddy: Name swing trios (Mon.-Fri.); call 661-9600.

Eddie Condon's: Dixieland nightly; call 265-8277.

Fat Tuesdays: Name jazz nightly; call 533-7902.

Folk City: *Gangstreet Choir & Jessica Hagendorn* (5/20); *Tom Varner Quartet* (6/3); *Jameel Moondoc* (6/10); call 254-8449.

Grand Finale: *Johnny Hartman & Clark Terry* (6/10-22); call 362-6079.

Jimmy Ryan's: *Roy Eldridge* (Wed.-Sat.); *Max Kaminsky* (Sun.-Tue.); call 664-9700.

Marty's: *Anita O'Day* (5/20-24); *Mel Torme* (5/26-6/14); call 249-4100.

Public Theatre: New music on weekends; call 598-7100.

Reno Sweeney: *Blossom Dearie* (5/20-6/8); *Roberta Sherwood* (6/17-29); call 691-0900.

Soundscape: *Raphe Malik* (5/17); *Tatsuya Nakamura* (5/23); *Peter Ponzol w/Silvia Zehn & Coco Arregui* (5/24); *Jim Sauter & Don Dietrich* (5/31); *Michael Heller* (6/1); call 581-7032.

Sweet Basil: *Charles Rouse/Lonnie Hillyer Quintet* (5/20-24); *Malachai Thompson* (5/25 & 26); *Pete Yellin* (6/1 & 2); *Harold Vick* (6/3-7); *Roland Alexander* (6/8 & 9); *Art Farmer* (6/10-14); *Albert Dailey* (6/15 & 16); *Lou Donaldson* (6/17-21); 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 475-5120.

Village Vanguard: *Bobby Hutcherson* (5/20-25); *Bill Evans Trio* (5/27-6/8); *Warne Marsh w/Sal Mosca & Eddie Gomez* (6/10-15); *Jim Hall* (6/17-22); *Mel Lewis Orchestra* (Mon.); call 255-4037.

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

Carnegie Hall: *Frank Sinatra* (6/13-22).

Jazzline: 421-3592.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: *Michal Urbaniak* acoustic quartet (5/21-25); *Philly Joe Jones Quartet* (5/28-6/1); *Yusef Lateef* (6/4-8); *Betty Carter* (6/11-15); *Woody Shaw Quartet* (6/18-21); *Jimmy Smith Quartet* with *Von Freeman* (6/25-29); *Dexter Gordon* (7/16-20); 337-1000.

Blackstone Hotel: Tribute to Charlie Parker with *Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Al Haig, Ray Brown, James Moody* and *Milt Jackson* (5/30); call 337-1000 for details.

Rick's Cafe Americain: *Bill Evans* (to 5/24); *Oscar Peterson* (5/26-6/7); *Marian McPartland* (6/10-21); *Barney Kessel & Herb Ellis* (6/24-28); *Roy Eldridge* with *Franz Jackson & Barrett Deems* (7/8-19); 943-9200.

Park West: *Count Basie & Nancy Wilson* (5/31 & 6/1); *Stephane Grappelli* (6/15); *Chick Corea* (6/25); 929-5959.

Wise Fools Pub: *Otis Clay* (5/28-31); *Koko Taylor* (6/4-7, tent.); *Albert Collins* (6/20 & 21, tent); *Mighty Joe Young* (7/2-5); 929-1510.

Orphans: *Joe Daley Quorum* (Mon.); *Ears* (Tue.); 929-2677.

Jazz On Lincoln (5065 N. Lincoln): *Marshall Vente* (5/28 & 29).

WBEZ (91.5 FM): NPR's "Jazz Alive!" (Sat., 7 pm).

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 666-1881.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): *Ben Sidran & Richie Cole* (5/22-25); *Horace Silver* (5/29-6/1); *Willie Bobo* (6/5-8); *Stanley Turrentine* (6/12-15); *Roy Ayers* (6/10-22); *Mongo Santamaria* (6/26-29); *Bobby Hutcherson* (7/2-6); *Willie Bobo* (7/9-13 & 16-20); call 379-4998.

Third Annual Glen Helen Island Jazz Festival (Glen Helen Regional Park, San Bernardino): *San Gorgonio HS Jazz Ensemble; Cal. State College Dixieland; Jim Linahon Big Band; HS All Star Jazz Band;* Sunday, May 25, 12 noon-5 p.m.; (714) 383-1912.

Hollywood Bowl: Playboy Jazz Festival (6/21-22)—*Benny Goodman, Carmen McRae, Dizzy Gillespie, Mel Torme, Chick Corea, Buddy Rich, Herbie Hancock, Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band, Stephane Grappelli, Brecker Bros.*, and *Bob Crosby* and the *Bobcats*; also, *Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Illinois Jacquet, Zoot Sims*, and *Richie Cole* in a "battle of the saxes," accompanied by the *Nat Pierce Trio* with *Frankie Capp. Teddy Wilson* will head a group featuring *Ruby Braff, Shelly Manne*, and *Benny Carter.* Veteran Broadway singer *Adelaide Hall* will make a rare concert appearance. Two L.A. Groups will also be featured, the Latin jazz group *Baya*, and *Roy McCurdy* and *Compass.* Tickets on sale at all Ticketron outlets; for advance reservations send for mail order forms by writing Playboy Jazz Festival Tickets, 8560 Sunset Blvd., L.A., Cal. 90069; or call (213) 855-1057.

Compton Community College (bet. Artesia & Greenleaf): Jazz Is Love Festival w/*Patrice Rushen, Willie Bobo, Roberto Miranda*, others; July 4-6; 635-8081, ext. 359.

Cellar Theatre (1st & Vermont): *Les De Merle & Transfusion*, including guest artists *Eddie Harris & Don Menza*. every Sunday; 385-2759.

Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico): *Horace Tapscott, Nels Cline, Bruce Fowler, Donald Knaack*; every Sunday night; call 475-8388 or 474-8685 for info.

Parisian Room (La Brea & Washington): *Max Roach, Horace Silver, Hank Crawford*, others; call 936-8704.

Pasquales (Malibu): *Art Pepper, Supersax, Joe Pass*, others; call 456-2007.

Donte's (North Hollywood): Name jazz, including *Gabor Szabo, Bud Shank, Ron Eschete*; call 796-1566.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): *Chico Freeman, John Wood, Joe Henderson*, others; call 372-6911.

CLEVELAND

Boarding House: *Chink Stevenson Trio* (Tue., Thurs., & Sat.); *Tom Cox Trio* (Fri.); local jazz all nights except Sun.; 421-8100.

Front Row: *Tony Bennett* (6/10-15); other bookings tba; 449-5000.

Palace Theatre: *Jazzfest* (5/16-17) with *Herbie Mann, McCoy Tyner, Lonnie Liston Smith* (5/16); *Earl "Fatha" Hines, Stan Getz, Buddy Rich* (5/17); 523-1755.

Peabody's Cafe: *Mary Martin & Ninth Street Tunas, Ernie Krivda & Ron Godale Trio, Bill de Arango, Gopher Broke, Robert Jr. Lockwood* (rotating schedule, with jazz or blues most nights); 321-4072.

Theatrical: *Sali Lynn Trio* (5/12-24); *Richard Kimball* (5/26-6/14); *Johnny Sinclair* (6/16-7/5); *Glen Covington* (7/7-26).

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL

Orchestra Hall: *Woody Herman* (6/2); *Corky Siegel* with the *Minnesota Orchestra* (6/9); *Stephane Grappelli* (6/16); *Teddy Wilson Trio* (6/23); *Earl "Fatha" Hines* (6/30); 371-5600.

Walker Art Center Auditorium: "New Music America" festival, with concerts, symposia, and visual arts; musicians performing include *Oliver Lake, Leroy Jenkins, The David Byrne Ensemble, "Blue" Gene Tyranny, Pauline Oliveros, Robert Ashley, Peter Gordon & the Love of Life Orchestra, The Philip Glass Ensemble* and *Steve Reich and Musicians;* (6/7-15); call 377-7500 for info.

Diamond Jim's (St. Paul): *Les Brown Band* (6/10 & 11, tent.); 457-6610.

Northrop Auditorium (University of Minnesota): *Clark Terry* with the *U. of M. Jazz Ensemble* No. 1 (6/11); 373-2345.

Ambassador Motor Inn: *Percy Hughes Trio* (Thurs.-Sat.); 545-0441.

Artist's Quarter: *Eddie Berger Jazz All Stars* (Sun.); 872-0405.

Fox Trap: *The Morris Wilson Connection* (Sun.-Mon.); 332-2547.

MILWAUKEE

Bombay Bicycle Club: *Buddy Montgomery Quartet* (Mon.-Sat.).

Crown Room: *Buddy Montgomery Quintet* (Wed. & Fri., cocktail hour); *Penny Goodwin* (Mon.-Sat.).

Milwaukee Jazz Gallery: *Sam Rivers* (5/30 & 31); local and Chicago jazz (Tue.-Thurs.); call 263-5718.

WUWM (90 FM): Jazz daily.

FM90 Jazz Hotline: call 964-FM90 (964-3690).

DETROIT

Dummy George's: *Kim Weston* (5/8-6/1); *Terry Callier* (6/4-8 & 11-15); *Al Hibbler* (6/18-22 & 25-29); *Houston Person with Etta Jones* (7/2-6, 9-13, 16-20); jam session with *Kamau Kenyatta Quartet* (Mon. & Tue.); call 341-2700.

Baker's Keyboard Lounge: *Mose Allison Trio* (5/13-18); *Yusef Lateef Quartet* (5/22-6/1); *Hugh Masakela* (6/3-8); *Joe Williams* (6/10-15); call 864-1200.

Renaissance Center (Ontario Level Deck): *Ramsey Lewis* (6/3); *Noel Pointer* (6/10); *Gil Scott-Heron* (6/17); *Mark Colby* and *Lenore Paxton* (6/24); *Hiroshima* (7/1); *Ron Ayers* (7/8); call 568-8000.

Eclipse Jazz (University of Michigan, Ann Arbor): Summer free jazz concert series, various locations; call 763-1291.

db's Club (Hyatt Regency, Dearborn): *Jose Feliciano* (5/27-31).

Cafe Creole (Ann Arbor): *Harriet McGovern with Morris Lawrence* (Fri., Sat., Sun., brunch); call 665-2992.

RAPA House: Jam sessions after-hours (4 am-8 am Sun.); call 961-9846.

The Blind Pig (Ann Arbor): *Boogie Woogie Red* (Mon.); local jazz and blues (Fri.-Sat.); call 994-4780.

ST. LOUIS

Michelob Jazz Festival: Info at 725-5588; Kirkwood Park: *Herb Drury Trio, Willie Akins Quartet* (5/26); *St. Louis Jazz Repertory Co.* (7/6). Shaw Park: *Randy Holmes-Paul Demarinas Quintet* (6/3). Layfayette Park: *Con Alma, Jazz St. Louis* (6/8). Kiener Plaza: *Richard Martin Quintet* (6/11); *Jazz St. Louis* (7/9). Soulard Park: *David Hines Ensemble* (6/21). January Wabash Park: *Con Alma, From This Moment On* (7/4).

Spring And All That Jazz Festival (Meridian Ballroom, SIU, Edwardsville, Ill.): *Ahmad Jamal* (5/12); *Betty Carter* and *Art Blakey* (5/15). Powell Symphony Hall: *Teddy Wilson Trio* & *Earl Hines Trio* (5/14); many local groups and workshops: call (618) 692-2996.

KMOX (1120 AM): "Jazz Under The Arch" with Charlie Menees (Sat., 10 pm).

WMRY (101 FM): Jazz with Leo Chears (nightly, 6 pm).

KWMU (90.7 FM): Extensive jazz programming (Fri. & Sat. eve.).

PHOENIX

Boojum Tree: *Monty Alexander Trio* (thru 5/18); Roots of Jazz Series (TBA); *Buddy Weed Trio/Margo Reed* (thru 6/28); 248-0222.

Scottsdale Center: *Hiroshima* (TBA); *Jeff Lorber Fusion* (5/31); *Stephane Grappelli* (6/20); *Tavares* (6/28 & 29); 994-ARTS.

Dooley's: *Passport* (TBA); 968-2446.

Raffles: *Sunny Wilkinson/Keith Greko Trio* (Tue.-Sat.); *Richie Cole* (TBA): 945-0184.

Century Sky Room: *Panacea* (Wed., Fri. & Sat.);

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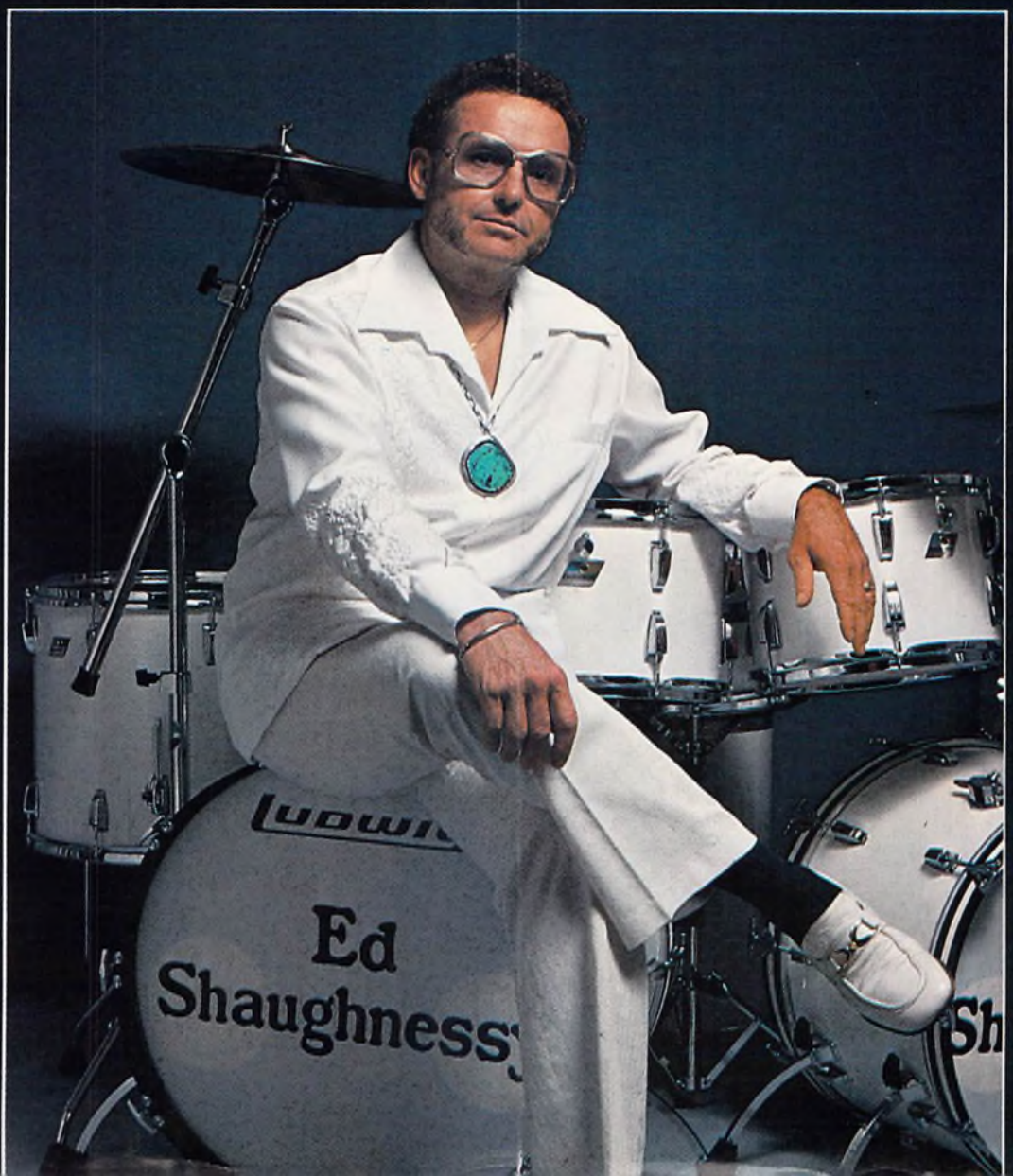

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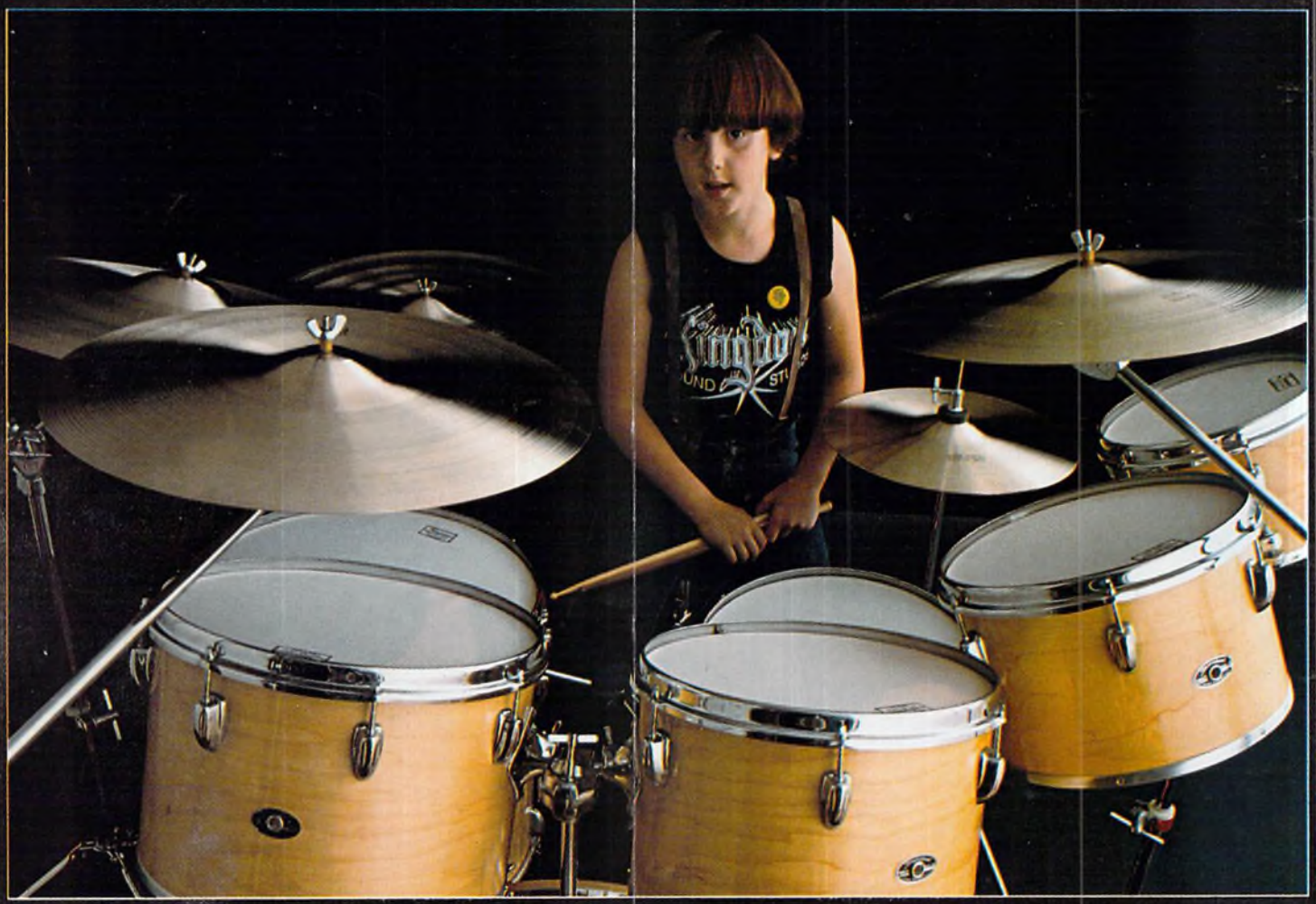

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