

JULY 1980 \$1.25

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat®

MAYNARD FERGUSON

A Mania For Change

JAMES MOODY

Leaves Vegas For Jazz

JOANNE BRACKEEN

"Free To Be Me"

VON & CHICO FREEMAN

Playing Out and In

CLIFFORD BROWN

His Formative Years



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education in jazz

by George Wein

I guess I've known about Berklee almost as long as I've known about jazz. It was in Boston, and I was from Boston, and although I never studied there, it seems that I kept bumping into fine musicians who did. My impression, at that time, was that



Berklee was a small school specializing in jazz instruction that must have been doing a pretty good job of it if the student musicians I met were any indication.

Even after leaving Boston and getting more deeply involved in producing jazz festivals, I still found myself constantly reminded of the kind of musicians that Berklee was turning out. Among former Berklee students who have performed in festivals I have produced, these names come quickly to mind: John Abercrombie, Gabor Szabo, Gary Burton, Keith Jarrett, Bill Chase, Toshiko, Pat LaBarbera, Alan Broadbent, Sadao Watanabe, Al DiMeola, Quincy Jones, and half of various Woody Herman and Buddy Rich bands!

After too many years, I recently had occasion to spend some time at Berklee. It's still very much involved with jazz, but a great deal more has happened since my Boston days. In addition to a thorough grounding in jazz techniques, students are now trained in all phases of professional music; such as, studio work and scoring for television and films.

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George Wein

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

This is a short report on **down beat's** well-being on the occasion of its 46th anniversary. First, some numbers about you readers.

• Paid circulation and total readership are up. This issue will be bought and used by more than 115,000 musicians and near-musicians. It will be read and used by about 560,000 people involved in contemporary music in 142 countries. The highest percentage of readers are between the ages of 21 and 22; the average age is 26. More women musicians now use the magazine: the current ratio is one out of ten. (Most musicians buy their first issue while playing in their high school—or even middle school—jazz ensemble. Readers usually drop out when they stop playing or when hardening-of-the-ears sets in.)

• About 95 per cent of **down beat's** readers are very active instrumental musicians. They regularly play an average of four instruments each. Because of the crossover demands of jazz, blues, fusion, rock, and "classical" repertory, **db** musicians play instruments other than their principal instrument. Thus, more than 52 per cent of the **db** readers own one or more guitars, keyboards, percussion, and wind instruments. About 13 per cent own one or more string instruments.

Editorial policy. If we learned anything in the last 46 years, it is that readers really make policy. That's why we keep taking the readers' pulse, and carefully interpret each reading. Actually, the reading has been remarkably stable over the years; serious musicians want to know how to be better musicians. So the editorial mandate is obvious: add to the readers' knowledge of music as an art form and as a career. Everything in each issue should be written and edited to that purpose.

Carrying out this policy is an editorial staff—average age about 30—and a corps of (mostly) young writers and reviewers who have the good sense to know that the best source of useful information is the professional jazz musician.

Take this issue, for example. There is much to learn from Maynard Ferguson, James Moody, JoAnne Brackeen, Von and Chico Freeman, and the early education of Clifford Brown. And there are the Profiles, the Pro Sessions, news and the record reviews. You are getting what you've asked for and need.

That's our report for now. If you want to know more about your peer readers—or want to argue any point made here—let us know.



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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Total shock

As an ardent subscriber to *down beat*, I was totally shocked when I reached into my mailbox and saw the cover of a magazine. I was to realize that this was my awaited May issue of *db*. After viewing "Country Jazz" in bold letters on the cover, my initial question was: Is this an attempt to justify the gentleman on the cover? I assumed that further attempts to justify carried over to the article entitled, "Merle Haggard: Country Jazz Messiah."

Well, *down beat*, you failed in your bid to justify your major coup of the aforementioned and I am assuming that your next issue will make a supreme effort toward softening the blow suffered because of the May issue. I am anxiously awaiting my next issue of *db*.

Charles Peters

Waldo, Arkansas

Lessons of an American Garage

How about this for a promotional excerpt from Elaine Guregian's three star review of Pat Metheny's *American Garage* album (*db* April '80): "Good musicianship . . . commercially appealing . . . smoothly crafted tunes . . . slick compositional style . . . a tribute to teen

rockers getting started in the family garage . . . much talent."

Jeff Creamer

Denver, Colorado

By the way, we hear the National Enquirer is looking for editors. Ed.

I must respectfully take issue with Elaine Guregian's three star review of *American Garage*. She states that the tunes are "anemic" and that they "lack focus," and also that no one in the group "takes any chances improvisationally." Ms. Guregian surely cannot be serious if she passes *The Epic* off as an "anemic" tune "lacking focus." Furthermore, both Metheny and Mays take hot, probing solos on this cut, taking *more* than a few chances. Lyle Mays' playing throughout the album surely establishes him as an important player, hardly deserving the inept description of his playing as "cocktail mannerisms."

Though I think the record deserved a higher rating, three stars is still a *good* record. How can Ms. Guregian give three stars to a record she calls a "frothy, forgettable product"? So the record is "commercially appealing"—it's done with such good taste, musicianship, and ensemble tightness, that the "commercial" aspect is really irrelevant. What's so bad about making your music reach more people?

The Pat Metheny Group is the freshest breath of fresh air to come along in contemporary music in years. The band's wide audience is, I suspect, not the least bit concerned with the reservations the critic had about this album. They know good, *honest* music when they hear it.

Zick Dobrydney

Norwalk, Connecticut

Errol Parker's experience

To Mr. Bradley Parker-Sparrow:

I have just read your review of my records in the April '80 issue. Let me thank you for the nice things you say about me and for the generally sympathetic tone of the review.

On the other hand, your description of my music is, at times, so grossly inaccurate that it makes me realize you have not really understood my music.

On the *Solo Concert* album there is only *one* real fast tune, *E.P.*, and it's the only tune around 140 metronome. The other tunes are *Daydream At Noon*, a ballad with a rock beat; *Sundance*, a superimposition of 6/4 and 4/4 at a medium-fast swing tempo; *Oran*, a medium tempo blues; *Lonesome Sister*, a 32 bar bluesy structure based on a medium funk tempo, which, when doubled, can become a medium swing tempo; and *Deceleration*, another medium fast swing tempo.

If you listen again to the record, you will probably wonder how you could let go with such an enormous inaccuracy. But there's another inaccuracy. When you describe the polytonal passages of my music, you say tenor sax and trumpet are in unison. That's a soprano, not tenor; I never let the trumpet and tenor sax solo simultaneously *because it does not work*. Their ranges are too far apart.

It seems that my music has got you confused. That's all right with me. My music is new, essentially based on modified blues structures, and without a live performance it may be difficult for a reviewer to get into it. It seems that, in my case, you have confused speed with intensity. The analogy you make between me and Tatum may be flattering, but

Continued on page 82

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SESSION



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CS-40M. Duophonic, programmable and highly portable describes this top model in the new line. It has four VCO's, two VCF's and two VCA's plus a Ring Modulator, an Attack/Decay EG for the LFO and Ring Modulator, and a unison mode which converts the unit to mono operation

by doubling up the VCO's for richer sound. The keyboard has 44 keys.

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

CS-20M. Up to 8 voices can be stored and recalled in this model. The CS-20M has two VCO's, an LFO, a noise generator, a mixer (for the VCO's and the noise), a 3-way VCF and a VCA. It is a monophonic instrument with a 37-note keyboard.

Both models have keyboard trigger in/out jacks and control voltage in/out jacks for convenient use with a sequencer. Rear panel jacks are provided for ON-OFF foot switching of Sustain and Portamento/ Glissando effects, and for foot-pedal control of the filter and volume.

CS-15. This compact, very affordable synthesizer has two VCO's, two VCF's, two VCA's, two EG's and one LFO. One-touch knobs and switches free you from complicated patch work. Sawtooth wave, square wave, white noise, and triangle wave give unique tonal characteristics.

MODEL	KEYS	VCO	VCF	EG	NOTES	DIGITAL MEMORIES
CS-5	37	1	1	1	1	N.A
CS-15	37	2	2	2	1	N.A
CS-20M	37	2	1	2	1	8
CS-40M	44	4	2	2	2	20



CS-5. This is our most compact monophonic synthesizer. It has 37 keys, but with the 6-setting Feet selector switch, the instrument's range is extended to a full 8 octaves. A Sample and Hold circuit allows you to automatically play a continuous random pattern. There are many other features that make this model's very affordable price even more attractive.

For more information on the full line, write: Yamaha, Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. (In Canada, write: 135 Milner Ave., Scarb., Ont. M1S 3R1.) Or better yet, visit your Yamaha dealer for a demonstration of the synthesizers that take both your creative desires and your budget considerations seriously.

Because you're serious.



NEA Grants To Jazz For '80

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The National Arts Council, acting on the recommendation of the Jazz Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts, has awarded \$1,356,329 in grants to individuals and organizations for Fiscal Year 1980. The amount awarded in comparable grant categories for FY '79 was \$949,730, while in FY '78 comparable grants totaled \$579,460. An additional \$114,170 has been awarded to the Jazz Studies Institute at Rutgers University to conduct the Endowment's Jazz Oral History Project for one year.

Grants were awarded as follows:

Category one—Non-matching fellowship grants to established professional jazz artists of exceptional talent, to advance their careers through composition, arrangement or performance. Maximum grant is \$15,000.

Category two—Non-matching study fellowship grants to enable young musicians of exceptional talent to study with individual professional artists for concentrated instruction and experience. Maximum grant is \$5,000.

Category three—Matching grants to organizations for jazz presentations, educational programs, short term residencies by jazz specialists, and carefully planned regional and national festivals or tours. A limited number of grants are available to jazz organizations to support the engagement of qualified management specialists to develop the managerial foundation of the organization. Grants generally do not exceed \$25,000.

Related Activities—Grants to individuals and organizations for specific projects that do not fit the categories described above.

Cat. I	Amount	Bent, Albert L. (San Francisco, CA)	3,850
Ackerman, Robert (Dallas)	\$ 3,300	Berry, William (North Hollywood, CA)	
Amrod, Paul (NYC)	2,950		5,500
Auclair, Susan C. (Jamaica Plain, MA)		Bobulinski, Gregory (Flushing, NY)	3,300
	1,875	Booker, Walter M., Jr. (NYC)	4,125
Bass, Lee O. (NYC)	4,125	Branch, James E. (Richmond, VA)	5,500

continued on page 14

NEWS

Harlem Junta Retakes Bebop

NEW YORK—Nat White, head of the Uptown Jazz Junta, says that his organization is not about to bring jazz back uptown to Harlem, where it all began—especially bop," White explains.

The Uptown Jazz Junta was organized in 1975 by 30 jazz lovers who wanted to return the music to Harlem. Of the original 30, six remain active: Jim Harrison, Bill Dewitt, Fred Prince, Anra Lemond, Abu K. Shaba, and self-described "jazz junkie" White.

"Why should jazz, an African-American music, be concentrated in Greenwich Village, the Soho and the Noho sections of New York City—predominately Caucasian areas?" asks Harrison. "And critics got the nerve to complain that blacks don't attend jazz concerts—no wonder," he adds.

Both White and Harrison are old enough to remember the '40s, when Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker, and Kenny Clarke used to jam at Minton's, located at 118th St. and 7th Ave., Harlem. White rattles off other names of now defunct jazz clubs: "the Apollo Theater, the Harlem Boys Club, Club Baron, and Count Basie's."

"We banked money from our own pockets to get things rolling," explains Harrison, who brings to the Junta 14 years of experience as coordinator for Jazzmobile. "Soon we had saved enough money to rent a decent place and offer a musician an amount that wasn't an insult." Most of the Junta's concerts are at St. Charles Auditorium, 211 W. 141st Street.

So far the UJA has been able to attract top-shelf artists, including vibist Milt Jackson, singer Irene Reid, pianist Barry Harris, the Heath Brothers, Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin. Stepping ten blocks from Harlem, the UJA along with Ms. Management presented a "Bebop Quintessence" at Symphony Space which featured three different quintets—those of Charles Rouse-Lonnie Hillyer, Junior Cook-Bill Hardman, and Harold Vick-Richard Williams.

The Junta has added dancing, too. Betty Carter, who made a unscheduled appearance at a Junta concert/dance, echoed the organization's philosophy when she declared to the audience, "This music is important to Harlem. I am glad to see it coming back. It should be as close to us as the blood that runs through our veins."

—yusef a. salaam

Rerun Season On Jazz Alive!

Jazz Alive! presents highlights from its past three years of programming during its summer season, the first show of which is released to National Public Radio outlets on June 29, for broadcast within two weeks. A show is released weekly thereafter, for broadcast within two weeks, but check your local radio listings.

Released June 29: Billy Taylor (with Dexter Gordon and Johnny Hartman), July 6: Irakere, Mongo Santamaria, Angel Sucheras. July 13: '79 Womens' Jazz Festival from Kansas City. July 20: The Crusaders, Michael Franks (with John Payne). July 27: Chico Freeman quartet, Charles Sullivan quartet, Jay Hoggard (solo). August 3: Rahsaan Roland Kirk Memorial Festival, with Leon Thomas, Cedar Walton's quartet, and Freddie Hubbard on the finale. August 10: Oregon, Ralph Towner

(solo), pianist John Coates Jr. August 17: Irene Kral Memorial Jazz Festival, with Roy Kral, Al Jarreau, Willie Bobo, Carmen McRae, Bill Holman's orchestra, Shelly Manne and Alan Broadbent. August 24: Gil Evans Orchestra, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen trio with Philip Catherine and Billy Hart. August 31: Strides of March, with Zoot Sims, Bob Wilbur, Ruby Braff, Buddy Tate, Milt Hinton, Dick Hyman, Bobby Rosengarden and others. Sept. 7: Johnny Griffin, Ira Sullivan and Von Freeman's quartet. Sept. 14: Mel Torme, Gerry Mulligan and his band, Monty Alexander trio. Sept. 21: Max Roach quartet (Cecil Bridgewater, Billy Harper, Calvin Hill) and Archie Shepp's quartet (Art Matthews, Clifford Jarvis, the late Ronnie Boykins). Sept. 28: Stephane Grappelli and David Grisman.

POTPOURRI

Drummer **Cozy Cole** was honored by Capital University of Columbus, Ohio which established a scholarship in his name for a major in Jazz Performance—film clips of his career were screened at a tribute . . . Know someone pirating, bootlegging or counterfeiting LPs or tapes? Turn him or her in to Warner Communications Inc., which has set up a \$100,000 fund for information leading to the arrest and conviction of such fiends . . . the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences elected **Paul Robeson's *Ballad For Americans***, **Bix Belderbeck's *In A Mist***, and **Jelly Roll Morton's *The Saga Of Mr. Jelly Lord*** (Library of Congress Recordings) to its Recording Academy Hall of Fame . . . musician Lee Bash of State University of New York, Buffalo is heading a drive to commemorate jazz greats on U.S. postage stamps, and urges "friends of jazz" to write the Postal Administration in Washington, D.C., requesting such a jazz stamp series . . . singer **Pearl Bailey** donated some 30 arrangements from her collection of scores by **Fletcher Henderson**, **Don Redman**, **Benny Carter** and others to the Northern Illinois University music department and the NIU jazz ensemble . . .

Ramapo College in Mahwah, New Jersey hosts its seventh annual summer jazz workshop and concert series July 13-25; performing will be **Bill Watrous**, **Nell Slater**, **Gerry Niewood**, **Toot Thielemans**, **Houston Person** and **Etta Jones** and **Phil Woods'** quartet; call (201)825-2800, ext. 231 . . . Texas Jazz polled its readers, and from 25,000 entries culled as 1979 favorites **Panther City Blues** (best local LP release), **Marchel Ivery's** quartet, (favorite small group), the **Dallas Jazz Orchestra** (favorite large group), and **Strictly Tabu** (favorite jazz club) . . . **George "Pee Wee" Erwin** was made an honorary citizen of Arizona at the Paradise Valley Jazz Party, which hosted 300 guests and 20 musicians during two days in spring . . . James Williams, Jazz Messenger pianist/composer/arranger, advises of a personnel switch in drummer Art Blakey's long touring band—**Billy Pierce**, formerly with Alan Dawson, Max Roach and Stevie Wonder, took the sax spot when David Schnitter left in March.

15 states will employ professional jazz artists under the National Endowment for the Arts Artists-In-The-Schools program, starting in fall 1980; the deadline was May 15, but interested artists should contact **Larry Ridley**, program coordinator, at 37 Benlheim Rd., Englishtown, NJ 07726 for info on next year's program . . . **Burning Spear** worked

the U.S. for the first time in five years May 1, in Madison, Wisc. . . 1980 Guggenheim fellowships in music went to composers **Leslie Bassett**, **George Edwards**, **Brian Fennelly**, **Vivian Fine**, **Arthur V. Kreiger**, **Odaline de la Martinez**, **Lewis Spratlan**, **Alec Wilder** and **Ellen Taaffe Zwilich**, while **Dimitri Conomos**, **Frank A. D'Accone**, **Allen Forte** and **Marian McPartland** were awarded fellowships for research and writing . . . **db** publisher **Chuck Suber** will conduct a two-day seminar on "Choosing A Music Career" July 26-27, preceding the summer jazz clinics at Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington . . . Atlanta's Clark College continued its jazz workshop series through spring with visits from **Eddie Daniels**, **Cedar Walton** and the **Heath Brothers**, while non-commercial radio station **WRFQ-FM** sponsored a 72 hour jazz marathon, featuring profiles of **Miles Davis** and **Eric Dolphy**, Kansas City jazz, women in jazz and avant garde jazz . . . Atlantic City set its **Jazz Festival II** for the four day July 4th weekend at its Convention Center, featuring **Ray Charles**, **Dexter Gordon**, **Roy Ayers**, **Carmen McRae**, **Mel Torme**, **Elvin Jones**, **Damita Jo**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Herbie Mann**, **Woody Shaw**, **Buddy Rich**, **Mongo Santamaria**, **Gerry Mulligan** and **Stanley Turrentine** among others . . . **Winnipeg's** folk festival is skedded for 7/11-13; **Toronto's**, 7/25-27.

FINAL BAR

Ronald Boykins, Chicago-born bassist who appeared on innumerable record albums and in performances as part of Sun Ra's Arkestra for nearly 20 years, died of a heart attack in his New York home April 20, at age 44.

Boykins began as a tubaist, and studied at Du Sable High School with Capt. Walter Dyett, as well as at the Van Der Cook School of Music. He began working with Sun Ra during the Arkestra's organizing days at the Club DeLisa and the Pershing Hotel, as well as gigging clubs like the Gate of Horn and the Bee Hive, sometimes in trio with Ike Cole. He left for New York in the late '50s, providing the solid underpinning for Ra's increasingly spacious and futuristic big band music, much of it recorded on Ra's own El Saturn label (some of which was re-issued on Impulse in the early '70s), but became disenchanting by the late '70s with Ra's organization. He also waxed with Rahsaan Roland Kirk (*Don't You Cry Now, Beautiful Edith*), Sonny Stitt (*Deuces Wild*), Elmo Hope, and led his own septet on one of ESP-Disk's last releases (ESP 3026); he worked but did not record with Sarah Vaughan, George Coleman, Al Hibbler, Philly Joe Jones, Barry Harris, Mercer Ellington, David "Fathead" Newman, Hank Crawford, with Dizzy Gillespie in Nice (1979), Mal Waldron and toured with Mary Lou Williams. Working with the Jazzmobile big band, Boykins was a CETA employee, living in the artist cooperative Manhattan Plaza. He is survived by his wife Gyda, and their four year old son Ronald Jr.; also his mother, a sister and brother.

Dick Haymes, a major swing era vocalist, died of lung cancer in Los Angeles' Cedars-Sinai Hospital March 28, at age 64. Buenos Aires, Argentina-born, Haymes arrived in Hollywood in 1933, starting on radio, in vaudeville and as a film extra. In 1940 he auditioned some original songs for bandleader Harry James; the trumpeter was more impressed with Haymes' singing than his songs and hired him to replace Frank Sinatra, who had left James to join Tommy Dorsey's



COLLIS DAVIS

band. Haymes' rich baritone propelled his popularity; after two years he joined Benny Goodman's orchestra for four months, scored a hit record with *Idaho/Take Me*, then succeeded Sinatra in Dorsey's band, where he stayed for six years.

Throughout the '40s Haymes was a leading vocalist, in '48 selling over seven million records and earning \$215,000 in royalties, more than Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Perry Como. A featured spot on nationwide radio's *Here's To Romance* led to his successful film career; the last of his 35 films was *Cruising Down The River*. Haymes had nine gold records, including *It Might As Well Be Spring* and *Little White Lies*. He married and divorced six women, was accused of draft dodging during World War II and because of his foreign birthplace, the U.S. Immigration Service tried to deport him. His career declined in the mid '50s, and he left the US after declaring bankruptcy, through the '60s working in Madrid, London and Dublin. Returning to the States in '71, Haymes suffered from alcoholism, but appeared again in night-clubs, theaters and on television. He had been hospitalized intermittently for six months prior to his death.

NYC, LA, & Chgo

Chgo: The Jazz Institute announced the lineup for its second, completely free (city sponsored) weeklong jazz fest running August 25-31 in Grant Park: **Duke Ellington** night, with Kenny Burrell, Jimmy Rowles, Ellington alumni (Sonny Greer, Louis Metcalfe, Britt Woodman, Marshall Royal, led by Brooks Kerr), tapdancer Honi Coles and Al Hibbler, local tenorist John Neely leading a big band and Emmanuel Cranshaw's quintet (8/25); **Anthony Braxton's** quartet headlining, with four local groups in support (8/26); Chicago Heritage (trad and swing) with **Bud Freeman** and **Wild Bill Davison**, (8/27); **Ahmad Jamal's** trio, and four local groups (8/28); **Charlie Parker** night, featuring Jay McShann with Claude Williams, Budd Johnson, Gene Ramey and Gus Johnson, Chicago beboppers (Ira Sullivan and Wilbur Campbell), the Charlie Parker All-Stars with Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, Al Haig, Ray Brown and Max Roach (8/29, Bird's 60th birthday); **Earl Hines' Grand Terrace Orchestra** with Budd Johnson, Lorez Alexandria, Roy Eldridge and two local groups (8/30); the **Art Ensemble** of Chicago, **Stan Getz**, **Lionel Hampton's** orchestra, and **Muddy Waters** (8/31). NPR hopes to broadcast the last three nights nationwide, live . . . **Andy's**, an inexpensive bar and restaurant, expanded live jazz to three eves a week, featuring the Septet with ex-db editor Don DeMicheal . . . **Paul Berliner**, ethnomusicologist at Northwestern University, leader of the band Kudu, and winner of a 1978 Deems Taylor Award for his book *Soul Of Mbirra: Music And Tradition Of The Shona People Of Zimbabwe*, has won an ASCAP award for composition and performances as well as a National Endowment for the Humanities fellowship for a yearlong study of jazz improvisation.

NYC: the **Public Theatre**, the venue for new music, featured Max Roach, Archie Shepp, Carla Bley, Sam Rivers and others in benefits to help fund its ailing, publicly financed music program . . . **NYC Jazz**, a 16 page monthly guide, presented its second annual awards; winners included Cecil Taylor, (Musician of the Year), thrice blessed Sun Ra, Lee Konitz, Jaki Byard and Fred Hopkins . . . **Outward Vision**, a non-profit organization dedicated to advancing public knowledge of new jazz, had Leroy Jenkins, Oliver Lake, Jack DeJohnette and Baikida Carroll perform in the Brooklyn Bedford-Stuyvesant and Brownsville communities . . . **Melba Liston** is returned from Jamaica to form an ensemble with Sharon Freeman (piano), Carline Ray (bass), Fostina Dixon and Jean Fineberg (reeds), herself and Janice Robinson ('bones) and Dottie Dodgion (drums) . . . Soho's **Greene St.** held a Music Of The '80s Festival with solo performances by Michael Gregory Jackson and Amina Claudine Myers, duets by Henry Threadgill-Fred Hopkins, Anthony Davis-James Newton, Marion Brown-Hilton Ruiz and David Murray-Curtis Clark . . . Chuck Israels' reformed, miniaturized **National Jazz Ensemble** has been working Wednesday nights at Jazz Forum, featuring Sal Nistico, Ted Nash and John Scofield, among others . . . **Buck Clayton** taught at Hunter College last semester . . . **Woody Shaw** played *For Sure* with a string ensemble and Gary Bartz, Larry Willis, Janice Robison, Carter Jefferson, James Spaulding, Steve Turre, Stafford James, Victor Lewis, Nana Vasconcelos and Marty Sheller conducting . . . Dance Visions, Inc. and Rigmor Newman presented Dianne McIntyre and Sounds In Motion with music by Roach, Lake, Bartz, Blythe and Bluiett at Symphony Space in June . . . arranger/composer/pianist Hal Schaefer teaches jazz-pop singing this summer at the New School for Social Research.

LA: 12 area bandleaders have formed **Big Bands '80s**, to increase public awareness and appreciation of the large group sound. Spokesman Ray Anthony identified Bill Berry, Frankie Capp, John Catron, Leslie Drayton, Steve Hideg, Tommy King, Pat Longo, Richard Maltby, Roger Neumann, Nat Pierce and Bill Tole as the conspirators who have compiled a master mailing list of fans (numbering 10,000), are seeking more radio play for their music (both on LP and live), and tried to have Los Angeles call May Big Band Month. The groups are holding Sunday "tea dances" at the Hollywood Palladium, from early summer on . . . **Monday Night Jazz** at the Odyssey Theatre was begun by Horace Tapscott's Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra, followed by Charles Owens' New York Art Ensemble, Vinny Golia's trio, Ray Armando and Heritage, John Heard and band, and finished by keyboardist Ted Saunders June 2. . . two new clubs: **Two Dollar Bill's** (5931 Franklin, Hollywood), with pianist Mike Garson, pianist Joanne Graeur, Justo Almarino and Alex Acuna, Lorraine Feather and David Benoit; **Snooky's**, at Pico and Bundy, showcased ex-Mahavishnu pianist Stu Goldberg, trombonist Benny Powell, Brazilian guitarist David Amaro, pianist Dwight Dickerson, and new flutist Nikka Reijo (whose duet with Hubert Laws at a recent Chandler Pavilion show brought the house down) . . . Akiyoshi/Tabackin, the Capp/Pierce/Juggernaut, Bobby Shew, Don Menza and Supersax worked a three-day fest at the Alpine Village in Torrance . . . a stunning duo concert by electronic musicians **Don Preston** (late of the Mothers of Invention, playing Moog) and newcomer **Kevin Braheny** (using a customized Serge synthesizer) charged the Century City Playhouse . . . Guitarist **John McLaughlin** gigged at the Roxy one night only, playing solo acoustic guitar before being joined by Parisian plectrist **Christian Escoude** for a series of virtuoso duets.

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NEA Grants, '80

from p. 11

Bridgewater, Ronald (Brooklyn, NY)	5,430
Brookmeyer, Robert (NYC)	7,500
Brown, Gerald (NYC)	4,125
Brown, Willex (NYC)	4,125
Bryant, Clara L. (Los Angeles, CA)	4,000
Bushell, Garvin P. (Las Vegas, NV)	5,000
Carroll, Baikida (Woodstock, NY)	4,125
Colson, Stephen B. (Chicago, IL)	4,125
Crotty, Michael (Washington, DC)	7,500
Cyrille, Andrew (Jamaica, NY)	3,250
Dara, Olu (Long Island City, NY)	4,125
Davis, Nathan T. (Allison Park, PA)	5,500
Davis, Stanton (Jamaica Plain, MA)	4,125
Dean, Dan P. (Seattle, WA)	3,410
D'Earth, John E. (NYC)	3,300
Dixon, Fostina L. (Los Angeles, GA)	4,675
Dixon, Patricia (NYC)	4,400
Fineberg, Jean (NYC)	3,300
Giuffre, James (West Stockbridge, MA)	10,000
Golia, Vinny (Sepulveda, CA)	4,125
Grauer, Joanne (Encino, CA)	5,500
Graves, Milford (Jamaica, NY)	3,250
Griffin, James R. (Teaneck, NJ)	5,500
Grimes, Lloyd "Tiny" (NYC)	8,000
Hamilton, Jimmy (Christiansted, St. Croix, VI)	8,000
Harris, Barry (NYC)	15,000
Harris, Vandy (Chicago, IL)	4,500
Henderson, Richard (Washington, DC)	5,500
Henderson, William (Los Angeles, CA)	5,500
Hersey, Baird (NYC)	4,500
Hobbs, William (Minneapolis, MN)	5,000
Horensstein, Stephen (North Bennington, VT)	3,300
Jackson, Ronald (NYC)	4,000
Jenkins, Leroy (NYC)	10,000
Johnson, Rudolph (Inglewood, CA)	4,000
Jones, Jonathan, Sr. (NYC)	15,000
Jordan, Clifford (NYC)	10,000
Jordan, Sheila (NYC)	3,800
Layne, Alex (Corona, NY)	4,000

Lee, William (Brooklyn, NY)	5,000
Lewis, Fred (Rochester, NY)	3,850
Lewis, James E. (Temple Terrace, FL)	3,500
Liebman, David (NYC)	3,500
Lindsay, Gary (Miami, FL)	6,400
Lyons, Jimmy (Bronx, NY)	4,400
Macchia, Frank (Allston, MA)	3,300
Marsh, George (San Francisco)	3,300
McIntyre, Kalaparusha (Brooklyn, NY)	3,800
Montgomery, Buddy (Milwaukee, Wis)	5,000
Moody, James (Las Vegas, NV)	10,000
Muhammad, Ali (Detroit, MI)	2,000
Newton, James (Brooklyn NY)	5,000
Owens, Jimmy (NYC)	15,000
Reece, Alphonso (NYC)	4,400
Rejto, Nica S. (Los Angeles, CA)	1,875
Rogers, Kenneth G. (NYC)	4,125
Rowles, James (NYC)	6,000
Ruiz, Hilton (NYC)	6,600
Sanders, Pharoah (North Little Rock, AR)	5,500
Saxton, William (Richmond Hill, NY)	4,000
Seeling, Ellen (NYC)	3,300
Skaff, Gregory (NYC)	3,300
Smith, Brian (NYC)	7,500
Thompson, Malachi (Brooklyn, NY)	3,300
Valentine, Thomas "Kid" (New Orleans, LA)	10,000
Watson, Robert (NYC)	4,400
Williams, Charles (NYC)	5,500
Wilson, Joe L. (NYC)	4,400
Cat. II	
Abdus, Salim (Newark, NJ)	3,000
Abrams, James (Louisville, KY)	2,000
Allen, Heath (Philadelphia, PA)	2,000
Amброise, Alex (Queens Village, NY)	2,000
Anderson, Donald (Murray, KY)	750
Andrews, Deborah (NYC)	1,000
Anzaldo, Sebastian A., Jr. (Omaha, NE)	1,500
Arenius, Claire (Northampton, MA)	1,500
Arner, David (Barrytown, NY)	3,500
Aviles, Michael (Brooklyn, NY)	1,500
Barrow, Stella (Bronx, NY)	2,000

Bern, Alan (Bloomington, NY)	2,000
Bingham, Philip (Montclair, NJ)	2,000
Blue, Esther (NYC)	2,500
Bridgewater, Sheryl (Brooklyn, NY)	4,000
Brown, Ronald (Dallas, TX)	3,000
Brown, Stephen (Knoxville, TN)	1,700
Burns, Terry (Clovis, NM)	1,350
Clark, David (Swarthmore, PA)	1,500
Clarke, Kim (East Hurst, NY)	2,000
Clayton, Frederick (Dorchester, MA)	1,500
Corra, Thomas (Woodstock, NY)	2,500
Crawford, Gilbert (Brooklyn, NY)	1,378
Danson, Estella (NYC)	2,500
Dillon, Linda (Burbank, CA)	1,920
Dorfman, Jonathan (Rhinecliff, NY)	1,600
Draper, Beverly (NYC)	1,663
Elkjer, Robert (Boston, MA)	2,000
Eubanks, Robin (Philadelphia, PA)	3,000
Floyd, Gary (Milwaukee, Wis)	1,500
Forbes, Lacyne (Detroit, MI)	1,000
Freeman, Kendrick (Simsbury, CT)	1,200
Glanden, William (Wilmington, DE)	1,420
Grice, Janet (Middletown, MA)	2,000
Hammond, Mark (Claremont, CA)	3,000
Harris, Cynthia (Bronx, NY)	1,230
Higgins, Patience (NYC)	2,500
Hinson, Antonio (Flushing, NY)	1,500
Horington, Jonathan R. (Morristown, NJ)	2,000
Jacobor, Gary (Cranston, RI)	2,500
Jospe, Robert (NYC)	2,000
Khalid, Abdullah (Brooklyn, NY)	3,000
Kinnon, Elizabeth (Redondo Beach, CA)	2,500
Kolman, Alex (NYC)	2,000
Landis, Robert (Wichita, KS)	1,330
Lawrence, Keith (Queens, NY)	1,600
Maupin, Bennie (Alladena, CA)	2,500
McIntosh, Franklyn (Brooklyn, NY)	1,560
Mitchell, James (NYC)	1,500
Morgan, Jeff (NYC)	1,000
Nelson, Alva (Houston, TX)	2,500
Nelson, Milton (Albuquerque, NM)	1,000

continued on page 72

RELEASES

Summer's on—the music keeps coming!

By now you know *Nude Ants*, the two-fer from Keith Jarrett's recent quartet, is for the new dance; other ECMs in release are the Art Ensemble of Chicago's *Full Force*, John Abercrombie's *Quartet*, Barre Phillips' *Journal Violone II*, Steve Kuhn's trio with Shella Jordan, *Playground*, and guitarist Bill Connors' *Swimming With A Hole In My Body*.

Columbia enters the *Best Of* sweeps, with compilations from Columbia LPs by Billy Cobham, Tony Williams, Stan Getz, Steve Khan, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Herbie Hancock, Return To Forever, Eric Gale, Maynard Ferguson, Dexter Gordon, Bobbi Humphrey and Tom Scott.

Bill Evans takes on young horn players Larry Schneider and Tom Harrell with *We Will Meet Again*, on Warner Bros.; on the same label, vocalist Michael Franks owns up to *One Bad Habit*, the late Jimi Hendrix jams *Nine To The Universe* (one track with the late Larry Young), Antonio Carlos Jobim sings for *Terra Brasilis*, and Chick Corea and many friends take a *Tap Step*.

Charles Mingus' *Portrait*, with Eric Dolphy and Jaki Byard (who wrote the notes) reissues on Prestige Fantasy's *Town Hall Concert* and *My Favorite Quintet*; also there's the two-fer *Our Delight*, originally *The George Wallington Trio and Jazz For The Carriage Trade*. New from Prestige: keyboardist Mark Soskin's leadership debut, *Rhythm Vision*.

All hail Benny Carter, latest Time/Life *Giant Of Jazz*.

Free Bop is altoist Charles McPherson's thing, on Xanadu, which also offers guitarist Peter Sprague's *Dance Of The Universe*, original 1951 recordings of Warne Marsh *Live In Hollywood*, pianist Kenny Drew's trio *Home Is Where The Soul Is*, and Dolo Coker's *Third Down* with Harry Edison.

Wizard Island by Jeff Lorber, *Shine* by

the Average White Band, and *Dregs Of The Earth* by the Dixie Dregs are from Arista.

Prolific Dollar (Abdullah Ibrahim) Brand cut *Africa—Tears And Laughter* in March, '79 in a quartet—Inner City issues it along with Helen Humes' *Let The Goodtimes Roll*, a companion to last year's *Sneakin' Around*, guitarist/composer/band leader Cam Newton's *Welcome Aliens* and reedist Sadao Watanabe's *California Shower*.

Beehive's alive with Nick Brignola's *Burn Brigade*, and the Sal Salvador quartet's *Juicy Lucy*. Brignola's *L.A. Bound*, his quintet featuring Bill Watrous, from Sea Breeze (Mentone, CA). Guitarist Robert Conti goes solo (d-to-d), and is joined by Milcho Leviev and Ray Pizzi for a septet *Latin Love Affair* (both on Trend/Discovery Records, but the latter labeled Vercydisco). Clare Fischer's Big Band knows *Duality* (from those same labels)—Clare And The EX-42 electric organ is the latest from MPS, also sending from Germany Billy Harper's *Trying To Make Heaven My Home* and The Singers *Unlimited A Capella II*.

B. B. King's *Now Appearing At Ole Miss*—an MCA two-fer—captures his live show. *Tormé A New Album* features singer Mel with Phil Woods and the Chris Gunning Orchestra (on Gryphon). Experimental rock cooperative Henry Cow comments on *Western Culture* (Interzone Records, Washington, D.C.) Master synthesist Patrick Gleeson's *Rainbow Delta* emanates from Passport Records (South Plainfield, N.J.); pianist Jessica Williams stretches out on *Rivers Of Memory* (Clean Cuts, Inc., Baltimore, Maryland).

The Fragility Cycles are Ingram Marshall's compositions for Balinese gambuh flute, Tcherepnin synthesizer and pre-recorded tapes (IBU Records, San Francisco). *Stars Of The Streets* offers NYC street musicians and Michael Garrison in *The Regions Of Sunreturn* plays several synths (both from South Plainfield's Jem Records). Anita O'Day's *Live At The City* on Emily Records (New Haven, Conn.). *Sentiments* by Synthesis (on Ra Record, NYC) features Arthur Blythe, Olu Dara and David Murray. Young Anthony Rollé plays the

piano music of Nikolai Medtner (on Finnadar). Bobbi Rogers sings *Tommy Wolf Can Really Hang You Up The Most* on Focus (West Hartford, Conn.). About Time Records' first release comprises Jerome Coopers' *The Unpredictability Of Predictability* and trumpeter Abdullah's *Life Force* (NYC). Pianists Marco Di Marco and Jack Reilly meet on Italy's Modern Jazz Records label. Meditational Do'a issues *Ornament Of Hope* on Philo. Art Hodes plays solo piano on Euphonic's *When Music Was Music* (Ventura, CA).

Reedman Joe Thomas' *Flash* is on Chiaroscuro, as is keyboardist Lonnie Smith's *When The Night Is Right!* From Sweet Earth Records (Northampton, MA) comes *The Other Side Of The Sun*, by Sun Ra and his Arkestra. Paul Berliner, ethnomusicologist, performs with his band Kudu traditional and experimental music from Zimbabwe on *The Sun Rises Late Here*, from Flying Fish, which also issues Red Norvo/Urbie Green/Dave McKenna/Buddy Tate/Steve LaSpina/Barrett Deems *Live At Rick's Cafe American*. Veteran Chicago bassist Eldee Young self-produced *Live!* on his own Ambitious Records (P.O. Box 87101, Chicago 60680). Professor Roland L. Nadeau of Northeastern U., Boston, performs on *Grace And Beauty*, *Classic American Ragtime*, from the University's own label.

Smooth Peabo Bryson croons of *Paradise* (on Capitol); The Temptations return to *Power*, Syreeta is herself and Ozone has a *Walk On* (all from Motown); Isaac Hayes returns with *And Once Again*, Gloria Gaynor belts *Stories* (both from Polydor); Edwin Starr is *Stronger Than You Think I Am* and Stephanie Mills has *Sweet Sensation* (both 20th Century Fox Records).

Best blues series since Alligator's three LP set is from Germany's L + R Records; even its sampler contains 12 great cuts, from the late J. B. Lenoir to Chicagoan Eddie Taylor's band with harp blowing Carey Bell, to Eunice Davis singing the "classic blues." Currently distributed by Bellaphon Import-Dienst, L + R's availability will be discussed further in this column.



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BUDDY vs LUDWIG



NANCY CARREY

MAYNARD FERGUSON: Rocky

by LEE UNDERWOOD

Maynard "Double High-C" Ferguson, who considers himself to be a "multi-directional" trumpet player and band-leader/composer/producer, has entertained international audiences for more than three decades.

Today's parents and grandparents thrilled to his screaming, **down beat** poll-winning high and double-high C's in the famous 1950-52 Stan Kenton band. They remember Maynard's 1956 Birdland Dream Band (featuring Al Cohn, Clark Terry, Clifford Brown and Ray Brown), as well as his 1957-59 13 piece "jazz farm," which included Don Ellis, Don Sebesky, Joe Zawinul, Bill Holman and Chuck Mangione. That band recorded *A Message From Newport* and won second place (behind Count Basie) in the 1959 **down beat** Readers Poll.

Today's generation of high schoolers and collegians knows Ferguson and his 13 piece band for his Grammy-nominated version of Bill Conti's *Gonna Fly Now* (the theme from *Rocky*). They know him for his follow-up disco hit *Rocky II* (highlighted by Sylvester Stallone's spastic pummeling of a real punching bag in the background). They know him for his flamboyant extravaganzas of still other themes from film, TV and classical music: *Summer Of '42*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Maria* from 16 down beat



NANCY CARREY

West Side Story, *Scheherazade*, and of course, his famous *Pagliacci*, which he played live at the closing ceremonies of the 1976 Montreal Olympic games.

Ferguson is quick to point out that he has also recorded Sonny Rollins' fast paced *Airegin*, John Coltrane's *Naima* and Thelonious Monk's *Round Midnight*.

Careful not to offend those who don't care for movie themes or vintage jazz, Maynard has also recorded pop tunes by James Taylor and the Beatles, and rock tunes by Stevie Wonder, Paul McCartney and Stanley Clarke. Multi-directional, in-

deed.

Born in Verdun, Quebec, on May 4, 1928, Ferguson, now 52, studied piano and violin at age four; enrolled at the French Conservatory of Music at age 9; studied all reed and brass instruments; settled on trumpet, and began leading his own jazz band at age 15.

After playing with Boyd Raeburn, Charlie Barnet and Jimmy Dorsey in the late '40s, he joined Kenton, and attained international fame. During the late '60s, he lived in England and India, signed with CBS in 1969, returned to the States

in 1973, and has been popular ever since with such albums as *MF Horn* (which included *MacArthur Park* and led to *MF Horn II* and *III*), *Chameleon*, *Primal Scream*, *Conquistador* (with Jay Chattaway's arrangement of the *Rocky* theme), and two recent albums he produced himself, *Carnival* and *Hot*.

Maynard has long been interested in music education and in designing new musical instruments. For years, he has conducted clinics in high schools and colleges. He has also designed the *MF Horn* series of instruments for Holton-LeBlanc, including the *Firebird* (combination of valve/slide trumpet) and the *Superbone* (combination valve/slide trombone).

Fame, the most unstable drug there is, makes peculiar demands. On the one hand, people listen to what the celebrity wants to say. On the other hand, the celebrity who takes a strong stand risks offending those who do not agree. Commercially successful and politically astute, musical celebrity and veteran of a thousand interviews, Maynard Ferguson

me, but which I don't impose on other people.

Basie, for example, has sounded the same for many years, and yet I can still sit in front of that band and thrill to it. The same thing with Ellington, even with his great creativity. The same thing with the Beatles. I refer only to their validity. I have no interest in talking about the things that don't enhance me. Their music is their right, their privilege, their art.

down beat: At the same time, from the age of four to the present, you have plunged into all kinds of musics, and your key word has been "change." To refuse to comment on music you don't like is, of course, politically tactful. That way, you don't offend somebody such as Basie, who has not changed. Nor have Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, Dizzy Gillespie and numerous others. They find their sound, stick with it, and do not evolve conceptually. That kind of a remark is not necessarily a criticism. It can be a simple, legitimate observation.

Ferguson: I can't sit there and listen to Oscar Peterson play his buns off and

play it the same way.

down beat: When you were 15 and forming your first band, what was your original vision of yourself? Have you become what you wanted to be? What did you aspire to?

Ferguson: I felt it was amazing that people applauded me more than the other guys in the band, because a lot of the other guys were over 30, and I was busy learning from them. People liked what I played, and musicians were either dazzled or offended. It's been that way almost my whole career.

If you listen to some of my earlier things, like *All The Things You Are*, I started doing things that I stopped doing. I felt inhibited. I was afraid the guys wouldn't like me. I've always wanted the guys to like me, and that includes people like critic Leonard Feather and all the guys who are a lot older than me.

Also, I'm a great believer in change. I don't know what I said in my last **down beat** interview, but I reserve the right to say the opposite today, if that's what I feel.

down beat: How would you describe those changes?

Ferguson: When you say you didn't have an idol when you were a kid, it sounds politically evasive, but that's really the truth, in that I had so many of them, not just one.

Certainly Dizzy was an influence, Roy Eldridge, Louis Armstrong, and all of Duke's players. I hate to say that, because it leaves out so many others. I've played free music with John Surman in England, and I love classical improvisation, a bag of mine on flugelhorn.

On *Pagliacci*, for example, I don't play a single phrase from the jazz bag. I do my Enrico Caruso thing. Sometimes I walk in the audience, sometimes I walk over by the piano and play acoustically beside David Ramsey. We never play it the same way twice. If you picked up your guitar there, and you played in the Segovia bag, I would stay with you harmonically, but without playing anything from the jazz bag.

down beat: Does *Rocky* give you the identity you really want?

Ferguson: When you say "want"—Peter Philbin of Columbia heard my band, then caught a sneak preview of a movie called *Rocky*. He and others thought the picture was going to be a hit. Arranger Jay Chattaway and pianist Bob James and about seven other heavyweights thought it would be really hip if my band did it. So we did it, and it took off. Of course, if the film had flopped, then our single wouldn't have had time to sustain itself.

down beat: In relation to *Pagliacci*, Leonard Feather discussed what he called excesses, the flamboyant big sound, the expansiveness. Have these elements not become a kind of standard Maynard Ferguson formula for commer-

Road to Fame and Fortune

knows all of the pitfalls, which is perhaps one of the reasons he is affectionately known by some as "The Fox."

The position which Maynard has attained, and for which he deserves all due credit, raises several serious questions among those musicians the world over who wrestle in their own souls with what they see as a conflict between art and commerce—often feeling, as trombonist Glenn Ferris once explained, that the dictates of commerce can be antithetical to the dictates of art.

"A lot of musicians," said Ferris, "are racking their brains out, feeling that their music is not worth pursuing because there aren't any money people hanging around saying, 'This is where it's at. This is hip.' Doubt sets in, and the musician winds up putting down the true flowering of himself and his music. The expression of his awareness of life through music becomes sidetracked into being what the system demands and applauds and pays for. . . . This economic trip has nothing to do with music. It's business, and business has to do only with who you know and who likes you and which of their 'bags' you fit into—they've got a 'bag' for everything" (Profile, db 12/15/77).

Ferguson: I always have that fun thing with composers and arrangers. I say, "Are you sure what my thing is?" As soon as they say, "Yeah, I know what your thing is," I say, "Great. Now do something different." That is, something which is

then say, "Boy, that was really boring." If I heard Oscar right now, I know I would love it.

down beat: The question is not whether Oscar is great or not. We know he is. The question involves whether or not you as a musician feel free enough to articulate what you truly feel about the work of other artists, thereby giving the readers insight into both you and those other works.

Ferguson: A few years ago, I went to hear Oscar after not hearing him for seven years. I was thrilled. I have no preconception about whether I'm going to be bored or entertained. It's a great pleasure not to be bored.

down beat: In 1978, your version of Bill Conti's *Rocky* theme was nominated for a Grammy. You've been playing it virtually every night since you recorded it in 1977. How do you keep from getting bored with it?

Ferguson: Duke Ellington played *Take The A Train* for a zillion years. And for many years, nobody looked at Maynard Ferguson. Now they do. I love that independence.

down beat: Independence?

Ferguson: I love the independence of, if I never have another hit single, we're still gonna burn it out every night, and we know we'll have good albums. I enjoy doing my own thing and being contemporary, and doing it honestly. I really enjoy playing *Rocky*, and if you listen to it, you'll see that, in person, my solos are not the same, and the drummer doesn't

cial success?

Ferguson: No more than it was a formula for Enrico Caruso. Surely, as much as I may try, I'm probably not as flamboyant as Enrico. I mean his white gloves, his walking among the people, his singing.

Besides, opera is not as formulated as we may think it is. We don't understand the words. We are moved by the vocal music, the pure music of it, without the words. When I listen to opera, I'm not spending my time with a dictionary. I'm more interested in the music itself, the music of the voice.

down beat: The question was not directed toward a discussion of opera, but toward you and the concept of commercial formulas. To what extent can you maintain your allegiance to artistic change and growth, while at the same time complying with the commercial requirements of giving people more *Rocky*, more *Pagliacci*, more *Battlestar Galactica*?

Ferguson: I think it has to do with the advancement of young people. They are really interested in artistry, and I find it really important to base everything on enjoyment. So I go my own way, changing my mind freely, delighted whenever I discover something new.

down beat: The suggestion of the question was that perhaps for some time you have *not* changed your mind.

Ferguson: If I haven't changed, my mind has nevertheless been open to it. You mentioned *Pagliacci*. I'd love to know the formula we played that in.

down beat: That was my word. Your music and Leonard Feather's comments in the *L.A. Times* prompted me to ask that question about formulas. He said, "The florid, fulsome adaptation of the 84 year old aria from *Pagliacci* is the kind of vehicle Harry James might have been expected to use in 1941. As long as a public exists to eat up excesses of this kind, there will always be performers to minister to its hunger."

Ferguson: That's all right. Leonard was a man in 1941 when I was a young boy. To me, there's nothing wrong with



Ferguson closes 1976 Summer Olympics in Montreal

1941, or else he wouldn't have loved Harry James [Feather was 26 in '41].

down beat: I don't think he was saying he loved Harry James. I think he was suggesting that possibly your *Pagliacci* was calculated commercialism, derivative, excessive and dated.

Ferguson: Leonard and I go out to dinner with our wives and have a good time. I love one of his lines. He said, "As long as we agree to disagree, Maynard." I said, "I don't agree." I don't go out to dinner with Leonard because I agree to disagree. I do it because he came up to Ojai where I live, and he's talking about his kids, and I'm talking about mine.

Anything other than that, unless he plays my trumpet for me, is kind of silly. I'm certainly not going to write his articles for him. He's got to do his gig, and I've got to do mine.

down beat: Again that nicely evades the essence of the question, which is not about critics in general or about Leonard in particular, but about a specific issue regarding your music.

Ferguson: My gig has to please me. If I sound like a 1941 Harry James to Leonard, well, it's not my job to give a rebuttal. His job is to get paid so many dollars per word. My job is to enjoy myself playing the trumpet.

Romanticism is still a part of music. I also reserve the right to snake out. I don't think I sound very romantic when I'm playing a fast tempo *Airegin*.

down beat: There are many musicians coming out of schools and clinics now. Besides your band and a few others, where can they work? Are we over-producing musicians?

Ferguson: No, I don't think we can ever over-produce musicians. Many of

them are not only musicians. They are doctors and lawyers who also love playing the piano or the tenor sax.

down beat: Do you still use live auditions?

Ferguson: No, because too many good musicians don't play well at auditions, so I listen to cassette tapes of their work and go by that.

down beat: You are well known as a clinician. How might today's clinics be improved?

Ferguson: I used to do a lot more than I'm doing now, and I miss doing them, but when you're playing seven nights a week in halls or universities, colleges, junior high schools, which is what I love, that's when you know that really young people are into your thing. We've been doing this success thing enough now, and we're suddenly getting probes from Las Vegas and places like that, where, for awhile, we were Death Valley in those places, because if you're a kid's favorite—as you know, the main disease in Las Vegas is children. If you really want to bore, show up in Las Vegas with seven children like I did at the Tropicana once, and they go "Yecccch." I mean *definitely*, you know, your children, I mean . . . Number one, they can't go across the lounge, because they have to cut through the gambling casino; they have so many like no-no's, unbelievable. All my kids used to play the slot machines. I think that that's a Ferguson trait there. As soon as you're told you can't do something, you know. They all got busted. Everyone of them got busted in the lounge at least once when we were playing the Tropicana years ago. You know, like looking around, then slapping a quarter in and pulling the thing, and then the nice man says, "What room is your daddy in?" "Oh, my daddy's conducting the show right now." [Laughter]

down beat: So much for clinics. What will you be doing on your new as-yet-untitled album that you might consider to be a step forward?

Ferguson: It's a little early to answer that one, because the album is not yet completed. One of the things I enjoy is the work of that great Indian violinist Subramaniam, who is a good friend of mine, so I got together with trombonist/arranger Nick Lane, and I think we'll do something in the Indian bag. It's a difficult piece of music, so I don't know yet whether it will go on the album, but I hope we can include it.

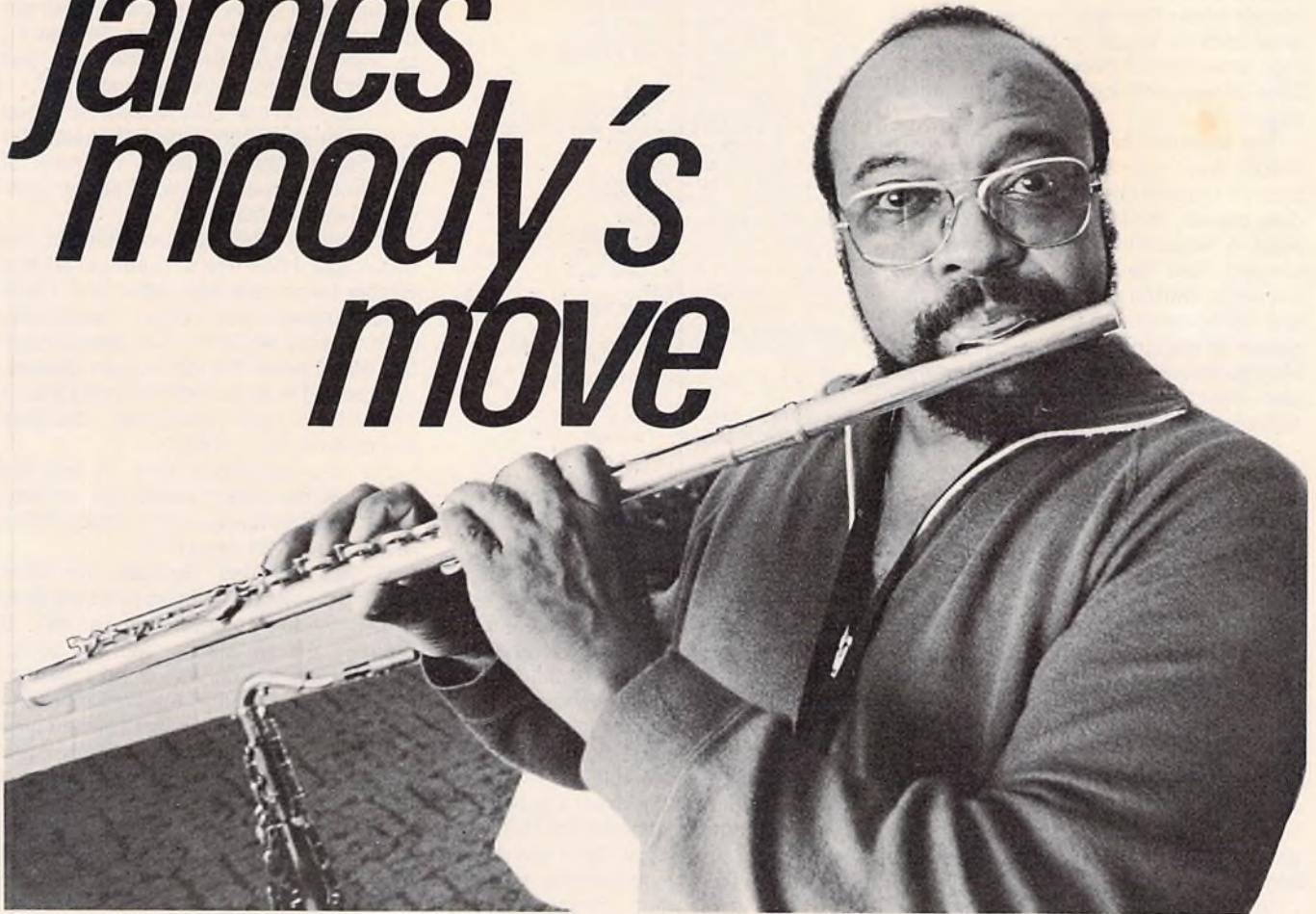
SELECTED MAYNARD FERGUSON DISCOGRAPHY

CARNIVAL—Columbia 35480
CONQUISTADOR—Columbia 34457
HOT—Columbia 36124
IN LONDON—Columbia 31117
M. F. HORN—Columbia 30466
M. F. HORN 2—Columbia 31709
M. F. HORN 3—Columbia 32403
M. F. HORN 4 & 5 LIVE—Columbia 32732
NEW VINTAGE—Columbia 34971
PRIMAL SCREAM—Columbia 33953
CHAMELEON—Columbia 33007
TRUMPET RHAPSODY—PA/USA 7037
MESSAGE FROM NEWPORT/NEWPORT SUITE—Roulette RE-116
'61/SI SI M. F.—Roulette RE-116
BIG "F"—Mainstream 805
DUES—Mainstream 359
6 BY 6—Mainstream 372
STRATOSPHERIC (1954-'56)—EmArcy 406
JAM SESSION (1954)—Tripp 5525

AROUND THE HORN—Tripp 5558
DIMENSIONS—Tripp 5507

with Stan Kenton
NEW CONCEPTS OF ARTISTRY & RHYTHM—
Creative World ST1002
KENTON IN STEREO—Creative World ST1004
THE CITY OF GLASS AND THIS MODERN
WORLD—Creative World ST1006
KENTON PRESENTS—Creative World ST1023
COLLECTOR'S CHOICE—Creative World ST1027
THE FABULOUS ALUMNI—Creative World
ST1028
A CONCERT IN PROGRESSIVE JAZZ—Creative
World ST1037
SKETCHES ON STANDARDS—Creative World
ST1041
PORTRAITS ON STANDARDS—Creative World
ST1042
ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM—Creative World ST1043

James Moody's move



VERYL OAKLAND

by LEE JESKE

"I had to play things like Liberace. Liberace is really a hell of a musician, let's face it. And he's a nice guy, but how long could I play the *Blue Danube* and the *Beer Barrel Polka* and *You Don't Send Me Flowers* and Chopin and those things? I'm not complaining about it, I'm saying it just isn't the thing that I would want to do."

Yet for seven years, the house band at the Las Vegas Hilton was blessed with the presence of James Moody. James Moody, who spent years with Dizzy Gillespie and recorded one of the most famous solos in jazz history on *Moody's Mood*, disappeared from the jazz scene in the early '70s and could be found playing his flute, tenor, alto, clarinet and piccolo behind the Vegas parade of pop singers, comedians and television stars.

"Every now and then I would get to solo on something," recalls the bearded, balding, bespectacled Moody. "Like Glen Campbell every now and then would have something. Or Paul Anka, he'd have a thing. Helen Reddy had a solo thing. Lou Rawls had a quick thing. And Ann-Margaret had a thing—a little thing."

It wasn't the solo "things" that led Moody to the Nevada desert in the first place; rather, it was the possibility of peace and security.

"My friend Harold Land was working with Tony Bennett and I was living in LA, and we used to play tennis. I told Harold, 'Boy, I'd really like to stay in one spot.' I wanted to stay in one spot so I could be with my family and I could learn my instruments. Harold said, 'Well, why don't you call the contractor of the Hilton orchestra?' So I called him and he said, 'Sure you can come up—I have something for you.' The first show I ever did was with Sandler and Young, and it's funny, because the last show, six and a half to seven years later, was Bill Cosby and Sandler and Young."

During those years, Moody would keep his toe in jazz waters by taking an occasional gig like a jazz cruise on the S.S. Rotterdam, or the Nice Festival or a salute to Dizzy Gillespie. But he always returned to the Las Vegas grind and to a slowly disintegrating marriage.

"I don't care what anybody says, I have to take my hat off to the guys—it's *hard* playing those shows. And I'm the type of guy who doesn't want to lean on anybody. I want to be able to hold my own. I

would sometimes come home gloomy and my wife would take it as an affront to her.

"You spend two days rehearsing, sometimes three. And then that show lasts a week or two weeks or three weeks or a month. What happens is, say a show closes on a Tuesday night. That means that you have been rehearsing for the next show on Monday and Tuesday. You would go to rehearsal at, say, 11 a.m., and you've got to hit again at eight that night for the show that you're already playing. That's every week, and it's six days a week. I had one day a week off, Thursday, when the relief band, which does maybe four hotels a week, would come in. My wife couldn't understand that. I'm not a good clarinet player, but I'm not one to say the heck with it. I had to play the clarinet in the shows and I was scuffling my behind off trying to produce. I'm telling you, I almost went crazy. My wife didn't understand that.

"So, I'd be honest and aboveboard and tell her what I thought was right, and she still thinks I'm nuts. But that's cool. She tells me I'm too sensitive. Thank God I'm sensitive, 'cause if I wasn't, I wouldn't be a musician."

So James Moody took a two week

engagement at New York's Sweet Basil, and came east to test the reaction. The reaction was unanimous raves. Old friends came out in droves, glad to see Moody back. That was it—James Moody went back to Vegas to grab his belongings and headed back east, to settle in New Jersey until he could find suitable digs in the city.

The welcome home was a good one: Moody went into Sweet Basil again, to packed houses drawn by reviews in the daily papers, the *Village Voice* and **down beat**. A "Welcome Home James Moody" concert filled Town Hall, and offers for bookings started to come in from clubs and colleges around the country. A new career is beginning for the 55 year old Moody, reviving a career that was initiated when Moody's uncle bought him a second hand alto.

"I used to go down to the Adams Theatre in Newark, and Count Basie would be there. I'd see Don Byas and Buddy Tate get up and walk to the microphones, and I used to want to do that. Jimmy Dorsey would come, too. I saw all the bands: Charlie Barnet, Vaughn Monroe, Artie Shaw. I first heard Georgie Auld in Artie Shaw's band, when he had the strings. George would play *Body And Soul* and I thought it was so beautiful with the strings behind it—ohhhh, that was gorgeous.

"I really liked tenor, so as soon as she could, my mother got me a tenor. By the time I got it, I was almost out of high school, and I went right out of high school into the Air Force.

"At the time I was in the service it was segregated, so we had an unauthorized band, a black band. But we couldn't play very well, and naturally they had the regular Air Force band with 150 pieces. We had 35 pieces in our band. Half the guys couldn't read, so that's where I learned how to read. I always had a good ear."

Moody went right from the Air Force to the Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra, a band that did its own share of flying. He stayed with Dizzy for three years, until the day a handful of pep pills laid him low.

"That made me a little nervous. My uncle and aunt lived in Paris; my uncle called up my mother and said, 'Sis, send Jim over here and let him rest up and relax.' It's a funny thing, it seems like a lot of things in my life have been kind of traumatic.

"I went over there and didn't go anywhere for a long time. I just stayed in the apartment. It was a beautiful place; the Eiffel Tower was about from here to the corner. It was a beautiful neighborhood, very first class: two maids, you know, the whole bit. I went for a little while and stayed over three years. I wasn't going to come back at all, until Babs Gonzales came over and told me I had a hit. I didn't even know what a hit was, actually."

20 □ down beat

SELECTED JAMES MOODY DISCOGRAPHY

ANOTHER BAG—Cadet 695
 BEYOND—Vanguard 79404
 BLUES & OTHERS—Milestone 9023
 COMIN' ON STRONG—Cadet 740
 COOKIN' THE BLUES—Cadet 756
 FEELIN' IT TOGETHER—Muse 5020
 GREAT DAY—Cadet 725
 JAMES MOODY—Cadet 648
 LAST TRAIN FROM OVERBROOK—Cadet 637
 MOODY & BRASS FIGURES—Milestone 9005
 MOODY'S MOOD—Chess 403
 NEVER AGAIN—Muse 5001
 SAX & FLUTE MAN—Paula 4003
 SUN JOURNEY—Vanguard 79301
 TIMELESS—Vanguard 79366
 DON'T LOOK AWAY NOW—Prestige S-7625
 EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO
 KNOW ABOUT SAX—Cadet 60010
 MOODS—Prestige S-7554
 NIGHT FLIGHT—Pacific Jazz 10101
 with Dizzy Gillespie:
 THE MELODY LINGERS ON—Limelight LM
 82042
 THE DIZZY GILLESPIE STORY—Savoy MG
 12110
 THE REAL THING—Perception PLP-2
 PORTRAIT OF JENNY—Perception PLP 13

The hit was a record that Moody had done in Sweden with Swedish musicians and a borrowed alto saxophone. Actually, it was just a little improvisation based on the changes of *I'm In The Mood For Love* that was used to fill up a date for the Swedish label, Metronome. Done in one take, it had been forgotten until Metronome sent the tape to Prestige. Soon *Moody's Mood* was on juke boxes all over the USA; James Moody returned from Europe a minor star.

"I came back and formed a group, and it was just fantastic. I had Babs Gonzales as manager and singer. Babs was kind of forceful in his way, sometimes. He went to a club owner and demanded more money for himself, over what I was saying about the deal. I said, 'Remember, it's my group and you're working for me.' So he said, 'Then I'm splitting.' And I said, 'You've got it—'bye.' And he split. When he split, I was going to Cleveland. When I got to Cleveland, they found out I was looking for a singer. Eddie Jefferson was there dancing with his partner, Little Irv. When he came by and sang the song, I said, 'You've got the gig.'"

"The song" was *Moody's Mood*, becoming even more popular thanks to a vocal version by King Pleasure. King Pleasure has vanished from the jazz scene; although he was credited for penning the lyrics to *Moody's Mood*, that was not the case. Says Moody, "Eddie and King were friends. The understanding that I got from Eddie was that he wrote it, and King got it from him."

Eddie Jefferson sang with Moody on and off for the next 20 years, and probably would fit somewhere into Moody's current plans if Jefferson hadn't

JAMES MOODY'S EQUIPMENT

All Moody's saxophones are Kings. His mouthpieces are custom made by Don Menza and he uses a 3½ Rico Royal reed on tenor and 3 Rico Royal on alto.

been gunned down in front of a Detroit bar last year.

"Yeah, every time I had something, I'd always get Eddie on it. It was funny, because the same thing that people are going whacko over now, we were giving to them before. And Eddie was just getting ready to make some money."

Throughout the '50s, Moody remained a popular attraction in both the jazz and r&b fields, adding flute to his sack of instruments when that wind began picking up in popularity.

"I bought a hot flute in Chicago, for about \$30. I had heard Yusef Lateef and Herbie Mann and Sam Most and Frank Wess. I never really thought I would play flute. But my whole life has always been like that. I never thought I'd play clarinet. I'm just put in those positions and then it happens. I'm not saying that I can play the clarinet, but I hold it."

He also crawled a little bit into the bottle as he criss-crossed the country, boosted by a popular series of albums on the now-defunct Argo label.

"I was drinking because we were making these one nighters and they were grueling—one nighters in a car. It seemed like the alcohol kept me going. Finally I got fed up with it, so I went to Overbrook for a cure. I signed myself in and I signed myself out, but I stayed nine months. I recorded *Last Train From Overbrook* because that was where I went to dry out.

"In Vegas I would drink light beer, and after awhile I said, 'That's it,' and I stopped. If I were really an alcoholic, I wouldn't be able to do that."

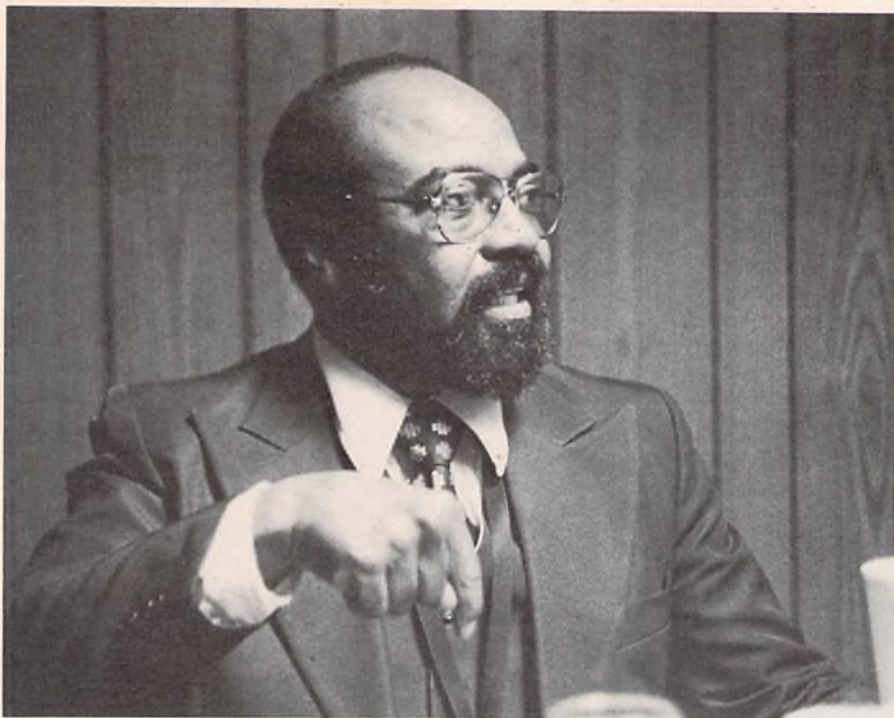
Sometime in the early '60s, James Moody got tired of keeping a band together.

"I disbanded and I was living in Forest Hills when I got a call from Dizzy. I wasn't doing anything, just playing in New York. I didn't want to do anything. All my life I've been saying, 'Well, I just want to practice, I just want to practice.' It seems like something always turns me away from it. So I got a call from Dizzy and he said, 'Why don't you come and join me?' So I said, 'Okay, let me talk to my wife.' I joined Dizzy and I stay with him about eight years."

Eight years of playing *Salt Peanuts* and *Night In Tunisia* and *Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac*. To this day, James Moody's name is hardly mentioned without Gillespie's. Did Moody get tired of the same gig for nearly a decade?

"Well, I guess that would happen with any group. If someone has a group, and I don't care who it is, even if you feel you're going to try and keep the tunes rotating and have something happening, somebody's going to get tired. I guess it just depends on the feeling and the rapport between the musicians. And the leader.

"I got news for you, man, if you can't get along with Dizzy, you can't get along with anybody. I was with Dizzy for more



than a year before he pointed out something. He said, 'Oh, Moody, I've been meaning to tell you—that note's an A, not a B.' And it was written on the music. Dizzy is dizzy like a fox—don't let that grin fool you.

"I never will forget, we were guests at Bill Cosby's home, Dizzy and myself, when we were playing at a college in Massachusetts. We were listening to some music and Dizzy hugged me and told me how much he loved me, and the next day he said, 'Get out of my room. You're telling me how this thing goes, but, goddammit, I've had guys in my band read better than your black ass.' He said, 'I know how the melody goes.' So I go to my room and all of a sudden I hear, 'Moooooody!!'

"So I go in Dizzy's room and he says, 'Man, listen, listen.' Sure enough we hear, 'Ooooooh.' And this is out—Bill has 142 acres of prime beautiful land. And this sound is going and me and Dizzy are in the guest house and the guest house is a *big* place. Dizzy's looking at me and we're thinking about ghosts and we don't see anything, and Dizzy says, 'What do you think that is?' And I say, 'Dammit if I know.' Finally we listened closer, and it was Dizzy's little tape recorder that he had played to show me the rhythm that we were arguing about when he got pissed off. It was running and we had forgotten about it, and it sounded like 'Ooooooh.' But we died about that. It was a ball working for Diz, man.

"The thing is, that I didn't have my own thing. I always just wanted to learn my instrument more. And I learned a lot from Dizzy . . . I still do. I talk to Dizzy very often."

After leaving Dizzy, Moody once again formed a group with Eddie Jefferson, this

time featuring Eddie Gladden on drums and Mickey Tucker on organ. "That group was very entertaining. We'd have those little bars popping."

Then it was several years in Los Angeles before the move to the land of bacchanal and baccarat.

"The guys in the band, in the Hilton orchestra, were really nice guys. *Really* nice. Good players, they'd get the job done. And there were some jazz players out there; Red Rodney and I were in the same band for a while. Red left and came to New York. Sam Noto was in the band, but he left and went to Canada. Carl Fontana, he was there in the relief band, but now he's traveling with Paul Anka. Jack Montrose was out there, and he's playing very, very well. Jay Cameron is out there. And, of course, Monk Montgomery, who's the head of the jazz center there. Monk is my brother—I love him very, very much.

"I had just decided I was going to get out and get the feel of things again. I really wanted to leave, because some funny things were happening. I was playing with a person and I was always out of tune. The other person, really, was the one out of tune, but I was accused of being out of tune all the time. I knew better. Really good musicians aren't the pains in the ass; it's always the inferior ones. An inferior musician will always mess with you, and he won't do it to your face.

"I learned an awful lot. I learned a lot and hopefully it will be advantageous, both musically and for dealing with people. I thought that if I lived and stayed in one place, I could possibly further myself with my instrument, 'cause I'd get to really practice and just play the jobs and then have half the time home for

myself. But it didn't work out like that."

Fortunately for the jazz world, it didn't, because a James Moody performance is always a treat. He is one of the few players in jazz who is equally comfortable on flute, alto *and* tenor. He primarily considers himself a tenor player, and after listening to his return engagement at Sweet Basil I wrote in the January '80 **down beat**, "he proved himself one of the living masters of the tenor saxophone." Moody is not content with three horn mastery, but he's not going to just add the soprano saxophone, an easy transition for a tenor player.

"The soprano saxophone is a nice instrument. I can tell Wayne Shorter when he's playing it, and Jimmy Heath has a nice sound, but basically it really sounds the same. But the clarinet does not sound the same; Eddie Daniels is a beautiful clarinetist and also Joe Farrell. Just like tenor saxophones—you hear 'em, but they all don't sound the same. The clarinet has a beautiful sound. It's a very difficult instrument, you just don't come up and play the clarinet. I haven't had a chance to really get with the clarinet the way I want to."

He will.

He will also further develop his singing, which has just started creeping into its own. Moody sings in a funky, soulful voice with an attractive rasp. He's a serious singer, even if he does do frivolous material such as Eddie Jefferson's humorous *Bennie's From Heaven*. His singing embodies some of Eddie's inflections, but it stands strongly on its own.

"You know, it's a funny thing. You hear Eddie every night, you hear him singing. You hear it and you don't hear it. It's something like at a baseball game; you hear *The Star Spangled Banner* and you don't hear it. And that was the same way with me. Later on, when I started singing, somebody had to teach me the lyrics to *Moody's Mood*."

So James Moody is back and he's got dozens of solos just waiting to get out—seven years of *My Way* and *Feelings* and all that drivel is gone. Now there's *Good Bait* and *Lester Leaps* and *Hot House*. And he'll play them to you on his music store-full of instruments, or he'll sing them if you want.

"I feel good that I got away. I'm not married anymore, and I'm trying to get myself settled. I want to get an apartment in the city. I'm in the midst of trying to find the right way to go—the right instrumentation, the right players. I feel that things are going to be all right, because whatever I do, I'm always honest about it, whether it's a pickup group or my group when I get it. I'm always honest."

James Moody came back from Vegas with his horns smoking. The man is a bitch and *I'm* always honest, too. If Moody's in the mood—look out! **db**



COLLUS DAVIS/SHADA

JoAnne Brackeen

PIANIST FOR A NEW ERA

by NELSON GEORGE

JoAnne Brackeen's Greenwich Village loft is full of life. Two of her four children are studiously peering at school books. Three cats, one curious about a reporter's tape recorder and the other two appropriately blasé, move about gracefully. Two small, unmenacing guard dogs hover, looking to be petted, and on the far side of this long room chirps emanate from a series of linked bird cages.

The lanky pianist herself, armed with her owl-like glasses and a cup of vanilla tea, sits contently amidst her menagerie. This busy environment seems to be a reflection of Brackeen's mind, from which bouncy, vital music full of complex time changes and uncompromising improvisations have emerged.

One might say that Brackeen's home is almost as interesting as her music.

But Brackeen's work at the piano has been hailed as more than "interesting." Leonard Feather has said that her recent efforts are as important to the 1980s as Herbie Hancock's and Bill Evans' were to the 1960s and McCoy Tyner's and Keith Jarrett's were to the 1970s.

Whether Brackeen will maintain that kind of importance remains to be seen. But it's clear that her two 1979 albums, *Keyed In*, a trio date featuring bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Jack DeJohnette, cut for Bob James' Tappan Zee label, and *Prism*, a duet between Brackeen and Gomez on the

smaller jazz label Choice, show her to be a talent of undeniable skills and freshness that have made both musicians and fans take notice.

Brackeen's creative alliance with Gomez has been a key element to her rise in stature. Though she has recorded several good albums as a solo artist since leaving Stan Getz's band in 1977, she admits the musical relationship between herself and Gomez, formerly Bill Evans' sideman, has truly been special.

"My music uses rhythm as its basis and demands a lot from the bassist and drummer," she states. "But with Eddie the music comes so naturally, and we have this strong inner feeling on stage. I can play anything I want and he's ready for it. We can move and weave while maintaining the structure."

"When we recorded *Keyed In*, I was surprised to find the same thing happened with Jack DeJohnette. I had never played with him before, but that feeling was there. With my music I find that kind of communication is so important. I'd rather work with no drummer than with one who couldn't contribute to that feeling."

She adds firmly, however, "This is not to take away from what I've done with any other musicians. My collaborations with bassists Cecil McBee, Clinton Houston and Sam Jones and drummer Billy Hart have all been satisfying. In fact, considering the quality of musicians I've worked with, it shows how strong the feeling from Eddie and Jack has been for me to say that."

Some aficionados were surprised when Brackeen was signed to Tappan Zee, and then even more taken aback when producer Bob James *didn't* impose strings, electric piano or other paraphernalia on the recording. "You can't treat every artist the same," says James when asked about Brackeen's album. "With JoAnne, my role as producer was more as an administrator than anything else, because she knew where she was taking her music. I tried merely to set a mood where she could play her best, and offer some technical advice when necessary."

SELECTED BRACKEEN DISCOGRAPHY

as leader

KEYED IN—Tappan Zee JC 36075

PRISM—Choice CRS 1040

SNOOZE—Choice CRS 1009

MYTHICAL MAGIC—PA/USA 7045

TRING-A-LING—Choice CRS 1016

AFT—Timeless/Muse 302

with Stan Getz

GOLD—Inner City IC 1040

with Art Blakey

JAZZ MESSENGERS 70—Catalyst CAT 7902

*Choice Records is distributed by Inner City

James' interest in Brackeen began a few years ago when he twice ventured down to the Village Vanguard to hear saxophonist Joe Henderson, and left each time impressed by Brackeen's support of the tenorist. "Every time I see her live, I hear something new in her music. She is just a unique talent, and I was happy to use the resources we have at Tappan Zee to get her more exposure."

This fall, keyboardist-arranger-producer James played four nights at three different venues in New York as a special self-promotion. One of those dates, an evening at Town Hall, turned out to be a showcase for Brackeen as well.

Her unaccompanied *Always And Again And Always* and her two tunes with Gomez and drummer Billy Hart were exceptionally good, providing the evening's high points. The concert was recorded by Tappan Zee and James hopes that when the album chronicling his week in New York is released, Brackeen's brilliant play at Town Hall will be retained, in part or total.

Brackeen's next studio album was recorded this spring with the Gomez-DeJohnette rhythm section, and Henderson added his tenor sax to the mix. It was her first recording date with a reed instrument since Mike Brecker's tenor provided spirited counterstatements on her 1977 Choice album *Tring-A-Ling*. Bob James produced the LP, for release in September following JoAnne's debut at the Monterey Jazz Festival and four to five week club tour, preceding a European jaunt.

Brackeen played a cassette of musical sketches, notes for that next album, for me. Its most striking aspect was a flamenco-type number, highlighting the further evolution of her rhythmic complexity. What Gomez and DeJohnette did with her polyrhythms is candy for the imagination, until the fall issuance of the LP, tentatively titled *ancient dynasty*.

"It's nothing that I necessarily plan," she responds when asked about her fascination with rhythms. "It just happens when I write. I get into a certain flow, and what comes out complements my piano style. That is one reason I prefer using my own material to standards."

"Different songs are like babies, and I feel better playing one that I created and nurtured than one I adopted, no matter how good it is. During my time with Art Blakey and Stan Getz, performing their music, I had to tone down my approach to fit what they did."

"Now, finally, I've been free to be in contact with the rhythms in the universe, and use that force. It is like the feeling of playing with other musicians when the music is going well. The mind loses all sense of time, and certain realms open up to you."

"You are aware of the music's structure, but it is no border: just a starting point. That in-sync feeling both with musicians and the world around you is so natural."

Brackeen's introduction to and development in music, and the piano in particular, came through her personal interest, and not via the rigors of formal training. As an adolescent in Venice, California, she learned piano by copying Frankie Carle records and making up her own "inner music." Her attendance at the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music lasted only three days, as her need to play her own kind of music asserted itself.

Outside of school Brackeen's talents were readily appreciated, and by 1958 she was working many West Coast club dates with the likes of Dexter Gordon and Harold Land. She claims this happened "because there seemed to be a shortage of pianists out there at the time," but a more likely answer is that she had already acquired a technical skill that attracted these veteran musicians. She recalls that even as a youngster "I never worried about what I wasn't supposed to do, only what I *could* do."

But at the dawn of the 1960s, Brackeen gave up performing to be the wife of saxophonist Charles Brackeen and mother to their four children. During the turbulent '60s Brackeen didn't record and played relatively few club dates. Yet Brackeen doesn't interpret those events as a sacrifice:

"I was never very careerist. During that period I worked so much in California, I didn't record just because it never seemed that important to me. My attitude was that I played just for the fun of it. So when I got married, making sure my children had a mother during their younger years was what mattered most to me. I still played and wrote music, and that was enough. It wasn't until we moved to New York in 1965 that I began to appear in public again." She played on and off again in a pop setting with vibraphonist Freddy McCoy upon her arrival in New York.

She found the New York environment "much more stimulating than the West Coast. There were musicians here who were open and experimenting. So in 1969 I began working with Art Blakey, which was a fine experience." Brackeen was a member of the Jazz Messengers for three years, appearing on the album *Jazz Messengers '70*, recorded during a tour of Japan.

Her association with Joe Henderson started in 1972 and
July □ 23

It's a small house—a tiny house, really—in the 6900 block of Calumet Ave. on the South Side of Chicago. On the outside, it's frame; on the inside, it's cluttered. Not messy—just cluttered. A front door leads through a skinny vestibule to the living room, so small that it's filled to bursting with only a sofa, an easy chair, a low slung coffee table. And, of course, a piano: it is inconceivable that a piano (the most versatile, and hence universal, of musical instruments) *not* be found in this home, even were the house half its size.

After all, it is exceedingly difficult to produce music—to hold jam sessions, or to arrange a tune for five or 15 players, or to fully study the implications of a given chord extension—without having a piano nearby. And this little house on Calumet has certainly produced more than its share of music.

The house in question is the longtime residence of Earl Lavon Freeman, better known as Von Freeman, the legendary South Side tenor man who has reinvented the tradition of Chicago saxology, using healthy doses of his own subtlety and eccentricity to arrive at a style that's wholly distinct from anything else being done on the instrument. Von's mother lives in this house, too, and I think so might his brother George, a fiery and discretely iconoclastic guitarist who answers the phone with enough regularity to suggest he boards there. And, from his childhood 'til the time he moved to college (in the near-Chicago suburb of Evanston), this was also the home of Earl Freeman Jr., better known as Chico: the AACM reedman who at 30 is being touted to helm the new directions jazz will take in the '80s. (Chris Albertson used his space in *Stereo Review* to laud Chico's second American LP, *Kings Of Mali*, as "one of the most significant releases" of 1978.)

Von Freeman has spent his time on the road, but he's never moved. He has chosen to labor in the relative obscurity of Chicago, particularly the small black clubs and taverns that dot the ghetto. There he puts forth a sound that's been described like this: "a weird sound, maybe scrunged up from the garbage cans, a thinned out, maybe constricted sound . . . like some semi-human creature hiding in the saxophone bell, crying out to anyone who will hear in a voice from that twilight zone between intelligible human speech and animal ravings."

Chico, on the other hand, visited New York for three days in 1976 and ended up staying four years. He lives there now, but he spends much of his time on the road, traversing this country as well as Europe, Japan, Australia (either leading his own group or subbing for David Murray in Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition band). His tone is virile and vibrant, often authoritative but never willful, and he applies it to the flute, soprano sax and bass clarinet as well as the tenor saxophone. On tenor especially, it's a warm tone, very much his own but certainly within the saxophonic boundaries of the last 15 years. In other words, it sounds nothing like Von's.

When Von attacks a ballad, or drifts through an uptempo blues, he does so with a gracious surrealism that's been "avant garde" during all the years he's navigated the mainstream. He's built solid and chunky—the better to project his sound, which he does as well as any man—and he stays healthy by playing his horn. Chico mists his way through a ballad, or bites off the theme of a fast, declamatory piece he's composed in a way that nods at freedom but sounds (to some) more "traditional" than many of his colleagues in the avant garde. He keeps himself rail-thin by playing racquetball.

Well, like father, like son.

That, of course, is the way it worked out, but Von Freeman had no intention of steering things in that direction. "I never encouraged Chico to become a musician," the avuncular sire recalls. "Well, not directly," explains Chico. "He never tried to have me follow in his footsteps; but the music was always around, it was available." "Course," adds Freeman *per se*. "I didn't discourage him, neither. . . ."

The scene is the little house on Calumet, in January of a new decade, and a reunion is taking place. Both father and son had been part of a one night festival organized by the Jazz Institute of Chicago the night before; but Chico didn't arrive until Von had already left the concert's Loop locale for the Enterprise Lounge, the South Side scene of his Monday dates. Now, having not seen each other for nearly six months—not since Von had joined his son's quartet for a European tour—they're presenting an entertaining view of family history. Chico, serious but relaxed, provides the main narration: Von, relaxed and bemused, offers occasional commentary, like a young-



LAUREN DEUTSCH

VON and CHICO TENOR D

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ster anxious to enliven his surroundings.

Chico's first direct experience with a musical instrument was considerably more sophisticated than Von's. When Von Freeman was young, he removed the arm of his dad's Victrola, drilled holes along its sax-shaped length, fashioned a mouthpiece, and was running around the house blowing the thing when his father came home and asked him what the hell he was playing. ("He couldn't play his sounds," Von once told me, "his Louis Armstrongs and Fats Wallers and man, he was disturbed. I thought he might kill me.") In Chico's case, there existed the same possibility of death by spanking when he and his brother Mark wandered down to the basement in search of some of their father's old Navy memorabilia; instead, they discovered an old saxophone and trumpet. "We weren't really supposed to be down there," says Chico, "and I know Von had a few things to say about it when he found out." As luck would have it, Mark adopted the sax, while Chico decided the trumpet was his ax. It was a decision he'd have plenty of cause to ponder in later years, but it strongly shaped his resolve to explore music in the first place.

The catalyst for the young trumpet player was Miles Davis' *Kind Of Blue*, which Chico just happened across one day in his father's record collection. "I'd never heard it before, so I put it on." (Von smiles apologetically: "Well, you know how it is. You get so busy making music, you don't have *time* for records.") It wasn't just Miles'

Math was important—it was Chico's ticket out of the ghetto—but by the time he graduated high school, music was weighing on his mind even more heavily than when he'd been playing steadily. Chico was doing a lot of listening, and he was beginning to piece what he heard into a coherent view of jazz's fullness and power.

"I had a friend all the way from grade school, through high school—even though we went to different schools—and then we were in college together; that's Sofi Adebayo [at the time, he was called Anthony Porter]. Sofi was the one who really had the record collection. My father's already told you how he never bought records, but I spent hours upon hours over at Sofi's house, listening to his records—he was always buyin' them. In fact, I think he was the first one who really turned me on to Trane, as a leader . . ."

One person Chico was *not* listening to was Von Freeman, who was on the road with Chicagoan Milt Turner's band, a reportedly entertaining affair that mixed some hardcore improvising in with a lot of showbiz shtick. Von had already paid his musical dues: in the mid '40s, already a veteran of a Navy band and Horace Henderson's ensemble, he and brothers George (guitar) and Bruz (drums) were part of the house band at Chicago's Pershing Ballroom, where they backed visiting soloists from Roy Eldridge to Diz and Bird; later, he found Von heading a quintet featuring his brothers (and, for a while, Ahmad Jamal on piano; Andrew Hill came on the band later) and working on occasion with tenor man Fred Anderson, pianist Mital Richard Abrams and bassist Malachi Favors, all future mainstays of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. (During this time, Von was evolving a personal philosophy that not only accepts pecuniary straits but seems to thrive on them. "The average jazz musician plays better poor than any way I've seen him," he once said, "cause when you poor, man, you express yourself through your instrument. Besides, one of the forces of having money is that you start thinking about protectin' it, and then you just less receptive to that elusive force, creativity.") At any rate, by the time his son was ready to listen, Von Freeman was away from home—and Chico was on his way to nearby Northwestern University on a math scholarship.

There, thanks in part to the high profile of NU's high-level music school, Chico's listening and thinking began to coalesce into the desire to start making music once again. Chico joined the university marching band, and began working out the creative music he was hearing with Sofi Adebayo and also Steve Colson, a classmate and pianist from New Jersey. (Colson later adopted Coltrane's spiritual name Adegoke and has become a composer/pianist of developing importance in the AACM.)

And somewhere along the line, the music began to eclipse the math. Chico thinks it was right about the time he "went past multi-dimensional calculus into the infinitives: I got to the point where, as far as the university was concerned, I had to choose a specialization. I had to choose between the practical—the kind of mathematics that would allow me to construct buildings and such—or go off into the abstract, which is more advanced and dealing with things that eventually science would catch up to."

"I think even that helped you with your music, though," interjects Von. Chico agrees, then continues:

"My choice was to go into the abstract; that intrigued me more," he says, stifling a giggle. (After all, which choice would you have *expected* from an acclaimed avant-gardist?) But the real choice came just after that, when Chico decided that parabolic cones and higher derivatives could hardly match the lure of rapidly keening semiquavers and diminished dissonances.

Chico's born-again musicianship was not looked on kindly by most of those around him, starting with the university administration: of course, that might have had something to do with Chico's modus operandi. "I knew that most of the people in the music school were better prepared than I was, so I did, like, my own individual crash course, studying on my own before I even left the math department. But when I applied to transfer, they told me that I had to wait until the next quarter, so I started just taking classes in the music school, and pretty much dropped everything else in math." This was, as administrators and counselors basted to point out, a dangerous policy since, as Chico says, "If I *hadn't* been accepted into the music school, I would have blown the whole thing."

There were others who were less than pleased. "When I went to college, I had a girlfriend, and she and her mother and everyone

trumpeted that impressed Chico: it was the music itself that hit him like a ton of cool, soft bricks. "I used to use it all the time just to meditate, to think, when I had the opportunity to get off by myself," he recalls. Without lessons, he nonetheless developed into a promising musician by the time he graduated from elementary school; but from the first day of high school, music was forced to take a back seat.

Chico Freeman, once he hit high school, was found to be reasonably gifted as well as young and black—a dubious distinction in a school system ill-equipped to nurture all those gifts fully.

"The inner city schools are a lot different than the suburban schools, the white schools," says Chico. "The suburban schools prepare kids for college, in all aspects; these kids can often learn music theory, or calculus, even before they get to college. But this wasn't offered at my high school." Yet the schools' tests showed Chico to have an uncommon aptitude for math, and he was quickly placed in an accelerated program aimed at college prep. "The program was geared at pulling us out of the inner city, with courses offered at a junior college." The resultant scheduling problems, what with commuting between high school and college prep courses, prevented the young hornman from playing with the high school band, and his playing came to a standstill. "They always felt the math was a higher priority; they didn't think the music was that important."

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were really proud of me for getting this scholarship and so forth. I came back and told them I was going into music; and the mother told her daughter she couldn't see me any more."

Von was still on tour with Trenier, but even had he been around, it seems that he would have had little input about his son's decision. Chico is a young man who knows his own mind, who opts for what seems to make the most sense to him, no matter how little sense it makes to anyone else, and then just drives right to it. "I didn't really want to talk this over with anybody, actually," remembers Chico. "I didn't feel like hearing any more negative comments concerning what I wanted to do." What's more, Chico was receiving plenty of non-verbal support from his playing with Colson, Adebayo and Fred Anderson, whom the young musicians had begun working with on a sporadic basis.

But while Chico was convinced he had made the right move, he admits it wasn't a very happy move. "Attitudes," he says simply, but the word barely expresses the difficult narrow-mindedness the new music student had to confront. Chico was at Northwestern, but his experience may not be far removed from what occurs at other conservatory-level institutions.

"As you would guess, from the impression Miles Davis left on me, I did not find appealing the big, fat, brassy, round tones of people like Clifford Brown and Lee Morgan. To the extent that I had a role model at that time, Miles was the only one—and maybe Nat Adderley, because of his tone." In other words, Chico was not trying to achieve the kind of tone considered "correct" in classical circles. "I was hearing Miles; that's how I wanted to sound."

As it turns out, I too was hearing Miles at this time; a college junior quickly becoming immersed in jazz, I found myself in a Northwestern music theory course, where I first met Chico and Steve Colson. We would talk a little jazz on the way out of class, and I remember asking other students if they had ever heard these guys' playing. The reports were not encouraging; complaints about Chico's intonation seemed particularly widespread. I have since learned to suspect such complaints; while Chico's intonation was undoubtedly *different* from that of the classical trumpeters around him, I no longer have any assurance that this made it *worse*.

"Tone was certainly my major problem," Chico continues. "My trumpet teacher at Northwestern was trying to get me to have this classical sound. And I would try, but ultimately, I just didn't hear it. So I brought him a record of Miles, and said, 'Will you listen to this? I

want you to hear why I'm having such a problem.' My technique was good, but nobody in the music school liked the way I sounded." This, of course, is not a criticism new to the Freeman family; certainly, one reason Von is so under-recorded has to do with his unorthodox sound. "Anyway, my teacher did go home and listen to the album, which incidentally had a closeup picture of Miles that showed very clearly the mouthpiece he was using.

"So the teacher came back and told me his comments on Miles—that he was a flat, out-of-tune trumpet player. That's it."

"Well, one man's in-tuneness is another man's out-of-tuneness," remarks Von.

Chico's teacher decided he'd try a little experiment, though. "He brought me a mouthpiece that looked, at least from the outside, like Miles' mouthpiece. And he let me try it for awhile, and for the first time, I could approximate the sound I wanted. It cut my range something drastic at that time—the mouthpiece had a real deep cup—and I had to work extra hard, but I was getting something close to what I wanted. And he wouldn't let me keep the mouthpiece! I think he figured that when it cut my range like that, I would get discouraged, but that didn't happen. It was an old mouthpiece—I'd never seen anything like it—and he wouldn't let me keep it."

Apparently, though, switching from math to music and maintaining individuality in the face of group trumpet pressure were still not providing enough excitement for Chico. So he became a saxophonist.

At Northwestern, music education majors must take applied classes on the various instrumental families; when he studied woodwinds, Chico had to choose among flute, clarinet and alto, and he came up with the sax. "All of a sudden"—he snaps his fingers—"I could just play this instrument. I mean, I was doing extremely well in the class with what was for me very little effort. And one of my trumpet peers who used to talk about my sound all the time said to me, 'You really can play this instrument; you ought to switch over.' I said, 'You're crazy. After all these years, and all this frustration, I'm gonna change? Please.'

"But then, at the end of the course, there was a tenor lying around, and it was spring break. I asked if I could take the tenor with me for that week, just so I could see the difference between the alto and the tenor. So I took it home, and the first day I put it in my mouth, I must have practiced ten hours straight. I played at least eight to ten hours every day that whole break, and by the end of the vacation I decided I wanted to play saxophone."

This was one decision, however, wherein Chico had to deal with his pop's two cents: Von, finally off the road and having finally recorded his first LP, had a few comments about his son's instrumental infidelity. "Chico decided to make the change, and he came in to ask me what I thought," says Von. "And I told him . . . that it would be odd." There's something about the way Von Freeman says "odd" that invests the word with an automatic sense of understatement. "I had really jumped for joy when he got in there on trumpet. Now he's saying, 'No, I think tenor is going to be where it really is,' and I say, 'You gotta be joking.'" Even Von can't keep his face straight here; the story's on the square, but it's funny. "When I saw Chico wasn't joking, I said, 'Well, if that's where it is, that's where it is. Let's go back to the drawing board.'

"You see," Von explains, "if you gonna stay in music, you can change instruments; you do anything you want to." Well, what about the matter of family pride? Young Chico following in Papa Von's footsteps? "I told him, 'Now you are really picking up the instrument

FREEMAN FAMILY SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Von Freeman

DOIN' IT RIGHT NOW—Atlantic 16
HAVE NO FEAR—Nessa N6
SERENADE & BLUES—Nessa N11

George Freeman

BIRTH SIGN—Delmark 424 (with Von Freeman)
NEW IMPROVED FUNK—Groove Merchant 519 (with Von Freeman)
INTRODUCING GEORGE FREEMAN LIVE—Giant Step Records BS 005
(with Charlie Earland)

Chico Freeman

BEYOND THE RAIN—Contemporary S7640 (with Elvin Jones)
CHICO—India Navigation IN 1031 (with Muhal Richard Abrams)
KINGS OF MALI—India Navigation IN 1035 (with Jay Hoggard)
SPIRIT SENSITIVE—India Navigation IN 1045
NO TIME LEFT—Black Saint BSR 0036 (with Jay Hoggard)

Chico Freeman as a sideman

WARRIORS—Black Saint BSR 0019 (with Don Pullen, Fred Hopkins, Bobby Battle)
MUSIC FROM THE SOURCE—Inner City IC 3023 (with Cecil McBee sextet)

that has fifty-eleven thousand people playing it.' It's not bad enough on the trumpet; but it's *billions* of saxophone players, and would-be saxophone players. Anybody who thinks they can play *anything* picks up a saxophone."

After his woodshed week on tenor, Chico's move to the ranks of saxophonists was cemented—except for a little matter of explaining all this to those in charge at Northwestern, where Chico's reputation was not exactly, shall we say, sterling. "When classes started again, I came in to the band conductor and told him I wanted to audition. He looked at me and said, 'What are you talking about? You're already in the band. Why would you want to audition?' I told him I wanted to audition on saxophone, not trumpet. Well, he was a southerner, and he had some difficulty with certain people anyway, if you know what I mean, and he was giving me problems.

"So finally I said, 'Look, man, I'm here to audition, and you're here to listen; you have the option to say yes or no. I don't think I have to stand here and listen to all the reasons you think I shouldn't do this. It's not your position or your place.' And I figured that was the end of it right there.

"But he let me audition, and based on how I performed, he had no choice but to let me in on tenor. Which he did." To the confusion and delight of the rest of the band at the first spring rehearsal.

It was about this time that Chico hooked up with Fred Hemke, the justly renowned tenor sax virtuoso and teacher at Northwestern. The just-hatched tenor saxist was still working with Fred Anderson, but he credits Hemke with keeping him together:

"At this time I was having a lot of problems in the music school, with the narrow-mindedness of the instructors. But Hemke was the first open person I met at the school, because he was involved in the avant garde, but from the classical side. And he had a very open mind for jazz music, as opposed to the condescension most other people had. While he was teaching me classical saxophone, I would bring him things to hear; he was refreshing to be around."

About this time, Von was hosting a genial jazz session a couple nights each week at Betty Lou's, a crackerbox little bar down on 87th St., and Chico ambled by one evening to sit in. It came as quite a shock. "I was doing well as a classical tenor player; I was playing a classical mouthpiece. Well, the night I sat in, Von and Clifford Jordan and some other saxophone player were all there, and I started playing, and this sound I had was so puny. . . . I just remember being wiped off the stage. Everyone else was going [Chico raises his voice], 'VOOO-VE-VOO-VOOOOO,' and I came out with [he drops to a whisper], 'Fe-de-fe-de-fe-de.' That was when I went back to Von's house and started looking through his drawers, looking at all his old mouthpieces."

Chico also studied for a while with the estimable Joe Daley, which leads Von to expound upon his theory of jazz education: "Jazz is mostly taught by doing, anyway. I think if you're around a guy that can blow, and you got any smarts at all, if you *don't* blow, that's your fault. 'Cause ain't nobody gonna tell you nothin'; he's gonna spend 50 years learnin' somethin' and then just tell you? Jazz is a secret art anyway. I tell you, I asked Ben Webster once—I loved him—I said, 'Mr. Ben, how you get that beautiful sound?' I was about 17, somethin' like that. And he says, 'You really want to know? Just get the stiffest reed you can buy.' I said, 'That's a number 5.' He said, 'Get it.' So I did. Man, I couldn't get *any* sound out of it for about three weeks. And when I finally did, it still didn't make no difference!"

It was after he graduated Northwestern that Chico figures his education really took off; it was then that Fred Anderson suggested he go downtown and talk to Mihal Richard Abrams, founder and guiding light of the AACM. The thought was new for Chico; in fact, I still remember a phone call in 1974, in which he fairly bubbled over at the prospect of joining this organization whose acquaintance he had just made, and for which he had developed so strong a respect. (Von: "They're so beautiful, because they had a *plan*, you know; very few cats around here have ever had a plan about anything.") Chico attended the AACM school, where he studied composition and advanced theory with Mihal and where, before long, he himself was teaching.

"What was important to me was the contrast," Chico remembers. "At Northwestern, there were always people trying to direct me in certain ways. At the AACM school, there was the giving of tools and the musicians sharing what they knew, and encouraging you to find your own way to do it. There, my only limits were my imagination. That was important. Plus, Von and my uncle George were keeping me up on a lot of history—and then we started to study it in the school." During this burgeoning formative period, Chico spent a lot of time hanging out at Abrams' house, listening to music and listening to Mihal.



ANDY FREEBERG/ENCORE

Von thinks there was one other important teacher at this time. "You know, Chico," he tosses in, "one of the biggest improvements I ever saw in your playing was when you had those gigs with your uncle George," concurrent with Chico's AACM studies. "I don't know what George did to him, but after a couple of gigs, it looked like Chico's playing had changed overnight!"

Chico understands. "See, I could always work with my uncle, he always treated me more as an equal." Still, one suspects this situation has less to do with Von or George than with Chico himself: pointing to Von, he comments, "This is a hell of a standard to live up to, here."

In addition to gigging, studying and teaching, Chico had enrolled by this time at Governors State University in Chicago, with the aim of gaining his masters degree; even though there's still work to be done on that, his association with GSU proved undeniably important. While there, he became part of the GSU jazz ensemble, which in 1976 would catapult him, ricochet-style, to New York. (By this time, the Japanese Trio label was already in contact with Chico about the recording of his first LP. His music had come to Trio's attention at the AACM's 10th Anniversary Festival in 1975, which attracted several key members of the international jazz press.)

In '76, the Governors State band attended the Notre Dame Jazz Festival and committed what appeared to be armed robbery. The band won five awards—two of them, for best saxist and best soloist, went to Chico Freeman—and was selected to go to Brazil on a cultural exchange program. By this time, Air (Henry Threadgill), Fred Hopkins and Steve McCall, all of them acquainted with Chico) was getting work in New York, and on the way back from Brazil Chico made one of his snap decisions to stop off and visit. That was for three days.

"The Air gig was canceled, though, and Henry wanted to return to Chicago; but he had a gig planned with Jeanne Lee, so he asked me to take it. I worked that, and it lasted a week, and the band got extended another week; in the meantime I had met trumpeter Olu Dara, and he took me to see Mickey Bass, who I sat in with, and he hired me to do a tribute they were doing the next day to Clifford Brown, Kenny Dorham and others. Then I was hired to play with Mickey every Sunday. So three days have turned into a month or two, and I haven't even got home for my stuff yet. In the meantime, I met Cecil McBee; John Stubblefield, from the AACM, was playing with him, so I went to see them and asked to sit in; and when Stub got a



gig with Nat Adderley. Cecil hired me to replace him, which was the beginning of a long friendship that continues today." From that beginning, of course, Chico's reputation has grown by leaps and bounds; stints with Sun Ra (like father, like son), Elvin Jones and his own group (Billy Hart or Don Moye on drums; John Hicks or Donald Smith on piano; McBee on bass) haven't hurt none, either.

Out of all this has come a fluid, simmering style that, at times, seems to recapture the easy looseness put forth by Charles Lloyd (on *Forest Flower*); at other times, Chico lashes out with a lid-on-the-beat purposefulness, building burning bridges from phrase to phrase. As of yet, he only rarely scales the improvisational heights attained by his older colleagues (which is, I suspect, as it should be); but there is the unmistakable sense that he is moving toward something solid and important, and in fact has already reached a significant portion of his goal. Not the least satisfying thing about his recordings are the contexts in which he has chosen to work: whether varying the material played or the instrumentation playing it, Chico seems determined to avoid the mild contempt of familiarity. It's especially interesting to note the differences between his piano quartet and his vibes quartet—the latter featuring the sparkling Jay Hoggard—and the way these settings shape the reedman's tone and ideas.

The raft of good notices Chico has received—in New York, San Francisco, Italy, Japan—have hardly gone to his head; instead, he speaks convincingly about his continued development as a musician, a communicator—but rarely, if possible, as a jazzman. Like many modern players, his deep appreciation for the breadth of musical tradition lumped under one label has made him wary of that label, and of its negative connotations for many people. And he adamantly defends his position against the counter-point that labels, when used carefully, may actually prove helpful rather than polarizing, especially for those who have neither the time nor money to freshly examine every new specimen of "music" that appears.

"You know," says Chico, "when I got to New York, all of my contemporaries weren't playing in clubs anymore, because clubs didn't want to hire them—because of the nature of the music they were playing. So the lofts began to open up—Ornette's, Sam Rivers' lofts—and the lofts were happening. Then people began to really come out and support this music; that's when the flow of critics and writers began.

"Then, and I don't know where it came from, somebody came up with this term 'loft jazz.' Not just me, but every musician who was involved in it, vehemently opposed that. The Japanese had a big thing about three months running in *Swing Journal*; when I got to Europe, there were people calling me the avant garde reed player of the loft jazz generation. And I said, 'Well, why would you call that music loft jazz? Because it's played in a loft? Is that an accurate description of the music?' We don't call jazz that's played in a club 'club jazz.' . . . A good writer doesn't even have to use the word 'jazz' in writing about my music; he can give a clear picture and clear description without ever defining it."

Chico's sensitivity about labels stems in part from some reviews, which suggest that his stylings offer a more "traditional" or "accessible" or "integrated" approach to the "avant garde." The problem has cropped up in relation to his *Spirit Sensitive* album on India Navigation: some writers, including myself, have suggested that this collection of standards is perhaps too tame. Chico argues that the labels have prompted us to expect only what the labels suggest.

"I just wanted to play these songs the way I hear them," he explains. "In a way, it's like Coltrane's *Ballads* album, which he made at the same time he was playing more experimental music. It doesn't all have to be one thing."

Actually, Chico may have met the problem most squarely last summer, when Freemans *per se* and *filis* presented a graphic illustration of the frailty of labels by touring Europe together. After all, Von has always sounded a little "out there." As he admits, "Well, I was *born* out there. Actually, I try to stay *in* there." And it is not stretching the point to say that while Chico is capable of playing both *out* there and *in* there, perhaps what he hears is a little more *in* there than some of his colleagues. Perhaps, as Chico suggests, it doesn't really matter.

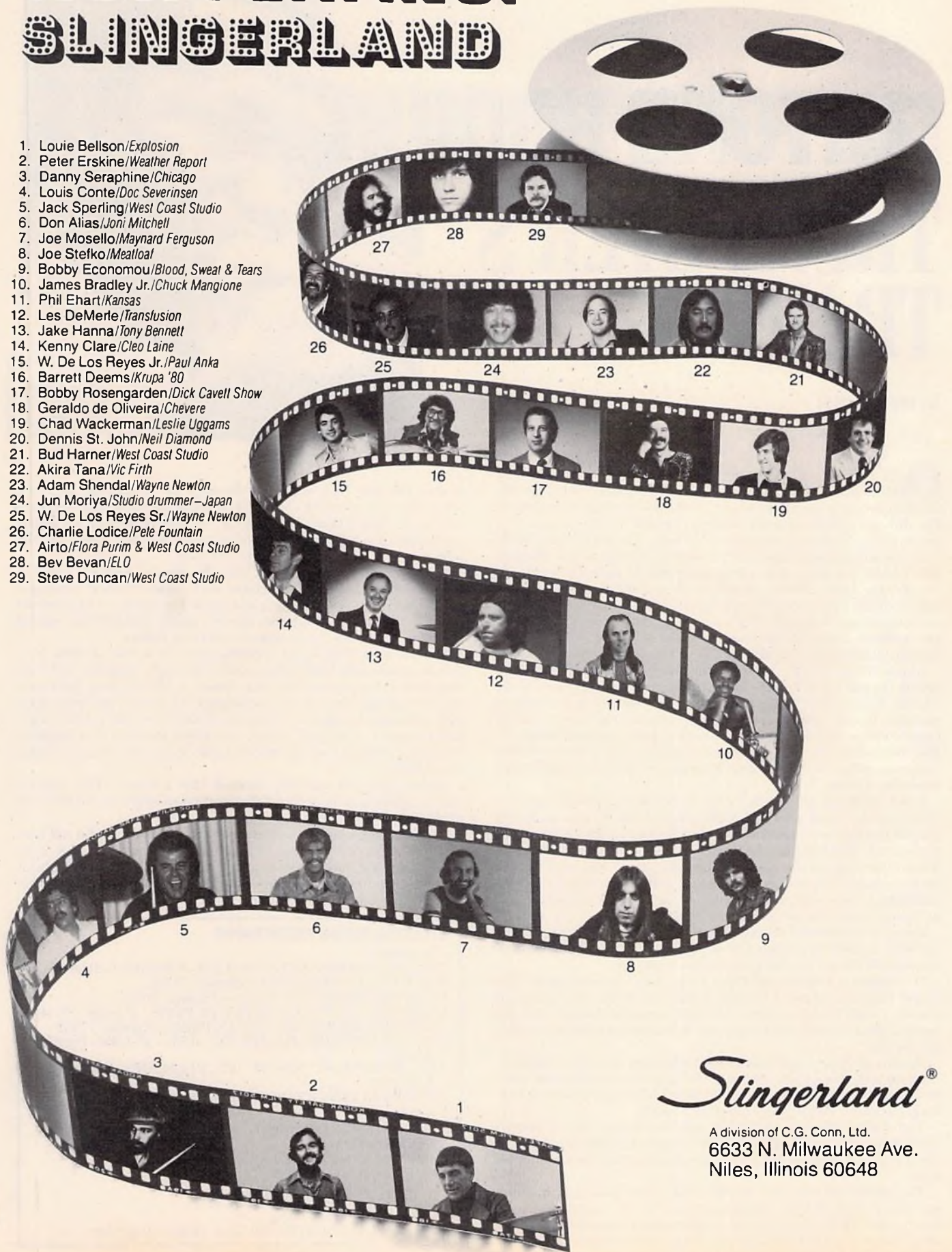
One label, I notice, there seems to be very little trouble with. It has to do with the level of quality. I was still curious about Von's reaction when Chico made the switch to saxophone; but even though he thought it "odd," Von's response was not to talk his son out of his decision, nor even to express advice. "I just told him, if he was gonna do it, he should be one of the best," says Earl Lavon Freeman.

"That's not what you said," answered Earl Freeman Jr. "You said to be the best." He is very definite about this.

"Well, so maybe I did," smiles Von.

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CLIFFORD BROWN

TRUMPETER'S TRAINING

by HOLLIE WEST



HERMAN LEONARD

Of the untold gifted trumpeters who died young and tragically, Clifford Brown is probably the one whose death seems most absurd. He did not singlemindedly destroy himself in the manner of Beiderbecke, Berigan, Berman and Navarro. Nor did he dally fatally with the tempestuous emotions of another person as Lee Morgan did. And he did not endure a long and painful illness like Joe Smith and Booker Little. Brown's death, in an automobile crash in June, 1956, came in a flash. Not yet at the peak of his performing power, he was struck down at age 25 without warning, in the flower of his brief and brilliant career. People mourned him not only because of his lustrous achievement but also for his youth and promise.

Almost a quarter of a century after his death, Brown's influence lives in the playing of Freddie Hubbard, Carmell Jones, Woody Shaw, Charles Tolliver, Randy Brecker and Tom Brown (Morgan was also a disciple). But no other trumpeter has extended the brass tradition beyond where Brown took it. His tone was luminous and broad. He had the mobility of a saxophonist and played with a tremendously audacious power in all registers. What's more, he drew from a deep reservoir of ideas.

In his autobiography, *To Be Or Not To Bop*, Dizzy Gillespie includes Brown in the small group of trumpeters whom he sees as having shaped the jazz brass tradition—Buddy Bolden, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Gillespie, Fats Navarro, Miles Davis and Brown. Reacting to the idea that Brown's career was too brief for such company, Gillespie said: "Clifford Brown was gifted. And he established a new style, a way of playing the trumpet that was a little different from what we were doing before."

Brown also attracted the attention of classical trumpeters. Gerard Schwarz, former co-principal trumpeter of the New York Philharmonic, said Brown was his favorite jazz trumpeter.

"I admired a number of things about him," Schwarz said. "His sound really got to me. I thought it was one of the most gorgeous sounds I ever heard. It was a fat, rich, beautiful sound. And the musical ideas seemed so strong to me. It seemed so right, everything that he did."

Brown's playing was a synthesis of elements from the Gillespie, Navarro and Davis styles. However, he forged these disparate parts into a highly personal approach, characterized by a percussive attack, long, circuitous phrases and a bubbly lyricism.

Two albums released in the last year, *Art Blakey: Live Messengers* (Blue Note BN-LA473-52) and *Clifford Brown And Max Roach Live At The Bee Hive* (Columbia JG 35965), demonstrate the evolution of his style.

The Blakey album, recorded in 1953, shows Brown at his most percussive (and in the company of one of the hardest driving drummers). The trumpeter's phrasing is taut and staccato. But by the time of the second recording, late 1955, Brown had become more 30 □ down beat

lyrical. He also had begun to diversify his attack and delivery, sometimes to a nonpareil degree. In an eight minute tour de force on *Hot House*, Brown brings together all the modernist elements he has assimilated. He is graceful and dulcet, grandiose and powerful. His solo is a model of virtuoso trumpet playing.

Brown, 25 when he recorded the solo, was the technical equal of any trumpeter. How did he achieve such highly finished technique when his formal brass training was limited primarily to high school lessons? The evidence suggests that his family background, natural ability and personal drive were determining factors.

Brown's sister, Rella Bray, a reading specialist in the Camden, N.J., school system, said their father was a self-taught musician and kept several instruments around their home in Wilmington, Delaware. Brown took up the bugle as a youngster. At age 12, his father took him to Robert Lowery, a Wilmington bandleader and teacher, who, like George E. Lee in St. Louis and Lloyd Reese in Los Angeles, tutored a stream of music students who eventually became recognized artists.

Lowery calls his teaching method "the Classes." The method teaches students to hear chord changes and to improvise on the basis of what they have heard.

"I didn't start him [Brown] in a book," said Lowery, who still lives and teaches in Wilmington. "I taught him how to hear. The most important thing is to be able to hear. I know lots of guys who've been to college, but they don't have what it takes to improvise. They can't hear. You've got to be able to hear things before you do them."

SELECTED BROWN DISCOGRAPHY

in print:

- THE BEGINNING AND THE END—Columbia C-32284
- BIG BAND IN PARIS/1953—Prestige 7840E
- CLIFFORD BROWN IN PARIS—Prestige 24020
- CLIFFORD BROWN QUARTET IN PARIS—Prestige 7761E
- CLIFFORD BROWN SEXTET IN PARIS—Prestige 7794F
- GIL EVANS/TADD DAMERON—ARRANGERS—Prestige 24049
- ART BLAKEY—A NIGHT AT BIRDLAND—Blue Note 81521/22E
- SONNY ROLLINS—THREE GIANTS—Prestige 7821E

out of print:

- CLIFFORD BROWN AND MAX ROACH AT BASIN STREET—Trip 5511
- BROWN & ROACH INC.—Trip 5520
- JORDU—Trip 5540
- STUDY IN BROWN—Trip 5530
- HELEN MERRILL SINGS—Trip 5526
- SARAH VAUGHAN—Trip 5501
- DINAH WASHINGTON—DINAH JAMS—Trip 5500



Max Roach, Herb Geller, Walter Benton, Joe Maini, Brown.

So early in the lessons Lowery started Brown practicing chord changes and listening to them on the piano. "The Classes' give you the freedom to execute and develop a style," Lowery explained. "It gives you a chance to know what you want to do."

After studying with Lowery for three years and playing in his mentor's dance band for a while, Brown moved on to his most important trumpet teacher, Harry Andrews, band and choral director at Howard High School (at that time the city's black secondary school).

Primarily classically oriented, Andrews had fronted a jazz band in Europe during World War II. He had also just returned from



Art Farmer, Quincy Jones, unidentified, Brown.

advanced academic work, including brass study, at the University of Michigan. Andrews was to be the force in Brown's life which many other fledgling jazzmen have encountered: the teacher who transmits the European music tradition and provides a link between the jazz and classical lines, enabling the jazzmen to use the formal techniques for his own end.

"Clifford had had some experience in a local Elks band when he came to our school," Andrews remembered. "I started him on the Prescott System, which is based on Arban's Method [for cornet]. We used the Arban book to teach the Prescott System. One of the exercises, for example, was to play 16 or 32 bars in one breath. We put a maximum of eight weeks to work on an exercise.

"I also introduced him to the non-pressure system. He had been using a lot of pressure in putting his lips to the mouthpiece. I also remember that he had an excellent embouchure. He put two-thirds of his lower lip in the mouthpiece.

"He perfected making octave jumps very early. Sometimes on certain marches in parades, he'd play an octave above the rest of the

trumpets. And he developed a very beautiful range.

"When he came to us, he was a good intermediate trumpet player. But he played the *Carnival Of Venice* as his graduation solo, and I mean he really played it. I can still remember him playing it.

"He had great drive. Many times I'd be cleaning up my desk after school and he'd stick his head in and ask if I had time for another lesson. And we'd go to it.

"After his first car accident, he couldn't play trumpet. So he switched to piano for a while, and he played very well for a guy who was just starting. I don't mean he was an Erroll Garner. One day I went by a little club where he was playing piano at a jam session. Some of his friends were playing, and he didn't want to play while I was there. He said, 'Mr. Andrews, I get so nervous when you listen to me.'

"But he was ahead of me. He knew polytonality. He played all those little grace notes. From the beginning in high school, he was very Gillespie-oriented. He took our small theory class and started developing some jazz arrangements for the band."

Andrews, who later became supervisor of music for the Wilmington public schools, said Brown used to come back after graduation for consultation on the non-pressure system.

After high school, Brown studied at Maryland State and Delaware State colleges. Some say the musical influences at both schools were minimal.

Perhaps his next significant non-jazz influence was LaRue Anderson, who was to become his wife. A music student at the University of California, she became interested in jazz for a thesis on the psychology of music. In doing research, she met Charlie Parker and Max Roach. They thought she and Brown would make excellent companions.

"They talked me into meeting him," she said. "I was at the airport when he first came to California. We hit it off right away, but I still had lots of reservations about jazz. We used to go out on the beach late at night after he'd leave the club and he would play his horn and talk to me about jazz."

His daily warm-up exercise started with an inverted whistle. He would pucker his lips inside out and whistle. Then he'd blow his mouthpiece. After an hour or so of these exercises, he would take up his trumpet.

His widow said she's written about these memories in a forthcoming biography, *Brownie's Eyes*. And she added that she has separate tapes of him playing with Charlie Parker, Sonny Stitt and Teddy Edwards that are the equal of or better than the *Bee Hive* sessions.

"He was a tremendous guy," she said. "A gentle and kind person and a fine musician. Music was his life. Before we got married, he told me that if I married him I was marrying his horn.

"Guys are always coming by the house [she still lives in Los Angeles] wanting to talk about him. Young people especially ask all kinds of questions about him. They want to know how he practiced, what kind of horn he used, if he smoked dope—all kinds of things. It was mainly their questions that influenced me to write a book. I want to show that he still lives in people's minds and hearts."

She's right. The force of his musical personality still wins devotion and respect. It can be measured not only in the number of trumpeters playing like him, but also in the regular concert tributes paid to him. His peers know his value.

ECM's THIRD STREAM BOOGALOO

by CHRIS SHERIDAN



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Manfred Eicher

Editions of Contemporary Music (ECM) has become one of the hottest properties in jazz. It has also become one of the most controversial. At presstime, it has released 156 albums, including the ten LP boxed set of *Sun Bear Concerts* by pianist Keith Jarrett. The 155th, guitarist Pat Metheny's *American Garage*, has become the first-ever jazz album to rate the *Billboard* Top 60 singles chart.

The controversy is, of course, critical. First in England, now in America, writers have attacked the "ECM sound" as winsomely ethereal. Then, recently, they noted an apparent change in company policy with the release of recordings by artists who do not fit into this cozy pattern—men like George Adams, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Old and New Dreams and Leo Smith. Recognizing the "new" type of ECM recording has come as some sort of self-congratulatory pat on the back for those who decried the "older" approach, whereas, in fact, the truth of the matter is a little more complex.

ECM began in Munich, West Germany, a decade ago as the brainchild of Karl Egger and Manfred Eicher, but it is the latter whose hand is firmly on the tiller, his name appearing on almost every liner as producer. A former violinist and producer for the world famous classical label Deutsche Grammophon, Eicher has made no secret of his motivation for ECM: "I was raised on chamber music, and I want ECM to reflect this side of jazz, rather than the rough and bombastic side. I'm interested in music that gets to you slowly, not music that hits you first time. It should tell a story, like a novel."

From the start, then, the company set out to reflect the gentler sensibilities. Its star names—Abercrombie, Burton, Corea, Jarrett, Metheny—encapsulate the method: shimmering impressionism, pastel romanticism, metaphysical song. And for every Abercrombie, there is a Bill Connors or Terje Rypdal; for Corea and Jarrett, a Richard Beirach, Steve Kuhn or Art Lande; for Burton, a Dave Friedman or Tom Van Der Geld. They are musicians whose playing is based more strongly on the harmonic rather than "free" side of the music to the extent that much of their work lies under the shadow of Coltrane, but the Coltrane of *Alabama* and *India* rather than of *Ascension*.

This is especially obvious with the few saxophone players featured until recently: Marion Brown, Dave Liebman and Jan Garbarek. All have tended towards monochromatic timbre; some have used flutes, while others have also used oboe. Trumpeters, too (Mark Isham, Enrico Rava and Kenny Wheeler), have tended to reflect the see-sawing, soft-focus playing of the scalar method. In this, ECM reflects deep traits underlying much of the jazz played by Europeans in Europe, where even the "free" players suffer from being too strongly academic. ECM's product may be the present-day equivalent of the "cool jazz" of a generation earlier: laid back, discrete, chamber-oriented, with a Third Stream basis imposed predominantly by white musicians.

Historically, the most significant independent labels have attained their distinctive personalities largely through their house

rhythm sections. The classic case—and subject of many jazz collectors' affections—was Blue Note, the bulk of whose recordings used Art Blakey or Blakey-influenced drummers, and bassists like Paul Chambers and Doug Watkins. ECM's drummers, even Jack DeJohnette, have been models of restraint, eschewing post-Elvin Jones developments, using brushes more than sticks, and cymbals more than snares. On almost one in three ECM albums there has been no drummer at all.

It is quite possible, of course, that much criticism of ECM's product stems from a Pavlovian reaction to the label's commercial successes. More significant, though, is that it remains hard to think of many albums that will be as eagerly sought after by future generations as, for example, are so many Blue Notes. I find it harder still to think of many that are particularly innovative. The poesy that cozens is also evanescent; even the rhapsodic garrulity of the *Sun Bear Concerts* is hard to distinguish from any other dozen solo Jarrett albums. It is consistent, certainly—but jazz at its best is the ringmaster of the unexpected, with all the attendant flaws.

In mid 1978, that consistency seemed up for grabs. That May, Eicher recorded the Art Ensemble of Chicago and, as their percussionist, Famoudou Don Moye, later told *Cadence* editor Bob Rusch: "We will never be an ECM group. We weren't going to be going in there dealing with whatever their thing is." Instead, the AEC spent two days rehearsing new music to take into the excellent Tonstudio Bauer in Ludwigsburg, and most

COMPARISONS

on ECM:

- DAVID HOLLAND—*Conference Of The Birds*—ECM 1027
 KEITH JARRETT—*Sun Bear Concerts*—ECM 1100
 JACK DEJOHNETTE—*New Rags*—ECM 1103
 JACK DEJOHNETTE—*New Directions*—ECM 1128
 ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO—*Nice Guys*—ECM 1126
 COLLIN WALCOTT/DON CHERRY/NANA VASCONCELOS—*Codona*—ECM 1132
 GEORGE ADAMS—*Sound Suggestions*—ECM 1141
 LEO SMITH—*Divine Love*—ECM 1143
 JOHN SURMAN—*Upon Reflection*—ECM 1148
 JACK DEJOHNETTE—*Special Edition*—ECM 1152
 OLD AND NEW DREAMS—*Old And New Dreams*—ECM 1154
 PAT METHENEY—*American Garage*—ECM 1155
 CIRCLE—*Paris Concert*—2 ECM 1018/19
 MARION BROWN—*Afternoon Of A Georgia Faun*—ECM 1004

on other labels:

- McCoy TYNER—*The Greeting* (feat. Adams)—Milestone 9085
 GEORGE ADAMS—*George Adams*—Horo HLL 101-22
 GEORGE ADAMS—*Suite For Swingers*—Horo HZ-03
 GEORGE ADAMS—*Paradise Space Shuttle*—Timeless/Muse T1322
 REGGIE WORKMAN—*Conversation* (feat. Adams)—Denon YX-7805-ND
 OLD AND NEW DREAMS—*Black Saint* BSR-0013
 LEO SMITH—*Spirit Catcher*—Nessa N-19
 ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO—*Les Stances à Sophie*—Nessa 4

of it was recorded in a single take. The result is certainly one of the quintet's finer albums—one which remains purely theirs—and I am sure their exposure on a label which has a huge and faithful following won this magnificent group new friends and was in no small way responsible for their heavy showing in the most recent **down beat** Readers, Poll. To what degree the album was programmed to provide an opener (*Ja*) which reflected ECM's more characteristic qualities is open to speculation.

But one album does not alone indicate a change in a label's policy. Eicher is swift to point out earlier apparent exceptions, notably the use of tenorman Sam Rivers on bassist Dave Holland's *Conference Of The Birds* album in 1972. "This talk of a change seems to be among the less informed critics, who haven't bothered to look at the ECM catalogue which includes, right from the beginning, many examples of 'free' music—Rivers, Circle and Anthony Braxton, among others. Therefore, I don't see any change, because I have always been interested in a wide variety."

This ignores the essential differences between the AEC's wide ranging music making and the narrower side-shoot from AACM playing which, first in Braxton, now in such as Anthony Davis, George Lewis and James Newton, reflects a definite Third Stream trend in one area of free music—a stream which, in fact, is in no way alien to the "chamber" concept which veins ECM's catalogue. ECM may well be due credit for early reflection of a trend, but they managed to do so without making any obvious or radical departure from their own apparent policy.

For a while, the AEC album stood alone in the catalogue like a huge sunflower in a petunia patch. It was a clearly defined and positive break with Eicher's early dictum that "the company records only musicians who share the company's musical philosophy," a break that Eicher does, in fact, acknowledge: "ECM reflects the changing colors of contemporary music, which is now more interesting than it was a few years ago. It's no longer just monochrome—there are different colors coming along, so I am no longer just occupied with the one color."

The next ripple came with the release of *Codona*, a Don Cherry-Collin Walcott-Nana Vasconcelos collaboration. It is an extremely attractive recording which seems to bridge the gap between the AEC and the general ECM catalogue. Yet it did attract the most serious criticism of all laid at Eicher's door: that it compromised Cherry's music. This is undoubtedly untrue, for it does reflect a particular, albeit narrow, phase in his career, the *affaire d'amour* with international folk musics, and remains essentially Cherry's album (although all three musicians receive equal billing). Any flirtation with the enigmatic shapes and sounds of impressionism that mark most ECM recordings is central to Cherry's post-Coleman development and, more important, its qualities have not faded with time.

However, the pace of "unexpected" ECM releases has now increased markedly. Half of the early '80 issues have appeared to be sufficiently difficult to fuel the suggestion that ECM has changed course. Eicher denies

this, but says, "I want to formulate, with the musicians I record, a direction that is the pulse of today, but I want to do it poetically. But the musicians still have the freedom to record whatever they want."

Although the artistic freedom of ECM artists has been questioned by critics, ECM musicians themselves state that the label has interfered with neither their music nor the makeup of their bands. (For a recent example, see letters to **down beat** by Charlie Haden and Egberto Gismonti in *Chords and Discords*, June '80.)

John Surman, the British multireed man, has waxed a solo album of staggering beauty, making intelligent and careful use of overdubbing. As one time co-leader of the raunchy S.O.S. saxophone trio, his appearance in the ECM catalogue seemed to reinforce the view that a new direction was at hand. In fact, the strong elements of English folk and baroque music evident in the performances (notably *Edges Of Illusion*, *Caitness To Kerry* and *Prelude And Rustic Dance*) fit snugly into the noted ECM tradition. However, there remains a rhythmic brawn and urgency about the music which is definitely lacking, even on many ECM albums with drummers—not enough to suggest a new label policy, but sufficient to indicate an album of lasting value.

Two albums which appeared alongside Surman's, however, have re-fueled the serious thought that Eicher's "formulation" means channeling his musicians' work in order to avoid compromising the label's approach to the music.

Sound Suggestions, by tenorist George Adams, projects a mood quite unlike any of his previous recordings—a metaphysical air that seems to cramp his innate ebullience. So deep within his shell does he appear to be that many minutes of the opening *Baba* express the favored anonymity of a Jan Garbarek session. Eicher says, "Adams was pleased with it. He played the music he wanted to play and was certainly not manipulated. But it was a problem getting everybody together [tenorist Heinz Sauer, trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, etc.] and none of them had played together before." One detail is, perhaps, significant. Adams is the type of player who responds to a piano backup which is either harmonically dense, rhythmically mobile, or both. Most of his earlier recordings, both with Mingus and later, used fellow Mingus alumnus Don Pullen, whose supercharged playing fulfilled both requirements, or McCoy Tyner, whose playing virtually defines those characteristics. Adams' playing on these albums was compellingly varied; it bustled and sang; it struck at several emotional levels. This ability has been maintained on two very recent recordings (for Japanese Denon and the Timeless/Muse label) which, incidentally, used pianists Al Dailey and Ron Burton respectively. On ECM, George was saddled with the filigree romanticism of Richard Beirach, and Adams' playing is gauzy and, emotionally, narrowly-cast. I doubt if this is coincidence and, indeed, I am sure the album will eventually be seen as an ECM session, rather than an Adams one.

In some ways, trumpeter Leo Smith's *Divine Love* album is a consummation of the ECM ethos, music essentially of peace, grace, rubato melody and apparently understated rhythm. The title track's slow building textures fulfill perfectly Eicher's demands for poetic interpretation. Smith's talent for creating labyrinthine passages from the interaction of essentially simple patterns remains undiminished and, as John Litweiler pointed out in his review (**db** Dec. '79), Leo has maintained an uncompromising direction in his explorations ever since his earliest recordings. If it seems subdued, rhythmically, in comparison with his more recent Nessa recording (*Spirit Catcher*), this may be coincidence, but it has fueled a story that Eicher insisted on a certain form of instrumentation. This he emphatically denies. "Any musician can use any instrument he likes if it fits into the context of the music and doesn't present technical problems in the studio. You only have to read his sleeve notes to know there was no pressure.

"All I do at a session is to talk to the musicians to get the best results from the date. Talking about their intentions, with everybody taking part, is important. It's not a question of watching the clock and letting the tape run; to me, that's not production."

Be that as it may, *Divine Love* remains a superb album and one of the few in the ECM catalog that is likely to become a positive influence on the subsequent course of the music.

Don Cherry's reappearance in the catalog, with the Old and New Dreams quartet, is another matter. It is a consolidation rather than an innovation, and of music which has

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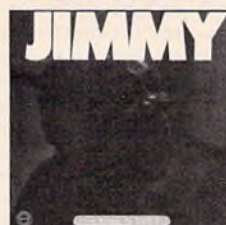
Just seven months after the September, 1960, black student sit-ins in North Carolina, Max Roach entered the recording studio with an emotional outcry on behalf of blacks in the U.S., in Africa and everywhere. "Freedom Now Suite," the long-out-of-print album on the Candid label, includes fiery, spirited performances by Abbey Lincoln, Coleman Hawkins, Booker Little and Olatunji.



He performed almost exclusively his own compositions (on Columbia's Okeh subsidiary) in an easy, bright voice that made the woe in his words seem almost uplifting. He traveled with a reel-to-reel tape recorder in the back seat while he wrote at the wheel, the songs that would be covered by artists as diverse as Elvis Presley, Otis Redding, Ruth Brown and Dean Martin. Today, he's largely forgotten, but Chuck Willis was an early R&B talent the likes of which the world will never see again.



Louis Armstrong. The world knew him as the complete entertainer. And never was he more in his element than on a stage, playing for the public he loved, respected and worked hard to please. Armstrong and the band had just returned from his celebrated, spiritually-awakening concerts in Africa in 1956 for this benefit concert in Chicago. On an album for the first time.



A free-wheeling selection performed with great, bursting joy by the incomparable Jimmy Rushing. This collection catches him with small groups, big bands, on the road, but always quite at home. Jamming with Benny Goodman, trading licks with Helen Humes and Ben Webster, backed by Brubeck, with his trusty Basie alumni... Jimmy always gets the reaction he described after one riotous performance: "We had those people jumpin'."



You can hear in these songs, taken from the album that introduced her in 1955 and a big band date in 1956, the technical perfection and rich, cavernous voice that we've come to know well. But these are restrained, lovely and grand—later, she'd become experimentally free and explosively sensual. You owe it to yourself to discover the whole woman with these early sides.



The fifth and final volume of Columbia's definitive collection, "The Lester Young Story." We find him in March, 1940, still with the Basie organization, and follow him to his last session for the label with Billie Holiday in 1941. There are many moments of long-hidden brilliance—including, as the final track, a version of "All of Me," never before released, that just about says it all.



MUSIC BY AND FOR INDIVIDUALS, ON COLUMBIA RECORDS.

RECORD REVIEWS

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

SHEILA JORDAN

SHEILA—SteepleChase SCS-1081: *Song Of Joy; Hold Out Your Hand; Lush Life; The Saga Of Harrison Crabfeathers; What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?; On Green Dolphin Street; Don't Explain; Better Than Anything; The Lady; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; Song Of Joy.*

Personnel: Jordan, vocals; Arild Andersen, bass.

When a woman is in love with someone, you can often hear it in her voice. When Sheila Jordan starts singing in her keening, foggy way, you know soon that she's in love with her music and her audience, and will not stint in giving it as it is—whole, fearless, passionate. If that weren't enough, she tells you again in her theme song penned by Billy Preston: "With every word I say/It's coming from my heart." The valiant Jordan, never one to flinch at a song of joy or pain that suits her uncategorizable style, nor one to make the tiniest compromises in her art, here goes head to head in stark duo with bassist Arild Andersen, making totally naked and vulnerable music.

As many times as I have heard Jordan sing, it has never been less than a spiritual experience and heart-to-heart communion. On record, that includes guest spots with George Russell on Riverside (the deep, thrilling *You Are My Sunshine*) and Roswell Rudd's quintet and orchestra, on Arista and JCOA respectively. Only lately has she been singing more head material of Steve Kuhn's, in appearances with his trio and on ECM, here represented by the cryptic and haunted *Saga*, a latter-day *Kindertotenlied*. Jordan's staggering melodic distillation hits hardest here on *Lady* and *Explain*, the intensity and devotion of which tell you who her first idol and influence was.

Jordan makes these tunes all her own, with personal, almost prayer-like readings on tales of personal devotion (*What Are You Doing, Explain*), ebullient celebration (*Anything*), childlike, singsong mockery (*Please*), and the close-to-home alcoholic reachings (*Hand, Lush Life*). Forget every mediocre version of the *wunderkind* Strayhorn's opus, as Sheila infuses it with rare life and pathos. Her patented scat ("day-to-to-gong"), heard only on *Hand* and *Street* here, can really make you believe in the gift of tongues. I was astonished, on my umpteenth listening to this album, to remark just how much solo space Andersen takes (over one minute on each tune on side two, except for *Better*); its effortless flow provides welcome buffer from their hand-in-glove pairings.

Listening to this record may make you wonder where this honest, sensitive yet powerful vocalist has been all these years; one hearing and you'll certainly know how she could tell Joel Siegal (in *Radio Free Jazz*, 7/79): "I have never, ever sung shit. I've never sung anything that I did not feel." —bouchard

JACK DeJOHNETTE

SPECIAL EDITION—ECM-1-1152: *One For Eric; Zoot Suite; Central Park West; India; Journey To The Twin Planet.*

Personnel: DeJohnette, drums, piano, melodica; David Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Arthur Blythe, alto saxophone; Peter Warren, bass, cello.

Jack DeJohnette's talents as a keyboardist and percussionist mark his music with a distinctive, orchestral flair. Equally at home in a variety of contexts, he fashions a multi-dimensional art, incorporating contemporary modes of expression and older, equally valid, styles.

Special Edition, DeJohnette's most recent album, is a stunning effort that emphasizes the ensemble. To be sure, there are many excellent individual contributions by the leader, saxists Blythe, Murray, and Warren, but they all grow out of an underlying group conception. New colors and timbres are continually being introduced as instrumental combinations change from piece to piece (*Eric* and *Central Park West*) as well as within individual compositions (*Suite, India, and Journey*). Consequently, the music exudes both the intimacy of a small ensemble and the power of an orchestra.

Much of *Special Edition's* impact is due to DeJohnette's bold handling of form. Frequently, the leader emphasizes textural change as much as melodic shifts. On his *Suite*, for example, the keyboardist/percussionist effectively alternates two contrasting ideas. The A passage utilizes a traditional sounding riff played by DeJohnette on melodica, Blythe on alto and Murray on tenor, over Warren's pizzicato bass ostinato. The B theme is slow and reflective, and includes long sustained tones by the horns and melodica and a mostly bowed, single-lined melody by the string instrument.

Journey and *Eric* also include dissimilar musical material. The former features swirling, abstract sounds before and after a heated jam in which Blythe and Murray duet over DeJohnette and Warren's fervent accompaniment. The latter composition, though, introduces contrast through the rhythm section's support of the two reed players. During Murray's bass clarinet improvisation, DeJohnette and Warren opt for a free-styled backing, while behind Blythe's alto saxophone passage, they switch to a swinging approach.

When faced with monothematic pieces such as John Coltrane's *India*, DeJohnette employs different combinations of instruments to sustain interest. He begins the composition on piano, but switches to drums after the thematic statement is concluded, lending the music needed textural contrast as well as creating the aura of a larger ensemble. Another Trane composition, *Central Park*

West, is arranged to avoid monotony from an ever-repeating chord progression (II-V-I in different keys). Most of the piece is stated in chorale-like, chordal fashion, with a brief, contrapuntally conceived passage at the end of each chorus. Furthermore, DeJohnette's employment of the melodica adds an atmospheric air of melancholy to the music.

Special Edition is a compelling musical experience, and will reward you time and time again.

—safane

FRANK SINATRA

TRILEGY—Reprise 3FS 2300; record one: *The Song Is You; But Not For Me; I Had The Craziest Dream; It Had To Be You; Let's Face The Music; Street Of Dreams; My Shining Hour; All Of You; More Than You Know; They All Laughed*; record two: *You And Me; Just The Way You Are; Something; MacArthur Park; New York, New York; Summer Me, Winter Me; Song Sung Blue; For The Good Times; Love Me Tender; That's What God Looks Like*; record three: *What Time Does The Next Miracle Leave; World War None; The Future; I've Been There; The Future; Song Without Words; Before The Music Ends.*

Personnel: Studio orchestras arranged and conducted by Billy May, Don Costa, Gordon Jenkins, respectively; Nelson Riddle arranged *Something*.

record one: ***** 1/2

record two: *****

record three: ***** 1/2

Certain singers are pure actors: their work all theater. Al Jolson, Ted Lewis, Tom Jones, later Judy Garland and Billie Holiday, and practically any hard rock singer come to mind. Others are completely musical in their approach, their words nothing more than notes on a staff. Anita O'Day, Al Jarreau, Flora Purim, and nearly any scat singers fall into this category. Then there is the broad middle ground of singers who bring a measure of balance between musicianship and melodrama to their work. With some the balance favors musicianship: Torme, Crosby, Ella. With others, it's the other way around: Jane Oliver, Barbra Streisand. The closer one approaches the ideal equilibrium, the closer one gets to Frank Sinatra.

One could quibble over comparisons between the Sinatra voice of 1980 vs. earlier times, but how pointless! Sinatra is no longer the boyish youth of the 1940s, nor perhaps even the chairman of the board of 1960. His sound is a smidge deeper, a little more seasoned with character lines, perhaps a bit more profound with the weight of experience. Most important, though, it is everything we would want it to be at the top of its remarkable form in 1980.

Trilogy is divided up three ways: past, present, future. Record one is vintage Sinatra by just about any standards, an exciting album. Billy May's charts cover quite a range of feeling, from the breathy intimacy of *But Not For Me*, recalling early Dorsey landmarks like *Stardust* and *I'll Never Smile Again*, to the buttoned-down, finger-snapping Las Vegas lilt of *The Song Is You* and *Street Of Dreams*, reminiscent of such LPs as *Come Fly With Me*. It's nice to hear that Sinatra is more than equal to the challenge of his own past, finding fresh nuances of detail, emphasis and tempo to probe. It is as if, after a five year absence from the recording studio, Sinatra first wants to assure us that his foundations are still secure and immutable. This will be good news for his first generation of fans, now on one side or the other of 60. As one passes from youth to old age in a changing popular culture, the things that *don't* change become particularly precious. Sinatra handles the ballads *But Not For Me, Had To Be You*

and *More Than You Know* with a special brilliance.

The Present covers '60s and '70s songs—*Love Me Tender* is the one ringer, dating back to Elvis Presley in 1956, or if you're a purist to W. W. Fosdick in 1861. It's also one of the weaker choices; its second rate lyric and rigidly folkish melody give Sinatra little to chew on, although his version is a pretty one. Also, the final tune, *God Looks*, is a bit too lugubrious for my taste, and, I think, for the Sinatra style. But such sins are fully atoned for by a masterful reading of George Harrison's *Something*. Arranged by Nelson Riddle, it is as sensitive a performance as Sinatra's ever recorded; and moreover, a quintessential example of musician and actor functioning in perfect harmony. *You And Me, Song Sung Blue* and *Just The Way* are contemporary tunes brought to the level of timeless standards here. And Sinatra takes to the more old fashioned strut of *New York, New York* with a wonderfully convincing bravado.

Record three is a noble but unsuccessful experiment. Call it a suite of original songs, even an operetta; by whatever name, it remains a collage of futuristic clichés involving space travel, technology and boring slogans ("A little love is more effective than a rifle"). Furthermore, the metered prose style of Gordon Jenkins' lyrics never develops any phonic or narrative momentum. His music rambles about with equal aimlessness, and gives the listener little to take away. After repeated listenings, I find little to recommend here.

A sheet enclosed in this three-fer package lists all personnel. Although too vast to set down here, a number of familiar names are part of the various studio orchestras, including Johnny Best, John Frosk, trumpets; Bill Watrous, Warren Covington, trombones; Phil Bodner, Al Klink, Walt Levinsky, and Wilbur Schwartz (one of Glenn Miller's original lead clarinets), reeds. But there is really only one instrument in question here—Sinatra's voice—and he plays it like the experienced master he is.

—mcdonough

GEORGE ADAMS

SOUND SUGGESTIONS—ECM-1-1141: *Baba; Imani's Dance; Stay Informed; Got Something Good For You; A Spire*.

Personnel: Adams, tenor saxophone, vocal; Heinz Sauer, tenor saxophone; Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn; Richard Beirach, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

PARADISE SPACE SHUTTLE—Timeless/Muse T1 322: *Intentions; Send In The Clowns; Metamorphosis For Mingus; Paradise Space Shuttle; City Of Peace; Invisible Funk-A-Roonie Peacock*.

Personnel: Adams, tenor saxophone, flute, vocals; Ron Burton, piano; Don Pate, bass; Al Foster, drums; Azzedin Weston, percussion.

Speaking only from personal experience, George Adams' style is an acquired taste, but once acquired it becomes a firmly established preference. Until recently, hearing George Adams meant one of three things: you had to catch him live (lately with McCoy Tyner); you had to find (and then pay for) his two Italian LP's (on Horo, *Jazz Confronto* and *Suite For Swingers*); you had to dig out the Mingus *Changes One* and *Two* sides, again. With the release of these two records Adams is finally available to his American audience. Though he comes as a leader on both, the records are vividly different—a difference stemming not only from personnel, but from approach,

style, material and over-all sound.

The ECM record is pleasant, features some nice work by the best of that label's stable, and is more mainstream than many of the ECM discs that come to mind. Adams is the leader here, though, or so it says, and he can not—should not—be described as a pleasant, mainstream saxophonist. He is jubilantly raw and delightfully abrasive; he has a wry sense of humor; he can be starkly poignant. His power needn't be underscored (or undermined) with the addition of another tenor player as it is here, especially one who sounds like an Adams devotee. (A disagreeing friend finds it challenging to decipher who is who, likening it to the Stitt-Rollins sessions. My friend, unlike myself, plays tenor.)

Whether he actually is leading this band is debatable, and creates some doubt as to his capabilities in this area. With the exception of one cut, Sauer's *Stay Informed*, Adams' sidemen seem to be directing him. They sound as if they are purposely remaining detached, ignoring his energy. We seem to hear more of them than we do of Adams, further fuzzing his distinction as leader. Only on *Informed* does the band really play with Adams (DeJohnette is especially riveting here) and the result is strong, soaring. Ironically, Adams know this and at the tune's conclusion puts in a final two cents worth of assertion.

The production is lovely, as is usually the case on an ECM offering, with one notable exception: Adams sounds like he was recorded at a distance, as if there was some trepidation as to what he might do to the equipment. The total impression of the album is that while Manfred Eicher likes and admires Adams, he was reluctant to wholly unleash him on a disc bearing the ECM label, and, as the title perhaps indicates, offered some sound and final suggestions.

Titles seem to imply more than they normally do here: *Paradise Space Shuttle* is the vehicle for George Adams. No question concerning leadership arises here; Adams is fully in charge. Although the band does not work together as a unit regularly, a feeling of musical communication among the members is readily conveyed. Whereas Manfred Eicher in all probability chose Adams' sidemen for *Suggestions*, Adams did the picking for *Paradise*, and it shows. Unlike on *Suggestions* they provide for him the needed springboard. Rather than altering his energy, they are carried by it; they are with him, not opposing him stylistically as it sometimes seems on the ECM LP. *Intentions*, the aptly titled opening tune, is a rollicking uptempo number (with a terrific solo by Burton) that sets the album's entire tone. Adams really plays on this record—he screeches and wails and blows beautifully. *Send In The Clowns* is hauntingly simple, rendered with Adams' thumbprint. *Metamorphosis For Mingus* is a loving *Changes* tribute. Adams' singular vocal style is featured on one cut here, as it is on the ECM disc. The ECM vocal, though, is disappointing: *Got Something Good For You* basically reworks *Devil Woman*, from the Mingus *Changes*. Adams plays flute and sings on *Invisible Funk-A-Roonie Peacock* on *Paradise*, and James Brown is spliced with the *Agharta* Miles Davis. Big fun. The title track, an Adams-Foster duet, is really the heart of this record, though: the somehow just-right combination of the unstructured and the calculated—what Adams does best. And on the *Shuttle*, he does it better.

—ladd

JELLY ROLL MORTON

GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STLJ-5007: *Mr. Jelly Lord; King Porter Stomp; Black Bottom Stomp; Smokehouse Blues; The Chant; Sidewalk Blues; Dead Man's Blues; Steamboat Stomp; Grandpa's Spells; Original Jelly Roll Blues; Doctor Jazz; Cannon Ball Blues; Wild Man Blues; Jungle Blues; Beale Street Blues; The Pearls; Wolverine Blues; Mr. Jelly Lord; Midnight Mama; Mr. Jelly Lord; Georgia Swing; Kansas City Stomp; Shoe Shiners Drag; Boogaboo; Shreveport Stomp; Mournful Serenade; Deep Creek; Seattle Hunch; Tank Town Bump; Jersey Joe; Smilin' The Blues Away; Turtle Twist; Load Of Coal; Strikin' Away; Blue Blood Blues; Fickle Fay Creep (Soap Suds); The Finger Breaker; Oh! Didn't He Ramble; I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say; Winnin' Boy Blues; Climax Rag; The Crave; King Porter Stomp; The Naked Dance; Mamie's Blues*.

Personnel: Morton, piano; (cut 1) New Orleans Rhythm Kings; (2) solo; (3-16) Red Hot Peppers (1926-27); (17, 18) Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Baby Dodds, drums; (19, 20) Levee Serenaders; (21-24) Red Hot Peppers (1928); (25) Omer Simeon, clarinet; Tommy Benford, drums; (26) Simeon, Benford, Geechy Fields, trombone; (27) Orchestra (1928); (28) solo; (29) Orchestra (1929); (30) Red Hot Peppers (1929); (31, 32) Barney Bigard, clarinet; Zutty Singleton, drums; (33-36) Red Hot Peppers (1930); (37) solo; (38-41) New Orleans Jazzmen; (42-45) solo.

***** / *****

Six months ago the five stars for this music would have been unequivocal despite questionable production values: here are almost all of the very great 1926-'28 Peppers available again in the U.S. after far too long an absence. But in 1979 some American stores began offering *The Complete Jelly Roll Morton, Vol. 1/2* (French RCA PM 42 405), with the best of the classic Mortons in chronological order, with alternate takes, and with the promise of more to come (see **db** Waxing On, June '80).

The import has a priceless example of Morton at work, two takes of *Original Jelly Roll Blues*. The first take is apparently a rehearsal, with weak Omer Simeon clarinet, a poor Morton solo, ensembles that stagger uncontrollably, and, for the third theme, an open horn George Mitchell cornet solo, with missed notes you'd hardly expect from this superb player. But the second take unites all the wayward elements, partly by permitting Mitchell to use his mutes; with the rhythm section together, Simeon is at his best, and the finished performance is beautifully balanced—indeed, the most beautiful of all blues performances.

It is not included in this Time-Life box. But the botched rehearsal take is included.

Morton's great reputation rests largely on his 1938 Library of Congress recordings (apparently unavailable for lease by American labels, they're sold by Swedish and Australian bootleggers), the 1923-'24 piano solos (on Milestone 47018; only the first *King Porter* is included here), and the Peppers dates that French RCA now sells. The rest of his recording career was widely variable from day to day, and since selecting from post-1928 Morton is so much a matter of personal taste, Time-Life would have served its customers better by including more of the indisputably great early piano works. But those were acoustically recorded, and this box's great selling point is the marvelous restoration job the engineer has done on the electrically recorded band sides, whatever their musical value.

There are those who believe interest in Morton lies only in his historical importance: the first great composer, the first great pianist, and so on. Actually, Morton has no historical importance at all. The New Orleans ensemble style was becoming, in others'

hands, eroded at best and an anachronism at worst by the time its greatest examples—the first three sides of this set—were waxed. The richness of Morton's art was soon abandoned in the eras of swing, big bands, 32 bar pop song material; the wealth of Morton's rhythms, melodies and forms simply had no influence on the rest of jazz, nor had he even any musical parallels apart from Ellington, who considered Morton's work crude. The pity is that there's no reason to believe that the usefulness of Morton's ideas was limited to pre-Armstrong harmonic and rhythmic principles: one wonders how the difficult course of jazz might have been smoother if Morton had enjoyed capable, sensitive followers like Don Redman had.

Morton's music was as distant from other New Orleans ensembles as from later jazz styles. Not that other post-New Orleans groups shunned Morton's structural material—Armstrong's 1927 Hot Seven, for example, certainly applied controlled stop time, breaks, varied ensemble density and roles to simpler material, in a simpler but always interesting way. Morton's procedures were infinitely subtle and balanced, as sensitive as the later Ellington to the nuances of his interpreters' styles: for all the breathtaking surprises, fast stomps like *Black Bottom* and *The Chant* and slow numbers like *Boogaboo* and *Deep Creek* move with a night follows day inevitability.

I've been listening to *Black Bottom* since the first legal LP issue in 1952, and have never been as excited as when I heard this Time-Life transfer. From bar one, the ecstasy of George Mitchell's cornet, the beauty of his tone, and the thrill of his attack (he eats up the beat), and the terrific precision of his rhythm inspire this greatest of all Morton performances. If the 1926 Peppers were the apex of the New Orleans art, then clarinetist Omer Simeon, trombonist Kid Ory, and swinging bassist John Lindsay personified the essential style—indeed, did they ever play better than in these sessions? *Smokehouse* has Morton's enduring aria-like piano half chorus amid its heavy movement; there are the clarinet trios of *Sidewalk* and *Dead Man*, the latter with fine Mitchell, and the Mitchell-charged *Steamboat* ride, and Simeon's wacky *Spells* showpiece, and the Morton-Simeon duel of *Doctor*. Mitchell's dramatic *Cannon* solo is followed by magnificent Morton piano over the horns' organ chords, beginning with an empty bar, and then the most elegant blues minuet imaginable.

The next year Johnny Dodds, subtlest and most personal of all clarinet dramatists, replaced Simeon. He is fine in *Beale* (composer Handy vanishes in this definitive Morton resetting), is the creative fulcrum of the otherwise stodgy *Pearls*, and achieves everlasting eminence in the low register in the two trio pieces. Half of *Wolverine* is solo piano, a complete performance on the song's first two strains, with a rousing chorus of climactic chords—and then Dodds begins three choruses of melodies on the trio strain, in effect an entirely new composition without loss of spirit or momentum. Miraculously, *Wolverine* is as texturally ripe as any Peppers band piece; the trio *Mr. Jelly*, while less intense, is the one wholly valuable of the three versions in this box. The two miserable Levee Serenaders cuts that follow are more important for their obscurity than their musical interest, apart from Punch Miller's cornet.

Morton's first New York session (June, 1928) featured *Georgia* with emphasis on swing, a band *Kansas* that was even better than the 1923 piano solo, the famous *Mournful*, and for a total contrast, that clever early masterpiece of soul music, *Boogaboo*. The blues *Deep Creek* is almost ideal, Paul Barnes' inspired soprano and Russell Procope's clarinet framing a piano solo that goes awry in its middle. But the next 13 cuts, including Morton's 1938 "comeback" band, vary widely in quality as the Morton style is diluted. *Jersey*, one of the better results, is an extreme example: the players, particularly trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, are quite good, but they're from Luis Russell's band, and the resulting style is brash New York dixieland—a far cry from Morton's state of grace as revealed by the Peppers. In this box's wayward selection, *Blue Blood* must stand for other fine, characteristic Morton works (especially *Ponchartrain* and *Burnin' The Iceberg*) which are omitted.

The last four selections are from that wonderful 1979 reissue *New Orleans Memories* (Commodore XFL-14942), in which *Naked* is the only failure. One needs a hard heart indeed not to be moved by Morton's playing and singing; the vigor and invention of the early piano solos, the great ensemble sharing of the Peppers and clarinet trios turn to warmth and charm as Morton recalls his youthful glories. Perhaps Morton's recording career was erratic, but the New Orleans spirit was idealized in the best performances in this box; if the set as a whole is topheavy with Morton's erratic bands, at least the buyer gets most of the greatest works. Surely no other major figure in jazz left such a legacy of excellence yet so little impact on the music's history.

—litweiler

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.

SECOND EDITION—Island 2WX 3288: *Albatross; Memories; Swan Lake; Poptones; Caveering; Socialist; Graveyard; The Suit; Bad Baby; No Birds; Chant; Radio 4.*

Personnel: John Lydon, vocals; Jah Wobble, bass; Keith Levene, guitars; Dave Crowe, drums; various band members, synthesizers.

When we last left John Lydon a.k.a. Johnny Rotten, he was fronting the controversial '70s rock band the Sex Pistols. Today, Lydon is just a part of Public Image Ltd. (PiL as they refer to themselves). Though the media is still focusing on Lydon, PiL.—both on record and during interview—comes across as an egalitarian, improvisational group emphasizing the talents of all four members.

Second Edition is the American release of PiL's second album, which was issued in England last fall as *The Metal Box*. It was, literally, an aluminum film canister which contained three 12 inch 45 r.p.m. disks. The American version is packaged conventionally as two 33 & 1/3 r.p.m. albums.

The music is, surprisingly, as far removed from the three chord rock of the Pistols as, well, the Grateful Dead's late '60s instrumental-dominated explorations such as *Dark Star* and *St. Stephen*. Structurally, this music has more in common with the trancelike music of Lamont Young, Phillip Glass and Steve Reich, as well as '70s progressive rock bands like Can, than it does with old fashioned rock 'n' roll.

In fact, PiL seems to be attempting to make music as idiosyncratic (and different from conventional rock 'n' roll) as they possibly can



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without abandoning rock instrumentation. Lyrically, the group states sentiments to that effect in *Albatross*, a ten minute dirge beginning side one. "Slow motion/ Slow motion," sings Lydon. "Getting rid of the albatross/ Sowing the seeds of discontent/ I knew you very well/ You are unbearable."

PiL incorporates a bass sound that rattles teeth. Melodies, when there are any, are strictly of the grating, down-by-the-power-plant genre. Very, uh, minimal. Levene's lead guitar repeats slightly varying riffs over and over until they bore right into the brain like the earwigs immortalized on the *Twilight Zone* over a decade ago.

Lydon still presents his inimitable *Night Of The Living Dead* vocals, though they are less electric than when he sang with the Pistols. Lyrics are now delivered at a slower, more hypnotic pace.

Most of the songs offer variations on those basic elements. According to Lydon and Levene (who were in the U.S. to talk about PiL a few months back) the band spends weeks in the studio jamming and this record is the result of the "best" of those sessions.

After listening to this album for a few hours, I start to feel like I've been in contact with bodies at a morgue. This is disturbing stuff (though my editor says he likes to listen to it while cleaning house). Lydon's horror movie lyrics, delivered in a ghoulish style, only exaggerate the dread that the music evokes alone.

Though all but three of these songs include vocals, PiL sounds more concerned with pure sound and its possibilities than most rock groups. **down beat** readers will probably find the harmonics of Levene's overdubbed guitars, along with the unorthodox mix—which emphasizes the bass and drums in the style of Jamaican "dub"—intriguing. Make no mistake though, this is a rough, raw rock album and there is little instrumental expertise evident.

Yet PiL have managed to create an emotionally and intellectually powerful record that continues to hold interest for me after several months of off and on play. —goldberg

CAM NEWTON

WELCOME ALIENS—Inner City IC 1079: *Heroic Proportions*; *Water Baby's Chant*; *In The Temple Of The Falling Leaf*; *Cumulus Waltz*; *Welcome Aliens*; *Recent Developments*; *The Theme*; *Up The River*.

Personnel: Newton, classical guitar, 12-string guitar, percussion; Jim Pepper, tenor and soprano saxophones; Mark Isham, flugelhorn, piccolo trumpet, french horn; Pat O'Hearn, fretless electric and acoustic basses; David Leslie, acoustic piano, synthesizers; Rob Thomas, violin; Doug Ness, drums; Jack Newton, percussion; Steve Koski, pedal steel guitar; Hom-Nath Upadhyaya, tabla.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Inner City has a good one in Cam Newton. His music adds a room to the House of Fusion, a sunny room, original in design and easily accessible.

The cover of *Welcome Aliens* could be a scene from a budget sci-fi flick. An eerie light illuminates a tavern in a middle class neighborhood—what's going on inside? The album's subtitle offers a clue: "Party music for the first authenticated landing." The title cut is an intense waltz, spinning like a saucer. The aliens arrive, jam with the natives, and everyone goes home happy.

This music draws you in like a positive magnetic field. Unexpected accents, shifting meters and contrapuntal complexities set it apart from fusion-as-usual. It catches your 38 □ down beat

ear as well as your feet. Newton's band's style is broad enough to include jazzy violin solos (Rob Thomas' spot in *Chant* is especially good), a searching Jim Pepper tenor sax piece (*Theme*), and some steel guitar work by Steve Koski that is not quite country and not quite Hawaiian (*Cumulus*).

The exception to the album's upbeat rule is *Recent Developments*, subtitled "Eulogy to the victims of Jonestown genocide." Its rhythms are restless, its mood manic. The piece ends abruptly, as does a newspaper account.

Newton's guitar playing is full of nice surprises. Like a jazzy John Fahey, Newton is wildly rhythmic one minute and pixilated with harmonics the next. He shares his stage with a group of musicians whose competence far outstrips their renown.

Perhaps the aliens will take a copy of this record back with them as an example of the folk music of a people living in North America in the late 20th century. There might be more representative samples, but few are more pleasing. —clark

JIM FRENCH

IF LOOKS COULD KILL—Metalanguage ML 108: *Pibcornponia*; *Lament*; *Saltarello*; *The Human Fancier's Delight*; *Nobody Knows You*; *The Maple Leaf Rag*; *Infrapatatia*; *Wolffraum*; *Looks Could Kill*; *Envelope Please*; *Horses In Trouble*; *Flag Day*; *Having A Party*; *Pillow Talk*.

Personnel: French, soprano and soprano saxophones, recorder, pibcorn, pampipe; Diamanda Galas, voice (cuts 9-14); Henry Kaiser, electric guitar (9-14).

★ ★

FRED FRITH

GUITAR SOLOS 3—Red 008: *Robert Louis Stevenson*; *Dien Da*; *Foreign Music*; *Little Missy*; *Total Babes*; *Whistling With Guitar Accompaniment*; *For A*; *Alienated Industrial Seagulls Etc.*; *Song Of River Nights*; *Should Old Arthur*; *Memories Of Hanover Lodge*; *Memories Of Willey Road*; *Ezekiel*; *Coming No. 4*.

Personnel: Henry Kaiser, guitar using standard tuning, glass slide, compressor, digital delay and volume pedal (cuts 1, 2); Chip Handy, prepared guitar (3-5); Peter Cusack, acoustic guitar, whistling (6); Keith Rowe, guitar prepared with metal, magnets and electric motor, guitar using Big Muff and MXR equalizer and volume/wah pedals (7); Fred Frith, guitar (8-10); Eugene Chadbourne, dobro (11), 12 string guitar (12); Davey Williams, guitar using eggbeater, polished stone, slave-made mortar, etc. (13); Akira Iijima, acoustic guitar (14).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FRED FRITH/ HENRY KAISER

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE—Metalanguage ML 107: *It Moves...*; *The Changing Of Names*; *It Sings*; *Believing What We Read...*; *But Does It Swing?*; *Twisted Memories Give Way To The Angry Present*; *Black Glass*; *Third Rail*; *Three Languages*.

Personnel: Frith, electric guitar, etc.; Kaiser, electric guitar, etc.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

The small independent labels Metalanguage (2639 Russell Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94705) and Red (616 South 3rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19147) are important outlets of improvised music. The musicians affiliated with these labels, free of the manipulations of corporate record making, are directly involved in the production of their music and the resulting discs are true to their intentions. All three of these recordings are excellently engineered, produced and packaged—only the music contained therein varies in quality.

Totally free improvisation should lend the listener a sense of continuity, logic and

shared experience, but Diamanda Galás' screaming and heavy breathing, featured prominently on an entire side of Jim French's *If Looks Could Kill*, are so obnoxiously obscure that she may as well be uttering her mad-house phonetics to a broken mirror. Simulations of wailing banshees, warbling operatic zombies, and the like are of no interest to those of us who cringe at the sound of a dentist's drill. Play this vile mumbo jumbo only when the neighbors annoy.

French plays folk, blues, ragtime and jazzy new music on the disc's remaining side. Exploring the resources of assorted woodwinds, he has his moments of inspiration: the soprano intonation on *Wolffraum* is impressive, as are the soprano slap-tonguing on *The Maple Leaf Rag* and the heartfelt nuances of *Nobody Knows You*. In totality, however, his record is schizophrenic.

Fred Frith's *Guitar Solos 3* is a compilation of entirely improvised pieces gleaned from the tape libraries of eight (Frith includes himself) American, Canadian, European and Japanese guitarists, each of whom is allowed roughly seven minutes solo time. The tracks are more often than not compelling and never less than intriguing; thus, this important collection begs to be investigated by all persons responsive to audacious musical directions.

Each musician has his own eccentric conceptual approach to giving sounds musical shape. Henry Kaiser, the Hendrix of free improvisation, utilizes digital delay and a volume pedal in his amplified inquiry of the guitar's possibilities; he works out interestingly harsh tonal landscapes by way of a palette of sonic colors. Keith Rowe employs the same volume modification device to soften the improvisatory attack, and his two guitars mesh in a texture maestro Robert Fripp might have created. Frith ravages his miked guitar: metallic clusters of dissonance spew forth in crazily rhythmic patterns—in Frith's scheme the plucking of a string becomes the swath of an ax, the following sound permutations its deadly vengeance. Eugene Chadbourne, on the other hand, uses a spare, spatial improvising method which allows his guitar and dobro to *sound* like a guitar and dobro, as does Akira Iijima with his meditative, neoclassical acoustic play.

Finally, Peter Cusack balances whistled melodic fragments with quiescent free guitar signatures; Chip Handy strikes a Cagean pose and Davey Williams wields an eggbeater in a surprisingly engaging manner. Hence, *Guitar Solos 3* is 55 minutes of bravura.

Don't expect any customary melodic, harmonic or rhythmic developments on the Frith/Kaiser collaboration, either. From the distorted rock of *It Moves...* to the ghostly feedback on the long (at 9:30) *Three Languages*, it's fascinating heterodox guitar music. Aside from that one cut, the numbers are short—apparently editing has been judiciously employed as a compositional tool—and there's little tedium, a frequent criticism of the idiom. Frith's string treatments—he's been known to *play* his guitars with knives, glass prisms, threaded twine, to name a few, so it's impossible to sort out the processes here—alternate or mix with electronic effects to shape futuristic textural tapestries. *With Friends Like These* is quite enjoyable, though the tape wizardry may bother free improvisation purists.

Above all, improvised music is for and of a particular moment; by all means hear

French, Frith, Kaiser, and the others (sorry, Ms. Galás) in a concert setting. —hadley

JOHNNY DYANI

WITCHDOCTOR'S SON—SteepleChase Records SCS-1098: *Heart With Minor's Face; Ntyilo, Ntyilo; Radebe; Mbiza; Eyomzi; Magwaza.*

Personnel: Dyani, bass, piano, vocal; John Tchicai, alto and soprano saxes; Dudu Pukwana, alto and tenor saxes; Alfredo do Nascimento, guitar; Lucz "Chum" Carlos de Sequaira, drums; Mohammed Al-Jabry, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

JOHNNY DYANI

SONG FOR BIKO—SteepleChase Records SCS-1109: *Wish You Sunshine; Song For Biko; Confession Of Moods; Jo'burg—New York.*

Personnel: Dyani, bass; Don Cherry cornet; Dudu Pukwana, alto sax; Makaya Ntshoko, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

JOHN TCHICAI

REAL TCHICAI—SteepleChase Records SCS-1075: *Graceful Visitor; Silent Danish Girl; Moksha Point; Monk's Mood; Bambla Jolifanti; One Way Ticket; Mirjam's Dadadance; Blue Barrer; Nothing Doing In Krakow.*

Personnel: Tchicai, alto sax; Pierre Dørge, guitar; Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

These three albums share more than overlapping personnel; they retain a common sensibility through the use of authentic folk music in both its purest strain and modified through structural formulas. This is not a reference to the folk music of such American troubadours as Woody Guthrie; in fact, the folk music of the American countryside is not at all suggested. What Dyani, Tchicai and cohorts invoke is the folk musics of South Africa (home of Dyani, Pukwana, Ntshoko, and Steve Biko, the martyred civil rights leader), Denmark (via Dørge, Pedersen and Tchicai, who is half Danish and half Congolese), South America (Nascimento and Sequaira), and the American ghetto—music which includes popular dance rhythms, simple homespun melodies, and an emotional directness which cuts through the intellect and speaks straight to the heart.

Witchdoctor's Son contains the most infectious, buoyant, gleeful music of the three records here considered. Except for brief lyric interludes (such as *Ntyilo, Ntyilo*, which is a Spanish sounding ballad sung by Dyani with Nascimento's strumming as sole accompaniment) the pieces chart various dance motifs—from the bossa verve of Pukwana's *Radebe* to the polka-like high life of Dyani's *Eyomzi*. *Magwaza* is the most blatantly "ethnic" of the cuts—a simple two chord vamp which serves as the basis for scat-like chants, polyphonic percussive clatter and fine solos from the horns—Pukwana ebullient, vocal, effervescent, and Tchicai terse, with oboeish notes squeezed out of his soprano. Indeed, the interaction between Pukwana and Tchicai's vastly differing phrase sensibilities is one of the joys of this recording, especially in *Heart With Minor's Face* and *Mbiza*, where truly individual solos are forsaken in favor of a blissfully tight, complementary counterpoint between the reedists, energized by their judiciously applied use of pitch expansion and microtonal deviation of timbre.

If Dyani's *Song For Biko* lacks some of *Witchdoctor's Son's* enthusiasm and elan, one need only refer to the title tune for a reminder of the album's intent. This is a lament, without pathos, but full of a bitter,

anguished, outspoken cry which carries over as well into the other, less elegaic compositions. There is a similarity in the simplicity of themes, which serve as springboards to the soloists—Cherry's cornet work is mellow yet surprisingly tame, and even Pukwana seems reserved and understated. *Wish You Sunshine*, spurred by Ntshoko's fluid, scatter-shot drumming is bright, with a characteristically frothy Pukwana solo, but elsewhere, most notably on the sidelong *Jo'burg-New York*, the music lacks the expanded tonal palette and emotional variety so in evidence on *Witchdoctor's Son*. Even the high strung exuberance of the '60s loft-like *Confession Of Moods* seems blustery and anti-climatic.

Tchicai's outing as leader, *Real Tchicai*, is a marvel of form and nuance which sacrifices no spontaneity or emotion. The nine compositions could be considered chamber jazz, due to the delicacy of their utterance and the intricacy of their design. Though Tchicai has retained his devious, delicious sense of pitch and individual tone from the *Witchdoctor's Son* album, he here turns away from the jamming, informal looseness of his work with Dyani (and the New York Contemporary Five of some 17 years ago) toward a tripartite contrapuntal ensemble conception which incorporates such formal devices as background vamps behind brief solos, thematic repetition, canonic phrasing in three voices, and spontaneously improvised, interlocking filigrees similar to those Brubeck and Desmond traded nearly 30 years back.

This trio obtains a wide variety of colors due to guitarist Dørge's astonishing timbral flexibility (capable of clouding the music with delicate feedback washes, puncturing Tchicai's tartness with spiky darts of single note work, or soft saxophone-like imitations) and bassist Pedersen's supple arco work. The themes are alternately boppish or moody pools of moon-reflected impressionism, and the concise yet soulful ensemble elaborations again have their roots in music of the soil—the bright sunstruck Danish landscape—which allows the trio to avoid sterility.

Though these three recordings seem far from the rhythmic and melodic concerns of "American" jazz, they are a fervent reminder of the worldwide innovation of the music, and forcefully illustrate the importance of ethnicity in jazz's evolution. —lange

BUCK HILL

THIS IS BUCK HILL—SteepleChase SCS-1095: *Tokudo; Yesterdays; Oleo; I'm Aquarius; S.M.E.; Two Chord Molly.*

Personnel: Hill, tenor sax; Kenny Barron, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It is rare, especially in jazz, when the debut leader date of a hitherto unknown musician succeeds in capturing that artist at a crucial point in his development. It is rarer yet when that recording is of a regional musician, little known outside his home, who has for decades played with a competence shared only by a handful of world-famed stars. Buck Hill is that kind of musician. A tenorman of determined self-accomplishment, Hill has long been justly celebrated in his native Washington, D.C.; but even today, despite his more than 30 years as a professional jazzman, he still remains on the fringe of public awareness.

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forced to bolster his income as a musician with other kinds of work. In 1950, Hill started carrying mail part-time, but found himself able, five years later, to get by almost exclusively on his earnings from music. His jazz career peaked in the late '50s, then hit bottom again in 1960, when the rock and roll rage inundated the Washington area. Hill returned to the Postal Service as a full-time employee, and has remained in that capacity to this day. He has, however, continued to play, and accordingly has added to his already formidable prowess.

The now 52 year old tenorman learned his art at the feet of the giants—Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Lester Young and Charlie Parker. Even more significant was his early resolution of a conflict well known to jazz hopefuls everywhere, that of developing his own stylistic identity out of a cherished hoard of assimilated learnings. Hill's sound is deep and full and furry soft at the edges, a sound carved from the totality of his life's experience with pain, frustration, joy, self-sacrifice, hope and love. His rhythmic and harmonic stance seems to suggest a growth independent of the examples set by Rollins and Coltrane, while his thoroughly conversant way with the pitfalls of spontaneity reveal nothing less than the touch of a seasoned improviser, a man at home with the best that is in him.

Hill is undoubtedly proud of his one-time protege, Billy Hart. The drummer shows appropriate gratitude by working with Barron and Williams to provide the most comfortable setting possible for this most deserving of "new arrivals." Throughout the album, the emphasis is on heartfelt swinging, with an arguable highlight being Hill's three chorus a cappella turn on the blistering *Oleo*. There are many other moments of note; now, after so many years when wide recognition seemed all but impossible, Buck Hill has finally emerged for the world to enjoy, as bristling with youthful drive as ever, and as much of a heavyweight as legend has always maintained. —sohmer

CHARLES DAVIS

DEDICATED TO TADD—West 54 WLW 8006: *Monking; Eastern Vibrations; Mexico Street; Dedicated To Tadd; Love Gods; Sir Charles.*

Personnel: Davis, baritone, tenor and soprano saxes; Tex Allen, trumpet; Clifford Adams Jr., trombone; Kenny Barron, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Inside this album's simple jacket lies some very adventurous, inventive modern mainstream jazz. The modernity extends through the colorful, persuasive compositions, imaginatively orchestrated for the three horn front line, to the superior musicianship of the players, who excel in both supportive and solo roles. Like the music of Tadd Dameron, to whom one assumes this date is dedicated, this music wins through its honesty, its beauty and its artfulness.

Davis first turned heads with his full-range baritone work on a '60s Elvin Jones-Jimmy Garrison date, and he's still a marvel, getting a gurgling, darkly tinged sound while continually coming up with the unexpected musical turn of phrase. His tenor voice can be likened to Johnny Griffin's, buoyant and medium-dark, while his soprano, on which he ekes out a thin pinched stream, could use some work. Since he plays bari on three cuts here, all is well.

40 □ down beat

Through the tunes, two noteworthy composers are in attendance. While Barron is a latter-day Bud Powell, spinning out dazzling ideas with grace and ease, and Adams is a solid trombonist with a mature, peppy tone who solos with extraordinary fluidity, Allen is another potentially major figure who remains virtually unknown to the listening public. He's a fine hornman, pushing out bustling phrases with a crackling, Brownie-like tone, and a dashing writer: *Love* and *Charles* are his, the rest are by Davis. Bassist Booker's notes ring on forever, and Hart constantly shifts the cymbal thrust to aid in these processes of tension and release.

Monking is zesty, like Thelonious dancing behind the piano, and the horns chase each other around on the line. Booker's bass is broad-beamed and interacts nicely with Hart's flickering accents, prompting new ideas from the soloists. Allen's bee-buzzing horn is fleet and Adams' solo percussive, lining up repeated statements like a row of dotted *is* to center his remarks. *Eastern* strikes a mysterious mood of action and intrigue. Behind the solos, the horns jump in to shadow, challenge or in Barron's case unfortunately obliterate the improviser.

To balance the speedy *Mexico*, a get-up-and-go blues, and *Charles*, a vamp-swinging that ends with Adams calling the angels with honey-sweet notes from high atop trombone hill, there's the lovely title track, featuring Davis' emotional reading on an arrangement evocative of Dameron. Here Barron's plentiful gifts blossom like a roseate bougainvillea on an ear-pleasing trellis for all to admire.

Yes, *Dedicated* is an ear-pleasing experience. —stewart

SAL SALVADOR

JUICY LUCY—Bee Hive BH 7009: *Opus De Funk; Daddy-O; Tune For Two; Northern Lights; Juicy Lucy; For All We Know.*

Personnel: Salvador, guitar; Billy Taylor, piano; Art Davis, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

NICK BRIGNOLA

BURN BRIGADE—Bee Hive BH 7010: *Nick Who's Blues; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Busy B's; Groovin' High; Our Delight.*

Personnel: Brignola, Ronnie Cuber, Cecil Payne, baritone saxes; Walter Davis Jr., piano; Walter Booker Jr., bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Bee Hive continues to present some of the highly talented—and much too little known—musicians to whom it has given well-deserved showcases, always shifting the sidemen and context. Salvador, who previously appeared as part of a sextet that included two horns, here can stretch out. And Brignola, who has led a two-baritone album as well as appeared twice as a sideman, here gets to voice smoothly with as many as two other baris.

Salvador, a Charlie Christian disciple, plays with a clear, warm sound. His tone can be bright, as on the uptempo tunes, or subdued, as on the blues numbers.

While his playing was charmingly pleasant on his sextet date, he plays with passionate zeal in this smaller setting. His solos not only smoothly flow, but often build to a series of climaxes, as on *Funk*, where his solo gets more note-filled as he approaches each climax.

His exuberance even sets Taylor on fire. Taylor, who got his start in the bop period Bee Hive owners Jim and Susan Neumann love so well, has become a refined pianist. But

stimulated by Salvador, his approach and ideas often get gutsy, as single note lines, octave runs and rumbling chords burst from him.

Morello, too, plays with real power, frequently displaying skillful use of the bass drum to provide contrasting rhythms. Davis' swinging solos are marred only by the thin, narrow sound imposed on the instrument by the amplification.

The tunes are nicely varied, ranging from an old ballad to the laid-back mellowness of Taylor's *Daddy-O* to the funk of Horace Silver to a medium blues and a break-neck tune, both by Salvador. This variety, plus the tight interplay from which everyone occasionally breaks free, makes this an album that is alive, and enlivening, from start to finish.

Excitement also runs through Brignola's playing on *Burn Brigade*, whether he is soloing or playing with one or both of the other baritone saxists. The blending of all three baris, which occurs on only the first and last tunes, is even more successful than the two-baritone sound of Brignola's other Bee Hive album as leader, *Baritone Madness*. The sound is lighter, yet full as with the sax section of a great big band such as Count Basie's.

Brignola hurls out notes from the bottom of his horn, although, displaying his fantastic range, he does occasionally reach into the upper register. Meanwhile Payne plays fluid lines on top in a contrasting thin tone and Cuber wails out long notes on a plane in between. Despite his full, heavy sound, Brignola dances fleetly from note to note in his busy way, playing with firm determination on fast tempos, skipping through medium tempos and gently swaying his way through the lone ballad, *Getting Sentimental*, supported only by piano and bass. On this Tommy Dorsey theme song, he alternately wails out upper notes and growls out low ones, but all the while plays with a gentle warmth.

Davis also is a fluid piano soloist, with notes busily pouring forth in a style faithful to Bud Powell.

Unfortunately, the swinging groove becomes stiff and the playing fails to ignite when Payne and Cuber solo. Cuber still retains a little of the squawkiness and awkwardness that once dominated his playing, while Payne is sometimes plodding. This latter aspect hurts a line arrangement of *Groovin' High* on which, while Brignola plays the Gillespie line, Payne plays the tune on which it was based, *Whispering*. Though Brignola swings furiously, Payne drags the mood down with his squarely phrased line. Still, this cut takes off when Brignola solos, as does every tune on the LP.

Blowing together, all three baritone players pack excitement, but beyond those arrangements only Brignola and Davis consistently create solos that burst with power. —de muth

DAVE LIEBMAN

PENDULUM—Artists House AH 8: *Pendulum; Piccadilly Lilly; Footprints.*

Personnel: Liebman, tenor and soprano saxophones; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Richard Beirach, piano; Frank Tusa, bass; Al Foster, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

It's hard not to like the best efforts of saxophonist Dave Liebman and producer/label owner John Snyder. Both are scrappy, hard working idealists with little tolerance for the cant, politicking and second rate efforts

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HOLTON 



The Little Big Horn

that pervade the record kingdom. Each has been through a lot of music and is at the peak of his powers. Liebman, one of the most ubiquitous and versatile of the post Coltrane players, has sided with a vast array of forefront folks, from Miles to Elvin, backed singers from Abbey Lincoln to Michael Franks, and participated in excellent home-grown efforts of Bob Moses and Baird Hersey (Mozown and Bent Records). And that's just on record (complete discography included in *Pendulum*).

If Liebman's work on any record is less than full throated, clearminded, and honest, I'd be curious to hear it. Snyder's track record ranges from three years of studying clarity with Creed Taylor and running the superbly conceived but commercially ill fated Horizon line for A&M, to his present venture, with two first class releases of five highly imaginative albums each a year apart and more due before November. Both Snyder and Liebman are survivors, and quality music stays alive with them.

Liebman's blowing session at Max Gordon's Village Vanguard involves five of the best young Manhattan hardcore players at top chops and feeling great. The old chums' relaxation and good vibes are evident all the way through. The tempos are bright, recording warm, with minimal chat and pat. *Pendulum* swings with a kick, creeping ominously downward over pedal F# (printed score also included).

After composer Beirach's tolling octaves and the broad theme, there follow animated, surprisingly quick five minute solos from Brecker, Beirach and Liebman. Beirach builds or lays out to maximum effect, as on Brecker's last four, in which the trumpeter slants some dramatic arpeggios alone. Beirach shifts to playful in his solo, where Tusa and Foster fit like bullseye and arrow. I like the way Liebman tosses around the melody well before leading it out.

Lilly is all tenor, Liebman charging his pretty, close-knit changes like some unholy modalist. *Footprints*, like *Four* before it, has become an anthem that players favor with rich melodic variants. Liebman punctuates the theme with low, nervous soprano moans between phrases, then erupts into a peppery, querulous statement, with Beirach needling him relentlessly. Brecker muses dreamily, then builds to some whole-tone revisions, gradually peaking with a few displacements, tapering gently. Beirach is fleet and blithe, lashing out crystal handfuls of runs and triplets, picked up on by Foster, who mindful of the theme's three fours in 6/8, blows some unhurried choruses of smart combinations. Then out, with a squabble of horns for a coda, not a minute of clapping. Let the applause for these lucid, candid statements by Liebman's stalwarts be live in your living room. —houchard

KOCHI

WISHES—Inner City IC 6021: *Auroral Flare*; *Caribbean Blue*; *La Mocha Esta Dormindo*; *Pacific Hushes*; *Electric Ephemeron*; *Alone*.

Personnel: Masabumi Kikuchi, acoustic piano, Fender Rhodes electric piano, Yamaha YC-45D organ, ARP Odyssey synthesizer, Korg Synthe-bass, biwa; Terumasa Hino, trumpet, percussion; Steve Grossman, soprano and tenor saxes; Dave Liebman, soprano sax, G flute; Reggie Lucas, electric guitar; Anthony Jackson, electric bass; Al Foster, drums; Mtume, congas.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Japanese multi-keyboardist Masabumi
42 □ down beat

Kikuchi is the prime mover behind *Wishes*, an album recorded in Japan almost four years ago. But the silent partner on Kikuchi's writings has to be the ghost of Miles Davis, a megastar in Japan whose influence is all over this session. From the long, plaintive trumpet blasts of Terumasa Hino to the six Davis alumni in support, this is Milesian music at its best . . . without Miles!

Unlike another recent Inner City import from the East Wind vaults by Masahiko Togashi, Kochi is seldom blatantly Oriental in style. Still, *Auroral Flare* opens in a manner that is distinctively Japanese: rarified conga beats and lute-like biwa gently water coloring the soundscape—before the band enters and that irrepressible electric groove is found.

From there on out, it's cooking modal jazz-rock with an emphasis on Third World polymeters by Foster and Mtume, and funky wah-wah guitar rhythmic by Lucas. *Caribbean Blue*, with organ drones and echoing trumpet calls atop a steaming rhythm section, is characteristic of the heavy Davis influence, as is *Electric Ephemeron*. Even the imagistic ECM intro to *Pacific Hushes* is resolved by rapidly heated trumpet sparks.

Grossman and Liebman are excellent when soloing or uniting for the upbeat theme to *Ephemeron*, and their voices are integral to these proceedings. Kikuchi is adept at pushing the hot pace almost by insinuation: a chord here, an organ riff there, and off Kochi goes.

But Hino is the big story on this album, and he's as turned on as any fusion trumpeter to come on the scene since Miles started laying low. Reportedly having transcribed every Miles Davis solo ever recorded, Hino has the long, sustained style trademarks down perfectly. He can also play a lot of notes when the mood hits him, as on *Ephemeron*, where he rips off some dazzling runs.

In lieu of new product from Miles himself, Hino is an exciting stand-in and Kochi compares very favorably to the best '70s Miles Davis groupings. *Wishes* is boiling with horn licks and percussion, a surprisingly powerful outing by an unknown band that is not likely to get together very often. —henschen

WAYNE SHORTER

THE SOOTHSAYER—Blue Note LT-988: *Lost*; *Angola*; *The Big Push*; *The Soothsayer*; *Lady Day*; *Valse Triste*.

Personnel: Shorter, tenor saxophone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; McCoy Tyner, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Soothsayer, recorded in 1965, is a belated addition to the albums saxophonist Wayne Shorter waxed for Blue Note in the mid '60s. Most of that music has aged very well; its unique blend of mystery and cogency is still appealing. The sounds on this disc share many of the strengths of the best of those records—attractive and distinctive compositions, well wrought arrangements and strong solo work from the decade's up and coming players, but *The Soothsayer* lacks some of the open-ended rhythmic conception that made some of them (I'd cite *Speak No Evil* and *Schizophrenia*) classics.

The main problem is the sound of the Tyner-Carter-Williams rhythm section; the trio cooks but in a way that smacks more of 1958 than 1965. The pianist shows only traces of the individuality he was developing

with Coltrane; his playing here is conservative, as it was on his Impulse trio albums of the period, and doesn't really break from the linear, bebop-oriented tradition of the '50s most of the time. Williams, too, is surprisingly tame, eschewing the sonic flareups with which he ignited Miles' band for a more strictly supportive role. Only Carter seems to let this music go where it wants to. I love the sound of a good 1958 rhythm section (and this sounds like a very good late '50s team), but that kind of approach seems alien to the concept of some of these tunes and makes them sound, unfortunately, dated.

There are, however, plenty of fine moments, and the title tune, a truncated minor blues with a dovetailing descending line, has more than its share. Spaulding jumps right in with the first solo, moderating his Birdlike fervor with humor and invention. His sound, which has sometimes struck me as uncomfortably strident, is brash without being abrasive throughout *The Soothsayer*; and his conception, angular and texturally inclined, fits the spirit of this music like a glove. His absence from records in the last decade is a sad enigma.

Shorter's spot, too, is notable, both for its emotional scope and sense of development. Wayne "Mr. Cool and Elegant" Shorter steps forward first, sculpting beautiful, carefully controlled and logical lines; the phrases gradually lengthen and build in intensity as he displays the Coltrane influence of his Jazz Messenger days. Finally he pulls out the stops and, as Wayne "Roots" Shorter, preaches with simplicity and abandon. Exemplifying the transitional character of his playing on this session, this foray provides a fascinating glimpse at aspects of Shorter's persona that rarely congeal in a single solo.

Angola bops a la Blakey, not surprising considering the fact that the saxophonist had left the Jazz Messengers only the year before. Its changes are more conventional than those of the other tunes here, and call forth Traneish Shorter as well as scalding Spaulding. *Lost*, with its rolling triple meter and voicings in fourths, evokes a mysterious mood similar to that found in Shorter's classic *Footprints*. The composer opens up with a plaintive yet lucid effort and hands the ball to Hubbard, who is, literally, lost in the changes at times. Too often throughout this disc he bails himself out of the musical predicaments that Shorter's harmonically unusual tunes present by resorting to flashy licks that don't have much relationship to what all's happening; but Hubbard came to play on this date, and the excitement and strength of his work compensate for its momentary lapses.

The remainder of the album is given to the ballad tribute *Lady Day*, to which Tyner contributes a delicate and moving statement; *The Big Push*, a medium tempo swinger which showcases Shorter the constructivist in another fine effort; and the only non-Shorter tune, his arrangement of Sibelius' *Valse Triste*. Despite the fact that Williams and Carter do some interesting things (like playing this waltz intermittently in 4/4 and suggesting a Latin touch), the *Valse* is the album's weakest cut; no one except Tyner, who ingeniously uses the melody as a bass line for his solo, seems comfortable with the changes.

In sum, *The Soothsayer*, though previously unissued, is no collection of outtakes that mistakenly found their way onto a record. It's a first rate documentation from a period

when most of these musicians were coming into their own as players, and Spaulding and Shorter have rarely sounded better. If the music doesn't always click, it still packs a punch that stings with vitality 15 years later. One can hardly expect more. —solomon

JoANNE BRACKEEN

KEYED IN—Columbia JC 36075: *Let Me Know; El Mayorazgo; Off Glimpse; Twin Dreams; Again And Always; Carmel Tea; The Grant.*
Personnel: Brackeen, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

★ ★ ★

The piano trio is perilously close to becoming a jazz relic. The living masters of the piano trio—Bill Evans and Oscar Peterson, for instance—are musicians whose ideas, however spirited, grow out of an earlier era. Contemporary trios, such as Air, tend to avoid the piano altogether. So this release, which features a piano trio of contemporary dimensions, is of special interest.

In *db's* most recent Critics Poll, Joanne Brackeen placed first in the TDWR category for acoustic piano. The reasons for her high standing are obvious from this album. Her hands are remarkably independent of one another; her playing is cleanly articulated, even in the fastest passages; her phrasing and pedal work clearly delineate her ideas. In short, Brackeen's work is technically flawless.

But while her execution is dazzling, Brackeen's ideas are derivative. Her solos sound to me like a collage of current styles: Hancock runs, Tyner fireworks, Corea ornaments and the explosive pianistics of Cecil Taylor all stand side by side. At this stage of her comparatively young career, Brackeen has shown that she can absorb and synthesize the work of others. What remains is for her to develop her own style.

Of course, this is a trio album, not a solo effort, and Brackeen's session mates play an important role. Jack DeJohnette's drumming is ever-tasteful and totally appropriate. He not only conforms to the mood of each piece but heightens it. Eddie Gomez is uniquely suited to the session, recently performing in DeJohnette's Directions and in Bill Evans' trio for several years before that. Consequently, his humming bass lines fit nicely with both piano and drums.

Superficially, the material on *Keyed In*—all penned by Brackeen—is diverse. *Let Me Know* is an almost conventional waltz; *Twin Dreams* is based on a high-powered riff in 7/4; *Again And Always* is a ballad; *Carmel Tea* is an uptempo "out" tune. But to characterize the compositions in this manner is both too easy and too misleading. In fact, there is a static quality to the material which leaves the listener hungry for variety. What is attractive about this music is not the tunes but the *playing* of them. It is encouraging to hear a piano trio so adroitly expressing current musical ideas. —clark

DEREK SMITH QUARTET

THE MAN I LOVE—Progressive 7035: *The Man I Love; Yesterdays; Topsy; There's A Small Hotel; These Foolish Things; Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea; I'm In The Mood For Love.*

Personnel: Smith, piano; Scott Hamilton, tenor sax; George Mraz, piano; Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★

For how long Scott Hamilton can continue to come up with "his best album to date" only time will tell. But by present toll, he has not yet disappointed even the most cynical of his

admirers. This session, recorded two years ago in the spring of 1978, finds Hamilton a featured sideman with Derek Smith, the gifted British mainstreamer of Tompkins-like persuasions. And while the album may be billed under Smith's name, it just as inescapably belongs to the currently favored tenorman. Spotlighted throughout, Hamilton justifies at every turn the regard with which his talents are generally held, for, although consistency itself is prized and rare, it is rarer yet among the young.

But despite expectations, this is not a conventional tenor-cum-rhythm date; too much forethought went into its planning for that. Instead, the quartet approaches each selection somewhat differently, varying the mood and texture accordingly as fancy and will direct, but yet always staying within the bounds of tradition. *The Man I Love*, for example, starts innocently enough with a soft caress by the lush duo of sax and piano, but Hamilton leaps out into doubletime, where the tempo remains for a surprisingly belligerent tenor, some crisply articulated bop piano, and a lot of well recorded bass and cymbal sounds. Similarly, *Topsy* is treated to a tenor/bass unison on top, a cappella solos on first 16s and last eights by both tenor and piano, and another first rate show by Mraz. The other selections also display imagination in their structuring, but ultimately the album's success will hinge on the forthright improvisational abilities of the principals.

There may be other Hamilton albums on the market of more recent vintage, but none that showcase him in more provocative surroundings nor in a more favorable light. Until the next one appears, though, this will have to serve as "the best to date." This is not Smith's first record either, and he can be heard on a number of other Progressives, including his own trio album, *Love For Sale*. Mraz, another house favorite, turns up on Hamilton's *The Grand Appearance*, but this is probably Hart's first session for the label. In any case, it will not be his last. —sohmer

BILLY TAYLOR

THE BILLY TAYLOR TRIO IN LIVE PERFORMANCE—Monmouth Evergreen MES/7089: *Solitude; In A Mellotone; Drop Me Off At Harlem; Caravan; Come Sunday; Satin Doll; Suite For Jazz Piano And Orchestra.*

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Freddie Waits, multiple percussion.

★ ★ ★

Billy Taylor is probably best known for his acclaimed *Jazz Alive!* commentary on National Public Radio. Through it, he has established himself as an authority on jazz history, including the music of today; he does not stop short ten years of the present, as do many historians. On this live recording, first heard on *Jazz Alive!*, Taylor demonstrates his assimilation—this time as a performer—of the varied styles he has presented and explained as a historian. The effort sounds homogeneous, although stride style, Tatumisms, gospel, Latin and swing, among other styles, all make appearances. Taylor's gestures are all musical and his technique, particularly in his right hand, is fluid. Quirks of Taylor's personal style and the weakness of his sidemen are what prevent this very good recording from being an excellent one.

Taylor's best facets are his refined taste and the technique to follow it up; his worst are turning his ideas into clichés (starting each section of his suite with a rubato introduc-



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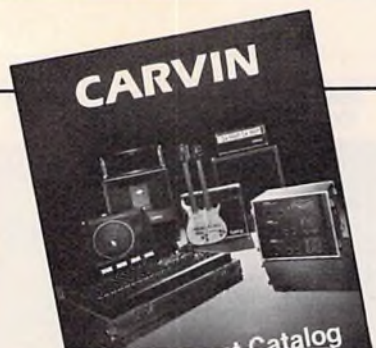
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tion, for example) and an eclecticism that is sometimes so encompassing as to approach tokenism and confusion (again, in his *Suite*, particularly in the second movement which juxtaposes gospel, modal, free and funky styles).

The first side of the recording is a medley of Ellington tunes. The second is the premiere recording of Taylor's *Suite*. In all cases, Taylor is the undisputed leader of the trio. Judging from bassist Gaskin's tendency to slip out of tune and percussionist Waits' tendency to slip out of the established rhythmic groove, Taylor's assertive qualities are necessary.

In *Drop Me Off At Harlem*, Taylor's only accompaniment is closed hi-hats on the backbeats. He bounces along in thoroughly convincing stride style, swinging naturally with a solid rhythmic feeling.

Taylor characteristically plays simple harmonizations with few unusual substitutions. On *Mellotone* his approach typifies his traditional orientation. The first time through the tune he plays almost only melody with no harmonization, letting the bass fill out the spaces. In the second chorus he improvises on the chords. Waits imitates Taylor, stressing accents. Again in *Caravan*, Waits seems to be at a loss for ideas. His recourse is to interminably tap the cymbal caps. Meanwhile, Taylor alternates heavy blocked chords with nimble, fast, singleline melodies. Gaskin plays on every beat, and the total effect is steamy.

Duke Ellington once said, "Everything we used to do in the old days had a picture. . . . The guys would be walking up Broadway after work and see this old man coming down the street, and there was the beginning of *Old Man Blues*. Everything had a picture or was descriptive of something. Always." The coquette that Ellington drew in *Satin Doll* is reduced to a rag doll by the time this trio finishes their repetitious version. Again, I think that the fault is more with the sidemen's lack of ideas than with Taylor, who comes up with quite a few good ones.

Taylor's rendition of *Come Sunday* is understated with some very affecting melodies. His linear right hand sometimes breaks out into Tatumesque flourishes, but they are appropriately adapted (that is, tamed) to fit this reflective tune.

I like the quiet side of Taylor's playing on this recording. It's as self-assured as his more animated side, and it sounds more modern. Besides sparing the listener the task (sometimes annoying) of putting on old ears to listen, it also brings Taylor's musical personality up to date. All in all, there's a lot of good music on this recording, and if you keep any kind of ears open, you'll probably enjoy it.

—guregian

LATIN PERCUSSIONISTS

DANDY'S DANDY, A LATIN AFFAIR—Latin Percussion Ventures-LPV469: *Son De La Loma*; *Ju-Ca-Nic*; *April In Paris*; *Tune Up*; *Manteca*; *Abmendra*; *Konkoina*; *Aprietala En El Rincon*.

Personnel: Felo Barrios, vocals; Sonny Bravo, piano, coro; Rene Lopez, trumpet; Angel "Cachette" Maldonado, conga, bata; Nick Marrero, timbales; Dick Meza, flute; Eddie Montalvo, conga and bata; David Perez, bass; Mario Rivera, reeds, flute; Johnny Rodriguez Jr., bongos, vibra slap; Jose Raul Santiago, bass; Alfredo De La Fe, violin.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many jazz musicians have made the decision to play disco and pop, leaving the beauty and integrity of their foundations for the

great dollar bill. Much commercial salsa is similar—gone are the folk traditions, the polyrhythms and the history, and what is left is only the thin shadow of a once pure form.

Dandy's Dandy is part of a series of alternative Latin sounds produced by Latin Percussion Ventures. In this release we are presented with a very remarkable collection of studio salsa musicians that have been given the freedom to express themselves without the disco-typical Los Anglos straight jacket.

Son De La Loma (Tune Of The Hill) is built as a classical charanga, voiced for flute and violin. Many of the historic folk forms from the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico include not only set rhythms, but also certain required ensemble voicings. This piece possesses a strange, dark, melodic beauty, with excellent acoustic bass work by David Perez. The chorus bridge, with its descending lines, adds to the simple harmonic structure. Alfredo De La Fe's violin work begins with a very conservative and controlled introduction played behind the flute and vocals. The chorus is repeated and the violin falls into an extremely aggressive solo with brisk 32nd notes plucked, and bowed jazz-blues licks.

Jo-Co-Nic is a mutual composition, the title based on the names of several band members. The repetitive bass piano figures and tempo imply the folk rhythm of a son montuno. The "melody" of this piece is in the bongo work of Johnny Rodriguez Jr. The role of the piano and bass is to create a solid harmonic wall, leaving the improvisational work to the percussionist.

The jazz standard *April In Paris* is played with traditional large ensemble voicings in the horns, but has the percussion unit playing a merengue, a rhythmic form from San Domingo. Bongos and timbales exchange fours, rather than a more classical break by jazz traps. The tenor solo by Mario Rivera moves from a gutsy, full toned style to a lighter, more playful mood, giving the composition both depth and humor.

Many times the piano lines here are restricted to simple two chord vamps and octave runs. But in the Miles Davis piece *Tune Up*, Sonny Bravo proves that he is a complete pianist. The essence of bop, swing and classical styles emerge from his touch, and his sense of phrasing is impeccable.

The traditions of Latin music, like those of jazz, are the foundations of many of our present day pop forms. It is so refreshing to hear these sounds, for like most great music they come from the needs of heart, not the wallet.

—sparrow

ANTHONY DAVIS/ JAMES NEWTON QUARTET

HIDDEN VOICES—India Navigation IN1041: *Forever Charles*; *Hocket In The Pocket*; *Past Lives*; *Crystal Texts Set 1*, *Pre A-Reflexion*; *Sudden Death*.

Personnel: Davis, piano; Newton, flute; Rick Rozie, bass; Pheeroan Ak Laff, drums; George Lewis, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ★

ANTHONY DAVIS

OF BLUES AND DREAMS—Sackville 3020: *Of Blues And Dreams*; *Lethes*; *Graef*; *Madame Xola*; *Estraven*.

Personnel: Davis, piano; Leroy Jenkins, violin; Pheeroan Ak Laff, drums; Abdul Wadud, cello.

★ ★ ★ ★

Davis is a young, Yale-educated pianist with a formidable technique and impeccable avant garde credentials, including sessions with

Leo Smith, Marion Brown, Oliver Lake and others. His solo debut, *Song For The Old World* (on India Navigation), featured vibist Jay Hoggard and drummer Ed Blackwell in a contemporary retrospective of roots and traditions, drawing on elements of Ellington and Monk as well as Third World sources. Here in his collaboration with flutist James Newton, *Hidden Voices*, and his programmatic date with violinist Leroy Jenkins and cellist Abdul Wadud, *Of Blues And Dreams*, Davis abandons regular tempos and harmonic progressions for a freely structured, frequently atonal approach to "chamber jazz."

In this rarefied atmosphere of introspection and reverie, Davis in his more astringent moments suggest an airier Cecil Taylor, and his romantic moods propose a down to earth Keith Jarrett. Newton's bright flute tones and George Lewis' burlesque tromboning lend *Hidden Voices* an open orchestral texture; *Of Blues And Dreams* is by contrast more involuted and abstruse, with Jenkins and Wadud echoing Davis' spiky melancholy to evoke surrealistic mindscapes.

The perky theme of Newton's *Forever Charles* provides an invitingly accessible introduction to *Hidden Voices*, as Newton tootles and Lewis chortles over Davis' flowery accompaniment. The terrain becomes progressively more recondite through the herky-jerky *Hocket* and the hauntingly ruminative *Past Lives*, where Newton's searching flute vocalisms build to a prolonged ensemble trill that releases into a dream-sweet pastorate.

Crystal Texts is a classically inflected collage which occasionally recalls Hindemith in its angular expressionism. The complex, elegiac composition dissolves into a swirling eddy of dissonance that resolves in a crystalline Davis solo replete with high tremulous glisses and arpeggios. *Sudden Death* is an agitated frenzy of percussive voicings that showcases Davis' Cecilish rumblings and Newton's breakneck flurries over the flexi-rhythms of bassist Rick Rozie and drummer Pheeroan Ak Laff.

Of Blues And Dreams is largely given over to a suite in three movements based on the fantasy writings of Davis' wife, Deborah Atherton. The title track, a neo-romantic rhapsody in somber hues, sets the stage for a voyage to the planet *Lethe*, whose gray mists and phosphorescent waters are conjured up by the swirling, ominous interplay of violin and cello over Davis' brooding piano. An eerie, insistent vamp erupts from amid the fog before unraveling into controlled cacophony, whereupon the ensemble descends to the frightening depths of *Graef*, a forbidden drug which foretells the user's death. Jenkins and Wadud supply an appropriately schizoid scenario with pregnant silences that abruptly explode into chilling tone rows and cluster chords.

The suite concludes with the journey of Atherton's protagonist, *Madame Xola*, through her interplanetary travails. The lengthy, morose exposition fuses jumpy omni-rhythms with a dark Schoenbergian serialism, until at last Jenkins breaks into a nostalgic swing lament that Stuff Smith might have appreciated. The final *Estraven* is a canon inspired by an Ursula Le Guin novel, reiterating a fragmentary motif in fugal fashion. Ak Laff's brief staccato solo reflects the percussive intelligence he displays throughout the two albums, feinting and jabbing in time to the quirky thrusts of the music. Davis' style—now obscure and arid,

now poignant and sentimental—will not please everyone, but his technical depth and broad vision mark him as an important new talent. —birnbaum

CHICK COREA and HERBIE HANCOCK

COREA/HANCOCK—Polydor PD-2-6238: *Homecoming*; *Ostinato*; *Bouquet*; *Maiden Voyage*; *La Fiesta*.

Personnel: Corea, Hancock, acoustic pianos.

★ ★ ★ ½

RICHARD SUSSMAN

TRIBUTARIES—Inner City IC 1068: *Tributaries*; *Empty Shells*; *Academy Of Love*; *Breakout*; *Night Song*; *Scared Rabbits*; *Córdoba*.

Personnel: Sussman, acoustic piano, Fender Rhodes electric piano, Mini-Moog synthesizer, Hohner Clavinet; Andy Laverne, acoustic piano, Fender Rhodes electric piano, Mini-Moog synthesizer, ARP Omni synthesizer; Bob Moses, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

The first of these albums is the second twofer spinoff from the Corea-Hancock acoustic piano tour of '78. The first recordings of this tour, *An Evening With Herbie Hancock And Chick Corea*, can be found on Columbia PC2 35663. As the db review of that release noted, Hancock and Corea brought their "conservatory sides" to the fore for these concerts, and this observation also holds true for this Polydor package, culled from tapes recorded during at least five separate concerts.

Corea's *Homecoming* points up the strengths and weaknesses of these cuts. Whether the idiom is Chopin, Debussy or Bartok, both players have virtuosic technique, an attribute which those familiar only with the electronic

work of these players might have imperfectly realized. Corea's rippling arpeggios, Hancock's forceful bass lines, and both players' clear tone and bravura trills leave no doubt that these men haven't forgotten their Hanon and Beringer. There's plenty of rhythmic call and response and good natured one-upmanship throughout. And there's also a good measure of shucking as Chick and Herbie strum, plunk, drum and otherwise mess with their instruments, much to the delight of their audience. (At one point even Corea's mock war cry draws applause.)

Tellingly, the most cohesive of these pieces is the brief *Ostinato* from Bartok's *Mikrokosmos For Two Pianos, Four Hands*. Bartok's pounding, taut chords and irregular rhythms point up the general percussive direction of these concerts. Unfortunately, when working in larger forms both pianists tend to meander. *The Hook*, composed on the tour, sounds cluttered. Moonlit chords a la Debussy lead into strummed, rattled and thumped extramusical interludes, followed by a slow, trance-like section that conveys the distracting sensation of two speakers interrupting each other in midsentence to complete each other's thought. This *Dueling Steinways* effect continues into these composers' signature songs, *Maiden Voyage* and *La Fiesta*. (Incidentally, alternate versions of these pieces, along with *Homecoming*, are present on the Columbia recordings of this tour.)

An exception to this symbiotic clatter is Corea's solo piece, *Bouquet*. Starting as a pastoral in pastels, all its sweetness and light as Corea again confirms his mastery of the lyrical ebb and flow. A delicate, introspective section gives way to blues licks, buzzing runs,



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then Corea's familiar Spanish tinge. Regrettably, whole chunks of this release lack Corea's brand of coherence. These artists' compulsion to make something—anything—happen in extended forms and their impulse toward outplaying each other often lead to pyrotechnics and pure grandstanding rather than concentrated musical development.

Suppose Corea and Hancock had lugged their electronic keyboards along on this tour? The result might have sounded similar to Richard Sussman's and Andy Laverne's multi-keyboard experimentation. Like Corea and Hancock, Sussman and Laverne are seasoned acoustic keyboardists. Sussman has gigged with Lionel Hampton and Lee Konitz; Laverne has worked with Stan Getz, Ted Curson and the Brecker Brothers.

Tributaries reportedly began when Laverne introduced Sussman to the Mini-Moog. Adding some other standard keyboard electronics and drummer Bob Moses to punch things up resulted in this sometimes genuinely imaginative blend. By working with short form pieces and exploiting a variety of electro-acoustic resources, Sussman sidesteps the problems of extended musical development and timbral uniformity inherent in the Corea-Hancock acoustic set up.

Additionally, Sussman's ensemble returns us to the conventional foreground-background musical format. The rockish *Tributaries* features Sussman on Mini-Moog, working a heavily modulated flute patch, which, when dropped down several octaves, melts into a pleasing tuba-like sonority to back Laverne's kinky acoustic solo.

Scared Rabbits has a head reminiscent of Trane's *Moment's Notice* and boasts tight ensemble work and Laverne's wide open synth soloing. Sussman's intense acoustic lines serve notice that he's a musician first, a creator of electronic ensembles second. Other interesting blends on this smorgasbord of electronics include Sussman's kazoo-like Moog on *Córdoba* and tons of electro-funk twangs on the disco-flavored *Breakout*.

Finally, the obliquely Latin *Night Song* returns us to the world of the purely acoustic. But, unlike Hancock and Corea, Sussman and Laverne clearly delineate foreground and background, working in full, yet restrained textures, and sustaining this album's mood of cooperative interplay.

—balleras

ELVIS COSTELLO and the ATTRACTIONS

GET HAPPY!!—Columbia JC 36347: *I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down*; *Black And White World*; *Five Gears In Reverse*; *B Movie*; *Motel Matches*; *Human Touch*; *Beaten To The Punch*; *Temptations*; *I Stand Accused*; *Riot Act*; *Love For Tender*; *Opportunity*; *The Imposter*; *Secondary Modern*; *King Horse*; *Possession*; *Man Called Uncle*; *Clowntime Is Over*; *New Amsterdam*; *High Fidelity*.

Personnel: Costello, vocals, guitar; Steve Naive, keyboards; Bruce Thomas, bass; Pete Thomas, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many listeners heard *What's So Funny 'Bout* *Peace*, *Love And Understanding*, the closing tune of Elvis Costello's *Armed Forces*, as a cynical joke. *The Rolling Stone Record Guide* says of Costello that "His coldness is his only drawback." But *Get Happy!!*, Costello's fourth LP, makes clear that his asserted themes of "hate, guilt and revenge" are just surface symptoms of the romantic passion at the broken heart of his music. It's a twice-shy kind of love of which Elvis sings; burned by

46 □ down beat

love on *Human Touch*, he tells his lover "You can't feel," while on *High Fidelity* his oft-repeated question is "Can you hear me?"

It's tempting to consider *Get Happy!!* as a whole work, much like one can read a series of Charles Bukowski short stories as a novel. This album, however, presents 20 different songs, 18 of them Costello originals, and each tune has its own memorable hook. Drums dominate; the guitar is used for rhythmic chording, never solos, and Naive's keyboards mostly offer bouncy fills to counterpoint Costello's vocals. Elvis knows how to use his limited voice, singing ahead of the beat and whipping a tune like *Beaten To The Punch* to a frenzy.

The best numbers, as usual, have a *deja vu* quality. The anguished ballad *Motel Matches* must have played on the jukeboxes of country taverns years ago. Sounding like a Phil Spector submissive, Elvis pleads, as proof of his love, that his woman read him the *Riot Act*. The LP's closer, *High Fidelity*, comes on like macho Motown. Tops in my book is the cover of *I Stand Accused*. Taken at a frantic pace, with energized organ, a hot, unexpected harmonica break, and claims of guilt, it fits Elvis like a bondage suit. Small delights throughout: deranged yelps closing *Punch*; the "tenderness and brute force" refrain of *King Horse*; Elvis trading phrases with himself on *Black And White World*, creating new wave call-and-response.

The sheer number of songs causes a slight blur, but each tune achieves an identity after a few listenings. Addition of some instrumental solos would make the songs more complete. Another problem is producer Nick Lowe's mix, which often obscures lyrics—and Costello is one of the few rockers who wouldn't be often embarrassed by a lyrics sheet.

Elvis is still waiting for the end of the world (who isn't?) and would like some refuge while waiting. On *Riot Act* he seems to flee his own persona, singing, "With all this dum-dum insolence/ I would be happier with amnesia." The singer's brutish public image is also contradicted by Bebe Buell, girlfriend to rock stars, in a recent *Oui* interview. "Elvis never puts me down," she said. "He was probably the most romantic thing that ever happened to me." His may be a suspicious, guarded romance for a new world. But as the corpses of countless punk and new wave rock bands show, anger will only carry an artist a short way. Even though he's loath to show it, Elvis Costello is a romantic, and that's the soul of his music.

—carman

DAVID SANBORN

HIDEAWAY—Warner Bros. BSK 3379: *Hideaway*; *Carly's Song*; *Anything You Want*; *Lisa*; *If You Would Be Mine*; *Creeper*; *Again An Again*.

Personnel: Sanborn, saxophones, keyboards; Hiram Bullock, guitar (cut 2); David Spinozza, guitar (3-5, 7); Waddy Wachtel, Danny Kortchmar, guitars (6); Michael Manieri, vibes, marimba, bass marimba (2); Don Grönick, keyboards (2, 3, 6, 7); Rob Mounsey, electric piano (5); Michael Colina, keyboards, string arrangements, production; Neil Jason, bass (1, 3-5, 7); Marcus Miller, bass (2); John Evans, bass (6); Steve Gadd, drums (1, 3-5, 7); Rick Marotta, drums (2, 6); Ralph MacDonald, percussion (1, 2, 4), congas (5); Ray Badami, percussion (3, 5-7); Jody Linscott, congas, percussion (3, 4, 6, 7); James Taylor, Arnold McMuller, Davis Lasley, background vocals (3).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

There can be little doubt that David Sanborn is one of today's outstanding instrumentalists in both jazz and pop. His neon sax

sound has illuminated countless albums. His breaks, licks, short solos and, perhaps most of all, his obligatos have challenged otherwise ordinary records, and his presence alone on a given album's endless credit list of session musicians assures the date against anonymity.

But after *Hideaway*, his fourth album as a leader, some doubt still persists as to whether Sanborn is capable of creating a truly great album of his own. Turning Shaw's famous comment on Wagner around, one could define Sanborn's problem, perhaps, by saying that he is not as good as he sounds.

On one hand, Sanborn's penetrating, yet satiny sensuous and romantically evocative alto sax comes through in all its glory stating and caressing such melodic themes as *Carly's Song* and *If You Would Be Mine*. His sinewy, zigzagging rock sax is as kicking and exciting as ever on the title cut and *Creeper*.

On the other hand, once Sanborn is done presenting the theme of each of the seven tracks, he loses all momentum and plunges ahead down one artistic blind street after another. Forcing himself, perhaps unimaginatively, perhaps ambitiously, into a jazz improvising role and backed by only a rhythm group, he exposes himself to the accusation that extended improvisation is not one of his talents. His solos lack shape and direction, and he does not know how to generate tension from his considerable rhythmic drive. His improvisations amount to a string of repetitive licks (his blasting exit on the title track, though, is a pearl).

For his next album David Sanborn needs to redefine his talent in order to capitalize on his strengths. Like another great melodist and impressionistic player, David Newman—surely an immediate influence—Sanborn has to concentrate on his hallucinatory sound, ear for colorizations and swinging rhythmic sense. That is best done with highly structured and carefully arranged material.

—gabel

VINNY GOLIA

OPENHEARTED—Nine Winds 0102: *Alone*; #14: *The Happy . . .*; *Pulse*; *The Presence*; *Dance for O.C.*

Personnel: Golia, Bb, alto, and bass clarinets, soprano, tenor and baritone saxophones, flute, alto flute; Baikida Carroll, trumpet, flugelhorn; Alex Cline, drums, percussion; Nels Cline, electric six and 12 string guitars, six-string acoustic guitar; Roberto Miranda, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

The second album by Vinny Golia as leader of his own group shows all the signs of the evolution of a unique voice in jazz. Although Vinny has listened to the avant gardists of the day, has played on their recordings and appeared with many of them (most notably Anthony Braxton), Golia is clearly etching out a definitive path for himself.

On *Openhearted* he and his associates offer a splendid example of pure empathy and understanding, for the music and for each other. This is very well demonstrated in the opening track, *Alone*, where the interweaving of the soprano sax and Baikida Carroll's pensive trumpet, with the unobtrusive but firm percussion support, create a perfect symbiosis. A chase ensues between trumpet and saxophone, pointing up the players' inherent ability to be at odds while together. Miranda's strong bass lines are constantly buffeting some totally wild exchanges between the horns, in which there are moments of sheer modern classical artistry—but always

that cohesiveness.

Vinny Golia is a soft spoken man, in complete contrast to his music, which is sometimes harsh and ear splitting, always interesting, often melodic, mostly forceful and attention riveting. Since he has chosen to utilize almost the entire range of reed instruments in a single album, there are obviously some small flaws; but the overall effect is one of careful consideration to detail, a fervent desire to display and share his personal musical discoveries, and a sense of communication that is irresistible.

For example, on *Pulse* the drum rolls and baritone grumbings come in like a storm at sea, with the cymbals as crashing waves, and a trumpet turbulence soaring above. Suddenly—peace, calm . . . and the storm fades off into the distance. A sound picture!

This is followed by *The Presence*, which has Vinny on flute, skittering in and out and around the arco bass; there are subtle percussion interjections and a beautiful muted trumpet from the elegant Carroll—the two forefront instruments coming into unison with just a heartbeat behind them . . . and once more moving away from each other, searching different stratospheres. Vinny's flute tone on this is clear and pure. There is a restatement of the theme by Golia and Carroll, closing out with a single sonorous bass note.

#14 is one of the three tracks in which the guitar adds its voice. Playing acoustic six-string, Nels Cline uses his instrument sparingly, just as another thread in a finely woven fabric—one not often repeated, yet important to the finished article. He is heard

from again—barely—employing his electric six-string guitar, in *Dance For O.C.*, which features Golia on a not too well recorded alto clarinet. However, his tone is full and clear.

A more conventional jazz line-up is presented on *The Happy*, with Vinny on tenor sax and Carroll on trumpet. The piece opens with a recognizable theme. What is most noticeable here is the way each man consorts with the others—in duets, trios and quartets, as well as in their own solos. Golia is at his most screamingly expressive.

This multi-instrumentalist and adventurous composer shows great sensitivity for this kind of work, and is always in control of his instruments and the composition.

One final word regarding the rest of these fine musicians. In a review of his first album, *Spirits In Fellowship* (db, November 1979), Golia is commended for "finding three such compatible, creative colleagues." Two of these three appear again: Alex Cline and Roberto Miranda. The substitution of Baikida Carroll on trumpet for John Carter (clarinet) works well, giving a different coloration; and the albeit slight addition of Nels Cline's guitar provides yet another dimension to this already multi-layered music. —nemko-graham

CONLON NANCARROW

COMPLETE STUDIES FOR PLAYER PIANO,
VOLUME TWO—1750 Arch Records S-1777:
*Studies No. 5, 6, 14, 22, 26, 31, 35, 4, 32, 37, 40a,
40b.*

In the early years of this century, player pianos enjoyed quite a vogue. Not only were they found in many middle class households,

but they were also used to capture the performances of such virtuosos as Rachmaninoff, Friedman, Cortot and Lhevinne at a time when phonograph recording was still in its infancy. In those days, it was not uncommon for symphony orchestras to play concertos with a reproducing piano as the soloist.

Eventually, of course, the player piano was overshadowed by the phonograph. But the idea of live keyboard reproduction did not die. It lives on in the work of Conlon Nancarrow, who, for the past 30 years, has written his music exclusively for one or more player pianos. Patiently punching his rolls with a hand operated machine, Nancarrow has amassed a body of work that is truly unique.

Judging by this album, however, Nancarrow's *Studies* vary greatly in terms of musical value. The more sophisticated a study is structurally, it seems, the less interesting it is musically. For example, *Study #35*, though quite complex, exhibits an apparent lack of premeditation that accounts for much of its charm. In contrast, the more highly structured *Study #37* is so rigorously planned out that it has no soul.

Like nearly all of the studies from #14 on, #37 is a strict canon. But it is hard to perceive it as one, since each of its several voices proceeds at a different tempo. Following a scheme that was first proposed by Henry Cowell, Nancarrow chose tempo ratios that are analogous to the pitch ratios of the 12 tone scale in just intonation.

After the first few studies in numerical order, the simultaneous use of different tempos increasingly dominates the poly-

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phonic texture of these works; and, as a result, Nancarrow's style grows more impressionistic. Except in *Study #26*, which is a seven part canon consisting entirely of whole notes, few chords contain more than two or three different tones, because the various voices are always slightly out of sync with each other.

While some interesting composite melodies result from the out-of-phase parts, they are considerably different from the composite melodies which one hears in gamelan music or the gamelan-influenced work of Steve Reich. At relatively slow tempos the polyphonic combinations keep changing, so that the parts are never aligned the same way more than once. And where the tempos are faster, as in *Studies #40a* and *#40b*, the rapid alternation of the speeded-up voices produces bizarre textural effects that have little to do with concepts like "melody" and "harmony." In fact, these pieces actually alter the sound of the instrument: although the composer did not prepare his Ampico reproducing pianos, the effect of performing complex figurations much faster than any human can play (or hear) is to transform the piano's sound into something that strongly recalls electronic music.

According to the liner notes, Nancarrow turned to the player piano because he was dissatisfied with the limitations of human performers. Ironically, however, the greatest marvel of player pianos is that they are able to reproduce all the nuances of a recorded performance—and this is precisely what Nancarrow has never been able to do with his hand-puncher. The dynamic range of his music is very narrow, and, even where he manages to suggest rubato through the clever use of polyrhythms, it is a far cry from the rubato of a Cortot or a Rubinstein.

In the early '50s, when Nancarrow was perfecting his unusual technique down in Mexico City, Kurt Vonnegut published a novel called *Player Piano*. The theme of this book was that humans would make themselves obsolete if they continued to build machines that could take over more and more of their work. Nancarrow's music seems to express a related concern; but in too much of his work, the machine has already taken over. —Terry

BAIKIDA CARROLL

THE SPOKEN WORD—Hat Hut M/N: *The Spoken Word I; The Spoken Word II; Third Image; Rites And Rituals; Double Rainbow Forest.*

Personnel: Carroll, trumpet, prepared trumpet, flugelhorn, miscellaneous electronics.

★ ★ ½

From St. Louis' Black Artists Group, with the endorsement of Julius Hemphill—one of BAG's most important representatives in the new music firmament—Baikida Carroll puts forth a four-sided affair of solo flugelhorn, trumpet, and "prepared" trumpet. "Prepared" is both the rub and the necessity; in solo settings brass is in need of something special to overcome its natural limitations. Without that "something" to flavor the metallic sound, all ventures such as this one amount to nothing more than musical overkill.

In attempting such a project Carroll has placed himself at a level of comparison with some audaciously creative brassmen. These brave few have attacked the limited sonority of brass in some ingenious ways; from Carroll's home town, fellow trumpeter Lester

Bowie has adopted vocal embellishments that splatter and spray his horn's sounds as if he were spitting them out. Trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff has taken to singing along with the melodic line while he plays it, a technique which actually produces chords, something quite foreign to the metal horn. Trombonist George Lewis has extended the appeal of brass through his awesome mastery of traditional technique, and, as in the case of Carroll's project, hefty sprinklings of miscellaneous electronica.

Carroll does not attain the buoyancy of any of the aforementioned brassmen. Sides one and two are both versions of *The Spoken Word*, spare and sparsely expressed improvisations on an undetermined theme. There are smatterings of concepts here and there, and an exhibition of hornmanship that is accomplished but in no way distinctive. Side three is *Third Image*, and here there are a few moments of peacocking, some overblowing in the uptempo movements, but not enough to sustain interest. Side four is where the electronics become most pronounced, and perhaps it is the electronic accompaniment which gets Carroll a little worked up—on *Double Rainbow Forest* the special effects sound like a field of crickets.

In the main, Carroll's long distance foray into the trumpet does not sustain itself. At the technical level, Baikida is nimble but not daring. The clearest thing about this project is that it should have been a single album package: there is neither the material nor the energy to do the distance. —staples

WAXING ON

New Crop From Jamaica

Intensified! Original Ska 1962-'66 (Mango MLPS 9524) ★★½

Toots & the Maytals: Pass The Pipe (Mango MLPS 9534) ★★½

Burning Spear: Harder Than The Best (Mango MLPS 9567) ★★

Ijahman: Are We A Warrior (Mango MLPS 9557) ★½

Sugar Minott: Black Roots (Mango MLPS 9591) ★½
Linton Kwesi Johnson: Forces Of Victory (Mango MLPS 9566) ★★½

V. S. Naipaul, contemporary literature's chilling voice informing Westerners adrift in the Third World, once wrote of reggae: "The hidden city roared and hummed with ten thousand radios playing the reggae, as they so often seemed to do . . . The same party, the same music, at the foot of the hills, in the thoroughfares across the city, the redevelopment project, the suburbs beyond the rubbish dump. The same concentration of sound, the same steady beat of people and traffic and radio music which, dulled during the day, at night became audible."

Perhaps inadvertently, Naipaul fingered the reggae dilemma: its greatest success derives from artists' anger, mysticism, simmering disgust—the very forces that discomfort the middle class white consumers who buy records. Rife with tales of burning, looting, shooting and revolt, reggae is the voice of a nation (Jamaica) with 50 per cent illiteracy among adults and 40 per cent unemployment for those between 12 and 22 years old. It is the voice of every cane cutter in Montego Bay who provokes paranoid

American tourists to wonder if he wouldn't just as soon be cutting their throats—and if, perhaps, he wouldn't have quite proper justification to do so.

This was surely not what the Jamaican government had in mind when it promoted the notion of a national music after achieving independence in the early 1960s.

Tamed cover versions by Eric Clapton (*I Shot The Sheriff*) and less volatile imports (Desmond Decker's *The Israelites*, Johnny Nash's *Stir It Up*) introduced reggae to America. A full-blown marketing coup (instituted largely by Warner Bros.) was required to open the United States to reggae's first wave of popularity, cresting roughly with Bob Marley's 1975 *Rastaman Vibration*. Reggae became pot music, ganja rock, less the work of militants than stoned religious eccentrics. Or so went its image in the U.S., though perhaps not in England, Jamaica's colonizer to which Jamaicans emigrate still.

Even so, reggae fell victim here to the rise of disco and new wave, in part because attempts to soften or slicken the music gutted its vitality. It became last year's trend.

In 1979, reggae reemerged as an influence in British new wave bands, and the alliance was not all bad. Some of new wave's finer performers, the Clash and Elvis Costello among them, incorporated island rhythms into repertoires that remained unshakably personal. Other bands, however, chose to devour whole reggae's precursor, ska, which conveniently offered all the raw, invigorating music of reggae with none of its more recent political fervor. Bands like Madness and the Specials, composed mostly of white Londoners, became the heroes of *punque couture*. It is the same old story; black music appropriated by whites for big bucks.

Which makes it honest, important, maybe urgent to survey Jamaica's own music before all that's left is an unreasonable facsimile. The six albums reviewed here represent ska, two of the best and best-known first wave groups (Toots & the Maytals, Burning Spear), and three hopefuls from the second wave (Sugar Minott, Ijahman, Linton Kwesi Johnson), all from Mango, a branch of Island Records. Virgin International issues reggae, too.

Intensified Ska is a humble classic. It is a collection of songs that sound like they were recorded in someone's bathroom by musicians new to 4/4 time. Anything less—or more—would be a historical lie. Ska was escape music, dance music, "ammunition to keep the sound systems pumping," in Michael Thomas' phrase.

Ska drew heavily on imported American rock. At points on *Intensified* one hears honking lead horns a la King Curtis, coarse vocals modeled on the Coasters, and, on *Independence Anniversary Ska*, a rough-hewn quote of the Beatles' *I Should've Known Better*. Yet ska musicians were more than mimics. Being new to rock meant being free of its conventions, free to father the mutations that would yield the hardest musical offspring. The skiffish beat and the viscous patois later to define reggae also permeate *Intensified*. *Independence Anniversary Ska* infects a listener with its carnal, slamming backbeat. Even a potentially ludicrous track—a cover of the nursery rhyme *Solomon Grundie*, of all things—succeeds on unbridled verve alone.

And ska provided the start for many of the performers who rode the first wave of reggae to America. Amid the dozens of unfamiliar names on *Intensified* one finds the **Maytals**,

who became successful Stateside under the leadership of **Toots Hibbert**.

The Maytals always have negotiated a path between reggae's pop and political poles, personified by Jimmy Cliff and Bob Marley (analogous Americans are Curtis Mayfield and Smokey Robinson, lovers and preachers at their best). *Pass The Pipe*, the Maytals' latest effort, finds them a-wandering. Solid and perfunctory, *Pass The Pipe* lacks immediacy. The instrumentalists dabble in gospel, soul and horn powered r&b, but there's not a sterling song to be heard.

Only Hibbert himself makes *Pass The Pipe* worthwhile. His ragged voice—full of subdued drive, capable of soaring into a muscular falsetto—finds workable vehicles in *Get Up, Stand Up* and *My Love Is So Strong*. He forces the musicians to their best efforts, luring the bass and guitar down low with him and daring the horn to spit back his fire in call-and-response segments.

None of the Maytals' inconsistency, however, afflicts *Harder Than The Best*, **Burning Spear's** "best of" compilation. Like its name, Burning Spear's music links contemporary Jamaica to age old Africa. Their sound is basic: bass, drums, organ, trumpet and plenty of purposeful space. Leader Winston Rodney sings in a hollow, hypnotic near-monotone that lags behind the beat like a predator; backing vocals provide a mournful chorus. An echo chamber and tautly sprayed guitar fills make the mix more diabolical; not even the back-up singers and birdsongs on *Social Living* sweeten the band's world view. Repeated blandishments fill the lyrics: "Children, children, children, please obey;" "Do you remember the days of slavery? Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you?" "No one remembers old Marcus Garvey, no one remembers old Marcus Garvey." Rodney and Burning Spear raise insistency to a virtue.

To an American, Burning Spear recalls American funk at its fleeting, well-camouflaged darkest. But the gloom that was passing for Sly Stone or George Clinton is permanent for Winston Rodney. Tough, strong, practiced in survival, Burning Spear lives up to its album's title.

Neither Sugar Minott nor Ijahman, however, keep the promises of albums titled, respectively, *Black Roots* and *Are We A Warrior*. The listener gets musical rootlessness and lyric passivity instead.

Except for one high point—a song called *River Jordan* that implicitly ties Minott to Paul Robeson's seminal *Ole Man River*—**Sugar Minott** is not urgent. Droning acceptance typifies his singing—and singing is his strong suit. He tries for a ska sound, but the backbeat wavers frailly. It gets worse. The sunny sounds of *Oppressors Oppression* seem ridiculous, not ironic. Minott's songwriting merely echoes Rastafarian doctrine; he's "slavin' in Babylon," as one line goes. While reggae's better writers, Marley or Rodney, use their religious beliefs as a starting point, a frame of reference for narratives, Minott offers the liturgy whole, and goes no further.

Like Minott, **Ijahman** calls less to action than he admits his missed chances. At times, his longing tone is gripping, because he possesses a marvelous voice in the Jimmy Cliff vein: smooth, high, sturdily, mysterious as its Trenchtown dialect. But neither his songs nor the instrumentation, both inconsistent, matches that voice. Unexceptional political songs comprise one side of *Are We A Warrior*; unexceptional love songs comprise

the other. Musically, too much tries to happen. There are touches of jazz (via sidemen Steve Gadd and Eric Gale), of gospel, of harpsichord and of synthesizer. Rather than spicing a reggae base, these condiments muddle any musical identity.

Against the disappointments of Minott and Ijahman, **Linton Kwesi Johnson** stands in militant opposition. His *Forces Of Vicktry* makes few concessions to commerciality. It is spare and taut, an elemental approach to an elemental music. And how full of honest dread it is.

Johnson's voice is a doom-ridden hiss of utter loathing. "We gonna smash them brains in/ because they got nothin' in 'em," he sings. Yet his venom is focused. An album's worth of provocative songs peaks on *Sonny's Lettah*, the

story of a young man beaten by the police and then retaliating. Sighing harmonica, low bass and pointed guitar join Johnson's voice in scary symbiosis. Occasionally, though, the backing undercuts Johnson. The synthesizer swoops on *It's Noh Funny* and the speedy tempo on the title cut cause problems. More often, bassist Vivian Weathers and drummer Jah Bunny fall into undulating trance-jams characteristic of reggae or funk at their best. Yet Bunny will double the tempo or pummel his snare against the bass line at any hint of monotony.

Not that there is much monotony or much hinting. Reggae's angriest new man, Linton Kwesi Johnson, has no facility for the boring or the cryptic; his message is honest, important, urgent and crystal clear. —freedman

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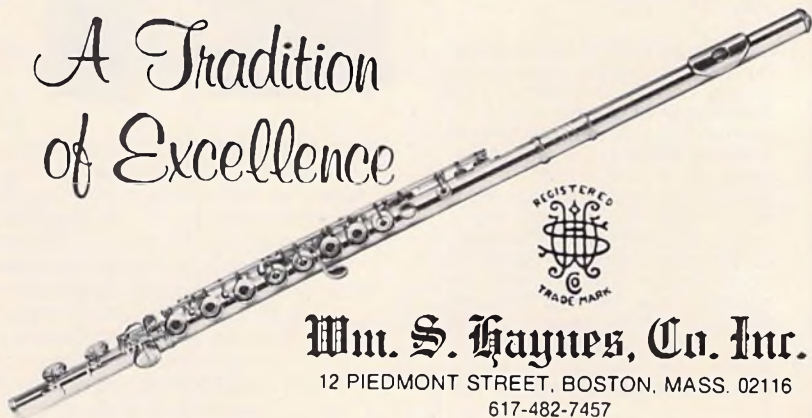


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BLINDFOLD TEST



CHARLES BEHNE

ED BLACKWELL

BY HOWARD MANDEL

Ed Blackwell first came to prominence as drummer in Ornette Coleman's original quartet; by virtue of his rooming with the saxophonist/composer during their early days in Los Angeles, he is perhaps Ornette's closest musical associate. But Blackwell traces his musical roots back to his New Orleans childhood, and through anecdotes reveals himself to have been a compulsive rhythmist from youth, exploratory even to his several years with pianist Randy Weston living in Tangiers. Currently a member of Old and New Dreams and debuting as leader in *Don't Quit* on Sweet Earth Records, Blackwell also teaches a few students at University of Connecticut and performs occasionally, as his teaching schedule, dialysis maintenance and offers of gigs allow.

Blackwell is heard on many of Coleman's LPs, as well as the two Old and New Dreams recordings, the sublime duos with Don Cherry (*Mu, Parts I and II*), and pianist Anthony Davis' *Song For The Old World*. A gentle man full of patience, dedication to his art and the imaginative ability to improvise and respond deftly, Ed Blackwell declined to rate the records played for him in this, his first, Blindfold Test, believing there is something worthy in the straightforward creation of most musicians. He was given no information about these records in advance.

1. THE METERS. *Look-Ka Py Py* (from *Cissy Strut*, Island). Zig Modeliste, drums; George Porter, bass; Leo Nocentelli, guitar; Art Neville, keyboards.

Sounds like groups I used to hear in New Orleans; I knew quite a few in the Indian clubs, but this sounds like youngsters, come up since I left. Most of the clubs in the French Quarter have bands, and these are the bands that play the crewe balls—the older guys get these jobs for life, and there is no other place in the world I know of where musicians get jobs like that. When I was around some of those players were Paul Barbarin, another was a good friend of my father's named Happy who used to play with Papa Celestin's band, and there was Freddie Kohlman, who's still playing. I couldn't hear these guys in clubs, but I'd hear them in the parades, the Saturday night dances and fish fries. I used to ask Paul Barbarin how he played his rolls, but he just told me it takes time, and I found out: it takes time.

The emphasis in New Orleans rhythm is on the two and the four; sometimes it changes but that's it mostly, and they improvised around the two and the four. You can always play on the *and* of the two and the four—there are so many things you can do with it. There are a number of tunes where I get up on the two and the four—then switch to the one and the three—as the situation demands; I don't think about it, it just happens. But the main objective here is to make it dance, and that's my main objective, too; when I play I imagine someone dancing to the rhythms, get a fixed vision of a dancer in my mind. One of the prime requisites to be a good drummer is to know how to dance—that should be the first thing a drummer learns, even before he gets the drums.

2. AIR. *Buddy Bolden's Blues* (from *Air Lore*, Arista). Henry Threadgill, tenor sax; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums.

The bass player sounds really good; the drummer plays more with him than he does with the saxophone. Sounds like he and the bassist have been playing together the longest. New Orleans group? The sax sounds a little like Chico Freeman.

Working in a trio you get to the place sometimes where the drummer and bass have lines going, and the piano, suppose, is playing with you or him, and you're accompanying the bass more than the pianist.

I listen to Charlie Haden quite closely; sometimes we have things going on, together, while the horns are in front.

I like this; they're enjoying what they're doing. It reminds me of things Ornette and I used to do; Ornette would play things like that, and I'd play the rhythm together with him on the drums, and we'd sound like we were playing the same thing. I don't recognize this, though; I don't get a chance to listen to records much, and there's a lot that I'm missing.

[Later] Steve McCall—yeah. I was going to say Steve McCall, but I didn't want to commit myself.

3. JO JONES. *Adlib* (from *The Main Man*, Pablo). Jones, drums; Harry Edison, Roy Eldridge, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor sax.

Is that Hank Jones? Only two pianists in the world that play a phrase like that—Hank Jones and Al Haig. I heard things like this—I had an older brother who used to bring home Dizzy Gillespie records, Cab Calloway, one by Buddy Rich called *Not So Quiet*, Please, Charlie Parker, different things. That there sounds like Harry Sweets Edison. Hmmm. Lockjaw Davis? Sounds like Coleman Hawkins. One time we played a Newport Rebel thing, around '60, and Coleman Hawkins and Ornette played together; that was something else. He was right on top of everything, Hawkins, all his life.

Now the rhythm section here is *popping*. I haven't heard the drums do much yet, just play along with the section, but that's hard to do, definitely. To be there and not be overbearing, just a part, not stand out. I did some big band playing when I went out with Ray Charles . . . and in school in New Orleans we had a bunch of big bands together, playing originals, to get the experience—every experience we'd need to get to New York. We didn't have any particular band models in mind—we liked Count Basie when he was really popping, with Frank Foster, but we didn't try to play like any band.

That's Jonathon Jo Jones. He's a fantastic cat, man. This cat goes, he never stops. He was up in Connecticut two years ago, and at Yale. Is that who it was? He just keeps that shit going—he's another dancer. I saw some video tapes once, of Jo Jones and Sid Catlett playing together, on one set, exchanging sticks with each other—fantastic.

4. ANDREW CYRILLE and MILFORD GRAVES. *Message To The Ancestors* (from *Dialogue Of The Drums*, Institute of Percussive Studies). Cyrille, Graves, drums, whistles, percussion, vocals.

That sounds like Milford Graves. He teaches at Bennington. Yeah, that's definitely Milford, playing on bongos, blowing the whistle.

There has to be something for the listener to identify with, something they can take away with them, after they've heard the album, something they can retain. The musicians have to strive to find something to put into the listener's ear. Like, this is very interesting, but unless you're a drummer yourself, there's very little of interest you could find in it. Just the fact that they're trying out a lot of different sounds . . . it's really nothing new.

HM: Do they have a system here?

EB: That's just improvisation, I guess. I could tell that was Milford by the whistle and the strength of the noise, the vocals, you know; that's Milford's thing. Everything I try to do is whatever I can get out of the traps. I've seen African drummers that had sounds going along with the drums that proved very interesting, but I don't have that talent, so I don't try to do it. But I buy percussion instruments; I just got a new drum in Austin, a little log drum of rosewood and mahogany with six different tones, from slats in it, like a little osi drum.

5. ARCHIE SHEPP. *The Magic Of Juju* (from *The Magic Of Juju*, Impulse). Shepp, tenor sax; Ed Blackwell, log drum; Frank Charles, talking drum; Dennis Charles, percussion; Norman Connors, drums; Beaver Harris, drums; Reggie Workman, bass.

That's *The Magic Of Juju*, with Archie Shepp. I was playing the log drum. Dennis Charles, Frank Charles, and Beaver Harris. High up, that's the cowbell. I remember this session very well; Archie and I talked about it for months before we did it, because he came into Slugs and saw me playing that log drum, and wanted to do something with it. I saw him at Donneshaugen, in Holland, and he wants to do something else with it. This is an African log drum, you play it with little mallets tipped with soft rubber. I got it in Sausalito, California.

We drummers played around with each other quite a bit, jammed every day, so it wasn't hard to work it out. Quite often you find lots of drummers together; when I was a kid I hung around with lots of drummers, you'd always find three or four of us together, and we'd play like that. Practice together—lots of exchanges and a lot of love and respect for each other. Same with these guys. I think Archie thought this was a good basis for him to work from. I've played with Archie on traps, but we haven't recorded that way; we played together in coffee-houses and lofts before he was known. Beaver's still in New York, with the 360 Degree Music Society. That's a nice album.

6. CECIL TAYLOR and TONY WILLIAMS. *Morgan's Motion* (from *The Joy Of Flying*, Columbia).

Cecil does play with a percussive technique, and he plays more rhythmically than does any other pianist I know of. Is that Max? I know they were scheduled to do a thing. This type of thing is not so much together as playing individually. Cecil is playing, and the drummer is playing, but they're almost playing individually, it seems like. Here they seem to be making an exchange, but before . . . here it sounds like they're really coming together, after a while. That drummer I can't recognize. You stumped me.

[Later] I played with Cecil, quite a bit when I moved to New York. I know Cecil well. It's a challenge to play with him, but after playing with Ornette for so long it was easy for me to understand what he was doing. With Ornette, I got to the point where instead of anticipating where the one would be, I'd listen to him for where *he* would put it. And the same way with Cecil—you can't just go ahead and say one is one; it's going to be here or it's going to be there—sometimes it's going to be somewhere else. What I do to fill it out is play on the rhythm of the notes Ornette plays; I follow him and play exactly on the notes and the speed and the rhythms that he plays; it

PROFILE



PANKAJ SHAH

DIDIER LOCKWOOD

BY LEE JESKE

In *Jazz Away From Home* Chris Goddard quotes French pianist Alain Romans on the Paris jazz scene of the early '30s: "I was playing in a very smart place called the Cafe de Paris. I had a marvelous violin player with me called Michel Warlop who played classical as well as jazz. So one day Fritz Kreisler came into the Cafe de Paris, and when he heard Warlop play he sent back to his hotel for his Stradivarius so Warlop could play it."

Fritz Kreisler, the classical violin virtuoso, saw in Warlop what Warlop would see a few years later in a young violinist named Stephane Grappelli. So impressed was Warlop with the younger man that he presented Grappelli with one of his violins. Some 30 years later Grappelli was to present the same violin to Jean-Luc Ponty, whom Grappelli saw as his successor as the standard-bearer of French jazz violin. And in January of 1979, at a concert at the Theatre de la Ville de Paris, Grappelli presented that violin to the then 22 year old Didier Lockwood—he and Ponty had decided that it was clear who the next great French jazz violinist was.

Didier Lockwood is a strikingly handsome young man who speaks English haltingly with a very thick French accent. The son of a Calais violin teacher, Didier began studying the violin at age six and received his training at La Conservatoire de Musique de Paris, the same school where Warlop and Ponty were trained before him.

"My father always wanted to play jazz, but he can't. He enjoys it so much, but he plays classical music. It's so difficult for a classical musician to go and play jazz."

Didier began straying from his classical training while still at the Conservatory. "I started with rock music and blues music—Jimi Hendrix, Johnny Winter, John Mayall. I discovered jazz from Jean-Luc Ponty. I heard the record he made with Frank Zappa, *King*

Kong, and I was very impressed. So after that I made contact with other jazz musicians."

Didier stopped his formal training at 16, soon after joining the French rock group Magma. "It was a very famous French group. It was special music, between classical, jazz, Coltrane and rock. It was a very nice band and we had a great audience."

The band recorded a live double record for the French Ace label—a record which is nearly legendary in its native land.

"I started learning jazz about four or five years ago," says Lockwood, sitting on the edge of his hotel bed in Bombay, India where he has traveled with his jazz-rock unit Surya. "But jazz is such a long experience to have, you know. To start I had the classical technique, but I had not the possibility to make solos on more than two chords. But now I've learned to. When I was 16, I had two roads to take—concert artist and jazz. And the life and the nights of a jazz musician are, for me, better."

Didier quickly began gigging around Paris with some of the local musicians such as Daniel Humair and Aldo Romano. Soon he found himself at the Northsea Jazz Festival in Holland in some pretty fast company.

"I was playing with a big orchestra, a string ensemble with Michel Graillier, and there were four violin soloists—Stephane Grappelli, Zbigniew Seifert, me and another guy. Stephane had heard talk about me, but had never heard me. After the concert he said, 'I wanted to meet you. I'd like to play with you in concert.' I was very impressed."

At this time, Lockwood was still testing the jazz waters, listening mostly to John Coltrane. "I liked the way of Coltrane, you know. His music and energy. At this time I was not listening to bebop or anything. I only knew three or four old tunes. So I said, 'Stephane, I want to play *Autumn Leaves* with you.' I was playing it before. And we worked an arrangement of *Tiger Rag*."

Life was getting confusing. Didier had formed a jazz-rock band named "Surya" (Indian for sun); performed at European jazz festivals with such players as Tony Williams, playing Coltrane/Rollins material; and was about to go on concerts with Stephane Grappelli playing *Tiger Rag*.

"This time last year," laughs Didier, "I did so many things, I was with about five or six bands. More jazz, but rock sometimes. I was working at clubs in Paris like the Riverbop and Chapelle des Lombards. I made a record for MPS with Tony Williams and Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen (*New World* released here on PA/USA.), and I did about 15 concerts with Stephane."

But Didier's real love is the brand of fusion that was pioneered by such violinists as Jerry Goodman, Michal Urbaniak and, of course, Jean-Luc Ponty—a synthesis of jazz and rock with classical technique. His current aggregation consists of Didier's brother Francis on keyboards, Jean-My Truong on drums and Josquin Turenne des Pres on Fender bass. Surya's music is clearly in the Ponty mold—steaming hot fiddle lines over a loud, funky rock cushion. Didier, however, doesn't play an

electric violin. His is a 160 year old French instrument with a pickup.

"We are making energetic music that makes us think of the sun. That's why we call the band Surya. I like my first record, *New World*, because it's totally straight jazz. There is all kinds of stuff in this record. It was very quick, we recorded ten pieces in two afternoons, but the record for me is like a calling card. On my first album, I wanted to show I was able to play jazz. It is very important for me to show that I can play jazz. Now I want to make my own music with my own band."

There is no question that Didier can play jazz. His treatment of such tunes as *Pent-Up House*, *Giant Steps* and *Autumn Leaves* on *New World* are virtuosic. Didier has come far very quickly in the few years since leaving the conservatory, and the blend of influences—jazz, rock, blues—is exciting and musically interesting. There is even a Lockwood composition on the album called *Zbiggy*, dedicated to the late Zbigniew Seifert, another violinist who was important to the development of Lockwood's style.

"I didn't know him very well, but I was very impressed with him—his was a new aspect of the violin playing jazz. I had a project to make a record with him when he died."

"I never saw Jean-Luc play. I met him at a concert in Amsterdam four years ago. He came to see me and to congratulate me, but he didn't say that he was Jean-Luc Ponty, and I had never seen him. I was with my violin and all my stuff and I said, 'Uh-huh, but I must go to my room.' And some guy said to me afterwards that it was Jean-Luc Ponty. I went to look for him and he was gone."

Currently, aside from Surya, Didier is part of a band with saxophonist Bob Malik. He plans to form a new version of Surya and, hopefully, make his first appearances in the United States. All depends on the decisions of a major record label which is currently considering grooming the young Frenchman for a role as the new Jean-Luc Ponty. In the meantime, he does what he can.

"I think I work more in Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Austria than in Paris. They call me and I go with the guys I want to. If they want me to play jazz, I go with a jazz group. If they want me to play standards, I go with a guitar player. I know more standards now, like *Impressions* and *Pent-Up House*. I'm also making another group, my own group. I am on my way to having an agreement with a big company and they want me to have my own band. And I think in five or six months I am going to California to do some concerts."

"I was in Los Angeles five months ago to make contacts with this company, but now I think I'll finally be able to play in California. I want to go to New York, too, for the work, but it's difficult for a foreign musician. Everybody can play in France. And it's very hard in the States if you don't make commercial stuff, I think. Like Jan Hammer and Joachim Kuhn—it's hard for them to do something in the States, because Jan Hammer is trying to play rock music, but he's not a rock musician. But there is the company push. When I was in Los Angeles, all the companies said to me that I must play disco or rock, but it's not my way. I play a sort of rock, but it's not only rock. There is not only two chords. I like to play simple, melodic things."

It seems that at the age of 24, Didier Lockwood is on the threshold of a promising, exciting career. He is still avidly listening to

jazz, still climbing out of his classical past. He has proved himself very quickly to a lot of people playing a lot of different brands of music—jazz, rock, whatever. And now?

"My hope is to continue to play with great musicians. When you are playing with Tony Williams, who's so great, there is no problem in the background. But I'm more of a

Coltrane fan than a bebop fan. I know the bebop stuff, at least I begin to know. But I don't want to play bebop because bebop is past and we must see the future." **db**

WALT DICKERSON

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

For some musicians, music is a vehicle for expressing the inexpressible: those thoughts and feelings that can't be placed into words or pictures. This spirituality is what vibist Walt Dickerson's primordial explorations and enigmatic personality are all about. After recording several albums in the early '60s for Prestige and other labels, Dickerson retreated from the active music scene for nearly ten years. Since his return in 1975, Dickerson has doubled his recorded output. But unlike the highly touted retirements of Sonny Rollins, Dickerson was barely lamented when he left and scarcely noticed upon his return. That, too, is part of the Dickerson enigma.

Beginning at the beginning is not a feasible proposition for Walt Dickerson. As writers such as Nat Hentoff found in the early '60s. "I am ageless," is Dickerson's claim. "That's my philosophy regarding the aging process. If one succumbs to it, then certain things, physiologically, do occur because of the acceptance of the mind that these things can happen." He does place his birth in Philadelphia and most estimates put his age in the late 40s.

Dickerson was exposed to music throughout his youth in his church, school and closely knit family. "There was always music around the house. We sang and played church music, the spirituals and the classics." His mother played piano and sang while his two brothers became concert performers on violin and piano, respectively. During high school he decided that the vibraphone was his instrument and went on to Morgan State University and the Peabody Conservatory, where he augmented the traditional classical curriculum by playing with small jazz groups in Baltimore area clubs.

Growing up in Philadelphia in the '40s and '50s, Dickerson was surrounded by the many giants who would come from that city. But that is also part of the enigma. "I've always been my own man. Association with other people is a kind of leaning or riding on other people's reputations. Even now I still shy away from it." After much probing, he averred to playing with "the likes of John Coltrane, Clifford Brown, Benny Golson, John Dennis . . ." Dickerson had few role models for his instrument, so it's not surprising that after digesting precursors like Red Norvo and Lionel Hampton, he would move on to other innovators like Charlie Parker, Art Tatum and Bud Powell.

In 1960, he came to New York, and up through 1965 he recorded several albums that garnered critical acclaim such as **down beat's** New Star award, but little public reaction. His groups included such masters as pianist Andrew Hill and fledgling drummer Andrew Cyrille and Edgar Bateman. Only *Unity*, recorded on Audio Fidelity and reissued on Chiaroscuro, survives that period, though the playing of Cyrille and Bateman can be heard again on Dickerson's current crop of SteepleChase recordings.



GERARD FUTRICK

One recording from that '60s period, *Impressions Of A Patch Of Blue* (MGM), was especially notable for containing Sun Ra's only recorded appearance as a sideman since his days in the '40s with Fletcher Henderson. It is a testament to the unique persona that pervades Dickerson's music that this fete would be repeated in a recent duet recording with Ra on SteepleChase. During the mid-'60s, Walt Dickerson just slipped from view and didn't reappear for almost ten years. "It was a beautiful period of introspection, of working on those things that transcend music and also enhance myself as a person and human being." He spent the time developing a deeper rapport and intimacy with his family that includes his wife Elizabeth and his four children. "I want and need their love. That's what makes the musical excursions that much more invigorating and exciting."

It was also a period in which Dickerson found himself spiritually. "Music is the force for me. I don't have to go outside to communicate. I'm in constant communication and I don't need an intermediary." The result of these revelations was music that had the same depth and timeless universality that drove Coltrane's music of the '60s. The several albums he's recorded since his re-introduction, *Peace*, in 1975, indicate an organic music that seems to materialize from forgotten depths. "This happens as the individual develops. It is not a conscious musical projection. We're dealing now with that infinite portion of us."

His music bears a great relation to Indian raga forms and sonorities with his long improvisations, floating rhythms and vortex

propulsion. The jazz and classical influences have long been synthesized into a different expressive mode. This year, the universality of Dickerson's music will be enhanced by a collaboration with Indian sitar master Ravi Shankar. One of the goals of this effort will be to fathom the psycho-acoustical healing qualities in music. "The album will be heavily metaphysical in thoughts and energies to correct situations. The power is in the music to do so, and musicians have succeeded in many instances where traditional medical concepts have failed. The healing effects of music are just beginning to be tapped both physically and psychically."

In striving for newer dimensions in sound, Dickerson also operates on a technical level. His mallet heads are stripped down to the inner core and dipped in a special solution that makes their sound "more plush." He's also experimenting with playing two vibraphones simultaneously, as he does on his *Shades Of Love* album.

The dominant impression from Dickerson and his music is an articulate individualist who is optimistic in a time when few people see any real hope. He is looking for the '80s to bring a wider acceptance of his music and views the last five years as the segue to what will come. This wider acceptance will not come by altering his music, but by altering the public's awareness of it.

"I'm a purist and I'm committed. I don't say I'll never go into other areas, but that's not where my music is currently headed. My music is an idea whose time has come. If the music is projected to the public, it will find its way to greater acceptance. I believe it's just that powerful." **db**

JOE DIORIO

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

As the boundaries of jazz expand to include new technical, instrumental, and structural approaches to the music, occasional musicians appear who synthesize major elements of the past and present, while extending themselves and their music into the future. Joe Diorio is one of those musicians.

As a straightahead guitarist, Joe has gigged with Stan Getz and recorded with Sonny Stitt, Eddie Harris, Pete and Conte Candoli, Ira Sullivan, and numerous others. Firmly rooted in '50s bebop, 43 year old Diorio cites Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins and early Miles Davis among his major influences.

As an improvisational explorer, he has technically and conceptually delved well into the nether regions of the avant garde in a variety of solo, duo, trio, quartet and quintet settings, never grinding a musical ax, or sacrificing intimacy or coherence for self-conscious "message-oriented" obscurity. Joe cites Schoenberg, Bartok, Indian music, and late John Coltrane as his avant influences.

For nearly ten years, Diorio lived and worked in Miami, Florida, before moving permanently to Los Angeles in August of 1977.

As well as playing regularly in saxophonist/trumpeter Ira Sullivan's Miami groups, Joe recorded five albums of his own for Spitball Records. "Yes, it's a corny name," Diorio smiled, "but they do some very hip music."

Peaceful Journey (SB-7) and *Solo Guitar* (SB-2) spotlight Joe's solo improvisations (on some cuts accompanying himself through overdubbing). *Rapport* (SB-1), recorded live at Miami's First Unitarian Church in 1974, and *Soloduo* (SB-3), are duo albums with the late Wally Cirillo on piano. With drummer Steve Bagby, Joe recorded *Straight Ahead To The Light* (SB-5), also live at the Unitarian Church.

Of these five albums, perhaps *Peaceful Journey* most vividly exemplifies Diorio's original approach to the guitar. The opening cut, *With A Song In My Heart*, is the perfect example of the way in which he blends bop harmonies with avant garde melodic techniques and lines. Moving "outside" in the improvised *Chetanananda*, Joe uses an open D tuning and employs ripple after ripple of left hand hammer-ons.

While many avant garde guitarists have developed unorthodox techniques (see Eugene Chadbourne, for example, Profile, db 2/23/78), few are capable of creating and sustaining an original context that is at once intimate, spellbinding and provocative. In *Mystical Twilight*, *Chetanananda*, *With A Song In My Heart*, and Luis Bonfa's *Gentle Rain*, Diorio masterfully mixes the familiar with the surrealistic, often with passion, never with bombast.

His duo outings with Cirillo, especially on the second side of *Rapport*, are as intriguing as they are naked. On Cirillo's *Emiereicity*, Joe utilizes a bottleneck while Cirillo plucks and scrapes the strings inside the piano. On *Lovely Afternoon*, Joe contrasts "straight" chords and melodies with Cirillo's harplike string-pluckings. Although the music is "outside," it is entrancing as well.

Diorio has written two books delineating his views of straightahead and avant garde jazz. One is entitled *21st Century Intervallic*

Designs (REH Publications), the other *Fusion* (Zdenek Publications).

"Intervallic simply means dealing with intervals," said Joe. "I found a technique by which I can play lines that jump like lines on a lie detector test, leaping from octave to octave, getting outside, creating different sounds, not just 'free,' but with preconceived harmonies as well," (as in *With A Song In My Heart*).

"With *Fusion*, I took a lot of avant garde runs and fused them with my bebop experiences. It's all woven together into melodic compositions, instead of just staying in or out. It's my feeling that the real avant garde of the future will mix the two styles."

Born in Waterbury, Connecticut in 1936, Joe started playing the guitar when he was 13 years old. "I've been playing the guitar for 30 years," he said. "That seems like a long time, but on the musical scale, it's not. In my estimation, it takes between 15 and 20 years to become a musician, to really play, to be able to go down deep, into the inner ocean. All of the musical pearls are at the bottom, but not many people want to dive for them. Instead, they settle for a little seaweed on top."

Waterbury is less than 100 miles from New York. In the '50s, during his formative years, Joe studied guitar "and checked all the people coming in and out of New York. My main influences were horn players, people like Sonny Rollins, Miles, Trane. I even caught one of Bird's performances.

"In the early '50s, Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney were influences, and then Jim Hall and Wes Montgomery, both of whom had tremendous impact on my life.

"Of contemporary guitarists, I think Ed Bickert out of Canada and Ted Greene from L.A. are doing fantastic things harmonically. I also like Ron Eschete and Don Mock. Mock teaches at the Guitar Institute of Technology with me and is doing some fascinating things with guitar and synthesizer."

As a lad of 21, Joe went on the road with a show group, and then, in the early '60s, he moved to Chicago, where he played with Jodie Christian, Billy Wallace, Von Freeman and numerous others. He recorded with Eddie Harris (on the famous *Exodus To Jazz* album, deleted), Sonny Stitt (*Move On Over*, Cadet 730), and Benny Green (*My Main Man*, deleted). When times got lean again, Joe joined a second show group with Milt Trenier, Micki Lynn, Eddie Baker, and, later, tenor saxophonist Von Freeman.

"In 1968, we were playing in Vegas for people who didn't care and didn't listen. The group was jumping around, all high or drunk, and making a lot of noise.

"I said to myself, 'This can't go on.' I quit, hopped in my car, and drove to Miami, where I landed a job with Ira Sullivan."

From 1968 to 1977, Diorio explored the gamut of jazz, playing the major clubs—the Rancher, the Vanguard and the Jamestown after hours club—and exploring the possibilities of a variety of contexts.

He played in Ira Sullivan's straightahead quartet at the Rancher (where Chick Corea, Dave Holland and Jack DeJohnette came to sit in after concertizing with Miles Davis). At the Jamestown after hours club, Stan Getz sat in, stayed for a month, played every night, and packed the house.

At the Unitarian Church, Joe explored duos—with pianist Cirillo, with drummer Bagby, and with Ira Sullivan (on whose



EDWARD HANDEL

albums *Ira Sullivan* [Horizon SP 706] and *Peace* [Galaxy GXY-5114] Joe also appears).

"These particular solo and duo settings took us to completely different realms of music, another dimension," said Joe. "We didn't have to stay in time. We deviated any way we wanted to. It was strongly avant garde, some of the very best musical adventures we ever had. Very high realms. Those years with Ira and Wally and Steve are some of my greatest musical memories, from 1974 to 1977."

In August of 1977, Joe made the leap to Los Angeles. "I didn't know anybody in L.A., nor did I have a job. Fortunately I gave Howard Roberts' Guitar Institute of Technology a call. Howard and Pat Hicks were just starting the school, and I became a teacher.

"I tell my students and show them how all of the really great jazz players have a lot of Bird in them. I use him as a model, as well as Miles and early John Coltrane.

"We all have to have models to get us started, so the students study Bird's solos and begin to discover themselves. They ingest Parker and Miles and Trane, and make them part of themselves. Over a period of time, their own identity starts to develop."

Joe has also established himself as the leader of his own trio, with Bob Magnusson on bass, and either Billy Higgins, Carl Burnett, Roy McCurdy or Jim Planck on drums. With fellow guitarist Ron Eschete, Diorio has played several duo dates at Donte's, the Sound Room, the Lighthouse, and other L.A. jazz rooms.

As well as being a guitarist, a recording artist, a leader, an author and a teacher, Diorio has become a painter.

"To me, painting and music are very much the same. We have to absorb a certain amount of the past, and we have to develop certain techniques. Because I've been loose with the music, I can already get loose and expressive

with painting.

"There is no conflict between guitar playing and painting. The more I become involved with creative things, the more they feed my own creativity. Music and painting are just different extensions of the same principle. When I'm looking at a Jackson Pollock painting, it's the same as listening to John Coltrane—sheets of color, sheets of sound."

Future plans for Joe include "a book on a whole new system of chords," and the composition of "a 20th century concerto for electric guitar."

Joe plays a hand-made Benedetto acoustic guitar, lightly amplified through a Polytone amp, which he also endorses.

His records can be purchased in numerous major cities, including L.A., New York and San Francisco record outlets, or ordered directly from Spitball Records, P.O. Box 680371, Miami, Florida 33168. **db**

CAUGHT!

KEITH JARRETT AND THE SYRACUSE SYMPHONY

CROUSE-HINDS CONCERT THEATER
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

The Syracuse Symphony's world premiere of Keith Jarrett's *The Celestial Hawk* on March 14, 15, and 16 was significant not just because of the collaboration between a jazz artist and a symphony orchestra, but also because the work was scheduled as part of the regular symphonic fare. Originally presented during the regular subscription series on a program with Mozart's *Symphony #28 In C Major* and William Schuman's *Symphony #3*, a general admission concert was later added. The work was recorded the next week in Carnegie Hall by ECM Records with Jarrett as co-producer.

The Celestial Hawk's first movement appeared to be cyclical in nature. Themes returned throughout the clearly delineated sections of the movement. Static harmonies in the introduction slowly transformed into an interaction between piano, mallet instru-

ments and other percussive sounds. Bells and gongs permeated the entire movement, often resulting in a gamelan-like effect. Extensive solos by the english horn and trombone gave the symphony players ample opportunity to explore the unusual sonorities Jarrett created.

The second movement, more contrapuntal than the first, created a lush effect. The movement gave a timeless effect, starting as if it had no beginning, and ending as if it would continue forever. In this movement Jarrett shows his skill as a craftsman, creating the feeling of endless music; music as a river of consciousness into which the audience (and composer) have merely dipped their hands and sipped from.

Movement three presented a fugal climax that faded into an extended modal ending. Though the piano remained unobtrusive at first, by the end of the work it was clear that it was the musical glue that held the work together with Jarrett's unmistakably driving rhythms, extended modal passages and abrupt mood changes.

In spite of its traditional three-movement structure, recurrent themes and fugal sections, *The Celestial Hawk* nonetheless defied classification, as evidenced by the varying opinions of the musicians, audience and symphony personnel as to whether the work was really a piano concerto or a symphony.

LARRY NOVAK AND FRIENDS

RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN
CHICAGO

Personnel: Novak, piano; Larry Gray, bass; Rusty Jones, drums; Warren Kime, cornet; Larry Combs, alto sax, clarinet; Art Hoyle, flugelhorn; Bunky Green, alto sax.

Chicago's jazz mafia packed the house to witness a tribute to pianist-about-town Larry Novak. The performance was the first in the Jazz Institute-sponsored series of Monday night concerts to spotlight a single artist. No one deserved the honor more than Novak, who has been a fixture on the local scene for many years, as house pianist at Mr. Kelly's and accompanist at many of the city's top nightspots. With help of featured guests

Warren Kime, Larry Combs (first chair clarinetist with the Chicago Symphony), Art Hoyle and Bunky Green, Novak fashioned an evening of good music with a warm touch and a casual air. He charmed the crowd with crooning ballads and tasty boppish solos, but it was Bunky Green who stole the show with his incisive blend of hard bop and new wave blowing.

I arrived to hear altoist Larry Combs pumping out bop choruses to the changes of Miles Davis' *So What*, as Novak, bassist Larry Gray and drummer Rusty Jones jammed out effortless rhythms. Novak's expressive touch and buoyant sense of swing lent a relaxed yet stimulating air to the proceedings, and his solo work revealed an inventive approach to harmonies in a traditional context.

Art Hoyle, a perennial local favorite, took a lighthearted approach to a pair of nostalgic ballads, playing "straight" for a few bars and

Jarrett stated, in his program notes, "No formula is anything but a crutch to help create a 'safe' or 'explainable' result, similar (or opposite) to others."

Conductor Christopher Keene described the work as "pleasant, then long, boring, painful, then beautiful again." This was perhaps indicative of the work and the process by which it was composed. Jarrett notes: "I finally let the first mark on the music paper appear (after falsely thinking that I would create the first sound). After that, I was in the hands of the music, not vice-versa. I was the process, not the policeman."

While Jarrett improvised several extended solo passages, the work was not merely a vehicle for his improvisatory escapades. In fact, Jarrett would have preferred to have the piano buried deep in the orchestra, but the public relations moguls deemed otherwise.

Audience reaction was mixed with comments ranging from the expected kudos ("I never saw anything like this. Just watching him is entertaining") to comments such as "the orchestra lacked authority," and "Jarrett didn't quite grasp the orchestral medium in certain passages."

It is perhaps a tribute to Jarrett's musical ability that *The Celestial Hawk* confused so many people and forced audience and musicians alike to reevaluate their own musical experiences. —peter rothbart

then broadening his mellow flugelhorn tones into fat, raspy slurs and blasting high trills. Playfully, he reached for the sky and missed, cracking himself up and winning the audience in the process. Novak was in his element, comping with spare elegance and breezy facility.

Green was late to take the stand, affording Novak a moment of affable levity. It was well worth the wait, for Green has emerged from the woodshed recently with an updated sound that better known players might envy. A raw gutsy tone and sharp attack invested his alto with penetrating urgency as he tore through the changes of a congenially up-tempo Latin tune over Jones' crisp percussion. As Novak chorded smoothly behind him, Green fractured the melody with bold slashing strokes. His dark, tremulous vibrato erupted in harsh, growling whoops and thin nasal whines, straining against the bound-

aries of the progressions while remaining locked within the structure. It was a remarkable demonstration of alto prowess, emotionally gripping and technically audacious, as Green applied a full panoply of modern timbral effects with a classic bopper's sense of form.

The closing ballad was even more impressive, with Green moving through sweetly intoned variations that grew in intensity until his electrifying solo cadenza. Green punctuated his fluid, angular blue lines with ululant overblowing over Novak's gentle chords, providing a curious contrast that somehow gelled into a unified ensemble sound. The a cappella finale resounded with feeling as Green whipped through the full range of his horn in a tour de force worthy of a Sonny Rollins or Roscoe Mitchell, looping and twisting to a stunning conclusion. A wave of camaraderie swept the crowd, and with a few parting words from Novak, the evening was complete.

—Larry Birnbaum

MEL TORME AND FRIENDS

CARNEGIE HALL
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Torme, Carmen McRae and Her Trio, Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band, George Shearing/Brian Torff Duo, The Bill Evans Trio, The Teddy Wilson Trio, Ruby Braff, Anita O'Day and Her Trio, Zoot Sims, Woody Herman and The Thundering Herd.

Mel Torme has become somewhat of a renaissance man: arranger, conductor, novelist (*Wynner*), screenwriter (*Wynner* again), biographer (*The Other Side Of The Rainbow*), songwriter (*The Christmas Song*), pianist and, of course, singer. It was the latter talent, combined with two or three others, that was in evidence at the three-night series entitled "Mel Torme and Friends" which packed Carnegie Hall under the banner of "Kool Super Nights."

Last year, George Wein, the producer of the concerts, presented Sarah Vaughan in a similar series at Carnegie Hall. Wein learns from his mistakes; Vaughan had insisted on singing a similar repertoire at all three shows and showed a reluctance to perform with her guests, but Torme swung through the three nights without repeating a single number (even without bringing some of his better known charts like *Blues In The Night* and *The Christmas Song* with him) and performing with every guest on the program. What resulted was a highly musical, if at times somewhat bland, series of performances.

Opening night kicked off with innumerable plugs for the cigarette sponsor which were met with assorted hisses and boos (even the ads for the concerts carried the surgeon general's warning underneath the ticket prices) before Torme bounced (Torme *bounces*) out in his tuxedo and began a gushy spiel that would have him introducing everybody with a string of "geniuses," "one-of-a-kind," and "my very favorites."

Carmen McRae was first out for a typically stylish set. Carmen has a limited but distinctive voice that handles some material very well, as in a walking blues version of *The Masquerade Is Over*, and some material not so well at all, like *Poor Butterfly*, which reveals the reedy thinness of her voice. For the most

part, though, she sang uptempo things that fit her well. Torme joined her for a closing Ellington medley which featured his machine-gun scat. Carmen McRae is not the scatter that Torme is and their collaboration fused best when they did *Satin Doll* with Carmen singing the melody and Mel adding silken embellishments.

Gerry Mulligan's resurrected Concert Jazz Band followed with a lyrical mixture of Mulligan tunes and standards. The sound of the original CJB was one of the most beautiful in jazz in the past 25 years, and it's nice to hear Mulligan's arranging in its best showcase. Mulligan's baritone playing is like the sound of Walter Cronkite's voice—reassuring, constant and always welcome. With the added strength of a couple of ringers in the band, like altoist Gerry Niewood and baritonist Joe Temperley (for whom Mulligan should have fashioned a two-baritone piece, but didn't), the Concert Jazz Band should enjoy a new life.

The second half of the concert was given to Mel Torme singing with the Mulligan band. Gerry had great success with a tentet in the '50s and Mel had great success singing with Marty Paich's version of the same—a dekette. So it was a natural for the Mulligan band to pare down and play those Paich arrangements. The results were the musical high points of the three nights. Mel's version of Ellington's *The Blues* was the first all-out showcase for the voice which was so aptly nicknamed "The Velvet Fog." It is a voice that is rich and clear, a beautiful voice that, if anything, is *too* pretty. Torme's pitch and phrasing are flawless and his time is metronomic, but his delivery can be a little too slick and he's missing that little edge on his voice that great jazz singers and great saloon singers have. On material such as Randy Weston's *Hi-Fly* that edge is missed, but on such pieces as *When The World Was Young* the cotton candy quality of Torme's voice is superb. The set kept reaching plateaus and topping them—Torme accompanied only by Mulligan's piano doing *The Real Thing*, a lovely melody composed by the two; a medley of Mulligan hits with Torme scatting Chet Baker's parts; and Mel's salute to Ella on *Lady Be Good*. Torme is a scat-singer second to none (Ella), and his tribute was on the money.

The next day, things began on a more subdued note. Teddy Wilson, buoyed by Brian Torff's bass, Jimmy Cobb's drums and Ruby Braff's cornet, strolled through a perfunctory set. The whole thing was like a gin gimlet—a cool, refreshing opener which shone during Teddy's romping, striding "A Train," showcasing his patented descending arpeggios. Mel joined for a toe-tapping *Avalon*.

Bill Evans followed with his trio and a plaster cast from the hand to the elbow of his left arm. There were no surprises here either, with Evans playing his introspective, brittle treatments of such tunes as *My Romance* and *I Do It For Your Love*. The Evans style is much better suited to a small club than Carnegie Hall, but his collaboration with Torme, *I'll Remember April*, was a gem. Both men work well in the tight situation of bare-boned accompaniment.

George Shearing completed the string of pianists as he and his new accomplice, Brian Torff, played a set right off their duo album. Shearing has returned to jazz with a vengeance and the swinging, round bass tones of Torff are the perfect foil. George tore ass

through Billy Taylor's *One For The Woofers* and a bone-cracking, locked-hands stomp through *Lullaby Of Birdland*. Torme joined the pair for Noel Coward's *Chase Me, Charlie*. Torme, Shearing and Coward go together like the sides of an equilateral triangle, so this would have made a handsome concert on its own; Coward's witty, sophisticated lyrics and gentle, lilting melodies are tailor made for these two paragons of cocktail jazz. *Pick Yourself Up* featured Mel scatting over a Bach-like Shearing and *A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square* was breathtaking—Mel's voice soaring like that very bird over a waterbed of strings.

Shearing left, but the string section stayed for the second half of the show which was attractive, but not thrilling. Torme's voice is best served by violins and cellos and, thanks to Marty Paich's arranging, the charts never got too schmaltzy. Mel stood on a platform (so he could conduct) and belted ballads, *I Surrender, Dear* and *All This Is Mine And Heaven Too* being most successful.

The final night was swing night, opening up with Anita O'Day zipping through her set. Anita makes up in style what she's missing in voice, and while she tossed in too many wisecracks, jokes and mannerisms, she also displayed her unique brand of back-of-the-throat scat and stairstep phrasing which has been borrowed by dozens of singers, not the least of whom is Mel Torme. These days, though, Anita doesn't seem to take herself or her material too seriously and though she flies through the SST tempos with spit and flash, something is missing. Mel took the vocal honors in their duet—*Let Me Off Uptown*, with Mel scatting Roy Eldridge's solo of yore.

The ageless Woody Herman and his underdog Thundering Herd stampeded on next with plenty of sock. This Herd blows its collective tail off—*Things Ain't What . . . Four Brothers* and *Woodchoppers Ball* all got fast, hot treatments with strong solos from the sax section, notably Gary Samolian and Frank Tiberi. This bunch is as tight as Bo Derek's behind and just as swinging. Woody Herman never sits back and rests; the oldies were interspersed with such things as John Coltrane's *Countdown*, transcribed by Frank Tiberi into a Supersax-type chart with a brassy top. Zoot Sims, a former Herd member, was added for two numbers which he spat out with his usual amount of swinging panache as Papa Herman looked on with pride.

The show's closing set had Torme in front of the Herd for some finger-popping oomph. The rhythm section became slightly unbuttoned as the set progressed; obviously Mel didn't give them much time to rehearse with him, and the pianist practically disappeared on *Autumn In New York*. A singer of Torme's demanding qualities should have a pianist, but this is a lot looser (and a lot cheaper). Zoot was added for an easy swing version of Billy Joel's *New York State Of Mind* (which is quickly turning into a pop standard), and Torme just breezed through a set of standards including a zippy, extravaganza of a blues and a peculiar rendition of *Mountain Greenery* which had Torme singing the lyric while the band played *Spinning Wheel*.

The three evenings ended with Mel and Woody sharing a vocal on *Caledonia* and Torme scatting his cummerbund off as the Herd's sax section belched lava.

"Mel Torme and Friends" was a triumph of taste and musicianship. Torme fashioned a

well-paced and diverse series of programs, and proved to be up to them all. —*lee jeske*

WOMEN'S JAZZ FESTIVAL

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

The third annual Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City was the biggest yet: 11 events stretched over four days, as opposed to eight over three last year; there were two main evening concerts instead of one; and the fest was covered on national television by NBC and CBS.

Despite stiff competition (a Chick Corea concert, and another featuring Dave Brubeck, Marian McPartland and Carmen McRae), attendance, too, was up from last year, perhaps because the closing concert Sunday was held not in Kansas City, Kansas, but in the acoustically superior Music Hall in Kansas City, Missouri.

This grand finale offered less that was new than the Friday evening affair held in a smaller hall at the Crown Center Hotel. The Sunday headliner was Cleo Laine, offering her customary impeccable display of togetherness with John Dankworth and a combo that now includes vibes (Bill Le Sage). JoAnne Brackeen, who got short shrift last year when she was obliged to follow Carmen McRae and close the show to a restless, partial walkout crowd, did much better this time. Given a full set right after intermission, she fielded a series of iridescent originals, brilliantly supported by Eddie Gomez and Motohiko Hino.

Carla Bley, in her WJF debut, revealed that she has cultivated her image to the point where her show might best be called "Jazz of the Absurd" or "Artistry in Bullshit." This is not to say that her set was lacking in real musicianship by Bley and Arturo O'Farrill, both doubling on piano and organ, Carlos Ward and Gary Windo on saxes and Steve Swallow on bass, among others.

The 1980 All Stars, a quintet hand-picked by festival president Dianne Gregg and executive director Carol Comer, were better organized than last year's group. Led by the buoyant Jill McManus at the piano, they included a fine Canadian reed player, Jane Fair, Stacy Rowles (of whom more later) on flugelhorn, Barbara Merjan (a 1979 hold-over) on drums, the Disney World house bassist, Louise Davis, whose sound and style were disappointing, and a vocalist, Janet Lawson, who sang her own composition *Woman*. Lawson is technically flawless (she also proved to be a splendid clinician), yet lacking in emotional depth.

But the real excitement had taken place 48 hours earlier, at the first annual "TNT" (top new talent) presentation in the Centennial Ballroom. The show opened with Quintess, a Los Angeles based group that won the combo contest (19 groups sent in tapes; the winner was invited to appear). Quintess generally plays hard bop; led by Ruth Kissane on trumpet, the band featured good solos by Janet Jones on piano and Kay Blanchard on clarinet and tenor.

This wasn't the real excitement, either; nor was Mary Watkins, a keyboard player whose r&b combo trundled out tiresome funk

cliches. Between Quintess and Watkins we were introduced to Dianne Reeves, of whom more will unquestionably be heard. Dianne Reeves looks and sounds like a taller, humanized Diana Ross. On the basis of her song selections and the choice of accompaniment it would seem that she wants to be known as a jazz singer, which, particularly at age 23, is a rare ambition nowadays.

Backed by the cooking Paul Smith Trio (not Ella's Paul Smith), her set ranged from a warm, affecting *Here's That Rainy Day* to a partly-scatted *On A Clear Day*. Her *God Bless The Child* achieved an impassioned beauty that brought new life to the overworked Billie Holiday standard.

Reeves clearly has her act together. Her confidence and stage presence are a delight,

though once or twice she bordered on theatricality. But her exhibition of dynamic contrasts, of aural and visual charm, convinced many in the audience that she is unquestionably destined for stardom. Her spectacular gig at last year's Wichita Jazz Festival had led Gregg and Comer to hire her for the WJF.

Climaxing the TNT concert was the orchestra then known as the Bonnie Janofsky-Ann Patterson Big Band, since re-named Maiden Voyage. All-female big jazz bands have been few and far between throughout jazz history and, except for the International Sweethearts of Rhythm, such units have been musically limited.

Maiden Voyage is something else. Formed last September as an aftermath of a short-



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lived band Janofsky had led with another reed player, Roz Cron, this is by all odds the most impressive such ensemble ever put together.

For the record, Maiden Voyage as heard in Kansas City comprised Louise Berk (wife of drummer Dick Berk), lead trumpet; Ruth Kissane, Stacy Rowles, Marty Awkerman, trumpets and flugelhorn; Beth Carver, June Satin, trombones; Sherri Wright, bass trombone; Betty O'Hara, valve trombone, flugelhorn, euphonium, vocals, arranger; Ann Patterson, co-leader, alto, flute, soprano; Fostina Dixon, alto, flute; Leslie Dechter, Kay Blanchard, tenors, flutes; Jamie MacEwing, baritone, bass clarinet; Janet Jones, piano; Valerie Sullivan, bass; Judy Chilnick, congas,

vibes; Bonnie Janofsky, drums and co-leader.

There have since been a couple of changes. Most regrettably, Fostina Dixon, the only black member, who was subbing for Barbara Watts, has yielded her chair to Watts, who unlike Dixon is not a jazz soloist. However, one soloist more or less will not make the difference between overall artistic success and failure, and on the basis of several hearings (at Donte's, on the *Tonight* show) it would seem that Janofsky and Patterson have built a well-organized team that could, given the right material, develop into a most important group. It will not have to rely on the novelty value of being all-female; the band already has been offered a recording contract with Seabreeze.

Ladd McIntosh, Bob Brookmeyer and Tommy Newsom have helped the band to build its library, but even here male assistance need not be counted on exclusively. Nan Schwartz, daughter of veteran reedman Wilbur Schwartz and a successful TV composer, has contributed a fine arrangement of *All Blues*. The invaluable Betty O'Hara, one of the band's senior members, has written a humor-laced original called *Pretty Good For A Girl*, and an arrangement of *God Bless The Child* in which she sings and plays flugelhorn, ending in a dialog with Sherri Wright's bass trombone.

Ann Patterson is an alto soloist with a cuttingly personal sound, heard to advantage on *Summer Of '42*. Stacy Rowles, daughter of Jimmy Rowles, is developing into a warmly lyrical flugelhornist.

Louise Berk's lead trumpet gives the lie to the theory that women do not have the physical stamina required for the effective performance of jazz. In fact, the entire brass section is excitingly together. The reeds seem less well organized at times.

A personal touch is the use of Judy Chilnick often doubling the lead melody line on vibes. Chilnick is also helpful in keeping the not always steady rhythm section on an even keel.

In addition to its gig at the TNT concert, Maiden Voyage played at a very sentimental matinee that brought together nine of the original members of the Sweethearts of Rhythm, along with six later members. Among the latter was Anna Mae Winburn, who conducted the band from 1941 until its demise in 1948. After this reporter had interviewed all the founder members, their vocalist, Evelyn McGee, sang a couple of numbers backed by Marian McPartland. (McPartland is working on a book, *Jazzwomen*, for Oxford University Press.)

While McGee sang, Pauline Braddy, the old Sweethearts drummer, felt the urge to sit in. ("I hadn't touched the drums in 12 years," she said afterward.) Then Nancy Brown, a trumpeter who worked in the final edition of the Sweethearts, jumped on the bandstand to blow a chorus or two. But it was less the performance than the good vibes that established this as a memorable event. It has been a long way from the Sweethearts of Rhythm, b. 1938, to Maiden Voyage, b. 1979, and the old-timers were thrilled to hear what, in effect, their pioneer efforts had wrought.

The busy weekend also included clinics, numerous jam sessions with local and visiting musicians, and an intriguing student band invitational concert, in which every ensemble introduced at least a couple of female soloists. Most successful was the North Texas State Yes M.A.A.M. Band (Musicians Ain't Always Men), with 13 female and four male members.

After the festival, on Monday, a bunch of us (most of the Maiden Voyagers, Mary Watkins and some local males) jammed at the Mutual Musicians' Foundation, formerly the headquarters of the black musicians' local and now a social club. From there we drove across the border where, at the edge of Independence, Mo., in Lincoln Cemetery, Charlie Parker and his mother lie buried in an untended grave. It was a somber and unforgettable ending to a weekend in this city where so much jazz history was established and continues to be made.

—Leonard Feather

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BRACKEEN

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she played formally with him until 1975. Although she and Henderson remained close musical partners, a two-year tenure with Stan Getz soon began, and was an important step towards the public becoming aware of her skills. Just before joining Getz she recorded her first solo effort, *Snooze*, an impressive debut that displayed an emphatic, even tough touch on the keys. Brackeen's firm approach was ably complemented on the album by Cecil McBee on bass and Billy Hart on drums.

Brackeen received her greatest initial praise in Europe, where Getz gave her wide exposure. Two European albums were the result, *New True Illusions* on Timeless and *Invitation* on the Freedom label. Another sample of her play during this period can be found on the *Stan Getz Gold LP*.



DARRYL PITTENCORE

In 1977, Brackeen finally moved out on her own and, with the help of agent Helen Keane, began establishing herself as a major solo voice. It is significant that Ms. Keane decided to manage Brackeen, since at one point she vowed her only pianist client would be Bill Evans.

That year also brought forth two fine Brackeen albums. *Mythical Magic* was recorded "in this small town in the Black Forest" and contains two different sides of Brackeen. *Stella By Starlight* is a standard that she recorded reluctantly at the urging of her German producer. *Transition*, from that same album, is an original tune influenced by Ornette Coleman's music—"a freer, less structured song that points to a direction I'd like to explore further at some point," says Brackeen.

Back in the USA, Brackeen cut *Aft* for Timeless with bassist Houston and Japanese guitarist Ryo Kawasaki. The album was a big seller in Japan. The next year she did her last work for Timeless, *Trinkets And Things*; that led to her first collaboration with Gomez on *Prism*.

Bassist extraordinaire Eddie Gomez recalls "meeting her a long time ago and seeing her play. Then she was just Mrs. Charles Brackeen to me, wife of the saxophonist. I thought she had some promise as a musician. When I heard her some time later, I realized she had gone past the point of someone having promise, and that she possessed a really unique talent. After I left Bill Evans, we were sort of drawn together musically.

"This was very strange, since after I left Bill I had made a conscious effort to stay away from playing with a pianist; I was so thoroughly dosed in it with Bill, I thought that change would be good. But I found that when I played with JoAnne, we had an incredible understanding.

"Her use of rhythms is the most highly developed component of her play, although she is tuned in to a lot of different things. I guess part of the reason we get along so well is that this emphasis calls upon the bassist to extend himself."

When asked about the growth in Brackeen's new music, Gomez positively bubbled. "One curtain is going down, another coming up. For me, her music is always a challenge. These new compositions show that JoAnne is entering a new era in her writing and is blossoming even more." db



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JAZZ AIDS

by JAMEY AEBERSOLD and OTHERS

ECM

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generally been eschewed by the ECM artists. But on the evidence of the group's previous recording for the Italian Black Saint label, there can be no question of interference. No loss of power is evident in the band's music as recorded by ECM; in fact, few musicians have recorded anything so affecting as bassist Haden's *Song For The Whales*. And tenorist Dewey Redman, who has been featured earlier on ECM as part of Keith Jarrett's *Survivors* quartet, is much less bridled than there or on his recent Galaxy album. Though clearly fulfilling the label's rubric concerning lyricism, the music is more trenchant than other ECM recordings.

The latest ripple on the otherwise placid face of the ECM catalog has been provided by its most oft-featured drummer, Jack DeJohnette. His new *Special Edition* album features men, in David Murray and Arthur Blythe, to whom compromise is unknown. Starting with Jack's impassioned tribute to the late Eric Dolphy, *One For Eric*, the meat is cut off the bone in huge raw chunks. Murray's bass clarinet and Blythe's alto saxophone combine with a craggy lyricism that cuts right across the original ECM antipathy to the music's "rough and bombastic side."

"It's very contemporary," says Eicher. "It's a breath of the body, and I'm glad we can offer the audience a contrast. But I still don't see the difference between this and the body of the ECM catalogue."

The difference, for me, is heard in comparing *One For Eric* and *Zoot Suite* (with its violent tempo variations) with the group's interpretation of, appropriately, John Coltrane's majestic *India*, a fragment of the late tenor player's lyrical side which has both mesmerized many younger players and seems to be ECM's own diaphanous *sine qua non*. It also lies in comparisons between this album and an earlier DeJohnette recording, *New Rags*, where the turbulence provided by saxman Alex Foster was both intermittent and anonymous. Is the substance of this difference artist and repertoire? or recording mix? Lester Bowie was hardly anonymous in DeJohnette's ECM LP *New Directions*, yet that production integrated the label's characteristically mellow guitarisms in the person of John Abercrombie, and the advantage of both aspects was not lost.

That a label so closely associated with serene allegory should have recorded, in relatively rapid succession, musicians whose philosophies are so obviously at variance with the publicized maxims of ECM is, of course, fascinating. But six or seven albums out of 156 do not indicate a casting-off of uniform, especially when several fit fairly comfortably into the general pattern. The four men who labor in ECM's Munich office see it all as a natural evolutionary process. As Eicher put it: "Nowadays, there are things we can do which we always wanted to do. At first, this wasn't possible—that's the difference."

The change, then, is not total, and the newer things documented by ECM are so few that, so far, they seem to sit like curios on the mantelpiece of a man whose basic philosophy remains unaltered. The general enthusiasm for watercolors will continue, for it is as though Manfred Eicher is still searching for an elusive song. Whether he finds it in *Full Force*, new from the Art Ensemble or in Sam Rivers' forthcoming LP remains to be considered. db

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PRO-SESSION HOW TO

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

LET INDIVIDUAL INSTRUMENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES PART II

Part I of this article (db. June, 1980) examined timbre contrast as one way to insure melodic clarity against an orchestral background. Part II now examines other ways to insure melodic clarity, each again employing the principle of contrast.

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



PITCH CONTRAST

The Fletcher-Munson curve (see any book on acoustics) shows that the ear perceives sound most readily in the top octave of the piano keyboard (about 2,000 to 4,000 cycles per second), then gradually loses that easy perception as pitch descends.

For this reason, screech trumpets and high piccolos cannot be masked by lower-pitched sound masses.

Many Ellington records (Cat Anderson on trumpet).

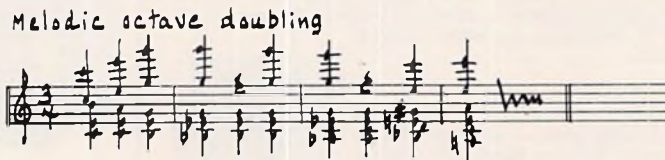
Any Maynard Ferguson record.

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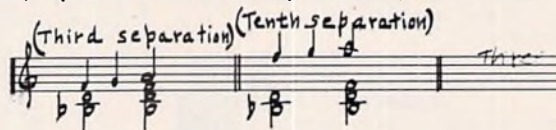
For the same reason, locating any melody above its accompaniment helps increase its noticeability:



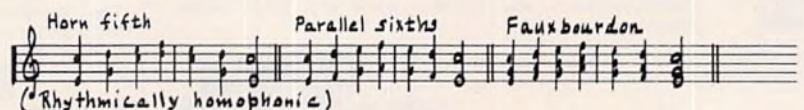
And again for the same reason, doubling that melody up an octave (or two) greatly increases its noticeability:



In separation of melody and accompaniment, distance promotes distinction—a melody lying an octave plus a third above its accompaniment sounds more independent than the same melody separated from its accompaniment by only a third:

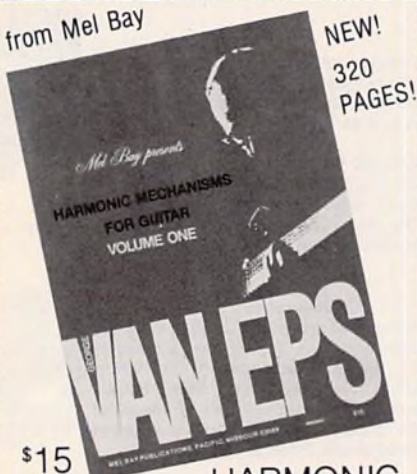


When the rhythm of the harmony matches that of the melody, the two fuse into a single attention-entity, thereby negating any need for wide pitch separation. In this type of homophonic texture, the ear hears the melody as the top notes of successive intervals or chords:



Again, doubling the melody an octave above increases its noticeability, as does doubling the melody an octave below, especially when the harmony notes all lie between the melody and its lower-octave double:

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octave-doubled horn fifth Octave-doubled fauxbourdon

Melody doubled 8^{ths} below, enclosing harmony (Block chord texture)

Chopin's *Prelude In G* illustrates two-part homophonic texture. Tchaikovsky's *Dance Of The Reed Flutes* from his *Nutcracker Suite* illustrates three-part homophonic texture.

George Shearing's version of *September In The Rain* illustrates block-chord texture with melody doubled around harmony notes. Most big band arrangements utilize various block-chord textures in the sax section, the trumpet section, and the trombone section.

RHYTHMIC MOTION CONTRAST

When the rhythmic motion of a melody differs from that of its accompaniment, the melody becomes a separate identity. Against a sustained background, for example, melodic activity stands out, whereas against a busy background, it pales. The more active a melody becomes, therefore, the less it needs activity in its accompaniment, and the less active a melody becomes, the more it needs activity in its accompaniment:

Active melody static melody

over-active accompaniment (for above) under-active accompaniment (for above)

sufficiently inactive (for above) sufficiently active (for above)

The accompaniments which follow exemplify a few ways to balance rhythmic impetus between melody and accompaniment:

- 1). When melodic motion stops, accompaniment motion starts:

- 2). Against active melodic motion, accompaniment furnishes less active rhythmic figures:

- 3). Against active melodic motion, accompaniment furnishes intermittent single chords:

- 4). Against static melodic motion, accompaniment furnishes arpeggios:

- 5). Against static melodic motion, accompaniment furnishes active counter melody:

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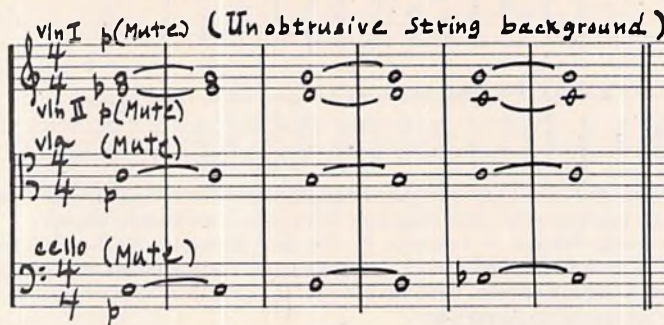
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Adding another background limited to pastel timbre, sustained sound, and the middle pitch register will not disturb the rhythmic balance in any of the above formats:



Nor will homophonic support of the melody (the intervallic, fauxbourdon, or block-chord supports shown earlier) disturb those rhythmic balances.

While either pitch separation or rhythmic contrast will help disengage a melody from its accompaniment, combining the two methods will dramatically increase melodic clarity.

DYNAMIC CONTRAST

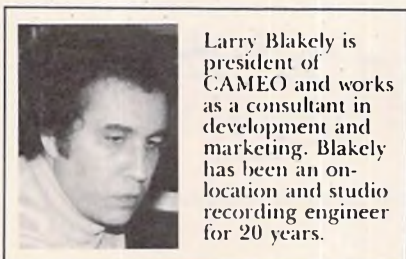
This most-easily-accomplished method of increasing melodic noticeability consists of 1) either raising dynamic markings for the melody or lowering them for the accompaniment, 2) placing the melodic instrument in its own highest register, where its tonal nature is to project, or 3) using electronic amplification, either through a microphone or through a pickup.

Again, combining the various clarification methods will multiply melodic noticeability. **db**



**HOW GRAPHIC EQUALIZERS
SUPPRESS FEEDBACK**

by Larry Blakely



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.

There are many types of equalizers available on the market. A simple tone control like that found on any radio or record player is an equalizer: an electronic device which "boosts" (increases) or "cuts" (decreases) the level of a portion of the audible frequency spectrum. For example, a bass control will increase or decrease only low frequencies. Increasing the low frequency level gives the music more body or foundation, or the sound can be made very thin by reducing the low frequency level. Likewise a treble control will increase or decrease only the high frequencies which can make the music sound much brighter when boosted or quite dull when they are cut.

Equalizers will allow the operator to add color to the sounds of vocals, instruments, or groups of vocalists or instruments. These

tone controls are often found on each input of mixing consoles to give an operator additional flexibility to paint tonal colors to enhance sounds. The bass and treble tone control is the simplest of equalizers.


I would like to focus in on graphic equalizers, as they are very popular, and many musicians are purchasing them for their sound reinforcement systems. The graphic equalizer has the capability to boost or cut in a large number of frequency ranges at the same time, where the simple tone control will only boost or cut bass and treble. The types of graphic equalizers are identified by the number of frequency bands (ranges) at which they boost or cut; they are often specified in octaves. The audible frequency spectrum is usually specified from 20 Hertz to 20 thousand Hertz (20 Hz to 20 kHz). Double any given frequency to get one octave higher, or halve any given frequency for one octave lower. For example, twenty Hz to 40 Hz is one octave, and 500 Hz to 1,000 Hz (1 kHz) is one octave; twenty Hz to 30 Hz is half an octave, as is 500 Hz to 750 Hz.

The one octave graphic equalizer is perhaps the most popular type of graphic equalizer. It is in the middle price range of the three available types. This equalizer usually has 10 frequency bands which can be boosted or cut simultaneously; the bands are 31.5, 63, 125, 250, 500, continuing to double to 16,000 Hz. It is important to keep in mind that the boost or cut is not only at these exact frequencies, but also in a range on either side of the specified frequencies (often referred to as "center frequencies"). So ten octaves may be boosted or cut with a one octave graphic equalizer.

The one third octave graphic equalizer ranks second in popularity, and is the most expensive of the available types. This equalizer will boost or cut in three times more frequency ranges than the one octave type. This equalizer provides greater control over the frequency spectrum by breaking it into much smaller segments—usually 16, 20, 25, 31.5, 40, 50, 63, 80, 100, 125, 160, 200, 250, 315, 400, continuing to 16,000 Hz.

The one-half octave graphic equalizer

continued on Page 67

A man in a white shirt and pants is playing a flute in a waterfall. The water is cascading over rocks, creating a dynamic and powerful background. The man is positioned in the center, with the waterfall on the left and the rocks on the right. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the man's form and the texture of the water.

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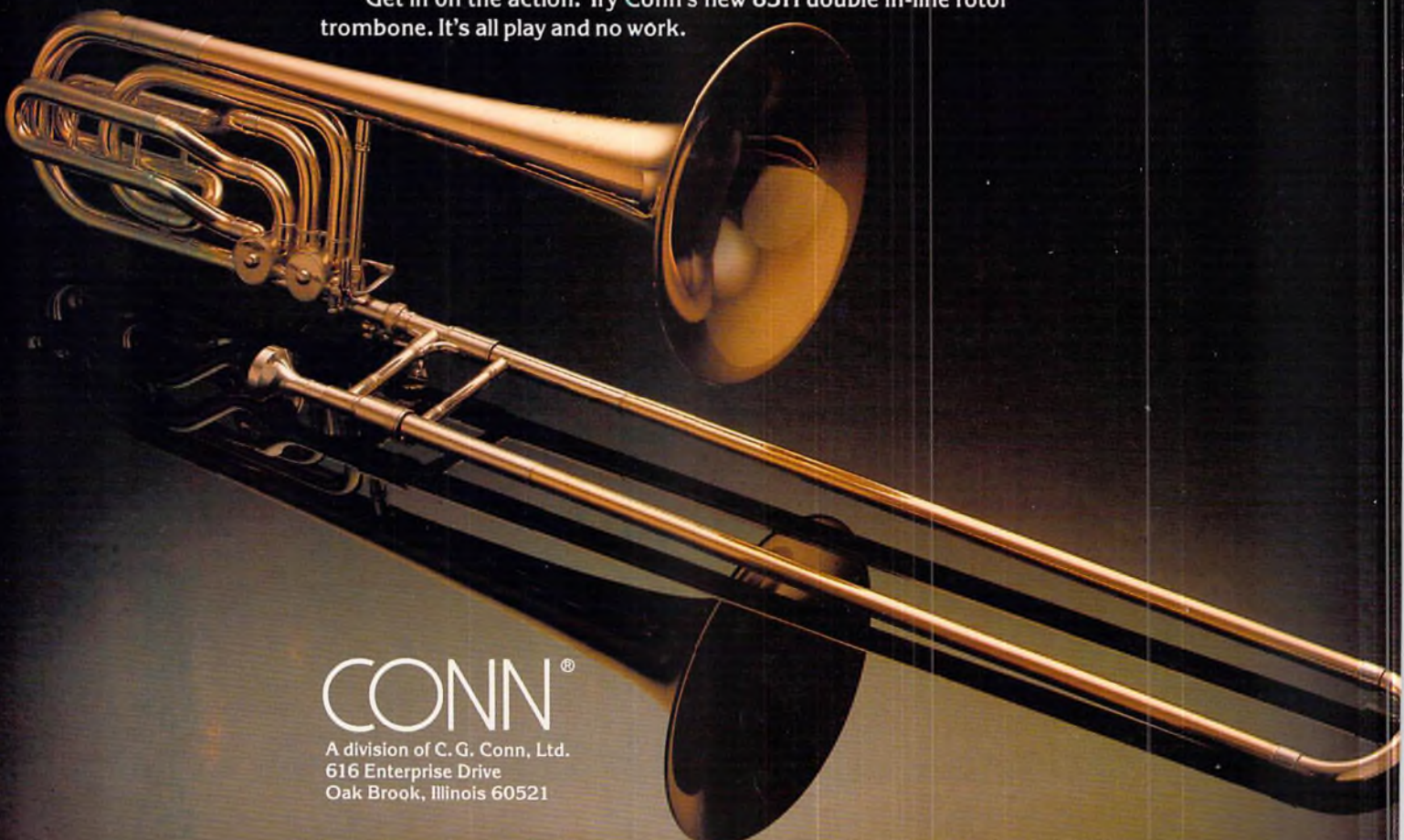


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seems to be the least popular and is typically the least expensive. This unit has the available frequency ranges centered on one-half octave intervals: usually 16, 22.4, 31.5, 45, 63, 90, 125, 180, 250, 355, 500, 710, 1,000, 1,400, 2,000, 2,800, 4,000, 5,600, 8,000, 11,200, and 16,000 Hz.

Graphic equalizers are most often used for acoustic feedback suppression. Feedback usually starts at one or possibly a few different frequencies. For feedback suppression, connect the graphic equalizer between the mixer output and the power amplifier input. The equalizer front panel will be marked in-dB for cut, +dB for boost, and 0 for flat on each of the frequency bands.

To find the frequencies at which feedback occurs, set all the equalizer boost/cut controls to the flat position. Set up your equipment with the microphones where they will be used during the performance. Turn up the individual microphone controls on the mixer to approximate the level settings that will be used during the performance.

Now increase the master level control on the mixer output until feedback starts to occur. Quickly turning to the front panel of the graphic equalizer, move each frequency control one at a time. Start at the low frequency end of the equalizer, and move the lowest frequency control to -6 dB; if it has no effect, return it to the flat position. Do the same with the next control above it, and continue this procedure. When you find a frequency band that will reduce the feedback, leave it in the -6 dB position and increase the output level of the mixer again until the feedback starts to recur. Keep repeating this procedure until you have tried all of the frequency bands on the graphic equalizer.

If the frequency bands where feedback occurs are left in the -6 dB positions there will be less feedback, but there will also be some sizeable holes in the overall frequency response: your sound system may now sound awful. When you know the problem frequency areas, change all of the affected frequency band controls to the -3 dB position; the system will probably then sound all right. You will now be able to have several dB more sound level before feedback than you would have obtained without the graphic equalizer.

Many groups use the sophisticated and expensive one-third octave graphic equalizers with most of the controls (which are usually cut by the same amount) grouped together in threes or fours. If you cut three frequency ranges that are next to each other (each being 1/3 octave apart) by the same amount, you have used a 1/3 octave equalizer to perform the function of a less expensive one octave equalizer. If you use sophisticated test equipment to measure and adjust your sound system you will most likely achieve better results with the one-third octave graphic equalizer. But if you tune out feedback only by ear, the one octave graphic equalizer is sufficient for most applications.

Graphic equalizers can quite effectively reduce acoustic feedback, but use care when making adjustments: you don't want to impair the overall audible quality of your sound reinforcement system. It will probably take some time for you to get the hang of it; use moderation to keep yourself out of trouble. **db**

puts me right up with him, otherwise I would be one place and he would be somewhere else. And sometimes I'll do a phrase before him, and he'll pick it up.

7. MILES DAVIS with PHILLY JOE JONES. *Blues No. 2* (from *Circle In The Round*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Jones, drums.

Oh yeah? That's Miles. And anytime anyone sounds like Sid Catlett, it's got to be Philly Joe Jones. What album is that? I don't think I've heard that before. No, he doesn't play the melody, but he can; have you heard Sonny Rollins and Philly do one of the nice duos, *Surrey With The Fringe On Top*? Just drums and tenor, but they sound like a whole group.

In New Orleans in practically all the drummers you can detect the marching rhythm; just growing up, it's ingrained in you. Sometimes I can recognize the Chicago sound, like in Wilbur Campbell or someone like that. Not the younger drummers—they don't have it so much, but the older drummers each have a distinct sound. Philly and different people—the minute you hear them you know who it is, no mistake. It's something distinct—I can tell Philly by the way he

plays his rolls. He's the only guy who plays rolls that don't stop when it seems like they should stop, sometimes; he plays what we call a false cadence, and it has a tendency to throw you off if you're not aware exactly of where the one is. Philly says he got that from Sid Catlett, his man. Philly, Max, Kenny Clarke; you don't have to hear a whole record, you just hear four bars, and right away you can tell who it is. It's difficult for me to do with the younger drummers; maybe it's not hearing them enough.

8. MAX ROACH and ANTHONY BRAXTON. *Dance Griot* (from *Birth And Rebirth*, Black Saint). Roach drums; Braxton, saxophones.

I don't recognize that. Some drummers can get out of their bags, sometimes. It's difficult when you have a style of playing. Like Roy Haynes, Elvin Jones—The minute you hear Elvin play, there are a lot of imitators, but you can tell Elvin, because he's so strong in his style. Of course, like a pianist, a drummer may play differently in a duo than in a trio or a group, because there's a lot more room to play, and contribute more. [Later] That was Max, huh? I couldn't tell. I heard a wonderful new album Max made with Dollar Brand; they play a beautiful duet. **db**

Sam Ash

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PRO-SESSION

THE STYLE OF MILT JACKSON

by Anita Clark



Anita Clark is a graduate of the Jazz Studies program at Indiana University and a jazz instructor at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. Her book *Jazz Styles and Analysis: Vibraphone* (a history of the jazz vibraphone via recorded solos—transcribed and annotated) will be published by **down beat** Music Workshop Books.

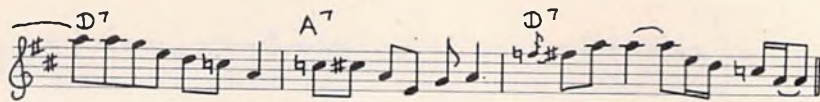
Milt Jackson was the first vibist to make the transition from swing to bebop, and this transition involved many stylistic innovations. Although it was highly rhythmic, Jackson's concept of the vibes was melodic rather than percussive. It is interesting to speculate on his melodic approach to vibes in light of his piano and guitar playing and singing, because unlike many vibists, he is not a drummer. Just as bebop pianists adopted a single-line "horn style" approach to improvisation, Jackson was innovative in playing the vibes in "horn style" rather than in the percussive style of such forerunners as Hampton and Norvo. His "horn style" of bebop vibes was a result of his melodic concept, the use of softer mallets, and a slowing down of the instrument's vibrato, all of which combined to create a fuller, more flowing sound.

Jackson's melodic concept merits closer examination. The flowing quality of his improvised lines is a result of his thorough understanding of and ability to play "through" the changes. He seems to spin his melodies effortlessly, transcending the most treacherous of chord progressions with ease. This is accomplished by the use of consecutive scale tones, common tones, and chromatic leading tones which link the measures together into a continuous thread. He has an excellent melodic/harmonic sense and often plays an important chord tone (usually the 3rd or 7th) at the occurrence of each chord.

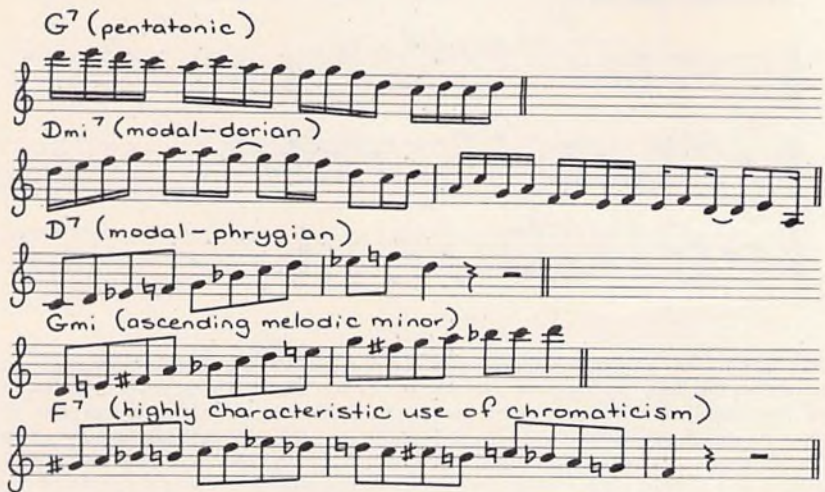


Milt Jackson is often termed a "blues player," for not only does he play blues tunes frequently, but he also makes widespread use of the blues scale, and incorporates a bluesy feeling into everything he plays. He frequently ornaments his lines with grace notes and bluesy inflections which overcome the vibraphone's lack of pitch flexibility. These techniques impart the same feeling to the line which a horn player achieves through such devices as slurs and slides before a note.





Besides the blues scale, Jackson makes use of the pentatonic scale, all of the modal scales, and the diminished and diminished whole tone scales. He also uses a tremendous amount of chromaticism in almost all of his solos.

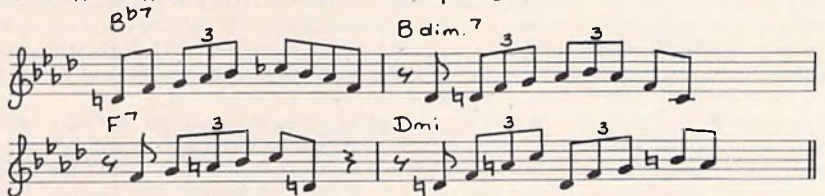


Motivic development is one of Jackson's main structural devices. He may choose motives from the original melody, but more often they are newly improvised. Once a motive has been stated, he will rework it in a variety of ways including augmentation, diminution, octave displacement, and, most important of all, sequence. Sequence is probably his most common developmental device, for it appears in almost every solo he plays. He is very skillful at repeating a motive with slight and subtle changes so that even extended sequences are not totally predictable.

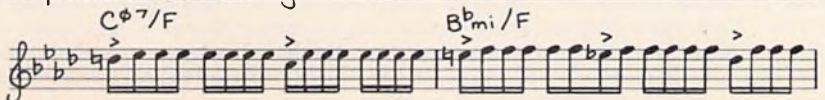


Patterns are another important element of Jackson's solos. There are a number of melodic and rhythmic patterns which can be called Milt Jackson trademarks. The most prominent one is a constant alternation of duple and triplet figures. Another is the repetition of a single pitch, usually in 8th- or 16th-notes. He also makes frequent use of a variety of patterns based on the blues scale and the diminished scale.

alternation of 8th notes and triplets

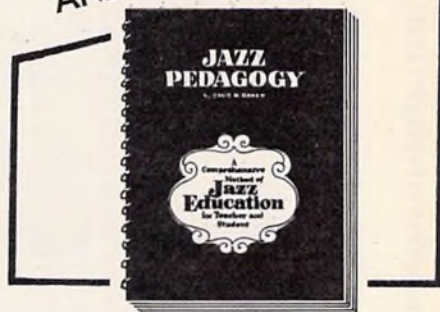


repetition of a single note



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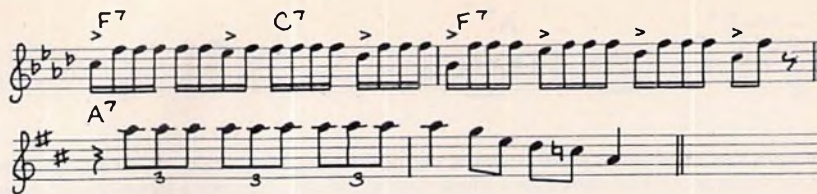
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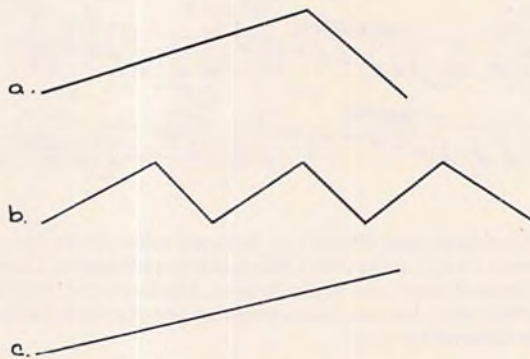


common patterns



Milt Jackson has an extraordinary sense of timing and swing. Besides being able to play squarely on the beat, his complete sureness of rhythm allows him to delay or anticipate the beat. He is firmly rooted in the bebop concept of the 8th note as the basic unit of time. At slow tempos he sometimes extends this idea to establish the 16th note as the basic pulse of his line. He is acutely aware of spatial concepts, and is able to fill any amount of time with meaningful rhythmic and melodic ideas without ever overcrowding a phrase. There is a perfect balance of rhythmic complexity and simplicity in his solos. He is capable of dazzling rhythmic intricacy, which he tempers with impeccable taste.

Structural planning is evident in Jackson's solos from the smallest component to the overall proportions of each solo. He always seems to have an architectonic plan for the development of each solo. This is not to say that all of his solos are constructed in the same way. His most common format is a gradual building of excitement or tension from the beginning of the solo until its climax, about 2/3 or 3/4 of the way through. From there, he usually tapers off to the end of the solo. However, he sometimes builds tension until the very end of the solo, ending on a peak of excitement. Another plan is the treatment of each chorus as a separate entity with its own climax. Tension and climax in his solos are created through the use of range as well as rhythmic and harmonic complexity. The highest pitches and the most complex rhythms and melodic/harmonic materials almost always correspond to the high point of the solo.



In a survey of 16 albums recorded under Milt Jackson's own name, it was discovered that he prefers to play blues and medium- and up-tempo standards. Of the 120 tunes surveyed, 41 were blues and 41 were standards. The next most popular category was ballads, with a total of 35; there were also two modal tunes. Six of these blues, standards, ballads, and modal tunes used Latin rhythms. Milt Jackson wrote 36 of the tunes surveyed.

Throughout his career, Milt Jackson has continually refined his playing, but after his initial stylistic innovations, his style has not essentially changed: he is still a blues and bebop player. However, his musical concept is broad enough that he has been able to fit into a wide variety of situations and contexts with relative ease. As a member of the Modern Jazz Quartet, he was a part of many experiments synthesizing jazz and Western European art music into Third Stream music. He was also one of the most musically compatible associates of Thelonious Monk. Throughout his career, the list of his collaborators is a veritable Who's Who: Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Woody Herman, Ray Charles, Sonny Rollins, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, Freddie Hubbard, and many, many more. Milt Jackson's stature as a vibist cannot be stated too highly. In the words of Gary Burton (db 1/11/79): "He had the most profound effect on the instrument of any player that has played it . . ."

MAN, THE BREAD THEY GET
FOR GOOD DRUMS IS REALLY
GETTING HEAVY, ISN'T IT?

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I do not see things that way. I don't know who has said that Tatum was a "senseless" virtuoso in his early period; as far as I know, Tatum always played the same licks and chord changes—but they were *his own* licks and changes. They not only made sense since they were original and showed an elaborate musical concept, but he could play them faster than anybody could expect. It is the same with me; the licks and chord structures I play are mine. I did not get them from a book or from another musician. At the present time, I do not know any musician, no matter how good he is—and that includes you, too—who can figure what I am playing unless coached by me. It is the same thing with Cecil Taylor. Nobody can play his music unless coached by him.

I hope I have not offended you. I hope my music will grow on you. Thank you very much for your attention.
Errol Parker
New York City

Hersey straightens facts

I would like to correct some mistaken information given in Art Lange's review (db March '80) of my latest album.

His first paragraph sums up his criticism of my instrumentation: "in other words, all top and bottom with nothing in the middle." If the reviewer knew the registers of these instruments (three trumpets, three reeds, trombone, guitar, bass, drums, and three percussion) it would be clear to him that the majority fall within the midrange. This instrumentation also has historic precedent: the Ellington band of the early '30s, with the exception of the percussion, was similar.

Mr. Lange states that my sources are Don

Ellis and Maynard Ferguson. I am sorry to say that I have never in my life owned an album by either of these artists. Furthermore, if these are the only sources that Mr. Lange can pick out, then he shows his knowledge of music to be of an amazingly narrow breadth for a record reviewer.

The review then talks about "Maynard Ferguson like union trumpet interludes in *Showdown*." Wrong again; there isn't a union trumpet part on the whole chart. Perhaps Mr. Lange is referring to the lead trumpet note on the turnarounds, not uncommon in big bands. Perhaps he has confused the sound of union tenor and guitar with that of trumpets.

Just wanted to set the facts straight.
Baird Hersey
New York City

McLean Blindfold

Re: Jackie McLean's *Blindfold Test*, by Larry Birnbaum, May '80.

Mr. McLean notes he hadn't heard the sax of Maceo Parker before; he still hasn't! The cut, *Gittin' A Little Hipper*, was mislabeled on King LP 1034 and the cut is actually an instrumental version of Brown's arrangement of *Kansas City*, re-titled *Buddy-E*. These two titles were somehow reversed in the notes to the album. The alto sax solo is *not* Parker, but Brown's then-bandleader, Alfred "Peewee" Ellis, who has since performed or recorded with Esther Phillips, David Liebman and Leon Thomas, among others.

I was employed by Mr. Brown as his tour director for five years and have compiled an extensive discography of Brown's based on the files of King Records and AFM studio reports of his many sessions. The cut in question was recorded in Cincinnati on December 12, 1967 and the complete personnel is: Waymon Reed and Joseph Calvin

Dupars, trumpets; Levi Rasbury, valve trombone; Alfred Ellis, alto; Maceo Parker, tenor; St. Clair Pickney, baritone; James Brown, organ; Jimmy Nolen and Alphonso Kellum, guitars; Bernard Odum, bass; John Starks, drums. The trombonist credited by Mr. Birnbaum, Fred Wesley, didn't join the Brown band until March, 1968.

I was glad to see the underrated Parker included in the test. Maybe next time his playing can be, too. Meanwhile, kudos to the also underrated Alfred Ellis.
Alan M. Leeds
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

How to get kudos

As a **down beat** reader of more than 35 years, I have seen critiques, reviews and interviews range from totally inept to superb. The "How To" series written by Dr. William L. Fowler and the Pro Session sections are among the really important columns in contemporary issues of **down beat**. Since notation, scales, harmonies and rhythms play such a vital role in the written portion of what jazz is all about, it is essential that these elements and idioms be exposed to your readers. Dr. Fowler is accomplishing this in a clear and palatable fashion. His recent explanation of "How To Americanize European Augmented-Sixth Chords" (db Jan., Feb., March '80) is excellent. These columns will prove a boon to jazz musicians who use them but don't know what they are, and to jazz musicians who have never used them properly, if at all.

My sincerest congratulations and thanks to db and Dr. Fowler for these articles. I look forward to the next series and to sharing them with my colleagues and students.
William F. Lee
Coral Gables, Florida
Dean, University of Miami School of Music

NEA Grants

from page 14

Owens, Charles (Los Angeles, CA)	1,000	(Hartford, CT)	6,000	Portland Center for the Visual Arts (Portland, OR)	5,500
Patterson, Donald (Houston, TX)	1,000	Composers and Improvisors Association		Rod Rodgers Dance Company, Inc. (NYC)	5,000
Powell, Keven (New Brunswick, NJ)	2,000	(Seattle, WA)	3,500	Rutgers University (New Brunswick, NJ)	19,000
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Rosemond, Janith (NYC)	2,000	(New Haven, CT)	6,100	Town of Hempstead (Hempstead, NY)	3,000
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(above), which is completely adjustable and will not mar the instrument. The Double Comfort is \$22.50 from McIntosh, 5029-A West Point Loma Blvd., San Diego, CA 92107.

SOUND MODIFICATION AND SYNTHESIZERS

Sequential Circuits (San Jose, CA) continues to add new features for its **Prophet-5** polyphonic synthesizer. Now a built-in cassette interface enables the transfer of complete sets of 40 programs each onto regular cassette tape; virtually any cassette recorder can be used. A variable scale mode allows the player to tune each of the 12 notes in an octave to difference frequencies, and the tunings can be stored on cassettes with the other programs. The Edit has been improved for simplicity in program modification, and a Voice Defeat system permits the player to disable a defective voice in an emergency, even while playing.

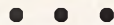


A nationwide network of Sequential Circuits service centers has now been established, located in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, Washington, DC, Atlanta and Los Angeles; more service centers will open in the months to come.

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KEYBOARD

Back in the 1920s, **QRS** (Buffalo, NY) the leading piano roll maker, devised a course for piano students who wished to learn to play using the player piano and its slow-fast foot pedal pumper. The original course was lost, but with the present popularity of player pianos, the course has been redeveloped. The **QRS Educator Set** is six player rolls containing piano lessons—musical notes and keyboard diagrams are printed on the rolls—along with a copy of David Carr Glower's book *The Adult Piano Student*. The advanced lessons include duets for pianist and player piano.



The **Roland SA-09 Saturn** is new from **Roland Corp US** (Los Angeles, CA). The Tone Generation system of the Saturn is comprised of four Tone Selector switches which provide four different tonal shadings. Each of these settings is in turn controlled by four sliders for octave adjustment of 8', 4', 2' and 1'. Additional features include two envelope response switches for selection of Organ or Percussive envelopes. An Accent switch and a Sustain Time adjustment slider also shape the envelope. The Modulation section provides for either Chorus or Vibrato type modulation. Tone, Tune and Transpose switches are also featured. Suggested retail price is \$795.

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The **Resynator**, from **Musico** (Indianapolis, IN), is a rack-mounted synthesizer device that connects directly to any musical instrument pickup—wind, string and percussion instruments, even voice—using a timbre modulator to make the resulting sound as personal and expressive as an unamplified, unmodified acoustic instrument: the musician's control of the "Resynated" sound is unique among sound enhancing products. A digital frequency analyzer provides fast tracking of the initiating instrumental sound; the Resynator offers automatic tuning of the effects oscillator, A440 tuning reference and stabilizing algorithms to track the music through noise.

SOUND EQUIPMENT

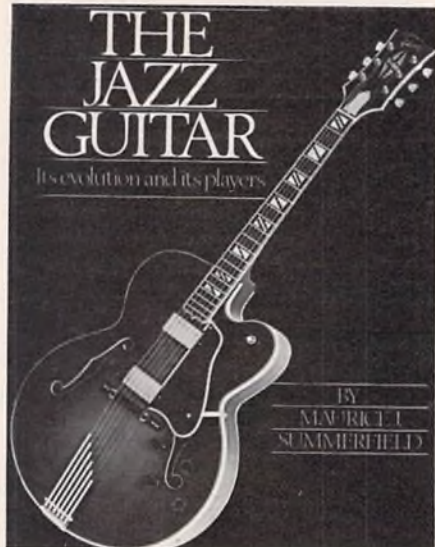


The **Mini-Amp Model 8401** by **Zeus** (Alhambra, CA) is a versatile monster that's only 7½" by 3" by 1¼", yet delivers a big sound with the tonal characteristics of a full sized amp. It produces a clean guitar tone, and also offers sustain, controlled feedback and harmonic response for today's players. Master volume, tone control, and pre-amp control are featured. It also can be used as an electronic pre-amp with 21 decibel boost in an overdrive unit, a line-level driver, or a transducer pre-amp for acoustic instruments. It'll drive any eight or 16 ohm speaker configuration, and in a pinch it can drive a stack of Marshall speakers. The Mini-Amp runs on eight AA batteries, can be used with headphones, and is adaptable to AC power.

STUDY AIDS

For the musician who wants to learn to play by ear, John LaPorta's *Jazz Ear Training* may be just the answer. It's a play-along LP with a workbooklet that, together, help students to see what music looks like when they hear it and to hear what it sounds like when they see it. Offered by **Kendor** (Delevan, NY), the method is for beginning and experienced musicians both; it's available in B flat, E flat, C treble and C bass.

GUITAR FAMILY

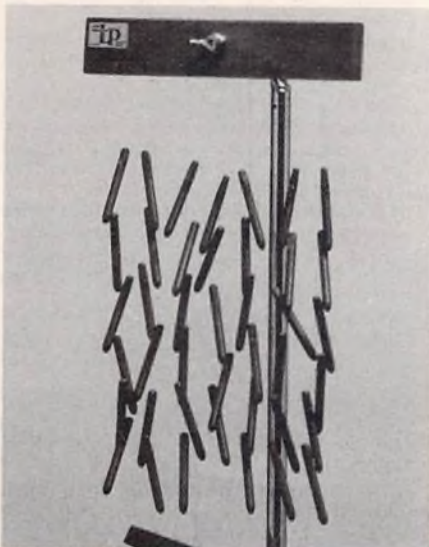


The Jazz Guitar—Its Evolution And Its Players by Maurice Summerfield is a 240-page reference book about the guitar's history in jazz since 1895. The largest section of the book is devoted to biographies of the major jazz guitarists; a discography and discussions of equipment (and where to buy it) are included. **Hal Leonard** (Milwaukee) is the publisher.



Having already introduced an electric guitar build-it-yourself kit, **Saga** (South San Francisco, CA) now offers its **PB-10 Electric Bass Guitar Kit**. It's complete with strings, cord and tools, and features a pre-fretted neck and fingerboard of solid maple with inlaid position dots and truss rod installed. The body is birch and mahogany, routed for all electronics. Twin bass pickups are molded to the pickguard, and require no soldering to complete the circuits. The bridge can be adjusted for intonation and string height; the geared tuners are heavy duty and chrome plated. A manual for finishing and assembly is included, and you don't need special skills and tools to build your bass guitar with this kit.

PERCUSSION



A set of **Pin Chimes**, from **Latin Percussion** (Garfield, NJ), provides a unique shimmering sound. The set is mountable on any ordinary cymbal stand and can be struck, stroked, or played by moving the bottom frame piece. Suggested retail price is \$49.50.

Two Brazilian made whistles have been added to the **Latin Percussion** line. Both are made from native Brazilian hardwoods and are hand finished. The **LP526 Wooden Tri-Tone Samba Whistle** lists for \$18. The **LP527 Tapocito Samba Whistle** is similar in sound to an American police whistle, though it is higher pitched. The LP527 lists for \$10.

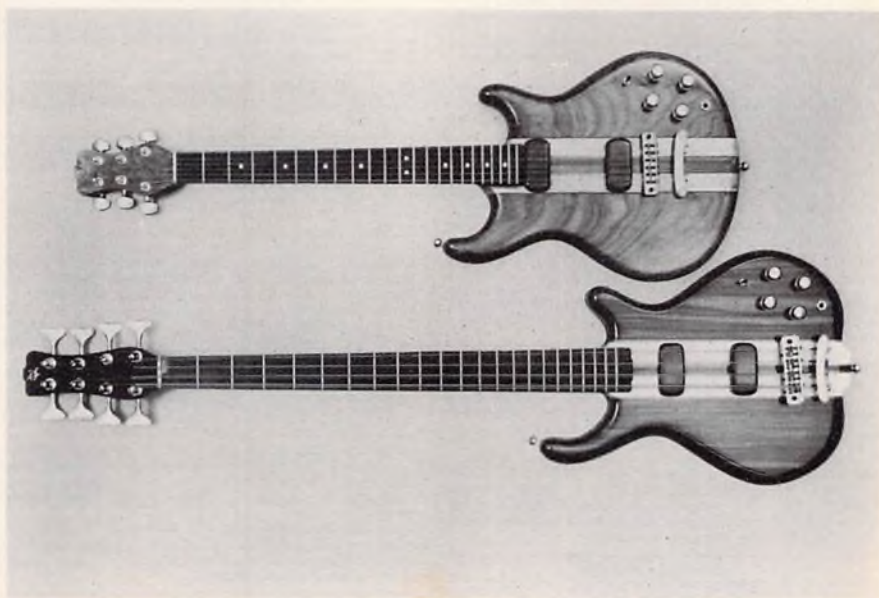
ACCESSORIES



HERB NOLAN

down beat's Leonard Nowakowski wails with his alto and **Sound Mirror**, from **Ploeger Corp.** (Mt. Clemens, MI), a plastic disc that clips to the saxophone bell. This adjustable transparent reflector bounces the sound back toward the player, enabling him to control his sound, eliminate overblowing and improve intonation.

GUITAR FAMILY



Veillette-Citron (from Sundown Music, Brooklyn, NY) has introduced three new models. All guitars and basses feature dual coil hum-cancelling pickups, Schaller tuners, and full bodylength neck.

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CITY SCENE

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Bottom Line: Name jazz/pop/rock nightly; call 228-6300.

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Greene St.: Name jazz nightly; call 925-2415.

Hanratty's: Name pianists nightly; call 289-3200.

Jazz Forum: *Mark Morganelli* (6/20-21, 6/30); *Clifford Jordan* (6/25-26); *Louis Hayes* (6/27-28); *Barry Harris* (6/29); *Sam Jones* (7/1); *Bill Hardman & Junior Cook* (7/3); *Chuck Israels* (7/4-5); *Jimmy Cobb* (7/6); *Harold Vick* (7/11-12); *Steve Giordano* (7/18-19); call 477-2655.

Jazzmania Society: Two floors of weekend jazz; call 477-3077.

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Knickerbocker Saloon: *Jr. Mance and Marty Rivera* (7/1-5); *Mary Lou Williams/Milton Suggs* (7/8-26); call 228-8490.

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(6/30-7/12); call 249-4100.

Seventh Ave. So.: Name jazz nightly; call 242-2694.

Soundscape: *Ustad Z.M.Dagar* (6/26); *Andrew Cyrille* (6/27); *Joe McPhee* (6/28, alt.); *Ed Blackwell/Charles Brackeen* (6/28, eve.); *Tracer, Marilyn Crispell, Boneworks, Raymond Chang* (6/29); *Libre* (7/1); *Becky Friend/Mary Okuba* (7/2); *Ronald Shannon Jackson* (7/3); *Karen Borca* (7/4); *Steve Reid/Charles Tyler and Michelle Rosewoman/Kelvin Bell* (7/5); call 581-7032.

Sweet Basil: *Albert Dailey* (6/15-16); *Lou Donaldson* (6/17-21); *Road* (6/29-30); *James Moody* (6/24-7/5); *Johnny Coles* (7/6-7); *Milt Jackson* (7/8-12); *Turk Mauro* (7/13-14); *Robin Kenyatta* (7/20-21); call 242-1785.

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

Village Vanguard: *Jim Hall* (6/17-22); *Illinois Jacquet* (6/24-29); *Mel Lewis Orchestra* (7/7-12); call 255-4037.

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

New York University: Highlights in Jazz: *Tal Farlow, Jazz A Cordes and Tiny Grimes* (6/19); call 598-3757.

Carnegie Hall: *Frank Sinatra* (thru 6/26); *Tribute to Charlie Parker, feat. Dexter Gordon, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, Jay McShann and others* (6/27); *Trib. to Fred Astaire, feat. Mel Torme, Stan Getz, Clark Terry, others* (6/28); *Dave Brubeck & Carmen McRae* (6/29); *Sarah Vaughan* (7/1); *Akiyoshi/Tabackin Band w/Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, others* (7/2); *Stan Getz & Dexter Gordon* (7/3); *Max Roach & McCoy Tyner* (7/4); *Trib. to Eddie Jefferson, feat. Manhattan Transfer, James Moody, Richie Cole, others* (7/5).

Carnegie Recital Hall: *Jaki Byard* (6/27); *Dardanelle* (6/28); *Leroy Jenkins* (6/30); *Hilton Ruiz* (7/1); *Mitchel Forman* (7/2); *John Hicks* (7/3); *Eddie*

Heywood (7/4); *Jimmy Rowles* (7/5).

Town Hall: *Art Ensemble* (6/27); *Chick Corea* (6/28); *Beaver Harris/Don Pullen and Blood Ulmer* (6/29); *Jazz on Film* (7/1); *World Sax Quartet & Archie Shepp* (7/4); *Carla Bley and Robert Kraft* (7/5); *Trib. To Duke, feat. Oliver Lake, Leroy Jenkins, Julius Hemphill, others.*

Avery Fisher Hall: *Trib. To Bird, feat. Stan Getz, Joe Albany, Phil Woods, others* (6/27); *Angela Bofill* (6/28); *Gato Barbieri* (6/29); *Herbie Hancock* (7/1); *Blues, feat. Adelaide Hall, Sippie Wallace, Big Mama Thornton, others* (7/2); *Benny Carter & Tap Dancers* (7/3); *Chick Corea & Gerry Mulligan* (7/4); *Eddie Palmieri, Tito Puente, Mongo Santamaria & Dizzy Gillespie* (7/5).

Roseland: *Lionel Hampton & Panama Francis* (6/30).

Free Jazz On 52nd St.: *John Abercrombie, Chico Freeman, Billy Harper, Roy Haynes, Howard McGhee, others* (7/8).

CHICAGO

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Checkerboard: Blue Monday with *Lefty Dizz;* blues weekends, with *Buddy Guy/Junior Wells* when in town; call 373-5948.

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Park West: Chick Corea (6/25), Harry James (6/28); call 929-5959.

Rick's Cafe Americain: Marian McPartland (6/10-21), Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis (6/24-28), Roy Eldridge/Franz Jackson (7/8-19), Fourth Anniversary Party with Eldridge Jackson and Stephane Grappelli Quartet (7/14-15), Milt Jackson (7/22-8/2), Joe Williams/Prez Conference (8/5-30); 943-9200.

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Jazz Hotline (Jazz Institute of Chicago): (312) 666-1881.

Chicago Blues Line: (312) 732-5505.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): Roy Ayers (6/19-22); Mongo Santamaria (6/26-29); Bobby Hutcherson (7/2-6); Willie Bobo (7/9-13, 16-20); Ahmad Jamal (7/23-27); Cal Tjader (8/13-17, 20-31); call 379-4998 for info.

Century City Playhouse (10508 Pico): Vinny Golia Trio (6/22); Nels Cline, Jeff Gauthier, Eric Von Essen, Alex Cline (6/29); 474-8685 or 475-8388 for info.

Hollywood Bowl: Chick Corea (7/16); L.A. Four, Supersax (7/30); Dave Brubeck, Bill Evans, George Shearing (8/27); (213) 876-7670.

Two Dollar Bills (5931 Franklin): Jazz six nites, including Mike Garson Trio, Roland Vazquez Ensemble, Joanne Grauer; 462-9391.

Snooky's (Pico & Bundy): Benny Powell, Ray Armando, Stu Goldberg, Nika Rejto, other L.A. talent; 477-7155.

Playboy Jazz Festival (Hollywood Bowl): McCoy Tyner, Joe Henderson, Benny Goodman, Buddy Rich, Chick Corea, numerous others (6/21-22); Chargeline (213) 520-9111.

Parlisan Room (Washington & La Brea): Mongo Santamaria (6/17-22); Eddie Lockjaw Davis w/Sweets Edison (6/24-29); Freddie Hubbard (7/31-8/1); 936-8704.

LAS VEGAS

Hacienda: Monk Montgomery's Jazz Celebrity Night (Mon., 10 p.m.); 739-8911.

Sands: Doc Severinsen (7/9-22); Bob Sims Trio (lounge); 735-9111.

The Hof Brau: Sunny & David Irate; 384-6349.

Joe Julian's: Carl Fontana/Jimmy Cook Quintet (Sun., 2 p.m.); 873-8006.

Landmark: Edie Aikels (Skytop Lounge); 734-9110.

Tropicana: Chris Fio Rito (lounge); 736-2022.

Tender Trap: jazz; 732-1111.

Las Vegas Jazz Society: Membership Month (July); 734-8556.

SAN DIEGO

Wild Animal Park: Mongo Santamaria (TBA); Freddie Hubbard (TBA); 747-8702.

Elarlos: Joe Marillo Quintet (Tues.-Sat.); 459-0541.

Albatross: Neves Brothers (Tues.-Sat.); 755-6744.

La Jolla Jazz Fest: TBA

Swan Song: Bruce Cameron Group (Thurs.-Sat.); 272-7802.

Blue Parrott: Hollis Gentry (Fri.—Sat.); Bill Coleman (Wed.-Thurs.); 298-1666.

Chuck's (La Jolla): Ted Picou Quartet (Fri.-Sun.); Ella Ruth Piggee (Mon.-Thurs.); 454-5325.

Le Chalet: jazz; 222-5300.

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SEATTLE

Parnell's: Mark Murphy (6/19-22), Monty Alexander (6/6-29), Mose Allison (7/3-6), Herb Ellis (7/10-13), Clifford Jordan & Barry Harris (7/17-20), Ernestine Anderson w. Gene Harris (7/24-8/3), Jackie Cain/Roy Kral (8/7-10), Phil Woods (8/14-17), George Coleman (8/21-24); 624-2387.

Bellevue Community College: Bellevue Jazz Festival with Art Lande Trio and fifteen more regional jazz groups (7/20); 329-1943.

Rainbow: Kidd Afrika (6/19-21), Sky Boys (6/25-28) and 7/2-5), Junior Cadillac (7/9-12), Pulsations (7/16-19); 632-3360.

Moore Egyptian Theatre: Stephane Grappelli (6/28); 322-9494.

Hibble and Hyde's: Blue Lights with Bobby Hunter (6/19-21); 623-1541.

CINCINNATI

Arnold's: Good Time Jazz Band (Mon.); Pigmeat Jarrett (Wed.); Blue Bird Jazz Band (Thurs.); 421-6234.

Bentley's: Crosswind (7/1-12); 241-6663.

Blue Wisp: 16-pc local big band (Wed.); Steve Schmidt Trio (Wed.-Sat.); jam night (Thurs.); 871-9941.

Bogart's: Chick Corea (7/10); 281-8400.

Brew House: Alex Cirin Trio (Fri.-Sat.); 961-9058.

Classic Jazz Society of Southwestern Ohio: Monthly jazz concerts: write Box 653, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

Edward's: The River (Fri.-Sat.); 381-2030.

Emanon: Ed Moss Quartet (Wed.-Sat.); Elliott Jablonski & Billy Yarkin (Sun.-Mon.); 281-9522.

Gilly's (Dayton): Mary Travers (7/5); 228-8414.

La Ronde Restaurant: Frank Vincent (Mon.-Sat.); 821-5115.

Rainbow Dinner House (Millville): The Fabulous Majestics (Fri.-Sat.); 892-9402.

Riverfront Coliseum: Kool Jazz Festival (8/1-2); 1-800-582-1899.

Coco's: Local jazz; 491-1369.

K&K Lounge: Local jazz; 272-0557.

WGUC (90.9FM): Oscar Treadwell's Jazz (12am Tues.-Sat.); "Jazz Alive!" (12am Sun.); 241-8282.

WMUB (88.5FM): Newport Jazz Festival (8pm 7/2); "Jazz Alive!" (8pm Thurs.); 529-3521.

WNOP (740AM): Jazz sunrise to sunset; 581-7100.

WVXu (91.7FM): Jazz (4-11:30pm Mon.-Fri.; 7:30-11pm Sat.); 745-3738.

BALTIMORE

Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom); Jimmy Smith Trio (6/22); Les McCann (7/13); "Jazz Extravaganza" (Sat. 7-11 PM) WBJC (91.5 FM); LBJS Jazzline (301) 945-2266.

Bandstand: Jazz Thursday through Sunday; details call (301) 276-3240.

Sportsman's Lounge: jam sessions (Sat. 4-7 pm); call (301) 664-1041.

The Closest: local and name jazz nightly; Marc Cohen Trio (Fri.-Sun.); Brenda Alford (Thurs.).

The Bird Cage: Mickie Fields (Mondays); Call (301) 276-9120.

Cafe Park Plaza: name and local jazz nightly; Call (301) 727-7772.

The Ritz: live Jazz Happy Hour (Thurs. 5-11 pm); Call (301) 727-6500.

Gatsby's: live jazz nightly; Call (301) 752-4602.

TEXAS

Armadillo World Headquarters (Austin): frequent name jazz & blues; call (512) 477-3548.

Mackedrick's (Austin): nightly jazz & blues with local groups; call (512) 474-7239.

Popsicle Toes (Dallas): Dallas Jazz Orchestra (every Sun.); jazz & funk weekends; call (214) 368-9706.

Strictly Tabu (Dallas): Excavation Orchestra (every Mon.); nightly jazz with local groups; call (214) 526-9325.

Recovery Room (Dallas): Robert Sanders (Mon.-Wed.), Marchel Ivery (Tues.-Sat.), occasionally Red

Garland; no cover charge.

The Bluebird (Fort Worth): blues every weekend, occasional name bookings; call (817) 737-0453.

Pepper's (Fort Worth): jazz weekends with local groups; call (817) 429-7370.

Birdwatcher's (Houston): jazz nightly by local groups; call (713) 527-0595.

Mum's (Houston): jazz nightly with local groups; call (713) 659-1004.

Rockefeller's (Houston): jam sessions every Sun.; frequent local and name jazz & blues; call (713) 864-6242.

The Landing (San Antonio): Jim Cullum & Happy Jazz (Tues.-Sun.).

NORTHWEST

Centrum Jazz Festival (Port Townsend): Dexter Gordon Quartet, L.A. 4, Howard Roberts, Julian Priestler, Barney McClure, Dee Daniels, James Knapp, Kim Richmond in workshops and concerts 7/23-26; (206) 385-3102.

Engine House #9 (Tacoma): Blueport News (6/20-21) and 7/3-5), Walker and the Promenades (6/27-28), Karen Lee Norman (7/10), Brian Butler (7/18-19); (206) 272-5837.

Jazz De Opus (Portland): L.A. 4 (7/20); (503) 222-6077.

Gnu Dell (Olympia): Tom Maddox (6/21), Bert Wilson (6/23), Claudia Schmidt (6/28), Barbara Donald and Unity (7/4-5), Jerry Michelsen (7/12); (206) 943-1371.

The Hobbit (Portland): Mel Brown Trio Mondays; (503) 771-0742.

WASHINGTON D.C.

Psychedelly: National and local Blues; 654-6611.
Child Herald: National and local Blues; 483-6702.

Harambee House: National and local Soul and Jazz; 462-5400.

One Step Down: Reuben Brown and Steve Novesel (Mon.); National Jazz (Fri., Sat. & Sun.); 331-8863.

New Era Concerts: National Blues, Jazz & Rhythm and Blues; 241-7950.

Blues Alley: Local Jazz (Mon.); National Jazz (Tues.-Sun.); 337-4141.

Cellar Door: National Blues and Jazz; 337-3389.
d c space: New Music (Fri. & Sat.); 347-1445.

Frankie Condon's: Traditional Jazz (Nightly); 424-0100.

Pigfoot: National and Local Jazz (Tues. thru Sun.); 635-3888.

Mr. Why's: Local Jazz (Nightly); 529-9739.
Potomac River Jazz Club: Traditional Jazz

Hotline; 573-8723.
The King of France Tavern: National Jazz (Thurs. thru Sun.); 261-2206.

Moore's Love & Peace: Local Jazz (Nightly); 635-2471.

Ft. DuPont Summer Theatre: Betty Carter and LaVerne Reed Dancers (6/21-22); Ahmad Jamal and Byron Morris w/Unity (6/28-29); Gospel Festival w/Rev. Issac Douglass and Freedom Echoes (7/5-6);

Airto w/Flora Purim & Maria Rodriguez Orchestra (7/12-13); Rodney Franklin Quintet and Wayne Davis & Co. (7/19-20); Carmen McRae Trio and The Jason

Taylor Dance Co. (7/26-27); Noel Pointer and Sweet Honey In The Rock (8/2-3); Art Blakey and The Jazz

Messengers and Tim Eyerman and East Coast Offering (8/9-10); The Brecker Bros. and Natural

Bridge (8/16-17); Buddy Rich Orchestra and The Galen Robinson Quintet (8/22-23); Lenny White

Quintet and The Lawrence Wheatley Sextet (8/30-31); 426-6690.

Wolf Trap: Chick Corea and Friends (6/27); Roberta Flack (6/30); Lou Rawls (7/1); National

Symphony, Gunther Schuller (Guest Conductor), Sarah Vaughn, Stephane Grappelli and Medium

Rare (7/2); Dizzy Gillespie, Slide Hampton, Kenny

Clarke, Ray Brown, John Lewis, Benny Golson and

Sonny Stitt (7/3); The U.S. Air Force Band & The

Singing Sergeants and The Airmen Of Note (7/4);

Count Basie & His Orchestra and Medium Rare

(7/5); Akiyoshi Tabackin Big Band and Medium Rare

(7/6); Cleo Laine and John Dankworth (7/8); 42nd

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