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### Critic's View



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Photo by Richard Laird

## BOB CRANSHAW

**Born:** December 10, 1932

**Home:** Evanston, Illinois

**Profession:** Jazz Musician

**Earliest Musical Experience:** I started playing the piano at age four.

**Major Influences:** Ray Brown, Israel Crosby, and Milt Hinton.

**Latest Musical Accomplishment:** Won the Downbeat 1980 Critics Award as one of the top three bassists.

**Keynotes:** I play on Sesame Street, the Electric Company, and have appeared on Saturday Night Live. I played with Della Reese last month at Marty's in New York.

**On Today's Music:** I enjoy playing it.

**On Strings:** I use Deep Talkin' Bass by La Bella. A medium gauge. I like their clarity, their ping sound, and most of all, the way the strings feel when I play them.



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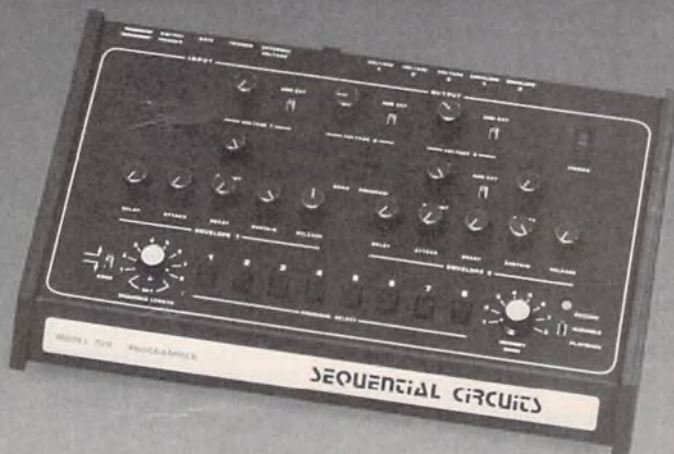
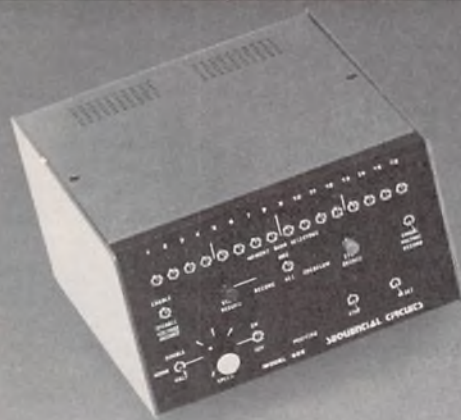
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## education in jazz

by Richie Cole

*Richie Cole's most recent album is Hollywood Madness (Muse) with Eddie Jefferson, Manhattan Transfer, and Tom Waits.*

My musical education didn't start at Berklee but that's where it all came together.

As long as I can remember, I've wanted to be a professional jazz musician. From early on I knew the best way was to learn and play as much music as possible. So I did the private lessons, played the classical pieces in the school orchestra and Legion band, organized my own jazz group, studied summers with Phil Woods when I was 15, and kept listening to records.

My last year in high school, I won a **down beat** scholarship to Berklee. A whole new world opened up for me.

I had never been away from Trenton before so Berklee and the whole Boston scene was amazing. All that action! I wanted to jump in and let it all wash over me.

I studied hard, mainly arranging and improvisation and everything that goes with it. The teachers were very helpful—both in and out of school—especially Phil Wilson, Jimmy Moshier, Charlie Mariano, Joe Viola, and Andy McGhee. The classroom and practice room got my mind together and my ideas organized. I was doing everything in the book and enjoying every minute of it.

I worked hard and played every chance I got: big bands, rhythm & blues groups—one of my early heroes was Earl Bostic!, weddings, anything. My first jazz group had three other Berklee first-terms: Richie Beirach, Miroslav Vitous, and Harvey Mason. We didn't get much work but we rehearsed a lot.

I stayed two-and-a-half happy years at Berklee, soaking up everything in sight. When Buddy Rich called me for my first real professional job, I was ready.

Today, when I'm asked about schools, my answer is always: "Check out Berklee. If you're serious about music, that's the place."

*Richie Cole*

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## the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

"I've always believed that an artist is responsible for his life. I negotiate my own contracts, taking full responsibility, handling whatever has to be handled, to insure that I'll not be ripped off." So says Bernie Krause, studio musician/record producer/arranger, in this issue. Krause's comments on today's wonderful state of the art and lousy state of the business should be helpful to the young musicians now back in school or just out of school and looking for their first real job. But we think the business is not unhealthy as it can sometimes seem.

We hope a sign of the times has come from Los Angeles, where earlier this year all-jazz radio station KKGQ sponsored an amateur jazz contest. The station was inundated by over 400 entries from bands, turned off by punk junk, whose music ranges from fusion to bebop. These thousands of young jazzers who practice in garages, basements and rec rooms bode well for the music's future, and the thought of their young counterparts across the country makes us downright optimistic. And these "garage bands" only represent one of jazz's hothouses.

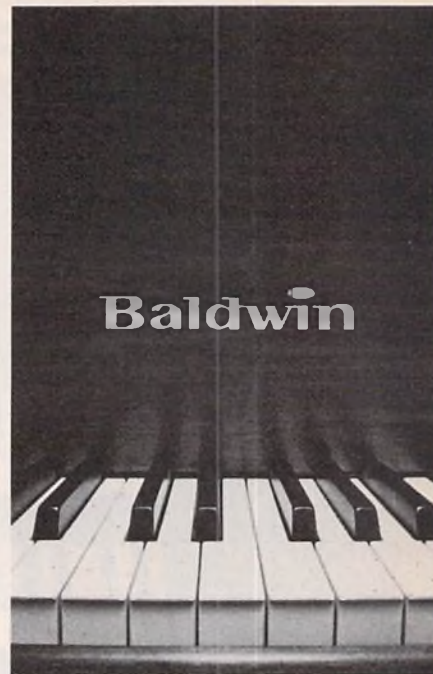
There was a time when Hard Knocks was the only school in which to learn the business facts of life. Now it's possible to get a good start on a music career while still in school. Our latest Guide to College Jazz Studies and Commercial Music Programs lists about 450 colleges (see *Music Handbook '80* announcement, page 62). To keep us current, colleges should send us their most recent brochure or catalog describing jazz or commercial music programs . . . and school jazz festivals, too.

Most of the new jazz crop do get their first licks in school. During this new school year, more than half a million student musicians—grade 5 to college—will be playing some kind of jazz in school. Another million or so teenage musicians are probably bopping in the basement. Then add those several million adults at large who learned their jazz in school. Most of these elders have not hocked their horns; they are playing in kicks or rehearsal bands or just waiting to be asked.

Speaking of school music, the next issue will carry the details and Official Application for the fourth annual **down beat** Student Recording Awards. This year, there are 15 categories in both the high school and college divisions covering jazz, classical and blues/pop/rock music—instrumental, vocal, arranging-composing, and engineering. Send your request now for an Official Application, which will begin to be mailed the first week in September.

This is your last chance to vote in the 1980 db Readers Poll. Use the ballot on page 70 and mail it to our Chicago office before October 1st. Look for complete poll results in December issue.

Next Issue features George Benson and interviews with Horace Silver, Alan Dawson, Sheila Jordan, and possibly, Machito. Also a review of last summer's semi-jazz festival in Montreux, lots of record reviews, and several heavy Pro Sessions. **db**



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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Producer speaks

Two points, unrelated to each other:

1. Re Dr. Fowler's How To Pro Sessions in Aug. and Sept. **down beat**: Jazz is legit.

2. Glad to see *Mingus At Antibes* receive well-deserved recognition, but it fell into the wrong category. *Mingus At Antibes* is not a reissue; it's a first release.

Ilhan Mimaroglu

New York City

## Thanks from LaVerne

I would like to thank Lee Jeske and **down beat** for the forthright Profile on me (Aug. '80). I might add, having high personal and professional regard for Stan Getz, that the ultimate decision to part from the Getz band was amicable to all.

Andy LaVerne

New York City

## Stomp those rumors!

I'd like to respond to Chris Sheridan's observation ("ECM: Third Stream Boogaloo," **db** July '80) that my decision not to use drums on *Divine Love* had "fueled a story that Manfred Eicher insisted on a certain form of instrumentation" when I recorded for him. First, I have never been influenced by Manfred (or anyone else) regarding this or any other musical decision I have ever made. One need only recall that on my first

ensemble recording, *Reflectativity* (Kabel Records), I did not use drums. Furthermore, although two of the pieces on *Spirit Catcher* include drums, the third piece, *Burning Of Stones*, does not. I would like to thank Mr. Sheridan not only for his obvious recognition of this, but also for the positive statements he made concerning *Divine Love*.

Leo Smith

West Haven, Connecticut

## Raising the dead

I have been reading **db** for many years, although this is the first time I've felt compelled to write to you. I was really moved by your recent article on Clifford Brown, the issue dedicated to John Coltrane (July '79), and your Aug. '80 issue with stories about Charlie Parker. I feel that this is a great service to music and society as a whole, perpetuating the music and memory of these great artists. Also, it's encouraging to see reviews of contemporary European or "classical" music in your publication. How about an issue dedicated to one of the most original, creative and accomplished musicians of our time: Eric Dolphy.

Bill Schilling

Wilmington, Delaware

## Tough on MF

I would be the first to admit that Maynard Ferguson no longer exclusively plays straightahead jazz. However, this does not make his music worthless trash. I would hasten to point out that his last three albums have contained excellent tunes such as *Avegin*, *Marie*, *Naima*, *Over The Rainbow*, and Slide Hampton's timeless arrangement of *Stella By Starlight*.

In the July **db**, Lee Underwood tries to make Ferguson admit that he has "sold out" and that tunes such as *Pagliacci* and *Gonna Fly Now* are nothing but crass commercialism. Obviously, Maynard doesn't feel he has compromised the integrity of his music one bit, and I agree. Through the years his trumpet has retained that wonderful, high flying romantic sound; his career has always been one of surprises, and his band always ahead of its time. His music has always contained precision ensemble execution, excellent sense of rhythm, and yes, spirited improvisation.

Listen again to *A Message From Newport* or *The Blues Roar*. These albums were received with much the same criticism as Maynard's current albums—but how many stars would they be awarded if MF released them today? Jack M. Taylor, Jr.

Kansas City, Kansas

Why so tough on Maynard Ferguson? Since you persist in reviewing such superfluous trash as Elvis Costello anyway, perhaps you ought to go a little easier on those who have proved they *can* play something.

Steve Smith Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada

## Bill Evans' statement

I am a jazz pianist of international reputation. My name, Evans, is obviously Welsh, but my mother's name (Saroka) and heritage is Russian. Memories of my childhood are warmly crowded with the singing and spirit of this heritage of frequent family gatherings—a priceless gift of enrichment to a growing child.

continued on page 70

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wah-wah, and remembering the sleeping kids, plugs in the headphone jack, and starts rolling. Her day has begun.

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# NEWS

## Atlantic City: Adapt To Survive

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—For a Dave Brubeck, Buddy Rich, while in July, it appeared that the Mongo Santamaria and Mel Tormé.

the mere age of two, would be saying a final goodbye to the city known for casinos and beauty queens. The holiday weekend (3-5) event was plagued by bugs in the sound system, interminable delays between acts and uncertain juxtaposing of performers. But despite problems one veteran singer called "indigenous" to many jazz festivals, a consistently low turnout posed the greatest threat to the neophyte's survival.

There were few flaws in the lineup, however. In what often appeared to be a way station between Wolftrap and Newport, the bill included Elvin Jones, Chick Corea, Woody Shaw, Ray Charles, Herbie Mann and Carmen McRae—on the festival's opening night.

The second night's audience of 7,000, besting the previous night by about 2,000, gave itself over to Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie,

"Just to be a part of this is bloody exciting," Tormé said, after a performance during which the on-stage speakers worked erratically. "These acoustical aspects can be worked out. There was a great feeling of intimacy when I did 'Round Midnight. It was really fine."

Establishing intimacy in this city's historic Convention Hall was one of the fest's biggest challenges. The pillarless home of the Miss America pageant is so large that a helicopter was once able to fly within its walls as part of an exhibition.

"If you'd been here an hour ago, you probably could have heard the tail end of last night's performance," George Shearing joked before his appearance in Saturday's matinee. Sharing the afternoon with him were Bootsie Barnes, Damita Jo, Woody Herman and Dexter Gordon.

## 1st Wolf Trap Fest's A Fine Start

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Vienna, Virginia—30 miles from D.C.—is home of the Filene Center/Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts and the First Wolf Trap International Jazz Festival. A rambling, postcard setting, Wolf Trap's Farm Park prompted some recall of the original Newport, Rhode Island festival days. The beautiful two-tier cedar pavillion, lawn seating, picnic grounds and performance areas tucked away in the woods provide a most enjoyable circumstance for a jazz festival, though Wolf Trap, like all such facilities, normally hosts internationally recognized programs of opera, ballet and symphonic music.

To leave no doubt that this year's programming foray into jazz was no aberration, Wolf Trap declared its sweeping theme, "The Impact of Jazz on the 20th Century." John Lewis' selection as artistic director is evidence of Wolf Trap's commitment to seriousness, excellence and prestige. With the presence of pianists Martial Solal and Adam Makowicz, vocalist Alice Babs, vibraharpist Takashi Ooi, and the performance of Rolf Liebermann's *Mambo* from *The Concerto For Jazz Band And Symphony Orchestra* the festival affirmed jazz' international status. The broad (if not thoroughly inclu-

sive) program *did* suggest a dynamic of jazz innovation that parallels the best of 20th century "classical" music. Beyond its weighty theme and high profile lineup, Wolf Trap, like most festivals, was an illusively scrumptious smorgasbord, wherein some dishes turned out to be quite tasty, while others were less than commendable in comparison. Opening night was half and half. The National Symphony under Gunther Schuller's guest baton was a ho-hum. It began with John Lewis' *Fanfare*, identified as originating in Basie's *Swinging The Blues*, pleasant enough writing but like much of Lewis' third stream work reflecting more 19th century Europe than blues or swing—there was no fanfare verve or punch. Next were Gunther Schuller's arrangements from transcribed recordings of *Azure*, *Blue Light*, *Daybreak Express* and *Moon Mist*, all by Duke Ellington. Rendered as symphonic tone poems, the performances captured some of Ellington's musical intent but were bereft of animated personality and emotional color, as well as the rhythm of the real *McCoy's*. Gershwin's *Rhapsody In Blue* was invigorated by Adam Makowicz' improvised cadenzas. Then the Medium Rare Big Band

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cont. on p. 12

## RELEASES

Back to work, school or the record piles, with:

**Bob Marley** and the Wailers' *Uprising* and **George Benson's *Give Me The Night* (produced by Quincy Jones), both on Warner Bros., as is *The Shining's* soundtrack, featuring **Wendy Carlos/Rachel Elkind** electronics, and **Krzysztof Penderecki** compositions.**

**Kenny Wheeler's sextet *Around Six* and **Sam Rivers' quartet (with George Lewis, Thurman Barker and as always Dave Holland) *Contrasts*, both on ECM.****

**Johnny Taylor's *A New Day*, *TP* (that's **Teddy Pendergrass**), *Chicago XIV* and **Ramsey Lewis' *Routes* (with Allen Toussaint producing side two, Larry Dunn side one)—all from Columbia and subsidiaries.****

**Sea Level** moves to Arista with *Ball Room*; **Locksmith**, once with Grover Washington Jr., tries to *Unlock The Funk* on that label, which also offers trumpeter **Tom Browne's *Love Approach*. **Woodwinder Tim Eyermann** waves *Aloha* on Inner City.**

Vocalist **Mark Murphy** teams with **Richie Cole**, **Slide Hampton**, **Tom Harrell** and **Ronnie Cuber** for *Satisfaction Guaranteed*, "dedicated to the living genius of Eddie Jefferson." It's on Muse, as are organist **Gene Ludwig's *Now's The Time*, **Eddie Daniels' *Brief Encounter* (with Andy LaVerne in the quartet), and **Buddy Tate** and the **Muse Allstars *Live At Sandy's* (recorded in August, 1978).******

**Noel Pointer *Calling*—Richard Evans answers the challenge by arranging, orchestrating and conducting, on UA—the**

people who bring us (on the Blue Note Reissue series) **Joe Pass' *Complete "Catch Me!" Sessions*, and (on the Blue Note Classics series) **Dexter Gordon's 1962 sessions *Landslide*, tenor saxman **Ike Quebec's *With A Song In My Heart*, and **Jimmy Smith's *Cool Blues*.********

Hat Hut Records, out of Therwil, Switzerland and West Park, NY, issues: a three LP **Cecil Taylor** boxed set, *One Too Many Salty Tears And Not Goodbye*; **Max Roach** featuring **Anthony Braxton on *One In Two, Two In One* (a two-fer recorded live in '79); **Steve Lacy's quintet two-fer, also live, *The Way*; saxist **Joe McPhee's *Old Eyes*; solo violinist **Billy Bang's *Distinction Without A Difference*, and pianist **Dave Burrell's solo two-fer *Windward Passages*.**********

*Love Reborn* is **Flora Purim's "favorites from her Milestone years" compiled with help from her producer, Orrin Keepnews.**

From Italian Soul Note (distributed by Rounder) come **Dannie Richmond** with **George Adams, *Hand To Hand*, and a Richmond quartet's *Ode To Mingus: Life Is Confusing At This Point*, as well as (on affiliate Black Saint) **David Murray's trio (with Air rhythmists) *Sweet Lovely*.****

The Complete **Benny Goodman, Vol. VIII, covers RCA Bluebird recordings from '36-'39. *Present Perfect* by **Rob McConnell** and the Boss Brass, *Feeling Free* by the **Singers Unlimited** with Pat Williams' orchestra, *500 Miles High* by **George Shearing's trio, **Stephane Grappelli's *Afternoon In Paris*, **George Duke's *I Love The Blues*, *She Heard My Cry*, and **Oscar Peterson** playing *My Favorite Instrument* have been revived by PA/USA from the MPS catalogue.********

*Pictures At An Exhibition, Framed In Jazz* by **Allyn Ferguson's orchestra, featuring Paul Horn, comes from Trend/Discovery Records, as does the **Shelly Manne** Jazz Quartet's *Interpretations Of Bach And***

*Mozart* (a digital disc), **L. Subramaniam** (with Frank Morgan, Emil Richards and Milcho Leviev) fiddling up *Fantasy Without Limits*, **Teddy Saunders' Sextet essaying *Sue Blue*, and **Mike Wofford's trio *Plays Jerome Kern*.****

**Sam Jones—The Bassist**—puts him with **Keith Copeland** and **Kenny Barron**, on *Interplay*, which also promotes bassist **Art Davis** in trio (with **Hilton Ruiz** and **Greg Bandy**) on *Reemergence*. **Joe Beck**, **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Jon Faddis**, **Richard Davis** and **Bingo Miki** with the Inner Galaxy Orchestra of Japan waxed *In Concert*, for the Gryphon label.

*Garden Of Love* is **Rick James' project on Gordy; *Club Ska '67* is a Jamaican anthology from Mango. **Blueswise**, **John Hammond's *Mileage* emanates from Rounder; **Eddy Clearwater is *The Chief*, on Rooster Records (Chicago and London based); **Jewel Records** of Shreveport, LA *Spotlights The Blues, Vol. II*, and **Son Seals** burns *Chicago Fire* on Alligator.******

Latest independent productions include *Wish*, by trumpeter **Steve Harrow's quintet (on Mark Records, Clarence, NY); *The Evening Of The Blue Men* by **Jemeel Moondoc** and Quartet Muntu (Muntu Records, NY, NY); *Humanplexity* by **Keshavan Maslak's** trio on Leo Records, (West Harrow, England, and NY, NY), as well as **Amina Claudine Myers' solo *Song For Mother E*; **Chicago** keyboardist **Ghalib Ghalib's *Morning Sunrise* on Menage Productions (Chicago); *Crusade* by the **CSULA Jazz Ensemble** (Cal. State U., Los Angeles); "A" *Train* on Southern Star Records (Shreveport); **Andy Potter** and **David Tillman's *New York To L.A.: Coasting* (Po/Et, NY, NY); *Just For The Record* by the **Joy Spring Jazz Quartet** (Sebago Lake, Maine); the **Bob Allen** trio plays *Just Jazz* (Tetrachord Records, Columbus, Ohio).********

## Wolf Trap's 1st Jazz Fest Offered A Serious Spectrum

Then the Medium Rare Big Band joined the Symphony for Liebermann's *Mambo*; but Wolf Trap's entire excursion into the third stream was less than arousing.

The second half of the evening belonged to the divine Ms. Sarah Vaughan. With her trio insuring swing and the orchestra relegated to embellishment she sailed through *In A Mellowtone*, *Fascinating Rhythm* and *April In Paris* to a climatic *Send In The Clowns*.

Thursday sustained a high level. A Dizzy Gillespie retrospective had specially commissioned arrangements of *Confirmation* and *Algo Bueno*, performed by the Medium Rare Big Band, an assemblage of New England Conservatory of Music students, which

acquitted itself wonderfully executing several very demanding arrangements and supporting some fine soloing by Ray Brown, Kenny Clarke, Gillespie, Slide Hampton, Lewis, Jackie McLean and Sonny Stitt. Brown remained on stage with the LA 4 for a precise and urbane change of pace, then Dizzy returned to match wits with the legendary Jabbo Smith, a tantalizing morsel rather than a substantial dish as they performed just two tunes. Vigorous Stephane Grappelli, the marvel of intonation which is Alice Babs, and Buddy Rich's roaring big band concluded the program. I could have done with a whole evening of Diz and friends. Friday, July 4th, was given to jazz military

style, with the United States Air Force Band, the Swinging Sergeants and the Airmen of Note.

Saturday and Sunday afternoons brought the most satisfying and relaxed hours of jazz as an impressive collection of world class musicians alternated between two stages in jam session format. Participating were Keter Betts, Jimmy Cobb, Lockjaw Davis, George Duvivier, Sweets Edison, Jimmy Forrest, Al Gray, Bill Harris, Jimmy Heath, Connie Kay, John Malachai, Shelly Manne, Takashi Ooi, Edwin Schuller, Billy Taylor, Clark Terry, Earl Warren, Benny Bailey and Trummy Young. I have to single out Slide Hampton's warmth and soft texture on trombone; Percy Heath's humor and note selection; Richard Davis' drive, and the unobtrusive taste of Kenny Clarke. Special nods also to Jimmy Owens for leadership on the bandstand and the polished quality of his solos, to Martial Solal for his voicings, and to local favorite, Buck Hill, rising mightily to the occasion. Simultaneously at a third site film collector David Cherok presented rare footage of Tatum, Coltrane and others. The films shouldn't have conflicted with the jam sessions.

By Saturday evening, festival fatigue transformed the smorgasbord into a habit. After an appetizer from Medium Rare, Trummy Young joined them to flashback for the spirit of Jimmy

Lunceford with vocal shenanigans. Young was followed by Cecil Taylor whose brief but shattering solo pianistic assault generated unanswered calls for an encore. Esther Morrow—associated in the jazz world with Ellington's sacred concerts—provided a spiritual interlude; surviving Harlem hooper Honi Coles tapped with grace and style; Takashi Ooi jammed with an overworked Medium Rare and the evening wore on. Finally came Billy Eckstine and the Count Basie Orchestra. Sadly, Eckstine's once lustrous baritone is aging and the Orchestra was without the Count, who was convalescing. Tee Carson, however, was a capable replacement and the Basie machine swung with precision. Drumming was Duffy (son of bassist Chubby) Jackson, who, clowning affectations aside, played the hell out of the arrangements.

Sunday opened with Medium Rare demonstrating a considerable range of repertoire, embracing Jelly Roll Morton's *Black Bottom Stomp* as well as an original *Saxology*, in which the sax section played a la the World Saxophone Quartet. Next came the only real new music and certainly the most perplexing music of the festival. Ornette Coleman with Prime Time mixed funk and avant garde jazz within a matrix of shifting key modulations and conflicting rhythmic patterns. In Coleman's current music everyone is a soloist, generating a loud sound mass without



Over 20,000 Chicagoans heard Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin on the mainstage of ChicagoFest, the city's music-food-fun extravaganza, also starring Sonny Rollins, Mongo Santamaria, JoAnne Brackeen, Angela Boffill, blues, ethnic music, c&w, and many others.

KEN FIRESTONE

## NYC, LA, & Chgo

**NYC:** Sarah Vaughan and Roy Eldridge were on the sidewalk of Swing St., 52nd between 5th and 6th Avenues, to see the implanting of Columbia's **Prez Awards**, plaques honoring them and Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Miles Davis, Stuff Smith and Kenny Clarke; Hal Ashby, Howard McGhee and Ornette Coleman were on hand, too . . . Kahil El-Zabar featured his Chicago-based Ethnic Heritage Ensemble along with the AACM-associated Unity Troupe at a self-produced concert, **Confirmation**, in Carnegie Recital Hall Sept. 26; Kahil intends to relocate in the Apple shortly . . . **Phonogram/Mercury Records** has already relocated—to 810 Seventh Ave., 33rd floor, New York, NY 10019 (212/399-7100) . . . **Wednesday's**, an upper East Side disco, began a three mid-week nights big band policy so dancers can shake or swing cheek to cheek while such as the Widespread Depression orchestra, Woody Herman's Herd or Mercer Ellington play on . . . **Double Image**, formerly a two-vibes unit, has narrowed its focus while retaining its name. Dave Samuels continues as mallet man, with Paul McCandless, Mike Di Pasqua, David Darling and Ratzo Harris; David Friedman departed . . . Outward Visions, Inc. and the New York State Division for Youth got together to present a series of concerts for the no longer culturally deprived youth of Brooklyn: performing were **Randy Weston**, **Andrew Cyrille**, **John Stubblefield** and

**Lester Bowle** . . . Mario Rivera, veteran reedman in various Latin bands, has collected the **Salsa Refugees**, with Steve Turre and Hilton Ruiz . . . Jack Kleinsinger's eighth season of **Highlights In Jazz** starts at NYU's Loeb Student Center, with Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, Widespread Depression and tapdancers Chuck Green and Sandman Sims Oct. 2; Nov. 6 it's a **Tribute To Roy Haynes** with Gary Burton, Gary Bartz, Ray Barretto, Joe Albany, Red Rodney and Clifford Jordan; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Benny Bailey and Richie Cole jam on Dec. 11; Woody Herman delivers his Herd on Feb. 5, and there are more dates to come in this non-profit series . . . Paul Weinstein and Ira Gitler are producing another non-profit, monthly series, **Heavenly Concerts**, at upper 5th Ave.'s Church of the Heavenly Rest, starting Sept. 28 . . . **Annie Ross** made a rare Stateside appearance at the Grand Finale, Sept. 16-20. . . **Jane Jarvis**, organist with the New York Mets at Shea Stadium for 17 years from 1964, played piano with the 17 piece Clark Terry band, alternating with Johnny Hartman at the Finale early last summer . . . **Tiny Grimes**, four-stringed guitarist, has been gigging a bit following the replacement of a hip—he's prepared new recordings, and Lenore Avin (212/368-5549) claims he's prime for '80s.

**LA:** Quote of the month, from **Bill Cosby**: "Old jazz musicians never die—they just go to 2/4" . . . veteran r&b vocalist **Etta James** packed Hermosa Beach's Lighthouse, backed by a quartet including fiery guitarist

Brian Ray . . . amplified acoustic jazz guitarist **Gabor Szabo** played the Lighthouse for a week, with electric pianist Richard Thompson, electric bassist Greg Lee and drummer Bobby Morin . . . over July 4 there were fireworks on the beach in Malibu, but plenty of snap, crackle and pop also at Pasquales from reedman **Ray Pizzi**, backed by pianist Alan Broadbent, bassist Pat Senatore (the club's owner) and Supersax drummer John Dentz. Pasquales has turned its usually slow Wednesday nights around with saxist **John Klemmer's** weekly SRO performances . . . **Electronic underground:** synthesists Steve Roach and Danny Sofer and reedman Dennis Baglama played the first of an ongoing series of Midnight Cafe concerts at the Company Theater (La Cienega and Airdrome), expanding its format to include music as well as dance, plays and film. At **I.D.E.A.** (Institute for Dance and Experimental Art) in Santa Monica, Scott Fraser utilized sound sources including synthesizer, guitar, organ, zither and tapes in an uninterrupted 80-minute solo program of original composed and improvised material . . . the City of LA's Cultural Affairs department sponsored three nights of avant garde, jazz and chamber music at the **William Grant Still Community Art Center**: bass guitarist Lou Satterfield and Earth, Wind & Fire's tenor saxist Don Myrick (also associated with the AACM) played far out originals (July 26), EW&F trumpeter Rahmlee blew his own works accompanied by pianist Dean Gant (Aug. 2) and classical guitarist Anisa Angarola with flutist Valerie King mixed jazz and chamber music in their

## Atlantic City Festival Will Survive To Stage Its 3rd By Adapting To A Smaller Scale

Gordon's tardiness led to some mean moments in a matinee for which only about 300 showed up. That 300 sounded more like 3,000 as they jeered at RCA's "The Machine" (*There But For The Grace Of God*), a disco group sent onstage to fill a program gap. At least 50 jazz lovers cornered an equally perplexed Elzie Street, the festival's top producer, in the lobby, demanding their money back.

Street, who'd been argued out of canceling the matinee altogether because of the poor showing, said later he'd never heard the reserve band before, and had it close shop only 15 minutes into its set.

With Saturday evening came the occasion's largest turnout—7,500—the most able emcee, the smoothest stage direction and the fewest audio disruptions. Complementing the superlatives were Ramsey Lewis, Stan Getz, Roy Ayers, Stanley Turrentine, Gerry Mulligan and Nancy Wilson.

Wilson's continued rejection of the "jazz singer" label seemed particularly ironic as she delivered a breathless *Green Dolphin Street*. And though her repertoire was identical to that of her May

engagement at one of the city's casinos, she sang with more drive, and let up on the famous Wilson control.

"She was tired," said Wilson's road manager Sparky Tavares after the singer's second encore. "She always gives just a little more when she's tired."

Exhausted was more the word for festival producer Street, head of Baltimore's E-Street Productions and a 25 year veteran of concert promotions. He'd been hoping to at least match last year's 21,000 attendance figure; he was a few hundred short. Convention Hall had been set up to accommodate 14,000 at each show.

"I'm disappointed," Street admitted, "but not discouraged."

So there will be a third Atlantic City Jazz Festival. Rather than go back to an outdoor setting as in 1979, the festival probably will be held in a smaller theater, with fewer acts per show. And to avoid competition with holiday events, it may be scheduled for some week-end other than the 4th of July holiday.

With time, the season's sleeper may be making its own fireworks.

—jim brozo



ALAN BECKER

Thousands of listeners clad in hiking boots, backpacks and T-shirts hauled their way into Colorado's San Juan mountains July 25-27 for the most inaccessible yet geographically beautiful jazz festival in the U.S.—the 4th Annual Telluride Jazz Festival, which celebrated the sounds of Ella James, Betty Carter, Syro Gyra, Rare Silk, Woody Shaw, Anthony Braxton, Herbie Hancock, Albert King, Paul Butterfield, Sunnyland Slim, Paul Horn and others.

Festival spokesman Harry Duncan (a pretty good blues harp player who sat in with a number of acts on the bill) said "This year's festival was the best yet. We've been able to keep this a mountain community event at which some of the top performers in jazz and blues come to entertain people who attend from all over the country."

dynamic variation which smothered Ornette's sax work. Prime Time comprises two drummers, two lead guitarists and two bass guitarists; it recalls Ornette's "double quartet" experiments (*Free Jazz* on Atlantic), cast in the abrasive musical technology of the rock/funk generation. In Prime Time's wake what followed was tame indeed, although Martial Solal again distinguished himself as a really supreme pleasure with his solo performance. With Prime Time still in the air, John Abercrombie's modes sounded like chamber music, while the piano duets of John Lewis and Hank Jones were chamber music and the powerful Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band was almost an anticlimax. The spectre of Ornette's future view was difficult to dislodge from one's senses.

It was a fine beginning for Wolf Trap. The musicians were treated marvelously and there was music to satisfy every jazz enthusiast's taste. One hopes next year for public transportation (so that more from Washington can enjoy Wolf Trap), for more new music and more all day, multi-stage programming so that the musicians can stretch out. I complain about too much to digest only because it's concentrated in the evening sessions. And Wolf Trap planners might consider the Labor Day weekend rather than July 4th's holiday, so one can go to Newport and Vienna.

—w. a. brower

program (July 19) . . . **Bless The Bird**—A Tribute to Charlie Parker at the Hollywood Bowl featured Gerry Mulligan, Betty Carter, Roy Haynes, Walter Bishop Jr., Vi Redd, the LA Four and Supersax . . . following a mid-July Montreux performance, the **Rodger Fox Big Band** (formed by the trombonist in '74) recorded its New Zealand jazz in NYC, then played Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks; good travelling all around . . . reedman **Joey Roccsano** led his 14 member big band through a whirlwind of originals and arrangements at a free McArthur Park Sunday matinee (why hasn't he got a record deal for this work?)

. . . Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for ten summer weeks, the spot for free outdoor lunch hour jazz shows was the Plaza Pool level of the Bonaventure Hotel, where guitarist **Grant Geissman**, 'boneman **Benny Powell**, percussionist **Willie Bobo**, saxist **Charles Owens**, the **Anne Patterson/Bonnie Janofsky** big band, **Hiroshima** and saxist **Teddy Edwards** were among the attractions produced by Music Center Presentations, sponsored by Arco Oil . . . the **Comeback Inn**, a small, no-door-charge club in Venice, has been showcasing such jazz artists as pianist **Milcho Leviev** (who just cut a disc in England) with Arco Iris, Roland Vasquez and his LA Ensemble, and former Warner Bros. songwriter/jazz guitarist **Hirth Martinez** . . . in the Bay Area, **Concord Jazz** sponsored its own festival Aug. 8-10 at the Paul Masson Vineyard; performing were Cal Tjader's sextet, Monty Alexander's quintet, the LA Four, Ted Nash's quartet, Ernestine Anderson with Ray Brown's trio, Herb Ellis

and Cal Collins' in combination with the Concord All-Stars (Scott Hamilton, Warren Vache, Woody Herman—who's just joined the label—clarinetist Eija Kitamura, Jake Hanna and Bob Maize), Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, George Shearing and Brian Torff, and the Second Sensation, a jazz choir from Bellevue, Washington. Far as we know, Concord is the only label that sponsors its very own fest of its very own artists. The label that plays together, stays together . . . **The Musicians Wives Association**, in collaboration with Carmelo's, sponsored a successful benefit to help drummer Ted Hawke bear medical costs for his wife, Lori, who suffered severe brain hemorrhages and underwent surgery . . . French composer **Michel Legrand** was in Hollywood to score a movie, *L'un Et Les Autres* . . . The Orchestra will premiere **Henry Mancini's Piece For Jazz Bassoon And Orchestra** at the Music Center's fall season, with Ray Pizzi in the title role.

**Chgo:** **David Bromberg**, folk stringer extraordinaire, disbanded his flexible working unit after its August tour and will be attending the Kenneth Warren & Son School of Violin Making. Always fiddling around . . . the **Jazz Members Big Band**, a 17 piece aggregate out of the University of Illinois Urbana campus co-led by Jeff Lindberg and Steve Jensen, has been drawing well on Tuesdays at the Jazz Showcase, where they seem to have found a home . . . **Jazz In the 'burbs:** the Arlington Park Hilton show lounge (off Rt. 53 on Euclid Ave.) maintains

a music policy Tuesdays through Sundays, with attractions including pianist Art Hodes, trombonist Jim Beebe, and trumpeter Warren Kime with their groups there recently; the Sheraton O'Hare has opened a 200 seat, seven-nights-a-week, low cover club called the Blue Note, and hopes to have Sunday matinees for the under-aged . . . **Streetdancer**, a long-resident, driving electric combo, folded its tent and went West seeking y'know in August, following gigs at ChicagoFest, Wise Fools Pub, Second Hand Rosa's (in Merrillville, Indiana), and the release of their EP *Steps*. Producer Dick Lynn, who promoted the World Sax Quartet and Sonny Fortune at Stages, left Chi along with them . . . Dick Buckley, the voice of mainstream music on non-commercial WBEZ (Neil Tesser, Linda Prince and George Spink also spin jazz) has a new morning spot on commercial WXFM, joining djs Count BJ and Dave Freeman (the man behind popular keyboardist Ghalib Ghallab). The two stations now provide Chitown with jazz until midnight, when one can turn to Evanston's Northwestern U. broadcast arm, WNUR . . . the **Jazz Record Mart** is hopeful of being the world's largest record store devoted exclusively to jazz and blues since the opening of its seductively comfortable back room for regular stock; to celebrate, they presented the jazz quintet Deluge with David Schumacher in early August . . . Pianist/sax soloist Steve Nelson-Raney created *With Fred* (excerpt) from *Interrupted! Accompanied Stories*, a "Phone Performance," available 24 hours a day for two weeks in August by calling Bookspace.

# NEA Jazz Artists In Schools Train for 13 State Posts

CHICAGO—The National Endowment for the Arts' Jazz Artists In Schools program is scheduled to begin in 13 states in October, 1980. A training workshop, co-sponsored by the NEA and American Music Conference, a national music industry organization promoting amateur participation in music, offered information to those artists, instructors, principals and state artists-in-schools coordinators in this pilot program, last June in Durham, North Carolina.

National program director Larry Ridley said, "The residency of a

jazz artist in school should reflect the history of the development of jazz, and its full range of creative experiences, should insure participation experiences to develop more informed audiences, and nurture local talent."

In the five day-long workshop series, lecture demonstrations were given by Ferdi Serim, David Baker, Kenny Barron, Ted Dunbar, Ridley, Frank Foster, Conrad Johnson and Scobey Stroman. Among the many live shows, Dizzy Gillespie performed a concert with bop dancers Stroman

and Honi Coles to 3,000 listeners.

Artists representing their states and working through next spring at selected schools are: Bradley Parker-Sparrow (Illinois); Pat Harbisson, Arthur Hoyle, Les Taylor (Indiana); Dartanyan Brown, Preston Love, Marcia Miget, Wil Thomas (Iowa); Mike Tracey (Kentucky); Kent Jordan (Louisiana);

Steve Jordan, Brad Terry (Maine); Edward Quick (Michigan); Luigi Waites (Nebraska); Alan Mamery, Bill Phipps, Harry Pickens (New Jersey); Gregg Richter (St. Croix, Virgin Islands); Gary Tupper (Tennessee); Dr. Joseph Bellamah, Sparky Koerner (Texas); and Randy Tomasello (Wisconsin).  
—bradley parker-sparrow

## FINAL BAR

Pianist-composer-arranger **Columbus "Duke" Pearson** died in Atlanta, GA on August 4 after battling multiple sclerosis for five years. He'd been admitted to Atlanta's Veteran's Medical Center on Aug. 2.

Born in Atlanta in 1932, Pearson studied piano from age 6 to 12, switched to trumpet, and studied under Waymon Carver at Atlanta's Clark College (though he did not graduate he was awarded an honorary degree by Clark College in May, 1980). Pearson joined the Third Army Special Services Show at Fort McPherson between 1953-'54, where he played with Wynton Kelly, Phineas Newborn, George Joyner and Louis Smith. Upon discharge, Pearson returned to piano and worked in Atlanta until moving to New York in January 1959, when he began gigging with Donald Byrd, Nancy Wilson, Carmen McRae and Joe Williams, among others. His work with Byrd prompted Blue Note Records president Alfred Lion to sign him to a recording contract; Pearson ultimately became part of the artists and repertoire department, producing such recordings as Byrd's *A New Perspective*, Hank Mobley's *Slice Of The Top* and the recording debut of Flora Purim (on his own LP, *It Could Only Happen With You*). He composed *Jeannine* and *Christo Redentor*, among other works. Pearson left Blue Note in '71 to return to Atlanta; he led jazz musicians at the 1979 Arts Festival of Atlanta. The City of Atlanta dedicated its 1980 free Jazz Festival (Aug. 25-Sept. 2) to Pearson, and a visit to Atlanta by Milt Jackson, Lou Donaldson, Grady Tate, Bob Cranshaw and Monty Alexander sponsored by Jazzmobile was also dedicated to him. He is survived by his parents, two sisters, three daughters and a son.

*Jazz Alive!*, National Public Radio's most listened to weekly series, releases the first tape of its autumn season October 5; each tape is available to over 225 network members for broadcast over a two week period, so check your local FM radio listings to hear:

The Blues Is A Woman (taped at Kool/Newport/New York, 1980), with Big Mama Thornton, Sippie Wallace, Adelaide Hall, Beulah Bryant, Nell Carter and Linda Hopkins (backed by Dick Hyman's sextet); Oct. 12: Woody Shaw's quintet, Abbey Lincoln, solo pianist Dave Burrell; Oct. 19: Jaki Byard (with Roy Haynes, Bob Cranshaw, Ricky Ford, and the Apollo Stompers); Oct. 26: Laguna Beach, CA's Friends of Jazz fest, with Kenny Burrell, Jerome Richardson, Conte Candoli, Shelly Manne, Leroy Vinnegar and Art Hilary, pianist Clare Fisher with Sam Most and Pancho Sanchez, and drummer Roland Vasquez' nonet Urban Ensemble.

Nov. 2: Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, Barry Altschul's trio, Nana Vasconcelos with Collin Walcott; Nov. 9: Flora Purim/Airto Moreira, Hermeto Pascoal's Brazilian octet, vocalist Elis Regina's quintet; Nov. 16: the Third Annual

Women's Jazz Festival, part I, with Quintess, Dianne Reeves, pianist Mary Watkins' quintet, the Bonnie Janofsky/Ann Patterson big band, and a salute to the Sweethearts of Rhythm; Nov. 23, Women's Jazz Fest, part 2, with Cleo Laine (backed by John Dankworth's quintet), Carla Bley's tentette, JoAnne Brackeen's trio, the 1980 WJF All-Stars led by Jill McManus; Nov. 30: Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Jimmie Rowles, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson and Ray Bryant.

Dec. 7: Mel Lewis Orchestra, Warne Marsh with Red Mitchell, Tete Montoliu's trio; Dec. 14: the World Saxophone Quartet, Leo Smith's ensemble, flutist James Newton and pianist Anthony Davis; Dec. 21: Jazz Olympics from Kansas City, with Earle Warren, Dicky Wells, Gus Johnson, Doc Cheatham, Nat Pierce, Milt Hinton, and Jay McShann, then Al Cohn, Lee Konitz, Billy Mitchell, Charles McPherson, Pepper Adams, Art Farmer, Red Rodney, Carl Fontana, Jimmy Knepper, Jimmie Rowles, Lou Levy, Barry Harris and Shelly Manne; Dec. 28: Benny Goodman's octet, Count Basie's orchestra, and Joe Williams.

## POTPOURRI

The **Hartford Jazz Society**, which claims it's the U.S.'s "oldest continuing jazz society," celebrates its 20th anniversary with a two day fest, Oct. 18 and 19, featuring Dizzy Gillespie, Marian McPartland, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Jaki Byard's Apollo Stompers, Anthony Braxton and Herb Ellis with Barney Kessel in afternoon and evening shows at the 800 seat Lincoln Theater on the U of Hartford (Conn) campus; call (203) 242-6688 for ticket info . . . Anthony Davis, James Newton, Abdul Wadud, George Lewis, Douglas Ewart, Leo Smith's orchestra, Anthony Braxton and Richard Teitelbaum, Joseph Celli and Malcolm Goldstein, Spiral, and Dave Holland with Sam Rivers starred in **RAW August Jazz** (at Real Art Ways), also in Hartford, all free, to say the least . . . Lionel Hampton led his 13 pieces at Brandeis University in mid Sept., to benefit the **Louis Armstrong Music Scholarship Fund**, which also supports the school's student jazz band . . . winners of ASCAP's annual **Deems Taylor awards** for outstanding books on music included Samuel Lipman for *Music After Modernism* (Basic Books); David Baskerville for *Music Business Handbook And Career Guide* (Sherwood Company); H. Lee Hetherington for *Successful Artist Management* (Billboard 14 □ down beat

Books); Nolan Porterfield for *The Life And Times Of America's Blue Yodeler—Jimmie Rodgers* (U. of Illinois Press); William P. Gottlieb for *The Golden Age of Jazz* (Simon & Schuster) and Eric von Schmidt and Jim Rooney for *Baby, Let Me Follow You Down* (Anchor Books); honored for their articles on popular music were Whitney Balliet of *The New Yorker*, Michele Kort of *Songwriter Magazine*, John Lahr of *Harper's Magazine*, and Diane Sward Rapaport of *Contemporary Keyboard* . . . **Oak Report** is a 24 page "quarterly journal on music & musicians" starting publication from NYC; subs from Bellvale Rd., Chester, NY 10918 . . . Toronto's New Massey Hall (home of a legendary bop concert) is soliciting donations for a row of seats to commemorate singer/actor/humanitarian **Paul Robeson**; send tax deductible contributions to New Massey Hall Seat Endowment Program, 110 Yonge St., Suite 1703, Toronto, Ont. M5C 1T2 . . . **Klacto** is "Hawaii's Jazz Magazine," available from 916 McCully St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96826 . . . **Eubie Blake**, at 97 the oldest practitioner of ragtime and jazz, was given the U.S. Army's Distinguished Civilian Service Medal in June, while the Army Band played an all-Blake program on the Capitol's West Terrace, including the premier of his *Boston Pops March*, composed for the late Arthur Fiedler . . . David Baker's ensemble, the Polish jazz group Extra Ball and Frank

Gillis provided music at a tribute to the late **Alan P. Merriam** of Indiana University, an anthropologist, Africanist, ethnomusicologist, jazz enthusiast and scholar (his Master's thesis from Northwestern University was entitled *Instruments And Instrumental Usages In The History of Jazz*) who died in an air crash en route to Warsaw University . . . Billy Stroud of New Orleans won the **1st Annual Louisiana Songwriter's Contest** with his tune *I Feel Like I Miss You* . . . the City of **Bellevue, Washington** reports a "huge success from all aspects" for its Jazz Festival 1980—kept a secret from us, but attracting 7-10,000 area fans . . . Boston drummer **Alan Dawson** joined Ludwig Drums' clinic staff, making himself available for guest clinic appearances, dealer-sponsored workshops, college concerts and convention demonstrations . . . Indiana State University in Terre Haute sponsored a **Contemporary Music Festival** Sept. 22-25 . . . a **Riverboat Jazz Festival**, travelling the Rhine from Basil, Switzerland through Strassburg, Ruedesheim, Cologne, Arnhem and Amsterdam with trad-playing guests visiting jazz clubs along the route was slated by M. Rindermann (P.O. Box 39, 3000 Bern 9, Switzerland) for Oct. 3-10 . . . and the **New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival** announces it's 1981 dates: April 29 through May 10, at the Fair Grounds racetrack (see you there).

outside of Paris. I went with Lionel Hampton's band for six months and then I lived in Washington, D.C. and had a band—that's where I developed the *entire* Alto Madness concept. I'd work weekends in D.C. and during the week in Trenton, driving the bus back and forth. I even drove by myself between gigs during my last year with Buddy. I bought my Dodge in '74, and I've got a cassette deck in it, and a bed—it's like home.

"In every city there's some heavy cat who can teach you something. In Milwaukee a heavy guitar player, George Pritchett, taught me how to play *Cherokee*. I spent a lot of time in Pittsburgh, in the Jersey shore resorts—Atlantic City,



VERYL OAKLAND

#### RICHIE COLE'S EQUIPMENT

Cole's alto saxophone is a Selmer Mark VI, vintage 1958. He uses a Meyer 5M mouthpiece and a LaVoz medium hard reed.

#### SELECTED COLE DISCOGRAPHY

##### as a leader

LIVE AT HAROLD'S ROGUE AND JAR—Adelphi Series 1  
 TRENTON MAKES, THE WORLD TAKES—PRC 1001 J  
 STARBURST—Adelphi AD 5001  
 BATTLE OF THE SAXES VOL. 1—Muse MR 5082  
 NEW YORK AFTERNOON—Muse MR 5119  
 ALTO MADNESS—Muse MR 5155  
 KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Muse MR 5192  
 HOLLYWOOD MADNESS (with Eddie Jefferson, Tom Waits, Manhattan Transfer)—Muse MR 5207  
 SIDE BY SIDE (with Phil Woods)—Muse MR 5237

##### as a sideman

BUDDY AND SOUL (Buddy Rich)—World Pacific ST 20158  
 KEEP THE CUSTOMER SATISFIED (Rich)—World Pacific LST 11006  
 STILL ON THE PLANET (Eddie Jefferson)—Muse MR 5063  
 THE MAIN MAN (Jefferson)—Inner City IC 1033  
 THE LIVE-LIEST (Jefferson)—Muse MR 5127  
 STOLEN MOMENTS (Mark Murphy)—Muse MR 5102  
 RED, WHITE, AND BLUES (Red Rodney)—Muse MR 5111  
 HOME FREE (Rodney)—Muse MR 5135  
 MOVIN' UP (Don Patterson)—Muse MR 5121  
 EXTENSIONS (Manhattan Transfer)—Atlantic SD 19258

Seaside Heights, Wildwood, Asbury Park. In '74 I drove out to California for a couple of weeks and had a ball.

"Back east, I mostly worked in D.C., Trenton and New York. I worked all the time at the Tin Palace, one of the original regulars along with Eddie Jefferson, Eddie Gladden, Mickey Tucker, Rick Laird, Harold Mabern, Mike Nock, and a lot of people.

"Eddie and I were both substituting at a place called the St. James Infirmary. I always knew about him, and he knew about me, too. James Moody was the one who turned him on to me. Then Eddie came to D.C. to play at the Rogue And Jar and we began working together. He had been selling shirts and driving a cab in New York. At the Tin Palace, it was my gig to begin with, but after Eddie started working with me, I made it his gig out of my respect for him."

Cole and Jefferson worked together often in the San Francisco area—at Keystone Korner, at a (briefly) jazz club called Christo's and, in a particularly triumphant moment, at the 1978 U.C. Berkeley Jazz Festival, where they stole the show in front of 8500 people. The next year, Eddie and Richie were rescheduled for Berkeley, but Eddie was killed just two weeks before the festival. Still shaken from the incident, Cole nevertheless was able to rally his forces for the occasion, putting together a fine band augmented by a vocal group singing lush harmonies that recalled the Hi-Los.

Richie won the Berkeley audience, as he has since at places including the Village Vanguard, which he recently packed for a week. In September, he was a featured musician-at-large at the Monterey Jazz Festival, a position usually reserved for Dizzy Gillespie. Last year at Monterey, Dizzy hosted the Saturday evening show and forgot to summon Richie onstage; Richie walked off the grounds in a justifiable huff. But things change quickly: Dizzy and Richie were hugging one another on the Carnegie Hall stage during the Newport Festival this year, at a concert honoring Eddie Jefferson.

Headlining the Jefferson tribute was Manhattan Transfer, who ventured into jazz after befriendng Jefferson and Cole in New York. "Tim Hauser came to our concert at the St. Marks Church in the Lower East Side," Richie says. "It seemed like an off-the-wall coincidence at the time, but we've developed into great friends. I have the world's shortest jazz solo on Transfer's record of *Birdland*." And, of course, Transfer lent their talent to *Hollywood Madness*. Richie says they plan to do more.

A lot of Cole's success derives from his ability, rare among younger musicians, to play swinging bebop and mainstream sounds in a way that is both fresh and authentic. Beyond stylistic matters, though, he is a natural entertainer—he loves to lift an audience by just about any means. He's been known to scat sing a blue streak of raunchy jivetalk, and he's invited a few crazed friends onstage to perform absurd skits and other assorted shenanigans, complete with masks and costumes. On several occasions he's worked with Professor Irwin Corey, the inimitable master of doubletalk who, 20 years ago, used to work regularly with Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. Jon Hendricks, appropriately, was the emcee at the recent Newport tribute to Jefferson; Corey was on hand to introduce Richie's group.

Some people have possibly been offended that a serious musician such as Cole who plays the revered art form known as jazz should have audacity to resort to inserting such comic interludes into his act as Sadismo or Yolanda, Queen of Alto. It can be startling, but Richie's musical values don't suffer from it.

"Sometimes," he says, "the situation calls for complete insanity, and sometimes it calls for a more sober, serious approach. The whole thing is to be appropriate. But I'll tell you one thing—the music is *always* serious. If somebody objects to the funny stuff, I'll turn around and blow *Cherokee* at him in half steps."

*That's alto madness.*

db

# ALTO MADNESS



VERYL OAKLAND

Richie Cole's major apprenticeship was with Phil Woods, who lives not too far from Trenton and was teaching at a summer music camp in New Hope, Pennsylvania (just across the Delaware River from New Jersey) when Richie was 15.

"After I auditioned for Phil, he recommended that they give me a scholarship so I could afford to attend. Phil had such a strong direction, he really made me see where I was heading. I bought a lot of Charlie Parker albums, and albums by Cannonball Adderley, Sonny Rollins and Sal Nistico. I dug all of Sal's solos with Woody Herman. I liked *Tough Tenors*—Johnny Griffin and Lockjaw Davis—and I listened to a lot of Jackie McLean. I never really copied the solos off the records, although when I read the transcribed solos in the book, sometimes I'd play them.

"Phil lived in New Hope with Chan and the kids. I'd drive there in my parents' '57 Dodge, the one with the big fins and pushbutton transmission, pink and white, totally '50s!

"Phil would play the piano and show me things, and then I'd play them on the saxophone. It was casual, not a formal lesson. We'd sit around and drink coffee, play awhile, talk. It was like hanging out with a friend, and I kept coming over for a couple of years, until I graduated from high school. Since then, it seems our lives have run parallel in a lot of ways." As this is written, Richie's on his way to Denver to record a live album with Woods.

Following high school, Richie mailed a tape to the **down beat** Scholarship Competition, and subsequently was awarded a one-year scholarship to the Berklee School, where he studied for two and a half years.

"The people there were good to me. I studied hard and worked all the time. I really loved it. Trombonist Phil Wilson had a big band, and he was a big help to me. My first 'Alto Madness' band was in Boston, and the rhythm section was Richie Beirach, Miroslav Vitous and Harvey Mason—we were all first year students—and Bob Martin was the other alto. Of course, at that time I didn't call it 'Alto Madness,' but the concept was there.

"I studied with Junior Cook and Andy McGhee, both on tenor, and with Charlie Mariano and Jimmy Moshier. I worked in organ groups, commercial gigs, shows; I never got into the studio scene. Berklee was my first chance away from home to be involved in the big city, and it gave me a well-rounded education.

"Immediately after Berklee, I joined Buddy Rich. The first gig was the Rumpus Room in Queens. No rehearsal, just report for the job, sit down and read the music. It was actually pretty easy. Buddy said, 'Good job, kid.' We got along real well, and I stayed two and a half years. There were great musicians in the band, and I had a great time. Buddy was the old school bandleader, and he was very successful. He was always on, and we were always amazed at his stamina.

"Buddy wanted to get me a contract on World Pacific/Liberty, but I said no because I felt I needed some time for myself. It was time for me to leave Buddy's band, but I wasn't ready yet for a big contract. I just needed to get out and play.

"That's when I went completely underground. I drove around the country in my VW bus, I went to France and visited Phil



# RICHIE COLE'S

by CONRAD SILVERT

**E**xhilarated after parading his alto saxophone madness through Nice, France for a week of nonstop jam sessions at George Wein's festival, Richie Cole was relaxing in his Trenton, New Jersey home briefly, before going to Snowbird, Utah and Denver, Colorado.

"Nice was fantastic. I got to play with almost everyone. The last concert was with Freddie Hubbard, Lee Konitz, Kai Winding and Jimmy Cobb. Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans were there, swinging their asses off. I played with a band including Hank Jones, Jack Six, Roy Haynes and Larry Coryell. Larry and I got very tight, playing together, just the two of us."

Not too long ago, Cole was working steadily with singer Eddie Jefferson, until one sudden night Jefferson was gunned down in front of a Detroit club. Since then, Richie has continued alone, striking dozens of musical relationships and playing everywhere from small dives to huge outdoor arenas. But *playing*, almost every night, in a silky hot, free-flowing bop style that clearly traces back to the influences of Charlie Parker and Phil Woods. And yet anyone at all familiar with Cole's sound can recognize it, just about instantly, when it comes out a radio.

Cole was born in Trenton on February 29, 1948. He still lives there in his parents' house, but the overwhelming majority of his time is spent on the road. The Jersey plates on his van read "Alto 1," and until recently he drove to most of his gigs, stopping off in unlikely places to play with unknown locals and make contact with every stripe of jazz fan. Cole will probably be hailed soon as some kind of overnight sensation, but he's been laying down his foundation for years.

The rhythmic center of Cole's music is pure swing, and the harmonic structure of his soloing mainly stays within traditional boundaries. But he is nonetheless an eclectic. His most recent album for Muse, *Hollywood Madness*, is a happy melange of tunes (from Bird's *Relaxin' At Camarillo* to the theme from *I Love Lucy*) and features the voices of Manhattan Transfer, cameo comic relief from Tom Waits, and a large measure of Eddie Jefferson's joyous scat singing. The session took place April 25, 1979, two weeks before Jefferson was murdered.

"It was easy for Eddie and I to blend our styles, because we shared the same kind of feeling. I knew Eddie for about five years. He was a master of show business and a master of music, and he definitely influenced the way I play today. When older people walk up to me and comment about how amazing it is to them that a person my age is swinging so hard, I just smile. That's just the way it is with me, the way I hear things."

**W**hen I interviewed Cole two years ago for the notes to his *Keeper Of The Flame* LP, he claimed he would be a bachelor forever. "At night," he said, "my alto is at arm's length. If a girl gives me a hard time about that, she's gone. Anyway, I'm not getting married, not even once. I'm going to stay exactly the way I am—very loose, swinging, and playing jazz—not worrying about anything except blowing the alto and hanging out with my friends. Go where I want to go when I want to go."

Several months later, Richie's friends included Brenda

Vaccaro, a talented actress possessed of a sharp wit and a warm, spunky personality. Richie and Brenda became constant companions, and announced to their friends marriage plans that were eventually called off. Now Richie says that they weren't "really as close as it seemed to exchanging rings. Nothing's really changed with me. What do I want to get married for? Who could put up with me, anyway? I wouldn't impose myself on anyone. With the way I live, marriage is totally impractical."

Richie's actual marriage is to his saxophone, a Selmer he bought 20 years ago, and which he feels is "just broken in." Music has apparently been his only reason for living ever since childhood. His parents weren't musically oriented, but there was an old alto in their Trenton home.

"I tried to play it when I was five," Richie says. "I got very involved with it, but I couldn't reach all the keys."

"I always listened to music. When I was ten years old, I'd lay in bed late at night listening to WHAT in Philadelphia or the Princeton University station. I heard Glenn Miller, Count Basie and Sinatra, but jazz was the only music I regarded seriously. It's funny—I'm more interested in rock 'n' roll and other forms of music now than I was then. I like to listen to Jerry Lee Lewis and Bobby Darin as a nostalgia thing."

"My first lessons were in the fifth grade. A little old lady, Mrs. Smith, gave me a fingering chart, and I'd play a few notes for her on the alto. She didn't teach me very much, but I also studied with a guy who lived down the street from me, Pal Czumble, who played tenor and was the 'polka king' of Trenton. He taught me how to play my old Buescher. When I was 12 years old I bought the Selmer. By now I must have played millions of notes on it."

"I used to practice all the time—four, five, six hours a day. I used the Rubank method book. I walked around and blew whatever came into my head, although I also used to read a lot of music, usually classical music for the oboe or violin. Now I like to perform an improvisation on *Our Town* by Aaron Copland. My favorites are Copland, Earl Bostic, Tom Waits, Louis Prima and Spike Jones—I love all that show business stuff—and of course Charlie Parker and Phil Woods."

"I've had a lot of classical training. In 1966-'67 I played some of the new, outside kind of modern classical music with the New England Conservatory Orchestra in Boston, and when I was in high school I wrote an arrangement of *Harlem Nocturne* featuring myself with the student orchestra. I wrote a few duet pieces for piano and saxophone when I was a senior in 1965."

"Long before I graduated from high school, I started leading my own band, the Jazz Casuals. We played weddings and parties and dances all over Trenton. We played at firehouses, at the Policemen's Ball, everywhere. I've never had a job in my life that wasn't connected with music. When I was underage, playing where liquor was served was no problem—'You're in the band, so come on in.'"

"One of my most valuable experiences was playing with the Post 93 American Legion band. We'd do everything—parade and concert music, classical pieces, opera like Verdi. The bandleader was a nasty Italian man with a long name whom we called 'Mr. G.'"

"I've never felt bad enough physically to deal with the blues. Rather, I think of myself as being in a funk bag, which comes from either mental repression, which I've experienced, or happy feelings."

"That's why I liked and developed what Edwards showed me. I didn't have to act something out in order to play it. I could just be me and express my own feelings."

During his years in Pittsburgh, Ulmer also performed with organ groups. Although he enjoyed sitting in with such notables as Jimmy Smith and Richard "Groove" Holmes, the guitarist preferred playing with Hank Marr, a local talent who Ulmer recognized was trying to create something new and different rather than "just pumpin' the blues." He became a member of the organist's quartet, which worked in this country and Europe and made the record *Hank Marr In The Marketplace*.

In 1964, Ulmer moved to Columbus, Ohio, although he actually spent most of his time on the road, usually with organ funk groups. But he became disenchanted with traveling and playing other people's music instead of developing his own concept. So Ulmer moved to Detroit in 1967, where he spent most of his time "trying to see if I could play something new." He wrote a considerable body of music as well as woodshedded with a group comprising also drums, bass, trombone and alto saxophone, which practiced together regularly for four years.

Playing with his band and studying on his own, Ulmer began to develop his present day style. He experimented with different kinds of harmonic modulations, special tunings and atonal playing.

Armed with his newly developed conception, Ulmer confidently headed for New York in 1971, hoping to join like-minded exploratory musicians. Upon arriving, he landed a six night a week job (trumpeter Kenny Dorham played the seventh night) at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem; his gig lasted for nine months.

"I was just supposed to play the blues," Ulmer relates, "but instead, I did all of the music that I had composed in Detroit. No one caught on because the music had the feeling of something they remembered. Finally, in the seventh month, the club owner realized that we weren't playing anything that he knew, but since the customers hadn't protested, we were allowed to continue."

While playing at Minton's, Ulmer broadened his artistic circles. Since he could afford a horn player on the weekends (the rest of the time, he led a trio of guitar, bass and drums), he hired saxophonist Ramon Morris, who in turn told Art Blakey about the guitarist. Shortly thereafter, Ulmer played with the celebrated drummer, and decided to leave the security of his Minton's engagement

to work with the Jazz Messengers in 1973. Unfortunately, Blakey was not working steadily at this time; Ulmer only played five jobs in three months with the group.

Ulmer also played with Paul Bley, Larry Young and Joe Henderson in the early '70s. He appeared as a sideman with Henderson on *Tress-Cun-Deo-La* from the *Multiple* album. While the music is tonal within a modal framework and he is relegated to a limited accompanying role, Ulmer still exhibited his own musical style. His dissonant fills and comping pushed Henderson into an aggressive stance that gave the music considerable bite.

These were the years when Ulmer repeatedly drove to Manhattan trying to find musicians to take back with him to

### SELECTED ULMER DISCOGRAPHY

#### as a leader:

TALES OF CAPTAIN BLACK (w. Ornette Coleman)—Artists House AH7

Untitled—Rough Trade Records (European import)

#### with Arthur Blythe:

LENOX AVENUE BREAKDOWN—Columbia JC 35638

#### with Joe Henderson:

MULTIPLE—Milestone M-9050

#### with Hank Marr:

HANK MARR IN THE MARKETPLACE—King 1025

#### with John Patton:

ACCENT ON THE BLUES—Blue Note BLP 4340

#### with Larry Young:

LAWRENCE OF NEWARK—Perception PLP 34

### ULMER'S EQUIPMENT

Gibson Byrdland Guitar  
Fender Amp  
Armstrong Flute

play in his Brooklyn studio. Eventually he met trumpeter Sonny Johnson, who introduced him to Rashied Ali, and a fruitful association was begun. Most importantly, Ulmer met Ornette Coleman, and moved into the innovative saxophonist's Manhattan loft for a year to study the harmolodic theory.

Vividly reliving his initial experiences with Coleman, Ulmer explains that "it wasn't especially difficult for me to play with Ornette, since I was more used to horns than he was to the guitar. But I had to get used to a freer role where I had to do more than just comp and solo, as I had done with the organ groups. We finally got things together and were able to perform at the Ann Arbor Jazz And Blues Festival in 1974. We also made several tapes which have not been commercially released yet."

Ulmer's experiences with Coleman were integral to his own development. "Ornette's harmolodic theory is such a

strong, yet adaptable concept that any musician can find his or her way in it. For me, it made a lot of sense, especially since I had been thinking about some of the same things when I was living in Detroit."

Each instrument in an ensemble, says the harmolodic theory, is both a melody and a rhythm instrument; players abandon their traditional roles and, for example, instruments such as bass and drums that ordinarily accompany now share as lead voices in musical creation. The resulting music is comprised of contrapuntal lines. The musicians' first concern is with the activity of the lines they create and their relationships with their fellow musicians' lines—dialogue emerges from the mingling of voices—and the conventional preoccupation with harmonic consonances and resolutions becomes far less important in this new music.

"The harmolodic theory helped bring out things in me rather than completely change my artistic direction. After all, I was 31 years old when I met Ornette and had been playing for a long time; it would have been rather unusual for me to suddenly alter my style at this advanced stage in my career.

"What Ornette did show me in his music was a special kind of freedom that allowed me to experience and project what I felt. Furthermore, he played differently from anyone I had encountered before in that he didn't use bar lines to govern his phrasing. So I had to learn instant modulation and orchestration, which are now important parts of my conception."

*Tales Of Captain Black*, recorded in December, 1978 and Ulmer's first date as a leader, features the guitarist in a quartet with Coleman (making a rare appearance as a sideman), electric bassist Jaamaladeen Tacuma and drummer Denardo Coleman. One is immediately confronted with the music's tremendous energy, rhythmic strength and contrapuntal nature. Most of the sounds are dissonant, yet exude a happy feeling.

Structurally, the music piles four players' sounds and intervals, in individual lines, on top of each other with little concern for conventional harmony. Rather, all sounds are treated equally, a concept which suggests composer Arnold Schoenberg's revolutionary 12 tone system of seven decades ago. However, unlike classical music, Ulmer's art is strongly rhythmic. The blues licks on the title track and the funk techniques on *Arena* are supported by an often mesmerizing rhythmic base.

"Pantonal," rather than "atonal," is the description Roger Trilling, Ulmer's manager, applies to the guitarist's music: Ulmer's music moves quickly across keys and modes, rather than modulating in and out of definite tonal areas. He often tunes his guitar in a modal manner in

# The Harmolodic Diatonic Funk of JAMES "BLOOD" ULMER

by CLIFFORD JAY SAFANE

Welcome to the musical world of James "Blood" Ulmer, one of the important figures in this new decade's revitalization of the jazz guitar. He calls his music "harmolodic diatonic funk"—its basis is a freewheeling harmonic-melodic palette that spans many tonalities, and its material is the fusion of soulful city funk and the sweet sound of black country music. Ulmer's world is as modern as the Space Age, yet his listeners can latch onto elements of the various black music traditions, jazz, gospel and blues; to Ulmer, they live in juxtaposition, instead of separately.

Ulmer's story begins back in St. Matthews, South Carolina, where he was born on February 2, 1942. As a youngster, he was heavily involved with music as a listener and performer. Blues, gospel and folk music were in his home and community, and at the age of seven he began singing with a gospel group, the Southern Sons; he stayed with them until he was 13.

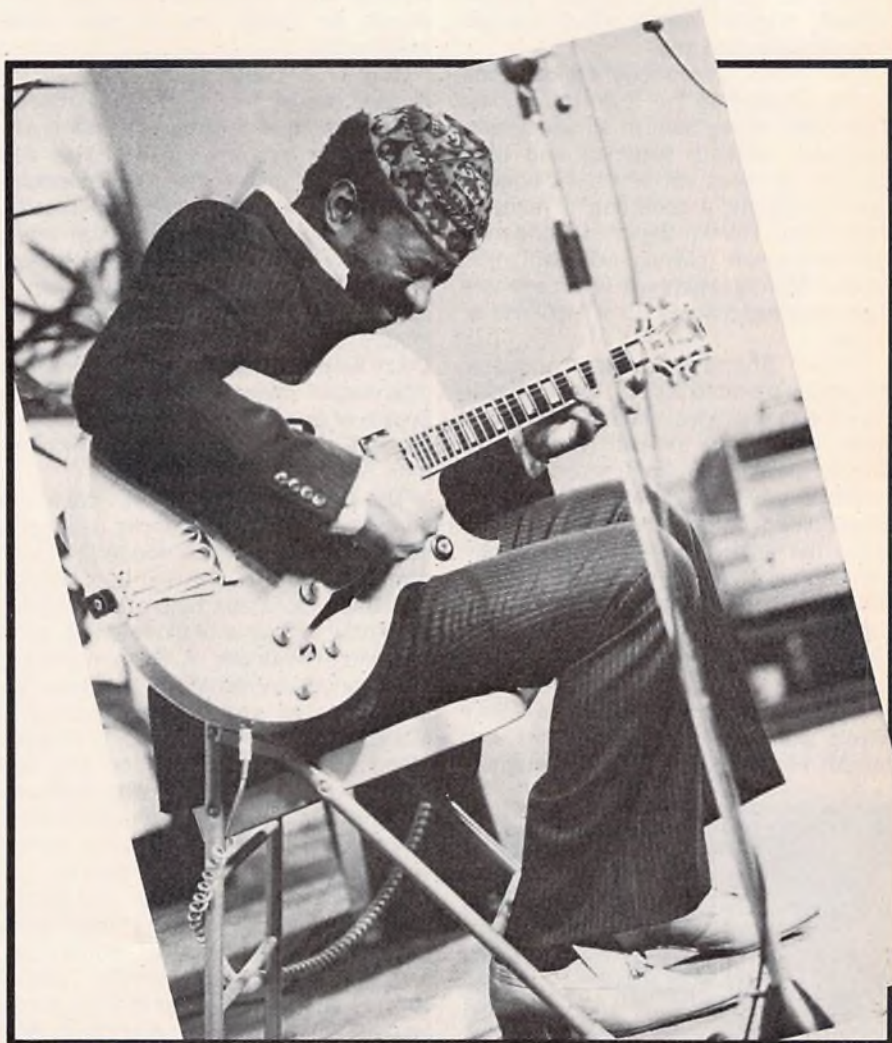
Even then, however, Ulmer's primary focus was the guitar, which he sees as "the only instrument that they're making right now that I can play most of my music on. But since music is in the person rather than in any specific instrument, I can foresee switching to something else if someone invented a new instrument that helped me express myself better.

"Every instrument gives off a certain kind of feeling before you even get to the music. It makes you want to play a certain way. I've been lucky so far, in that the guitar's capabilities and my interests have coincided.

"Because an instrument naturally pushes you into certain specific areas, most musicians aren't able to express all the music in themselves. It's like a piano player getting to a place where the music just isn't to be found on the keyboard.

"That's why some musicians double on another horn. Many play in a group to compensate for their instruments' deficiencies; if there are other musicians present, they can express those things that your axe can't.

"As for myself, I follow both ap-



proaches. I sing and play flute in addition to the guitar. I also have my own group which changes in size and personnel, depending on the nature of the gig and the amount of money offered."

Even while growing up, Ulmer's first love was the guitar. When he became a professional musician in 1959, he moved to Pittsburgh and began gigging with a series of local bands—the Savoy's, the Swing Things, the Southern Sounds, Jewel Brenner's Swing Kings—playing a variety of popular jazzy and bluesy styles. He also jammed with Pittsburgh guitarists George Benson and Chuck Edwards, and it was Edwards who

proved vital to opening up Ulmer's world. Well seasoned, fluent in a variety of musical contexts, Edwards introduced the younger man to new musical idioms and, importantly, playing from feelings other than the blues:

"Edwards showed me that it was all right to play from a happy frame of mind. To me, being from the South, blues guitar is what you play when you don't feel too good in a physical sense. For example, I remember when I was two or three years old, that there was a guy in my neighborhood who'd always play the blues after drinking and fighting with his wife and kids.

and Co. hit the stage, there were still six dancers to go and time was running out. Rather than feature his arranging talents, Carter just let the members of the band solo on a couple of over-extended tunes; only Curtis Fuller was in fine shape. Benny teased us with a custardy rich reading of *Misty* before the Copasetics time-stepped out. The band and the dancers had no rehearsal, and everybody stumbled (literally in some cases) to a sloppy conclusion. Shoddy treatment of a giant.

Friday evening began with Eddie Heywood in the piano slot. The composer of *Canadian Sunset* played refined, cocktail swing which swayed between pop and pap.

The World Saxophone Quartet and Archie Shepp had the Town Hall duties. The WSQ, replendent in all white tails, marched, honked, steamed and blew through an hour set which included a taste of r&b and a good deal of raunchy, flashy strut. Hamiet Bluiett is a one man rhythm section (playing just bari!) and Mssrs. Murray, Hemphill and Lake are fluid, exciting players on a stockpile of reeds.

Archie Shepp had less success, though he paraded his big, blowsy ballad sound with a deep, succulent vibrato and warm enveloping tone on *Sentimental Mood*; great inner heat propelled him through several variations of *Giant Steps*. His tenor playing wasn't at all at fault—but his rhythm section and accompanying variety show of violinists, Spanish guitarists and vocalists were not up to the challenge (particularly singer Irene Datcher, who butchered yet another *Lush Life*).

The late show was billed as Chick Meets Gerry, and if Mr. Corea has ever met Mr. Mulligan, it wasn't on the stage of

Avery Fisher Hall. About half a house listened to Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band (which he has turned into a big band with a little more sock than usual by sacrificing its lush, melodic riches) and Chick's normal melange of electronic friends and neighbors. Basically two dull, though toe-tapping, sets.

On Saturday morning, the Savoy Sultans virtually propelled a Staten Island Ferry with sheer blow power (tenor player George Kelly could have done it with his horn and a large handkerchief). The boat ride is one of Newport/New York's nicer traditions; with perfect weather and teethshakingly cold beer, there's no better way to view lower Manhattan.

The final piano recital was Jimmy Rowles playing his usual quirky, moody, mellow swing. Jimmy plays with a drawl, sparked by his own sense of time and pacing, not unlike that of Thelonious Monk. His hour was a light, cool breeze.

The Tribute to Eddie Jefferson which followed was the closest that the festival came to a concept show which worked. A salute to vocalese, it included two originators of the art (Jon Hendricks and Dizzy Gillespie), several of their progeny (Manhattan Transfer and Ben Sidran), a couple of beboppers (James Moody and Richie Cole) and one tap dancer (Sandman Sims).

The first half of the concert could not have been better—Hendricks gave us a musical narrative which nodded to Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, Leo Watson and Babs Gonzales before bringing his family out for some of those oh so good Lambert, Hendricks & Ross numbers. Then various combinations from Manhattan Transfer sang tunes including *Moody's Mood* (with Moody), *Parker's Mood* and *Confirmation*. The first half ended with Dizzy and entire company scatting wildly through *Ooh-Pa-Pa-Dah*. The fine hour and a half of vocal hurrah should have ended there. It did not.

Part two had Ben Sidran and Richie Cole (two sleep inducing musicians) plodding through four never ending numbers and Manhattan Transfer (whose sum is much, much better than its parts) tripping through *Body And Soul* and *Birdland*.

There are many ironies in such a show—the most obvious, of course, being that if Manhattan Transfer (currently very popular) had not been on the show and Eddie Jefferson (were he alive) had been, the concert wouldn't have drawn flies, let alone sold out Carnegie Hall.

Gillespie hurried across town to Avery Fisher Hall to take part in another Newport/New York tradition—Latin Night. Dizzy jammed with Mongo Santamaria, Eddie Palmieri and Tito Puente, all of whom presented their own bands and proved that a little salsa caliente never hurts anybody.

Sunday afternoon was sunny and ripe for the free five hour 52nd Street jamboree, which featured John Abercrombie, Chico Freeman, Billy Harper, Roy Haynes and others in true festival style—three stages going at once and not a penny to pay for it. This tradition should be supported forever.

Sunday night offered a mixed bag entitled *The New Music Meets The Old Master*—Duke Ellington. The idea was to put together an exceptional big band of talents in the "new music" (Amina Claudine Myers, Ricky Ford, J. D. Parran, Mark Helias and Byard Lancaster among them), turn it over to four separate arrangers/composers/conductors (namely Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, Leroy Jenkins and Muhal Richard Abrams), provide a direction (Ellington) and see what happens.

What happened was this: Oliver Lake voiced *Sentimental Mood* with basic big band accoutrements and gave Ricky Ford (who can roll over anything—changes or not) ample solo space. He also played an original (*France Dance*) with a Ducal sound behind his own alto. Julius Hemphill scored *I Got It Bad*, and it wasn't good. The piece began with harmonies in the melody, somehow altering the very soul of the piece, and continued into a standard string of solos over rhythm. Leroy Jenkins had a better idea with *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*—giving the tune a carnival sound and throwing in some symphonic touches. The song sounded more like Mingus than Ellington, but it was seriously hampered by Terry Jenoure, a singer with good intonation and bullshit emotion.

It was up to Muhal to bring everything home; he did it with majesty. He used clever brass lines over airy reeds, somewhat reminiscent of the Clarke-Boland big band. His use of soloists was more selective—Ford's gilded tenor and Ray Anderson's triple-tongued trombone worked as attractive adornments.

The idea of four leaders working separately with one big band is intriguing, but after hearing the results I'd be particularly pleased to hear Muhal work more in this context himself. This man's talents might be endless.

All in all, the 1980 Newport/New York Jazz Festival (pardon me, the Kool-Newport/New York Jazz Festival) was a pallid combination of poor planning and missed opportunities. I didn't dwell on the sound problems; suffice it to say that Carnegie Hall was dreadful, and Avery Fisher and Town Halls were only slightly better.

Still, Newport is the grandpa of jazz festivals, and is looked to as the leader. The 1981 festival is already in its planning stages, and we can only assume that George Wein and company will learn from their mistakes, to again make Newport festive.



Sippie Wallace at rehearsal

MITCHELL SEIDEL

beans as Beaver Harris and Don Pullen co-lead a unit featuring Ricky Ford, Hamiet Bluiett, Cameron Brown and steel drummer Francis Haynes. Strength was the keynote—all the players are capable of being melodic and powerful without stepping over the edge. Dollar Brand's group played folksy melodies and Blood Ulmer noodled over a sledgehammer, disco-bobulated rhythm.

Monday evening's recital featured the solo violin of Leroy Jenkins. Jenkins is a classically trained player, and his themes leaned more to Eastern European gypsy than to either jazz violin or American country fiddling. His tone is clear and cool, and his set was lovely and ethereal.

Later that evening I slipped on dancing shoes for a trip to Roseland Ballroom, a landmark of another era—as was the music to be heard. Panama Francis and Company swung so hard that the shoes in the Shoe Hall Of Fame almost began dancing themselves (really, Roseland

songs with such style and grace that it is hard to fault her foolish banter and less than perfect trio (most at fault, pianist Butch Lacey—too mushy). Her whipped cream and chantilly voice was in fine form, especially on her virtuosic, a capella *Summertime*.

Avery Fisher Hall looked like a bombed out shell for the late show that evening. Herbie Hancock and his strap-around-the-neck keyboard-with-neck were producing electronic noise at levels dangerous to the ear, to fewer than 400 people in the hall. It was somewhat gratifying to see the Bird tributes sell out two shows while Herbie fiddled with his electronic prattle for only enough people to fill a large club. Maybe Herbie will learn what people in 1980 want to hear, and maybe George Wein will learn what his bread and butter is at this stage of the game.

The next evening's solo recital was a mismatch that should never have hap-

son. After a slide show of blues queens, the program began with Linda Hopkins' Broadway rendition of Bessie Smith. Hopkins has a big, soulful voice, but this was the wrong place for theatrical slickness. Sippie Wallace, the great original blues shouter, then took the show to a level it would never again reach: looking frail but done up in feather, furs and finery, she sang with a good clear voice. Her *You Gotta Know How*, backed by Little Brother Montgomery showed she still knows—and how!

Nell Carter followed with some more Great White Way schtick, including merciless shaking of her Hoover Dam derriere. Her *Sugar*, accompanied only by Dick Hyman's organ, was not quite where it should have been. Adelaide Hall, a pop singer of the '20s, sang some pop songs (no blues singer, she); Sharon Freeman played some shaky, stiff piano; Big Mama Thornton rasped through her tunes; Beulah Bryant sang in a husky



World Saxophone Quartet: David Murray, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett

has a Shoe Hall Of Fame). Lionel Hampton was on hand with a big band, and there's no cutting Hamp. A lot of blisters left the dance palace this night.

Hilton Ruiz had the solo spot the next evening, and it was an annoying performance. Ruiz may have the greatest set of piano chops extant. He combines a jackhammer lefthand with the fervor of Cecil Taylor and the dexterity of Oscar Peterson, but this was a kitchen sink performance. Styles of jazz piano flew by like cars doing 90 on the freeway: stride, vroom; boogie woogie, whoosh; Latin, swishh. Hilton has the talent in his hands, but not yet the taste to make it work. His *Lush Life* (one of at least five heard that week) was an uptempo, mottled mess.

The best *Lush Life* of the festival came later that night, by Sarah Vaughan at Carnegie Hall. Sarah has played New York six separate times in the past 15 months (including ten nights in a club), so it was good to hear her bring out new numbers. She just glided through 22(!) 20 □ down beat

pened. Mitchel Forman, Getz' new pianist, is a Keith Jarrett playalike with a touch of Chick Corea thrown in for added somnolence. His hour long set lasted, to my ears, for about two days. However, Martial Solal, an Algerian pianist of prodigious talent, was hastily added to the bill shortly before the festival began. He has the ability to cover the full range of the instrument with single note runs, dense, percussive chords, and wit. He has rhythmic muscle and is an improviser *par excellence*. Throughout his set he let little bits and snatches of popular pieces fly by. Hearing Solal work through the modern jazz piano repertoire (*Green Dolphin St.*, *Body And Soul*) is like seeing Rembrandt's *The Polish Rider* reinterpreted by Larry Rivers: witty, modern, fresh and exciting. It was, in 1980, Newport's finest moment.

The Blues Is A Woman jammed Avery Fisher Hall with its potential, but kept falling on its face. Carmen McRae was an amiable host and the onstage band included Doc Cheatham and Vic Dicken-

gowl and Koko Taylor screeched noisily into the finale. The blues may be a woman, but not all of these women were the blues. The same night another woman, Toshiko Akiyoshi, swung her big band (with a guest combo: Gillespie, Phil Woods, Jack DeJohnette, Curtis Fuller), broadcast by National Public Radio.

John Hicks' Thursday night piano recital showcased his big, grandiose bass rumble underneath his razor sharp downpour in the treble. A fine, if a dense, hour.

Benny Carter is one of the masters of jazz alto sax, writing and arranging, and his long awaited return to New York was badly botched. He was to lead a big band (actually a tentet) and play for tap dancers. The idea was okay, but the bill was too cluttered. The fine, swinging Widespread Depression Orchestra played the first half, which also featured guest Bob Wilber (unnecessary—especially with his pale, dry alto sound) and sparkling tapdancers Chuck Green and Sandman Sims. But by the time Benny



Muhai Richard Abrams

MITCHELL SEIDEL

The official opener was Jaki Byard's solo set at Carnegie Recital Hall. With 350 seats, it is perhaps the best place in the city to hear music—no mikes are needed, and the ambiance is perfect. Jaki is one of the eclectic wonders of jazz, this time moving easily from romping stride to European romanticism to dissonant, percussive pounding. But, unfortunately, the hour recital came out as an unfocused blur. There seems to be something in the natures of the hall and of these solo hours that bring out the music school recitalist in artists, and Jaki succumbed to the temptation to show us a taste of everything. It was not the best showcase for his talents, and it was not the last time this problem would appear.

The two-hall Tribute to Charlie Parker which followed was massive. Over 40 musicians were squeezed in and, remarkably, almost all successfully. There is no possible way to list all the high points in the concert. James Moody and Lee Konitz burned through *Yardbird Suite* and *Cherokee*, with Lou Donaldson lagging behind and John Lewis, Percy Heath and Oliver Jackson providing ripe accompaniment. Charlie Rouse pulled some Lester Young out of his past in an otherwise limp set led by Jay McShann. Max Roach played and spoke eloquently. Dizzy and Dexter proved that they are still monoliths of bebop improvisation, and Al Haig and Chuck Wayne together showed why they were among the respected white bebop pianists and guitarists, respectively. Tommy Flanagan and Barry Harris plowed through *Relaxin' At Camarillo* in an inspired duet. Stan Getz and Jimmy Raney reunited as if they never had parted.

The brightest spots of the evening, however, belonged to the front line of Al Cohn, Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims and Jimmy Knepper, backed by Flanagan, Gus Johnson's drums and Gene Taylor's bass. The four horn players spun a wicked *Ornithology*—they have microwave swing centers that make them coal hot from note one. If anybody won top honors, it had to be Cohn, who played the sort of ballad version of *Lover Man* that makes you want to never hear that tune again, for fear of it not being as breathtaking.

The rest of the show was a grand chop house—Red Rodney, Curtis Fuller, Billy Mitchell, Jimmy Heath, Philly Joe Jones, Walter Bishop, Joe Albany, Howard McGhee and others burning, burning, burning.

The Bird show was a hard act to follow, but the Art Ensemble followed it with a rousing midnight appearance at Town Hall, amid their 912 instruments, dressed in face paint, feathers and, in Lester Bowie's case, a full chef's outfit. The first hour of the show was *Charlie M.*, their pointed tribute to Mr. Mingus. Bowie played blistering hard bop lines over Favors' throbbing bass; Jarman roared

MITCHELL SEIDEL

on baritone and, at some point, the whole quintet became a Mt. St. Helens of percussive hysteria. The second half of the concert was on the same high level—add a bit of waltzing, a touch of *Semper Fidelis*, a smidgen of flagwaving, a pinch of confetti throwing, a dash of oom-pah and a moment of disco. It was the end of the festival's best, and opening, night.

The next afternoon had Chick Corea at Town Hall playing a children's concert that was of no apparent interest to children or parents. Chick played pretentious ditties "for dancers" while the kids (and myself) squirmed and whined.

Dardanelle brought her pleasant, easy, lightweight piano swinging and singing to the Recital Hall for a short mint julep of a concert. Standards flew by with precious, simple adornments.

A Jazz Tribute to Fred Astaire is a fine, if not particularly original, idea. Astaire is one of the finest pop singers of all time, and the tunes that Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and the Gershwins wrote for him are among their finest works. The show, however, was ill-planned and dull. Mel Tormé made an effort to put original words to *Can't Take That Away*; they should have taken them away from him. The worst part of the evening was a screen which hung over the stage like a tease. Film clips? No, slides.

Ruby Braff, Clark Terry, Sylvia Syms and Gerry Mulligan ran through bland sets of unannounced, unexplained numbers, Lee Konitz fought valiantly to bring off numbers he admittedly didn't know, and Cohn, George Shearing, Getz and Tormé showed style and class in their selections (especially a Shearing/Tormé *Puttin' On The Ritz*). Mr. Astaire, age 80, was not in attendance. He was on the first day of his honeymoon.

The midnight show featured a loud, interminable and boring set from Rodney Franklin (notable only for one or two solos by guitarist Rodney Jones) and an impressive set from Angela Bofill. Bofill is on her way to major stardom—her voice is a huge, powerful instrument; she writes her own singable, likeable tunes; she has the taste to front a superb band—Kenny Kirkland, Eddie Daniels, Steve Khan, Sammy Figueroa and Onaje Allen Gumbs are not musos to be fooled with. Bofill should find Natalie Cole's audience and several others. My only complaint was the overloud volume, but the audience did not agree.

The next afternoon it was out to Waterloo, New Jersey for some cold beer and traditional jazz beneath a huge tent. Ralph Sutton and Jay McShann ripped through *Little Rock Getaway* and a bushel more tunes; Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans stampeded through an uptempo swing repertoire, making this *the* band working the genre currently; and Claude Williams displayed his much underrated fiddle stylings.

That evening was a different bag of



# BRIGHT SPOTS ILLUME A FOGGY FOCUS

by LEE JESKE

The 27th annual Newport Jazz Festival (now called the Kool-Newport Jazz Festival for its new corporate sponsor), puttered through its ninth year in New York City, offering a choice of 38 events in nine venues, plus two day-long affairs at Saratoga, over ten days in late June and early July. The festival was, for the most part, a disappointing artistic (though not commercial) failure.

Last summer, producer George Wein seemed to finally come to grips with the problems of an urban festival. Entrusting many of the concerts to co-producers, he came up with concept shows, a solo piano series and a new music series. The ever present sound problems were ironed out and the balance between the different eras of the music was more evenhanded than ever before.

This year the sound problems were

back, the concept shows were, on the whole, dull, pointless affairs, and many of the top billed acts had been frequent performers in New York in recent months. Some headliners had to dash from their appearances in order to get to their downtown club gigs in time.

The anticipated bright spots of the festival were a show dedicated to women blues singers, a jazz tribute to Fred Astaire, a musical salute to Eddie Jefferson, the return to New York of Benny Carter, and a three and a half hour salute to Charlie Parker which was presented via time delay in two halls—each act shuttled from Carnegie to Avery Fisher Hall after its first appearance.

The actual highlights turned out to be a solo piano set by the magnificent Martial Solal, a concert by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, piano duets by Jay McShann

and Ralph Sutton, every appearance by the astonishing Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans, and selected bits and pieces of the concept shows.

Gerry Mulligan, Chick Corea, Dexter Gordon, Stan Getz, Gato Barbieri, Dave Brubeck, Carmen McRae, Sarah Vaughan, Herbie Hancock, Arthur Blythe and Jaki Byard are just some of the performers who offered fare most common to New York's concert halls and clubs, while such stars of Newports past as Art Blakey, Count Basie, Sonny Rollins, Betty Carter and Elvin Jones were absent completely.

I caught a select 26 concerts, all I could physically manage in the ten days. If somebody bought one ticket to each event I heard at the highest price, it would have cost a whopping \$256.50.

The festival began with an invitation



"We Remember Eddie Jefferson" Concert: Tim Hauser, Ben Sidran, Michele Hendricks, Janis Seigel, Dizzy Gillespie, Jon Hendricks, Cheryl Bentley, Richie Cole

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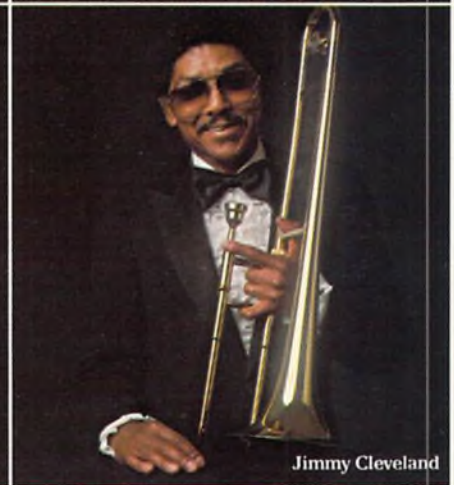
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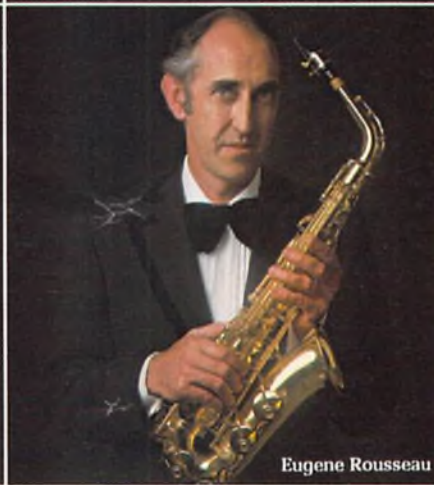
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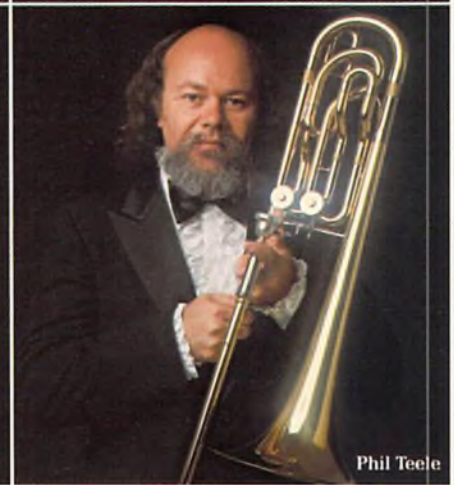
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for much of the music of John Coltrane—whose spirit hovers benignly over this performance.

Greenwich has the advantage of a fine working band here. Gene Perla, on whose label the album appears, has lost none of the suppleness or understated ease that he brought to the bass (before concentrating on record production), and pianist Don Thompson, the little-known Canadian pianist, is at his expansive best. The whole band is bound up by drummer Claude Ranger, whose lull-sounding accompaniment is a hotbed of pulsing rhythmic implication. Greenwich flags when he gets carried away by the music-mysticism described in the liner notes, but thankfully, that's usually not more than one brief interlude per solo.

Reggie Lucas, the guitarist who worked for a while with Miles Davis in the '70s, recorded *Survival Themes* five years ago, but it's fairly new in this country. It's also deceptive; at first hearing, it sounds a good deal better than it really is. The main culprit is the side long title suite, which offers an attractive olio of thematic material, tempos and instrumentation, but which turns out to be fairly inconsequential beneath its surface. It's disturbing, too, in that the first three episodes are gentle, floating, vaguely exotic mood pieces—the mood being inexplicably shattered by the harsh electric gyrations of the finale.

*Slewfoot* is pure funk, and awfully well done; here, as throughout the album, the percussion work of Mtume deserves star billing. Rather arresting is *Tender Years*, with Lucas affecting George Benson in his phrasing but stating a theme that seems drawn from the Pat Metheny songbook; what's odd

is that Lucas' album predates Metheny's first LP by a couple of years. Throughout *Survival Themes*, the emphasis is on sounds, textures, and musical concepts—much in keeping with Miles' music of the last decade—and whatever guitar chops Lucas has are only slightly bared. So *Survival Themes* works, but only to a point, and then it all but stops dead.

Mick Goodrick's first album—in fact, his first recording of any kind since he left Gary Burton's band in 1977—is by no means the least accomplished of this set. Nonetheless, it's the most disappointing, wending its way along the lushly overgrown paths, by the bucolic streams, and through the brightly sunlit glens that have (perhaps unfairly) given ECM Records a monolithic reputation. Goodrick is not a fiery guitarist, but his thoughtful, sparse solo style was a hallmark of Burton's quintet, and he is technically among the finest players around.

But *In Pas(s)ing* gets mired in the glassy smooth, moody dream state that Burton's music would succumb to without the vibist's sense of economy. *Summer Band Camp*, the most sprightly of Goodrick's themes, masks a charming, difficult set of changes, which brings about his best solo; but the other tunes, even when they start to fly, never quite take off. *Tavern* is long, slow, soberly reflective and drifts; *Pedalpusher* is a pretty, cyclical structure which, like the others, doesn't quite cut through its mist of romance. The high-quality sidemen do what they're supposed to for this music—Surman works especially hard, and ends up a little overwrought—but despite its supply of appealing characteristics, *In Pas(s)ing* only occasionally shifts into gear. —*lesser*

## JOHN SERRY

JAZZIZ—Chrysalis CHR 1279: *Acrobat*; Jazziz; *Doc Holiday*; *Penumbra*; *Song For You*; *Up Start*; *Don Quixote's Hustle*; *A Disco Nightmare*.

Personnel: Serry, piano, Rhodes electric piano, Yamaha CS80 Polyphonic synthesizer, ARP Odyssey synthesizer, drum set (cut 2), mallet percussion (2), toy percussion (2); Bob Sheppard, soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, flute, piccolo, clarinet; Mike Sembello, electric and acoustic guitars; "Flim" Johnson, Olympic 5 string bass, Flamenco bass (7); Gordon Johnson, electric bass (3,5,7); Carlos Vega, drum set; Peter Erskine, drum set (6,7); Gordon Gottlieb, vibraphone, xylophone, orchestral bells, chimes, timpani, snare drum, bass drum, crash cymbals, congas, assorted toys, percussion, horse hooves, spurs and Syncussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

## MARK SOSKIN

RHYTHM VISION—Prestige P-10109: *Colossus*; *Mambo Mio*; *Walk Tall*; *Caribbean Party Stomp*; *That's What Friends Are For*; *The Opening*; *Bolinas*.

Personnel: Soskin, acoustic piano, Rhodes electric piano (cuts 1-3,5,7), Yamaha electronic piano (3), organ (1,2), Clavinet (1,7); Bennie Maupin, tenor and soprano saxophones, alto flute, flute; Oscar Brashear, Snooky Young, trumpets, flugelhorn; George Bohanon, bass trombone; Mel Martin, alto flute, alto sax; Ray Obiedo, guitars; Paul Socolow, electric bass; Harvey Mason, drums; Sammy Figueroa, congas, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

Two young keyboardists with schooling, chops and working experience, John Serry and Mark Soskin now qualify for jobs as session leaders. Serry has had one previous release for Chrysalis (last year's *Exhibition*), and prior to that he was a founding member of Auracle. A technically impressive ensemble, Auracle had its beginnings in the hallowed halls of the Eastman School of Music, where Serry stood out as whiz kid on the ivories.

Now he's extending that academic precision to original compositions that are overtly multi-dimensional and designed to cover the total Serry range, from toy percussion to piano to electronics. The title cut here, where Serry plays every instrument himself, is perhaps most exemplary of the 26 year old's diverse abilities. But he also produced, arranged, orchestrated and wrote all of the music on *Jazziz*. "I like making my own mistakes and creating my own triumphs," Serry has said of his all-encompassing approach to solo recording.

*Jazziz* comes much closer to triumph than mistake, freely mixing a jazz attitude with rock rhythms, classical ideas and a flair for dextrous melodies. Best cuts are *Song For You*, *Acrobat* and *Don Quixote's Hustle*; *A Disco Nightmare*. The latter is a seven and a half minute opus that leaves few music theory windmills unchallenged and would indeed be tough to dance to. Serry routinely rips through stylistic changes, with energy and finesse to burn. If he has one vulnerability, it's too much fusion dazzle and not enough soul. But at his best, John Serry can do it all.

Mark Soskin isn't nearly as ambitious on his first solo effort, though he too shows flexibility. Lately a regular member of the Sonny Rollins group, Soskin is another well-schooled player, coming out of Berklee to play with Azteca (with Julian Priester and Eddie Henderson), and then Pete and Sheila Escovedo, Bill Summers and Billy Cobham. Perhaps the biggest feather in his cap was being picked to support the CBS All-Stars (Cobham, Tom Scott, Steve Khan, Alphonso Johnson) on a tour and album, *A Live Mutha For Ya*.

*Rhythm Vision* seems less ambitious, less

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tary in counterpoint to Sims' theme statements which is not only inventive but also intriguing.

Biograph promises additional releases in this new series of reissues from the 1950s; with these three they're off to a solid, if not staggering, start.

—lange

## BRUCE JOHNSON and RODNEY JONES

THE LIBERATION OF THE CONTEMPORARY JAZZ GUITAR—Srutata-East SES-19772: *The Liberation Of The Contemporary Jazz Guitar*; *G.E.N.*; *Country And West Indian*; *Around The Planet Earth*.

Personnel: Johnson, Jones, guitars.

★ ★

## RODNEY JONES

ARTICULATION—Timeless Muse TT 323: *Articulation*; 1978: *Hard New York Swing*; *Interlude 1*; *Childville*; *Blues For Wes*; *Nevada*.

Personnel: Jones, guitar; Benjamin Brown, bass; Kenwood Denard, drums, percussion; Kenny Kirkland, piano; Arthur Blythe, alto sax; Bob Mitzer, tenor sax; Wallace Rooney III, trumpet; Bernadine Davis, flute; Bemshi Jones, voice; cut 3: Brown replaces Denard on drums; Bruce Johnson, bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

## SONNY GREENWICH

EVOL-UTION, LOVE'S REVERSE—P.M. PMR-016: *Time-Space*; *Prelude*; *Emily*; *Nica's Dream*; *Day Is Night To Some*; *Evol-ution*; *Love's Reverse*.

Personnel: Greenwich, guitar; Don Thompson, piano; Gene Perla, bass; Claude Ranger, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

## REGGIE LUCAS

SURVIVAL THEMES—Inner City 6010: *Stewfoot*; *Tender Years*; *The Barefoot Song*; *Survival Themes (Season Of The Monsoon—Faces Of Fortune—Taberna—Electric Reflection)*.

Personnel: Lucas, guitar; Hubert Eaves, keyboards; Michael Henderson, Anthony Jackson, electric bass; Howard King, drums; Mume, congas, percussion; cut 1: Joe Gardner, trumpet; John Stubblefield, tenor sax; Clifford Adams, trombone.

★ ★ ½

## MICK GOODRICK

IN PAS(S)ING—ECM-1-1139: *Foibles, Fables And Feins*; *In The Tavern Of Ruin*; *Summer Band Camp*; *Pedalpusher*; *In Passing*.

Personnel: Goodrick, guitar; John Surman, soprano and baritone sax, bass clarinet; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

★ ★ ★

There's an offbeat correctness to finding a Rodney Jones LP titled *Liberation Of The Contemporary Jazz Guitar*. For there have been times in his still young career when Rodney Jones—like Roland Prince—has held the promise of effecting some sort of major change. Specifically, Jones appears to be capable of revitalizing the "jazz guitar," and in the tradition of the great mainstream players that term connotes: from Charlie Christian up through Wes Montgomery and the more powerful forays of the late Grant Green.

That may not seem terribly novel or, what's more, liberating; but as the pendulum swings, what was old becomes new again, particularly when it is introduced into a new context. And in 1980, when most young black guitarists have opted for funk—a time when the dominant guitarists (McLaughlin, Abercrombie, Rypdal, Metheny) offer styles that have little to do with the guitar's blues roots—a spirited updating of the tradition seems a lot more daring than one might

expect.

Unfortunately, the high ideals I've suggested come unglued on *Liberation*. Jones' 1977 duet date with his friend Bruce Johnson. The order of the date is freedom and interplay, but the fretmen almost never carry it off: they tend toward an unrewarding indulgence in the wide-open sections; when each settles into soloing over the other's simple vamping, the fragile structure fails to sustain interest. In a way, it's the worst of both worlds. The stripped-down format balances problems and advantages; Jones and Johnson fall prey to most of the former, yet they don't successfully utilize most of the latter.

Still, the title track offers spots of strength and intrigue. The beat is implied, allowing the accompaniment to be as varied and out-front as the solo, and the song moves in some odd but revealing directions, featuring a preponderance of angular, sequential runs and a fondness for the equivocal tonality of whole-tone scales. *Planet Earth* has an ambitious program, going from free noodling to a quasi-bluegrass melody to a slow blues to tinges of Spain; it spends a bit too much time working out its overly theoretical ideas, though. *Country* is a sub-minute throwaway, and *G.E.N.* is pretty but insubstantial, the most blandly focused track of this diffuse effort.

Jones' virtues are far better showcased on *Articulation* (another album title that's particularly apt)—which is ironic, considering the competition posed by the crowd of excellent sidemen. Recorded in '78, it clearly indicates the guitarist's fascination with melodies that go beyond "pretty"; Jones can play that stuff, but his real talents lie in more challenging milieus that open up his speedy, sharp-edged, kinetic solo style. The best example is *Childville*, when he adds internal movement to his chording; *For Wes* sports some excellent octave playing (as you'd expect from the dedication), but Jones' solo sprouts some quite individualistic blossoms from the well-worn Montgomery seeds; and 1978 is filled with busy, impressive runs that lapse into several predictable patterns.

Blythe makes a sympatico sparring partner for Jones—like the guitarist, he shines at reinterpreting the jazz tradition from the standpoint of the confirmed modernist, steeped in the avant garde—and *Hard New York Swing* provides a solid, eclectic groove for the saxist's energetic gamboling. As a band, *Articulation's* aggregation is dense but meaty; yet several tracks feature Jones and a rhythm section, which turns out to be an excellent idea since, as this album proves, Jones is at his best in a trio or quartet setting.

*Evol-ution*, recorded live, is the first date led by Sonny Greenwich, an unusual guitarist who's something of a throwback: his solos employ not the rapid collection of familiar riffs and patterns that are most players' stock in trade, but rather an emphasis on lyrical, hornlike improvisations. An exception is *Day Is Night*, on which the instrument's technical wiles seduce him into a solo that could be almost anyone's (although it has a gracious, mysterious feel). *Time-Space* fades up into a churning, heartfelt performance; *Nica's Dream* brings a lovely, spirited statement bounded by careful chordal signposts that Horace Silver wrote into the song; but *Prelude* is the most representative track. Greenwich plays repetitively on this one, and the points are driven home incessantly and without subtlety. The same could be said, of course,



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egalitarian affair: vocalist Tawatha and drummer Howard King's perky *Keep Goin' On* has only a few bars mapped out for Bartz; *After Glow* highlights an unadventurous fuzak saunter by trumpeter Danny Coleman; and *One-Eyed Jack* deals out hilarious-in-the-studio but tedium-on-vinyl badinage midst stock funk horn riffs. There's lavish input by various players, but very little evidence of Bartz.

Where's Gary? Oh, he has plenty of room on several cuts, yet his decorations of the melodies are not awe-inspiring, never flashing with the improvisatory liveliness of yore. His gruttiest action is on the ironically named (*Give It Your Best*) *Shot*, his lone composition, and he's partially eclipsed by sexy vocal amenities and bustling brass. *Need Your Love* is of the same mold: pleasant doses of saxophone, measured spoonfuls of strings, horns and Tawatha coos. *Bartz*, no matter how radiant its demeanor and how congenial a collective effort, is hardly the correct setting for a special musician capable of much more than reticence and allegiance to formula.

As the emissary of goodwill and cheer, Grover Washington's out to make music and live the keystones of contented existence. His credo might read: Let my music reach out and spread love. Alas, his past recordings (except segments of *Live At The Bijou*, on Kudu) have been as superficial, contrived and dishonest as a Harlequin romance. Whatever the intent, the romantic message appeared to be so much bunkum; arid expositions like *Reed Seed's Just The Way You Are* and *Paradise's Answer In Your Eyes*, as well as the Bob James material, delivered no romanticism at all.

Grover *Skylarkin'* foments the emotions by aiming his saxophones straight at the listener's heart. And this time it succeeds. Washington infuses his lyrical lines with sincerity and sensitivity, whether it's the resilient utterances on Rahsaan's *Bright Moments*, the dizzy soprano flights of *Snake Eyes* or the accurate intonation of *Easy Loving You*. Now and then his phrases are predictable, tremeloes as clichés, but there's enough unrehearsed excitement and compassion in his playing to permanently exile the affected waxings of any dozen commercial jazz pretenders. He's in command, his fingers adroitly taking charge of the often stubborn soprano, and his tone summons forth tenderness. Washington is at ease with the material and the servile contributions of familiar studio faces and arranger/conductor Bill Eaton. Washington, producer and guiding light of *Skylarkin'*, should continue his present policy, the policy of circulating warmth.

—hadley

## BOBBY SHEW

OUTSTANDING IN HIS FIELD—Inner City IC 1077: *Kiss Abyss; Take Some Time To Walk With The One You Love; Blue; Faire Play; The Red Snapper; Cloudcroft*.

Personnel: Shew, trumpet, flugelhorn; Gordon Brisker, tenor sax, flute; Bob Magnusson, basses; Billy Mays, keyboards; Dick Berk, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

I guess there is something heartening about the fact that five talented, professional musicians can go into a studio and record a straight-ahead album of hard bop in these days of Mini-Moogs and maxi-headaches. But there is something pretty boring about it, too. This album is just fine—all the soloists are able and strong, the charts are unclut-

tered and the sound quality is brisk. I guess there is plenty of room for such an album, but I just can't help wishing for something to move me out of my chair and make me whelp with sheer delight.

This date moves between hard-bop-land and cocktail-ballad-land. The opener could be right off a mid '60s Blue Note. The rhythm section, particularly bassist Magnusson, is strong and the tenor/trumpet front line is well versed in the Blakey school of soloing.

*Take . . . Love* transcends its verbose title with lithe ballad playing from all. Shew is on flugelhorn here and spits out short, lean phrases with professional ease. This is music for cheek-to-cheek dancing with blue light and a mirror ball. Berk, on the traps, is a little too busy and aggressive for the gentle piece—not content to keep time, he accents the hell out of the thing.

*Blue*, dedicated to Blue Mitchell, features a wistful, bittersweet Shew. It is a lovely piece, almost crying out for a bed of violins (Brisker's flute is the right idea).

Side two puts us back into the realm of hard bop. Mays offers a number of stylistic debts to McCoy Tyner on *Faire Play* and Brisker lives up to his name with ease.

On *Cloudcroft* the group plugs itself in and Shew offers one of his best solos of the date—muted and alive.

Professionalism is the key word here. *Outstanding . . .* is a fine vehicle for the type of jazz that rests comfortably in the record collection, but rarely has a good reason to be taken out and played. —jeske

## AL COHN

BE LOOSE—Biograph BLP-12063: *We Three; Idaho; The Things I Love; Singing The Blues; Be Loose; When Day Is Done; Good Old Blues; Softly As In A Morning Sunrise; Abstract Of You; Blue Lou*.

Personnel: Cohn, tenor saxophone; Frank Rehak, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

## ZOOT SIMS

ONE TO BLOW ON—Biograph BLP-12062: *September In The Rain; Down At The Loft; Ghost Of A Chance; Not So Deep; Them There Eyes; Our Pad; Dark Clouds; One To Blow On*.

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; John Williams, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

## LUCKY THOMPSON

LULLABY IN RHYTHM—Biograph BLP-12061: *Undecided; Tenderly; But Not For Me; You Go To My Head; Lullaby In Rhythm; Indian Summer; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Don't Blame Me; East Of The Sun; Our Love Is Here To Stay; I Cover The Waterfront; My Funny Valentine*.

Personnel: Thompson, tenor saxophone; Martial Solal, piano; Michel Haussier, vibes; "Sir" John Peter (Jean Pierre Sasson), guitar; Benoit Quersin, Pierre Michelot, bass; Gerard Pochonet, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Biograph Records, previously known primarily as a label specializing in the repackaging of well known and obscure dates from jazz' earliest days, here provides three examples of the art of the tenor saxophone, 1950s vintage. Each of the three LPs was recorded for Dawn Records in 1956; Cohn and Sims in New York, and Thompson, as the personnel indicates, in Paris.

To consider the latter first, it's a pleasure to

hear Thompson's tenacious tenor free from the soul-inspired excesses which would plague his work in the late 1960s. Uptempo, Lucky's tone is light and frisky as he floats through the changes in this program of standards—witness, for example, his effortless drive and resiliency on *Lullaby* and *Our Love*, where he roughens up and exaggerates a particular phrase in the face of an otherwise coherent flow. These gruff outbursts tempt the raucous, but never succumb to it, instead adding needed timbral variety. On ballads such as *Tenderly* and *You Go*, Thompson is more intimate and sensual without sounding syrupy; his tone broadens and deepens noticeably, and he frequently interjects double-time passages which allow him to avoid sentimentality. On *Indian Summer*, this approach anticipates Coltrane's sheets-of-sound stance surprisingly closely.

Thompson's French associates are unobjectionable; the rhythm section provides competent time-keeping, though only Solal's Powell-ish right hand maneuvers add any solo spice.

On the surface, the Cohn and Sims albums would seem to be opposite sides of a two headed coin. Both carry the same instrumentation, offer the same balance of standards and originals, and feature the sympathetic styles of their respective leaders. As it turns out, the similarities are only skin deep.

Though both are basically blowing sessions, the Cohn date seems the more spontaneously conceived. Trombonist Rehak lends his zest and exuberantly angular facility to only three cuts (*Idaho*, *Be Loose* and *Good Old Blues*), and the latter two consist of nearly nonexistent themes, designed by Cohn to afford maximum blues blowing with a minimum of introductory ensemble remarks. The remaining tracks are scored for quartet, and though Hank Jones' elegant accompaniment is everywhere evident, more solo space would have been appreciated—he solos on less than half of the cuts.

Cohn, meanwhile, is surprisingly aggressive, displaying a great deal of sinew and more out and out shouting than we normally associate with him. This manifests itself in the robust attack which succeeds the rather placid opening of the bluesy ballad *Things I Love*, and the convoluted, convivial rising and falling triplets in *Idaho*.

The Sims session, on the other hand, finds the tenorist in somewhat subdued form, with the same sweet and sour sensibility but without the elastic retorts his current work affords. He manipulates the beat with greater flexibility than does Thompson—after all, he and Cohn were, at this stage of the game, undeniably Young men, whereas Lucky adopted Coleman Hawkins' stoic attack. Still, Sims seems to limit himself here to supple, subtle melodic modifications, with none of the gestural abandon or colorful ornamentation which Cohn employs. His understated phrasing works best on a cut like *Eyes*, where, backed by the potent and incessant swing of the rhythm section, he sounds propulsive though not pushy. His liquidly laconic ballad playing, however, is betrayed by a plodding accompaniment.

Fortunately, Brookmeyer lends much buoyancy to the proceedings. Though less energetic than the rough and ready Rehak, his melodic meandering is unpredictable and unpretentious; notice how he distorts and disrupts his opening phrases in *Blow On* before he slides into conventional note values. And he keeps up a running commen-

niche with the record-buying public. And because they have a "gimmick"—they're the first group featuring the Chapman Stick on an extensive tour while receiving strong label support—Kittyhawk appeals visually as well as on vinyl. That's a key attribute for widespread exposure.

The Stick's half guitar/half synthesizer sound is natural, clean and versatile in the Kittyhawk context. Bortz and Edwards alternate duties, carrying a bass motif, playing bright heads with Elliot's reeds, or soloing in a melodic electric guitar vein. The group sounds comfortable with their technology, not overly flamboyant. Rather than indulge in showy pyrotechnics, Kittyhawk concentrates on light, but fairly sophisticated, fusion interplay, popping out good tunes that will hook rock fans who like Pat Metheny and Weather Report.

Cuts like *Chinese Firedrill* and *Once Upon A Time* have very accessible hooks but also a depth that comes from internal thematic changes. Edwards' vocal on *Never Once* is also noteworthy. Although Kittyhawk frequently makes use of wordless voice for added texture (*Big City*), the lyrical approach to *Never Once* has a catchy sound similar to that of Camel and other progressive English groups. It would not be propitious for Kittyhawk to suddenly begin overemphasizing vocals, but more tunes like *Never Once* could be rewarding.

Retain the stronger instrumental material, add lyrics to some of the simpler riffs (*Aerial View*), and you could see a very important Kittyhawk finding its wings in the '80s.

—henschen

## JIM McNEELY QUINTET

RAIN'S DANCE—SteppleChase SCS-1001: *Wishful Thinking; Little Green Men; Tipte Tizwe; Rain's Dance; For The Crazy One.*

Personnel: McNeely, acoustic and electric piano, thumb piano; Larry Schneider, tenor and soprano saxophone; Mike Richmond, bass; Bob Merigliano, drums; Sam Jacobs, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

## JIM McNEELY

THE PLOT THICKENS—Gatemoth 1001: *The Plot Thickens; The Light At The End Of The Cave; Burgundy And The Virgin Snow; Inner Ear; Chelsea Litany; Feng Liu.*

Personnel: McNeely, piano; Jon Burr, bass (cuts 2-5); Mike Richmond, bass (1, 6); John Scofield, guitar (1, 6); Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Because Jim McNeely's talents have been honed by gigs with Sonny Stitt, Shelia Jordan and Chet Baker, by touring with Ted Curson, and by holding down the piano chair in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, these two releases elicit high hopes about the caliber of his playing. McNeely consistently meets the expectations raised by his solid credentials.

The first of these discs, *Rain's Dance*, pairs McNeely with saxophonist Larry Schneider, a happy union. McNeely's ripples of notes and longish, syncopated chordal passages complement Schneider's warm tone and lyrical phrasing, as on the primeval title track. The intricate *Little Green Men*, as tightly orchestrated as a piece by Zawinul or Corea, is a sort of science fiction folk dance, punctuated by bassist Mike Richmond's rapid fire, high register pedal tones. *Tipte Tizwe*, the African folk song, finds McNeely on thumb piano, backed by a collage of scrapes, pings and tinkles, a refreshing interlude reminiscent of Dollar Brand at his most ingenious. Even

more provocative, though, is *The Crazy One*, a study in Monkish rhythmic displacements with lopsided phrases spiraling off to the nether world of jarring dissonances. Again, Richmond becomes a principal voice in the ensemble, punctuating open spaces with rapid, jackhammer riffs.

About the only thing wrong with the second of these releases is its title, for the plot hardly thickens here. If anything, the group's textures are thinned out, lightened up and generally streamlined. On the album's title tune Billy Hart's fluttery brushwork and John Scofield's lilting, graceful lines blend with McNeely's pointillistic runs, creating subtle gradations of tension and release.

Two programmatic pieces, *The Light At The End Of The Cave* and *Burgundy And The Virgin Snow*, recall some of Denny Zeitlin's early delvings into musical myth and symbolism. On *Burgundy*, McNeely's spacing of climaxes and general sense of drama is especially compelling. Scofield rejoins the group for a romp through *Feng Liu*, twisting a three note motif into a haunting musical statement.

Some diverse, striking compositions, some uncompromising soloing, some well crafted ensembles. Jim McNeely is indeed a musician to whom attention should be paid. —balleras

## GARY BARTZ

BARTZ—Arista AB 4263: *Need Your Love; Keep Goin' On; Love Prelude/After The Love Has Gone; Rockin' All Night; Music; One-Eyed Jack; After Glow; (Give It Your Best) Shot.*

Personnel: Bartz, saxes; Basil Fearington, bass; Reggie Lucas, guitars, vocals; Ed Moore, guitars; Harry Whitaker, keyboards; Hubert Eaves, keyboards; James Mtume, percussion; Howard King, drums; Tawatha, vocals; Cindy Jordan, vocals; Danny Coleman, flugelhorn (cut 7).

★ ★ ★

## GROVER WASHINGTON JR.

SKYLARKIN—Motown M7-933R1: *Easy Loving You; Bright Moments; Snake Eyes; I Can't Help It; Love; Open Up Your Mind (Wide).*

Personnel: Washington, soprano, tenor and baritone saxes, flute, Prophet 5, ocarina; Eric Gale, guitar; Marcus Miller, bass; Richard Tee, acoustic and electric pianos; Idris Muhammed, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion, Sndrums; Ed Walsh, Oberheim 8-Voice (cut 4); Jorge Dalto, acoustic piano (2); Paul Griffin, Clavinet (3); Jon Faddis, flugelhorn (1); Alexander Orey, trumpet (1).

★ ★ ★ ★

Were commercial jazz saxophonists exalted to monarchic positions, Grover Washington Jr. would be the sovereign and Gary Bartz the dauphin (princes Hank Crawford and Stanley Turrentine merit obeisance as well). The good-natured Motown nabob, liberated from the sphere of Bob James' nefarious influence a few albums back, appears destined to hold sway over the charts for some time to come; Bartz and peers may nip at his heels but Washington's classy soft funk is nonpareil happy music, majestic sounds that serve as balm to the populace.

Gary Bartz, whose exceptional alto and soprano gifts were so movingly exhibited on old sessions with Miles and Jackie McLean and more recently on his *Jufu Man* (1977, Catalyst), is also a charmer. Unfortunately, Bartz's appeal is due more to the attractively textured mise-en-scene than his sax contributions. Often it is difficult to determine to whom the record belongs; Bartz could well have been entitled *Mtume, Lucas or Arnold* (for producers James, Reggie and Larkin). An occasionally impossible Blindfold Test, the Arista release is most definitely an

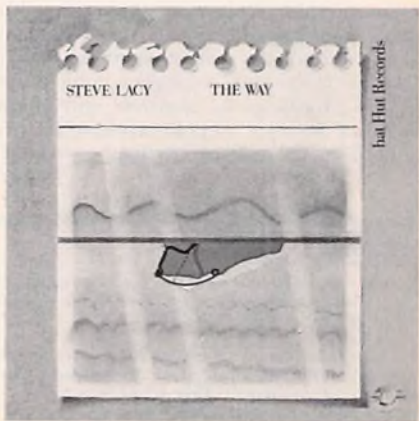
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Recorded May 30, 1979/Paris



CECIL TAYLOR/ONE TOO MANY SALTY SWIFT AND NOT GOODBYE HH3R02  
with Jimmy Lyons, Raphé Malik, Ramsey Ameen, Sironé and Ronald Shannon Jackson.  
Recorded live June 14, 1978/Stuttgart



STEVE LACY/THE WAY HH2R03  
with Steve Potts, Irène Aebi, Kent Carter and Oliver Johnson  
The first complete recorded performance of TAO: live January 23, 1979/Basel

# hat Hut Records



**BILLY BANG/DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE** HH1R04  
Solos recorded live August 12, 1979/  
New York N.Y.



**DAVE BURRELL/WINDWARD PASSAGES** HH2R05  
Solos recorded live  
September 13, 1979/Basel



**MAX ROACH** HH2R06  
feat. ANTHONY BRAXTON  
ONE IN TWO/TWO IN ONE  
Recorded live August 31, 1979/Willisau

from Catalonia into a unique, international style. That may be why he has not received wider recognition in the States.

Foreign-born pianists have traditionally been ill-received, as though the Spanish Art Tatum or the African Lenny Tristano is only a misfunction of form. For those who point to Toshiko Akiyoshi as an exception, remember that she made her first foray to the U.S. in 1956. Canadian-born Oscar Peterson might as well have been from Detroit.

Montoliu made his first trip across the ocean in 1967, for a ten-week engagement in New York. He has been playing with American-born musicians since the late 1950s and now has at least six records available in the U.S. But the acclamation of the jazz audience is hard to hear.

One reason may be that his earlier recordings demonstrated a pianist who was heavily influenced by Tatum, a skilled pianist who nevertheless may not have shown enough originality in style to break the national boundaries. His trio backed Anthony Braxton on his two mid-1970s *In The Tradition* releases, but Montoliu had little impact beyond blocking chords and playing a few frills behind the leader.

But two recent releases (hear *Catalonian Folksongs*, issued on Muse in late '79) have emphasized a folk-jazz hybrid that was not given room to breathe on the earlier releases. Like the Muse album, which is solo piano, this trio date includes an extensive jazz working of Spanish folk melodies.

*The Catalan Suite* is a medley of five folk songs set apart by some straightahead Tatumesque riffs and space for Pedersen and Heath to play unaccompanied. Montoliu's conceptions are brief and fleeting, yet never give the impression of being hastily conceived. The thematic constructions are well grounded either in that jazz syntax or that folk spirit.

The two standards on the first side of this release, unlike the *Suite*, give little emphasis to the nationalist spirit. *What's New* is set at a medium-fast tempo, often with just a whisper of assistance from Pedersen and Heath, and sparse chordal piano accompaniment. It is an exercise for Tete in rhythmic exploration.

On *We'll Be Together Again*, which has a more pleasing melody than the first standard, the accompaniment is more pronounced and Montoliu places more emphasis on finding pretty chords and harmonies.

Montoliu has been recorded by several companies (MPS, SteepleChase, Muse) during the past several years. Despite his lable hopping, there is a strong sense of thematic continuity to his releases. Even though the last notes of *A Catalan Suite* end in a decisive flourish, they seem to prompt whatever folk sketches he will next record. —*dold*

## SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN

SATHIMA SINGS ELLINGTON—Ekapu 001: *In A Mellow Tone; Prelude To A Kiss; Sophisticated Lady; Mood Indigo; Lush Life; I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart; Solitude.*

Personnel: Benjamin, vocals; Onaje Allan Gumbs, piano; Vishnu Wood, bass; John Betsch, drums; Claude Lattief, congas (cuts 1.6.7).

★ ★ ★ ★

A debut album of very slow ballads is a dangerous enterprise: it shows any lapses in control and emotional voids in glaring relief. But Ms. Benjamin has avoided such gaps and comes up trumps with this set of vintage (indeed, sometimes overworked) Ellingtonia:

she sets her mood, gets you into it, and doesn't let go. As Sathima herself suggests, the spirit of the Duke *does* pervade this session—elegant yet earthy, universal yet highly personal—and it is perhaps more effectively taken as a suite in tribute than a collection of individual tunes.

Sathima's connection with the Duke goes back at least 20 years. She joined Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand), her husband and producer of this album in 1960, and toured with him to Europe, where Ellington recorded unreleased tapes with her for Reprise. Stateside, she appeared with Duke's orchestra several times, including Newport '65 and Jazz Vespers '72. These days she's active with Ibrahim's large group Ujamaah, and works around New York City.

Sathima shows the expansive, warm quality and vibratoless cooing of Sheila Jordan, the squeezed out guttural notes (without the anguish) of Billie Holiday, and her own distinctive, forward thrusting, nasal hues. She sings the songs admirably straight, but with undue reverence, quite intense expression, and little attempt at embellishment, other than a few leisurely grace notes and slight displacements. She works quite comfortably at deathly adagio tempos, even half-timing to keep composure and fine enunciation on the brisk Afro paces afforded the brief *Tone* and *Heat*.

There are some nice touches. Sathima takes the verse of *Life*, so often jaded and thin, with a refreshingly quizzical headiness; she gives the finale to Gumbs, eliminating the gratuitous "too" and leaving the "lonely" hanging for a life-goes-on pretty piano coda.

The ends of both sides get strong gospel touches, *Mood* from the piano, *Solitude* from the voice. Wood is deep and understanding; Gumbs is excellent throughout, providing an occasional comment and foil, but keeping a discreet profile. The rhythm only adds, and quietly, except for the startling, striking *Solitude*, given over to a plaintive voice in minor key pitted against the two percussionists, who tell what it is like to have the walls close in on you. Conceptually, that is the high point of the album.

Every tune in this set is a pre-World War II safe, solid Ducal chestnut. Though Sathima handles them with dignity and grace, I'd have liked at least one of the lesser known '40s gems, like *Warm Valley*, *Don't You Know I Care*, *I Didn't Know About You*, *It Shouldn't Happen To A Dream*, *Come Sunday*—real singers' ballads. In subsequent conversation, she said she almost included the last one, but the album came together in one late night studio session. "Most songs were done in one take," said Sathima. "Duke said do it that way if you can." All in all, Sathima gives us a soulful and honest collection of Ellingtonia (available from Ekapu, 222 West 23rd St., Suite 314, NYC 10011). —*bouchard*

## KITTYHAWK

KITTYHAWK—EMI America SW-17029: *Islands; Never Once; Chinese Friedrill; Once Upon A Time; Big City; Wooded But Not Wed; Piper's Romp; Aerial View.*

Personnel: Daniel Bortz, Chapman Stick, guitar; fretless guitar, cello; Paul Edwards, Chapman Stick, vocals; Michael Jochem, drums, percussion; Richard Elliot, Lyricon, saxophones.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clean, uptempo, melodic jazz-rock with a beat, the music on Kittyhawk's debut disc is the kind of stuff that can find a lucrative

# RECORD REVIEWS

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

## BETTY CARTER

**SOCIAL CALL.**—Columbia JC 36425: *Moonlight In Vermont; Thou Swell; I Could Write A Book; Gone With The Wind; The Way You Look Tonight; Can't We Be Friends; Tell Him I Said Hello; Social Call; Runaway; Frenesi; Let's Fall In Love.*

Personnel: Carter, vocals; cuts 1-6: Wendell Marshall, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Ray Bryant, piano; Jerome Richardson, flute; Quincy Jones, arranger and leader; cuts 7-11: Osie Johnson, drums; Milt Hinton, bass; Hank Jones, piano; Bernie Glow, Nick Travis, Conte Condoli, Joe Ferrante, trumpets; Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Sam Marowitz, Al Cohn, Seldon Powell, Danny Bank, saxophones; Gigi Gryce, arranger and leader.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's only when a musician becomes well known that record producers come out with re-releases or previously unreleased material from the beginning of the artist's career. Betty Carter may take much pride in *Social Call*, the recent issue of material she recorded in 1955 and '56. It marks in a tangible manner the growing audience appreciating her tremendous talent. It also shows that Carter is a natural innovator. Beyond the rich pleasure of listening to these witty, ingenious, technically impressive performances is the opportunity to trace Carter's musical progress. This recording reveals some of the early musical choices Carter made, showing both steps and leaps she took from her early, traditionally centered style to her current, profoundly innovative one.

Side one consists of material originally released on Epic as *Meet Betty Carter And Ray Bryant*. These tunes were recorded in two sessions three days apart in 1955. On side two, a big band led by Gigi Gryce supports Betty in a '56 date. The arrangements (on both sides, by Quincy Jones and Gryce, respectively) are excellent, as are the sidemen's swinging performances.

Carter alternates between traditionally oriented and innovative styles in these early recordings. The traditionally bright tone quality of *Can't We Be Friends* and *I Could Write A Book* contrast with the strikingly diffused timbre of *Tell Him I Said Hello* ('56) and *Moonlight In Vermont* ('55). The decision—whether or not conscious—to develop her husky, widely spread timbral quality is one example of the astute musical decisions Carter made. Another is her move to lower keys. On this recording, she sings in a variety of ranges. When she sings in a comfortably low key, she achieves an admirable regularity of timbre throughout her range. While she doesn't exactly have to strain up high on other tunes, her sound is not nearly as personal or affecting.

Betty's musical decisions (especially about pitch and timing) are made with an assurance and musicality that for most musicians comes only after many years of work. She can, even

here, swallow, bend or fade a note with ease, and her complete control makes her deviations from traditional interpretations a success every time. Betty has a way, in these recordings as now, of making some notes a little flat for effect. Just at the moment one begins to suspect that she doesn't hear the discomfort of that vibratoless plane of sound, she will tighten it into a compact knot perfectly centered around the true pitch.

In *Moonlight* her restrained use of vibrato make the tune her own even though in other ways it is a traditional interpretation. When she sings the line, "Telegraph cables they sing down the highway" she takes an unprepared leap up an octave on the word "sing," attacking it with precision and sustaining it, vibratoless, past its normal duration. The image of a message whirring down roadside lines is instant and complete.

In *Let's Fall* Carter strays from the melody in her most daring venture on this issue. This work and her scatting in *Frenesi* suggest her huge capacity for melodic and vocal invention. Control and a unique talent for phrasing that creates a continual waxing and waning of tension are Carter's greatest strengths here. While there is no doubt that she is a better singer now than she was then, this recording is an important reminder of the many ways she has expanded the jazz singer's role. —*guregian*

## COUNT BASIE

**BASIE JAM #3**—Pablo 2310-840: *Bye Bye Blues; Moten Swing; I Surrender Dear; Song Of The Islands.*

Personnel: Basie, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Benny Carter, alto sax; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor sax; Joe Pass, guitar; John Heard, bass; Louie Bellson, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is unthinkable that anyone keyed in on the type of jazz represented by Count Basie would have failed to pounce on Norman Granz' earlier releases in this series. The first one, *Basie Jam* (Pablo 2310-718), was recorded on December 10, 1973, and featured Harry Edison, J. J. Johnson, Zoot Sims and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis. It was released in 1975 and helped launch the fledgling label. Two years later, *Basie Jam #2* (Pablo 2310-786) appeared, and though Zoot's absence from the front line was sorely missed at the time, it was amply compensated for by the substitution of Clark Terry and Al Grey and the addition of Benny Carter. Louie Bellson was still on board from before, but Joe Pass and John Heard had stepped in for their respective counterparts, Irving Ashby and Ray Brown. Although Granz did mention that "there will be other combinations with Basie in the future," no indication was given that the second *Jam* session had indeed produced enough material for more than one album.

Happily, though, it did. Not only is the personnel from *Jam #3* identical to that of *Jam #2*, but the recording date of May 6, 1976, is also the same for both albums. Obviously, then, this is not one of the "other combinations" that Granz had alluded to previously. But to hastily assume that the present collection consists largely of leftovers or second choices would be to underestimate both the musicians involved and Granz himself. There is nothing on *Jam #3* that does not equal or exceed the quality of even the best from #2.

To have more of the second *Jam* makes the wait worthwhile—especially when we can still look forward to hearing even more Basie in "other combinations." Like its sessionmate, *Basie Jam #3* consists of four tunes, thereby insuring that every featured soloist has sufficient opportunity to make his statement.

Typically, Basie gives most of the solo space to the hornmen, but it is unmistakably clear from the outset that the pianist has lost nothing of his skills: his stride opening on *Bye Bye Blues* alone is proof. Elsewhere, though, he chooses to abide by his customary role in the rhythm section, playing sparsely but inimitably and punctuating the beat with both humor and pertinence. Bellson, predictably, is ideal in this setting, while Pass, with unexpected restraint, quite properly assumes the mantle of an updated Freddie Greene. Heard, no stranger to the idiom either, throbs his bedrock walking lines much in the manner of Walter Page, Basie's left hand man from even before the beginning.

With a bottom like that going for them, it is no wonder that each hornman plays so well and so consistently. Jaws is as voracious as ever, Terry as pungent and Carter as serene, but it is Al Grey who has to win, hands down, as the most underrated established trombonist of our time. Though not always as slick as some of his more mobile colleagues, Grey has for years represented the most viable link between the classic styles of Tricky Sam Nanton and Trummy Young and those that became common after the ascendance of bop. Grey's sound is as huge as a bucket, and, owing to his unmatched skill with the plunger mute, intensely human as well. But the swing that he generates is virtually unknown today, apart from his own examples. It is certain that, after hearing his work on *Basie Jam #3*, collectors will not rest until they also secure copies of his other widely praised recent albums, most notably *Live At Rick's* (Aviva 6002) and *Al Grey Jazz All Stars* (Travelers 3001), both of which catch the trombonist in the exciting company of his regular working partner, tenorman Jimmy Forrest. —*shmer*

## TETE MONTOLIU TRIO

**TETE A TETE**—SteepleChase SCS-1054: *What's New; We'll Be Together Again; Catalan Suite.*

Personnel: Montoliu, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Albert "Tootie" Heath, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

From the opening downward progression of evenly emphasized notes to the Spanish waltz, to the straightahead swing, to the classical strut tour de force learned in Barcelona, *The Catalan Suite*, this album sings of nationalist pride mixed with a jazz education.

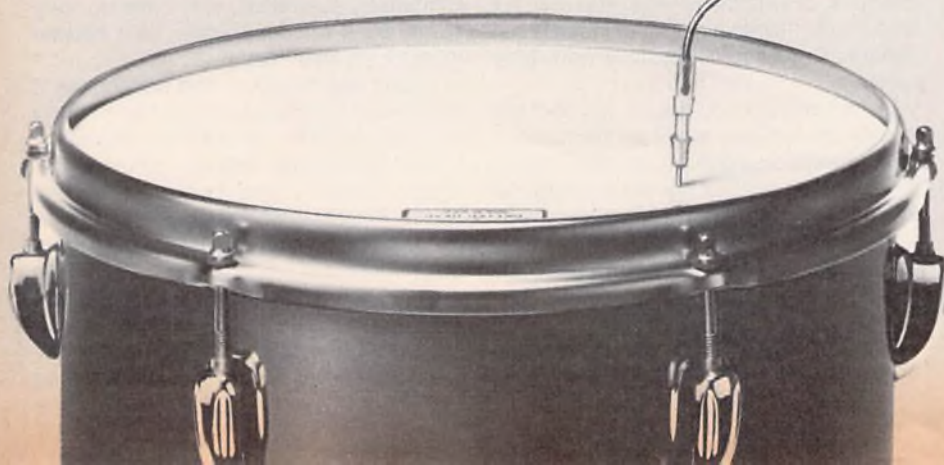
Tete Montoliu has combined the syntax of American jazz and the spirit of folk music





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second. I said, 'What is this instrument?' I flew to New York, met Siday, and for the first time saw a synthesizer. It was one of the first Moogs.

"At the Electronic Music Center at Mills College, I studied with Pauline Oliveros, attended lectures by Stockhausen, and learned about synthesizers."

In 1966, through Jac Holzman of Elektra Records, Bernie met Paul Beaver, the first to use synthesizers in films (*War Of The Worlds*, 1951). As a team, Beaver and Krause released electronic music from the stranglehold of academia and began to introduce it into the mainstream of jazz, rock and pop.

Their 1968 *Nonesuch Guide To Electronic Music* (Nonesuch, HC 73018) sold 200,000 copies and is still a standard reference work, which Krause is updating for late '80 release.

"The booklet will include information on new digital electronics and synthesizers, as well as the philosophy of electronic music, as an understanding of its expression has developed. And I'm redoing the record, with all new music, so the music should be more palatable as a demonstration; the album will be one disc, instead of two. I'm also simplifying the glossary, to make the definitions more accessible, as well as updating the bibliography and the discography," Krause explained.

In 1969, Beaver and Krause released *In A Wild Sanctuary* (Warner Bros. 1850), which blended orthodox instruments (piano, Hammond organ, guitar, congas, etc.) with Moog synthesizers and environmental impressions. For one cut, "We spent a month walking around San Francisco with a portable tape recorder taking in sounds of streams, birds, people, animals at the zoo, and machinery. We added some blues organ and guitar, stirred well, and called it the *Walking Green Algae Blues*." Along with Bernie and Paul the players included Bud Shank, Dave Grusin and Howard Roberts.

In 1971, *Gandharva* ("the celestial musician") appeared. Recorded quadruphonically (in itself a breakthrough) live in Grace Cathedral, using the immense pipe organ there, *Gandharva* begins with dynamically tense electronic energy, diminishes in tension over the course of the LP, ending in the "silent" ambient sound of the cathedral itself. Featuring Gerry Mulligan, Bud Shank, Ray Brown, Howard Roberts and Mike Bloomfield among others, *Gandharva* (Warner Bros. 1909) stands today as a paradigm of live and synthesized music blended together to form a provocative, ethereal, esthetic whole.

Krause's recent *Citadels* (Takoma 7074) is an entirely different kind of

record. "It's based on the book *Citadels Of Mystery*, by L. Sprague de Camp. We wanted to write thematic material based on our conception of the cultures and rhythms of Latin America, Africa and the Caribbean, areas that have been profoundly influential in American music." Mobile Fidelity reissued the work as *Citadel/Mystery* (MFSL 1-505) this summer.

As well as composing for *Apocalypse Now* (notably *The Delta* and *Orange Light* cues), Krause has also written music for a host of other pictures, including *The Graduate*, *Performance*, *Love Story*, *In Cold Blood* and *The Illustrated Man*, and, upcoming, *Tell Me A Riddle*.

His television credits include *The Barbra Streisand Special*, *Ironsides*, *Mission: Impossible* and *Night Gallery*. As arranger, conductor, producer and/or sideman, he has worked with J. J. Johnson, Elmer Bernstein, Dave Grusin, Phil Spector, the Rolling Stones, Lalo Schifrin and numerous others. He has also composed dozens of TV and radio commercials.

Today, his interests extend even further. Like classicist Alan Hovhaness (*And God Created Great Whales*), Charlie Haden (*Song For The Whales*), and saxophonist Paul Winter (*Common Ground*; also see db 5/4/78), Bernie Krause is studying the songs and sounds of wild animals, especially whales, with intentions of incorporating their music into his own contexts. He is presently studying for his Ph.D. in Marine Bio-Acoustics.

*Your resumé includes everything from your own recordings, to commercials, to films. You are also a producer, an arranger and a studio musician. Is this not an indiscriminate swirl of musical positions? Where is Bernie Krause in all of this? Who are you?*

I love music, but I'm not a rack-jobber. That is, I don't make a distinction between folk or jazz or classical or ethnic kinds of music. I just write. I'm an artist. Whatever I feel needs to be said musically, I say. I don't tell myself, "This is jazz. Next time it will be pop, the next time rock, or whatever." I can't do that. If I write music, I write it because I take great pleasure in writing it. I also want to give pleasure.

I'm not always successful at reaching everybody, but that is what I try to do. I don't always succeed, because sometimes I'm not clear, or perhaps others are not ready to hear what I have to say, or perhaps the time may not be right. If they review the music later on, however, maybe it will begin to make sense.

*How did you learn so much? On a highly professional level, you know about acoustic instruments, electronic*

*instruments, recording, producing, business—these are large areas, all of them. Any one of them could be regarded as a lifetime thing in itself.*

That's the myth that prevails. We live in a culture that is very stratified. We've been led to believe that we have to be specialists, that we have to be this kind of person or that kind of person, or we have to be in this musical "bag" or that musical "bag."

That's why people talk to me about how eclectic my music is. I'm supposed to be a "jazz" artist, or a "pop" artist, or an "electronic" artist, or a "rock" artist.

I think that is very limited thinking. For those minds who need those categories, it is also very safe thinking. I just don't think that way. I feel that people have a lot of potential to develop in a wide variety of areas.

I don't think there is anyone in the whole world who can learn all there is to know about any one subject, so I like to learn certain amounts about a whole lot of subjects. I learn enough about what interests me to be able to write and play, to be able to express myself as a human being, as a person. A branch of knowledge is something I explore enough to satisfy the requirements of whatever I want to do.

I'm working at film scoring, I'm working at school, I'm working at my business—I can't believe all of the things I am doing, and that I have the time for them.

When you like something you're doing, however, you find all kinds of time you never thought you had before. It's only when you're bored with what you're doing that you don't find enough time. I sleep only four or five hours a day, and organize my day in such a way that I can give each of these elements my very best energy.

I've always believed that an artist is responsible for his life. I negotiate my own contracts, taking full responsibility, handling whatever has to be handled, to insure that I'll not be ripped off. It's very easy for an artist to lay blame on somebody else. But what they've done is relegate responsibility to another person. Ultimately, the artist will have to pay some dues for doing that. So I handle most of my own business.

I don't like to go out and hustle jobs. I have hired people specifically for that. It's not that I find that demeaning; it's just that I like to put my energy into creative things. When I was hungry, I had to hustle. I hustled whatever would bring in quick money—and commercials bring in quick money.

When I have somebody else get the jobs, I nevertheless like to be in on the business negotiations. It's my life and my art, and I want to know how it's being

# Whales and Circuitry Sing for

by LEE UNDERWOOD

In discussing his synthesizer work on the soundtrack for *Apocalypse Now*, Bernie Krause honed in on one of the central points of his esthetic perspective.

"Director Francis Ford Coppola wanted to use synthesizers exclusively," Krause said, "not only for the orchestral organization, but for the effects as well, things like the helicopter sounds.

"I and my former partner, the late Paul Beaver, were talking about this back in 1968. People now are beginning to realize it: with the advent of synthesizers, music has been redefined. It is no longer merely a series of 12 tones in a Western scale. Nor is it Harry Partch's 40-plus tones, or anything else like that. It is simply control of the elements of sound.

"This concept has allowed music to be conceived of in a whole different context. We can control anything now. We can control mechanical sounds, natural environmental sounds; if need be, we can pretty much synthesize the sounds of traditional instruments. We can do all of this within the environment where we are recording. Synthesizers have opened up incredible possibilities for music."

"Many people feel that synthesizers have eliminated naturalness and individuality," this writer said. "What about the artificiality of synthesizer sounds, the so-called unnaturalness of them?"

"I agree, there is a lot of that," Krause answered. "There are synthesists who are lazy and who don't really understand the potential of the instrument.

"If, however, a person takes the time to learn his or her craft, they can address themselves to just that issue. I've heard Hammond organs sound very mechanical. I've heard certain kinds of guitar playing sound very mechanical and synthetic. I've heard drumming sound boring and synthetic. Synthesizers can sound boring, mechanical and synthetic, too. But synthesizers can also be a marvelous adjunct to existing instruments. That depends on the player and the conception—just as it does with any instrument.

"The key element is not the instrument, but the musician and the composer, the person who is doing the conceptualization. By itself, the synthesizer can sound cold and mechanical. In the hands of a good musician, however, it can sound warm, free, wonderful and full of expression. Finally, the music is only

30 □ down beat

## BERNIE KRAUSE



as great as the artist. Put a Stradivarius in the hands of a beginner, and he's not going to be able to play anything at all."

For 38 of his 41 years, Bernie Krause has been directly involved with music. Born in Detroit, December 8, 1938, he began playing classical violin at the age of three. He appeared in the Broadway production of *Finian's Rainbow* at the age of nine, sitting on Sonny Terry's knee singing *On That Great Comin' Together Day*.

Exploring other instruments (guitar, cello, harp, bass, etc.), he delved into all of the musical genres—folk, classical, jazz, rock, etc., making his television debut as a folk singer in 1959.

He worked on Monitor Radio in New York as a producer for one of the network segments, played local clubs in Boston, joined the Weavers in 1963 and stayed with them for a year, then worked with Motown Records in 1964 as a writer and producer.

In '65, he moved to San Francisco, formed his own still-existing production company, Parasound, and dramatically altered his life. "I read an article in *Newsweek* about a musician in New York named Eric Siday who owned this wonderful new instrument. He had done a commercial for American Express that was seven seconds long. He had made \$35,000 for it. That was \$5,000 per

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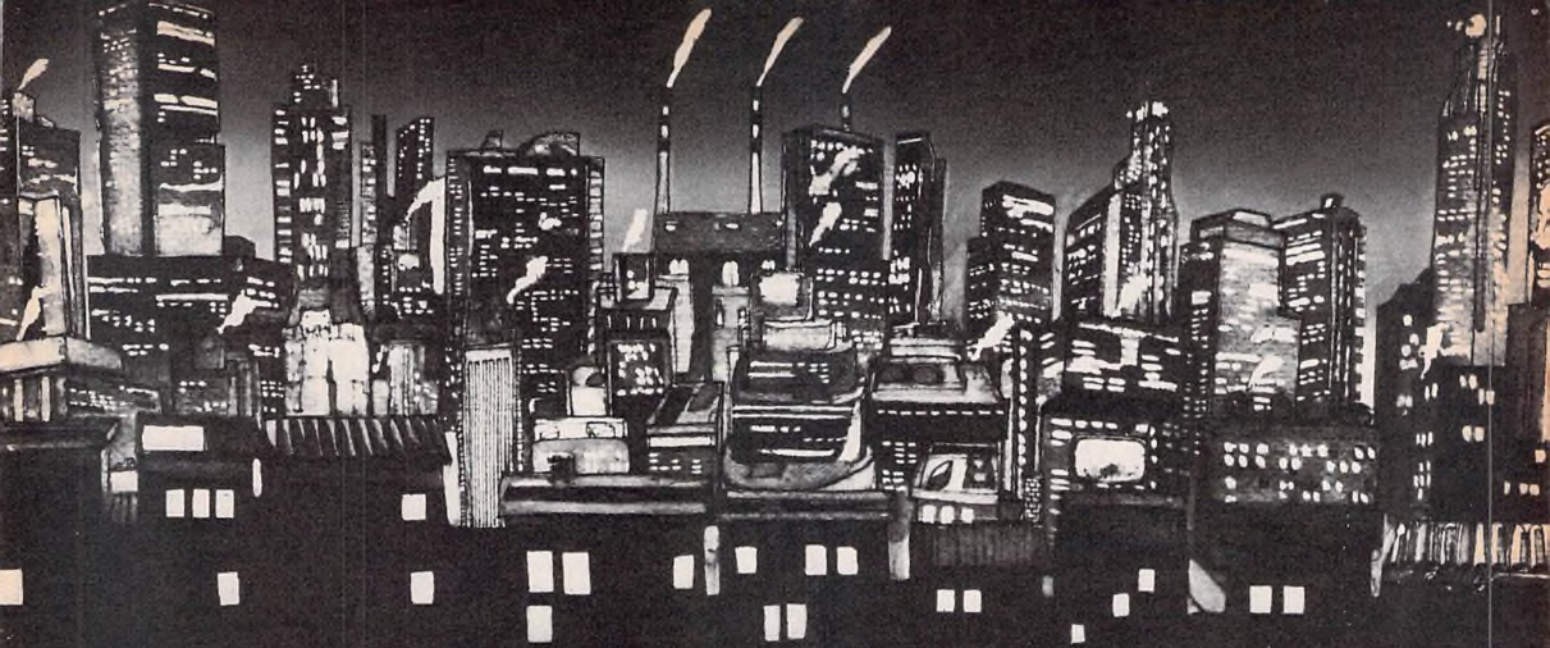
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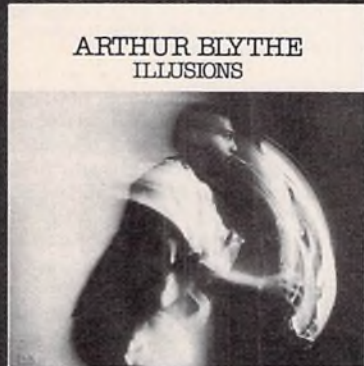
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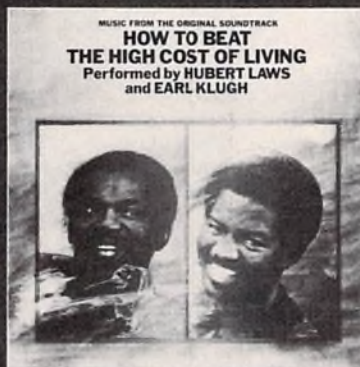
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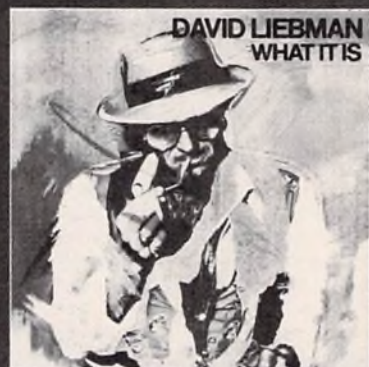
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ostentatious than *Jazziz*, and perhaps more focused. As the title would indicate, the album emphasizes the beat and starts right up with *Colossus*, an original no doubt inspired by Soskin's work with Rollins, and featuring Bennie Maupin in the soulful tenor role. The disc quickly points out other rhythmic directions/visions, going Latin for the brisk *Mambo Mio* and doing a tight, funky rendition of *Walk Tall*. On side two, the loose *Caribbean Party Stomp* revs the band into high gear, and other cuts continue the sampling of earthy tempos.

Though Soskin squeezes in an occasional electric keyboard, he relies on acoustic piano as his main voice and cooks along nicely. Horn section personnel are strong, if limited in role (Bohanon and Brashear take brief solos), and the Socolow-Mason-Figueroa combination is steady in support of the leader's rhythmic piano. Compositionally, Soskin creates some pleasant tunes within a small spectrum of styles, but stays a little on the safe side. —henschen

## MILCHO LEVIEV

BLUE LEVIS—Dobre DR-1039: *Blue Levis; Maiden Voyage; Just Another Blues; Sophronica & Virgil; Little John John; Remembrances Of Tomorrow; Toccatina (For Solo Piano)*.

Personnel: Leviev, piano; John B. Williams Jr., bass (cuts 1, 2, 4-6); Douglas Senibaldi, drums (1, 2, 4-6); Chino Valdes, percussion (1, 2, 4-6); Jimbo Ross, viola (3).

★ ★ ★ ½

In a *db Profile* (5/8/75) Milcho Leviev spoke of writing circus-like music, music that would "blend the unblendable, combine the uncombinable, like Fellini." Judging from *Blue Levis*, this pianist is still taking pleasure in linking diverse musical traditions. While this release isn't quite a *Satyricon* of stylistic color, its shifting moods indeed parallel Fellini's fanciful shifts of tone and style.

Working up from the bottom, there's *Blue Levis*, slick bread and butter funk. A Ramsey Lewis spoof? Perhaps, but John B. Williams' melodic lines and well placed double stops make the performance listenable. *Remembrances Of Tomorrow*, sliced from one of Leviev's many film scores, flows in irregular phrase lengths which make Leviev's predictable lines interesting in spite of themselves.

More surprising is the ironic *Just Another Blues*, a piano/viola duet. Jimbo Ross' growling viola compliments this tune's world-weary head, and Leviev gets off some dense, ribald choruses with walking bass lines in the tradition of the Tatum/Peterson behemoth style. *Maiden Voyage*, perhaps the best example of Leviev's "circus music," undergoes subtle modal reworking. Beginning with a gliding Latin vamp, it builds into some compressed ensemble work capturing the smoldering inflections of the original Hancock quintet version of this viable tune.

More technically demanding is *Sophronica & Virgil*, a fingerbuster Leviev originally penned for the Don Ellis Orchestra, with which he worked for seven years. Leviev's accompanists comfortably trade threes with him and deftly negotiate this piece's tricky tutti passages. And finally, as if to make the incongruity complete, Leviev digs into his *Toccatina*, a short recital piece he wrote while a student. Done in remembrance of late 19th century romanticism, this bravura showstopper is an apt finale for Leviev's circus of always entertaining, often compelling performances. —balleras

40 □ down beat

## ALBERT COLLINS

FROSTBITE—Alligator 4719: *If You Love Me Like You Say; Blue Monday Hangover; I Got A Problem; The Highway Is Like A Woman; Brick; Don't Go Reaching Across My Plate; Give Me My Blues; Snowed In*.

Personnel: Collins, guitar and vocals; Marvin Jackson, guitar; A. C. Reed, tenor sax; Allen Batts, keyboards; Johnny "B. Goode" Gayden, bass; Casey Jones, drums; Paul Howard, trumpet; Jerry Wilson, tenor sax; Bill McFarland, trombone; Henri Ford, baritone sax; horns arranged by McFarland, Reed, Jones.

★ ★ ★ ½

*Frostbite* is an entertaining current blues set, but not quite on a par with Collins' Alligator debut effort *Ice Pickin'*. Albert's claim to fame is the "cool sound," a frenzied, singlestringed guitar style that alternates mesmerizing clusters of repeated notes with contrasting intervals of silence. Though firmly rooted in modern blues, it's almost a heavy metal approach, quite distinct from the simple string bending of B. B. and Albert King, especially in its characteristic use of reverb. But for all of Collins' drive and dynamism, his repertoire of licks and phrases is very limited. There are no figures here that Albert hasn't played before, and he doesn't seem to play them with as much conviction. The riveting intensity that made *Ice Pickin'* a modern classic and Grammy nominee is present on *Frostbite* only in spots. On the positive side, though, Albert's vocals show new depth and confidence, and his witty novelty pieces continue to carve him a special niche as a dry musical humorist.

*If You Love Me Like You Say* opens the set with medium tempo funk sparked by a sassy horn section. Albert sings with an unusually full, almost growling sound, and seems comfortable in this more outgoing vocal vein. *Hangover* is a routine slow blues with a gospelish horn intro, soulful fills from A. C. Reed, and nothing too remarkable from Albert, while *Problem* is stop-time funk with another strong vocal. The guitar work on these three is ordinary, but *Highway* highlights side one with a mellow jazz groove, Albert's typical single string attack changing to sweet chords which are perfectly comped to by Allen Batts on piano.

*Brick* lays into side two, a patented Collins super-shuffle capturing Albert at full strength and the cool sound in all its splendor. *Reaching Across My Plate* presents Albert as Amy Vanderbilt in a droll discourse on how to eat skunk and rattlesnake. Its completely ridiculous, but that's why the song works so well; Albert obviously didn't appreciate someone dipping their coat sleeve in his gravy on the way to a second helping of armadillo. *Give Me My Blues* is upbeat funk with silly lyrics; the promo sheet hypes it as "strongly pro-blues."

The best is last; *Snowed In*, a nine minute monologue, is in the wry tradition of *Conversation With Collins*. The trials of winter driving is the topic, as Albert narrates the frustrations of frozen locks, dead batteries, and walking icy streets in search of a jump. His repertoire of car sounds on guitar is truly amazing, and when Albert finally gets the engine to turn over—boosted by a timely drum roll—he cranks into an energized solo which vividly recalls that relieved feeling of your own junker starting again, at last. This cut will probably join Charles Brown's *Merry Christmas Baby* as a winter time blues standard.

*Frostbite's* highpoints are well worth its more mundane moments. Albert's partially new band, the Icebreakers, is tight, fluid and in the pocket throughout, though some of Batts' Hammond organ work is mixed down too low to be effective. The four part horn section gives the set some added substance and punch. Alligator has succeeded here, but what more can they do with this one dimensional ace? Country and cajun tunes from Albert's East Texas/Gatemouth Brown heritage is one possibility; further explorations into jazz is another. A live album, with featured vocals by drummer Casey Jones (an accomplished soul singer) could be exciting, while the ultimate project would be a video disc capturing Albert's stage moves. But whatever route Alligator takes, variety will be a real challenge. —sandmel

## TEO MACERO

TIME PLUS SEVEN—Finnadar Records SR 9024: *Time Plus Seven (Ballet Suite In Four Movements); Pressure; Neally; Adventure; Heart On My Sleeve; 24 + 18 +; T. C.'s Groove; Sounds Of May*.

Personnel: Chamber orchestra, Macero, conductor (cut 1); Orchestra U.S.A., Harold Farberman, cond. (2); Macero, tenor sax (3-8); John La Porta, clarinet, alto sax (3-8); Orlando DiGirolamo, accordion (3-8); Wendell Marshall, bass (3-8); Ed Shaughnessy, drums (3-8); Ari Farmer, trumpet (3, 4, 7); Eddie Bert, trombone (3, 4, 7); Don Butterfield, tuba (3, 4, 7); George Barrow, baritone sax (3, 4, 7); Mal Waldron, piano (6, 8); Ernest Anderson, vocal (8).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

While Teo Macero is best known today as producer (and occasional arranger) of some of Miles Davis' best Columbia sessions, his background includes bachelor's and master's degrees from Juilliard and work as a sideman with Charles Mingus (with whom he recorded in 1954 and 1955) and vibist Teddy Charles. He also was an active composer, writing challenging "third stream" music before Gunther Schuller coined that term.

Macero's music is heated and strong, reflecting his jazz background, while his forms are technically complex (much of his writing is atonal), reflecting his classical background. It can move you mentally, emotionally and rhythmically.

The 16 minute *Time Plus Seven*, although recorded in 1963, has never been released before. The other tracks are reissues. The last six tracks, recorded in 1955, comprised side one of *What's New* (Columbia CL 842), while the 1965 *Pressure* is from *Sonorities* (Columbia CS 9195).

The special strengths of the music are reflected in the uses made of it. Parts of the *What's New* music, in addition to being used in the feature film *End Of The Road*, were also used in Shirley Clarke's experimental short, *Bridges Go Round*. And dancer Anna Sokolow choreographed some of this music in 1958, as well as *Time Plus Seven* some years later.

The six *What's New* pieces are the jazziest sounding, since they use a small group with frequent solos and swinging bass and drum work. There's even a swinging big band sound to sections of *Neally* and an Ellington quality to the lyrical parts of the ballad *Heart*. The small size of the group also gives clarity to the uses of counterpoint, polyphony, polymetrics, shifting bar lines, collective improvisation and so on. And the excellent soloists, especially Farmer and Bert, play with a confidence that shows they, like Macero, feel at home in a variety of music.

The free, fresh feeling of these six pieces makes them especially enjoyable, but there is

a heated, often intense, power to the writing for chamber orchestra and soloists that gives *Time Plus Seven* and *Pressure* greater impact.

The four-movement *Time* opens with blaring trumpet and crashing percussion, then turns dark as the strings enter, with the serial writing punctuated by throbbing timpani. The second movement, *Equals*, begins with the sounds of wailing saxes echoing repeatedly, punctuated first by percussion, then piercing trumpets, escalating brass figures, swinging strings and drums until this increasingly dense sound reaches a climax. *Time* is a racing movement for solo trumpet and percussion, including marimba, while the final movement, *Plus*, is dominated by dark string writing with soulful lines for viola and cello slowly weaving above them.

*Pressure* is packed solid with throbbing tension as the low brass hammer away, shrill flutes and piccolo pierce the air, percussion instruments pound and strings weave pulsating figures, creating an ever denser, pressure filled sound as a trumpet shrieks and a sax wails in agony. Like everything else on the album, it effectively achieves Macero's aims.

—de muth

## TERRY GIBBS

LIVE AT THE LORD—Jazz a la Carte 1: *Samba Wazzou; The Fat Man; What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life; Shadow Of Your Smile; Take The A Train; Mean To Me; Masquerade; Blues For The Lord.*

Personnel: Gibbs, vibes; Marty Harris, piano; Harvey Newmark, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

SMOKE 'EM UP—Jazz a la Carte 2: *Townhouse 3; Those Eyes, Those Lips; Chant Of Love; Blues For Brody; Smoke 'Em Up; The Austin Mood; Nina; 4 A.M.*

Personnel: Gibbs, vibes; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; Lou Levy, piano; Bob Magnusson, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums.

★ ★ ★

Chronologically, Terry Gibbs qualifies as a veteran player these days. He's been recording more or less regularly since 1948 (with Woody Herman, then), and like the most enduring veterans he has stayed true to original form without a twinge of doubt or regret. It seems hard to believe that it's been 32 years since he first recorded, especially when you reflect that 32 years before *that* there was no recorded jazz.

It is not entirely pointless that I mention that. The popularity of bebop in the mid '40s was at least one of the reasons behind jazz' first important revival movement, the one that produced Bunk Johnson, George Lewis and other New Orleans originals. How quaint their primitivism sounded in the high technology environment of bop! Why then doesn't Gibbs sound quaint today? It seems logical that he would, given equal time. Perhaps the reason is as simple as musicianship. It gives his playing a fluency and creative range that makes it virtually immune to obsolescence.

On *Live*, recorded at an informal party session in 1978 at Lord Chumley's in California, little has changed with Gibbs since the old days. His youthful enthusiasm for speed has yielded to more realistic and swinging tempos, and that's to the good. So is just about everything else on this two-fer. The pace is right. Nothing is swallowed up in gratuitous virtuosity. Gibbs measures out tension and excitement in generous but controlled doses. He doesn't overbuild. *A Train*, *Fat Man*, *Lord* and *Shadow* are particularly stirring.

The atmosphere of the session is informal,

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and unfortunately the recording sounds the same way. The bass is often too loud, and Marty Harris' piano is virtually lost most of the time, although I did catch an interpolation of *Exactly Like You* and *Sweet Georgia on a Train*.

Gibbs is joined on *Smoke 'Em Up* by two other Herman alums (Levy and Candoli) and a contemporary from the Kenton band (Bob Cooper). The tunes are all Gibbs' as are the arrangements. As a writer/arranger he holds his own nicely, offering nothing startling except perhaps a dark, brooding *Chant Of Love*, full of exotic Eastern implications—but then nothing gets too much in the way of the blowing. There is less stretching out here than on the quartet date; instead, more conciseness, one or two choruses per player per tune for the most part. There is plenty of enthusiasm, though, and plenty of hard swinging action and good camaraderie, too. It may not be a particularly remarkable achievement where these old pros are concerned, but that's part of what being an old pro is all about. —*medonough*

## MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS

**SPHUMONESTY**—Black Saint BSR 0032: *Tri-verse*; *Inneroutersight*; *Unchange*; *Sphumonesty*.

Personnel: Abrams, piano, synthesizer; Jay Clayton, voice; Leonard Jones, bass; George Lewis, trombone, sousaphone, synthesizer; Roscoe Mitchell, alto sax, flute; Amina Myers, piano, electric piano, organ; Yousef Yancey, Theremin.

★ ★ ★ ½

Rarely does a Muhal Richard Abrams album explore only a single direction of thought. Except for the solo piano set *Spiral* (Arista/Novus), his albums seem to be running down several pathways simultaneously, as if he has to get all his ideas down at once or he'll never get another chance. Even the title of his newest outing, *Sphumonesty*, seems to cram several meanings into one compounded word. This diversity is to be expected from one who formed the iconoclastic Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians in Chicago (AACM). But sometimes his diversity works against him when he tries to make a coherent album.

Two facets surface on the sparse playing time (less than 30 minutes for the whole disc) of *Sphumonesty*. One explores contrapuntal and unison playing in both compositional and improvisational contexts. Abrams makes the distinction between the two very deceptive. *Tri-verse* features a three part contrapuntal round between Abrams' piano, Mitchell's alto and Lewis' trombone that struts in a drumless march. It slowly evolves into three solo lines that revolve in elliptical orbits around an amorphous nucleus. With the power of inertia they are propelled outwards till all are stopped but Lewis, who continues onwards as if bewildered by his newfound isolation.

*Unchange* employs similar elements in a cat and mouse chase with Abrams, Myers and Lewis scrambling after each other. Myers deftly switches between a loony electric piano and a drunken organ while Jones maintains a rumbling pulse on bass.

One of Abrams' most unique characteristics is that he doesn't allow himself to be limited by the boundaries of jazz, even avant garde jazz, or the expectations people have of him. On *Sphumonesty* he experiments with electronics and textural devices that are more closely related to Klaus Schulze or Joan LaBarbara than Bird and Trane. *Innerouter-*  
42 □ down beat

*sight* and the title piece are provoking though flawed endeavors that find Muhal possibly overreaching his formidable talents. After a discordant piano and electronics prelude, *Inneroutersight* wafts into a unison duet between vocalist Clayton and Mitchell on flute. Sustained ethereal lines give way to a free section where Clayton scats, chirps, clicks and clacks through a series of vocal effects while a synthesizer gurgles in the background. It is a desolate exposition.

The textural foray of *Sphumonesty* traverses a barren, shifting landscape of droning synthesizers phasing in and out of bottomless arco bass and sousaphone lines. Coursing through all this is Yousef Yancey, a New York figure who has played trumpet and Theremin with Sunny Murray, Garrett List and Byard Lancaster. Here he makes like the *Forbidden Planet* soundtrack. This introspective side of Abrams contrasts sharply with the animated cartoon atmosphere of *Tri-verse* and *Unchange*.

Like much of the music from the AACM (from which most of this personnel is drawn), there are traces of several disciplines working, often at the same time but not always together. On *Sphumonesty*, the ideas sometimes outstrip any kind of cohesiveness that would hold them together. But Abrams' probing mind and his subtle humor are never less than intriguing. —*diliberto*

## AL DIMEOLA

**SPLENDIDO HOTEL**—CBS C2X 36270: *Alien Chase On Arabian Desert*; *Silent Story In Her Eyes*; *Roller Jubilee*; *Two To Tango*; *Al Di's Dream Theme*; *Dinner Music Of The Gods*; *Splendido Sundance*; *I Can Tell*; *Spanish Eyes*; *Isfahan*; *Bianca's Midnight Lullaby*.

Personnel: DiMeola, electric guitar, Fylde acoustic guitars, mando-cello, celeste, drums, vocals; Phillip Saisse, keyboards, marimba, Moogbass & vocals; Robbie Gonzales, drums; Tim Landers, bass; Eddie Colon, percussion; Anthony Jackson, bass; Mingo Lewis, percussion; Peter Cannarozzi, Oberheim; Chick Corea, piano; Jan Hammer, Moog; Steve Gadd, drums; Les Paul, electric guitar; David Campbell, violin; Carol Shive, viola; Dennis Karmzyn, cello; Raymond J. Kelly, cello; the Columbus Boychoir.

★ ★ ★ ½

Al DiMeola was 19 years old and star-struck when summoned to Return To Forever six years ago. It is fitting then, that his subsequent solo albums have maintained that quartet's brand of fusion closest to its original formula.

On *Splendido Hotel*, the guitarist combines tight electronic ensemble playing with acoustic forays, some in characteristic territory, and some elsewhere. He maintains a Latin Mediterranean tone through much of the album, and his emphasis is on composition more than improvisation. DiMeola ends a two year recording absence with four sides from the studio, stretching out so far as to sing a love song and join Les Paul on the popular standard *Spanish Eyes*.

*Alien Chase*, *Dream Theme* and *Dinner Music* are electric excursions, with numerous time changes, stops and starts. DiMeola's composing hasn't changed much. He thinks up catchy melody lines to toy with, expound upon and casually discard, possibly to resurrect later. These songs are like suites, and are performed expertly by DiMeola's touring band.

DiMeola's band is not only hot, but inspired. Drummer Robbie Gonzales is a powerhouse, with deep resounding tom-toms and dynamic footwork. Phillip Saisse has many voices on keyboards, adds marimba to

three tracks, and is a perfect foil for DiMeola's high-speed pyrotechnics.

*Splendido Hotel* is also full of guests. A coy and succinct Jan Hammer Moog solo livens up *Dream Theme*. Mingo Lewis sparkles on percussion when not dropping Syndrum bombs. Anthony Jackson is a fluid bassist, but the lack of a bottom punch in some of his playing is annoying. The redoubtable Steve Gadd is brought in for two tracks, and plays surprisingly little. His hands are tied, to an extent, by the pop nature of the tunes to which he was called. Generally, the playing is not as fresh where the studio players are used as it is when DiMeola is with his own band.

DiMeola is re-united with mentor Chick Corea on three songs. The slightly melodramatic acoustic duet *Two To Tango* finds Corea plucking and dampening the piano strings by hand. Corea's composition *Isfahan* features a boys' choir, and is both strikingly beautiful and undeniably overweight.

As on his *Elegant Gypsy* album, there is an acoustic guitar duet on *Splendido Hotel*. The difference here is that DiMeola plays both parts himself. It is entirely possible there wasn't a guitarist in town who could keep up with him to play the second part.

From his association with the likes of Corea, DiMeola has learned something of what it is to inspire people with sheer musical might, intricate composition and execution. But as the focus here shifts from DiMeola's tight band to various "star" players, and as Al gives a go at some pop music, the double album proves excessive. And DiMeola's own preoccupation with speed and technique contributes to his sounding, at times, more like a student than an artist. —*tolleson*

## MARTIAL SOLAL with LEE KONITZ

**FOUR KEYS**—PAUSA PR 7061: *Brain Stream*; *Not Scheduled*; *Grapes*; *Retro Active*; *Energy*; *Satar*; *Four Keys*.

Personnel: Solal, piano; Konitz, alto saxophone; John Scofield, guitar; Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

## ART PEPPER

**THURSDAY NIGHT AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD**—Contemporary 7642: *Valse Triste*; *Good-bye*; *Blues For Les*; *My Friend John*.

Personnel: Art Pepper, alto saxophone; George Cables, piano; George Mraz, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Without doubt, playing the alto saxophone has been the most consistently one-sided game in jazz for the past 35 years. Parker's wrath has haunted nearly every patron of the E-flat horn, and perhaps Mingus summed up the situation most appropriately when he named one of his compositions *If Charlie Parker Were A Gunslinger, There'd Be A Whole Lot Of Dead Copycats*.

But all artists are plagiarists, to some degree. If Parker's rhythmic and harmonic discoveries were to become the standard approach in playing modern jazz, then it was the quality of *sound* that a few alto players found which afforded the most individuality. Lee Konitz and Art Pepper were among those who took advantage of these possibilities. Both men emerged from Bird's shadow with sincere, vibrant styles that distinguished them from the wealth of



"copycats," both black and white. Konitz has a unique way of weaving his anti-lyrical lines around a rhythm section, and his pensive, sweet and sour tone leaves you with the impression that he plays with a nine-volt transistor radio battery taped to his tongue. Pepper is more direct; short bursts of lyrical, impassioned sound, deceptively simple in construction and always alluding, in some way, to his fundamental identity: the blues.

Both of these records attest to the fact that each is still in command of his resources, no small feat considering Konitz' struggle for employment, much less recognition, over the years, and Pepper's self-avowed tendency toward self-destruction (the underlying theme of his autobiography, *Straight Life*).

The Konitz/Solal disc is more rewarding, however, due primarily to Konitz' increasingly refined approach to organization in his solos and Solal's carefully constructed arrangements and means of presentation. There is a particularly attractive balance to the material, too: the first side features some programmatic, chamber-like pieces, and the accompaniment seems more designed and less felt. Here, Konitz is at his best, as Solal and Scofield take turns supporting. Solal, the real leader of the date, underplays his role throughout, it seems, but contributes some fine solos, especially on *Brain Stream*.

The second side is more adventurous, yet only partially successful. There are moments of spirited group improvisation, and there are others seemingly cluttered by over-enthusiastic comping on the part of Solal and Scofield. Konitz sounds uncomfortable when the pianist and guitarist cannot find a harmonic base to agree upon, and this is the only real apparent weakness of the session.

Throughout, everyone receives adequate solo space, and the date taken overall is a refreshing alternative to just another run-of-the-mill blowing session.

For all the excitement surrounding Art Pepper's first appearance in New York as a leader, and with such a highly-acclaimed rhythm section, *Thursday Night At The Village Vanguard* is a disappointment. *The Trip*, recorded for Contemporary less than a year earlier, and with basically the same group (David Williams on bass instead of Mraz) was a dynamic outing; Pepper's fiery playing on top of first rate, invigorating support made the record almost as indispensable as *Meets The Rhythm Section*. Yet *Thursday Night* is relatively bland and fragmented. There seems to be little sympathy between Pepper and his sidemen: Art's high register shrieks sound out of place within the framework of the group's low-key sound on this particular night.

There are moments of inspiration, two and four bar phrases, when Pepper sounds like he's going to explode with emotion. Unfortunately, they are out of sync with the rhythm section (as on *Blues For Les* and *Valse Triste*). *My Friend John* sounds like a bitch of a tune to play, and the group sounds intimidated by the difficult, unorthodox changes. With *Goodbye*, Pepper is so atmospheric and introverted that he seems to be off in a world of his own, and his Coltranesque sheets of sound just don't seem to fit.

Perhaps the mediocrity of *Thursday Night* could be attributed to opening-night jitters, or a less than adequate amount of rehearsal time. Pepper and this group are proven winners; hopefully, Friday and Saturday nights will bear this out. —*moorhead*

## ANGELA BOFILL

ANGEL OF THE NIGHT—Arista GRP 5501: *I Try*; *People Make The World Go 'Round*; *Angel Of The Night*; *Rainbow Child (Little Pas)*; *What I Wouldn't Do (For The Love Of You)*; *The Feelin' Love*; *Love To Last*; *The Voyage*.

Personnel: Bofill, vocals; Dave Grusin, arranger, conductor; producer: Larry Rosen, producer: studio band.

\* \* \*

In the course of only two releases—this being her second—Angela Bofill has gained a reputation as a pop vocalist with an exceptionally rangy talent and a style and repertoire that will span soul, folk, Latin and jazz.

Range and eclecticism may be admirable, but portmanteau artists rarely manage to penetrate the various styles they embrace (stylistic faithfulness representing the very aim of their endeavor), and for my money it is not the various genre dabblings that carry this album, but rather the head-on performances that have achieved pop chart positions: *I Try*, *What I Wouldn't Do* and the title cut.

On these songs Angela Bofill *does* emerge as a unique and powerful vocalist with a special mission. Arranged, as they are, with a big band feel and structured with a sense for drama, these songs might easily have turned out too jazzy or too Las Vegas-y to connect, but in Bofill's accomplished and dynamic performance they are balanced and focused perfectly, coming across as urbane, evocative hit material for a generation caught, one suspects, between Top 40 and suburbia.

Despite such successes, one remains content, for the moment at least, to leave Angela Bofill in the ranks of promising talents. As a vocalist she continues to be more skillful than soulful, and as an artist she still seems unsure

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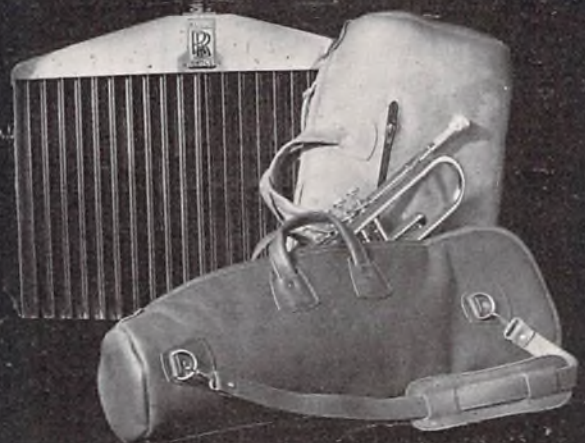
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of what she wants to do with her talent. The rest of *Angel Of The Night* thus consists of a mechanical *People Make The World*, a pretentious *The Voyage* and anonymous filler. Reports have it that her new musical director is the gifted composer and pianist Onaje Allen Gumbs. Together, they should be able to develop and concentrate on the area that is really hers: the contemporary pop song with the inner city experience. —gabel

## JOHN CAGE/ CHARLES WUORINEN

THE SEASONS (Cage); TWO-PART SYMPHONY (Wuorinen)—CRI 410.

Personnel: American Composers Orchestra; Dennis Russell Davies, conductor.

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In the 1940s Cage wasn't yet writing chance music, but he was already known as a radical composer. The *Sonatas And Interludes For Prepared Piano*, for example, is largely atonal, and its structure is purely rhythmic, rather than harmonic or serial. Yet the piece is relatively accessible due to its dry, understated lyricism. This quality is even more marked in *The Seasons*, which was composed during the same period.

Commissioned and premiered by the Ballet Society in 1947, *The Seasons* is scored for an orchestra of 43 players. While it shares the rhythmic structure and Far Eastern influences of the *Sonatas And Interludes*, this dance piece shows Cage's links with his more traditional contemporaries. The lean instrumentation and simple dignity of some passages, for instance, recall Copland's *Appalachian Spring*, and the oriental arabesques for flutes in the *Spring* section must have certainly influenced the early music of Alan Hovhaness. The string passage built on top of these gurgling woodwinds is one of Cage's most melodic conceptions; yet, despite his fine ear for orchestration, there is much more here than a collage of pleasing sounds.

The most fascinating aspect of *The Seasons* is the way in which the material is developed from the repetition and transformation of a simple motif. In the *Winter* sequence, it connotes passivity and waiting; in *Summer*, with a deeper, lusher background, it suggests the somnolence of the air right before a thunderstorm. Gradually, the static interplay among a few restricted figures evolves—like the turning of the seasons—into a more melancholy perspective: the coming of autumn. After a hobgoblin march scored for winds and percussion, the *Winter* motif reappears, signaling the onset of another year.

Although the structure of Wuorinen's *Two-Part Symphony* (1977-78) is based on a 12-tone row instead of rhythmic units, it is much more rhythmic than *The Seasons*. Indeed, despite the unfailingly well-balanced ensemble effects in this work, one suspects that the continually shifting, syncopated rhythms camouflage the composer's lack of anything to say.

The main body of the second movement, for instance, consists of a mosaic of contrasting elements that cannot lead anywhere because they balance one another out. A brass and percussion exchange may be followed by a flute solo or a duet for bells and pizzicato strings—but there doesn't seem to be any inner logic in the progression. Wuorinen's over-reliance on kettledrums and brass produces a dull sameness, and his herky-jerky rhythms also begin to sound

repetitive. Overall, this work comes across as an empty display of virtuosity.

Under the superb direction of Dennis Russell Davies, the American Composers Orchestra outdoes itself on this live recording. Attacks and releases are never less than precise; dynamics are fully realized, and, in *The Seasons*, the delicate emotional tints are beautifully delineated. With an ensemble like this one available to them, American composers can no longer complain that they have no decent outlet for their orchestral works. —terry

## THE BROTHERS JOHNSON

LIGHT UP THE NIGHT—A&M SP-3716: *Stomp; Light Up The Night; You Make Me Wanna Wiggle; Treasure; This Had To Be; All About The Heaven; Smilin' On Ya; Closer To The One That You Love; Celebrations.*

Personnel: George Johnson, guitar, vocals; Louis Johnson, bass, guitar, synthesizer, vocals; John Robinson, drums; Richard Heath, percussion; Paulinho DaCosta, percussion, vocals; Greg Phillinganes, piano, synthesizer; Steve Porcaro, synthesizer; Larry Williams, synthesizer; the Seawind Horns, horns, woodwinds; Valerie Johnson, Josie James, Merry Clayton, Scherrie Payne, Susaye Greene-Brown, Alex Weir, Richard Heath, Jim Gilstrap, Augie Johnson, Michael Jackson (cut 5), Quincy Jones, backup vocals.

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## RAY PARKER JR.'S RAYDIO

TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME—Arista AL 9515: *Tonight's The Night; Until The Morning Comes; It's Time To Party Now; Everybody Makes Mistakes; For Those Who Like To Groove; Two Places At The Same Time; Can't Keep From Cryin'; A Little Bit Of You.*

Personnel: Ray Parker Jr., guitar, vocals; Arnell Carmichael, keyboards; Darren Carmichael, bass; Larry Tolbert, drums; Charles Fearing, guitar; Ollie E. Brown, drums, percussion; Sylvester Rivers, strings; Herbie Hancock, piano, synthesizer; Horatio Gordon, flute; Ken Peterson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Gary Coleman, vibes; Jack Ashford, tambourine; Deborah Thomas, backup vocals.

\*

Comparing these albums teaches the value of collaboration. Both acts began as sidemen, but with the help of Quincy Jones and others, the Johnsons became one of the most popular black groups in the world (deservedly so), while Parker, a talented guitarist, isolates himself in his own 16 track studio, producing a strictly humdrum brand of disco and pop.

Say what you will about Quincy Jones' commercial proclivities; he remains an innovative arranger and a uniquely talented producer. The Johnsons continue their fruitful association with him on *Light Up The Night*. Following the trend of cross-fertilizing talented pop writers, Jones brought in the ingenious Rod Temperton (*Rock With You, Off The Wall*) to co-write and arrange most of the tracks with George and Louis Johnson.

The Brothers are, of course, virtuosos of funk. When they choose to, they can blow most of the current crop of jazz-rock instrumentalists right out of the water. Their previous album, *Blam!* contained more instrumentals, was less commercial, and was in some ways a stronger set (check out *Street-wave*). But then, virtuosity may not be enough to make platinum, and that was clearly the goal this time. Jones and Temperton have reined in the Brothers' instrumental exertions enough to impose a cohesive pop structure on the cuts and have emphasized melody and lyrics. The results range from joyous to only fair.

*Stomp* combines the best of both worlds: incredible instrumentals and a compelling

vocal hook. The song's hit status is well deserved. For one thing, the lyric hook, "We're gonna stomp/all night/in the neighborhood/don't it feel all right" is matched to a tantalizing bass figure. The result is that, without upsetting their legions of disco-ing fans in the least, the Brothers play a pleasing trick on their ears: the first time the word "stomp" appears, it falls on the downbeat of the 4/4 chorus, but when the lyric comes around again, it falls on the *third* beat. They pull this off by sneaking in two extra measures of 2/4 into the 4/4 structure. The song is also remarkable for Louis' trebly bass work. Strumming and bending the strings with utter fluency, his playing on this cut is about the zenith of guitar funk. George also shines here with an airy, effortless guitar solo.

Other cuts don't come together quite this well but are worth a listen. *Treasure*, an engaging Temperton ballad, is sweetly sung by QJ alumnus Richard Heath. *Smilin' On Ya* is a George Benson-style guitar instrumental, nicely performed, if not entirely original in concept.

While the lure of commerce is a major factor in the Brothers Johnson's work, it doesn't completely dampen their creativity. Not so for Ray Parker Jr., who seems to churn out product according to industry formulas. The music on his three releases is professionally executed, but it seems rather coldly calculated to sound good on those monstrous tape players that kids love to bop down the street with, and that's about all. His lyrics are embarrassing, like "I wanna be two places at the same time/Inside you and inside your mind."

From the studio in his Los Angeles home, Parker produces, engineers and mixes, as well as handling all the writing and singing. Although he is capable of writing a tune as catchy as last year's *You Can't Change That*, most of his stuff is derivative and monotonous. His new album contains no instrumental work of interest, despite his considerable guitar skills and an appearance by Herbie Hancock. —*morrison*

## RAY BRYANT

ALL BLUES—Pablo 2310 820: *Stuck With It*; *All Blues*; *C Jam Blues*; *Please Send Me Someone To Love*; *Jumpin' With Symphony Sid*; *Blues Changes*; *Billie's Bounce*.

Personnel: Bryant, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Bryant is a wizard, make no mistake. Lord knows how many programs of a similar nature he's committed to record in the last several decades yet he constantly finds new things to say, and new ways of saying them within the presumed limitations of the blues form, which in his hands is anything but limited.

This set is no exception. It's an absolute pleasure from beginning to end, chockful of witty, engaging, buoyant and always resourcefully imaginative pianism by one of the underappreciated masters of the music. And all the more powerful for being so understated.

The choice of material is intelligently varied and is undoubtedly a major factor in the program's success, as is the firm, sympathetic, impeccable support furnished by Jones and Tate. The eight and a half minute reading of Miles Davis' *All Blues* swings with delicate resilience from start to finish. Bryant finds no end of singing, infectious delights in

it; in fact, one is left with the impression that he could spin it out to twice this length without even beginning to exhaust its potential for further, equally absorbing development. The same is true of Ellington's *C Jam Blues* and Lester Young's *Symphony Sid*; the pianist approaches these much recorded, overfamiliar staples of the jazz repertoire as if for the first time, discovering all manner of refreshing new possibilities in them. *Billie's Bounce* does just that, and Mayfield's *Please Send Me Someone* is appropriately, though muscularly, wistful. Bryant's own pieces, *Stick With It*, a fetching blues ballad, and *Blues Changes*, sit perfectly with the balance of the program.

This is one to savor—repeatedly. —*welding*

## JOHN ABERCROMBIE

ABERCROMBIE QUARTET—ECM-1-1164: *Blue Wolf*; *Dear Rain*; *Stray*; *Madagascar*; *Riddles*; *Foolish Dog*.

Personnel: Abercrombie, guitar; Richard Beirach, piano; George Mraz, bass; Peter Donald, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

When Jack DeJohnette decided to terminate the last phase of his extraordinary Directions group to pursue other creative endeavors (which allowed his sidemen to do likewise), he at the same time severed one of the most indispensable couplings in serious contemporary music—himself and guitarist John Abercrombie. Together they were brilliant and powerful, yet also sensitive and poetic. Apart they are seemingly less than that.

*Abercrombie Quartet* is the guitarist's second effort as group leader and suffers mildly from a similar weakness as its predecessor, *Arcade*: narrowness of concept and design.

The forms employed here are either virtually straight forward, or loosely lyrical and wandering (rhythmically, harmonically), with some cross breeding of both approaches.

One will not find the impetuously driven energy as heard on Abercrombie's *Timeless* trio (with DeJohnette and Jan Hammer) or the exotic, transcendental excursions of both *Gateway* projects. However, on *Quartet* one will find impeccable ensemble work that frequently swings with conviction and novelty, laced with resourceful soloing by all at hand.

Two tracks here warrant special attention. *Blue Wolf* is marked by an imaginative introductory interplay between pianist Beirach and the guitarist. The intro shifts into a fluent theme that descends sequentially within an ardently swinging fabric.

The disc is crowned by the pensive *Madagascar*. It opens with a beautifully melting piano solo whose inventions are woven freely around an alternating semi-tone figure. The piano then dovetails with the others into a predominately single note ostinato that allows for a wealth of ensuing collective ingenuity.

To the probable disappointment of many fans, the album bears not a single sampling of Abercrombie's remarkably perceptive acoustic guitar. Ironically, he is one of the few in his idiom who is keenly sensitive to the instrument's many exceptional nuances—and reacts accordingly.

Although *Quartet* does not render the same excitement, imagination and memorable impact as many of the guitarist's prior efforts, it does reflect a sense of artistry within established forms—and moreover, the perpetual integrity of John Abercrombie. —*mamula*



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## J. J. JOHNSON

PINNACLES—Milestone M-9093: *Night Flight*; *Deak*; *Cannonball Junction*; *Pinnacles*; *See See Rider*; *Mr. Clean*.

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Oscar Brashear, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Kenneth Nash, percussion.

★ ★

Where the hell has J. J. been?—missing for ten years after a long-term appointment to the all-world trombone team. Listening to *Pinnacles* suggests an insidious visual distraction; not a celluloid extravaganza, but perhaps a sitcom or an adrenalin-loaded young blond cop for the catchy choruses, and perhaps the pretty girl in his life to match the breezy interludes.

Where do top flight trombonists go when they move on to greener pastures? To Hollywood, of course. During his ten year hiatus from jazz, Johnson moved to TV city, where he has written scores for a half dozen prominent series and low budget movies. Sparing melodramatic detail, suffice it to say that Johnson's experience weighs heavy with cop stories.

Unfortunately, this album is not significantly different from brass scores for thrillers. Side one is a programmatic example: *Night Flight*, *Deak* and *Cannonball Junction* all lead in with smooth choruses as the horns work out some simple hooks—in which there are embedded a great many punch notes—and then go into some light solos; repeat. BANG!, stop-on-a-dime, and on to the next tune. Side two has a few bright moments; Henderson and Brashear try to get something out of this, but run afoul of Johnson's arrangement of *See See Rider*; not at all the blues standard that we know and love, but a frothy production somewhat reminiscent of the background music for the non-dancing dance numbers on a light variety show. Johnson also tries a little Moog-like transformation on the trombone, but the pattern is not broken.

I am quite pleased that Johnson has managed to turn his superlative musicianship into a living, but if this album shows anything, it's that the artist does not always have free rein to move in both directions. —*staples*

## THE JUKE JUMPERS with JIM COLGROVE

BORDER RADIO (Amazing AM-1001)—*Cadillac Boogie*; *My Little Jewel*; *What Goes On Behind Your Back*; *Wiggle Your Hips*; *Cuttin' Cane*; *Horne Street Bounce*; *You're Humbuggin' Me*; *I'm A Little Mixed Up*; *Sunglasses After Dark*; *You Don't Love Me*; *Me And The Devil*; *The Jump*.

Personnel: Colgrove, vocals, guitar; Sumter Bruton, guitar; Johnny Reno; tenor and baritone saxes; Michael Bartula, drums; Jim Milan, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's some talk of a blues revival in Dallas/Fort Worth, but most of the bands involved are almost comically hackneyed and some are flagrantly copying each other. The most satisfying band in this movement is the Juke Jumpers, who are frequently billed as a blues group but are miles beyond the competition as far as diversity is concerned. Their repertoire has lots of blues, but they're just as adept with rockabilly, r&b, jazz and good, unadulterated rock 'n' roll.

*Border Radio* features a heady blend of the above plus some original material by guitarists Colgrove and Sumter Bruton. Colgrove, with considerable studio experience behind him, delved deep into musical Americana to

46 □ down beat

come up with potent obscurities like *You're Humbuggin' Me* (recorded by Rocket Morgan for Zynn in the '50s) and the wry *Sunglasses After Dark* (done in the same era by rockabilly's Dwight Pullen). He and Bruton employ to advantage their divergent guitar styles (Bruton is the jazzier of the pair); their frequent solos are more fulfilling than many heard from players far better known. And with tenor/baritone saxist Johnny Reno, whose work calls to mind honkers like King Curtis and (to lesser extent) Illinois Jacquet, the Jumpers refreshingly avoid the guitar/harmonica pigeonhole within which so many bands of this nature seem to be irrevocably locked.

Reno contributes muscularly to *My Little Jewel*, an amazingly tough cut, one that excels not only on the record but at live shows by the band. This is arguably the LP's strongest selection, and is a powerful rendering of a virtually forgotten effort by Tommy "Jim" Beam and his Four Fifts. It could serve as a resumé of the band, should one be needed, as it encompasses their boisterousness, their humor and the invigorating lack of contrivance that separates them from almost every other Texas band involved with this musical context. Their version of Robert Johnson's *Me And The Devil* is quite upbeat but is no threat to the original; their rendition of T-Bone Walker's *You Don't Love Me* is fine and suffers not at all from the fact that the original featured a big band backing.

One would like to laud the original compositions on any album of this nature, but Colgrove's contributions aren't the record's best moments; still, *Horne Street Bounce* by Bruton is a lively, jazz-oriented instrumental of considerable appeal. So what we have here is an album with no major faults (this in itself is unusual) and an ample dose of good-time, no-nonsense American music. Recommended. (Amazing Records' address: P.O. Box 26265, Fort Worth, TX 76116.)

—schuller

## JIMI HENDRIX

NINE TO THE UNIVERSE—Reprise HS 2299: *Nine To The Universe*; *Jimi/Jimmy Jam*; *Young/Hendrix*; *Easy Blues*; *Drone Blues*.

Personnel: Hendrix, guitar and vocals; Billy Cox, Roland Robinson, bass; Buddy Miles, Mitch Mitchell, drums; Larry Lee, Jim McCartney, guitar; Larry Young, organ.

★ ★

Nearly a decade after the death of Jimi Hendrix, probably the single most important guitar innovator of the '60s, his record company continues to mine the ragged treasure trove of tape he left behind. We've heard Hendrix's final official sessions (*The Cry Of Love*), two greatest hits packages, an EP of jams based on *The Little Drummer Boy* and *Silent Night* and two postmortem doctorings pitting Hendrix's pre-recorded guitar tracks against guns hired to duel the tape (*Crash Landing* and *Midnight Lightning*). *Nine To The Universe*, culled from loose, rambling jam sessions at the Record Factory and Hit Factory in New York in 1969, is a relaxed, mostly unexceptional example of Hendrix's talent that doesn't reveal a whole lot more about the Seattle-born guitarist than we already knew.

The entire album consists of Hendrix jamming as hot rocker, lazy bluesman and cosmic (jazz style) improviser. At his best here, Hendrix strains against the confines of the structured blues and rock of his past, the music upon which his fame and fortune

were built.

On *Young Hendrix*, one finds the exceptional guitarist using rock effects—sustained feedback, wah-wah and others—but in an improvisatory context. Against the rippling riffs of jazz organist Larry Young, the possibilities of a rock/jazz fusion music, fully as intense as Miles Davis' often underrated *Jack Johnson* sessions with John McLaughlin, are more than hinted at. Certainly the inspiration for countless jazz, rock, blues and funk aggregations can be found in Hendrix's obsessive riffing. If only Hendrix had lived, what amazing flights of improvised guitar and white noise we might have partied to!

As it is, we must settle for these chance jams, and, the results are mixed. Hendrix's playing, while always somewhat interesting (particularly to aficionados of the electric guitar) runs the gamut from the pedestrian (sections of *Nine* and *Jimi/Jimmy Jam*) to the euphoric (sections of *Young/Hendrix* and *Drone Blues*).

Remember, these pieces are jams, most likely never intended for commercial release. Even the most gifted musician, in the privacy of the studio, plays around, goofs off, makes mistakes and, just like all of us, has a bad day. Parts of this release certainly would have embarrassed Hendrix.

While it is certainly exciting to listen in on a selection of Hendrix's private stash, this album is, ultimately, less a satisfying piece of rock/jazz pre-fusion music to stand through the years as a testament to Hendrix's genius, than a historical documentation of the guitarist's potential as a jazz musician.

If I were going to take a few Hendrix pressings with me to the proverbial desert island, I'd bring *Are You Experienced?*, *Electric Ladyland* and, possibly, *The Cry Of Love*, leaving *Nine To The Universe* back home. Get my drift? —goldberg

## JOE McPHEE

BLACK MAGIC MAN—Hat Hut A: *Black Magic Man*; *Song For Laureen*; *Hymn Of The Dragon Kings*.

Personnel: McPhee, tenor and soprano (cut 3) saxophones; Mike Kull, piano; Tyrone Crabb, bass, electric bass (3); Ernest Bostoc, Bruce Thompson, percussion.

★ ½

THE WILLISAU CONCERT—Hat Hut B: *Touchstone*; *Voices*; *Bahamian Folksong*; *Harriet*.

Personnel: McPhee, tenor, soprano saxophones; John Syndor, synthesizer, voice; Makaya Ntshoko, drums.

★ ★

GRAPHICS (Vol. 1 & 11)—Hat Hut 1/1: *Graphics 3/4*; *Legendary Heroes*; *Vieux Carré*; *Daisy Bones*; *Tenor #2*; *Anamorphosis*; *Trumpet*; *Graphics 2/4*.

Personnel: McPhee, soprano sax (1, 4) straight soprano (3), bells, conch shell, pocket cornet (adapted), trumpet, tenor saxophone (2, 5-8).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

VARIATIONS ON A BLUE LINE/ROUND MIDNIGHT—Hat Hut O: *Brainstalk*; *Motian Studies*; *Variations On A Blue Line/After A Theme For Knox*; *Round Midnight*.

Personnel: McPhee, tenor (1, 3), soprano saxophones.

★ ★ ★ ★

If art *does* begin where scarcity prevails, multi-instrumentalist/sound structuralist Joe McPhee might be well ahead. McPhee's progressive line of development is made available for everyone to hear and scrutinize through the documentation these four recordings represent. Allow me to emphasize that one is probably the better for investigating his work.

*Black Magic Man* (1970), where the reedist

is unduly in the company of two drummers, a pianist and bassist (although this instrumentation was probably necessary, if only for the ability to do away with it subsequently)—is marked by an effort to *escape* rhythmic and tonal confinement. McPhee states that his music is “not so much concerned with traditional preoccupations with rhythm, melody and harmony, as with tensions and energy rhythms. Nor is it concerned with traditional concepts of tone and pitch, but with microtones and off-pitch, oblique variations of melody.” The other players here push McPhee away from them, as if their elaborations and rhythmic maneuvers were of little authentic value to the reedist’s unpolished, pan-melodic/rhythmic *architecturalisms*.

With *The Willisau Concert* (1975), McPhee could have easily represented a synthesis and logical step from his earlier recording, but this failed to occur. Instead, McPhee teamed with synthesist John Syndor and drummer Makaya Ntshoko, for results that are problematic. McPhee could have employed the synthesizer to texturally extend his highly unconventional, even courageous rhythmic and melodic sense—instead Syndor is playing the off-beat counterpoint of the “sound” of McPhee’s tenor and soprano, and actually seems to little serve the tonally distorted lyricism of McPhee’s best music.

*Voices*, the most complete piece of the concert, has McPhee and Syndor achieving a very attractive, mournful texture. The brief lead motif bids homage to one of Ornette Coleman’s lesser known themes. The remainder of the LP is noteworthy for *Bahamian Folksong’s* pleasant Caribbean flavor, spotlighting McPhee’s unique minimalism.

*Graphics*, a two-fer recorded live at the Palais des Arts, Paris (1977) contains some outstanding music. McPhee’s setting up of severe tonal and rhythmic problems for himself is not so evident as it would become subsequently, making his emotively conceived, formalistic statements work exceedingly well.

*Graphics 3/4* (for soprano sax) exploits several rhythmic levels to achieve tense melodic bliss. It’s quite controlled and presents a polish in McPhee’s work previously missed.

On *Legendary Heroes* McPhee presents his most integral and conceptually flawless playing. Beginning with bells and conch, it progresses with a beautifully constructed, gentle, lyrical texture to the entrance of other instruments. McPhee at several points plays cornet and trumpet simultaneously (Do my ears deceive? How he does so would be news to me). His tenor entrance is simply amazing; notice his impeccable control, as well as his tasteful way of allowing the music to be “checked” by playing some nicely placed brass sounds. The rhythmic flow moves toward an organically conceived, texturally lush sound environment like that favored by many of our more “studied” musicians. And McPhee’s preaching, evenly modulated statements towards *Heroes’* end—*baad* isn’t even the word.

*Vieux Carre*, for the straight soprano sax and dedicated to Sydney Bechet and Steve Lacy is a bitch: clear paths of passion . . . torch fire of blues gone mad. *Daisy Bones*, in its less than three minute length, shows in microcosm the essential elements of McPhee’s approach: thematic and melodic variation,

harmonic overtone apprehension and extension (in lesser evidence than on the longer excursions) and a fine grasp of the entire history of the black ethos in music. *Tenor #2* is harmonically large, and echoes the pronouncements of Albert Ayler, whom McPhee has studied thoroughly. A certain tonal, melodic level is established from the start as he faintly blows air through his horn, readying himself for the rhythmic shape with which the piece deals, simply passionate with the anticipatory conviction conveyed.

Vol. II of this set opens with a John Coltrane dedicated *Anamorphosis*, again with strong Aylerish markings. Because of this, the melodic line is done line justice; this work is distinctive, too, for it possesses inklings of a linearly conceived musical process as opposed to a purely horizontal statement. Going from middle register broken lyricism to upper register harmonic flurries and microtonal explorations, it reveals the saxist’s research into the peculiarities of his horn.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of McPhee’s work is that, unlike many of his predecessors, he’s almost accomplished the control of strange sound areas of his horn, as well as the *sondual* predications they imply thematically—allowing somewhat residual sounds to be fully realized as legitimate themes.

*Trumpet* (a study for tenor saxophone as well) occasions further serious minded listening. After McPhee exhausts the tonal space the trumpet is capable of consuming for this melodically elongated piece, he plays on tenor the now extremely concentrated sound area, then returns to bristling trumpet and the crisp, texturally elusive arena which the work emphatically promotes.

*Graphics 2/4* (for tenor) has the same rhythmic levels to develop that *Graphics 3/4* (for soprano) explored. The idea has been alluded to above; listen intently to this energized canvas of formalist concerns.

Finally, *Variations On A Blue Line: Round Midnight* (also taped live in Paris, a few months after *Graphics*) makes clear how McPhee solves the tonal problems he makes for himself. The performance showcases an “artistic” attempt at solving technical ambiguities. *Beansstalk*, side one, is an abstract improv off a simple blues, not explicit in the piece’s beginning, but a focal point of the sax playing, which emerges later. *Motian Studies* is a discourse for soprano, in much the same strained areas of sound. More microtonally and spatially arranged, it features a gorgeously obtuse episode that is masterfully employed. Also quite attractive is its lyrical sequence slowly progressing toward an elusive, almost unobtainable melodic settling.

*Variations . . . After A Theme For Knox* displays McPhee’s demarcation from other players: though heavily influenced by the blues impulse, he still tries to elaborate on tonal and rhythmic ambiguity that most players of his persuasion would bypass. Monk’s classic, the closing work, is given a sensitive, nearly sentimental reading that retains an armed guard at the gates of romanticism. More than any other *Round Midnight* I’ve heard lately, McPhee’s points out why Mr. T. is such a genius.

McPhee’s already built an impressive oeuvre, and seems to be growing toward a workable technique of allowing his harmonic overtones to lead to new areas. I look forward to his future creations.

—riggins



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# BLINDFOLD TEST



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## LEW TABACKIN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"It's about time!"—that was the reaction in some musical circles when, after several years of growing acceptance for the Akiyoshi/Tabackin orchestra but relatively little poll action for its brilliant co-leader, Lew Tabackin won his first individual award, as No. 1 flutist in the **db** Critics Poll (Aug. '80).

For some time it has been evident that Tabackin has been ready for recognition on this level. With his French model William S. Haynes flute made of solid 14 karat gold (it cost him \$6,850 in 1974 and is estimated to be worth three times that much today), Tabackin has brought to the instrument a classic character equaled in jazz circles only by Hubert Laws.

On tenor (and he has been rising steadily in that section of the polls around the world), Lew plays a Selmer Mark VI, gold plated, with an Otto Link no. eight mouthpiece and a 3½ Rico reed. From this horn he extracts sounds, lines and concepts that constitute a fascinatingly powerful contrast to the delicacy of his flute work.

Although he once shared a test with Toshiko (**db** 1/29/76), this was Tabackin's first solo Blindfold. He was given no information about the records played.

**1. JAMES MOODY.** *You Got To Pay* (from *The Blues And Other Colors*, Milestone). Moody, flute; Tom McIntosh, arranger, conductor.

It's kind of a curious record; it sounded like something that might have been done in the late '50s. The flute playing is kind of nondescript. It's typical of a certain style of playing—when I grew up, that's the way everybody played, and it turned me off at times. The pitch is very sharp. I really don't relate to that style of playing. It's kind of "cute."

That was a style that tried to set a jazz flute tradition, but I don't think it worked. I can't imagine who it could be... one of 20 different people—we all sounded like that in the 1950s, and the '60s. When I grew up that's the way the flute sounded.

The arrangement wasn't too interesting, and the voices were a little bit shaky, intonation-wise. It's just not my type of record. I'd give that a rating of three. (Later: James Moody? I really admire him; there are certain things he can do that no one else can. But that one, anyone could have done it.)

**2. WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA.** *Giant Steps* (from *Giant Steps*, Fantasy). John Coltrane, composer; Bill Stapleton, arranger; Ed Soph, drums; Frank Tiberi, Greg Herbert, tenor saxophones.

That of course is *Giant Steps* done by a big band, probably Woody Herman. It's a difficult tune, and it was difficult when it was written, around the early '60s. People haven't really got it very much more together; no one has probably improved it. Coltrane was fighting with it, too, but he did it much better.

There's a conflict in the tune and the chart. The chart has a more 1950-'60s white big band feel, which is kind of a contradiction. Also the arrangement is very consonant and the feeling is very basic, and there's a kind of little freakout towards the end, which sounded out of context.

So, it's a hard tune—everybody's trying to keep above water. It doesn't sound like much is being said; it's more effect than substance. But it's basically well played, the band's very together. Just for execution, I'd give it three stars.

**3. ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO.** 597-59 (from *Nice Guys*, ECM). Joseph Jarman, composer; Jarman or Roscoe Mitchell, alto sax; Malachi Favors Maghostus, bass.

I kinda like the head, which was reminiscent of some of Ornette's stuff. It went downhill on the alto solo. I didn't think much happened: a lot of squeaking and squawking and not any real playing.

It's very difficult to comment about certain types of music, but I still feel that a certain amount of dues have to be paid, a certain amount of work in learning how to produce a sound, to deal with some traditional materials. So, I couldn't get much out of the alto solo. I liked the sound of the bass—a nice, woody sound, and I like the stuff behind the bass. The intonation was exotic; it was charming, I liked it.

If you can separate the composition from the alto solo, I think it's a pretty listenable piece. Overall, three and a half stars.

**4. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS.** *Forever Lasting* (from *New Life*, A&M/Horizon). Recorded 1975. Thad Jones, composer, flugelhorn; Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Qiques, Lou Marini, Greg Herbert, flutes; Pepper Adams, baritone sax.

That was Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. I think it's some later stuff, maybe trying to be a little more commercial; it sounded like Thad was trying for some light music. It also sounded like the band hadn't been playing that tune too long—maybe it was written for the recording session. There's a little bit of uncertainty in the woodwind section.

It's not the greatest thing Thad has ever written, but still there are moments of great beauty, and he's quite a unique player. He hasn't been given credit as a player, which may be his own fault, because there are times he didn't play as much as he should have.

As far as the woodwind thing, it's written pretty much the way he has been doing it, usually two flutes and a couple of clarinets. It's a lot different from the way Toshiko handles woodwinds. Thad more emphasizes the melody; in the woodwinds it's a little bit lighter color. It's very fascinating. I always enjoyed it, sometimes I even had to play clarinet in Thad's section... I mostly subbed in the band; I made a couple of trips. I moved to New York in '65; the band had just started, and they started sending me in. It was great experience.

I don't think adding all the french horns and all that, I don't think it really adds anything. It makes it a little more palatable to the non-jazz fan maybe...

I'm getting stuck into this three and a half stars rating.

**5. HUBERT LAWS.** *Airegin* (from *In The Beginning*, CTI). Laws, flute, piccolo; Steve Gadd, drums.

That was Hubert, I'm sure, playing *Airegin*. It was, as usual, technically superb. Sometimes when the flute is played through an amplifier, or reproduced other than just through a microphone, it loses some of the intimacy and warmth of the instrument. It tends to sound like any electronic instrument, could be a keyboard. The sound doesn't have a chance to generate.

It makes it nice to record, clean sounding, and it eliminates a lot of the noise in the air; but also you miss some of the humanity. If you're playing a wind instrument, there's a certain noise, certain turbulence, certain energy that I like to hear. You don't get to hear that with electronics. That's a personal point of view.

Technically, like I said, it's just super. Emotionally, it's another thing. So, if I had to rate it for technique and execution, I'd have to give it five. I think that's basically what he was trying to do, to project that virtuosity, and he certainly did that.

Hubert's standard is very high. It's remarkable that he keeps his standard that high. I'd like to hear a little bit more humanity—I shouldn't say less perfect, but just more human.

Piccolo is a difficult instrument to execute. He started out on piccolo on this record, then switched to flute, then back to play the head on piccolo. He did an excellent job of playing piccolo. It's a strange instrument, because you really can't practice it.

**6. HANK MOBLEY.** *You Gotta Hit It* (from *Thinking Of Home*, Blue Note Classic). Recorded 1970. Mobley, tenor sax; Woody Shaw, trumpet; Eddie Diehl, guitar; Cedar Walton, piano; Mickey Bass, bass; Leroy Williams, drums.

I don't know who that was. It sounded like they were in the studio and couldn't hear each other. The rhythm section was really unsettled, uncomfortable.

I was trying to recognize the tenor player; there was a touch of Hank Mobley, maybe a little Rollins... The piano player had a nice touch. I don't know who the trumpet player was; he played very well. But I didn't get much out of it.

It's probably somebody I should know! I'd give that about three stars, maybe two and a half.

**7. SAM RIVERS.** *Involution* (from *Involution*, Blue Note Reissue) Recorded 1967. Rivers, James Spaulding, flutes.

I didn't get anything out of that record! In my personal view, to overcome a lack of really getting a sound out of an instrument, you might be preoccupied with tone, but if you're gonna play without good strong sound and control, you have to be very strong musically. I mean something really extraordinarily musical has to happen, to where the listener is not missing the lack of control of the instrument.

It can be done; music can be exciting without the player being a great instrumentalist. But this is just rambling... No one has spent enough time with the instrument, to develop the ability to play meaningfully. It's kind of an amateurist approach.

Both the flutists sounded pretty much alike. The second one's entrance is a little stronger. One star.

**8. COLEMAN HAWKINS.** *Maria* (from *Coleman Hawkins*, Time-Life Giants of Jazz). Recorded 1957. Hawkins, Ben Webster, tenor saxes.

That's amazing; even in the ensembles, you know who's playing, right away: Hawkins and Ben Webster. It's a beautiful example of the contrast in style of Hawkins and Webster. Hawkins is the intellectual, he's probing, very adventurous; he's always stretching. And Ben Webster is just beautifully rhapsodic, melodic, just so warm. I never heard this record before; it's beautiful!

This points out—and I don't want to sound like an old fart, because no one expects players to sound the same way today—but there's a certain integrity that you hear that seems to be missing in a lot of newer music. It's just a question of spending the time and energy and discipline to develop tools for expression. This record is simply a five star record, a stark example of how personal music can be.

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# PROFILE

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**CHARLES SULLIVAN**

BY LOFTON A. EMENARI III

**I** consider myself to be an improviser, and the role of an improviser is to be in complete command of the technical aspects of your instrument, knowledgeable about music itself, and also to be in touch with your own psyche, personality and emotions."

These are the words of 35 year old New York bred and based trumpeter Charles Sullivan, whose skillful technique and raw power makes him one of the most sought after trumpeters in the Apple. Trumpeter Woody Shaw, gifted in his own right, used Sullivan as the only other trumpeter on his Columbia LP *Woody III*.

Sullivan's present band has been turning heads in the jazz community. Working out of Sweet Basil and the Tin Place, the band includes young keyboardist Kenny Kirkland, drummer Keith Copeland and bassist Cecil McBee. "There's only one Cecil McBee; he's a special cat," Sullivan says of the veteran bassist. "I also try to get Onaje Allen Gumbs whenever he's available. This band is definitely a high point in my career."

Sullivan's career was kindled early, in a family in which his aunts, cousins, and other relatives were musically oriented. "I have two uncles who both play trumpet, Hubie and Herman James," he explained "I'd see them playing their horns all round the house. They both loved jazz and were Dizzy Gillespie fans."

At age ten, Sullivan took private lessons from his Uncle Hubie for two years, then stopped to further other interests. "When I got out of high school I got a day job and saw many realities of life. Soon I made the decision to actively pursue music. I wanted to express myself and possibly excel at this so I could have a better perspective of myself," the trumpeter says.

After resuming lessons with his uncle (six months of extensive study) he auditioned for the Manhattan School of Music. During his study there, Sullivan worked with his uncle's bands and began a long connection with various Off Broadway productions such as *The Exception And The Rule* and *The Prodigal Son*. He graduated from the conservatory with a B.A. in 1967.

The climate of the late '60s was one of anti-war marches, sit-ins and the new music, of which Sullivan says, "In retrospect, I was still naive as to what was happening with Miles and Trane. I was aware, but not totally, and during this time I got a call from black choreographer Donald McKayle to tour Europe for five months. I jumped at the chance and it was a memorable experience, but it took me to a long path of jobs further and further away from the music I wanted to be a part of."

Upon his return to New York he landed a brief stay with Lionel Hampton's big band. Sullivan remembers, "This was my first 'big time jazz' gig. Hampton was at a stage in his career where he was doing many commercial and corny gigs. I didn't feel a part of the music, but I also saw the gain that could be made, and the ripoffs, too. It was my indoctrination into the real business end of the music."

Times got lean after the stay with Hampton. "Until that point I had always managed to remain busy," said Sullivan, "but now I was down and almost out. One day I took a walk down to the Apollo Theatre to ask the house band leader, the late Ruben Phillips, for a job. He could have just thrown me out of his office, but he took me seriously. In two weeks I was working, which led to the eventual hook-up with Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble. That group was incredible: George Adams [tenor], George Cables [piano], Miroslav Vitous [bass], Roy and myself. I left the group to do some Off Broadway things, and soon that band recorded with Hannibal Peterson replacing me. That's happened to me before: as soon as I would leave, the group would record. It got to be sort of a running joke."

During 1970, after freelancing around New York with small groups and plays, Sullivan received a call from Count Basie to play lead trumpet on a short but rewarding tour. Shortly thereafter, he met pianist Lonnie Liston Smith and joined the pianist's original Cosmic Echoes. Smith and Sullivan met at a one time concert at Harlem's Countee Cullen Library under the direction of Andrew Cyrille. "Andrew was leader along with Sam Rivers on reeds, Smith at the piano and myself." The trumpeter laments that "the concert was never recorded, and I got some good reviews—one from Bill Cole of **down beat**. We played some of Sam's music and Andrew's too. Everyone played well; it was a magic night."

Steadily the jazz gigs started to open up, although the trumpeter continued his Off Broadway ventures such as Melvin Van Pee-

bles' *Ain't 'Spose To Die A Natural Death*. Sullivan sustained himself in various musical settings: with Norman Connors, Billy Taylor's Jazzmobile ensemble, and the Mike Mantler/Carla Bley JCOA big band. He soon recorded with Panamanian tenorist Carlos Garnett and South African pianist Dollar Brand.

Another key to Sullivan's career was his associations with saxophonist Sonny Fortune. They played together periodically over a span of five years. "I first met Sonny when I was with Hampton's band and he was with Mongo Santamaria. We casually said hello and goodbye. We didn't see each other 'til six years later when I was in a club called McHale's," says the trumpeter. "Bassist Earl May had a quartet there and Sonny came down to sit in. He played magnificently, to say the least! I hadn't seen anyone play that hard and that committed in a while. I was so overwhelmed by his performance, and I told him so. Two years later we were both members of the Collective Black Artist Guild and he approached me with the idea of forming that first quintet.

"It's been about two years since we played together last. We both have led our own groups, but there was that certain chemistry going on that was missing in other bands I've played in. I haven't talked to Sonny about it, but I'm sure he feels the same way. To play with Sonny is something special for me. A lot of creation and great inspiration came out of all of the members of that band."

Fortune and Sullivan soon decided jointly to make the move to the now defunct Strata-East Records, which issued Sullivan's first recorded effort, *Genesis* and Fortune's *Long Before Our Mothers Cried*. Two more releases followed under Fortune's leadership on the ill-fated Horizon label (*Awakening* and *Waves Of Dreams*). The union of the pair would soon end in a nationwide tour in autumn, '78. "Those albums were good," said Sullivan, "but I don't think they captured the trueness of the group, the intensity." The trumpeter also recorded an LP for the Japanese label Why Not, but copies are scarce even to Sullivan.

Since '78, Charles Sullivan has worked at his craft and has tried to shed the "New Trumpet Star" image. Outside of his small group he runs a big band, Black Legacy, where he showcases his compositions and arrangements (*Native Dancer Suite* and *African Images*) and new untapped musicians in the greater New York area. Woody Shaw describes Sullivan as "an intellectual and strong trumpet player." Commenting on his role in the current music scene, Sullivan says, "If any situation presents itself to me, I'd like to be able to handle it even if it's not within my direct area of interest. Bop is the most highly developed music in world history, and to me a challenge. It's something that I'd like to accomplish. I don't feel I can compare right now to the masters: Dizzy, Brown, Fats and Lee Morgan, the cats who lived it." He explained further, "I'm not so much interested in preserving bebop as it was, but expanding on it. I may not do it alone—the music is full enough so that many can add to its growth and development. It may not take another Bird or another Trane but a collective group effort. Nothing can happen without this element, and I'd like to think of myself as being part of that community of musicians working towards that development."



## MIKE GARSON

BY LEE UNDERWOOD



Backed by electric bassist Jamie Faunt and drummer Mike Jochum on the raised stage at Two Dollar Bill's in Hollywood, Mike Garson sat at the acoustic grand piano smiling beatifically as he whirled through a technically mind-boggling medley of Gershwin songs—*Rhapsody In Blue*, *Summertime*, *It Ain't Necessarily So*, *I Got Rhythm*.

From the dense, incredibly volatile opening, through all of the transitions and movements of the convoluted, improvised "suite," he took us on a journey that encompassed at least 50 years of American jazz and 100 years of European classical music.

He transformed *Over The Rainbow* in a fashion that would have pleased Art Tatum, Bud Powell and Lenny Tristano: extravagant arpeggios with both hands, oblique chordal substitutions, startling shifts of dynamics, fiery bass lines with the left hand. Sometimes he alluded to the melodic theme; at other times he utilized it only as a springboard for surrealistic improvisational explorations reminiscent of Chopin, Debussy or Rachmaninoff.

His *Jewish Blues*, a hilarious boogie woogie spoof, both entertained and impressed. It was funny. Mike Garson's musical sense of humor is a terrific upper—the title of another of his songs, for example, is *A Classical Improvisation, With Jazz Flavoring And A Touch Of Jewish, In D-Minor*. As well, *Jewish Blues* was historical—taking us back to Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis in the '40s. And it was contemporary—massive block chords alternating with atonal streams of Cecil Taylor runs.

In fact, throughout the Two Dollar Bill set, and throughout his debut unaccompanied solo album, *Avant Garson* (Contemporary 14003), Mike Garson proves himself to a master in several areas. He displays a thorough knowledge of the classical giants, a thorough knowledge of American jazz, and a thorough knowledge of the elusive art of improvisation. He brings all of these elements into a new light through his personal, unique vision.

Born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1945, Garson said, "Any lick or feel you recognize as one of my influences, I recognize, too. I love all of

my influences, hide none of them, utilize them whenever I feel them, and enjoy my own evolution as a creative artist.

"I have perfect pitch in relation to the piano. I can hear all of the notes, even eight or ten in a cluster, and can identify and duplicate them. When I was 16, for example, I saw Arthur Rubenstein at Carnegie Hall and remembered everything he did in the encores.

"When I listen, I listen primarily to the intention. I don't want to play like another musician, but if there are intentions I like, then why not incorporate them. That's how we learn. Once you make an idea your own, it's your idea.

"I practiced six to eight hours a day on new compositions for *Avant Garson*. As it turned out, I didn't use any of them. I threw it all away and improvised the album. We recorded it at Chick Corea's house. I tried the rehearsed material, but it was too difficult, too analytical, and I hadn't made it my own yet. Chick said, 'Just play.' So I threw everything away and just played.

"This being my first solo album, I had a strong desire to put a lot of music on it. A month later, in Australia, I recorded another solo album, a much calmer album. On *Avant Garson*, I had just finished playing two million notes, so in Australia I played only a million."

Garson is new as a solo artist, but well known as a sideman. At seven, he began studying classical piano; at 14, he began playing in the Catskills during the summers, backing such notables as Mel Torme, Nancy Wilson and Gloria Loring. At seventeen, he studied with the late Lennie Tristano, moving on over the years to the late Hall Overton, Bill Evans, Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea. In the early '70s, he gigged with the rock group Brethren, recorded with Annette Peacock, and later gigged and recorded with Stanley Clarke (*Modern Man*, *I Wanna Play For You*).

From 1972-1974, before moving to Los Angeles with his wife of 12 years and his two daughters, he played, toured, and recorded several LPs with David Bowie. "There is an album called *Alladin Sane* (RCA-AFL 1-4852) on which I played this wild, crazy piano solo, very much like *Avant Garson* on the record, superimposing that on a very basic English rock beat. That solo had a lot to do with the success of *Alladin*, which went platinum."

He toured with Bowie for two years. "After playing for 20,000 people a night, getting constant praise, recording on gold and platinum albums and making a lot of money, I should have been happy, but I wasn't. I was miserable. Why? Because I had disconnected from my earlier successful actions. What were they? Practicing. Good old practicing. I had stopped practicing.

"Now I practice every day, and when I play my own music at Two Dollar Bill's or some other club for 300 people, I'm happier than when I was on the road playing somebody else's music in front of 20,000 people. And now the album gives me national exposure. It's a good beginning.

"I'm sticking to my own goals. I'm not going to deviate anymore. My goal is to raise the aesthetic level on the planet, to make people happier, to de-stimulate the garbage from the workaday world, to let them get off on the music, the beautiful melodies, the crazy two-handed runs, my sense of humor, whatever it is that they find in my music to

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enjoy. All I want to do is raise the basic level, the basic tone of the people, to help revitalize peoples' purposes."

For 18 years now, Garson has been a private teacher as well as a performer. "Guys come to me feeling intimidated about improvisation. They think they will never be able to do it. I have put musical knowledge into an order. In a few months they are improvising. If they are willing to learn, willing to practice, they can do it. I don't promise they'll become Art Tatum, but they will play themselves.

"Step one is technical. They have to know their instrument. Step two is studying the history of their music. If they're studying jazz, for example, they go through Louis Armstrong, Art Tatum, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, etc. Many jazz solos are notated in books now, so they can study the solos; the best way, however, is to transcribe them yourself, which develops the ear.

"A lot of players are afraid that if they study somebody else, they will lose their own identity. So you teach them how to originate their own solos. After that, I have them play with other musicians, where they can try their stuff out in a safe space, where they can make mistakes without being put down. Eventually, the musician is playing and improvising and having a wonderful time." (For teaching info write Susan Garson, Chick Corea Productions, 5850 Hollywood Blvd.,

Hollywood, Cal. 90028, or call (213) 463-2303.)

One of the most impressive aspects of Garson's playing is his prodigious technical command of the piano, and yet, "For the last ten years, I have been afraid to do a solo album, because I was afraid I didn't have enough technique. I've even had considerations about *Avant Garson*, afraid that it wasn't 'good' enough. That gets to the point of insanity, because, compared to other albums, there is plenty of technique. In my own head I was saying, 'Well, maybe it's not as smooth as Tatum was.'

"I was not recognizing several important factors. I'm a student of L. Ron Hubbard's. He asks the question: How good does a work of art have to be in order to be good? He narrows it down to technical expertise that is adequate enough to produce an emotional impact. The quality of the art is its quality of communication. Emotional impact and quality of communication are fundamental.

"So I looked again at my own album. Does it communicate? Yes. Does it have emotional impact? Yes. Does it have technique. Yes.

"I was shooting, you see, for an imaginary perfection, which is the wrong target. The target is to communicate. You make the technique as high as possible, without superceding what you're out there for: to reach those people, to transport them up or down, to move them, to do something with them. In these respects, I think *Avant Garson* succeeds." db

# CAUGHT!

## FRANK SINATRA

CARNEGIE HALL  
NEW YORK CITY

**Personnel:** Frank Sinatra, vocals; Vincent Falcone, piano, musical director; Gene Chericco, bass; Charles Turner, lead trumpet; Irv Cottler, drums; Tony Mottola, guitar; with 75 piece orchestra.

Former *down beat* editor Dave Dexter writes about Frank Sinatra in his autobiography *Playback*, "He was almost euphoric in describing his pleasure in working with the James band and appearing for the first time in Chicago. He also was flattered that someone from *down beat* would seek him out.

"The only other writer I've ever talked with was a guy named Simon with *Metronome*. He said he would give me a break in the next issue."

"George T. Simon did. His complimentary notice of Sinatra's high baritone contributions to the James band beat mine out by a month. They were the first notices Sinatra ever got in national publications."

It's over 40 years since Frank Sinatra was "flattered" that *db* would come looking for him—the 1980 Sinatra declined the offer. No interviews to the press. Period.

Frank Sinatra has been in a peculiar situation for his entire career, but no more peculiar than since coming out of his much publicized retirement of eight years ago. In the past year alone Frankie has been lauded on the tube on the occasion of his 40th anniversary in the biz, appeared as Grand Marshal of

the Columbus Day and Rose Bowl Parades, begun work on his first movie in years, sung numerous weekends in Atlantic City, released the schizophrenic triple album, *Trilogy*, and, most remarkable of all, packed Carnegie Hall for a 13 night engagement—selling out 40,000 seats at a top price of \$35.

It is hard to tell what to make of Sinatra at this stage of his career. He has treated us to some glaringly poor taste over the last few years, like playing Madison Square Garden like the coming of the messiah—but a messiah with a tired voice that strained and cracked and wheezed. His taste in songs was questionable as he floundered for a young audience which he felt that he had to reach to. He was wrong. The audience came to him as they have for four decades. Carnegie Hall was filled with babies who boomed long after the bobby soxers had left the Paramount. And they didn't want to hear *Bad, Bad Leroy Brown*: they wanted Sinatra to sing his songs—the songs of Sammy Cahn and Cole Porter and Harold Arlen. This night, for a full hour and a half, he obliged.

Sergio Mendes was used as a get-your-seats opener. He and his Brasil '88 played their South American pap—formless, gutless lounge music.

A surprisingly thin Sinatra entered from the side as the 75 or so musicians waited quietly. No introduction, no fanfare. He waited for the ovation to fade before going right into Nelson Riddle's finger popping arrangement of *World On A String*.

The first thing one notices is that Sinatra's voice is back in control. He has lowered his range a bit, and his crisp attack couldn't be more on the mark. The highs and the lows were intact and, if Sinatra has sounded any better in his career, it certainly hasn't been in the past 15 years.



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Quincy Jones' mid-tempo version of *The Best Is Yet To Come* followed, Sinatra crooning the lyric with sly irony. The man is so cool, so professional, so sure of himself—he is the paragon of the entertainer. He worked the orchestra and the audience with an assured twist of the pinky.

The voice soared through *Lady Is A Tramp*, but the best was yet to come—the ballads. *When Your Lover Has Gone* went down like chocolate mousse, the bottom of Sinatra's voice having grown more velvety and sonorous of late.

Between numbers Sinatra chatted with the audience—wisely announcing the names of songwriters and arrangers, graciously nodding to Tony Bennett and Sylvia Sims, and tastelessly knocking Rex Reed and Eddie Fisher. There is also something somewhat repugnant about his superhip attitude. The lyric of George Harrison's *Something* (no bargain to begin with) was altered so "Don't want to leave her now" became "Ain't gonna leave her now," and "Just stick around now, it may grow" was changed to "Just stick around, Jack, it may grow". "Ain't" and "Jack" reveal that slap-on-the-back-winking attitude that some find appealing. I find it appealing in cheap movies about cheap people; it's part of the tough, manly Sinatra persona, and it ain't gonna leave now, Jack.

*Got You Under My Skin* bubbled like a cauldron. I would love to give Sinatra to Norman Granz for a year or two and hear him pop with a red hot rhythm section and, say, Zoot Sims. There are always rumors of a Sinatra/Ella album and such, but they never seem to materialize.

The bland, silly *Summer Me, Winter Me* was given an overblown treatment before Sinatra came home and did a couple of saloon songs (saloon songs for Sinatra, torch songs for Mabel Mercer). *Street Of Dreams* was taken at an easy four before he sat down, lit a cigarette and purred *The Man That Got Away* and a heartbreaking, exquisite *It Never Entered My Mind* with just piano.

*It Had To Be You* featured only rhythm and Charles Turner's trumpet obligato a la Bobby Hackett or Sweets Edison. Oh, it's good to hear these songs sung. *Send In The Clowns* was performed only with Tony Mottola's spanish guitar. This was the version that Stephen Sondheim wrote for *A Little Night Music*, not the large, lush versions of Judy Collins or Sarah Vaughan. The tempo and feeling were reminiscent of starlight and martinis.

*Come Fly With Me* flew with punch and zest; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry* was sad and poignant; *You And Me* was damp and dim. There are better songs than the latter, Frank, you're just not looking hard enough.

The finale couldn't have been better staged by Busby Berkeley. Sinatra roared through a roller coaster *The Song Is You*, hitting the final note and hanging on to it for dear life. Bam, Bam!! And then it was the closer—his newest theme, *Theme From New York, New York*. It's as if the damn thing was written for Sinatra. He works the song like a piece of Play-doh, building to a climax which could have used fireworks.

Start spreading the news—Frank Sinatra is still here, is secure on the pinnacle. With less frequent lapses of taste and more frequent dippings into his songs, Sinatra will find that his new audience is just as loyal and just as anxious as the old to hear the best pop tunes from the best pop singer.

—lee jeske

## ONE MO' TIME

THE VILLAGE GATE  
NEW YORK CITY

**Personnel:** Performers: Sylvia Kuumba Williams, Thais Clark, Peggy Alston, Bruce Strickland, John Stell; Musicians: Joyce Brown, piano; Orange Kellin, clarinet; Clay Burt, drums; John Buckingham, tuba; Dick Vance, trumpet

In the 1920s, black vaudevillians often played the T.O.B.A. circuit, theatres in the South booked by the Theatre Owners Booking Agency (often called the Tough On Black Asses circuit by the performers). There were theatres in Atlanta, Memphis and New Orleans, but most were in small towns along the way. The dream was to play "white time" in Chicago or New York and some, like Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters, even became stars on Broadway. Most of the performers ended up somewhere on the road.

*One Mo' Time: An Evening Of 1920s Black Vaudeville* celebrates the spirit of black vaudeville, a spirit that endured even when there wasn't much money, when the dream was hopeless, and when the audience was often violent. As re-created and directed by Vernel Bagneris, it's a typical night (on stage and off) at one of the better theatres on the T.O.B.A. circuit, the Lyric in New Orleans. Some of the songs (*He's Funny That Way, Everybody Loves My Baby, Tiger Rag*) have endured through the years; others were resurrected.

Backstage, the squabbles are timeless, and no different than the squabbles on Broadway: a love triangle, the manager trying to cheat the performers, the performers trying to steal the show. Sylvia Kuumba Williams plays Big Bertha, the star, a giant of a woman. Bertha's songs are often downright carnal, like *Kitchen Man*: "How that boy can open clams! No one else can touch my hams!" When she sings *You've Got The Right Key But The Wrong Key Hole*, she opens her black gown as if unveiling a monument of quivering chocolate.

Bruce Strickland, standing in for Bagneris, played Papa Du, the good-looking crooner, his smile a Klieg light, his sloe eyed style relentless. Even when he's called upon to sing a "coon" song in black face, he's cool. Peggy Alston plays Bertha's rival (in the show and for Papa Du), but Thais Clark steals the show as an old timer. Whether she's singing the blues or stumbling through an exotic dance, Clark is a diamond in the rough. The offstage insults are razor edged, but no one cuts better than Clark. When she sings *After You've Gone*, it's in funeral style: a lament at first, then she struts her stuff as if there's no tomorrow.

All of the women have powerful voices, loud enough to fill the house with sound, the way Bessie Smith's must have in the years before microphones. Thais Clark almost overpowers the musicians, the New Orleans Serenaders, but they swing on through the night. Dick Vance, standing in for Jabbo Smith the night I attended, even stopped the show to *Shake That Thing*.

*One Mo' Time* is a great show all around and at the end, when the cast sings *There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight*, the New Orleans feeling is so great that you want to second line out the theatre, then do it one mo' time.

—michael bourne

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## THE 8TH ANNUAL db HAPPENING

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The NAMM Int'l Music & Sound Expo (the convention and trade show of the National Association of Music Merchants) is a musician's delight every year. This year the Expo occupied two vast floors of Chicago's cavernous McCormick Place, providing a visual and auditory treat as members of the music industry talked business, admired new products and flashed on the new instruments displayed. And a highlight of every summer's NAMM is the **down beat** Happening.

A capacity house, one of the largest ever for a Happening, lent a festive atmosphere to the show, hosted by db's Dr. William L. Fowler. It opened with an energetic set by the Northern Illinois University Jazz Ensemble, "outstanding performance award" winners in this year's *deebie* awards, led by Ron Modell. They offered a lusty sample of the directions of today's stage bands, showcasing original compositions by member musicians ranging from neo-Kenton forays to flights in the heavy weather of electronic fusion. Their rhythmically varied performance—many players doubled on percussion—featured an exciting soprano sax soloist, and the band as a whole exhibited a precise control of dynamics. The set climaxed in an ethereal *The Sea Urchin*, a long, complex composition by drum-

mer Vern Spevak, who took a long solo on his Slingerlands—Spevak has learned the lessons of Louis Bellson and Buddy Rich well.

From "Right on!" to "Bravo!", the next act was a total contrast: Argentine classical guitarist Jorge Morel, sponsored by Aranjuez strings. An impeccable musician, Morel exhibited his virtuosity on South American folk melodies and his popular medley of tunes from *West Side Story*, strutting his sense of humor in the Leonard Bernstein selections. A virtuoso even without electronic aid, Morel's sensitive interpretations won over the crowd, who responded with a standing ovation. After his encore, Morel, who ordinarily shuns even microphones, was heard complimenting the Happening's sound system, and indeed, the reproduction quality was, in the lingo of the trade, "transparent"—the ultimate. Mikes by Electro-Voice, JBL speakers, mike stands by Atlas Sound, cables and paraphernalia by Whirlwind, instrument amps by Kustom, Rhodes 88 by CBS, and a Tapco mixing board operated by Rick Chin and Jim Lopprow, all coordinated by Jay Bridgewater, master Chicago sound engineer, and his crew.

The portion of the show sponsored by Music Technology, Inc. led off with Bob Wiley playing a guitar plugged into the Crumar Auto-Orchestra, a device which supplied the sounds of drums, bass, piano and strings for his bluesy offerings. And then it was fusion, as Tom Piggott played his mind boggling array of keyboard synthesizers from Crumar and Nyle Steiner played his EVI (Electronic Valve Instrument), featured in the film *Apocalypse Now*. Accompanied by Jim (drums) and Dave (guitar) Lee, Piggott and Steiner showed how far electronic technology has evolved in today's music: fast moving, hard rocking, with a big, aggressive sound, they wove their way

through works by Bach, the Beatles, and Jean-Luc Ponty.

A touch of whimsical humor arrived with a self-confessed "three-chord throwback," Larry Groce, performing for St. Louis Music Supply. Accompanying himself on an Alvarez-Yairi guitar, Groce sang a set of country/folk originals, including tunes he penned for Disney films and his own hit tribute to Twinkies, *Junk Food Junkie*. Groce's show was sparked by the rapid fire country licks of lead guitarist Bobby Caldwell.

Hohner's group featured George Mancini on a variety of electronic keyboards, with Bucky Barrett on guitar. Backed by George Breadie on drums, Barrett and Mancini exhibited a refreshing blend of taste and techniques, either trading chase lines in Miles Davis' *All Blues* or accompanying superb harmonica man Corrin Huddleston with soulful lines.

Jimmy Smith was in rare form on a set of wailing standards. His artistry is no secret, and as he wrung sounds from his futuristic Wersi Saturn organ, he seemed to become an extension of his instrument. Obviously delighted to play for the NAMM crowd, Smith really got down with hard driving, funky solos, accompanied by Kenny Dixon on drums.

Justus, New York's fast rising jazz-rock-soul-disco septet, brought the show to an explosive conclusion with their slick and professional set—literally, with a blast from a smoke bomb. Sponsored by D'Merle-D'Angelico, Justus was a visual delight with their stylish choreography, rousing the audience to its feet with an invitation to "get justified." Even Dr. Fowler was coaxed out onto the floor to shake a leg and boogie. A tired but happy throng filed out, planning to gather again same time, next year.

—leonard nowakowski



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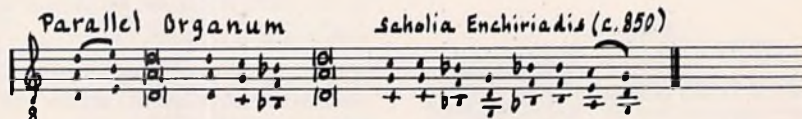
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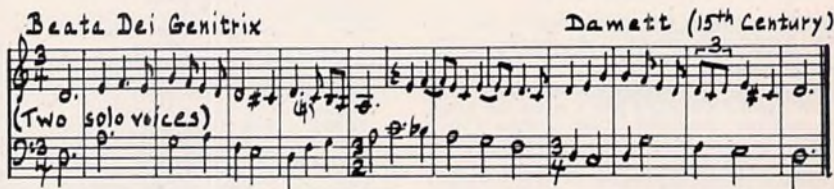
## COUNTER MELODY Part I

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

It took till nearly a thousand years after the birth of Christ for the music sages to espouse more than monody. And when they finally did pay attention to the possibilities of sounding more than one note at a time, they overlooked the chord accompaniment concept, searching instead for ways to make simultaneous melodies support one another. Their timid first efforts, though, yielded nothing more than duplications of the original melody in parallel octaves and fifths, those present day taboos of the theory classroom:



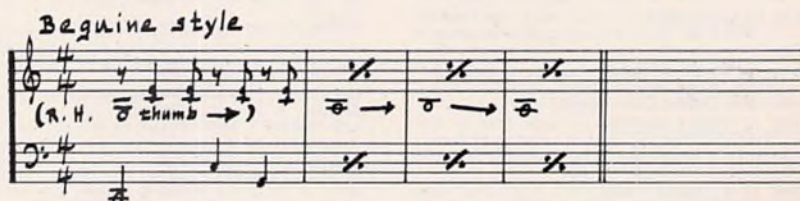
But with the monody monopoly finally broken, Medieval composers soon began to experiment, and as the Middle Ages waned, melodic independence gained:



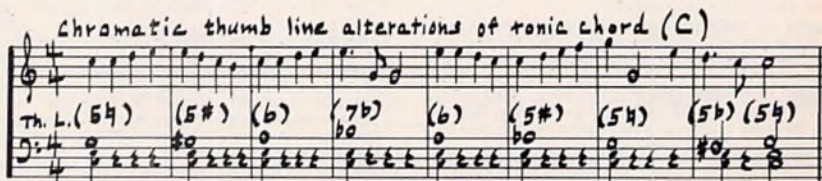
In Dantett's Dorian duet, the slower lower voice provides rhythmic stability against the upper syncopations and at the same time implies a harmonic framework for the upper melody.

Although actual chords rather than harmonic implications have long since become the principal means of supporting melody, countermelody continues to stabilize, to energize, and to beautify current music. It's the discant in children's charts, the clarinet and trombone parts in Dixieland out choruses, the unison sax or trumpet or trombone background lines in Swing. It's the vocal ballad sweetener; it's the piccolo sparkle in *Stars and Stripes Forever*; it's what turns *Moonglow* into *Picnic*.

One particularly simple and stable type of countermelody gets its nickname, *thumb line*, from the piano player's penchant for hitting and holding successive middle register notes with the thumb:

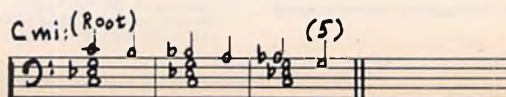


When the same chord root remains for several measures, chromatic thumb lines can give the illusion of harmonic progression. One very common such line moves between the fifth and an added flatted seventh on a Major triad:



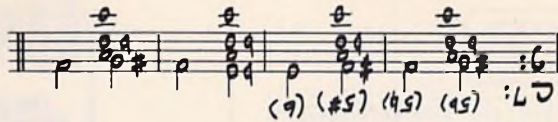
Most arrangements of *Love Nest*, *Louise*, and *String of Pearls* contain the above line.

Another chromatic thumb line moves down from the root to the added sixth on a minor triad:

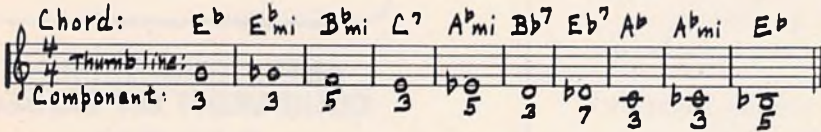


Most arrangements of *In a Sentimental Mood*, *My Funny Valentine*, and *What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life* contain this minor type.

Still another moves between a flatted fifth and an added sixth on a seventh chord:



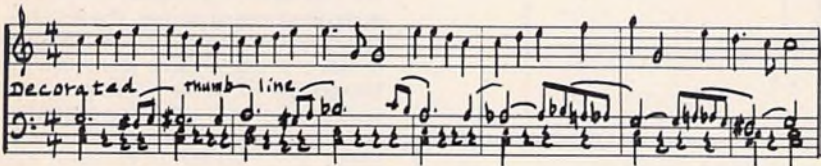
When chords change, natural voice leading supplies a ready made thumb line:



Suspensions along such natural voice leading allow extension of some sustained tones:



Since thumb lines constitute background for the principal melody, therefore needing no special prominence of their own, they normally consist of nothing more than sustained tones. But against such rhythmically innocuous melodies as the third example in this article, slight decorations may be advisable to enliven the total texture:



To express the more passive emotions—sadness, serenity, reverie, and the like—composers tend to use the thumb line sustained tone format for the melody itself. In such usage, melodic decoration helps focus attention on the line:



As an orchestral feature, thumb lines, whether countermelody or melody, add both color and clarity to the total texture when assigned to some solo instrument or unison section whose timbre contrasts against the tonal background—say a viola thumb line against a woodwind background, or a French horn against background strings.

While thumb lines retain much of their stabilizing influence in all but the very high and very low pitch registers, they prove most effective in the warm, yet not too thick or thin, octave or so immediately between middle C.

Part II of this article (db, November, '80) will discuss the other countermelody types. db

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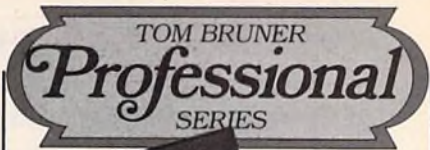
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# PRO SESSION

## AUDIO ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT ON EXHIBIT

By Larry Blakely



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

I would like to share with you some views from the recent Los Angeles convention of the Audio Engineering Society. The AES has three conventions each year: in New York (late Oct. or Nov.), in Los Angeles (early May), and in Europe (in Feb. or March). Ever since the invention of sound recording, energetic engineers have striven to reinvent the wheel, so to speak, to perfect the art of sound recording and reproduction. Over the years the AES conventions have exhibited the latest in sophisticated—and expensive—recording and sound equipment. The Los Angeles convention was the Society's 66th; this is the 15th year that I've been attending AES conventions.

First, let's recall the mid-'40s, when the tape recorder was a very new device, and most recording was still done in the time-honored way we now call "direct-to-disc." Actually, the bulk of recording activity then was of radio broadcasts; there were very few audio engineers or manufacturers of professional audio equipment. Most engineers were instructed to keep to themselves by the companies they worked for: "don't disclose our company's ideas." Nonetheless, these early audio engineers met socially, and discussed the recording art and the various types of necessary equipment. The exchange of ideas and information proved so valuable that they felt an organization should be formed to further the recording industry's interests in electronic engineering developments. So in 1947, the AES was formed; it was incorporated in 1953.

The first AES convention was in New York in 1949, for the purpose of offering papers on developments and advances in professional audio equipment design. That year, the first equipment exhibition had only three exhibitors, for few audio equipment manufacturers even existed. Over the years, then, every new breakthrough has been shown, demonstrated, and/or discussed in a technical paper at the AES conventions. Some of the more memorable innovations have included the Dolby A tape noise reduction system; the three, four, eight, 16, and 24 track tape recorders; more recently,

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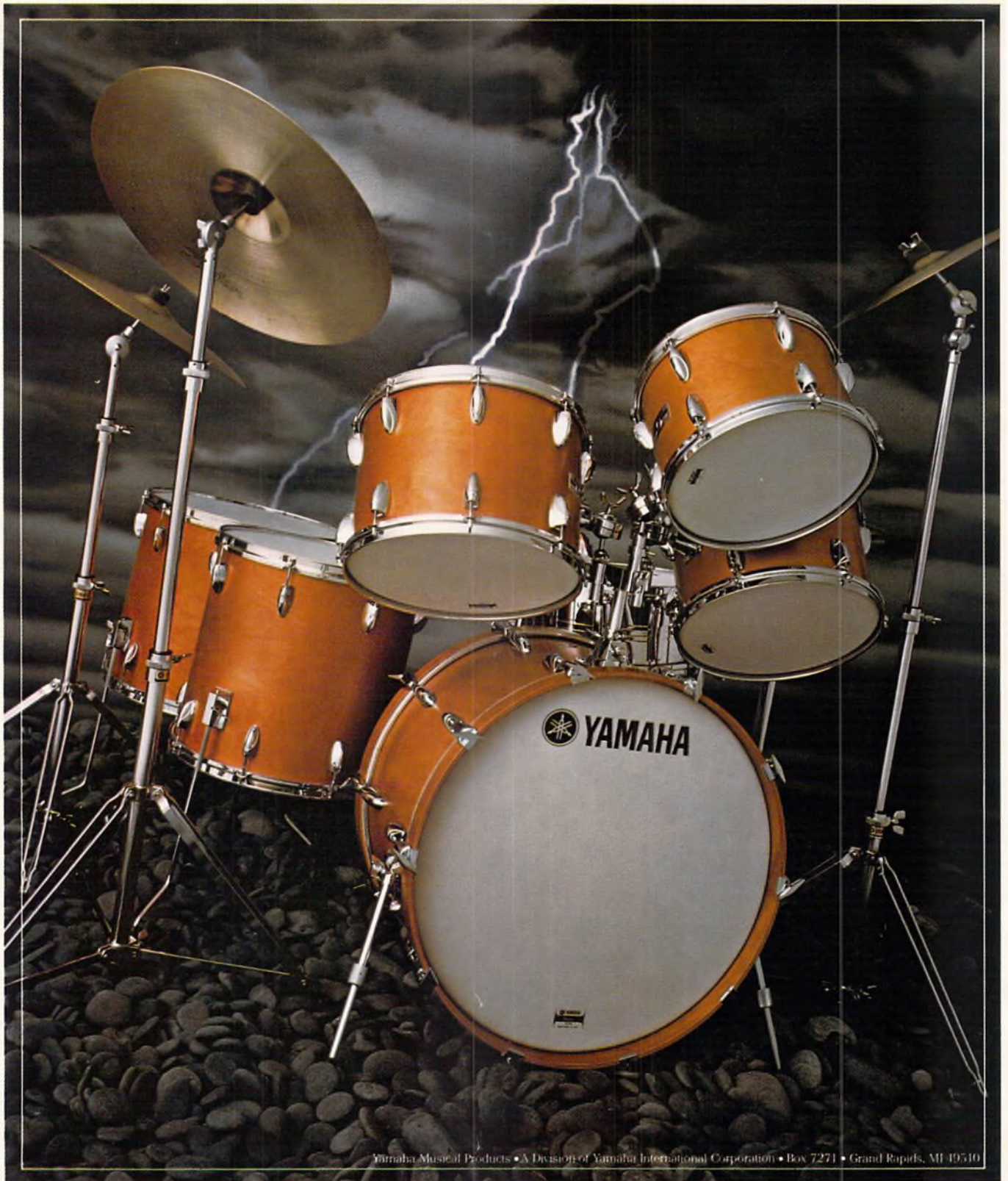


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professional digital tape recorders. Automated (computerized) mixdown equipment has been introduced, in various forms from add on systems (for existing consoles) to elaborate, fully automated recording consoles; signal processing devices such as compressor/limiters, equalizers, sibilance removers, and many other innovations have been introduced at the AES conventions.

There is a lot of excitement about digital recording equipment these days (see *Music 80* and *Pro Session*, db Aug. '80). Moreover, there are various types of signal processing devices that incorporate digital signal processing techniques such as delay lines and reverbification systems. The 3-M company currently has a 32 track and four track digital tape recording system for sale or for hire—take your pick. Sony has a few either two or four track professional digital machines in use, and Soundstream has a digital system for hire. Companies such as MCI and Ampex have made commitments to digital, but have not yet introduced machines to the recording industry.

It is important to point out that none of the existing machines are compatible with each other; apparently, none of the other machines in the works are compatible with those that already exist, either. A standard recording format will determine the tape size and number of tape tracks on a given tape width, digital sampling rate, tape speed, etc. Before digital tape recording can become a major factor in the professional recording industry, it will be necessary to standardize a recording format. Why? Because recording studio owners will not purchase these expensive recorders when it's impossible to take a tape to other studios to do additional types of recording, mixdown, or disc mastering.

It is my opinion that everyone is far too excited at this time. The digital recording process is very new, there is no hope for standardization on the immediate horizon, and some machines are still having failure problems. It is my feeling that the widespread use of professional audio digital tape recording is some 3 to 5 years down the road. I have not yet mentioned the price of the large multi-track digital tape recorders: they are in the \$150,000 range.

Some of the more interesting exhibits were a new onstage monitor system, by Meyer Sound Labs, which will deliver a tremendous sound level and no feedback, even with the microphone pointed straight at the loudspeaker. This is a real breakthrough, and still expensive (in the \$6,000 range). UREI introduced a new no compromise price and performance stereo power amplifier (model 6500) with 450 watts into four ohms per channel at a price of \$2,000. Canford Audio (a German Company) showed a unique automatic tester for checking microphone cables quickly and easily which sold for \$248.00. Other interesting devices were the new Master-Room XL series of reverbification systems by MICMIX, the new "Panjo" mixing console series by TAPCO, and a new digital delay line by Delta-Lab model DL-4.

It seems that the new product introductions at the AES are becoming as unexciting as those products introduced into the hi-fi industry over the last several years. All new products seem to be variations on familiar themes: they have different colors, packages, and prices, but they all do pretty much the same things, and rarely are there any dramatic audible differences between competing prod-

ucts. Innovation seems to be at an all time droop, a lot of fancy new products introduced but nothing really to write home to Mother about. There is no question in my mind that product concept and innovation are lagging today's technology by a country mile.

Perhaps one of the most interesting changes in the AES over the last decade has been the number of manufacturing companies who have exhibited their low cost professional recording and sound reinforcement equipment. As mentioned earlier, over the years only very expensive and sophisticated equipment was shown at the AES conventions. In today's AES conventions, probably 50% of the exhibitors are displaying economy professional sound equipment. More and more

students and musicians are attending these exhibitions. This Los Angeles convention had nearly 200 exhibitors. Here's proof of the interest in economy priced professional sound equipment, and the tremendous growth that this market segment has experienced within the last few years.

Even more interesting were the large number of synthesizer manufacturers, electronic musical instrument accessories and effects devices, and even grand pianos on display. It seems to me that the performing musician and the professional recording industry are coming closer together, and it is becoming obvious that the use of electronic technology for recording and sound equipment begins and ends with the musician. **db**



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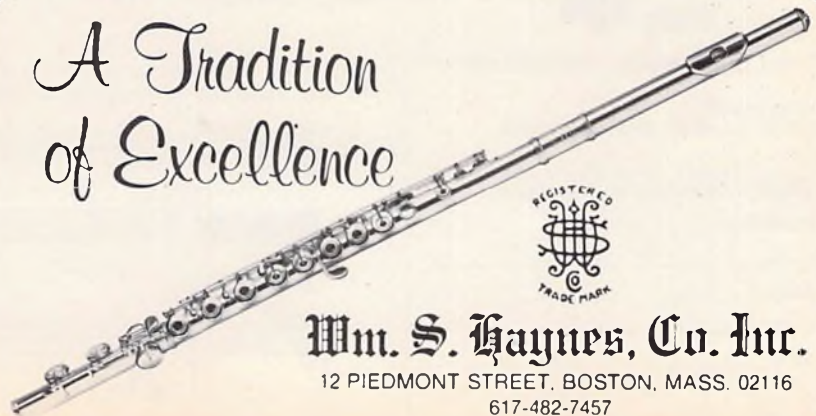


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# PRO-SESSION

## PIANO: THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING, PART II

by Joyce Collins

### ENDINGS

The ending should not be so long that the audience loses interest in the singer. Don't make your ending a piano concerto. If no applause is forthcoming, the singer may blame it on your enthusiasm.

When it comes to tags, which happen most often in jazz and standards, you must anticipate the singer. Experience will train your ear, and there aren't many possibilities. I recommend practicing the tag patterns in all keys, so you can make that quick decision when you have to.

The melody note will determine the best choice.

### TAGS

Again, the melody note determines the best choice.

### BALLADS

You must play legato. Work for a flowing line under the singer. Think orchestrally! If there's a pickup note, let the singer take it alone. If the first note of the song is on the second beat, play chord on first note of the song is on the second beat, play chord on first beat. In rubato style, no matter what beat the song starts on, play a chord on the first beat of each bar to establish things; after that, follow the singer.

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Keep the rhythm going. You won't always have bass and drums, so your left hand becomes the bass. Here are rhythm patterns that works well with standards and jazz tunes:

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①

②

③

**SELF ACCOMPANYING**

It ain't easy! When you accompany yourself, you must memorize the accompaniment cold. Unless you're a genius, you can't divide your attention. Your focus should be on singing the song. You might even sketch the accompaniment out, memorize it, and do it the same way each time. Keep it simple!

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which four strings play the "same" note—but each string is actually pitched fractionally differently, permitting him drone effects and also fluency with microtones.

It's certainly a unique art, yet Ulmer maintains that its only radical element is his emphasis on continuous melody. He sees his approach as extending song form: a composition's melody determines his improvisation's development; flashy technical exercises, speed for speed's sake, preconceived licks and patterns have no place in his solo sections.

"It's infinitely more interesting for listeners if improvising becomes spontaneous melody instead of just scales and chords. People are pretty hip now and don't want something that's not creative. They'd rather not hear a musician blast off and play something that isn't related to what's at hand."

During the late '70s, Ulmer maintained his working association with Coleman that included an appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1977. Ulmer also appeared on Arthur Blythe's album *Lenox Avenue Breakdown*, where his riffing in *Slidin' Through* exudes a personal sound, hitting closely, but not squarely, on one of the struck notes, giving his work an exotic blues quality. And on *Odessa*, the guitarist's comping makes a melodic statement of its own while supporting the alto lines: Ulmer's chords are moving in a thick-textured line. He also takes a free styled solo that floats over the bass-drum rhythms.

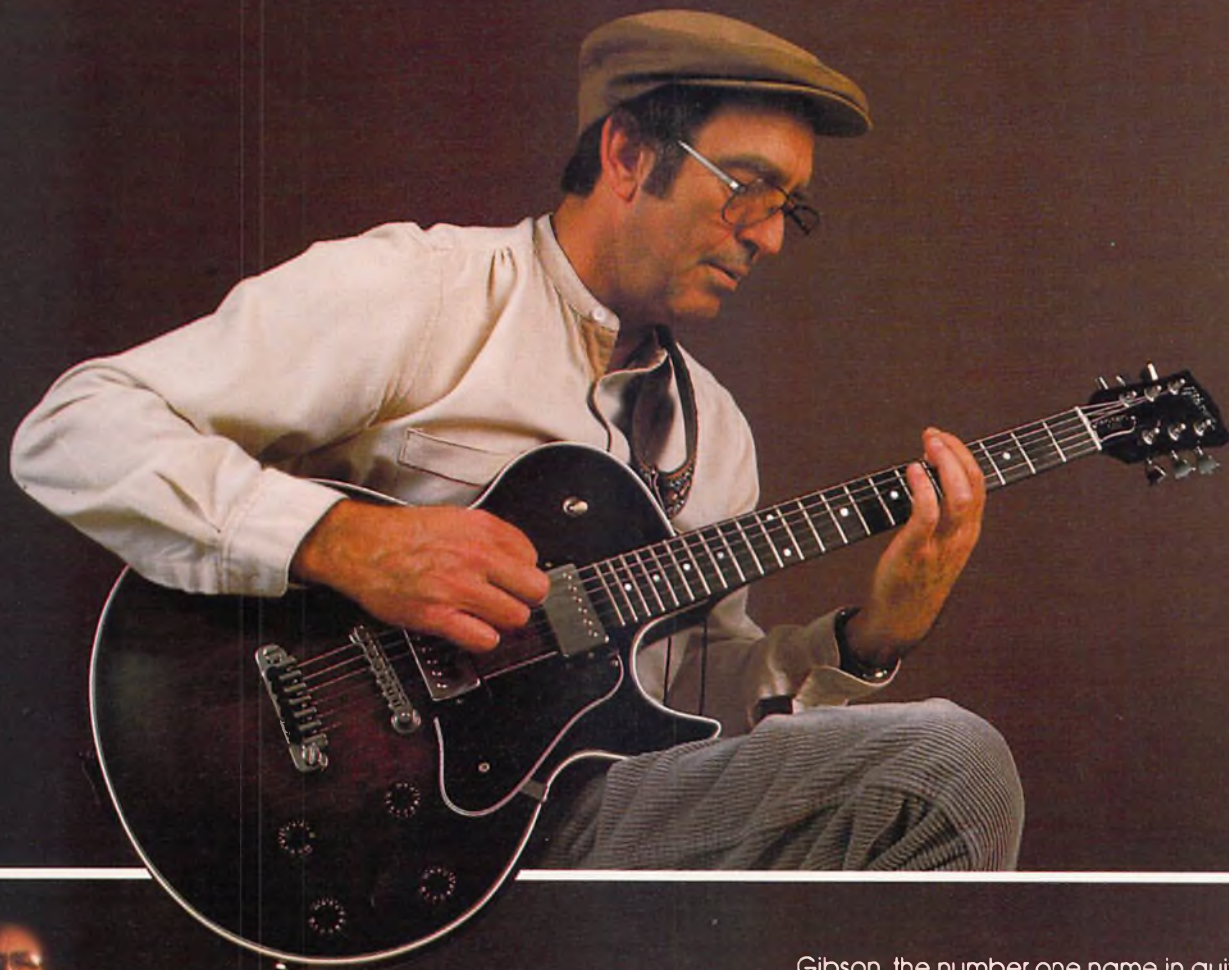
Currently, Ulmer is concentrating on establishing his own regularly performing unit. While the personnel varies, the music continually remains powerful and unique. On his new, presently untitled album soon to be released in England on Rough Trade Records, the guitarist joins with electric bassist Amin Ali, drummers Ronald Shannon Jackson and Calvin Weston, saxophonists David Murray and Oliver Lake and trumpeter Olu Dara. Here, the music is more varied and closer to what Ulmer is now doing than is *Captain Black*, in which Ornette Coleman's style and presence figure so strongly. The three horns give the music a free, r&b/jazz flavor, like the Bar-Kays gone berserk; they contrast with Ulmer's guitar during ensemble and solo sections. Lastly, the leader sings on several tunes such as *Are You Glad To Be In America*, where he drones even while displaying his folk background.

Manager Trilling sees the guitarist's art as a fresh, vital experience that "is a redefinition of American music. It's not strictly jazz, pop or blues, but combines all these elements in a way that should change people's thoughts about music history. Equally important, the music tells a fascinating story."

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## KRAUSE

continued from page 31

handled. I talk percentages, handle the money, handle the negotiations.

*Many musicians and listeners regard electronic music, the songs of whales, and environmental sounds as being "kooky."*

Well, ever since I heard Dr. Roger Payne's *Songs Of The Humpback Whale* (Capitol, ST-620), I've been interested in whales and dolphins. People are always asking Paul Winter and me, "Why are you recording whales?" The answer is, "Because they are extremely musical."

*But are they? Are they truly musical? In music, there is conscious artistry involved. In nature, there is only blind, instinctual force. How can you equate the "songs" of whales—the repetitive cycles they "sing"—with the conscious artistry of a musician?*

It's the same thing as Tchaikovsky or Bartok or Charles Ives integrating folk themes into their music. The folk themes themselves are not works of art. The artist takes them and puts them into a setting, which in itself becomes a work of art. The sounds of the whales are simply elements. The artist creates the context, utilizing all of the various elements.

The themes that the humpback whales do are not necessarily conscious works of art on the part of the whale, but, as *perceived by us*, they fall into very precise patterns. The animals in Hawaii, for example, all learn eight or nine themes, which change each year. They all sing the same theme, repeating them over and over again. All of the eight or nine themes make up one song. As *perceived by us*, they are very classical in structure and follow a very definite form. They are predictable. Scientists now are even trying to predict how they will change from year to year. Within the context of each theme, there are slight variations each year that the animals bring to the songs. It's kind of like a jazz performance on *How High The Moon*.

It's just interesting that within those patterns there is some remarkably usable material for the Western ear to have integrated with other kinds of instruments. I am using the songs of the whales as another instrument, the same way jazz or pop musicians might use "white noise," or wind, or waves.

Throughout all of my music, I have been deeply interested in environment. *In A Wild Sanctuary* was our first musical attempt, with a strong environmental theme to it. So is *Gandharva*, which has a more spiritual feel.

*What is the distinction between "environment" and a musical composition? What is the difference between your concept of "environment" and How High The Moon?*

I'm using environment as part of my palette. I use anything I want to as part of my thematic material, whether that be

the sounds of cable cars, buses, whales, or whatever. As I said earlier, music is control of sound. How you take that sound, cut it up on the tape, use it, play it backwards or otherwise integrate it, is what makes it music.

All of the parameters of sound become the elements I use, parameters within the human spectrum, and beyond. Like Brian Eno, I think any environment can be used as the part or the whole of a musical concept. You can take any sound in time and space and put limitations on it in terms of how it is used in the context of a musical composition. It doesn't have to be played by a musical instrument.

A cable car can be reduced to magnetic tape or digital information; the moment you do that, it becomes electronic. If you record the sound of a cable running over a pulley wheel, and record it at full speed, it goes "click-click-click," and doesn't sound very interesting. But when you slow it up, it begins to have a rhythm to it. You can take a symphony orchestra and put it to that hammering, driving, steel sound, and have an incredible musical composition.

In other words, the source of the sound is irrelevant. That is not where the music is. The music is in the context the artist creates for it, and what he or she does with that sound within the created context—the control of sound.

With whales, each species has different sounds. Other animals have different sounds, too. The bearded seals off the north slope of Alaska near Point Barrow, for example, sound like the windy whoosh of World War II bombs sailing down. They don't sound organic. They sound very electronic, like something you would create on a synthesizer, but you've never heard that sound before. The seals, therefore, give you another idea with which to work. Or, if you use those sounds themselves, you can slow them down or speed them up, and use them in a musical context, or work off them directly to create a musical piece.

Some people are comfortable taking a I-IV-V-I pattern and writing lyrics to it. That's exactly what I'm doing with this stuff, only the context is not necessarily familiar to most people. I'm willing to take a chance. I'm not willing to do what's familiar. I'm real bored with I-IV-V-I.

*With Gandharva you began with an idea: from noise to silence. With Citadels you also started with an idea: the rhythms of three cultures. The music emerged to fill out the idea. This is a completely different approach than, say, that of Charlie Parker, who, presumably, was filled up with music and just wanted to get it out, release it, express himself. Somebody who approaches music that way might be raw and personal, perhaps lacking a certain amount of precision, smoothness of presentation, or lustre. You, on the other hand, start from*





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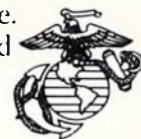
pass an instrumental audition and also meet the regular Marine mental and physical tests. When you have done those things, we *guarantee* you a place in a field band or drum and bugle corps.

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**BENEFITS:** Uniforms, food, quarters, medical and dental services are provided. There can be travel, too. Marine field bands are

located overseas in Japan, Hawaii, Okinawa, and in the continental United States at places like Twenty Nine Palms, New Orleans and on both coasts.

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Consequently, I have always hoped to visit Russia, to feel at first hand the roots of this part of myself. Reports for many years that I had many dedicated fans there were confirmed recently, when my trio was invited for five concerts in Moscow, late in September of this year.

Perhaps even without the catalyst of Afghanistan, I might have arrived at the following conclusion, for I had often lamented the tragedy of people living in a society where one's opinion could bring about long suffering, imprisonment, and where an artist's purest inspiration was expected to conform to outside criteria. The very denial of the essence of art today! But the event of Afghanistan propelled my thinking.

I wrestled with the problem for a few days, and came to the firm decision that I must cancel the concerts. I hoped that by the grapevine, perhaps those fans that learned of my reasons for not appearing would be aroused philosophically, and therefore energy might be created, opposed to the perpetuation of this oppressive government.

The obvious counter argument to my

conclusion would be that we should bring them our cultural message. I think this is a bit too convenient. If all performing artists examined this issue and refused to perform wherever an environment of oppression exists, perhaps great revolutionary energy could be created. To perform there voluntarily, after all, is to walk passively in the atmosphere of the degradation of the human spirit.

My gesture will have little or no significance, but I follow my code and am at peace with myself.

Bill Evans

New York City

### Pedantic Prof

I loved Bill Dixon. He was one being who took me in without judgment and gave me a chance to play and grow when I was still a kid running around the Lower East Side on my jazz quest.

But Bill has to stop intellectualizing. This dichotomy of musician/artist and all the name calling and putting down is just as old as "commercial" vs "noncommercial." The real revolutionaries in music are not going in any direction: they are going in every direction. They are playing everything from the

past through the present to the future. People like Chick and Herbie, and younger artists such as Michael Brecker, John Scofield, Michael Gregory Jackson and James Newton have no musical enemies. They don't actively offend anyone. It is clear from their music that they take it all into their hearts—which is where our music has to come from, not our heads.

I stopped playing that "new, new" music which I learned from people like Dixon, Sunny Murray, Trane, Albert Ayler, and Archie Shepp a long time ago because I was moving with the soul currents that swept me up. I could return and play it again today, but never to say, "Look what I can do; it's the only thing really relevant and revolutionary." Every time a musician plays, it is revolutionary if he plays from his heart.

Steven Hugh

New York City

### Praise and omission

My compliments on your July '80 issue. Nelson George's article on JoAnne Brackeen was great; but the discography omitted the fine *Captured Alive* (Choice 1007) with Toots Thielemans.

Elmer L. Kuber

Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada

## down beat 45<sup>th</sup> annual readers poll

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

- HALL OF FAME (see rules) \_\_\_\_\_
- JAZZ MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR \_\_\_\_\_
- ROCK/BLUES MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR \_\_\_\_\_
- TRUMPET \_\_\_\_\_
- TROMBONE \_\_\_\_\_
- FLUTE \_\_\_\_\_
- CLARINET \_\_\_\_\_
- SOPRANO SAX \_\_\_\_\_
- ALTO SAX \_\_\_\_\_
- TENOR SAX \_\_\_\_\_
- BARITONE SAX \_\_\_\_\_
- ACOUSTIC PIANO \_\_\_\_\_
- ELECTRIC PIANO \_\_\_\_\_
- ORGAN \_\_\_\_\_
- SYNTHESIZER \_\_\_\_\_
- GIUITAR \_\_\_\_\_
- ACOUSTIC BASS \_\_\_\_\_
- ELECTRIC BASS \_\_\_\_\_
- DRUMS \_\_\_\_\_
- PERCUSSION \_\_\_\_\_
- VIBES \_\_\_\_\_
- VIOLIN \_\_\_\_\_
- MISC. INSTRUMENT \_\_\_\_\_
- ARRANGER \_\_\_\_\_
- COMPOSER \_\_\_\_\_
- MALE SINGER \_\_\_\_\_
- FEMALE SINGER \_\_\_\_\_
- VOCAL GROUP \_\_\_\_\_
- BIG JAZZ BAND \_\_\_\_\_
- JAZZ GROUP (2 to 10 PIECES) \_\_\_\_\_
- ROCK/BLUES GROUP \_\_\_\_\_
- JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR \_\_\_\_\_
- ROCK/BLUES ALBUM OF THE YEAR \_\_\_\_\_

Your Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**BALLOTS MUST BE POSTMARKED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, OCTOBER 1, 1980.**  
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## instructions

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### VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight October 1.
2. Use official ballot only. Please type or print.
3. **Jazzman and Rock/Blues Musician of the year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz/rock/blues in 1980.
4. **Hall of Fame:** Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to contemporary music. The following previous winners are not eligible: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Bix Beiderbecke, Clifford Brown, Benny Carter, Charlie Christian, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Paul Desmond, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Woody Herman, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Stan Kenton, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Wes Montgomery, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Django Reinhardt, Buddy Rich, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins, Pee Wee Russell, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Art Tatum, Cecil Taylor, Jack Teagarden, Lennie Tristano, Joe Venuti, Fats Waller, Ben Webster, and Lester Young.
5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with these exceptions, valve trombone, included in trombone category; cornet and flugelhorn, included in the trumpet category.
6. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.
7. Only one selection counted in each category.



**Here's your final ballot**  
**Last chance to vote!**

*an idea, an abstraction, which can be highly controlled. Can you not be accused of lacking that inner, visceral, emotional, personal element?*

I don't think so. Synthesizers have greatly improved since the early days. One of the problems we had with the early synthesizers, and consequently with the conceptualization of the music, was that we had to record one line at a time, line by line. That meant we had to have the whole concept of the music in our minds. However, we left a lot open to serendipity and luck. A lot of things happened as a result of our programming and realization of the music that allowed us to get the human feeling and the human element into it.

For example, there would be drummers on the street we would record (and pay). We would then write music to the beat of the street drummers, with the traffic going by, or the waves on the shore if they were playing on the beach. We incorporated these human elements into the music.

And if you listen to *Gandharva*, there is as much live performance in there as in anything Charlie Parker did. We did a head arrangement and a chart, and let everybody do whatever they were going to do. To this day, Gerry Mulligan is miffed because he didn't get a shot at doing the solo Bud Shank did on *Nine Moons In Alaska* on *Gandharva*. In *Wild*

*Sanctuary*, there were some things Dave Grusin played on piano in real time that are as alive and vital as anything you'll ever hear.

*Citadels gets better as I listen to it, but on the first listening, everything seemed so clean, so controlled, so bright, that the intensity and the energy and the seriousness of the music was initially missed.*

It's a serious album. The first side, for example, is all based on the flute music of Peru, the Andes, and is true to it. It's based on the rhythmic patterns that are not widely used here, where almost everything is based on duple and triple meters, 4/4, etc. In Peru, and in most ethnic cultures, they break out into odd meters that are very exciting. The last cut on the first side, for instance, is in 13/8. The language of the Incas was Ketchua, which 30,000 people speak today. One Peruvian taught me enough of the language to use it. With his help, and with the help of steel drummer Andy Narell, we did the music.

*Is the recording world today ready for new ideas?*

I think the state of the recording world is abysmal right now. Everybody is afraid. Nobody is taking any chances. Where in the late '60s there were many enlightened people with wonderful energy that was blowing out beyond the bounds of anything known before, now there is only paranoia and fear.

People aren't able to sell product

anymore; they don't know how to package it; they don't even know what product to get. Experimental artists can't get people to support them, because companies are having a hard enough time distributing chart-action music. Consequently, nothing is growing, nothing is happening.

The focus is now switching to Europe, to European groups. We are losing valuable artistic minds and assets, because the people who are in charge here are not willing to take the chances and risks that they once took—and that paid off. I hope to stay alive long enough to see them change that attitude and to get back to something that was very vital in the '60s.

*What are your future plans?*

I love to record, and I love to make music—I'm working hard on my next piece, *The Oceans*—but I don't want to spend the rest of my life in a recording studio. I want to balance it by being in the outdoors and working in the outdoors. I also want to travel. I'm working on my Ph.D. in order to get credibility in the field of marine bio-acoustics so I can have easier access to the animals and to the people who are working with them.

I have something to contribute, and I have a developed musical ear that most scientists cannot bring to their field. It's almost like the old question of whether or not there should be a poet included in the astronaut teams. I think there should be, and that's sort of what I feel like. **db**

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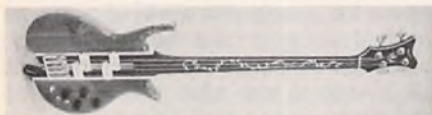
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# PRO SHOP

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

## GUITAR FAMILY



Don't fret if your bass is base—the **Awakener Fretless Bass** is boss, with a double octave neck that runs the entire length of the body (a 34" scale). It's one of several handcrafted designs from **Lakefront Instruments** (Mossville, IL), including two electric guitar styles, a five string banjo, dulcimers, and a psaltery. Standard equipment on the Awakener Bass are the maple and walnut neck, DiMarzio pickups, Grover tuning keys, and Bad Ass bridge, but a rosewood neck is optional, as are split coil or phase switches, an EQ system, and the Mother of Pearl vine inlay. In fact, you can substitute options for many standard features on Lakefront's acoustic and electric instruments.

Two of the three **Shadow of America** (Long Island City, NY) acoustic guitar transducer models have been redesigned. Both the 2000 and 2001 now have a black finish and have a cable quick disconnect feature, for when you want to play without amplification or else store your guitar. The 2000 also has a top mounted volume control. The Shadows' major feature is their frequency range—one to 20,000 Hz—and all Shadow units come with mounting instructions, a five year limited warranty, plenty of reusable adhesive, and a 12 foot shielded cable.



Ralph Humphrey



Joe Porcaro

## PERCUSSION

If cymbals could talk, they'd say "Ouch!" to difficult to use holders that only cause eventual damage. The **Cymbal Spring** from **Aquarian Accessories Corp.** (Anaheim, CA) is a flexible cymbal holder that allows drummers to mount crash and ride cymbals safely at any angle—and adds cymbal life with impact absorbing felt. The cymbal snaps on and off the Cymbal Spring; no wing nuts, tubing, or extra felt pads are needed. It's made of top grade spring steel, and the cymbal rests on felt.



## SOUND MODIFICATION AND SYNTHESIZERS

It had to happen: the **Humanizer**, from **Computone** (Norwell, MA). Synthesizer players who are bummed out because their instruments lack expressive character can now play the keyboards with their hands while they *blow into* the Humanizer—honest! Wind pressure controls attack, volume, timbre, and decay, and the players' lips control pitch, natural vibrato, and, again, timbre; without added attachments, the Humanizer can realize pulse width modulation, ring modulation, side band modulation, and the human qualities in general. The Humanizer interfaces with most synthesizers, and players should have no problems keeping their embouchures in shape.

## SCHOOLS

Drummers, if you're paying those dues, make sure they're the *right* dues. The newly formed **Percussion Institute of Technology** (Hollywood, CA) teaches a full year course featuring study in Sightreading, Improvisation, Soloing In All Styles (from jazz to pop), Studio Drumming, Four Way Coordination, Arranging, and all the rest necessary to turn a percussionist into a working pro. PIT teachers are experienced jazz-studio players on the Los Angeles scene (Joe Porcaro and Ralph Humphrey designed the curriculum). Name players are added for seminars and special classes, as in the companion Bass and Guitar institutes (Pat Martino has now joined the GIT faculty).

Enrollment is limited, so that instructors can offer personal guidance; speed learning techniques and equipment include a cassette library for practice and an electronic sightreading mechanism. The school facilities include two auditoriums and a recording studio, along with learning modules in the practice rooms; students perform in a variety of ensembles with GIT and BIT musicians. The course is intensive—only serious musicians need apply—and the training under working conditions is thorough.

## STEREO



A three head cassette deck? It's not a mutant from science fiction, but rather the **CX-400** from **TEAC** (Montebello, CA), with independent tape/source monitoring, record mute, memory stop, Dolby noise reduction, and independent three position bias and EQ settings. The bar graph metering system is fluorescent, and, importantly, you can program the peak reading system to hold the highest peaks registered, then return to normal operation automatically; that sure helps accurate level adjustment. Overall frequency response is 30-20,000 kHz; wow and flutter is specified at 0.06%.

## ACCESSORIES



Here's a photo of a musician using a pair of **MusicClips** (by **Americole**, Bellingham, WA) to clamp sheet music to his stand. MusicClips have a nickel plated steel spring for firm grip; they're made of durable transparent plastic, can hold down big collections, and fit any music stand—useful while practising 'midst the waft of autumnal winds.

## STUDY AIDS

The new **Jimmy Raney** play along set is Volume 20 from **Jamey Aebersold** (New Albany, IN) featuring 10 original compositions based on chord progressions to Raney's favorite tunes with titles like *Autumn*, *Friends*, *Nowhere*, *Rhythm In B Flat*—get it? In fact, the guitar master himself is your accompanist on the LP, joined by bass and drums; along with a book of changes, the set includes a seven inch record of Raney's improvisations. It's intended for intermediate players.





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