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HORACE SILVER

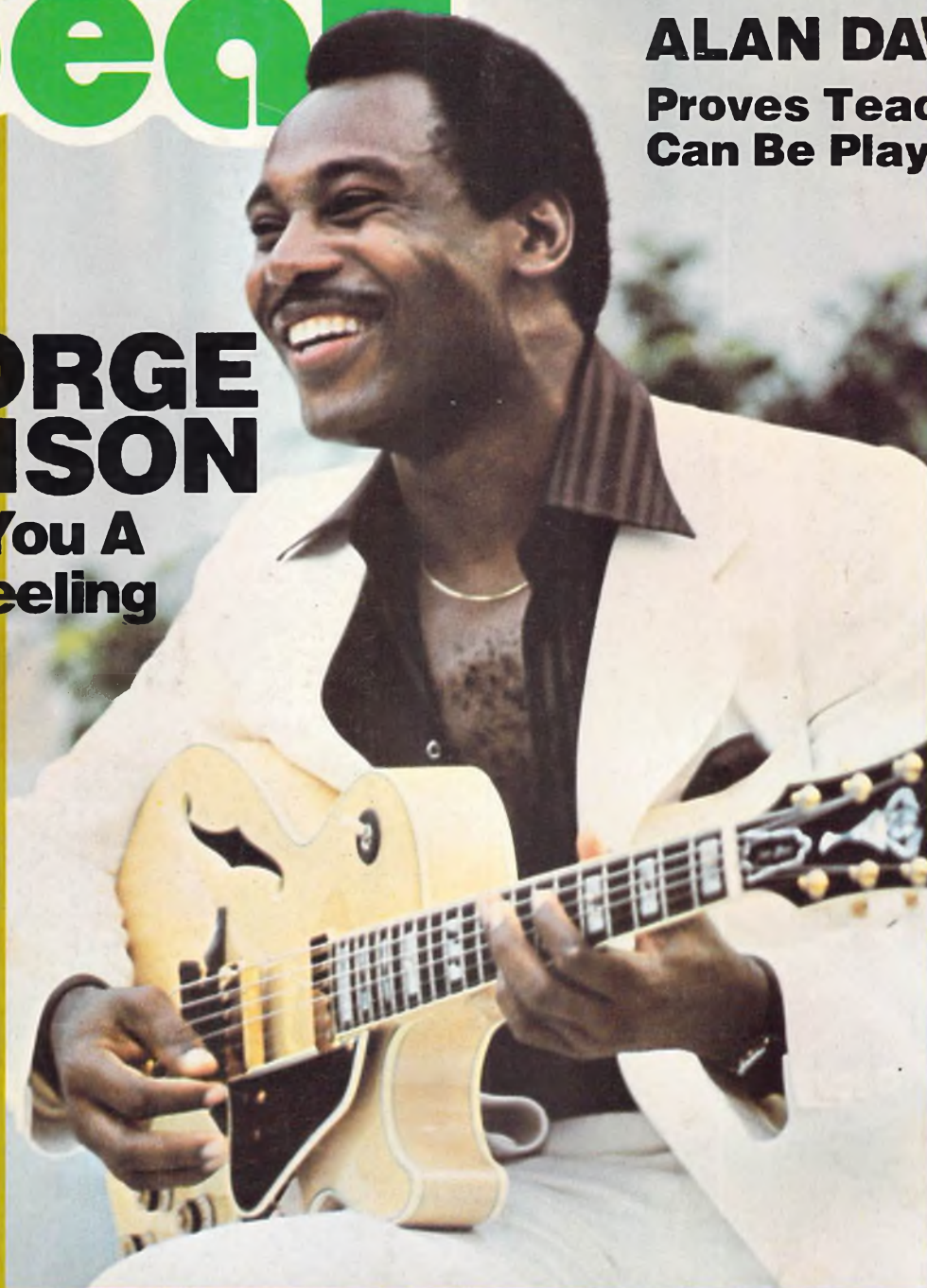
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down beat

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Woody Herman

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The musicians I see now have been exposed to more and they've had guidance at the very early levels which wasn't available years ago. A young musician can learn more now in two semesters than it took us years to find out. It's a different system, a different world. And Berklee is a big part of it.

For example, take arrangers. I've always looked to members of the band for writing. This is the best way to get material tailored to the band's personnel. An inside arranger knows the musicians' strengths and styles. We've been fortunate to have several writers from Berklee, such as Tony Klatka, Alan Broadbent, and Gary Anderson. I remember when Tony left our trumpet section to study at Berklee and what he said when he came back. He said that he had learned things in one week that explained what he had been thinking about for five or six years!

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Woody Herman

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

George Benson explains much of today's music business in one sentence in this issue. He says that there are enough musical elements in his latest album "that we can get play on black radio stations, rock, contemporary and jazz stations."

Benson's sentence carries several heavy implications: the record business is dependent on the broadcasting business; a successful record has to have built-in crossover appeal; the artist's musical concept has to be tailored or subordinated to the marketing instincts of the record producer. By and large, this is the reality of the record business. The record business sells only what it can get played on radio, the music on the record has to appeal to a wide range of tastes and different radio formats; and the record producer, the one putting up the risk capital for production and distribution, does call the shots as to what is most likely to sell.

Benson is fortunate to have the redoubtable Quincy Jones as his producer and mentor. George is learning from Quincy how to concentrate his skills and talent into a saleable package marked "entertainer." Is this bad? Is Benson selling out? Is he being faithful to the dreams of the seven year old kid who sang for Eddie Jefferson in the streets of Pittsburgh? Before you cast that stone, think carefully. What would you do?

The career of Alan Dawson, the great drum set player and teacher provides a lesson for young and older musicians. Teaching is no less a skill and art than is playing.

Dawson, like so many other professional jazz players, never set out to teach. But there comes a time in a musician's life and career that one needs the personal recharge that comes from helping a student grow and prosper. The mature musician feels the need to water the roots.

Life isn't always fair, as the Man says. But I do wish there was a way for the Alan Dawsons to get the media attention, the public recognition, and the money that some "entertainers" get.

1981 down beat Student Recording Awards—the **deebes**. Check page 25 for details and a coupon with which to send for free **deebie** brochures and Official Applications.

Next issue features the choices of the **db** electorate: the 45th annual **down beat** Readers Poll. There will also be feature articles about Herbie Mann, Cedar Walton, Machito and Panama Francis & The Savoy Sultans. **db**



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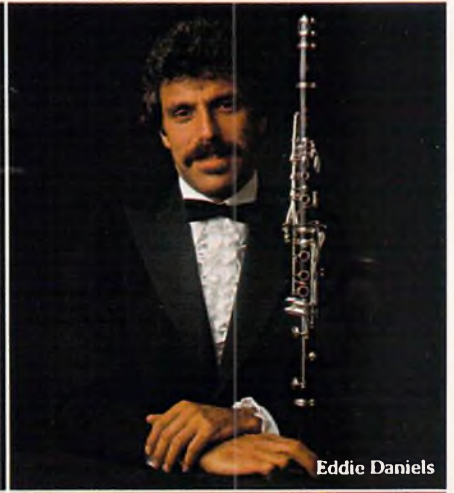
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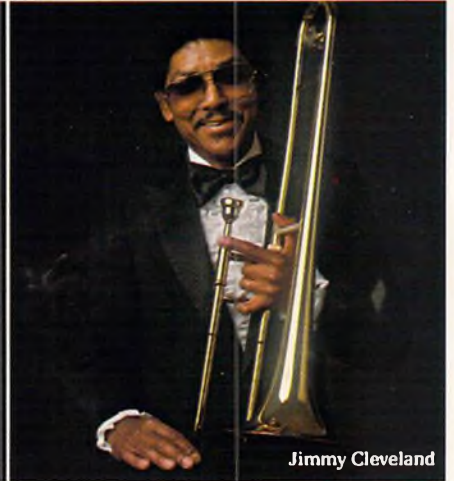
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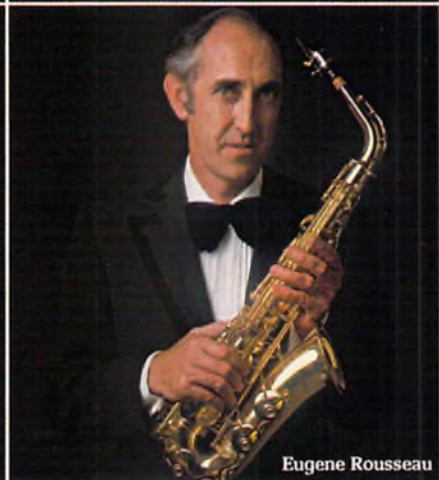
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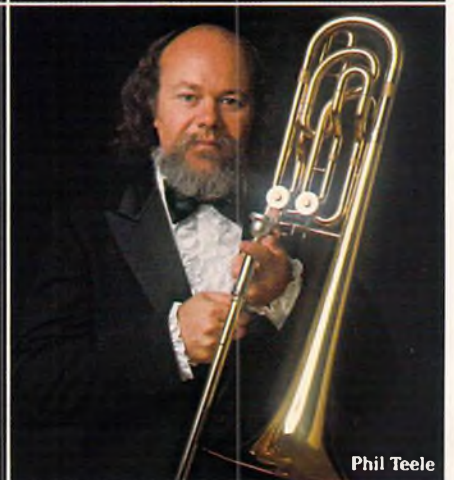
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Afterthoughts to a Third Stream Boogaloo

Reading through *down beat's* July 1980 piece on ECM, my feelings are understandably mixed. Mr. Sheridan's verbose article was consistent mainly in its inconsistency and the information level, to me, was disappointingly low. The blatant distortions frequently seemed to be mere opportunistic reactions in an anti-ECM crusade—like gossip writers who think in simplistic terms, he offered unreflected fictions, contradictions and speculations instead of facts. What poor research! None of the musicians in question had been interviewed by Sheridan, or, at least, consulted. Small wonder, then, that I disagree with these perfidious methods.

Concerning the quote material attributed to me, I cannot take any responsibility for the way these quotes appeared in the article, the form of which I strongly question on purely ethical grounds. In it, the impression is evoked that there was an extensive talk (which was not the case) between Sheridan and myself, a so-called interview (incidentally, in a *real* interview, when the person asked makes a statement, the interviewer cannot simply attack the answer without any response, yet this is the form that the so-called interview took on in the article). Among other nonsense, I was quoted as saying:

"I want to formulate, with the musicians I record, a direction that is the pulse of today, but I want to do it poetically."

On *Special Edition*: *"It's very contemporary. It's a breath of the body [what is that, by the way?], and I'm glad we can offer the audience a contrast [which contrast? The contrast of the body?] . . . 'But I still don't feel the difference between this and the body of the ECM catalogue.'" And so on . . .*

None of these sentences have I formulated, neither with these words nor in this sense.

Also: Isn't it adequate to quote the sources? Several other assertions and quotes were directly lifted from a three year old *Jazz Journal* piece, without, of course, any recognition of the source of the quotes.

And, in one case, I am quoted with a line ("*. . . Eicher's early dictum that 'the company only records musicians who share the company's musical philosophy'*") that was actually an opinion of the writer, who wrote this phrase in the *Jazz Journal* article in question, an opinion, I may add, which I have never shared or agreed with.

To set the records straight—more Sheridan assertions, often masquerading as fact:

Jack DeJohnette/Special Edition: Sheridan: "His new album features men, in Murray and Blythe, to whom compromise is unknown."

Leo Smith/Divine Love: Sheridan: The title track's slow building textures fulfill perfectly Eicher's demands for poetic interpretation" . . . "If it [*Divine Love*] seems subdued, rhythmically . . . this may be coincidence, but it has formed a story that Eicher insisted on a certain form of instrumentation."

Codona: Sheridan: "It remains essentially Cherry's album" . . . "Yet it did attract the most

serious criticism of all laid on Eicher's door: that it compromised Cherry's music." Criticism by whom? We have collected all the reviews from the U.S. and Europe and have not seen a single word compromising Cherry's music . . .

Art Ensemble: Sheridan operates with a quote from the *Cadence* magazine. Don Moye: "We will never be an ECM group. We weren't going to be going in there dealing with whatever their thing is." A few lines later: Sheridan: "The result [*Nice Guys*] is certainly one of the quintet's finer albums—one which remains purely theirs." Yes, yes—purely theirs . . . And then: Sheridan: "To what degree the album was programmed to provide an opener (*Ja*) which reflected ECM's more characteristic qualities is open to speculation." Or open to laughter . . . But, let us speculate, for a moment, and think of how many other ECM albums have a vocal calypso track.

Before our short and eventful eventless phone chat I had neither heard nor read anything of Mr. Sheridan. And, apparently, the same seems to be true with Sheridan, concerning our music. A few weeks before he spoke to me on the phone, Mr. Sheridan called Steve Lake at our office in Munich, and said he had been asked by *down beat* to write a story on ECM's "Change of direction," but "to be frank" (Lake's file note), he hadn't actually heard the records in question. One suspects Sheridan was equally unaware of the rest of the catalogue as well.

However—" . . . a metaphysical air" Sheridan states "that seems to cramp his innate ebullience". Sometimes (too often?), a breeze of sheer nonsense emanates from the pages of *down beat* . . .

And so they all, each in his own way, reflectively or unreflectively, go on with their daily routines.

Metaphysically yours,

Manfred Eicher

ECM Records

Munich, West Germany

Having read the non-stop flow of articles, replies, etc., in regard to the ECM recording controversy, I feel obligated to say what I think about it. This most recent article, somewhat in the form of an interview with Manfred Eicher, was the most extreme example so far. The picture given of him is barely familiar, I must say, and I wonder at the objectivity of the interviewer.

The first point I would like to make is that performing musicians are responsible for the music on their albums. Any musician that claims "the record company made me do it" is just using them for a scapegoat. In this day and age, record companies do not own musicians or force them to do this or that. Particularly in the case of ECM, this is true. The musicians with this company do not have long-term contracts, but renew their association on a regular basis, and are always free to go to other companies with their projects if they wish. We are talking about successful, established musicians who have a choice of recording companies, in most cases, of course. And, you don't see artists who record regularly on ECM leaving to go with other companies that often. It's because the musicians are satisfied with the results, and the quality of the company's product.

Of course the producer is a part of the project, hopefully a positive contribution (as I have always felt was the case on my own recordings with Manfred). This is true on any label. And, there are a lot of musicians who

feel comfortable, myself included, having a producer's help in recording, instead of the musician producing his own record.

However, to read too much significance into the producer's role is a serious mistake. He makes suggestions, asks questions, oversees technical matters, but is always a helper to the musicians in the final analysis. Any musician who feels the producer is forcing him to do wrong things will immediately stop working for that company, as anyone can logically see. And, this simply has not been the case with ECM, as can also be seen.

Listening to a recording and then presuming what went on at the recording sessions is like listening to a Beethoven symphony and presuming what went on in his mind as he was composing it. It's pointless to try and guess about these things, and it has no bearing on whether or not the music is good listening.

The second point I would like to discuss is critics who are not trained musicians. There's nothing inherently wrong with a critic who is not musically trained, but they should please refrain from using technical words they make up or have heard and don't comprehend. (An example was the *down beat* record review of the recent *Duet* album with Chick Corea and myself. Chick was complimented for his outstanding "pedal-work" on one song. Anyone who has played the piano must wonder what the heck "pedal-work" is. The piano has a damper pedal, and there's simply no way to use it in any dazzling way. That's a little like complimenting a race car driver for his helmet work because he wears a crash helmet.)

This current article on ECM includes the laughable presumption that a classic jazz record must have a strong, aggressive drummer in the group to have become a classic! Only a non-musician could make such a foolish generality. The writer is apparently saying that recordings he considers to be classics feature strong, aggressive drummers, but there are many different opinions as to what records are classics.

And, asking us to compare various recordings for signs of outside manipulation by producers is insulting to the musicians. Each album a musician makes is a total commitment on his part, and may not be anything like other recordings he has made. It's like comparing apples and oranges.

Surely, we can expect more sophisticated and mature reporting from a magazine of *down beat's* longevity and singular place in the music business.

Gary Burton Boston, Massachusetts

Ed. note: These letters have been printed because of down beat's policy to let the subjects of our articles respond whenever they want. We think, however, that the reaction to the ECM story is absurd. Mr. Eicher's reference to an "anti-ECM crusade" is sheer paranoia: we've covered more ECM records and artists than any other publication in the U.S. We will continue to report on and criticize as much important music as we can.

Chris Sheridan's article was headlined "Perspective," and his critical frame of reference was obvious to any reader. If anyone cares about all this, we suggest they re-read the article (July '80) and review db's coverage of ECM since the label's inception.

We stand by Mr. Sheridan's reporting work; of course, he's entitled to his own critical opinion. Mr. Eicher is entitled to his opinion. You're entitled to yours, too. But don't write.

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ATLANTA—The third annual City-sponsored toast to jazz here, longest and broadest Southern freebie, began August 25 and culminated with a triumphant in-

roduction of "new music" and bow to Atlanta-born players on Labor Day. For the first five nights, local groups, ranging from old dogs trying new tricks (Ojeda Penn

Half-Million Listeners Crowd Downtown Detroit To Rebuild With Jazz Fest And Swiss Help

DETROIT—An unofficially estimated half a million people (figure provided by the Detroit Renaissance Foundation), many out-of-towners, attended the Montreux-Detroit International Jazz Festival August 28-September 1. Blues, dixieland, bebop, swing and a variety of contemporary styles were performed by European and Canadian musicians as well as Detroiters such as Dave Wilborn's Little McKinney's Cottonpickers, singer Ursula Walker, the Brookside Jazz Ensemble, Austin-Moro Big Band and the Lyman Woodard Organization.

The nine concerts for which admission was charged drew an enthusiastic response from the audiences, who nearly completely filled the halls. Headliners included Oscar Peterson, B.B. King,

Ramsey Lewis and Supersax.

Music Hall, one of several performance spaces used for the fest, ran an all-Detroit lineup for its Detroit Jams bill, which would have ended the events if rained-out B.B. King and Sippie Wallace hadn't been rescheduled. For the audience though, the jam was the festival's high point. A house band comprising Tommy Flanagan and Kenny Burrell was joined by other musicians (saxophonist George Benson, George Bohanon, Billy Mitchell, J. C. Heard and Jack Brokensha), in various combinations, playing standards with spirit.

Billy Taylor, on hand as emcee, sparked the music with his contagious enthusiasm while sitting in on a set taped for eventual airing on NPR's *Jazz Alive!* The Jazz of the Americas concert, featuring

Laurindo Almeida and Tito Puente, was also taped for NPR, and Radio Canada International taped the *Salute To Canada* featuring Skywalk, Peterson and L'Orchestre Symphonique.

Forty outdoor sets at three sites ran from 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. over the four days, all free, featuring well known locals, college and high school bands, and several Swiss groups: Suisse Swing Six (winner of the Montreux International Fest's Swiss jazz band competition), Hot Mallets, and the jazz group of the Radio Suisse Romande. Most occurred at Hart Plaza's two outdoor amphitheatres, located on the riverfront adjacent to the Renaissance Center. The central location made it possible for city employees to drop in, and the diversity of the crowd

testified to the broad appeal of the music despite some rain.

Promotional concerts preceeded the fest proper for several weeks, and several Detroit clubs hosted jam sessions during the weekend. Two programs of jazz films from the collection of John Baker and exhibitions of photography and sculpture by local artists were spinoffs.

Stroh's Brewery and the Detroit Renaissance Foundation were the major sponsors for the undertaking, which was the first time that the Montreux name has been shared with a North American festival. Montreux Mayor Jean-Jacques Cevey is reportedly in favor of repeating the arrangement next year. Detroiters will, doubtlessly, second the motion.

—elaine guregian

NYC, LA, & Chgo

NYC: WRVR-FM djs learned at 10 a.m. one Monday that owner Viacom International was changing format to all-country music *that noon*, leaving the Apple without a commercial jazz station . . . **Mario Bauza**, the pioneer who fused Afro-Cuban rhythms with jazz (see next issue's feature on Machito) was honored at a free open-air tribute in Lincoln Center in late August, with Billy Taylor, Machito and Bobby Capo joining onstage the man from whom Dizzy Gillespie got "a good introduction to Latin rhythms" . . . **Marian McPartland** continued delightful keyboard action at the Cafe Carlyle through September's end and, better still, her NPR series *Piano Jazz* began its second season, featuring her discussions with Eubie Blake, Oscar Peterson, George Shearing, Hazel Scott, Roy Kral, Hank Jones, Jay McShann, Duke Jordan, Patti Bown and Cedar Walton, all conducted at the keyboards—check your local radio listings . . . the Tin Palace, Bowery home of jazz, was closed during the summer by its landlord . . . **William Paterson College** (Wayne, NJ) had profs Bucky Pizzarelli, Vinson Hill, Dave Samuels and Rufus Reid in its first jazz scholarship concert Oct. 19; Reid opened the school's weekly free "Midday Artists" series in Sept.; call (201) 595-2315 for info . . . the **International Art Of Jazz**, Long Island's non-profit organization, brings over 30 players (among them Jon Faddis, Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Russell Procope, Ruby Braff and Jaki Byard) to Montauk Point Nov. 14-16 for Jazz Gala '80; call (516) 246-6125 . . . **Harlem's First City Jazz and Cultural fest**, Aug. 15-24, was capped by Zimbabwe president Robert Mugabe's address; Max Roach's quartet, Charles Moffett's family, the National Black Theatre Company, Bobby Rush's blues band, Ray Barretto and Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society performed at the 134th St. City College campus . . . **Cinema news:** *Joe Albany*, *A Jazz Life* is ready for bookings from Carole Langer Productions, (212) 925-1599, and director Lorenzo de Stefano brought

Talmadge Farlow, guitarist, to a rare concert at the Public Theater to film scenes for his biography/documentary in progress . . .

Count Basie, walking strongly though with a cane, played a free show at Grant's Tomb via the Jazzmobile, a club date at Wednesdays, and kicks off a big band series at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Dec. 4, backing Cab Calloway . . . **Tito Puente**, Calypso Rose, Cal Arts' African Music Ensemble, Ismael Rivera and El Gran Combo de Puerto Rico provided music for a **Caribbean Expressions Festival** in September sponsored by the Visual Arts Research and Resource Center Relating To The Caribbean; there were dance groups and seminars, too . . . sad news at presstime: pianist **Bill Evans**, 51, died Sept. 15—see Final Bar next month. Jill McManus, Evelyn Blakey, Sarah McLawlor and Vivian Stoll were featured by the **Universal Jazz Coalition** during its free, outdoor in lower Manhattan, five day salute to jazz women . . . **Soundscape**, the West Side loft, set its eclectic fall programming with lectures by Amiri Baraka and Sun Ra, and performances by Britons Derek Bailey and Evan Parker, Indian classical vocalist Sheila Dhar, the ROVA Sax Quartet, the Austrian band Neighbors, Jali Foday Musa Suso (the Mandingo Griot) on solo kora and guitarist Henry Kaiser . . . LaBella, the string people, presented **Ron Carter's** quartet at St. Peter's Church in the Citicorp Center

Oct. 17, as part of its Friday evening series which continues with Tim Landers/Phillipe Saissee/Robbie Gonzalez (of Al DiMeola's band) Nov. 7; Attila Zoller's quartet Nov. 21, and Rick Laird & Friends Dec. 5 . . . Lynn Anderson played clarinet and piano and sang, with Connie Crothers on piano, too, and Peter Scattarelico, drums, at Carnegie Recital Hall, presented by the **Lennie Tristano Jazz Foundation** in mid Sept. . . . **Joe Williams** did three weeks at Marty's Supper Club, on 3rd Ave. uptown in Sept. . . . **The Changing Times Tapdancing Co.** had 12 tappers—John Bubbles, Cooky Cook, Bubba Gaines, Buster Brown, Ernest "Brownie" Brown, Leon Collins and Albert Gibson among them—trying to pass the

tradition "by word of foot" Oct. 13-18 at the Village Gate, with free lessons from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and master classes in the evening . . . **Alberta Hunter** resumed her Cookery post, her hip well-mended, in mid Sept. . . . **Choice Records** ended its distribution agreement with Inner City Records, and appointed Larry Sockell of Syosset, NY, its national sales representative . . . **Artist House Records**, a class act, pactied distribution in the States with MCA Distributing Corp.—best wishes to both parties . . . **Lionel Hampton** opened the **Jazz Alive At The 92nd St. Y series** Oct. 7; Benny Goodman's sextet follows Nov. 23, James Moody's men Dec. 6, Sir Roland Hanna, the NY Jazz Quartet and the Copasetics Dec. 21, and Gerry Mulligan Feb. 1, '81.

LA: To honor **Jimmy Smith's** 25 years as "world's greatest jazz organist"—a claim substantiated by Leonard Feather presenting him with his 1980 Critics Poll award—Mayor Tom Bradley declared August 14 Jimmy Smith Day at a black-tie concert in Pasadena's Ambassador College Auditorium. Smith played with Kenny Burrell and Grady Tate, moved to solo acoustic piano, then joined Lalo Schifrin's 26 piece big band to render 1964's *The Cat* and 1980's *The Cat Strikes Again*, the title piece from their German Wersi Music Production LP. Concert profits went to the Jazz Heritage Foundation to start a jazz archives at Ambassador College . . . back on the road after a two and a half year hiatus, **Pharoah Sanders** played Concerts By The Sea with Bobby Lyle on piano, bassist Henry Franklin and Idris Muhammad on drums . . . Lee Underwood, **db's** West Coast editor, was interviewed by Jim Loving at Hollywood's Alternative Songwriter's Showcase, before 250 industry execs and aspiring tunesmiths; Lee talked critics and criticism, natural and radio music, and various approaches to penning pretty numbers . . . poll winning flutist **James Newton** returned to his West Coast home after two years in NYC; he debuted his Woodwind Quintet, starring Mingus/Tatum/

Spectrum: Midwest And Deep South Come Alive

Experience and Joe Jennings' Life Force) to newer combos (pianist Bob Shaw's mainstream quintet, pianist Oliver Well's straight-to-out trio) looking for the proper musical mix performed with fervor, striving for audience approval. In all, 21 concerts, matinee and evenings, occurred, mostly in midtown's Piedmont Park, for about 25,000 listeners.

Added to Atlanta's concept from last year were David Chertok's *Jazz On Film* program, workshops in various community arts centers, and the challenging combinations of nationally known artists for big concert performances. Atlanta fans were abuzz about the imported talent, most of whom were complete strangers to jazz enthusiasts from this area. While last year's fest featured mainstream favorites (Bobby Hutcherson, Jimmy Owens), this year Arthur Blythe, Egwu-Anwu (two-fifths of the Art Ensemble of Chicago), Marion Brown and Atlanta-born Mary Lou Williams and George Adams maintained vibes that really surfaced during their points of audio/visual impact.

First up was Mary Lou Williams,

who performed with her trio, then returned with the Clark College Jazz Band. Her telepathic leadership catalyzed the big band into compatibility.

Tenorist George Adams and Don Pullen, of the 360 Degree Experience, would have satisfied the crowd by themselves, despite able backup by a bassist and drummer Dannie Richmond. Altoist Marion Brown's set that followed seemed rather tame, despite some fierce, kinetic drum work by Freddie Waits and pianist Bill Braynan's unusually lush chording behind the stunning crosscurrents of melody provided by Brown and bassist Greg Macker.

On the fest's final night, a crowd of 7500 waited with nervous anticipation, primed by FM radio stations WREK, WCLC and WRFQ. When Arthur Blythe's group hit the stage, the magic began; when it was over, guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer and cellist Abdul Wadud had each blown an amp, and the audience was screaming insanely for yet another encore.

Art Ensemble members Lester Bowie, Malachi Favors and

Roscoe Mitchell were unavoidably detained in Chicago, but reed-playing Joseph Jarman and sun percussionist Famoudou Don Moya displayed word, sound and power undaunted, to bring Great Black Music to its most intense

peak. Their music excluded no one, thus including everyone. In response, listeners leapt to their feet, cheering and proving that Atlanta does indeed appreciate music that's strong and new.

—neyeswah abiku

FINAL BAR

Tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Forrest**, 60, died August 26 in Grand Rapids, Michigan, while hospitalized for an operation concerning severe liver ailments. He had been playing up to his hospitalization with trombonist Al Grey at the Biermiester where he'd initiated a jazz policy, and was scheduled to attend Dick Gibson's Colorado Jazz Party the week of his death.

Forrest, born in St. Louis, had a huge, rough-hewn, soulful sound which he developed around his hometown in the '30s playing with Dewey Jackson, Fate Marable, Jeter-Pillars and his family's band (his mother was a church pianist) prior to going to New York City with Jay McShann in 1940. He worked with Andy Kirk's band from '41 to '47, led his own combo, replaced Ben Webster in Duke Ellington's orchestra in '49-'50, then led his own groups following the r&b charted hit record he composed, *Night Train*, which became an instrumental standard. He co-led bands with Harry Edison in the '50s, waxing for Verve and Prestige Records, also with Buck Clayton, but his dates as a leader were sporadic. His albums include Delmark's *All The Gin Is Gone*, *Night Train*, and *Viva's Live At Rick's Café*, cut in the late '70s with trombonist Grey. In 1973 Forrest joined Count Basie's band, and took as his feature number a flag-waving *Body And Soul*, moments of which are captured in the film *Last Of The Blue Devils*. Forrest had suffered food poisoning during a trip to Europe earlier in 1980. He resided in Grand Rapids following his 1978 marriage to Betty Tardy, and is survived by his wife, his mother, three daughters and a grandson.

Armstrong-veteran tubaist Red Callender, clarinetist John Carter, oboeist Charles Owens and bassoonist John Nunez at Pasquales . . . **Chuck Flores** revealed his new nine member jazz group, Florescope, at the New Yorker Club in the San Fernando Valley . . . at a free day-long jazz fest in Malibu, **Pat Longo** and his **Super Big Band** performed no-nonsense, straightahead charts to climax a show begun by Supersax and Dick Cary's All Stars . . . **Solar Plexus** (Randy Masters, brass; Denny Berthiaume, keyboards; Russ Tincher, drums; Erik Golub, violin and viola; Jon Ward, bass; Terry Summa, reeds; Kenneth Nash, percussion) have worked the Baked Potato and Carmelo's following their second album released on Inner City, *Earth Songs* . . . **Chuck Niles**, dj on LA's only all jazz station, KKGO-FM, premiered a series of dates at the Museum of Science and Industry Sept. 14, to continue every other Sunday for six months in a 500 seat theater, free (sponsored by a Musicians Union Trust Fund grant); guest stars include Shelly Manne, George Cables and trumpeter Bobby Shew . . . **Sadao "Nabesada" Watanabe** worked the Roxy with an all-star band in early Sept., and one week later NYC's Bottom Line to support his two-fer *How's Everything*, a live performance from the first jazz concerts held in Japan's Budokan Hall . . . up in San Francisco, **Music By The Bay** presented four weeks of jazz events (performances, seminars, school programs and jazz-related arts presentations) through October . . . the **Berkeley Agency** (415) 843-4902 publishes an artist roster ranging from Airtro (and Flora Purim) through Mal Waldron; others represented by the firm include the Akiyoshi/Tabackin band, Richie Cole, David Friesen, Sam Rivers, Bobby Hutcherson, Anthony Braxton, Art Pepper, the McCandless/Lande/Samuels trio, Cal Tjader, Ben Sidran, John Handy, Hank Crawford, Red Rodney, Chico Freeman, Billy Harper, the Kuhn/Jordan band and Newton/Davis duo . . . the **Percussive Arts Society's International Convention**, in San Jose's Municipal Auditorium Nov. 13-16, will feature 50 exhibits by manufacturers, wholesalers, publisher and retail dealers, 22

clinics and performances by four groups (headline: Louie Bellson's Explosion) . . . **Arhoolie Records**, El Cerrito's fine American roots music label, celebrated its 20th anniversary in August; we wish it 20 more . . . **Stevie Wonder** sold out the Roxy, filling 450 seats at \$100 per ticket for a three and a half hour "Evening of Love," which benefitted the family of Eula Love, the 39 year old black woman killed by LA cops in January, '79, as well as the Gathering, a coalition of ministers. Wonder hadn't worked a local club since '72, and was backed by three women vocalists and his band, Wonderlove . . . a new telephone **Jazz Line**, financially supported by local clubs, lists artists, club addresses and phone numbers—its voice is Jim Cosa of KKGO-FM; it's organized by Caniche; it's averaging over 100 calls a day, and the number is (213) 306-2364 . . . **Pat Martino** joined the staff of the Guitar Institute of Technology as counselor and instructor, working two weeks per month . . . the Comeback Inn, a small club and vegetarian restaurant in Venice, held a **Labor Day Garden Music fest** from noon to midnight, with such up-and-coming folk musicians and jazz artists as violinist Toni Marcus, the all percussive Roots of Rhythm, Argentinian band Arco Iris, San Diego's Manzanita, Affirmation (just signed by Inner City), and jazz-rock-fusioners Nightlife, Profusion and Eebo.

Chgo: While the 2nd annual Chicago Jazz Fest raged on, the Progressive Arts Center hosted a quickly organized **Underground Fest '80**, with tenor saxist Ari Brown, vocalizer Luba Rashiek and Famoudou Don Moya, the Unity Troupe, Rita Warford with Mwata Bowden and Lester Bowie, Fred Anderson's band, the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble and saxist David Murray drawing standing room crowds (200-300) after the Grant Park concerts 'til late on six nights in August . . . **Oscar Brown Jr.**, host of the new, weekly Public Broadcasting System series *From Jumpstreet: A Story Of Black Music*, played the Earl of Old Town in late August and gave db the schedule of the 13

part, half hour show. It began with jazz vocalists Al Jarreau, Carmen McRae and film clips of black singers from the big band era in October's first week. *Gospel And Spirituals* features Reverend James Cleveland, the D.C. Mass Choir and the Mighty Clouds Of Joy; *The Blues, Country Meets City* has Willie Dixon, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee as interviewed guests; *The West African Heritage* has African born Hugh Masekela, the Wo'se Dance Theatre, and Bai Konte demonstrating the kora; *Early Jazz* tells the story of New Orleans music through Alvin Alcorn's sound and Roy Eldridge's performances. *Jump Street* may be aimed at teens, but it is video-displaying music there is simply too little of on TV—watch for it . . . **Oscar Peterson**, who worked over the Bosendorfer grand piano during his stint at Rick's Cafe American, was spending daytime composing on two synthesizers for an upcoming album . . . the home of Lil Hardin Armstrong on E. 41st St., which Satchmo bought for his wife in the late '20s and in which she lived until her death, has been maintained by the niece who owns it and the nephew who resides there, just as it was, with photos, a piano and memorabilia of Louis Armstrong's illustrious career . . . **Blueswatch:** guitarist Mighty Joe Young toured European festivals in Germany, Holland, France and Italy through July; WXRT-FM threw a **Chicago Blues Party** with Son Seals, Koko Taylor and Lonnie Brooks in September at the Mill Run theatre in Niles . . . WBEE-AM celebrated an **Evening Jazz Fiesta** with Carl Wooley and his Groove Masters (Erma Thompson on piano) at the Jazz Showcase . . . Barrett Deems ("World's Fastest Drummer") is an honored guest artist (others are Johnny Mince, Franz Jackson, Miit Hinton and Bob Wilber) at the **Festival of Traditional Jazz** presented by the not-for-profit Preservation Jazz Fest Society November 7-9 at the Holiday Inn-O'Hare/Kennedy; call (800) 323-6864 for information **Jazz, Chicago**, WBEZ's interview show of local musicians produced by db's Howard Mandel for the Jazz Institute, now leads into *Jazz Alive!* broadcasts on Friday nights.



From left, Walter Bishop Jr., Ray Brown, Cecil Payne, Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody and Max Roach sang "Happy Birthday, Yardbird," on August 29, 1980—the 60th anniversary of Charlie Parker's birth. The all-star sextet under Gillespie's direction appeared on Charlie Parker night of

the 2nd Annual Chicago Jazz Festival before 70,000 attendees. National Public Radio broadcast the birthday fête and two other nights to an estimated 2 million radio listeners. (See John Litweiler's *Caught!* of the entire festival next month in **down beat**.)

POTPURRI

Boston's **Jazz Celebrations** booked Roswell Rudd and his Flexible Flyers as opening band (Nov. 2) for its 10th anniversary season, which runs through May and promises Walt Dickerson, Len and Theda Detlor (a solo sax and dance team), Baird Hersey's solo recital of guitar and synthesizer compositions, Threeba, (a trio led by tubaist Sam Pilafian), and David Moss, solo percussionist, all at Emmanuel Church . . . Alberta's Banff Centre joins with the Creative Music Foundation to offer an **intensive on improvisation and composition** for 25 instrumentalists and composers, Dec. 1-19; Pauline Oliveros, Lee Konitz, Dave Holland, Jimmy Giuffrè, Frederic Rzewski, Ursula Oppens, Ed Blackwell and George Lewis are among the instructors, headed by Karl Berger. For info write %The Registrar, Banff Centre School of Fine Arts, Box 1020, Banff, Alberta, Canada T0L 0C0 . . . Tulane University named Curtis Dale Jerde—co-leader of the septet Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble—new curator of the **William Ransom Hogan Jazz Archive**. Jerde is a library scientist and historian specializing in pop culture (his dissertation involves New Orleans music during the late 1800s); he intends to develop a portable exhibit called *The Genealogy Of Jazz*. Dick Allen remains with the Archive as curator of oral history materials . . . "Learn Your Rights And Shake Your Booty" cried advance publicity for the **Draft Information Picnic & Benefit** sponsored by *The Rocket* and the American Civil Liberties Union of Washington (State); "Seattle's Best Bands" for this gig were rockers The Dynamic Logs, Red Dress, Jr. Cadillac, The Cowboys, The Jitters, The Skyboys and Johnny and the Distractions—it was all about selective service in early Sept. . . . soprano saxist **Steve Lacy's** American tour in October scheduled gigs at San Jose State, U.C. Berkeley, the Kuumba Jazz Center of Santa Cruz, Minneapolis' Walker Arts Center, Soundscape (NYC, Oct. 30, 31 and Nov. 1), the Smithsonian Institution (Nov. 2), U. of Tennessee/Knoxville (Nov. 3), Woodstock, NY (Nov. 5-7), State U. of NY/Albany (Nov. 8) and Real Art Ways, in Hartford, Cn. (Nov. 11). Tenor giant **Johnny Griffin** started an autumn tour in late Sept. at Fat Tuesdays in the Apple, following with dates at Lulu White's (Oct. 16-19), Milwaukee's Jazz Gallery (Oct. 21), Chicago's Jazz Showcase (Oct. 22-26), and a Baltimore concert with Dexter Gordon (Nov. 1).

To know the scene in Kansas City (MO)

one *must* read the monthly **KC Jazz Calendar**, published since last May by the Mutual Musicians Foundation, Inc. It lists special events, regular performances by area musicians, radio and tv programming; it's available from 1823 Highland Ave., KC, MO 64108, and donations are payable to MMF Jazz Calendar Fund . . . **CRI (Composers Recordings, Inc.)** was among the first of three recipients of pilot grants awarded by the National Endowment for the Arts for the recording and distribution of American Classical music; the New York City label has a permanent catalogue of over 1000 works by 450 composers . . . saxophonist and Coltraneologist **Andrew White** issued his Small Band Series, volumes one through four, of 40 arrangements for septet on the 54th anniversary of Coltrane's birth, Sept. 23; White's been on tour with the remarkable Elvin Jones Jazz Machine, but he's open for special projects booking Dec. 15 through Feb. 15, 1981; contact 4830 South Dakota Ave. N.E., Washington D.C. 20017 . . . Bruce Lundvall, CBS Records president and noted jazz lover, keynotes the second annual **Jazz Times convention** in Washington, D.C. in mid October; *Working Together For Jazz* is the theme for the three days of panels and workshops organized by Ira Sabin and Orrin Keepnews, with Dizzy Gillespie as guest of honor . . . the **Alexandria Palace**, an hour outside London, burned down less than 24 hours before George Wein's Great Britain jazz fest in mid July, cancelling two of three scheduled concerts. . . .

Saalfelden, Austria has a non-profit jazz club year-round, and in Sept. featured a third annual jazz fest, framing performances by John Handy's Rainbow with Ali Akbar Khan, Enrico Rava, Gunter Hampel's Galaxie Dream Band (with Jeanne Lee) and many others with exhibits, workshops and a video project . . . there are now two **Leo Records** companies: one label's produced in England by Russian emigre and BBC voice Leo Fagen and the other in Finland, by musician Edward Vesala; so far we've received Fagen's LPs, but not the Finnish albums . . . Detroit's Jazz Gallery has been jumping after hours into the early morning, Fridays and Saturdays, and on Thursdays weekly the Kumba New World Orchestra has been stomping onstage there . . . North Texas State U's **1 O'Clock Jazz Lab Band** played a 2,000 seat hall in Interlaken, Switzerland for three concerts in mid October . . . the **Dallas Jazz Society** organized a Jazz Roots day in August, with pianist/composer Robert Sanders leading a 13 piece band, with financial aid from the City Arts Program, the Expansion Arts program of the NEA and the AFM's Performance Trust Fund.

RELEASES

Here comes the flood:

Devadip Carlos Santana's put together his hottest band yet—with Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams prominently featured—on *The Swing Of Delight*, a two-fer; **Hubert Laws** and **Earl Klugh** lead an octet through Patrick Williams' movie score *How To Beat The High Cost Of Living*, **Arthur Blythe** realizes *Illusions* (with Blood Ulmer, John Hicks and others), **David Liebman** says *What It Is*, **Sadao Watanabe** with most of Stuff and the Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra asks *How's Everything*, **JoAnne Brackeen's** quartet (Gomez, DeJohnette, Joe Henderson) explores *Ancient Dynasty*, **Maynard Ferguson** claims *It's My Time*, Jean-Pierre Rampal and Alexandre Lagoya enjoy **Claude Bolling's** *Picnic Suite*, **Jim Dale** stars as *Barnum*, the **O'Jays** enter *The Year 2000*—all from Columbia.

Elvis Aron Presley's 25th Anniversary with RCA would have been 1980; the label celebrates him with a limited edition, eight album boxed set of collectors items. And RCA's Bluebird reissue series (see this issue's *Waxing On*) continues with *The Complete Glenn Miller, 1940-'41* (Vol. VI) and *1941* (Vol. VII). Cuba Gooding and **The Main Ingredient** are alive, okay, and *Ready For Love* on RCA, too.

Jazz Records, a branch of the **Lennie Tristano Foundation**, commemorates its hero with a three LP package of the *Memorial Concert* it held at Town Hall, New York City, Jan. 28, 1979; included are sides of Warne Marsh, Sheila Jordan, Sal Mosca and a six minute Max Roach solo (from Box 23071, Hollis, NY).

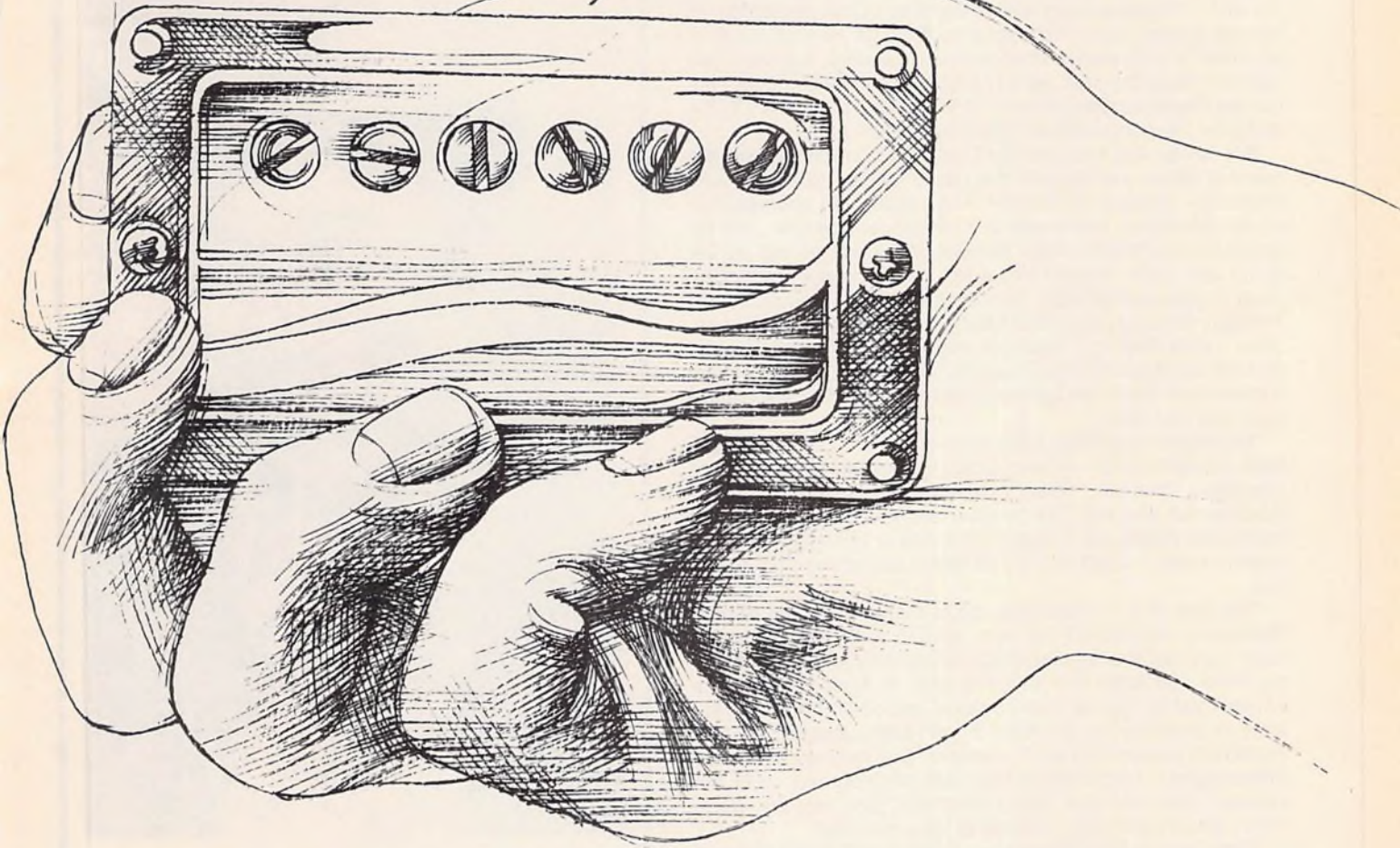
Lionel Hampton and *His Jazz Giants '77*, pianist **Sammy Price's** combo on *Fire*, **Hank Jones'** trio vowing *I Remember You*, guitarist/violinist **Claude Williams' Fiddler's Dream**, **Al Grey** with Eddie Vinson and Wild Bill Davis on *Keybone* are all Inner City's Classic Jazz, licensed from French Black & Blue. The **Phil Woods Quartet Vol. One, A Live Recording**, emanates from Clean Cuts/Adelphi Records—Adelphi has revived *The Best Of Pearls Before Swine* (remember them? No??) and found a young band *Givin' Good Boys A Bad Name*, led by **Bill Blue**, and singer **Tracy Nelson's Doin' It My Way**.

Saxist **John Klemmer** vocalizes a mite on *Magnificent Madness*, from Elektra, as is **Ernie Watts' Look In Your Heart**, **The Pointer Sisters' Special Things**, and *Shadow*, a trio owing much to **Leon Ware**.

The **Allman Brothers Band Reach For**

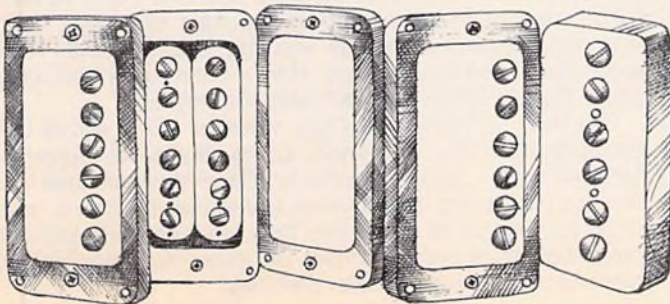
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HORACE SILVER'S BLUE NOTE SWAN SONG

by MICHAEL CUSCUNA

It is generally considered the role of the creative artist to use the present to create the future; that is, to evolve his ideas and his work. There are many who, caught up in the momentum of this life pattern, turn their backs on the past. Horace Silver is an artist who is always changing and growing, but does not forget or deny the past. So it is logical that in talking about his current double album *Silver 'N Strings Play The Music Of The Spheres* the conversation drifted toward the past.

"My father was born on the Cape Verdean Islands off the coast of Africa. He came to this country when he was 21 and eventually married my mother. They were both interested in music. My father was never a professional musician, but he would play authentic Cape Verdean folk tunes by ear on the guitar and violin. When I was a kid, my father and my uncles used to get together in our house in Norwalk, Connecticut on a Friday or Saturday night and have a house party, a little dance. They'd play their folk music on various stringed instruments, and the wives would cook. I used to come down in my pajamas with the little flap in the back and the feet, and sit on the bottom stair and just listen.

"My mother died when I was nine, so my dad raised me from then on with a lot of help from my mother's aunt. I got interested in music when I was young. I used to go to Woolworths and buy 78s by Slim and Slam and all the big bands like Basie and Ellington. But Jimmy Lunceford was my favorite band. I used to buy just about everything that he put out.

"The first time my dad took me to this amusement park in Rowayton, we rode all the rides and so forth. But then after dark, they had this dance pavilion where they brought in all the big black and white bands of that time. In those days, blacks couldn't get in. So we stood outside and peeked through the slats to catch the first set. Man, when I saw Lunceford . . . The musicians played with such precision, and they were dressed immaculately. They had all this slick choreography with the different horn sections. And Lunceford's style was so suave. That's when I decided I wanted to be a musician.

"Later, kids started hipping me to the small group music of Coleman Hawkins, Teddy Wilson, Lester Young and Art Tatum. The reason I picked the piano to play was the fact that a brother and sister next door used to play the piano. And I thought it would be nice to be able to sit down and play a blues just like that. My uncle worked for this rich white family who were getting rid of their piano. So my dad got a truck and brought the piano home.

"Well, after a few weeks, I got drugged with practicing those scales. But my father made me stick to it and kept telling me that I'd thank him someday. When he came home from work, he'd ask me if I practiced. And somehow I couldn't lie to him; if I tried, he could always tell. He'd pull out his strap and chase me to the piano and make me practice.

"Then, when I got a little older and could learn blues and boogie woogie by ear, he'd have to chase me away from the piano. I could sit there for hours and hours playing. I thank God that he made me stay with it.

16 down beat



DARRYL PITTENCORE

"As I progressed, he always used to ask me why I didn't take some Cape Verdean folk music and adapt it to jazz. But that really didn't move me too much. It wasn't until I went to Brazil in 1964 and hung out with Sergio Mendes, Jobim and Dom Um Romao that I got turned on to my own heritage. As a kid, I always looked at my father, my uncle and their Cape Verdean friends as older people to whom I couldn't relate. But here I was with people my own age who dug jazz, too. And I really loved the bossa nova. That's when I came back and wrote *Song For My Father* and dedicated it to my dad.

"He likes that tune and *Cape Verdean Blues* and is very proud of them. But, you know, to this day, he will never be satisfied until I take an authentic Cape Verdean tune and arrange it for a jazz performance. Unfortunately, none of them really turn me on all that much; they are repetitious and only have about three chords to them. But those two songs are very reminiscent of Cape Verdean melodies."

If the music of Brazil and Cape Verde emerged in Silver's music, Latin music was present by the time he wrote *Senor Blues* in 1956. "I've always been fond of Latin music. I'd heard a lot on the radio. But then working at Birdland and at various dances around New York in the early '50s, there would sometimes be Latin groups playing opposite us. I'd check them out and they'd be cookin'. I always dug their rhythmic concept and just incorporated it into my own music."

Tunes like *Doodlin'* and *The Preacher* from Horace's first quintet dates are credited with launching a whole school of funk jazz. If funk implies r&b in today's vocabulary, its roots still lie in blues and gospel music. "I used to listen to the purer form of the blues like Peetie Wheatstraw, Memphis Minnie, Memphis Slim—all those old Bluebird and Decca records—and of course to the great boogie woogie pianists. And although I was brought up in the Catholic religion, I was always very fond of black gospel music. I used to tune in when it came on the radio late at night. In our town, we had a few storefront churches which were the holy roller, sanctified type. I used to stand out in front and listen to them cook."

Add a healthy dose of Bud Powell, and Horace Silver's head and hands were certainly equipped to make a unique mark on the jazz world. But by his 22nd birthday in 1950, his career had only taken him some 80 miles away from his hometown to Hartford, where he led a trio with bassist Joe Gallaway and drummer Walt Bolden. "Then Stan Getz came to Hartford and discovered me working at a club. He took the whole trio on the road with him. During the year that I was with him, he also recorded three of my tunes: *Penny*, *Potter's Luck* and *Split Kick*. Sometimes I wonder if I would have had the guts to go to New York if Stan hadn't come through and picked me up. I was saving up money to go there, but I also had cold feet, those doubts of 'Will I make it?' I worried about not making it in New York and everyone laughing at me when I came back. But Stan took me by the hand and led me out of there."

Horace freelanced around New York in 1952 and '53 with Terry Gibbs, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Oscar Pettiford, Art Blakey and others. In June and November of '52, he recorded with Lou Donaldson, contributing *Roccus* and *Sweet Juice* to the sessions. The November session was originally scheduled for October, but Donaldson had to postpone the date—to Horace's benefit: "Alfred Lion at Blue Note called me,

told me that Lou couldn't make it and that instead of canceling the studio, they wanted me to do a session. This was just three days before the date, but it was an opportunity and I had plenty of tunes written. So I practiced 24 hours a day and had one rehearsal before going in."

Nineteen fifty-four proved a significant year for the pianist. He joined Art Blakey's short-lived quintet with Lou Donaldson, Clifford Brown and Curly Russell. The night of February 21 was, thankfully, captured at Birdland by Blue Note, and the repertoire boasted Horace's *Mayreh* as well as resurrections of *Split Kick* and *Quicksilver*. Six record dates with Miles Davis followed shortly thereafter.

Later in the year, Blue Note asked Horace to do a date with horns. He had been working in town with a quartet that included Hank Mobley and Doug Watkins. Blakey and Kenny Dorham were added for the two sessions that spawned two ten-inch albums. "The two ten-inch albums were just called the Horace Silver Quintet. But by the time the 12-inch album came out, we were the Jazz Messengers, so the record company titled it *Horace Silver And The Jazz Messengers*. After those sessions, we dug playing together so much that we just formed a co-operative group. It was my idea to call it the Jazz Messengers. But I had remembered meeting Kenny Dorham in Connecticut in the late '40s. He invited me to see a big band that Art was leading that was made up primarily of Moslem musicians and was called the Messengers. KD and Walter Bishop were in the band. So I just thought of putting the word 'Jazz' in front of it.

"I was there for a year or so and left. Eventually the others left one by one, and Art kept the name, putting together a whole new band. Co-ops are a hard thing. We each had duties like publicity and transportation and so forth. But people tend to want to do things in their own ways. Most bands need a single leader. The Modern Jazz Quartet was co-operative for a long time and did it well, and there were a few others. But that's the exception.

"After I left the Jazz Messengers, I made some albums of my own, but I didn't intend to lead my own group. I was going to take a rest and join another band. But the owner of the Showboat in Philadelphia called Jack Whittemore and said that they were playing the hell out of my record *Senor Blues*. So Jack, whom I didn't know at the time but who has been my



Horace Silver on the gig; Doug Watkins, bass; Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Art Farmer, trumpet.



HAROLD FEINSTEIN

Horace Silver in the studio; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

agent ever since, called me. I told him that I didn't have a band, that the record was just a one shot deal, and that furthermore I didn't want the headache and responsibility of being a bandleader. But Jack and the club owner persisted, so I got Hank Mobley, Doug Watkins, Art Farmer and Art Taylor to try it out. A few more gigs came up, but Art had other commitments, so I got Louis Hayes. The whole thing snowballed."

From late 1958 to early 1964, Silver led his longest lasting, most consistent and perhaps best known quintet with Junior Cook, Blue Mitchell, Gene Taylor and Louis Hayes, later replaced by Roy Brooks. "That band was a very well rounded band; they could play funky, hip, ballads, blues, the Latin thing, all of it. Now I've had bands since then that could play hipper, but they had something lacking when it came to that funky feel. The band with Junior and Blue just had a natural commerciality about it. It wasn't contrived. There was something about

those cats that when they played funk or blues, they really played it because it was from their hearts and souls. They weren't doing it just to please the audience. They enjoyed it and it came across that way. They were very open, overt personalities, and they projected."

Like Blakey and Miles, Horace has contributed to jazz not only with his music, but also with his discovery and nurturing of new talent. "I never thought of myself as a talent scout at the time. But I look back at a lot of the guys who have been with me and I hope that I have been a source through which they have been seen and heard. I'm looking forward to doing more of that. I'm always looking for young guys who have the qualifications to handle the music and who are future greats. Like Joe Henderson, Woody Shaw, Louis Hayes, Blue Mitchell, guys of that caliber. That's the way I did it, coming up with Stan Getz, Art Blakey, Miles Davis and other people that I have worked with. I learned something from all of them: that's the beauty of the process. On one hand, I'm helping them. On the other hand, they are helping me because I want my music to sound strong, fresh and vibrant."

Horace Silver's current album is the last in a series of *Silver 'N* recordings centered around a quintet of Horace, Bob Berg and later Larry Schneider on sax, Tom Harrell on trumpet, Ron Carter on bass and Al Foster on drums, each with the augmentation of a specific instrumental section. The series includes brass, woodwinds, voices and percussion.

But the new album is also a clear extension of his three *United States Of Mind* albums.

Horace says, "The seed for the *United States Of Mind* music came about in the mid '60s when I came across some metaphysical literature. It was a period during which I was asking myself 'Where did I come from?, what am I doing here? and where am I going?' This helped me open up my head to some new concepts of life. At that point, I wasn't sure about life after death. I firmly believe in reincarnation now.

"I was wondering what the hell I was working so hard for, banging my head against a stone wall. Jobs were hard, I was having problems with musicians. Nothing was going right. I was just fed up with life the way I was living it.

"But after I got into this metaphysical literature, I began to realize that life was only a show. I've been here before and I will be here again unless I learn the lessons that this school of life has to offer. Being a Virgo, I guess I have an analytical sort of mind. The Earth phase is nothing but a school.

"These are some of the things that led to the *United States Of Mind* albums. I was just getting tired of the concept of life that I had been given. I was brought up Catholic, but that didn't satisfy me or give me any explanation of what life is all about. They taught you that if you're bad, you go to hell; if you're good, you go to heaven. I wanted something to make life more

SELECTED HORACE SILVER DISCOGRAPHY

- HORACE SILVER & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Blue Note LT-81518 (w/Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley, Doug Watkins, Art Blakey) (1954)
 THE STYLINGS OF SILVER—Blue Note LT-81562 (with Art Farmer, Hank Mobley, Teddy Kotick, Louis Hayes) (1957)
 FINGER POPPIN'—Blue Note LT-84008 (w/Blue Mitchell, Junior Cook, Gene Taylor, Louis Hayes) (1959)
 BLOWIN' THE BLUES AWAY—Blue Note LT-84017 (w/Blue Mitchell, Junior Cook, Gene Taylor, Louis Hayes) (1959)
 SILVER'S SERENADE—Blue Note LT-84131 (w/Blue Mitchell, Junior Cook, Gene Taylor, Roy Brooks) (1963)
 SONG FOR MY FATHER—Blue Note LW-84185 (w/Carmell Jones, Joe Henderson, Teddy Smith, Roger Humphries) (1964)
 STERLING SILVER—Blue Note LT-945 (w/Blue Mitchell, Donald Byrd, Hank Mobley, Junior Cook, Gene Taylor, Louis Hayes, Roy Brooks etc.) (1956-1964)
 THE CAPE VERDEAN BLUES—Blue Note LT-84220 (w/Woody Shaw, Joe Henderson, J. J. Johnson, Bob Cranshaw, Roger Humphries) (1965)
 IN PURSUIT OF THE 27TH MAN—Blue Note LTAO-054 (w/Michael and Randy Brecker, David Freidman, Bob Cranshaw, Micky Roker)
 SILVER 'N STRINGS PLAY THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES—Blue Note LWB-1033 (w/Tom Harrell, Larry Schneider, Ron Carter, Al Foster etc.) (1978-79)
 with Stan Getz:
 THE BEST OF STAN GETZ—Roulette RE-119 (1951)
 with Hank Mobley:
 ALL STARS—Blue Note LT-81544 (1956)
 with Art Blakey:
 A NIGHT AT BIRDLAND, Vol. 1-2—Blue Note LT-81521-81522 (1954)
 with Gigi Gryce:
 SIGNALS—Savoy SJL 2231 (1956)
 with Kenny Clarke:
 THE MODERN JAZZ PIANO ALBUM—Savoy SJL 2247 (1956)
 with Jazz Messengers:
 AT THE CAFE BOHEMIA, Vol. 1-2—Blue Note LT-81507-81508 (1955)

GEORGE BENSON PUTS ON HIS DANCING SHOES

(IN A QUINCY JONES PRODUCTION)

by LOIS GILBERT

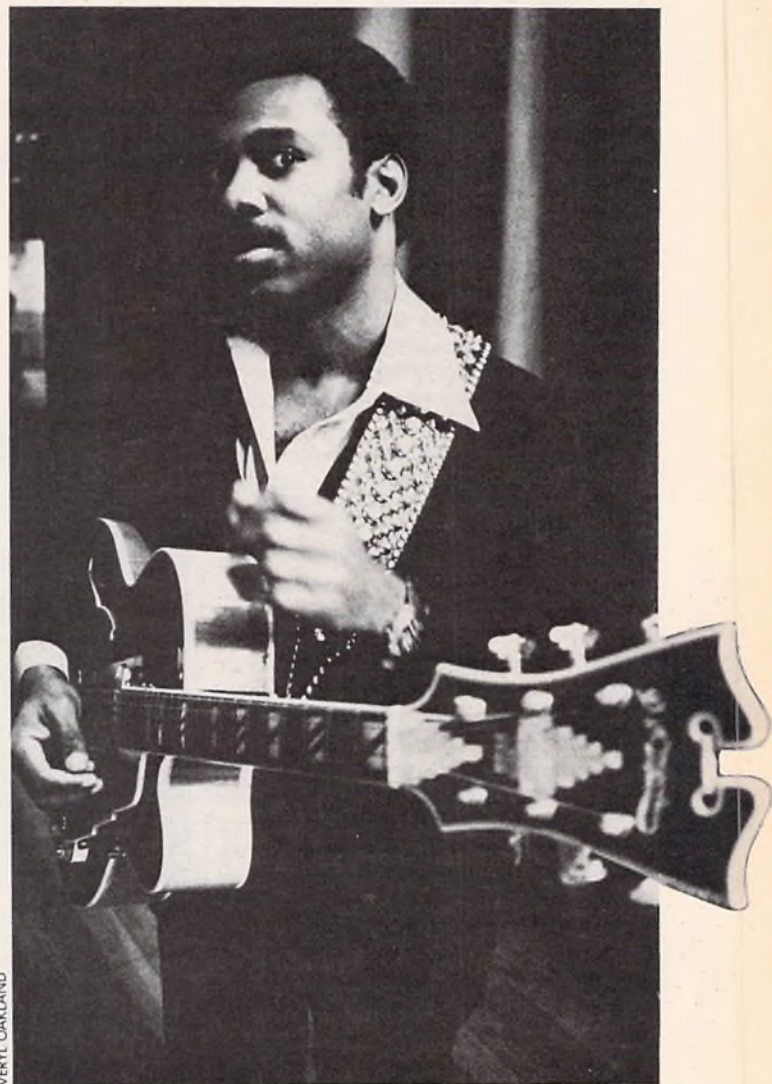
George Benson's latest outing on vinyl, *Give Me The Night*, marks a natural progression in Benson's career. Though elements on this LP—including his greater participation in choosing material and emphasis on vocalizing—are heard on earlier albums such as *Bad Benson*, *Breezin'*, *In Flight* and *Weekend In L.A.*, *Give Me The Night* is the first time all the ingredients take hold and appeal to a dance market. At press time, the album was holding seventh place for the fourth consecutive week in the *Record World* pop album sales chart.

According to Benson, his latest success is partly due to his collaboration with producer Quincy Jones. "I always had a great respect for Quincy," Benson explains, "and part of it comes from the fact that he is involved in every aspect of the music industry. Anything with his name on it has a certain quality—that's become his calling card. Ever since we met, we knew we would work together one day, but I always thought it would be on a straight jazz album. At this point in time, though, we decided to do something 'contemporary'—something for all the people.

"You see, Quincy confirms my conviction that there's a difference between just playing music and communication. Quincy is a communicator and so am I. He is one of the top producers of our time, and I consider it an honor that he wanted to work on this album with me.

"Before going into the studio, we did a lot of talking: who we wanted to reach and how to do it. This album says a lot about Quincy as a producer, and presents a side of me that people haven't heard before. There are also enough elements present on *Give Me The Night* so that we can get play on black radio stations, rock, contemporary and jazz stations."

Though Benson has had plenty of success in jazz and pop fields, he never quite has reached the dance audience. Finally, with Quincy Jones' expertise—which earlier in 1980 created the smash success of Michael Jackson's *Don't Stop 'Til You*



VERYL OAKLAND

Get Enough—George captures this elusive market. He maintains his jazz credentials by looking back with a new version of *Moody's Mood For Love*, a tune which has gained renewed popularity since the passing of Eddie Jefferson, who wrote the lyrics that King Pleasure first made famous in 1951.

"It has a lot to do with Quincy that the tune works," Benson says, "because he knows jazz and he knows new music. He can take a jazz standard and make it happen in a contemporary way." Marty Paich's sweet string arrangement, Patti Austin's silky answering vocal part and Benson's own guitar chording update the song, as does Quincy's choice of such hot sidemen as Greg Phillinganes on keyboards and synthesizer.

"You know," Benson reminisces, "the irony of my doing an Eddie Jefferson tune is that he was my mentor in a way. I actually performed for him on the streets of our hometown, Pittsburgh, when I was seven or eight. I was known as Little

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Sheila Jordan

WORKING WOMAN'S BLUES

by LEE JESKE

In 1962, Nat Hentoff wrote for the liner notes of *Portrait Of Sheila*, "On the basis of this album, if anyone now singing jazz has the right to have confidence, it is Sheila Jordan. She's waited a long time, but I'll be very surprised if Sheila soon won't have to leave that day job and spend all her time doing what she is best at—being herself through music."

In the 1963 **down beat** Critics Poll, Sheila Jordan was voted Talent Deserving Wider Recognition in the female vocalist category.

In 1977, Chris Sheridan wrote for the liner notes of *Sheila*, "Hopefully, many more people will now be moved by Sheila's work, and to the extent where she can not only record more frequently, but also make more than four or five concerts and three club dates each year which comprise her activities at present. Then she can take her deserved place among the music's stars."

In the 1977, 1978 and 1980 **db** Critics Polls, Sheila Jordan won again as the female singer most deserving of wider recognition.

She's still got that day gig.

Sheila Jordan's career in jazz began in the late '40s when she was the latter member of Skeeter, Mitch and Jean (Jean being her middle name), a bebop vocal group which used to sit in with the likes of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie when such stars went through Detroit. The '50s were spent in transition—she was married unsuccessfully to pianist Duke Jordan, a marriage that produced a daughter before ending in divorce five years later; she shadowed Charlie Parker, whom she "worshipped," and she moved from Detroit to New York City. Her singing, however, remained mostly limited to appearances before her friends in her loft.

In the early '60s, Sheila was doing clerical work by day, singing by night at the Page Three in Greenwich Village, and raising her daughter Traci. George Russell heard Jordan at the Page Three and immediately suggested to Alfred Lion of Blue Note that somebody record her.

Her Blue Note album *Portrait Of Sheila* was a critical smash. Sheila's distinctive, trumpetlike vocal stylings were unlike any heard in jazz; she transformed standards into personal vehicles with a sharp, acidic sense of timing and phrasing. She didn't abandon the melody, she used it—turning one syllable words into three, four or five syllable words. Lyrics became vocal sounds. Backed by only guitar, bass and drums (Barry Galbraith,

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DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Steve Swallow and Denzil Best), Sheila Jordan seemed on the verge of success.

But *Portrait Of Sheila* did not go flying out of record stores—it laid there. Sheila Jordan did not quit her clerical job. Today, the leading shop for out of print jazz albums in Manhattan will sell you a second hand stereo copy of *Portrait Of Sheila* for \$35 plus tax.

"I'm very poor at selling myself," says Sheila Jordan, sitting in Chinese red pyjamas on the couch of her small Manhattan apartment. "After the Blue Note album came out, I worked at the Vanguard twice, a year or so later I worked at the Five Spot, and then I got invited to Europe—again through George Russell. But I didn't have an agent at that time and I didn't feel anybody was quite interested in what I was doing. They weren't breaking down any doors to book me or say, 'Can we handle you or manage you?' And then my daughter was a baby, and it's hard to do so many things.

"I really couldn't understand the big hullabaloo about this *Portrait Of Sheila* album. I brought the album home and put it on, and I just *hated* it. I just felt I could have done better. I never thought too much about having a better voice. I know my voice is limited, and I can work within that realm. I was really upset about it. It took me a long time to get used to hearing it, but it's like that with things I do.

"I think I've always had a lack of confidence in myself. I've *always* had a day job, I've never given it up. I figure in 12 years I'll be 62, and then I can retire and sing. When I left Pennsylvania to be on my own, I always said that there was never going to be a time, if I could possibly help it, where I was going to go without heat or food or water or anything. By working at this job, I don't just have to take any kind of a singing job. The support that I've gotten from musicians has made me as confident as I am today, but by the same token—with whatever lack of confidence—I still have to get out there and do the music. It's born in me to do this music, and I'll support it to do it the way I *have* to do it."

Sheila Jordan's concert tours are usually scheduled during her vacation weeks. In 1965, with Blue Note credentials, she made her first trip to Europe to perform at the Club Montmartre in Copenhagen. The audience response was certainly unusual—and far from what she had expected:

"I was quite flattered to be asked to record for Blue Note. I knew they didn't record singers, and I also knew that they didn't record many white musicians. I didn't even look white on the album cover because of the lighting. And then, of course, fans knew I had been married to Duke Jordan. When I got to Copenhagen to work at the Montmartre in 1965, they really came out expecting to see a black singer and they were *furious* when they

found out I was white. They got drunk, they screamed, they didn't want to listen to me—it was a total disaster."

But that reaction was the exception, not the rule. She has clippings from newspapers and magazines in Norway, Sweden, England, Ireland and Japan praising her "fresh, sensitive expressiveness, distinctive intonation and much charm" (in the words of a Japanese reviewer) and her "instrumentalist's flexibility and a sense for improvisation far

Selected Jordan Discography

PORTRAIT OF SHEILA—Blue Note 9002
CONFIRMATION—East Wind EW 8024
SHEILA—SteepleChase SCS 1081
with Steve Kuhn
PLAYGROUND—ECM 1 1150
with Marcello Melis
PERDAS DE FOGU—Vista-RCA TPLI 1082
FREE TO DANCE—Black Saint BSR 0023
with Roswell Rudd
FLEXIBLE FLYER—Arista Freedom 1006
NUMATIK SWING BAND—JCOA 1007
with Carla Bley
ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL—EOTH-3
with George Russell
OUTER THOUGHTS—Milestone M-47027



COLLIS DAVIS/SHALIDA

With Steve Kuhn

surpassing what singers are usually capable of" (as a Swedish critic put it). At one point she even considered joining the exodus of American jazz musicians to Europe, but changed her mind. "It could be the same thing that it is here—you can become local. I thought that in order not to become local I would have to start traveling around, and I didn't want to do that to Traci at the time. I felt she was too young and traveling would be too confusing for her. I feel that they like me a little better over there, though, and understand more of what I'm trying to do."

Besides her day job and occasional singing gigs, Sheila Jordan spent a good part of the last two decades fighting with an alcohol problem which she proudly announces she conquered five years ago. "I had to quit. I knew that it was destroying my music and my soul. I grew up in a family of alcoholics, so I didn't drink for years—I hated it. But working in

clubs and being bought drinks, eventually it became a crutch. I wouldn't work in places unless I could do music the way I wanted to do it—so it was painful to hold all of my music inside and not express myself. So alcohol came along at a time when I thought I needed it.

"Boy, was I wrong. It was frightening. I said, 'Are you going to let this ruin your life, are you going to let this ruin the music, are you going to lose all your friends, are you going to gain so many enemies by drinking?' I had to stop."

The late 1970s began to show a turn in Sheila Jordan's luck. Although she calls herself a "bebopper," she began working with groups in different spheres of jazz. She toured with Roswell Rudd, appeared on his *Flexible Flyer* LP (recorded with Carla Bley and Italian bassist Marcello Melis) and JCOA album *Numatik Swing Band*, and began teaching jazz singing at City College in upper Manhattan.

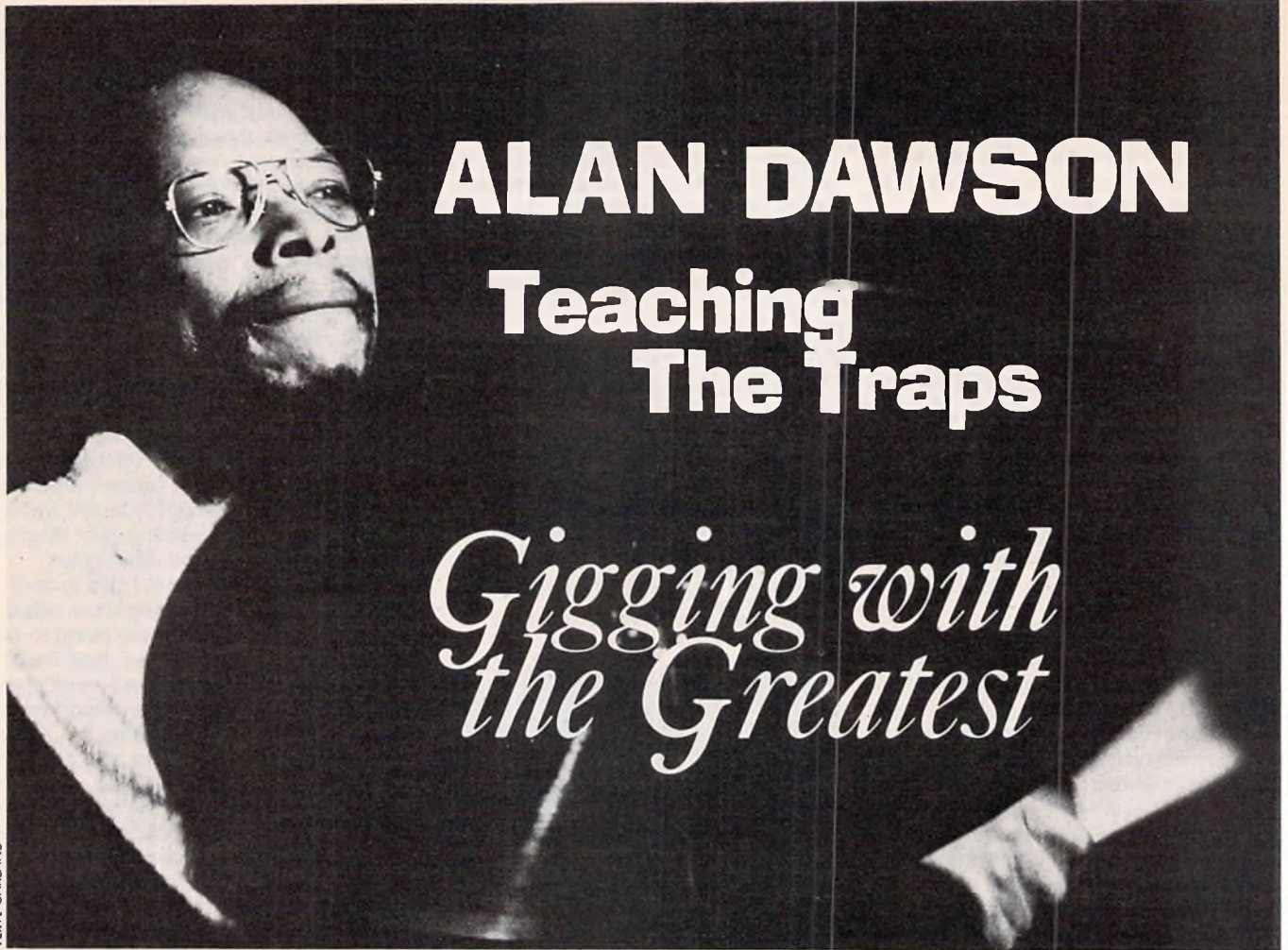
"I love to do free music. I love to do it if there's a direction. I have to know exactly what the story is—are there going to be time changes, what does this mean, what direction does it take?—and *then* I'm off. Free music is very important to the American musical culture, but it has to be directed. I don't think you can just jump from anything into free music. I think you have to have the roots: swing music, bebop, standards. I think that's very, very important in order to be a good free improviser."

Along with her experiments in free music, Sheila had the chance to record two albums of standards—*Confirmation* for the Japanese East Wind label and *Sheila* for SteepleChase in Denmark.

The formation of a band Jordan co-leads with pianist Steve Kuhn and the release of their ECM album *Playground* marked 1980. Backed by the ever resourceful bass/drum team of Harvie Swartz and Bob Moses, Kuhn and Jordan blend extraordinarily. The Jordan/Kuhn pairing was the result of her appreciation of his tunes (she had recorded two on her SteepleChase LP).

"I wanted to do Kuhn's music. I really felt that there was a need for different songs for singers to sing. I felt strongly that, hell, if somebody doesn't do his tunes pretty soon, they'll never get heard. I made a demo with some grant money from the National Endowment for the Arts, and originally we were going to see if a company would buy *me*. But Steve said, 'Since I'm with ECM, I think Manfred Eicher should have the first choice of getting this tape. Do you mind?' And I said, 'Of course not, I just want your music to be out there.' As it turned out, Manfred liked it. I like the feeling of the group.

"In concert we play a mixture of the Kuhn songs and standards. I think it's ultra-important to do standards. Standards help people to get through to the originals. I don't want to ever not do



VERYL OAKLAND

ALAN DAWSON

Teaching The Traps

Gigging with the Greatest

The genial and gentlemanly Boston drummer Alan Dawson has earned the respect and affection of fellow percussionists and every professional musician he's met in a 30 year career that has been divided evenly between teaching and playing, mostly in his home town.

Dawson is comparatively unknown for three very good reasons: he has hardly been on the road since his tours with Lionel Hampton in 1953; he has never played a club date in the United States outside Greater Boston; he has never led a record album. Dawson has, in fact, only achieved a measure of international prominence since his association with Dave Brubeck, 1968-75.

Yet as a players' player and teacher, Dawson is remarkably influential. He has been the preferred drummer of scores of name artists who have passed through New England since the early '60s in top clubs like Lennie's-On-The-Turnpike, Jazz Workshop, Sandy's Jazz Revival, and Lulu White's. "The one night Alan sat in with Roland Kirk was one of the most exciting nights of music I have ever heard," recalls the voluble Lennie Sogoloff, who has heard music many nights. "Kirk tried to burn Alan off the stand, and he couldn't do it.

"That's the most remarkable thing 22 □ down beat

by FRED BOUCHARD

about Alan—his stamina. He'd teach all day at Berklee and play all night—six nights plus Sunday matinee—in the company of giants, and he never turned in a set that was less than perfect, often completely outta sight! Alan Dawson knows only one way to play: his best."

That's the way Alan Dawson teaches drums, too. His first student is still his best known: Tony Williams. Other drummers who have paradiddled on Dawson's practice pad are Clifford Jarvis, Keith Copeland, Harvey Mason, Payton Crossley, Joe LaBarbera, Joe Corsello, Peter Donald, Kenwood Dennard, Bobby Ward and Teri Lyne Carrington.

"I never set out to be a teacher. People used to come up to me when I was playing and say: 'Hey, I like the way you did such and such. Show me how you did that.' We'd always exchange ideas. But I never gave much thought to teaching until Tillmon Williams [Tony's father, a Boston saxophonist with whom Dawson gigged occasionally] came by and said, 'I want you to teach my son.'

"Tillmon lived only a couple of blocks

away. He took me up to the attic where Tony, who was 11 but looked about nine, was seated behind this set of drums. Tillmon picked up his horn to blow, and this baby started to cook, playing beautiful time and fills. Believe it or not, this youngster had good time, good taste, and good feeling—everything but chops!"

Like Tony, Dawson noticed his own percussive penchant manifesting itself early. "My mother did day work in Boston's western suburbs, and she'd take me along with her. I'd fool around on the pianos, and play a little thing I used to call *Goin' Down The River*. To this very day my mother swears that Glenn Miller heard it and came up with *In The Mood!*

"I'd play chair rungs with knives, forks, spoons, anything I could get my hands on. I had a ball growing up on Hammond Street in Roxbury. We'd tip over those 50 gallon trash barrels and my! would they make sounds! After a point, I started to buy drumsticks: not quarter ones from the music store, but dime ones from the pawn shop. I was tapping around all over the place." After sticks, Dawson bought a wooden snare, then a hi-hat.

Dawson had his first exposure—and comeuppances—at Friday night dances. "Occasionally guys with small bands

would come in and play. Most notably, pianist Hopeton Johnson came in with a couple of horns and drums. Well, the drummer was late getting back from intermission, so somebody yelled: 'Hey! Let Alan play!' And I sat down there and couldn't do a thing with it!"

The following Friday, Dawson got the hook again, but he also got his break. "Tasker Crosson, a bass player and leader, brought in his band and this time I brought my hi-hat. So I sat down and played a few things by myself. After about four bars, I dropped a stick. 'You're all right, kid,' Tasker told me. 'You just gotta learn what you're doing. Gimme your address.' Later on, Tasker called me to play a gig, Tuesdays and Saturdays, for \$1.75 a night."

Musicians returning from the war into the teeth of a postwar recession made gigging tough, however, and Dawson worked days in a shoe factory and as an errand boy. Drummer Marcus Foster told Dawson he needed to develop his talent, and hipped him to Charles Alden.

"Charles Alden changed my life," continues Dawson. "He taught me legit reading and snare—standard study for drums in those days—but his records and charts were unique. He started me off with light classics: *Light Cavalry Overture*, *Death And Transfiguration*. 'Til then I'd never had any experience reading without steady tempos. Charles was primarily a show drummer and worked with local society orchestras [Harry Marshard, Ruby Newman], but he was hip to jazz and very understanding. He had me play along with various big band records. Then he'd get me to write out charts played by Kenny Clarke, Jo Jones and others.

"I also studied marimba, but never became a virtuoso—economics forbade buying them. You can play jazz on marimba; it's more difficult than vibes because you have to sustain by rolling. You need very good chops, but if you play a good rosewood marimba with soft mallets and roll slowly, it can sound as full as an organ."

After only a few months of study, Dawson found his playing greatly improved, and better known local bands began calling. At the Showboat on Huntington Avenue, he joined Sabby Lewis' Boston-based band.

"I remember our two weeks as house band at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. I was green and scared to death! The headliners were Sugar Chile Robinson—as big in his day as Little Stevie Wonder—Lil Green, tapdancer Pat Rooney, Bill and Eleanor Bird, Butterbeans and Susie. Everybody had a nice temperament; it was a good scene. They were all patient and tolerant of me."

Ironically, though people such as Jake Hanna report that Dawson was "blowing everyone off the stands" as far back as 1947, both of Dawson's most prominent

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 with **Jaki Byard**
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 THE TRANCE—Prestige 7462
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 with **Hank Jones**
 COMPASSION (w/ Duvivier)—Black & Blue 33.141
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 Alan Dawson is a Ludwig-sponsored clinician.



Z. A. C. REINHARDT

connections were made by phone from leaders who knew only his reputation: Lionel Hampton in 1953 and Dave Brubeck some 12 years later.

"Those three months with Hamp were like 15 years," recalls Dawson. "He was tough and demanding, yes, but it was definitely a positive time. There were so many firsts for me! First trip to Africa and Europe, first international big name band, first exposure to audiences abroad, first opportunity to be around top personnel. Even my first record date, with Clifford Brown and Gigi Gryce's orchestra in Paris. After that, I could never work with Lionel on a regular basis, though we worked out for a couple of nights recently at Symphony Hall and Lulu White's."

Back in the States, Dawson got back with Sabby Lewis. "Sabby was, by contrast, one of the easiest guys in the world to work for. He was very unselfish; he'd give everybody a chance to play. He'd be the one to hang back and only take a chorus or two. Actually, the people out of Boston I've been fortunate enough to be around, about 90 per cent of the time, have been really beautiful."

Toward the end of his stay with Lewis (late 1953 to February 1956) Dawson started attending drafting school because the music scene was feeling the hobnailed boot of rock and roll. "Those were the worst ten years in American music. Here I was working with the best band in the area, and we were scuffling for gigs. I asked myself, 'Where can I go from here?'"

"I'm grateful that Jaki Byard was around to lay the truth on me. He and trumpeter Gordon Woolley sat me down at the old Hayes Bickford by Dudley Station one night real late and listened to me expound on how smart I was for getting out of the business. They listened very politely—'I see, uh-huh'—but they didn't end with, 'Well, whatever you want to do is your business' and walk away. They said, 'Bullshit!' and lambasted me about wasting my talent.

"Though I did not drop drafting then, they planted the seed of doubt in my head. I found myself doing the minimum, and when I looked into the corners of my blueprints I'd see my little drawings of drums and cymbals. I realized that drumming was what I was really supposed to be doing. And I kept getting calls to do jingles, which paid pretty well, so I kept getting back into the music. As it turns out, I have never stopped playing for as much as three months since I was 12."

Not long after, Jake Hanna, who had been a Berklee student but went out with the Buddy Morrow and Woody Herman organizations, got Dawson into his illustrious teaching career at Berklee.

"I was teaching at Berklee from 1957-75. Did it grow! When I started, I knew every student by name, and when I

left I didn't know half the faculty. I'd go out of my way to invite men like Jo Jones to drop by, but a lot of drummers passing through town would come by to check out the kids and impart their knowledge. These were natural workshops.

"I think there's a brotherhood of drummers off the bandstand because there can only be one drummer at a time on the stand. There's not that competitiveness you find between horn players, who are often in cutting situations. Drummers achieve a better sense of camaraderie.

"On the other hand, when drummers do get into cutting sessions, they can get pretty fierce. I remember those Drum Nights at Lennie's and elsewhere. Whew! You can have two, five, 20 drummers playing together—if you have the format down. I've worked out some beautiful percussion things together with Don Moio of Portland and the New Boston Percussion Trio with Jim Latimer and Alan Barker."

chorus of his solos), reel-to-reel and cassette recorders and a small portable record player with a Jo Jones album right on top of the pile.

Dawson is relaxed, affable and smiling, greets students warmly as they arrive, introduces them to their fellows as they depart. Dressed in his double knit leisure suit and occasionally puffing a cigarette, Dawson keeps the lessons formal but low key, conversational yet alert. He watches each movement at the practice pad like an eagle: if a hand droops or a beat wavers, he may mention it later.

"I get nervous," confesses one of his youngest, 14 year old Jeff Oliphant.

"Everybody does," says Alan reassuringly. "Even real professionals who've played for years. The big difference is that they'll acknowledge it and use it. Nervousness really gets you up for a performance: it makes you worry enough to play better. When you don't get on

Flam (fa-lam). Flam-tap. They'd just call it and play it, without music. Ra-ta-ma-cue is a four note figure in triplets.

"I put these stickings into four bar phrases and deal with them from the standpoint of phrasing and rhythm. We start with stroke rolls on brushes and put them into little blocks of four bars apiece. We move along in steps, two or three a week. You have to keep working on them."

While talking, Dawson commences lightning sequences of odd numbered stroke rolls on the snare with brushes. 5-7-9-11-13-15-17 . . . "By the time you get that far," says Dawson with customary modesty, "who's counting?"

"When what they taught was just snare drum, rudiments used to be standard procedure. The drum set was looked on with a kind of awe mixed with derision by college and private teachers alike. If you wanted to learn the drum kit, you got yourself one and started to apply what you'd learned first on snare, wailing away with the records. Charlie Alden was quite innovative: he taught snare with the concept of the complete set. When teachers got around to teaching the drum set per se, it was like a minor revolution. Then they wanted to do away with the former regimen.

"Using rudiments does not make you sound like you're playing in a drum corps. It does help you develop even two handed playing, because when you're working on the kit you're usually playing on two different surfaces. Billy Cobham said that a drum corps is the best place for a young drummer to get that discipline. My only chance to play marching things was in the Army, and it was a worthwhile experience.

"If you're going to be creative, you have to spend time learning how to execute. Anybody who says he doesn't use the rudiments is either lying or just plain ignorant." Dawson drops a stick. The point hits the floor, the butt clatters a split second later. "Hear that? That's a flam! Saying you can play drums without rudiments is like saying you can speak without uttering syllables!"

Yet, as Clark Eno, one of Dawson's most promising students, points out, "Musicality, not chops, is the absolute basis of what Dawson teaches. Alan is the antithesis of the calisthenic school of playing; he plays and teaches from the heart."

Another component of a Dawson lesson is playing a few tunes, learning their forms, singing the melody line as you play, jamming on a couple with Alan playing vibes. Dawson discusses melody fondly and familiarly, obviously relishing the whole tunes, and he keeps his ears open to new ideas.

Drummer Keith Copeland was once a student of Dawson's and later replaced him on the Berklee faculty. "Alan will not deal with zero effort, but he will give extra



TYRONE HALL

With rhythm mate Whit Browne

Where the format gets down first is in lessons, and Dawson does not stint in imparting his knowledge, systematically and thoroughly.

His studio is in the basement of his house, a pine panelled rumpus room with practice books on the bar, looseleaf fake books on the fireplace mantle, posters on the walls, kit, practice pad and metronome. The posters tell a few tales: Dawson's first Nice Festival with its huge cast of characters, Dick Gibson's Denver Jazz Party at which Dawson is a regular, Brubeck's trio with Dawson and Jack Six at Wichita, enthusiastically autographed by the pianist, and a big shot of Ellington. There's also a set of vibes, which Dawson uses to play duos with his students (he is a melodic drummer, and you can often follow the tune through chorus after 24 □ down beat

edge, that's when you're liable to slip up or go limp."

A Dawson lesson concentrates on form and structure, but leaves room to blow. He'll start with students doing rudiments with the metronome, but then turn it off so they can concentrate on how it feels. That goes with his own attitude: the longer you play, the looser you should feed.

"Rudiments" are the 26 basic patterns whose origins go back to marching bands. Dawson uses them as the core of his teaching, having worked up over 70 combinations of them which comprise a daily ritual of warmups for himself and his students.

"Drummers used to play in unison," explains Dawson from behind the drum set. "Each pattern got a name that sounded like the rhythm: Para-diddle.

4th annual down beat Student Recording Awards

The annual **deebee** Student Recording Awards honor the accomplishments of U.S. and Canadian high school and college students in the recording arts and sciences.

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The Official Application must be signed by either the faculty advisor or administrator of the school attended by the candidate student(s) when the recording was made.

Rules & Conditions. Composition entries must include notice of copyright or copy of signed application for copyright. Arrangement entries must include copy of full score.

Each entry must include list of student personnel and music selections, timed. Engineering categories must also include description of equipment used for recording, mixing, and mastering.

Length of recordings. Solo entries must be minimum of two selections or total of ten minutes; small ensembles, two selections or 15 minutes; large ensembles, two selections or 20 minutes; engineering entries, minimum 20 minutes. Recording of composition/arrangement entries may run as long as necessary.

Engineering categories may be submitted on either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm stereo discs or 7-inch open reel tapes, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ips. All other categories must be submitted on either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm discs or on cassette tapes.

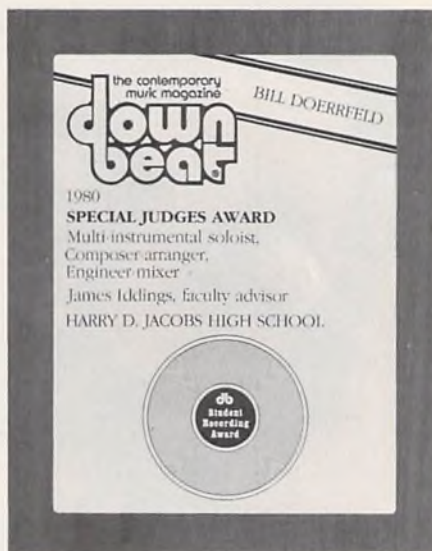
Judging. All recordings and scores are judged "blind," that is, they are known to the judges only by number.

Judging criteria are similar to those used by **down beat** in its record reviews and those used by members of the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences (NARAS) when choosing Grammy winners. All judges—to be named in succeeding issues—include editors of **down beat** and members of NARAS.

High school students are judged as aspiring professionals; college students as working professionals.

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1. Use coupon on this page to send for as many free **deebee** brochures and Official Applications as you may need.
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7. Soloists
8. Chamber Music Groups
9. Bands/Orchestras

BEST BLUES/POP/ROCK INSTRUMENTALISTS

10. Soloists
11. Groups

12. BEST ORIGINAL COMPOSITION

13. BEST JAZZ ARRANGEMENT

14. BEST ENGINEERED LIVE RECORDING

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HORACE SILVER

SILVER AND STRINGS PLAY THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES—Blue Note LWB 1033: (*The Physical Sphere*) *The Soul And Its Expression; The Search For Direction; Direction Discovered; We All Have A Part To Play; (The Physical Sphere, cont.) The Soul And Its Progress Throughout The Spheres; Self Portrait No. 1; Self Portrait No. 2; Portrait Of The Aspiring Self; (The Mental Sphere—Conscious Mind) The Soul's Awareness Of Its Character; Character Discovered; Negative Patterns Of The Subconscious; The Conscious And Its Desire For Change; (The Mental Sphere—Subconscious Mind) The Pygmalion Process; Inner Feelings; Friends; Empathy; Optimism; Expansion; (The Spiritual Sphere) The Soul In Communion With The Creator; Communion With The Creator; The Creator Guides Us; Progress Through Dedication And Discipline; We Expect Positive Results.*

Personnel: Silver, piano, composer, lyricist; Ron Carter, bass; Al Foster, drums; Tom Harrell, flugelhorn; Larry Schneider, tenor and soprano saxes; Gregory Hines, Brenda Alford, Chapman Roberts, Carol Lynn Maillard, vocals; Dale Oehler, string orchestration, (cuts 4-8); Wade Marcus, string conductor, string orchestration (cuts 9-17).

This is the fifth and final album in a series by pianist-composer Horace Silver. The four-runners were *Silver 'N Brass*, *Silver 'N Wood*, *Silver 'N Voices* and *Silver 'N Percussion*. Also, coincidentally, this marks the end of Silver's 28 year association with Blue Note Records.

This present album (as well as the series as a whole) should be regarded as a separate entity, something apart from Silver's earlier works. "Who needs Silver and strings?" isn't the point. Dale Oehler and Wade Marcus have made intelligent use of the strings in a jazz setting, employing them as an auxiliary and complementary instrument (note the singular) rather than as "sweetening."

The strings are used only sporadically to distinctly embellish and relate Silver's story more completely, giving it a rounded fullness. For example, *The Soul And Its Progress* has the quintet and strings on a journey; there is a sonorous repeated passage of pizzicato bass by Carter, together with three cello. And on *The Mental Sphere-Subconscious Mind* there is a string intro, followed by quintet-only accompaniment to Chapman Roberts' vocal. The strings return at exactly the appropriate moment, toward the end, with an upward flourish on "... ready to receive a blessing."

The listener need not be put off by the notion of Silver, a funky, down-home purveyor of jazz, surrounding himself with strings. Silver has described this album as a culmination, its strings the ultimate complement to his quintet. All five collaborations in his LP series have represented a kind of dissection of an orchestra—a concept very rarely attempted in jazz. It is fitting, too, that *Silver 'N Strings* is the windup, for the compositions herein speak of the journey of self-discovery.

Throughout this album, there's a central theme to which the quintet always returns.

Silver's solos never fail to amaze me with their utter simplicity, almost a sense of innocence or ingenuousness. Also, Silver has a way of sounding totally up to date even while playing in a style that has been his trademark for some 30 years. He is always able to produce highly inventive lines within the conventional structures of harmony and melody, never needing to toy with odd time signatures or atonality.

Silver has consistently employed absolutely A-one musicians, and his present associates are no exception. Harrell's flugelhorn takes an especially poignant solo on *Optimism*. The empathy between Harrell and saxophonist Schneider is frequently displayed. One plus is a beautiful soprano sax solo towards the end of side four.

The vocalists chosen to interpret Silver's soul-searching poetry possess a real understanding of what the composer intends. Brenda Alford, a poet herself, is particularly affecting on *Character Analysis*. Gregory Hines (best known as a dancer with Hines, Hines & Dad) clearly demonstrates Silver's meaning—"We are all blessed with some kind of talent . . ."—in his rendition of *We All Have A Part To Play*.

It is possible to appreciate any one side of this set on its own; however, the listener starting at side one and following through to the two-fer's end will reap the full measure of Silver's message. Just a look at the titles and subtitles gives an idea of the built-in progression. *Negative Patterns Of The Subconscious* concerns going up the down escalator—trying to resolve conflict which had been established earlier. And then the lyrics document the changes taking place in the seeker's (in this case, the composer's) life. By the end of side three, *Expansion* concludes that "in striving for perfection, we expand constantly."

Side four returns with the quintet to a very upbeat mood. Silver takes a brief, exquisite unaccompanied solo, the strings return about halfway through to embellish his musical ideas, and the whole performance closes out as it began, spotlighting the Horace Silver Quintet in its always immediately recognizable style.

This epic work (not unlike an opera, with its libretto printed inside the cover) can be viewed as one man's contribution to the betterment of mankind. Silver suggests in his lyrics, and in his comments accompanying the titles, that we work from within ourselves in order to achieve unity with our fellow men and women. In an opening statement on the jacket, he says, "Although all my music is always dedicated to all people everywhere, this . . . in particular is dedicated to those young people who are searching for direction." *The Music Of The Spheres* is intended to

cover the physical, spiritual and mental dimensions of peoples' lives, using the sung word and the musical note to help bring these three aspects into harmony.

—nemko-graham

VON FREEMAN

SERENADE & BLUES—Nessa N-11: *Serenade In Blue; After Dark; Time After Time; Von Freeman's Blues*. Personnel: Freeman, tenor sax; John Young, piano; David Shipp, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

Innovators from Picasso to Parker have had to face charges of ineptitude, but in today's "anything goes" esthetic climate, it might seem strange that a critically acclaimed bop veteran should stand so accused. Yet although his style is firmly grounded in the era of Prez and Bird, tenorist Von Freeman is surely a more original and inventive musician than many self-conscious avant gardists. To devotees of Coleman and Ayler, Von's quirky phrasing, rubbery vibrato, microtonal melodies and abrupt changes of register and timbre may raise no hackles, but to some mainstreamers, past revelation has become present dogma, provoking puzzled reactions that *Serenade & Blues* is "sour," "off key," etc. In this case, Monk's dictum that "wrong is right" is precisely applicable, for Freeman projects more creativity and emotional truth through his novel approach to tradition than a whole wax museum full of revivalist clones.

There is certainly nothing peculiar in Von's choice of material; a Glenn Miller ballad, a Jule Styne/Sammy Cahn standard and a pair of unpretentious blues. The rhythm section never strays far from orthodox canons, but there is no dearth of swing in the inexhaustible reservoirs of John Young's Tatum/Powell piano stylings or in Wilbur Campbell's ever-tasty drumming. Freeman's sax, however, is a horn of another color, transmuted familiar melodies into startling, though recognizable abstractions. Although basic chord progressions are left intact, virtually every phrase is permeated with unexpected sharps and flats; not only leading and passing tones, but even predictable cadences are warped and bent into brand new configurations. Slipping and sliding between the notes, Von leaps from a chesty Hawkinsesque burr to a quavering metallic falsetto and again to a Websterish whisper, wringing fresh sentiment from an old chestnut or twisting bop riffs inside out with off-handed aplomb. Steeped in the ambience of Chicago's South Side lounge scene, Freeman's blues are definitive and then some, at once earthy and dignified, wailing profound eloquence into undiscovered crannies of indigo. Von is one of those rare artists who can expand upon an established idiom without sacrificing authenticity or feeling; *Serenade & Blues* confirms his stature as an improviser of the highest order.

—birnbaum

CARL RUGGLES

THE COMPLETE MUSIC—CBS M2 34591: *Toys; Vox Clamans In Deserto; Men; Angels* (trumpet and trumpet/tr trombone versions); *Men And Mountains; Sun Treader; Portals; Evocations* (original piano and orchestral versions); *Organum; Exaltation*.

Personnel: Judith Blegen, soprano; Michael Tilson Thomas, piano (cut 1); Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Speculum Musicae (2); Buffalo Philharmonic, Thomas, conductor (3, 5-9); John Kirkpatrick, piano (8); Brass Ensemble, Gerard Schwarz, leader (4, 10); Leonard Raver, organ; Gregg Smith Singers (10).

"Music which does not surge is not great

music." Ruggles (1876-1971) declared, and there is a surging intensity to the visceral, dissonant romanticism of this New Englander who, working in isolation (there is no reflection of the external world in his metaphysical writing), completed to his satisfaction some one dozen works, many in different versions. Even his works for strings pack as much a wallop as those that include brass.

When Michael Tilson Thomas recorded *Sun Treader* for Deutsche Grammophone with the Boston Symphony, he announced plans to record all of Ruggles' work. Nearly a decade later, and with a different orchestra (but one that previously recorded Ruggles), he finally has done that. This new, more thoughtful and intense performance of *Sun Treader* shows the wait was worthwhile. Thomas' finely nuanced performances capture both the power and the poetry of Ruggles.

Sun Treader is Ruggles' masterpiece. Although it is his longest work at some 17 minutes, it unfolds in one movement, with ecstatic tension building up through recurrent hammering tympani beats, punching brass, soft strings and woodwinds, dissonant counterpoint, and shifting moods as relaxed serenity gives way to busy, jagged lines. *Organum* is similar to *Sun Treader* in the way its lines evolve and explode into violence. But the lines sing less, and so it lacks *Sun Treader's* greatness.

Evocations and *Angels* permit one to hear how Ruggles could vary his treatment of the same materials. *Evocations*, Ruggles' only work for a solo instrument, is played here in its original piano version (1937-1943), rather than the 1954 revision—a longer version with denser writing—which Kirkpatrick performs on Columbia Special Products AML 4986. These "four chants for piano" are concise works, each built around a single climax. With thrusting phrases, dissonant polyphony, Wagnerian chromaticism, brilliant exploitation of sound, and use of shadowy "afternotes," *Evocations* has the same gut-wrenching power as Ruggles' orchestral works, and Kirkpatrick's deeply felt performance does not overlook the work's romantic underpinnings.

The orchestral version is closer to the revised piano version in its development. And the thick but clear contrapuntal orchestral textures furiously hurl out the full, rich sounds of strings, brass, woodwinds, piano and percussion.

Angels was composed in 1921 for five trumpets and one bass trumpet, then rescored for four muted trumpets and three muted trombones in 1939. Its tonal layers, expressed with a haunting softness, are intricately woven together. The second version, with its wider tonal sounds, is more dissonant and intense, and also has greater clarity of its lines.

Portals, perhaps Ruggles' most melodic instrumental work, pits two themes—one energetically earthy, the other ethereally floating—against each other. Their collisions are succeeded by a gentle coda.

The very brief *Men* compresses thick canon writing for strings between brass fanfares.

Ruggles' rhythmic strengths (with frequent time signature changes) as well as his typical throbbing energy and twisting, assertive, reappearing lines are displayed in the opening and closing movements of *Men And Mountains*, while the middle movement is a

beautiful, rhapsodic adagio.

The album ends with Ruggles' final work, the 1958 hymn tune, *Exaltation*, a richly melodic, flowing work that is as plain and direct as the opening song *Toys*, but without *Toys'* dissonance.

Vox Clamans ("A Voice Crying in the Wilderness"), composed three years after *Toys*, was Ruggles' last work to poetry (by Browning, Meltzer and Whitman). Rich in dissonance, leaping lines and climaxes, it makes clear that Ruggles' fully developed vision could now only be expressed instrumentally, although poets would still inspire his titles.

I only wish CBS had included the words to the vocal pieces, more thoroughly identified the versions performed, and discussed the differences between the various versions. Also, billing this *The Complete Work* is inaccurate, since this two record set does not include all versions of some of Ruggles' works, and also does not include at least four songs and a duet for violin and piano (*Mood*), all of which have been published.

Still, the strength of the music and the performance makes this release a basic item for those interested in rugged individualistic music of great power.

—de muth

BLOSSOM DEARIE

WINCHESTER IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME—Daffodil BMD 104: *Winchester In Apple Blossom Time; Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most; Sunday Afternoon: A Wonderful Guy; Touch The Hand Of Love; Sweet Surprise; You Are There; The Wheelers And Dealers; A Jazz Musician; Surrey With The Fringe On Top; Love Is An Elusive Celebration; Lucky To Be Me; The Riviera; You're For Loving; The Ballad Of The Shape Of Things; Summer Is Gone; Sammy; It Amazes Me; If I Were A Bell; Winchester In Apple Blossom Time.*

Personnel: Dearie, vocals, piano; Ron Carter, bass (cut 1); Dick Hazard and the Hollywood Strings (cut 20).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—DRG DARC-2-1105: *Vol 1: Blossom Dearie Sings Comden And Green (Lucky To Be Me; Just In Time; Some Other Time; Dance Only With Me; I Like Myself; The Party's Over; How Will He Know; It's Love; Hold Me, Hold Me, Hold Me; Lonely Town); Vol. II: Blossom Dearie Sings Broadway Song Hits (Guys And Dolls; Confession; Rhode Island Is Famous For You; To Keep My Love Alive; Too Good For The Average Man; The Gentleman Is A Dope; Always True To You In My Fashion; Napoleon; Life Upon The Wicked Stage; The Physician; Love Is The Reason).*

Personnel: (I) Dearie, vocals, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ed Thigpen, drums; (II) Dearie, vocals; Russell Garcia directs unidentified orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I'm glad there is Blossom Dearie; her way with a song is quite her own. She articulates each word and phrase and idea with utter conviction and deadpan accuracy. She tailors each tune she touches to her own private measure of the world—an increasingly narrow but deepening one. No wonder she provokes love/hate reactions from listeners, and no surprise that she's cultivated a small but very devoted following over the years.

A popular song interpreter with a strong affection for jazz, Dearie came up through vocal groups from 1945-'53; the Blues Flames (with Woody Herman), the Blue Reys (with Alvino Rey), and the Blue Stars (with Annie Ross in Paris.) There she met and married Belgian saxophonist Bobby Jaspar, and recorded for Norman Granz. In New York, Blossom emerged as a gently swinging single, with an unerring penchant for hiring solid jazzmen when she could afford them, as on several tasty, long out-of-print Verve dates, of which the DRG two-fer revives two quite

diverse ones. Yet even with such stellar sidemen as on her *Sings Comden-Green* set, Blossom's own delicate, insinuating accompaniments surface best. Her improvisations, like her wisps of scat, are limited to embellishments and tags, often as precisely fixed in her bright arrangements as her perfectly controlled and tapered vibrato.

Dearie asserts her world-view quietly, personally, intimately, but in no uncertain terms. She never gets heated; that might cloud her impeccable logic. She barely communicates passion, usually in languid, but amazed wonderment, as often directed at places as men. Hers is a tidy, self-sufficient world, peopled with friendly shades and filled with wry, manageable emotions; the British are crazy about her. Because Blossom keeps on an even keel, infinitesimal fluctuations to the port and starboard of feelings are sensed even more keenly. She treads that fine line between being warm and soft and feminine (as the women in her songs) and keeping her cool distance: a delicious paradox.

Dearie's four albums on her own label Daffodil (1973-'78) have tended away from her superb originals toward re-exploring the Great American Songbook. This present album has only seven originals out of 20, whereas her first had ten out of ten. (Well, many of her numbers are written by others for her voice alone, such as Johnny Mercer's *My New Celebrity Is You*, the title tune of her previous double set. Blossom extends this compliment by penning tributes to favorites like John Lennon, Georgie Fame and Tony Bennett.)

Dearie likes to toy with standards but—unlike Betty Carter who remelodizes and Mark Murphy who restructures tunes—Blossom's alterations are characteristically gentle and surprisingly effective. Often it's the pace: *Guy* eases from a manic waltz to a 6/8 rapture; *Surrey's clip-clop* is reined to a loping *vwee-dee*, as amiable a ramble as her own *Afternoon*. Sometimes it's the tone: her wide-eyed, glowing reading of *Bell* is a far cry from most brassy renditions, ringing more like a frisky cat-bell than Big Ben. Blossom leaves well enough alone, serving the song rather than herself, most of the time. Just as horn players don't get fancy with *Lush Life*, Blossom gives straight, eloquent readings of the astonishingly beautiful *Lucky*, looser and more convincing on the new version, and the most evocative Mandel-Frishberg sleeper *You Are There*, which never fails to give this writer the willies, conjuring visions of friends not seen in years.

Winchester, Dearie's latest self-released album, shows her most comfy all alone, at ease using a Fender Rhodes, and ever progressing as a songwriter of intimate tunes not readily interpreted by others. Few singers could do justice to the first song on each side. She still tours incisive and sophisticated ironies (*Riviera*, *Wheelers*, the primly murderous *Ballad*) but her own writings have mellowed into messages and settings of love and peace, geniality and understanding—comforting topics for our manic age.


Broadway I benefits from superb material cleanly read, and sympathetic if somewhat perfunctorily employed sidemen. Blossom rules her roost and stretching out is not in order. Given the short playing times (about 16 minutes per side) it's a shame, especially since some renditions are a bit restrained, wooden (cf. *Luckies*.) The simple shrug and

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quivering solitude of the other Bernstein tunes. *Other* and *Town*, sound near perfect to these ears. *Party* and *Love* open up genially and swing forthrightly.

Broadway 11, tagging Dearie with the moniker "soubrette," deals a Scotch dozen catchy, smartypants belters (tracks 3-8 are witty "catalogue" tunes) in stiff, corny charts featuring xylophone and phrase tags of piccolo and bass clarinet in unison. Blossom's disarming chirrup brings a certain sass to *Wicked Stage* and mock-angelic coyness to *Confession* and *Fashion*. One or two at a time they are fun, especially such cleverly written, seldom-heard songs like *Napoleon* and *Rhode Island*. The whole gang wear thin played twice, hardly a problem on the solo recordings, where you are riveted by Dearie's storytelling powers, not her tongue-in-cheek cutesy-poo.

In so far as Dearie serves the intentions of the composers and lyricists, she can hardly be faulted in these often heavily-innuendoed period pieces; it's just that, left to her own (solo) devices, she never clubs you with sex, brass, or harmlessness. Rather she wins you with subtle, witty lyrics, sung with great clarity and care. Like oysters and champagne, Blossom Dearie may be an acquired taste, but she is delectable when kept fresh and cool. If Sarah Vaughan is the Empress, and Ella Fitzgerald the First Lady, then Blossom Dearie ought to be the Princess of Pianissimo. *Winchester* and Dearie's other Daffodil albums are available from P.O. Box 312, Winchester, VA 22601. —bouchard

BEN WEBSTER/ JOE ZAWINUL

TRAV'LIN' LIGHT—Milestone M-47056: *Trav'lin' Light*; *Like Someone In Love*; *Too Late Now*; *Come Sunday*; *Frog Legs*; *Soulmate*; *The Gellor*; *Evol Deklaw N*; *Where Are You?*; *In A Mellow Tone*; *I Surrender Dear*; *Crazy Rhythm*.

Personnel: Webster, tenor sax; cuts 1-8: Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Richard Davis, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; 5-8: Thad Jones, cornet; 9-12: Stan Levey, drums; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Bill Harris, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There are those who can interpret a melody, and then there are those who boldly construct one. One of the latter is Charlie Parker, who added subjunctives and interjections to create the kind of extension that turned *How High The Moon* into *Groovin' High*. Both Ben Webster and Johnny Hodges (Webster's most influential predecessor) are prime examples of the first kind of musician; both possessed the ability to play the melody itself to produce extraordinary effects. Webster's ravishing vibrato overtones, compounded with his deep melodism, allowed him to veritably breathe life into simple tunes, and when he embraced his favorite ballads, he affected them as profoundly with his tone as Billie Holiday did with her phrasing or as Prez did with his unconventional bar crossings. An example of how Ben's brushstrokes could impart a profundity to even the most mundane and overused of tunes can be found on *Did You Call* (Nessa) particularly on *Sweet Georgia Brown*. When working with Art Tatum, Webster was confronted with labyrinthine solos (Tatum's *Group Masterpieces* on Pablo), and rather than being swallowed or confused, Webster stood firmly on pure ballad turf and offered up a sumptuous serving of his tone.

In 1956, a year after the Tatum sessions,

one of these four sides was recorded; the others are from 1963 sessions by these oneroommates, Webster and Zawinul—long before the latter became known for the various electronica which he made famous with *Weather Report*.

Sides one and two are set up for collectors. There are three sets of double takes: *Too Late Now*, *Come Sunday* and *Frog Legs*—every second of each is worthwhile. The quartet cuts are spacious enough for Webster to employ his casual bests, and on *Trav'lin' Light*, *Like Someone In Love*, *Too Late Now* and *Come Sunday*, Webster's warm and provocative solos are rocked gently (but firmly) in the hands of bassist Richard Davis and drummer Philly Joe Jones. Already, Zawinul shows a preference for the limited scalar qualities identified with electric piano; he is, however, no lightweight on these sessions. On the title cut, Z's extraordinary solo resolution smacks of Tommy Flanagan or Hank Jones—not at all lackluster comparisons. The arrangements of Ellington's *Sunday* find Davis bowing impeccably in the classical tradition, and Thad Jones' appearances (three in all) show the cornetist's dry Milesian tone, a welcome complement to Webster's tenor.

The extraordinary value of these recordings lies not only in their reiteration of Webster's mastery of soft vehicles, but also in their presentation of Webster's relationship to Coleman Hawkins, in whose shadow he stood for most of his early career. Particularly on the upbeat tunes, where again Ben transforms the simple to the profound, his open breathy tone becomes a growl. Webster gathers his embouchure in tight and adds some gravel—a tactic more characteristic of Hawk, his friendly adversary. This two-fer provides more documentation of the stylist who not only absorbed the prime elements of Hawkins, but those of Young and Hodges as well. Particularly in the company of Jones and Davis, Webster did absolutely no wrong.

—staples

DENNY ZEITLIN

SOUNDINGS—1750 Arch Records S-1770: *Gulf Stream*; *The Edge*; *Through The Arcade*; *Whistle Stop*; *Vulcan's Dolls*; *Prelude & Groove*; *Things Inside*; *Pentacle*; *Tensile Strength*.

Personnel: Zeitlin, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

In his album jacket notes for this release, Denny Zeitlin writes of his earliest childhood experiences at the piano, playing "without any preconceived structures; simply allowing the music to emerge." Happily, Zeitlin's mature approach to solo piano playing is both intuitively childlike and firmly retrogressive, drawing heavily upon formats and techniques he used on his earliest trio recordings. So followers of Zeitlin's early acoustic playing will be pleased to learn that his roller coaster runs, bouncy polychords and crashing, strategically placed climaxes resurface here, held together, as always, by Zeitlin's keen intuitive logic.

Keyboardists in particular will find Zeitlin's bass lines provocative. Zeitlin plays from the bottom up, giving us a near compendium of left hand designs. *The Edge*, for example, pits angry, mysterious bass attacks against crashing chord blocks in a sustained bass/treble dialogue, recalling Bud Powell at his most functionally ferocious. *Through The Arcade*, in contrast, is a delightfully archaic nod in Art Tatum's direction, with full, gliding left hand patterns supporting fully chorded right hand

lines. *Whistle Stop* resurrects the jazz train song. Faithful to its programmatic premise, the piece chugs along, stoked by a droning, locomotive-like bass, enthusiastic foot stomping and steaming, tingling chords.

This pianist's sharp formal sense is highlighted on *Prelude And Groove*, as light polyphonic figures give way to a neo-bopish line, backed by swelling chordal accents. Much less mainstream is the Henry Cowell-like *Things Inside*. Strummed, plucked and struck piano innards create harp and zither sonorities which, when blended with Zeitlin's mainline keyboard, form striking contrasts. Throughout, Zeitlin's technique is formidable. But, most importantly, listening to Denny Zeitlin is listening to a mind at work, listening to his fascinating, sometimes childlike intuitions, listening to a stylistically rich, complete musician. —balleras

GRANT GREEN

SOLID—Blue Note LT 990: *Minor League*; *Ezz-Thetic*; *Grant's Tune*; *Solid*; *The Kicker*.

Personnel: Green, guitar; Joe Henderson, tenor sax; James Spaulding, alto sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

NIGERIA—Blue Note LT-1032: *Airegin*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *I Concentrate On You*; *The Things We Did Last Summer*; *The Song Is You*.

Personnel: Green, guitar; Sonny Clark, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

★ ★ ★

Two more previously unissued albums from the Blue Note vaults result in one "solid" hit and a near miss for the late guitarist Green. Though he was well recorded throughout his career, Green was not especially known for collaborations with modernists (whether due to musical inclination or financial considerations); nevertheless, he holds his own within *Solid's* exalted personnel, drawn from Blue Note's 1964 stable of stars.

The horns are the heroes of this date. Henderson is a joy throughout, whether adding muscle to Sonny Rollins' *Solid* blue background, stretching the tonality of Duke Pearson's *Minor League* or injecting gruff, rambunctious statements to his own *The Kicker* (this version, by the way, was recorded prior to the better known performance with Horace Silver). James Spaulding, the perennially underrated altoist and veteran of countless Sun Ra gigs and Blue Note sideman sessions, is his usual fleet, fluent, soaring self, and his exciting, feisty flurries on *The Kicker* anticipate the sort of aggressive attack that so benefits Arthur Blythe today.

Green's one compositional contribution to the date, *Grant's Tune*, is a bouncy, carbonated theme which inspires Elvin Jones to some nicely italicized accompaniment. The guitarist's solo lines are lucid and logical without falling into predictability—not surprising from such a disciple of Charlie Christian—and his most daring outing, despite a few tentative bars, occurs on George Russell's intricate *Ezz-Thetic*. Actually, of all the instrumentalists, only McCoy Tyner's work is below par. Though his comping is rich and varied, his solo statements are weak, flowing along glibly without the energy or percussive zest of his best work.

Nigeria was recorded two years before *Solid*, in 1962, and cannot match the later date's ebullience. Part of the problem can be attributed to the personnel: outside of two tart solos on *Airegin* and *The Song Is You*, Blakey sounds surprisingly lackluster, and his

hat Hut Records



JOE McPHEE/OLD EYES HH1R01
with André Jaume, Jean-Charles Capon, Raymond Boni, Steve Gnitka, Pierre-Ives Sorin and Milo Fine.
Recorded May 30, 1979/Paris



CECIL TAYLOR/ONE TOO MANY SALTY SWIFT AND NOT GOODBYE HH3R02
with Jimmy Lyons, Raphaë Malik, Ramsey Ameen, Sirone 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

heavy, nearly unaccented 4/4 tread dilutes Green's winding, Wes Montgomery-like preaching on *It Ain't Necessarily So*. Sam Jones seems content to unobtrusively walk the same roads all day, while leader Green's work is not as strong as on *Solid*, where he had two never-say-die horns to spur him on. The guitarist sounds lethargic on *I Concentrate On You*, and during his outing on the painfully slow *Things We Did* he includes an embarrassing paraphrase of *Three Blind Mice*. These latter two tracks are probably the reason why *Nigeria* wasn't released in the first place.

Still, there are some fine moments to be heard here, notably Green's chiming Christian-inspired solo in front of Blakey's bumblebee brushes on the title track, and an uptempo *The Song Is You*, which features the best example of Sonny Clark's fresh phrasing and acute timing. Perhaps some of Clark's early, underrated dates will next be given the reissue treatment by Blue Note; if so, I suspect we'll rediscover another missing link in the Monk-Powell-Nichols-Hope chain.

—lange

KENNY WHEELER

AROUND 6—ECM 1-1156: *Mai We Go Round; Solo One; May Ride; Follow Down; Riverrun; Lost Woltz*.
Personnel: Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn; Evan Parker, soprano and tenor sax; J. F. Jenny-Clark, bass; Edward Vesala, drums; Tom Van Der Geld, vibraphone; Eje Thelin, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kenny Wheeler is one of those musicians who has several musical facets, all of which are highly developed. His horns have been heard in Anthony Braxton's most critically acclaimed quartet, where he skillfully navigated Braxton's complex compositions. From the tightly disciplined forms of Braxton, Wheeler is able to move smoothly to the spontaneous (though no less disciplined) European free jazz scene playing with Globe Unity Orchestra and several British aggregations. He often comes out of the storm to play the ethereal and delicate melodies of John Taylor's Azimuth, but is just as comfortable with the hard-edged fusion of drummer Bill Bruford. Left to his own devices, Wheeler's diversity does not result in fragmentation, but in a compelling synthesis of feelings and forms.

His newest work, *Around 6*, is an extension of his previous ECM album, *Deer Wan*. Like that record, it features carefully crafted melodies, muted voicings and pointed solo work. A feeling of classicism pervades many ECM records, and that ambience exists here also. But the lines are blurred and it's difficult to determine whether it is the classicism of Duke or Debussy. *Mai We Go Round* opens with a dirge-like prelude of mournful descending lines that dissolves to a pensive melody played by Clark and Van Der Geld. Wheeler joins in with an exquisite trumpet threnody that builds into a surprising three part round as he overdubs his own horn. Vesala joins to accelerate the rhythms and Evan Parker blasts off in a stuttering, squealing solo that ricochets off the walls.

Parker is in fact one of the hidden pleasures in this album. Wheeler's finely wrought structures provide a fresh context from Parker's usual free form kaleidoscope. On *Follow Down*, Wheeler frames Parker's tenor within a stately unison melody that cuts loose into a trio section with Parker finding engaging progressions through unorthodox manners. His expansive exposition sets up

Wheeler's hottest solo on the record, where he moves to the edge of his trumpet. All the while Clark and Vesala are churning underneath. Clark with his earthy bass and Vesala with fleetfooted rolls and crisp cymbal work reminiscent of Jack DeJohnette's. The piece builds into a frenzied trio-logue among the horns that has a swirling bolo effect until it all climaxes and is supplanted by a brief vibraphone interlude.

Wheeler's solos are almost perfectly honed executions. On *May Ride* he emerges from a warm vibes and bass duet for a quietly jubilant solo of smooth curves and liquid arcs. Eje Thelin's subsequent solo seems a little choked and tentative by comparison.

The shadow of Miles Davis looms ominously over any contemporary jazz trumpeter. At least in the art of choosing and shaping the perfect note, Wheeler has no reason to look backwards. In addition, his compositions and ensemble control are a unique mixture of soft pastels and piercing electricity which entices his listeners, and carries them away.

—diliberto

RED NORVO and ROSS TOMPKINS

RED & ROSS—Concord CJ-90: *Whisper Not; The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else; How About You?; It Might As Well Be Spring; All Of Me; Everything Happens To Me*.

Personnel: Norvo, vibes; Tompkins, piano; John Williams, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Red Norvo and Ross Tompkins turn in exemplary finger-popping, toe-tapping swing. Norvo, a 50 year veteran and one of the paradigms of swing vibraphone, displays an effortless style which is nicely complemented by Tompkins' romping, two-fisted piano work.

The album opens with Ross and the rhythm gliding through *Whisper Not*—Tompkins displaying his relaxed side, easily mixing bopping single-note runs with locked hands swing, occasionally lingering over a dissonant note for valuable effect. Williams and Hanna are warm, out-of-the-way rhythm men who add to the entire date.

Red joins the trio first on *One I Love*, the characteristic "poop, poop" sound from his vibes immediately taking charge. Red's timing is superb; each note lifts and separates itself playfully from the rhythm. He heats the proceedings up to a red glow before handing it over to Tompkins, who frequently borders on becoming too dense—he likes to employ Oscar Peterson's patented triplets and turn-arounds, which only serve to clutter up the date. The highlight here is a two chorus mutual improvisation with Hanna and Williams laying out. These vibes and piano are well suited tonally, and the two musicians weave marvelously, once in a while even seeming to intersect as their improvisations take them on the same course.

How About You? begins with a schmaltzy solo intro from Tompkins before virtually continuing the previous tune—same tempo, similar chord structure, and identical ordering of solos. Red offers no surprises, and Ross' locked-hands solo builds momentum nicely.

Might As Well is taken at a slightly slower tempo, Hanna giving it a Latinish feel with his brushwork. Norvo makes appealing use of grace notes. He has been under-recorded of late—his is neither the romping exuberance of Lionel Hampton nor the quicksilver

elegance of Milt Jackson, but a well-rounded, graceful, melodic style.

All Of Me is again taken at fast tempo, which only speeds up before climaxing in another Norvo/Tompkins two chorus tour de force. The tension is well sustained for the two choruses, and makes one yearn to hear more, preferably slower. The only ballad is the closer, *Everything Happens*, and while Red shows a firm, lovely ballad approach, Ross is not as sure-footed, and takes an ineffective half chorus.

Ross Tompkins is the pianist for the *Tonight Show* and just another one of the fine California musicians who, although they spend much of their time in television or motion picture studios, are good, able jazz improvisers. Concord is one of the few labels that is, thankfully, recording them in proper environments—like this joyful set captured live at Donte's. Red Norvo is the man who took a novel instrument, the xylophone, and employed it in a jazz setting with taste. Their teaming is a fine one. —jeske

GEORGE SHEARING

LIGHT, AIRY AND SWINGING—PA/USA 7035: *Love Walked In; If; Two Close For Comfort; Speak Low; Emily; Beautiful Friendship; Once Upon A Summertime; Cynthia's In Love.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Stix Hooper, drums; Andy Simpkins, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

GEORGE SHEARING

THE REUNION—PA/USA 7049: *I'm Coming Virginia; Time After Time; Le Chanson De Rue; Too Marvellous For Words; It Don't Mean A Thing; Makin' Whoopee; After You've Gone; Flamingo; Star Eyes; The Folks Who Live On The Hill.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Stephane Grappelli, violin; Andy Simpkins, bass; Rusty Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GEORGE SHEARING/ BRIAN TORFF

LIVE—Concord Jazz C/J 110: *One For The Woofier; Autumn In New York; The Masquerade Is Over; That's What She Says; Soon It's Gonna Rain; High And Inside; For Every Man There's A Woman; This Couldn't Be The Real Thing; Up A Lazy River.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Torff, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There is much more to the music of George Shearing than his extremely popular quintet recordings from the mid '50s and early '60s.

All three Shearing dates here project a different aspect of his mature and balanced sound. *Light, Airy And Swingin'* is cast in a standard trio setting. The opening passage of *Love Walked In*, played solo on the piano, reveals the smooth and relaxed touch of a master. Notes are not merely hit, but coaxed and played with. The eighth note passages possess perfect spacing, swinging between both jazz and classical forms. Stix Hooper provides a diverse wall of percussive patterns, treating each composition as an individual canvas. Andy Simpkins provides a strong, clean bottom on acoustic bass.

On the reissue *The Reunion*, Shearing joins forces with violinist Stephane Grappelli, to expand from trio to quartet format. Grappelli's profound sense of tone and melodic improvisation complements the slow tempo ballad selections, and adds warmth to the medium tempo swing tracks.

Each quartet selection melts into an almost symphonic suite, like a garden of flowers viewed from a great distance. Ellington's

classic *It Don't Mean A Thing* opens with a gentle piano introduction, offering complex chords but played lightly. The violin slips in, projecting a warm romantic midsection, building melodically and rhythmically. Bassist Simpkins and percussionist Rusty Jones develop a solid swinging bottom, completing the fanlike arrangement of the piece. The rhythm section fades softly and Grappelli plays a short cadenza leading to a mellow piano conclusion.

In the most recently recorded release, bassist Brian Torff, formerly with Chicago pianist Judy Roberts, joins forces with Shearing for a live concert of piano and bass duets. The concert opens with Billy Taylor's *One For The Woofier*. Moving past a well constructed unison head, the bass eases into a hard walking line and Shearing solos, retaining the complicated chord progressions in his left hand. Torff's aggressive bass solo brings back memories of Slam Stewart. The attack is clean and lively, with a perfect sense of musical humor. A kind of cat and mouse call and response develops, shifting between soloists and styles. Early swing licks, bebop excerpts and block chord forms are tossed in at random, almost an historical exchange of fours, without the drummer.

Like that last pleasant day before the hard winter, *Autumn In New York* is pure warmth and melody. Relaxed and clean, Shearing spins the single line formula into the melody, chords and mood of the piece.

The music of George Shearing projects the life and sincere love of several musical forms. From early swing and classical, to his bebop and French impressionistic styles there is always a sense of control and passion. This sound is a living history of contemporary music in America. —sparrow

LEO SMITH

SPIRIT CATCHER—Nessa N-19: *Images; The Burning Of Stones; Spirit Catcher.*

Personnel: Smith, trumpet, flugelhorn; Dwight Andrews, clarinet, wooden flute, tenor saxophone; Bobby Naughton, vibraharp; Wes Brown, bass, wooden flute; Irene Emanuel, Carole Emanuel, Ruth Emanuel, harps.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Leo Smith couldn't have chosen a more eventful time to take a breather than in 1966, when he was driving from Texas to Boston to enroll in music school. Stopping in Chicago, he encountered the then-fledgling Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians; Smith hit the ground running, and quickly became a major contributor. His seminal work on Anthony Braxton's *Three Compositions Of The New Jazz*, recorded by Delmark in 1967, placed him squarely in the thick of new music developments. Even though he has experienced fruitful collaborations with Braxton and Marion Brown (*Duets, Geechee Recollections*), produced his own albums and led an ECM LP, Smith has remained scandalously underrecorded.

On *Spirit Catcher* Smith displays his conceptual similarity with Anthony Braxton (who, in turn, does not deny his affinity with Webern, Berg and other classically oriented modernists), but there are essential differences. Smith's music shows more of an African influence; his curved edges contrast with Braxton's angularity. His improvisations are less jagged and atonal than many of his contemporaries; long arching phrases flow from his horn, rather than spiking, squawking ones. For these reasons *Spirit Catcher* will

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Solos recorded live August 12, 1979/
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DAVE BURRELL/WINDWARD PASSAGES HH2R05
Solos recorded live
September 13, 1979/Basel



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

be immensely listenable to people coming to it from almost any other genre, even though it contains considerable conceptual sophistication—demonstrating once more that “getting the message” is *not* essential to enjoying good music.

Images is the longest piece on the album (19 minutes, nine seconds) and it is a grand, warm improvisation braced with some texturally delicious flute by Andrews and good vibes work by Naughton. Throughout the album Naughton is extremely tasteful, managing to make his statements with spare, occasional interventions; his is a telepathic sense of timing. *The Burning* (a dedication to Braxton) is characteristically individualistic AACM instrumentation—the emphasis, in this case, on triplication. The three harps—played by three sisters—work very well. Smith plays muted trumpet behind and through them, leaving a Debussyesque aftertone. The stellar piece is *Spirit Catcher*, the only head-improvisation-head work of the program; it has a gossamer, ethereal blues feeling that somehow suggests a picture of the title's activity. Against Naughton's impeccable vibes, Andrews plays the line with Smith and provides harmonizations that further bring out an already superbly moving composition.

Very, very good stuff. —*staples*

JACK WALRATH

DEMONS IN PURSUIT—Gatemouth 1002: *Fungus*; *King Duke*; *Ray Charles On Mars*; *Spliptzill Rohemus*; *Phoenician Odyssey*; *Demons In Pursuit*.

Personnel: Walrath, trumpet, flugelhorn; John Scofield, guitar; Dannie Richmond, drums; Jim McNeely, piano, organ; Ray Drummond, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack Walrath lacks not for ambition. What's more, he aims to restore the ambition of Horatio Alger, personal success entwined with all the right virtues, and achieved because of them. What Walrath tries to do on this, his first album as a leader, is make his own name, honor his late mentor, Charles Mingus, and, for good measure, shatter jazz stereotypes. “According to them,” he writes in his liner notes, “the black man can't play classical music because he is a musical illiterate and the white man can't swing because he is incapable of feelings . . . You are aware that the myths were devised to keep us at each other's throat.”

With that much ventured, Walrath gains plenty. A veteran of Mingus, Motown and Ray Charles, he cooks up a gumbo of styles and sounds, from hard bop to classical to r&b to rock. *Demons In Pursuit* screams invention. What it misses in cohesion can be written off until the days Walrath can afford to make concept albums.

For his inaugural, Walrath found adaptable players and a willing new label, and wrote charts to cast his group in the vein of Oliver Nelson's smaller ensembles. While nothing here quite matches *Blues And The Abstract Truth*, the sensation of channelled energy, of intelligent musicians forced to forge the briefest of solos, vindicates the comparison.

Egalitarian as the music is, and valuable as are the contributions of McNeely, Drummond and Scofield, Dannie Richmond and Walrath emerge as the dominant voices of the disc.

Richmond, in fact, could be the demon of the title, so fiery is his performance. Surely his service in rock groups and his common lineage with Walrath in Mingus bands helps

him follow the trumpeter's eclectic turns. His cymbal shots scatter like shrapnel while he piledrives the beat on snare and bass; yet for all the heavy sound that connotes, he moves so rapidly that he never seems sluggish. And producer Dave Feinman has wisely balanced Richmond near the prominence of a soloist.

Walrath is an engaging trumpeter, given to scraping and wailing, offering listeners only passing touches of his silky side. But his pen is his real instrument. He balances grand, sometimes even overwrought ideas, with a delightfully twisted sense of humor. If Oliver Nelson was arranger-cum-historian, then Walrath's second calling must be as a stand-up comic. *King Duke* operates from the unlikely scenario of a card game between Ellington, Mingus, Mozart and Beethoven; Walrath delivers on the absurd premise with passages that evoke *étude* and Ellington ballad with equal legitimacy.

The album-opening *Fungus* displays Walrath the tempo nomad, a composer who jumps from almost placid segments into piano- and drum-driven staccato attacks. To Walrath, a change isn't just a new chord, it's style, tempo and dynamics, too. Both *Demons* and *Ray Charles On Mars* unite Walrath's Motown past and jazz present, mixing the broad wails of a revue—something quite apart from a review—with squalls of improvisation, particularly by Richmond. Only McNeely's organ work, not nearly carnal enough, betrays Walrath.

The myriad changes of *Demons In Pursuit* come at the expense of a personality for the album and Walrath. He is saying many things, spreading his wings; that's admirable and expected on a debut album. But it won't pack the same wallop the second time around. —*freedman*

LEW TABACKIN and WARNE MARSH

TENOR GLADNESS—Inner City IC-6048: *Basic #2*; *Easy*; *March Of The Tadpoles*; *Hangin' Loose*; *New-Anc*; *Basic #1*.

Personnel: Tabackin, Marsh, tenor saxes; John Heard, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; unidentified pianist (cut 2).

★ ★ ★ ½

To most aficionados of jazz tenor, Lew Tabackin would seem the direct antithesis of Warne Marsh. A Dionysian by all appearances, Tabackin stands for a rampant strain in tenor saxophony—the full-blooded, passionate and virile. His is a much older esthetic than Marsh's, for it reaches back to the very dawn of the instrument's hegemony in jazz. A flourish of bold graces, his artistry flows directly from an ancient, venerable line, commencing with Coleman Hawkins, and proceeding—through Chu Berry, Ben Webster and Don Byas—to the most contemporary of his sources, Sonny Rollins. A technique rivalling Johnny Griffin's for its speed and responsiveness makes his eloquence that much more impressive, but it is the tried wisdom of his sound that carries the greater meaning. Like a voluminous fur garment it warmly envelops the firm core, while its feathery outer tufts soften for the world's touch the reserve of strength within. Tabackin should not be underestimated. He is a tiger of a tenorman, lushly creative and sparkling with vitality.

By contrast, Warne Marsh becomes the prototypical Apollonian, and it is, of course, his musical background and personal tem-

perament that largely account for this. A foremost exemplar of the Lennie Tristano method of playing jazz, Marsh first surfaced in the late pianist's 1949 sextet, a mirror-image of bandmate and fellow disciple Lee Konitz. Marsh's tone, in its cultivated objectivity, its remote dispassion, seemed even further removed from the heart of jazz than did Konitz'. It was shorn of both vibrato and body, for those were artifacts of an expressiveness alien to the Tristano philosophy. Since the center of harmonic and rhythmic gravity was held to reside in the intellect, the Tristano-ites thought of tone as a mere vessel through which more important stuff was meant to course. Accordingly, emotional expressiveness was discouraged in favor of intellectual scheme-plotting, as Marsh outdistanced even Konitz in his flight from tell-tale inflections. The result was a detached, seemingly disembodied sound, curiously metallic and orderly, and only faintly suggestive of human origin. His demonstrated allegiance to a purified upper register was a preference he shared with Stan Getz and other Lester Young disciples, but missing in his timbral comportment was the nymphet-like seductiveness of Getz, not to mention the fleshier appeal of a Zoot Sims or Al Cohn.

This 1976 pairing of Tabackin and Marsh, an inspiration of pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi's, is not wholly without precedent in its attempted yoking of opposites. But where earlier such confluences often foundered on the twin rocks of ego and inflexibility, the present union succeeds, albeit partially and not necessarily in the intended manner. The differences between the two tenormen are considerable, so much so that the best moments on the record occur when either one or the other is not playing; their concerted efforts lack coordination and direction, possibly because of hasty rehearsing, but more reasonably because of the inherently different conceptions of phrasing the two represent. Tabackin's assertiveness of delivery, his peremptory way with the beat, his prolix journeys through the changes—all are simply too much for the introspective and highly organized Marsh. There is no way that he can match Tabackin in swinging, yet his own approach seems painfully inadequate by comparison.

This is not to say that Marsh's playing, because it lacks the compelling urgency of Tabackin's, is any the less interesting for it. On the contrary, he is an intriguing musician, and particularly in the area of phrasing. But his idiosyncratic tone, as well as his intonation, might yet offend by virtue of their unorthodoxy; with due respect to Marsh's reputation and ongoing participation in Supersax, it can only be assumed that the noted perversity is intentional.

One way to force people to read liner notes is to purposely omit the name of a highly visible musician from the listed personnel. In this case, it was the presence of an unbilled pianist on Marsh's *Easy* (as in *Easy Livin'*) that prompted perusal of the accompanying text . . . only to learn that “the identity of the sensitive pianist is not capable of being buried albeit there is no credit given.” Since the convoluted prose of that singular confession might be construed as concealing a conundrum of sorts, considerable time was spent on a vain attempt at its solution. But the music itself, predictably, proved clearer. However, the sparsely noted, boppishly lyrical style—heard in a 16 bar solo—could



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belong to several, and this despite an uncommonly light touch not at all unlike Toshiko's own. The usual contractual prohibitions and their compliance notwithstanding, it is not felt that this particular solo is an unequivocal stamp of the mystery guest's "uninterrable" identity. —sohmer

GEORGE BENSON

GIVE ME THE NIGHT—Warner Bros-Quest HS-3453: *Love × Love; Off Broadway; Moody's Mood; Give Me The Night; What's On Your Mind; Dinorah; Dinorah; Love Dance; Star Of A Story (X); Midnight Love Affair; Turn Out The Lamplight.*

Personnel: George Benson, guitar, vocals; Louis Johnson, bass; Abraham Laboriel, bass; Lee Ritenour, guitar; Greg Phillinganes, keyboards; Herbie Hancock, keyboards; Claire Fischer, keyboards; Richard Tee, keyboards; Michael Boddicker, synthesizer; George Duke, keyboards; John Robinson, drums; Carlos Vega, drums; Paulinho da Costa, percussion; Jerry Hey, trumpet; Kim Hutchcroft, Larry Williams, saxes, flutes; Patti Austin, Diva Gay, Jocelyn Allen, Tom Bahler, Jim Gilstrap, background vocals.

★ ★ ★ ½

It's too easy to criticize music that, on its surface, would rather seduce us than challenge our intellects; some of us don't want to be seduced without a fight. Why are we so defensive? If we dismiss a sound for its familiarity after a superficial listen, we never get under its surface to pick up on what's new and vital in it.

This new collaboration of George Benson and Quincy Jones wants to seduce with familiar rhythms, glossy production values and, above all, with melodies. It may not be new, but a careful listening is rewarded with an embarrassment of riches in Benson's liquid guitar and vocals, Jones' eclectic gifts as arranger and producer, and fine supporting work by talent like Greg Phillinganes, Patti Austin, Herbie Hancock, and Lee Ritenour.

Don't look for earth-shattering innovations here; there are innovations but of a quiet sort, like the mix of samba and rock beats in the instrumental *Dinorah, Dinorah*, with its startlingly quirky electric piano introduction, or Hancock's sensitive piano and synthesizer embellishments on *Love Dance*. Benson plays extremely melodic guitar throughout, rejecting flash in favor of emotional depth.

His voice has the bell-toned quality of the D string on his hollow-bodied custom Ibanez. His way with a ballad is evident on the Paul Williams-Ivan Lins tune *Love Dance*, a beautifully crafted song reminiscent of Jobim. Elsewhere Benson, as expected, scats himself silly, but really stretches out only on the instrumentals, which seems less commercially conceived than the up-tempo vocals.

The set's biggest surprise is an impressive, lushly orchestrated rendition of *Moody's Mood*, with fine emotional shadings by keyboardist Phillinganes (formerly with Stevie Wonder). Patti Austin nearly steals this one with a smashing vocal performance of the female "reply" to Eddie Jefferson's classic, spaced-out lyric. It makes me look forward to her solo album.

Not all the material works this well. The five songs contributed by Rod Temperton, a talented pop writer, depend too much on limp lyrical clichés this time; they're too similar in style to his previous work for Michael Jackson and the Brothers Johnson to excite much enthusiasm. On some cuts, if we didn't have the scat singing to remind us it's Benson, the Jones/Temperton sound with horns by Jerry Hey could easily be mistaken

for a cut off the latest Brothers Johnson album. A little more variety in the selection of songs next time would liven things up.

—morrison

FLIGHT

EXCURSION BEYOND—Motown M7-932R1: *Excursions Beyond; Music Razzmatazz; A Thing For Julie; Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground); The Rumble; Face To Face; Jett Lagg; Inca Innuendo.*

Personnel: Pat Vidas, polytrumpet, flaming trumpet, trumpet, flugelhorn, lead vocals; Jim Yacger, piano, organ, Rhodes, Mellotron, polyphonic synthesizer, Minimoog, Clavinet, background vocals; Ted Karczewski, acoustic, electric and bass guitar, background vocals; John DeNicola, Fender bass, Fender fretless bass, background vocals; Steve Shebar, drums, vibes, background vocals.

★ ★

DR. STRUT

STRUTTIN'—Motown M7-931R1: *Struttin'; Acufunkture; Blue Lodge; CMS; Flip City; Commuter Rabbit (For Folon); After; Nitwit; Nice 'N' Sleazy; No! You Came Here For An Argument.*

Personnel: David Woodford, saxophones and flute; Kevin Bassinson, keyboards; Tim Weston, guitar; Peter Freiburger, bass; Claude Pepper, drums; Everett Bryson, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

NATIVE SON

NATIVE SON—Infinity INF 9022: *Bump Cruising; Heat Zone; Breezin' & Dreamin'; Wind Surfing; Whispering Eyes; Twilight Mist; Super Safari; Whispering Eyes (Reprise).*

Personnel: Takehiro Honda, Fender Rhodes piano, Holmer D-6 Clavinet, Yamaha CP-70, Solina, celesta; Kohsuke Mine, tenor and soprano saxophones; Motonobu Ohde, electric guitar; Tamio Kawabata, electric bass; Hiroshi Murakami, drums; Damiao Gomes De Souza, cuica (cut 5).

★

SPYRO GYRA

CATCHING THE SUN—MCA-5108: *Catching The Sun; Cockatoo; Autumn Of Our Love; Laser Material; Percolator; Philly; Lovin' You (Interlude) Lovin' You; Here Again; Safari.*

Personnel: Jay Beckenstein, saxophones, Fender Rhodes, synthesizer, percussion; Tom Schuman, Fender Rhodes, synthesizer and effects, acoustic piano; Chet Catallo, electric guitar; Jim Kurzdorfer, bass (cuts 1, 3, 6, 8); Will Lee, bass (2, 4, 5, 7, 9); Eli Konikoff, drums; Gerardo Velez, percussion; Jeremy Wall, synthesizers, effects, percussion; John Tropea, electric, acoustic guitars; Hiram Bullock, electric, acoustic guitars; David Samuels, marimba, steel drums, vibraphones; Rubens Bassini, percussion; Richard Calandra, percussion; Bob Malach, tenor saxophone; Steve Nathan, clavinet; Barry Rogers, trombone; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; Tom Malone, trombone; Harry Lookofsky, Peter Dimitriadis, Lewis Eley, Harold Kohon, Charles Libove, David Nadien, Matthew Raimondi, Richard Sortomme, violins; Jesse Levy, Charles McCracken, Alan Schulman, cello.

★ ★ ★ ½

Here we have more music comfortably centered around the proposition that the amalgam of rock and jazz, riveted to familiar snappy funk, is the sound of today, tomorrow and evermore. The glossier, the safer the formula (so the fusion maxim goes) the greater the happenstance of marketplace prosperity. You sell and you get to stay around. Of these four bands, however, only Spyro Gyra is entrenched as a pop chart mainstay and the others are still scurrying about looking for a place in the sun.

For all the cover computer graphics, chic electronic effects and crossover clichés, Pat Vidas' band Flight engenders moderately entertaining music—at least part of the time. Vidas' horn has more of a bite than that of most commercial jazz trumpeters and only once, on the miserable *A Thing For Julie*, does he step into the lollipop world of Mangione.

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His lucidity of articulation, true tone and jazz inclinations are the record's salvation—when he lets guitarist Karczewski or keyboardist Yaeger take the reins the proceedings drag. Beware: Vidas' sugared vocals (*Face To Face*, *Inca Innuendo*) are show biz hokum and *Excursion Beyond's* playing time of 29:57 is certainly parsimonious.

Dr. Strut eschews the synthesizer claptrap and concentrates on uncluttered instrumental funk, a kind of music that is often rigid and pedantic when it should be loose and unstudied. The sextet, with fine saxophonist David Woodford at the helm, can be superficially fiery (*CMS, Commuter Rabbit*) but on occasion their melodies, syncopations and truncated rhythms ignite: *Nitwit* is propelled by vigorous saxophone, taut guitar and warm/cool Booker T. prototype organ, while the graceful *Blue Lodge* weaves a web of delicate loveliness. Dr. Strut, like the Crusaders and the Average White Band (whose *AWB*, on Atlantic, I consider a magnum opus), provides elegant fun.

To Westerners, Japan's contributions to popular music have seemed archly imitative: the Sadistic Mika Band was all style, Pink Lady is a bad joke, and the Yellow Magic Orchestra proved to be unexpressive disco parrots; Osamu Kitajima and Stomu Yamashta have made impressive records but they are solitary figures swimming against the tide. *Native Son* is the fusion contender and the band is annoyingly shallow also—the ensembles' technique is acceptable but the feeling behind the playing is absent. *Bump Cruising*, for example, is performed as if by rote—no, your turntable hasn't wiggled out, it's these guys playing at 78 rpm while thinking at 33 1/3 revolutions. This is robotic sound lacking identity or purpose.

Last autumn critic Simon Frith sardonically wrote in *Melody Maker* that Spyro Gyra were "Sincere Musicians with an Unquenchable Faith in Themselves." This writer concurs. They, of course, are the whilom hotshots of Buffalo's Tralfamadore Cafe who have tapped the resources of the studio (and its musician hangers-on) to unleash worldwide some of the most pleasant pop-jazz imaginable. Correspondingly, producer/leader Jay Beckenstein (he's fusion's answer to rock's Tom Scholz, the group Boston incarnate) keeps everything smooth and orderly: clean funk, jazz and rock (plus fake Caribbean music, nothing being sacred) is sprinkled here and there, horns and strings are used for coloring, and solos fly past like hurried wisps of smoke. May these songs someday fill the corridors of shopping malls with giddiness.

—hadley

JEFF BECK

THERE AND BACK—Epic 35684; *Star Cycle*; *Too Much To Lose*; *You Never Know*; *The Pump*; *El Becko*; *The Golden Road*; *Space Boogie*; *The Final Peace*. Personnel: Beck, guitar; Jan Hammer, synthesizers; drums; Tony Hymas, keyboards, synthesizer; Mo Foster, bass; Simon Phillips, drums.

★ ★ ★

Of the multitude of electric guitarists who exploded from the late '60s British rock bag into instant fame and megabucks, there are few who initially possessed or subsequently maintained the excitement, mystique and resilience of Jeff Beck.

The frequency and quality of Beck's musical renderings, however, have been erratic. He records and tours when the notion strikes him, and mixes samples of true guitar

brilliance and imagination with occasionally apparent apathy and heedlessness.

There And Back is the guitarist's first studio effort in four years, and duplicates many of his aforesaid traits. Over half of the tracks here reflect the relentless vitality of which Beck is capable.

Star Cycle erupts with a gutsy, reiterated four bar figure blazoned by Jan Hammer's vigorously potent synthesizer. After a few of his classic whiplash guitar screams, Jeff releases an abrasive melody that he aptly embellishes. A sizzling antiphonal interplay ensues between the two, unfolding a convincing climax.

The Golden Road is expositied by a relaxed, pensive Zawinulish theme. After a short bridge that suggests something heavier in store, a lyrically steadfast, somewhat march-like secondary theme underpins an intelligently developed and quite satisfyingly culminated guitar solo.

Although Beck infrequently swings in the pure jazz sense, one of his greatest strengths is the ability to successfully adapt his own guitar style to progressively novel forms, and not lose an iota of character in the process (as in Mingus' *Pork Pie Hat*, from Beck's *Wired* L.P.). But even more exemplary is *The Final Peace*. A serenely relaxed, string-voiced synthesizer (reminful of a Vaughan Williams tone poem) is the chordal footing for a very placid, almost celestial solo guitar excursion in the minor mode. While Beck here nurtures each note with undaunted sensitivity and control, the listener is indeed forced to ponder whether the guitarist's sometimes legendary status just might, in this case, be merited.

—mamula

THE UNITED JAZZ & ROCK ENSEMBLE

THE BREAK EVEN POINT—Mood 23600; *Boorcel*; *Chateau Sentimental*; *Sparvhaemlingslied*; *Alfred Schmach*; *Sidewalk*; *Amber*; *Song With No Name*; *One Sin A While*.

Personnel: Charlie Mariano, soprano and alto saxophones; Barbara Thompson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Kenny Wheeler, trumpet and flugelhorn; Ian Carr, trumpet and flugelhorn; Ack Van Rooyen, trumpet and flugelhorn; Albert Mangelsdorff, trombone; Volker Kriegel, guitar, sitar guitar; Wolfgang Dauner, piano, synthesizer; Eberhard Weber, bass; Jon Hiseman, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

A name like The United Jazz & Rock Ensemble may sound a little dry, like a junior college stage band, but read down the list of personnel in this awesome all-star assemblage. Weber, Mangelsdorff, Wheeler, Carr, Jon Hiseman, etc.—every player in this group is a European bandleader of the highest stature. And while most of us in the U.S. have been looking the other way, these incredible musicians have already gotten together for three excellent albums.

That's right, *The Break Even Point* is their third offering to date, recorded last spring in Stuttgart, Germany. All but Hiseman and Ack Van Rooyen contribute a tune apiece to the proceedings, and the resultant mix is tightly arranged, but motivated, large ensemble jazz.

The opening *Boorcel* is exemplary of the group's team concept: it's an upbeat number with racing section work but plenty of room for meaty solos by Van Rooyen and composer Dauner. Kriegel's reflective *Chateau Sentimental* is a gorgeous guitar reverie, but also boasts a great 'bone solo from Mangelsdorff and

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sumptuous mood-making by Weber. Mangelsdorff's hustling, scurrying *Sparhärmlingslied* may be the compositional highlight of the album, a cosmopolitan, almost Gershwin-esque setting that allows aggressive soloing, particularly when the band drops off and leaves the trombonist to parry with red hot Hiseman. Side one rounds out with a totally uncharacteristic Weber piece called *Alfred Schmack*, the intro to which borders on orchestral dischord, its second section being an almost snazzy stage band vehicle for Wheeler's lead trumpet.

Side two is equally strong, begun by Carr's rocky *Sidewalk*, and advancing on the Middle Eastern merits of Mariano's *Amber*, complete with one of the saxophonist's excellent soprano solos. The three trumpets announce what sounds like a Spanish theme to *Song With No Name*, but Ms. Thompson's pen sends this multi-part composition in several directions with an emphasis on tasty reed combinations. Wheeler's finishing *One Sin* has Mariano's alto on a ballad of delicious texture.

Despite the fact that this band is loaded with jazz giants playing extraordinary material, they have yet to attract the attention of a major label. According to one London-based source, U.S. labels have thus far shied from The United Jazz & Rock Ensemble's offer to bequeath U.S. rights to all three albums for a very small advance sum. Until some big music magnate sees the light, I'm afraid this album can only be obtained through MOOD Records, Bebelstrasse 54A, 7000 Stuttgart 1, Germany, or through specialized importers.

—henschen

LORRAINE FEATHER

SWEET LORRAINE—Concord Jazz CJ-78: *Someone To Watch Over Me; Moondance; Skylark; I Don't Believe You; Deep In The Night; I've Got Just About Everything; All Blues; Wave; Four; You And I.*

Personnel: Feather, vocals; Scott Hamilton, tenor saxophone (cuts 1,4-6,10); Ted Nash, saxophone and flute (cuts 2,7,9); Joe Diorio, guitar (cuts 4-6,10); Herb Ellis, guitar (cuts 2,7,9); Ross Tompkins, piano; Chuck Donamico, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Don't let Lorraine Feather's cover photograph fool you. Naive as she looks in that collegiate pose against the studio-blue background, she is a natural musician whose instincts are nearly always right. The title *Sweet Lorraine* is correct in at least one way. Lorraine's voice is indeed sweet, and she colors it at will to suit a variety of moods.

A combination of standards which are familiar but not shopworn makes a wise blend for this debut album. Lorraine thinks of herself, according to liner notes by Dan Morgenstern, as "a contemporary artist with jazz roots" rather than as a jazz singer. When one's family tree boasts a jazz authority (father Leonard), a former professional singer (mother Jane Leslie) and a jazz legend (godmother Billie Holiday), flowers such as Lorraine might be expected. Still, that expectation couldn't have prepared anyone for the blossoming of a natural expressivity of the sort that can't be inherited or taught.

Lorraine is at her best in *All Blues*. Taking the tune in E instead of in G puts it squarely in Lorraine's solid midrange, where her voice sounds the richest and most soulful. Her control in this tune is excellent. She makes her voice cry out, then flatten, then flicker optimistically with a tagged-on bit of vibrato. She stretches out languidly, easing up to stellar heights for a striking finish.

In the upper limits of *All Blues* Lorraine retains the full, centered pitch quality that sometimes thins out in the high register of other tunes on this LP. Ambitious leaps in *Four*, for example, are disappointing from a timbral perspective because tone quality becomes breathy. At the same time, these leaps make perfect sense melodically, and Lorraine understands how to simulate the inflections a horn player such as Miles uses. She might have been more successful in terms of sound quality if she had dropped low rather than leaping at certain points.

Lorraine has a good ear for detail, which she uses to personalize each tune. Putting a flat, deadpan, inflection on the word "four" in the first line of the song by the same name, or leaving a break before the word "missing" in *I've Got Just About Everything*, her wit flashes.

Time occasionally troubles Lorraine. She never quite settles down to relax in *Moon-dance* and she pushes the tempo of *Wave* just the slightest uncomfortable bit. Her sidemen are steady factors in this respect and they are thoroughly reliable in all other considerations; Ted Nash's solo in *Everything* is just one example of individual skill. If anything, the sidemen are *too* clean, playing lines that border on blandness even if in the regions of conventional acceptability. The whole recording sounds as if it had been buffed to a tasteful patina. While a high level of musicality is communicated, there are few flashes of heat, wit or emotion in any extreme from the sidemen.

Rough edges don't insure inspired performances, but they've certainly accompanied a lot of them. I suspect that the smoothed-out nature of the backup is due to a producer's rationale (perhaps to guarantee Lorraine the limelight) rather than to any lack of inventiveness on the parts of the sidemen. Lorraine does take some chances. If she takes some more, works with some more powerful material, and fills out her upper register to equal the husky strength of her low one, her next recording should be a real treat.

—gwegian

STEVE KUHN/SHEILA JORDAN BAND

PLAYGROUND—ECM-1-1159: *Tomorrow's Son; Gentle Thoughts; Poem For No. 15; The Zoo; Deep Tango; Life's Backward Glance.*

Personnel: Kuhn, piano; Jordan, voice; Harvie Swartz, bass; Bob Moses, drums.

The melismatic twists which Sheila Jordan can put on one vowel, the poignancy with which she can invest a word like "tango," and the shades of meaning she can infuse into a merely passable lyric might just mark her as the standout jazz singer of the '80s. Although *Playground* falls short of the close-knit intensity of *Sheila*, this singer's recently five-starred SteepleChase duet with bassist Arild Anderson, it well attests to this vocalist's continuing development and commitment to her craft.

Jordan's collaboration with pianist Steve Kuhn (who wrote all the tunes and lyrics for this session) should come as no surprise in view of this singer's work with such other experimentalists as George Russell, Don Heckman, Carla Bley and Roswell Rudd. Jordan has always been a musician's vocalist. What's most exciting about the Kuhn/Jordan Band is that it's a coherent ensemble, one a long step removed from the stock format of a

piano trio backing a female singer.

On *Gentle Thoughts*, Kuhn's unaccompanied single-note blues line settles into a pleasantly funky bounce. Jordan enters, functioning as a purely instrumental voice. Using terminal vibrato and brassily brightening her voice's timbre on held notes, she weaves an accompaniment to Kuhn's solo. Or is it the other way around? It's a loose, floating blend, whatever the case. The showpiece, though, is *Deep Tango*. A sensuous vocal, worthy of the ambience of the similarly titled film, leads into Kuhn's Jacque Brellian melodies, improvised in the best European art song tradition. Rejoining the ensemble, Jordan vocalizes in a nearly indescribable mix of near-yodeling and scat singing. A brooding, torrid performance.

Throughout, Kuhn pursues impressionistic, rolling keyboard sonorities. *The Zoo* is typical, a mesh of Tynerish and Evanish designs. As for Kuhn the lyricist, his tone and images fall somewhere between Lawrence Ferlinghetti and John Lennon; sometimes disquieting, his lines are more often difficult to take seriously. That Sheila Jordan can make them work is yet another tribute to her talents.

—balleras

GILLESPIE/HUBBARD/ TERRY & OSCAR PETERSON'S BIG 4

THE TRUMPET SUMMIT—Pablo Today 2312-114: *Daahoud*; *Chicken Wings*; *Just Friends*; *The Champ*.

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Oscar Peterson, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

Norman Granz, Pablo's paterfamilias, is a self-proclaimed aficionado of the jam session. The successes and failures inherent in the makeup of a typical jam should be obvious to all: lack of rehearsal time can make the proceedings fresh or sloppy; the cutting contests can cause an instrumentalist to either transcend his material, or distort it beyond recognition. In the past, Granz has succeeded in creating a fairly high percentage of winners in his documented jams; unfortunately, while this one is not a disaster, it is disappointing.

It's hard to figure out where to place the blame. Certainly, the rhythm section is impeccable, with Peterson keeping his prodigious technique under wraps most of the time, coming out only to spin a few quicksilver choruses or cement an impossibly fast tempo. Ray Brown's bass is beyond reproach, and Bobby Durham is flexible and unobstreperous throughout. Joe Pass, when he can be heard (which is seldom), always seems to find some subtle way to add something tasteful. Could it be, then, that the problem lies with the all-star trumpeters?

Must be. For while there are patches of brilliance here and there, none of the brass men are able to sustain sterling improvisations throughout the length of the album, nor combine their own best work on the same numbers. Consider the opener—Clifford Brown's classic *Daahoud*—an estimable piece of work in Brownie's original performance. Hubbard, soloing first, tries the hardest to recreate the composer's effortless, seamless soaring, but at this blistering pace he experiences intonation and articulation problems. Clark Terry's muted crispness is overshadowed by Ray Brown's burning bass

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patterns, and even Dizzy fumbles for a second on entry until he kicks into overdrive. The traded fours elicit wonder at their sheer speed, but nothing of substance is said—it's all flash, like fireworks, explosive, but leaving only smoke in its wake.

Chicken Wings is a collectively improvised blues with a difference: the horn men don't play together. Gillespie opens, bending pitches and throwing some curvaceous chromatic asides at Pass' nicely expansive chording. Hubbard's work is a morass of trills and smears, shakes and squeals, backed by muscular, two-handed Peterson. Terry's wah-wah phrasing is pithy, consummate blues playing with Brown a granite column underneath.

Back to the standard route with *Just Friends*, with Terry darting, double-timing, but curiously unmoving, Gillespie buzzing like a bumblebee, but insouciant, and Hubbard fashioning his best solo of the day, quoting *After You've Gone* in absorbing arpeggiated figures, rolling and tumbling around the melody in ways reminiscent of his Blue Note salad days. Pass and Durham suggest samba rhythms in the distance. We're back to the racetrack again, however, with *The Champ*: Terry's horsing around (almost literally), aggressively overanxious is Hubbard, and Dizzy's half-valve stuttering becomes most attractive.

Producer Granz explicates in his liner notes the difficulties of geography and timing in putting together this date. The roughness and rushed quality shows. Still, if this album is the first of other Pablos with Hubbard back in a mainstream saddle, it may all prove to be worth it.

—lange

BOBBY NAUGHTON

NAUXTAGRAM—Otic Records 1009: *Bounce*; *Duality*; *Nauxtagram*; *Lacarov Feakle*; *F*.

Personnel: Naughton, vibraharp; James Emery, acoustic and electric guitars; Wes Brown, bass; Cleve Pozar, percussion and marimba.

Bobby Naughton, whose vibes are heard to good advantage in trumpeter Leo Smith's current group, has here fashioned a rather "cool" date, somewhat similar to his previous two releases on his self-produced Otic label. Naughton favors a softer, less sharply focused attack than most contemporary vibists, and adopts an attractive chunky tone more akin to Red Norvo's than the shimmering glitter of Gary Burton. Nevertheless, the group assembled on *Nauxtagram* borrows some of the characteristics of Burton's classic quartet with Larry Coryell—especially on the title tune, *Bounce*, and *F*, where the rhythm section lays down a winsome, uninvolved groove over which Naughton flutters lightly and sprightly. Emery, like Coryell, gives the group its guts, though through dramatically different means; his manipulation of subtle feedback and other timbral modifications result in some remarkably synthesizer-like effects, similar to Michael Gregory Jackson's early work with Oliver Lake.

The two exceptions from this predictable group sensibility occur on *Duality* and *Lacarov Feakle*, both duets. The former combines vibes and Pozar's marimba in a beautiful sequence of pastoral episodes which alternately bubble and brood with exotic scalar passages and delicate percussive peals. The latter track, less successful, finds the leader's mallets contrasted with Emery's guitar in a series of jittery, insistent lines in a

rhythmically free setting. Emery adapts his tone inventively to each succeeding section to add much needed color, but there's no getting around the fact that they're working with bland material.

The addition of another lead voice, such as Naughton's former clarinet co-conspirator Perry Robinson, would have spiced *Nauxtagram* up immensely. Tonal regularity leads to rather homogenized listening.

—lange

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Five years ago RCA rushed in where corporate management normally fears to tread—reissues. In its first major effort since the demise of the old Vintage series (1964-1970), it introduced the Bluebird series, with ambitious standards. It would gather the total output of several key artists and issue it complete in chronological order. Benny Goodman, who recorded for RCA between 1935 and 1939, was among the charter members of the new Bluebird group.

But, alas, after three or four volumes, new management came in. Producer Frank Driggs was pink slipped—and so much for ambitious standards. But not so fast! It seems the completeniks of the world are having the last word after all. During Summer 1980 RCA rushed *The Complete Benny Goodman* series to the finish line with volumes six, seven and eight.

Volume six begins in the spring of 1938 at the beginning of the post-Carnegie Hall doldrums. Krupa had just left the band, but that wasn't the problem. Lack of good material was. The band was still superb. Drummer Dave Tough, in fact, brought an uplifting buoyancy to the rhythm section it had never had. You can hear it on Fletcher Henderson charts like *Big John Special*, *Wrappin It Up*, *I Never Knew*, *Sweet Sue* and even *Bumble Bee Stomp*. And Tough brings a whole new character to the Quartet on *Opus ½* and *Sweet Georgia Brown*. But in the final accounting, this particular chronological stretch is completely lacking in any landmark Goodman. The principal soloist, aside from BG, is vocalist Martha Tilton. She sings songs full of period charm (*Why'd Ya Make Me Fall In Love*,



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What Goes On, You're A Sweet Little Headache), but the band is coasting.

Key personnel changes come in volume seven, but even so, we get a more swinging two discs. Half the titles are instrumentals, and three offer vocals by a man whose greatness as a singer is surpassed only by his general lack of recognition thereof: Johnny Mercer. He was the first to bring a sense of nonchalant sophistication to the jazz vocal. Lionel Hampton on drums sparks the band mightily on *Smoke House Rhythm* and *Topsy*, and the Quartet on *I Know That You Know*. Henderson's writing is relaxed and mellow on *It Had To Be You*, *Whispering*, *I'll Always Be In Love With You* and *Kingdom Of Swing*, which for all its lack of surprise is a quintessential study of simplicity in swing. Jimmy Mundy's chart on *Farewell Blues* ranks with his best. It

was still a band betwixt and between, but it managed to produce in spite of it.

The four remaining sides of Goodman's Victor career are picked up on volume eight, but this is principally a bonus volume. It's packed with Goodman landmarks, but with a twist. They're all alternate takes, versions made but never released. Oh, sure, some have turned up on collectors issues like the Jazzum label, but with nothing like the sound quality heard here. In some cases the differences are basic. On this unreleased *Sing, Sing, Sing* Goodman and Krupa spar around with some stop-time breaks, and Krupa plays with neat after-beat bass drum accents at the end. In most cases (*Avalon*, *Stompin' At The Savoy*, *Sugarfoot*, et al) the out takes aren't inferior, just different. Where an obvious goof pops up (BG's breaks on *Blue Room* and

Farewell, Teddy Wilson on *I Know That You Know*) they are fleeting and outweighed by compensating virtues. Note the differences in Hamp's drumming behind Ziggy Elman on *Smoke House*. As for Goodman, his variations on himself are forever fresh and just a little unexpected.

While we're on the subject of Goodman, I can't pass up recommending Sunbeam 155, *Benny Goodman Featuring Jess Stacy*. It isn't the holy Goodman grail, but it's one of the most unpretentiously delightful collections to come along from Sunbeam in a while. This is a more mature mid '40s BG, with lots of rich, fat, low register playing, laced with elegantly swinging grace notes. The quality and inspiration is evenhanded, and what a marvelous chance to hear some wonderful Jess Stacy in the more conspicuous setting of the Goodman small group. All the material is from radio broadcasts, and there's not a clunker in the bunch.

Meanwhile, over at Columbia the Contemporary Masters collection reaches out to embrace two of the greatest soloists in all of jazz—Louis Armstrong and Lester Young. In the first instance, Columbia has gone into its vaults for some late (but not *too* late) Louis of the mid '50s. This was the period in which he made his last great records (the W.C. Handy and Fats Waller LPs), and although his groundbreaking days were done, the beauty of Armstrong's trumpet and enthusiasm of his performances are impressive and undimmed. Louis was under contract to Columbia at this time, and had produced several extraordinary albums. But producer George Avakian was having great difficulty getting his artist to come up with fresh material. There are excellent versions of many Armstrong staples here (*Black And Blue*, *Basin Street Blues*, *Sunny Side Of The Street*, *Indiana*, *Barbecue* and *West End Blues*, which is unfortunately off-mike much of the time), but few offer any significant variations on what already is available. Armstrong concerts allowed for little spontaneity. Only *Bucket's Got A Hole In It* seems to reach fresh heights of inspiration. It's a marvel. The band is Louis' last really outstanding group. Ed Hall and Trummy Young are a vibrant front line. And Barrett Deems restores a loose but hard driving beat missing since the departure of Sid Catlett.

The first of Armstrong's great all-star groups can be heard on *Fanfare 21-121*. In fact, this was probably the greatest working group he ever had—Earl Hines, Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Catlett. Unfortunately, the group's promise always seems a few steps ahead of its product. The only highlight from the 1947 Wintergarden broadcast on side one is *Dear Old Southland* with Dick Cary. Side two, from a year later, is more consistently swinging with fine treatments of *Muskrat Ramble*, *Royal Garden Blues* and *High Society*. Earl Hines' *St. Louis Blues* is a bit too stylized, but has its moments.

Getting back to Columbia and their Contemporary Masters, the big news is that the series' complete retrospective of Lester Young finally comes to an end with *Evening Of A Basie-ite*, the last of the five volume string of twofers begun in 1976 under the John Hammond Collection banner. Columbia includes only those Basie (or Billie Holiday) records on which Lester solos, but gives us all known alternates. Like the other Lester albums, this collection is superb. Young's



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entry break on *Easy Does* with the Basic band is like bubbles of water floating to the surface of a quiet spring. Where there are alternates (in most cases there are), it's often impossible to select the better concept. The A take of *Let Me See* certainly flows more logically than take B. But there can be no decision on *Laughing At Life*. Unfortunately, Lester gets literally stopped in the middle on the two-sided *World Is Mad*. It's a disjointed solo and completely loses its momentum at the break. He comes in four bars early on the second *Broadway*, but the error is only one of timing, not inspiration. The three final cuts, *All Of Me*, end this remarkable series at a high peak indeed (plus a little backstage chatter after the take). Columbia and Mike Brooks have done well by one of jazz' greatest soloists and big bands.

One of jazz' other great big bands was Duke Ellington's, and *The Transcription Years* collects a complete 1941 session as well as some other bits and pieces from the war years. Tax Records' reputation for high acoustical standards is well honored here. The ten sides from 1941 are among the best recorded Ellingtonia of the period—almost high fidelity, as we used to say in the '50s. If they are not among the most interesting of his performances—and they aren't—there is at least the big, fat ensemble sound of the once-in-a-century band as it has rarely been heard. Eight other tracks from 1943 and '45 are interesting chiefly because they were so rarely played by the band. Basically, this is for those deep into the Duke.

Two other key bands of the period were Artie Shaw's and Woody Herman's, and

Hindsight Records continues its excellent series of big band archeological excavations with important albums by each. Artie Shaw was Goodman's only important rival as a clarinet-playing bandleader, and he was awfully good. Structurally, his band was as simple as they came, with bright reeds set off against brass. Both sections could swing hard on showcases like *Leaping At The Lincoln* and *What Is This Thing Called Love*, and handle ballads with authority. Harmonically, the band (like most of the era) was somewhat monochromatic. But harmonic textures weren't its mission; rhythmic momentum was.

The material on the two Shaw LPs is all from late 1938, just before Buddy Rich joined the band, and is taken from the same NBC transcriptions Victor used in assembling the famous collection of Shaw air shots in 1955. Hindsight got the leftovers, but a high grade of leftovers. Volume one is good. Tony Pastor kids *Apple Blossom Time* with his tongue-in-cheek vocal. Volume two is better with an unabridged six minute *In The Mood*. The band's best year, 1939, was just ahead. Let's hope Hindsight has some material from this extraordinary period up its sleeve. The quality of the sound is nothing short of a revelation of what this fine band really sounded like.

Woody Herman's best years were certainly ahead, too, judging from *Blues In The Night*, a historically fascinating document, on Sunbeam, of the Road Father's first month as a bandleader. Herman grew out of the Isham Jones band, and at this early period the band is nicely polished but without an identity. It purveys a peppy but totally conventional swing sound, and at times leans towards a Bob Crosbyish dixieland format (*Royal Garden Blues*). For almost a decade Herman did nicely in the minor leagues of big bandom with this sort of non-style.

Now cut ahead eight years to 1944, when the real Woody Herman history begins. This is the famous First Herd—aside from Stan Kenton's, the only band to achieve major stardom after the curtain had rung down on the big band era, or so they said. There was no secret about the reason. Herman was suddenly blessed with a remarkable run of good luck in the personnel department—Neal Hefti, the Candolis, Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, Ralph Burns and most importantly, the man who lifted it all skyward: Dave Tough on drums. He was the engine of the First Herd. Hindsight 134 catches a wonderful sampling of the great band in its prime early form: very possibly, no band ever swung harder than this one. Listen to *Red Top*, *Apple Honey*, or the small group on *1-2-3-Jump*, Margie Hvams' first appearance with the band.

A good companion LP to the Hindsight is *Fanfare 22-122* with two 1945 broadcasts. Tough's high hat cymbal sizzles on another *Red Top*, which was not commercially recorded at the time. Herman's clarinet playing is also exceptionally strong. Too bad the programs close on *Northwest Passage* and *Apple Honey*, but there's still enough left to make this a Herman item worth having. It is, after all, the most important band of its time at the height of its power. And the remarkable sound quality on this and the Hindsight LP brings us closer to the original sound and power of this great band than any previous records.

—mcdonough

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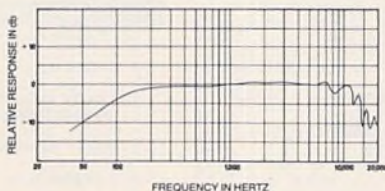


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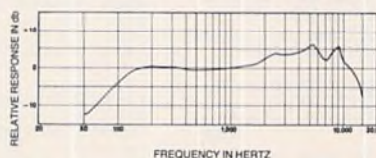


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BLINDFOLD TEST



BILL BERRY

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Bill Berry continues to enjoy the multifaceted career he began in the 1950s with the Herb Pomeroy and Woody Herman bands. Cornetist, trumpeter, composer, vibraphonist (on some records with Johnny Hodges) and, since 1971, leader of his own L.A. Big Band, Berry nonetheless regards the day he became an Ellingtonian as the most memorable of his life. In addition to working in Duke's band in 1962, he joined the "second Ellington orchestra" that played for the Ellington musical show *My People* in Chicago in 1963.

Berry has had a parallel career as a studio musician, on the Merv Griffin show band from New York 1964-70, from Los Angeles 1970-77. In New York he was one of the first members of the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis brass section; in L.A. he has sidemanned in the ranks of Bellson, Capp/Pierce, Terry Gibbs, Bill Holman and Akiyoshi/Tabackin.

He is represented as leader on *Hello Rev* (Concord Jazz) with a blockbuster lineup including Cat Anderson, Blue Mitchell, Britt Woodman, Benny Powell, Marshall Royal, Don Menza and Dave Frishberg.

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

1. LOUIS BELLSON. *Intimacy Of The Blues* (from *The Louis Bellson Explosion*, Pablo). Billy Strayhorn, composer; Tommy Newsom, arranger; Dick Spencer, alto sax; Bobby Shew, lead trumpet; Cat Anderson, trumpet; Nat Pierce, piano.

That's an Ellington tune and it's something about "blues;" I know it's Louis Bellson on drums, and it's Cat Anderson, and it's Tommy Newsom's arrangement and it's probably Bobby Shew, who's one of my favorite first trumpet players, but the alto player and the tenor player fooled me.

I was expecting Menza, but I don't think that was him. Could that have been Ted Nash on alto?

I've played that chart when I was on Louis' band. It was excellently performed here. Four and a half stars. I was trying to figure out who the piano player was, and I couldn't really tell in that context; maybe Ross Tompkins. I didn't think it was Nat Pierce.

I can recognize Louis' playing, he's very individual. I still play with his band. I've known Louis since 1963 with *My People*, and I was a big fan long before that. Well, Bobby Shew, Cat Anderson, Newsom and Menza, and a lot of others have played in my band, too, and it was easy for me to recognize that chart.

2. OLIVER NELSON. *Down By The Riverside* (from *Live From Los Angeles*, Impulse). Bobby Bryant, Freddie Hill, Conte Candoli, Buddy Childers, trumpets; Nelson, arranger; Ed Thigpen, drums; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Mel Brown, guitar.

I'll give that one five stars. I think that's what jazz music—big band—is supposed to be about. They're swinging all the way and letting their soloists play, and that's the essence of jazz in any size ensemble. There are four, I think, trumpet players: I recognize Conte, Bobby Bryant and perhaps Carmell Jones. It sounded like a Bill Holman arrangement of *Down By The Riverside*.

I couldn't recognize the rhythm section. Given those trumpet players, if it wasn't Bill Holman's band, then I'd say maybe it was Gerald Wilson's.

I liked the writing: as in most big band writing, they used the same saxophone background behind each soloist for a couple of choruses, which is nice and

loose. It's as close as you can get to the basis of the whole thing, the New Orleans collective improvisation—you know, Basie does the same thing. All the best bands have always done that.

This was a live performance, and the sound was good; you could hear all the soloists, all the backgrounds. I wish I could have recognized some of the rhythm players.

3. ANTHONY BRAXTON. *Side One, Cut One* (from *Creative Orchestra Music 1976*, Arista). Braxton, composer, alto sax; Seldon Powell, alto sax; Bruce Johnstone, baritone sax; Kenny Wheeler, Cecil Bridgewater, Jon Faddis, trumpets.

Well, you've got me. I haven't the vaguest idea who that was. I thought it was very interesting, though; definitely jazz, because it swung all the way—which to me, is the difference between jazz and other music.

It was difficult for me to tell how much of it was written and how much wasn't. Which I also like. It was well performed. It didn't sound like it would be much fun to play—maybe I'm wrong about that. And I wasn't crazy about the recording quality. But it was definitely jazz, and it definitely swung, so I'd give it three and a half stars.

I thought for a minute I recognized one of the trumpet players, then I decided I didn't. The baritone player I couldn't tell. I liked the line, the opening chorus, the saxophone thing. It's not the sort of thing I would play with my band, but it was very good and very interesting. Who was it?

LF: Anthony Braxton.

BB: All right. He has a big band? I figured it was somebody like that, but I'm not familiar enough to guess.

4. TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI/LEW TABACKIN. *Farewell (To Mingus)* (from *Farewell*, Ascent Records). Akiyoshi, composer, arranger, piano; Tabackin, tenor sax; Phil Teele, bass trombone; Gary Foster, lead flute.

I would say that was Toko and Lew. That great Hawkins-Byas sound that Lew gets. It is him, isn't it? A great composition. Toko on piano, obviously. I haven't heard her play in a long time.

I love that orchestration, the flutes; is that Phil Teele playing bass trombone perhaps? As soon as I heard the flutes and the bass trombone, I knew it must be Toshiko's writing. Great, five stars. Prettiness in music is kind of hard to come by these days. Lew is great, Toshiko is great and the band deserves what they've got.

5. SUN RA. *The House Of Eternal Being* (from *Live At Montreux*, Inner City). Ahmed Abdullah, Al Evans, trumpets; Reggie Hudgins, soprano sax; Sun Ra, orchestra.

Was that recorded near a zoo until the tape broke down? I heard the elephants escaping. I won't give it a minus rating, so I won't rate it at all.

I'd be curious how you'd copyright something like that, because there was no melody. It was obviously improvised, but I don't think it was jazz music because it didn't have the feeling that differentiates jazz from other music—in fact, I don't know for sure that it was music at all. To me that's exhibitionism at its very worst. The saxophone player is probably a poll winner, but sounded like the neighborhood kids used to when they were beginning.

I don't mean to be overly hard on it, but I don't think that's music; it just sounded like noise, sound effects. I heard the audience reaction, they must have liked it. Maybe there was something visual going on. But to get up and just make sounds, where anything goes, I don't think that could be defined as music.

Maybe if you were there, it would be different, but from the recording, it sounded like people fooling around on instruments not necessarily their own. At first I thought the trumpet player had some pretty good chops—well, he did have—I just didn't like it.

6. DUKE ELLINGTON-COUNT BASIE. *Battle Royal* (from *First Time!*, Columbia). Ellington, Basie, pianos; Cat Anderson, Thad Jones, Ray Nance (muted), trumpets; Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxes; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Freddie Greene, guitar; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard and Sonny Payne, drums.

I thought at first that it was Nat Pierce rather than Basie. I recognize Lawrence Brown, Paul Gonsalves and Carney, Sam Woodyard and the Cat. I thought the recording didn't sound good, a lot of echo. But that must be the record that the Basie and Ellington bands made together.

I thought for a while it was Buck Clayton playing muted trumpet, but I don't think it was now. Maybe Joe Newman. I didn't really recognize the tenor players other than Paul Gonsalves.

I know I was right about Sam and Cat and Carney and Lawrence and Mex [Paul Gonsalves], but I didn't know who the Basie guys were. I don't have that record and I haven't heard it before, but it sure swung. I started to say it was a real good drummer, but there were two drummers; I realized that in the solo.

LF: And two piano players.

BB: Was Duke in there—the Maestro? Then Nat is a great synthesis of both of them. Rating? You'd have to give those two bands five stars, maybe six! Or five stars for each band—that's ten altogether.

7. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. *Jive Samba* (from *Thad Jones And Mel Lewis*, Blue Note Reissue Series). Thad Jones, flugelhorn; Snooky Young, trumpet; Richard Williams, Danny Moore, muted trumpets; Jerome Richardson, alto sax, piccolo; Mel Lewis, drums; Nat Adderley, composer.

The electric piano and the percussion threw me, but are you playing another record by one of the bands we heard earlier? It sounded like Louie Bellson playing drums, and I thought I heard Blue Mitchell on the cup mute. That might have been Menza on the end.

That's a familiar sounding melody, a little bit like *Killer Joe*. The rock beat threw me a little bit. The performance is fine. Four stars.

LF: Didn't you play with Thad and Mel?

BB: Yes, I was in the original band for about five years. I missed all the way on that one. Those guys are all friends of mine: they're gonna hate me for that.

一億総シンセ時代到来!?

何と僅か860gの ウォーク・シンセ 登場!

①



エレクトロ・ハーモニックス ミニ・シンセサイザー MODEL EHO400

いやはや、アメリカという国は一体何が飛び出してくるか分からない所だ。世界を破滅に導く原爆が飛んでくるのは困るけれど、ここに紹介する嬉しい楽器なら大歓迎だ。とにかく、このミニ・シンセは本当に本物のシンセサイザーなのである。そのうえ、僅か860gと軽量、スピーカー内蔵、バッテリー作動(DC 9V/006P×2、またはACアダプター)、プリント・キー等々の特長があげられる。要するに、手軽に持ち運べ弾く場所を選ばないという事で海、山、公園は勿論、トイレの中でも、歩きながらでも、寝ながらでも、車の中でも等々と、実に広範囲に渡っているの嬉しい限り。また、裏面のアウト・プット・ジャックにアンプを接続すればパワフル・サウンドもバッチリで、ギタリスト同様、ステージで派手に動きながらのソロもOK。アウト・ドア、イン・ドアの両方ともOKというから実に泣ける。

では実際に機能性の方はどうであろうか。読者諸君の中にはシンセサイザーといえば、「高価で手が出ないもんね!」とか、「ボク、メカニックには弱いよ!」とか、「先天的に鍵盤楽器は弾けないのだ!」とか誤った先入感を持った人が多いと思うが、このミニ・シンセはそれらのイメージを完全にぶち壊して

しまった。何とんでも、プレイヤー・サイドからみてセルロイド紙にプリントされたキーは驚きであろう。このプリント・キーは電卓の液晶スイッチと同様、タッチ・センスで軽く触れるだけで音が出る仕組みになっている。ゆえに、ピアノの様に肉体的訓練(運指etc)を積みなければダメ!という様な事はなく、指でプリント・キーをなぞるだけで既にキーボード歴10年に匹敵しちゃうかもね!?例えば、低音を押さえておき高音部くり返しリリースすれば、いわゆる驚異的なフレージングもバッチリ可能だ。備えている機能はごく簡単であり、カラフルなスライド・スイッチを写真左側より説明してみます。

☆オクターブ

このスイッチによりオクターブの切り換がいつも簡単に出来ちゃうのだ。

☆ビッチ・ベンド・スライダー: その名の通り上下にスライドさせる事によりビッチの調整、そしてリード・ギター顔負けのチョーキング・ニュアンス(ベンド効果)などをかもし出せる。

☆サブ・オクターブ: このバーをスライドさせる事によりオクターブ下の音がブレンドでき、重低音のコントロールが可能。

☆フェイズ&フェイズ・レート: フェイズを

ONにするとコーラス効果が得られ、かかり具合はフェイズ・レートをスライドする事によりOK! また、フェイズをOFFにするとフェイズ・レート・バーがトーン・コントロール・バーに早変わり。

さて、これらのバーはあくまでも音を創るうえでのサポート的役割にすぎないが、これから説明するVCFセクションこそ、このミニ・シンセの切り札ともいべき強力な武器なのだ。まず、スウィープ・スタート・フリークエンシーとスウィープ・ストップ・フリークエンシーで決められた音色を、スウィープ・レートでコントロールした時間でスウィープできるユニークさ。という事は、プレイ中スウィープ・ストップ・フリークエンシー・バーを動かせばアタックは決まった音色で始まると同時に、音色の変化を暗くしたり明るくしたりといった芸も可能。さて、スイッチ(ブルー部)の説明をしてみましょう。

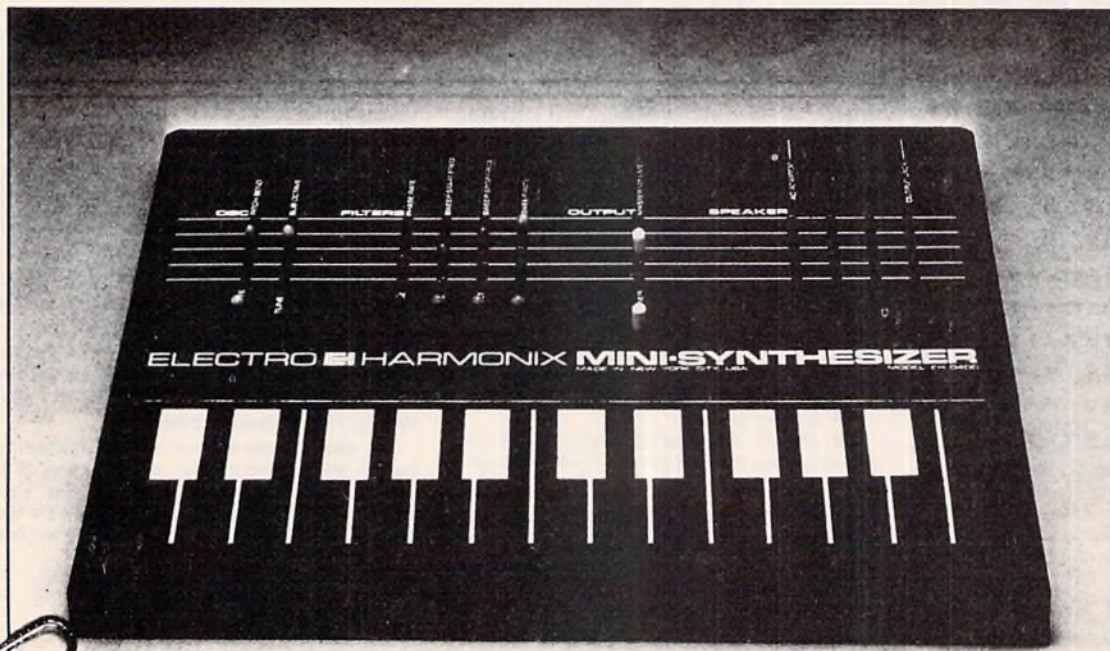
☆インパクト・センサー・ON/OFF: このスイッチの切り換によりフィルターにタッチ・センサーが接続される。

☆2X フィルター: 切り換によりVCFにサブ・フィルターが加わり人の声に似た音色が得られる。

☆Q: フィルターのレゾナンス(共鳴)の鋭さ(強弱)を切り換る。

とにかく、コンパクトなボディからは想像出来ない程パワフルな音色が出てくるのでブツたまげる。あえて言うなら、オーバー・ハイムに代表される極太の音色とでもいおうかさすがロックの国アメリカ産ならではの音色だ。最少限のコントロールで最大限の効果が得られる歴史に残る!? このミニ・シンセをどう使いこなすかは君のアイデア次第だ。ちなみに価格の方は¥49,000とメチャ安。

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New Product Review
by ROCK STEADY, August, 1980
the leading rock & roll magazine in JAPAN

Translated from ROCK STEADY:

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From the player side, you will surprise to see printed keys in celluloid paper board. This printed keys are same as electric table liquid crystal (so called touch sense)—just touch lightly—you can hear the sound so it is quite different from heavy piano play as physical exercise or finger exercise. MINISYNTHESIZER is just touch the keys with your fingers then you feel as have played for ten years expert.

For example, press low volume some times press high volume repeat and release, MINI produce colorful sounds—the function is simple but the production of sounds is great like color pictures.

Explanation from left with color slides:

Octave: Depends with switch turning control can be simple.

Pitch Bend Slider: Just like this name—upper and lower slides turning control or lead guitar checking or sound effects etc.

Sub Octave: When slides this bar possibly lower sound can be controlled.

Phase & Phase Lead: When the Phase switch is "ON" can get chorus effects. When Phase switch is "OFF" changes tone speedily.

All these bars are support for production of sound.

The next six controls all affect the MINISYNTHESIZER's filter to change the tone of the sound. The filter can be swept, starting at the frequency set on the SWEEP START control, and stopping at the frequency set on the SWEEP STOP control. SWEEP RATE controls the time it takes for the complete sweep. Higher settings produce longer sweep times. If the two frequency controls are in the same position, there will be no sweep, just a tone change. The tone can be changed when the filter is not sweeping just by moving the SWEEP STOP control.

Impact Sensor ON/OFF: Depends when this switch changes filter touch-sense can be connected.

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PROFILE

TERJE RYPDAL

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

There are few electric guitarists who have taken the experiments of Jimi Hendrix to the euphoric heights of Terje Rypdal with such individuality and consistency. His playing joins Hendrix's ecstatic sonic liberation with the freedom of improvisation, and strains it through the disciplines and compositional concerns of Rypdal's classical background. Over the course of eight solo records on ECM and guest appearances with Mike Mantler (*The Hapless Child*), Barre Phillips (*Three Day Moon*) and others, he has brought these disparate strains together in a compelling synthesis.

Rypdal's roots in rock, jazz and classical traditions are both deep and profound. He was exposed to classical music almost from birth on August 23, 1947 in Oslo, Norway; his father is a nationally renowned conductor of orchestral and marching bands. "I played piano as a boy and he guided me in that. But when I was 12 years old I got tired of playing Mozart and Beethoven, and started playing guitar when I went to school."

His guitar inevitably led him to rock 'n' roll when he heard the legendary guitar group the Shadows in the early '60s. He subsequently formed the Vanguards, which played instrumental music, but with the advent of the Beatles they added vocals "which you can be glad you never heard. We were as popular as the Beatles in Norway. There were screaming girls after us, and it was great fun." His proudest achievement in the group was an exact duplicate of the Beach Boys' *Good Vibrations*.

When the psychedelic and progressive musics of the mid '60s began opening rock musicians up to new forms and improvisation, Rypdal formed Dream (not to be confused with the American jazz-rock group Dreams) which played blues based rock in the mode of Jimi Hendrix. Rypdal's distinctive sound and liberal use of sound modifiers has its roots here and in a group that arose out of Dream's dissolution, the Esoteric Circle, formed around saxophonist Jan Garbarek, who, along with drummer Jon Christenson, played with Rypdal in Dream's latter days. The addition of bassist Arild Anderson made them a quartet.

Their one album, *Dream*, was originally released on Flying Dutchman and later reissued on Artista-Freedom. It showed them exploring Coltrane modalities with strong rhythms and a rock ambience. "There were not many jazz musicians in Norway," claimed Rypdal. "It's strange that this quartet happened because there was not another band in Norway that was similar to what we were doing. At the time I was scared to play lines, 'cause I really couldn't master it. So that is why there is some very strange guitar on that record."

That they recorded at all was due to the influence of composer/theorist/pianist George Russell. "Jon Christenson had been playing with him in Sweden, and then Jan Garbarek



BILL REIM

began also. They had a sextet with a trombone part and they couldn't find a trombone player, so they asked me to play it on guitar. It was a valve trombone part, so it was very hard, and I practiced it for half a year." Rypdal studied Russell's *Lydian Chromatic Concept Of Tonal Organization*, which helped him develop his improvisational capabilities.

Rypdal's growing reputation found him playing with musicians outside of Norway including a big band led by Lester Bowie and featuring most of the Art Ensemble of Chicago at the Baden-Baden Free Jazz Festival in '69. Rypdal pulled out all the stops in this performance, getting hornlike screams and sustain by exploiting the electronic aspects of his guitar and using a violin bow (*Getting' To Know Y'all*, German MPS).

When Jan Garbarek was tagged by Manfred Eicher for his then fledgling ECM label, Rypdal came along and recorded two albums with Garbarek, *SART* and *Atric Pepperbird*. These very free and cerebral recordings that explored the outer parameters of intuitive improvisation led to Rypdal becoming an ECM artist in his own right.

Concurrent with his jazz and rock playing, Rypdal has maintained a reputation as a classical composer. "In Norway I'm more known as a composer for big orchestras. I have written symphonies and a piano concerto. It was not easy, but because my father is so well known I have had most of my pieces performed in Norway." Though his playing has a classical stateliness about it, his only recorded orchestral piece is the title track to *Whenever I Seem To Be Far Away*. It features a chamber group with Rypdal playing lines on guitar that one would expect from a violin.

While his playing with small groups has often been very free, his compositions for orchestra are an attempt at total control of the final product. "In the large pieces I find that the most interesting thing is to have control over everything. You can get some things that you cannot get if you let a whole symphonic orchestra improvise together. And you can make a completely different kind of music than you can with a small improvisational group." A new piece for large orchestra will attempt to bring the disciplines of improvisation and composition together, with Rypdal and trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg soloing on top of a symphonic group.

Rypdal has also sought freedom through total control in a solo record, *After The Rain*, on which he plays all of the instruments including guitars, keyboards, soprano saxophone, flute and bells. Rypdal improvised with himself through the art of overdubbing.

Though he is classified as a jazz guitarist and cites the influence of Wes Montgomery, Rypdal really has a closer affinity with rock guitarists. "I find that a lot of rock guitarists have a more interesting tone than mellow type jazz guitarists." Rypdal uses sound modifiers as a means of obtaining the sounds he hears in his head, with little gratuitous sonic displays. "Nowadays you cannot get this sound without these pedals. They are necessary when you use them in a musical way. At the moment I use ten pedals. My guitar has an additional pickup in the middle, so I have a stereo output. One channel goes through one set of pedals with compression, flanger, octave divider and wah-wah pedal. The other channel goes through this overdrive system for that long sustain and a wah-wah.

Rypdal is able to switch fluidly between his various effects to create carefully wrought air sculptures on record. In live performance with his recent trio of Mikkelborg and Jon Christenson, he unleashes a dazzling array of colors and patterns. Solos that seem composed on record are supplanted by fierce improvisational insight in concert. Christenson's drums are a floating cascade of rhythmic shifts and accents while Mikkelborg is revealed as one of

the few trumpeters continuing the experiments of electric Miles Davis.

The mark of the true artist is when his inner being is found within all his creations. Whether Rypdal works in classical, fusion, or jazz idioms—or a synthesis of them all—there is no mistaking the individuality of his playing or composing, or the heady atmospheres through which he travels. db

L. SUBRAMANIAM

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

Dr. L. Subramaniam, long recognized as one of India's finest classical violinists, stands at the forefront of the continuing evolution of improvisational music in the West. At the heart of this evolution is his balanced blending of Indian rhythms and melodic concepts with Western harmonies.

This idea—the stylistic and substantive fusion of East and West—has long been a musical ideal, but few have attained it, if only because Indian musicians have had little knowledge of Western harmonic progressions, and Western improvisers have had little knowledge of complex Eastern rhythmic and melodic concepts.

In the late '60s, the intentions of Ravi Shankar and European classicist Yehudi Menuhin were laudable, but the results were painfully stiff and wooden. With varying degrees of success, others have also included Indian elements in their playing, most notably John Coltrane, Don Cherry, Miles Davis, Oregon, John Handy, and, yes, the Beatles.

However, it was not until guitarist John McLaughlin formed Shakti in the mid '70s that the ideal was reached. McLaughlin thoroughly immersed himself in Eastern music; Indian violinist L. Shankar (Subramaniam's brother) thoroughly immersed himself in Western music. Together and individually they composed the music for *Shakti*, *Handful Of Beauty* and *Natural Elements*, three masterpieces, of which the deeply moving and technically astonishing *Handful Of Beauty* will stand tall in recorded history for decades to come.

As we enter the '80s, Subramaniam, his brother Shankar, pianist Stu Goldberg, guitarist Larry Coryell, saxophonist John Handy and a few others continue to explore this new musical dimension, two of the finest recorded efforts to date being Subramaniam's own *Fantasy Without Limit* (Discovery TR-524) and Stu Goldberg's *Solos-Duos-Trio* (MPS 15.519) which features co-composer Subramaniam on two cuts, *Vrindavan* and *Satya Priya*, and guitarist Larry Coryell.

One reason these albums have such impact is because Subramaniam, age 33, is not only an Indian classical musician, but has studied Western music in depth, receiving his Master of Fine Arts degree in music from Cal Arts. His long melodic lines and lush harmonies on *Feeling Lonely* (*Fantasy Without Limit*) and *Vrindavan* and *Satya Priya* ache with passion and tenderness, and are instantly accessible to the Western ear.

The title cut, *Fantasy Without Limit*, has an underlying disco beat to it, while 5/4 is far more complex rhythmically (five bars of four, then a bar of three), and includes a brilliant solo by West Coast pianist Milcho Leviev (Profile, db 5/8/75).

"I did a lot of different things on this album,



which is why I entitled it *Fantasy Without Limit*," said Subramaniam. "It is a fusion album, not strict Indian or strict jazz.

"In my own country and elsewhere in the world I have recorded nearly 30 albums, most of which are classical on EMI and Ganesh and other labels, some of which are fusion. On *Fantasy*, I use Milcho Leviev, who is a masterful musician capable of playing in an amazing range of contexts, and saxophonist Frank Morgan, whose background is bebop, but who here plays with restraint, great

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emotion, and fresh ideas. Emil Richards plays vibes and marimba, and Zakir Hussain plays tabla.

"The goal was to blend East and West in all forms. Some of the rhythms are 4/4, but others are very complex; some of the melodies are romantic and gypsy like, but others are directly from Indian conceptions. Through it all, I use a wide variety of harmonies, which should help the Western listener feel the music much better."

Born in Madras, India, July 23, 1947, the fifth of six children, Subramaniam began studying violin at age five, taught by his father, a renowned Indian violinist and educator. He gave his first concert at age eight. At the age of 16, he received the President's Award, one of the highest musical honors of India. Also interested in medicine, he graduated from Madras Medical College and became Dr. Lakshminarayana Subramaniam.

In 1958, he and his older brother, also a violinist, were joined by his younger brother, L. Shankar. Together, they formed the Violin Trio, and became famous throughout India.

After his medical exams, Subramaniam came to America and took his Masters degree in music. "I studied not only how to play Western music—Bach and Mozart are two of my favorites—but how to compose it."

In 1973, Ravi Shankar and George Harrison asked him to record and tour with them, which he did, playing the Los Angeles Forum, Madison Square Garden, and numerous major halls in Europe throughout 1973/74.

Critical acclaim has been lavish. Robert Palmer of the New York Times said, "L. Subramaniam, the South Indian violinist, was positively dazzling at Avery Fisher Hall . . . Dr. Subramaniam achieved a delicate balance of all these factors (technique, sense of structural development, soul and intensity). He balanced wrenchingly beautiful melodic exposition with tumbling multi-noted cascades . . . within the context of a sinuous elegance that made his improvisations seem exceptionally coherent." The Swedish newspaper, *Goteborgs Posten*, said, "He enchanted the ever increasing number of his admirers with a perfectly balanced performance. The Indian virtuoso, comparable to a Yehudi Menuhin or an Isaac Stern, improvised melodic and rhythmic phrases of fabulous beauty."

While recording with Subramaniam and Stu Goldberg on Goldberg's *Solos-Duos-Trio* LP, sideman Larry Coryell asked Subramaniam to write and record *Spiritual Dance* for his own upcoming album, *Standing Ovation* (Mood Records, Germany, Mood 22888).

One of Subramaniam's most recent classical albums is called *The Creative Genius Of Dr. L. Subramaniam* (Oriental BGRP 1012), featuring percussionist Mani Iyer, a virtuoso on the Mridangam. "On this album I play in 13 different speeds. Another will be out soon, on which I play in 15 different speeds. This has never been done before."

"I start with four notes per beat, then five notes per beat, then six, seven, eight, nine, ten, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 24, and 28, always keeping the same tempo. The final speed is 32 notes per beat, very fast and very precise."

"I have introduced several bowing techniques not used in Indian music before, including a very fast technique in which I play exactly 32 or 64 notes in one beat. I am not just fluttering the bow unevenly. It is very precise. With another technique, I slide four or five octaves, all in one swoop, as if on one

string, with no break in the slide [as in the middle of 5³/₄]."

Besides being a classical and fusion virtuoso, a touring artist and a medical doctor, Subramaniam is also a designer of violins and has thus far created three different models. His first has four regular strings and 13 sympathetic strings. His second has six main strings and 12 sympathetic strings. His third model has five main strings and eight sympathetic strings, used in recording 5³/₄, and debuted in public performance at his Lincoln Center concert in New York on September 7, 1980.

Like most serious creators and serious listeners, Subramaniam respects the past and has learned from it. He also knows the past is only prologue to the continually evolving present, and that there is no America, Europe, China, Japan or India, but one world, a single planetary unit, in which all peoples must learn how to survive and flourish harmoniously.

"Music is a language," he said, "and we are all people. We have common emotions whether we are in India, Africa, America or Scandanavia. When we are happy, we all smile; when we are sad, we all cry. A person who understands the language of music is universal."

"I have been compared favorably with some of the finest classical and improvisational musicians in the world, but I compose because I love it, and I perform because I love it. I like Indian and European classical music, and I like fusion music, the blend of both, none of which I do merely to make money. If all I wanted was money, I could sit in one place and just be a medical doctor. My love is not for money, but for the music." **db**

CAUGHT!

**WARNE MARSH/
RED MITCHELL**

SWEET BASIL
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Marsh, tenor sax; Mitchell, bass.

Comparisons, we have been told by the Buddha, are odious, and yet one couldn't help but compare the SteepleChase (now out on Inner City) recorded duets of bassist Red Mitchell and altoist Lee Konitz with this pairing of Mitchell with tenorist and Konitz cohort Warne Marsh. The conclusions: where Konitz is playful, angular and probing, Marsh is intense, linear and probing; and Mitchell is Mitchell, effervescent, elastic and intelligent in any context.

Two separate sets revealed a looseness of ensemble, a spontaneity of material, and an intuitive interaction of instruments which belied the relative lack of musical familiarity between the two players. Tunes were discussed, rejected or accepted, on the bandstand—nothing was preplanned or formulated. The first set was standards—*Tea For Two*, *Slow Boat To China*, and *I Can't Get Started*—the latter begun a capella by Mitchell, full of slides, sotto voce chords, and tender melodic paraphrases. Marsh's entry quoted *Someone To Watch Over Me*, culminating in one sly ride up the horn to his gracefully stated ornamentation of the melody. Holding the horn Lester-

style, away from his body. Marsh stressed sincerity amid a lengthy line, letting it ooze into Mitchell's second, closing solo.

Intuition, spontaneity, interaction. On an unnamed bossa nova, Marsh's tone spun out liquid gold. His final phrase was so fortuitous that Red could not help but hum a reply; Warne picked it up and continued the idea for two more choruses, accompanied by the bassist's feathery touch and supple harmonic serenading.

Assisting personnel would have been superfluous. Without piano, both were able to suspend harmonic progress on a moment's notice, as on Lennie Tristano's *April*—Marsh's coiled and serpentine phrases, Mitchell's pluck and dancing carbonation, and an intricate saxophone coda instantly segueing into another round of choruses. Mitchell at intermission: "I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce the orchestra . . ."—tongue-in-cheek, but true, too, because of the effortlessness and variety of Marsh's never-ending flow of ideas, constantly suggesting, discarding, stretching, invoking new directions with an elaborate, alchemistic chromatic variation, walking through a maze into uncharted, unexplored territory, seemingly into harmonic dead ends . . . only to tie it all together in a series of canny calisthenics and appear unscathed at the other end of the tune.

Second set: bebop anthems. *All The Things You Are*—Mitchell tightrope tight, Marsh extending the theme to ports of call not directly traceable to the chord changes, not sparing the dissonances. A quicksilver *Subconscious-Lee* with Marsh at his most strident, Mitchell smokily echoing the *What Is This Thing Called Love* changes. *Embraceable You*, with the bassist stating the theme and the saxophonist, like Art Tatum, skating rings of florid ornament around him. *How High The Moon*, playfully throwing each other curves, surreptitiously sliding in and out of keys, ultimately into *Ornithology*, with expansive chord substitutions and full fledged two part counterpoint. Red Mitchell and Warne Marsh: an extraordinarily felicitous experience. —art lange

BIX BEIDERBECKE MEMORIAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

LECLAIRE PARK
DAVENPORT, IOWA

Personnel (bands): Cake Walkin'; Market Square; Natural Gas; Fort Dodge; Renaissance; Gene Mayl; River City; Slabtown.

For 362 days a year it is nigh impossible to imagine a riverboat filled with the most creative and outrageous musicians of their time, fresh from the bordellos of Storyville, pulling into this Mississippi River town. But for one long weekend annually, Davenport becomes again the stop for Louis Armstrong and Emmet Hardy, and, more to the point, the place where young Leon Bix Beiderbecke heard them and learned.

Fifteen thousand musicians and spectators gathered this year to celebrate a form of jazz afflicted with terminal tradition. Like Air's *Air Lore*, wherein an avant garde band freshened the oldest of standards, this festival reminds one of the durable links among pre-swing, bop and free jazz: spontaneity, cacophony, the helixing and weaving of individual tonal voices.

Version after version of *Davenport Blues* and *Jazz Me Blues* never sound quite so alive as heard amid eight decades of listeners, some drinking, some chatting, some dancing.

Too often, traditional jazz is just another dinosaur exhibited for the faithful in sterile and sectarian surroundings. But with four days' succession of bands on the official program and dawn-cracking jam sessions nightly at the venerable Fort Armstrong Hotel across the Mississippi in Rock Island, Ill., equal doses of camaraderie and compulsion turn the stale vibrant.

Rain took some of the venom out of the one-upmanship between bands at the Friday night, Saturday afternoon and Saturday night outdoor sessions. At the Fort Armstrong, bands played on even as drum kits were being

disassembled and carted away and one bandleader asked from the stage, "Is there another piano player in the house? Milo's getting tired."

And at the hotel on Saturday night perhaps the quintessential Bix Festival scene transpired, as 15 year old Tommy Bridges sat in on cornet with the Natural Gas band and others. Bridges obviously knows traditional style by rote, but this night he missed entrances twice, got cut off after four bars in his solos, and was left slack-jawed by the changes of a banjo player who looked five times his age. Bridges' embarrassment aside, it was a joy to see traditional jazz education proceed. For all the vast differences, one couldn't help but recall the stories of teenaged Charlie Parker's gaffes sitting in with Jo Jones and company.



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But at the Bix Festival no one even seems aware of Parker, much less anyone more current. The repertoire went no further into the 20th century than *Woodchopper's Ball*; otherwise, jazz time might as well have stopped in 1931. At its best—say, the 1977 appearance here by the Jazz Minors—the traditionalists incorporate swing or bop phrasings into the pre-swing sounds. One wonders if Bridges would be grounded or fined a week's allowance for listening to Coltrane. The once-revolutionary Bix Beiderbecke lives largely through the musical reactionaries. What would the locals do if the Art Ensemble of Chicago hit town on the next riverboat? —sam freedman

**MONTREUX JAZZ
 FESTIVAL**

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND

Last July's 14th annual Montreux fest slated jazz for no more than half of the scheduled 17 shows. The remainder of the performances heard such varied styles as reggae, Brazilian, blues, ska, soul, salsa and (most of all) rock.

Festival director Claude Nobs, who holds down a full time position at WEA International, was well aware that this programming switch would touch off controversy. The general opinion was that Nobs was simply seeking to draw larger crowds with the commercial advantages that popular musics have over jazz, but Nobs would not admit to this. He argued that by mixing up the program, kids coming for the rock, for instance, might stick around and get turned on to jazz. This commonly touted view remains unrealistic.

That Nobs booked Elvis Costello, Rockpile, Santana, Van Morrison, B.B. King, Jimmy Cliff, Marvin Gaye and the Specials (incidentally, Ten Years After, Canned Heat, Aretha Franklin, and Frank Zappa, among other non-jazz acts, have appeared at Montreux since its inception in 1967) alongside the likes of Dizzy Gillespie, Betty Carter, Art Blakey, Gato Barbieri, Dollar Brand and the Mingus Dynasty was precisely why I decided to attend. Nowhere in the States, perhaps in the world, can such a diverse lineup be found.

The fact was that the jazz nights were generally the weakest of the event; few giants were scheduled and practically no risks were taken. Where were Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner, Dexter Gordon, Lionel Hampton, Sarah Vaughan, Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, etc.? Where were representatives of the so-called "new" music? (Albert Mangelsdorff with Ronald Shannon Jackson was the exception.) What ever happened to bills like Roland Kirk and Charles Mingus (1975)?

But there were several good moments. Art Blakey's big band, which boasts two young soloists worth following—altoist Bobby Watson and 18 year old trumpeter Wynton Marsalis—stung the house with a set of lively hard bop; Dollar Brand, whose lyricism should (if there was justice) earn him many new listeners here, was unquestionably the jazz hit; Janne Schaffer, a popular Swedish guitarist, impressed as the Eastern Hemisphere's answer to Pat Metheny; Gato Barbieri's scorching set of tunes from his Latin America period seemed to indicate he might finally be tuning out of pop/schlock fusion; Betty Carter was her usual ebullient self; George Coleman's octet, a

forceful grouping of New York regulars, provided one of the fest's rare moments of unadulterated bop; and Dizzy joined just about everyone, most notably Mongo Santamaria for a spirited Afro-Cuban jazz summit.

The disappointments on the jazz side, however, were many. Two Euro-fusion acts, Passport and Didier Lockwood's quintet, proved capable but quite derivative of their American predecessors; Stanley Clarke exhibited an ailment known clinically as "rock-out"; the Brecker Brothers continued pleasing crowds but not themselves—they might consider spicing their act with jazz tunes and cut the electronic fooling around; the Mingus Dynasty, with two late entries—Billy Hart and Roland Hanna—plus Randy Brecker who broke tour and flew in especially for the gig, were noticeably unrehearsed; Chico Hamilton's septet failed to play anything but sambas; and then there was the Mel Lewis Big Bland.

Worst of all were two excruciating evenings of amateur big band recitals by American high school and college ensembles; they all deserved credit for their careful mimicry of the tradition, but was it dull!

Fortunately, I couldn't say that for most of the festival. Two consecutive rock nights, one featuring ska/reggae—the Specials, the Tickets, Jojo Zep & the Falcons—the next headlined by Elvis Costello and Rockpile, were certainly highlights for me. Both were wisely programmed (unlike a "Blues 'n' Rock" night that featured B.B. King, Van Morrison and Passport) and saw sold-out crowds of punk-attired rockers pogoing furiously into the night. For the Specials, they even scaled the stage, remaining there through three encores until the band ended with a song that wisecracks: "You're wondering how/You will pay/For the way you behaved."

Well, they sure paid—in Swiss francs that is. Tickets ranged between \$15 and \$25 each night, with no special festival rates available. But we're talking about Switzerland, where apparently they can afford it (those I met just *couldn't* have sneaked in). As fans, the Swiss weren't critical of the music; if allowed, every group would have been called back until they ran out of tunes. When a group of Japanese drummers named Amano-Kai—they play very flat tom-toms accompanied by a bamboo flutist and were awful—were hailed back twice, I knew something was up. Later, I found out that, for the Swiss, other than these 20 days in July, there is little music to hear; they are starving for anything.

There is another explanation, though; the Swiss simply have catholic tastes. Whether the music be jazz, rock, reggae, blues, soul, salsa or whatever, they dug it. And that's more than can be said for us in the States.

I hope Claude Nobs does not feel pressured to restore the jazz image to Montreux. For what was lost, plenty was gained. Maybe other promoters will sponsor diverse schedules instead of the usual slating of lineups that only appeal to particular tastes. Meanwhile, there is lots of festival jazz in Europe picking up the slack—the NorthSea fest in Holland and ones in Copenhagen, Moers, Pori and Nice all are competing with Montreux—so jazz buffs need not worry. The next and most appropriate step for Montreux would be to calm the protests by withdrawing "Jazz" from their namesake. I know it may be painful, but the Montreux International Festival doesn't sound bad at all.

—steve bloom

Georgie Benson then, and made money singing and playing my ukulele.

"I remember one time these two guys came up to me and asked me if I would sing *I Got The Blues*. After I did, these two guys were rolling with laughter—they really cracked up. It turned out one of them was Eddie, who recorded *I Got The Blues*. I was blown away by that.

"Eddie was the first recording artist I had ever met. It was 20 years later that we saw each other again, and we both remembered the incident. I felt he was one of the greatest jazz singers the world has known—he was to me the Bebop King."

Benson has played bebop on his guitar—as well as soulful organ combo jazz, Charlie Christian licks to back up Benny Goodman, and post-bop with Miles Davis, besides consolidating his own Wes Montgomery-related style on a series of CTI LPs. Has Quincy Jones now turned Benson into the Michael Jackson of the 25-49 year old set? Not only did Quincy produce Jackson's smash, but he employed on it Phillinganes and songwriter Rod Temperton, both of whom figure prominently in *Give Me The Night*. Benson himself reacts favorably to the analogy.

"I love it. Michael Jackson is an entertainer and a great singer. He has an element that a lot of performers leave out—real communication. He has that, plus all the other things, like good intonation, good vibes, lots of warmth and personality. I could keep going on about Michael; he's the consummate entertainer in my book."

Five of *Night's* ten tunes are composed by Temperton, including its chart topping title single. Benson, unwavering in his praise of the young songwriter, says, "Rod is a great writer because he writes from experience. He knows what the people want to hear, so his tunes really have universal appeal, and are able to reach blacks and whites.

"I was afraid when Quincy told me that he was going to put out *Give Me The Night* as a single before the album's release. It was so different from anything I had done before. I knew it wouldn't get play on jazz stations, because it doesn't really lend itself to jazz. But Quincy convinced me; he wanted to broaden my appeal and get more people aware of what we are doing by breaking down any barriers. Well, it certainly broke them all down.

"That's what I'm talking about with Rod's writing—*Give Me The Night* appeals to a lot of different types of folks. His tune *Off Broadway* lends itself to the dance element. People love to get into the music, to pat their feet and join in. When you hear that tune you automatically want to pop your fingers and jiggle to the music. And it doesn't pretend to be more than it is. *Love X Love* is one of my favorites; it was fun to do. I sang it several times during the session, and never got tired of it.

"But you know, I was scared to offer ten tunes on the album. I didn't want people to think I was just throwing things at them, because that wasn't the case at all. People have been too kind to me to do that to them. They've made me what I am. Yeah, the album is diverse, but that's what we wanted to project. I wanted to do some things that were new and different. I don't ever want to be pigeon-holed, and I don't want to make records that just sit on a shelf. I want them to be spinning on somebody's turntable."

George Benson will never be pigeon-holed. He was as convincing and superb playing with Benny Goodman (on Public TV's *Soundstage Tribute To John Hammond*), Dexter Gordon (on an upcoming Columbia release) and Lee Morgan (on the Blue Note Classic series' *Taru*) as he is singing *Nature Boy* or *On Broadway* or *Give Me The Night*. What sets his music apart from the commercial treadmill, where words like "communication" are tossed around as thin rationales, is the man himself: a complex, sincere and versatile musician who plays and sings music that comes naturally to him. And his messages are always clear—George Benson communicates.

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meaningful to me. The metaphysical studies did so much for me that I wanted to share it with people, so I put it into music."

Silver 'N Strings Play The Music Of The Spheres is a double album which features the quintet alone as well as with strings and with different vocalists. The music was conceived as an entire work, broken down into five suites. "I did this conceptually to give some focus to life with direction and positive thinking. I've met a lot of young people out there who seem lost, who are moving from one job to another and lack direction. They are looking to pursue their creativity and develop. But it is not until you overcome some of the negative aspects in the lower part of your nature that things open up on every level. You start thinking better; your health is better; your aims get higher. Life gets happier and more beautiful."

For those who fear the pedantic, let it be emphasized that Horace expresses himself through his music, not through any sort of heavy handed preaching. He weaves his ideas into song and constructs music of beauty and music that swings. Although Horace used solo vocalists on *The United States Of Mind*, strings are a new element in his scope. Far from overbearing or sweet, the arrangements designed by Horace at the piano and later orchestrated by Wade Marcus and Dale Oehler subtly expand the texture of the quintet and the character of the compositions. The album opens beautifully with Horace's first recorded solo piano piece, *The Search For Direction*, which segues into a quintet performance of one of the composer's most memorable compositions, *Direction Discovered*.

If *Silver 'N Strings* . . . is the end of a series of albums, it is also the end of the pianist's current contract with Blue Note, a label for which he is the only active artist. 1980 marks his 28th year with Blue Note, for whom he has recorded all but one of his albums. Although Horace has not yet turned his attention to whether he will re-sign with Blue Note or sign with another label, he feels the current status of the industry in general to be a sad one.

"Today everyone is so money happy that they'll record you, but they want to tell you what to do, to throw you into fusion or some other bag. Record people don't look at jazz and jazz sales in the right way. You shouldn't expect a jazz record to sell in the same way as a pop record. The sales potentials are not equal. It's a vicious cycle. They don't promote you because of past sales. But how are you going to sell more without that promotion? Also, a good jazz record will be around for 50 years. They keep being reissued and keep selling. Most hit records will be dead in another year.

"Alfred Lion and Frank Wolff were men of integrity and real jazz fans. Blue Note was a great label to record for. They gave a first break to a lot of great artists who are out there doing it today. They gave me my first break. They gave a lot of musicians a chance to record when all the other companies weren't interested. And they would stick with an artist, even if he wasn't selling. Of course, if every record a guy made didn't sell at all, they couldn't stay with him forever. But if a guy was a great player who didn't sell well—and there were many—Alfred and Frank would stay with him if they believed in him. You don't find that anymore."

Horace's current group consists of trumpeter Barry Reis, tenor saxophonist Ron Bridgewater, bassist Todd Coolman and drummer Harold White. It has rapidly developed and gelled into his most cohesive working bands in years. They have been traveling throughout the U.S. and Europe, playing Horace's full repertoire as well as music from the new album and some music that was written even more recently. Since most of the music on *Silver 'N Strings* . . . was written in 1978 and recorded in November 1978 and 1979, Horace has already moved on to other new compositions. And I, for one, look forward to the next phase of his artistry with great eagerness.

db

standards: those are my roots. You can't beat a great standard. You can't beat a great bebop tune. You have to feel your material.

"A lot of young singers are not feeling what they're singing. It's a phony kind of feeling. They're so young and they try so hard to be whatever the 'jazz singer' is—you know, the suffering and all. Who the hell is ever going to suffer as much as Billie Holiday? And who wants to? Suffering is suffering. You can't help the way you've had to live. If I had my life to live over, I'd like to come from an upper middle class family where I could go to college and all that.

"You have to feel and hear the chord changes when you're singing. I'd rather sing the melody than make a poor choice in improvising. I've heard a lot of singers—and a lot of my students do it too, especially the ones who are just starting to learn jazz—when they first find this new freedom of melody, suddenly they're all over the place, and it really makes no sense whatsoever. I always call them down about it: 'Please learn the melody as it's written first.' It's better to sing the melody that's stated than to force something to happen."

Sheila Jordan has forced very little. She seems, however, content. Her small apartment is homey and comfortable—the walls filled with pictures of herself and her daughter, a strikingly attractive woman who is a model in New York. Sheila doesn't look near her age. She says she would jump at the chance to work full time with a band, but in the meantime she types by day and spends her evenings performing in such clubs as Greene St. and the Jazz Gallery. Her vacation this year was spent touring Europe with Steve Kuhn—Athens, Bracknell and other cities where she found jazz fans were warm and enthusiastic.

"I just have a feeling that all the time I've spent doing the music the way I want and the way I feel is maybe starting to pay off. I like to experiment with as many musical directions as I can experience as long as I can be honest with it. I love to do free music, if I can get into it. I don't sing just to sing; if I don't feel for it, if I can't do it, I don't care how great a song is."

There aren't very many singers who can put across *Confirmation*, *Little Willie Leaps*, *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life* or *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* like Sheila Jordan. Nor do many dare to sing new music of Steve Kuhn quality—songs like *Gentle Thoughts*, *Deep Tango* or *Harrison Crabfeathers'* sad *Saga*. Sheila has just recorded for ECM with Steve Swallow, and I will stick my neck out like writers before. Sheila Jordan is one of a kind. The world will realize it!

db

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PRO-SESSION HOW TO

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

COUNTER MELODY Part II

Counter melody gains its value by performing one or more unduplicated services, services such as propelling rhythmic energy:

Allegro moderato
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B minor Symphony - Schubert

(Violins I)

or filling rhythmic pauses:

or echoing melodic motives:

or tinting timbre:

Flute

Classic guitar

Violas + cello

or occupying vacant pitch areas:

Counter melody

Decorated, thumb line

or underscoring song-word meanings:

G7 C G7 C7 F

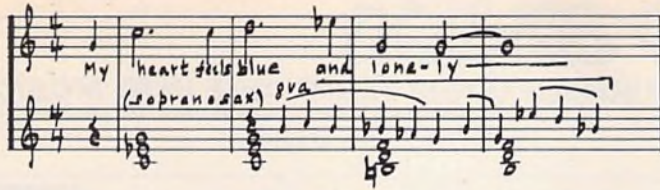
My heart jumped to my throat

(Eb clarinet - actual pitch)

G7 CM7 Am7 Dmi7 G7

The bells in my heart keep on ring-ing

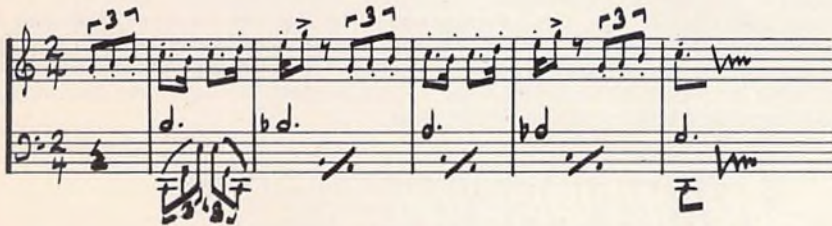
(Piano) 8va



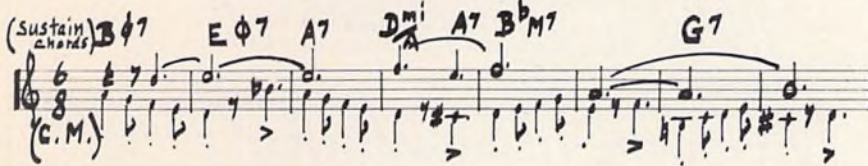
The more such services a countermelody supplies, the less textural assistance it needs. If a countermelody, for example, by itself furnishes both rhythmic propulsion and harmonic definition, it well might suffice as the total accompaniment, thus providing an uncluttered contrapuntal texture, an often welcome alternative to the more usual melody-plus-harmony-plus-rhythm homophonic format:



But countermelody finds its greatest flexibility when superimposed upon a homophonic texture—free from composite responsibilities, it can there concentrate on some particular service, can perform whatever musical function a writer or player deems desirable. If, for instance, the melody itself furnishes rhythmic propulsion against an arpeggio background, a stabilizing thumb line countermelody will prove effective (for full discussion of the thumb line, see Part I, db, Oct. '80):



If the melody furnishes a legato line against a sustained harmonic background, an energetic countermelody will prove effective:



If the melody furnishes an alternating move-and-hold line against a harmonic background, motivic echoes at points of melodic rest will form an effective countermelody:



Whenever a melody and its background together furnish both rhythmic propulsion and harmony, countermelody remains free to superimpose color contrast, word illustration, pitch area occupancy, or any plausible combination of individual texture enrichers.

Since countermelody invariably enriches texture, delaying countermelody entry has become a standard method of either building or rekindling aural interest, usually at melodic division points such as turnarounds or melody repetitions.

Ever since music escaped from its Medieval monophonic strait jacket, countermelody has continued to nourish its textural development, until now examples of every countermelody type abound, especially in music for large ensembles like big jazz bands, studio orchestras, and philharmonics, whose recordings constitute a vast and varied learning lab. Here, for example, are several unusual countermelody applications: In her *Kogun* (RCA AFL1 3019), Toshiko shows that hitherto untapped timbres can titillate; in his version of *Fly Me To The Moon* (Reprise 6122), Ellington shows, through his tongue-in-cheek trombone thumb line, that wit can fit; in his onomatopoeic oboe behind Ella Fitzgerald's voice in *Sam And Delilah* (Reprise 6122), Nelson Riddle shows that exotic modes can conjure up faraway places and long ago times; in his *On The*

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Martin

continued on page 72

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PRO-SESSION

TURNING DRUM TECHNIQUE INTO MUSIC

by Alan Dawson

Percussionist Alan Dawson, a master of all jazz styles, has been inspiring other drummers for three decades as a performer and teacher (since 1957, at Berklee College). Though based in Boston, he's toured at length with Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, and has recorded extensively with leading Eastern bop and swing musicians (see Fred Bouchard's interview with Alan Dawson in this issue).



TYRONE HALL

I would like to express in detail what has become a personal philosophy of drumming over a period of years. It deals in depth with drum kit techniques, your means of musical expression (remember, techniques are the means, not the end). However, it is very difficult if not impossible to express yourself in an idiom without a thorough knowledge of the vocabulary of that idiom. Or imagine trying to express yourself in the English language, for instance, without knowing how to spell and pronounce words.

Deal with the musical aspect specifically in terms of form and melody. Don't just listen to drums—learn melodies! Hear how a drummer is functioning *in a given context*. Know at least the form of the tune, even if you don't know the melody. Listen for the difference (if any) between the various phrases of the A B A B tunes (B is different); in an A B A C tune, B and C are different.

Following are some approaches in practice for (1) the technique of drumset playing and (2) the melding of "drummistics" and musicality. Take a purely technical book such as George Lawrence Stone's "Stick Control". First, set your metronome at half note = 88 (maximum). Then play each exercise on page 5: exercises 1 through 12 *once*, followed by four rights, four lefts, four rights, and four lefts. The second time through, play eight rights and eight lefts. The third time play sixteen rights and sixteen lefts (all in 8th notes, 4 notes per click). The fourth time, play each exercise followed by a single stroke roll in 16th notes.

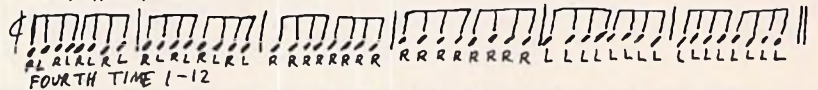
FIRST TIME 1-12



SECOND TIME 1-12



THIRD TIME 1-12



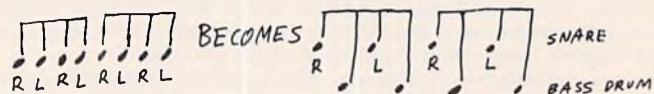
FOURTH TIME 1-12



The above are purely technical exercises which by themselves will help the development of drum vocabulary.

Next we can take the same 12 exercises and use them to develop (1) snare drum and bass drum coordination, (2) phrasing for solos and fills, and (3) a knowledge of and feeling for form and melody.

Play four measures of time (rock or swing) followed by four measures of each exercise; make the repeat substituting B.D. for the notes marked L. The notes marked L represent the snare drum. Alternate these notes between right and left hands.



While playing the above, sing an A B A B tune: the first, second, and fourth strains are alike, and the third is different. This part is the most important of all: it is the bridge between "drummistics" and musicality.

As a final bit of advice, be sure to relate all of your "drummistics"—chops, coordination, polyrhythms, or whatever—to melody and song forms.

db



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PRO SESSION

MIXING SOUND FOR LIVE PERFORMANCES FROM THE HOUSE

By Larry Blakely

When most musical groups begin their careers, they purchase a few microphones, a microphone mixer, a power amplifier, and some loudspeakers: this constitutes their sound reinforcement systems. There will usually be a microphone for each vocalist and horn player, and sometimes even microphones for the organ, Leslie cabinet, and drums.

The microphone mixer will have a separate level control for each of these microphones. When multiple mikes are used, it's necessary to adjust the level of each one to get the right musical balance ("mix") between all of the vocals and musical instruments. One of the group members is usually responsible for operating the microphone mixer. Usually this person must increase the level of certain microphones during solos and return the level controls to their normal position afterwards.

This operation is even more complicated because many of today's mixers have tone controls on each microphone input which will allow the sounds of each microphone to be specifically contoured. Reverb is a common feature. A separate control on each microphone input will allow the desired amount of reverberation to be added for a more lifelike sound or effect. If the level of one mike or more is too high, our old friend acoustic feedback will appear with a screaming howl. Then the mixer operator must rush quickly to the microphone mixer to turn down the level of the microphones that are causing the feedback.

Acoustic feedback can also take on a more subtle, ringing nature. If the sound level of a sound reinforcement system approaches the point of howling feedback, it causes a ringing sound to accompany the amplified music. This can be very irritating to an audience. It is almost impossible for the onstage operator of the mixer to hear ringing in the sound system when the speakers face the audience and the performers are located behind the speakers.

It's an awesome responsibility for a performer to see that each musician's mike is adjusted to provide the proper mix to the house, as well as adjusting the proper tone control settings for each microphone and the desired reverberation, then quickly reducing the level when feedback occurs, and trying to determine if there's any ringing in the sound reinforcement system. However, when small performing groups are first started, this is the way the sound systems are operated—often, quite satisfactorily.

Often when groups add more performers or when they start playing for larger audiences, it becomes necessary to change the operation of the sound reinforcement system by placing portions of it in the audience where it's all

operated by a sound mixer. The sound mixer can now hear what the audience hears because he or she is with them in front of the loudspeakers. The sound mixer has only one responsibility: operate the sound system properly. The mixer must know the music being performed, and can continually strive for the maximum sound level while being able to correct ringing or approaching acoustic feedback.

This is a preferred method for operating sound reinforcement systems and is almost always used in performances for large audiences. I have friends who are performing musicians with four to six piece groups who play in local and regional circuits. They have found it advantageous to change over their sound systems and have them operated by a sound mixer from the house.

If you want a house-operated sound reinforcement system, a few things should be observed. The speakers will remain on stage as usual, but only low impedance microphones should be used. The mixer and effects devices (such as compressors/limiters, and so on) should be placed in the house. Power amplifiers should be placed close to the speakers.

Most microphone mixers that are used on stage are built to utilize high impedance microphones. These microphones are ideal where the distance from the microphone to the mixer will not exceed 15 or 20 feet; otherwise, the microphone becomes susceptible to unwanted hums and buzzes and often a loss of low or high frequencies. When placing the microphone mixer in the house, it's necessary to run the microphone cables from the stage to the mixer location. Use only "low impedance" microphones and a microphone mixer with low impedance microphone inputs. Low impedance microphones can be used with long cable lengths without risking those hums, buzzes, or frequency losses.

The low impedance microphone mixer should be placed approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ of the distance between the performing group and the back wall of the room. Being too close to the back wall can cause sound colorations different from those heard by the majority of the audience, which after all is in the center of the house. It is important that the sound mixer hear what the majority of the audience hears; therefore, he or she should be located in an area representative of what the bulk of the audience will hear. The output of the low impedance mixer will be fed to the input of the power amplifier or amplifiers onstage. Any

effects devices or auxiliary equipment such as reverberation systems or compressor/limiters should also be placed at the mixer position in the house. It is ideal for a small low voltage lamp with a shade, let's say a Tensor (not too bright, so it won't distract the audience), so the mixing engineer can see the console.

Place the power amps as close to the loudspeakers as possible (not to exceed 10 or 20 feet). It is not a good practice to have the power amplifiers located at the mixer position in the house, since the speaker wire from the output of the amplifier to the loudspeaker would typically be over 50 feet long. Such a long run of speaker wire will cause losses in power and low frequency response. This is why it is ideal to route the output of the mixer (low-level signal) to the power amplifiers onstage near the loudspeakers. It is also important to use heavy wire (12 to 14 gauge) between the output of the power amplifier and the loudspeakers, to minimize loss of power and frequency response.

A snake is a special cable which goes between the stage and the mixer location in the house. Inside this cable are a number of microphone lines as well as a few lines to return the mixer output signal back to the stage. This means that you have to string only one cable, instead of perhaps 12 individual microphone cables and 2 mixer output cables, back to the stage to feed the power amplifier inputs. Snakes are available in various lengths and with different number of mic and high level (line level) lines inside.

Who is going to operate all of the equipment in the house? There are many young people in high school or college who have had a little experience in mixing sound. If you have a new group or the time to break in one of these eager and willing persons, I am sure you will find their services most reasonable; many will jump at the chance to mix live sound for a group on a continuing basis. If you require a more seasoned mixing engineer, ask around local recording studios, music stores, and professional audio equipment stores, or talk to other performing groups who use mixer locations in the houses where they play.

Having your sound mixing done from the house may require adding equipment, but I am sure you will find the results far more satisfactory than mixing your sound from the stage. Utilize the right equipment and follow these guidelines, and do find yourself a talented mixing engineer: you can provide your audiences with a more distinctive and enjoyable musical performance. **db**

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time to guys really cutting it," confirms Copeland. "He works at simplifying the complexities of this extremely difficult instrument by working on your thought processes. There was no problem I could not take to him, as a player or teacher. I hope I can follow in his footsteps." Speaking of which, Copeland noted Dawson's having broadened the Stone-Wilcoxon method of coordinated development by substituting feet for hand markings, a major innovation.

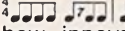
Dawson has been regarded for a long time as one of the masters of independent coordination, getting both hands

and feet to work like the Four Horsemen, separate but equal. "I did latch onto that at an early age," says Dawson. "Jaki Byard was the first one who mentioned it to me, back in the mid '40s. He said pianists had done it for years, and would sit down at the drum kit and hip me to the concept, though he did not have the technique. It was formalized for the drums by Jim Chapin's *Advanced Techniques* (1949), until recently considered the drummers' Bible. I didn't learn it from that book, because Shelly Manne had shown it to me personally."

Dawson loves to play, as a set or two watching him, erect and smiling at the kit, will prove. His command, relaxation, and *joie de cuire* give his gigs as enormous

and delightful a presence as any musician I have ever seen, including Erroll Garner and Mstislav Rostropovich. Dawson's tiptoe alertness, superb poise, and effortless maneuvering on the skins remind me of Jo Jones.

When Jo was up at Sandy's Jazz Revival in Beverly for long stays a couple of years back, Dawson made it a point to hang out whenever possible. Dawson readily acknowledges Jones' influence and explains his captivation:

"Jo's use of hi-hat was probably his most innovative contribution, but that carried over to the ride cymbal. Way back as long as I can remember, he was playing time across the bar lines:  If you can imagine how innovative *that* was in the early Basie days! Jo was the originator of that 4/4 pulse with a three-thing over it. His playing was a lot more linear than anybody else's at that time and for a long time afterwards. When people were playing hi-hat staccato and jumpy, Jo was playing it legato and flowing. It takes a lot of musicianship and security about the time to attempt that, especially behind a big band. But Jo was always loose and confident and just floooated across those bar lines."

I've seen Dawson for years at Boston's best clubs as house drummer with Boston's best or when the best players are passing through. I've heard him more often than not in the good company of his preferred rhythm mate, bassist Whit Browne. And when most other drummers happen to take the stand, I start to hanker after AD's spruce patterns, lightning fours, metastatic brilliance. But you'll just have to make the pilgrimage to Beantown to catch him because Dawson's not so hot on traveling.

"What could pull me out of Boston?" muses Dawson with a playful twinkle. "Well, if somebody guaranteed me a hundred grand a year for three years minimum in California, I'd go. But the road? I doubt it. I've only done a few months with Hampton and weekends with Brubeck [plus a month's swing to the Orient], a few clinics, a few European festivals, and the Colorado Jazz Parties. You know—vacations."

What about a lead date? "Oh, I'd love to. A couple of years ago when I was recuperating from an operation and had to leave Berklee, my intention was to finally get a group together. I formed a quartet with Bill Pierce, James Williams and Richard Reid, and I tried to get some recording done." The group had gigs aplenty around Boston, but the record never got made. "As a matter of fact, I could get hold of some solid people and whip something tasty up in a month. Not just good musicians, but people who could benefit from the exposure."

That's just like good natured Alan Dawson: thinking of his fellow musicians and his students as much as himself. **db**

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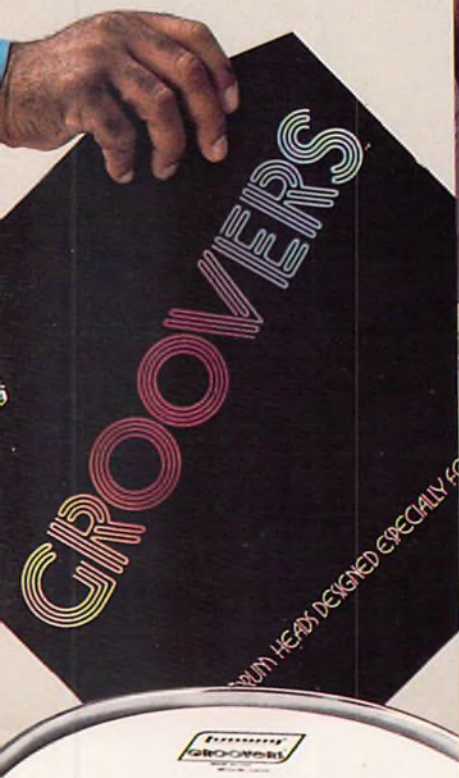
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