

down beat®

THE MAGAZINE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

MARCH 1981

JACK DeJOHNETTE

*Naturally
Multi-Directional*

JOHN WILLIAMS

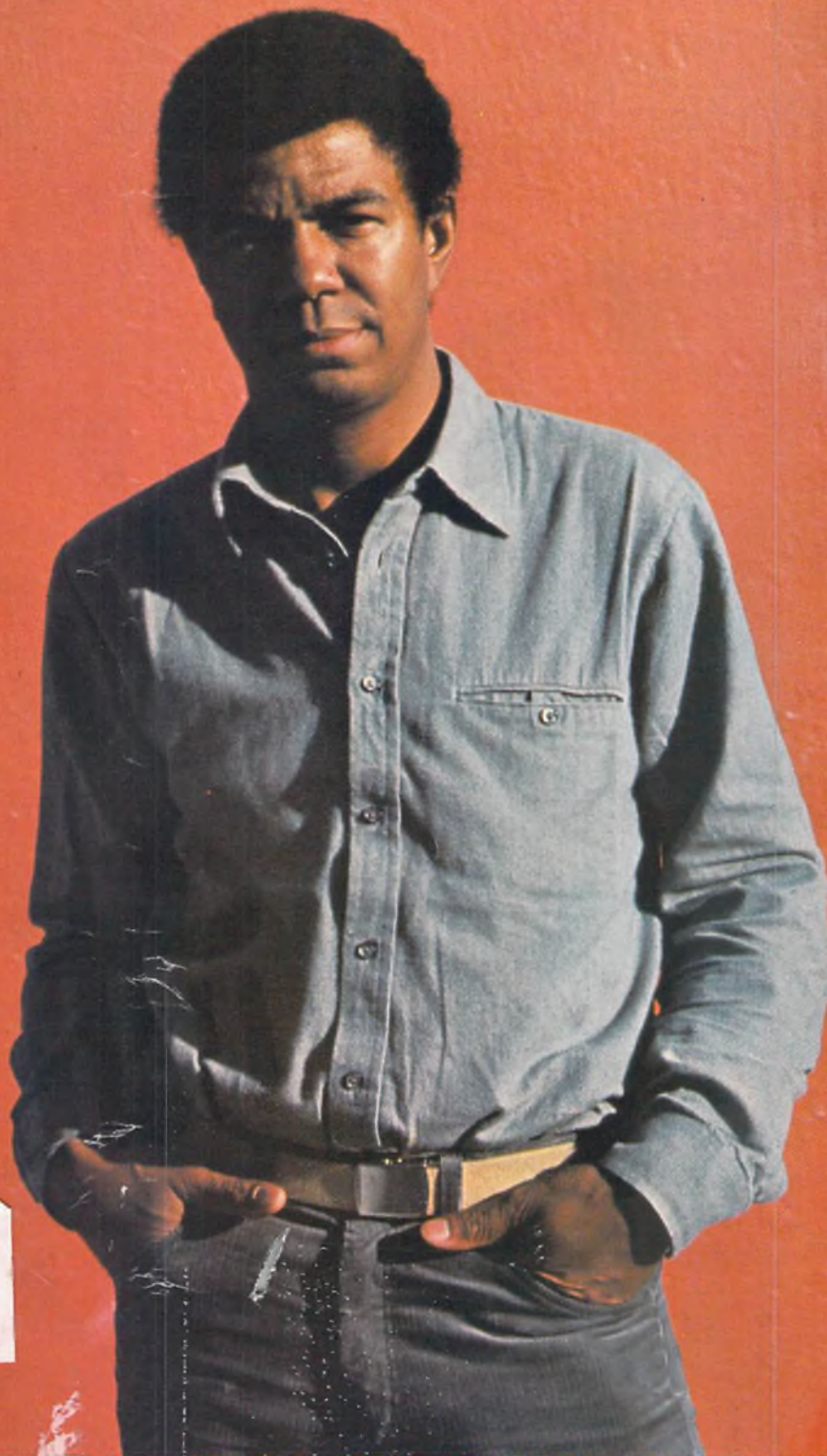
**BOSTON POPS
ENCOUNTER**

AHMAD JAMAL

**SUBTLE PIANO
DYNAMICS**

CURTIS FULLER

**TROMBONE,
HARD TIMES**



2701043 232503 038107 DB A10 P A1 042 475
PAN VAN OOST
ACHTERHAKKERS 9
DORDRECHT NETH



EDITOR

Charles Carman

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Howard Mandel

ASSISTANT EDITOR

John Litweller

EDUCATION EDITOR

Dr. William L. Fowler

DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION

Bill Linehan

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Gloria Baldwin

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR

Deborah Kelly

PRESIDENT

Jack Maher

PUBLISHER

Charles Suber

COMPTROLLER

Lester Powell

CONTRIBUTORS: Larry Birnbaum, Steve Bloom, Bob Blumenthal, Tom Copi, Collis Davis, Leonard Feather, Lee Jeske, John McDonough, Herb Nolan, Veryl Oakland, Tim Schnecko, Kenneth Terry, Nell Tesser, Lee Underwood, Pete Weidling.

CORRESPONDENTS: Atlanta: Neyseswah Abiku; Baltimore, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, John H. Hunt; Cincinnati, Lee Hay; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Denver, Bob Cataliotti; Detroit, David Wild; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Los Angeles, Lee Underwood; Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Jack Sohmer; Milwaukee, Joya Cary; Minneapolis/St. Paul, Steve Westby; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; Nashville, Walter Carter; New Orleans, Frank Nicotera; Philadelphia, Russell Woessner; Pittsburgh, David J. Fabilli; St. Louis, Gregory J. Marshall; Seattle/Northwest, Mark Solomon; Southwest, Bob Henschen; Toronto, Mark Miller; Washington, D.C., W. A. Brower; Argentina, Alisha Krynski; Australia, Trevor Graham; Brazil, Marilyn Balamici; Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel; Denmark, Birger Jorgenson; Gambia, Oko Dralme; Germany, Joachim-Ernst Berendt; Great Britain, Brian Priestley; Italy, Ruggero Stassi; Japan, Sholchi Yui; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Charles Gans; Senegal, Francis Senghor; Sweden, Lars Systedt.

EDITORIAL

Main Office: 312/346-7811

East Coast: Lee Jeske

Phone: 212/286-9208

West Coast: Lee Underwood

Phone: 213/829-2829

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES:

East: Dennis S. Page, Larry Smuckler
Jeffrey/Richard Associates, Inc.
310 E. 44th St., Suite 170
New York, NY 10017
212/687-6036

Midwest: Charles Suber, Jack Maher
222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL
60606
312/346-7811

West: Frank Garlock
458 W. Douglas Ave., El Cajon,
CA 92020
714/440-1289

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO EXECUTIVE OFFICE:
222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606
346-7811

Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, photos, or artwork. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from Maher Publications.

down beat articles are indexed in **down beat's** annual Music Handbook Microfilm of all issues of **down beat** are available from University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

down beat (ISSN 0012-5768) is published monthly by Maher Publications, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago IL 60606. Copyright 1981 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719, 407. Controlled circulation postage paid at Lincoln, Nebraska and additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$13.50 for one year, \$23.00 for two years.

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: down beat, MUSIC HANDBOOK '80, Up Beat, Up Beat Daily, American Music-For-Export Buyers Guide.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please allow four weeks for your change to become effective. When notifying us of your new address, include your current **down beat** label showing your old address.

POSTMASTER: SEND CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO down beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, IL 60606.

CABLE ADDRESS: downbeat

Members,
Audit Bureau of Circulation
Magazine Publishers Association



John Williams



Curtis Fuller

FEATURES

14 AHMAD JAMAL
By Larry Birnbaum. After a full three decades as a jazz recording artist, Jamal retains his trademark: a soft touch that swings like a bitch.

17 JACK DeJOHNETTE
"Naturally Multi-Directional," by Lee Jeske. The drummer's efforts to maintain jazz traditions have made a hit with our readers—best album and best drummer in the last Readers Poll.

20 JOHN WILLIAMS
"Encounters the Pops," by Kenneth Terry. This popular arranger-composer-conductor brought his classical background to numerous Hollywood movie scores—and now to the Boston Pops.

24 CURTIS FULLER
"Great Depression," by Andrew Sussman. Frustrated and embittered by what he feels is unjust neglect of his music, the great trombonist continues on.

DEPARTMENTS

29 Record Reviews: Keith Jarrett; Betty Carter; Wayne Shorter; Evan Parker; Evan Parker & Paul Lytton; Bill Smith/David Lee/David Prentice; John Surman & Tony Levin; Earl Hines; Sam Rivers; Bruce Springsteen; Alberta Hunter; Steely Dan; Marian McPartland; Dave McKenna; Michal Urbaniak; Earth, Wind & Fire; Eddie Daniels. **Reviewers:** Fred Bouchard, Jerry De Muth, John DiLiberto, Sam Freedman, Elaine Guregian, Bob Henschen, Art Lange, John Litweller, John McDonough, Alan Morrison, Cliff Radel, Ben Sandmel, Tim Schnecko, Jack Sohmer.

49 Blindfold Test: George Cables, by Leonard Feather.

50 Profile: Big Nick Nicholas, by Bob Cataliotti; Giorgio Gaslini, by Lee Jeske.

53 Caught: Heritage Hall Jazz Band, by John McDonough; American Composers Orchestra, by Kenneth Terry; Tangerine Dream, by John DiLiberto.

56 Pro Sessions: "How To Find Keyboard Chords, Part 2," by Dr. William L. Fowler; "Live Recording: Basic Microphone Placement Techniques," by Larry Blakely; "Producing Your Jazz Record: A How To Guide, Part 2," by Bob Koester.

Miscellany

6 First Chorus

8 Chords and Discords

9 News

65 City Scene

68 Pro Shop

Cover Photo of Jack DeJohnette, by Collis Davis/Shaida; Cover Design by Bill Linehan.



AHMAD JAMAL

BY LARRY BIRNBAUM

Ahmad Jamal's career is 35 years old—and he still scores high as talent denied by the jazz critics. But is the musician who instituted the jazz piano trio to be blamed for that format's success?

I've been around a long time for my age, because I started out when I was very young, actually too young, I sometimes think. I started playing at three, played Liszt in competition at 11 and turned professional at 14—that's when I joined the union, even though 16 was the minimum age at that time. So that was the beginning of my musical career, and it hasn't ended yet.

"I've been involved in just about every facet of the music industry, both commercial and artistic. Fortunately, I have never wanted for work, and many times I've needed it because I've gone into ventures that haven't paid off. But music is the only thing I've been successful with, and many times I have not devoted the time to it that I should have. I'm beginning to realize now that I really don't want to do anything but devote my time to writing and relearning my instrument."

Although his hair and beard are tinged with grey, Ahmad Jamal at 50 is as lithe and slender as a man half his age. With a pair of new releases on the charts and a hectic touring schedule, he remains not only a popular favorite but one of the most underrated pianists of our time. Although he still uses electric keyboards on recordings and occasionally with his quintet, he has recently concentrated on the acoustic trio format which originally brought him to prominence and for which he is still best remembered.

The feathery touch that drew such venom from early critics and such



Tom Copi

admiration from musicians like Miles Davis (who recorded Ahmad's *New Rhumba* with Gil Evans) is still a hallmark of his style, but his uniquely supple dynamic range extends to a ringing fortissimo and his airy melodicism is balanced by powerful, darkly shaded chording. Like Art Tatum, who proclaimed the 14 year old Ahmad "a coming great," Jamal has been dismissed as an embellisher rather than an improviser, and like Tatum, he can rework the most hackneyed standard into a fresh and personal state-

ment. Other musicians borrow revelations and beat them into cliches; Jamal takes cliches and transfigures them into revelations.

Born in Pittsburgh, Ahmad, a child prodigy teased into music lessons by an uncle at age 3, studied the classics with noted singer Mary Caldwell Dawson and later with James Miller. He then toured with the George Hudson orchestra out of St. Louis, and a group called the Four Strings before settling in Chicago, where he performed at the Blue Note with his own

drumless combo, the Three Strings. In 1951 the Three Strings became the Ahmad Jamal Trio, and recorded the first of a series of 78s for Columbia's Okeh subsidiary.

"We were playing what was then current, trying to follow in the footsteps of Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson and Bud Powell," says Ahmad. One of the Okeh sides was a striking re-interpretation of the traditional British ballad *Billy Boy*, a song in the public domain. "I was stupid enough not to copyright the arrangement," he now regrets, "and then Oscar Peterson did it, Red Garland did it, Ramsey Lewis did it, everybody did it and I didn't get paid for it. I hope James Moody copyrighted Moody's *Mood For Love*, I'll tell you that."

In 1955, Leonard Chess bought some of Ahmad's old masters, issuing them on the fledgling Argo label as *Chamber Music Of The New Jazz*, today a prized collector's item. Three years later, as Jamal recounts, "[Disc jockey] Sid McCoy and I started thinking in terms of remote recordings—not 'live,' because all recordings are live—so we did a remote at the Pershing Lounge."

"Apparently this is being marketed as a jazz record," opined *down beat* reviewer Martin Williams, branding *Ahmad Jamal At The Pershing* "innocuous . . . cocktail piano." Two months later, the album topped *db*'s best seller list, and remained on the national top ten charts for a record breaking 108 weeks. Ahmad was voted 17TH on the 1958 *db* Readers Poll, rising to ninth place a year later. "I'd been recording for seven long years before this so-called meteoric rise came along," he declares. "Nothing happens overnight in this business—maybe to the Beatles or Kiss, but not to us."

A spate of similar albums followed, but their popularity failed to mollify the critics. *down beat*'s Dom Cerulli complained that "Jamal is working an area which Erroll Garner works, but without Garner's wit and drive." Ralph J. Gleason concurred, belittling Ahmad as "a sort of refined, effete Erroll Garner," adding that "there is no density in Jamal's playing as a pianist; it leaves too many spaces for the other members to fill." John Hammond, a staunch Jamal defender, felt compelled to point out that "Ahmad's trio is not just Ahmad, not all piano like Erroll Garner. It's a trio."

It was quite a trio indeed, one whose effervescent influence extends from the early Bill Evans threesomes through the frothy ECM school to such contemporary triumvirates as Air. Drummer Vernell Fournier, replacing guitarist Ray Crawford, had migrated from his native New Orleans to Chicago, where he fell under the influence of the legendary Ike Day. His superb brush-

work and tasty accents gave crisp definition to Ahmad's lightly bouncing, Latin inflected rhythms. The oft-maligned Jamal "bounce" was largely the product of the great Israel Crosby, a veteran of the Fletcher and Horace Henderson bands who had split from Ahmad's original trio for a stint with Benny Goodman before returning in 1956. Crosby was cited by the late Wilbur Ware, rubber toned mentor of acclaimed bass innovators Malachi Favors and Fred Hopkins, as his principal influence; in a posthumous December, 1979 *db* feature, Ware described him as "the most relaxed bassist I've ever seen." Crosby died in 1962; Ahmad remembers him as "not only one of the greatest bassists of all time, but one of the greatest persons I've ever

opened up the Alhambra supper club, featuring Middle Eastern food and decor; without alcohol, however, the room soon folded. "Then I went to New York in 1962," he relates, "and stayed in my office on 57TH Street for three years doing virtually no performing; but those were good years." He disbanded the trio, but continued to record, using various instrumental formats. "I started doing things with string ensembles, orchestral things, because the trend changed and people were using larger complements on records. I did things with 20 voices in New York, I played with the Cleveland Pops Orchestra, I did things with quintets, quartets and so forth. But I haven't done that much recording—27 albums for the time I've been recording is nothing."

Argo became moribund soon after the death of Leonard Chess, and Jamal, after an unsuccessful bid to establish his own label, landed with ABC/Impulse. "I stayed with them from '69 until '71, and most of that time I was producing records as well. I was recording for ABC, two LPs a year, and producing other artists. I wasn't working as a performer very much during those years; I just got tired of being on the road. I don't travel that much now and I never did. I've never been a 52 weeks a year man."

Also during that period, Ahmad began to utilize the electric piano, which he has since nearly abandoned. "I started when I was recording Sonny Stitt in New York. I was using Herbie Hancock in the rhythm section and Herbie suggested that we bring in a Fender Rhodes for one of the sessions. He asked me whether I liked the electric piano and I told him no, because I'd had one in my home for two years and I hadn't looked at it. The company was trying to get me to endorse it, but I never touched it. So the next day I got a Fender Rhodes for Herbie, and he asked me to sit down and try it. I thought it was the closest thing to the acoustic feeling, so I've been using the Rhodes piano ever since, but I never have played it exclusively. There are a lot of terrible statements being made electronically, but that's the way it is with everything, and there are some very good statements being made in electronic music, also. I do believe, though, that there is a tendency now to get back to the conventional instruments, the Steinways and Bosendorfers."

Jamal recently signed with Motown Records after a long and varied tenure with 20TH Century-Fox. His first Motown disc, *Night Song*, features a heavily commercial studio mix. On the road with drummer Payton Crossley and bassist Sabu Adeyola, his acoustic sound still radiates the elegance and

SELECTED AHMAD JAMAL DISCOGRAPHY

NIGHT SONG—Motown M7-945R1
INTERVALS—20TH Century-Fox T-622
GENETIC WALK—20TH Century-Fox T-600
ONE—20TH Century-Fox T-555
STEPPIN' OUT WITH A DREAM—20TH Century-Fox T-515
JAMAL PLAYS JAMAL—20TH Century-Fox T-459
JAMALCA—20TH Century-Fox T-432
AHMAD JAMAL '73—20TH Century-Fox T-417
FREEFLIGHT—ABC/Impulse AS-9217
THE AWAKENING—ABC/Impulse AS-9194

Out of print

CHAMBER MUSIC OF THE NEW JAZZ—Argo LP-602
COUNT 'EM 88—Argo LP-610
BUT NOT FOR ME (AHMAD JAMAL AT THE PERSHING)—Argo LP-610
AHMAD JAMAL—Argo LP-636
JAMAL AT THE PERSHING, VOL. 2—Argo LP-667
AHMAD JAMAL AT THE BLACK-HAWK—Cadet CA-703
EXTENSIONS—Cadet LP-758
RHAPSODY—Cadet LP-764 (with strings)
HEAT WAVE—Cadet LP-777

known, a consummate gentleman."

The critical brickbats left Jamal undaunted, if not a little bitter. "I respond very energetically now, but then I was a very passive soul. Sometimes people don't identify with purity—that's what my music was then and that's what it is now. I've endured some of the harsh statements, but for every harsh statement there have been 99 complimentary ones. What I've done and am still doing is a product of years of blood, sweat and tears, and as long as I am completely secure in the knowledge that what I am doing is valid, then eventually even the most stupid critic has to acknowledge the validity of my work."

After a trip to North Africa in late 1959, Ahmad returned to Chicago and

LA BELLA'S MUSICIAN of NOTE

Photo by Richard Laird

AVERY G. SHARPE

Born: August 23, 1954 in Valdosta, Ga.

Home: Belchertown, Mass.

Profession: Musician

Earliest Musical Experience: I began on Piano at age 8.

Major Influences: Reggie Workmen, Jimmy Garrison, Paul Chambers, Ron Carter

Latest Musical Accomplishment: presently touring with McCoy Tyner

Keynotes: Recently recorded album with my trio. Name of album and group is "CLOUDS", featuring myself on acoustic and electric basses, Clyde Criner on keyboards, and Royal Hartigan on drums. It's on the Sound Merchant Label.

Today's Music: Being very proficient on both acoustic and electric bass allows me to combine many musical styles and ideas to produce today's music. The epitome of one aspect of today's music is demonstrated by the music of McCoy Tyner.

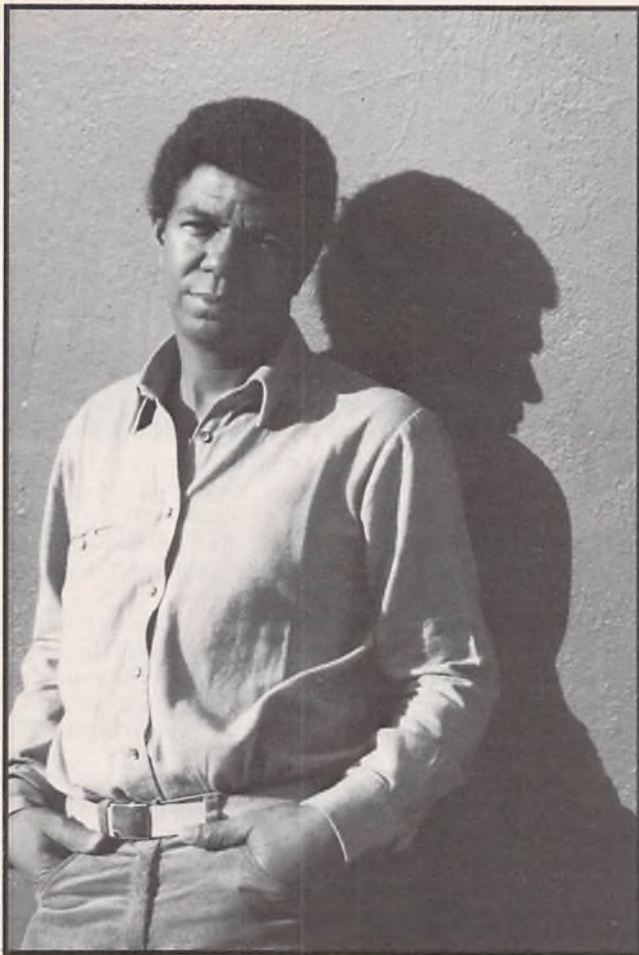
On Strings: I have tried different brands of strings, however, I found the ultimate sound with LaBella strings. They feel very comfortable and are extremely durable. On my Acoustic Bass I use LaBella 7720 series and for Electric Bass I use LaBella medium round wound 760-R "Deep Talking Bass" strings.



E&O
Mari LaBella

E. & O. Mari, Inc. - 38-01 23rd Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11105

If your passion is music, your strings should be La Bella.



found a sensitive, incisive musician, whose work on the traps was an extension of his background in classical music, which he studied intensively as a youth. DeJohnette's melodic, thoughtful approach to the drums led to his association with ECM Records, a melodic, thoughtful record label.

Over the past ten years, Jack DeJohnette has been a featured sideman on several record labels, including about two dozen ECM releases. More importantly, ECM has given him the chance to emerge as one of the most important leaders on the current scene. In his Directions (Alex Foster, Mike Richmond and John Abercrombie), New Directions (Lester Bowie, Eddie Gomez and Abercrombie) and Special Edition (Arthur Blythe, David Murray and Peter Warren), DeJohnette has blossomed as a leader, composer, performer and a strong force in the late '70s-early '80s embracing of the many traditions of jazz.

"When you go to college and study for ten years, you need another ten years to consume and assimilate all that and put it to practical use," says DeJohnette, sitting on the couch of Peter Warren's Manhattan apartment. "That's what's happening now in the '80s, with people like myself. Arthur Blythe and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. We've digested all the stuff we came up with and listened to and experienced, and now we're able to utilize it for our own personal directions—in music and in life. Now we're able to get it out in a clear manner, so that it can be received by the audience, not as chaos, but actually as a direction. They're getting an education, a musical education, of the last 50 years or so. We're carrying on the tradition.

"You have people who don't feel complete unless, through the course of a night, they play all these different styles. If you can handle it and keep the consistency of good quality music, audiences just love it. Some people who attempt to do that can't handle all the different styles. But to me it's natural. The Art Ensemble handles that very well. They're multi-directional musicians; they don't see their music as avant garde; it's for everybody. I'm fed up with critics calling music avant garde; it's multi-directional. All those labels—avant garde, fusion, rock, mainstream, whatever—fit in. When we do a performance, we might do something from the '30s or '40s or Zoot Suite or a ballad or something rockish. It's all music."

One reason for the success of DeJohnette's units is his ability to handpick like-minded musicians. Bowie, Abercrombie, Gomez, Foster and Richmond, the members of the two Directions, are all "multi-directional." When DeJohnette

When the textures and timbres of jazz began to change so that drummers were required to collaborate as well as accompany, to create space as well as fill it, to whisper as well as shout, Jack DeJohnette became one of the most in-demand drummers in the music. Leaders like Bill Evans, Abbey Lincoln, Stan Getz, Betty Carter, Charles Lloyd and Miles Davis looked for more from their percussionists than timekeeping. In Jack DeJohnette they

JACK DeJOHNETTE

**NATURALLY
MULTI-DIRECTIONAL**

BY
LEE JESKE

felt an urge to write for reeds after becoming intrigued with Duke Ellington's work, he looked up saxophonists David Murray and Arthur Blythe.

"I got a hold of Arthur through Lester Bowie. Lester said, 'This is just what you need, man, an alto cat.' Lester's always keeping his ear out for new talent. I called Arthur and got together with him and just played without written music. That's the best way to find out what a guy knows. He's got to run through everything he knows, invariably, after a period of time playing. You can find out where you can go in terms of writing and improvisation."

Blythe was just right, as was Murray, who was astonishing New York listeners with the breadth of his tenor playing. Add Peter Warren's cello and bass and DeJohnette's work on percussion, piano and melodica, and you have *Special Edition*, an album which easily topped last year's *down beat* Readers Poll as Jazz Album of the Year.

"I presented the band to [ECM president and producer] Manfred Eicher as a working band, not just a project. We worked for two or three weeks and rehearsed a lot before going into the studio. I wanted to tour with this group, not just record with them."

The tour and album were huge successes, but, as was the case with *Directions* and *New Directions*, band members had irons in other fires and Blythe and Murray soon left to pursue their burgeoning solo careers. Determined to keep *Special Edition* alive, DeJohnette contacted another young reed wizard, Chico Freeman.

"I think Chico is going to develop into one of the great influences," says DeJohnette as a taped Freeman solo fills the room. "He's been a bandleader for a number of years and he hates to miss other jobs, but he really wants to be a part of *Special Edition*. Since I don't work 365 days out of the year, it gives everybody space to do whatever they want."

When you do an album—and this should be the case with anybody's album—it's an opportunity to put your best foot forward. You want to be choosy in what you do; you don't want to waste energy on trying to make some kind of musical sense. Even when you're going crazy and pulling all stops out, it has to have some direction.

"The other new addition is John Purcell. Chico recommended him; they played together. John is really quite a find; he plays clarinet, baritone, alto and tenor—he's incredible. I'm going to start by featuring him on tenor. He's been in the studios and that's given him a broad flexibility, so he's really at home on any instrument. He's not only a professional musician, but a very creative improviser as well and a very nice person.

"I'm really very happy. I think I've got a group of people now who really want to be a part of *Special Edition*."

The second edition of *Special Edition* will be heard on *Tin Can Alley*, an LP forthcoming from ECM. In response to the controversy surrounding the amount of control producer Manfred Eicher exerts over his artists, DeJohnette shakes his head in disgust.

"Manfred and I collaborate. He doesn't try to alter my musical conception; he tries to work with it. Or, if I'm very stuck sometimes, or if the musicians are stuck, he's very, very creative in just making suggestions that enhance the outcome of the records."



"I take pride in being professional and flexible in a lot of different situations. But when you do an album—and this should be the case with anybody's album—it's an opportunity to put your best foot forward. You want to be choosy in what you do; you don't want to waste energy on trying to make some kind of musical sense."

"So, whether you're presenting compositions or improvisations, you have an idea of the kind of direction in which you want to go. You're more selective about what you do so that you get the most out of what you do. Even when you're going crazy and pulling all stops out, it has to have some direction."

"There's a fine line between balance and imbalance. There are times when everything should be totally in balance, controlled. There's a time when there should be space. But the spaciousness should be felt, not forced. It's just waiting, relaxing and letting the flow come naturally."

"There's a misconception about being perfect as opposed to being natural. Coltrane was perfect—he made mistakes when he played, but he did it in such a natural way that they weren't mistakes at all. And really, that's what it's about. Mistakes really are the essence of this music. The beauty of this music is that you never really know what's going on. You study and you know all the ballads, you know the right notes, you know the instrument real well, and that still doesn't make you a great, creative person. It's a combination of things."

Jack DeJohnette speaks in gentle, restrained tones. Unlike many drummers who are constantly moving about, always tapping something, DeJohnette sits calmly, planning his sentences with the same care with which he plans cymbal splashes.

Jack is looking forward to taking *Special Edition* on the road. He enjoys the challenges of constant touring and the pressure of having to put on a show.

"If you want to make a living out of this, you've got to be able to make that audience want to come out and have a communion, have a little experience with you. You've got to give a guy and his girl a reason to give up 20 or 25 dollars. What are you going to do live that's going to be more fun for them than listening to your record? You've got to offer something different. Sometimes we just play music straight-ahead and sometimes we are loose and relaxed, which makes the audience feel like we're in a living room together. It's very important to loosen that audience up."

"Dynamics has a lot to do with that—loud and softs, nuances. That gets over to an audience much better than a half hour of intense, wild music. Unless the intensity is really saying something every second of that half hour, it's very hard for audiences to take. Sam Rivers can do it for an hour, but people who go to see Sam thrive off that energy. They know that Sam is going to play intensely whether he's playing piano, flute, or tenor, or singing. He's developed an audience that will listen to Sam Rivers. And that's his direction."

"When an audience comes to see you, they're there to have a good time. It's a business we're talking about, and I'm very conscious of that during a presentation. There must be a visual thing, but a natural one. I try to be the best band leader I can be. I like to give the guys enough freedom to do what they want to do. The trick is for them to learn how far to go and when to stop, without having to be told. I love to make guys feel comfortable, but also feel pressure. I enjoy playing and when we play together there's an edge and an intensity. I look for it to be a challenge."

Some young, melodically-oriented drummers tend to forego basic aspects of their instrument—playing time, for example. Although it is currently acceptable for drummers to take long solos, one element separates the musicians from the self-indulgent thrashers: that bright, elusive butterfly called "swing."

"It should always swing," agrees DeJohnette. "I don't always play time—I go outside of the time—but I'm always relating to some kind of time. Maybe not in the one-two-three-four sense, but it should have some kind of pulse. I'm capable of soloing for an hour and keeping it interesting, but I don't solo on every tune. Maybe I'll play a solo a night, or maybe a solo a set. I'm concerned with presenting the music rather than showcasing my drums. I'm soloing, really, when I'm accompanying. When you're listening to a solo, you're also listening to my dialogue with the soloist. I don't necessarily need to take a solo, because I'm present all the time. I'm trying to present a total music program rather than being just a drummer leading a band. But my case is different, because now I'm concentrating on playing more piano in my group."

"Most drummers' big problem is a shortage of jobs where they can apply the stuff they know. They don't get a chance to be in the type of situation that Max Roach, Roy Haynes, Tony Williams, Elvin Jones and I had, with so many places for us to go and listen and participate. We had a lot of encouragement. There were avenues and arenas for it—you could go and learn right on the spot, or study and develop. But now it's not that way, except at the universities. But that's stifling, too, because the universities are not out in the field. You're faced with that obstacle when you become a musician: What are you going to do and how are you going to do it? Are you just going to play music to make a living—get in the studio and make a lot of money—or are you going to really pay some dues and play what you want to play? The choices are limited."

Another cold, hard fact, which DeJohnette acknowledges, is the scarcity of record labels devoted to full time recording

and promoting of jazz.

"It's a drag that ECM is the one record company that's recording a lot of this. When I was at Fantasy records, their attitude was, 'Well, let him go to ECM; they're better suited to that kind of music.' This is America and that was the attitude."

"It's a business attitude, of course. They want to make as much money as they can make. But some place you have to draw a line and see things as they really are. Okay, this music has a limited audience that it can get to. It's a small minority, but I think it's growing. Record companies don't have to spend big money on what we do. It can be recorded in two days and mixed on the third. It's a constant battle of support from the record companies."

"Touring America now is really rough. People out there traveling and touring know what I mean. This is our lives, this is what we do. It's the same thing with the record companies as with all manufacturers. They keep telling you to buy American, yet meanwhile they're sending parts of the stuff to Japan and Germany to be made there."

"You know, America is being sold out by the government, by our own people. Steel mill workers, auto workers—we're being ripped off in the name of doing something good for America and supporting this country. But musicians aren't supported by the large record companies. We get tokenism, but we're not supported. Columbia signs up a jazz artist and knows right up front that they're only going to keep him for a year or two. It's a tax write-off and that's it."

"We need people to carry on the tradition. That's why there are people on the road losing money: to keep their tradition going. It's really rough financially. I'm not touring as much in America as I used to, because I can't get the right money. And I'm not trying to be unreasonable; you have to double up the amounts you get just to take care of airplane expenses. There are some guys who are fortunate enough to work in New York and not travel far. But New York is isolated. You're able to remain local in New York and go no further than New Jersey. Outside of this city, it's different."

DeJohnette is never without a busy schedule. He has recently finished working on a McCoy Tyner big band album and would like to try writing for a big band himself. His immediate hope is to keep the personnel of Special Edition as stable as possible and to keep turning out tasteful, eclectic, swinging music.

"We're in an era right now where everything is mediocrity," says the 38 year old drummer. "The so-called 'fusion' area: you hear somebody play a Moog synthesizer but—someone may argue with me—you don't know who it is."

continued on page 62

Special Edition: Black Arthur Blythe, alto sax; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Peter Warren, bass; David Murray, tenor sax.



CHARLES BEHNKE

JOHN WILLIAMS

By
Kenneth
Terry



ENCOUNTERS THE POPS



If "going Hollywood" means "selling out," then John Williams sold out right at the beginning of his career. In the course of scoring approximately 60 films, including such huge hits as *Jaws*, *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*, Williams has made incomparably more money than he could have earned as an avant garde composer or even as a concert pianist.

Yet, many of his movie scores display a degree of sensitivity and imagination that's rare in the Hollywood dream factories. Moreover, while he's given up only a portion of his lucrative film work to become conductor of the Boston Pops, his decision to take on

that responsibility bespeaks a dedication to music which goes beyond its commercial value.

The joy of making music, says the cherubic, balding, 48 year old Williams, was his central reason for accepting the Pops' position when it was offered to him in late 1979. "Looking back over this first season," he notes, "one of the things about it that I have liked the most has been this feeling of being part of a solely musical organization, which is something that I've never had in my experience. I've always been working in media music in one form or another—tv, records and films—but here is the Boston

Symphony and the Pops, devoted solely to music, and that's been great fun for me."

Although he had long conducted his own film scores at recording sessions, Williams had only been conducting public concerts for six years before he took over the 102-piece Pops—and even that experience had not been too extensive. Yet his first Pops concerts went over well, not only with the public and the critics, but with the musicians themselves.

According to Pops concertmaster Emanuel Borok, "it feels rather refreshing" to play under Williams. Under the late Arthur Fiedler, who led the or-

chestra for 50 years, Borok explains, the Pops was "a nice old home. Then a new tenant [Williams] moved in and refurbished it. It's still a nice old home, very appealing, but now the interior is more modern."

Calling Williams "a man of our times," Borok says the conductor is "young, dynamic and very curious. He's searching for new music and for new ways to make the music. He's not only a performer like Fiedler was, but also a creator who represents a very powerful, important wave in American musical culture. He's also a man who, due to his unusual qualities and charm, immediately won a total and unanimous respect from the musicians. And this is to say a lot."

Due to his relative inexperience, of course, Williams has a lot of repertoire to learn. During 1980's 12-week, 50-concert regular season, for example, the Pops played 168 different pieces. "That's an immense amount of work," points out Williams. "Mind you, some of them were three or four minute pop tunes, but a lot of them were full three movement concerti or movements from symphonies. And the problem of having to shift on a program from the Tchaikovsky piano concerto to a piece of Michael Tippett's or a short piece of Stravinsky's and then to a Jerry Herman pop tune from a Broadway show is a problem that you don't have if you do a Brahms symphony or a program where you have longer works."

Nevertheless, despite these obstacles, Williams loves the Pops' tradition and has no intention of emulating his longtime friend, Andre Previn, who switched from film composing to conducting serious symphonic music. Aside from the question of whether he'd enjoy doing that, Williams feels a deep commitment to the Pops. "It does have a valid place in music, and I'll do what I can with it. Later on, other people will conduct it. I think it'll be a long time before we see anyone who will last 50 years in it, the way Fiedler did; but, although he can't be replaced, the thing has to go on."

Denying the rumors that he took a cut in pay in order to assume the Pops job, Williams says, "The financial arrangements are all fine. My financial life hasn't shifted very much at all. I still have my film work, and I want to continue doing some film work. I think it's important for me and also for the Pops. That's part of what I can bring to the situation. Even if I don't directly use the Pops for film scoring, just the visibility and the recording activity could be important. But the totality of it has really been no change at all in financial terms. And that wouldn't be a consideration, anyway; if I'd had to take a big cut in pay, it wouldn't have been important."



Williams is currently scoring Stephen Spielberg's *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, and he will write the music for Part III of George Lucas' *Star Wars* epic early next year. Even if Spielberg's film isn't as phenomenally successful as *Jaws* and its sequel, the next installment of *Star Wars* is guaranteed to be a box office smash—and a big money maker for Williams as well. Just to illustrate how many shekels could be involved, the double soundtrack album to the first *Star Wars* picture has sold over 4,000,000 copies, more than any other non-pop album in recording history.

The tale of how Williams became a top film composer is a typical American success story. The son of a timpanist, Williams was born in New York in 1932 and moved to Los Angeles in 1948 with his family. During his high school years, he began composing and arranging music; but his real ambition was to become a concert pianist. It was only after he'd studied piano and composition at UCLA and piano with Rosina Lhevinne at Juilliard that he realized he might not be cut out for a concert career. "I started to hear some of her [Lhevinne's] other students who were even younger than I was playing around the building," recalls Williams, "and I thought, 'Well, if that's what the competition is, maybe I should be a composer.'"

During this period, and later, after he moved back to California, Williams was active as a jazz pianist. In New York, he played with people like Tony Scott and Buddy DeFranco, and on the West Coast he was associated with such players as Shorty Rogers, Bud Shank, Art Pepper, Don Fagerquist and Shelly Manne. He made several recordings with Manne, including two Capitol LPs, one featuring the music of Gershwin and the other consisting of arrangements from *My Fair Lady*.

Williams' proficiency as a pianist was what landed him his first studio gigs when he returned to L.A. in the mid '50s. Joining the film orchestras of, first, Columbia Pictures and, later, 20th Century-Fox, he played piano for the soundtracks of such famous musical films as *South Pacific* and *West Side Story*. He worked with several renowned movie composers, including Alfred Newman, Jerry Goldsmith, Max Steiner and Dmitri Tiomkin. After a while, he began to orchestrate for some of these composers, eventually making the natural transition to writing his own scores.

During the '50s, Williams penned music for such "golden age" tv shows as *Kraft Theater* and *Playhouse 90*. Also dating from this period are his film scores for *John Goldfarb Please Come Home* and *Valley Of The Dolls*. By the '70s, he was writing big symphonic scores for such movies as *Earthquake*, *The Towering Inferno*, *The Poseidon Adventure*, *The Fury*, *Superman*—and, of course, *Jaws*, *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*.

While freely admitting that he was influenced by the lush romantic idiom of his mentors—men like Franz Waxman, Steiner and Tiomkin—Williams feels that the romanticism of some of his music—notably for *Star Wars* and *Superman*—reflects the kinds of movies they are, rather than being a throwback to an earlier era.

"When you look at a picture to write music for it, you start by saying to yourself, 'What can I find that will fit into the fabric of this movie, without limiting the kind of music?' You might write a very romantic score for an action-adventure picture, or a very Spartan or even 12 tone score . . . I think in every period there are these highly romantic kinds of pieces that require this sort of music. We have a few more of them now, perhaps, than

we had in the '60s and early '70s; but I think they're always with us. The fact that it appears to be a reverberation of what was the Hollywood tradition in the '30s and '40s may appear to some people as a throwback or a revisitation of taste that was popular then; but I think that, historically, it may be a mistaken impression."

Despite his cyclical theory, however, Williams does agree that romantic film music fell out of favor in the '50s. One reason for this shift in taste, he says, was the advent of long playing records. "The motion picture field overlapped the record industry," he recalls, "and producers were asking composers to write hit songs for every kind of film to try to sell records. So the whole idea suddenly shifted from 'How do we sell the film?' to 'How do we make a hit record?' I think it was the first major influx of the pop mentality into film scoring in the '50s.

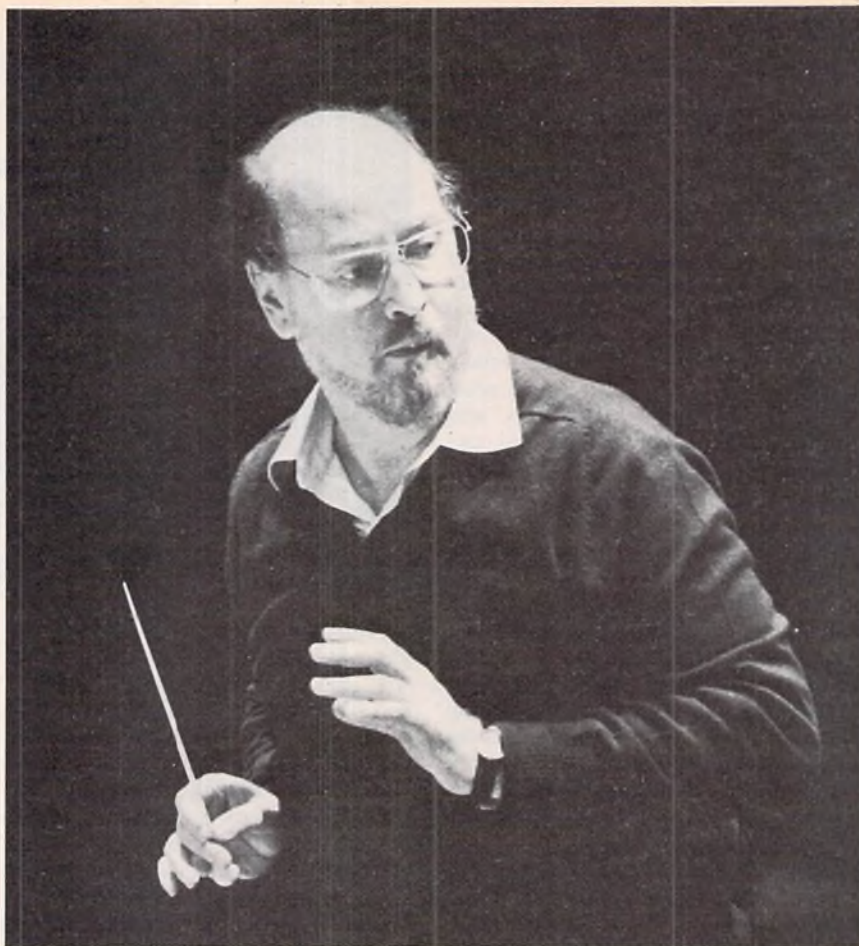
"The other thing was the shift to a more anti-heroic sensibility, which resulted in a new realism that emerged in the '50s. This realism required the sounds on the soundtrack to be natural and realistic, and one suddenly couldn't tolerate the entrance of a hundred violins pulling away in the middle of a scene in the desert, when what you wanted was a wind loop to give reality.

"Also, it was the end of the working lives of a whole string of older colleagues. All of that coincided with the almost synchronized aging and phasing out of a lot of older practiced hands."

Like earlier film scorers, Williams has consistently drawn upon the work of serious composers for inspiration, methods of orchestration and even melodic ideas. In his space movie scores, for instance, one can hear fragments of Holst, Prokofiev, Mahler, Bruckner, Stravinsky, Debussy and many others.

Williams, who considers such borrowing to be the most natural thing in the world, notes that "a lot of these references are deliberate. They're an attempt to evoke a response in the audience where we want to elicit a certain kind of reaction. Another thing is that, whenever one is involved in writing incidental music—where you have specific backgrounds, specific periods, certain kinds of characters and so on—the work is bound to be derivative in a certain sense. The degree to which you can experiment, as you can in a concert work, is very limited. You're fulfilling more of the role of a designer, in the same way that a set designer would do a design for a period opera."

To some extent, this seems to be a specious argument; if one is writing music for a movie that is supposed to



take place in the future, then futuristic music should theoretically suit the "set" better than a score based on music from the late 19th and early 20th centuries. But Williams hits closer to the mark when he points out that such films tend to cater to the audience's desire for escapism, "and in that escapist thing is the whole romantic idea of getting away, of being transported into another kind of atmosphere."

Not that all science fiction movie scores are romantic, or that all of Williams' music is derivative. There are some highly original, striking passages in *Close Encounters*, for instance, that show the composer's familiarity with contemporary styles. Interestingly, Williams says that score is "closer to my own person idiom" in the music he writes for himself.

Williams has composed several concert works, including two symphonies, violin and flute concertos, and an *Essay For Strings*. He describes this music as "atonal, more dissonant than my film music. Its melodic aspects are less romantic and less easily discernible . . . You might find that the orchestration is a little on the neo-impressionist side."

Even in this private music, Williams is not sure he has a distinctive style—and he seriously doubts there is any continuity in the style of his movie music. "I think if I would be more

serious about crystallizing the style and having it form into a more discernible shape, I'd write less film music or compose music for fewer films. That hasn't been the thing that's concerned me. If people discern a style, it's all right. It's not what I think about when I do it. When I sit down to write for film, I have to say, 'What is going to work?' And that means the elimination of a lot of things—maybe even a lot of personal things."

Of course, it's those "personal things" that make the difference between art and shlock, no matter how well crafted. And this is why music critics pay little attention to movie scores. Even Richard Rodney Bennett, an accomplished film composer who also writes serious music, has pointed out that movie music is not very important from an artistic viewpoint, because it is generated by visual images.

Williams agrees with Bennett—up to a point. "When you look at the history of film music—50 or 60 years—we don't have all that much music that's important. So in that sense, he's right. He's also right in the sense that the music doesn't completely emanate from the composer. But I think it has to be thought of as fairly important in the sense that there's so much media in our lives, and the whole audio-visual thing is important and should grow to be

continued on page 64

Curtis Fuller's



great depression

Curtis Fuller is one of the most distinctive trombone stylists ever. Despite his many accomplishments—after more than 20 years as an important creative force in jazz—he finds himself still relatively obscure, still striving for recognition, still unable even to support his own group.

BY ANDREW SUSSMAN

Prohibition had been repealed and legal liquor flowed. Adolf Hitler had been appointed Chancellor of Germany. The U.S. Congress was grappling with President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal legislation in an attempt to recover from the worst economic collapse in the country's—and the world's—history. Thus life began for Curtis Dubois Fuller, in 1934 in Detroit, in a depression.

It was a time of turmoil and confusion throughout the world, and jazz was evolving in so many directions that its creativity seemed linked intrinsically to the prevailing state of terror. Probably, it was. Art Tatum had just arrived in New York; Coleman Hawkins had left Fletcher Henderson's band and gone to England; Count Basie was still playing with Bennie Moten; Charlie Parker was just 14. There was fear and hate in most aspects of living. Tension and prejudice and poverty beyond belief. Some people claim things have improved over the ensuing 46 years; others disagree. Curtis Fuller takes it all philosophically, and tries to make the best of it.

One of the most distinctive, consistent and highly personal stylists the trombone has ever known, Fuller's accomplishments are many and varied; yet after more than 20 years as an important creative force, he finds himself still relatively obscure, still striving for recognition, still unable to even support his own group. The work is there, occasionally as a sideman, and the respect he's earned among his fellow musicians has never diminished. But gigs today are infrequent and musically unchallenging. Public acclaim has, for the most part, eluded

him despite his illustrious past. The frustration which once was translated into rage now seems to have descended to apathy.

"I've learned not to fight the situation," he told me recently, sitting in his modest but comfortable apartment in New York. "I had no control over it when I was born—God put us here. I didn't ask to be born. We didn't ask to come here in the first place. If I had a choice, and then made the wrong choice, well, alright. But when you have nothing to do with that, your destiny just depends on what somebody else feels."

There's a sort of resigned, cynical humor in Curtis Fuller's voice: not bitter, as he has sounded in the past, but filled with the irony of his situation and the knowledge that optimism is a luxury which can hurt. Rather than raise one's hopes only to have them shattered, perhaps it's best to just be content with survival.

"I mean we go through these periods where we rebel. We want things, we feel strongly about them, but the battle was lost a long time ago. I just realized that I'm not gonna change anything. Accept things like they are, and leave the world peacefully. I am very dismayed and discouraged about what I see and what's going on, but I can eat and sleep and I have a roof over my head and I'm just not going to deal with it any other way. It's something that's beyond me, so what's the point. We're living in a youth oriented society anyway. I don't only have one whammy, I have several whammies on me now.

"I can't really deal with them. I came into the world with a whammy, but I've

accepted it. I guess it's like being a Jewish person in one of those concentration camps: the inevitable was just there, you just deal with it and that's what it is. What're you gonna do about it? At least I don't have to live with any strange desires of any kind; I almost know the inevitable, you know."

If Fuller's words sound bleak, at least he's being honest. And there's an underlying spirit of pride and laughter even in his heaviest melancholy. There's also a hope for the future. If Curtis has accepted certain things in his own life, he still looks for change in others'. To understand his resignation it helps to understand the history of the man. Fuller's parents came from Jamaica. They died while he was very young, so he was raised in an orphanage. Luckily, a social worker recognized his musical talent and directed him in many ways.

"My first choice of an instrument was the violin," he remembers. "But I had a very intelligent teacher who told me that there was no future in playing violin—and there wasn't." Fuller's next preference was the saxophone "but they were all covered. You know, even today the trombone is not a very popular instrument. You don't have very many trombone players with groups."

Young Curtis was taken to a local club to hear Illinois Jacquet. At that time J.J. Johnson was a member of the band. "I kept my eyes on J.J.," Curtis notes. "There was something intellectual about the way he stood there; he was involved with the music. Illinois was involved with crowd-pleasing things: bitin' the reed and screamin'

and layin' on his back. And J.J. just stood there and played the music. That to me showed such dignity. J.J. just seemed like he was the man, and I thought gee, that's what I want to do."

Afterwards he went backstage and talked to his new idol, was encouraged, and his enthusiasm was later rewarded with his first trombone.

"J.J. is the master, as far as I'm concerned," Curtis says earnestly. "In my humble opinion, he was the epitome of the way I thought trombone was supposed to be played. I'm from the old school; I thought jazz meant that you're supposed to swing. I didn't know that the implications were that you had to do something else with it."

By the time he reached high school, Fuller had joined Detroit's amazingly talented young jazz scene. Donald Byrd, Paul Chambers and Doug Watkins were fellow students. Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, Kenny Burrell, Pepper Adams, Milt Jackson, Lucky Thompson, Yusef Lateef, Roland Hanna, Louis Hayes, Charles McPherson and the Jones brothers (Hank, Thad and Elvin) were all highly visible about town. Curtis Fuller played with and learned from most of them.

"I would take the horn and go off under a tree or somewhere and learn scales. It came together after I got to high school and met Donald Byrd and all those guys and I got in a high school band. It was the only training I could afford. Blacks still couldn't go into the white neighborhoods and they couldn't afford white teachers, so they took what they could get in the public schools.

"Kids have all kinds of books now. To learn a song in those days we had to listen to a record and there was no written material that we could follow to see that we were even playing the right notes. We had to play what we thought we heard, and then get with some piano player or some friend or something and say, 'Are we playing the right changes here?' I mean there were no fake books out, there was nothing. Barry Harris was very instrumental because he told me the right way, even though he didn't play trombone."

Curtis was closer to the late Frank Rosolino, who was also from the area, though their styles are very different. "I remember when Frank used to take the trombone—and they thought it was the cutest thing—he used to slide it with his head. He was a comical, beautiful little guy. But the public actually thought that was it, 'cause they couldn't deal with the seriousness of his playin'. You gotta have the smoke screens and come out with all sorts of elaborate stuff and take an instrument and beat it up side the stage and take the pieces and throw 'em out over the

I wanted to develop the trombone in another way. I wanted to play like a saxophone.

audience. The weirder you dress, the more you're gonna be accepted. We're not into what we're gonna play, now. That's secondary."

Other influences included Bennie Green and Kai Winding, whom he heard on records. "But J.'s approach was the one closest to what I wanted to do." While the Johnson influence is still evident in Fuller's playing, especially in the great technical command and aggressive attack they share, Fuller is hardly a clone. He has grown harmonically over the years, and his style is easily distinguishable from Johnson's.

"I wanted to develop the trombone in another way," Curtis explains. "I wanted to play like a saxophone." He credits John Coltrane with being a strong influence. "I took that direction. Along with Miles Davis for harmony, and J. for clarification."

After spending time gigging around Detroit, Fuller joined the Army in 1953 and became a member of an Army band. "Cannonball Adderley was the band director, and Nat Adderley was in the trumpet section. Junior Mance was the company clerk 'cause he couldn't march with the piano. Mel Wanzo, who's the lead trombone player with Basie's band—we were all in that band together.

"That was the last black Army band. In fact, I was the first guy they put in white bands when they integrated. Another first!" Fuller laughs. "I'm always into something."

Leaving the Army in 1956, he studied briefly at Wayne State University, where his roommate was Joe Henderson. Fuller played around Detroit with Kenny Burrell, Pepper Adams (they called their collaborations "Bone and Bari") and Yusef Lateef, finally moving to New York in '57 to play briefly with Miles Davis. This was followed by a six month stint with Lester Young (the last band Young had before he died), as well as frequent jobs with Dizzy Gillespie, Gil Evans and Benny Golson. But his association with John Coltrane was most impressive—and the most stimulating musical environment he had yet encountered.

"I was up at Trane's house every day. I'd go there and drink a little peppermint tea or something and he'd be practicing, and show me something,

and say, 'Well, try to play this on the trombone.' That's what life was like then. Now all these guys are gone—I wish I could have gone in his place. Let him stay here and try to deal with this. But as fate will have it, he left me here [laughter]. I would trade with Coltrane any day.

"Not just musically, but as a person, the man was another kind of person. He had reached this place where I am now. I didn't think it was possible to make it, man, and believe me, I know there was bitterness there. He had his way of playing it out; he had reached this spiritual point years ago. He was giving me books like the *Torah* and the *Bhagvad Gita* and stuff like that to read. He was there a long time ago—he was at peace with himself. I was running around with broads and all that stuff and he'd tell me, 'If you ever slow down and put all that energy into music you'd be a hell of a better trombone player.' Now I'm finally getting there, I'm mellowing out. But he was such a beautiful cat."

Not long after arriving in New York, Fuller began to record an enormous quantity of material, much of it now acknowledged as "classic." He was the only trombonist to record with Coltrane (*Blue Train*) and Bud Powell (*The Amazing Bud Powell, Vol. 3*). There were also LPs with Lateef, Burrell, Clifford Jordan, Sonny Clark, Jimmy Smith, Lee Morgan and his own albums for Blue Note and Prestige.

"We did something like three or four sessions a week! There was one day I did three different LPs in one day! It's amazing the way we had the resilience. Everybody—Pepper Adams, all the guys—were doin' it. Those were like the survival days. We'd record for you if you had a company. But those things were done to pay the rent, and for a chance to be heard, since that was the only medium through which we could get some sort of recognition."

In 1959 he recorded several LPs for Savoy (two of which have been reissued as *Curtis Fuller—All-Star Sextets*), and then went on to form a highly acclaimed band with Benny Golson, Art Farmer and McCoy Tyner called the Jazztet. They recorded one LP, *Meet The Jazztet*, before re-organizing that personnel. The record is still heralded as a masterpiece.

"Benny Golson and I had a quintet. That's how it started. He was leaving the Messengers and I was leaving Quincy Jones' band. Anyway, we formed this group and I called it the Jazztet; but there was a little shakeup there. Art Farmer and Golson, being older and the two real musicians of the group, were the power brokers. We got McCoy out of Philadelphia and that made it a sextet. Before that, Lee

Morgan and I had been playing in the John Coltrane sextet, so this was in the works anyway—the jazz sextet.

"I was talkin' to somebody about Moment's Notice [a tune on the *Blue Train* album] and he noticed that a lot of people are playin' those songs now, and I said 'Yeah, but they had 20 years to learn it! When I played it it was on a moment's notice.' Coltrane came around—'Here's the chords, here's the song, play it.' It was amazing that Lee Morgan and I could even keep up."

In the '60s, Fuller led his own group for a while, spent some time with Quincy Jones, and then joined Art Blakey and some of the best jazz Messengers Blakey ever had: Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Cedar Walton and Reggie Workman. During this time Fuller matured as a composer and stylist, but also grew bitter about the business of music and baffled about the lack of attention given to his colleagues and himself and their music.

"In the six or seven years the Blakey band was together we never had an interview with *down beat*. We had no interviews, and we had the most unique group in all of jazz; the first group into Japan, the whole bit. And not one interview."

So Curtis Fuller left Blakey and began, in a sense, to tread water, despite what appears to have been an active career. There were stints with Jimmy Heath, Lionel Hampton, reunions with Dizzy Gillespie and Art Blakey. He joined Count Basie for three years, '74-'77, and met the Queen of England. He took part in jazz study programs at the University of Minnesota and another in Wisconsin, and he recorded with Woody Shaw and Dexter Gordon and Slide Hampton's band of nine trombones.

But as satisfying as all these experiences were, recognition still eludes Fuller. Stimulating work is hard to come by; and one has to wonder just how long he'll have to wait before he's able to find an audience for his own creative drive, to express his own ideas, and not linger in the shadows of past triumphs and present work which he finds mostly tedious and routine.

"Slide is a great musician. You know, he and Dexter and all those people—there was an exodus to Europe and there was a reason for them going in the first place. But now they've returned to open arms, which is beautiful. The world missed them for 15 years or so and now it's a great thing to see them coming back—which I'm glad about. But why did they have to leave in the first place? That's the thing."

When I asked Fuller if he had ever considered joining the expatriates himself, the answer was firm: "I don't even think about that. I didn't go, and whether I should have or not I'll never

know, but I live here. This is the place I know, and where I grew up, and I just didn't feel like I had to go and live in Europe or some place completely foreign to me. At least here I know what people are saying, you know. If I'm gonna get it from the rear or something, at least I'll know it's coming!"

Recently, with Sal Nistico, Fuller recorded an excellent album, *Fire And Filigree* (for Bee Hive Records), and toured Europe with Kai Winding, where they recorded for the Swedish label Sonet. While in Europe, he was also featured with Dave Brubeck's group and he did a concert with Freddie Hubbard. But for the most part, he does "what I'm allowed to do." He's working with Lionel Hampton, again, and with Frank Foster's Loud Minority. "I have something comin' up with the Basie Alumni band. I've been asked to do that. And we got a thing with Dizzy Gillespie comin' up. Like I said, the things that I'm allowed to do, I do.

"Occasionally I'll go to L.A. or Chicago or some place and make a record; somebody'll ask me to be a featured sideman on their date, which is good, you know, and that sustains me. I have my beautiful memories of playing with Trane and all the guys; I've sort of accomplished the things I want. Unfortunately, I can't exploit them. But I've been with Quincy Jones and Gil Evans and I've got a track record that you wouldn't even want to look at. It's cluttered. And I'm thankful; you know, there's been a certain fulfillment. Circumstances being what they are, I feel blessed, even though it hasn't been the happiest of times. But still, once you get through and accomplish some of the things you set out to do in life, regardless of how miniscule they are, it's a certain fulfillment. They can't take that away from you."

Starting his own band is a "beautiful dream that I think we all have. We think about it, but what can we do? We don't own any clubs, we don't own any television or anything, so we do what we can. What we're allowed to do. I've lived in New York for 22 years and since the Blakey days I've worked maybe ten clubs in 15 years, and I live in New York. I have to travel in order to sustain myself. Ninety-nine per cent of the work is out of the country.

"I think what we're missing now is not so much how you play but *what* you play. People forget something Lester Young told me a long time ago—you're talkin' to people. The instrument is an extension of yourself, so you're expressing yourself when you get up there with the instrument. No one's tellin' stories anymore. Everyone's tellin' everybody, 'Hey! I can play higher than you can.' And there's another guy over here sayin', 'I can do this longer than he can.' But nobody's



Collis Davis/Shaida

sayin', 'This is my story—just a beautiful line, a beautiful story.' We're gettin' away from that.

"Hopefully, one day the music business—especially jazz, because that's my first love—will be good for everybody, not just for a few. Just be fair. Let everybody get a chance because if a guy gets a chance to work and play at his trade, he can grow.

"I'd like to see the barriers torn down. If the cat happens to be from Cambodia or somethin', if he can play, let him play. Don't stifle him and slice him out of the gravy because he's not one of the favorite sons.

"All I ever wanted to do was play and make a few bucks. I'm not askin' for much; I don't need much. But I'd like to see more young people—I don't care who they are or where they come from. All the Indian people and in Appalachia and in the mountains of Kentucky; I'd like to see them get their justice, too, as well as the city guy downtown. I mean just be fair to everyone. I'd like to see every little kid get a chance to really do what he wants to do. There might be some kid in Kentucky who might be the very guy to

Continued on page 17

RECORD

REVIEWS

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

KEITH JARRETT

NUDE ANTS—ECM 2-1171: *CHANT OF THE SOIL; INNOCENCE; PROCESSIONAL; OASIS; NEW DANCE; SUNSHINE SONG.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano, timbales, percussion; Jan Garbarek, soprano and tenor saxophones; Palle Danielsson, bass; John Christensen, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SACRED HYMNS—ECM 1-1174: *READING OF SACRED BOOKS; PRAYER AND DESPAIR; RELIGIOUS CEREMONY; HYMN; ORTHODOX HYMN FROM ASIA MINOR; HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY; HYMN; HYMN FOR EASTER THURSDAY; HYMN TO THE ENDLESS CREATOR; HYMN FROM A GREAT TEMPLE; THE STORY OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST; HOLY AFFIRMING—HOLY DENYING—HOLY RECONCILING; EASTER NIGHT PROCESSION; EASTER HYMN; MEDITATION.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano.

★

THE CELESTIAL HAWK—ECM 1-1175: *FIRST MOVEMENT; SECOND MOVEMENT; THIRD MOVEMENT.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano; the Syracuse Symphony, Christopher Keene, conductor.

★ ★ ½

Keith Jarrett has enough personalities to field a baseball team. On first, and batting cleanup, is the solo pianist. At second, third, and shortstop are the quartet leader, the composer, and the organist, respectively.

The outfield is an odd lot. The center fielder thinks fusion is for kids. The right fielder is a closet classical pianist. Out in left field, in more ways than one, stands the man who dabbles in soprano saxophone and various percussive geegaws.

On the mound is Jarrett the mystic. He possesses a bewildering assortment of pitches and blinding speed. For encores he fashions fully-formed songs out of the blue.

Behind the plate crouches the crusader. This Jarrett fought the good fight for the acoustic piano (against the overwhelming odds of the plug-in models) and won.

Except for the organist, the whole team played with mixed results on Jarrett's 1980 releases, *Nude Ants*, *Sacred Hymns* and *The Celestial Hawk*.

Nude Ants is the first live album Jarrett made with his quartet featuring the Scandinavian mafia, Jan Garbarek, Palle Danielsson and John Christensen. It is also the pianist's second in-concert recording at the Village Vanguard. The first was *Fort Yawuh*, a 1973 ABC-Impulse release.

The differences between the Village Vanguard sessions are manifold. In 1973, Jarrett was working with Dewey Redman, Paul Motian and Charlie Haden, contemporaries



who knew of him when he was Charles Lloyd's piano player. They respected his talents, but they never stood in awe of them.

This cannot be said for Garbarek, Danielsson and Christensen. While they are able players—Garbarek's haunting tone and Christensen's subtle backbeats are quite enticing—they are at a disadvantage in dealing with Keith Jarrett, vintage 1980. Today, he is a star. Notoriety has canonized his technique and creative powers. Working with him can be a lesson in inhibition.

So it was for Garbarek, Danielsson, and Christensen. They played well, but they held back—and Jarrett came forth. Thus, *Nude Ants* became a document of his growth as a composer and pianist since the days of *Fort Yawuh*.

Since 1973, Jarrett has given his small-group compositions an ever-increasing lyricism; the oblique passages, the purposely rough transitions are no more. The six selections on *Nude Ants*, particularly *Chant Of The Soil* and the lullaby tone of *Innocence*, operate with a melodic fluidity that begs for lyrics.

These songs are an outgrowth of the on-the-spot compositions Jarrett created for the ECM solo LPs *Facing You*, *Solo Concerts*, *The Koln Concert* and *Sun Bear Concerts*. Those works were tools. The pianist used them to perfect the formats for the Jarrett solo and the Jarrett composition. Structurally they resemble those thunderstorms that turn up in the second acts of Tennessee Williams' better plays. They begin with a soft breeze. A note falls. A gust of enthusiasm brings on a downpour of phrases. This goes on for at least a chorus, continually growing

in intensity. Then the wind dies. The notes fall to a trickle. The piano, the solo, the piece and the listener relax.

There is no precipitation on *Sacred Hymns*. Jarrett's solo piano is as arid as the album's material, hymns dreamed up by the Russian G. I. (George Ivanovich) Gurdjieff. A mystical philosopher whose teachings allegedly influenced Rudyard Kipling, Frank Lloyd Wright and Katherine Mansfield, among others, Gurdjieff composed on the harmonium and guitar. In the 1920s, his hymns were transcribed for piano by his disciple, Thomas de Hartmann. *Sacred Hymns* marks their first appearance on a commercial recording. Why this didn't happen sooner becomes obvious with one listening. Gurdjieff's hymns are joyless affairs. Their dark themes could subtitle the album *Music To Toll Bells By*. An even greater shortcoming is that these pieces reek of rank pedestrianism. Their simplistic harmonies and plodding meters make them akin to those chestnuts of the piano, *Heart And Soul* and *Chopsticks*.

On his next project, *The Celestial Hawk*, Jarrett opted for weightier material. His concerto for piano and orchestra was recorded with the Syracuse Symphony, Christopher Keene conducting. It is a work of great ambition and not-so-great accomplishments.

The *First Movement* behaves according to concerto etiquette. Neither the orchestra nor the pianist is in competition. Yet, the soloist holds his own, thanks to his statements which rise above the orchestra by virtue of their technical and presentational virtuosity.

The aforementioned symbiosis cannot be

found in the *Second* and *Third Movements*. This is not the fault of the pianist or the Syracuse Symphony; the blame rests with the composer. These movements are underdeveloped. Instead of employing originality, Jarrett resorts to those banal devices of 20th century classicism, clangorous discords and startling tempo changes, in a futile attempt at thematic progress.

That is very unfortunate, as *The Celestial Hawk* deserves better. What begins with such promise should not end in such disappointment. —cliff radel

BETTY CARTER

THE AUDIENCE WITH BETTY

CARTER—Bet-Car MK 1003: *SOUNDS (MOVIN' ON); I THINK I GOT IT NOW; CARIBBEAN SUN; THE THOLLEY SONG; EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS; I'LL BUY YOU A STAR; I COULD WRITE A BOOK; CAN'T WE TALK IT OVER; EITHER IT'S LOVE OR IT ISN'T; DEEP NIGHT; SPRING CAN REALLY HANG YOU UP THE MOST; TIGHT; FAKE; SO . . . ; MY FAVORITE THINGS; OPEN THE DOOR.*

Personnel: Carter, vocals; John Hicks, piano; Curtis Lundy, bass; Kenneth Washington, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This live recording shows Betty Carter at her liveliest and most compelling. Reponse among all parties involved is exceptionally alert; Carter's animated, emotionally charged performance receives an enthusiastic reception that encourages her to bait the delighted audience further—with witticism and, apparently, some visual gesturing—and the sidemen flatter her idiosyncrasies, anticipating and following her infallibly.

Standards and new tunes split the bill here. Betty has combined two standards (*Can't We Talk* and *Either It's Love*) and thoroughly reworked others (*Spring*, *Deep Night*, *I Could Write*). She doesn't stay nearly as close to the original forms of each tune as she did as a young singer, and this, in itself, isn't unusual. What is striking is the way she's assimilated those forms as a foundation for a personal language that's increasingly abstract without losing any of its warmth. Carter's early performances were affecting because of their strength and their direct simplicity. Today, Carter's singing is much further outside, and her performances are even more cleanly made (in terms of form) and directly appealing.

Carter has recorded *I Could Write* at several intervals in her career (her recently released *Social Call* (Columbia) features a 1955 recording of the tune) and it's a good model of her development, particularly her slide away from convention. On this date she takes a contemplative look at the tune, fleshing out lines with an utterly relaxed vocal style. She scats for a while before delivering the first line, and when she does sing words, it's as if she were refreshing her memory. Her forays into other parts of the tune are similarly ingenuous and thoughtful.

Betty doesn't show off on this recording,

yet every time I listen to it I am sharply reminded of how consistently inventive she is. She stretches out, distorting rhythms and melodies, always exploring possibilities. On her tune *Sounds (Movin' On)*, which takes up 25 minutes (one whole side), Carter synthesizes her talents for improvisation and structural organization, succeeding in a highly ambitious task. The tune starts out throbbing at a fast clip, then slows down for an extended scatting session that demonstrates Carter's endurance as well as her imagination.

It's hard to imagine a rhythm section that could do better by Carter than the one on this set. Hicks on piano, Lundy on bass and Washington on drums establish absolutely solid time. Tight especially benefits from their talent. The stop-times occurring throughout are heavy with anticipation, buoyed up by the pervasive sense of swing, which complements Carter's singing well. The rhythmic strength of this performance would be enough to recommend it, but Carter's ironic persona is irresistible.

Carter's introduction to *So* ("I'm gonna do a tune now that, y'know, most people don't like to sing about but it's a thing that happens in one's life sometime and not necessarily so but it can happen, y'know, and the name of it is called, so, like, so, what if it does happen? I mean there's nothing you can really do about it, it just happens, y'know what I mean? So here is *So*.") is no preparation for the intense performance she gives it. This is one of her new songs and in it, as in *Fake* and *Open The Door*, Carter treats personal subjects with candor, sidestepping the trite pitfalls into which most songs like this fall. Singing lyrics of this nature, Betty again creates a story line and characters that are thoroughly convincing.

The Audience With Betty Carter is Carter's best effort to date. Her consistently innovative styling backed by this altogether solid rhythm section makes this a classic set. It's being distributed by Rounder Records, of Somerville, Mass. —elaine guregian

WAYNE SHORTER

ETCETERA—Blue Note LT-1056:

ETCETERA; PENELOPE; TOY TUNE; BARRACUDAS; INDIAN SONG.

Personnel: Shorter, tenor sax; Herbie Hancock, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

As with so many of these Blue Note discoveries, the question naturally arises: Why wasn't this music issued soon after it was recorded in 1964? No doubt the answer lies in Shorter's prolificacy back then, for he led one fine recording session after another, and particularly in Grachan Moncur's *Some Other Stuff* (recorded soon after *Etcetera*), tested again the limits of his mastery. Assuredly this album is the major issue to date of the Blue Note Classic series, and the finest session that Shorter led on tenor sax.

In general, these musicians' triumph is

twofold. First is this post-bop rhythm section's self-discovery, for as they join Shorter in ensemble creation, they assert their independence from traditional solo-accompaniment relationships—at a time when their "outside" peers were seeking parallel freedom. Second is Shorter's outstanding improvising, for while the conflicts in his style are not resolved, they are reconciled in a program that's unique for the sustained depth and sensitivity of his tenor saxophone solos.

When Shorter burst on the scene, his tenor style drew particular force from its originality: his aggression, his always surprising structures, his powerful command of all of the elements of improvisation in the midst of spontaneous creation were arguably the high points of Blakey's 1960-'61 recordings. But then he began to incorporate Coltrane phrasing into a style that already shared some of Coltrane's rhythmic characteristics, particularly in the weight of his accenting. With Shorter's immersion in modes, the influence of Coltrane increased: here, *Penelope* is almost a Coltrane ballad, *Indian Song* is a sibling of Trane's *Drum Thing*, and whole passages of *Indian Barracudas* are given to close development of single phrases. Did Coltrane also suggest to Shorter the cyclic structures of these two solos?

Thematic restatements are pivotal in his *Indian* solo, gathering great force from the attendant threat of the drummer; in the title track Shorter also draws on the theme for shaping. The bent note of the *Penelope* theme then proves essential in his solo, and there's an excellent example of Shorter's subtlety of insight when, for the last eight bars of improvisation, his mood suddenly shifts from reflective to extroverted. Rhythmic development is the foremost feature of *Toy Tune*, for over the loping four tempo Shorter's accents are unusually distributed, purposely avoiding one, with even rests separating phrases. The easy surface and optimism of this solo are deceptive, for Shorter's structure here is as compelling as in the more overtly avant garde pieces. The listener is irresistibly caught up in the swirl of his rhythmic tide: the powerful waves of his solos rise and crash around vividly shaped landmarks. There is no more compelling document of Wayne Shorter's gigantic resources of insight and self-awareness.

Crucially, this is an ensemble performance: these tenor solos would have been inconceivable without the incisive participation of the rhythm trio. True, bassist McBee's part is secondary, laying out for much of *Etcetera*, supplying vamps for the last two tracks. Perhaps working in Miles Davis' group with Shorter encouraged Hancock's empathy, but the pianist's concentration of resources in these accompaniments and solos, his one-hand, electric responses that set this session's atmosphere of ambiguity and fearful tension, certainly advance on any Hancock I've heard before. His solos, particularly in *Barracudas* and *Etcetera*, are created with a fine intelligence, with a nervous harmonic movement to complement Shorter's rhythmic intensity. Joe Chambers' fierce performances—the power of

COMING AND/OR RECENT RELEASES



PETER KUHN/GHOST OF A TRANCE/HH1R0 with William Parker and Phillip Wilson Recorded live December 8, 1979/N.Y. with Bill Horvitz, Wayne Horvitz, Mark Miller and Dave Sewelson. Rec. live Febr. 2, 1980/N.Y.



ANDRÉ JAUME/JOE McPHEE HH2R12 feat. RAYMOND BONI TALES AND PROPHECIES Recorded live May 1980/France



STEVE LACY/CAPERS HH2R14 with Ronnie Boykins and Dennis Charles Recorded live December 29, 1979 at Soundscape N.Y.N.Y.

hat Hut Records
Box 127, West Park N.Y. 12493/USA
Box 461, 4106 Therwil/Switzerland

RECORD REVIEWS

Blakey and the explosiveness of Tony Williams—are inspiring throughout: he is the most essential man of this unit. The suspended setting of *Etcetera*, the modulation waves of *Barracudas* (in six), the shape of *Shorter's Indian* solo (in five) provide unique structures for this excellent drummer to provide counterpoint to, or thrash, roll and splash violently against.

As implied, the ingenuity of *Shorter's* heads sets the tone for brilliant playing; the title piece especially predicts an unrelieved atmosphere of dangerous exploration. The Japanese issue of this LP lacks *Toy* but includes a "lost" track from the *Adams Apple* date which moves even farther outside, into a completely alien world of irresolution. Perhaps after all the triumphs of this session, *Shorter* recognized its genuinely frightening implications, for in his subsequent career he has almost never returned to such a threshold. But here, *Shorter* and his marvelously perceptive partners state for once and all their position within the conflicting mainstreams and undertows of jazz.

—john litweiler

EVAN PARKER

AT THE FINGER PALACE—Beak Doctor 3/Metalanguage 101: *FINGERPRINTS PART 1*; *FINGERPRINTS PART 2*.

Personnel: Parker, soprano saxophone.

★★★★★

EVAN PARKER and PAUL LYTTON

RA 1+2—Moers Music 01016: RA 1; RA 2.

Personnel: Parker, saxophones; Lytton, percussion, electronics.

★★★★★

BILL SMITH/DAVID LEE/DAVID PRENTICE

PICK A NUMBER—Onari 004: *Up (A LOVE SONG) FOR CAPTAIN ROBOT*; *LITTLE BOO*; *BONES & GIGGLES*; *INTERLUDES*.

Personnel: Smith, soprano saxophone, soprano saxophone, alto clarinet; Lee, bass, cello; Prentice, violin.

★★★★★

JOHN SURMAN and TONY LEVIN

LIVE AT MOERS FESTIVAL—Moers Music 01006: *ELEMENT OF SURPRISE*; *RESULTING CONFUSION*; *A SOLUTION FOUND*; *JOURNEY IN HOPE*; *SPEEDY PREPARATION*; *A LITTLE GERMAN CLAP AND YOU HAVE IT*.

Personnel: Surman, soprano saxophone, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet, synthesizer; Levin, drums, percussion.

★★★★★

The evolution of jazz has long since superseded geographical boundaries; no longer can our European or Canadian counterparts be counted on only for retreaded traditional forms and phrases. Indeed, many of the

most forward-looking advances of late have been made outside of the U.S.'s spawning ground. England is one such example, having given rise to a number of adventurous, imaginative players who have extended and in some cases erased the lines of demarcation between jazz and other forms of improvisatory and notated music.

Evan Parker is one of England's new music heroes. A veteran of groups such as the Spontaneous Music Ensemble and Company—groups which have explored areas of atonality, microtonality, obscure instrumentation, and freely intuitive musical structure—Parker is an astounding virtuoso saxophonist. But more importantly, like his namesake, Charlie Parker, Evan Parker is an innovator. He is perhaps the only saxophonist, outside of Roscoe Mitchell, actively engaged in forging a post-Parker, post-Coleman, post-Coltrane vocabulary, and the main thrust of his message is, as with all of jazz's evolutionary innovations through the years, a modification of rhythm. Conventional phrases, bar lines, countable measures do not exist in Parker's music; instead, his playing falls into "events" whose varying length and intensity are dependent upon the particular musical context.

However, Parker's "style" is inexorably tied into the physical reality of playing the saxophone and the resources of that instrument—in other words, he posits the development of a virtuoso technique which explores the limits of both the instrument and the human body and which subsequently allows that technique, rather than preconceived musical forms or formulas, to determine the shape and direction of the music. This is not to imply, however, that Parker's music is an endless blaze of speed and high energy; though they play a part, delicacy of design, and a diversity of dynamics, colors and textures are also everpresent concerns.

Parker's music is, quite naturally, strongest and least diluted without the outside emphasis of assisting personnel, and his 45 minute non-stop solo performance at *The Finger Palace* is a remarkable document. The continuous fabric of sound (mainly obtained through Parker's circular breathing) and the extremely concise manipulation of motifs, intervals and individual pitches gives the music a relentless sameness of surface, like an endless waterfall of minimal details—though through the tartness of Parker's tone the effect is as bracing as a shower-spray of needles and pins. Then too, as in the best music of Reich, Glass and Riley, the music's flow is fed through episodes of tension and relaxation under the surface, created by a subtle variety of real notes, reed squeaks, false notes, harmonics, overtones, quasi-feedback sustained drones, slurs, percussive reed and pad effects, and sheer digital dexterity. One hears, or imagines, the chattering of birds, the mournful legato wail of Scottish bagpipe *pibroch*, jaunty dance tunes, and the inhuman intensity and noise of electronic music. Throughout, the strength, humor, intimacy and expansiveness of *Fingerprints* is captivating.

Parker's duet with Paul Lytton is not the devout study of detail which *Fingerprints* demands; Ra 1 and 2 investigate a wider

EARL HINES

GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STL-J11:
*SWEET SUE, JUST YOU; FOUR OR FIVE
 TIMES; EVERY EVENING; SKIP THE GUTTER;
 A MONDAY DATE; NO, PAPA, NO; BEAU
 KOO JACK; WEATHER BIRD; STOWAWAY;
 CAUTION BLUES; I AIN'T GOT NOBODY; 57
 VARIETIES; EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY;
 BLUE DRAG; DOWN AMONG THE
 SHELTERING PALMS; ROSETTA; CAVERNISM;
 HARLEM LAMENT; MAPLE LEAF RAG;
 PIANOLOGY; G.T. STOMP; FATHER STEPS
 IN; PIANO MAN; THE FATHER'S GETAWAY;
 REMINISCING AT BLUE NOTE; ROSETTA;
 BOOGIE WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES;
 DEEP FOREST; NUMBER 19; CHILD OF A
 DISORDERED BRAIN; TANTALIZING A
 CUBAN; JELLY, JELLY; SECOND BALCONY
 JUMP; THRU FOR THE NIGHT; LIFE WITH
 FATHA; 'DEED I DO; BLUES FOR TATUM;
 BRUSSELS' HUSTLE; APEX BLUES; BLUES IN
 THIRDS.*

Personnel: Hines, piano, vocals, celeste;
 reeds: Jimmy Noone, Joe Poston, Jimmy
 Strong, Don Redman, Toby Turner, Lester
 Boone, Cecil Irwin, George Dixon (also
 trumpet), Darnell Howard (also violin),
 Jimmy Mundy (also arranger), Omer Si-
 meon, Budd Johnson (also arranger),
 Leroy Harris, Robert Crowder (also ar-
 ranger), Scoops Carry, William Randall,
 Franz Jackson, Coleman Hawkins, Flip
 Phillips, Curtis Lowe; trumpets: Louis
 Armstrong (also vocal), Shirley Clay,
 George Mitchell, Walter Fuller (also vo-
 cal), Charlie Allen, Milton Fletcher, Ed-
 ward Simms, Harry Jackson, Rostelle
 Reese, Leroy White, Maurice McConnell,
 Jesse Miller, Joe Thomas, Ray Nance (also
 vocal); trombones: Fred Robinson,
 William Franklin, Louis Taylor, Trummy
 Young, Kenneth Stuart, Edward Burke,
 John Ewing, Joe McLewis, Edward Fant,
 George Hunt, Gerald Valentine (also ar-
 ranger); banjo and/or guitar: Bud Scott,
 Nancy Cara, Dave Wilborn, Claude Rob-
 erts, Lawrence Dixon, Hurley Ramey,
 Clifton Best, Teddy Walters, Al Casey;
 tuba: Hayes Alvis; bass: Quinn Wilson,
 Truck Parham, Billy Taylor, Oscar Pet-
 tiford, Al McKibbin, Charles Oden, Gene
 Ramey; drums: Johnny Wells, Zutty Sin-
 gleton, Benny Washington, Wallace
 Bishop, Alvin Burroughs, Rudy Traylor,
 Cozy Cole, Sid Catlett, J. C. Heard, Earl
 Watkins, Eddie Locke; vocal: Billy
 Eckstine.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the history of jazz, Earl Hines has had the longest active career of any major living player. Some 52 years have passed since he made his classic sides with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five in Chicago, and he was playing professionally for seven years before that around his native Pittsburgh with mentor Lois Deppe. A glance through history—well-documented in these pages of Stanley Dance's extensive bio and notes, culled hardly a whit from his definitive *World Of Earl Hines*—shows Hines in innumerable settings; his squinty Ipana grin,

his white meerschaum and raven perruque, his selfless, irrepressible geniality all at home amid the company of greats like Erroll Garner, Count Basie, Satchmo and Teddy Wilson. Among jazz pianists Earl Hines is indeed the Fatha, if not Grandfatha.

With only MCA's Decca reissues and Hines' dates with Armstrong of his first three decades' recordings currently available in this country (RCA retired their Vintage Series' Grand Terrace Sides years ago and the Bluebird *Father Jumps* more recently), an anthology was sorely needed. Over his long career, Hines has recorded over a hundred albums, and perhaps a thousand singles, in all manner of combination and quality of sidemen. Though he never hung on to stars (Duke Ellington advised him to raise them, not hire them), quite a share of greats passed through his organizations, especially in the Grand Terrace Orchestra years (1928-'40) and immediately thereafter: Ray Nance, Trummy Young, Freddie Webster, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie among them. Really, a good corps of capable players was all Hines needed; his virtuosity and energy could carry any band. The task of paring down hundreds of hours to three significant albums for a workable anthology is a prodigious one, and Dance went about it with commendable thoroughness and a dedication that exceeds mere professionalism, going to the source himself, looking over shortlisted tracks and involving Hines in the decision making. The notes are thus full of Hines' wincing, wonderment, rich anecdotes and wry asides. If there is a general shortage in this collection in terms of Hines' career, it would be with his small-group sides of the '60s (with Roy Eldridge or Eddie Duran or Budd Johnson) and Hines' solo renaissance in the '70s—a genre unto itself in piano music—which are plentifully available on Audiophile, Master Jazz Recordings, Chiaroscuro and other labels. The selections included here divide fairly evenly into solo, small group and big band performances.

Combo sides include three quintet tracks with Jimmie Noone, and four sextet cuts and the remarkable, groundbreaking duo *Weather Bird* with Armstrong, all from 1928 and perhaps Hines' last adventures working as sideman. By his 23rd birthday, Hines was fronting a big band which held sway at the Grand Terrace in gangsterland Chicago right through 1940; all 16 big band tracks except a 1940 Eckstine ballad and the '42 flagwaving sendoff to Hines' big band career (*Second Balcony Jump*) date from this era. National NBC radio broadcasts showed America that this band was as swinging as Basie's, and an ear to G.T. Stomp may convince you of the same. Of the 11 solos, four are from 1928 (one QRS, three Okehs), four from 1939; one from 1970 with Hank O'Neal revisits *Blues In Thirds* for an intriguing comparison over 40 years. Dance's order is strictly chronological, which tends to shuffle solos with big band numbers on four sides, emphasizing the feverish genius' orchestral flair and insuperable headlong swing. Hines often carries the band as easily as he does his solo excursions.

gestural range, a greater contrast of moods and timbres. Parker's playing is terser here, filling in the blanks created by Lytton's percussive episodes rather than sustaining a seamless flow, but utilizing the same alternately elastic and brittle, thoroughly tactile tactics. Both pieces involve dramatic juxtapositions of texture—mainly through Lytton's sensitively paced percussion and his evocative, non-exorbitant electronics. *Ra 2* is especially haunting, as Lytton becomes the protagonist in a personal sort of Zen drama—complete with chanting, temple bells and other exotic effects. Parker accompanies with lyrical, song-like inventions.

Like Parker, saxophonist John Surman has been identified with a number of venture-some activities on the English scene, including Brotherhood of Breath, The Trio (with Barre Phillips and Stu Martin), S.O.S. (an ensemble of three saxophonists), and a great deal of solo playing, in addition to appearing on a few recent ECM releases. Surman's musical approach, however, is more dramatic, nearly theatrical, than Parker's, and draws on more recognizable traditional conventions. He will often play little swing-type riffs behind Tony Levin's drum solos, or set up a synthesizer ostinato over which he will build layers of non-referential, disjointed phrases, alternately soaring smoothly or grinding gutterally, which Levin echoes sympathetically or contrasts with thunderous explosions and whispered asides. Though Surman has developed unique voices on each of his instruments, his most distinctive axe is the soprano; thus on *A Solution Found* he can create an energetic flurry of notes and near-Moroccan melisma reminiscent in tone and attack of Dewey Redman's musette, and on *A Little German* can fashion an exhaustive, lucidly paced series of thematic variations on a simple, charming folkish melody.

The ringer in this rash of releases is the album from Canada, *Pick A Number*. Unlike the other three recordings under consideration, this music is a result of a pure ensemble sensibility, close interaction (and occasionally imitation) of parts, and the use of formal (notated) and informal compositional devices. Each player exhibits flexible and communicative chops, and together they have developed a telepathic responsiveness which combines the spontaneity and looseness of intuitive reaction with the precision and clarity of preconceived notions. The four compositions, all by reedman Smith, exploit rhapsodic moods without resorting to lushness—the often spiky instrumentation won't allow it, and Smith's construction calls for a change of color or texture as soon as complacency begins to set in. The music is often heavily contrapuntal, as in the imitatively miniscule rhythmic overlapping of voicings on *Bones & Giggles*, and the wry string accompaniment to Smith's Hemphill or Lake-like soprano in *Interludes*. Elsewhere, Lee impresses with the anchor-like solidity of his bass lines, as does Prentice with his mosquito-phrased violin forays. Still, this is an ensemble, and their success is measured by the intimate and intriguing solutions they find for Smith's inquisitive structures. —art lange

RECORD REVIEWS

After the first scratchy, sleepy chorus of Sweet Sue with Noone, Hines leaps to the fore and commences to wail horn-like with daring right hand octaves and tremolos, hardly ever resorting to straight stride even behind horn solos. And from there on, he never lets up: indefatigable, restless, persistently inquisitive and inventive, often getting himself out on limbs from which he can barely return. Incredible how much even the earliest tracks show of that elfin sprightliness, rhythmic sophistication and vagabond verve—not diminished in Hines the septagenarian! Hines seems to have sprung full grown as an artist from his Pittsburgh days.

On the Armstrong tracks, Hines proves a restless chameleon, comping straight rhythm behind the band and reaching out in his scintillating, rollocking style on solos, behind Armstrong's vocal on Monday Date, or firing him to a similarly superb, dashing chorus on Beau Koo Jack. And if you haven't heard Weather Bird, well, get ready for some matchless sparring between heavyweights: the quintessential encounter of Hines and Armstrong in duo stands as one of the all-time wonders of collective improvisation. There follow four solos from the same year which show Hines to be even more capricious and quixotic when left to his own devices, characteristics which strongly presage his later tremendous solo productivity. Hines still confronts a keyboard as a *tabula rasa* on which not even he has an inkling of what he will draw next; no wonder his admirers are legion and his imitators none.

As for quibbles: there seems to be no reason why Budd Johnson, a distinguished and dear Hines associate over the years, is allowed but two brief, albeit top-notch, solos (*Father Steps In* and *Second Balcony*); he does pull down a couple of arranger credits, too, notably the altercationous Number 19. And it's hard to imagine why, in a scholarly effort such as this, track timings were not included. But the plusses are numerous. I'd heard the Rosetta (Hines' most popular number ever) with Walter Fuller's mellow vocal, but never the three minute 1939 piano solo, a particularly zesty and vivacious one. If you thought two hands of Hines bewildering, check the overdubs on *Apex Blues*. And the stories Hines tells are almost worth the price of admission themselves: how Eubie Blake bullied him into getting out of Pittsburgh, how Hines got the monicker "Fatha" at the tender age of 25, how Al Capone took a "proprietary interest" in his well being and had him escorted by thugs. This collection is an indispensable document of one of the most formidable American musicians of our century.

—fred bouchard

SAM RIVERS

CONTRASTS—ECM 1-1162: *CIRCLES*; *ZIP*; *SOLACE*; *VERVE*; *DAZZLE*; *IMAGES*; *INES*.

Personnel: Rivers, soprano and tenor saxophones, flute; George Lewis, trombone; Dave Holland, bass; Thurman Barker, drums, marimba.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

A Sam Rivers studio recording is usually a

different affair from a Rivers live performance. In concert Rivers and his groups let loose a spontaneous stream of ideas, thoughts and feelings that flash out like lightning, with array and depth. The empathy among his musicians is complete and allows them to communicate their true essences without having to worry about making that expression more palatable to their audience. The genuine honesty in the music itself communicates its integrity.

Where a Rivers live performance comes at you in a torrent of sound, his studio recordings allow you to hear compositional and textural sense that appears to be self-generating in concert. Rivers' music for most of the last decade has been concerned with creating moods and fleeting impressions, and his one word titles reflect this. *Sizzle*, *Streams*, *Pulse* and *Crystals* are some of the word associations that Rivers has strewn across recent discs. A quick glance at this album's titles reveals the same direction.

The contrasts of the album's title lie not only in the juxtaposition of the songs but within the songs themselves. Dazzle is a kinetically charged piece driven by the thrusting rhythms of Thurman Barker, a drummer who gives Rivers an earthier dimension than did his predecessor, Barry Altschul, without sacrificing any fluidity. Lewis, and Rivers on tenor lash around him like the fire trail around a comet. The density of their performance is thrown into relief when Dave Holland takes over for a fast paced bass solo that leads into Barker's spare drum segment, performed and recorded with an ear towards spatial placement and sonic depth.

Images creates an aura of mournful desolation with electronic overtones made from gurgling percussion, foghorn trombone, and Rivers' soprano that seems to cry into the night. It is quickly followed by *Lines*, which rips the ground out from under one with an initially stuttering rhythm and finally takes off to propel the listener down a twisting flight line where solos become fluttering images that wash into long streams too fast for one's inner eyes to follow.

Rivers' solos on this record are brilliant vignettes compared to his long extrapolations in concert, where in the course of a set he puts his saxes down only so as to switch to flute or piano. As one of our leading improvisors, his versatility is exemplified by his ability to condense his work without yielding any intensity. The sprinting tenor foray on *Zip* and the lilting flute on the calypso-tinged *Verve* are open ended enough to suggest Rivers' expansiveness of thought, but are also finely focused.

Like Cecil Taylor's, Sam Rivers' music hasn't changed much on the surface in the last 15 years, but the territory that each has discovered is so wide-ranging and personal that new facets are always being revealed. And Rivers always finds musicians who thrive on the challenge of his vision, such as Barker and longtime associate Holland, who continues to navigate his bass through the most treacherous pathways. Trombonist George Lewis seems to have a little trouble maintaining a front-line position with Rivers, yet still serves, too, as a conversant

foil. With *Contrasts*, Sam Rivers continues a legacy that you can trust. —john diliberto

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

THE RIVER—Columbia PCV2 36854: *THE TIES THAT BIND*; *SHERRY DAWLING*; *JACKSON GAGE*; *TWO HEARTS*; *INDEPENDENCE DAY*; *HUNGRY HEART*; *OUT ON THE STREET*; *YOU CAN LOOK (BUT YOU BETTER NOT TOUCH)*; *CRUSH ON YOU*; *I WANNA MARRY YOU*; *THE RIVER*; *POINT BLANK*; *CADILLAC RANCH*; *I'M A ROCKER*; *FADE AWAY*; *STOLEN CAR*; *RAMROD*; *THE PRICE YOU PAY*; *DRIVE ALL NIGHT*; *WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY*.

Personnel: Springsteen, vocals, electric six and 12-string guitars, harmonica, piano; Roy Bittan, piano, organ, background vocals; Clarence Clemons, tenor saxophone, percussion, background vocals; Danny Federici, organ; Garry Tallent, bass; Steve Van Zandt, electric and acoustic guitars, background vocals; Max Weinberg, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Amid the sycophants and parasites of a rock star's retinue and a music press heavy with idolators, Bruce Springsteen has worn blinders to fame. Five years after Columbia Records' advertising avalanche landed him on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, he still gobbles junk food, plays pinball and paints everyday life with an insight that both confirms and belies his lowbrow side.

Like author Studs Terkel, playwright William Inge and artist Edward Hopper, Springsteen deals in the poignant ordinariness of blue collar America. *The River* follows his obsession with the flawed ideal of everlasting love and marriage, and the album could have borrowed the title of Terkel's latest book—*American Dreams: Lost And Found*. Through the prisms of adulthood ("Now I believe in the end") and Roman Catholic sin ("You can't break the ties that bind"), Springsteen looks for the fantasy but sees only the reality: pregnant girlfriends, welfare mothers, husbands on the lam. The truth drives him to despair, desertion and murder.

The River is a serious album, but without the unrelenting pathos of 1978's *Darkness On The Edge of Town*. Tracing relationships from horny courting to loveless routine, Springsteen allows himself the leeway to balance sorrow with ecstasy and ballad with rocker. Like a geneticist mating strands of DNA, he recombines influences and co-evolutionists ranging from Jay and the Americans and Carl Perkins to Dave Edmunds and the New York Dolls. If there is a signature sound to *The River*, it is the tightly laced rhythm, simple beat, roaring sax and cresting roller rink organ of '50s rock, all spun to the manic acceleration of New Wave and recorded with deliberate murkiness.

The music provides both relief and disguise, for Springsteen grafts sobering lyrics onto his most irresistibly danceable music. The poppish, crooned *Hungry Heart*, for instance, opens with, "Got a wife and kids in Baltimore, Jack/I went out for a ride and I never went back." The woman Spring-

RECORD REVIEWS

steen woos in the Tex-Mex *I Wanna Marry You* isn't a seductive stranger, but a divorcee with kids. Even on *Ramrod*, the most lascivious song he's recorded (its title is evidence), Springsteen looks for the one-night stand who'll last a lifetime. From the back seat, he'll take her down the aisle.

There is little disguise or deception, though, at the core of *The River*—which is the title song and *Point Blank*. In placement, the two songs occupy the center of the album (end of side two, start of three), and they stand as the clearest and most chilling statements of a believer betrayed.

The River is quintessentially American. Springsteen's reedy harmonica and straw voice, and Steve Van Zandt's lonely acoustic guitar, echo the Appalachian folk tradition; the lyrics harken to Inge's slice of working class lifelessness, *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Springsteen never may write a stanza better than this: "Then I got Mary pregnant/And, man, that was all she wrote/And for my 19th birthday I got a union card and a wedding coat/We went down to the courthouse/And the judge put it all to rest/No wedding day smiles, no walk down the aisle/No flowers, no wedding dress." By its end, *The River* touches more than domestic foundations: Springsteen invokes the ancient symbol of renewal and fertility, but in his fairyland gone awry, the torrents run dry.

Point Blank is the story of a murder, allegorical and perhaps real—the point remains vague. In his former lover, Springsteen finds the embodiment of surrender, a person he asks, "Did you forget how to love,

girl/Or did you forget how to fight?" Violence is preferable to atrophy in Springsteen's view, and to destroy acquiescence he must destroy her. Singing above Roy Bittan's piano with a weary deadpan delivery that sinks into sick, slurred dreaminess on the final verse, Springsteen narrates the killing he condones, if not commits. It doesn't make him laudible; it does make him honest.

And if, on *Point Blank*, Springsteen buys into rock and roll's traditional contempt for women, elsewhere he accepts blame and begs penance. The narrator of *Stolen Car*—his own love fading, impotent to impart tenderness—drives the streets waiting to get caught but never does: sin without absolution.

But Springsteen balances his dark urges with his most exuberant, throughout the album and on each of its four sides. From *Point Blank* he makes the quantum jump to the rockabilly *Cadillac Ranch*. With Max Weinberg battering out the beat as if he used baseball bats instead of drumsticks, Springsteen unleashes a break of high double-stops, Bittan bangs out some rollicking barroom piano, and saxophonist Clarence Clemons grabs the melody to wail with hoarse delight. *Out On The Street*, an ode to nothing more profound than the weekend, may be the best instrumental work on the album. It certainly contains the finest few seconds—Springsteen primally screaming, "I'll be waiting for you," and yanking out the last word until Clemons bursts in with a huge toned solo.

The River, however, isn't perfect. Spring-

steen pays for the unity of his vision in redundancy and misplacement. *The Price You Pay* emerges as a general treatise on selling out that is more reconcilable to *Darkness On The Edge Of Town* than the marital concerns of *The River*. And even considered separately, the plaintive song pales in strength next to its guitar-driven, feedback-laced kin on *Darkness*. *Wreck On The Highway*, the final song on *The River*, is an unnecessary anticlimax. Springsteen wants to bring the album full circle with his pledge of commitment of love, tattered, fragile and transient as it is. But he can't possibly say that better than he does in his guttural, shredded, animal cries of "Heart and soul" that close *Drive All Night*, the song preceding *Wreck*. He would better have ended *The River* then; nothing could sum up with greater eloquence.

The River gives three, perhaps three and a half, sides of vintage Springsteen, which is to say the best in current rock 'n' roll. Without the expectations raised by critical garlands and past performances, one would dwell less on the few shortcomings. In time, the stakes, the sometimes mindless adulation [a la Grateful Dead-heads] may imprison Springsteen by closing off his chances for risk and idiosyncrasy; the demands of arena crowds already show signs of pushing Springsteen into standardized, if still emotional, performances. Just bar the studio doors when Springsteen's inside, so he never hears how very good he is. It could ruin him.

—sam freedman

ALBERTA HUNTER

AMTRAK BLUES—Columbia 36430:

DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL; NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT; I'M HAVING A GOOD TIME; ALWAYS; MY HANDY MAN AINT HANDY NO MORE; AMTRAK BLUES; OLD FASHIONED LOVE; SWEET GEORGIA BROWN; A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND; I'VE GOT A MIND TO RAMBLE.

Personnel: Hunter, vocals; Gerald Cook, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Jackie Williams, drums; Billy Butler, guitar; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Frank Wess, tenor sax, flute; Norris Turney, tenor sax, clarinet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Alberta Hunter's return to action is one of recent years' major jazz events. It's more than just the rediscovery of a 60 year veteran and recording pioneer who's sung with greats such as King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, because Hunter projects better than most singers from any age bracket. The infectious energy and humor that she puts into the jazz, blues and cabaret tunes on *Amtrak Blues* set a high standard of performance for all who follow.

Alberta's singing style might best be described as declamatory. Many lines are spoken more than sung, and she's given to exhorting the band with saucy comments as "I'm gonna take my shoes off, my feet hurt." Hunter's voice is clear and full, fairly deep, and her range is somewhat limited. What sets her apart is charisma and sly wit, an

Finally, a student cymbal that's
HARD TO BEAT
 Introducing **STUDIO 200**
 exclusively from Drums Unlimited, Inc.

ALL THE COLOR, TONE AND RESPONSE OF THE FINEST PROFESSIONAL CYMBALS. AT HALF THE PRICE.

Unlike his "brass" and "woodwind" band compatriots, the student percussionist has traditionally had a most extreme decision to make when purchasing cymbals: an excessively-steep price or a totally inadequate sound. There has simply been no "middle" alternative.

Now, Drums Unlimited, through an exclusive arrangement with the world's largest manufacturer of quality cymbals and gongs, has developed a student-priced, professional-quality cymbal that produces the same fast, explosive sound and feel previously available only with

the most expensive brands. Truly, the only characteristic lacking the STUDIO 200 SERIES is the potential for the highest volume levels required by the adult professional.

When price must be considered, the STUDIO 200 SERIES offers a lower priced alternative without sacrificing the quality of sound.

Available as Drum Set and Suspended Crash and Ride cymbals; Hi-Hat and Concert pairs. Write or call for complete availability and pricing information. Retailer/Jobber/Wholesale Inquiry Invited.



Drums unlimited® inc.

Since 1962, Percussion Merchants to the World

4928 St. Elmo Ave., Bethesda, Md. 20014 (301) 654-2719

Send today for your copy of the PERCUSSION PUBLICATIONS CATALOG . . . the most complete, up-to-date listing of percussion music and methods available. Send \$2.50 for the PERCUSSION PUBLICATIONS CATALOG . . . refundable on your first \$10 order.

RECORD REVIEWS

exquisitely personable—yet hip and assertive—sense of phrasing and delivery. It's as if her voice was grinning and winking at you, while the blue tunes come straight from the heart. The "classic blues" and vaudeville roots are obvious, but Hunter's presentation is anything but dated.

Alberta is backed here by some of New York's finest mainstream players, including various Ellington/Basie alumni and elder statesmen Doc Cheatham and Vic Dickenson. Led by Gerald Cook's sparkling, sensitive piano, the band cooks with relaxed confidence giving Hunter plenty of sturdy, swinging support. Though the program spans several decades of composition, the tunes are all distilled into one fresh, cohesive concept. The set is loose, charts are minimal, and John Hammond's low profile, spontaneous production is very effective, with the feel of a live nightclub performance. While all the players do a fine job, Cheatham's growls on *Handy Man* and Butler's chording on *Mind To Ramble* are two especially apt instrumental touches. Butler was cooking 25 years ago with his classic solo on Bill Doggett's *Honky Tonk*.

This fun set rarely flags, though a few less chestnuts might have been chosen. *Darktown*, *Mind To Ramble*, *Handy Man* and *I'm Having A Good Time* are some of the best numbers, along with the title cut. *Amtrak Blues* is a Hunter original about a man so mean "he even pawned the Holy Bible just to get his Amtrak railroad fare." Alberta threatens that when she finds him she's going to "crack his head and drink his blood like wine." If I were him I'd start wearing a hard hat. I think she means business.

—ben sandmel

STEELY DAN

GAUCHO—MCA 6102; *BABYLON SISTERS*; *HEY NINETEEN*; *GLAMOUR PROFESSION*; *GAUCHO*; *TIME OUT OF MIND*; *MY RIVAL*; *THIRD WORLD MAN*.

Personnel: Donald Fagen, lead vocals, synthesizer, electric piano; Walter Becker, guitar, bass; Bernard Purdie, Steve Gadd, Jeff Porcaro, Rick Marotta, drums; Chuck Rainey, Anthony Jackson, bass; Rob Mounsey, piano; Steve Khan, Hugh McCracken, Mark Knopfler, Hiram Bullock, Rick Derringer, Larry Carlton, guitars; Patrick Rebillot, Joe Sample, Don Grolnick, electric piano; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; Michael Brecker, Dave Tofani, Tom Scott, tenor sax; Tom Scott, Lyricon; Ronnie Cuber, baritone sax; David Sanborn, alto sax; George Marge, Walter Kane, bass clarinet; Ralph MacDonald, Crusher Bennett, Victor Feldman, Nicholas Marrero, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

There has always been a sort of counterpoint at work in Steely Dan albums. To put it mildly, their lyrics tend to deal with rather seamy subject matter. And strangely enough, these sordid observations are accompanied by some of the most elegantly structured, cleanly executed music rock and roll has yet produced. On second thought, maybe that's not so strange after all—in its own way, the *Polo Lounge* is probably a lot sleazier than

your corner tavern, even if it does serve a better martini.

Well, strange or not, this counterpoint has never been more pronounced than on *Gaucht*. The overall theme here appears to be decadence of the Southern California variety, including your old favorites: drug procurement, sale, use and abuse; non-scheduled sex practices; paranoia and violence. All these, of course, are handled with the usual Steely Dan cynical detachment (attachment?), wit and literacy. But when the lyrics are joined up with the remarkably rich yet economical music here, something marvelous happens—you get an actual work of art that really evokes a time and place. You get a clear emotional picture of affluent Hollywood '80 with all its menacing seductions intact. In this sense, *Gaucht* is rock and roll's *Day Of The Locust*.

It's hard to say just how or why the actual music contributes to this tableau. I'd start by suggesting that Fagen and Becker have been consistently in the forefront in their efforts to fully, skillfully orchestrate with basic rock band tools. And, to these ears anyway, *Gaucht* is their best work in this direction. The textures seem spare and uncluttered on first listenings. But sooner or later, one notices how these instruments (notably guitars, synthesizers and horn section) are working with and against each other—overlapping here, reinforcing there, offsetting, complementing, blending. And the electronic voices have seldom been played

more expressively—check Fagen's wry, mocking synthesizer tone on *Nineteen* or the imaginative organ/synthesizer interplay on *Rival*.

Certain hipsters might quibble: "Expressive my ass! How can anything that slick be expressive?" Well, to get a sense of jaded wisdom like that found on *Babylon Sisters*, you have to be slick—the tune's easy-going swing, smooth backing vocals, sophisticated chord movements, precise, punchy horn and rhythm sections are all parts of the message. It's slick and seductive, sure, but so is the scene it portrays.

Someone has called *Glamour and Nineteen* "sanitized funk." Again, one can only argue that the tunes are not supposed to work as "funk" per se (what a stupid, overworked word—concept—that has become anyway). They're satirical, sophisticated views of drug pushing and modern lechery, subjects that demand some stylistically thoughtful musical accompaniment. They get it, too—Khan works out some very pretty jazz runs against Scott's well modulated horn arrangement on *Glamour*; Fagen's electric piano on *Nineteen* provides sharp, saucy interjections.

The title cut here, as on *Aja*, represents a peak in rock band orchestration. For starters, it's a nice tune to work with—halting, syncopated, melodic. Scott and Fagen's gospelly tenor/piano intro motif recurs throughout the piece (sounds like Keith Jarrett and Jan Garbarek on *Belonging*), building up to a



Billy Cobham doesn't have four hands, he just sounds like it.

Billy's two hands hold the all new **pro-mark** drumsticks. They help him sound better. And **pro-mark** can help you sound better, too.

Sold by the best music stores around the world.

pro-mark
10710 Craighead
Houston, Texas
77025



Baldwin

Adam Makowicz' Accompanist

AMERICA'S OLDEST AND LARGEST EXCLUSIVE PERCUSSION CENTER

FRANKS DRUM SHOP, INC.

Complete stock of famous name brand percussion instruments and accessories
Owned and operated by Maurie Lishon
18 Years staff percussional CBS-WBBM Chicago
226 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60605
922-8761 922-1300

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Great Jazz LPs.

DEXTER GORDON: *Bebop Revisited, Vol. 1* (F. Navarro) \$7.98
SAM MOST: *Flute Talk* (w. Joe Farrell) \$7.98
SLIDE HAMPTON: *World of Trombones* (C. Fuller) \$6.98
THE SINGERS UNLIMITED: *Just in Time* \$6.98
BILL WATROUS COMBO: *Watrous in Hollywood* (D. Stiles, J. Romano, R. Tompkins, J. Heard, R. Capp) \$7.98
Foreign Orders add \$2.00 postage. U.S. funds only.
Send for free Vintage/Contemporary Jazz catalog:

MUSICAL CONCEPTS
Box 53DB2 Cedarhurst, N.Y. 11516

down beat MARCH, 1981 issue on sale February 19, 1981

forceful, exhilarating instrumental bridge (featuring Brecker's Mexicali trumpet, strengthened by Khan's tastefully distorted guitar), eventually trailing off into a wailing sax break. It's deceptively simple, perfectly executed, and makes its point.

The various soloists come off pretty well on *Gaucho*, and it's largely a matter of context. Larry Carlton's stinging, beautifully conceived solo on *Third World*, for example, may be the best thing he's ever done—an undeniably moving rock guitar solo. But its power is certainly redoubled by the darkness of the lyrics, melody and structure of the tune, one of the most chilling pieces of rock and roll to come along in quite a while.

Actually, the whole album is pretty chilling. It's tightly controlled, contrived, technically brilliant rock music. It's not a loose blowing session in any sense; any listener will have a hard time "boogieing down" on this one. But, for those who can connect with it emotionally, it's one of the more rewarding pieces of pop music on the market these days. It ought to be; it costs a buck extra. —tim schneckloth

MARIAN McPARTLAND

AT THE HICKORY HOUSE—Savoy SJL 2248: *LULLABY OF BIRDLAND*; *A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE*; *LIMEHOUSE BLUES*; *IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON*; *MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT*; *HALLELUJAH*; *IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING*; *WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE*; *THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU*; *WILLOW WEEP FOR ME*; *A FINE ROMANCE*; *LULLABY IN RHYTHM*; *OUR LOVE IS HERE TO STAY*; *A FOGGY DAY*; *SEPTEMBER SONG*; *I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING*; *MANHATTAN*; *AUNT HAGER'S BLUES*; *ONCE IN A WHILE*; *LOVE YOU MADLY*; *SQUEEZE ME*; *LIZA*; *LAURA*; *EMBRACEABLE YOU*.

Personnel: McPartland, piano; Max Wayne (cuts 1-7, 13), Bob Carter (8-12), Vinne Burke (14-24), bass; Mousie Alexander (1-6), Mel Zelnick (7, 13), Joe Morello (8-12, 14-24), drums.

★ ★ ½

PORTRAIT OF—Concord Jazz CJ-101: *TELL ME A BEDTIME STORY*; *IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND*; *NO TRUMPS*; *WIND FLOWER*; *I WON'T DANCE*; *SPRING CAN REALLY HANG YOU UP THE MOST*; *MATRIX*; *TIME AND TIME AGAIN*.

Personnel: McPartland, piano; Jerry Dodgion, alto sax; flute; Brian Torff, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

After some five years in the U.S., playing in a dixie group with Beiderbecke-influenced cornetist (and husband) Jimmy McPartland, English-born Marian McPartland struck out on her own and on Feb. 2, 1952, she opened with her own trio at the Hickory House on 52nd Street, where she remained throughout the '50s.

Eleven weeks after opening there she recorded the first of these sides, which end with 11 tunes recorded live at the club in October of 1953, 18 months later. (For some

reason the tunes from the three studio dates, which comprise the first record of this two-disc set, are not programmed in full chronological order.)

Even on the earliest of these sides, with the somewhat stiff drumming of Zelnick and Jimmy McPartland alumnus Alexander, McPartland's playing is surprisingly fluent and swinging, even if her sense of rhythm is too steady and even. There's a smooth, continuous flow of ideas on the swinging *Limehouse Blues* and the warm *A Fine Romance*.

She swings much more on the later recordings, displaying a better sense of time and even creating some rhythmic tension, as on *Hager's Blues*. The delicate touch and loose feel of the drumming of Morello (who after three years left her in '56 to join Brubeck) is obviously a contributing factor. Her *Liza* lacks the free-wheeling exuberance of Hines, but still swings, and she gets a nice, swinging, medium tempo groove going on the six-minute treatment of Ellington's *Love You Madly*, even crisply trading fours with Morello. (Burke, the best, most sensitive and full toned bassist of the three, takes a warm, throbbing solo on this and many other tunes.)

It is on ballads where McPartland's playing, especially her harmonies, is the most lacking. There are some rich harmonies on *Willow*, and some effectively dark chords on *Thing Called Love*, but the other ballads all receive similar "cocktailish" approaches, so that what should be strong, distinctive ballads, such as *Laura*, *Moonlight In Vermont* and *September Song*, are little different than such pop throwaways as *Paper Moon* and *Once In A While*.

McPartland, while playing in the late '40s, listened to Powell, Tatum and other contemporary pianists. Their influences can be heard in her long flowing bop lines on *Lullaby Of Birdland* and her use of octaves on several tunes, including *Squeeze Me*. It's a technique she retains today.

McPartland, of course, is always tasteful, even when there is a lack of mature imagination. But at best these 24 performances are pleasant, more enjoyable for their time and place than their intrinsic musical content.

Portrait displays how McPartland still listens to much of what is going on. While still solidly rooted in jazz of the '20s and '30s, she has a feeling for much of what is happening today. Her playing is filled with thick chords, rich harmonies, sensitively phrased melodic lines and rhythms that can take angular twists as well as swing with a firm but loose pulse.

Although McPartland recorded in 1977 with an all-woman bop quintet, her recordings with horns have otherwise been in a dixie setting with Jimmy. Here, thanks to Concord president Carl Jefferson who suggested adding a sax, we have a very sympathetic Dodgion. McPartland's own choice. (Dodgion had arranged her *Ambiance* for Thad and Mel when he was a member of the Jones/Lewis band.)

To show how far back her appreciation of Dodgion goes: it was she and not he who remembered the reed player's funky, slightly

RECORD REVIEWS

boppish *No Trumps*. On this tune, as on the other six cuts where he appears, Dodgion plays in a modern, straightahead style. McPartland is more "far out," imbuing the funk with touches of dissonance, turning the swing into angular rhythms, which she also does as she pushes Hancock's swinging *Bedtime Story* away from its opening lightness.

She opens Corea's *Matrix* with thick layers of nervous energy that are turned to mellowness by Dodgion's wailing alto solo. It builds in intensity, leading to a tight drum solo.

More traditional swing is represented by Kern's *I Won't Dance*, although McPartland rocks it with heavy, rolling bass notes. Dodgion's alto sings with bright, warm phrasing and Torff displays the speed with which he can throw around a melody as he reaches up and down the scale.

Sadness fills her handling of *Spring* but Dodgion's playing is too pretty, missing the sorrow and regret of this song with an absence of blue notes and cries. McPartland, emphasizing the bitter points, repeats phrases with firm persistence. She certainly knows and understands the lyrics, something that also is obvious with her solo performance of Rodgers and Hart's *Never Entered My Mind*. ("You'll probably play a much better solo after you've seen the lyric," she told her frequent bassist, Steve LaSpina, when he wanted to learn the song.) She plays the melody without variation, but it is stated with such poignancy and accompanied by such lovely, anguished rich harmonies that it is a very special and original statement, done with unique sensitivity and eloquence.

Dodgion trades his alto sax for flute on McPartland's *Time* and Sara Cassey's *Wind Flower*, both bright medium swinging pieces in mellow moods, but with stronger rhythm, especially in the pianist's comping, on *Time*.

There is much to praise on this album, and nothing really to fault, though one wishes for a more modern horn player so that the two could travel farther together, stretching out both time and ideas.

—jerry de muth

DAVE MCKENNA

GIANT STRIDES—Concord CJ 99: *IF DREAMS COME TRUE; YARDBIRD SUITE; WINDSONG; DAVE'S BLUES; I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING; LOVE LETTERS; CHEERUP; LULU'S BACK IN TOWN; WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME; UNDERDOG.*

Personnel: McKenna, piano.

★ ★ ★ ½

NO BASS HIT—Concord CJ 97: *BUT NOT FOR ME; IF DREAMS COME TRUE; LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY; DRUM BOOGIE; I LOVE YOU SAMANTHA; I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER; EASY TO LOVE; GET HAPPY.*

Personnel: McKenna, piano; Scott Hamilton, tenor sax; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

The piano is the ultimate instrument for the jazz musician. The alternatives it offers are about as close to unlimited as one instru-

ment can get. It has the range of a flute, a bass. It can encompass the energy of a clarinet or sax. It can suggest the fullness of an orchestra. And the skilled musician who sits before it is naturally inclined to explore as many of these alternatives as he can master. Surely variety and diversity are admirable accomplishments of technique, however, they sometimes come at the expense of clarity of style. This is particularly apparent when you look at other pianists in terms of the needle sharp simplicity of detail in any given four bars of music played by Dave McKenna.

There is a singlemindedness to his playing that is unique. The engine that powers it is his right hand, which flicks off long, assertive strings of eighth notes in an immaculate pulsation of even accents. The pattern is uninterrupted by arpeggios, frills, triplets, octaves, chords, silences and dynamic variations. Only occasional quarter notes placed squarely on top of the beat break the sequence. Instead of such conventional ornamentation, there is a lean, disciplined drive which draws its power from its unremitting evenness and strength. His touch is swift and superbly decisive. Fingers attack each note like a hammer attacks a nail. His lines never dissolve or ramble into *cul de sacs*; they end as vigorously as they begin. Moreover, his left hand never contradicts his right.

Tunes like *Dreams Come True* and *Lulu* from the *Giant Strides* solo album are typical. McKenna underpins himself with a rolling 4/4 pulse for a chorus or two before falling suddenly into an almost cathartic two beat stride gait. And if Charlie Parker bopized swing staples like *I Got Rhythm* and *Honeysuckle Rose*, McKenna reverses the process just as effectively by recasting a bebop anthem like *Yardbird Suite* in a pure swing idiom.

McKenna's turn of mind and hand works most effectively at middle and fast tempos. He is an accomplished blues player as well (*Dave's Blues*), although a less distinctive one. On ballads like *Underdog* and *Wind-song*, the key elements of his style are inclined to fade into the pleasant exile of anonymity.

McKenna's power is combative. In the role of soloist, he is essentially shadow boxing. Like all great soloists, McKenna thrives in the camaraderie of the ensemble. And his company in *No Bass Hit* (just drums and no bass, get it?) is formidable. Scott Hamilton's clarity and swing are well matched with McKenna's, and Jake Hanna puts a nice snap under it all, without ever taking too much control. There's another version of *If Dreams Come True*, this one faster than McKenna's solo version. Hanna keeps it swinging hard. Hamilton's modulation in the last chorus is an effective tension stretching device. *Drum Boogie* showcases Hanna in a relatively restrained drum solo, which makes up in subtlety what it lacks in wham-bam fireworks. McKenna's muscular logic beautifully interlocks with Hamilton's in a chorus of fours on *Write Myself*. Get Happy makes for a flag waving finale.

To the extent that Hamilton is better suited to dominate a ballad performance, it tends to

ONLY 27¢ A SESSION!

Get Dozens Of Sessions With The Pros

Here's your opportunity to meet with the top pros every month. A full year of **down beat** gives you dozens and dozens of sessions with the top professionals for only 27¢ a session.

Only **down beat** keeps you current and well-informed about every aspect of contemporary music.

Every monthly issue is fact-filled with Pro Sessions with the world's top professionals... interviews with the world's outstanding musicians who share their knowledge and experience with you... the most useful information about contemporary music available anywhere.

Plus: in every issue you'll get record reviews, business of music news, caughts, new equipment reviews, profiles, blindfold tests, city scene, transcriptions... and a great deal more.

down beat is for all players—any level, any instrument.

Don't miss any of the exciting and informative sessions coming up.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

and start your sessions with the Pros
FOR ONLY 27¢ A SESSION!

down beat/subs

222 W. Adams St. • Chicago, Il. 60606

I want to stay informed and get my sessions with the pros. Start my subscription for one year (12 issues), only \$13.00.

payment enclosed new renew

\$13.50 1-year—U.S.A.

\$17.00 1-year—Foreign & Canada

CHARGE MY

VISA MASTER CHARGE

CARD NO. _____

EXP. DATE _____

CARDHOLDER SIGNATURE _____

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Maher Publications, Inc.
(checks drawn on U.S.A. banks, only)

GIANTS OF JAZZ SERIES

by
DAVID N. BAKER

The Jazz Style of
MILES DAVIS

The Jazz Style of
JOHN COLTRANE

The Jazz Style of
SONNY ROLLINS

The Jazz Style of
**CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY**

Each is a definitive study including in depth analysis, selected discography and bibliography, biographical data, style and innovations, chord/scale relationships and patterns, transcribed solos plus much more. Spiral bound.

\$9.95 each

PATTERNS FOR JAZZ by Jerry Coker, Jimmy Casale, Gary Campbell and Jerry Greene. World wide, the most famous program for improvisation.

Treble Clef \$16.00
Bass Clef \$16.00

SCALES FOR JAZZ IMPROVISATION by Dan Haerle \$6.95

A NEW APPROACH TO EAR TRAINING FOR JAZZ MUSICIANS by David Baker. Textbook and 2 Cassettes \$20.00

ADVANCED EAR TRAINING FOR THE JAZZ MUSICIAN by David Baker. Textbook and Cassette \$12.00

HOW TO CREATE JAZZ CHORD PROGRESSIONS by Chuck Marohnic \$4.95

JAZZ IMPROVISATION FOR KEYBOARD PLAYERS by Dan Haerle. Complete Edition \$9.95

JAZZ ROCK VOICINGS FOR THE CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD PLAYER by Dan Haerle \$4.95

TO ORDER THESE JAZZ TEXTS

Send check or money order to:



Studio P R, Inc.
P. O. Box 746
Lebanon, IN 46052 U.S.A.

Orders sent postage free

be his album more than McKenna's, but for the most part, this is a well balanced mating of minds. If there is never a sense of real coalescing inspiration, there is always a sense of its potential just beneath a smoothly crafted surface.
—john mcdonough

MICHAL URBANIAK

SERENADE FOR THE CITY—Motown M7-944R1: *CIRCULAR ROAD*; *NANAVA*; *SOMETIMES*; *SERENADE FOR THE CITY*; *SAMBA MIKO*; *FALL*; *JOY*; *VANESSA*.

Personnel: Urbaniak, violin, Lyricon; Kenny Kirkland, electric piano, Polymoog, piano (cut 5), MiniMoog (3); Barry Eastmond, electric piano (1,4,8); Doc Powell, guitars; Marcus Miller, bass guitar; Buddy Williams, drums (1-6); Yogi Horton, drums (7-8); Rick Galloway, percussion; Urszula Dudziak, vocals (1,4).

★ ★ ★

When Michal Urbaniak first came to New York from Eastern Europe a decade ago, albums like *Atma* (Columbia, 1974) were filled with intriguing combinations of progressive Western jazz and the earthy folk melodies of his homeland. Urbaniak's ability to double on violin and reeds made for an interesting situation, and his wife, Urszula Dudziak, loomed as one of the New Age jazz singers ready to take full advantage of technology and what it can do to, and with, the human voice.

Somewhere along the line the Polish connection came a bit unplugged, and much of Urbaniak's original electricity got lost in the translation. Like other Europeans, he had become fond of American r&b, and Urbaniak groups dove into the funk at its tackiest level. However well it may have been executed, this style detached a unique musician from his real power source: a dynamic union of traditional and modern musics.

After several label changes, Urbaniak now finds himself on Motown, an unlikely headquarters for any expedition back to Warsaw roots. Like some of its predecessors, *Serenade For The City* will prove fairly palatable for the semi-jazz public that is buying most of the records these days. It's well-played, well-produced, and has some of those groovy little hooks that the (just) post-college demographic group gets off on. Indeed, Urbaniak is overdue for some sort of acceptance from the jazz-rock crowd, and tunes like *Circular Road* and *Samba Miko* might turn some young heads.

It's true that this LP doesn't have any of that gritty old world charm of Urbaniak's earlier days. Cuts like *Nanava* and *Vanessa*, though they have exotic titles, are smooth and non-ethnic commercial jazz, as are most others. On the plus side, Urbaniak is no longer selling out for the U.S. audience. His violin work on *Sometimes*, *Fall* and elsewhere is patient and swinging, mostly acoustic, and indebted to classic technicians like Grappelli. None of the compositions are pioneering, but none of them are blatantly dumb, either.

Urszula Dudziak, who has her name misspelled (Unszula) as the singer of two

songs and is left completely out of the larger print musician credits, contributes a wordless vocal to *Serenade For The City*, a pretty ballad that could have made for more of a good thing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Urbaniak have backed off a bit from electronics, though, which may limit the depth of this album. But as excesses are being curbed, creativity is being rechanneled. What remains is a Michal Urbaniak with genuine talent and a chance to rebuild on higher ground.
—bob henschen

EARTH WIND & FIRE

FACES—Columbia-Arc KC2 36795: *SONG IN MY HEART*; *TAKE IT TO THE SKY*; *SHARE YOUR LOVE*; *TURN IT INTO SOMETHING GOOD*; *LET ME TALK*; *BACK ON THE ROAD*; *WIN OR LOSE*; *YOU WENT AWAY*; *IN TIME*; *SAILAWAY*; *PRIDE*; *SPARKLE*; *YOU*; *AND LOVE GOES ON*; *FACES*.

Personnel: Maurice White, vocals, drums, kalimba; Verdine White, bass; Larry Dunn, piano, synthesizers; Philip Bailey, vocals, congas, percussion; Al McKay, guitar; Fred White, drums, percussion; Johnny Graham, guitar; Andrew Woolfolk, tenor sax; Ralph Johnson, percussion; Louis Satterfield, trombone; Rahmlee Michael Davis, trumpet, flugelhorn; Don Myrick, alto, tenor, baritone saxes; Paulinho da Costa, percussion; David Foster, keyboards; Marlo Henderson, guitar; Jerry Peters, keyboards, organ; Garry Glenn, keyboards; Steve L. Lukather, guitar.

★ ★ ★

Maurice White makes good records. Give him good material and he'll produce it to the hilt. Give him a boring or amateurish song and he'll orchestrate it so fully—and imaginatively—that he raises it up to his own level of professionalism.

That primary talent of his, producing, goes a long way toward justifying the enormous popularity of Earth Wind & Fire. The nine man organization that White has led for ten years pioneered an original blend of black funk with lushly orchestrated white pop, Latin percussion and Brazilian-influenced jazz, but they have rarely been less adventurous than on their new LP, *Faces*. Despite production that is not merely "glossy," as White's style has been deprecatingly described, but really first rate, the double record set doesn't offer very much musical substance behind the cosmic speak and messages of universal brotherhood that constitute its lyrics.

Two exceptions are notable: *Let Me Talk* and the title cut, *Faces*, feature the band at its churning best. EW&F excels at string funk as well as horn funk; when they get it all together with cleverly programmed synthesizer funk, as in *Talk*, the result is overwhelming. It also contains one of the few lyrics on the album that really communicates something beyond the catchwords "love," "space" and "vibrations": "We're all the same, with different names/Will you play your role, just as you're told?"

Faces is a fusion excursion in which the

RECORD REVIEWS

band's formidable percussion section plays with everything it's got, while Jerry Hey's horns and David Foster's strings periodically explode into some interesting dissonances.

The remainder of the set, however, is relatively middle of the road and safe by EW&F's standards. You've heard it all before, sometimes on other people's records. *Back On The Road* is a rip-off of Chicago's *Saturday In The Park*—I can't figure what they saw in that. Then there are some pretty, but slight ballads, strongly derivative of previous EW&F efforts. The best of these is called *You*, co-written by David Foster, who also co-wrote the group's classic *After The Love Has Gone*. *You* is distinguished by a dramatically sung refrain, effective use of the patented EW&F flugelhorn counter-melody, and a pretty alto solo by Don Myrick. Still, the song is uncomfortably reminiscent of recent Boz Scaggs ballads—co-written, again, by Foster.

All this is not to suggest that the album doesn't offer an invaluable lesson in pop and jazz orchestration and production techniques. As a treasure trove of the imaginative combination of almost all the orchestral and technical resources available to the modern pop musician, EW&F's productions continue to be state-of-the-art. On previous recordings, such as 1977's *All 'N' All*, the band's skills were wedded to music of greater originality and melodic invention. Here, riffs are repeated without melodic development, and, with nowhere to go, the falsetto harmonies and blaring horns quickly begin to wear thin. —alan morrison

soloist in a number of *au courant* styles. Daniels seems typical of the contemporary pop jazzman.

Is he? Is there lurking somewhere beneath the slick gloss an aspiring purist, a "real" jazzman who, though indisputably making his mark in the commercial world, still nurtures the desire to shuck it all for the joys of unfettered swing? Time will ultimately satisfy this curiosity. For now, those who applaud his virtues must rest content with these rather tepid documents, more revealing exposures presumably being withheld for a later day.

Expectedly, Daniels' work for Muse will have the greater jazz appeal, for not only does it present the soloist in a decidedly less commercial setting, but it also places more emphasis on improvisation. The Columbia, by way of contrast, seems directed at a less imaginative and less demanding segment of the public—and because of this, will probably enjoy wider sales. But since none of us will share in the profits of either company, what really matters is the extent to which Daniels the improvising jazzman was involved in each project—that is, if the true jazz public is expected to support his rise to acceptance.

There are several exceptional moments on *Brief Encounter*, but none of them are on the title tune. A fusion flavored foray for the flute, this piece, like *Sway*, will commend itself only for its avoidance of anything terribly unpleasant, while *A Child Is Born*

rises above the commonplace only by virtue of its well conceived four flute overdub in the first chorus. The remainder of the tune is devoted to Daniels' tenor, palatable but hardly unique. He clings to this fashionably intoned voice for Jobim's *Ligia*, but again fails to impress with anything save chops. His tone is admittedly a tad warmer than that of most of his contemporaries, and he does display an artful control of dynamic shading, but ideationally he is still chained to the stockpile of the times.

Daniels plays clarinet on both *The Path* and *No Greater Love*, and on the second title he comes closest to realizing his potential. With a hard, round and only rarely piping sound, he sears through some attractively altered changes, wailing and probably at his hottest for now. Comparisons with DeFranco, Scott, Most or Odrich would be ill advised, for Daniels does appear to have found a way of playing good post bop clarinet that owes little to any of those illustrious predecessors. It is hoped that more will follow along the lines indicated here.

The Columbia LP, although severely blighted by commercial intent, nevertheless has passing redemption in featuring Daniels on clarinet almost exclusively, his alto but a forgettable filigree heard already too many other times in the hands of other, even more forgettable players. The compositions and background arrangements are expectedly no better than commerce deserves.

—jack sohmer

EDDIE DANIELS

BRIEF ENCOUNTER—Muse MR-5151:

BRIEF ENCOUNTER; A CHILD IS BORN; THE PATH; SWAY; THERE IS NO GREATER LOVE; LIGIA.

Personnel: Daniels, clarinet, flute, tenor sax; Andy Laverne, string ensemble, Rhodes piano; Rick Laird, bass; Billy Mintz, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

MORNING THUNDER—Columbia NJC

36290: *GOOD MORNING, BAHIA; HOLD TIGHT; DON'T LET IT GO; LOST IN THE RAIN; MORNING THUNDER; CARNIVAL LADY; LINDAS; FORGET THE WOMAN; MIDNIGHT AT THE CARAVELLE.*

Personnel: Daniels, clarinet, alto sax; large studio orchestra with strings and voices.

★ ★

The hope lingers that, despite the superficiality of the one and the largely unrealized promise of the other, Eddie Daniels is still capable of making better jazz records than these. That he is an above average instrumentalist, with the clarinet his most distinctive voice, is no longer a matter of dispute. A product of New York's most distinguished schools of music and a six year veteran of the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis big band, Daniels has also participated in myriad '70s recording dates, primarily as what one jazz writer would call an "et cetera." Skilled section man, manifold doubler and a stunning

You'll Blow 'em All Away!!!

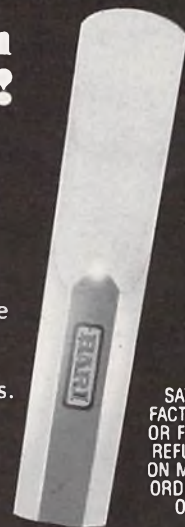
Our reed is flat-out superior. It gives you:

- Superb evenness of scale
- Loud or subtone
- Unbeatable ease & intonation
- Ideal solo & sectional playing
- Unsurpassed control & response

Outlasts cane 200 to 1!

Used and endorsed by these artists.

Mike Brecker	Lee Konitz
Jay Corre	Dave Liebman
Artie Drelinger	Cecil Payne
Jimmy Forrest	Abe Most
Frank Foster	Sonny Stitt
Peanuts Hucko	Frank Strozier



Chris Vadala

SATISFACTION OR FULL REFUND ON MAIL ORDERS ONLY

See your dealer. If not available, write direct—free brochure.

BARI ASSOCIATES, INC.

1000 S. Dixie Highway • Pompano Beach, Florida 33060

Circle Item: Clar Soprano Alto Tenor Bass Cl. Baritone
Check Strength: Soft Medium Hard (\$10.00/reed + .75 post.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Please Print) Dealer Inquiries Invited

Blindfold Test:

George Cables

BY LEONARD FEATHER

DRAWING ON A BROAD range of influences (among them: John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Wynton Kelly, Buddy Montgomery and Herbie Hancock), George Cables has established himself as a pianist and composer of enviable individuality.

First prominent in the

1960s with Art Blakey, Max Roach and Sonny Rollins, the Brooklyn-born Cables gained valuable experience and exposure touring with Freddie Hubbard from 1971-'76, during which time he moved to Los Angeles. He has since spent two years with Dexter Gordon, overlapping with frequent jobs as pianist and composer for Bobby Hutcherson, as well as numerous gigs (and two

Japanese tours) with Art Pepper and recent reunions with Hubbard.

Cables recorded in Japan as a leader, and in L.A. for Japanese release, long before he finally made his first LP for domestic consumption, the much praised *Cables Vision* (Contemporary). This was his first Blindfold Test; he had no information about the records played.



1. KEITH JARRETT. *MUSHI* (from *BOP-BE*, ABC-Impulse). Dewey Redman, composer, tenor sax; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums; Jarrett, piano.

I really liked that one; especially the way the drummer and the bass player worked together—they had a kind of crazy groove. I got the feeling that it was Richard Davis playing bass . . . or maybe Charlie Haden.

At any rate, the thing I like the most about it was the feeling. I'm not generally a fan of bass drum on four, but I enjoyed that. The pianist really sounded familiar but I can't put my finger on who it is. His solo seemed to be inside and outside. It was kind of humorous and they seemed to be making statements on the music.

Some people seem to play making statements with the music; but there are others, for example, Archie Shepp, who seem to be making statements about the music. And this record put me in mind of that.

Rating it, I would give it three stars. Oh, the saxophonist: I was trying to figure out who that was. After the sax solo I started thinking about the piano, and the sax never came back, so I couldn't get a fix on him.

2. BUD POWELL. *THELONIOUS* (from *PORTRAIT OF THELONIOUS*, Columbia). Powell, piano; Thelonious Monk, composer; Kenny Clarke, drums; Pierre Michelot, bass.

That was a composition by my first idol, Thelonious Monk. But it wasn't Monk. I would say it was somebody who can play in the style of Monk. I'd guess maybe Barry Harris . . . Bud Powell could play in that style as well. Anyway, I liked that. I always liked Monk; he was so different. He's another pianist who had a kind of insane concept—in a positive way.

The rhythm section was supportive; for that style of playing it was perfect, always right there, a good groove. I can't remember the title; I haven't listened to Monk in a long time, it's nice to hear his composition, to hear somebody play in that style. I'd give that three stars also.

3. TETE MONTOLIU-CHICK COREA. *PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT RIGHT OUT* (from *LUNCH IN L.A.*, Contemporary). Duet pianos.

Okay, was that Tete and Chick? I think it was. I like that kind of stream of consciousness playing. Those are two of my favorite pianists, anyway.

I was wondering, then I thought, 'Man, it's got to be Tete.' I listened to the two pianos, and that first chord—I knew it was Chick playing that chord, that little cluster . . . you could hear different personalities, but they were playing together. When I used to be in New York sometimes pianists would get together, and we'd play four handed piano; we'd walk the bass, play the changes, then we'd start to stretch out. Yeah! I like that.

The only negative comment I want to make is—it got a little bit long. And you never know what's going to happen, really. I think it's exciting for a listener to go along on that trip. Four and a half stars.

4. MARIAN MCPARTLAND. *CRYSTAL SILENCE* (from *LIVE AT THE CARLYLE*, Halcyon). Chick Corea, composer; McPartland, piano.

I have no idea who that is. I was waiting for something uptempo, something bashing. It sounded like an introduction; it was nice, it set a mood. There was something about the pianist—the hardest thing in the world is to play simple. After a while, you practice and play, and practice and practice, and it's hard—I got to play a 1-3-5?

I like that simplicity, because in this it really seems to give a mood to the piece and to define the colors of each chord. There was something very familiar about the entrance into the last phrase right through to the end. I should know that piece; I liked it, and I like the idea that when you play simple, you don't have to play a whole bunch of notes every time. I'll give that three stars.

5. KRYSYAL KLEAR AND THE BUELLS. *P.O.* (from *READY FOR THE '90S*, K2 B2 Records). Cecil Taylor, piano; Buell Neidlinger, bass, composer; Dennis Charles, drums; recorded 1961.

I don't know what to say about this one. The rhythm section was kind of boring to me—I kept asking myself "What's the point?" because I couldn't relate to anything between the rhythm section and the pianist. The pianist is using some dynamics; if the rhythm section wasn't there, he may have really been able to develop whatever he wanted to do better. It would have been more cohesive, and made more sense—to me.

If it was Cecil Taylor, I've heard him play with a lot more fire and strength. But this one—I don't know how to rate it. It's not really my cup of tea and the rating I give it is just subjective. Two stars . . . without the rhythm section.

(Later) I thought it was going to be a blues, but then it just seemed to break down, like they couldn't get any cadences. Here, after the first chorus or so, it seemed to break down. I'll change the rating to one and a half stars.

6. CEDAR WALTON. *LATIN AMERICA* (from *SOUNDSCAPES*, Columbia). Walton, piano, composer; Bob Berg, tenor sax; Ray Mantilla, percussion; Tony Dumas, bass.

I like that music, like salsa. I like Latin music, rhythmic music, so I'm partial to that kind of groove. I think I know who it is . . . I really like Cedar, I like his playing. The writing, I'm not really a fan of saxophone and vibes, and I thought I heard that in the first section.

If it was Cedar, it was probably Tony Dumas, who's one of my favorite bass players. He was playing Fender, and when it's used in this way, you don't get the personality you can get with the upright bass. I have nothing against electric basses, but I just don't think it was right for this context.

This recording seems real tight, real restricted—there's energy there, but it's controlled energy. Even the solos: they were good, but you couldn't get a sense of looseness, getting into the music, developing it. This, in contrast to the last one, was definitely structured, with nice changes.

7. ART PEPPER. *MAMBO KOYAMA* (from *ART PEPPER TODAY*, Galaxy). Stanley Cowell, piano; Pepper, alto sax.

That was Art Pepper; I've played that with him. Art has a nice feeling for Latin-funk tunes. He plays this well. There's a real nice sound on this record, too.

The piano solo could be longer—it was like it was there, and it wasn't. Maybe it was Hampton Hawes. I don't think this record really captures the excitement Art can generate in person. I'd give that record three stars.

LF: There might be something you've been on, that you like better than this?

GC: Oh, yes (laughs) . . . I like *The Trip*, that's a good record. On this one, I don't think Art really got a chance to stretch out—it was a studio version of the piece. If he did that in person, it would be much longer. Art would stretch out more, searching. That's been my experience when I've played with him.

Profile:

Big Nick Nicholas

BY BOB CATALIOTTI

The resurgence of interest in swinging, mainstream jazz has prompted legendary tenor saxophonist and vocalist Big Nick Nicholas to return to the contemporary jazz scene. "Big" describes everything about Nicholas: his huge physical presence; his powerful and humorous vocals; and most of all, his deeply moving, Coleman Hawkins inspired tenor saxophone sound.

Born George Walker Nicholas in Lansing, Michigan on August 2, 1922, Big Nick gained early inspiration from his father, Walter, an amateur musician. During his mid-teens, in Flint, Michigan, Nicholas played in a band that included Hank and Thad Jones. He gained valuable experience through a succession of big band gigs, starting with Earl Hines in 1942. Over the next few years, he worked with Tiny Bradshaw, J.C. Heard, Lucky Millinder, and Sabby Lewis. He also spent some time studying at the Boston Conservatory.

Between 1947 and 1948, Nicholas was a member of the orchestra of Dizzy Gillespie, that foremost exponent of bebop. Nicholas recorded with the Gillespie band and is the featured soloist on the pioneering Latin jazz effort, *Manteca* as well as the comedy-bop number, *Ool-Ya-Koo*. These two tunes, probably the only readily available recorded performances of Nicholas, are featured on Pickwick's *Quintessence of Jazz* albums, *Manteca* and *Diz*.

"Dizzy hired me" because I had a sound," said Nicholas, during an interview at the Surfmaid, a Greenwich Village bar, where his old friend, bassist Ted Wald, was performing. "When I look back, this is the thing that I always wanted to do, to have a big, round sound that would be pleasing to my fellow human beings' ears."

Big Nick's greatest claim to fame came in 1950 when he began his two and a half years as emcee and band leader at the Paradise Club. Located in Harlem, on 110th Street and 8th Avenue, the Paradise filled the void left by the closing of such jazz venues as Minton's. Outside the Paradise, men shot craps on the sidewalk in the glare of the club's neon sign, and vendors peddled boiled crabs. Inside, the club's reasonable prices allowed average working people to party alongside celebrities and almost every major jazz artist of the time. Big Nick's job was to make sure the party and the regular jam sessions kept rolling along.

"Everybody, all over the world, talks about when I was at the Paradise, because I respected everybody and announced their names," Nicholas reminisced. "We had all kinds of musical styles; it was just like a family thing. It was called the Paradise and some nights I actually felt I was in Paradise.

"Charlie Parker was there all the time," he

continued, "Red Allen, Hot Lips Page, Ike Quebec, Monk, Max, Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Gene Ammons, Joe Wilder, Horace Silver, dancers like Baby Lawrence. Billie Holiday was there all the time. Billy Strayhorn lived right up the street. Because he was a brilliant man, he attracted people from all over the world: ballet dancers, symphony musicians, opera singers, actors, actresses."

When Nicholas finally left the Paradise, he continued to lead his own groups and also worked in the bands of Hot Lips Page, Buck Clayton-Frankie Laine and Timmie Rogers-Jonah Jones. During the late '50s and throughout the '60s, Big Nick's hard swinging style became less and less in demand and work became scarce.

Nicholas received attention in the early '60s when John Coltrane, enthralled by Nick's sound, wrote and recorded the tune *Big Nick*. This wonderful tribute to the veteran saxophonist was first recorded by Coltrane with his regular quartet and was later used as Coltrane's only original composition on the album he made with Duke Ellington. Despite this nod of respect from Coltrane, Big Nick drifted into obscurity.

Disenchanted with the New York jazz scene and looking for a place to regroup and learn, Nicholas moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1973. While in Virginia, Big Nick worked a variety of local gigs and became involved with jazz education in several school districts. In 1979, he moved to Washington, D.C. where his accelerated interest in jazz education led him to apply for National Endowment for the Arts funding. At press time, his proposal had passed its preliminary stage, and if he's accepted,

Nicholas will take his combination of lectures and musical demonstrations into Washington D.C.'s kindergarten through 12th grade classrooms, and into hospitals where he will teach and entertain handicapped children.

"The main thing as far as the children are concerned," Nicholas said, "is to let them know that if they work hard and be sincere that they can do anything they want in life. It doesn't have to be music but it's done through music, my horn and talking. We sing a little song and do a little dance but the main point is to be a better person. You dig?"

"With the older kids, I teach them the history of jazz and about the people who dedicated their lives to music," he continued. "Show them what jazz is all about. It's an instantaneous reproduction of the human spirit in sound. Let 'em know how exciting it is!"

Noticing many of his cohorts from the old days were enjoying the renewed interest in straightahead blowing, Nicholas returned to New York, in October, 1979, to perform at the Harlem's West End Cafe, a few blocks from the Paradise. The response was so positive that Nick decided to see if he could make it on the scene again.

Taking on pianist John Hicks, bassist Walter Booker and drummer Jimmy Cobb as a regular rhythm section, he started accepting bookings around the Apple and throughout the U.S. The quartet made a European tour in the spring of 1980.

"I feel that people are beginning to lean in now," said Nicholas. "I see 'em, they want to hear. I see their heads leaning in. So I said, 'What the heck, I'll come on back!' The scene is better. They say it's a recession but we're actually in a depression and when things like that happen, people tend to turn to something they know is valid and that they can feel, and go back to heart."

Feeling and heart are certainly in abundance at Big Nick's performances. His deep,



Bob Cataliotti

booming, Satchmo-like baritone, which he applies to tunes like *I Won't Dance*, *Beautiful Friendship* and *Corina, Corina*, never fails to raise smiles and laughter from his audience. He is a topnotch entertainer who knows how to work a crowd. Yet, he is a serious artist who has developed a personal style. Basing his approach on his early idol, Coleman Hawkins, Big Nick creates a sound that is 100% himself. His playing fills a room with enormous warmth and it seems his powerful blowing will burst the saxophone in his hands, as he channels that big sound with a remarkable melodicism.

Big Nick Nicholas' message of love and joy comes across clearly in his music and most certainly it was the awareness of this that attracted players like Bird and Trane to him. "When I look back on my life, I wasn't conscious of these things," Nicholas concluded, "but you know everybody has a cross to bear and mine is that I've got to make music and please my fellow human beings. I hope things will turn around and people will become happy. That's why I've come back out on the street. There's nothing greater than to have a smile and a twinkle in the eye." **db**

Giorgio Gaslini

BY LEE JESKE

"My job in Italy was to introduce a jazz culture. This was my victory, to bring a jazz culture to Italy. For the last 20 years, jazz was just elite entertainment and for 20 years before it was prohibited by fascists. For 20 years, no jazz in Italy—no radio, no records, no books, no music. When I was alone in my house I'd improvise jazz. It was very avant garde in Europe to do this."

At 50, Giorgio Gaslini stands firmly as the father of Italian jazz, having produced jazz festivals, brought jazz courses to Italian universities, recorded over 70 albums, composed 41 movie soundtracks (including Antonioni's *La Notte*, his first). Currently, he performs about 150 concerts a year in Italy alone. He has recorded with Steve Lacy, Roswell Rudd, Jean-Luc Ponty, Gato Barbieri and others. He is a rich, diversified composer and he plays a remarkably strong solo piano. On one of his rare visits to the United States (sponsored by the Italian Cultural Institute) we spoke in his hotel room. An interpreter was present but rarely used, as Gaslini impatiently answered questions in his halting English.

"My father is a writer who specializes in Africa," says Gaslini. "My father, who was no musician, played Puccini on the piano with only one hand. That was very exciting for me when I was young. He started my brother taking lessons from an old professor, a traditional teacher. I used to concentrate on my brother's lessons and point out the mistakes he made. After five or six months I asked my father to study piano. The next day I started and my brother stopped. This was when I was seven years old. When I was nine I played my first concert—a 25-minute program in Milan, before the war.

"During the war there were many bombs falling in Milan, where we lived, so we moved to the countryside and had a piano. These three years during the war were most important to me. In the morning I would go to school in the city, but in the evening I was free to play. I bought many pieces of classical music and I studied them by myself. At this time there was a local big band of 40 crazy people—ex-military, prisoners, I don't know what. Strange men, but very sympathetic. They formed a big band, like Count Basie or Glenn Miller, swinging and strong. They asked me to conduct. I was just a baby in short pants, but they said, 'You are a



Deborah Feingold

maestro.' I said, 'Oh, okay.' For two years I played concerts with them in the country. I studied classical piano and at the same time played and conducted this jazz big band. I was all of 12 or 13 years old.

"I had begun to discover jazz on my own because after I'd study my classical piano for two or three hours, I would get tired and take one hour and improvise myself. I liked to improvise and I discovered my form of jazz alone. Sometimes there would be swing music on the radio and my first meeting with American jazz was Earl Hines. For me it was very shocking, but a very important shock. By the end of the war, I had developed my own style of improvisation, a very strong, aggressive style that was, for me, bebop. The people would say to me, 'Giorgio, you sound very much like Lennie Tristano.' But I didn't know Lennie Tristano.

WOODWIND PLAYERS SAVE ON REEDS!



- MORE REEDS PER BOX
- LONGER REED LIFE
- BETTER REED RESPONSE
- ONE-TIME INVESTMENT

How? Get a Rovner Ligature. It will pay for itself in 3 months, and give you a better sound and greater playing ease as well.

At your dealer or order direct.

To Order: Send check or money order for \$11.95 plus \$50 handling and postage (state type of mouthpiece, instrument, whether mpc. is metal or other material) to:

DEPT. D
ROVNER PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 15006
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21208

concept tape study system

Private or correspondence lessons by DAVID GROSS

Each lesson is prepared specially for you

"Jazz phrases"
improvisational
techniques
tapes of rhythm
sections



free brochure:

CONCEPT TAPE STUDY SYSTEM
1472 Broadway RM 621
New York, N.Y. 10036

212-281-1127

MUSICIANS! SICK OF HIGH PRICES?

WE CAN SEND YOU THESE BRAND NAMES & MANY MORE AT THE LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE

GIBSON	LUDWIG	AKG	BACH
GUILD	ROGERS	MXR	KING
MARTIN	FENDER	MORLEY	BENGE
ALVAREZ	PEAVEY	ZILDJIAN	GETZEN
ELECTRA	SUNN	CONN	BUFFET
YAIRI	ALTEC	ARTLEY	PAISTE
MOSSMAN	SHURE	SELMER	

PLEASE SEND \$1.00 FOR CATALOG
FEE REFUNDED ON 1st ORDER

FARONE MUSICAL WAREHOUSE
1600 WILMINGTON ROAD
NEW CASTLE, PA. 16105
412-652-5221

"By the time the war ended, a cinema in Milan hired me to play intermission music. I had four or five friends and we rehearsed at the theater for free. For six months we prepared our program. I was not composing yet—we were playing standards—but I was playing piano and leading. This was my first group."

This was in 1945. Gaslini was 16.

"Soon, my band got a contract to work every night for six months in Milan. After six months, we were extended for another six months. After the year, I got a chance to play on Italian radio. There was a blind pianist who played duets with a partner, like Ferrante and Teicher. After he separated with his partner, he invited me to substitute. I stayed with him for one year and learned many, many things. He couldn't write out music, so I'd have to learn a new hour program every week, and it was all live.

"I was still studying classical piano and had formed a jazz trio of my own. We played our first festival in Florence in 1947. It was an avant garde trio for that time—tenor, drums and piano. I was doing a little composing and we made a couple of 78s. Then I was invited to play piano, compose and orchestrate for a big band that was very popular in Milan. I stayed with them for three years, but this was a very important experience for me, because it gave me the good fortune to play original Stan Kenton charts, Duke Ellington music, Dizzy Gillespie big band music. A lot of these would be original scores that I or another musician in the band would write. Stan

Kenton's music enticed me to learn contemporary music. I was a classical pianist and a jazz pianist, but I didn't know contemporary music.

"In 1949, I enrolled in the Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi in Milan. There, I had the chance to conduct Palestrina and Monteverdi. I conducted and studied music of the 17th Century and began to explore 20th Century music. I began to compose and began to conduct symphony orchestras. At this time, contemporary music became my life. But jazz was already a part of my life and it was bothering me."

After leaving the Conservatory in 1951, with six degrees (in composing, piano, conducting, vocal polyphony, band orchestration and choral singing orchestration), Gaslini devoted the next six years to contemporary music. During this time, he says, jazz experienced a cold reception throughout Italy.

"In 1957, I tried a synthesis of my two experiences—jazz and contemporary music. It was impossible for me to separate the two and, while it wasn't a crisis, I had to make a dramatic decision. I tried a 12-tone jazz score for eight instruments. Before Ornette Coleman, before Gunther Schuller. I didn't know these people.

"I tried this new piece at the San Remo International Jazz Festival, the first international jazz festival in Europe. The first set was Sidney Bechet and the second set was my avant garde group playing 12-tone music. There were 3000 people there and when I finished there was half applause and

half silence.

"At this time I was artistic director for Italian EMI, which decided to record this piece. The record was sent to John Lewis and he was so enthusiastic that he invited me to Lenox the same year that Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry were there. I decided to go.

"But at the same time, Marcello Mastroianni listened to this record and gave it to Antonioni, who wanted me to score his film, *La Notte*." I immediately signed a contract, and stayed in Italy to compose the score. Antonioni gave me permission to form a quartet for the movie and research sound, to synthesize my experiences. In 1960, the movie came out and I won the Italian Oscar for my soundtrack. I had established the quartet that would be the basis of my groups for the next 20 years, including saxophonist Gianni Bedori who is still playing with me.

"Immediately this quartet became the best in Italy. After these two records, I spent my own money to rent a theatre to present my music, which was still new in Italy. The day after the concert, all the newspapers in Europe had fantastic reviews of my concert. Since the Italian news agency sent it out on the wire, I had 100 articles written in one month and my record won the prize of the critics in Italy. My quartet began to work everywhere and I began a new life. After all these good jazz notices, I still continued to develop my symphonic experience and theatre, opera, movies and ballet. I try to separate the two lines, but have them overlap, too."

Since then, Gaslini has worked consistently in all forms of music in Italy. His jazz blends hundreds of years of Italian music with elements of the work of Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman and others. His compositions are powerful and complex and, whether with his current quintet or in solo performance, he stands out as a moving, important force.

Along with his other works, Gaslini has written a book, *Musica Totale*, and is currently the director of the jazz program at the Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi, his old alma mater, and head of his own record company, *Dischi della Guercia*, which releases his own recordings (notably a stunning duet with Roswell Rudd) as well as those by his students in the jazz or contemporary classical realms.

(His albums are hard to come by, but are well worth seeking out. *Giorgio Gaslini Meets* (with Lacy, Ponty, Tony Oxley and others) is available on *Pausa PA-7014*. And *Round-Up Records*; P.O. Box 147; E. Cambridge, Mass. 02141 stocks some of the *Dischi della Guercias*.)

"In the '50s," says Gaslini, "Percy Heath said to me, 'Okay, you Europeans have ideas, man, we have feelings,' I said, 'Percy, wait just a minute please. I have my feelings.'"

"I think it's very important to mix experiences between musicians in Europe and in the States. But not for show, not for concerts, for real. European musicians are presently under pressure and they don't want to communicate much. And I find now that American musicians need a new line. And Europe is the only possible solution. We don't need to change identities—I'm an Italian, I'm a European. We should play together. Culturally and normally." **db**

The Saxophone Shop, Ltd.



Classical & jazz mouthpieces
Expert, guaranteed repair
New & used saxophones
Music & accessories

918 Noyes, Evanston, Illinois, 60201 (312) 491-0075

Send for our **FREE CATALOG!**

A Tradition
of Excellence



Wm. S. Haynes, Co. Inc.

12 PIEDMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 02116
617-482-7457

more important."

In addition, while admitting that there aren't many of them, Williams maintains that there are some great film scores which should be played in concert. Last year, the Pops did scores by Erich Korngold and Arthur Bliss, and, in the future, Williams would like to conduct music by Waxman, Goldsmith and Aaron Copland. Also in the Pops repertoire, of course, are suites based on Williams' music for the films, *Star Wars*, *Jane Eyre*, *The Cowboys* and *The Reivers*.

Eventually, he'd like to write more music for the Pops. "That's another

great attraction for me, having the orchestra there to play the thing," he says. He also wants the Pops to play more Broadway show music; but the problem, he says, is that good arrangements don't yet exist for some of the best Broadway shows. Jonathan Tunick has arranged Stephen Sondheim's *A Little Night Music* for the Pops, and Williams would like to interest him in doing other shows as well. He himself, however, doesn't have time to do such arrangements.

John Corigliano is the only composer who has been commissioned to write a serious work for the Pops so far. But Williams says he plans to give out more commissions. One of them may go to

Paul Chihara, a film scorer who is widely respected as a serious composer. In addition, Williams has been talking to Keith Emerson, keyboardist of the now defunct rock group, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, about the possibility of writing a concerto for the Pops.

In general, though, Williams is cautious about presenting pop and rock music within the Pops format. "Where it can be done, the audience loves it, of course," he says. "And, as a bon-bon at the end of a program, it's nice. That's the way Fiedler did it, and in that context, I think it's good. But the Boston Pops is the Boston Symphony (minus its first chair players), and it's not going to be a rock band, and we don't want it to be that. A lot of that music can't be arranged effectively for a symphony orchestra. But to the degree that it can and when it can be done in a limited kind of context on the program, I think it's a thing that the audience enjoys, and it works well."

Although Williams is a private kind of person who has spent most of his life working in monkish solitude, he has taken well to the spotlight of publicity. Imperturbable in press conferences, cool and collected in front of television cameras, he has emerged as a personable front man for the Pops. But, underneath it all, he is still amazed at being the focal point of so much public attention.

At last Fourth of July's Esplanade concert in Boston, he recalls, there was a crowd estimated at 225,000 people. "You don't really feel much connection with it onstage because of the lights," he says. "You turn around and all you see is a bank of lights, although you know there's a sea of people out there. But the first time I turned around at the end of the first number, there was still some natural light—it was early in the evening—and I could see all the way up the Charles River. There was this multitude of people, and the only word I could think of for it was 'biblical.' It was sort of like a multitude crossing the sea—something like that. No way to describe the feeling of standing in front of that number of people. The Pope maybe could tell you something about it." db

REMO ROTOTOMS & FRIENDS



BILL BRUFORD



DAVE MATTACKS



CHESTER THOMPSON



BEV BEVAN



SIMON PHILLIPS

Today's contemporary performers from both sides of the Atlantic are turning onto RotoToms—the revolutionary new voice in percussion. Use them as pitched drums, tuned tom toms, practice timpany or as variable pitched drums using Remo's rapid-tuning Pitch Pedal. At selected dealers everywhere.

REMO USA
We help you sound better

12804 RAYMER ST., NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91605

Send in this ad. \$3 and your size for new \$6 value Remo/Pro-Mark T-shirt. Dark Brown only. Limit 1 per ad.

SELECTED WILLIAMS DISCOGRAPHY

JAWS—MCA 2087
STAR WARS—20th Century-Fox 541 (Q)
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD
KIND—Arista 9500
STAR WARS: THE EMPIRE STRIKES
BACK—RSO RS-2-4201
SUPERMAN—Warner Bros. 2BSK-3257
STAR WARS/CLOSE ENCOUNTERS—
RCA ARL 1-2698

With Boston Pops
POPS IN SPACE—Phillips 9500 921

before fabrication into jackets.

If you elect the Slicks system and use one-color liners, the liners can be printed up by your jacket plant in whatever quantity jackets you order. This cuts printing outlay, reduces your inventory of printed matter, etc. Liners cost less than 2¢ each this way, not really much more than it would cost to print larger quantities and store them against future use.

Printing on board, believe it or not, looks better than the other systems, with better definition and a crisp look. However, you may be sitting on those jackets (and they are bulky) quite a long time, with storage space tied up.

By the way, there is a tremendous economy in printing a fairly large quantity of covers or jackets. The setup costs in printing (the hand-work of getting your plates made and properly on the press, the press adjusted for ink-flow, speed, etc.) are so high that once the presses roll it's foolish to stop short of that 5000 minimum run. You can sell a good jazz LP for at least a few hundred copies a year as long as you have printed matter ("paper") or jackets. It's a common error of new labels to run short print runs (saving little money) and then to press more records than are really necessary to kick off the album (tying up much money).

You'll have plenty of time to review your mix, programming, etc. while you go about the designing. About the time you send off your tape for mastering, you can send your record cover design to a color photography house to have the separation negatives made. (continued next month)

JAMAL continued from page 15

grace that distinguished his early playing, but with a more muscular attack that incorporates the modal influence of fellow romantic McCoy Tyner. Of his current plans, Jamal says, "I see some rest in the future—I'm going to beg off very soon. I'm going to get out of all the crazy things that go on in the business world and devote my life to living a quiet musical existence.

"My work has been accomplished, and I myself have no need of critical analyses anymore—they can give that to someone else. My credentials are quite complete and well known all over the world. We just did 30 concerts in Europe last year, and people there have complete histories of my work from day one. So the misinformed people, the people who would rather that you walked around with a needle in your arm, destitute, who would rather see George Benson unsuccessful—we don't need those types of critics. I think that Mozart would have been even greater had he not died a pauper. So I'm happy to see people like George Benson commercially successful. Critics have a tendency not to know what they're talking about. Most of us are appreciated only after we're dead, whether it's Martin Luther King, Malcolm X or me."

db

NEW YORK

BRADLEY'S: Name piano/bass duos nightly; 473-9700.

CARLYLE HOTEL: Bobby Short (Tues.-Sat.); 744-1600.

CARNEGIE TAVERN: Ellis Larkins (Mon.-Sat.); 757-9522.

COOKERY: Alberta Hunter (Tues.-Sat); 674-4450.

FAT TUESDAY'S: Art Blakey (2/10-15); Horace Silver (2/16-22); 533-7902.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY: Weekend jazz; 477-3077.

PALSSON'S: Ronnie Mathews (2/19-21); Emily Remler/Bob Moses/Eddie Gomez (2/22); Beaver Harris/Don Pullen & 360° Music Experience feat. Buster Williams & Ricky Ford (2/23-25); Steve Kuhn/Sheila Jordan (2/26-28); 362-2590.

SOUNDSCAPE: Anthony Davis (2/20); Abdullah (2/21); Takehisa Kosugi (2/26); Colorado College Ensemble (2/27); Ted Curson feat. Mike Richmond and Jukka-Pekka Uotilla (2/28); Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre (3/6); Jazz Films (3/7); Malcolm Goldstein (3/13); Quarteto Yali (3/14); 242-3374.

STRUGGLE'S: Cedar Walton (2/20-22); John Scofield w. Michael Moore (2/27-3/1); (201) 224-2244.

SWEET BASIL: David "Fathead" Newman (2/17-21); Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson (2/24-28); Doc Cheatham (Suns.); 242-1785.

VILLAGE GATE: "One Mo' Time" (Tues.-Sun.); 475-5120.

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Arthur Blythe (2/17-22); Woody Shaw (2/23-28); Roland Hanna (3/3-8); Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan (3/10-14); Elvin Jones (3/17-21); Mel Lewis (Mons.); call 255-4037.

LUNT-FONTANNE THEATRE: Sophisticated Ladies (from 2/22); call 586-5555.

JAZZLINE: 421-3592.

LOS ANGELES

CONCERTS BY THE SEA Redondo Beach: Etta James (2/19-22); Willie Bobo (2/26-3/1; 3/5-8); Elvin Jones (3/12-15); t.b.a. (3/19-22); Horace Silver (3/26-29); Tete Montoliu (4/9-12); Richie Cole (4/16-19); 379-4998.

DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION: The Orchestra, works by Michael Gibbs, Dave Grusin, Bill Holman, Lalo Schifrin, solos by Bob Brookmeyer, Jim Hall, Dave Grusin (3/10); 972-7211.

BEYOND BAROQUE Old Venice City Hall: alto saxophonist Frank Morgan/pianist Milcho Leviev, every Sunday 3-6 p.m., free; 822-3006.

PARISIAN ROOM: Hank Crawford, Jimmy Witherspoon, Freda Payne, others; 936-8704.

LIGHTHOUSE Hermosa Beach: Gabor Szabo, Freddie Hubbard, Etta James, Horace Tapscott, others; 372-6911.

DONTE'S N. Hollywood: Joe Pass, Tommy Newsome, Milcho Leviev, others; 769-1566.

CARMELO'S Sherman Oaks: Harry Edison, Alan Broadbent, Bob Florence; 995-9532.

JAZZ LINE: (213) 306-2364.

CHICAGO

ANDY'S: Jazz 5-9 pm: Tom Mitter/Judy Roberts/Bob Loewy (Tues.), Swingtet (Wed.), Hubbard St. Swingers w. JoBelle (Thurs.), Rhythmakers w. Eddie Johnson (Fri.); 642-6805.

BACKROOM: Gina Lyden/Mary Lucas Trio, Alejo Poveda/Invasion of the Rib Snatchers, vocalists, piano trios; 944-2132.

BRIEF REFLECTIONS: Inner Drive, Sasha Dalton/Corky McClerkin Quartet; 488-1090.

CHANCES R South Side: Larry Smith's Jazz Party (Sun.) incl. Jodie Christian, Robert Shy, Von Freeman, Bill Brimfield, others; 363-1550.

CHECKERBOARD: Blues nightly w. Buddy Guy/Junior Wells/43rd St. Blues Band; 373-5948.

HENRICI'S McClurg Court, Near North Side: jazz evenings incl. Windsong, Marshall Vente/Project 9, Inner Drive; 649-5755.

JAZZ SHOWCASE: Reopens in the spring; tentative schedule includes Jack DeJohnette, Elvin Jones, Harry "Sweets" Edison/Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan.

B.L.U.E.S.: Show changes nightly incl. Jimmy Dawkins, Big Time Sarah, Big Walter Horton, Jimmy Johnson, many more; 528-1012.

KINGSTON MINES: Reopens with blues nightly.

SPEAKEASY LOUNGE Gaslight Club O'Hare Hilton: Larry Barr (Mon.-Sat.) Jim Frigo (Thurs.); 686-0200.

SPEAKEASY LOUNGE Gaslight Club, Near North Side: Grant Strombeck w. Thelma Fletcher (Mon.-Fri.); Jim Frigo (Sat.-Sun.); 726-7500.

BIDDY MULLIGAN'S: Rock sometimes, blues often, incl. Lonnie Brooks, Otis Rush, Magic Slim/Teardrops; 761-6532.

RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN: Sylvia Syms (2/17-28); Johnny Hartman Quintet (3/3-14); Billy Eckstine (3/16-28); 943-9200.

TUT'S: Rock club features occasional jazz one-nighters, recently including Sun Ra, Art Ensemble of Chicago; 477-3365.

WISE FOOLS: Chicago blues and jazz nightly, incl. Alive & Well (Mon.), Koko Taylor, Von Freeman, Mighty Joe Young, many more; 929-1510.

JAZZ HOTLINE (Jazz Institute of Chicago): (312) 666-1881.

PHILADELPHIA

NEWS STAND: Shirley Scott w. Harold Vick, Jymie Merritt & Mickey Roker (2/24); Posmontier Brothers Quintet (3/3); Robin Eubanks Quartet (3/17); 564-4600.

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY Mitten Hall: Middy Middleton (3/12); Calvin Forrest (3/19); 549-8461 or 424-0353.

CALVARY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH: Philly Joe Jones (4/16); (215) 549-8461 or 424-0353.

PAINTED BRIDE ART CENTER: Local and national jazz, folk and avant garde; 925-9914.

BIJOU CAFE: National jazz; PE5-4444.