

# down beat

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## **EARTH, WIND & FIRE**

*"We Got The Fire"*

## **CLARK TERRY**

*"B-A-D Brassman"*

## **PATRICK WILLIAMS**

*Bursting Barriers:  
Jazz/Classical-Acoustic/Electronic*

## **BILLY BANG**

*Fiddling With Success*



# EARTH, WIND & FIRE



5532478 248169 098301 DB  
DOM VAN OOST  
P A10  
A10  
P A10  
024  
475  
DORDRECHT NETHERLANDS  
ACHTERHAKKERS 9



**EXECUTIVE EDITOR**  
Jack Maher

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS**  
Charles Doherty  
Art Lange

**EDUCATION EDITOR**  
Dr. William L. Fowler

**DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION**  
Bill Linehan

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
Gloria Baldwin

**CIRCULATION DIRECTOR**  
Deborah Kelly

**PUBLISHER**  
Charles Suber

**COMPTROLLER**  
Gary Edwards

**RECORD REVIEWERS:** Jon Balleras, Owen Cordle, Francis Davis, Sam Freedman, Richard Friedman, Lee Jeske, Art Lange, Frankle Nemko-Graham, Bradley Parker-Sparrow, Joel Rothstein, Bill Shoemaker, Jack Sohmer, Cliff Tinder.

**CORRESPONDENTS:** Baltimore, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, John H. Hunt; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Denver, Bob Catalotti; Detroit, David Wild; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Jack Sohmer; Milwaukee, Joya Caryl; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; New Orleans, Frank Nicotero; Philadelphia, Russell Woessner; Pittsburgh, David J. Fabilli; St. Louis, Gregory J. Marshall; San Francisco, John Howard; Southwest, Bob Henschen; Toronto, Mark Miller; Washington, DC, W. A. Brower; Argentina, Alisha Krynski; Brazil, Marilyn Balamici; Central Europe, Eric I. Vogel; Denmark, Birger Jørgensen; Gambia, Oko Draime; Germany, Joachim-Ernst Berendt; Great Britain, Brian Prestley; Italy, Ruggero Stassi; Japan, Sholchi Yui; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Charles Gans; Senegal, Francis Senghor; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

**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 1710  
New York, NY 10017  
212/490-7950

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



(on sale August 20, 1981)

Members, Audit Bureau of Circulation Magazine Publishers Association



## FEATURES

**15 EARTH, WIND & FIRE**  
"Facing The Facts With E, W & F," by Steve Bloom. Platinum-plus group (#1 Rock/Blues, 1980 **db** Readers Poll) weathered the disco tidal wave of the '70s and aims to bounce back from the financial flub of their *Faces* LP.

**19 PATRICK WILLIAMS**  
"Frankly, Patrick Williams," by Eliot Tiegel. Hollywood's hottest composer lets his hair down, loosens his lips, and expounds on the state of contemporary music.

**22 CLARK TERRY**  
"Big B-A-D Brassman," by Larry Birnbaum. Globetrotting with his 18-piece band of young proteges in tow, the indefatigable C.T. carries his St. Louis sound from clubs to colleges to records.

**26 BILLY BANG**  
The feisty fiddler's new approach infuses a bluesy/folksy naturalness into the avant garde. By Lee Jeske.



Clark Terry



Billy Bang

## DEPARTMENTS

**31 Record Reviews:** Toshiko Akiyoshi; Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin; VSOP; John McNeil; Andrew Hill; Art Farmer; Gunter Hampel; Mike Zwerin; Anthony Davis; Fats Waller; Dizzy Gillespie; James Newton; Mat Marucci; Louie Bellson; Elvis Costello; Django Reinhardt; Stephane Grappelli/Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen/Joe Pass; Stephane Grappelli; Waxing On: Self-Produced Artists (Jemeel Moondoc, William Parker, Doug Hammond, Artie Simmons, Stephen McCraven, Lloyd McNeill, Warren James, Tim Berne, Joe Giardullo, Wayne Horwitz, David Sewelson, Sheldonj).

**53 Blindfold Test:** Vi Redd, by Leonard Feather.

## Miscellany

**6 First Chorus**

**9 Chords and Dischords**

**11 News**

**54 Profile:** Buck Hill, by Bill Shoemaker.

**56 Caught:** The Dregs, by Russell Shaw; **db** Happening, by Charles Doherty; Moers New Jazz Festival, by Joachim Berendt.

**59 Pro Sessions:** "Multi-Track For The Musician," by Larry Blakely; "How To Handle Quartal Harmony," by Dr. William L. Fowler.

**64 Book Reviews:** *Stan Kenton: Artistry In Rhythm; The World Of Count Basie*, by John McDonough; *To Bird With Love*, by Lee Jeske.

**72 Pro Shop**

**74 City Jazzlines**

Cover photography by Chris Walter/Retna; design by Bill Linehan.

# FACING THE FACTS WITH



Nineteen seventy-nine was a glorious year for Earth, Wind & Fire.

With the music industry priming disco as its next messiah, previously popular bands—especially if they were black—had better have had their ears fine-tuned, for a tidal wave of new dance-oriented sounds was washing their way. Many bands, indeed, were swept away by the unholy force of disco, never to be heard from again (i.e. B.T. Express, War, Graham Central Station, the Ohio Players, Average White Band). Most others suffered temporarily (i.e. the Spinners, Kool & the Gang, the Manhattans) and have since recouped their financial and psychological losses.

Only the blockbuster black acts really thrived during disco: the Commodores, the Isley Brothers, Parliament/Funkadelic, and Earth, Wind & Fire. The former two dispensed with their heretofore styles in favor of middle-of-the-road balladeering; George Clinton's wacky world of funk had developed such a large cult worship that even a messianic musical movement couldn't crack the much-heralded Mothership; Earth, Wind & Fire, like P-Funk, essentially remained the same while selling more records than they ever had before.

*I Am* contained their second platinum single, the jazzy ballad *After The Love Is Gone* (their re-working of Lennon & McCartney's *Got To Get You Into My Life*, composed for the ill-fated *Sgt. Pepper's* movie, was their first and remains the group's top-selling single; they also have earned six gold 45s) and a duet with labelmates the Emotions, *Boogie Wonderland*, the content of which is self-explanatory. To group

BY STEVE BLOOM

founder, producer, and sometimes guru Maurice White, the success of this album—their ninth on Columbia—and its singles was more significant than the group's five previous double-platinum efforts: not so much for the fact that they had effectively counteracted disco, but because Earth, Wind & Fire had finally made an impact internationally. Sales throughout Europe, and especially in Brazil and Japan, indicated entirely other audiences the multi-faceted group was now reaching. With this in mind, White told a press gathering in New York at the time: "Our responsibility has grown. We have a world responsibility now, not just to the black community."

More recently, in an interview at White's sprawling ranch-style retreat in the Carmel Valley in Northern California, he expanded on this subject: "When I started Earth, Wind & Fire, the music was primarily intended to uplift the people because of the circumstances we were in. Our appeal is more around the world now, than just a domestic concept. That's why I did a Japanese thing with a Japanese dance troupe on our last album [*Faces*]. It makes them feel they're included. I'll do a more pop-oriented tune for the pop audience. Then, I'll have some other stuff. It's like trying to make sure everybody gets a piece."

Conversely, 1980 was not such a good year for Earth, Wind & Fire. Their double-album, *Faces*, met resistance from every possible element within this extraordinarily alchemic industry: long-time supporters of E, W & F criticized it for being too heavily weighted with pop and far too soft in the

areas of jazz, rock, and funk, which they had fused so resourcefully in the mid-'70s; more recent converts were confused by the lack of danceable tracks: radio programmers and record company (CBS) promotion squads both tried to create a market for the album, but found one didn't exist: retailers discovered a public none too keen about chancing \$15.98 (list price) at a time of continued inflation (remember Fleetwood Mac's *Tusk* and Stevie Wonder's *Secret Life Of Plants?*—both late-'70s double-album disasters). Still, due to the drawing power Earth, Wind & Fire had accumulated over the decade, the record—featuring not one hit single out of 15 tracks—went gold. That, in itself, is remarkable.

What went wrong? Opinions within the nine-member E, W & F organization vary, though all agree that: 1) they did their best, 2) the material was strong, and 3) CBS's promotional machinery broke down in terms of the company's inability to persuade programmers to devote more air-time to the selected singles.

Bassist Verdine White, who is another of the three White brothers (youngest brother Fred is the third), harbors the illest feelings towards CBS of any of the band members I talk with. "I was very disappointed in CBS," he frowns. "They didn't understand the music. I always thought CBS didn't understand us anyway. I still think *Faces* was a great album. I guess sometimes we artists get a little too heavy for the record companies—and the public, too.

"I just think," Verdine adds bitterly, "it's unfortunate that the world has not progressed enough to understand higher things."

Vocalist Philip Bailey is more objective, it seems, in his evaluation of the critical response to *Faces*. "I think sound-wise and production-wise it was an incredible record, but people were dancing, and I don't think we had the danceable songs that people are into right now. You have to give people what they want without, at the same time, sacrificing your identity. More than anything, you have to be in touch with the people and with what's going on on the streets. People don't buy an album because of how much time and money you spent on it—they buy it because they like it, and I think that's great."

Ultimately, all of the criticism must stop at Maurice White, who has more than symbolically stood at the apex of the pyramids that have graphically adorned each of the group's last five albums. 'Rice (pronounced "Reese"), as he is fondly known to family and friends, is the man. "I'm not here to appeal to people who are waiting on you to do a certain type of music," he scathes emphatically. "Sometimes I'm going to do something that's going to be different because I have to keep music interesting to myself. There're things that I've always wanted to do musically that I'm going to do. That's the way I came up with the whole concept for Earth, Wind & Fire. And whoever wants to dig it can dig it."

Born in Memphis 38 years ago, White's first musical influence, like so many other Southern black musicians, was

the church. "Church is an experience, man," he says. "It's about releasing emotion. As far as singing, that's where I learned everything." He began playing drums in his early teens and soon was determined to become the "world's greatest jazz drummer." At age 16, his father, a doctor who also plays saxophone (at one point in the '40s with Illinois Jacquet), moved the family to Chicago. There 'Rice immersed himself in the jazz scene, idolizing Roy Haynes and Elvin Jones, whom he once spelled for a week in the early '60s. Gigging with John Coltrane, of course, was quite an experience for the green White, but it wasn't what could be called his "big break." That came when he decided to ask Leonard Chess, owner of Chess Records, for a tryout as their session drummer. Only 19, he was hired. Three years later, after working with everyone from Jackie Wilson to Ramsey Lewis, White replaced Red Holt (who went on to form Young/Holt Unlimited) in Lewis' trio. The year was 1969.

Few will dispute that '69 was the year the contemporary music scene exploded in just about every possible direction. Miles was "brewin'," Sly was "takin' us higher," James Brown was "turnin' us loose," Santana was "changin' our evil ways," Led Zeppelin was "ramblin' on," Chicago was askin' Questions 67 & 68, Blood, Sweat & Tears was "makin' us so very happy." And Maurice White was takin' it all in. So were the other eight yet-to-be-introduced members of Earth, Wind & Fire.



After leaving Lewis, White formed his own band in Chicago that included present E, W & F horn section players Don Myrick (tenor saxophone) and Louis Satterfield (trombone), and bassist Verdine. He recorded two albums for Warner Brothers and then embarked on a most important tour. In Denver he shared a bill with a group called Friends & Love that happened to include Bailey, pianist Larry Dunn, and saxophonist Andrew Woolfolk. They exchanged numbers and suggested they might get together some day. Meanwhile, White moved on to LA. So enamored was he by the weather and the record industry scene there that he decided to stay. He also decided that it was time to seriously begin piecing together a band.

First he hired LA natives Roland Bautista (guitar) and Ralph Johnson (drums), singer Jessica Cleaves (who is now affiliated with George Clinton), saxman Ronnie Laws (who shortly thereafter went solo), Dunn, and Bailey. He then negotiated a record deal with Columbia. After the first album—*Last Days And Time* (1972), which more or less can be classified as an early fusion recording—Bautista, Cleaves, and Laws left the group. Enter Kentucky guitarist Johnny Graham, LA guitarist Al McKay, who had been with the Watts 103rd Street Band (oddly, McKay recently left the group with Bautista returning), and Woolfolk. Except for McKay's defection (Verdine claims they "put him out of the group" because he "didn't almost know how to play his instrument anymore") and hiring drummer Fred White in 1975, the band has remained intact ever since.

In 1974 following their second Columbia album *Head To The Sky*, *Open Our Eyes* was released. The single, *Mighty*

Mighty—which has become a veritable funk classic—was the first time I'd ever heard of Earth, Wind & Fire. Quickly I entered them in the same file as Kool & the Gang, B.T. Express, the Ohio Players, and the Commodores. I would soon realize that Earth, Wind & Fire deserved a file all to themselves.

*That's The Way Of The World* introduced E, W & F to the rest of the world in 1975. The title track, a laid-back, gospel-flavored ballad with a strong dose of blues in the guitar, was a dance favorite on the slow side. The album's other ballad, *Reasons*, featured Bailey's falsetto scaling octaves in a vocal vertigo. And *Shining Star*, their first gold single and the recipient of a Grammy award, was a cut of funk high above the rest. Bailey, who has justifiably been compared to Smokey Robinson, remains particularly proud of this album since it was the first on which only he and Maurice sang. "Not too many know that it's just me and him," he says.

Later in the year *Gratitude*, a double-set consisting of three live sides and four new studio tracks, drew additional huzzahs. The in-concert material, particularly *Reasons* and *Sun Goddess* (which White wrote for Ramsey Lewis earlier that year), captured the musicianship and electricity of a rock-type performance as few live albums before it ever had. As for the new tunes, *Sing A Song* became their second gold single, and pop songwriter Skip Scarborough's *Can't Hide Love* was also a major chart success.

**B**y 1976 Earth, Wind & Fire received their third gold 45 for *Getaway*, but also lost a dear friend. Arranger, writer, and co-producer Charles Stepney—who White first met at Chess—died of a heart attack during the recording of the *Spirit* album (which was subsequently dedicated to him). "Charles was that other legitimate ear that Maurice could bounce off of," says Bailey

about Stepney, whose contributions to the group included co-writing *That's The Way Of The World* and *Reasons*. "His death put a lot more responsibility on Maurice. I think that's when he began pulling out all the stops."

*Getaway* is arguably Earth, Wind & Fire's finest song. Brassy horns crackle in staccato fashion throughout, pushing towards a finale that's as suspenseful as a good, old-fashioned car chase. Considering the sort of sophisticated bubblegum that's cluttering the Top Ten in 1981, it's hard to believe a song with such power and urgency ever made it onto the charts. I ask Maurice if *Getaway* was more than just a musical statement from the band.

"Let's start with *That's The Way Of The World*," he suggests. "That was our first successful musical venture. Finally we did something musical that was being accepted, which was surprising to us. Then came *Gratitude*. Now, we come to a song like *Getaway*, which was the consolidation of a lot of things we wanted to do as a band. The song was kind of left-field, but this is really where we are; this is what we wanted to do. We didn't know if it was going to be accepted, but it was what we felt, so we did it anyway. *All 'N All* [1977] was the next step after *Getaway*, and then we moved gradually on."

"I think *All 'N All* was our most avant garde album," insists saxman Woolfolk (who once studied with Joe Henderson). "It was a new, creative sound, more electric, more staccato, more machinery—a bigger sound than *Spirit*, which was a little bit more lush. *Gratitude* is raw, which is what we are. With *All 'N All* we broke out in front again, and with *I Am* we went back inside. And *Faces*, I think, was a blending of that and where we were before."

"I had a thing to complete up through *Faces*," White concludes. "I think I did that as far as I'm concerned. Now, *continued on page 66*

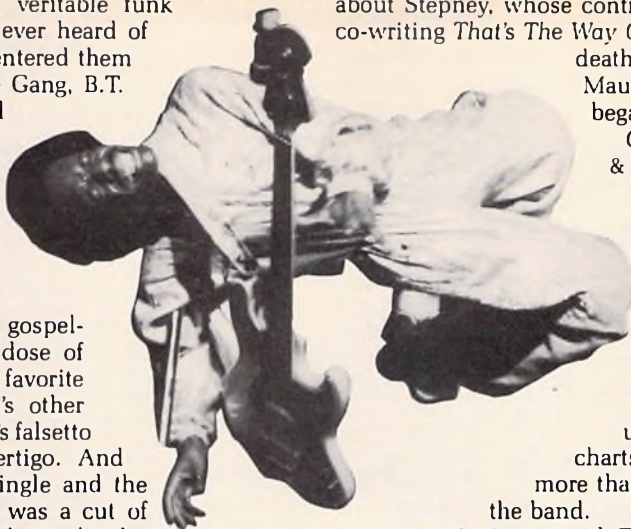


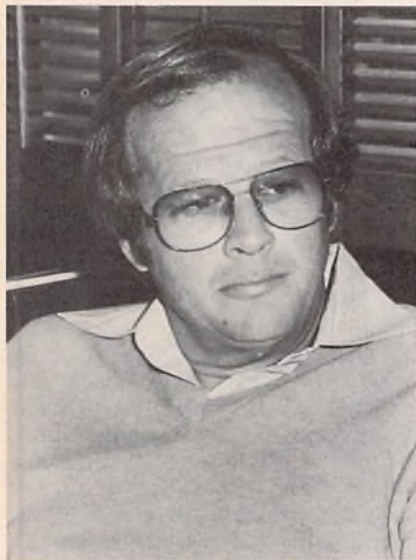
PHOTO BY SIMON FOWLER/EF



BILL SOSIN/PHOTO RESERVE

# Frankly,

BY ELIOT TIEGEL



BONNIE TIEGEL

## PATRICK WILLIAMS

Dichotomy is a word composer/arranger Patrick Williams doesn't like. He'd prefer there be no chasm separating the worlds of jazz and classical music, there be no barrier separating the jazz and classical composer. For if these present barriers were to fall, then tomorrow's musician would be in a better position to function more properly in this world. Sound farfetched? Not really.

Williams, one of Hollywood's freshest and most active composers at age 40, believes there has to be less dichotomy and more diverse direction for musicians and composers, and he sees nothing wrong with blending elements from many sources into a musical composition. "The number one criterion for composers should be to write a personal expression of their feelings," he says in the work den of his home in Santa Monica, CA, the early stages of a score for a segment of the television series *Lou Grant* resting on the piano.

In his writing for TV and motion pictures, Williams has incorporated traits of jazz, the classics, and pop music into his scores. In fact, the piece he is working on during our interview leans heavily on classically flavored material with a string quartet and a string section. The story deals with the

female publisher of the fictional newspaper having a stroke. The string quartet will give the feeling of elegance which this lady represents.

Williams' background is rooted in jazz, but he feels that for a composer to grow he/she must not have blinders on. That's why he strives to fuse his own music with as many diverse influences as make sense for the composition.

He has taken this concept to two workshops at the University of Colorado at Denver and to the University of Utah where he performed concerts with symphonic orchestras and jazz musicians. Tom Scott, Dave Grusin, and Grady Tate played with the Denver Symphony with Pat handling the baton in 1976, for example. Williams recalls that the orchestra played some student compositions as well as works by professional authors. "Some came off quite well," he says, adding that there seem to be too many people writing too many concertos with too many small rhythm sections in front of the orchestra.

In Williams' opinion it's hard to make a large classical orchestra swing. "You have to have the right frame of reference to accomplish this. Orchestral music is not eight bars of jazz, eight bars of derivative classical music, and

then eight more bars of jazz. Stravinsky swung like crazy, and there are many people in the classical world who love jazz. Some really feel it, and they've used it in some of their compositions." What has to be avoided, Pat believes, is writing a form of classical-jazz music which is too "deep" and which loses the emotion and instead becomes an intellectual exercise.

Born in Bonne Terre, MO, he grew up in Connecticut and New York, visited the famous Birdland nightclub on Broadway, and heard first hand how the masters played their fiery brands of jazz in the '50s. He played trumpet for his high school, and when he went to Duke University (1956-61) he fronted the school's band before returning to New York and heavy study of composition at Columbia University. It was after his days at Columbia that he began arranging and producing music (from 1961-67).

Williams says he's always loved the freedom found in jazz composition and credits several of his teachers with instilling in him a solid footing in music and subsequently in jazz. He points to Marion Evans as one of his arranging influentials, to Billy Byers for his tips on orchestration (both in New York), and to George Tremblay for his

**"Beethoven really cooks . . . Stravinsky swung like crazy . . . Strauss has been doing well in movie scores for years, and he never wrote one."**

aid after Pat got to LA in 1968.

In 1981 Williams' LP, *An American Concerto*, won two Grammy nominations for his work in a serious jazz mold. The piece was played by a jazz quartet and symphonic orchestra. His other extended jazz composition is *Rhapsody For Concert Band And Jazz Ensemble*. He fused jazz with pop music in the film score for *How To Beat The High Cost Of Living* which featured the playing of Earl Klugh and Hubert Laws. In 1975 he won his first jazz Grammy for his LP, *Threshold*. He also scored for a jazz ensemble on the 1975 release, *Big Band*.

Williams is concerned about today's young composers who are in music schools. "What are they going to write that's personal and has some stylistic treatment? I've seen some dreary pieces that have been written for their PhDs. You have people writing for the world of analyzation, not for performance. It's intellectualized music which is not meant to touch someone at the feeling level. I don't see any point to it. I found PhD candidates who had worked on one piece of music for one year. The work was very creditable, but it didn't have anything to do with my frame of reference as to what composing is all about."

In addition to finding this sticky situation on college campuses, Williams also takes a shot at the paucity of orchestras playing the works of talented, modern student composers. These orchestras seem to play the same standard repertoire over and over, thus missing the opportunity to perform works by searching student composers.

"It always seemed to me," Pat says with emphasis, "that the place to experiment is in school." He is also critical of the student orchestras whose instrumentation doesn't relate to what's needed in today's commercial world of music where electric instruments and synthesizers are used extensively.

Williams cites the Eastman School of Music's new 50-piece studio orchestra as being properly designed to teach students to play in a contemporized ensemble setting. This development portends well for the student who wishes to write for a modern day jazz band which can also toy with the classics.

One area which Williams sees as holding back the fusion of jazz with the

classics is in the conductorial ranks. "You've got a whole world of conductors who have no feeling for jazz, and if they could program a piece with jazz, they wouldn't come out looking good, so they avoid it." By the same token there are jazz players who don't know how many strings there are on a violin, Pat adds.

Still, Williams is hopeful of the future because he finds young musicians and composers who are learning to work in various molds, and thus they are breaking down barriers. "It's going to change," he feels. "I'm not on a crusade to combine jazz and classical music. I've tried it a half-a-dozen times, and I know how hard it is."

Williams says his first exposure to a blending of jazz and the classics came with the Third Stream movement in the 1950s when John Lewis and Gunther Schuller were heavily involved in cementing jazz within classical group settings. Today, he believes, the young composers aren't being given the exposure and experience of blending jazz with classical music because people are regimented into being either jazz or classical musicians.

"What I see are young composers who come out of school without the tools to become a professional." Williams tells the tale of a student from the Eastman School who came to California and looked him up and asked him to listen to a tape of his music. "It was wonderfully recorded, and it had some interesting original material. I told him what he really needed was music a producer could relate to. So he went back and created a false movie score, with suspenses, space sounds, dissonant tones. He came back and I was so impressed I called several music directors at the studios and helped him get into movies." That was several years ago, and Lance Rubin is really busy now. "He's a jazz-oriented guy, but he's also an example of someone who comes out of school with a broader scope. These people have a hell of a lot better chance of making it in the professional world. He had some good, solid classical training." Pat admits that the so-called classical music of the movies is really derivative. "Strauss has been doing well in movie scores for years, and he never wrote one."

Williams also recalls a student from

North Texas State ("some real cooks come out of that place") who got a government grant to follow him around for one year. So Pat and his shadow went to the movie scoring sessions, and they talked about the various techniques for scoring films and how to approach each project. The young man, Chuck Owen, is now doing a few TV shows, and he's only 26. Says Pat: "It was really fun, and I could see a difference in his music one year later."

If you look at the top level screen writers today, many have a heavy jazz association: Lalo Schifrin, Dave Grusin, Henry Mancini, John Williams, Johnny Mandel, Shorty Rogers. "That makes a certain point right there. It doesn't mean that everything they write is jazz, but it's in their bag. For movies and TV you can do quite a bit of blending."

Writing for TV puts the composer under intense pressure. For Lou Grant Williams writes from three to 10 minutes of music each week. Notes the composer: "I figure what I can bring to a show of this stature is what I don't bring. You can overscore the show and ruin its effectiveness. I try to use different small combinations. I just used one flute on one show." From the time he writes the music until when the show is seen on the air, upwards of four weeks can pass.

Pat admits that the time limits inherent in doing a weekly TV show inhibits the composer's freedom. When scoring a full length movie, there is upwards of four to six weeks in which to write the music, and one can be more adventurous. Williams' talents have been utilized on 26 movies since 1968 including: *Charley Chan And The Curse Of The Dragon Queen* (released this year), *It's My Turn*, *Used Cars*, *Wholly Moses!*, *Hero At Large*, *Cuba*, *Breaking Away*, *Hot Stuff*, *Butch & Sundance: The Early Years*, *The Cheap Detective*, *The One And Only*, *Evel Knievel*, *The Magician*, *Ordeal*, and *A Nice Girl Like Me*.

The diversity of subjects has pushed Williams into using musical ingredients which marry appropriately to the story line. This same requirement befell him when he wrote the music for these TV shows: *A Man Called Sloane*, *The Last Resort*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *The Bob Newhart Show*, *The Streets Of San Francisco*, *The Tony Randall Show*, *Doc*, and *The Magician*.

"Hollywood asks that the music works," Williams says, "and there is room for creativity. When you get into a classical sound, it's much harder and more challenging."

One of Williams' newest pieces is an eight-minute composition played by jazz trumpeter Bobby Shew at a Duluth, Minnesota concert in June. The piece was completed devoid of any drums. The need to have his music and opinions heard by the public prompted Pat to accept an invitation from noted film composer David Raksin to sit in for him for six weeks (starting in late April) and conduct a class on film scoring at UCLA while Raksin was out of the country.

Williams has, in fact, reduced the amount of time he spends on college campuses working with students because of his rising success in motion pictures. He's been a member of the Hollywood film community since 1968 when he moved out from New York with his family to seek a career in film.

As a Coast-originated composer, he's attended several of the concerts presented by The Orchestra, the 86-piece aggregation led by Jack Elliott, which melds jazz with the classics—not too successfully most of the time. For Williams if one movement out of three in a jazz-classical work comes off "it's worth it."

He has also decided that too often positioning a jazz rhythm section in front of the classical orchestra wipes out the subtleties of the orchestra. The drummers tend to play too loud, Williams believes. "A 4/4 beat can be played on a shaker or on a cymbal with a brush and give the audience a chance to hear the orchestral colors."

Pat thinks all music—jazz, country, pop, MOR—is "folk music, an American folk art, and I don't see any reason why any of it isn't food for an adventurous composer." His belief in fusing elements together can be traced to his days while living in Connecticut when he was a trumpet player in a jazz band one night and in the brass section of a classical orchestra the next night. "You sit in that orchestra and experience that music for years, and you realize that Beethoven really cooks. When you feel the power of his *Fifth Symphony*, you feel its vitality and tremendous rhythmic energy. You don't realize it when you're young and you sit in front of a drummer for years in a jazz band, but you get a sense of the rhythm, and it becomes a part of you. If everyone playing a wind or brass instrument in a school would have to sit in a jazz band and vice versa, everyone would experience what those feelings are all about like I did."

Upcoming for Pat is a TV movie, *All I Need Is Time*, slated for this fall. It is a true story of a teenage female runner

"You've got a whole world of conductors who have no feeling for jazz . . . and jazz players who don't know how many strings there are on a violin."



BONNIE TETEL

who is hit by a car, is comatose for two months, and then recovers to run a six-mile race.

"This very dramatic, wonderful story makes for a wonderful music picture," Pat says beaming. He will use a large orchestra and there will be a contemporary underpinning "but the score also has to have a melodic scope that's touching."

It is this kind of assignment which excites Pat Williams because it deals with delving into an emotional experience, and the music, he hopes, will deeply touch all who see the film and hear his score.

db

### PAT WILLIAMS DISCOGRAPHY

HOW TO BEAT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING—CBS JS 36741  
AN AMERICAN CONCERTO—CBS NJC 36318  
THE ONE AND ONLY—ABC AA 1059  
CASEY'S SHADOW—CBS PS 35344  
THRESHOLD—Capitol ST 11242  
PATRICK MOODY WILLIAMS: CARRY ON—A&R 7100  
HEAVY VIBRATIONS—MGM/Verve V65075  
THINK PAT WILLIAMS—MGM/Verve V65056  
SHADES OF TODAY—MGM/Verve V65052  
PATRICK WILLIAMS THEME—Pausa 7060  
IT'S MY TURN—Motown M8947M1



# Big B-A-A



BY LARRY BIRNBAUM

**“N**obody wants to give me my just due,” says Clark Terry. “I’ve always been a boy and never a man.” With that, he leans back in his chair and emits a hearty laugh. No, Clark Terry is not a bitter man. After all, he is one of the most successful, renowned, and certainly busiest of jazz musicians today—maintaining an incredibly hectic schedule of concert tours, record dates, and school clinics that keeps him in all but perpetual motion. Still, he remains better known for his burlesque scat singing and for his 14-year tenure with Doc Severinsen’s *Tonight Show* band than for the brilliant and distinctive trumpet technique that first brought him to prominence in the bands of Count Basie and Duke Ellington.

“I used to do all of Quincy Jones’ contracting,” Clark relates, “and then a friend of mine began to do it. He stopped calling me for Quincy’s dates, so I called him up and asked him why. He told me, ‘When you’re in the section, even though you might not play the lead, your sound is too individual—it sticks out too much.’ That’s the kind of left-handed compliment I’ve been getting all my life.”

Terry’s dazzlingly bright and fluid attack may be instantly recognizable, but his style is not so easily pigeonholed. Inspired by Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge, he embraced

the bebop innovations of Dizzy Gillespie, though never to the point of imitation. An amazingly versatile player, he has been labelled a progressive and a mainstreamer, but perhaps it is more appropriate to categorize him simply as a St. Louis trumpeter.

From the days of riverboat legend Charlie Creath—the “king of the cornet”—to Terry’s early admirer Miles Davis and the exuberantly contemporary Lester Bowie, St. Louis has been home to an extraordinary succession of fine trumpeters. “New Orleans was the cradle of jazz,” says Clark, “and many of the New Orleans musicians played on the riverboats that came up the Mississippi. A lot of those cats got off the boats in St. Louis, so this is why St. Louis became one of the big spots.”

As a youth, Terry heard local trumpet players like Sleepy Tomlin, Mouse Randolph, and Dewey Jackson. “One of the musicians who influenced me the most,” he asserts, “was Dud Bascomb. Not too many people even know who he was, but he played all those beautiful trumpet solos with the Erskine Hawkins band, the *Tuxedo Junction* band. He was a beautiful player with a unique harmonic approach, much more original than most of the trumpet players on the scene at that time.

“There was also a lot of good blues singing and playing

# CLARK TERRY

## Brassman

around St. Louis," he adds. "I even played with a little blues band called Dollar Bill and the Small Change." Clark drew on his memories of old bluesmen to create his biggest hit, *Mumbles*, a hilariously unintelligible scatted parody of 12-bar inebriation. "That was on an album called *Oscar Peterson Trio Plus One*. We had finished the session and I asked Oscar to let me do this thing as a favor, and he liked it so it ended up on the record."

The blues left its mark on Terry's instrumental approach as well. "When a kid came out to play for the first time, one of the prime prerequisites was to be able to bend a note and moan. You couldn't come out and play the blues with a straight pure tone." Clark's superlatively controlled embouchure—he often performs mouthpiece solos—produces a rich palette of smears and blue notes, and has produced some critical confusion as well.

Rex Stewart, his predecessor in the Ellington band, introduced the novel effect of partially depressing the pistons of his horn to alter its pitch. The technique is generally attributed to Terry as well, but he adamantly denies the connection. "I had never even heard Rex Stewart. Leonard Feather told that fib, and it's been sticking to me like a leech ever since. He said I play half-valves, and the only time I ever play half-valves is when the damn valves stick. I can't even play *Boy Meets Horn*."

More clearly established is that "C.T." is almost single-handedly responsible for the revival of the flugelhorn, which by the mid-'50s had become a pawnshop relic. "I was always hearing saxophone players get that more intimate sound, and that's probably why I fell in love with the flugelhorn. The very first note I ever played on flugelhorn was on a record called *Taylor Made Jazz* by Billy Taylor. They didn't make flugelhorns then, and there were very few on the scene; the only cats I knew of that had flugelhorns were Shorty Rogers, Emmett Berry, and Miles. I had been working with this technical adviser down at Selmer; I asked him if they could reconstruct it, and he said, 'Yeah, I think we can.'"

Having brought the buttery-toned flugel back into production, Terry championed its acceptance in the recording studios. "They used to put trumpet, cornet, and flugelhorn in the same category, so we told them about the saxophone players. Tenor sax, alto, and flute are all different instruments, and each time a saxophone player has to switch horns on a date, he gets extra money. They refer to those as doubles, and we had to fight hard with the union to make the flugelhorn a legitimate double, but we finally succeeded."

The consummate master of the instrument, Terry uses the flugel not just for mellow ballad colors, but on uptempo blues as well—and with the full speed and mobility of the trumpet. He can play acrobatic triple-tongued runs or delicate legato passages with equal facility and in nearly any context. Critically neglected in recent years, he remains a popular favorite, as much for his personal warmth and unflagging good humor as for his broad-ranging virtuosity.

Born in St. Louis in 1920, Clark was smitten by the trumpet early on, but was too poor to afford one. "I wanted a trumpet so badly when I was a kid that I concocted a little

gadget out of a coiled-up piece of garden hose, with a kerosene funnel stuck in it to look like a bell and a piece of gas pipe on the other end to look like a mouthpiece. It wasn't too musical at all, but it had a trumpet-type sound, just a blatant noisy sound.

"When I got to high school, there were no more trumpets available. The only thing left was an old ragged valve trombone, so the trumpet teacher, Clarence Wilson, said, 'Take this and get out of here. It has the same fingering and you can make more noise with it anyway.' So I took it.

"That was at Vashon High School in St. Louis, and my friend Ernie Wilkins was attending a rival high school, Sumner. When we started our own little jazz band, I used to walk all the way out to the west end of town to have our rehearsals, about nine or 10 miles. We played Ernie's first arrangement, *Forrest Fire*, which he wrote in honor of Jimmy Forrest, who was a class ahead of me in school."

Terry was a high school boxer, "until I found out that boxing and trumpet playing don't mix. You can't play with a fat lip." Instead he developed his musical prowess. "I always enjoyed practicing. A lot of kids like to swim and roller skate, but I found that practicing was fun for me. Later, in the navy, I used to practice out of a clarinet book, because I always wanted to play fast passages, and I noticed that the clarinet books had faster things to play."

Times were hard when Clark moved in with his older sister. "I needed to earn my board and keep, so I used to haul ashes. Years ago they used to have mills, fractions of a penny, that you'd get in change. They were round paper things, and I used to advertise on the back of the mills, 'Let the Terry Brothers do your hauling.'"

**A**fter high school he travelled through the South with the Rueben and Cherry Carnival. "That was a biggie, a railroad show, and then in the winter we got on a smaller show. One time in Mississippi, the merry-go-round broke down—it actually did—and we had to get back to St. Louis. The guy who ran the carnival had a monkey show with a ride and about 15 monkeys, and Willie Austin, the band director, conned him into letting us ride back with him in this truck. Willie rode in the cab with the driver, and the rest of us were all in the back with the monkeys for 750 miles."

Terry hit the road again with blues singer Ida Cox's *Darktown Scandals* show. "Ida Cox was a great experience. We used to travel in an old broken-down bus, and every time we'd get to a hill, everybody had to get out and push. There was a midget named Prince on the show, and he just sat in the bus, so one day Ida Cox asked him what he was doing there. 'I'm too small,' he said, so she said, 'We got a tiny little place for you to push.' I'll never forget that."

Back in St. Louis, he worked with Fate Marable, whose celebrated (though unrecorded) riverboat bands bred talents from Louis Armstrong to Jimmy Blanton. "Fate was quite a character—changed his name from Marble to Marable. Whenever Fate was going to fire a person, he'd take one of the fire axes from off the wall of the boat and put it in the cat's seat. He would call the rest of the band in early, and when

the guy came on board, they'd start to play. Naturally the cat would figure he was late, and as he ran up the band would be playing *There'll Be Some Changes Made*. But we all believe that that's how the term 'getting the ax' got started."

**I**n 1942 Terry enlisted in the navy, and for the next three years he played in an all-star band at Chicago's Great Lakes base with Ernie Wilkins and Gerald Wilson, under the leadership of altoist Willie Smith of the Jimmy Lunceford band. On leave, he journeyed to New York's 52nd Street, where he saw, "Bird and Diz, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, and Don Byas. We got there just when George Shearing got off the boat from England."

Upon his discharge, he briefly joined Lionel Hampton, then spent 18 months as straw boss and lead trumpeter with the George Hudson band. "George Hudson is a skinny little trumpet player out of St. Louis," Clark explains. "He built a reputation with the house band at the Club Plantation, because he had musicians like Singleton Palmer, Weasel Parker, and myself, conscientious cats who really loved to play things right. When acts would come in, we would rehearse their music like it was our own, and they never heard their music played so beautifully. The word got around, and we had a reputation even before we got to New York. When we did get there, we made history. Our little tenor player, Willie 'Weasel' Parker, had such a fantastic solo on *Body And Soul* that Illinois Jacquet, who was a big star at the time, ran backstage and protested, 'Take it out! Take that number off!'

"Then I went to Los Angeles to join Charlie Barnet. He had an integrated band, and it worked because Charlie was a millionaire, and he didn't care about anything. He called me up, and I took the train to California and went to Gerald Wilson's home, then over to Hermosa Beach where the band was playing. They were on the air when I walked up, and in

the middle of a coast-to-coast radio broadcast, Charlie Barnet signals that I should get my horn out. The announcer says, 'And now our new trumpet player,' and I had to go right into the number. I don't remember the tune, but luckily I was familiar with the changes."

His 10 months with Barnet were followed by stints with Charlie Ventura and Eddie "Mr. Cleanhead" Vinson. "The first commercial records I ever made were with Eddie Vinson and his big band," he says, "and two of the tunes we did were *Railroad Porter Blues* and *Kidney Stew*." Terry and Vinson have been reunited on Clark's latest Pablo album, *Yes, The Blues*, performing those and other bluesy chestnuts.

Count Basie beckoned him to join his faltering organization in 1948. "I joined Basie with the big band at first, and then he encountered some financial problems, and his office instructed him to break it down to a small group. I went back to St. Louis, and Basie told me to look around for a tenor player, so I brought Bob Graff to Chicago and we opened at a place downtown called the Brass Rail with Buddy De-Franco, Bob Graff, myself, Freddy Green, Gus Johnson, and Jimmy Lewis on bass. Bob Graff went with Woody Herman and we got Wardell Gray and then Charlie Rouse, and we recorded with Charlie Rouse, Serge Chaloff, and Buddy.

"Shortly after that, Basie went back with the big band and he needed an alto player. I told him I knew somebody in St. Louis and he said, 'Call him up!'—he was in the steam cabinet at the Strand Theater with his head sticking out. I went to his phone and called Ernie Wilkins, who had never played alto in his life, and very quietly I said, 'Can you get an alto? Do you want to come and join Basie?' So he borrowed one of those silver colored student saxophones—we called them 'grey ghosts'—and I brought him up to see Basie the next day. The band was still skunked, so I suggested that

### CLARK TERRY'S BIG B-A-D BAND

Besides C.T. the new 1981 edition of his duodevigintet features alto saxist Chris Woods and includes the following: Bradford Marsalis and Danny House, alto saxophone; Randolph Glenn Russell and Ned Otter, tenor saxophone; Dianne De Rosa, baritone saxophone; Steve Rentschler,

Gary W. Blackman, Byron Stripling, and Saul Anthony Lujan III, trumpet; Ronald Eugene Wilkins, Conrad Herwig III, and Kenny Crane, trombone; Matt Finders, bass trombone; John Campbell, piano; Peter Dowdall, bass; Michael Baker, drums; Michal D. Beckham, vocals.



D. SHCLEY

## CLARK TERRY'S EQUIPMENT

Clark Terry plays a custom-made Olds C.T. model trumpet and flugelhorn.

Ernie might write some material. He wrote all those great tunes for Joe Williams, and from that point the band skyrocketed, all because of that whispered phone call."

Basie still had a few combo engagements to fulfill, and in 1951 Duke Ellington dropped in on one of these and discreetly hired Clark away. "Duke said he would put me on salary, and that I should go home to St. Louis and wait until the band came through, and I would just happen to join them there. So I gave my notice to Basie—he took back the raise he had just given me—and I went back to St. Louis and joined Duke. And for the next nine years I attended what I call the University of Ellingtonia, because I learned an awful lot through osmosis, just being there with him."

Terry's reputation spread rapidly among musicians, and he began to record—as a sideman and under his own name—with many of the top names in jazz, from Art Blakey and Horace Silver to Johnny Griffin and even Thelonious Monk. Monk was so impressed with Clark's work as a last-minute replacement for Ernie Henry on *Brilliant Corners* that he agreed to accompany him on Terry's own *In Orbit* LP.

Clark left Ellington in 1959 to join Quincy Jones in Europe in the Harold Arlen "blues opera" *Free And Easy*, returning to New York and a job with the NBC staff a year later. He became a *Tonight Show* regular, supplementing his income with commercial studio work, until the networks dissolved their staffs and *Tonight* moved to the West Coast. "It would be difficult to categorize that band," says Terry. "You had to swing, you had to be legit, you had to play any kind of music that came along. It was just a unique band."

His television exposure led to an ongoing involvement in education. "People started requesting different members of the *Tonight Show* band to appear at public schools and colleges. The instrument companies came in as sponsors, and soon I was into the clinic circuit full blast. It's fun—it keeps you alert, it keeps you abreast of things, and it keeps your mind young and fertile."

Through the mid-'60s, Terry co-led a highly successful combo with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, and by the end of the decade the enterprising trumpeter had incorporated his own recording and publishing company, Etoile, with Phil Woods and Melba Liston. In 1970 his newly formed Big B-A-D Band played Carnegie Hall, going on to tour Europe in 1973. "Phil Woods wrote the original book, and we've had a lot of good players in the band, cats like Jimmy Nottingham, Ray Copeland, Frank Wess, Jimmy Heath, Duke Jordan, and of course Ernie Wilkins and Chris Woods, who became more-or-less regulars."

Memphis-born Chris Woods, a St. Louis transplant, is the only remaining veteran in the band's current incarnation, which comprises students and young professionals recruited through notices posted at colleges around the country. The group's original material was similarly solicited. The 18-piece ensemble packs a brassy, swinging punch with solid section work and agile bop-oriented solos. Altoist Woods, who played alongside Terry in George Hudson's band, doubles as road manager and featured soloist, but inevitably Clark steals the show with his timelessly modern style and glorious chops.

The indefatigable Terry divides his time between the road, the studio, and the campus, touring Europe several times a year with his big band or with stellar combos like Oscar Peterson's. He has recorded prolifically for Norman Granz's Pablo label in the past few years, in settings that range from



STEVE KAGAN/PHOTO RESERVE

**RELAXIN' AT THE BLACKSTONE HOTEL:** Clark Terry between sets at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase in Chicago.

swing era tributes to Third Stream concert works by composer Charles Schwartz.

Terry is one of the few jazz artists who have achieved broad popularity without sacrificing integrity. "I played commercial dates to subsidize what I believed in, but I stuck to what I believed in. I found that to be the easier route, to stay involved and to stay out of the controversial categorizing thing. You just stay yourself and play things that people can recognize, and you do it your way." db

### CLARK TERRY SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

YES, THE BLUES—Pablo Today 2312-127  
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—Pablo Today 2312-105  
MEMORIES OF DUKE—Pablo Today 2312-118  
FUNK DUMPLINS—Matrix MTX 1002  
CRUISING—Milestone M-47032  
SWAHILI—Trip TLP-5528  
SERENADE TO A BUS SEAT—(Japanese import) Riverside SMJ-6209  
IN ORBIT—(Japanese) Riverside SMJ-6167N

**with Big B-A-D Band**  
LIVE AT BUDDY'S PLACE—Vanguard VSD-79373  
LIVE AT THE WICHITA JAZZ FESTIVAL—Vanguard VSD-79355  
**with Dizzy Gillespie/  
Freddie Hubbard**  
TRUMPET SUMMIT MEETS OSCAR PETERSON—Pablo Today 2312-114  
**with Charles Schwartz**  
MOTHER! MOTHER!—Pablo Today 2312-115  
PROFESSOR JIVE—Inner City IC 1015

**"I** was interested in music all my life, but I wasn't interested in the violin. Because when I was in the sixth grade, all my friends were going to drumming classes, and they were going to play the saxophone and stuff—that's *always* been the sound. So I said, 'What the hell is going on—why me? Why'd they put this on me?' I was a little angry, actually. I didn't even like carrying it around in my neighborhood."

Billy Bang sits back and laughs, but one has to wonder how many kids were forced into playing the violin in school for the reason he was—because he was small—and had to put up with the onus of carrying the diminutive case through neighborhoods such as Billy's—117th Street in Harlem.

Fortunately, the then Billy Walker (his alliterative last name was pinned on him in the South Bronx by lads who remembered the cartoon personages, "Billy Bang-Bang And His Brother Butch"—needless to say what Billy's brother was named) returned to the violin after several years of abandonment. He is currently forging a new approach to the instrument. Although founded somewhere between Leroy Jenkins' romanticism and Ornette Coleman's percussive scratchings, Bang's style is a fresh approach to the avant garde aspects of violin playing. He has a raw, bluesy feeling, and his compositions are simple and melodic. He seems to have a large dose of hoedown in his music, and when he plays *Skip To My Lou*, as on his solo hat Hut LP, his tongue is not quite in his cheek.

Billy nods in agreement and says, "I personally believe that the less training one has on the violin, in particular, the more folksy it will sound naturally. It's my theory—because I didn't have a lot of the training that Leroy would have had, or a lot of the violinists out there have had—so the naturalness of the violin comes out in that context. There has to be some kind of structure and some training to it, but it comes from that and it comes from the rhythms that I'll play. And that comes directly off the drums. I've always been infatuated with drums—drums and horns. So all of these different experiences and knowledges, put to the violin, will produce that kind of folksy effect. It's really not 100 percent classical training, which is necessary, but maybe 50 percent for positions and different things like that, and the other 50 is just natural rawness."

Billy Bang was born in Mobile, Alabama in 1947, but when his eyes focused on the world he was in Spanish Harlem. His unmarried, teenaged mother moved in with her northern sisters after pressure drove her out of the South. Billy's earliest musical expe-

periences were the religious records of one aunt and the Jimmy Reed/B.B. King collection of another, not to mention the sounds of the street—specifically the Harlem store owners blasting the r&b of the day onto the sidewalk.

"My mother moved around quite a bit, like a real gypsy," Billy recalls from his Lower East Side apartment. "Every two years we were somewhere else. And she didn't get married, but she was with another man around that time, and this guy was into a lot of stuff. I mean, he was a fast guy. And a lot of his friends would come by the house, and they would be getting high and all kinds of stuff, and they had a lot of Miles and Trane—a lot of Miles and Trane. And that's when I first started hearing that. It was like they pinned a destiny on me, an omen or something. They said, 'You're going to be into this.' Cats were actually saying this. And I was kind of snickering at the music at the time."

It was thanks to a progressive junior high school and his small stature that the snickering young Bang found himself with a violin under his chin. "We played very, very easy classical pieces," he says, "and then we would take it home on the weekends and just scratch on it."

But the embarrassment was just too much, so when Billy Bang was sent to Stockbridge, Massachusetts to attend a private high school, he put his fiddling past behind him. Instead, he began playing drums with schoolmate Arlo Guthrie. "We had to hear music every morning after breakfast, like a meditation hour. So even if I didn't learn anything classical, it was, through osmosis, implanted in me. But I didn't want to see a violin. I had nothing to do with it."

Following the hills of the Berkshires came the swamps of Vietnam. After two years in the army, including a full year in Vietnam, Billy Bang landed back in New York "completely spaced

out. I wasn't doing anything other than just reading books about Bobby Seale and Huey Newton. You know, before the army I was completely ignorant about what was happening around me, and once I found out, I became extremely angry toward society and everything else that had me involved in that situation. I came out with a lot of hatred.

"As soon as I came out, I started hearing a lot of music. I first really heard Trane. I just really heard him and tried to pinpoint what he was doing, how he was doing it, what was happening. I heard him, emotionally, before, but then I really started to check him out. This was around 1968-69, and a friend of mine started getting the Delmark Records from Chicago. It was the first time we heard Braxton or Leo Smith or Leroy Jenkins or the rest of them. So I heard Leroy playing the violin in a different context—other than the European context of violin playing—and I decided to maybe try and pick it back up again.

"I wanted to play music again because we would somehow associate music with politics and the whole thing at the time. I wanted to get back into some instrument, so I started messing with the flute. Then when I heard that record from Chicago, I said, 'I'd better do something that I know something about'—which was the violin."

It was on the way back from a trip to Washington, DC that Billy and a friend stopped in a pawn shop. The friend headed for the gun counter, and Billy Bang headed for the instruments. He purchased a dusty old violin for \$30 and headed back to the South Bronx with his mind set to start anew.

# BILLY

He listened to Leroy Jenkins, Ornette Coleman, and dozens of horn players before it was time to make the big move—downtown.

"In 1971 I had to leave the Bronx because they didn't understand the violin. I had a lot of problems with this violin. I was with the lady I'm with now, Josephine, and I said, 'Look, I'm moving downtown.

I don't know how or whatever . . .' And coming from the Bronx down here is a long way. It's a very long way, in terms of attitude. It's a short distance, but I could have come from Chicago. I came down here and I started

meeting the people I've always wanted to meet. One cat was Wilbur Ware, who did a lot for me in terms of encouragement and showing me some hip licks.

"I had to learn my intonation and fingering from a clarinet, and I was playing a large-sized violin, which is hard. I was playing not too good. There was enough there to have people say, 'Keep going on,' but it wasn't that good at all. And New York is a rough place, because you can't be learning on the bandstand here. You've got to come out with your best shit everytime, you know. Actually I was learning on the bandstand, so a lot of people thought I was crazy to be taking that kind of chance and maybe ruin myself for later, but I had no other alternative. I had to get out there and embarrass myself and make an idiot of myself and hope that it would pay off, hope that I would learn something."

This was the prime time of the New York loft scene—when musicians would be criss-crossing the streets of the Lower East Side with basses and drum kits on their backs, looking for jam sessions and high ceilings. The determined Billy Bang was met with some resistance—everybody looking cock-eyed at his violin—but he had one point going for him.

"I couldn't be heard. I wasn't amplified—I was playing acoustic for a long time—so the cats didn't care if I was playing, some of them didn't know I was there. It was really kind of strange. I couldn't carry my amp around to be turned down from sitting in, so I had a problem there.

"I finally said, 'Man, the only way I can do anything with this instrument is to write my own music and have my own group.' There's just no place I can fit in anybody's group. Just no way."

So the violinist started gigging in some of the West Side lofts. However, it was the East Side lofts that were getting media coverage at the time. But Bang's confidence and chops were growing: "I started getting my courage together then. Sam Rivers was playing at the Five Spot, and I went down to see him one night and said, 'Look Sam, I'm coming back tomorrow night with my vio-



**BANG**

BY LEE JESKE

# BILLY BANG

lin.' I don't know if I was threatening him or not, but he said, 'Cool,' you know.

"So the next night—I was kind of nervous all day—I went back with my violin, and I plugged it in somehow—or I didn't plug it in, I can't remember now, but I had the violin. Sam was playing and I was playing . . . the next thing I knew, this cat was blowing me away. I mean, he was playing an awful lot of music—pure music—and I always respect music, I don't care if I'm trying to be a wise guy or what. He was talking through his horn and saying, 'Go home and get your music together.' I knew it. He never said that, but I heard it through his horn—or I thought I heard it.

"Jemeel Moondoc was in the audience and he said, 'Hey, you sounded good, man.' But I knew I didn't—I think he was surprised just to see me up there with Sam at the time. The next night I still went over to the Five Spot to hear his music—to see what I was missing—and Sam came over to me and said, 'Hey, man, you're late. I was looking for you earlier, blah, blah, blah.' But he taught me something. Because at that point, I went back in the house, and I figured, another six months or a year. I started studying with Leroy Jenkins then. I think I made up my mind to go ahead and check out some other stuff.

"Leroy helped with positions and other basic things. Leroy knows a lot about the violin—bows and everything. I mean, he's the type of cat that I like to be around for that other information. 'Cause he can't tell you how to be a virtuoso, but he has a lot of other information that you need to know."

After a long period of woodshedding, Billy Bang began to come into his own. It was in 1977, rather recently, that everything started coming together. "I went out to California with Peter Kuhn—mostly to check it out—and the audience really liked it. We played Santa Cruz and LA and the Keystone Korner. I felt better after that, and when I came back to New York a few weeks later, Jemeel asked me if I would go to Europe with him. I was kind of hesitant, because I wanted to go as a leader—I don't know if it was an ego trip or whatever—but I said, 'No, I'll be humble and I'll go with you.' It was kind of rough, because we had to help pay to get us over. But then, during that tour, I started getting stronger and stronger musically. At that moment it started coming together. I mean, it had

been happening, but I started hearing it. Then the press started encouraging me, and I even did a solo concert right at the end of the tour. It was the first time I played solo."

Bang became something of an attraction in Europe and has returned every year since. Brian Case, reviewing a German appearance for *Melody Maker* wrote, "Even in the fastest shiverings, every note registered with clarity, and there was at times an underlying elation that makes you want to cross the classroom in scissors-leaps."

Nineteen seventy-seven was also the year the String Trio Of New York was formed. Consisting of Bang on violin, James Emery on guitars (and about a hundred other stringed instruments),

and John Lindberg on bass, the group explores a chamber setting with exhilaration and elan.

Despite the limits of his instrument, Billy Bang has shied away from very few musical combinations. Aside from solo playing (recorded excellently on the hat Hut LP, *Distinction Without A Difference*) and the String Trio (released by Black Saint on two albums—*Area Code 212* and *First String*), there have been duets (with Charles Tyler, Ronald Shannon Jackson, and Khan Jamal), quartets, big band work with Frank Lowe, and even a foray or two into the world of free funk (or punk jazz or no wave or whatever) with Material, although the latter took some

*continued on page 71*



DARRYL PITTENCORE

# RECORD REVIEWS

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

## TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

**NOTORIOUS TOURIST FROM THE EAST**—Inner City IC 6066: *NOTORIOUS TOURIST FROM THE EAST*; *SOLLOQUY*; *HANGIN' LOOSE*; *MEMORY*; *AFTER MR. TENG*.

**Personnel:** Akiyoshi, piano; Steven Huffsteter, trumpet; Gene Cherico, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★★★★★

## TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI/LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND

**FAREWELL TO MINGUS**—Jazz America Marketing JAM 003: *AFTER MR. TENG*; *SONG FOR THE HARVEST*; *SHADES OF YELLOW*; *AUTUMN SEA*; *FAREWELL (TO MINGUS)*.

**Personnel:** Akiyoshi, piano; Tabackin, Dan Higgins, Gary Foster, John Gross, Bill Byrne, reeds; Buddy Childers, Steven Huffsteter, Larry Ford, Mike Price, trumpet; Rick Culver, Hart Smith, Bruce Fowler, trombone; Phil Teele, bass trombone; Bob Bowman, bass; Steve Houghton, drums.

★★★★★

Two instruments—piano and big band—dominate these records. Each conveys artistic form and completeness, yet their resonances are strikingly different. The piano is like a sketch pad compared to the big band's rich tonal palette. But wonderful images emerge from both. Toshiko's five originals on each album trace classic compositional shapes that curve, climax, and offer the improviser intriguing avenues to follow. The quartet responds with empathetic interaction and substantial, cliché-free solos. The big band exhibits mature musicianship in ensemble and solo features.

The lines and shadows of bop color *Notorious Tourist From The East*. Toshiko's tangy, sparse left hand chords and cumulatively intense right hand runs reflect Bud Powell's definitive bebop piano. The lady's improvisations on this record are consistently rewarding in their melodic purposefulness, unflagging swing, light and dark nuances of attack and timing, and joyous spirit.

Huffsteter, a mainstay of the big band but a heretofore infrequent small group soloist, is a warmly melodic player. His burnished tone and arching lines thematically extend and complement the easy gait of *Hangin' Loose* and the lovely waltz theme of *Soliloquy*. In tone and phrasing he recalls a less plaintive 1950s Miles Davis. A few more earthy vocal effects—half-valve squeezes, down-trailing slurs, pinched-note cries—would have expanded the emotional range on the quartet's title track, a *Tijuana Moods*/



GILL SMITH/RYAN

*La Fiesta*-like melody supported by a two-chord vamp. More aggressive players seem to fare better on such minimal-harmony tunes—a point which Toshiko's charging solo amply demonstrates.

At the delicate extreme is Toshiko's a cappella electric piano outing on the ballad *Memory*, where her treble lines ring, echo, and overlap like the sound of Milt Jackson's vibes. Light organ chords in the left hand pad the graceful high register turns. Her approach is refreshingly different on this most leveling of instruments. Toshiko's naturally swinging music dances with the added peppery thrust of Cherico and drummer Higgins on the quartet sides, and with the lighter, more floating feeling of Bowman and Houghton on the big band cuts. Cherico and Higgins flesh out a healthy, balanced bottom sound. Bowman and Houghton slip fluidly between basic time functions and solo/ensemble color commentary.

Cherico, a longtime Toshiko ally, is a sturdy, walking, middle-register soloist, as evidenced by his woody-resonant excursions on *Hangin' Loose* and *After Mr. Teng*, a tricky bop maze based on the changes of *Strike Up The Band*. Bowman prefers upper register flights and broken-time rhythm patterns on his salute to these changes in the big band version. Drummer Higgins maintains a deep-toned African pulse throughout his solo on the same tune. Huffsteter and Toshiko are generally more exuberant on the full band exposition of this tune than on the quartet side.

The performances on *Farewell To Mingus* are a celebration of life, an explosion of

orchestral colors, a testimony to the deep expressiveness of Toshiko's composing and arranging. Like Duke Ellington she writes for specific tonal personalities—Tabackin is her Harry Carney, her cornerstone, and the woodwind textures are the richest since the Duke's. Notice how each saxophone voice has its own melodic momentum on the corkscrew soli section of *After Mr. Teng* and how the flute and clarinet crosscurrents shimmer on the Dukish *Song For The Harvest*.

Tabackin's flute and tenor timbres enrich the ensemble. On the heartfelt title track his bear-hugging sax tone and rhapsodic lines recall Ben Webster's ballad warmth. (Toshiko projects a sculptured chordal solo here, too, in contrast to her more familiar linear designs.) The saxist engages Gross' alternately sputtering and zooming tenor in an exciting chase on *After Mr. Teng*. The highlight is a supercharged, unaccompanied, in-tempo interlude during which the tenors carom around the changes and bounce ideas off each other. Tabackin articulates with a roaring, Coleman Hawkins ferocity. On *Autumn Sea*, an evocative poem characterized by shifting time signatures and tempos, Tabackin "sings" an outstanding flute solo against Houghton's atmospheric drum background. The flutist's vibrato-laden intensity and classical tonal projection are the most original jazz sounds to come along on this instrument since the seminal work of Herbie Mann and Sam Most in the early 1950s.

There are other soloists—Fowler (cascading on the minor theme of *Song For The*



Harvest), alto saxist Higgins (on *Shades Of Yellow*, a higher-pitched disciple of Tabackin), Byrne (boppish and bluesy on *Song*), Houghton (limber and confident in fills and extended solos throughout)—and all sound inspired. The lead trumpet work of Childers and Price is stunning, too. But the greatest force of these performances lies in Toshiko's writing and directing. The ensemble speaks with a theatrical grandeur, yet its silences and whispers are profound. The various instrumental combinations revisit all the best traditional big band nuances, but extend far beyond the past glories of the idiom. The music has built-in emotional moods—nostalgia, joyous abandon, the blues, hope—the same spiritual qualities that guided Mingus' works, and Ellington's too. Toshiko Akiyoshi is today's finest practicing jazz arranger. *Farewell* is a beautiful, beautiful album, and *Notorious* is a very good example of riches to be discovered in traditional formats and forms.

—owen cordle

**VSOP**

**LIVE UNDER THE SKY**—Columbia

Digital I2C 36770: *ONE OF ANOTHER KIND*; *TEARDROP*; *PEE WEE*; *PARA ORIENTE*; *FRAGILE*; *DOMO*; *STELLA BY STAHLIGHT/ON GREEN DOLPHIN STREET*.

**Personnel:** Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn; Wayne Shorter, soprano, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

If one could hear this band with virgin ears, not knowing its history—together and separately, acoustic and electric, 4/5 Miles-alumni and 4/5 fusion-mongers—unaware of their collective potential and the past disappointment behind similar "supergroup" resurrections, they might get a fair, unbiased hearing. Nevertheless, I arrived skeptical, and left impressed.

For, despite the overwhelming individual virtuosity, these five talents come together as a true band, passing the severest test: even their most intricate arrangements (and this is no mere jamming band) sound spontaneous. Consider the wonderful empathy of Hubbard's *One Of Another Kind*, with its subtle ensemble rubato and tight give-and-take between soloist and hard-charging accompaniment. And hear the way Hubbard burns and soars (constructing a solo, not merely linking together flashy runs), while Shorter shows how to handle an inclement weather-affected horn (wet pads, swollen reed, etc.) and still create an intriguing outing through a disintegrating line (shorter and shorter fragments, squeezed and wrung out of a soggy soprano). Hear, too, the way the unit sustains the languorous mood of *Pee Wee*, the tension taut at a tempo which would frustrate less sensitive musicians, as Shorter's tenor is spun out of sheer introspection.

One is reminded of the Blue Note salad days in any number of ways: the return of Hubbard's chops and his brash, confident, yet controlled attitude, Hancock's stylish, intelligent "touch" on acoustic piano, Tony

Williams' propulsive, variegated chattering, the reckless and exciting trumpet/tenor contrapuntal blathering on *Fragile* held together by Carter's insistent walking (though it's a bit much to hear the Japanese audience's cheers for/between each bass glissandi and isolated cymbal crash).

Speaking of the latter, since this is a digital release at a correspondingly higher cost, they are too audible, though the instruments are recorded forward as well (I would have preferred a bit more drums and a tad less bass presence). The recorded sound is clean, clear, crisp, but the price increase probably isn't worth the improved sound quality. Will Columbia issue a cheaper analog edition, as they did with *M'boom*, for added accessibility? I hope so, for this music deserves it.

—art lange

**JOHN McNEIL**

**EMBARKATION**—SteepleChase SCS-1099; *GREENWICH*; *OUT*; *BLUE SAMBA*; *BUT NOW . . .*; *SEA BREEZE*.

**Personnel:** McNeil, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bob Berg, tenor saxophone; Joanne Brackeen, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

**FAUN**—SteepleChase SCS 1117: *DOWN SUNDAY*; *C.J.*; *FAUN*; *SAMBA DE BEACH*; *RUARI*.

**Personnel:** McNeil, trumpet, flugelhorn; David Liebman, tenor, soprano saxophone, flute; Richard Beirach, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, Mike Hyman (cut 4), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

**THE GLASS ROOM**—SteepleChase SCS 1133: *BLEWBO*; *CHEYDA*; *HANK'S SHUFFLE*; *SALVADOR*; *THE SLOPE*; *THE GLASS ROOM*.

**Personnel:** McNeil, trumpet; Bill Bickford, guitar; Tom Warrington, electric bass; Mike Hyman, drums.

★ ★ ★

In one sense, John McNeil practically stole into the jazz consciousness, arriving from the backwaters of Eureka, CA, via Louisville, and recording his debut album without having, in his own words, "played with anyone of note." But taken as McNeil's collected work until the present, these three records (*Embarkation*, 1978; *Faun*, 1979; *The Glass Room*, 1980) announce him with almost legalistic authority.

The sum of what the albums reveal about McNeil is more important than their separate attributes, estimable though they are. McNeil the musician harkens to Miles Davis and, in turn, another Davis scion, Kenny Wheeler. Like both, McNeil can hurl and aim a single note like a spear and make it define all surrounding accompaniment. He is smooth and economical, yet conscious of the need to push up and pump and take chances; the motive is superb even if its execution sometimes is not.

McNeil the writer composes so that the center—the weather vane of melody—always tilts slightly off-center. Whether in his sambas, ballads, or hard bop tunes, form always permits a free-flowing modal feel, in

which soloists reshuffle the few chords and pass the spotlight to the next player in line. Perhaps because he learned jazz so removed from its urban epicenter, McNeil writes free of the music's conventions.

All of these bouquets might lead one to expect perfection, or at least distilled genius, from these albums, but in fact the results vary from disc to disc and even within each. McNeil still needs a working group that pushes him, and the self-assurance to put out cohesive works, rather than trying to display on each album the almost schizophrenic poles of his style.

*Faun* rises as the finest of the three records because McNeil's own consistent playing finds its best accompaniment here—the sheer power of which, especially by pianist Beirach and drummer Hart, binds what otherwise would splinter into a disparate collection of solos; with their epoxy, there is strength rather than dispersal. Beirach drives the group with chords like a bellows fanning a fire. Hart and Leibman respond in kind, the drummer by battering both kit and companions, and the saxist by howling, roaming, and loosing his notes in gales. McNeil can play hot or cool. On *C.J.* he flies up the stairs of a scale, leaps down, and abruptly, excitingly delivers the song to Hart. But on the title ballad his notes start with a vibratoless core and simply spread, almost as if one could see them emerging from the horn and expanding in concentric circles. *Ruari* provides a case history for all that is right on *Faun*. First Buster Williams creeps in, then Beirach, then the two horns; as the rhythm section reaches a gallop, the horns match strides—but serenely, without fluster.

The chief flaw of *Faun* occurs when McNeil inexplicably departs his group for a duet with drummer Mike Hyman on *Iron Horse*. Besides changing personnel, McNeil shifts from a mainstream setting into one of descending, twirling dissonance. The result is disruptive, a tour of misspent force. But *Faun* remains a wonderful album. With its fine synthesis of European sensibility and American swing, it sounds like the best acoustic Herbie Hancock album that Herbie Hancock never made.

*Embarkation* reminds one of a slightly outside version of the Jazz Messengers: joyous, swinging, egalitarian. But unlike the Messengers, this group has no past and came together for the first and only time in the studio. The entire album is a battle of forging individual inspiration into a whole, a task made harder because McNeil's compositions avoid the straightforward and thus put a pickup group at a disadvantage.

Still, in the record's best moments—the boppish *Out* and *Blue Samba*—all four sidemen adhere to the magnetic draw of McNeil's spare, seamless runs. Joanne Brackeen contributes merrily, whether silencing the samba's tumult with her light, dancing touch or banging out a two-handed, percussive attack, spraying McCoy Tyner-like rivets of sound with her left hand and pedals. With bassist Rufus Reid she is virtual Spandex, conforming to bend in tempo or dynamics. Brackeen also composes and dominates the most ill-fitting

selection on the album, the jarringly avant garde *But Now* . . .

*The Glass Room* is a vexing piece of work. As McNeil's most recent effort, and the only one of these three to use his regular group, one might expect the sum of earlier strengths to further blossom in familiar soil. Instead, *The Glass Room* offers good music that conspicuously misses the inspiration so steady on *Faun* and at least sporadic on *Embarkation*.

The problems reside with McNeil's chosen mates. Tom Warrington is the rare sort of bassist who wisely uses an electric model for dexterity and definition, not merely volume. Guitarist Bill Bickford masters both rounded, rolling notes and an efficient, clipped delivery on chromatic runs, while Mike Hyman drums with invention within his restraint. But the men support McNeil far more than challenge him. A light funk backdrop pervades the album, allowing McNeil freedom to do what he wants but rarely daring him to do something exciting. Only Bickford, matching faintly latin chords to each long phrase of McNeil's on *Cheyda*, converses with his master's voice.

Perhaps this group will grow with McNeil, or maybe he must work without it. Having arrived, ever so alive, McNeil needs not to settle in a comfortable niche but to move on to new destinations with cohorts who will dog his heels. —sam freedman

**ANDREW HILL**

**STRANGE SERENADE**—Soul Note 1013:  
*MIST FLOWER; STRANGE SERENADE;  
REUNION; ANDREW.*

**Personnel:** Hill, piano; Alan Silva, bass;  
Freddie Waits, percussion.

★ ★ ★

**FACES OF HOPE**—Soul Note 1010: *ROB IT  
MOHE; CEORA; BAYSIDE 1; BAYSIDE 2.*

**Personnel:** Hill, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

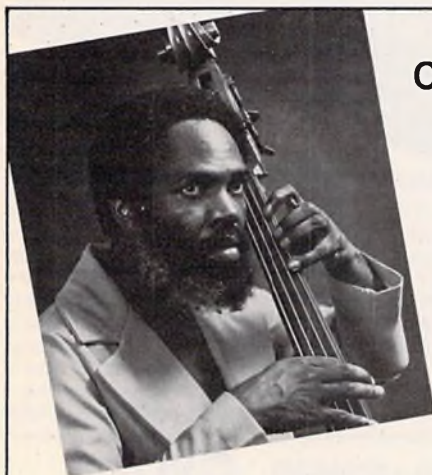
With few exceptions, Andrew Hill's recorded output since his prolific tenure with Blue Note has been limited to trio and solo dates. A reaction to these formats as well as a reflection of the first-person '70s, the compacted sense of design in the pianist's compositions and the taut attack of his solos have been replaced with a more expansive presence. While Hill remains an unique voice, his recent work frequently pales when compared to that of the Blue Note years. To varying degrees, such is the case with *Strange Serenade* and *Faces Of Hope*, two albums whose most successful moments echo the past as much as they map the present or suggest the future.

Hill is a pianist who relishes working the interstices of lead and support roles with a mix of linear and orchestral voicings. Especially in a trio setting, Hill's music is most

engaging when his bassist and drummer can intuit and instantly respond to Hill's split-second tangents in addition to complementing Hill's idiosyncratic blend of propulsion and coloration techniques. On *Strange Serenade*, Alan Silva and Freddie Waits meet the latter requirement more completely than the former, resulting in congealed interaction that is flat as often as it is moving.

When the collective effort of Hill, Silva, and Waits jells, it recalls the unified flux Hill consistently achieved during the '60s with Richard Davis and either Roy Haynes or Joe Chambers. The trio's prying of the quirky cadences of the title piece bears the strongest resemblance to earlier Hill rhythm sections, though distinguished by Waits' abandon and Silva's deft shadowing of the leader. Here, Hill's style is forcefully forwarded, as motifs are compounded, set aside, and recalled, altered by the evolving role of each hand.

The equilibrium sustained throughout the title piece is only temporarily attained on the remaining tracks. After a soothing, impressionistic prelude, *Mist Flower* retains a delicate balance as the pace becomes turbulent, but Hill's spidery runs and jangling chords lose their subtle edge as the intensity reaches megaton proportions. As the piece concludes, Waits' pedestrian highlights diffuse the impassioned dialogue between Silva's crosscut bowing and Hill's rivulets. Silva's unimaginative walking is the drawback of *Reunion* and *Andrew*. Despite



**CLEVELAND  
EATON**

Count Basie  
Orchestra  
Recording  
Star

HAS DISCOVERED THE GREAT SOUND OF

*Super-Sensitive*<sup>®</sup>



**ROPE CORE BASS STRINGS**

At better music stores or write for literature to:  
**SUPER-SENSITIVE MUSICAL STRING CO.**

6121 Porter Rd. / Sarasota, FL 33582

"50 Years of Musical Product Excellence"

EVENT  
MAKING  
PERFORMERS

AND ALL  
THAT JAZZ

Mose Allison  
Richie Cole & Alto Madness  
Herb Ellis • Friesen & Stowell  
Paul Horn • Etta James  
Barney Kessel • Jeff Lorber  
Rod Piazza • Red Rodney  
Dian Sorel • Clark Terry  
Cal Tjader & more

LIVE JAZZ NIGHTLY •  
CONCERTS BY THE BEST

In the Southwest Jazz is

**DANBI'S**

2900 Coors Rd. NW Albuquerque NM  
(505) 831 1465

Waits' incessant prodding, Silva's approach anchors Hill in a mid-tempo groove on *Reunion* which the pianist fails to exploit dynamically, remaining instead on a mild-mannered, right-handed platitude. Hill avoids these problems on *Andrew*, a haunting, tender theme that is brought up to a walk, though the loose atmosphere does not promote the incisiveness that characterizes Hill's best recordings.

*Faces Of Hope* displays Hill's fine ability to regear his ensemble instincts to prime the canvas of his unaccompanied solos. Hill has a rare ear and reflexes enough to flesh out the half-sketched figures and allusions that surface during improvisation, a major factor

in the sustaining of *Rob It Mohe* and *Bayside 1*. By the same token, these ostensive qualities can drain traces of familiarity from well-known source materials, as is the case in his ethereal reading of Lee Morgan's *Ceora*. Were it not for the immediate sensual appeal that results from the sensitive application of these traits in much of the program, *Faces Of Hope* would be an obscurant, if not impenetrable, album.

Hill's tendency on this album towards a sparser style, especially on *Rob It Mohe*, which incrementally develops from an arpeggio and extreme register fragments, does not reflect a simplification in the pianist's conception. Even though *Bayside 2* is based

on a simple repeating phrase, there is a large measure of rhythmic and harmonic variation presented in four-and-a-half minutes which is barely perceptible to the casual ear. Far from a retreat from complexity, Hill instead reiterates much of what he has said over the past 20 years with clean, crafted monosyllables. Certainly, his reading of *Ceora* and his probing quote from *Blue Monk* on *Rob It Mohe* is a firm indication that Hill is still very much in touch with his immediate tradition. While his syntax is ever-changing, Andrew Hill's message remains steadfast, though its lucidity is more strongly felt on this solo set than on the trio outing.

—bill shoemaker

## ART FARMER

**THE ART FARMER QUINTET PLAYS THE GREAT JAZZ HITS**—Columbia PC 36826: *SONG FOR MY FATHER*; *'ROUND MIDNIGHT*; *SIDEWINDER*; *MOANIN'*; *WATERMELON MAN*; *MERCY, MERCY, MERCY*; *I REMEMBER CLIFFORD*; *TAKE FIVE*; *GEMINI*; *THE "IN" CROWD*.

**Personnel:** Farmer, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

★ ★ ½

**THE ART FARMER QUINTET AT BOOMERS**—Inner City IC 6024: *BARBADOS*; *I REMEMBER CLIFFORD*; *'ROUND MIDNIGHT*; *WILL YOU STILL BE MINE*.

**Personnel:** Farmer, flugelhorn; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Art Farmer left this country about a year after the first of these discs, now reissued, was recorded, in 1960. Given the ephemeral musical interest of some of these "great jazz hits," one wonders whether having to do sessions like this one wasn't a partial cause of his becoming an expatriate.

Tunes like Bobby Timmons' *Moanin'*, Lee Morgan's *Sidewinder*, Hancock's *Watermelon Man*, and Josef Zawinul's *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* are well-crafted but slick and somewhat inflexible compositions. In spite of Jimmy Heath's own charts on these pieces, their basic feel remains close, barely distinguishable from the original versions. Worse, Farmer has a difficult time in adapting his conception to these tunes' simplistic jazz-rock rhythms. On *The "In" Crowd*, for instance, his swifty phrases fall out of sync with the rhythm section's even, rockish eighth-notes. And on *Moanin'* his note choices and rhythms miss the point of the tune's gospel-blues flavor. Cedar Walton's piano more convincingly mimics these early '70s jazz-rock idioms. On *Mercy, Mercy*, Farmer he tosses off some authentic Ramsey Lewis funk licks, likewise on *The "In" Crowd*.

A smaller portion of tunes on this release are not hits but durable jazz standards. *'Round Midnight*, which predates most of the other pieces here by some 20 years, opens with a thick intro in contrary motion



**NUMBER ONE  
BY ANY STANDARD!**

Nickel alloy round wound strings for electric guitar. Available in all popular rock 'n' roll, jazz and pedal steel gauges.

**D'Addario**  
East Farmingdale, NY 11735 USA

and showcases Farmer's impeccable phrasing and full, dark sonorities. Heath provides thoughtful countermelodies on tenor. *I Remember Clifford*, one of Farmer's favorite ballads, similarly matches these player's sensibilities, as its interesting changes and pensive melody make it a perfect vehicle for the entire group.

In contrast to the premeditated slickness and nearly consistent mismatching of musician and material which flaws this first release, *The Art Farmer Quintet At Boomers* is a refreshing, play-what-you-will jam. And since recordings of live, unrehearsed blowing sessions seem to be nearing their demise, a release such as this becomes especially valuable. Even Farmer's sometimes nearly inaudible miking (the session was recorded on a two-track machine squeezed into Boomers' kitchen) heightens the event's verisimilitude.

There's lots of good-natured bantering on *Barbados* (Charlie Parker's calypso blues) as Jordan compiles a near-thesaurus of Bird's most durable licks. Walton, sounding now like the real Cedar Walton, leads into extended fours traded by the horn players. On *I Remember Clifford* the crack rhythm section of Walton, Jones, and Higgins moves into floating double time, teasing Farmer into punchy, hardly lyrical accents and aggressive upper register runs. 'Round Midnight again resurfaces, but in a much hotter reading than the *Great Jazz Hits* version. Farmer's free flugelhorn cadenza leads into his truncated melodic statements. As he solos over Higgins' crisp brushwork and Jones' intricate bass lines, all those clichés regarding Farmer's "mellowness" and "lyricism" evaporate. Certainly these qualities are present in his playing, but they stand out best when thrown in relief by the upper register, high voltage strings of 16th-notes and brisk accents he crackles off during this congenial, often electric night at Boomers.

—jon balleras

## GUNTER HAMPEL

**VOGELFREI**—Birth 0029: *FLIGHT; CONVERSATION ALL AT ONCE; RECOGNITION, FRIENDSHIP & LOVE; THE INSIDE; MORE INSIGHT; SOLO, PERCUSSION & DANCE OF THE NEW SPIRIT; CROSSING.*  
**Personnel:** Hampel, vibes, flute, contrabass, bass clarinet, bells, percussion; Perry Robinson, clarinet, soprano saxophone, percussion; Thomas Keyserling, flute, alto, soprano saxophone, percussion; Martin Bues, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ½

**ALL IS REAL**—Birth 0028: *WHILE YOU THINK, KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR THOUGHTS; HOPE; ALL IS REAL.*  
**Personnel:** Hampel, vibes, bass clarinet, tenor saxophone, flute; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Mark Whitecage, alto saxophone; Thomas Keyserling, alto saxophone, flute; Martin Bues, drums, percussion; Jeanne Lee, voice.

★ ★ ★

Although he has had little influence within either camp, German-born composer, multi-

instrumentalist, and world citizen Gunter Hampel has cleared land all his own along the border that separates new music from free jazz, issuing no fewer than 28 albums of his own music—on his own label—in just over 10 years, with yet another new LP (an homage to Mingus) arriving in the shops even as I write. (Hampel's Birth label is handled in the U.S. by the New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.) Both Hampel's music and his methods of preserving and circulating it are Utopian, not to say Edenic. It's not only when he assembles a hand-picked group of international "all-stars" that he can claim to lead a Galaxy Dream Band—at various times the ranks have included such lights as Anthony Braxton, Willem Breuker, Sunny Murray, Enrico Rava, and Hampel's spouse and most frequent collaborator, singer Jeanne Lee—for the band simply consists of whomever is playing with him at the time. Dissatisfied with jazz and with the world as it is, Hampel has evolved an art which promotes a better world—one closer to nature, closer to the seed of creation—and he selects musicians willing to people that world in a spirit of harmony and free exchange. Hampel's music is so personal, so self-willed, that it asks to be judged on no other terms than its own. But sometimes, as with these two releases, it becomes so insular that it is hard to know for sure exactly what its terms are.

Hampel assigns each of his recorded compositions a sequential opus number—even the pieces which are really spontaneously created by the ensemble, like most of those on *Vogelfrei*. The effect of this practice is anything but pretentious—it lends Hampel's LPs a casual, diary-like quality; it places his music in perspective as just one of many important daily activities. Hampel's LPs are the journals in which he records his secrets, desires, and revelations. But there are also passages of self-delusion and self-doubt, as well as some exasperating omissions. Some of the collective improvisation on *Vogelfrei* hums with energy and with the joy and human potential of making sound, but the shorter pieces on side one seem to begin and end in the middle—at least two of them. *Inside* and *More Insight*, literally do fade in and out on a longer live performance. In the absence of expository passages which would link them and give them greater musical value, the reed and percussion paroxysms here lack dazzle and luster, like lightning and thunder with no quiet night sky to set them off.

Although he draws ingratiously lanky and wooly tones from both the flute and the bass clarinets and plays all his saxophones passingly well, the vibraphone remains Hampel's most commanding voice. It is with mallets in his grip that he is best able to marshal a group performance into some semblance of law and order, and *Vogelfrei* gains in focus whenever he lays down his horns. *Hope*, the shortest of the three long pieces on *All Is Real*, is a duet for Hampel's vibes and Whitecage's worrying alto (Whitecage's name is unaccountably omitted from the sleeve personnel listing, although he is identified on the label). When Hampel

doubles up the tempo midway through, and Whitecage fumbles the cue, the dialogue never recovers. The remainder of *All Is Real* is better planned and better realized, though there are problems here as well. The rich reed voicings which announce both the Dolphyish opener *While You Think* and the title track manage to evoke simultaneously the Four Brothers (the milky purity of timbre and mix) and the World Saxophone Quartet (the heightened sense of counterpoint and the arhythmic, microtonal tossing and thrashing). After such promising beginnings, however, all that follows is generally anti-climatic in each case. There are transcendent moments on *Real* when the tenor and the two altos improvise simultaneously at different tempos and out of phase, and on *Think* when the horns swoop and glide like gulls about Lee's vocal, but overall these performances are aimlessly (if good-naturedly) developed, and they lose interest about halfway through their length. Lee's husky, smiling voice brings a grace note of levity to the proceedings upon her entrances; it is only when she borrows the performance poetry techniques of fragmentation and repetition to stretch the syllables of Hampel's homiletic verse to the breaking point that she begins to grate. She is an important and perhaps innovative singer whose influence extends far beyond jazz, but it is somehow more satisfying to think about what she does than it is actually to hear her do it.

Despite its frequent shows of high spirits, its tolerance of eccentricity, and its love of play, Hampel's music is relatively humorless. Above all, what this Utopia lacks at this point is the lyricism of a Rava, the skepticism of a Braxton, or the rough-beast-slouching profanity of a Breuker—the disruptive voice of wisdom which would rise above and occasionally silence all others. Without such a voice, or voices, Hampel's universe is lovely but incomplete.

—francis davis

## MIKE ZWERIN TRIO

**NOT MUCH NOISE**—Spotlite SPJLP 19: *LAKER TO LONDON; SUNSHINE; REBERÉ; MEETING POINT; PEACE; TICKLE TOE; DJANGO.*  
**Personnel:** Zwerin, bass trumpet, trombone; Christian Escoudé, guitars; Gus Nemeth, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is an album that lives up to its title—gentle, ethereal music played by three eclectic, swinging musicians. There is absolutely no noise.

Any album which features the instrumentation of trombone (or bass trumpet), guitar, and bass and offers selections by as diverse a group of composers as John Lewis, Ornette Coleman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Lester Young is asking for trouble. Thanks to the excellent taste of the three players—obviously kindred spirits—the results are elegant and striking. Zwerin, Escoudé, and Nemeth conduct controlled interplay with an astonishing lack of toe-stepping. The trombonist's playing can be

either warm and wooly, like a mitten, or cool and clean. He knows just when to add that little gristle and when to employ a clear "french horn" sound. He also has a fine sense of dissonance, using it to his advantage without overdoing it. His solo passage in the middle of *Meeting Point* is bluesy and swinging, yet it is also open and free.

Escoude is the surprise of the album. Combining elements of Django Reinhardt and beboppers, yet remaining a fine and strong rhythm guitarist is not easy. Escoude seems to have no trouble moving easily from comping to soloing; he makes up for the absence of piano and drums and turns in lively, virtuosic solos. His turn on the John Lewis composition *Django* is clearly the work of an accomplished player.

The problem on the album is Gus Nemeth, but I suspect it is a matter of the bass being boosted too high in the recording process. Nemeth's tone is heavy and dense anyway; the over-recording of the instrument makes his solo spots seem particularly lugubrious. He seems to huff and puff, like a fat man climbing a set of stairs. During the frequent three-way interplay, his playing is in tune to the other two men, but it sometimes sounds overbearing. My guess is that the fault lies with veteran producer (not the drummer) Tony Williams.

Otherwise this is a fine album. It is like three red-nosed old men having conversations over a bottle of aged sherry—there is a bit of whimsy, a touch of belligerent shouting, and a modicum of respectful bantering. This is music for a cozy night by the fire, filled with gentle, lovely sounds and no noise at all.

—lee jeske

## ANTHONY DAVIS

### LADY OF THE MIRRORS—India

Navigation IN 1047: *BEYOND REASON; LADY OF THE MIRRORS; FIVE MOODS FROM AN ENGLISH GARDEN; UNDER THE DOUBLE MOON; MAN ON A TURQUOISE CLOUD.*

**Personnel:** Davis, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

These solo piano compositions by Anthony Davis are intense, highly symphonic creatures, combining the melodic and rhythmic essence of modern classical music with the textures of jazz. Melodic fragments surge at random, interweaving, crossing, hiding in musical shadows, and exploding. Davis builds modal structures that have the dark, minor essence of Ravel, with the brutal and toying intensity of Bela Bartok. The right hand configurations in several of these selections sound like a composers sketch before a symphony or chamber piece.

*Beyond Reason* opens side one with a melodic statement which is simple, but cast in a dark, mysterious minor key. Davis creates a musical wall of pain, as fingers and figures dance within the changing structures. The form is masculine and childlike, a combination of concentration and fantasy. The melody evolves slowly, concealing the taut harmonic directions of the piece. Relief is only found in the final transparent measures of this composition as a musical

and melodic cadence is found. The severe tension of previous measures is erased, leaving the melody and the music complete.

*Man On A Turquoise Cloud* begins with a simple theme stated in Major second intervals in the heart of the piano. The composition is dedicated to Duke Ellington, and the Major tonality shifts to Ellington-like runs and partial blues scales. The mood is one of silk shirts and felt hats, Harlem and the elevated train, all slightly distorted as if viewed from a distance. Melody, patience, and schooled logic are the tools of Anthony Davis; the sound is sincere and real.

The world continues to have its shallow commercial fads, but beneath the plastic, loud, and incoherent pop, a generation of serious and determined artists evolves. The mission is not to impress but progress. Anthony Davis will help create the music of the '80s; let's hope we listen.

—bradley parker-sparrow

## FATS WALLER

### GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STL-115:

*MUSCLE SHOALS BLUES; THE HENDERSON STOMP; ST. LOUIS BLUES; BEALE ST. BLUES; WILLOW TREE; THOU SWELL; HANDFUL OF KEYS; THE MINOR DRAG; HARLEM FUSS; NUMB FUMBLIN'; VALENTINE STOMP; SMASHING THIRDS; DALLAS BLUES; YOU RASCAL YOU; MEAN OLD BEDBUG BLUES; YELLOW DOG BLUES; DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU; MANDY; YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY OYSTER IN THE STEW; HONEYSUCKLE ROSE; BELIEVE IT, BELOVED; ALLIGATOR CRAWL; VIPER'S DRAG; BABY BROWN; (O SUSANNAH!) DUST OFF THAT OLD PIANNA; SWEET AND SLOW; I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER; TWELFTH STREET RAG; I GOT RHYTHM; IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE; BLACK RASPBERRY JAM; S'POSIN'; HONEYSUCKLE ROSE; BLUES; BLUE, TURNING GREY OVER YOU; THE JOINT IS JUMPING; THE SHEIK OF AHABY; YACHT CLUB SWING; SQUEEZE ME; YOUR FEET'S TOO BIG; GEORGIA GRIND; (YOU'RE SOME) PRETTY DOLL; GEORGIA ON MY MIND; THE JITTERBUG WALTZ; AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'.*

**Personnel:** Waller, piano, organ, vocals; with various others including Joe Smith, Tommy Ladnier, Jabbo Smith, Muggsy Spanier, Charlie Teagarden, Henry "Red" Allen, Bunny Berigan, Benny Carter, trumpet; Charlie Irvis, George Brunies, Jack Teagarden, Benny Morton, Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Garvin Bushell, Benny Goodman, Pee Wee Russell, Gene Sedit, Mezz Mezzrow, reeds; James P. Johnson, Hank Duncan, piano; Eddice Condon, Al Casey, Dick McDonough, banjo, guitar; Pops Foster, Billy Taylor, Artie Shapiro, Slam Stewart, bass; Zutty Singleton, George Wettling, drums; Alberta Hunter, Billy Banks, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Although the infrequently yoked virtues of professional superiority and esthetic incorruptibility have seldom proved a guarantee of financial success in this business, there is

still no denying the vast number of bona fide jazzmen who have for years unflinchingly opted for fun over profit. There are some, of course, who adamantly maintain that the only worthwhile ends of the creative process are those which are won at great physical and psychic cost. But this is clearly an overly romantic view, a position difficult to defend in the face of so much historical evidence to the contrary. Were Armstrong and Ellington any the less creative for the obvious joy they took in their music? Were even the great tragic figures of jazz—Beiderbecke, Young, Parker, Holiday—for all of their emotional and physical self-torments, any the less delighted upon the discovery of their own spontaneous musical triumphs? And while it is equally certain that only a truly consummate human being, one who has experienced the full range of life's emotions, can bring to his art a message of sufficient universality to reach all people, there has nevertheless been an undue degree of importance placed upon pain as being the most "authentic" impulse involved in the creative process.

Undoubtedly, Fats Waller experienced both pain and frustration during his career, but these were not integral components in his musical make-up. Rather, it was the persistent joy he took in living life to its fullest that gave his music its most compelling meaning. A large man in every respect, he could out-drink, out-eat, and out-womanize even the most self-indulgent of his many cronies, but when it came time to perform, he could invariably muster full control of all of his faculties. As a pianist, he represented a perfect synthesis of all that had gone into the challenging stride tradition that, along with his mentor James P. Johnson, he had helped raise to a level of unparalleled virtuosity. Indeed, his influence on other pianists was not only widespread but historically indispensable as well, for it provided a basic inspiration for such otherwise disparate figures as Count Basie, Art Tatum, and Thelonious Monk. Among his more obviously dedicated followers can also be numbered Johnny Guarnieri, Ralph Sutton, and Dick Wellstood, but the list could go on indefinitely.

It was not as a pianist, though, nor even as a serious organist, that Fats Waller made his greatest impression on the public. Instead, as in the case of Louis Armstrong, it was as a singer and entertainer. Combining a native comedic sense with an infectious voice and a not unreasonable irreverence toward pop song lyrics, Waller was able to become one of the very few black performers to win a lasting popularity with white audiences. And though perhaps not many of the worldwide Waller addicts will agree, I personally could have long dispensed with the majority of his recorded trifles—were it not, of course, for the rarely less-than-brilliant quality of his piano work. (A special comment is required a priori his fascination with the pipe organ, however. An instrument never to my liking, I must now confess a growing tolerance toward it, especially in Fats' hands, for despite its noxious associations, he endowed it with a charm all his own.)

This thoughtfully produced and packaged Waller tribute from Time-Life scores yet another triumph for the perennially conservative publishing house. A rather routine 1922 piano solo on *Muscle Shoals Blues* leads quickly enough into a swinging 1926 Fletcher Henderson band item which spots Fats in 16 unaccompanied bars immediately before the trumpet solo. Though attributed in the notes to Tommy Ladnier, I still feel that this solo is more likely the work of Joe Smith; however, it should also be observed that on occasion the two could sound remarkably similar. Henderson Stomp is followed by a pipe organ solo on *St. Louis Blues*, and since he remains on this instrument for the next three selections, Alberta Hunter's *Beale St. Blues* and the Louisiana Sugar Babes' *Willow Tree and Thou Swell*, we do not get to hear Fats at his unadulterated best until the solo and jam band sides of 1929. However, these rank with the most definitive examples of advanced stride piano yet heard.

The next group finds Waller in three different settings, but all showcase him to good advantage. Besides featuring Fats as a singer and pianist, Ted Lewis' *Dallas Blues* also boasts spirited dixie ensemble work by Muggsy Spanier, Benny Goodman, and George Brunies, while Jack Teagarden's *You Rascal You* is yet one more time-honored classic with top-grade performances from all concerned. In the somewhat less restricting

confines of the small jam band known as The Rhythmakers, Fats relinquishes his singing role to Billy Banks, but still manages to assert his unique personality through it all. Added bonuses here are provided by Pee Wee Russell's rhythmic Chicago-styled tenor and Red Allen's impassioned trumpet.

Among the most widely heard jazz records of the '30s were those issued under the name of Fats Waller and His Rhythm. And while hundreds of titles abounded, unfortunately most of them bore little interest beyond the contributions of the leader himself. Never overly concerned with maintaining a polished crew of top-ranking soloists, Fats rested secure in his own unforced showmanship. It should be pointed out, though, that of the vast oeuvre of this period, the editors have chosen most wisely, for virtually all of the titles selected for inclusion here display surpassing merit of one kind or another. With the exception of the two classic piano solos, *Alligator Crawl* and *Viper's Drag*, and the big band version of *I Got Rhythm*, the next break in the series of Rhythm titles occurs with the long heralded *Jam Session At Victor*. Many times reissued, these two sides, *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Blues*, feature, along with Fats, some of the greatest Bunny Berigan ever recorded. Also, in arguably his best jazz work on record, there is Tommy Dorsey, but regrettably absent from what could have been an ideally constituted jam ensemble are Benny Good-

man and Bud Freeman. More Rhythm sides follow, with some gems in *The Joint Is Jumping*, *The Sheik Of Araby*, *Squeeze Me*, and *Your Feet's Too Big*, until we reach yet another milestone. Though never enjoying as initially wide a circulation as other records Eddie Condon produced for the Commodore label, the sides with Fats and Pee Wee together continue to grow in prominence with each passing year. Especially revealing is the commonality of their lyrical bent. The set ends with a piano solo version of Georgia, an electric organ cum big band outing on *Jitterbug Waltz*, and a specially recruited edition of the Rhythm group for the film version of *Ain't Misbehavin'* (the tune, not the show).

Several years ago, Bluebird reissued a two-LP set of Waller's piano solos, and even today this remains the best, most comprehensive view of his art. Shorn of theatricality and pretentiousness, the piano solos reveal not Waller the entertainer or Waller the aspiring "serious" musician, but Waller the total jazzman. Certainly, it would have defeated Time-Life's overall purpose to have concentrated solely upon this single facet of his multi-dimensional musical personality, but perhaps a better balance could have been achieved at the cost of only a few of the novelty Rhythm sides. Although the sound quality of this album does maintain Time-Life's previous high standard of fidelity, there are no obscurities present to whet the

**New ...**

JA1235-24 STEREO VOLUME 23 For All Levels

**13 Favorite STANDARDS**

for All Musicians!  
Instrumentalists & vocalists

A New Approach to JAZZ IMPROVISATION  
by JAMEY AEBERSOLD

**VOL. 22—STANDARDS** 13 songs, 2 LP's. Long awaited set of standards for all instruments. Set includes these songs: *Easy Living*, *I Remember You*, *If I Should Lose You*, *Lover* (2 versions), *My Ideal*, *My Old Flame*, *Soon*, *The Nearness of You*, *Stella by Starlight*, *Tangerine*, *Out of Nowhere*, *Wives & Lovers*, & *It Could Happen To You*. Rhythm section is Dan Haerle. Ed Soph & Todd Coolman. (Book & 2 LP's) \$12.95

**JAZZ STYLES** books by David Baker.  MILES DAVIS,  JOHN COCHRANE,  SONNY ROLLINS,  C. ADDERLEY. Contains solos too! Each \$9.95

**NEW GUITAR BOOKS** by BARRY GALBRAITH. 3 new books and LP record  #1 Logical Fingering,  #2 Daily exercises,  #3 Bach two-part inventions,  #4 Bach play along record with Barry. Each book is \$4.95. LP Record is \$5.95.

**THE JAZZ LANGUAGE** by Dan Haerle. Outstanding new theory text for individual or group jazz study. For improvisation or composition. \$5.95

**MUSIC AS THE BRIDGE** by Shirley Winston. Based on the Edgar Cayce readings. \$2.95

**HANDBOOK for EDUCATION in the NEW AGE** by Walene James. Guidebook for education based on the wisdom of the Edgar Cayce readings. Much needed in this time. \$2.50

**ART TATUM PIANO SOLOS**—23 solos by the master. \$5.95

**RUFUS REID BASS LINES** transcribed off records Vol. 1 and 3 of play-a-long series. Exactly as recorded with chord symbols. Modal tunes. Blues, Cycle, II/V/I and many other progressions. \$4.95

**TO ORDER:** Send check or money order. Postage and handling charge 95¢ for 1 to 3 items. Free postage for 4 items or more. Canada & foreign add \$3.25 for one BK/LP set; \$1.10 each additional set. Foreign book rate add \$1.50 first 2 bks, 30¢ @ additional book. NO C.O.D. ... USA FUNDS ONLY. VISA & MASTER CHARGE welcome MINIMUM \$15 charge. Dealer inquiries welcome. SEND TO:

**New ...**

JA1235-26 STEREO VOLUME 23 FOR ALL LEVELS

By Request... **ONE DOZEN STANDARDS**

For All Musicians  
Instrumentalists & Vocalists

A New Approach to JAZZ IMPROVISATION  
by JAMEY AEBERSOLD

**VOL. 23—ONE DOZEN STANDARDS** Book & 2 LP's. Lyrics and melodies transposed for all instruments. Set includes these songs: *Angel Eyes*, *But Beautiful*, *Everything Happens To Me*, *Here's That Rainy Day*, *I Should Care*, *Imagination*, *Like Someone In Love*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Violets For Your Furs*, *Will You Still Be Mine*, *You Say You Care*, and *Personality*. Rhythm section is Michael Weiss, piano; John Goldsby, bass; Jonathan Higgins, drums. (Book & 2 LP's) \$12.95

**BEBOP JAZZ SOLOS** by David Baker. Correlated with J. Aebersold's play-a-long records Vol. 10 & 13. Great way to improve sight-reading and learn the language of jazz. Use with or without LP's.  Concert,  Bb,  Eb,  Bass with or without LP's. Each book \$4.95

**SONNY ROLLINS SOLOS**. 9 solos off record.  Treble,  Bb. Each \$5.95

**BENNY GOODMAN SOLOS**. 30 solos off record.  Treble,  Bb. Each \$5.95

**BASICALLY BAKER** \*\*\* New albums by Davis Baker on cello w/string ensemble and rhythm section. Exciting record—four stars! \$6.95

**CIRCULAR BREATHING** for all wind players. \$2.95

**BASIC BEATS** for the working drummer. \$2.95

**BARRY GALBRAITH Vol. 3 "GUITAR COMPING"**. Transcribed guitar comping w/bass lines in treble clef. Milt Hinton on bass w/Barry on guitar. Book & LP set. \$11.90

**FLEXIBILITY & IMPROV. PATTERNS** by Rich Matteson & Jack Petersen.  Treble,  Bass. Each \$7.00

**New ...**

JA1235-25 STEREO VOLUME 25 FOR ALL LEVELS

**17 ALL-TIME STANDARDS**

for ALL musicians!  
instrumentalists & vocalists

A New Approach to JAZZ IMPROVISATION  
by JAMEY AEBERSOLD

**VOL. 25—17 ALL-TIME STANDARDS** Book & 2 LP's. Lyrics and melodies transposed for all instruments. This is an excellent set! Includes these songs: *Summertime*, *Speak Low*, *September Song*, *Old Devil Moon*, *The Party's Over*, *My Funny Valentine*, *My Favorite Things*, *Love Is Here To Stay*, *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face*, *It Might As Well Be Spring*, *I Love You*, *I Could Write a Book*, *I Can't Get Started*, *Have You Met Miss Jones*, *Foolish Heart*, *Come Rain or Come Shine*, and *A Foggy Day*. Rhythm section is Hal Galper, piano; Steve Gilmore, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums. (Book & 2 LP's) \$12.95

**THE JAZZ ENSEMBLE: GUIDE TO TECHNIQUE**, R. Henry. \$7.95

**RAVI SHANKAR: LEARNING INDIAN MUSIC** (Book & 3 cassettes) \$29.95

**JAZZ GUITAR WORKBOOK** by M. Crum. \$3.95

**TRANSCRIBED PIANO VOICINGS** by Jamey Aebersold. FIRST OF ITS KIND. Comping to the volume 1 record! As played by J. Aebersold, 40 minutes of accompaniment with both hands, chord symbols and other markings. Can be used by ALL MUSICIANS who want to learn about chords and voicings on piano. \$4.95

**MILES DAVIS SOLOS** with Original Recordings! 10 solos by Miles with a LP record of Miles playing the solos. Book and LP set. Hear & see Miles' solos together! \$9.95

**A COMPLETE METHOD FOR JAZZ IMPROVISATION** by Jerry Coker. New book by the master teacher. Play-a-long cassette too. \$18.00

**JAMEY AEBERSOLD**  
1211-D AEBERSOLD DR.  
NEW ALBANY, IN 47150

appetite of Waller completists. For alternate takes and other rarities, then, the avid collector would be well advised to turn to the now completed "complete" series on French RCA. —jack sohmer

## DIZZY GILLESPIE

**DIGITAL AT MONTREUX, 1980**—Pablo Live D2308226: *CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THIS WORLD; MANTECA; GET THAT BOOTY; KISSES.*  
**Personnel:** Gillespie, trumpet; Toots Thielemans, guitar; Bernard Purdie, drums.

★ ★ ½

The annual Montreux Jazz Festival is a virtual fish hatchery for live albums. At its best, as critic Len Lyons has written, the festival has spawned important releases by avant garde groups considered too commercially suspect for studio recordings and domestic labels. The festival also can inspire the performer who is so successful as to invite overexposure—witness Oscar Peterson's recent *Digital Live At Montreux*, a galvanizing display of pianism.

But not every moment of even the finest festival can excite when metamorphosed on vinyl, and in that school of fishy offspring resides this chronicle of the unlikely, occasionally uninspired, and sometimes unglued trio of Dizzy Gillespie, Toots Thielemans, and Bernard Purdie. They make for three rather strange voices of which to ask synthesis: a funky, Billy Cobham-style drummer, an erstwhile harmonica master shifting to Django-influenced guitar, and a bebop giant who has broken too much ground elsewhere to make this disc more than a novelty.

Perhaps Gillespie can only choose between the novel and the repetitive; redoubtable, historic, and near-mythological as his innovations were, unlike contemporaries such as Max Roach, Charles Mingus, and Thelonious Monk, Diz has stood still in musical time since the creation of bop. Pablo has done well repackaging Gillespie's fiery—but known—licks in different containers.

Have no doubt that Gillespie still can pour lightning when he wants to, or can dim his flames to tantalizing and combusive embers when another performer solos. He may, however, be too adept for either sideman here. His pushy, fluid runs on the latin-tingled *Manteca* falter when neither sideman—Purdie too heavy, Thielemans almost silently genteel—can find the way to be subordinate and catalytic. The center further unravels on *Kisses*, and the brief *Get That Booty* doesn't even try: it is a once-funny ribald revelry that finds Diz joking on jew's harp. Either this lark stole time from better potential selections, or—worse—represented the best choice.

The possibilities of *Digital At Montreux* emerge most clearly on the blues, *I'm Sitting On Top Of This World*. Thielemans opens with a surprisingly soulful and accurate rendering of early electric blues, and Purdie beats out the perfect gutbucket bottom—an

appropriately thudding backdrop complemented by a light rain of cymbal shots. But it is Gillespie who makes the piece work. On the horn, he mewls between a flat and natural note for measures at a time, slinks through couplets, starts scalar runs with defiant blurts, and ends them in the sustained resignation of low blue notes. His vocal chorus at once is raspy, recklessly independent of pitch, hilarious, and yet honestly sorrowful in a few sneaky seconds.

Surely there must be more of import from Gillespie than this fun, innocuous pickup group, or even the bebop all-star aggregations he often heads. With the 1981 Montreux festival over by now, one hopes the proof positive is on tape and headed for the grooves. —sam freedman

## JAMES NEWTON

**THE MYSTERY SCHOOL**—India Navigation IN 1046: *THE WAKE; CENTRAL AVE; SPIRITS.*  
**Personnel:** James Newton, flute; John Carter, clarinet; John Nunez, bassoon; Charles Owens, oboe, english horn; Red Callendar, tuba.

★ ★ ★

The danger with Third Stream music is always that it will fall into the crack between genres without suggesting the eloquence that either type of music can attain. That seems to be the central problem with this album, which, although sporadically inspired, never builds up a head of steam.

Newton, who composed these three pieces for wind quintet, is a talented flutist, and he has assembled a team of skilled players who have no trouble making the transitions from composed to improvised sections and back again. But, partly due to the lack of traditional rhythm instruments, the music never really swings, and, from the viewpoint of a classically trained composer, much of the album would seem simplistic and tonally regressive.

*The Wake* (which was written in tribute to the late composer Dr. Howard Swanson) strings together some pretty phrases in a loose counterpoint that shows Newton's classical orientation. But since the phrases are much longer than is normal in classical music, the ensemble work still sounds like a collection of jazz riffs. John Carter and John Nunez do weave a clever, graceful clarinet and bassoon duo however, and Newton serves up elegant flights of fancy in his duet with tuba player Red Callendar. In addition, Charles Owens' oboe solo in the "dirge" section has a pleasingly dark, piquant flavor.

*Central Ave* begins with Newton tootling with manic glee above a tuba and clarinet ostinato. But just as the piece starts to sound interesting, it dissolves into an unrelated series of "free jazz"-style squawks, squeals, and grunts. Perhaps, to the composer, this symbolizes something about *Central Ave*, but for this listener, it's a drag.

More than either of its companion pieces, *Past Spirits* utilizes the full palette of colors that can be obtained by blending the timbres

of five different wind instruments. But with virtually no thematic development, it putters around like a dotty old man, never quite focusing on the task at hand. There are links here to the coloristic tendencies of composers like Alan Hovhaness and John Corigliano, and the multiphonics employed in one section parallel the "extended techniques" of modern classical composers. But none of this is used in a disciplined manner; as a result, it sounds like the work of a neophyte who has only half-digested his influences. —joel rothstein

## MAT MARUCCI

**LIFELINE**—Marco Records MC-111: *LIFELINE; MISUNDERSTANDING; HARD TIMES; WITCH DOCTOR IS WHICH?; FRESH START; MOVIN' UP; SOME BUSY STUFF; SPIRIT OF TRANSITION; REVELATION.*  
**Personnel:** Marucci, drums; Ed Marucci (cuts 1,5,7), Al Aarons (5,7), Ron Barrows (2,4,6,8,9), trumpet; Mike Jacobsen (1), Mike Butera (2,4,6,8), Plas Johnson (2,4,9), Doug Richardson (5,7), tenor saxophone; Dave Benoit (1-4,6,8,9), Tom Gastineau (5,7), piano; Steve Homan (1,3), Bill Rogers (2,4,9), Bill Caruso (6), James Daniels (5,7), guitar; Dwight Martenia (1,3), Larry Klein (2,4-7,9), bass; Mike Jacobsen, cello (8); Jim Mooney II, harmonizer engineer (8).

★ ★ ★ ★

## LOUIE BELLSON

**SIDE TRACK**—Concord Jazz CJ-141: *SIDE TRACK; MEDLEY: DON'T YOU KNOW I CARE (OR DON'T YOU CARE TO KNOW); YOU DON'T KNOW ME; POLKA DOTS AND MOONBEAMS; CARAVAN; FAT'S BLUES; CINDERELLA'S WALTZ; OUT OF NOWHERE; I SEE YOU.*  
**Personnel:** Bellson, drums; Don Menza, tenor saxophone, flute; Sam Noto, trumpet; Frank Collett, piano; John Heard, bass; Walfredo De Los Reyes, congas.

★ ★

These two drummer-led groups have essentially similar formats: a rhythm section and a horn front line. However, Marucci's is constantly changing; sometimes there's two trumpets and one tenor, another time you'll hear two tenors and one trumpet, and two tracks have no horns at all. Another important difference is that Marucci is the composer of everything on *Lifeline*; Bellson wrote only one of the tunes on *Side Track*.

On Marucci's second album as a leader (the first, also on Marco, was *Who Do Voo Doo*), there is a good indication of what the current crop of leader/composers is up to out here in Hollywood—a tendency toward well-constructed, concise writing. Some of the most exciting and adventurous moments in *Lifeline* are provided by the three Bs: Dave Benoit, Mike Butera, and Ron Barrows.

Much of Marucci's writing, and certainly the execution of his charts, is somewhat reminiscent of the legendary Jazz Messengers. This is all to the good, for what seems

to emerge is an updating of those basics that every jazzman needs as his point of departure. Marucci is less flamboyant than the old master Blakey. Still, the younger man is a vital and driving force, a compelling and empathetic accompanist.

Even on the small group tracks, such as *Hard Times*, there's no doubt as to who's in charge, even though pianist Benoit or guitarist Homan are equally out front. *Lifeline* seems to represent, with its many excellent soloists and its always interesting charts, a move toward bringing "West Coast jazz" out of the doldrums it suffered during the past decade or so.

By contrast, the Louie Bellson set somewhat represents those very doldrums. This is not to say that there aren't some highlights: Bellson himself is always a shining example of subtlety; Don Menza is possibly one of the finest tenor players around today. Menza's best work here, though, is his exploratory flute playing on Bellson's pretty ballad *I See You*.

This album is full of everything that makes a typical standard jazz record: ballads, blues, a jazz waltz, and latin touches. Walfredo de Los Reyes' presence is stimulating, most notably in the drums-and-percussion exchange on *Caravan* (Bellson's only solo, by the way). Although the musicianship is impeccable, even the hot-blooded *Caravan* never really stirs up the emotions. Maybe it's been done too many

times and needs a new stimulus.

Louie Bellson has always been a singular craftsman and a superior influence on young drummers. In *Side Track*, though, there is a feeling that his Las Vegas incumbency (where the album was recorded, in 1979) may be beginning to wear down his ebullient personality. Then again, maybe this is a side of Bellson he prefers to exhibit right now. —frankie nemko-graham

## ELVIS COSTELLO

**TRUST**—Columbia JC 37051: *CLUBLAND*; *LOVERS WALK*; *YOU'LL NEVER BE A MAN*; *PRETTY WORDS*; *STRICT TIME*; *LUXEMBOURG*; *WATCH YOUR STEP*; *NEW LACE SLEEVES*; *FROM A WHISPER TO A SCREAM*; *DIFFERENT FINGER*; *WHITE KNUCKLES*; *SHOT WITH HIS OWN GUN*; *FISH'N'CHIP PAPER*; *BIG SISTER'S CLOTHES*.

**Personnel:** Costello, vocals, guitar; Steve Nieve, keyboards; Martin Belmont, guitar; Bruce Thomas, bass; Pete Thomas, drums; Glenn Tilbrook, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

With *Trust*, his sixth album released in the U.S., Elvis Costello displays a great diversity of musical styles and a powerful ability to achieve emotional impact with tommy-gunned lyrics and mournful pleas alike. In the course of the 14 cuts here, Costello and

## last chance to vote

Vote for your favorite musicians in **down beat's** annual Readers Poll. **The Poll** for 46 years.

## readers poll instructions

Your favorites want your support. Vote! You need not vote in every category. Tear off the ballot, fill in your choices, sign it and mail to **down beat/RPB, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606**.

### VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Sept. 1.
2. Use official ballot only. Please type or print.
3. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Musician of the year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz/rock/blues in 1981.

4. **Hall of Fame:** Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to contemporary music. The following previous winners are not eligible: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Bix Beiderbecke, Clifford Brown, Benny Carter, Charlie Christian, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Paul Desmond, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Bill Evans, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Dexter Gordon, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Woody Herman, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Stan Kenton, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonius Monk, Wes Montgomery, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Django Reinhardt, Buddy Rich, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins, Pee Wee Russell, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Art Tatum, Cecil Taylor, Jack Teagarden, Lennie Tristano, Joe Venuti, Fats Waller, Ben Webster, and Lester Young.

5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with these exceptions: valve trombone, included in trombone category; cornet and fluegelhorn, included in the trumpet category.

6. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.

7. Only one selection counted in each category.

Your favorites thank you.

## vote now

THE FIRST JAZZ/ART PORTFOLIO EVER PUBLISHED!

# JAZZ PORTFOLIO '81

a suite of four lithographs featuring signed & numbered works by world famous jazz musicians ....

ART BLAKEY  
RON CARTER  
BOB MOSES  
LENNY WHITE

1. "Untitled", Art Blakey, Six Colors
2. "Musical Moment Enlarged", Bob Moses, Ten Colors
3. "Postels", Ron Carter, Eight Colors
4. "Self Portrait of the Young Musician as an Artist", Lenny White, Ten Colors. Each lithograph is 21" x 29".

Each portfolio comes with a hardcover presentation case!

Fine Art Posters Available of Each Image!

Published by: Falcon Fine Art, N.Y.

Distributed by: **FRANK FEDELE FINE ARTS, INC.**  
42 East 57 Street, N.Y. 10022

Send for **FREE** color brochure now ....

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



the Attractions evoke the '60s British sound of the Dave Clark Five (From A Whisper To A Scream), the rock howling of early Elvis the first (Presley, on Luxembourg), the German cabaret song (Shot With His Own Gun), c&w honky-tonk infidelity (Different Finger), and the everpresent contemporary ballads that have become the Costello trademark.

The opening song, *Clubland*, lets us know we're entering a personal landscape where we'll "believe we're halfway to paradise/ believe we're halfway to bliss," as the Thursday to Saturday rock club provides the only release for youthful frustration, and the jousting field for the eternal romantic wars of Costello's obsession. *Lovers Walk* is a chanted litany of complaints and warnings—"be on caution where lovers walk"—backed by an insistent piano and driving rhythm section reminiscent of *Hernando's Hideaway*. The most successful ballad on the album is *You'll Never Be A Man*, where Costello seemingly chides himself for past failures and declares "I don't want to be first/ I just want to last." Here he shows his lyrical strengths: the play on words derived from uncomfortable situations; neo-metaphysical conceits introduced, repeated, and strung into other metaphors; the merging of engaging melodies with rough-textured language.

The band's abrupt shifts from soft, flowing rhythms to unavoidably unsettling drum and bass assaults are showcased in *Pretty Words* as Costello's shout from a disembodied echo canyon tells us "pretty words don't mean much anymore/ I don't mean to be mean much anymore," as if offering apologies for past postures. *Strict Time* is a poetic tour de force as the heavy cymbals and churning rhythm section emphasize the lyrical beats of lines like "toughen up, toughen up, keep your lip buttoned up," "cold sweat breaks out on a sweater girl," and "smoking the everlasting cigarette of chastity." A metronome for the new order.

As in his previous work, *Trust* reaffirms Costello's position as one of the most inventive songwriters in rock. In *Watch Your Step*, a line like "drinking down the eau de cologne/spitting out the Kodachrome" is not just a clever reworking of mass culture icons, but contributes to the narrative force of the song. Side two exhibits Costello's growing versatility as a pop songwriter whose stories are told in varying musical genres. Backed by a solo piano in *Shot With His Own Gun* the tempo slows down as Costello's voice hits us directly, making the words all the more affecting. *Different Finger* is Costello's homage to Nashville, akin to the Stones' *Faraway Eyes*. He tells his partner, "put your ring on a different finger/before I turn off the light."

Elvis Costello is a dedicated believer in the individuality of the song. Unlike most contemporary rockers, he doesn't write songs that fit his formula; he changes the formula to best fit the message of each song. The messages are of domestic commotion, people doing each other wrong, and the consequences of emotional action—both a musical and lyrical eruption are the natural reactions to Costello's scenarios. As listeners, he has earned our trust.

—richard friedman

## DJANGO REINHARDT/ STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

**DJANGO VOLUME 1 (1936-1937)**—Inner City IC 1104: *I'VE A MUGGIN'*; *I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE*; *AFTER YOU'VE GONE*; *LIMEHOUSE BLUES*; *NAGASAKI*; *GEORGIA ON MY MIND*; *SHINE*; *IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT*; *EXACTLY LIKE YOU*; *CHARLESTON*; *YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY*; *SOLITUDE*; *HOT LIPS*; *AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'*; *ROSE ROOM*; *BODY AND SOUL*; *WHEN DAY IS DONE*; *RUNNIN' WILD*; *CHICAGO*; *LIEBESTRAUM #3*; *MISS ANNABELLE LEE*; *MYSTERY PACIFIC*; *A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS*; *IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD*; *THE SHEIK OF ARABY*; *VIPEH'S DREAM*; *PARAMOUNT STOMP*.

**Personnel:** Reinhardt, guitar; Grappelli, violin; Joseph Reinhardt (cuts 1-9,26,27), Pierre Ferret (1-25), Marcel Bianchi (9-14), Eugene Vees (26,27), guitar; Lucien Simoens (1-4), Louis Vola (5-27), bass; Freddy Taylor (1-8), vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## STEPHANE GRAPPELLI/ JOE PASS/NIELS-HENNING ØRSTED PEDERSEN

**TIVOLI GARDENS, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK**—Pablo Live 2308 220: *IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON*; *TIME AFTER TIME*; *LET'S FALL IN LOVE*; *CRAZY RHYTHM*; *HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN*; *I'LL REMEMBER APRIL*; *I CAN'T GET STARTED*; *I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU*.

**Personnel:** Grappelli, violin; Pass, guitar; Pedersen, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

## STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

**AT THE WINERY**—Concord Jazz CJ-139:

*YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE*; *LOVE FOR SALE*; *ANGEL'S CAMP*; *WILLOW WEEP FOR ME*; *CHICAGO*; *TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE*; *MINOR SWING*; *LET'S FALL IN LOVE*; *JUST YOU, JUST ME*.

**Personnel:** Grappelli, violin, electric viola; John Etheridge, Martin Taylor, guitar; Jack Sewing, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**"TRIBUTE TO"**—Europa Records JP-2001:

*SALUTING BASIE*; *PORTRAIT OF JOBIM*; *OSCAR*; *DEDICATED TO JOAO*; *FATS DELIGHT*; *KENNY'S TUNE*; *TO DJANGO*; *TRIBUTE TO THE BIRD*; *REMEMBRANCES TO DUKE*; *ODE TO RAY BROWN*; *DIZZY*; *TO BENNY*.

**Personnel:** Grappelli, violin; Gerard Gustin, piano; Jack Sewing, bass; Armand Cavallaro, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If Django was the creative fire, that all-consuming flash of inspiration that illuminates our lives, then Grappelli must be the glowing coal that radiates nourishing warmth into our world. Django was a jazz innovator in its fullest and rarest sense, but

it's Grappelli who's survived him to continue and refine the Django tradition, and to perfect his own unique contributions which are finally receiving some of the recognition they merit.

Together, in *The Quintet of the Hot Club of France*, they created one of the most incandescent musical collaborations of the 20th century. To this day, the joy and beauty they generated has yet to be duplicated. However, by releasing a package of vintage French recordings, Inner City has produced a two-record set of *The Quintet* that's so substantial that it clearly ranks as one of the seminal reissues of recent years. Captured at their creative pinnacle, Django and Grappelli are simply sublime and the opportunity to re-examine Django's brilliant guitar work is ambrosia for the ears. Virtually every note Django played was magical and each subsequent track sheds further light on the organic nature of this consummate natural musician.

Offering a wide variety of material, this reissue gives us both the romanticism and power that defines Django's art. Ballad treatments of tunes like Ellington's classic *Solitude* and *Sentimental Mood* beautifully highlight Django's rich lyricism and harmonic ingenuity. Jump tunes like *Mystery Pacific*, taken at full blast, are portraits of the kind of rhythmic genius that allowed him to execute those mercurial runs that momentarily suspend time and then, seconds later, bring the listener back to earth by stomping playfully on the beat, alluding to the tune's theme. It was this intuitive understanding of tension and release that made Django's solos such complete miniature compositions. In literally every solo on this album, his concepts of construction are classic; ultimately in a class with one of the other geniuses of the time, Louis Armstrong.

This reissue vividly demonstrates just how solidly Django laid the ground work for the subsequent development of his instrument. His pioneering use of scale patterns (and modal patterns) and the crystal logic of his sequential phrases are reflected in the playing of virtually every modern guitarist. But his greatest contribution to the guitar was to show just how powerfully it could be played as a solo instrument. This album glows with Django power. Even the corniest pop pieces (*Nagasaki*, *The Sheik Of Araby*, and *Charleston*, for example) are marvelously transformed by Django and the swinging Grappelli, with some interesting horn-like vocals from Freddy Taylor.

The extent to which Grappelli's playing was inspired and shaped by his association with Django is sharply evident on *Django Vol. 1*. Grappelli really was the perfect complement for Django. But even then, Grappelli had his own musical personality, and since Django's death in 1953, Grappelli has developed his playing into a truly masterful and personal conception. His playing is now more mature and complete than it was in the '30s and '40s, and he has lost none of the joy and swing of his youth—if anything it has increased.

Grappelli's three recent releases paint a vital picture of a force to be dealt with by most any definition of superior music. His

**FREE ALBUM**

with your  
subscription to  
**down beat**

**SUBSCRIBE  
TODAY**

Choose one of  
the super albums  
listed here.

- CH Shakti**  
with John McLaughlin  
*Natural Elements*
  - H4 Lightning Hopkins**  
*Low Down Dirty Blues*
  - B1 Ramsey Lewis**  
*Love Notes*
  - MM Mat Marucci**  
*Lifeline*
- (See \*\*\*\* record review this issue)

Get a full year of  
the world's leading  
contemporary music  
magazine—down beat  
down beat's record  
reviews keep you  
current on the best  
new recordings  
(to save you money)  
and that alone will save  
you more than the cost  
of your subscription.

**Subscribe Now!**  
and get your  
free album.

down beat/Subs  
222 W. Adams St. • Chicago, Il. 60606  
Yes! Send me a year of down beat and  
my free album.

Circle one: CH H4 B1 MM

Payment Enclosed  New  Renew

\$13.50 1-year—U.S.A.

\$17.50 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)

performance on all three albums is amazingly consistent—his sense of rhythmic control, melodic development, command of the instrument, and pervading joy of creation remains undaunted. What really separates these releases is his choice of sidemen. Considered by many the pre-eminent exponents of their instruments in jazz today, Pass and Pedersen are perfect frames for Grappelli's sparkling violin work, and it is these sidemen who make Tivoli such a choice record. Tapping a keg of vintage compositions, the trio is relaxed and frolicsome from the start. And having added the lessons of bop to his playing since his days with Django, Grappelli constructs red hot violin solos as only he can—the best heard on Paper Moon and Crazy Rhythm.

While Winery and Tribute don't quite match Tivoli for ensemble sensitivity and mastery, they are both strong albums which offer slightly different views of the violinist. In the most contemporary setting, Winery features a solid string quartet (an up-dated Hot Club?). On a complement of standard Grappelli material—in addition to Stevie Wonder's Sunshine and a very compelling composition by guitarist Taylor, Angel's Camp—Grappelli is as effervescent as ever. The use of an electric viola on two tunes adds a dark dimension to his sound.

As a series of short portraits of various musical giants, composed by Grappelli and pianist Gustin, Tribute is exactly what it claims to be. Each tribute is appropriate enough, with the possible exception of Bird, a ballad (a ballad?) with a harmonic structure very reminiscent of Body And Soul. What is missing to some extent from this album is the natural fluidity of the other dates. The addition of a drummer may cramp the style of someone who was weaned on groups without one. Still, this is a fine release which gives us insight into Grappelli, the composer.

I can't say enough to stress the importance of Django Vol. 1; it's an essential addition to the Django discography. A talent like his arrives on this planet all too infrequently. But fortunately, a talent like Grappelli is still among us, and he's in excellent form. Don't pass him by.

—cliff tinder

- STEPHEN McCRAVEN: WOOLEY THE NEWT** (Sweet Earth SER 1006) ★ ★ ★
- LLOYD McNEILL: ELEGIA** (Baobab No. 3) ★ ★ ★
- WARREN JAMES AND FRIENDS: FLOATING ON A DARK WIND** (Waja JRC 80864) ★ ★ ★
- TIM BERNE: 7X** (Empire EPC 36K) ★ ★ ★ ½
- JOE GIARDULLO: GRAVITY** (Breeze BRZ 101) ★ ★ ★
- WAYNE HORVITZ: NO PLACE FAST** (Theatre For Your Mother TFYM 001) ★ ★ ½
- DAVID SEWELSON & THE 25 O'CLOCK BAND: SYNCHRO-INCITY** (Theatre For Your Mother TFYM 002) ★ ★ ½
- SHEDONI: MOVING LINES** (Polar Bear 1) ★ ★

Each of these 12 records was artist-produced and financed, and each hoists a tattered flag of the avant garde—be it the avant garde of Coleman, of Taylor, of Coltrane and Sanders, of Dolphy, of Tristano, of Manfred Eicher, of the Third Stream, or of the AACM.

We have been taught to read jazz history as a series of bloody coups d'etat, but the truth is that until recently even the most rebellious of improvisers moved peacefully up the ranks, serving a hitch as sideman with at least one name band before commanding leadership of his/her own group, and recording prolifically for the jazz specialty labels before being drafted by the image-making majors. This was true of Armstrong, of Parker, true even of Monk and Coltrane. But it wasn't true of Ornette Coleman. While it is true that Coleman's break with tradition was more radical, it is also worth considering, by way of explanation, that by the time of Coleman's emergence, the jazz scene was already splintered into different warring camps. There was no longer a jazz consensus, no fabled Chicago or 52nd St., no big bands where established musicians could test the grace under fire of newer players and newer ideas. There was no longer a chain of command.

For most of the musicians who have come after Coleman, self-production is the only real guarantee of being heard. No independent is inclined or equipped to document the '80s as assiduously as Blue Note, Prestige, and Riverside did the '50s and early '60s, nor are musicians likely to go out of their way to audition new talent. I hear no new Ornette Colemans in this random sampling of newer releases, but I am sure that if and when the next revolution occurs, its battles will be fought in the mails. It would be wise then to remember the address of the New Music Distribution Service, which stocks all but two of these records, as well as over a hundred other homemade productions: 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. The exceptions are noted following their reviews.

Alto saxophonist Jemeel Moondoc and his associates in Muntu—trumpeter Roy Campbell Jr., bassist William Parker, and drummer Rashid Bakr—are all but unknown outside the depths of Lower Manhattan.

**WAXING  
ON.....**

**Self-Produced Artists**

- JEMEEL MOONDOC & MUNTU: THE EVENING OF THE BLUE MEN** (Muntu 1002) ★ ★ ★ ★
- WILLIAM PARKER: THROUGH ACCEPTANCE OF THE MYSTERY PIECE** (Centering 1001) ★ ★ ★
- DOUG HAMMOND: FOLKS** (Idibib DB 104) ★ ★ ★ ½
- ARTIE SIMMONS: THE JAZZ SAMARITANS** (Eitra Snommis) ★ ½

Local musicians in the least hospitable of localities, they deserve national attention, Moondoc especially. As a composer, as an improviser, and as a bandleader, Moondoc has modeled himself after early Ornette, and he has mastered the rhythmic and structural subtleties of Coleman's style to the point where he can pen a jaunty yet urgent rising and falling line like *The Evening Of The Blue Men, Part 3* (Double Expo) and organize his solo around a series of skids and smears without inviting unflattering comparison to his mentor. Moondoc's tone is heartbreakingly buoyant on *Theme For Diane*, a Colemanlike dirge which makes dramatic use of an accelerando. On both of these sidelong pieces, trumpeter Campbell sustains Moondoc's moods beautifully with expressive, pitch-distorting half-valve work, and the rhythm team seems to breathe with each soloist. There is little wrong with this record, other than the location recording, which is boomy at times and distant throughout.

Moondoc's bassist William Parker has assembled an intriguing supporting cast for his initial venture as a leader—playing at one time or another on four Parker originals, in groups ranging in size from trios to an octet, are Moondoc, trumpeter Arthur Williams, bass clarinetist Peter Kuhn, tenor saxophonist Charles Brackeen, violinists Billy Bang and Ramsey Ameen, and drummer Dennis Charles, as well as a half-dozen

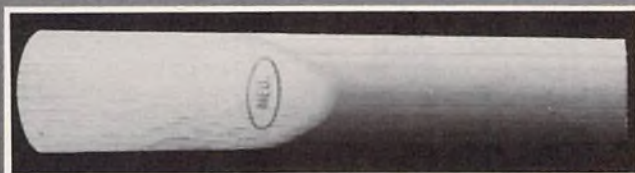
lesser known but promising young New Yorkers. Parker is a skillful bassist and an ambitious composer, and there are moments of interest on every track—including jolting solos by Brackeen on the tempoless *Rattles And Bells* and *The Light Of The Sun* and by Williams, Parker, and tenorist John Hegan on *Commitment*—but the parts never really cohere into a conclusive whole. Charles' suspenseful bass drum accents are all that carry *Desert Flower* past its sour ensemble, and his commanding rhythmic presence is sorely missed elsewhere. The album's oddest yet most affecting, most completely successful moment comes on *Face Still, Hands Folded*, as Parker recites anguished and fragmented poetic imagery in a monotone while the two violinists swarm and nosedive around him.

Drummer Doug Hammond may be remembered as the composer of and one of the vocalists on the title track of *Mingus Moves*. Hammond's LP is something of an omnibus—there's a little bit of everything here, the best of it excellent (*Kone Pone*, *Gatito*, and *Concentric Dream*)—featuring the nearly telepathic trio of Hammond, alto saxophonist Byard Lancaster, and cellist Muneer Abdul Fataah—and *Folks*—an art song requiem for Steve Biko, which twins Bessie Carter's trained voice and Fataah's sonorous cello), the worst of it merely uninspired (*Pony Pone* and *Togetherness*, with Hammond and various combinations of pianist

Hubert Eaves, bassist Cecil McBee, flutist Kare Joseph, and saxophonists Alex Foster and Marvin Blackman), and parts of it just good fun (*Perspicuity* and *Dat'n*—dancing rhythm duets by Fataah and Hammond—and *What's Happening Now*—agreeably scatterbrain vocalese by Angie Bofill, of all people). Hammond is a modest leader who doesn't solo at all, but his interactions with Lancaster and Fataah on the trio performances prove him an inventive drummer. Anyone who has ever heard Lancaster live knows what an exciting soloist he can be, but his work on record has always been erratic. Here he comes close to realizing his great promise, but there simply isn't enough of him.

Trombonist Artie Simmons and his Jazz Samaritans—saxophonist and flutist Vity Gory, guitarist Martin Aubert, bassist Mike Logan, and drummer Bob Demeo—play freebop with more enthusiasm than expertise, if their poorly recorded and carelessly produced record of concert excerpts from New York's Folk City is at all representative of their talents. I have heard good reports on Simmons, and I want to be fair to him and his men, but here on five Simmons originals (three frustratingly brief and two excruciatingly long), they display nothing that distinguishes them from the thousands of hard working musicians who ply their trade in clubs and coffee houses all over the United States.

*All the  
reed  
you  
need*



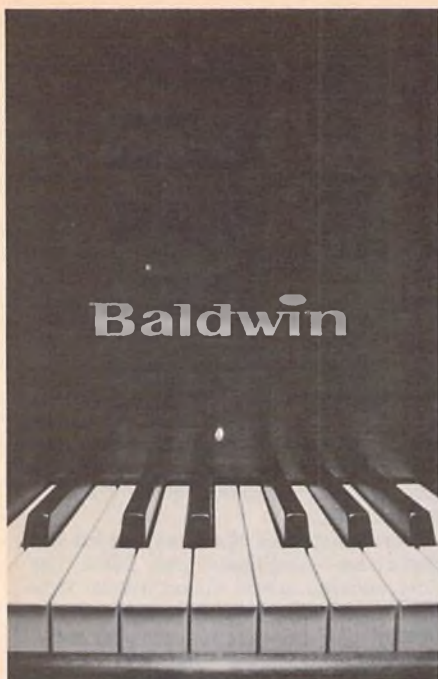
La Voz begins with quality cane. Years of aging. Skill in cutting and crafting.

Then, before our reeds pass their final exams, they must measure up to rigid quality standards.

It takes us a little longer. But you get all the reed you need. And one that lasts a whole lot longer.

*La Voz*

La Voz Corporation, P.O. Box 487,  
Sun Valley, CA 91352



## Dick Hyman's Accompanist



## DAYBREAK EXPRESS RECORDS 1981 MASTER CATALOGUE

Largest JAZZ catalogue ever! 88 pages of listings featuring over 300 labels of JAZZ imports, small labels, and standard JAZZ catalogues. Fast UPS Service, Visa and MasterCard. Send \$2.00 to Daybreak Express Records, Dept. DB, P.O. Box 250, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. Foreign customers welcome.

Yes, please rush me the 1981 Master Catalogue.  
Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Freebop—better recorded and better played—is also the bill of fare on the debut LP of **Stephen McCraven**, a powerful and alert young drummer who has studied and gigged with Marion Brown. This is a good record, even if there is nothing strikingly imaginative or original in the fluid soloing of altoist Sulaiman Hakim, tenorist Richard Raux, or pianist Michel Graillier, or in the craftsmanlike themes by McCraven, Hakim, Raux, and bassist Jack Gregg. The spirit of John Coltrane haunts the music of this quintet as it does so much contemporary jazz, and it is most evident on Eastern-tempered excursions like *Ahiri-Lalita*, where both saxophonists play soprano, and on *Wooley The Newt* and *Soyuz Dance*, where the improvisations take place over bass ostinatos and McCraven's Elvinlike thrashing. But if much of this music seems derivative or emotionally uninvolving for all its emotionalism, it is highlighted by moments of humor (the mock ceremonial *Allah*) and grace (Hakim's courtly alto solo on *Tender Eyes*). And nothing is less than competently, energetically played.

Lloyd McNeill and Warren James are both middle-aged, independent-thinking flutists who came to jazz from other disciplines. Unlike James, who seems only now to be seriously pursuing a music career following his retirement as a Professor of Sociology, McNeill, a Washington, DC painter, has been on the scene long enough to build up something of a cult reputation. McNeill's newest record is like a composite of the others he has released on Boabob (and before that, on Asha). On *Behind The Wind*, an angular, impassioned solo flute feature, McNeill chases after the ghost of his idol, Eric Dolphy. His continuing fascination with Brazilian and Portuguese music is reflected in the promenade *Striped Pants* (*With Cadenza*) and in the lilting *Samba For The Animals*. The solos of pianist Dom Salvador and the superb bassist Cecil McBee bring a needed element of drama to *Asha II* and *Memory Cycle*, and percussionists Nana Vasconcelos and Portinho and guitarist Claudio Celso lend a tangy authenticity to the samba. As printed on the back cover, McNeill's eulogy for his mother is awkwardly sentimental, but as sung by soprano Susan Osborn on the tripartite *Elegiac Suite For Elizabeth*, it is quite moving. There is something lightweight, almost precious about McNeill's music. At one point in my life, I might have dismissed it as fluff, and at some point in the future I still might, but right now I find it disarming.

James' "friends" are some of the players who live and make their livings in the Ohio Valley. Along with James himself, they are: pianist Carol Hedges, bassists Lou Lausche and Bud Hunt, drummer Jack Ireland, and—great news—trumpeter Al Kiger and tenor saxophonist/bass clarinetist Paul Plummer, two players who have achieved legendary status among lovers of the obscure on the basis of their work with George Russell in the early '60s. Plummer and Kiger share the standard *If I Love Again* with the pianist, and their professionalism and harmonic certainty carry them over Hedges' stiff,

unsteady comp. Aside from Hedges, the weakest player here is the leader, so the improvised flute and piano duet on *Pensive* is rough going. James is better simply playing the beautiful melody of Satie's *Gymnopedie No. 2*. He is also a good writer, witness the pungent mix of trumpet, bass flute, and bass clarinet on the title track. Two sextet pieces—James' *From Here To There*, and *Artfully*, written by New York pianist Jack Reilly—pleasantly recall the experimental yet informal sounding groups of Lennie Tristano and Mingus' and Macero's early Jazz Workshops. The uneven record is worth the effort it might take to obtain for the wrinkled lyricism of Kiger and Plummer. (Available from WAJA Records, Box 433, Yellow Springs, OH 45387.)

One hardly thinks of Los Angeles as a hotbed of avant garde jazz, but LA spawned Eric Dolphy and Don Cherry and reluctantly adopted Ornette Coleman, and more recently sent James Newton, David Murray, and Arthur Blythe off into the world. Alto saxophonist **Tim Berne** lives in Southern California, but his music moves with the push and shove of New York (he is a transplanted Easterner, I believe). With the exception of *Water People*, a tiring AACM-type exotic percussion and reed "atmosphere" piece, the material on Berne's new record is all very good, with the pastoral *A Pearl In The Oliver C.* and the zigzagging *Chang* examples of particularly well-delineated lines. Berne's tone is like a marriage of Coleman's and Braxton's, and his best solos—*Flies*, for example, or *Showtime*—display a nice balance of passion and logic. Unfortunately, baritone saxophonist Vinnie Golia often relies on passion alone—he doesn't always know what to save for last, nor does guitarist Nels Cline, whose heavy metal call to battle on 7X is in especially poor taste. Trombonist John Rapson adds a feisty voice to this group on three titles, and bassist Roberto Miranda and drummer Alex Cline listen well to the soloists and to each other.

The music on **Joe Giardullo's** first LP is collectively improvised and intensely democratic in spirit. Giardullo, who plays soprano saxophone and flute and is credited as composer of all six pieces, is joined here by trumpeter Karma Sonam Targee Les Finley, flutist Ian Bennett, violinists Betty MacDonald and Dennis McCann, vibist Larry Chernicoff, bassist Morgan Turner, and drummer Harvey Sorgen. I have no idea who any of these people are, but I find their combined work stimulating and very special. Theirs is a mobile music, with one voice—or two or three—rising for a moment above the others, then receding, then rising again in different shifting combinations. To describe it in greater detail would require borrowing concepts like "pointillism" from the language of science or painting, and "discontinuity" from the language of mathematics or geology. It's easier, if not completely accurate, just to say that it resembles the records Anthony Braxton made in Paris with Leroy Jenkins or Leo Smith, or that it suggests improvised Webern or Schoenberg. Like much new music, it often seems needlessly, bloodlessly abstract. This is music



## ATLANTIC

**Manhattan Transfer**, boppin' jive vocals and some NY r&b, *MECCA FOR MODERNS*.

## HAT HUT

**Cecil Taylor**, sextet with double drummers live from '80, *IT IS IN THE BREWING LUMINOUS*. **Mit**, piano, reed, percussion, cello quartet from Europe, *KNOTEN*. **Anthony Braxton**, seven blowing compositions w/ Ray Anderson, John Lindberg, Thurman Barker, *PERFORMANCE 9/1/79*. **Jimmy Lyons/Sunny Murray**, explosive trio rumbles and soars, w/ bassist Lindberg, *JUMP UP/WHAT TO DO ABOUT*. **Steve Lacy**, collaboration w/ poet Brion Gysin and sextet, *SONGS*. **Vienna Art Orchestra**, a side-and-a-half from new European big band, *CONCERTO PICCOLO*.

## INNER CITY

**Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand)**, African-inspired melodies for piano/bass duet, w/ Johnny Dyani, *ECHOES FROM AFRICA*. **Hal Galper**, Phil Woods' new pianist in a quartet sharing lead space w/ John Scofield's guitar, *IVORY FOREST*. **Janet Lawson**, auspicious debut of vocalist w/ quartet backing, *QUINTET*. **Bert Ligon**, electric keyboards from a popular Texas quartet, *CONDOR*. **Sadao Watanabe**, Japanese reeds w/ the best of American studio'ers, *MY DEAR LIFE*.

## TIME-LIFE

**Pee Wee Russell**, nonpareil clarinetist fills three discs backed by familiar Condonites and others, performances from 1927-69, *GIANTS OF JAZZ*.

## ARISTA

**Brecker Brothers**, brave the NYC streets from the studio scene, *STRAPHANGIN'*.

## ECM

**Jack DeJohnette**, leads Special Edition's multiple reeds (Chico Freeman and John Purcell) and bassist/cellist Peter Warren through *TIN CAN ALLEY*. **Carla Bley**, six satiric and straightahead Bley compositions played by nonet, *SOCIAL STUDIES*. **Pat Metheny/Lyle Mays**, a different blend of acoustic guitar and electronic keyboards joined by percussionist Nana Vasconcelos, *AS FALLS WICHITA, SO FALLS WICHITA FALLS*.

## CLASSIC JAZZ

**Ray Bryant**, one side hot trio, the other soulful solo piano, *HOT TURKEY*.

## INDEPENDENTS

(available from NMDs, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012, or contact db)

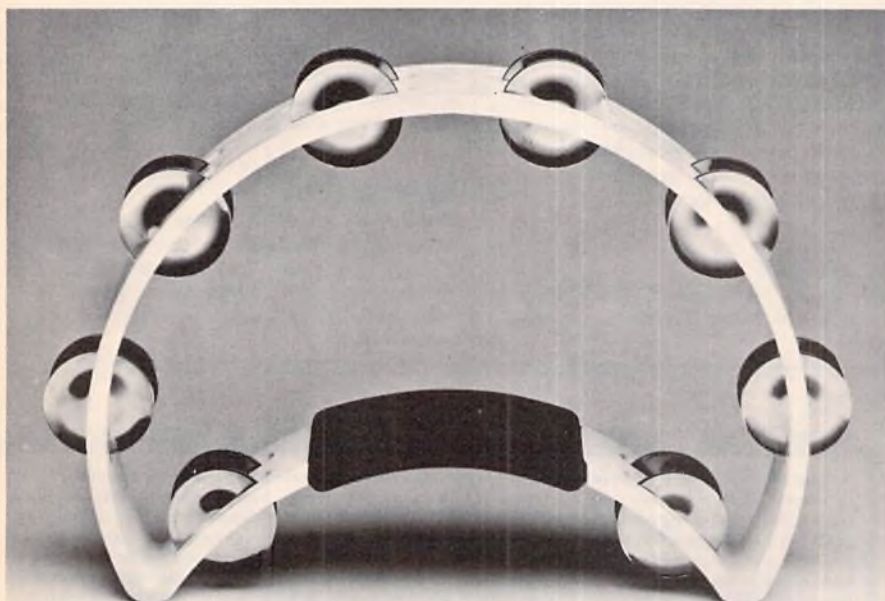
**Charles Thompson**, pianist born in St. Louis in 1891 plays original and classic rags, from Euphonic Records, *THE NEGLECTED PROFESSOR*. **Dick Hyman**, an organ program of Fats Waller tunes, from Ohio Valley Chapter of the American Theater Organ Society, *CINCINNATI FATS*. **David Eyges**, cello in duet with Byard Lancaster's reeds, via Music Unlimited, *THE ARROW*. **Tom Letizia**, Cleveland guitarist with electric jazz-rock quartet, from Letizia Records, *ALBUM*. **David Baker**, jazz standards and originals played by string quartet and rhythm section, from the Australian Jazz Foundation, *BASICALLY BAKER*.

**Lionel Hampton**, live at Carnegie Hall w/ countless all-stars, from Sutra Records, *50TH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT*. **Mike Nock**, electric keyboards in quartet, all originals, also from Sutra, *SUCCUBUS*. **Gordon Brisker**, brisk reed solos in sextet, octet settings, ditto from Sutra, *COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS*. **Casiopea**, Japanese electric pop band, from Alfa Records, *EYES OF THE MIND*. **Yutaka Yokokura**, pop keyboards in lushly arranged landscape, also an Alfa product, *LOVE LIGHT*.

**Sirone**, ex-Revolutionary Ensemble bassist, here in concert w/ Dennis Charles and Claude Lawrence, from Serious Music, *LIVE*. **Daybreak Ltd.**, Bay Area electric quintet, from Deva Records, *DAYBREAK LTD*. **Bill Buchman**, piano trio plus vocal combines Fats Waller and Joni Mitchell material, from Meridian Records, *EAST STREET*. **Richard Dunbar**, quintet, with the leader playing horn, piano, bass, and guitar plus writing all the material, from Jahari Records, *CLEAR-EYED VISION*. **Burton Greene**, inside/outside piano, reeds, bass, drums quartet from Holland via Cat Records, *LADY BUG DANCE*.

**Bob Perna**, trumpeter renders jazz and pop songs, from Angelaco Records, *MUSIC MY WAY*. **Mike Longo**, Dizzy's past pianist goes the solo route, from Consolidated Artists Productions, *SOLO RECITAL*. **Jerry Rush**, trumpeter leads quartet and septet ensembles, from Jeru Records, *BACK TRACKS*. **David Earle Johnson**, percussionist with guests John Abercrombie and Jeremy Steig among others, from Landslide Records, *ROUTE TWO*. **Larry Nozero**, acoustic quartet in original program, from MSI Records, *ISLAND FEVER*.

© 1980 Rhythm Tech Inc.



THIS IS THE RHYTHM TECH TAMBOURINE.

It looks different because it's designed to feel different. The difference is the location of a cushioned grip within the frame's overall center of gravity. This patented design puts more perceived mass where it belongs: in your hand. That makes a big difference in control and response, and that's the important difference to you, the player. The Rhythm Tech Tambourine requires less effort to play, which conserves your energy and enhances your technique and endurance.

Our sound is different, too. Stage and recording professionals helped us develop an optimal jingle formula. As a result, the Rhythm Tech Tambourine creates a clear distinctive sound that holds its own in today's multi-track environment.

Professionals like Ralph MacDonald, Steve Gadd, Jeff Porcaro and Lenny White appreciate the difference of this instrument. It's not your standard tambourine... but it will be.

 **RhythmTech**

511 CENTER AVE. MAMARONECK NY 10543

# Blindfold Test:

VI REDD

BY LEONARD FEATHER

VI REDD'S NAME HAS long been known internationally, as a consequence of appearances in Europe and Africa with Count Basie, in New York with Earl Hines, and at various clubs from Copenhagen and London to Tokyo. Her reputation would be more commensurate with her talents if the

only two albums she has made as a leader (for United Artists and Atlantic) had not been withdrawn.

An alto saxophonist with a soulful, Bird-influenced sound and style, and a singer with a warm, gospel/blues timbre, Redd represents the third generation in a four-level musical dynasty. Her great aunt, Mrs. Alma Hightower, was a noted music teacher whose

students in Los Angeles included Vi and Melba Liston. Redd's father was the legendary New Orleans drummer Alton Redd. Her elder son, Charles Meeks, had until recently toured for four years as bassist and vocalist with Chuck Mangione.

This was her first Blindfold Test. Unlike most blindfoldees, she took meticulous written notes while each record was playing.



TOM COPI

**1. GROVER WASHINGTON JR. MAKE ME A MEMORY (SAD SAMBA)** (from *WINELIGHT*, Elektra). Washington, alto saxophone, composer; Eric Gale, guitar; Steve Gadd, drums.

I am unsure as to who the saxophonist is; I think it's Grover Washington. However, I've heard Grover playing tenor so much, and that's an alto . . . I think.

The melody was pleasant, but at times I felt it became a little monotonous. I enjoyed the bottom part, the latin percussion. But it never became as intense as this kind of background can do to propel a soloist. It just moved along. Diz used to use this kind of background and became just intense and really built up to something very exciting. With Diz, Chano Pozo, and that latin influence, the music would just burst wide open.

The other musicians I'm not sure of. Could possibly be Eric Gale or someone who plays in this context quite often in the studios . . . and Steve Gadd on drums. As to stars, a two-and-a-half, I'd say.

**2. CLEO LAINE. BIRDSONG** (from *BORN ON A FRIDAY*, RCA). Laine, vocals; John Dankworth, composer, alto saxophone.

I believe that was Cleo Laine and her husband John Dankworth. It started out like it wasn't going to finish—in other words, it seemed like it was going to be a ballad, then all of a sudden, there was this uptempo; I thought that was interesting, the scatting along with the instruments. Even though she was scatting, and the tempo went up, still it was sort of bland to me.

Hers is not the sort of voice that commands my attention, and makes me stop and listen like, say, Etta Jones. That kind of voice just makes you "Hey, stop and listen to me"—Billie Holiday, you've got to listen. If you're doing housework, you gotta sit down and you gotta listen. But with this one, you can just whistle right through it. I think it was Jimmy Rushing who once said, in trying to describe what a jazz singer is: "A jazz singer must be able to swing." And I really think that's a pretty good yardstick to determine. Not only can you sing ballads, but can you swing? I really didn't hear that in this particular record.

I met Cleo about 12 years ago in London and found she and her husband to be very nice people, and I'm very happy for their

success—whatever "success" is. That's about it. I'd say two-and-a-half stars again.

**3. CHAKA KHAN. AND THE MELODY STILL LINGERS ON** (NIGHT IN TUNISIA), (from *WHAT CHA' GONNA DO FOR ME*, Warner Bros). Khan, vocal; Dizzy Gillespie, composer, trumpet; Larry Williams, synthesizer.

That's one of my favorites of the younger singers. That's Chaka Khan and Dizzy Gillespie. I think this is wonderful coming together, or fusion, if you will accept that term as it applies to these two outstanding performers. You hear very strong jazz roots, even gospel roots, and I think that like many singers, Chaka had very strong jazz leanings.

I'm also happy about it because it follows in the tradition of Eddie Jefferson, the jazz vocalese and words to outstanding jazz themes. *Night In Tunisia* is really one of the finer jazz compositions. I'm delighted about this record; I'd like to have heard more Diz. I thought her range was good, her intonation was good—and that's lacking in many of your "stars," the ability to sing on pitch. It was very exciting; that break that was taken and played there so magnificently by Charlie Parker some years ago, I think was done here by the synthesizer. I enjoyed this recording very much. I'm happy to see Chaka and Diz together, because they previously had reached two different kinds of audiences. Now the one will know about the other, as a result of this. I'd rate that four stars.

**4. PHIL WOODS. BODY AND SOUL** (from *THE NEW PHIL WOODS ALBUM*, RCA). Woods, alto saxophone; Steve Gilmore, bass.

That was Phil Woods. I don't know the composition of his group at the present time. I know he's had a group together for a couple of years now, and that's perhaps why you hear this very cohesive kind of thing; you can tell they've been playing together for quite a while.

I had to listen a little bit when he first started off because he was able to sort of effect, say for the first four measures, the sound of the tenor saxophone. Many alto players—with the exception of Bird, he did it fantastically—don't use that bottom register too much. And it can be very, very rich and mellow if played correctly and in tune.

I think Phil Woods is an important figure

in that he has been able to continue to work, playing primarily (he may not agree with this) what he was playing 10, 15 years ago. That substantiates a feeling I have that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Four stars.

**5. CYBILL SHEPHERD. THIS MASQUERADE** (from *MAD ABOUT THE BOY*, Inner City). Shepherd, vocal; Stan Getz, tenor saxophone.

I haven't heard Stan recently; I like it when he plays strong like that. This is kind of bothering me about that female voice—back to the blends again. I like Stan better with the Astrud Gilberto kind of voice. This girl's voice was very pleasant, but to me it was not the right kind of blend with his sound. Though, once again, her intonation—oh, I'm strong for that, for people singing off pitch—that was very good: she was right on the money.

For Stan I'd say three-and-a-half, and for the singer, two-and-a-half—no, three—she was good. It was just the combination I didn't care for. It's really difficult to put two people together, whether they're instrumentalists or singers. It's hard to get that mix where one will complement the other.

**6. SARAH VAUGHAN. ROCKS IN MY BED** (from *SARAH VAUGHAN: DUKE ELLINGTON, SONG BOOK TWO*, Pablo Today). Vaughan, vocal; Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, vocal, alto saxophone; Pee Wee Crayton, guitar; Lloyd Glenn, piano.

That was Sarah Vaughan and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson singing a song recorded by Ivie Anderson in the early '40s with the Duke Ellington orchestra, entitled *Rocks In My Bed*. You don't often hear Sarah in this context. She is my all-time favorite—so versatile, just such a wonderful singer. There are hardly adjectives to describe her. However, I like to hear Sarah alone. I also enjoy Cleanhead Vinson, but I'd rather hear *him* alone. Putting anybody with Sarah is like giving you too much dessert after an eight course meal. I mean, nobody else can do anything after Sarah! I enjoy Eddie's alto playing because he has that real blues feeling. Was that Joe Pass on guitar? Rating—for Sarah, just because she's Sarah and there's only one, the alpha and omega as far as I'm concerned—five stars, but for the combination of things—three-and-a-half. ♦

# Profile:

## Buck Hill

BY BILL SHOEMAKER

One of the U.S. capital's best kept secrets has been leaked to the world—tenor saxophonist Buck Hill. Through two excellent SteepleChase albums, the 54-year-old Hill has asserted himself as one of his generation's finest tenorists, an improviser of refined emotional projection.

As with all matured improvisers, Hill's depth of feeling has resulted from the melding of craft and life experience. It is the latter ingredient that gives Hill's music much of its vitality, for his story is one of a dream deferred—for years and years. It has the quiet pathos that Hill can conjure from a ballad.

Buck Hill is a man who has straddled two worlds for most of his adult life. During the day he is a carrier for the Postal Service, based at Washington's Ben Franklin station. On his off hours, Hill follows the almost equally solitary pursuit of being a Washington-based jazz musician. Only for one hour each weekday starting at 4 a.m., when Hill practices in the empty post office, do his two worlds overlap. "I'll start off playing some scales, but mostly I work off melodies," Hill says of his early morning regimen. "Melody is what I'm most concerned with. It's what I've liked in saxophonists since I was young."

Hill began delivering mail part-time in 1950, as the usual financial pressures that confront the musician rising through the professional ranks were compounded by the arrival of his and wife Helen's first child. As Hill had already spent several years in the DC club circuit, where hearing giants like Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins left a lasting impression on him, the move was an undesired necessity. "I hated it at first," says Hill, "and it took me years to get used to it."

As the hard bop idiom in which Hill excels reached its heyday in the mid- and late-'50s, he was able to leave the Postal Service and supplement his music income with occasional cabdriving. The Washington scene was healthy and Hill worked regularly, sitting in with the likes of Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons, and Max Roach. "It was Stitt—I think it was at a club named Abart's—who suggested I use a stiff



reed." The reed gave Hill a lean, visceral tone for the first sides he waxed in '58 and '59 for the locally based Offbeat label under the leadership of guitarist Charlie Byrd. But while Byrd made a steady ascent in terms of national recognition and financial stability, Hill remained a local, his career apparently stillborn. It was at this time that Hill met a teenaged drummer, turned him onto jazz via Charlie Parker records, and got his feet wet in public performance. The teenager was Billy Hart, who would later figure prominently in Hill's life. "Even at that young age Billy was exceptional," recalls Hill. "I knew then what he was capable of."

Then the '60s came, and jazz dried up in Washington. Abart's disappeared, Offbeat Records disappeared, and Buck Hill disappeared. As his family had grown to five, and his income became incapable of supporting them, Buck returned to the Postal Service as a full-time carrier. Hill would sometimes lay his horn aside for six months at a stretch, and at times it was only Helen's devotion that kept his musicians' union dues paid. But while he was sidelined, his former protege Hart began a steady climb to national stature with stints with Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery, and Herbie Hancock.

Hill regained local prominence during the early '70s; 1973 saw his return to recording, as he delivered several

inspired solos and solid front-line support to Washington trumpeter Allan Houser's *No Samba* (Straight Ahead 001). As with the more collective *Washington Jazz Ensemble* (Straight Ahead 002) of a few years later, Hill was the principle perpetrator of a balance of driving rhythm and mellifluous phrasing reminiscent of the *Jazz Messengers*.

As Hill began to profit from the jazz boomlet of the second half of the '70s, he caught up again with Billy Hart, who, by this time, was fast becoming the busiest session drummer on the planet. Expecting to hear flaws in Hill's playing that were undetectable when Hart was younger, the drummer was so overwhelmed with the strength and finesse of Hill's music that he secured a SteepleChase date for him. "Nils Winther [SteepleChase producer] had never heard me until we gave him those tapes," says Hill. The result was 1979's *This Is Buck Hill*, a standout among a flood of lackluster works issued that year by established bop artists. A fine mix of originals and standards, the session—which marked Hill's first visit to New York City and his first airplane flight—bypasses the clichés of the genre. While Hill is accompanied by Hart, bassist Buster Williams, and pianist Kenny Barron, the saxophonist carries the album, particularly on an exceptional a capella solo on Sonny Rollins' *Oleo*.

"They didn't tell me that they were going to lay out, so I thought it would be for one chorus. When we went into the second chorus I found myself out there again, but thought they'd come in at the end. But they didn't and I went three choruses by myself. I guess you could say it was my New York test."

It was a test that, by consensus, Hill passed with flying colors—**db** gave the album five stars. Certainly, SteepleChase was pleased enough to record Hill with the same rhythm section in an all-Hill program. Even more so than his debut as leader, the subsequent album *Scope* shows Hill to possess extremely fine breath control, a subtle sense of phrasing, and an imaginative compositional style.

Still, the exposure hasn't brought Hill enough work to leave the Postal Service, though he may retire as early as next year. Also, Hill has yet to perform in New York, despite his appearance at the 1981 North Sea Festival with his "all-Washington quartet" (Hart, pianist Rueben Brown, and bassist Wilbur Little) and his participation in the festival's tenor battle with Archie Shepp, Chico Freeman, and others.

"It's okay," says Hill in regards to not having performed in New York, "because when they do want me, I'll be ready." **db**



"authorized" bio is big, thick, massive, but curiously empty—some might say like the man's music. I'm not sure I'd agree with that. But Creative World, which published this volume, is also the proprietor of most of Kenton's better records, so if you have \$24.95 to spend in the Kenton cause, listen.

I suppose you could say many of these things also about Stanley Dance's latest oral history, *The World Of Count Basie*, but Dance makes no claim to be Basie's biographer. He offers 34 chronologically arranged interviews, more or less on an as is basis, with people who have had important relationships with Basie. All are musicians, apparently by design. Otherwise why would such close, as well as articulate, observers as John Hammond, Willard Alexander, or Norman Granz not appear in these pages? They are missed.

Those who do speak make a number of interesting points—and not necessarily about Basie. Both Jimmy Rushing and Buck Clayton, for example, talk about the fact that during their pre-adolescent years, jazz was viewed with great opprobrium within their families. This was a common attitude among many middle class, older blacks in the '20s. Earle Warren, Basie's lead alto for a decade, discusses the relationship between Lester Young and Hershel Evans, offers solid comments on Basie's early reed section voicings, and assures us that Prez was not gay. Stories about Prez are especially plentiful, especially from Buddy Tate and Dickie Wells.

Buck Clayton quite inadvertently springs open the door on a fascinating discographical dilemma centering on one of the most famous records in jazz history, the Jones/Smith Inc. date of *Lady Be Good*, *Shoe Shine Boy*, et al. that marked Young's spectacular recording debut. The conventional accounts tell us that it was recorded in Chicago on October 9, 1936, by John Hammond, who was anxious to record Young and Basie for Vocallion before they reached New York and became captives to a new Decca recording contract. The Jones/Smith name was obviously designed to hide Basie from the ears of his new Decca bosses. But Clayton is quite specific on one fact: The Basie entourage didn't leave Kansas City until October 31, 1936, roughly three weeks after those famous records were supposed to have been made in Chicago. I can add a couple of points on this one myself. While doing a lengthy piece on Lester Young for *Time-Life* last year, I noted in ads in the *Chicago Defender* that Basie didn't open in Chicago until the second week in November. Also Hammond's accounts of Basie in these *down beat* pages at the time further substantiated this. The conclusion: Hammond recorded the famous Jones/Smith date sometime in November, and as a further hedge against a contract infringement battle with Decca, someone somewhere along the line falsified and backdated the actual time of the session. The only certain fact is that Lester Young's recording debut was not October 9, 1936. (PS: *Time-Life* declined the scoop on this morsel of investigative trivia.)

In any case such are questions that come to mind paging through Dance's *World Of Count Basie*. Like the many interviews in the Kenton book by Lee, Dance's collection is more a resource than a book. But it's an important resource that posterity will trea-

sure, especially for its fringe background on Kansas City provided by Jay McShann and especially Gene Ramey. —John McDonough

**TO BIRD WITH LOVE** by Chan Parker and Francis Paudras  
(Paris: Editions Wizlov, 424 pp., 1981; \$111).

We've all seen books like this before—in major art museums or the art sections of high-class bookstores: 15½ inches long, 10½ inches wide, two inches thick, and weighing eight pounds. The subject is usually the Italian Renaissance or the complete works of Rembrandt, and the price is usually upwards of \$75. These are coffee table books; books to be opened twice a year with some appropriate music on the stereo and a cool drink in hand.

Well, *To Bird With Love* fits some of the above descriptions—size and weight—but the subject is Charlie Parker, the price is a whopping \$111 (no misprint), and the result is the definitive coffee table book for the well-heeled jazz enthusiast. Francis Paudras is a wealthy French jazz supporter and Chan Parker is the widow of Charlie Parker. Combining their resources they've privately published this remarkable edition, celebrating, in photos, letters, and assorted memorabilia, the greatest jazz soloist who ever lived.

The book is nothing short of a celebration. Each photo is published full-page or spreading over two pages. There is relatively little narrative, just various quotes running helter-skelter throughout. The book gives us Charles Parker's life, chronologically, through photos (some quite rare), reprinted telegrams and letters, and such other tidbits as Bird's heavily-cited driver's license and several of his *down beat* awards. There is heartbreak throughout—particularly the reprints of four telegrams Bird sent to Chan upon hearing of their daughter's death. The telegrams, sent in the early morning hours from Los Angeles, are shattering, particularly the one that merely says, "CHAN, HELP."

Through the reprinted letters (actually photographed in a clear, readable style) we learn of Bird's problems with drugs and the musicians' union, the idolatry of so many other musicians for the man, Bird's deep love for his family, and even his exasperation at his sadly inflated body towards the end of his life. The rest is there in photos: the young Bird in Kansas City, the tired, distended Bird at a Norman Granz recording session, and, of course, Bird with Dizzy, Bird with Pres, Bird with Bud, Bird with Duke, and on and on and on.

The question is whether the book is worth the money and, I'm afraid, I can't answer that. The book is gorgeous, it is invaluable to the true Bird enthusiast or the hard-core jazz collector, and it is bound to become a collector's item. But one can buy a lot of Charlie Parker albums with \$111. If you have all the albums and have a generous tax refund to spend, *To Bird With Love* is an important volume of which you will be very, very proud and will pore through a countless number of times.

Orders should be sent to Societe Wizlov, c/o F. Tomlin, 3664 Richmond St., Philadelphia, PA 19134. The \$111 (\$133, Canadian) covers all delivery charges.—lee jeske



## Fred White of Earth Wind & Fire



PARTNERS in GREATNESS

Trust the leader®

**LATIN  
PERCUSSION**



160 Belmont Avenue, Garfield, N.J. 07026

DEPT DB

Available at Quality Music Stores  
everywhere

Send \$2.00 for Catalog & Poster

Sam Ash, the

**IN-STOCK**

keyboard specialty store

**We sell, service, and stock:**

**SEQUENTIAL CIRCUITS**

Prophet 5  
Prophet 10  
Pro-1

**OBERHEIM**

OBX  
OBXA  
OBSX  
OB1A

**ARP**

Quadra  
Odyssey

Omni  
16 Voice  
Piano  
4 Voice  
Piano  
Quartet  
Solus

**CRUMAR**

Orchestrator  
Performer  
T1B  
T2

**KORG**

ES50 Lambda  
DL50 DELTA  
CX3 Organ  
BX3

MS10  
MS20  
X927

**Hohner**

Clavinet E7

**WURLITZER**

EP 200

**YAMAHA**

CP10 CS80  
CP80 CS40

CP30 CS20  
CP20 CS15  
CP10 CS5

**MOOG**

Polymoog

Minimoog

Prodigy  
Liberation  
Opus

**RHODES**

73 Stage &  
Suitcase  
88 Stage &  
Suitcase  
EK10  
54 Stage

**Agents for:**

Casiotone,  
Helpinstill,  
Kustom Piano,  
Octave, RMI,  
Multivox,  
Roland

We're the biggest in the business, with six Sam Ash Stores in the New York area plus a huge warehouse. For price quotes, information, or just plain advice, call the Sam Ash toll free Hot Line:

**HOT LINE CALL TOLL FREE:**  
**800-645-3518**



IN NEW YORK  
STATE CALL  
212-347-7757



TWX 510-222-1630 SAM ASH HEMP

Since 1924  
**Sam Ash**  
MUSIC STORES  
124 Fulton Avenue  
Hempstead, New York 11550

**The Most Expensive Reed  
In The World**

and worth even more . . .

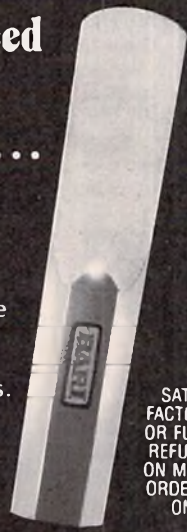
- Superb evenness of scale
- Loud or subtone
- Unbeatable ease & intonation
- Ideal solo & sectional playing
- Unsurpassed control & response

**Outlasts cane 200 to 1!**

Used and endorsed by these artists.

Mike Brecker  
Jay Corre  
Cecil Payne  
Sonny Stitt  
Frank Foster  
Lee Konitz

Dave Liebman  
Peanuts Hucko  
Abe Most  
John Stubblefield  
Frank Strozier  
Chris Vadala



SATIS-  
FACTION  
OR FULL  
REFUND  
ON MAIL  
ORDERS  
ONLY

3 Day Trial

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 + \$1.00 post. ea.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print) Dealer Inquiries Invited

**E, W & F**

continued from page 17

I'm in the departure scene again. It's hard to say exactly what I'm going to do."

Indeed, *All 'N All* is probably Earth, Wind & Fire's single greatest studio achievement—it has White dangling fearlessly on the thread between the sort of production sound he wanted and the kind of music his audience demanded. With *I Am*, though it was a commercial success, the thread began to weaken. By *Faces* it had snapped as White completely lost his audience in a glossy middle-of-the-road spectacle. According to one CBS executive, who prefers to remain anonymous, *Faces* was "off-the-mark" and "for themselves," adding ominously: "If they come back with another like that, you can wave them goodbye for a while."

To be fair, Earth, Wind & Fire are hardly the first commercial artists to detour from the proven path once they've obtained superstardom. Stevie Wonder's *Plants* escapade probably was as upsetting to record company officials, radio people, retailers, and listeners alike because it did not—regardless of its artistic merits—satisfy the expectations of all concerned. Surely the same could be said about movie director Steven Spielberg, who orchestrated one of film history's hugest flops—1941—after registering a pair of its greatest box office hits (*Jaws* and *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*). With this in mind, *Faces* makes a great deal more sense. Like Herbie Hancock toying around with his silly Vocoder, it's simply something they all want to do—and can afford to do.

Earth, Wind & Fire can easily afford to make albums like *Faces* for the rest of their lives. But, fortunately for us, their egos can't. This is why White is saying that their 11th Columbia album (which is scheduled for release in October) will be more "street-oriented." However, that's all he's saying.

"It's going to have more of a street attitude," Woolfolk tries to explain, "more of an Earth, Wind & Fire sound rather than a production sound. That's about all I can tell you about it. There's one other thing I can tell you and that is: We are the Fire! And as long as we have the cats we have, there's no way to hold us back because when it's time to go to it, we go to it."

In other words, there's no pressure whatsoever? "The logical thing to say would be, 'No,'" Bailey interjects, "but the truth is, 'Yeah.' This album's important to us. It's a challenge, and that's what keeps the interest; that's what keeps the fire burning. To me, we're just a group of cats trying to do the best we can. We come up with some stuff; we mess up just like everybody else.

"A lot of people, I'm sure, would be disappointed to hear me talking like this because they have this concept that we're infallible. It's not that heavy, man. It's no mystical stuff happening."

If Stevie Wonder's *Hotter Than July* and Steven Spielberg's *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* are good examples of master commercial artists reclaiming their rightful turf after lost battles, then Earth, Wind & Fire's next album oughta be smokin'.

db

**EARTH, WIND AND FIRE  
DISCOGRAPHY**

LAST DAYS AND TIME—Columbia C-31702  
HEAD TO THE SKY—Columbia PC-32194  
OPEN OUR EYES—Columbia PC-32712  
THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD—Columbia PC-33280  
GRATITUDE—Columbia PG-33694  
SPIRIT—Columbia PC-34241  
ALL 'N ALL—Columbia JC-34905  
BEST OF (VOL. 1)—ARC/Columbia FC-35647  
I AM—ARC/Columbia FC-35730  
FACES—ARC/Columbia KC2-36795  
ANOTHER TIME—Warner Bros. 2798 (two-fer reissue of THE NEED OF LOVE—WB-1958 and EARTH, WIND AND FIRE—WB-1905)

soul searching.

"I remember they asked me two or three years ago to play with them, and I said, 'No, man, I would never do that.' I felt like I'd be selling myself short, and I thought I'd, kind of like, be a turncoat to what I stood for—a traitor to the music. Later I found out that I was strong enough to play the same thing I'm playing, the same licks, just about, except rhythmized or leaving different spaces. So it became a challenge—and the fact that I needed some money, too—and it wasn't annoying me. That was the biggest thing—I thought it would really annoy me, volume or whatever."

Right now the two things that are on Billy Bang's mind are keeping his current quintet together and trying to get more gigs in the United States. The quintet consists of Charles Tyler on reeds, Wilbur Morris on bass, Michele Rosewoman on piano, and Dennis Charles on drums. "I specifically set that group up," says Billy. "I was working with a quartet, 'cause I've always worked with a saxophone and I need the bass and drums. Then I wanted to make the music accessible to other ears by adding the chords and colors of a piano. I was looking for someone who was free and could play—someone who was willing to work the music out—because a lot of our music doesn't have chord changes. Michele Rosewoman was free and available, and I asked her to do it. Somehow this band has some kind of a spiritual attachment to it where it seems like it's going to be together for awhile."

What the band needs is work, and although Bang freely admits that he's getting more and more calls now, there is still a larger following for his music in Europe, including the sight of complete festivals devoted to new music,

*continued on page 74*

**BILLY BANG  
SELECTED  
DISCOGRAPHY**

**as a leader**

CHANGING SEASONS—Bellows 004  
DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE—  
hat Hut Four

NEW YORK COLLAGE—Anima 1002  
SWEET SPACE—Anima 12741

**with the String Trio Of New  
York**

AREA CODE 212—Black Saint BSR 0046  
FIRST STRING—Black Saint BSR 0031

**with Ronald Shannon Jackson**  
EYE ON YOU—About Time AT 1003

**with William Parker**  
THROUGH ACCEPTANCE OF THE MYSTERY  
PEACE—Centering 1001

**with Frank Lowe**  
LOWE AND BEHOLD—MusicWorks 3002

**with Earl Freeman**  
FANTASY FOR JAZZ ORCHESTRA—Anima  
1001

**Bobby  
DUKOFF**

"HAND CRAFTED"  
SUPER POWER CHAMBER  
SAX MOUTHPIECES

**NEW!** **250%  
more** **NEW!**

THE "SUPER POWER" CHAMBERS  
—SILVERITE METAL



—PREFERRED BY PLAYERS AROUND THE WORLD—

**NOW # 1**

WORLDWIDE INQUIRIES INVITED



- 250% more volume
- Bright rich sound
- Ease of blowing
- Responsive harmonics
- Foster technique
- Less reed problems
- With cap and ligature

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER  
OR WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE  
BOBBY DUKOFF MOUTHPIECES  
P.O. Box 561002  
Kendall, Florida 33156  
(305) 238 0553

# LEATHER for your TROMBONE

Reunion Blues produces professional leather gig bags for bass and tenor 'bones. All have double padding, no-scratch zippers, and padded shoulder strap.

We also make leather bags for trumpets, saxophones, and many more instruments. For our complete catalogue and the name of your local music store, send \$3.00 to:

**Reunion Blues** 475 Valencia St  
San Francisco, CA 94103



AMERICA'S OLDEST AND LARGEST  
EXCLUSIVE PERCUSSION CENTER



■ Complete stock of famous name brand percussion instruments and accessories  
■ Owned and operated by Mairie Lishon  
18 Years staff percussional CBS-WBDM Chicago

226 S. Wobash Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60605  
922-8761 922-1300

"DRUM-TORQUE"



A musical drum tensioning device professionally designed to quickly and accurately tension snare drums, tom-toms, bass drums and parade drums. Laboratory work employing strain gauges has shown that drums may be accurately tensioned and thus tuned using this device. Properly tensioned drums sound better and are easier to play. Complete instructions are included. Thousands have been sold and are being used by students and professional musicians around the world.

For the name of your nearest dealer contact:  
**Peate Musical Supplies Ltd.**  
8355 Rue Labarre Street  
Montreal, Quebec  
Canada H4P 2E8