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downbeat

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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FEATURES


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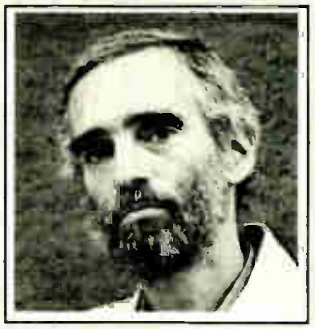
John Carter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Steve Swallow

DEPARTMENTS

Miscellany

Cover photo of Pat Metheny by Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve.

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THE FIRST CHORUS

BY ART LANGE

WRITING ABOUT MUSIC CAN BE AN ESpecially worthwhile venture, allowing the writer to learn as well as educate his/her audience. However, it can also be a particularly frustrating experience. While many readers and musicians see the need for writers who can create interest in an artist's work and communicate an understanding which enhances the audience's enjoyment of that work, there are many who feel that critics are merely parasites, feeding their own egos off of the musician's hard work and creative ability.

Criticism, at its best, can be elucidating and entertaining. One need only think of Whitney Balliett, the English writer Max Harrison, and the classical critic Andrew Porter, among others, as examples of writers whose style is consistently witty, descriptive, and engaging, with insights into the music that help clarify and introduce a deeper acceptance of the musical arts—thereby furthering one's enjoyment of the experience.

There is, though, a critical dichotomy here: Is music to be considered entertainment or art? It's easy to be dogmatic and come to artificial conclusions: we know, after all, that the Bee Gees are entertainment and Beethoven is art. But doesn't Beethoven's music entertain as well? And where does one draw the line today—as the traditional boundaries between popular entertainment and elitist art are being erased as never before—when Ornette Coleman's music serves as dance music, and more "jazz" musicians than ever before are adopting what were previously considered "classical" modes of structure and expression?

A case in point recently occurred at a Chicago open-air festival, where a well-known singer received the adulation of the crowd, but was rapped in print by a knowledgeable, credible critic, who felt the singer gave a sub-par performance. Was the audience wrong in enjoying the music? Was the writer mistaken in his critical assumptions?

Both were right, I believe, but both need to be able to temper their reactions somewhat. Audiences can benefit from well-written, well-thought-out critiques; and writers should not ignore the popularity of artists who can communicate to an audience regardless of the "abstract" quality of their music. After all, it is often not the technical aspects of music which speak most directly to us, though these are certainly a means to the end. It is something more; Louis Armstrong had it, Elvis Presley, John Coltrane, Stevie Wonder, Frank Sinatra, and Beethoven, too, had (still have) it. It's a magical element that cannot be measured, evaluated, defined, or analyzed; it can only be recognized. It's the line where criticism leaves off and communication begins. Some people call it soul. db

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Hooray for Hollywood

In your Sep. '82 issue Robert Henschen reviewed Maynard Ferguson's album *Hollywood*. I feel Mr. Henschen's review is a misrepresentation, and may cause readers to disregard this excellent album.

To begin with, Mr. Henschen doesn't recognize all the players on the album. Secondly, he criticizes Ferguson's selection of music, yet goes on to state that he is very popular. Obviously, Ferguson knows what he is doing. While it is true that Maynard doesn't go overboard and improvise on every tune, some tunes are better left in written fashion. Does the non-use of improvisation mean that musicians are not imaginative? Hardly. Written music is an imaginative statement, and on this album the improvisation just adds to the excitement. Maybe the reviewer should get better in touch with Mr. Ferguson's musical styles before criticizing them so much.

Kip Lilly — Attica, IN

I can't argue that *Hollywood* is not a commercial effort, but MF shouldn't be blamed. Columbia is out to make money with commercial additives, such as the strings, the la-la singers, and the big studio names; therefore Columbia is more than responsible for the outcome of the recording. Anyway, Robert Henschen's insult concerning Maynard's jazz style was uncalled for. Jazz purists should be happy to know that Nautilus has just recorded Ferguson and his band straight, just as you hear them in concert. This album will show everybody some good big band charts with Maynard screaming his ass off!

Roy L. Toghe — St. Clair Shores, MI

The future is today

I want to thank you wholeheartedly for the confidence you showed in me and other young musicians with the honors of the 1982 **down beat** Student Recording Awards (June '82). These awards come at a time when I (and many others) have been having serious doubts about a musical future and my own abilities. Your awards and vast improvements in music education have helped and will continue to help the future of music by helping the people that *are* the future of music. Thanks.

Jon Smith — Auburn, AL

No wave is good wave

Thanks for the great ink on Ronald Shannon Jackson (**db**, Aug. '82). In my opinion Jackson has already established himself as the greatest composer/drummer of all time. I think no wave is a great label for the Decoding Society. People like DeFunkt, Ornette, Fred Frith, Material, Saheb Sarbib, George Russell, Luther Thomas, Carla Bley, Mike Mantler, George Lewis, Philip Glass, Billy Bang, Pigbag, Kip Hanrahan, Laurie Anderson, Don Cherry, Blood Ulmer, the great new Rip, Rig and Panic, Anthony Davis, James Newton, and of course Gil Evans and Miles are all no wavers in my opinion.

These are just some of the artists whose music is so brilliant and unique that it goes beyond traditional labels. None of these artists could ever be intimidated by the narrow minds that speak of the European school or electric instruments with disdain. Whether it be Captain Beefheart or Harry Partch or the greatest musician/composer of the 20th century, Duke Ellington, they all have created by their own rules, which is the only way to create. Today's tradition is nothing more than love and respect for the most brilliant and controversial mavericks of the past.

Being an avid record collector and someone who has every **down beat** since late 1963, I can honestly say that I don't believe the music or the magazine has ever been greater. Your magazine is almost exclusive in knowing the difference between contemporary and commercial, so I hope you never pay any attention to the Mr. Pauls (Chords, **db**, Apr. '82) of this world. Keep up the great work.

Larry Coffield — Berkeley, CA

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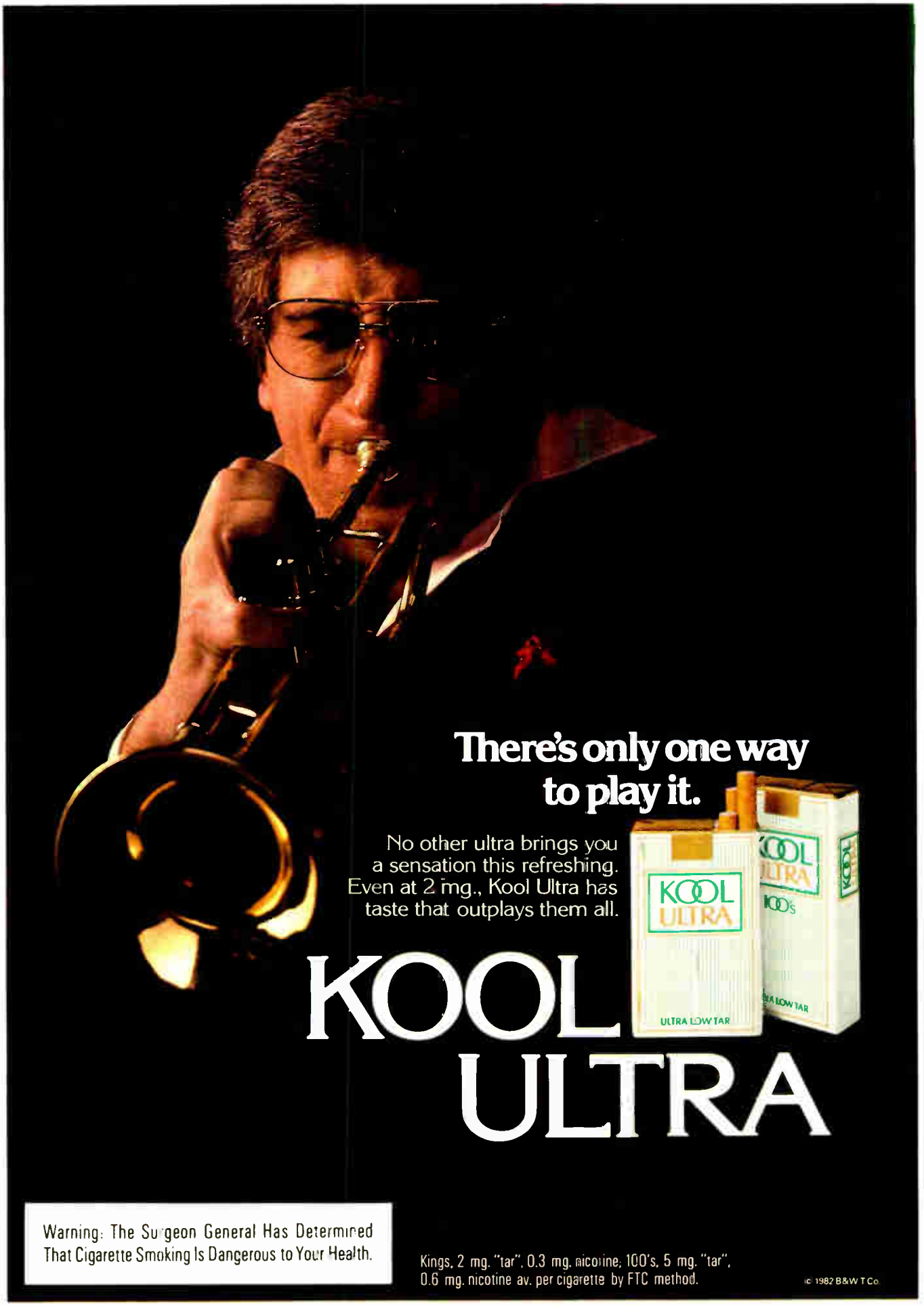

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NEWS

Steely pan

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD—"Pan is beautiful. Two."—the 1982 National Steel Band Festival held in the Jean Pierre Complex here recently—heralded the entrance of steel bands into the international music consciousness. The vibrant, exciting sound of steel orchestras is too big to be contained on the small Caribbean isles of Trinidad and Tobago any longer.

Pan (steel drum) music is indigenous to these islands, growing from the natives' African heritage of found instruments when, at the end of World War II, Trinidadians celebrated by parading and banging on whatever was handy, including the innumerable empty 55-gallon oil drums (left by the war ships at the popular refueling stop). There was prewar pan music of sorts, but it was the postwar development and refinement of the *tuned* pan that ushered in the era of the full-fledged steel orchestra.

Today a score or so master tuners painstakingly hand-hammer oil drums into a family of instruments that approximates the entire range of a symphony orchestra—from the basses (a multiple deep pan set with three to five notes on each drum), through the cellos, guitars, double-seconds (brass), and double-tenors (woodwind), to the lead tenors (or ping-pong pans, a shallow, violin-like, single lead instrument with upwards of 30 notes). Even though Trinidad is peopled almost solely by those of African and East Indian descent, all pans are tuned to the Western, well-tempered scale. In fact, the pans are so *melodic* that traditional drums must be added to the orchestras to fulfill the *rhythmic* function. Steel bands are found all over the world (notably in the U.S. and England), but the eight Trinidadian orchestras assembled for the national championships were unarguably the world's finest.

Arranger/conductor Anthony Prospect leads Casablanca, the 1982 world champion steel band.

Like traditional orchestras, steel bands are expensive to maintain. Pans cost hundreds, arrangements cost thousands, and the conductors and arrangers spend countless hours in rehearsal (most panmen cannot read music and must be taught their parts by rote). All the finalists had some sort of corporate or university sponsorship, received equal appearance fees (over $5,000 courtesy of the Kirpalani Group of Companies), and competed only for the honor of the Winston Spree Simon Awards (trophies depicting the late pan innovator).

continued on page 13

POTPOURRI

Blind and physically handicapped persons can now dig '82 **db** articles free of charge courtesy of the **Library of Congress**; check with your local library for upcoming issues of *Contemporary Sound Track* that will include Bob Blumenthal's JoAnne Brackeen feature (from Aug.), Lee Jeske's Benny Goodman (Sep.), and the Howard Mandel/Sam Freedman Miles Davis/Freddie Hubbard Waxing On (Aug. again) . . . speaking of: Benny Goodman joins Lillian Gish, George Abbott, Gene Kelly, and Eugene Ormandy as recipients of the fifth annual **Kennedy Center Honors**; the awards will be presented at the Center on 12/4, followed the next day by a White House reception and concert (to be televised later) . . . northwoods impresario James Zambon recently hosted a benefit for fledging public radio station WXPR at his Holiday Acres Resort in Rhinelander; Manty Ellis took his **Wisconsin Connection** faculty/student band up from their bases at the State U.'s and Conservatory; vocalist Jesse Hauck stole the show . . . elsewhere in Badgerland the **Joynt** in Eau Claire has Jon Hendricks & Co. 10/14; check it out at (715) 832-9476 . . . way out west: the Stardust Production Co. presents the **Heath Bros.** 11/6 at the Bartlesville (OK) Community Center; (918) 336-7306 . . . on the tube: **Super TV** is premiering the four-part Smithsonian Institution's 10th anniversary jazz concert series; Red Norvo's up 10/17, Art Farmer 11/21 . . . radio your bag? then check out the **Music Personnel Conference '82** in St. Paul 10/20-24; they're giving jazz its due emphasis for the first time; non-radio types are also welcome; check with John Hunt at (716) 831-2555 . . . deep in the heart: the **Percussive Arts Society** International Convention '82 features Steve Reich, Max Roach, Steve Gadd, and loads more, at the Loews Anatole Hotel in Dallas 11/18-21; PASIC details from Box 5344, N. TX St. U., Denton, TX 76203 . . . teach me tonight dept.: pianist **Jack Reilly** is the new Chairman of the Department of Jazz Studies at Boston's New England Conservatory of Music; meanwhile tenorist **Bob Rockwell**, vocalist **Janet Lawson**, and pianist **Norman Simmons** have signed on to the faculty of Wayne, NJ's William Patterson College; and **Gary Burton** is headed back to school as a member of the faculty at Berklee in Beantown . . . new kids on the bop: the **National Assn. of Jazz Educators**' new officers are prez Dr. Warrick L. Carter, Governors St. U., Park Forest, IL; veep Robert Curnow, CA St. U., L.A.; sec'y J. Richard Dunscomb, Purdue; tres. Dr. Reginald Buckner, U. MN; Matt Betton remains exec. director and the address is still Box 724, Manhattan, KN 66502 . . . the **Delaware Water Gap Celebration of the Arts** received four grand from the PA Council on Arts to help pay musicians' performance fees at the fest . . . eight-hundred grand goes to **Glenn Miller**'s kids according to the NJ Supreme Court, via royalties from discs released after his death . . . elsewhere in the record world: **Lalo Schifrin** takes a break from film and TV scoring to return to his jazz roots for a Nautilus two-track, digital LP . . . **Nautilus** has also released Quincy Jones' multiple-Grammy'er, *The Dude*, (NR-52) as a half-speed, remastered Superdisc . . . and **Sheffield Lab** has released a two-track audiophiler of its sold-out (100,000 copies) direct-to-disc *Discovered Again* (ST-500), with Dave Grusin, Lee Ritenour, Ron Carter, Harvey Mason . . . award-winners: *The Alternative Rollins* (French RCA PL 432368) copped France's **Academia Du Jazz Oscar** for '82, but remains unreleased Stateside—are you listening, RCA? . . . and the *Concord Jazz Guitar Collection* (CJ 160) picked up the **Deutsche Phono-Akadmie** honor from the official institute of the German phonographic industry . . . Swiss banked: *One Night In Washington* (Elektra/Musician), the Charlie Parker and *The* Orchestra LP, captured both the **Grand Prix Du Disque De Montreux** and the **Festival International De Jazz De Montreux** . . . and a Bronx cheer for UA/Capitol who are quietly deleting virtually the entire **Blue Note** catalog, including all titles by Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, Kenny Dorham, Bobby Hutcherson, Jackie McLean, Hank Mobley . . . hot on salsa? **Ipanema Records** (Box 49452, Austin, 78765) is the only distributor outside of NYC for Fania Records, including two new Gato LPs; write for a catalog . . . on the book beat: **db** Correspondent **Mark Miller**'s *Jazz In Canada—Fourteen Lives* just hit the stands for $18.95 via the University of Toronto Press . . . Miles apart: England's Quartet Books gives us *Miles Davis* by **Ian Carr**, while New York's Dial Press checks in with *'Round About Midnight: A Portrait Of Miles Davis* by **Eric Nisenson** . . .

NEWS

Jazz to the Finnish

PORI, FINLAND—The booking of solidly established artists, coupled with ideal weather, insured record crowds and financial success for this year's 17th annual Pori Jazz Festival.

The continuity of the jazz tradition was very much in evidence as the Lester Bowie Ensemble led off the fest with their seamlessly performed crash course in the past, present, and future of black music. The Modern Jazz Quartet, Jon Hendricks & Co., and the Gerry Mulligan Big Band attracted large and appreciative audiences, but the main draw was Benny Goodman, who received public attention rivaling that of any visiting head of state. Real political clout was provided by Finland's Minister of Education Kaarina Suonio, who introduced Goodman's set and confirmed that degree studies in jazz would begin for the first time in the fall at Helsinki's prestigious Sibelius Academy.

Another modest historical breakthrough was achieved as Russian jazz musicians made their first appearance. Agreement with Soviet officials was reached after 10 years of unsuccessful negotiations, and the results were worth waiting for. Virtuoso solo pianist Leonid Chizhik improvised with sensitivity and flair, while the Allegro quintet out of Moscow chalked up one of the Festival's undeniable artistic successes. Keyboardist Nikolai Levinovski, saxophonist Sergei Gurbeloshvili, bassist Viktor Dvoskin, drummer Viktor Epaneshnikov, and percussionist Juri Genbatsev displayed impeccable musicianship, taste, and originality in their interpretation of Duke Ellington standards as well as leader Levinovski's originals.

Finnish contributions were characterized by works created for the occasion. The Kari Komppa Orchestra, the only Finnish group to be featured at the main outdoor concerts, acquitted itself with distinction as the 13-piece unit journeyed through leader Komppa's imaginative charts. Opus 5, a promising young vocal group, pulled off Jukka Linkola's 40-minute scat extravaganza with polish and assurance.

JAMES McCUNKINS

ON THE MOVE: *The Clark College (GA) Jazz Band had a busy summer. They opened each night of the Nice (France) Jazz Festival (James Moody sat in one night); when they played the Montreux (Switzerland) fest, Dizzy Gillespie sat in (above); and when they played the NY/Kool fest, Clark President Dr. Elias Blake laid an honorary doctorate on Diz.*

The Marcus Belgrave Sextet appeared as part of an exchange program worked out between Pori Jazz and the City of Detroit. The Tapiola Big Band will return the favor when it visits the Motor City later this year.

Top quality big bands were featured in addition to the Mulligan unit. Martial Solal's band from France exhibited unique orchestral textures and compositions that never lost their sense of purpose. George Russell's New York Big Band presented the leader's special synthesis of complexity and funk. Russell's swinging on-stage presence was an unexpected delight for those who know him only by his reputation as a conceptual heavy.

In a festival marked by a high degree of professionalism and a certain degree of predictability, the special moments stood out: Bowie joining Belgrave for an exuberant *When The Saints*, Bob Gurland's trumpet-like scat moving beyond imitation into the realm of master forgery, and Dave Chertok's eerily gripping film footage of Thelonious Monk playing solo piano a year before he gave up active performing.

—roger freundlich □

BIG CITY BEAT

ALBANY, NY

The acoustically superb **Troy Music Hall** presents Lionel Hampton and his orchestra 10/23; (518) 273-0038 . . .

BUFFALO, NY

Grover Washington Jr. recently returned to his home town, received a special proclamation—a "Grover Washington Day In Buffalo"—the key to the city, and even played an outdoor freebee . . . the **Trolfamadore** continues with David Friesen (11/4) and Jack DeJohnette's Directions (11/17) . . . despite the cancellation of their nationally renowned jazz series (due to federal funds cutbacks), the **Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra** continues to have jazz in its schedule with the music of Duke Ellington and Hoagy Carmichael conducted by Richard Hayman 10/29 . . .

CHICAGO

Kentucky Fried Chicken sponsored it, the mayor's office organized it, the Jazz Institute's Kaye Britt designed and curated it, and Lauren Deutsch and Ahmed Benbayla legged it out; *it* was **Memories Of Chicago Jazz**, a historic photographic exhibit of Windy City jazz from 1915 till now, on view for free all over town and ultimately at the Grant Park Kool fest . . . Eddie Miller is the honored guest at the **Festival Of Traditional Jazz** skedded for 11/5-7 at the Holiday Inn O'Hare/Kennedy; details at (312) 975-0770 . . .

NEW ORLEANS

Roy Ayers is scheduled for the **Riverboat President** on 11/18; (504) 586-8777 . . .

NEW YORK

Recession antidote: Greenwich Village's **Blue Note** offers a 50 percent reduction to students with I.D. Mon.-Thu.; get out those cards and dig Dizzy Gillespie (10/12-17), Ira Sullivan/Red Rodney (10/26-31), Buddy Rich (11/23-28), and Tito Puente (11/30-12/5); (212) 475-8592 . . . the **Harvie Swartz String Ensemble** displays their pluck (and their bowing) at Carnegie Recital Hall 10/23; (212) 924-5026 . . . spicy happenings at **Sweet Basil** include Louie Bellson (10/12-16), Phineas Newborn (10/19-23), Art Blakey (10/26-30), Ahmad Jamal (11/2-6), Eddie Harris (11/9-13), James Moody (11/16-20), Buddy Tate/Al Grey (11/23-27); (212) 242-1785 . . .

SAN FRANCISCO

The Bay Area version of the **Kool Jazz Festival** runs 11/2-13 with a refreshing local angle—Brown & Williamson and George Wein are helping the Bay Area Jazz Society (their Jazz In The Schools program benefits) sponsor area musicians around the bay 11/2-4 (don't miss the jazz film fest at the Surf Theater on the third). Also in cahoots with Kool is the Keystone Korner which is running an Art Blakey Legacy Tribute nightly 11/8-13. Headliners at the fest proper include Wynton Marsalis at the Warfield Theatre 11/6; the Art Ensemble of Chicago, same place, next night; Oscar Peterson and Herbie Hancock, Davies Symphony Hall, 11/9; Sonny Rollins with the Great (McCoy, Freddie, Ron, Tony) Quartet, Masonic Auditorium, 11/10; alto madman Richie Cole with tap-dancer Honi Coles, and the Full Faith and Credit Big Band, Kabuki Theatre, 11/11; and back to the Warfield for the MJQ and Carmen McRae 11/12; ticket info at (415) 835-4342 . . .

SEATTLE

The **Cornish Institute** fall term faculty includes Jim Knapp, Julian Priester, Gary Peacock, Carter Jefferson, Jerry Grannelli, Peggy Storm, Jay Clayton, Dave Peterson, Dave Peck, Carolyn Graye, and Jamie Holland; a weeklong performance series, featuring faculty and student ensembles, starts 10/31 and includes bassist Dave Holland (in-residence that week) leading a faculty performance 11/5 and performing solo 11/7 (independently he appears with the Composers and Improvisors Orchestra 11/6); contact Cornish at (206) 323-1400 . . .

STRINGING ALONG: *Take 14 women who play violins, violas, cellos, and basses, toss in one drummer, and you've got String Fever, led by Marin Alsop. The band's been sawing away at such tunes as* Woodchopper's Ball *and* Stompin' At The Savoy *for over a year now all 'round the Apple; check 'em out but don't get strung out.*

Steely pan

continued from page 11

The 7,000-seat Jean Pierre Complex was SRO as eight orchestral setups peppered the 40,000 square-foot center court, and the international board of adjudicators—award-winning American composers David Del Tredici and John Corigliano, Irish composer/conductor Dr. Havelock Nelson (BBC orchestras), and Trinidadian violinist/conductor Desmond Price—settled in for a full evening of *pan*demonium.

The finals (which were broadcast live on TV and taped for future LPs) opened with performances by the Champion Soloist Clarence Morris and the Champion Old Time (marching) Band the Hoytonians (both winners of earlier competitions). Morris' rendition of Mozart's *Symphony In G Minor* moved Del Tredici to later tag him "the Mozart of pan," and the Hoytonians rousing *Slavonic Dance Op. 46 No. 8* by Dvořák whetted the audience's appetite for the panoply of music to come from the eight conventional band finalists.

Each orchestra played three songs: all were required to perform the test piece (De Falla's *Ritual Fire Dance*), a tune of choice (all chose a traditional classical composition), and a calypso of choice (Lord Kitchener's *Heat* was played twice, Scrunter's *The Will* thrice). From the opening tones of the (Cinderella student) Klondykes Pan Pipers' *Fire Dance* to the final ring of the (defending champion) Trinidad All-Stars' *Heat*, the judges were on the hottest seats in the Caribbean. As Corigliano said: "It's like choosing between the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Symphony, and the Chicago Symphony orchestras."

En route were the flash of Tokyo's "quadraphonic guitar pans," the aptly named Merry Tones, Bird song, Tropical Angel Harps, and Nu Tones (each paying homage to their monikers), and the boom of Casablanca's *1812 Overture*. And there was also a considerable panache competition as each band quick-changed from their orchestral dress of suits or tuxes into bright calypso duds.

The American judges' comments were oft interrupted with ovations as they welcomed pan into the international music community. Corigliano even expressed a desire to include steel drums in his recent commission for the 100th anniversary of NYC's Metropolitan Opera, if (Pan Trinbago Union take note) the tuning of the pans could be standardized (the tuners are an inscrutable, nonconformist lot). The crowd grew restive as Dr. Nelson's comments seemed to indicate that the song awards would be passed around.

They grumbled slightly when the All-Stars won Best Test Piece (seems their pans were tuned too "European" for the calypso-happy audience). More grumbles as Casablanca copped Best Tune of Choice (seems there was some rules controversy before the Tchaikovsky overture was allowed in competition because of its 'ength). Catcalls greeted the announcement of Tokyo's Best Calypso win (*The Will*) as the crowd seemingly preferred the Merry Tones' version.

But there was naught but cheers for the final standings, which could have been based on applause-o-meter readings from throughout the evening: second runner-up, Carib Tokyo; first runner-up, Catelli Trinidad All-Stars; and the 1982 steel band world champs, Iscott Casablanca.

—charles doherty □

Horn sees red

CANTON—Paul Horn, the inveterate world traveler, added another first to his long list of unprecedented events. Earlier this year he was a member of a group of entertainers presented in the unusual setting of China, specifically to film a two-hour television special entitled *Cycling Through China*. Other participants included Ben Vereen, Kate Jackson, Lorne Greene, Joe Cunningham (of the Harlem Globetrotters), a magician, and pantomimists.

The purpose of the tour was to bring to China a varied assemblage of artists whose work transcends the language barrier, and to establish a close personal relationship with the Chinese people. Horn played his flute in some of the smaller, outlying areas of the southern province of Guan Dong, and in communes, schools, and even on the streets. The whole troupe gave one major concert in the famous Sun Yat Sen Memorial Park in Canton—the first of its kind by foreign performers for at least 30 years.

Horn's son, Robin (who now lives in Toronto; his father has, for the last 12 years, made his home in Victoria, B.C.) also was along, and played drums for the various concerts. All the members of the Western contingent cycled throughout the tour on 10-speed bicycles, often mingling with the locals. (You may remember that Horn was one of the first Westerners to visit China back in 1978 when the restrictions on foreign travel were lifted. At that time he also played for the people, and recorded part of an album, to be released shortly, entitled *In China*.)

The never-still Horn then took a trip behind the Iron Curtain, playing 18 concerts in the Russian cities of Kiev, Moscow, Tallinn, Bakul (on the Caspian Sea), Simferopol (in the Crimea), and Saki. Once again the younger Horn accompanied his father. The rest of the aggregation included Ralph Dyck on synthesizer, Mark Eisenman on piano, and Kieren Overs on bass.

—frankie nemko-graham □

FINAL BAR

Joseph (Wingy) Manone, trumpeter, died July 9 in Las Vegas after a long illness. He was 82. Known as "Wingy" because of the childhood loss of his right arm in a New Orleans streetcar accident, he first came to the attention of the public thru his 1935 hit *Isie Of Capri* and '40s associations with Bing Crosby (though earlier recordings found him with Benny Goodman), the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, and later, Jack Teagarden.

After publishing his autobiography *Trumpet On The Wing* in 1948, Manone moved to Las Vegas in 1954 where he worked until his retirement in 1975. According to his wishes, traditional New Orleans jazz was played at his funeral.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

David (Captain) Shipp, Chicago bassist, died June 21 of heart disease. He was 57. A strongly swinging, modern stylist, Shipp was the rhythmic backbone of many groups. He led his own trios in the Pumpkin Room, Playboy Club, and several Chicago hotels throughout the 1960s. Beginning in 1972, "Captain" Shipp played with the Von Freeman Quartet in Chicago clubs in addition to American and European festival appearances. His best known recordings are the Freeman Quartet's albums on Nessa.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Al Rinker, the last surviving member of the original Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boys (Rinker, Bing Crosby, Harry Barris), died June 11 in Burbank, CA, at age 74. Rinker was the brother of singer Mildred Bailey. After the breakup of the Rhythm Boys, Rinker worked as a radio producer for many years.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Marian Blake, wife of pianist Eubie Blake, died June 26 at age 87 in her Long Island home.

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PAT METHENY

A STEP BEYOND TRADITION

BY TIM SCHNECKLOTH
PHOTOS BY PAUL NATKIN/ PHOTO RESERVE

Most people who are fortunate enough to be employed these days have a "job." Others have a "calling." And for people like Pat Metheny, there ought to be a new word. Metheny's life is spent on the road, going from hotel room to hotel room, stage to stage, plane to plane. Rock stars have traditionally written mournful tunes about the exaggerated agonies of such a life, even though most people would fill such shoes without the slightest hesitation.

Pat Metheny, however, is not one to bitch and moan. Being so totally involved with his music, he *needs* the road because he needs audiences. That's not to say he has a neurotic craving for the adulation of a huge number of fans. On the contrary, it's hard to imagine a more level-headed, realistic, totally professional musician than Metheny. He needs the audiences simply because the music is so important to him and, as he says, the music doesn't really exist in a full sense without those people who "complete the circle."

Metheny is sitting in a hotel room waiting for that moment of interaction, when the music really hits the air and soars. Even though his next gig is more than 24 hours away, you can tell that it's very much on his mind; he's living for that next chance on the stage, the next encounter with the mind-boggling electronic gear and enthusiastic throngs that make his 10 out of 12 months on the road worth any sacrifice.

"I can't really remember being 24 or 25," says 27-year-old Metheny, without the slightest hint of regret. "The last five years since we started this band have been a blur. I can remember certain details, but it just seems like one long tour. I started with Gary Burton when I was 19, and when you're on the road that much, time has a way of just flying." Metheny says all this in his usual exuberant, enthusiastic manner. Sure, the time is rushing by, but Metheny is one of those rare, enviable individuals who are doing exactly what they want to do, in exactly the way they want to do it.

Aside from road work with his band (Lyle Mays, keyboards; Steve Rodby, bass; Danny Gottlieb, drums; and special guest member Nana Vasconcelos, percussion), Pat has, in the last few years, toured and gigged with Joni Mitchell, his all-star *80/81* band (including Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian), Sonny Rollins, and others. Throw in his hours in the recording studio, and you've just about filled up a life.

It's been that way for Metheny for a long time, mainly because his own standards are so high. If he weren't totally dedicated, the music might be less than it should be; it might not be "happening," to use his term. And that's one thing that might bring him down

When Metheny talks about learning to play jazz, it becomes clear just how many demands he has made on himself, and just how much dedication he feels is required for a musician to forge a style. "If you're interested in improvising," he says, "there's such an incredible legacy, left by so many people. If you're a 12- or 13-year-old kid, and you say, 'Hey, I want to be a jazz musician,' you've got some serious work ahead. Most of the young musicians of high school or even college age that I run across have no idea of what they're getting into. And with each year that goes by, there's more stuff you have to deal with. If you're 15 and you want to be a jazz musician, you've still got to go back to 1900 and start checking it all out—not necessarily learning how to play it, but getting a thorough understanding of why everything has gotten to this point.

"That's my feeling. And I'm more convinced of that each year—you've got to have a thorough understanding of the tradition in order to consider going one step further. There's always some new guy each year who supposedly has the next new thing, and it *never* pans out, unless it's somebody who's got that thorough foundation. Like Wynton Marsalis—this cat has *got* it, and he's got an absolutely thorough base for the way he wants to play."

It's been a few years since Metheny was the "guy with the next new thing," and he finds himself in the position of being an actual "jazz star." Ever since the release of *Pat Metheny Group* (the "white album")

in 1978, Metheny has consistently topped the jazz charts and scored high on the pop charts, even when his music took some more esoteric turns on records like *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls* and *80/81*. And he seems honestly surprised by his commercial success, even though he feels he can explain it.

"The main reason," he muses, "is because we tour so much. We have live personal contact with hundreds of thousands of people from playing gigs. And it's just natural that a certain amount of these people would want a souvenir of their night out, or whatever.

"The strange thing is that I'm now sort of an 'established guy.' But the fact is, I'm only 27 years old and I've only been playing guitar for a little over 12 years. I think when that white album came out, people sort of figured they knew what I *did*. But I can honestly say that I think I play twice as well now as I did then. In the last two years I've made major progress, just by playing the instrument and by playing a lot with Jack [DeJohnette] and Charlie [Haden] and Sonny. I feel 20 years older than I did five years ago.

"It's still years away before I'll get to the point where I want to get. But," he laughs, "I think I might actually get real *good* sometime. I can feel it coming, and that's what keeps me going."

As Metheny has grown as an instrumentalist, he has also grown as a composer. His music seems to keep popping up in different places on the airwaves, since some of it seems to lend itself well to thematic uses. You can hear his lines before the NBA games on CBS, as theme music for *All Things Considered* on National Public Radio, even on a Roto-Rooter commercial. Composing, though, doesn't seem to be the main thrust of his musical activities.

"I feel comfortable with myself as a composer of music for me to play," he says. "There are some weird things I like to do as an improviser and a guitar player, and if I write the tune, I can kind of work them in. But I have no delusions of being a great composer. I mean, I think I write some good songs and all that, and they set up the way I play really well. But I've heard other people play my tunes and they don't seem to sound that good. There are a couple of things that do. For instance, the tune *James* on the new album [*Offramp*] is a really solid kind of tune in the Tin Pan Alley tradition. But in general, my songs and my playing are . . . *integrated*. They really go together; they're not separate."

In putting his tunes together, Pat has had a lot more elements to deal with lately. Synthesizers are being used more and more in his current group sound, particularly the Roland GR300 Series guitar synthesizer and the Synclavier, a digital synthesizer manufactured by New England Digital. Both seem to have proved useful as compositional tools for Metheny and his sometime writing partner Lyle Mays.

"What I find," Pat says, "is that certain sounds suggest certain kinds of harmonies. That's true not only with synthesizer sounds, but also with the guitar experiments I've done. The sounds suggest the harmonies, and the harmonies suggest certain kinds of tunes. And occasionally, a tune will come along totally based on the *sound*. *Are You Going With Me* [from *Offramp*], for instance, came that way. It was all written on the Synclavier, and the sound seemed to suggest a certain kind of harmony and a certain kind of movement. It wasn't a question of choosing a sound to fit the tune; it was the other way around. The sound *made* the tune. A tune like *San Lorenzo* [from the white album], which is based on a weird 12-string guitar tuning, came that way too. It works that way occasionally.

"But, I think that can be a dangerous way to write if you do it too much, because it's not that difficult to come up with hip new sounds. Anybody who's got a little imagination in his ear can find some hip stuff, some wild sounds, and base a song around them. And tunes like that have a tendency to pale over the years. On the other hand, if you write a melody that really has some detail and substance to it, it doesn't matter if you play it on a kazoo, a Synclavier, or an acoustic guitar. It's going to *sing*. And if you can combine *both*—a strong melody and a hip sound—then you're in business."

Like other musicians, Metheny and Mays try to stretch themselves

PAT METHENY GROUP'S EQUIPMENT

Pat Metheny (center) uses a Gibson 175 (1958) "80 percent of the time," he says. He also has three Ibanez Artist Series electric 12-strings tuned in various ways, several Guild acoustics, and three Roland GR300 Series guitar synthesizers. His digital guitar synthesizer, which is run through New England Digital's Synclavier, was developed by Oncor. For the last few years, he's been using three amplifiers—an Acoustic 134 and two Yamaha G100s. The sound goes from his guitar, through an MXR digital delay, into the preamp of the Acoustic, into a Lexicon Prime Time, which splits the sound twice, taking it from mono to stereo. From there, each side goes into one Yamaha amp, each of which triggers an Electro-Voice M15 speaker.

Lyle Mays' (second from left) keyboard setup includes an Oberheim Four-Voice, a Prophet 5 from Sequential Circuits, a Yamaha combo organ, a Synclavier keyboard, and the band's pride and joy, a seven-foot German Steinway B. Mays' keyboards are run in stereo through a Tangent mixer, an MXR digital delay, and a Lexicon digital delay.

Steve Rodby (second from right) uses an old Fender Precision Bass. "Actually," says Pat, "it's my bass, one I gave to Jaco as a gift. Jaco then took the frets off, fixed it up great, and gave it back to me. Mark Egan used it for a while, and now Steve has it, so it's sort of been passed around." Rodby also uses two Walter Woods amps, an MXR digital delay, and a custom effects rack.

"Nana Vasconcelos [far right] has instruments from all over the world," Metheny says. "He's very innovative in the way he uses traditional Brazilian and African instruments in an improvised setting." Vasconcelos also uses Paiste cymbals.

Dan Gottlieb (far left) uses Ludwig drums and Paiste cymbals.

PAT METHENY SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

OFFRAMP—ECM 1216
AS FALLS WICHITA, SO FALLS WICHITA FALLS—ECM 1190
80/81—ECM 1180
AMERICAN GARAGE—ECM 1155
NEW CHAUTAUQUA—ECM 1131
PAT METHENY GROUP—ECM 1114
WATERCOLORS—ECM 1097
BRIGHT SIZE LIFE—ECM 1073

with Gary Burton

RING—ECM 1051
DREAMS SO REAL—ECM 1072
PASSENGERS—ECM 1092

as composers and have come up with some interesting results, including their atmospheric duet album *As Falls Wichita*. "With that record, we wanted to do a piece of music that was somehow *away* from the song form. So much of what we were doing were songs in which the improvisation was based on the harmonies in the song—in the jazz tradition.

"We wanted to try something where the improvisation happened not so much in a linear sense as in a *textural* sense. Also, we liked the idea of having a piece of music in the 'catalog' that was incredibly vague. In fact, you wouldn't believe the letters we've gotten from people telling us what they think it's about. One guy thought it was about the takeover of the U.S. auto industry by Japan, and he had a four-page description of the events."

Like *Wichita*, Metheny's *80/81* album was something of an experiment, but it grew organically out of his ongoing relationships with the players on the album: Dewey Redman and Michael Brecker on tenors, Charlie Haden on bass, and Jack DeJohnette on drums. "I'd played with Jack a number of times over the years because of our mutual involvement with ECM. In fact, he's my next door neighbor now. And I knew Charlie and Dewey from the days when they were playing with Keith Jarrett and I was playing with Gary Burton and we used to split gigs. I'd known Brecker from around New York and from hanging around with him on that Joni Mitchell tour a couple of years ago.

"The main reason for that record was that I realized I'd done a bunch of records and had never done one with a horn player or any kind of breath element. Plus, I wanted to do something where I didn't have to play the melody and could do chords. And I wanted to do something with Jack and Charlie specifically. In fact, we have a kind of ongoing trio thing and plan to put a record out."

The *80/81* album turned out to be rather unusual in Metheny's oeuvre, since it entails a harder, more rhythmic use of the guitar than usual. The result, to some ears, was an intriguing drone-like quality reminiscent of Oriental and Indian sounds. "To me, one of the hippest things about the guitar is the fact that you can just tune it to an open chord and start banging, and you can hear all these overtones. The *Folk Songs* on *80/81* came from an idea I had to get that real energetic strumming thing happening as a rhythmic element for Jack and Charlie to play against. I have to say that that whole side is one of the most fun things I was ever involved with in a recording studio—it was electric.

"To me, it's not so much an Indian thing. There's a sort of quality that a lot of folk musics have, a sort of one-tonality-ness. Actually, I was thinking more in terms of c&w than Indian music. But if you listen to it and just focus on what Charlie is playing, it's unbelievable. Just as a rhythm section thing—acoustic guitar, bass, and drums—that's one of my favorite sounds. The way Jack plays on that, and the concept Charlie has of playing against the guitar, is really nice. I'm really proud of that track."

One-hundred-eighty degrees from the hard acoustic strumming of the *Folk Songs* lies Metheny's present fascination with guitar synthesizers. His current live shows feature some blistering, sometimes abrasive sounds from his Roland GR300s, as well as the gentle, vibe-like clarity of the digital guitar synthesizer (developed by Oncor) he runs through the Synclavier.

"I'd had the same kind of guitar sound for years," he explains, "and I was always looking for a sort of alternate voice. I checked out all the guitar synthesizers when they came out, but there was always something about them that made them useless to me. Then this Roland I'm using now came out at about the same time as the *80/81* tour, and I took it on a few gigs. All of a sudden, I found that all the things I'd been working on for years—getting a kind of horn sound—it was all there. It was like I was a tenor player and somebody just handed me a soprano, a whole new voice."

Other new elements have entered the Metheny band in the last few years, including two new players: Steve Rodby on bass and the brilliant Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos. "Having Nana in the group has justified a lot of the rhythmic things we've been working toward," Pat feels. "I had never realized how big an influence Brazilian music had been on me. When I look back, some of the first tunes I learned were Jobim tunes, things like that.

"That kind of music was always in my blood anyway. And in August of '81, I went to Brazil to do a couple of concerts. I was going to stay for three days and ended up staying for five weeks. I just disappeared into Brazil. I was hanging out mostly with the musicians in the Milton Nascimento band, and Milton's always been one of my main heroes anyway. It became more and more clear to me that I wanted to get some of that element into the group."

As a result, Vasconcelos is now pretty much a regular member of the Metheny group and, to Pat, he plays an important role. "As we use more and more electric instruments, I feel we have to have what Nana

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new from sunn

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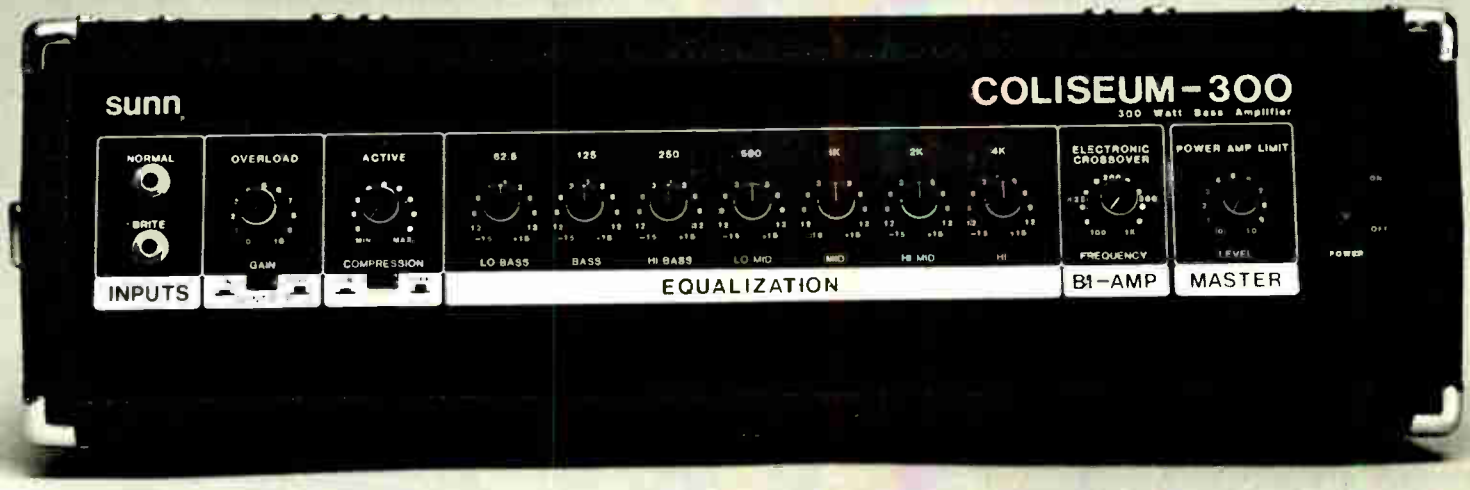

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Electronic Crossover	12db/octave adjustable, 100 hz to 1000 hz, low output inverted.
Compressor	2:1 ratio with adjustable threshold.
Contour	+ 6db at 60 hz, - 3db @ 500 hz, +6db @ 4K hz
Brite Input Jack	500 hz corner frequency, +3db @ 1K hz, + 10db @ 5Khz.
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JOHN CARTER

BY LEE JESKE

This fall, if John Carter wants to sleep until noon every day of the week, he can do it. While that statement probably applies to a majority of jazz musicians, it is the first time in John Carter's 53 years that it applies to him. Because since he graduated from college at the tender age of 19, John Carter has made his living as a music teacher in public schools. As of this semester, he is, as he puts it, "a full-time player and record producer and whatever else I get my hands on that has to do with this music and the things I want to do."

John Carter is a widely admired clarinetist in a very modern idiom. He was nurtured in the same breeding ground as Ornette Coleman, and his music has many of Ornette's best qualities: a tightly controlled braininess combined with a raucous Southwestern sense of swing.

Yet, despite his highly regarded work with trumpeter Bobby Bradford on several albums and the occasional summer tour, and despite his constant placing at or near the top of **db**'s Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category in the Critics Poll (back-to-back wins in '81 and '82), John Carter is not very well known. The reason is that for the past 30 years, he has been content to spend most of his time in the halls of academe.

Carter has made three major career decisions in his life. The first was at the age of 19, when he was living in his native Fort Worth, Texas as a rather young college graduate. 'When I got out of college," he recalls, "I was as confused as any other 19-year-old about life decisions. I mean, 'What the hell is a life decision?' I was confused about what to do. I had this degree in music and there really was not anywhere to play around Fort Worth at the time. I wasn't ready, in terms of maturity, to go to New York or Los Angeles or do something like that. So when the opportunity to work in Fort Worth arose, I took that opportunity. In the meantime I married and spent the next few years really disillusioned about a lot of things. I even put the horn away for a couple of years. I thought, 'Well, I'm not going to play that type of music I have to play to make a living and, rather than be involved in it, I'm not going to play at all.' During that time I was working on my master's degree, so I thought, 'Well, I'll do this—this couldn't be bad.'" "This" was teaching high school band in Fort Worth.

The next time John Carter made a major career decision was in 1960, when he and childhood friend and drummer Charles Moffett decided it was time to leave Fort Worth. "Charles decided at that time, 'I believe I'll go to New York.' And I said, 'I believe I'm going to California.' At that time there was a jazz scene going on in Los Angeles, so I felt that if I went to Los Angeles or New York, the jazz playing opportunities would be comparable in either place. I had the idea that I would teach while I got my other thing together. But history has shown that the thing in Los Angeles did not develop like the thing in New York has—in terms of it being the great marketplace for jazz and all the other things in the world. The one thing I miscalculated about Los Angeles is that there's what I call the 'six-dollar bill' feeling that permeates the basin. I mean, that 'Hollywood' thing is real heavy. The city is too big and too expansive for there to be the kind of intense activity in just the same way there is in New York City. It means that there are several little pockets of activity going on, and they go exclusive of each other sometimes. I think that has been one of the difficulties in there having been a meaningful jazz climate in Los Angeles to this point."

John Carter's teaching "awhile" to get his thing together meant 20 years in the Los Angeles school system as a music teacher. Why didn't he move east at any point? "I have gone through a lot of frustration about that," he says, "but I don't know how much I've considered it. I have four kids and my decision to move to California—to move, period—had a lot to do with the education of my children and the racial situation in Texas. The California university system is one of the finest in the world. The thing that has kept me in Los Angeles, I'm sure, is the fact that I've tried to raise my family there. Without a lot of long discussion, that's kind of how it is."

And, without a lot of long discussion, the fact that those four kids are now grown has a lot to do with John Carter's decision to pack in the public school teaching and face the world as a bona fide full-time musician (though it's hard to get the teaching bug out of the system, so one of Carter's projects is the formation of Wind College, along with Bobby

"One of the things I'm going to do is try and play as much as possible," says the poll-winning clarinetist. "I want to produce records . . . I've formed my own label . . . I may do some selective recording . . . I want to come to New York more and play, so I can get writers to write something about me." John Carter is ready.

Bradford, Red Callender, James Newton, and Charles Owens; it should be almost ready for students at this point; write P.O. Box 2744, Culver City, CA 90230 for details).

The weight that is off his shoulders must be considerable—considering that John Carter and I speak at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning in a Greenwich Village coffee shop. We meet only hours after he and Bobby Bradford finished their last set of a one-nighter at the Public Theatre and only hours before they catch a train to Washington for a one-nighter there. This follows a pair of one-nighters in Massachusetts, and on Monday morning, four days after arriving east for their quickie tour, they will head back to Los Angeles.

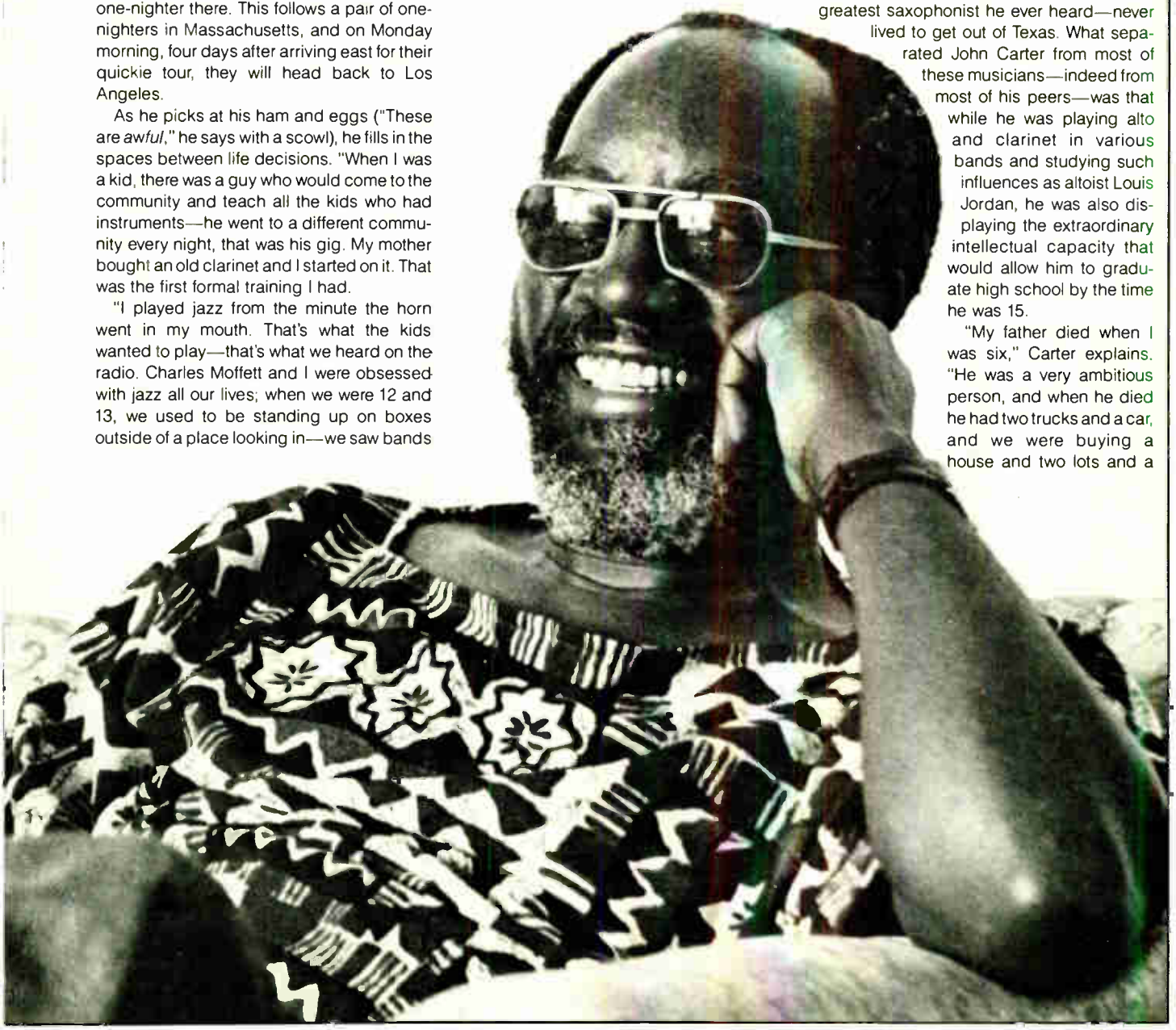
As he picks at his ham and eggs ("These are *awful*," he says with a scowl), he fills in the spaces between life decisions. "When I was a kid, there was a guy who would come to the community and teach all the kids who had instruments—he went to a different community every night, that was his gig. My mother bought an old clarinet and I started on it. That was the first formal training I had.

"I played jazz from the minute the horn went in my mouth. That's what the kids wanted to play—that's what we heard on the radio. Charles Moffett and I were obsessed with jazz all our lives; when we were 12 and 13, we used to be standing up on boxes outside of a place looking in—we saw bands like Jimmie Lunceford—doing that sort of thing. I remember the first big show I saw: it was a variety show with Peg-Leg Bates, Lucky Millinder's band, the Ink Spots. Charles and I were there and I was shocked by the bright-colored uniforms. At that point I knew that's what I wanted to do.

"The jazz thing in Fort Worth/Dallas was very good at that time. By the time I was 13 or 14, I was gigging around—going out with local groups to small towns. At that age you couldn't play in clubs where they sold liquor and stuff, but when you'd get to country towns and play, there was not that kind of problem. So by the time I was in high school, I was doing a lot of gigging."

There were a lot of young cats in Fort Worth playing and discussing music. Some of them—Ornette Coleman, Dewey Redman, Prince Lasha—went on to develop national reputations. Others—like saxophonist Red Conners, whom Ornette has called the greatest saxophonist he ever heard—never lived to get out of Texas. What separated John Carter from most of these musicians—indeed from most of his peers—was that while he was playing alto and clarinet in various bands and studying such influences as altoist Louis Jordan, he was also displaying the extraordinary intellectual capacity that would allow him to graduate high school by the time he was 15.

"My father died when I was six," Carter explains. "He was a very ambitious person, and when he died he had two trucks and a car, and we were buying a house and two lots and a



MARK A. WEBER

whole lot of shit. He was in trucking and landscaping, and when he died my mother made sure we stayed right there, and she finished paying for our home. I was an only child and it was pretty heavy between us. One of the things she impressed me with was the idea that things had to be better for me. From the time I can remember, she was saying, 'Well, you have to try and make things better. You have to try and learn all the things you can.' And going to college was part of that idea.

"But she was never one of those persons who told me I shouldn't do music. I don't ever remember her saying to me, 'Don't practice in here, you're making too much noise.' And I can remember playing all day, literally. She wasn't so much interested in the pitfalls of a musician's life and all of that, she was interested in me becoming self-sufficient and being able to not go through some of things that we had to go through—the two of us together."

That, combined with John's relative immaturity as a college graduate of 19, led to his taking his first teaching job. He was a very successful teacher, he says, because, "I was so intensely interested in music."

Carter spent the '50s in Fort Worth—teaching, working toward his master's degree, and going through an "incubation period" with regard to his music. "I was exploring the instrument," he says of that time. "I didn't understand yet that I would come to feel eventually that the clarinet was the instrument that I best expressed myself on. I had a lot of feeling for the instrument then, and I was innately drawn to it. But I was already experimenting with music, doing then some of the same kinds of things I'm doing now."

While Ornette Coleman was expanding the world's harmonic sense amid much brouhaha in Los Angeles and New York, such boyhood friends as John Carter and Charles Moffett were quietly going through similar experimentations back in Fort Worth. In 1960 Moffett headed east, where he played with Ornette, Sonny Rollins, and others, while raising a highly musical family; Carter headed west, where he was to begin two decades of teaching and only sporadic playing. In 1964 John told Coleman that he was thinking of forming a band and Ornette said, "Bobby Bradford's in town."

In the trumpet-playing Bradford, Carter found a musical bloodbrother. Both men were brought up in Texas (though Bradford was born in Mississippi), both men were well schooled in the classics, both men were teaching in Southern California, and both men were rabid experimenters with musical form and harmony. "We organized a group in 1965," says Carter, "and Bob and I have been together, pretty much, as co-leaders or whatever, since that time. At that point, from '65 to '70, we had an active group that was initially the New Arts Jazz Ensemble."

Carter and Bradford made two albums for Revelation Records and two for Flying Dutchman, all the while holding down their teaching jobs. The band won **db**'s TDWR for jazz group in 1973 and began getting invited to tour Europe. At one point Bradford stayed on in Europe for a year.

"I was, at that point, still trying to figure out what to do," says Carter. "I finally decided that this goes on forever—this 'trying to figure out what to do' thing. It is a life process. I decided, in 1973, that I would go to Europe and look around and see what I could see. And I did, and I came back. At this period I had become very disillusioned with making records. I just never have gotten on to the idea of getting 10 percent of something that is all mine. But if you're a musician and you think that you have all these things that you have to say to the world, well, then nobody will ever hear them unless they're on record. I have since decided that you have to give up a little bit to get some of things you want, even if it means not recording or recording less."

In the mid-to-late '70s, Carter hardly recorded at all. He continued to teach, take the occasional tour of Europe, and work on his clarinet playing—by that time he had given up all other reeds. Now, at age 53, he has taken stock of himself and his situation. He has decided, "If I don't do something now to change, it is predictable what I'll do with the rest of my life." So Carter has handed in his resignation as a public school teacher. He is, for the time being, a liberated man.

"One of the things I'm going to do is try and play as much as possible. I'm in a position now to go out and stay for two weeks, or three if I have to. I want to produce records, and I've formed my own label called Ibedon. I may do some selective recording activity. When I say selective, I mean things I *want* to do. One of the other things I'm going to do is come to New York more and play, so I can get the writers to write something about me. Bob and I decided to do this short Eastern thing to try and establish ourselves more right here.

"It concerns me a good bit that people know more about me and more about my music in Europe than they do here. It concerns me that I come to New York sometimes seven or eight times a year and I don't stop here to play—I'm on my way to Brussels or some other far-flung place. It concerns me a lot. I would much rather be getting on an airplane and coming to Philadelphia. It concerns me that the artistic mentality of the country is such that we can't come to grips with our own state of affairs in the world of art. That concerns me a lot. You know, maybe everybody has a soap box, but this happens to be mine. Maybe I'm overthoughtful in these areas, but these are the areas that are directly concerned with my life."

Carter is very passionate about his art, and although his eyes are tired, they spark as he discusses these things. He continues: "Even classical musicians very often have to go to Europe and get the sanction; then they come back here and people say, 'Oh yeah—Henry Jones, the violinist.' But Henry's been sitting on the corner and playing his ass off for 10 years. Having not developed an artistic sense, a national artistic sense, a valid and mature artistic sense, we still have to depend on the Europeans as the ones who give us our sanctions.

"The question here is, 'Will it sell a million tomorrow?' We haven't had time yet to look at the psychological and sociological underpinnings of our society. These are big, high-sounding things that people don't want to know. General Motors doesn't want to know about the sociological traditions. It's how many Chevrolets will sell by next week in Des Moines. We're still a very young country and we haven't had time to stop and take some accounting of those things that are really the things that make the national society a viable one."

John Carter is ready. He's got his own record company and he's got three decades as a music teacher behind him. His relationship with Bobby Bradford continues, and will continue, he says, "as long as we are living near each other. Anything I'd be doing in a jazz way, I'm sure Bob will be there." He will continue to compose and continue to experiment with his instrument—during one number at the Public Theatre concert he took the middle section out of the clarinet to form a dwarf-life version of the instrument, with a deeper, more resonant tone. He will also continue to tread the thin line between jazz and contemporary classical music—working with such like-minded players as flutist James Newton. He will continue to teach—but this time *his* way, at Wind College—and he will continue to express his passionate feelings about art and, since he's been appointed to a National Endowment for the Arts panel, he'll have the opportunity to do something about them. And, hopefully, he will finally get the attention that his fine playing deserves. **db**

JOHN CARTER SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

ECHOES FROM RUDOLPH'S—Ibedon 001
NIGHT FIRE—Black Saint BSR 0047
VARIATIONS—Moers Music 01056

with Bobby Bradford

SECRETS—Revelation 18
SELF-DETERMINATION MUSIC—Flying Dutchman FDS-128
FLIGHT FOR FOUR—Flying Dutchman FDS-108
SEEKING—Revelation 9

with James Newton

THE MYSTERY SCHOOL—India Navigation IN 1046

with Tim Berne

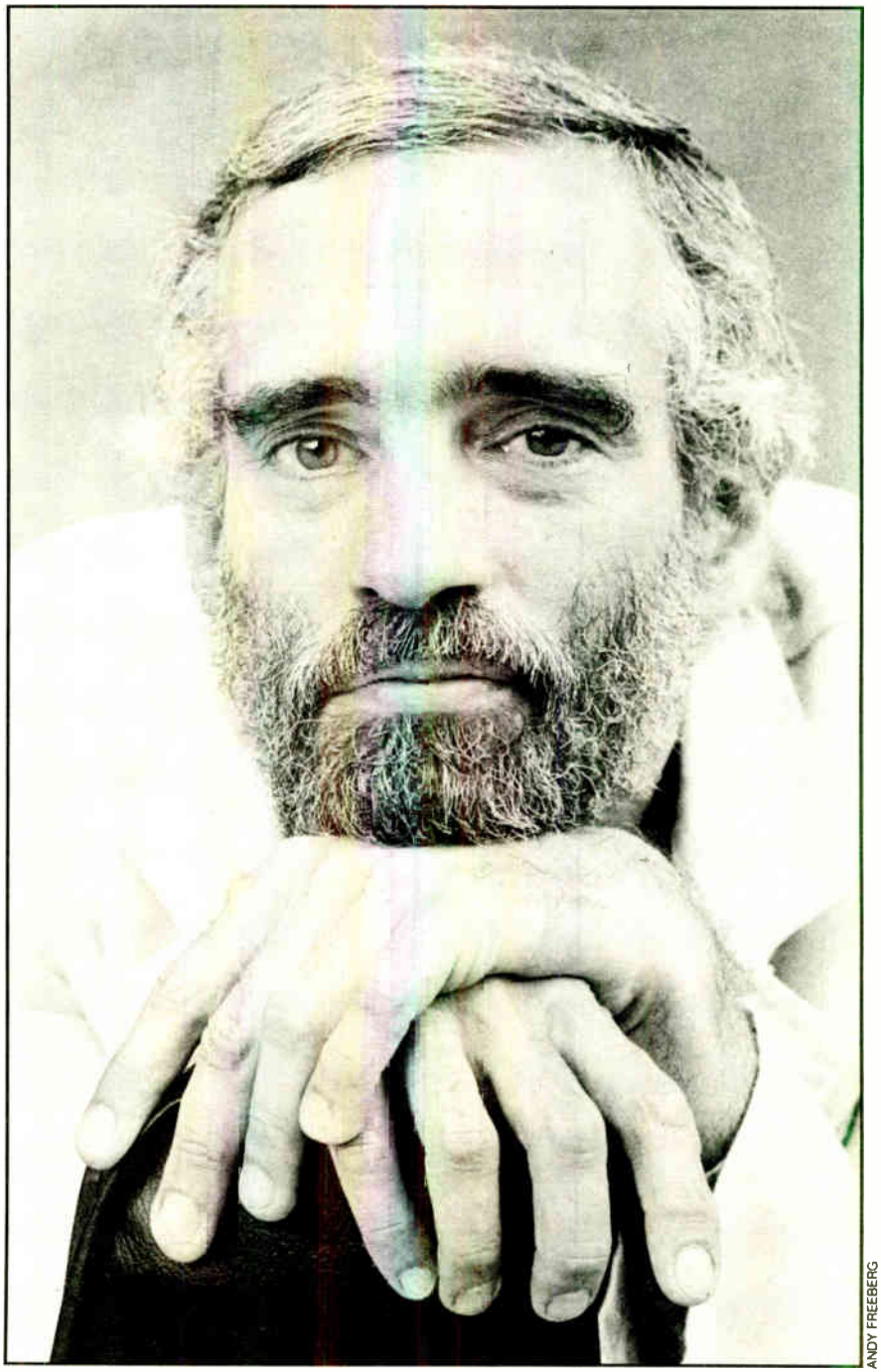
THE FIVE YEAR PLAN—Empire EPC 24 K

JOHN CARTER'S EQUIPMENT

"I play a Selmer series 10-G clarinet. I also have a Selmer series 9, which I played for years and years—it is my old heart. My mouthpiece is an old one that I found in a barrel 20 years ago, called Alonso Leach, who was evidently some guy in Des Moines, where it was made. It was a mouthpiece that fit me very well, but for years and years I didn't use it because the sound was very small. I finally got in touch with Charles Day, in Thousand Oaks, CA, who works on a lot of the instruments—I told him I wanted the mouthpiece to sound just like it sounds, only 10 times bigger. We must have done that over a period of two or three years and probably a couple of hundred dollars, but I finally got it to where it plays fairly well. It's now the only one on the planet. And I use Vandoren medium reeds."

STEVE SWALLOW BY HOWARD MANDEL

BASS IN PROGRESS


ANDY FREEBERG

What happens to musicians between the crests of new waves? In the '50s, bereted and goateed, came the beboppers, flatting fifths, scattering 16th notes, expanding the harmonies of standard changes and the blues. In the '70s, longhaired and funky, came the fusioneers, electric and eclectic, synthesizing new noise with a beat.

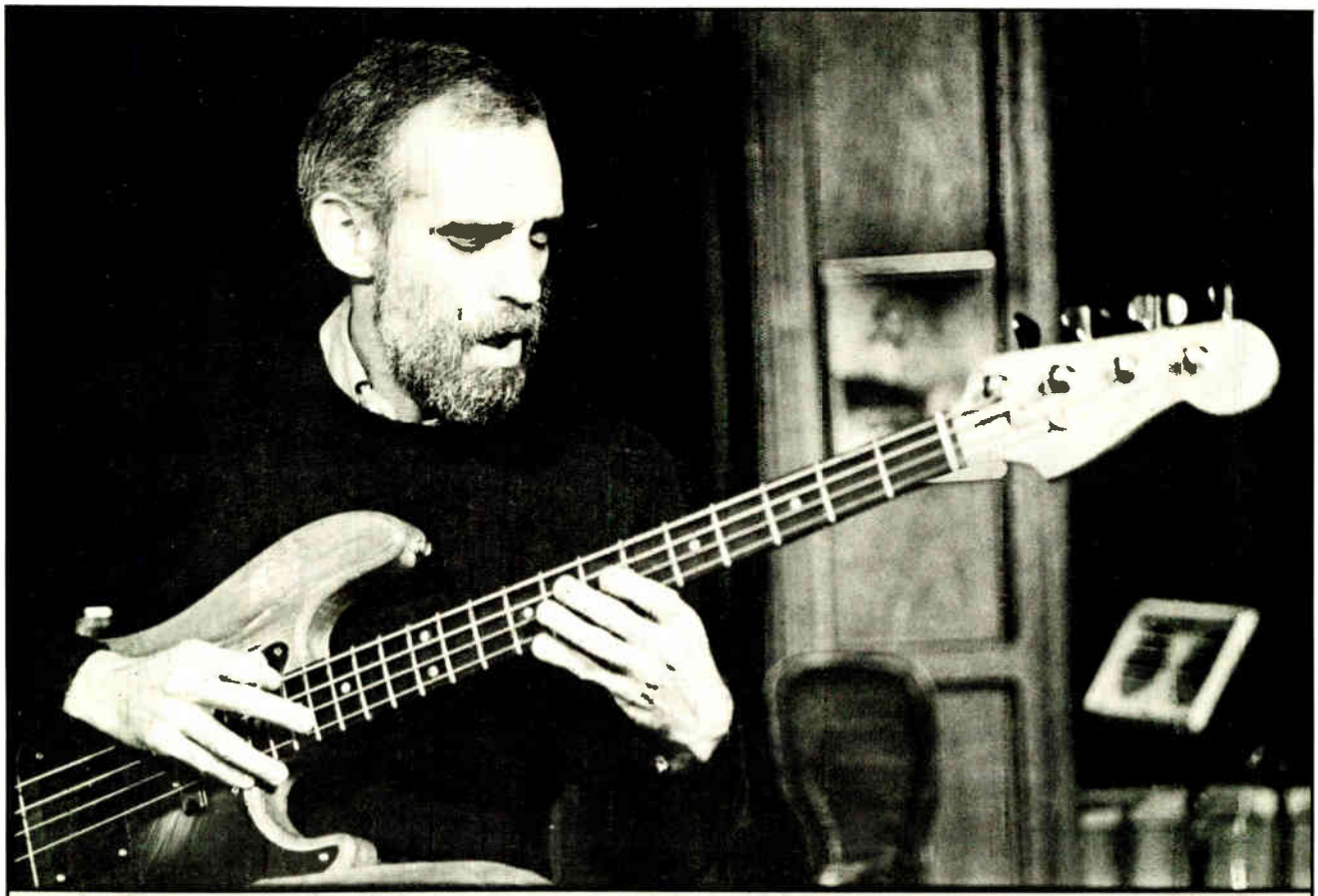
In between—in the '60s—there was diversity, individuality, and free expression of considerable range. Remember? It was an era not unlike our present one, musically: the giants of the past still performed, sometimes alongside revivalists of dixieland, swing, and jazz-spiced r&b; the budding geniuses of new music were making revolution, or revolutions—for there were several centers of change that seemed unrelated, perhaps even opposed to each other. And there were some musicians caught in the middle: post-boppers, let's call them, adept at older idioms, inspired to innovation.

Steve Swallow—in the '60s an accomplished acoustic bassist, since the '70s a leading voice on electric bass—is one post-bopper who matured along with his times. "When I was 20 years old, my concern was to change everything, to make it new," he recalls. Now a youthful 41, with two teenage daughters and a home outside New Haven, Connecticut that's trim as a sailboat, Swallow allows, "As I've grown older, I've had the gradual realization that the music I play is grounded in centuries of tradition, and I've found increasing value in the forms that have been passed down to me from the ancestors. Of course," he reflects, "it's possible, too, that as one grows older . . . no—I'm not going to say that, I'm not going to indict myself yet."

Well, he needn't. Steve Swallow, a touch of gray distinguishing his close beard, is more conservative now only in the most progressive sense. Like his regular associates—vibist Gary Burton, bandleader/composer Carla Bley, guitarist John Scofield—he avoids cliche while remaining indebted to music's history; he broadens and deepens his experience, rather than tossing away what he's attained in pursuit of some novelty; he keeps his ears and intellect open. These post-boppers *use* the past and present, in their stride to the future.

Swallow, a rhythm section member, hangs a little back from the glamour of lead players, but he's not just along for the ride—he's influenced jazz' direction. Drawn to music as a youngster, hearing his dad's Bix and Jelly Roll records, taking piano lessons from age six, grabbing an upright, acoustic bass in junior high school—"I started playing jazz music at jam sessions in the band room, on trumpet, and I began playing bass at the same time, because nobody played it, so we all had to play a tune or two. And I was taken with it, right away; within a couple of months, I began to focus on the bass"—Steve must have been affected by the restless, beatnik energy bubbling up at the end of the Eisenhower administration.

"I was at Yale, majoring in Latin literature," he explains. "I'd begun going out into the New Haven community to play with the excellent older musicians; I was playing a lot of dixieland, making money on weekends, but my record collection was predominantly bebop, and I was interested in the bass as it was being played by Paul Chambers, Percy



ANDY FREEBERG

STEVE SWALLOW'S EQUIPMENT

"The neck of my bass is a gorgeous old 1959 Fender Precision C—that's the meatiest, with the most wood in the neck, and this one's perfectly seasoned. I'd never part with it," Swallow proclaims. "Everything else is changeable, and has changed over time. Now my tuning pegs are Schallers, my bridge is a BadAss, and the body is a laminated piece of maple, in ebony, with a spruce top, and a small resonating chamber—so it's semi-hollow bodied. It was made by Froc Fillipetti. It's a prototype and the next model will be different, but the spruce top is very good. It resonates richly while being a very light wood; it's usually associated with violins. It has warmth, and that's an element I want in my sound.

"I'm forever changing pickups. It seems I've been through them all, but I just found the first pickups that make a substantial change for the better in my sound in some time. They're made by a young guy, Keith McMillen, whose operation is called Zeta Systems [1122 University Ave., Berkeley, CA 94702]. They're transducer pickups built directly into a Stars Guitars bridge. They sound better than anything else I've tried—I'm getting response back from my guitar.

"My strings are LaBella medium-light, round wound. I alternate between a Mesa Boogie 300-watt amp and a Walter Woods 300 [watts]. I have separate speaker cabinets: a Cerwin-Vega bass ported cabinet with two 12-inch speakers and an old Fender Dual Showman with two 12-inch Electro-Voice speakers. They're old standbys, having been with me a long time; I haven't found better."

Heath, Red Mitchell, Wilbur Ware, Oscar Pettiford—the post-Jimmy Blanton generation.

"Still, it didn't occur to me that I ought to do this always, until shortly before I played with Paul Bley, at a concert at Bard College set up by Ran Blake, who was a student there. Simultaneously, I was becoming disenchanted with what Yale had to offer me. I was so moved by Paul's music that a week or two later I left school, in the middle of my sophomore year, and went to New York to play with him." There's not a hint of regret in this decision. "I presented myself at his door. Luckily, he was in need of a cheap young bass player . . . and he went to work to improve my playing, forcing me to play better as was necessary to accompany him." Bley, lately moved from Los Angeles to the East Coast, and then married to Carla, had lost his previous bassist, Charlie Haden, to Ornette Coleman. Swallow hit the Apple just as Coleman was creating his legend at the Five Spot. "I was a nightly attendee," says Swallow, proudly. "There were few nights I missed seeing Ornette; I think I won the attendance record, and as for Charlie Haden, I glommed onto his style whole."

Bass players, good ones, are always in demand. And Bley brought Swallow up to snuff, recognizing the limits of his technique and setting tempos just a notch faster than Steve could handle—then another notch, then another. Bley had worked, as well, with Scott LaFaro, and after Swallow's two-to-three year tenure, he employed Gary Peacock, and Eddie Gomez too. Meanwhile, Swallow was gigging with the Jimmy Giuffre Three. The Art Farmer/Jim Hall quartet. Marian McPartland's trio. Benny Goodman. George Russell. And Stan Getz, in whose band he met vibist Gary Burton and drummer Roy Haynes.

"I've been playing with Gary, intermittently but with frequency, since 1964," Swallow says, "and it's an association I value more all the time. It's seldom you get to play with someone for that period of time, but it enhances your ability to communicate with each other in a way that can't be gotten at otherwise. And we've learned, I think, to avoid staleness."

They've stayed fresh to each other by involving themselves in a dozen various projects—from Getz to Burton's own first band, which evolved into a '60s jazz-rock experiment (including guitarist Larry Coryell and sometimes attempting tape manipulations), to recording Carla Bley's first extended composition, *A Genuine Tong Funeral,* to quartets with a handful of fine guitarists, to the duet album *Hotel Hello,* which featured several of Swallow's original compositions. Then, too, right around the cusp of '68-69, Swallow refreshed himself and Burton's sound, and maybe jazz itself, by picking up a (gasp!) electric bass guitar.

"I'd resisted the idea of changing for many years, and had no interest in playing the electric whatsoever—I felt it had no place in jazz music. I was doctrinaire about this," he admits. "But I was working at a NAMM [National Association of Music Merchants] show with Gary, for Musser vibes, and the arrangement was we played 20 minutes, and took 40

off. By the second day I was bored and restless. I'd noticed the Fender and Gibson booths, where people were trying out electric basses, so when nobody was looking I slipped into the Gibson booth to try an electric bass out. And I was immediately intrigued by it. I tried a Fender as well, decided I preferred the Gibson—I used a Gibson EB-2 for the first eight years of my electric career—and asked if I could take it to my hotel room overnight.

"They said okay, so I did, and it was one of those situations where I lost the idea of time altogether. I put my head down and began to play; when I looked up, I'd missed dinner and several hours had passed. They had me; I was a gone cookie. It was irresistibly fascinating to play the neck of an electric bass.

"Gary was quite amenable to my going electric; he liked the sound of the bass and what it could do right away. But I was concerned about bringing it on the bandstand with Roy Haynes because, after all, this guy had been a bop master for 20 years, had made all these great records, and I felt that if he wasn't able to accept this bass, I really shouldn't be playing it. His approval was essential to me, and he came through entirely. He apparently saw that it was right for me, and he offered no resistance, although I knew he had some misgivings. There was a period of about a year-and-a-half during which I transitioned from acoustic to electric; I began playing electric on the gig for just a tune or two, then that expanded to the better part of a night's work, then it became clear I didn't need the acoustic bass at all anymore.

"That first year was difficult; I wasn't able to manipulate it very well, but I knew I would be able to at some point, and for a player of Roy's stature to endure that period was very charitable of him. He was amazingly flexible; there was an immediate shift in his playing when I started with the electric, in terms of his inflection of rhythms and the textures he chose to blend with the bass—he's one of the most reactive musicians I've ever encountered. I wish all the older guard were as understanding of the electric instrument as he was—a lot of them won't mess with it, still.

"I also had trouble with piano players. That is, to me, the greatest challenge; when I'm able to satisfy piano players in terms of timbre with the electric bass, to get a good blend with an acoustic piano, I will feel I've conquered all."

To that end, and because he's passionately committed to developing his instrument (he gave his upright Pöhlman bass to Jack Gregg, who took it to Paris), Swallow has sought perfection, constantly modifying his equipment. "I've probably done more comparison shopping and experimenting than most players," he says. "I'm going on the theory that it's possible to buy a better sound. It requires some money and some patience; you're more likely to fail than succeed, I've found, but success is worth the hassle and the cost. I've especially gone through a number of the available replacement pickups to arrive at the ones I like best, and the only way to make an accurate assessment of these pickups was to put them in my own bass and take them out to play on jobs. It's a risky and time-consuming process, but you can't play them on another instrument in a music store and expect to know what a pickup has to offer. So every few months I take my bass up to my instrument maker, Froc Fillipetti, in Hartford [CT]; he slaps a pickup in, and I go out and give it a try."

When Swallow made the change from acoustic to electric "it was a time of limited amplification—there was no Barcus-Berry-into-a-Walter-Woods-amp combination as there is now, and to balance an acoustic instrument with drums required that I play with as much strength as I could, most of the time. But I was trading certain advantages for other advantages, and I knew it is impossible to win completely in this matter.

"I knew that I could play fast passages with greater clarity and accuracy on the fretted electric instrument than I could on the unfretted acoustic one, but that I was giving up the expressive possibilities that exist on an unfretted fingerboard—the ability to make glissandi, and various kinds of vibrato. To compensate, the trick, I think, is to aim for what *doesn't* lie naturally on the instrument. Acoustic bass players need be most concerned with those qualities that are built into a fretted neck; they have to worry terribly about intonation all the time, and also with getting the instrument to speak clearly, to be able to play fast passages in the low register and have the pitches distinct. On the fretted electric, the idea is to strive always for a greater degree of expressivity, and it's possible to get that—to give the illusion of no frets, to make expressive glissandi and vibratos. Ultimately, the finger has to do something in order to achieve an end on the instrument, but I also think of something Paul Bley used to say to me: 'You get the sound you hear.' Hear the good sound, and your fingers will act on your behalf if you allow them to."

While this theory smacks of the Suzuki method and *The Music Man*, Swallow suggests to his occasional students that they study basic, conventional exercises, too. "Chord scales, because I'm always working on those myself, and I teach the Bach cello suites—they're incredibly rich, and seem to contain everything you need to know. They're especially germane to bass players; I've never gotten really good at playing them on the electric bass, but they present a constant series of technical problems that demand solutions. I like to spend a couple days on a bar that proves tricky, in terms of getting my fingers across the strings in a certain way."

In his playing, this kind of attention to practice pays off; in drummer Bobby Moses' combo during a date at Lush Life last summer, Swallow took one of his smooth, subtle solos, letting single notes emerge from an initial chord or cluster, to follow a straight line out, somewhere distant, and magically return to a rhythmic pattern, comping as he'd begun. "My bass playing is seen as guitaristic," he smiles, "but it's not really—I can't play the guitar at all. I think the elements of my style are derived from the left hand of bebop piano players, and from techniques of the bebop acoustic bassists. Not to undervalue the guitaristic aspect: I learned from a great succession of guitar players, starting with Jim Hall, who was listening to Lester Young and trying to phrase in that manner—which is a model for me, too—and the Charlie Christian tradition, I love that. When I worked with Larry Coryell, I was exposed to other guitar elements, and I started listening to Jimi Hendrix, Steve Cropper, and B. B. King. There was a wonderful guitarist who passed through Gary Burton's band named Sam Brown—he passed on, and was never adequately recorded, though he's on Haden's *Liberation Music Orchestra* album. We used to sit and play duets all night, often.

"But my point of emphasis is on the bass as the lowest voice in the rhythm section. The instrument is currently being adapted for greater mobility, expressivity, and volume possibilities—the lowering of the action on the acoustic bass, improved amplification of it, and the built-in characteristics of the electric bass help people to play it better, but it's a mixed blessing. As we speak I'm sure there are flagrant abuses of the bass function; somebody's playing too many notes—I tend to be conservative in this regard.

"In Scofield's trio, I have my most active role. We're working on almost a power trio concept, at a higher volume than I've played before, and I'm learning aspects of amplifier technique from John, while Adam Nussbaum, the drummer, is allowed to play with considerable force, to bash at will a good deal of the time. As the loudest volume is, in fact, quite loud, we've expanded our dynamic range, because we're still capable of soft softs, as well. It's exciting; the bass guitar becomes like a wild horse that will slip out from under if you're not careful. Paradoxically, it takes a lot of delicacy to play the thing without its going totally out of control and making some offensive noises."

continued on page 50

STEVE SWALLOW
SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
HOME—ECM 1-1060

with Gary Burton
EASY AS PIE—ECM 1-1184
HOTEL HELLO—ECM 1-1155
TIMES SQUARE—ECM 1-1111
PASSENGERS—ECM 1-1092
DREAMS SO REAL—ECM 1-1072
RING—ECM 1-1051
BURTON & JARRETT—Atlantic 1577
LOFTY FAKE ANAGRAM—RCA 3901
DUSTER—RCA 3835

with Carla Bley
LIVE—ECM/Watt 12
SOCIAL STUDIES—ECM/Watt 11
MUSIC MECANIQUE—Watt 9
A GENUINE TONG FUNERAL—French RCA 42766

with Paul Bley
FOOTLOOSE—Savoy 12182

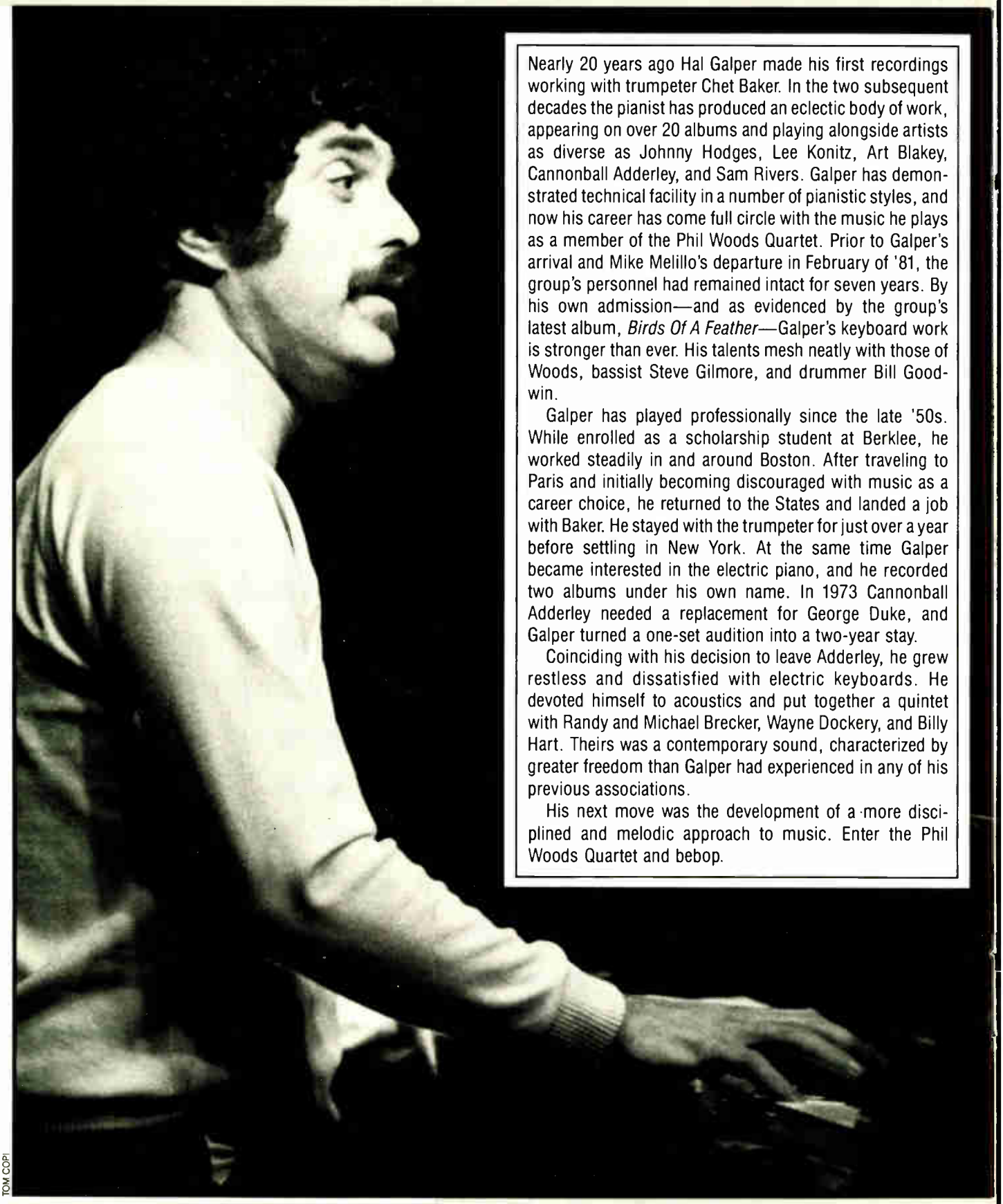
with Mike Mantler
MORE MOVIES—Watt 10
MOVIES—Watt 7
JAZZ COMPOSERS' ORCHESTRA—JCOA 1001/2

with John Scofield
SHINOLA—Enja 4004
BAR TALK—Arista/Novus 3022

with Bob Moses
FAMILY—Sutro 1003

with George Russell
OUTER THOUGHTS—Milestone 47027

HAL GALPER A



TOM COPI

Nearly 20 years ago Hal Galper made his first recordings working with trumpeter Chet Baker. In the two subsequent decades the pianist has produced an eclectic body of work, appearing on over 20 albums and playing alongside artists as diverse as Johnny Hodges, Lee Konitz, Art Blakey, Cannonball Adderley, and Sam Rivers. Galper has demonstrated technical facility in a number of pianistic styles, and now his career has come full circle with the music he plays as a member of the Phil Woods Quartet. Prior to Galper's arrival and Mike Melillo's departure in February of '81, the group's personnel had remained intact for seven years. By his own admission—and as evidenced by the group's latest album, *Birds Of A Feather*—Galper's keyboard work is stronger than ever. His talents mesh neatly with those of Woods, bassist Steve Gilmore, and drummer Bill Goodwin.

Galper has played professionally since the late '50s. While enrolled as a scholarship student at Berklee, he worked steadily in and around Boston. After traveling to Paris and initially becoming discouraged with music as a career choice, he returned to the States and landed a job with Baker. He stayed with the trumpeter for just over a year before settling in New York. At the same time Galper became interested in the electric piano, and he recorded two albums under his own name. In 1973 Cannonball Adderley needed a replacement for George Duke, and Galper turned a one-set audition into a two-year stay.

Coinciding with his decision to leave Adderley, he grew restless and dissatisfied with electric keyboards. He devoted himself to acoustics and put together a quintet with Randy and Michael Brecker, Wayne Dockery, and Billy Hart. Theirs was a contemporary sound, characterized by greater freedom than Galper had experienced in any of his previous associations.

His next move was the development of a more disciplined and melodic approach to music. Enter the Phil Woods Quartet and bebop.

INTERVIEW BY

JEFF LEVENSON

HOME IN THE WOODS

Jeff Levenson: *Birds Of A Feather* strongly indicates that you've fit right in with the group.

Hal Galper: The album is the first recording of me playing bebop in almost 15 years. In Phil's band I can accompany orchestrally. I can do whatever I want behind him because he *hears* orchestrally. He doesn't hear in terms of leader/backup or solo instrument/rhythm section. I love it because I have almost total freedom.

It's a very democratic group where all the decisions are made by the group: Phil gets two votes and we each get one. If you notice the advertisements for our gigs, they all say "Phil Woods Quartet." Anytime it just says "Phil Woods," they take it down and change it, or we don't play.

JL: That's really a credit to Phil.

HG: He recognizes the fact that the band is not just the leader; it's everybody. One person can't take all the credit for what's going on. Phil, Bill, and Steve all share the same attitude.

JL: Throughout your career you've functioned as both a leader and a sideman. What are the differences in how you approach your role?

HG: When you function one way in a group as opposed to another, it's a complete change of perception. Every sideman should have the chance to be a leader; they'd be better sidemen. A number of things can happen in the way people perceive you. For instance, no matter how good you sound, you become Miles' piano player. You're his man rather than your own. That's one aspect.

JL: On the initial rungs of the career ladder, when you're first getting started, doesn't that association provide career impetus and opportunities?

HG: It's artificial . . . an intellectual imposition of the definition of leader and sideman. It's something that other people put on the musicians, and then musicians read their own liner notes and believe it.

JL: You've recorded since '64. Early on, your sound was somewhat tentative, almost exploratory, as if you were trying to find a comfortable niche to fit into. In retrospect do you think that was the case?

HG: Yes and no. I knew from early on that I was an eclectic. And I knew that eclectics have a harder time—in terms of developing a style—than the musician who models himself after one person. I realize now that I didn't know where I was going. I was only finding out where I didn't want to be.

A lot of it was intellectual curiosity, and a lot of it was intuitive choice. Also, a lot of it was the pressure of coming to New York. When I got here, I was out of date, stylistically, because I was playing post-bebop stuff. That was just going out of fashion. I didn't know many musicians my age. Consequently, I was hanging out with younger musicians who played more contemporary stuff.

I wasn't playing that way and I couldn't hear it very well, but I wanted to get into it. My quintet was the culmination of that period. It was a practical move too, because I wanted to work, and no one will hire you if you're playing anachronistically. People tend to hire musicians who sound the way they want to hear.

JL: When you were in Boston, had you conceived of yourself as an acoustic pianist?

HG: I tried not to define myself at all.

JL: Had you dabbled with the electric piano at that time?

HG: I did some things that no one else had done before. I was the first one to record the Leslie organ speaker with the Rhodes. That was before they invented the phase shifter. In fact, that's *why* they invented the phase shifter. They wanted that sound without the big instrument, so they made it into a little box.

I feel pretty good about that. But when I got with Cannonball, and I heard what George Duke and Zawinul were doing and the sounds they got out of the piano, I realized I was approaching the electric in an acoustic way. And I refused to approach it in an electric way. I just fought it. I think I was running away from the acoustic piano—which is much more demanding—because it gives you nothing. It's cold. The electric instruments give you everything. They give you touch; they give you sound; they give you volume; they give you bent notes which you can't do on a regular piano—so they say. I realized that anything I wanted to do on electronic instruments, I could do on the acoustic piano. For a long time I was avoiding that.

My technique was down; my confidence was down. It's only since Cannonball that I started getting my confidence and my chops back.

JL: Is the story true that you dumped your electric piano in the Hudson River?

HG: Yes. Pure joy. I wheeled it down in its case, tossed it in, and watched the bubbles come up. It was a symbol, a statement for me.

JL: Now that you're committed to acoustic, do you have a piano preference for your work in the studio versus live performances?

HG: It changes. I always preferred the German Steinway. I considered it more of a jazz instrument, a richer sound than either a Bösendorfer or the other Steinways. It has more overtones. Although recently I had the opportunity to play the Bösendorfer, and it had a brilliant, higher sound that has certain advantages in recording.

I just recorded in Melbourne [Australia]. It was a live performance and I was playing a Yamaha. I think it's the first time my touch was recorded the way I hear it and the way I want to hear it. I'm going to use the tape as the sound model for all future recording I do.

It's interesting that I've been paying more attention to sound since I went back to acoustic. I know the notes, numbers, and letters already, and now I'm trying to pay special attention to total sound and sound quality. I never concerned myself with it, but now I see it as a detail that one shouldn't overlook.

JL: It sounds like you're at a new level of professional maturity, knowing what's important to you.

HG: I'd probably say that there are priorities. There are certain things you need to get together first before you get to others. You have to learn how to play the changes before you can afford the luxury of not thinking about them.

One of the problems with learning this music is that everything is learned out of order. There's been an established way of teaching for 30 years, and there haven't been enough people who can verbalize on the non-notational aspects of playing. There's been emphasis on all the notational aspects—scales, chords, theory—but those things should be after-the-fact considerations. Notation teaches you to think block fashion, analytically. Music is not played by notation—it's played by ear. I believe that theory is the least important part of the whole thing. The way music is commonly taught is from the most difficult point of view first. I recommend just the opposite. Why not start from the easiest point, which is, "Play something first, and then figure out what you did"?

JL: One of Phil's contentions, expressed in **down beat** [Jan. '82], is that jazz is basically a street music and that when it comes out of schools and academic programs, it becomes bastardized. Do you feel similarly?

continued on page 51

HAL GALPER
SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
THE GUERRILLA BAND—Mainstream MRL 337
WILD BIRD—Mainstream MRL 354
INNER JOURNEY—Mainstream MRL 398
REACH OUT—SteepleChase SCS 1067
NOW HEAR THIS—Enja 2090
SPEAK WITH A SINGLE VOICE—Enja 4006
IVORY FOREST—Enja IC 3042

with Phil Woods
BIRDS OF A FEATHER—Antilles AN 1006

with Cannonball Adderley
INSIDE STRAIGHT—Fantasy 9435
LOVE, SEX AND THE ZODIAC—Fantasy 9445
PYRAMID—Fantasy 9455

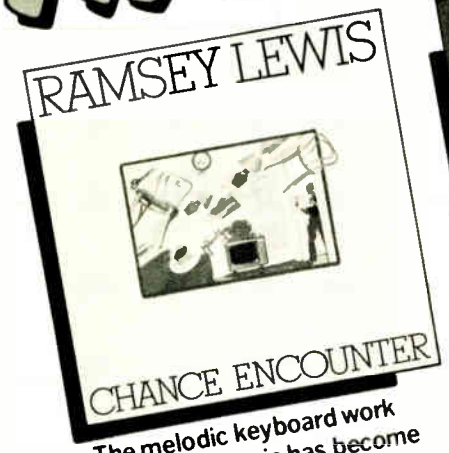
with Chet Baker
THE MOST IMPORTANT JAZZ ALBUM OF 1964-65—Colpix SCP 476
BABY BREEZE—Limelight LS 86003

with Sam Rivers
A NEW CONCEPTION—Blue Note BLP 4249

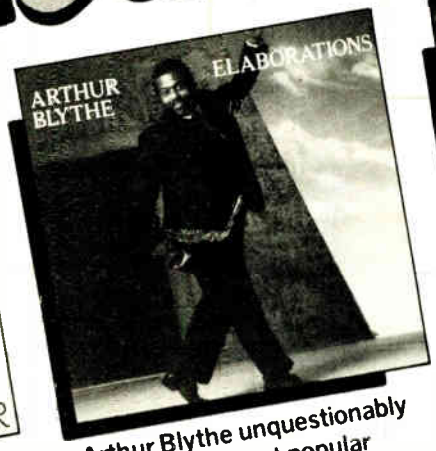
with Lee Konitz
WINDOWS—SteepleChase SCS 1057

with John Scofield
ROUGH HOUSE—Enja 3033

Follow The Leaders.



The melodic keyboard work of Ramsey Lewis has become a well-known trademark. His new album, "Chance Encounter," finds Ramsey in top form and includes a special treat: "Up Where We Belong." It's the theme from the movie, An Officer And A Gentleman. And it's also Ramsey's latest single.



Arthur Blythe unquestionably ranks as the most popular champion of the alto sax's return to prominence. Both fans and critics can't stop raving about him. For an elaborate description of Blythe's music, check out his latest LP, "Elaborations."

No one can play the horn with more passion than Chuck Mangione. For his first Columbia release, the two-time Grammy winner sends you "Love Notes." Moving new music from the heart and horn of Chuck Mangione. Including the new single, "Memories Of Scirocco."

Whether he's playing the alto or soprano sax, Paquito D'Rivera clearly has his own unmistakable style. He can swing with infectious zest or be intimately gentle. The sound is always pure Paquito.

Simone is Brazil's top female vocalist, with a long string of gold and platinum albums to prove it. You'll find her voice both gentle and passionate—perfect for the language of love. Which is why her American debut album is called "Amar."

Jazz that leads the way. On Columbia Records and Cassettes.

RECORD REVIEWS

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

STAN GETZ

FOCUS—Verve UMV 2071: *I'm Late, I'm Late; Her; Pan; I Remember When; Night Rider; Once Upon A Time; A Summer Afternoon.*
Personnel: *Getz, tenor saxophone; Gerald Tarack, Alan Martin, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; Roy Haynes, drums; unidentified string section; Eddie Sauter, composer, arranger; Hersey Kay, conductor.*

★★★★★

GETZ/GILBERTO—Verve UMV 2099: *The Girl From Ipanema; Doralice; P'ra Machucar Meu Coracao; Desafinado; Corcovado; So Danco Samba; O Grande Amor; Vivo Sohando.*
Personnel: *Getz, tenor saxophone; Joao Gilberto, guitar, vocals; Antonio Carlos Jobim, piano; unidentified bassist; Milton Banana, drums; Astrud Gilberto, vocals.*

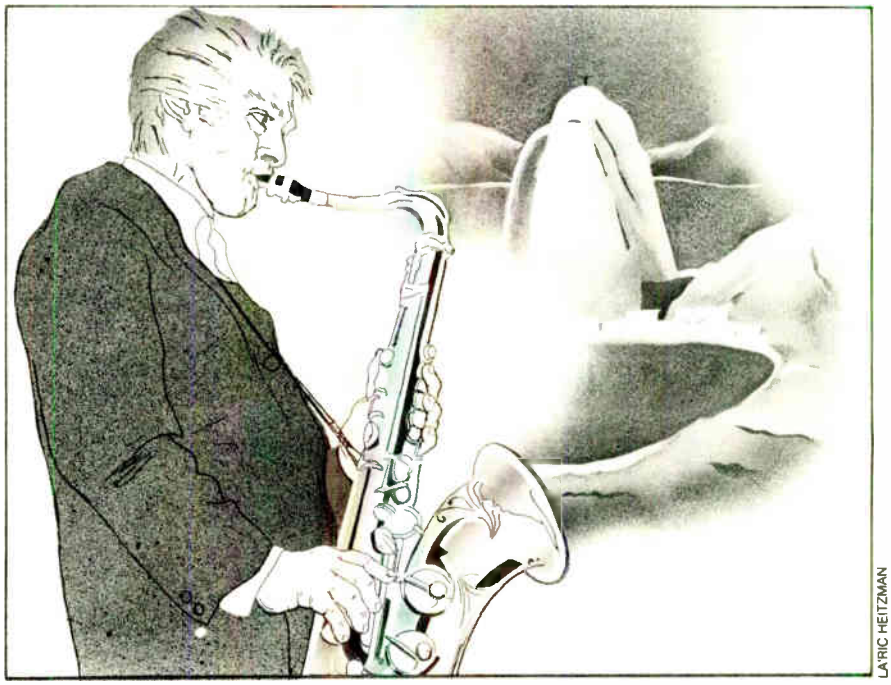
★★★★½

FOREST EYES—Jazz Man JAZ 5014: *We Are Free; Tails, Part 1 & 2; Shades Of Blue; Heron's Flight; Forest Eyes; Drowsy; Silva; Little Lady; Eye Of The Storm.*
Personnel: *Getz, tenor saxophone; Jurre Haanstra, composer, arranger, conductor, piano, drums, percussion; Henk Braaf, Chuck Loeb, guitar; Rob van Kreeveld, Rob Franken, Andy LaVerne, piano; Willy Tjon Ajong, piano, percussion; Peter Schon, polyphonic synthesizer; Koos Serierse, Paul Bagmeyer, Jan Hollestelle, bass; Victor Jones, drums; unidentified string section.*

★★

PURE GETZ—Concord Jazz CJ-188: *On The Up And Up; Blood Count; Very Early; Sipping At Bell's; I Wish I Knew; Come Rain Or Come Shine; Tempus Fugit.*
Personnel: *Getz, tenor saxophone; James McNeely, piano; Marc Johnson, bass; Victor Lewis (cuts 1, 2, 4, 7), Billy Hart (3, 5, 6), drums.*

★★★★★



LA'RIC HEITZMAN

Focus on 1961. I am in high school. My father buys me a tenor saxophone. (I have been fumbling with the clarinet, but there is an opening for a tenor player in the dance band.) I hear *The Soft Swing*, a 1957 Getz session, and am narcotic-hooked/haunted by that *sound*. . . .

And 1961 is the year of *Focus*. Getz, spontaneous co-composer of these now-reissued performances (a marriage of separate forms, equal to Gil Evans/Miles Davis or Duke Ellington/Johnny Hodges) inhabits Eddie Sauter's free-standing compositions and string arrangements, extruding wonderful, fluid melodies through the strings, sometimes picking up Sauter's countermelodies before continuing his solo dance. Dance implies rhythm. This ballet swings. *Focus* is and will remain excellent, a classic.

Another liaison in 1962: Getz and bossa nova—or, as in the album title, *Jazz Samba*. *Getz/Gilberto*, the popular focus—follows nearly two years later. The saxophonist becomes/is the jazz "singer" of Brazilian moods created by Jobim and others, the instrumental counterpart of Joao's dusky voice, the cool jazz night tempting Astrud's charming exotic innocence. Such freshness and simplicity are in short supply in 1982. Don DeMicheal's original rating stands today.

Getz' sound is a commercial commodity, soundtrack material for the 1979 film *Forest Eyes*. Jurre Haanstra's score *is* beautiful movie/mood music but not jazz-expressive. Getz plays the themes straight, with breathy tone, sweeping phrasing, and dew-clinging held notes. There are strings—though the sustained thematic/textural excitement of *Focus* is missing—along with some rock, light classical, and Bob James-ish pop; Getz' soul is not in it.

Pure Getz is, in a way, an ironic title, coming when the saxophonist's celebrated pure tone has thickened, taken on deeper emotional powers. But "pure" also refers to the perfect jazz quality of these 1982 sides. Getz flows like silk on McNeely's *On The Up And Up*. The bop vehicles *Sipping* and *Tempus* slur/ride dazzlingly. *Blood Count* and *Come Rain Or Come Shine* are sung as meaningfully as if with words. *I Wish* is full of prancing lyricism. But Bill Evans' *Very Early* is the most sensual, revealing again Getz' swift ear for changes, paraphrase, and nuance while transporting sound intensity/sound nostalgia.

Pianist McNeely is to Bill Evans what Getz once was to Lester Young—a "reimagining," to quote Whitney Balliett. Besides the obvious Evans nod on *Early*, McNeely extracts the chordal essence of *Rain Or Shine* and constructs wiry bop lines on *Sipping* and *Tempus*. He swings fetchingly. Bassist Johnson's solo arrows of tonality are fast and high, an extension of Scott LaFaro. He walks in deep shadow-lock with the others. The drummers are interchangeably modern, burning and peppery.

. . . A 21-year-old habit becomes more unshakeable with *Pure Getz*.

—owen cordle

ANTHONY DAVIS/ JAY HOGGARD

UNDER THE DOUBLE MOON—Pausa 7120: *A Walk Through The Shadow; Ujamaa (Spirit Of The Ancestors, Perseverance, Uhuru Ni Kazi); FMW (For My Wife); The Clothed Woman; Under The Double Moon; Wayang No. 4; Toe Dance For A Baby.*
Personnel: *Davis, piano; Hoggard, vibes.*

★★★★★

MYSTIC WINDS, TROPIC BREEZES—India Navigation IN 1049: *Mystic Winds, Tropic Breezes; The Golden Ashanti; The Other Side Of The Ocean; Listen In Silence.*
Personnel: *Hoggard, vibes; Cecil McBee, bass; Davis, piano; Billy Hart, drums; Don Moye, percussion (cuts 2, 3); Dwight Andrews, bass clarinet (2, 3); Wilson Moorman III, timponi (2, 3).*

★★★½

Under The Double Moon's eerie cover, a cleft landscape of ghostly spires and castles with a distant yet immediate purple sunset between them, prepares one brilliantly for the remarkable music within. Both the artist (Steve Hannock of Northampton, MA) and the musicians are infusing old forms with new life and meaning and extending their artistic traditions in striking new ways. Hannock takes a theme familiar from 17th century Flemish and German landscape schools and

RECORD REVIEWS

transforms it into a quasi-three-dimensional presence through his successful experiments with phosphorescent paints. Davis and Hoggard are creating organically whole compositions that avoid the jam-style pitfalls of many of the bebop traditions by drawing pure concepts from the compositional wellspring of Ellington, John Lewis, and Charles Mingus. Davis and Hannock have struck up an interdisciplinary fellow-feeling about art that has extended collaborations: Davis played for Hannock's exhibition at Green Street Gallery, and his *FMW* soundtracks Hannock's film short on painting in the dark. Both the cover and the opening track share a strange, interior luminescence of ineffable eloquence. Coincidentally, the cover painting contains two crescent moons, though the title piece draws from a novel by Davis' wife, here an extraordinarily hypnotic, sostenuto nocturne.

This album is an endearing and enduring beauty: warm and witty, yes, but also riveting and formidable. The two first played together in the mid-'70s while students at Yale and Wesleyan respectively, and their rapport here is keen and extra-sensitive to nuance of form. Both integrate improvisation into composition. There's no worry about making things swing in the traditional sense, yet all moves along with compelling grace and ease. Hoggard contributes stirring ostinato vamps in *Perseverance* and *Toe Dance*; Davis contributes a lilting 23-bar waltz (*FMW*) and the deep *Shadow*. Both composers make new ideas come out clear and listenable: lots of experiments with meters and harmonic structures work out well. And the sources of the ideas are many and varied: Balinese puppets, African socialism, biblical poetry, an Ellington classic dedicated to Willie "The Lion" Smith. *Under The Double Moon* contains much music of depth and vision.

Hoggard's India Navigation album falls between the crisp production but coyly funky sounds of *Days Like These* (Arista) and the bright invention but muffled live sound of his previous solo outing (IN 1040). *Mystic Winds* offers more controlled individualism, loose swing and tight composing in fine company, and still somewhat muddy production. Two blowing tracks for quartet frame two longer, serious programmatic pieces for septet (augmented with timpani, percussion, and bass clarinet). *Breezes* and *Listen* move nicely, all quartet hands comfortable together playing Hoggard's angular and Davis' lyrical melodies and improvising on them cogently. One could hardly ask for more sympathetic sidemen than McBee and Hart, while Davis and Hoggard know each other's moves and music beautifully. At its best (*Silence*) this album exudes the magical ESP found throughout *Double Moon*.

The septet pieces present problems for this listener, however, that may not entirely be dismissed as lengthiness or overwriting. As I listened to *Other Side* several times—forcing myself after the first time—the hollow percussion obtruded, the bass clarinet sounded somber and dire, the vibes glowed eerily like St. Elmo's fire. It was indeed a gloomy, ominous, horrific portrait of the inhuman outrages forced on uprooted African slaves transported in the last century. The piece is power-packed emotionally, grisly in image, and musically stifling, overbearing, disturbing—exactly what Hoggard meant it to be! To expect freewheeling solos to boot might be beside the point.

Must we always have pleasant or easy listening? I think not. As musical and historical propaganda, this piece certainly had its effect on me, and my reasons for feeling edgy with it may well be some ancestral guilt. So be it. That edginess diminished not one whit after 10 playings, so I'm stuck with it, a sort of sonic stigma. *Ashanti*, too, dances in a plodding, insidious way, light, ghostly witch doctors conjuring up some hoodoo on transgressors. Over the open African rhythm laid down by maracas, timpani, and cowbell move tight vamps of piano chords, bass, and clarinet that underline Moye's initial tuned toms solo, but then matters get somewhat diffused: Hoggard's marimba turn and Andrews' bass clarinet get muddled in the percussive fray, though Davis fights back bravely. Both these albums present powerful and uncompromising statements by these burgeoning young leaders, but *Double Moon* is a dual stroke of genius.

—fred bouchard

FRANK LOWE

SKIZOKE—Codence Jozz Records CJR-1007: *Originals; The Skizoke; Sortie* (2 tokes); *Some Do, Some Don't; Close To The Soul.*
Personnel: *Lowe, tenor saxophone; Butch Morris, cornet; Damon Choice, vibes; Larry Simon, guitor; Wilbur Morris, bass; Tim Pleasont, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

EXOTIC HEARTBREAK—Saul Note SN-1032: *Perfection; Close To The Soul; Broadway Rhumba; Addiction Ain't Fiction; Exotic Heartbreak; Be Prepared.*
Personnel: *Lowe, tenor saxophone; Butch Morris, cornet; Amina Claudine Myers, piano; Wilbur Morris, bass; Tim Pleasant, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Tenor saxophonist Frank Lowe was a chest-thumping screamer, a rather thoughtless energy player, when he made his first records with Alice Coltrane and Rashid Ali in the adrenaline-streaked early '70s. Jazz has calmed down some since then, and so has Lowe. His solos still bully the listener with their intensity, but the bullying is more jovial, the intensity more carefully weighed. Lowe *earns* his climaxes now, and they are as likely to occur in his tenor's foggy bottom as in its upper reaches. Probity is the mature Lowe's most appealing virtue—he is a hard and conscientious worker with an honest commitment to craft, the kind of player too easy to underrate. He is not a groundbreaker by any means, but there is a sense of discovery to his music nonetheless, a feeling that in cover-

ing the territories already claimed by the Colemans and the Coltranes, he is refining valuable resources which the original settlers either overlooked or left behind much too quickly.

Although Lowe has made good records before (I'm especially fond of *Don't Punk Out*, a collection of zany duets with guitarist Eugene Chadbourne, and *The Flam*, a blowing date with constructivist trumpeter Leo Smith among its unlikely participants), these two new releases are probably his best yet, both from the standpoint of his own playing and for his increased ability to impose his inside-out, slightly left-of-mainstream philosophy upon a working band. On both LPs, Lowe's solos are complemented nicely by those of Butch Morris, a jaggedly lyrical cornetist with a soft, mewing tone and a flair for striking plunger and valve effects. Each record boasts a previously unrecorded Ornette Coleman theme (two takes of *Sortie* on the Cadence album; *Perfection* on the Soul Note), and Lowe's originals are catchy melodies roped loosely around rhythms, in the manner of early Coleman. There is acknowledgment of Coleman in the solos also, with both horns phrasing thematically and rhythmically, Lowe in particular seeming at times to swoop down and scrape patterns off the drum heads and into the bell of his horn.

The Cadence LP is a very good record of what must have been an excellent concert at Manhattan's Soundscape in March, 1981. But the recorded sound is somewhat boxy, with the bass grossly overemphasized at the expense of the drummer's cymbals, and as good as the playing is here, this concert seems, in retrospect, like a dress rehearsal for the Soul Note studio date in Milano seven months later. More than the Soul Note's crisper sound makes it the choice of the two LPs, should a choice be necessary. Bassist Wilbur Morris' flamenco-like solos are more in keeping with the mood and character of Lowe's compositions on the latter, and his interplay with drummer Pleasant has become even smoother and more elastic. Vibes and guitar, used mostly for coloration on the Cadence album (with Choice and Simon each soloing in a time-keeping/time-passing way on *Some Do, Some Don't* only), are dispensed with in favor of Amina Claudine Myers' piano. Her solos have a suspenseful dot-dot-dash inevitability to them that recalls Thelonious Monk, and her comping is spare but compelling, surely a factor in the greater consistency of the solos of both Morris brothers. Both versions of *Close To The Soul*, Lowe's blues homage to his Memphis birthplace and the only tune common to both records, are blessed with hankering, preachifying tenor. But on the Soul Note, Myers' hilariously righteous chording calls this straying free ballad home from the loft and back to the church. She baptizes the song with the holy water of the composer's original intention. While both are worth hearing, Myers makes the Soul Note record something special.

—francis davis

RECORD REVIEWS

NATIONAL HEALTH

D.S. al CODA—Europa JP2008: *Portrait Of A Shrinking Man; TNTFX; Black Hat; I Feel A Night Coming On; Arriving Twice; Shining Water; Tales Of A Damson Knight; Flanagan's People; Toad Of Toad Hall.*
Personnel: *Phil Miller, guitars; Dave Stewart, keyboards; John Greaves, electric bass; Pip Pyle, drums; Ted Emmett, trumpet; Annie Whitehead, trombone; Jimmy Hastings, flute; Elton Dean, saxello; Richard Sinclair, Amanda Parsons, Barbara Gaskins, vocals.*

★★★★

ALAN GOWEN

BEFORE A WORD IS SAID—Europa JP2007: *Above And Below; Reflexes In The Margin; Nowadays A Silhouette; Silver Star; Fourfold; Before A Word Is Said; Umbrellas; A Fleeting Glance.*
Personnel: *Gowen, keyboards; Phil Miller, guitar; Richard Sinclair, bass, vocals; Trevor Tomkins, drums.*

★★★

Alan Gowen was a little-known keyboardist whose death last year from leukemia was hardly noticed outside of a small circle of fans. These fans had followed Gowen throughout the last decade as he contributed supple keyboard improvisations and arrangements to many of Britain's finest electric jazz groups that arose alongside the Soft Machine. In a country where rock & roll is the national music, Gowen typified an attitude in which electric music and rock structures were a natural combination.

Fusion was natural for British musicians who were too adroit for the confines of rock and needed a wider space for individualistic expression. As one of these artists, Gowen's output typifies the diversity within that highly incestuous scene. The laidback noodling of Gilgamesh, his early '70s group, contrasted with the intense cerebral improvisations of the Soft Heap with former Soft Machine members Hugh Hopper and Elton Dean. However, it was with National Health, co-founded by Gowen and keyboardist Dave Stewart (an alumnus of groups such as Hatfield and the North, Egg, Bill Bruford), that Gowen made his most cogent statements. Even with constantly shifting personnel, National Health executed a personal fusion dependent upon inventive writing, intricate arrangements and time signatures, and highly focused improvisation.

D.S. al Coda is the third Health LP (who reformed for this tribute to Gowen) and uses only his compositions. His writing here exhibits a new sensitivity to rock dynamics within shifting rhythm changes and punchy melodic constructions. Stewart is the lone keyboardist and while he lacks Gowen's chops, he has an ability to build solos into screaming crescendos that Gowen could never muster. Stewart's synthesizer and organ ricochets in discordant clamor on *I Feel A Night Coming On*. His solos glide effortlessly into unison lines with guitarist Phil Miller or arcing tunnels to channel the solos of Elton Dean. Driving Gowen's compositions are John Greaves' (ex-Henry Cow) zooming bass lashing together Pip Pyle's (ex-Gong, Hatfield) polyrhythmic colors.

It is the contrasting lack of rhythmic intensity provided by bassist Sinclair and drummer Tomkins that makes *Before A Word Is Said* a minor-key effort. When the tunes demand a heavy hand, Tomkins toys with the beat. But Gowen, only a month away from his death, was still expanding his playing, bringing new subtlety and note shaping to single-line synthesizer solos that would be cliches in the hands of lesser players. As they did in National Health, he and Phil Miller parry and thrust with abandon on *Fourfold*, and merge textures in the dirge of the title track.

Alan Gowen was a minor figure in the grand overview of things, but these two LPs and his album of duets with Hugh Hopper, *Two Rainbows Daily* (also from Europa), indicate a sensitive and introspective artist worthy of attention. —*john diliberto*

MAL WALDRON

MINGUS LIVES—Enja 3075: *Mingus Lives; Snake Out; Tensile Structures; Here, There, And Anywhere.*
Personnel: *Waldron, piano.*

★★★

WHAT IT IS—Enja 4010; *Charlie Parker's Last Supper; Hymn From The Inferno; What It Is.*
Personnel: *Waldron, piano; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cecil McBee, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.*

★★★★

If one were to judge musicians solely on a predictability of style—given that it is a liability in improvised music—Mal Waldron would be assessed in a less favorable light than he is. With few exceptions, he delivers his themes and supports his cohorts without frills, and his solos evolve from the interaction of a punctuating left hand and evenly spaced, usually pentatonic, lines from the right. But factor in Waldron's depth of emotional projection, his uncanny ability to have less say more, and his catalytic prowess in group settings, and his revered status is justified. *Mingus Lives* and *What It Is* are two assertions, of slightly varying cogency, that the qualities most expected from a master craftsman are the most vital.

Unlike *Blues For Lady Day* (Arista/Freedom 1013), a solo tribute to Billie Holiday comprised of Waldron's title blues and Holiday repetoire, *Mingus Lives* consists of a dedicatory ballad leading off a program of Waldron originals, including the third version of *Snake Out* to be issued on an Enja release. *Snake Out*'s heavily syncopated rhythms and razor-sharp theme fared better on the quintet version on *Hard Talk* (Enja 2050)—with Steve Lacy and trumpeter Manfred Schoof sharing the front line—as the new version finds Waldron in the predicament of passing over

Akiyoshi/Tabackin—over the last two decades. This release is Shew's second leading this smoothly polished quintet (toss in Levine for pointillist colors on latin charts). It has one element going for it that the very fine Inner City (IC 1077) one didn't—the superb compositions of pianist Mays. These singing, gently cajoling floaters are absolute gems of the latter-day West Coast style. The title tune receives this reviewer's vote for small-band ballad of the year, a deft, glorious melody that brings out Shew's best (arguably among *the* very best); likewise *No Hurry* is in the same league of gorgeously voiced easy grooves with heady sustains and challenging sequences. Clifford Brown's *LaRue* makes a tribute of noble sentiment, which the group thinks and breathes as one. Yummy.

Metheny has been laboring long at Berklee College of Music while putting his band, this recording, and a very personal, attractive sound together in a slow knit over the past several years. Rather than going with standards or the showcasing of his own tunes, Metheny draws from eclectic sources, a splendid idea that evolves naturally from a typical set of his at Ryles' in Inman Square, Cambridge, an old haunt of his and brother Pat's (who advised on the recording session at Glenn Berger's Blue Jay Studio and contributed the album's prettiest grooving ballad, *Ivy*). Other goodies are Mike's *Life Of Ryles* (a saucy *Just Friends* variant), Nat Adderley's *Games* (featuring bluesy stops and the luminous alto of Jim Odgren, pianist Dick's brother and three-year Gary Burton sideman), a thoughtfully constructed tale by Mike on the Paul Desmond sleeper *Wendy*, (here taken briskly). Rufus Reid was an inspired guest choice on bass, putting in as much as he does on his own succulent dates, and old bandmates Bill Frisell, an effective soloist in many styles, and Dick Odgren, who really digs in on piano on *Wendy*, and whose *Bossamba* is a nifty capper to a debut worth waiting for. Let's hear more from these two mellow brass practitioners, and their mint fresh labels. *—fred bouchard*

ZOOT SIMS

THE INNOCENT YEARS—Pablo 2310-872: *I Hear A Rhapsody; Pomme Au Four; Over The Rainbow; The Very Thought Of You; If You Were Mine; Indian Summer.*

Personnel: *Sims, tenor, soprano saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Frank Tate, bass; Akira Tana, drums.*

★ ★ ★

This is the sort of album that can't be faulted for any specific musical failure. Yet, once you hear it and put it away, there's really nothing that pulls you back to it for repeated listenings. It's what one might call a typical Zoot Sims club set: a couple of ballads, a couple of soprano sax numbers for variety, and a nice, eight-cylinder swinger to wrap it up. Zoot Sims in "typical" form is nothing to complain about, of course. Except that with record prices being what they are these days—especially Pablo prices—maybe we are justified in believing that an album should be the occasion for something a little special, something a little more than typical however enlightened that may be.

Providing such special occasions has been part of Norman Granz' magic touch over the years. It's kept his relatively stable, all-star stock company fresh for nearly 10 years now. Count Basie gave us Zoot in a new perspective. The chemistry was right when Peterson and Gillespie dueted, or Gillespie and Benny Carter shook things up. But this album doesn't try for that sense of special occasion. Instead, it relies on the players to produce that memorable breakthrough without the benefit of imaginative casting, and it doesn't happen.

The rhythm section lacks the loose, well-toned swing of Zoot's previous *If I'm Lucky* team, and Sims stiffens by comparison. Pianist Wyands provides high quality, but conventional support, without wit or daring. Perhaps I've grown tired of hearing so many pianists sit back and comp for soloists. There are alternative roles for the piano in such a setting. It can weave into the soloist's ideas with imaginative fills and counterpoint, as Teddy Wilson, for instance, used to infiltrate the lines of Lester Young, Benny Goodman, and Buck Clayton. He never comped. Perhaps such accompaniment is a lost art.

In any case, *Innocent Years* is something less than a winning LP because, for whatever reason, it lacks the power of surprise.

—john mcdonough

STEVE TIBBETTS

NORTHERN SONG—ECM-1-1218: *The Big Wind; Form; Walking; Aerial View; Nine Doors/Breathing Space.*

Personnel: *Tibbetts, 6-, 12-string guitar, kalimbas, tape loops; Marc Anderson, congas, bongos, percussion.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Since garnering critical acclaim in these pages last year for the stunning artistry of his second self-produced album (*YR*, on the Frammis label), young American guitarist Steve Tibbetts has moved to the refined sonic environment of ECM's Talent Studio—an apt vehicle for the tranquil, chamber ambience that marks *Northern Song*.

Tibbetts is teamed here with cohort Marc Anderson, and together they render a set of delicate, vignette-like sketches founded upon artful multi-trackings of acoustic guitar and numerous percussion instruments (many of which are definite pitched). Reflecting influences from several world ethnic musics, Tibbetts places frequent emphasis on simple reiterated chordal patterns, cultivated by overdubbing sparse linear inventions, harmonics, and other vertical activity in novel counterpoint. Congas afford much of the rhythmic support, which often develops into colorful, African-like polyrhythms via the same layering process.

Throughout this set Tibbetts makes expe-

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dient use of tape-looping (splicing the opposite ends of a short fragment of recorded tape onto conventional reel-to-reel playback, which forms a circle or *loop*, and effects indefinite repetition of the recorded material), which he utilizes to produce spacious orchestral colors as well as shimmering, otherworldly effects—as in *The Big Wind*, where a lush, single chord ostinato is the harmonic footing for inventive percussion interplay. At the work's climax the ostinato shifts into a crescendoing drone (East Indian in effect), underpinning dramatic superstructures of guitar and fleeting wind-like sonorities that achieve a near-symphonic presence.

For rhythmic variety the guitarist will cleverly syncopate his patterns and otherwise modify them with almost minimalistic subtlety; such is the case in the symmetrical *Walking*, whereby a vibrant, contrapuntal network is created through a gradual accumulation of distinct rhythmic and thematic figures. After each instrument has been asserted the thematic content suddenly changes over the continuous rhythmic base, which later dovetails into a placid yet absorbing guitar/timpani coda.

On infrequent occasion, however, Tibbetts' sense of economy becomes a bit over-indulgent; employing tedious lapses of musical silence amongst the already sparse and unruffled musical activity. Also, the many exotic aural colors and effects exposed (via tape-looping) might serve a better aesthetic end if they were more extensively shaped and exploited, rather than serving the ornamental function they often do in this effort.

—stephen mamula

AIR

80° BELOW '82—Island/Antilles AN 1007: *Chicago Breakdown; The Traveller; 80° Below '82; Do Tell.*
Personnel: *Henry Threadgill, alto saxophone; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums.*

★★★★★

ALAIN MONNIER

TRIBULAT—hat Music 3505: *Marcabru; Silfax; Tribulat; Saxoleine; Tamar/Spifame.*
Personnel: *Monnier, tenor saxophone; Olivier Magnenat, bass; Claude Tabarini, percussion.*

★★★½

To start the most marvelous album of its still-promising career, Air again turns to Jelly Roll Morton, and reinterprets a raging, syncopated New Orleans orchestration to fit its elegant, swinging, 1982 style. Study what Messrs. Hopkins, McCall, and Threadgill do to *Chicago Breakdown* and discover the same intelligence, inspiration, and skill that sustains all the music—the other tracks are Threadgill compositions—here.

Foremost, the three players work as one, which was the idea behind Air in its inception seven years ago. They have purged egoistic bombast from their interplay, so space and silence surround their mutually supportive gestures.

Then, individually, each of the ex-Chicagoans (AACM members now based in New York) has elevated taste and imagination. Hopkins' fingers are so confident, strong, and agile that he's as much in the lead as he should be, whether offering a counterline to the sax, in tight unison with Threadgill, soloing, or playing tag with McCall. The drummer knows his traps set intimately, from the inside, and makes melodies from his respect for its every tuned surface. Threadgill has that same kind of control over his alto—yes, he's skilled on tenor, baritone, flutes, and hubkaphone, but this is arguably his best horn—and he can coax or force sounds from it as his song/story/dance demands. With grace and drama, he tongues feather tones dryly, or slathers the reed and squeals, mouthpiece gripped in his bite, and a bellow, controlled but insistent, rising from his gut.

Not the least of Threadgill's talents is his composing. *The Traveller* is a suspenseful theme, which he reinforces on the twist of each broad variation, far-ranging running line, grunt, or sweet note. However far he—or Hopkins—gets from the heads, you can hum them still. McCall is forceful without overwhelming, using brushes, sticks, or mallets; his accents are inevitably on the dot. And considering that the rhythmic change-ups of *Do Tell* and the title track—of the best of Air's repertoire—are based on narrative needs, rather than mere tempo alterations—well, he's irreplaceable. Without McCall, or Hopkins, or Threadgill, Air would be something else. No subbing is possible. If *you're* attempting such cohesive music, have your mates sign up in blood.

Evidence that close listening can help achieve tight results comes from three European players, previously unknown to me, and not profiled anywhere on their U.S. debut package. It seems obvious that Monnier, Magnenat, and Tabarini have heard the AACM innovators of Great Black Music; their trio, taped at a 1980 concert in Switzerland, approaches the sounds Roscoe Mitchell, Alvin Fiedler, and perhaps McCall would work out in the mid-to-late '60s. They're more interested in odd timbres, rough phrases, and sudden juxtapositions than with thematic development or virtuosic technique, though, indeed, the saxist can wrestle hoarse thoughts from one hold to the next, while the bassman plucks softly or bows a creaking groan and the drummer strikes whatever seems most appropriate in such ways that 45 minutes of sonic extremes seem connected, one moment grown out of the last. As most of the AACM has abandoned whistling, shouts, random little percussive rattling, and the method of "bricolage" or tinkering that Monnier credits to philosopher Claude Levi-Strauss, perhaps these fellows could get into something new. Meantime, their imitation is a very sincere form of flattery.

—howard mandel

JOHN SCOFIELD

SHINOLA—Enja 4004; *Why D'You Do It; Yawn; Dr. Jackle; Jean The Bean; Rags To Riches; Shinola.*

Personnel: *Scofield, guitar; Steve Swallow, electric bass; Adam Nussbaum, drums.*

★★★★

Scofield rides in on a slow blues, and pilots his mates with vision and flair. The course he charts is filled with side journeys into the unknown, but his companions are game. *Shinola* is possibly the most Scofield yet revealed on disc, almost certainly his most cohesive solo effort. Further, the album is remarkably clean for a live recording. We are even treated to hearing Scofield tune up twice—digitally—in front of the polite and often enthusiastic Munich club audience. More on the guitarist later.

Steve Swallow is one of the clearest, most fluid improvisers on electric bass. From the very first song, he establishes himself as an exciting lead voice with rhythmic accuracy and melodic invention. Hearing him play is almost like listening to Joe Williams scat—smoooooth. Yet Swallow doesn't let all his eggs roll out of the basket. His best playing comes in accompanying Scofield and serving as the tonal bottom for the trio.

Nussbaum swings freely, in the style of Bob Moses or Bill Goodwin. He handles the fast bop (*Dr. Jackle*) as well as the out stuff, and I enjoy his rock chops on the contemporary wave-ish final cut, *Shinola*. The toms get quite a wacking as Nussbaum fills the gaps in Scofield's guitar wail. This song is one of the most brief and single-minded tunes on any Scofield record, but that sure doesn't mean pop-rock.

In the middle of *Rags To Riches*, the tempo is forfeited in favor of a playful rhythmic sparring. At times like this, the group seems supremely tuned, yet out of tune. Synced, but out of. They play the songs thoroughly, in several shades. It sounds as if they switch frames of mind from minute to minute, but they always do it together.

Because of his work with Billy Cobham and George Duke, Scofield has in some circles been thought of as a fusion guitarist. That side of his playing comes out less on his solo records, in favor of a freer approach. The guitarist's own material is very tasty, without a whole lot of bravado, and reveals the depth of his playing. *Yawn* is so light, and Scofield's winding guitar melody so evenly played, the song creates a dream sequence continuum. Less certainly proves to be more, here, as it does on the Scofield/Swallow duet *Jean The Bean*.

Scofield makes use of a good bit of distortion in his electric sound, and most of the treble seems to be rolled off his amp. When he's playing light, the sound is round and fat, but when a string is plucked, or chord attacked harder, the edge is really there. Scofield is more than ever in control of his dynamics, and his sound grows more distinctive. He is challenged by the amount of space he has on *Shinola*, and gives a response well worth hearing. *—robin tolleson*

PHIL WOODS

BIRDS OF A FEATHER—Antilles AN-1006: *Star Eyes; Goodbye Mr. Evans; Petite Chanson; Summer Night; My Old Flame; Nica's Dream.*

Personnel: *Woods, alto saxophone; Steve Gilmore, bass; Hal Galper, piano; Bill Goodwin, drums.*

★★★★

RIGHTS OF SWING—Jazz Man JAZ 5001: *Prelude And Part I; Part II (Ballad); Part III (Waltz); Part IV (Scherzo); Part V*

Personnel: *Woods, alto saxophone; Benny Bailey, trumpet; Willie Dennis (cut 5), Curtis Fuller, trombone; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone; Julius Watkins, french horn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Granville Roker (5), Osie Johnson, drums.*

★★½

Alto saxophonist Phil Woods, just entering his 53rd year, has been as open as many of his younger counterparts to experimentation. However, first and foremost, Woods is a consummate jazzman, with a deep commitment to tradition. In these two albums, we have a pair of examples—20 years apart—of just how consistent an artist he is.

In his latest release (which, by the way, misses five stars due only to recording quality, and not artistic content) there is a thoroughly modern Woods, working with three "birds of a feather": bassist Gilmore and drummer Goodwin have been his close companions since the early '70s; Galper joined the ranks in 1981. The familiarity shows, and this contribution to our Woods discography is in the upper echelon of not only the saxophonist's own product, but of jazz works in general. From the opening excitement of *Star Eyes*, taken at an unusually fast tempo, right through a splendid—and personalized—version of Horace Silver's *Nica's Dream*, the listener is presented with a montage of moods: romantic, as in *Summer Night*, playful on Woods' own *Petite Chanson*, brooding and searching in his tribute to a departed friend, *Goodbye Mr. Evans*.

Although more attention will be paid to Woods as writer/arranger of *Rights Of Swing*, it can be noted here just how much Woods, the player, has matured since that 1961 record date. Today, he is more forceful, comes up with longer flows of ideas, is willing to take more chances, follows a decidedly adventurous bent, and seems willing (indeed, anxious) to move off the well-trodden paths. Also, over the years, he has left behind the once-inevitable comparison to his mentor, Charlie Parker. Now Woods is himself the pacesetter, demonstrating an individuality of sound and style that many younger saxophonists revere. All along he has favored a rather caustic, biting tone, and even though this has mellowed somewhat of late, it still is a distinctive trademark. Listen for it in both *Summer Night* and *Petite Chanson*. The latter, too, brings out all his inherent fluency

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and fluidity, the occasional harshness bordering on atonality.

Rights Of Swing was Woods' first major compositional effort. This was during a period when he had been a member of Quincy Jones' band, and he used mostly colleagues from that band. Although several later ventures of this kind are more compelling and far more interesting melodically, it is well to contemplate this very early foray into the writing and arranging arena. Jones conducted the ensemble, and his influence is strongly felt in Woods' voicings and in his choice of combinations.

Essentially, *Rights Of Swing*, a five-movement suite, is a case of the parts being greater than the whole. All the soloists are excellent, especially trumpeter Benny Bailey. *Part V*, which features a commanding drummer in Granville Roker, is the highlight, and holds promise of finer things to come. Woods' writing, however, was not nearly as imaginative then as it subsequently became in such later works of this kind as *I Remember* (which was written for full orchestra and jazz quartet) and a collaboration with Michel Legrand, entitled *Images*.

—frankie nemko-graham

TONY DAGRADI

LUNAR ECLIPSE—Gramavision GR 8103: *Les Deux Couleurs; Heart To Heart; Duplicity; Lunar Eclipse; Whirl.*

Personnel: *Dagradi, soprano, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Dave Torkanowsky, keyboards; Jim Singleton, bass; John Vidacovich, drums; Mark Sanders, percussion.*

★ ★ ★

Usually, a something-for-everybody jazz album suffers from dilution of material to attempt a broad-based appeal. On *Lunar Eclipse* Tony Dagradi strikes a balance between the accessible and the iconoclastic to give each of his five originals durable substance as well as well-hooked immediacy. Additionally, each of the compositions encapsulates stylistic conventions ranging from hard bop to fusion, to which Dagradi applies his considerable skills as an improviser.

Like many second efforts, Dagradi's shows signs of increased maturity and reveals areas for further growth. Dagradi's amalgamated tenor stylings are coming into their own, as reflected in the piquant balladry of *Heart To Heart* and the muscularity of *Whirl*, a festive latinate sprint, *Duplicity*, a hard-nosed bop vehicle, and *Les Deux Couleurs*, a colloquial approach to Coltrane and Sanders' fervor. Well-formed auxiliary voices, Dagradi's soprano and bass clarinet make a successful transition from chiaroscuro to the funk-drenched fusion of the two-part title piece.

But, with the exception of the subtle, harmonically rich *Heart To Heart*, Dagradi's compositions tend to give way to unchallenging vamps and changes that receive occasionally rudimentary treatment from his cohorts. This is particularly true of the title piece's second half, a pedestrian funk figure recited repeatedly and unconvincingly. The tendency is less noticeable on *Les Deux* and *Whirl*, primarily because of Dagradi's visceral solos. Still, in *Heart* and *Duplicity* Dagradi demonstrates solid compositional abilities.

Lunar Eclipse suggests that only fine-tuning is required for Dagradi's future efforts to excel. First and foremost, Dagradi would benefit from a front-line foil who can add interpretative depth to the reedist's compositions. Such a development would spur Dagradi as an improviser as well. Presumably, Dagradi realizes that what is enjoyable on a second effort is tedious by the fourth.

—bill shoemaker

BUD FREEMAN/ JIMMY McPARTLAND

JAZZ MEETING IN HOLLAND—Circle CLP 10: *All Of Me; Third Street Blues; I'm Gonna Sit Right Down; Rockin' Chair; Jazz Me Blues; That D Minor Thing; Basin St. Blues; Sorry; St. James Infirmary.*

Personnel: *McPartland, Bob Wulffers, trumpet, cornet; Freeman, tenor saxophone; Frits Kaatee, clarinet; Henk van Muyen, trombone; Pim Hogervorst, banjo, trombone; Jacques Kingma, bass; Ted Easton, drums.*

★ ★ ★

RALPH SUTTON

THE JAZZ BAND—Chaz Jazz CJ 113; *Ain't Misbehavin'; Muskrat Ramble; Struttin' With Some Barbecue; Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now.*

Personnel: *Sutton, piano; Ruby Braff, trumpet; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Masso, trombone; Milt Hinton, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

This 1975 session, recorded in Holland and now released on Circle Records, is the first meeting of Bud Freeman and Jimmy McPartland since *Chicago And All That Jazz* for Verve back in 1961. Their first meeting, of course, was on the McKenzie/Condon Chicagoans session of 1927 that defined for all time what "Chicago jazz" was all about. While there is no special attempt to recreate 1927, there is nevertheless an unnecessarily old-fashioned environment at play here. The host musicians undoubtedly contrived to make their guests feel at home. But I think they misunderstand the Chicago wing of traditional jazz—while it was structured on New Orleans models, it was inspired by a sense of creating something new. It was among the earliest jazz, white or black, to swing in anything approaching the modern sense of the word. Furthermore, many of its originators (Freeman, Benny Goodman, Krupa, Dave Tough, McPartland, Jack Teagarden) would become quintessential swing players in the '30s. Leader Ted Easton would have done well to remember that in assembling this date. Instead, he has surrounded the two stars with something approaching a two-beat Dukes of Dixieland backing, replete with twanging banjo.

along comes *Looking Out*, a frivolous and thoroughly commercial effort.

Tyner says he wishes to show us the lighter side of his personality, that he too is capable of plain and simple fun. *Looking Out* is just that: a triad of light funk love songs, two fusion escapades with Carlos Santana, and a West Indian frolic (*Island Birdie*). The love offerings are flawed by singer Phyllis Hyman. Best known for her contributions to Broadway's *Sophisticated Ladies*, she imparts only forced sexiness to Tyner's bromidic, albeit sincere, lyrics. Her emotional vacuity and voice limitations are most apparent when she plays it rough on *Love Surrounds Us Everywhere* and when she apes Flora Purim's wordless vocal approach on *I'll Be Around* and *Search For My Heart*. Fortunately, Jerry Hey's string and brass arrangements are clever, sensitive counterparts to what there is of Tyner's acute ruminations. The honest and graceful songbird Deniece Williams could have made the last named song a life-affirming celebration; Hyman doesn't and the uplifting sound around her is wasted.

Santana dominates *Hannibal*, an '80s Santana band steamer, with excitingly performed guitar riffs and runs recycled from past solos. Gary Bartz' personal alto saxophone voice and Tyner's two-handed cannonade are the song's highlights. The Tyner composition *Señor Carlos* is also agreeable latin rock-jazz; it's most interesting for the instructive contrast between the guitar histrionics and the unaffected piano ebullition.

Tyner should be granted our forbearance. *Looking Out*, a rare indiscretion, will surely be followed by a pure jazz album. Even in this pop context, his integrity remains intact.

—frank-john hadley

J.R. MONTEROSE

IN ACTION + THE JOE ABODEELY TRIO—VSOP (Studio 4) 1: *Waltz For Claire; I Should Care; That You Are; Red Devil; Lover Man; Herky Hawks.*

Personnel: *Monterose, tenor saxophone; Dale Oehler, piano; Gary Allen, bass; Joe Abodeely, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

LIVE IN ALBANY—Uptown 27.02: *The Shadow Of Your Smile; Ruby, My Dear; Luan; Just Friends.*

Personnel: *Monterose, tenor saxophone; Hod O'Brien, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Eddie Robinson, drums.*

★ ★ ★

. . . AND A LITTLE PLEASURE—Uptown 27.06: *Never Let Me Go; Pain And Suffering . . . And A Little Pleasure; Con Alma; Central Park West; Theme For Ernie; Vinnie's Pad; A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square; Twelve Tone Tune.*

Personnel: *Monterose, soprano (cuts 2, 4, 7), tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano.*

★ ★ ★ ★

When J.R. Monterose began recording in the mid-'50s, it quickly became clear that this was a tenor saxophonist whose insights were

original and important—even necessary, I think—in an era still committed to the fragile ideal of lyric and expressive Romanticism. True, Monterose himself was as Romantic as Sonny Stitt or Jackie McLean, but among post-Parker saxophonists he achieved a unique synthesis of the brilliant rhythmic mobility of Sonny Rollins and Hank Mobley with the ideas of dramatic structure that were beginning to interest young players such as Johnny Griffin and Rollins (as well as the old master Lester Young). The most intimate quality of Monterose's art was the breadth of his dynamic range—far beyond that of any other tenorman, at least in 1956—in fact, this is the only way to distinguish his lines from those of altoist Jackie McLean in their brilliantly raw realizations of Mingus' original *Pithecanthropus Erectus*. There were fine solos on at least three Kenny Dorham albums in 1956 (Monterose recalls recording a fourth as well), including *Hill's Edge*, a paragon of rhythmic variety, and his own first LP for Blue Note before he disappeared from recordings and eventually from New York City's jazz wars. Through the ensuing years, spent mostly in smaller Eastern cities and Europe, only one Monterose album apparently resulted, a 1961 date (Xanadu 126) showing that, if anything, his art had become more refined over the years.

What almost everyone did not know was that during his 1964 sojourn in Cedar Rapids, IA, he waxed another excellent disc for the obscure Studio 4 label; V.S.O.P. has now rereleased it in the original cover. For the most part it is as fine as the Xanadu quartet. His characteristic rawness and hard-blowing enthusiasm are best shown in the three swingers, each themeless, each beginning with simple melodies upon which he expands rhythmically and structurally (Monterose loves to interpolate interludes of vamps and latin rhythms). The brittle staccato of his *Red Devil* intro is a favorite way of enunciating; he softens volume and dynamics for the even line that follows, but this lyricism is abandoned when he begins the next chorus with a riff that evolves into fast, technically adept lines, and thereafter his tenor wailing contrasts light/soft/even phrasing against hard/strictly tongued/small note value lines, climaxing in a fourth chorus rip followed by a heavy long tone. These contrasts are the meat of *Herky* and *That You Are*, too; the latter, especially, offers a sense of wonderful rhythmic sophistication, almost Ornette Coleman-like, as his personal tempo draws back for an authoritative statement then coasts ahead, quickly catching up to the rhythm section's aggressive beat. This is the rhythmic sophistication that informs the mellower *Waltz*, wherein only two double-time phrases briefly alter the ease of the linear continuity, a continuity that remains natural despite Monterose's instinctive staccato phrasing.

These are the elements of a style that should be ideally suited for ballads, and indeed his highly inflected playing of *Care* lends personality to the straight theme exposition. His *Lover* features dynamic rise and fall in almost a classic manner, including

gradually increasing melodic richness that leads to contrasts of brittleness and flow, culminating in a sweet subtone—but apart from this fine section, his ballad playing that day suggests that his heart was really in the faster pieces. So too with the rhythm section—*Lover* even drags tempo a bit—and on the other hand, when Monterose cooks, Abodeely's accompaniment is very active and supportive. Oehler is particularly good at sustaining the energy of the tenor solos. He is a pure Bud Powell stylist in the blowing pieces, with angular melodies that capture the sudden, strange surprise of Powell, though when the tempos slow he becomes less interesting. Like the Monterose Blue Note and Xanadu albums, *In Action* is recommended without reservation.

Uptown Records found Monterose in an Albany, NY, tavern 15 years later, and that's where they taped the *Live* set. The most alive element is Teddy Kotick's bass playing, which is most rewarding in melodic solos (*Luan, Friends*), but continually fine throughout the album. But Robinson's oppressive drumming casts a vast gloomy cloud over the rest of the group: he resembles nothing so much as the electric drum attachments used by ballpark organists. Not only is Monterose's choice of material poor, his style has dissipated. Replacing the unfolding dynamic structure are arpeggio lines and sheet of sound, lick playing that's not exactly Coltrane-like, but lacks Monterose's former sense of spontaneous organizational logic. In fact, Monterose did arrive at a new style in the obscure years, and the 1981 duo album justifies his aesthetic choices.

It's interesting that he chose two forgotten themes from Coltrane's repertoire, for the performances certainly emphasize Monterose's unlikeness. *Ernie* is the best ballad of these three LPs, with two sweetly redolent tenor solos that do not violate the ballad atmosphere but move in the most natural, fluid way to a variety of phrasing that admits complexity, even the memory of pain into his exposition. That he retains the capacity for softness, of both statement and emotion, is heard in *Never Let* and *Con Alma;* the latter, without the traditional latin setting, has an especially well-mounted tenor solo. The quality of lyric sweetness that pervades the entire album is especially the message of his three soprano solos. The completely mistitled *Pain And* is an affectionate work, full of optimism, in which only a single downward motive suggests so much as wistfulness, to divert the emotion. Maybe this is Monterose at his most intimate. For all his sophistication in terms of rhythm and solo organization, for all his lyric invention, there's a lack of artifice or even cliche about his music that tells of a rare innocence informed by instinctive musicality. Thus his great naturalness; thus the sense of rawness that lingers in the sweet ballads or in the most exciting, vivacious blowing pieces. On the duo album, Tommy Flanagan supports with sympathy and sober sentiment, and adds appropriately simple solos. This is better than good taste; I can't imagine a better pianist for the occasion.

—john litweiler

WAXING ON

Self-produced Artists

BAGEL O' FUN: *In The Underground Wonderland (Sparrow Sound Design SSD 002)* ★ ★
EDDIE BERGER: *Bebop & Soda (Uptown URT 004)* ★ ★ ★
RAY COLLINS: *Of Blues, Myself & I (KRC 001)* ★ ★ ★ ★
COMMITMENT *(Flying Panda C 1001)* ★ ★
WILLIAM HOOKER: *. . . Is Eternal Life (Reality Unit Concepts RUC 444)* ★ ★
LEE KATZMAN QUARTET: *Naptown Reunion (25th Century Ensemble Productions 01)* ★ ★
RAMSEY MCLEAN AND THE LIFERS: *History's Made Every Moment. New Orleans Now! (Prescription RM-1981)* ★ ★ ★ ★
SAM PHIPPS: *Animal Sounds (Dream 01)* ★ ★ ★
REGAN RYZUK: *Trio Comprovisations (Happening HR 103)* ★ ★ ★
JIM SCHAPPEROEW: *This One's For Pearle (Kerralee KLP 001)* ★ ★ ★
UNITED FRONT: *Ohm: Unit Of Resistance (RPM 2)* ★ ★ ★
ANDREW WHITE: *I Love Japan (Andrew's Music AM 38)* ★ ★ ★ ★

THOUGH THE FORUM OF THE SELF-PRODUCED album has been most visibly used by purveyors of new musics, it is a venue ardently pursued by musicians of every stylistic persuasion. These 12 releases only present a portion of the stances taken by the self-produced artist. If any generality can be made after listening to this cross-section of grassroots creativity, it is that the self-produced artist is a determined breed, as the odds of gaining artistic recognition and financial rewards in a flooded market, especially during hard economic times, are stacked against them.

A genre usually not associated with musician-produced recordings, fusion has been greatly trivialized in its relatively short life. In their credible debut, **Bagel O' Fun** (Brian Gephart, saxophones; Jack Gallagher, guitar; Rand Moore, percussion; Dave Gordon, keyboards; Brian Derek, bass), a Chicago unit with roots as an "alternative reality with the Boston/Berklee College status quo," immerses itself in the idiom without excessive cleverness. Like any young genre, fusion has its overbearing, influential figures, so it is not surprising that, at times, Gallagher echoes the streamlined, phase-shifted attack of Pat Metheny or that Derek effects a Jaco-like, low-gear propulsion. Though their well-versed voices can adapt to the Zappa-like bluster of *Fred Eats It*, which features the hot trumpet of guest Billy Brimfield, and the somber balladry of *Le Raul Bleu*, there is little else that sticks to the ribs. Bagel O' Fun's potential will be better realized if they stake a claim in the genre's wilderness rather than continue to hybrid the dominant currents of fusion in the detailed manner presented here.

Bebop alto players have also been known to buckle under particular influences, so it is a pleasant surprise to hear one as influenced

by Dexter Gordon as by Charlie Parker, as is the case with **Eddie Berger**. Berger neither indulges in flashy, let-your-chops-hang-out bebop, or the stifled, reverent brand, choosing instead to project a relaxed intimacy with his material—a classic Gordon trait. Especially on Gordon's *Cheesecake* and Al Cohn's *Groovin' With Gus*, Berger's solos almost have a tenor's heft. Leading his able Minneapolis-based quartet (Mikkel Romstead, piano; Tom Hubbard, bass; Phil Hay, drums) through a fast-paced program that downshifts only for Berger's *Lady Sue*, a semisweet ballad, Berger remains virtually cliche-free, even on *Chasin' The Bird*. While Romstead contributes several crisp, well-defined solos, it is Berger who carries the session. A solid debut.

Of Blues, Myself & I is a successful, adventurous debut, and reedist **Ray Collins** is, subsequently, a force to contend with. A fluent soloist and a craft-conscious composer, Collins meshes reed traditions from Bechet onward into statements that are emotionally stirring and musically engrossing. The opener, *Catchin' The NY Subway*, is a prime example, as in less than seven minutes Collins, in a quintet featuring baritonist Karlton Hester and pianist Rudi Abdullah Mwongozi, explore Basie/Ellington swing and bop in its be- and free- modes, with *Cherokee* skillfully worked into the multi-faceted head as a surprise. The remainder of the album is comprised of duets with Mwongozi and United Front bassist Mark Izu (with a bluesy minute-long unaccompanied soprano solo tucked in for good measure), but the allusive power and bare emotions of Collins' music are not diminished in the pared-down contexts. Whether he embarks on African images, as in the duet with Mwongozi, or Asian lyricism with Izu, Collins works his way back to a close-to-home turf via, respectively, the blues or Bechet. Recommended.

In their liner manifesto, **Commitment** (Jason Hwang, violin; Arthur Connell, woodwinds; William Parker, bass; Takeshi Zen Matsuura, drums) also forwards a tradition from Bechet onward (it also includes Dewey Redman but omits Ornette Coleman), but overtly uses only its most recent exponents. Commitment's best asset is their coherent post-Coleman group identity, without which their exhortations, lamentations, and meditations would lose their modest appeal. Except for Parker, who deserves the favorable notices he has received for his work with Cecil Taylor and Jemeel Moondoc, the quartet has no distinctive solo voice. Hwang often essays effectively in a Leroy Jenkins-like manner, yet Connell and Matsuura rarely rise above the merely adequate. Despite any virtuosic shortcomings, Commitment exhibits a working knowledge of various new musics (their sources come from as far away as Asia and Soho), as well as the synergy implicit in each of them.

William Hooker's . . . *Is Eternal Life* reinforces the negative stereotype that self-produced albums are marred by muddy sound quality, amateurish packaging, and self-indulgent performances. Hooker is an obviously capable drummer and during the mid-'70s, when this two-disc set was recorded, kept some good company in tenor-

men David Murray and David Ware, who are each featured on sidelong meltdowns. A single record consisting of the trio of Hooker, bassist Mark Miller, and Murray (caught in good form at an early stage of his development) and the duet with Ware (who had yet to benefit from his tenure with Andrew Cyrille) would have been a good release that could be recommended on a qualified basis. But throw in a sidelong, two-dimensional drum solo and another side of less than raging fire music, and the set becomes something of an endurance test.

The same coherence of group identity that aided Commitment in their post-Coleman explorations is the saving grace of trumpeter **Lee Katzman**'s quartet in their marathon, two-disc, live-at-Keystone-Korner, mixed bag of mainstream stylings, *Naptown Reunion*. The quartet has a good front man in Katzman (who has the chops but relies on a pat charm), a solid backbone in pianist Al Plank (whose close-order drills on *Un Poco Loco* are the highpoint of the set), and reliable section work from bassist Max Hartstein and drummer Ben Barth, strengths which could have been more effectively forwarded if their release had been pruned back to a single disc. As is, *Naptown Reunion* suffers from its excessive proportions, with stronger material like *Un Poco Loco* and *Indiana* obscured by loungey, sometimes overmellow, tunes. The transplanted Naptowners play a brand of West Coast jazz that is closer to Century City than it is to Central Avenue, and unless their fraternal spirits were prominent, *Naptown Reunion* could be easily dismissed.

It is apparent that the music of the '80s is, to borrow Jack DeJohnette's term, multidirectional, denoting a process of inclusion rather than specialization. Bassist **Ramsey McLean** and the Lifers (Tony Dagradi, reeds; Larry Sieberth, keyboards; Alvin Fielder, drums) support the assertion emphatically on *New Orleans Now!*, a spunky, well-proportioned album. The issue here is not simply one of diversity—though any album that taps the down-home soul and the urbane elegance of Mingus, the spiritual lyricism of Coltrane and his descendants, the far-reaching implications of synthesized sound and overdubbing, and more cannot be cited for narrow-mindedness—but the ability to make source material sing as one's own creation. McLean and the Lifers demonstrate their ability to do so on each of the album's seven compositions. Each of the musicians approach every stylistic proposition with fluency and conviction, giving such varied settings as *A Little Rest*, a Shorteresque ballad replete with tranquil moog washes, the labyrinthine *Bwe-Bop* (good bop still comes in three-minute packages), and the shifting colors of the free-form *Burning Instructions For Angel Wings*, a vitality and a durability. Recommended.

Like saxophonists Vinny Golia and Tim Berne, tenorist **Sam Phipps** is a young turk who pens fresh blowing vehicles and delves into experimental forms from a well-grounded perspective. Yet, like Golia and Berne, Phipps' solos on *Animal Sounds*—which have a Webster/Coltrane/Shepp axis—are occasionally longer than his ideas can support. Still, *Animal Sounds* bears up to repeated listenings, with his raucous free-bop (joined by bassist Noah Young, pianist John Larkin, and drummer Steve Larantz) and a fine solo reading of Webster's *Woke Up Clipped* improving with age.

Don't be put off by the portmanteau word pianist **Regan Ryzuk** has used to title his second album, *Trio Comprovisations*. Anyone familiar with the work of Andrew Hill or Paul Bley will be comfortable with Ryzuk's orientation as a pianist and a composer, as well as his elastic exchanges with drummer John Hvasta and bassist Larry Goldman. Ryzuk has strong structural concerns, yet the polyrhythms, pandiatonic modes, canonic patterns, etc., that continually crop up are not ends in themselves, but viable vehicles for honest expression. The pianist also fares well in more conventional veins, as evidenced by *Felicity*, an insouciant swinger, and *Lorena*, a pretty ballad. Only rarely do Ryzuk's arpeggiated musings and percussive diatribes meander, and then Ryzuk returns to an even keel unabruptly. Brainy, heartfelt music.

On *This One's For Pearle*, a program of well-executed standards, **Jim Schapperoew** proves himself to be a hard-working band drummer, but also an undistinguished session leader. Considering the established talent Schapperoew has on board for the three sessions that make up the album—bassists Cecil McBee, Steve Swallow, and Buster Williams, and saxophonists Frank Strozier and Bob Mover—it is little wonder why this is, as the rating indicates, a good album. Yet, the album has problems—many of the tunes are too long; there are too few

subtle changes of tempo and dynamics; the theme-solo-theme-with-optional-fours mold is always adhered to, never prodded—which fall on Schapperoew's shoulders as the leader. Stylistically, Schapperoew has good, kick-the-band-in-the-pants tendencies, though his solos sometimes regress into single-stroke roll bombast. As these sessions are from two to three years old, it is assumed that Schapperoew has grown, preferably in tandem with Charles Farrell, an impressive pianist who is the other constant on this patchwork release, and that his next offering, even without the veterans, will be stronger.

On the basis of their sterling 1981 debut, *Path With A Heart* (RPM-1), **United Front** seemed capable of quickly rising to major status, as they combined incisive jazz compositions that encapsulated the last 20 years of innovation with compatible, mature voices. *Ohm: Unit Of Resistance*, however, is a step sideways, due to dubious editing and personnel decisions. When the quartet (George Sams, trumpet; Louis Jordan, alto sax; Mark Izu, bass; Anthony Brown, drums) is on their own, the results are generally comparable to the earlier recording. Sams and Jordan remain a two-headed beast of a front line, roughly hewn in the tradition of Coleman/Cherry and Carter/Bradford, Izu continues to be rock-solid, and newcomer Anthony Brown's splashy traps fit into their established surroundings. Yet add pianist Jason Michaels, whose many notes are of varying effectiveness, on the set's two longest tunes—performances that lack the group's usual concision—and the San Francisco unit has its balance upset. Undoubtedly, United Front will prove these lapses an exception to the rule, as they are talents deserving of wider recognition.

Andrew White, on the other hand, is a phenomenon. Besides being a monster saxophonist and the leading authority on the music of John Coltrane, White is a veritable cottage industry, offering over 900 products—count 'em, folks—including hundreds of solo transcriptions he has made from the recordings of Coltrane, Parker, and Dolphy and, at the time of this writing, the 39 albums he has issued in the past 11 years. Even though White releases albums at the rate of almost four a year, they are of a high standard from which *I Love Japan* does not deviate. As is the case with most of White's releases, the formula is simple, yet thoroughly effective—the reedman atomizes the changes of a tasty combination of standards and trademark originals while his rhythm section (in this case Kevin Toney, piano; Steve Novosel, bass; Keith Kilgo, drums) reprocesses the enriched fuel. Ground-zero on this occasion is the One Step Down, arguably Washington, DC's best jazz venue, and White nukes his way through, among others, *Good Bait*, *Parker's Mood*, and *Crescent*. Recommended, but keep the geiger counter handy.

To paraphrase Miles Davis' famous comment about Duke Ellington in regards to the availability of musician-produced recordings, every self-produced artist, as well as their listeners, should thank New Music Distribution Service (500 Broadway, NYC 10012; 212/925-2121), as the non-profit outfit performs an immeasurable role in the propagation of musician-produced recordings. If a particular album from this selection cannot be obtained from them—their mail order operation is prompt and reasonably priced—ther note the following addresses: Sparrow Sound Design, 1721 N. Dayton St., Chicago, IL 60614; Uptown Records, 2911 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, MN; KRC Records, Box 26424, San Francisco, CA 94126; Flying Panda Records, 62 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, NY 11217; 25th Century Ensemble Productions, 161 Irwin Way, Boulder Creek, CA 95006; Prescription Records, 939 Montegut St., New Orleans, LA 70117; Dream Records, Box 781, Venice, CA 90291; Kerralee Records, 439 Howard Ave., New Haven, CT 06519; RPM Records, Box 42373, San Francisco, CA 94101; Andrew's Music, 4830 South Dakota Ave., Washington, DC 20017. —*bill shoemaker*

NEW RELEASES

(Record Companies: For listing in the monthly New Releases column send two copies of each new release to Art Lange, **db**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606.)

COLUMBIA

Roy Eldridge, reissued tracks and alternate takes w/ Krupa's orch. and Little Jazz' own, from '35-47, chronicle the trumpet genius' EARLY YEARS. **Duke Ellington**, two extended works from '57 and '61 respectively, THE GIRLS' SUITE & THE PERFUME SUITE. **Art Blakey**, four unreleased numbers from the first edition of '56 Messengers, and the only two instrumental cuts w/ Ira Sullivan in the band, ORIGINALLY. **Thelonious Monk**, never released tapes from the great iconoclast caught in '64 LIVE AT THE IT CLUB. **Various Artists**, an even dozen ivory ticklers in old and new sides proving THEY ALL PLAY BEBOP.

ARISTA

Sky, ensemble of American & English virtuosos and their brand of classical-rock, 4. **Dave Valentin**, flutist w/ latin-jazz-pop leanings, IN LOVE'S TIME. **Dave Grusin**, studio keyboarder joins Lee Ritenour, Steve Gadd, others and comes OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

MUSE

Tony Scott, clarinetist/world-traveler plus Bill Evans' piano in rediscovered '59 club date, GOLDEN MOMENTS. **Bruce Forman**, guitarist plays bop and beyond in '81 quartet, 20/20. **Jon Hendricks**, godfather of vocalese w/ new vocal quartet (inc. wife and daughter), LOVE. **Harold Land**, West Coast tenorman stretches out in straight-ahead program, XOCIA'S DANCE.

CONTEMPORARY

Shelly Manne, fourth and final volume of the '60 drummer and Men, AT THE BLACK HAWK. **Leroy Vinnegar**, reissue of bassist's '63 date w/ Teddy Edwards and assorted others, LEROY WALKS AGAIN! **Andre Previn**, pianist and his Pals (Shelly Manne, Red Mitchell) take a '58 look at songs from GIGI. **Jesse Fuller**, one-man blues band surveys the '63 SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES.

POLYGRAM

Sonny Stitt, late, great saxologist w/ reissued '57 quartet via Verve, NY JAZZ. **Dizzy Gillespie**, with '50s quintet and eight classic cookers, Diz proves HAVE TRUMPET, WILL EXCITE. **Ella Fitzgerald**, '50s vintage chestnuts and standards from the Queen of Scat, ELLA IN HOLLYWOOD. **Anita O'Day**, ex-Krupa canary provides '59 vocals in Jimmy Giuffre arrangements, COOL HEAT. **Count Basie**, reunion w/ Prez, Mr. 5×5, Papa Jo, and others AT NEWPORT '57.

Teddy Wilson/Gerry Mulligan, leading separate groups of equal lyricism live AT NEWPORT '57. **Johnny Hodges**, and the Ellington Men sans Duke in a '50s escapade waxing THE BIG SOUND. **Various Artists**, combines Bird, Rabbit, Benny Carter, Ben Webster in first of the classic series of '50s JAM SESSION. **Coleman Hawkins**, joined by Roy Eldridge, Pete Brown, others AT NEWPORT '57. **Bill Evans**, nine samples of the pianist's lyric invention accompanied by Eddie Gomez, Shelly Manne, A SIMPLE MATTER OF CONVICTION.

ECM

Gary Peacock, finely etched bass playing plus Jan Garbarek, Tomasz Stanko, Jack DeJohnette, VOICE FROM THE PAST—PARADIGM. **Mike Nock**, ex-Fourth Way electric keyboarder goes acoustic in trio setting, ONDAS. **Paul Motian**, sensitive drummer leads two-horn front line in eight originals, PSALM. **David Darling**, cellist's second LP offers multi-voiced sextet in colorful CYCLES.

RCA

Tommy Dorsey/Frank Sinatra, all 83 recorded tunes they waxed together from 1940-42 in three two-record volumes, SESSIONS.

PRESTIGE/STAX

Gene Ammons, soulful tenor stylings from the Windy City circa '62, previously unreleased, BLUE GROOVE. **Eric Dolphy**, alternate takes from various Prestige sessions inc. the famous Five Spot gig, DASH ONE. **Earl Hines**, timeless pianist's previously unreleased medleys plus BOOGIE WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES. **Willis Jackson**, classic bluesy funk from '71, unreleased 'til now, as the tenorman guzzles GATORADE.

Albert King, reissue of the sizzling guitarist/vocalist's Stax LP, LOVEJOY. **Little Milton**, smooth-toned singer/blues guitar-

ist in '74 reissue backed by horns and strings, BLUES'N SOUL. **Isaac Hayes**, sultan of hot buttered soul returns with anthology of his GREATEST HIT SINGLES. **Little Johnny Taylor**, reissued Galaxy sides from the bluesman's '60s output, GREATEST HITS. **Various Artists**, third volume of big sellers from the Stax catalog, 15 ORIGINAL BIG HITS.

CONCORD JAZZ

Woody Herman, '81-styled Herd with guests Al Cohn and Stan Getz on tap, LIVE AT THE CONCORD JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Monty Alexander**, pianist plus Ray Brown's bass and Herb Ellis' guitar, TRIPLE TREAT. **George Shearing/Mel Tormé**, elegant piano and vocals (with Brian Torff's bass), AN EVENING WITH. . . . **James Williams**, ex-Blakey pianist in trio setting creates THE ARIOSO TOUCH.

Stan Getz, bop classics, standards, and Billy Strayhorn's last *Blood Count* from the sweet-toned tenor, PURE GETZ. **Jeff Hamilton**, L.A. 4's drummer fronts two-sax quintet, INDIANA. **Jackie and Roy**, veteran vocalists offer an '82 program of typical HIGH STANDARDS.

INDEPENDENTS

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

Ganelin Trio, two volumes of Russian free improvisers from an '80 Leningrad concert, via Leo Records, ANCORA DA CAPO. **Jay Oliver**, bassist adds Steve Lacy and Glenn Ferris to program of originals, from Akono Productions, DANCE OF THE ROBOT PEOPLE. **Walter Thompson/Robert Windblel/Steve Rust/Harvey Sorgen**, Woodstock improvisers provide all-original program, from Dane Records, ARC QUARTET. **Larry Blackshere**, vibist leads trio inc. a dedication to Webern, from Dutsa Records, STRATEGY. **Warren Smith**, multi-talented percussionist leads largish Composers Workshop Ensemble, from Miff Music Company, in CRICKET SONG-POEM.

Billy Bang/Charles Tyler, duets of violin/reeds, from Anima Records, recorded LIVE AT GREEN SPACE. **Jerome Cooper**, percussionist's '78 investigation of repetitious rhythms, from Anima Records, ROOT ASSUMPTIONS. **Alex Cline**, two discs of solo percussion sounds and colors, from 9 Winds Records, NOT ALONE. **Jon Jang**, pianist and friends play original music and pieces by Messiaen & Mingus, from RPM Records, JANG. **David Starobin**, guitarist plays music by Henze, Kolb, Bland, and Wuorinen, from Bridge Records, NEW MUSIC WITH GUITAR VOL. 1. **Muri Allen Sanders**, Seattle pianist plays eight solo improvisations, from Jazz Moon Records, GUIDES AND SPIRITS.

Magic Slim, Chicago blues wailer with his Teardrops, from Alligator Records, offers some RAW MAGIC. **Sacbe**, trio of Mexican brothers plus an Ohio reedman in latin outing, from Discovery Records, STREET CORNER. **King Sunny Ade**, Nigerian modern dance music with African roots, from

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Mongo Records, JUJU MUSIC. **Sly Dunbar**, reggae's resident trapper steps out, from Mongo Records, SLY-GO-VILLE. **Ted Hawkins**, blues singer with a message, from Rounder Records, WATCH YOUR STEP. **The Persuasions**, a capella quartet harmonizes, via Rounder Records, some GOOD NEWS.

Mel Tormé, and the '46 version of the Mel-Tones' Musicraft Recordings, now on Discovery Records, IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY. **Boswell Sisters**, precurser of swing era vocal groups w/ 1930-35 numbers and all-star accompaniment, from Biograph Records, IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING. **Hoagy Carmichael**, original 1927-32 recordings of Hoagy's "jazz side," from Biograph Records, STAR DUST. **Lennie Kesl**, painter/vocalist performs 11 standards w/ Alan Broadbent's piano, a Revelation Record, THAT OLD FEELIN'. **Mark Winkler**, struttin' vocalist conjures an album of originals, from First American Records, JAZZ LIFE.

Harold Danko/Rufus Reid, piano/bass duets debut on a new label, Sunnyside Communications, MIRTH SONG. **David Benoit**, acoustic and electric keyboarder leads octet and occasional vocals, from Avi Records, through STAGES. **Tyzik**, trumpeter Jeff Tyzik's band includes strings, brass, and voices, from Capitol Records, RADIANCE. **George Auld**, '45-46 orchestra plus vocalist Sarah Vaughan first on Musicraft, now Discovery Records, VOLUME 2. **Charlie Shoemake**, vibist plus wife Sandi's vocals and assorted instrumentalists, from Discovery Records, travel AWAY FROM THE CROWD. **Sonny Costranzo**, trombonist leads big band from Golden Crest Records, THE GIFT, and Jazz Orchestra of Czechoslovakian Radio from Panton Records, NA SONNYHO STRANĚ ULICE.

Cecil Taylor/Buell Neidlinger, reissue of rare sides done for Candid in '61, from Jazz Man Records, NEW YORK CITY R&B. **Bobby Enriquez**, speedy pianist via Hawaii, from GNP Crescendo, plays PRODIGIOUS PIANO. **Gato Barbieri**, tenorman returns w/ guitar-heavy backing, from Fania Records, BAHIA. **Fania All-Stars**, salsa stars plus ringers Gato, Eric Gale, Steel Pulse's vocals, from Fania Records, SOCIAL CHANGE. **Aladar Pege**, the Hungarian "Paganini of the contrabass" from RST Records, SOLO BASS. **John Lindberg/Hugh Ragin**, bass and trumpet duets of '82 vintage, from Cecma Records, TEAM WORK.

Joseph LoDuca, guitarist in trios, quartet, quintet, and duos w/ Ralph Towner, from Cornucopia Records, GLISTEN. **Frank Kohl**, guitarist in quartet inc. bassist Michael Moore, from Reform Records, REFORM. **Various Artists**, inc. Hound Dog Taylor, James Cotton, Jimmy Rogers, and others on blues anthology from Neon Records, BATCHELOR BLUES. **Jethro Burns**, solo mandolin and comedy, from Kaleidoscope Records, TEA FOR ONE. **Piere Dørge/Thermaenius**, guitarist-led Danish quartet, from European CBS, offer a COPENHAGEN BOOGIE. **Karl Ratzer**, Viennese guitarist adds voice, trumpet, drums for eight originals from RST Records, ELECTRIC FINGER.

BLINDFOLD TEST

Toshiko Akiyoshi

BY LEONARD FEATHER

HYOU VIELZ

THESE ARE EVENTFUL TIMES IN THE LIVES of Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin. Last July they celebrated the 10th anniversary of their arrival in Los Angeles (Tabackin, then a staff member of the Tonight Show band, had moved west with it).

*Presently they are involved in a reverse celebration: they have bought a home in Manhattan and will be moving back there, probably in late October. However, this does not mean the immediate breakup of the orchestra they formed in 1973 in Hollywood. The multiple award-winning pianist (**db**'s #1 composer, #1 arranger, #1 bandleader) will retain the California personnel for at least a few more months, with sidemen and co-leaders flying from opposite coasts to wherever gigs may take them.*

*Toshiko has been a six-time blindfoldee: our first encounter took place only months after her arrival from Japan (**db**, 4/18/56). There was a double session with Tabackin 1/29/76; the most recent until now appeared 11/2/78. As usual, I concentrated on bands rather than pianists, and gave her no information.*

1 BOB FLORENCE BIG BAND. *PUMPKINETTE (from WESTLAKE, Discovery). Florence, leader, keyboard; Charlie Loper, trombone; Steve Huffsteter, trumpet.*

I don't know who the band is; I don't think it's really identifiable. It's a traditional band in the sense of what a big band is supposed to be. I think this particular cut is a little too long, and nothing really happening . . . everything is just straight swing.

For me, I want a little bit something; it's a little too long, and I get bored. It swings very well, the band sounds very good. The piano player sounded like an old-timer, that kind of conception. I think the saxophone section was a little bit flat. It's recorded very well. I like the sound of the drums, nice sound out of the cymbal.

Both the solos, trumpet and trombone, sounded very good; I think it's very well played, but would be nice if I hear a little more excitement. I think it too much dwelled on swingness, which can be overdone. Two-and-a-half stars.

2 GERALD WILSON BIG BAND. *AY-EE-EN [ANTHONY ERIC NICHOLS] (from LOMELIN, Discovery).*

Sometimes I hear music like this or similar music to this, and I fail to see the point. Just because it's a jazz band—people think jazz band is a pop field—I think there's no excuse for not having a certain musical attitude, which is somehow, in our field, neglected. Sometimes people think that none of us got the whole attitude. I think the big band, especially because it's ensemble, it's very important that somewhere a musical content has to be there at the minimum level. . . .

LF: You mean the writing?

TA: Yes, I think the big band is a writer's medium, and this is what makes one band better than others. Other than the writing would probably be the great jazz bands in the past, they had great solo players. So you have to have both in order to be a great jazz band. But basically the big jazz band is the writer's medium, and if the writing is not good—I'm not talking about the technical aspect, because I think now with everybody coming from school, they all learn to write. For example, in our band, every one of the musicians can write, and write well. It sounded so that writers spend very little time on thought, thinking the music out. To me, I feel it's unfortunate.

This track doesn't have a theme, so to speak, it's there but not enough . . . the level is not there. But it's repeated many times. You have to have a reason for repeating, and I fail to see the reason for repeating. It sounded more like it would be "copping out," and fading out . . . (*laughs*) I guess you can have one track fading out in the whole album.

At the beginning I was a little disturbed at the fact that the piano wasn't recorded quite right. I thought it was something wrong with the record. When the band came in, the balance was so enormously different . . . they could have re-recorded it. They should have spent a little more time. I would give that two stars. I don't know who it was.

3 MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA. *FIRST LOVE SONG (from BOB BROOKMEYER, COMPOSER & ARRANGER, Gryphon). Brookmeyer, composer, arranger; Jim McNeely, piano.*

I think the harmony was very beautiful; I think the writer paid special attention doing that, and he or she knows it. Pianist is beautiful, he sounded very complementary; there was a balance between solo, the contents of the solo and the theme, which seems to be only one ensemble.

If this was a band that was a road band—like keeping a band together like we do, all year-round band—I think some things can't be helped. But if it's an occasional getting-together kind of band for the recording, they probably should have had a better flutist. Other than that, it's very very beautiful. It doesn't really have a beginning doesn't really have an end, kind of like some cloud came out and moved away . . . it's up in the air, so to speak. I would give it three-and-a-half.

4 SUN RA ARKESTRA. *QUEER NOTIONS (from SUNRISE IN DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS, hat Hut Records). Coleman Hawkins, composer; Sun Ra, arranger; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone.*

You said three minutes. Is it really three minutes? Sounded longer than that. I think it's a put-on. If it's not—which I really, sincerely doubt—what can I say? I don't really have that kind of sense of humor. I think in order to do something like that, the person come up with that kind of idea, it has to be really, really above everybody. And since it's not, it's got to be a joke.

If it's not a put-on, I don't even give any stars. I can't take it seriously. I just can't imagine anybody doing this seriously. If it is serious, I just can't comprehend that kind of musical attitude.

Every once in a while a little short solo popped up; the alto player, to me, sounded like an amateur. But there's a lot of modern young players that sound like that today.

5 WOODY HERMAN BIG BAND. *ESPECIALLY FOR YOU (from LIVE AT THE CONCORD JAZZ FESTIVAL, Concord Jazz). Paul McGinley, tenor saxophone; John Oddo, composer.*

This kind of pop music is not really my cup of tea, but very musical. The tenor player sounded very good. That vocalized way of playing an instrument seems to be a lot of that going on now in the pop field. Sounds like somebody like Ernie Watts . . . everybody kinda plays the same way. It's all little solos, second chorus sounded very good, too.

It doesn't irritate me, but at the same time I feel that jazz is something a little more severe, high-minded quality; I don't think it particularly belongs in the pop field, although it came up from songs . . . but I don't think that's what made jazz so universal. I give it three stars—somewhere between two-and-a-half and three.

The writing sounded like a West Coast studio band. That's a problem; a lot of times I don't think the band has one attitude. Today, it's over-achievement probably . . . in the schools, everybody comes out sounding the same. **db**

SWALLOW continued from page 23

Swallow probably finds few sounds offensive, if they're in their proper context. He's recorded with free-dance guitar noise-makers like Arto Lindsay, and enjoyed the stimulation; he listens to Philip Glass and other composers of contemporary classical music, keeps up with Ornette's Prime Time and Miles' new band, too. Swallow has explored world music, mostly via recordings, though he's been to Brazil and Mexico, and attends concerts in New York City by the touring masters of far-flung traditions. And he gets next to the exotic sounds, empathizes with the players, tries to absorb their expressivity; they make an immediate impression on him, as he eschews the academic, "ethnomusicological" approach.

His belief isn't *illogical*; "I'm a middle class white boy," he recognizes. But here's his analysis: "One of the signal characteristics of jazz music is one it shares with animist religions. They're both all-accepting, able to incorporate anything into their systems. Jazz is a hybrid system, with lots of African elements in it, and one of the gifts we've received from African culture is the ability to absorb anything into the system, so the system will develop, and not be static. That would be tantamount to the death of the system, to the death of jazz.

"That simply won't happen. If you stand back and observe the music over the span of several decades, you can see it's been moving quietly along at a relatively constant rate, despite what appears at any given moment to be violent upheaval.

"So this is what being a post-bebop player means to me: it's that immediately preceding my attempts to make music there was a generation of creative musicians who made a forward movement in the music which I heard and loved. I spent a good deal of time learning their language and techniques, then set about looking for a voice and an idiom of my own. I don't play bebop, because bebop's day is past. But I mean to call attention to the fact that my music is of a tradition that extends back through bebop, past the 80 or 90 years of jazz history, in fact, back thousands of years. I see what I'm doing is an extension of traditional forms and practices that have been given us by our ancestors for many generations. The very best jazz players now are the living repositories of this knowledge, information, wisdom.

"There's a pendulum swing at play here. The kind of ensembles that were extremely important to dixieland have reappeared in the last decade; bebop was primarily a soloist's music, and perhaps around the time of late Coltrane, ensemble counterpoint improvising became a focus once again. The post-boppers refer to some of the dixieland lessons; you can hear it in groups as diverse as Air, Charles Mingus' later bands, Ornette's various collective improvising groups, Miles' collective ensembles, and the Art Ensemble of Chicago, too.

"As to what we've staked out for ourselves, I can only speak about the musics I feel closest to. But I think we've advanced jazz in a few areas. We've absorbed some of the harmonic advances that occurred in European music in the '20s, '30s, and '40s. Because of the increased availability of world music on records and tapes—post-bop music is essentially post-LP music—we've begun to redefine and clarify the role of rhythm as a unifying element in the structure of music. We have, some of us, expanded the possibilities on our instruments, and I think the level of technical proficiency in general is well up. I think we've opened up the music to other kinds of popular music influences, as well as world music. What else? I think that's a lot."

It *is* a lot. And it doesn't even refer to Swallow's own success bringing the post-Beat poetry of Robert Creeley within reach of jazz vocalists (like Sheila Jordan, on Swallow's ECM LP *Home*). Or the re-injection of humor into jazz he's helped affect as part of Carla Bley's band. Or the further racial integration of improvisatory music he's helped engender through mutual respect with other players and an alert social consciousness. Swallow hasn't begun to speculate on advances yet to come.

But that's the thing about musicians who mature outside the scrutiny of fashion, beyond the interest of big business and the exploitation of the media, too. They tend to be observant, disciplined, flexible, self-sufficient, and take nothing for granted. They believe in their skills, but don't rest on their laurels. At least, such is one post-bebopper: Steve Swallow. **db**

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continued from page 25

DARRYL PITT

The Phil Woods Quartet: (from left) Hal Galper, Phil Woods, Bill Goodwin, Steve Gilmore.

HG: I agree with him 100 percent. This is folk music. It is music that is traditionally handed down one on one by imitation. The operative rule has always been, "Make it sound like this." You cannot teach jazz to large groups of people. It is not practical. It can only be handed down in a very close, intimate situation. There has to be an appropriate environment involved. The academic environment is the worst possible one. In the classroom it's antiseptic, fragmented, intellectual.

JL: How does one realistically reverse the situation?

HG: By getting the teachers to change their methods, their attitudes, the environment, and the entire approach to teaching. Why isn't jazz being taught at the Village Vanguard? Why isn't the bar open? Why aren't there people around?

The cats who were playing the music in the earlier days had only a minimal knowledge of theory. They knew certain chords and changes, but the theory that's out there now—the Lydian concept, the diatonic, the pandiatonic—they didn't deal with that at all. They played by imitation.

JL: Do you listen much to the piano masters?

HG: I don't listen to much of anything anymore. When I do, I listen to Ahmad Jamal. Lately I've been very into him. I heard him four nights out of six at Fat Tuesdays. I was stunned. You can't put your finger on what he's doing; he's very subtle. You get the feeling that he's playing everything and nothing. You're not quite sure what you heard or what he did.

I remember when Miles was getting his quintet together with Coltrane and Red Garland. It was about the same time that Jamal was putting his trio together with Vernell Fournier and Israel Crosby. If I remember correctly it was in Boston around '55 or '56. Miles said publicly at the time that Jamal had the keys; he had the secrets to everything. You can hear it in Miles' playing. You can hear Ahmad's influence.

JL: You recently spent time in Australia. What was the jazz scene like?

HG: While I was there in January, I wrote an open letter to the Australian jazz magazine. I addressed it to the issue that the jazz musicians get on-stage with an everyday, almost uncaring attitude. The cats don't work together on the bandstand. There's a feeling of isolation, of separation. They don't eyeball one another and they don't help out if someone gets lost. I felt that they played like separate people without establishing any real communication.

Jazz is the only successful form of group art. The group improvisatory experience involves a certain attitude, a way of feeling that I don't find there. It bothered me because they're denying themselves the very pleasure they are up there to enjoy.

JL: It seems that since joining the Woods Quartet, you've become most appreciative of those pleasures. The guys in the group all work together well, and you're having a good time.

HG: Since joining Phil certain things are happening . . . new ways of thinking. I notice I'm getting more into music than I have in years. I'm accepting it. The piano is pulling me toward it, and I feel like I have a direction. The more I go that way, the more confident I feel.

It's interesting that people have taken note of the changes in me and they like it as much as I do. I'm glad you spotted it.

Abdul Wadud

Symphony and Broadway work notwithstanding, the cellist's heart is in improvisation.

BY LEE JESKE

H. L. LINDENMAIER

"The cello is an interesting instrument," says Abdul Wadud in the back yard of his East Orange, New Jersey home. "It's capable of being used in conventional jazz situations, avant garde, rock, r&b, I mean, it can be used, it can be used."

Abdul Wadud should know. Over the past 10 years he has helped prove that the instrument is a viable voice in contemporary jazz. He has proven it through extensive work with Julius Hemphill and Arthur Blythe, and through such efforts as a self-produced solo LP (*By Myself,* Bisharra BR 101, P.O. Box 749, Newark, NJ 07101). And though he's gone the normal cellist's route (to the tune of seven years with the New Jersey Symphony), and he still can be found in Broadway show pits (he recently completed a long run in *Sugar Babies*), Abdul Wadud's heart is in improvised music.

Abdul Wadud was born Ron DeVaughn (pronounced so the last name rhymes with the first) in Cleveland, Ohio in 1947. "My father used to bounce me on his knee singing bebop and Count and Duke riffs—those were some of his favorite people," he recalls. The DeVaughn home was probably not one of the quieter spots in Ohio: there were a dozen kids and one sang opera, one played the guitar, one played the trombone, one had a stack of jazz records . . . you get the idea. When Ron was nine he had the opportunity to pick out an instrument at school and, like any other nine-year-old, he asked for a saxophone. He got a cello.

"The music teacher at the school at that particular time claimed there weren't any saxophones available, because she needed a cellist. Heh-heh. I kind of got sucked into it. But after I picked it up and played it for a while, I began to like it very much, and I stuck with it. I later did learn how to play the saxophone. My neighorhood was weird, because you had all of the negative things that exist in so-called ghettos. But, at the same time, we had a school system that made these instruments available to us. A lot of areas did not have that."

At age 12 Ron began studying at the Sutphen School of Music with a member of the Cleveland Symphony, and "when I reached age 14, I began stretching out and began to play jazz on the cello." There weren't many role models on the jazz cello in the early '60s, but he listened to those he could: Fred Katz, Ron Carter, Oscar Pettiford, and others. He entered Youngstown State University with the intention of getting a degree in music education, but by his second year he was convinced that performance was the right road to pursue. At that point he transferred to the Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

At Oberlin, Ron DeVaughn took the equally musical name Abdul Wadud ("It means 'a servant of the loving one'") and began delving seriously into the new music, a process that had begun in Cleveland with his participation in the Black Unity Trio, an alto saxophone, cello, drum unit "that performed around different colleges and what-have-you."

It was while at Oberlin that Wadud met reedman Julius Hemphill, a relationship that continues to this day and has ranged, over the years, from Julius' St. Louis big band, African Continuum, to sax/cello duets (*Live In New York*, Red Records 138). It was his participation on Hemphill's *Dogon A.D.* LP (Arista-Freedom 1026) that was to bring the cellist his first national recognition.

By the end of 1972, Wadud had a master's degree from the State University of New York at Stonybrook, was a full-time cellist with the New Jersey Symphony, was on the faculty of the Newark Center for the Arts and, in what spare time he could muster, was building a jazz reputation in the lofts of Manhattan. As if that wasn't enough, he still found the time to play the odd studio or concert date behind the likes of Sammy Davis Jr., Barry White, and Diana Ross. In 1976 Wadud became an integral part of the Arthur Blythe Quintet of alto, cello, tuba, guitar, and drums—heard on various Columbia and India Navigation LPs—and began working in Broadway shows. It all, finally, became too much. Abdul Wadud left the symphony in 1977.

"I needed more time to do my thing, because there were too many conflicts," he recalls as a cicada sings in the trees behind his head. "I'd turned down so much work during that period—1970 to '77—in an improvisatory sense, that it makes me sick sometimes. But, then again, I did a lot of stuff during that period as well. I was very fortunate, up until that time, to be in a location where I could deal with the symphony and with my improvisatory desires at the same time. Being near New York you can do that, because everything is close and you're lucky to have so many musicians of stature and quality in one area. You can maximize your time and always be playing with somebody who's happening."

Some of those people who availed themselves of Abdul Wadud's talent during the '70s were Sam Rivers, Cecil Taylor, Barry Altschul, Chico Freeman, David Murray, Leroy Jenkins (including a recorded *Duo*, Red 148), and many others on the cutting edge of the new music of the period.

Currently, Wadud is knee-deep in projects and ideas. Although *Sugar Babies,* which meant a weekly paycheck, has just ended, he's unfazed by the idea of being back in a

free-lance situation. There's a Blythe tour around the corner and a newly formed trio with James Newton and Anthony Davis to pursue.

"Making a living is relative," he says. "If I'm concerned about a boat, a nice huge house, nice clothes, then obviously I wouldn't be in the realm of music that I'm in and dealing with the people that I deal with. You can't make a lot of money from this music. That's the bottom line—period! I'm not saying we shouldn't try—I mean, if the money comes, by all means take the money. But what is important is playing something that you enjoy and maintaining your aspirations, musically, culturally, and politically. I've been extremely fortunate in making a living and doing the things I want to do and expressing the type of music that I want to express without compromising certain things."

Wadud is reluctant to talk about what exactly his musical aspirations are, in terms of leading his own groups. He speaks about a dream band of his that would include violinist John Blake, Cecil McBee on bass, Charli Persip on drums, and either Don Pullen or John Hicks on piano. He also mentions "thinking about putting together a different string combination, not a conventional string quartet, but a string quartet.

"Is there something I really want to do? People find it difficult to believe, but I'm pretty much doing what I want to do right now, because I'm still assessing. It takes me a while to get my bearings and directions on certain things. There are a lot of musicians I still want to play with and experience before I get off into certain areas. I'd love to work more with Julius and Arthur and Sam Rivers; I'd love to work with Dewey Redman; and I'd like to do some cello duo and trio stuff."

One thing is for certain—Abdul Wadud wants to continue to keep the cello in the forefront of people's attentions. "In the last 10 years," he says, slumping into his folding chair, "you've seen the instrument come of age in improvisatory music. But to this day, the cello is still looked upon as being some kind of a miscellaneous instrument, unlike the violin. The instrument itself is just a bitch to master and play, and there's not a history of it being used in certain situations, in certain roles. People simply don't hear the instrument used in those capacities.

"I'd like to see the instrument written about in perspective and have people really tune into it rather than talking about it in general terms. I'd like to see people challenging it: composers, writers, leaders, whatever. But they should also do it with a knowledge of the instrument itself, not just arbitrarily."

Obviously, the cello is an instrument whose time has come and Abdul Wadud, more than anybody in the instrument's checkered jazz career, has the chance to bring it prominence. db

Tim Berne

A self-motivator, the East Coast reedman zeros in on the fruition of his own Five Year Plan.

BY KIRK SILSBEE

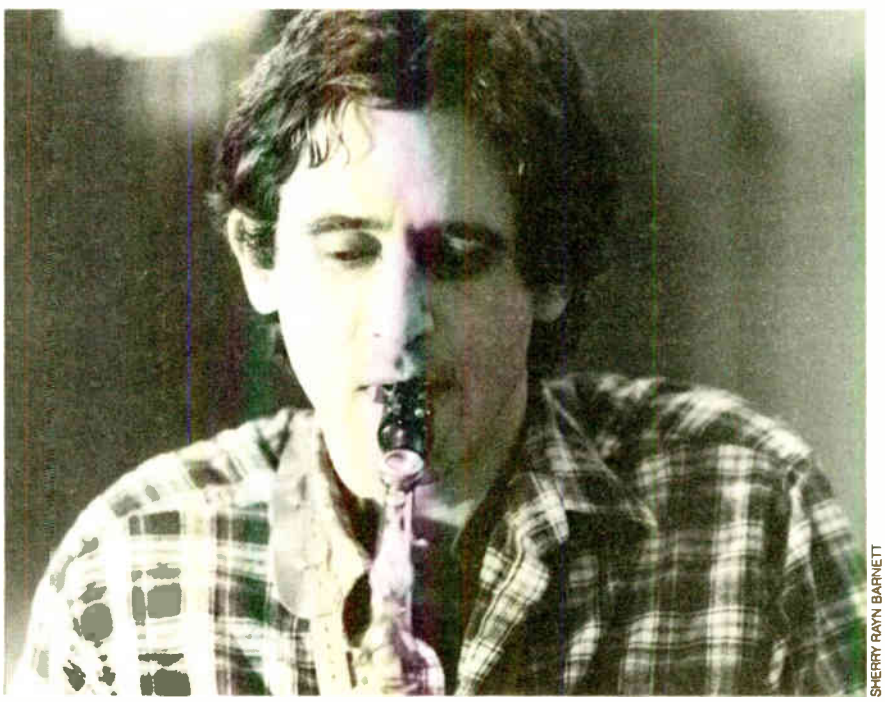
Ask Tim Berne, the New York-based alto saxophonist and composer, what his music is all about and he'll tell you in no uncertain terms. "I have really strong ideas," he asserts, "about what I want to do in music." At 28, Berne has been playing for 10 years and has four self-produced albums under his belt. He's known for some time the direction that he wants to pursue as a composer and as a player.

"If you're going to do a concert with six musicians," Berne says, "you don't want it to be 'solo city.' You've really got to rack your brain to make it work. I think that's the shortcoming of most groups. They just don't seem to give as much thought to the improvised areas as I would, to the overall flow of the concert rather than one tune after another. It's real important for me to have a total presentation that flows. Sometimes it doesn't work but I always try for that."

Although a native of Syracuse (NY), and a Brooklyn resident, there's an unassuming ease to Berne that is more akin to the Midwest. He was the only non-musician in a musical family until a basketball injury in college suddenly found him with a lot of time on his hands. After fooling around intermittently with a friend's tenor saxophone, he decided to get serious about music and sought out private lessons. Berne remembers, "In the fall of '74, I took one lesson from Anthony Braxton, which was okay, but I was really looking for Julius Hemphill. Braxton had his number and I called him up. I discovered he'd never had a student, and I went over to his house. We talked about music for a while, and we began a pretty informal regimen, like every two weeks."

Although Berne had no criteria for teachers at the time, Hemphill's instructional methods were quite natural to him. In retrospect, he can appreciate the uniqueness of the training. Berne recalls, "Julius never said, 'This is the way I do something, you've got to do it this way to get good.' He'd always say, 'This is something you could try.' Most teachers give you a certain thing to work on each week and after you accomplish that you go on to something else. With him it was more general, and the main focus, right from the beginning, was getting a good sound. You can play a lot of different notes and things that are interesting, but unless you have a good sound, nobody's going to pay much attention to you."

Berne acknowledges his debt to Hemphill thusly: "There were a couple of things that he really taught me. One was that I was able to figure things out for myself. You practice exactly what it is that's difficult, you don't need a book to tell you that. The other big impression that he made on me was that I saw that he wrote just tons of music all the time. I thought, 'This must be what everybody



SHERRY RAYN BARNETT

does. Everybody writes music and is into tone.'" Berne started writing music after about a year of playing, ". . . because I thought I had to in order to be a musician. I don't think it ever occurred to me that I would do anything but write my own music and play it. I never considered being a sideman or playing with any bands. I wanted to but I thought that the ultimate goal of any musician was to have their own band and play their own music."

The impulse to release a record of his own music is an example of Berne's aggressiveness and perhaps his naivete. Running an independent record operation is a full-time job, as Berne has since learned, but it was something that he had to do. "I have a tendency to be pretty impatient," Berne said, "and when I get an idea I just like to do it fast if I think it's happening. I started thinking about this record and I worked on it for about four months. It was conceived in a totality."

The project was ultimately released as *The Five Year Plan* (Empire EPC 24K) and featured the Los Angeles players that Berne had played concerts with and developed a rapport: reedmen John Carter and Vinny Golia, drummer Alex Cline, bassist Roberto Miranda, and trombonist Glenn Ferris. Berne managed to construct an ingenious setting for John Carter's clarinet. "*N.Y.C. Rites* was the piece that I saw the clearest," Berne says. "The piece just worked to total perfection as far as the way I imagined it. I knew how John played and I had this real strong image."

Part of Berne's affinity for the L.A. musicians stemmed from the fact that it was difficult, for a time, to find players in New York who would give the proper attention to his music and who were, in turn, compatible with it. Berne's key collaborator has become bassist Ed Schuller. His relaxed, understated solo on *The Mutant Of Alberan* from Berne's current LP *Songs And Rituals In Real Time* (Empire EPC 60K-2) has a refreshing, cleansing effect on the whole piece. Paul Motian has also proven to be a valuable asset with his percussive drumming.

Unlike most musicians, it doesn't do much good to play the "who are your influences" game on a self-motivator like Berne. "If I were to say who was a direct musical influence," Berne muses, "I would say Julius and that's it. I think other people are more inspirational. In the past seven years I probably haven't listened to more than 20 records. For one thing, I don't have a stereo that works. And I have a real good memory; if I hear too much music it will come out precisely the way that I heard it. I get most of my ideas from daydreaming, going to a movie and spacing out. I think in terms of shapes and colors a whole lot, that's probably why films stimulate me in that regard."

Berne continues to book his own concerts, and the reponse grows with each album release (including *7X*, Empire 36, and *Spectres*, Empire 48). He is currently negotiating with Black Saint Records about the release of a live tape. Berne used the phrase "Five Year Plan" on this first album to jokingly chart the period when he would be able to give up his day job and concentrate full-time on music. Although Berne concedes that his course " . . . has its drawbacks in the practical sense, like getting work, it's really the only way I could ever be involved in music. I prefer being in control of the situation, but playing occasionally with Vinny's band it's a lot different, his music is really interesting. I know that I find the most satisfaction when it's a presentation of mine, when I'm writing the music. It's incredibly interesting to me to try and put this whole thing together." db

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CAUGHT

CYRILLE/MOYE/ JARMAN/LYONS

THE PUBLIC THEATRE

NEW YORK—This gathering of the griots from a pair of avant garde tribes was billed as one of "quartet and duets." But from the moment of the introductions, the foursome subdivided into pairs—Don Moye and Joseph Jarman of the Art Ensemble of Chicago mounting the stage in Afro-guerrilla garb, Andrew Cyrille and Jimmy Lyons of the Cecil Taylor Unit in the slick suits of urbanites—and once the music began, so did the realization this would be a night, and an extraordinary one, for the drummers.

Nothing particularly was lacking in the work of saxophonists Jarman and Lyons, although the Public Theatre may be a bit too large for unaugmented horns, particularly when shifts in the musical configuration alter the shadings of ambiance. But the Public's dimensions amounted to perfection for the drummers, allowing true acoustics *and* enough room to send up barrages of percussion without forcing the audience to recoil as if from incoming rounds. And Moye and Cyrille were as good as their surroundings.

Cyrille set both the tone and the standard for the evening with a 25-minute solo that followed the somewhat perfunctory opening quartet. On toms and bass, he sprung with a serpent's directness; from the cymbals, he summoned shimmers. For economy of motion, Cyrille claims descent from Max Roach, as worshiped an ancestor as any drummer would desire. Yet he stretches beyond Roach's emphasis on the kit; this night, Cyrille clapped his hands, slapped his palms against his head, shed his shirt and played polyrhythms off his pectorals. Certainly, there were myriad chances for the method to fall into self-indulgence or mere novelty, but Cyrille avoided them all. The effect, rather, was mesmerizing and almost frightening in its intensity. The obsession, the self-absorption of his body language made one recall the sight of the gangly blues guitarist, Texas Slim, playing a slide break on *Sweet Little Angel* and quaking as if epileptic, so overwhelmed with the power of his message.

The second set, though, belonged as much to Moye as the first had to Cyrille, and for fairly different virtues. While Cyrille smiled and grimaced, Moye remained impassive throughout his detonations. While Cyrille's explorations primarily involved his body and the kit, Moye embraced a transcontinental drumming tradition: the ethnomusicologist to Cyrille's instinctual swinger. He conjured rhythm from chimes, triangle, and tiny cymbals and built from it until he windmilled his full-sized cymbals. He even vindicated the use of an array of toy and party instruments with his senses of sound and swing.

Together, Moye and Cyrille shared an enchanting duet involving congas, mariachis, and hand-claps. Better still, Cyrille on thumb piano and Moye on a hand-held drum joined Jarman on bass flute in a haunting and captivatingly subtle conversation. What remained besides these numerous highlights was fine enough, but not quite as distinctive. The audience, though, did profit by the exposure to Lyons, outside of Cecil Taylor's usual tornado. Especially for those uninitiated into Lyons' stylings, the evening revealed his mastery of the bebop and blues lexicon in a thoroughly daring and personal manner, a feat often ascribed to Ornette Coleman.

But few missed the justification when the evening ended with Cyrille joining the other three musicians for the closing quartet. It was he who had called the performance "a dream come true," and he, foremost, who had breathed life—beat life—into fantasy.

—*sam freedman*

BOB SHAMIS

Joseph Jarman

NEW MUSIC AMERICA '82

NAVY PIER

CHICAGO—Did the '70s and '80s ever happen? Or did the last innovations in modern music occur in the mid-'60s? For the mainstream of composers represented at this weeklong festival, there have been two major musical events in the last decade-and-a-half. First is the wide availability of electronic technology. Second is the gentrification of the spirits of Dada and surrealism, and of the investigations of innovators such as John Cage and Terry Riley.

For a whole week the musical radicals of yesteryear and their politer progeny took over Chicago's lakefront. Sculptures and installations made faint sounds when gusts of wind blew; musicians played to zoo animals (*caged* animals, perhaps appropriate, but not the creatures of Dolphy or Messiaen); there were concerts in museums, on a university lawn, in the downtown library, Orchestra Hall, and mostly on Navy Pier, the cool summer exhibition area stretching a half-mile into Lake Michigan. The city of Chicago's special events office and the Museum of Contemporary Art put on a rousing show, the mayor munched cake at John Cage's 70th birthday party, and the crowds went away happy.

Cage presented a heavily flogged public relations stunt—tapes recorded at 50 Chicago intersections—but it turned out that *Tehillim* by Steve Reich aroused the most comment. This was orchestra and singers doing 17th century sounds and textures, but repeating, developing slowly, slowly, with pretty moments now and then. From that point on the mainstream of the concerts was repetition, stasis, slow motion. From Reich to Joan LaBarbara's twittering (voice) machine, the method of composing (and improvising) was to set forth a handful of musical ideas, generally pleasant ones and usually simultaneously, and repeat them exactly, as if musical relations that might result in the effect of motion would be too painful to attempt. They did it with orchestras, rock bands, and individuals in front of multi-tracked tapes—the net effect was of a weeklong vamp, and there's no point in describing the differences from one performance to the next, since the slow motion and few materials were constant in each.

There were piano pieces by Kyle Gann and Harold Budd that were full of Keith Jarrett's dying flowers—were they also meant to reinforce Jarrett's points about acoustic vs. electronic instruments? There was mid-'60s rock, what I think the radio business now calls "easy listening," in different dress—Jill Kroesen's ostensible satire certainly makes you remember how much better the Fugs used to be. The video presentations demonstrated that the small screen with the little dots is hardly adequate for musical performance. A fair amount of the other performances recalled Greenwich Village "happenings" of 20 years ago, in which the program notes were written before the music was composed. Glenn Branca had repeated strums for an army of electric guitars played as loudly as possible. The aesthetic premise is that although this volume level is physically painful, it's necessary since certain perceptions of beauty can be achieved in no other way. This is also the textbook definition of masochism. Annea Lockwood sat on a stage and raised her arms slowly, imperceptibly for half an hour while a tape with indistinguishable words played. Ruth Anderson had faint bleeps from a biofeedback mechanism hooked up to four people. The height of academic trivia was the festival's opening work, Alvin Lucier's oscillator tone that, for half an hour, rose from the lowest possible bass pitch to the highest possible treble pitch. There were musicians, conducted by waves on TV screens, who held notes to vibrate against this oscillator tone; the performance was extraordinarily

boring, stupid, and significant. In sum, the dominance of dated, mediocre, or simply sleep-inducing works by composers who represent the alleged avant garde is finally depressing. Nobody can reasonably come to a festival like this expecting innovation—but the lack of vitality here, the preoccupation with electronic and other amusements makes you wonder if, along with the rest of our tranquilized mass media society, American art music is also an accident waiting to happen.

On the other hand, there was as much genuinely rewarding music as you'd hear at a major jazz festival. The opening night concert was in Orchestra Hall, with a chamber ensemble drawn from the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, playing Muhal Richard Abrams' *Saxophone/Flute-Orchestra Variations*. This was a brightly paced succession of vivid melodic images with lots of moving parts, opening first with Wallace McMillan's flute improvisation, then following with his wonderful baritone sax solo, shot through with blues phrasing and ripe multiphonic passages—his virtuoso lines were as brightly flashing as Abrams' score for the ensemble. John Cage's *40 Drawings By Thoreau* (this is the short title) was quiet spatters of orchestra sound, quickly dissipating, separated by space, the tension engendered then tailing off into a tape recording of faint rural sounds (some chirps, a sleepy moo, a distant truck exhaust). Respects to conductor Davies.

There were interesting works by Frederic Rzewski, one for piano and one for orchestra, singers, and a tape of a steel mill (I'm told Luigi Nono was the first to tape a steel mill). Alvin Curran's *Maritime Rites* was a good idea, rowboats with little groups singing different lines, accompanied by conch shell sounds, but the performance in Lake Michigan was bitched by speedboats in the nearby channel—try it in one of the park lagoons next time? Roscoe Mitchell's *Variations On Sketches From Bamboo* made the earth quiver to the deep, deep sounds—bass sax, contrabass sarrusophone, 13-foot triple contrabass, plus a barely audible tenor voice—the most impressive of the low bass Mitchell pieces that I've heard.

The best performance of the festival, and in some ways the most remarkable musical work, was the *Clarinet Quartet* of Douglas Ewart. This is a wonderfully active composition that opens with many simultaneous, babbling lines and goes on to the players bobbing against each other; amidst the hubbub a long, large sound starts high and slurs down through multiphonics. Longer tones lead to a fantastic solo that sears up and disappears into high whistling sounds. A gong introduces a dark, quiet forest of woodwinds; the final movement is a fast dialog of the clarinets with each other and with the grouped clarinet family. Apart from the great range of sounds of the high and low instruments in this beautiful, multi-colored activity, and apart from the excitement of the performance, this was one of the few events of the festival that was based on a musical advance of the last decade. For the instrumental virtuosity in both the composed and improvised passages is a given, a fact so taken for granted that I'm sure the players did not even consider it remarkable or consider playing it in any other way. And this very basis in virtuosity seems to be an innate characteristic of post-Coltrane, post-Ayler jazz artists, almost alone among American musicians. With music such as this, life is enhanced—not dulled or lulled, as in so many of the minimalist pieces. *—john litweiler*

JUNETEENTH BLUES FESTIVAL

FAIRGROUNDS

HOUSTON—Juneteenth, June 19, is a Texas holiday that commemorates the be ated announcement of the Emancipation Proclamation to the state. The resultant celebration, at least the modern one, is made of up truly festive outdoor gatherings with Texas-sized helpings of cold beer, hot barbecue, and free blues. For the past five years SUM Concerts has staged free outdoor blues blowouts here that have arguably been the biggest and best blues shows in the country. Crowds of 85,000 have become common and literally dozens of quality acts, with the emphasis on the fertile regional scene, have performed each year. This year, however, SUM expanded its geographic horizons and took the blues festival on the road, playing 11 shows in 10 days in four different cities.

Albert Collins is top gun in Texas blues right now, and he was unquestionably the dominant force of the festival. The "Master of the Telecaster" tag does little to fully convey the immediacy and intensity of his slicing, searing visceral blues style. Collins' celebrated "icy" tone of echoed high sustain and thin angular lines is one of the most easily identifiable guitar sounds around, blues or otherwise. The tone, further personalized by an eccentric minor key tuning, allows Collins to produce a lean, hungry sound perfectly suited for the blues of the urban jungle. Despite his distinctive guitar sound Collins' music is squarely in the Texas urban tradition, with fine bluesy sax by A. C. Reed guiding a tight band that wouldn't have been out of place behind T-Bone Walker.

Johnny Copeland, primarily due to his superb, jazz-inflected album *Copeland Special*, has become a recent "overnight blues sensation." Of course, the fact that his fame follows a quarter-century of steady gigging in Texas blues joints is unknown by many of his new fans. He has a steady, rolling band that glides along with sax and trumpet underscoring his fluid guitar work which handles with ease everything from snappy blues shuffles to drop-down testifying ballads. Although it is Copeland's mid-tempo numbers that had the crowds up and dancing wildly, it is the slow tunes that give his richly textured voice its best exposure.

J. LINDY POLLARD

Albert Collins

Two overwhelmingly forceful personalities, Koko Taylor and Lonnie Brooks, did their best to steal some of the Texans' thunder. Koko, never exactly a shrinking violet, was frequently sandwiched between sizzling sets by guitar heroes Collins and Brooks, so her stage act was even bolder and brassier than normal. Backed by her no-nonsense Blues Machine, she pulled out all the stops, growing through vintage feminist vengeance ballads and stomping the stage in an endless boogie during *Wang Dang Doodle*. Lonnie Brooks, a native of Louisiana, still has throngs of Texas fans from his early days as Guitar Junior. He was the most energetic act on the festival bill as he tried just about everything you can legally do on-stage to excite the audiences. Brooks is at his best when singing and playing the quirky, half-step rhythms of the bayou country, but when his pace and volume increase, his individuality drops away proportionally.

From the syncopated melodies of veteran barrelhouse piano master Robert Shaw and his 69-year-old protege Lavada Durst to the post-Hendrix blues/rock pyrotechnics of Stevie Ray Vaughan the music was well received by substantial audiences in all cities. This year's festival was dedicated to the late Houston blues giant Lightnin' Hopkins, who appeared at the 1981 festival, and there were several tributes by writers as well as frequent and loving dedications from the artists performing. Although there were assorted grumbles from fans at the changes in size and duration of the festival, it was, once again, both a socio-cultural and musical success. *—michael point*

PROSESSION

Scales With Rhythmic And Melodic Forward Motion

BY HAL GALPER

*Pianist/composer **Hal Galper** is currently a member of the Phil Woods Quartet; besides leading his own bands (and recording a half-dozen LPs of his own), Galper has toured and/or recorded with Cannonball Adderley, Chet Baker, Sam Rivers, Lee Konitz, and a host of others. Galper can be contacted at 832 6th Ave., NYC 10001.*

In my January, 1982 **down beat** article on Forward Motion (page 63), I talked about the use of the predictable and easier-to-hear elements of time—to hear where lines "are going" (towards strong beats). With Melodic Forward Motion, we reinforce these easier-to-hear elements by synchronizing them with the easier-to-hear (stronger) scale tones (root, third, fifth, seventh). This gives the soloist the ability to "hear toward" basic chord tones (predictable) as well as "one" and "three" of the bar (predictable).

Strong melodic lines *spell out the changes*, in that if no chords are being played behind the melody, the passage of changes can still be clearly heard. Applying the theory of tension-and-release to scales, we find that the strong tones of a scale (root, third, fifth, seventh) are release tones and the weak tones (ninth, flat ninth, sharp ninth, 11th, sharp 11th, 13th, flat 13th, and any added half-steps) are tension tones. In order to spell out the changes, the soloist must synchronize the strong tones of a scale with the strong beats of the bar ("on") and the weak tones with the weak beats ("off").

"On" Beats = Release; "Off" Beats = Tension.
Chord Tones = Release; Non-Chord Tones = Tension.

Figure 1

If a melodic line sounds awkward, the reason will *always* be that the rhythmic and melodic tension-and-release patterns were "out of sync."

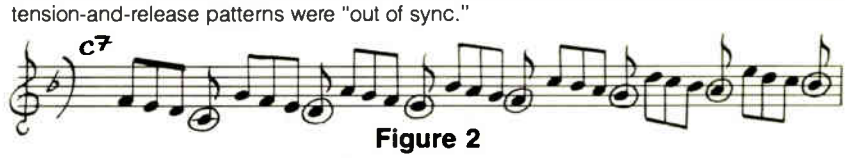


Figure 2

The above is an example of descending four-note groups. As the C 7 scale is common to G min. 7, C 7, and F Maj. 7, quite often the soloist plays the C 7 scale through the II- V- I, figuring that since all the notes fit, it should "sound." It does—it sounds correct but not necessarily strong. Once you've learned your scales, the idea is to *re-order* the notes in the scale in the strongest ways possible, i.e. to spell out the changes. Here is a way of practicing your Dom. 7 scales to spell out II-V-I.

Rule 1: Of the seven four-note groups (Figure 2), four of them will have target notes that are the root, third, fifth, or seventh of the chord being spelled out.

Rule 2: The target notes must be on one and/or three of the bar.

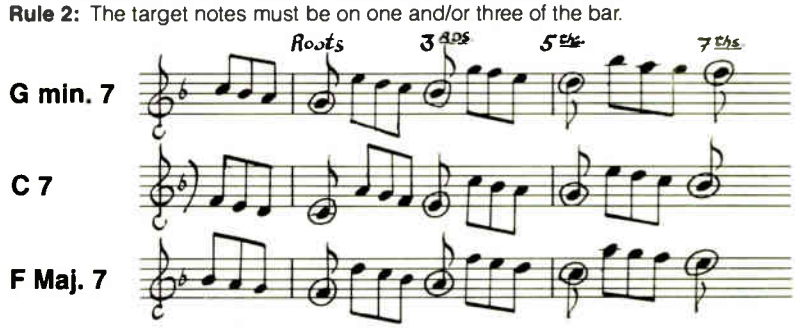
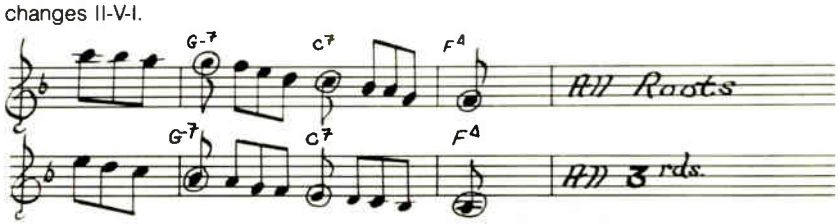


Figure 3

In Figure 3 we have selected (from Figure 2) the four groupings of the C 7 scale that have target notes that are the roots, thirds, fifths, and sevenths of: G min. 7 (G, Bb, D, F), C 7 (C, E, G, Bb), F Maj. 7 (F, A, C, E). These are the groups that, when re-ordered, will spell out the changes II-V-I.



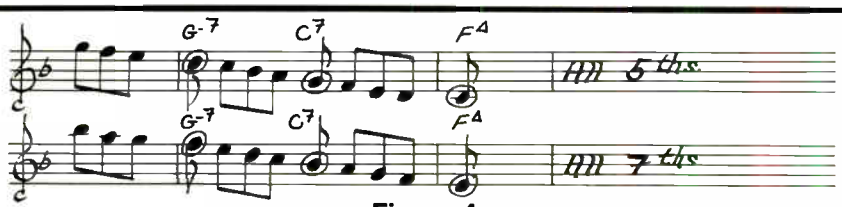


Figure 4

In Figure 4 we have these groupings re-ordered so that they create complete descending scale lines (ascending scale lines have to be corrected as they go "out of sync"). As the chord tones progress in a predictable manner (all roots, all thirds, all fifths, all sevenths), the soloist begins to acquire the "sense" of the logic involved with the progression of changes and their chord tones to the point of being able to hear where they are going over longer and longer distances. Once we have trained our ears, we can then mix the chord tones we wish to approach:

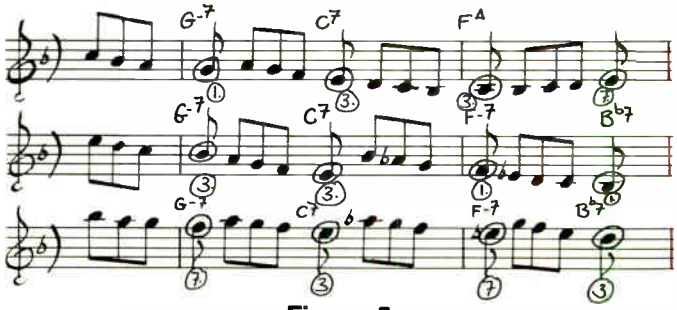


Figure 5

Here is a list of the possible combinations of chord tones on II-V-I:

1-1-1/1-1-3/1-1-5/1-1-7/1-3-1/1-5-1/1-7-1/1-3-3/1-3-5/1-3-7/1-5-3/1-5-5/1-5-7/1-7-3/1-7-5/1-7-7
3-3-3/3-3-5/3-3-7/3-3-1/3-1-3/3-5-3/3-7-3/3-1-1/3-1-5/3-1-7/3-5-1/3-5-5/3-5-7/3-7-1/3-7-5/3-7-7
5-5-5/5-5-1/5-5-3/5-5-7/5-3-5/5-7-5/5-1-5/5-1-1/5-1-3/5-1-7/5-3-1/5-3-7/5-3-3/5-7-1/5-1-3/5-7-7
7-7-7/7-7-1/7-7-5/7-7-3/7-1-7/7-3-7/7-5-7/7-1-1/7-1-5/7-1-3/7-3-1/7-3-5/7-3-3

As you can see, the number of possibilities for using chord tones to spell out II-V-I is quite large and demonstrates that discipline and freedom are not inconsistent with each other.

Include the use of octave adjustment into these exercises and we create many common bebop lines. Here are some other examples on cycle fourths:

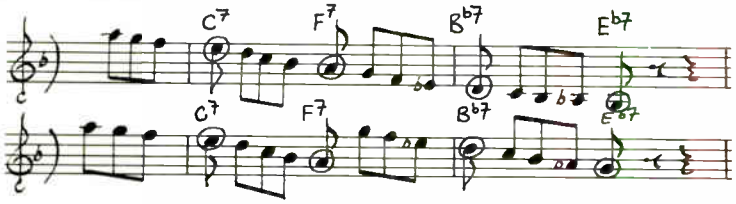


Figure 6

In the case of ascending scale lines, the soloist will not be able to approach the chord tones as in the above examples without adding half-steps to the scales. However, any scale line, ascending or descending, of any length, over II-V or II-V-I, will sound strong if the last note of the line is a basic chord tone of the last chord (the approached chord) of a sequence:

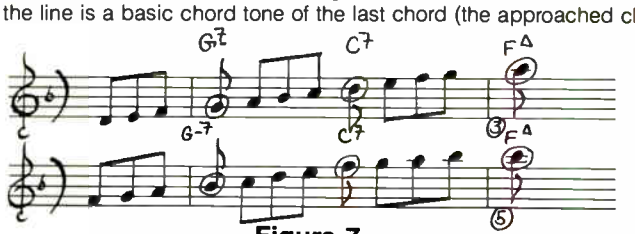


Figure 7

Eventually the ability to hear toward tension tones of the scale may be acquired, creating a richer scale sound. (In the case of II-V-I in the relative minor key, the groupings in Figure 2 may be applied, as well, to: E min. 7 flat 5, A 7 sharp 9, D min. The C 7 scale is also common to II-V-I in D min., and the two rules for selecting target notes that spell out the changes are still applicable.)

The addition of half-steps to scales (as a corrective device) is much abused, and its overuse creates weak melodies. There is a jazz proverb that states, "If a note you played was wrong, then a right one is only a half-step away." This is one of the common ways that beginning improvisers "fake" tension-release patterns; by playing wrong note-right note, wrong note-right note, etc. Other ways of faking Forward Motion are: by playing loud-soft, loud-soft, etc.; or staccato-legato, staccato-legato, etc., or combinations of the above. The lilting triplet feeling (doo-wah) that they are trying to create can be achieved by putting the "right" notes in the "right" place at the "right" time. Because of the limitations of space at hand, the added half-step (Forward Motion With Chromaticism) will be discussed at a future time.

db

PRO SESSION

Isomelody And Isorhythm

BY WILLIAM RUSSO
(w/ Jeffrey Ainis & David Stevenson)

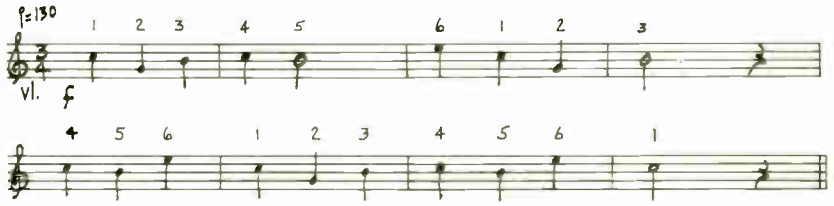
William Russo *is the Director of the Contemporary Music Program at Columbia College in Chicago. The composer/author/conductor has worked with Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Seiji Ozawa, and Leonard Bernstein, among others. Most recently Russo conducted the New American Orchestra in the world premiere of his composition* Urban Trilogy *at the Music Center in Los Angeles.*

This is the first in a series of excerpts from *Composing Music: A New Approach*, soon to be released by Prentice-Hall Inc. (Englewood Cliffs, NJ, used with permission). The book consists of those materials and procedures which I have found most useful in my teaching or in my own composing. Some of these procedures originate with other cultures or composers, and some are unique to me. Most of the ideas are incorporated into creative exercises that give experience with a variety of sources and procedures to develop and invigorate your music, as well as to stimulate you if you are stuck. In this series I shall show you some of these procedures. (In these excerpts, the exercises have been omitted.)

ISOMELODY

An *isomelody* is a series of tones that is repeated one or more times. Here is a six-tone isomelody:

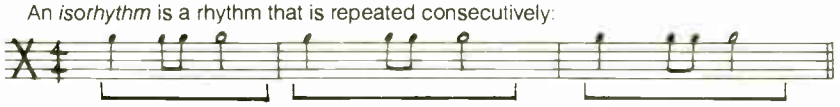
Note that tones 1 and 4 are the same, as are tones 3 and 5. Here is a melody made up of the tones of the isomelody:



In an isomelody, one tone may be used more than once, as in the above example, but each tone of the isomelody may be used only as originally given (1-2-3-4-5-6 always; never 1-1-2-3-4-4-5-6), and you may not use octave forms of the tones.

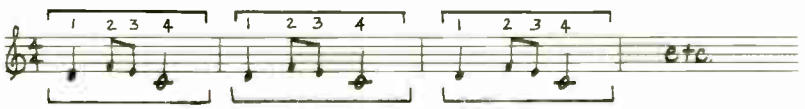
ISORHYTHM

An *isorhythm* is a rhythm that is repeated consecutively:

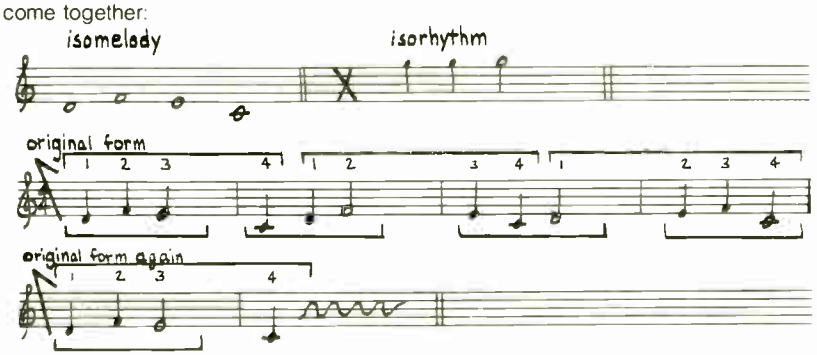


ISOMELODY AND ISORHYTHM COMBINED

If an isomelody of four tones is combined with an isorhythm of four notes, we achieve exact repetition—the isomelody and the isorhythm are *in-sync*:



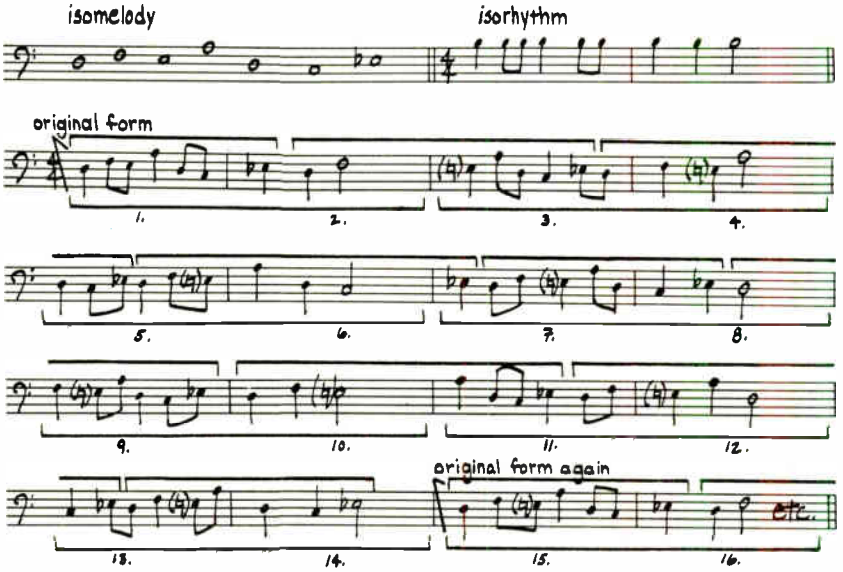
If the isomelody and isorhythm are *out-of-sync*, they form patterns that change and then come together:



(By the term *original form*, above, I mean to designate the relationship between the isomelody and isorhythm as they first appear.)

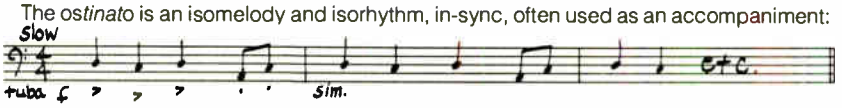
In the example above, the original form of the combined out-of-sync isomelody and

isorhythm comes together after 16 beats. Longer isomelodies and isorhythms when combined, out-of-sync, may take many more beats to come together. In the following example, the isomelody is made up of seven tones and the isorhythm is made up of nine notes. The original form reappears in measures 15 and 16, which means that it takes 56 beats or 14 measures for the out-of-sync isomelody/isorhythm to come together again:



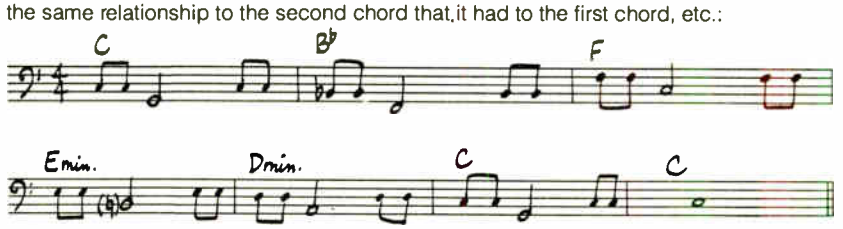
OSTINATO

The ostinato is an isomelody and isorhythm, in-sync, often used as an accompaniment:

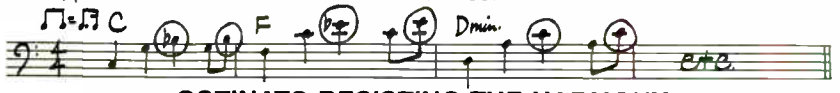


OSTINATO LINKED TO THE HARMONY

In popular music, the ostinato usually "moves along with the chord"; that is, it will bear the same relationship to the second chord that it had to the first chord, etc.:

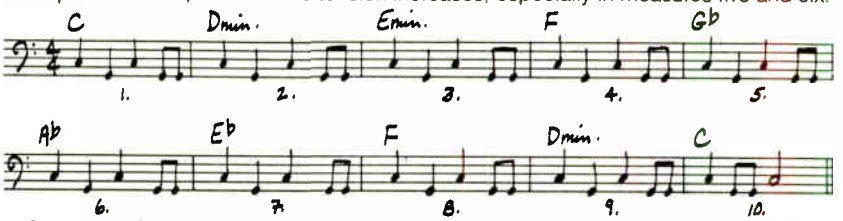


Additionally, in popular music the ostinato is often made up of the root and the fifth of the chord, plus the tone a minor seventh above the root:

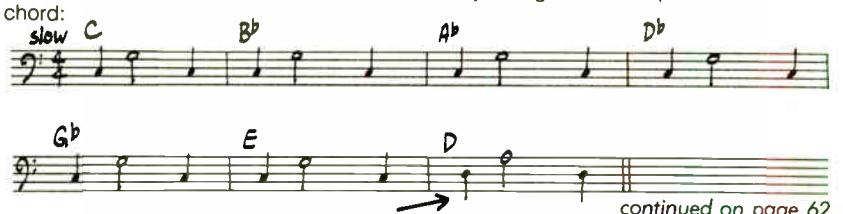


OSTINATO RESISTING THE HARMONY

Ostinato works well when it *resists* chords, too: the chords change but the ostinato keeps repeating, without change (ostinato is the Italian word for stubborn or obstinate). Notice that the ostinato seems to sound different when the chord changes, which is an example of *context*, and that the tension increases, especially in measures five and six:



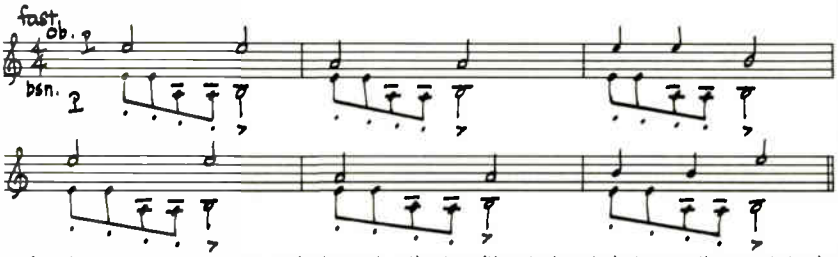
At some point in such a use of the ostinato, the harmony and ostinato should come together, either as in the example above, where the harmony returns to the original chord, or as in the example below, where the ostinato finally changes to a transposition that fits the chord:



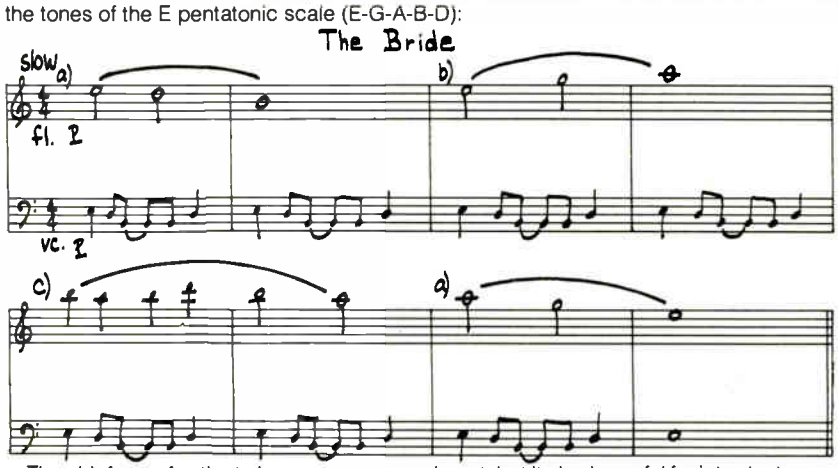
continued on page 62

OSTINATO WITHOUT CHORDS

A good way to compose melody and ostinato *without* chords is to use a simple cell, such as the one shown below, E-A-B. Such a cell creates hardly any friction between melody and ostinato, and your ear will be able to guide you. This procedure does not work with all cells, however.



Another way to compose melody and ostinato without chords is to use the pentatonic scale, which, like the cell above, is also relatively "frictionless." The example below uses the tones of the E pentatonic scale (E-G-A-B-D):



The chief use of ostinato is as an accompaniment, but it also is useful for introductory or linking passages. **db**

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

continued from page 8

Bassist back

I am happy to tell you that I am once again healthy and working. I would like to thank the many people who helped my family and me survive this last year. The practical and spiritual help we received was quite overwhelming. I don't know how we could have managed without it, and we are very grateful. Thank you all.

Dave Holland — Saugerties, NY

A Shorter sax?

My compliments go out to you on your July '82 issue. I was especially glad to see a long overdue article on Wayne Shorter, as well as the Steve Gadd feature. Darryl Pitt also gets a round of applause for his inspired photography. I question your information on Wayne's equipment, however; you state that he plays a Selmer soprano on-stage, but your accompanying photo (along with concert photos of my own) shows him playing a curved neck soprano, which I believe is made by Yamaha and sold only in Japan.

James H. Mortenson — Lake Dallas, TX

Radio waves?

Mr. Gilliam (Chords, **db**, Aug. '82) makes a sound point: if it takes a Spyro Gyra to lead the unfortunately uninformed listener on to jazz as an art, as distinguished from an entertainment, so be it. Yes there is a large difference, just as there is a large difference between Mozart and Johann Strauss. But so many never get past that entry level of listening!

And they get no help from the media, not even the so-called jazz radio stations. We have one here in Boise; it brags all day about being a jazz station. Yet all you hear is those who apparently know no better (Spyro Gyra, Stuff, and such), the prostitutes (Grover Washington, and such), and those who openly admit they don't play jazz (George Benson). Their idea of jazz vocal is Rickie Lee Jones or the latest Al Jarreau. Everything is "The newest of . . . . " They virtually never play any of the splendid reissues in jazz, as though yesterday's art lost its merit as it aged. You can listen for days and not hear anything by a **db** Hall of Fame member. In short, they play almost no jazz. This is their privilege; my objection is being lied to. No wonder it's so tough for a new listener to work his way higher and deeper into the art. To these radio stations, it's all "product"!

John R. March — Boise, ID

Magna Carter

A belated "Thank You" to Ron Carter. I just purchased your album, *Piccolo*—it's a gem!

P.S. A special thanks to Kenny, Buster, and Ben also.

Bobby Starks — Phoenix

PRO SHOP
MUSIC and SOUND PRODUCTS

ELECTRONIC KEYBOARDS

Hohner's C86

Ideal for gig players is the new HOHNER (Hicksville, NY) C86 portable electronic organ/piano/bass—the first combo organ with piano and bass to weigh in at 50 pounds. The C86 manual unit features 61 keys (C to C4), a full five-octave organ with 15 different pre-set sounds, a five-octave piano with a sustain pedal, an ensemble-effect switch that combines the piano and any organ sound simultaneously, and split-keyboard capabilities with two octaves of bass pre-set, so you can leave your bass player at home.

SOUND EQUIPMENT

Biamp Model 619

The latest from BIAMP SYSTEMS (Beaverton, OR) is a six-channel powered mixer—Model 619—available in a tolex-covered case or as a rack mount. The unit packs 350 watts in a compact, versatile integrated mixer/amplifier with Autolimit circuitry that allows the 619 to sound up to four times louder than normal because the amp will not clip, pump, or breathe when limiting. Other innovations include a turbulent flow heat exchange for cooler operation and a thermal compressor that turns down the sound rather than turns off the unit. The full complement of features include a phono input, recorder input/output, headphone jack, nine-band graphic equalizer, and built-in reverb with constant current drive.

AMP Model 8000

Fresh from AMPLIFIED MUSIC PRODUCTS CORP. (AMP), Northridge, CA, is the Model 8000 stereo power amp; simple and dependable, the 8000 delivers 200 watts per channel into 8 ohms (350 into 4) at less than 0.1% THD from 20 Hz to 20 kHz. Since it operates without a noise-producing fan, the amp is practical for studio use; the lightweight 31-pound workhorse is also applicable for sound reinforcement.

PERCUSSION SHOP

Rogers R-380

ROGERS DRUMS (Fullerton, CA) recently introduced three new drum lines, the R-Series, all with outfits priced under $1,000. At the top is the R-380 five-piece outfit (available in black, white, or natural), which features nine-ply mahogany shells, and heavy-duty, double-braced hardware with memory. The R-360 (available in black or white) is a standard-sized, five-piece kit, also of nine-ply mahogany, with lighter weight hardware. The R-340 is a pre-tuned line of three-, four-, or five-piece setups, available only in white, and aimed primarily at beginners. The R-340 series also includes snare kits, bongos, tambourines, hand-drums, and a line of pre-tuned heads.

Roland TR-606 Drumatix

ROLANDCORP US (Bensenville, IL) announced the TR-606 Drumatix, the first in its new ProForm Series of products (a group of interrelated components designed to interface and sync together for a totally programmed musical performance). Now you can leave the drummer at home. The TR-606 is a portable, fully programmable rhythm device offering exceptional flexibility and performance to any musician or composer. It is a handy tool for songwriters, recording artists, and performers, allowing the user to create any rhythm desired, and program as many as 32 separate patterns containing seven different drum sounds plus accents.

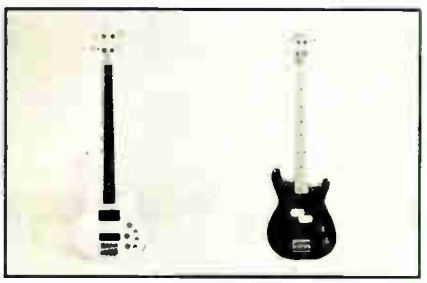
NEW MUSIC RELEASES

■ New from RHYTHMIC PUBLICATIONS (Box 3535, Fullerton, CA 92634) is *Studio Funk Drumming* by Roy Burns and Joey Farris, a professional workbook with plenty of tips for sticksters of all levels, including studies in basic funk, commercial funk, New Orleans rhythms, fusion funk, reggae (authentic and funked), and much more, all for $12.95.

GUITAR FAMILY

DiMarzio Guitar Stand

A natural addition to the DIMARZIO (Staten Island, NY) line is their rugged, innovative, versatile, and portable guitar stand. Accommodating virtually every guitar and electric bass on the market, the new stand features one-inch thick, chrome-plated steel tubing, snap-lock height adjustment, spring-clip fasteners (for quick assembly and breakdown), rubber shock-mounted neck and body supports, heavy-duty rubber feet, and solidly welded tripod joints.



Ibanez Musician & Roadster Basses

IBANEZ (Bensalem, PA) has announced the addition of two new basses—the Musician 924 and the Roadster 721. The Musician offers extended playability on a 24-fret maple and mahogany neck which runs the length of the contoured, ash body, in addition to steel tone bars, high performance Super P5 and J5 pickups, and the EQB tone system. The 924 comes in either Dark Stain or Polar White. The Roadster 721 is a medium-scale, lightweight instrument designed for the bassist looking for greater mobility both on-stage and on the fingerboard. The 721 has a maple 32-inch scale neck with the solid feel of a long-scale neck, a solid ash body, and two Super P4 pickups. The 721 comes in either Transparent Red or Transparent Blue.

DeArmond's 230 Pickup

The latest addition to DEARMOND's (Toledo, OH) new line of pickups, tranducers, and pedals is the model 230 quick-mounting acoustic guitar pickup that features a rugged, fully shielded brass case housing a high output humbucking magnetic pickup. The 230 reproduces the true acoustic response of a flat-top guitar without annoying feedback; the exclusive coil design allows for a low signal-to-noise ratio while maintaining a balanced output for use with bronze wound strings.

db music shop

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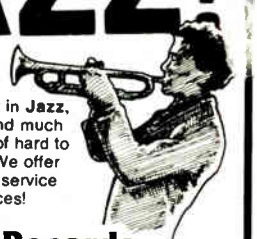

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NEWS

L.A. Kool is *out*

LOS ANGELES—In an unprecedented departure from the mainstream norm, Kool Jazz Festival producer George Wein announced that L. A. would be the site of a "totally avant garde" festival.

Responding to the obvious, "Why Los Angeles?" question, Wein said that "we wanted to do something for the music [jazz] and at the same time we wanted to do something different for Los Angeles. We produce so many festivals in L.A. [Playboy Jazz Festival, Jazz at the Bowl, Jazz at the Pavilion] that if we didn't do something like this, it would be just more of the same."

This, the last in the 20-fest Kool series, will take place in four venues over five days (11/6-10). With its host of contemporary jazz artists, it will bring music which has yet to find an audience in these sunny climes. The program, consisting entirely of experimental music, will create a situation that in itself is entirely experimental.

Whether audiences in Southern California will support such musical experimentation is a concern of both Wein and Ernest Fleischmann, executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Association which, in conjunction with the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., are co-sponsors.

"Presenting new music concerts is always risky business," said Fleischmann, "but I believe strongly that jazz is *the* American music. It is filled with great artists and great composers who have so enriched the world of American music."

The fest, co-produced by Marty and Helene Cann of Outward Visions Inc., begins with a 7 p.m. concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion downtown. That first show, Gettin' Down, showcases trumpeter Lester Bowie with his jazz/blues/gospel band The Root to the Source, the World Saxophone Quartet, and the James Blood Ulmer Trio.


HERB NOLAN

Anthony Braxton (left) and Muhal Richard Abrams

On 11/7 at the Beverly (Hills) Theatre, a 7 p.m. concert entitled The ABCs Of New Jazz will feature the Muhal Richard Abrams/Anthony Braxton duo, Air, and the John Carter Quintet with Bobby Bradford and James Newton.

On 11/8 at 4 p.m. in the Roy O. Disney Hall at the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, Braxton offers a free lecture on new developments in America's native music.

The Santa Monica Civic Auditorium is the site of both the 11/9 and 11/10 concerts, the first featuring the Art Ensemble of Chicago and the Nikolais Dance Theatre. The final concert is Looking Toward The 21st Century, with Leroy Jenkins, Roscoe Mitchell's Sound and Space, and Laurie Anderson, the celebrated violinist, poet, and visual designer.

Ticket prices at the Chandler Pavilion and the Civic Auditorium are $14.50, $12.50, and $10. Tickets to the Beverly Theatre are $12.50, and $10. A student ID will get you a $2 discount per ticket. Tickets are available at the Pavilion and Civic Auditorium box offices, Ticketron, and all Mutual agencies. Info's at (213) 972-7211. —*a. james liska* □

METHENY

continued from page 16

brings to kind of balance it out. I wouldn't feel comfortable using synthesizers as much as we do if we didn't have Nana in there with his earth sounds as well."

Metheny also feels that bassist Rodby has expanded the band's range. "Since I'd been working with Charlie Haden a lot, I wanted to use more acoustic bass, because I love playing with that instrument. Steve is primarily an acoustic bass player who plays a little electric, although he plays a *lot* of electric now. So now, we can do some straightahead stuff, which we could never really do before. Plus, there's just the way he works in the rhythm section. We can get much more open, in a way, harmonically, and I know he'll cover it."

When Metheny, Mays, Gottlieb, Rodby, and Vasconcelos get onstage these days, there *does* seem to be more and more happening with each new tour. Nowadays, their shows involve a riot of electronic colors, sounds far removed from the relative monochromaticism of the early Metheny group. As Pat explains the changes, "It wasn't really until about four or five years ago that synthesizers had advanced technically to the point where I felt I could use them. The first instrument I heard that really knocked me out was the Oberheim Four-Voice, which I think came out in '76. It had a certain kind of openness, almost a warmth, that got to me. There was the possibility of injecting kind of an element of breath into the sound for the first time. And each year since then, there have been new instruments coming out that have improved on that. And I'm sure we're obviously still at the very beginning of the whole age of that instrument; I'm sure there'll be more advances each year.

"When you've got four or five people, you want to play music, and you want to play for a long period of time—and our sets are in the two- to three-hour range—one of the things that keeps people interested is just hearing some different sounds throughout the course of the set. When I was playing more in the 'jazz tradition,' one of the things I noticed was that after an hour or so, no matter how great the players were, you'd heard the instruments do all the things the various players could make them do, and you'd start to enter a kind of sameness soundwise.

"So, as the leader of the band or whatever, I wanted to avoid that, and synthesizers gave us a way to just inject some color at various points. And now that five years have passed, we've found that the synthesizer, without our even knowing it, has become a major part of the group sound, a concept.

"But I also feel, as hip as synthesizers are, they're 10,000 years away from being able to approach the power and beauty of an acoustic instrument. Especially something like a German Steinway, or a really hip cymbal, or an acoustic guitar. If it's a good player playing a good tune on an acoustic instrument, that is *it*; the actual interaction of the person and the acoustic sound is where music really happens for me.

"So while I am committed to using synthesizers and trying to make music with them, I also realize there's a power to acoustic instruments that can't be denied, and that's the source that everything is going to be based on, at least for quite a while, maybe another 50 years or so. I think there will be a generation that comes up with a whole kind of synthesizer consciousness, but that's still a ways away, and the instruments are still a ways away."

Even though Metheny doesn't worry about the synthesizer consciousness of future generations, he does like to try raising the musical consciousness of his present audience. It's just one more benefit, one more thing that makes a life on the road more of a joy than anything else.

"I'm happy to say that I've gotten lots of letters from people who bought *80/81* just because they knew me from before, and have since gotten into things like Old and New Dreams, which has opened up whole new worlds for them. That's why I feel a responsibility to play an Ornette tune every night and say, 'That's a tune by Ornette Coleman.' Maybe there are a couple of hundred 14-year-olds out there who have never heard of him. Maybe the name will register, and maybe 10 of those kids will take that path that we all followed—checking out that music.

"I feel really good about that." **db**

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Here are some of Billy's observations:

On His Schooling. "I graduated from Grossingers resort up in the Catskill Mountains. No, I'm just kidding. Actually, I went to the School of Music and Art in New York City, but at graduation time I got a gig at Grossingers and they had to send my diploma up there."

On Playing Cymbals Upside Down. "I first got the idea of inverting my cymbals a few years back when I was in Finland. I was at an outdoor concert and a band from Prague was playing about 500 meters away. The drummer had an old Chinese cymbal and he was playing it upside down, way up above the drum set. You could barely hear the rest of the band at that distance. You just heard this great explosive cymbal sound. Now I play one 22" China Boy High upside down and one 18" China Boy High in the regular position. The reason I play one upside down is the way it projects.

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