30th International Critics Poll
Wynton Marsalis Solo Transcription

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THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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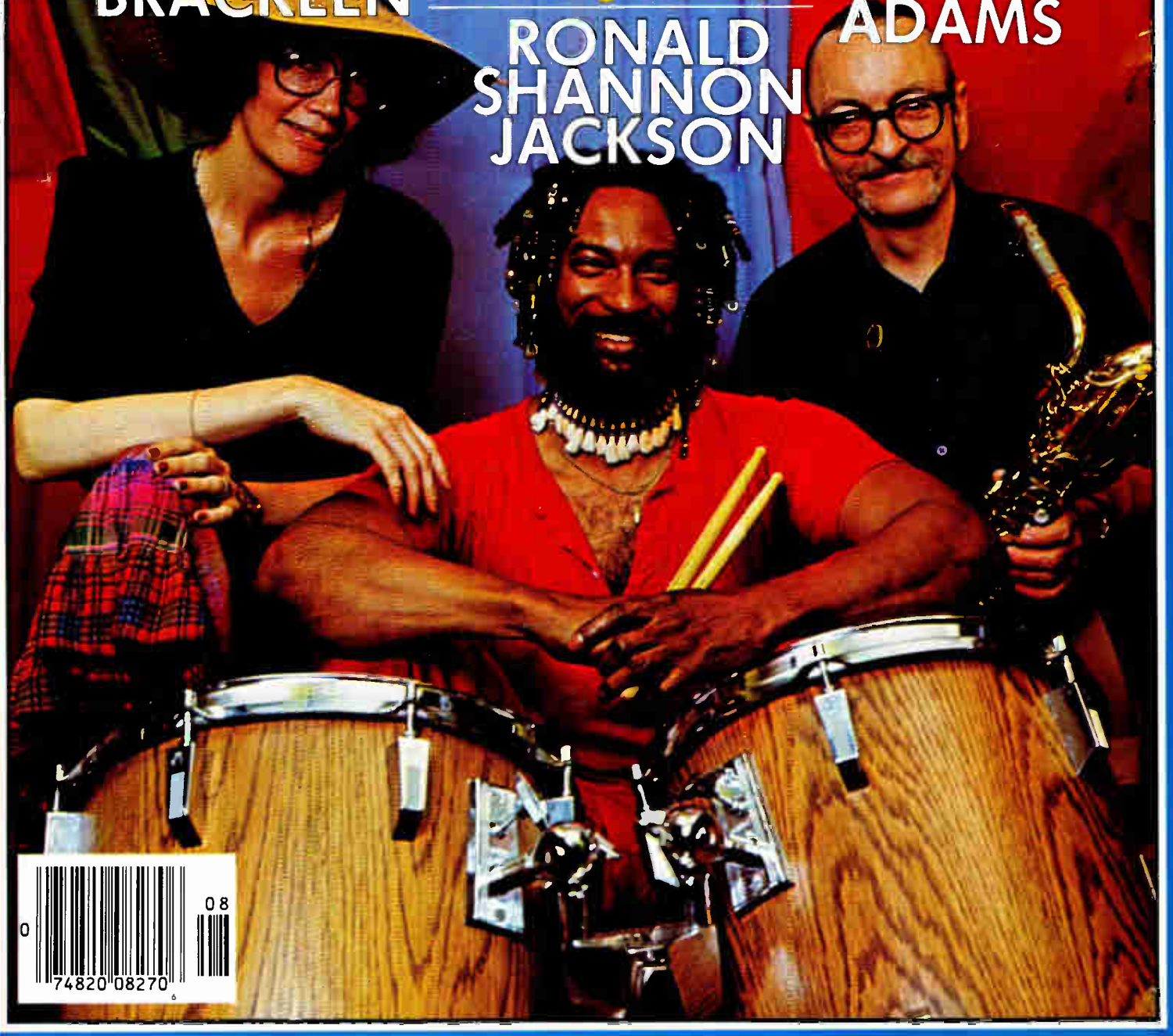

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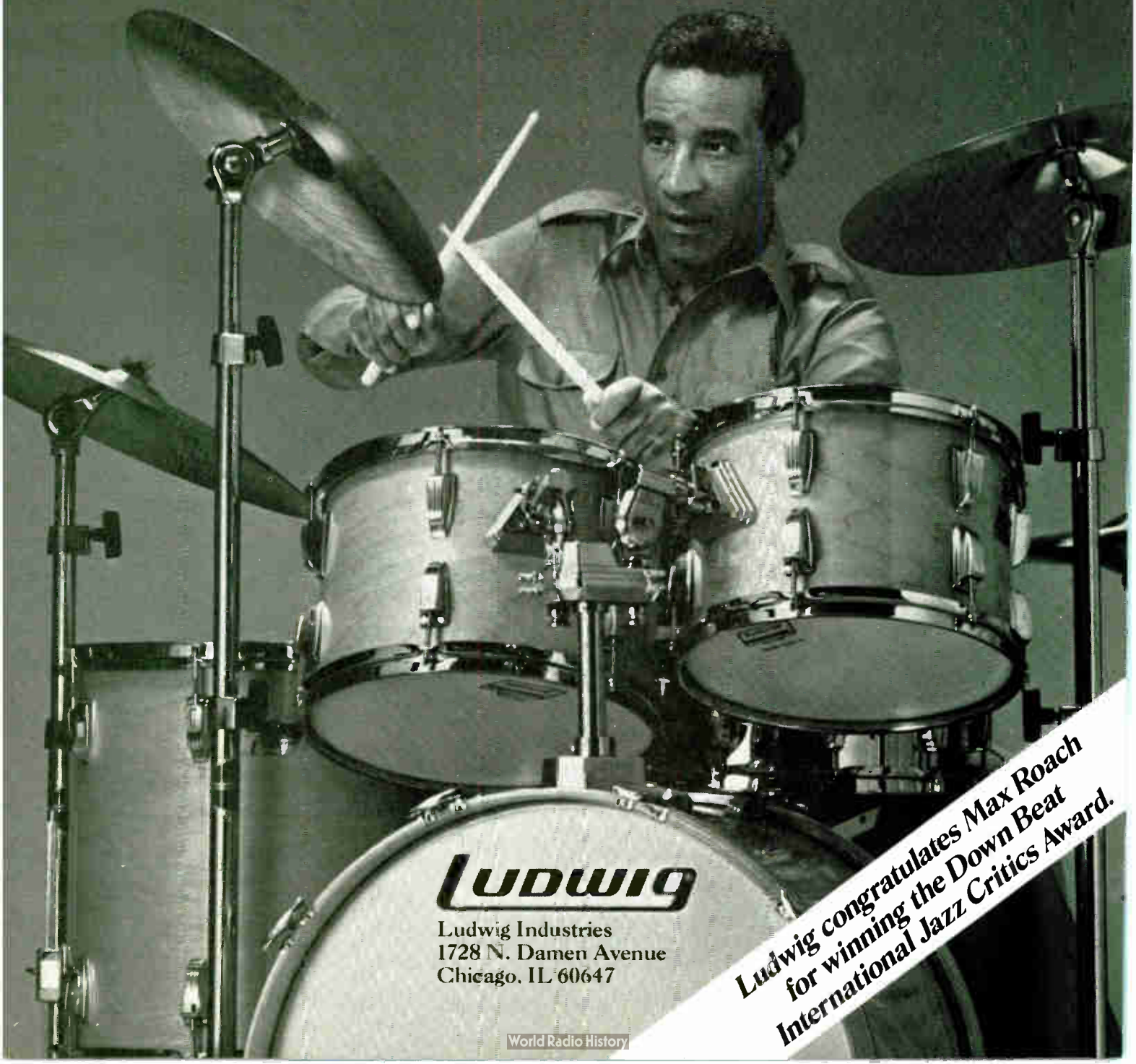

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**Ludwig congratulates Max Roach for winning the Down Beat International Jazz Critics Award.**

# Finally, someone is prepared to do for the synthesizer what Rhodes did for the piano.

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# THE FIRST CHORUS

**BY CHARLES SUBER**

FIFTY-SEVEN CRITICS—15 FROM OUTSIDE the U.S.—participated in the 30th annual International Jazz Critics Poll. They voted for the Established musicians and Talents Deserving of Wider Recognition* whom the critics believe to be the very best they've heard during the past 12 months. The best includes four new Est. winners and 12 TDWR*.

The late Fats Navarro is the 55th member of the Hall of Fame, and the eighth trumpet player to be so honored. (The other seven are, from the Readers Poll—Louis Armstrong '52, Dizzy Gillespie '60, and Miles Davis '62; from the Critics Poll—Bix Beiderbecke '62, Roy Eldridge '71, Clifford Brown '72, and King Oliver '76.)

Top individual honors go to Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin: #1 Big Band for the fourth straight year, and runners-up in the Record Of The Year category. Akiyoshi is #1 Composer for the second year in a row and #1 Arranger for the second time since '79.

Top collective honors go to past and present members of AACM who amassed seven first places, including two new winners: Lester Bowie, #1 Trumpet, upset 19-time winner Dizzy Gillespie; Muhal Richard Abrams is the new #1 Arranger*. The Art Ensemble of Chicago is #1 Jazz Group for the third consecutive year; Anthony Braxton is #1 Clarinet for the sixth straight year; Amina Claudine Myers is #1 Organ* for the third straight year; Henry Threadgill repeats #1 Baritone Sax* for the second year; and Famoudou Don Moye is #1 Percussion* for the third time since '77.

The boys from Yale and their Los Angeles confrere did well. Los Angeleno James Newton deposed Lew Tabackin as #1 Flute (disqualifying Newton from his TDWR win); from New Haven—Anthony Davis (#1 Composer*) is a new winner; Ray Anderson is #1 Trombone*, and George Lewis is #1 Synthesizer*—each repeated for a second year.

Old and New Dreams—Charlie Haden (#1 Acoustic Bass), Ed Blackwell, Don Cherry, and Dewey Redman—is a double new winner: #1 Jazz Group* and #1 Record Of The Year, *Playing*.

Veteran multi-instrumentalist Ira Sullivan is a double new winner: #1 Soprano Sax* and #1 Flute*.

New winner Richie Cole succeeds three-time winner Arthur Blythe as #1 Alto Sax*.

Archie Shepp's "comeback" is celebrated by his being voted #1 Tenor Sax for the first time. (In '65, he won the TDWR tenor category.)

Steve Swallow, the new #1 Electric Bass, replaced four-time winner Jaco Pastorius. (Swallow was #1 TDWR* in '75 and '77.)

The critics tie vote installs Sun Ra to reign as co-#1 Organ with Jimmy Smith, who has ruled the organ loft for 18 uninterrupted years. Another new co-winner, Clifton Chenier, heads up the Soul/R&B* category alongside Otis Rush who repeats his '78 and '81 wins.

Versatile Ronald Shannon Jackson, the new #1 Drums*, made his mark playing with many different groups including those of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor.

Before this year, Emily Remler, the new #1 Guitar*, had never even been listed in any **db** poll.

Lyle Mays, a jazz group maverick from North Texas State University, now with Pat Metheny, is the new Electric Piano* winner. A french horn player, John Clark is a new winner, #1 Misc. Instrument*.

Trumpet phenomenon Wynton Marsalis couples his repeat TDWR* win with a strong runner-up position in the Est. category.

Long Established repeat honors go to: Milt Jackson, #1 Vibes for his 23rd win since '55 . . . Sarah Vaughan, #1 Female Singer, for the ninth time since '73 . . . Airto, #1 Percussion, for the ninth consecutive year . . . Max Roach, #1 Drums, for the eighth time since '57 . . . Joe Williams, #1 Male Singer, his eighth win since '74 . . . Jim Hall, #1 Guitar for the eighth year since '63 . . . Stevie Wonder, #1 Soul/R&B Artist for the seventh straight year . . . and Joe Zawinul's sixth win as #1 Synthesizer since '74. Joe Lee Wilson's sixth win as #1 Male Singer* is the most number of career wins in the TDWR* division.

George Wein, founder of the Newport and succeeding jazz festivals, has been named by the **db** editors to receive the second **down beat** Achievement Award.

The critics have had their say, now it's your turn. The first ballot and voting instructions for the 47th annual **down beat** Readers Poll are on page 67. Use the critics' choices as a reference to what you may have missed, but vote for the best *you* have listened to during the past 12 months.

**Next Issue** features Herbie Hancock, John Scofield, Benny Goodman, and Mac "Dr. John" Rebennack; plus Profiles on Steve Turre and Peter Warren, a Caught on Lester Bowie's Hot Trumpet Repertory Company, Scott Hamilton's Blindfold Test, and more.

db

1982 *down beat*
International Critics Poll
Record Of The Year

ECM 1-1205

## Old and New Dreams
## *Playing*

*Musician:* "...one of the year's best albums."

*Record Review:* "Forget about 'album of the year'—this baby's a strong contender for 'Album of the Decade.'"

*Jazz Dispatch:* "*Playing* is arguably the finest 1981 release by a working ensemble and belongs on any best of the year lists."

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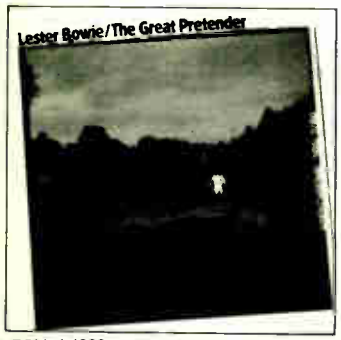
New releases from these prizewinning artists:

## Lester Bowie
## *The Great Pretender*



ECM 1-1209

Yes, that's Lester Bowie, celebrated trumpeter of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and, yes, that's a remake of the classic Platters' hit, "The Great Pretender." And everything else you might and might not expect from "the boss of the modern trumpet." *(Boston Phoenix).* With Philip Wilson (drums), Donald Smith (piano), Fred Williams (bass), Hamiet Bluiett (baritone saxophone), Fontella Bass (vocals) and David Peaston (vocals).

**1982 *down beat* International Critics Poll Winner, Trumpet**

## James Newton
## *Axum*


ECM 1-1214

*The New York Times* has called him "the most accomplished flutist now playing jazz." And he's won four straight *down beat* International Critics Polls. *Axum,* an album of flute solos (with overdubs), is the first recording on ECM by James Newton.

**1982 *down beat* International Critics Poll Winner, Flute**

## Art Ensemble of Chicago
## *Urban Bushmen*

ECM 2-1211

"The album revives the transcendental strain in contemporary jazz that has largely lain dormant since the mid-sixties, when John Coltrane and Albert Ayler were challenging the soul and assaulting the senses with albums like 'Ascension' and 'Bells'," Robert Palmer, *The New York Times.*
(A two-record set).

**1982 *down beat* International Critics Poll Winner, Jazz Group**

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ECM also congratulates the following winners:

Critics Poll Winners:

**Charlie Haden,** acoustic bass.
**Steve Swallow,** electric bass.
**Chick Corea,** electric piano.

Talent Deserving Wider Recognition:

**Old and New Dreams,** jazz group.
**Sheila Jordan,** vocalist.
**Don Moye,** percussion.
**Lyle Mays,** electric piano.
**John Clark,** miscellaneous instrument (French horn).
**Globe Unity Orchestra,** big band.

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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

### You yellow dawg

Mitchell Feldman's article on Mark O'Connor (**db**, June '82) was fantastic! He's right—Dregs fans are fanatic. It took over a year for my friends to browbeat me into paying attention to them. On July 4 or 5, 1979, I saw them at Champagne Jam in Atlanta and have been browbeating everyone else ever since.

Question: Where did Mr. Feldman get the idea that all Georgians are either Dawgs [U. GA fans]—I detest them—or Yellow Jackets [GA Tech fans]—I'm indifferent to them? As a 24-year native of Atlanta, I certainly don't fit into either category, and neither do most of my friends.

Leza Young — Atlanta

### Music Appreciation 201

Re: Bill Paul's letter (Chords, **db**, Apr. '82). It is a shame that Mr. Paul did not read the article about Merle Haggard and country-jazz (**db**, May '80). If he had, he would have come across the folllowing statement: "This article, by necessity, deals almost strictly with Haggard's role as a bandleader. To discuss him as a singer/songwriter would take another article, probably better suited for another publication." I, like Mr. Paul, am a Miles Davis fan. But I am also a Merle Haggard fan. I think that both men have made great contributions in their respective fields. Perhaps Mr. Paul should buy Merle's Bob Wills tribute album, or even a Bob Wills album. I think he would be impressed at the country-jazz crossover and the excitement generated by the performers.

Paul Burnside — Delaware, OH

Re: Bill Paul's letter. It's a good thing those "at the top" are more open and liberal than most fans, and their music appreciated without feeling guilty about "crossing over." Miles can dig Willie Nelson, and that's nothing new. A country-jazz album was made years ago by Stan Kenton and Tex Ritter, and it's very enjoyable.

Sia Turner — Baltimore, MD

### Sonny side of the street

Your article on Sonny Rollins (**db**, May '82) was excellent but failed to address the question a large number of readers were asking: Which Stones numbers from *Tattoo You* did he play on? I'm sure a lot of readers are at least closet Stonesaphiles. Also I'd like to say I really appreciated your Frank Zappa on Edgar Varese story (**db**, Nov. '81).

Ronald J. Carson — Lawrence, KS

*Our resident sax expert detects the Sonny sound in all the sax work on the LP, specifically the cuts* Waiting On A Friend, Slave, *and* Neighbors.—*Ed.*

I agree with Sonny Rollins about the *direct* link between early jazz and present-day jazz. I think jazz is in a transitional period, but the seeds of jazz can be heard in all contemporary jazz forms. Maybe today, with new innovations in technology, there is more icing on the cake. If it takes a Spyro Gyra (whom I enjoy) album to turn people on to Sonny Rollins, Johnny Griffin, Dexter Gordon, Thelonious Monk, or whomever, so be it.

Also, thanks to many high school music teachers, jazz is appreciated, enjoyed, and more importantly, being played. I only wish jazz enlightenment would rub off on some radio station and record executives.

Larry Gilliam — Calgary, Alberta

### Record setters

Re: Ricky Ford feature, **db**, Mar. '82. To set the record straight, Charles Mingus' last concert was 10/18/77 at AZ St. U. in Tempe, *not* in Tucson at U. AZ as the article stated. Ricky Ford does, however, correctly identify Reggie Jackson's performance in the World Series that same night; Reggie, incidently, hails from that same university that had sense enough to bring Mingus in in the first place. We know because we produced the show.

Charles Emerson — Tempe, AZ
Ken Kingery — Sunnyvale, CA

*continued on page 61*

# KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Come and listen to the most famous names in jazz. Some time this year, somewhere near you, they'll be playing and singing their unforgettable sounds. Don't miss them.

**There's only one way to play it.**


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

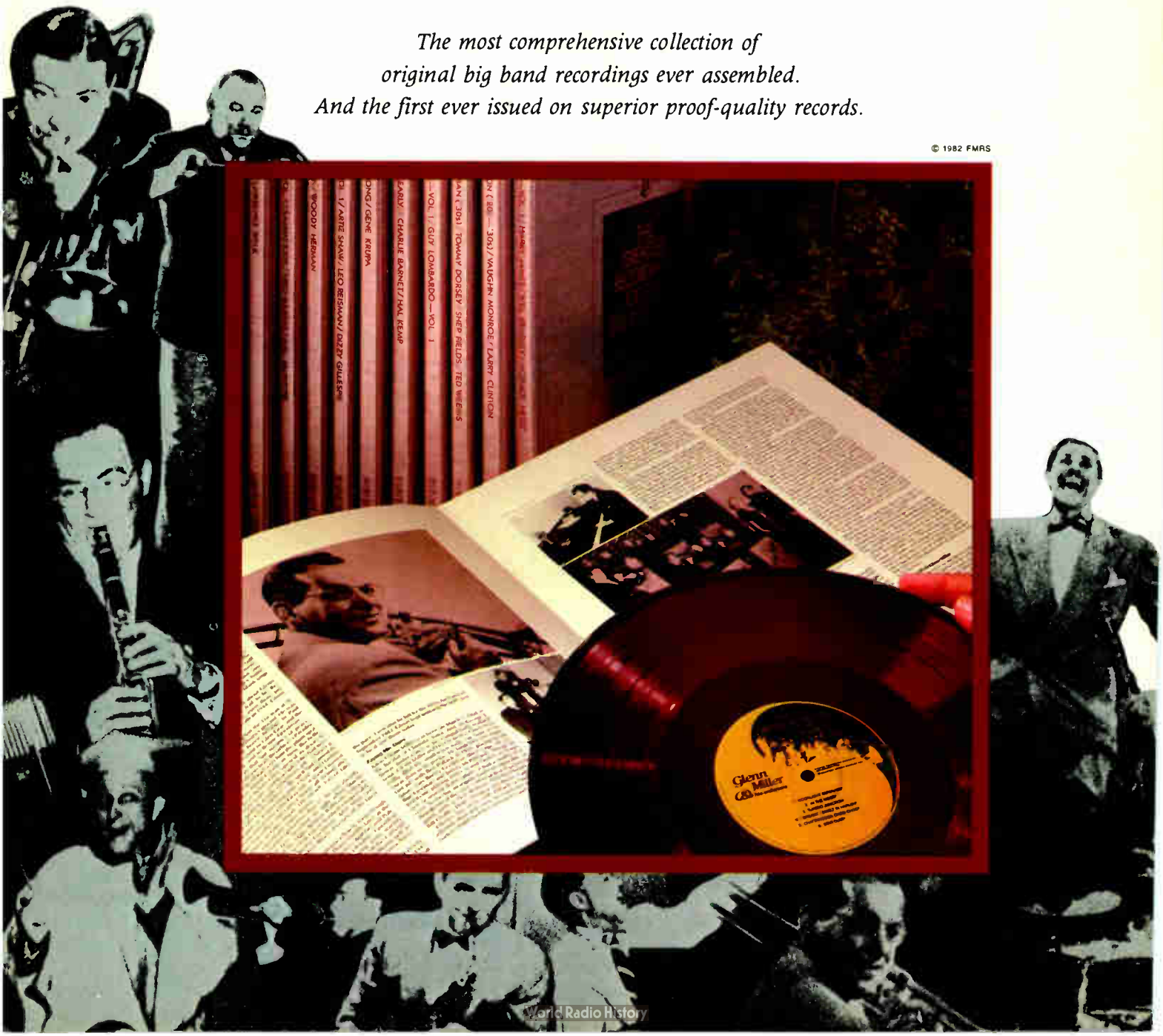
*The Franklin Mint Record Society,*
*in collaboration with Count Basie, Les Brown, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman,*
*Harry James, Sammy Kaye and a panel of distinguished music authorities,*
*is proud to present . . .*

# THE GREATEST RECORDINGS OF THE BIG BAND ERA

## ARCHIVE COLLECTION

*The most comprehensive collection of*
*original big band recordings ever assembled.*
*And the first ever issued on superior proof-quality records.*





*"We wanted this collection to have it all! The great bands, the soloists and the singers. It's good to know this music is all here . . . all together . . . for now and the future."*

—Count Basie

The greatest authorities on the music of America's big band era—musicians and music critics alike—have joined together, for the first time, to assemble *the definitive collection of big band recordings.*

This is a collection unlike any issued before. For the bandleaders, writers and critics who comprise this panel are the very same ones who shaped the big band era.

These experts enlisted the cooperation of the record companies which now hold the *original master recordings* of the big name bands. Thus, the panel was able to make its selections from virtually every big band performance ever recorded—*making this the first such collection ever assembled from all the big band record labels.*

As a result, this will be the most complete, comprehensive and authoritative collection ever devoted to big band music. And it will be the first ever available on *proof-quality* records of exceptional fidelity.

### *All the great bands, singers and soloists in their greatest recorded performances*

The Archive Collection of *The Greatest Recordings of the Big Band Era* will be all-encompassing. A collection which reflects the musical diversity of the era. The crisp swing of Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, the relaxed rhythm of Count Basie and Jimmie Lunceford, the bright dixieland of Bob Crosby, the sophisticated stylings of Duke Ellington, the dreamy delicate sounds of Ray Noble, the soft, sweet music of Guy Lombardo and Sammy Kaye. It will also include:

*The musical forerunners* of the era—Paul Whiteman, with Bing Crosby and Bix Beiderbecke; Fletcher Henderson, who influenced Benny Goodman and many others; the early sounds of Glen Gray and Fred Waring.

*The nostalgic themes* of the big bands—Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade" . . . Tommy Dorsey's "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" . . . Louis Armstrong's "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Racing with the Moon."

*The greatest hits* of an entire generation—Charlie Barnet's "Cherokee," Duke Ellington's "Take the 'A' Train," Artie Shaw's "Frenesi," Frankie Carle's "Sunrise Serenade," Tommy Dorsey's "Opus One," Eddy Duchin's "Stormy Weather," and Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing," with Gene Krupa.

*The big band vocalists* that audiences loved . . . and still remember. Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey, Peggy Lee with Benny Goodman, Doris Day with Les Brown, Anita O'Day with Gene Krupa, Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell with Jimmy Dorsey. And many more, including Perry Como, Lena Horne and Ella Fitzgerald.

### *The ultimate collection of original big band recordings*

This is a collection that would be difficult—or impossible—for any individual to assemble. For these selections have been drawn from the archives of all the major record companies . . . and such vintage labels as Brunswick, OKeh, Vocalion, Bluebird and Perfect.

Many of these recordings—like Wayne King's "Melody of Love"—have been *unavailable for years.* Others are *hard to find recordings* of early radio broadcasts . . . such as Frank Sinatra's emotional farewell to the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, doing his spectacular rendition of "The Song Is You." Still others were only released on 78s—and *never re-issued:* Bob Crosby's "Black Zephyr" and Gus Arnheim's "A Peach of a Pair" with Russ Columbo.

In many cases, the panel considered several *different* versions of the *same* song, before selecting a particular recording for the collection. Thus, *every* selection will be a classic performance. An original recording of the era . . . recaptured on records of superior listening quality.

### *Superb quality for today's audio systems*

These records will be produced to the highest standards possible by The Franklin Mint Record Society—judged by audio experts to produce some of the finest records available today.

Each recording will first undergo a painstaking restoration process—electronically "cleaned" groove-by-groove to eliminate extraneous surface noise and preserve the original brilliance of the music.

The records will be pressed in a dust-free "clean room" using a special vinyl that contains its own anti-static element. This meticulous pressing technique, together with the special record vinyl, results in a more rigid, durable and dust-resistant record. A *proof quality* record that actually *sounds better* than the original—and may be played through any audio system.

### *Hardbound albums and big band histories provided*

In keeping with the importance of this collection, special hardbound albums have been designed to house and protect all one hundred proof-quality records.

Each album holds four long-playing records, with an expertly written commentary—prepared by members of the advisory panel, and illustrated with photographs of the bands. A complete reference index to bandleaders, songs and solo artists will also be provided.

### *Available by subscription only*

If you remember the big bands . . . if you've ever wished to relive the music of that period . . . or if you've only just discovered this unique sound in American popular music . . . *this* is your opportunity. An opportunity to share and enjoy—with all the members of your family—the unforgettable sound of the big bands.

The collection may be acquired only by direct subscription. It will not be sold in record stores. To subscribe now, mail the attached application to The Franklin Mint Record Society, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091. Please do so by August 31, 1982.

*Strict record pressing standards, and audio and visual inspection, assure high quality. Ordinary records (left) have static charges that attract dust, causing surface noise. But the special anti-static vinyl used in Franklin Mint records (right) assures clearer sound. Electrostatic meter tests show that the Franklin Mint record has only one-fifth the static charge of ordinary records.*

### The Advisory Panel

COUNT BASIE for more than 40 years, leader of one of the most consistently swinging bands in history.

LES BROWN outstanding writer, arranger and leader of one of the era's most popular dance bands.

DAVE DEXTER, JR. a record producer for 31 years, former *Down Beat* editor and author of *The Jazz Story* and *Playback.*

LIONEL HAMPTON a leader whose exuberance has inspired musicians and audiences alike for more than five decades.

WOODY HERMAN who continues to be one of the most popular and successful of all leaders—discoverer of many talented musicians.

HARRY JAMES a brilliant trumpeter of both beautiful ballads and rip-roaring swing.

SAMMY KAYE "Mister Swing and Sway," master of the sweet sound—always popular, always danceable.

NEIL McCAFFREY music critic and editor of *American Dance Band Discography* and *The Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music and Jazz.*

GEORGE T. SIMON music critic, record producer, author of the definitive work on dance bands—*The Big Bands*—and *The Best of the Music Makers.*

RICHARD SUDHALTER jazz critic of The New York Post, author of *Bix: Man and Legend,* and a widely respected jazz cornetist.

JOHN S. WILSON jazz and popular music critic of The New York Times, author of *Jazz: The Transition Years, The Collector's Jazz: Traditional and Swing, The Collector's Jazz: Modern.*

# NEWS

## NUC/CBS coalesce

**WASHINGTON, DC**—The National Urban Coalition, urging civic cooperation between private enterprise and politicians, was born in response to long hot summers when fire music ravaged the streets. Columbia Records celebrated the NUC's 15th anniversary at Constitution Hall in early summer by bringing its top artists and some favored ringers together for a one-night stand that was videotaped and recorded for future issuance as an album, and showed how times have changed.

Wynton Marsalis' quintet was top billed; while he and his saxist brother Branford burned through another fine set, what they conveyed rather than rage was a commitment to jazz tradition through straightahead music—in the program, producer Dr. George Butler's phrase was "innovation and virtuosity." These qualities were equally evident in the performances of Ornette Coleman and Prime Time (their three songs flashed by in no time), pianist McCoy Tyner (he played Duke Ellington's *Prelude To A Kiss* solo, Monk's *Ruby, My Dear* with altoist Arthur Blythe, then backed Blythe and Ornette on one of the latter's original compositions), and the acoustic, neo-classical routine of Rodney Franklin and Noel Pointer, a pair groomed for each other who roused the audience with the anthematic *Lift Every Voice And Sing*.

Ramsey Lewis with Hubert Laws, and Branford Marsalis (now signed to Columbia in his own right) with Ron Carter opened the show; Dr. Butler featured them without rhythm sections to emphasize their abilities, but put organist Charles Earland with guitarist Jimmy Ponder and drummer Buddy Williams to recreate the soul-jazz trios of old. About 2500 listeners enjoyed the stylistic range—proving there's unity in support of diversity these days, a truth bound to please any national urban coalition.

*—howard mandel* □

## Good vibrations

**NEW YORK**—1982 is going to be chock full of "bright moments" thanks to Dorthaan Kirk, widow of saxophone colossus and **db** Hall of Famer Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who died in 1977. Dorthaan is involved with three projects to help keep Rahsaan's music out front.

"The biggie," as she puts it, is the Vibration Society, a band she hopes will do for her husband's music what the Mingus Dynasty is doing for the music of Rahsaan's former employer. The basic unit is made up of such Vibration Society alumni as Hilton Ruiz, Bill Saxton, Art Davis, Dave Schnitter, and John Betsch, and they will be playing Rahsaan's music with, hopefully, their leader's spirit and effusiveness.

Dorthaan's other two projects involve radio series. One is a projected three-part audio-biography of Rahsaan utilizing interviews with musicians who worked with him as well as rare tapes of his own voice. The NEA has helped out with a grant, and the show is being produced at New Jersey public broadcasting station WBGO-FM, the full-time jazz station where Dorthaan is employed.

H. NOLAN

*Rahsaan Roland Kirk*

The other series, supported by NPR's Satellite Program Development Fund, is a re-editing of "a series of radio shows Rahsaan did, just like a disc jockey, in a studio in Boston in 1972. He wasn't successful in getting a radio station to pick it up because he was too busy." The finished tapes, which will be 90-minute shows that include a biographical introduction and a collage of Rahsaan's own music, will be put on the NPR satellite and available for pickup by any affiliate station. *—lee jeske* □


STEVE KAGAN

## Hot fun in the summer

**CHICAGO**—Mayor Byrne's Summertime Chicago—which recently kicked off its Neighborhood Festival series in June with Tito Puente (and local bands), and has included the Bob Crosby, Count Basie, Castle/Dorsey, and (above) Jazz Members big bands—continues with Maynard Ferguson 7/18, O'Brien/Miller orchestra 7/25, and Bobby Rosengarten and the Chicago Swing Orchestra 8/1.

This year's events have also included an expanded Taste Of Chicago, featuring not only copious opportunities to enjoy various foods, but also local bands such as Panama, the Famous Potatoes, Tipica Leal, Jessie Dixon, and Eddie Clearwater; and, in conjunction with the Museum of Contemporary Art, the New Music America '82 series at Navy Pier and other locations, including performances by Muhal Richard Abrams and Ronald Shannon Jackson.

Also on Navy Pier, ChicagoFest, the annual music and food extravaganza (this year's main event and possibly the world's largest beer party) runs 8/4-15 and will feature, according to Festivals Inc. (which also put together Taste), among others, Buddy Rich, Herbie Hancock, Tito Puente, Ben Sidran, and Levon Helm as well as locals such as John Campbell, Bunky Green, Judy Roberts, and blues artists such as Koko Taylor, Big Twist, and Son Seals. One of the expected big crowd pullers on the new main stage (which will accomodate 20,000) will be a tribute to Chicago's contribution to popular music featuring Muddy Waters on opening day.

This summer's closer, probably closer to **db** readers' hearts, will be the fourth annual Chicago Jazz Festival, put together again by the Jazz Institute and tentatively co-sponsored this year by the City of Chicago and Kool, to be held at the Grant Park Bandshell 8/30-9/5.

Additionally, live plaza events have bloomed again this summer, so far including the Jazz Members at First National Plaza in the Loop and Cheveré at Pioneer Court on North Michigan Ave. For updates on all this activity, call the Summertime Chicago Hotline: (312) 744-3370.

*—jim dejong* □

## Garnering action

**NEW YORK**—Erroll Garner may have passed on in 1977, but the Erroll Garner Memorial Foundation is quite alive "perpetuating the music and memory" of the great jazz pianist.

One of the ways they do this is by offering a $1,500 scholarship to one non-professional jazz instrumental student (except drummers) per year. Their selection is based on "talent, economic need, future study plans, and recommendations from music instructors," and applications for this year's award are currently being accepted. This year's winner was Howard U.'s Roger Woods (the saxist also copped an '82 "deebee").

The Foundation is a non-profit organization and, as such, is constantly in need of tax-exempt contributions. Prospective candidates for this year's scholarship, as well as prospective contributors, should contact the organization at 521 5th Ave., NYC 10017; maybe play *Misty* for them. *—lee jeske* □

V. J. ZABEK

# Jazz Week educates/ experiments

**BOSTON**—There's always been a big difference between the *Boston Globe* Jazz Festival and the Jazz Coalition's Boston Jazz Week. The Festival is big bucks and producer George Wein's rather stiff formula of organized, packaged music. The Jazz Week is a casual, free-form, umbrella which puts together a few concerts and publicizes all that goes on around it. The Festival steamrolls all in its path; Jazz Week highlights and credits all efforts. Festival entertains; Jazz Week educates: rather than just concerts in halls, Jazz Week looks into clubs, lectures, benefits, and grass-roots enterprises.

In terms of numbers the Festival is a big deal and the Jazz Week is small potatoes. Though both went 10 days, the 11-event Festival drew over 18,000 whereas the Jazz Week a modest 3,000 to its 14 events. But numbers hardly tell the story. On consecutive Mondays at Harvard's little Hasty Pudding Club, Bennie Wallace's trio (with Eddie Gomez and Dannie Richmond) and Pat Hollenbeck's New England Conservatory Medium Rare Big Band (playing original transcriptions of Ellingtonia, among other goodies) smoked out the joint. The hundred-plus each night got more excitement per number (and dollar) here than at just about any of the *Globe*'s posh double-bills (except Toshiko and the Blythe/Freeman concerts at Berklee).

Consistent with its policy of education and experimentation, airing local as well as national acts, the Coalition called attention to Frank Foster's lecture at MIT, George Russell's annual group and big band concert at New England Conservatory (pictured above left, free and fabulous!), a benefit of poetry and jazz by poet Marge Piercy and all-women quintet Bougainvillea for a women's halfway-house, the monthly lively jams by local pros and businessmen at Jason's Restaurant, and Boston Jazz Society's annual Roy Haynes Scholarship Fund concert featuring Chick Corea, Joe Henderson, Miroslav Vitous, and that ebullient Boston-born drummer.

Under their own roof (Emmanuel Church on Newberry Street, right next door to the elegant Ritz Carlton Hotel), they ran six concerts themselves: Carla Bley's sidemen (many living locally) led by drummer D Sharpe, duos by trumpeter Bobby Bradford and reedman John Carter, a tribute to WBUR-FM jazz DJ Steve Elman (who, like the Coalition, celebrates his 10th year airing the best Boston and national jazz), a Monk tribute by pianist Ran Blake, a film and concert by pianist Lowell Davidson, sessions by alto sax master Jimmy Mosher's quartet, and the entire week's capper: the Boston premiere of Lester Bowie's New York Hot Trumpet Repertory Company. —*fred bouchard* □

# POTPOURRI

Son of oops pah-pah: tuba player **Bob Stewart** got tagged Roy in June's John Clark Profile; so Sousaphone us . . . and get this straight: **Spontaneous Composition**'s (the Windy City trio) new LP is *Spontaneous Composition* not *Spontaneous Combustion* (as stated in the June New Releases) which is the handle on a St. Louis group that has records of their own . . . back to business: **Richard Davis** informs us that Jimmy Blanton's bass (on loan from Wendell Marshall) sounded tremendous in spring record and concert dates; it was restored by Traeger-Merchant of NYC and is in-residence at U. WI-Madison . . . Voice Of America's **Willis Conover** broadcast his 10,000th "Jazz, U.S.A." program to the world in late spring; tapes of foreign musicians playing jazz were spun and Polish pianist Adam Makowicz performed *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good* live while VOA co-workers toasted Conover's dedication to a music he insisted would survive as "the 20th century's finest . . . Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Bill Evans, and others are, in an important sense, with us still." Conover began his jazz series in 1955, and since then has produced an equal number of non-jazz shows . . . also on the air: **Mal Waldron** and **Steve Lacy** teamed for a duet concert at the United Nations to be broadcast into South Africa as part of the anti-apartheid program of the Dept. of Public Information's Radio Service . . . french kiss: the Academie Charles Cros, a French society of music critics, awarded **Joe Henderson**'s *Relaxin' At Camarillo* with the Grand Prix du Disque as Best Jazz Album of the Year for 1982 (hey, there's still time left) . . . fest fever: Clark Terry headlines the **Beaumont Jazz Festival** 8/15; write Box 10343, Beaumont, TX 77710 for the latest . . . **Jazz At Gretna** (Mt. Gretna, PA) wraps up their summer series with Mel Lewis & orchestra 8/28 followed by George Shearing the next night; info's (717) 964-3836 . . . o'er the Atlantic, the **International Jazz Festival Amsterdam** (nee Loosdrecht and Laren) runs 8/12-14 with Warne Marsh/Sal Mosca, Walt Dickerson, Frank Foster's 13-piece Living Color, Hank Jones, James Moody, Sweets Edison/Lockjaw Davis, Ernestine Anderson, Pepper Adams/Nick Brignola . . . the **Scottish International Youth Jazz Festival** calls Stirling, Falkirk, and Edinburgh home 8/28-9/5, and promises amateur ensembles a chance to perform with pros; details from ACFEA, 12 E. 86th St. #200, NYC 10028 . . . o'er the Pacific: 7/27-31 marks the **Budweiser/Newport Jazz Festival** in Madarao Heights, Japan; George Wein is sending Diz, McCoy, Spyro Gyra, Carmen McRae, and others . . . the **Eyges/Lancaster Duo** (cellist/composer David Eyges & saxist/flutist Byard Lancaster) is the first jazz ensemble to receive a grant from the Chamber Music America residency program . . . don't be taken, be granted: 17 young composers divided up $15,000 from the 30th annual **BMI Awards to Student Composers** (15-25 years old); details on the 1982-83 deal will be available in the fall from James G. Roy Jr., Director of BMI Awards to Student Composers, 320 W. 57th St., NYC 10019 . . . up the street ASCAP doled out $9,500 to 15 older youngsters (under 30) in the **ASCAP Foundation Grants to Young Composers.** Interested? Write Martin Bookspan, Director of the ASCAP Foundation Grants to Young Composers, One Lincoln Plaza, NYC 10023 . . . big bucks for composers ($900,000) went to the **Foundation for New American Music** (9312 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210) courtesy the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company . . . up the coast: **Oscar Peterson** will offer his expertise during the first Synclavier II Seminar to be held at Berklee in Boston, 8/16-22; enrollment is limited so call (802) 295-5800 now . . . in the meantime Oscar was honored by **York University** (Downsview, Ontario) with an honorary Doctor of Letters . . . circling south we find that **Dr. William F. Lee**, the veteran dean whose 18 years of leadership brought the U. Miami School of Music into national prominence, was named Provost and Executive V.P. of the U. . . . more academic circling: the **Lamont School of Music** at the U. Denver announced the formation of a new Bachelor of Music in Jazz Studies degree . . . where's Fat Time?: **Miles'** *The Man With The Horn* will be one of CBS' first releases using the new CX-encoded noise reduction process . . . here's Fat Lady: Productions Inc. that is, who are marketing a stereo video of **Grover Washington Jr.**—recorded in Philly with all-stars like Steve Gadd, Eric Gale, and Richard Tee—to home, cable, and conventional TV outlets . . . of course: **"Mr. Ed"** (Fiedor) and his electric guitar perform the music of George Barnes at Del Mar College's Wolfe Recital Hall (Corpus Christi, TX) at 3 p.m. on 7/25; be there or be square . . .

# NEWS

## BIG CITY BEAT

### AMSTERDAM

**Sheherazade** (closed since the mid-'60s) has reopened, bringing live jazz nightly to 3 Wagenstraat (near Rembrandtplein); call 020-230903 . . .

### ATLANTA

The fifth **Free Jazz Fest** here features Ornette, Chico Freeman, Mal Waldron, and 15 top local groups 9/4-6 . . . **Constantino's** (formerly Daddy's Money) in the Prado on Roswell Rd. featured the Steve Ellington Quintet at its recent opening; drummer Steve is taking a short sabbatical touring Europe with Sam Rivers during Sep. and Oct. (earlier this year Ellington was invited to play at the wedding of the Princess of Kuwait in Buckhead) . . .

### BUFFALO

The sixth annual **Art Park Jazz** fest has been moved up to 8/13-15, with Chick Corea & Gary Burton; Ray Charles; The Swing All-Star Reunion with Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry, Red Norvo, Zoot Sims, Louie Bellson, and Milt Hinton; Cecil Taylor; Mel Tormé with Buddy Rich. Also at Art Park this summer: Rob McConnell and the Boss Brass with guest Anita O'Day (7/27); Preservation Hall Jazz Band (7/28); Alberta Hunter (8/8) . . . Buff's **Sesquicentennial Celebration** (150 years as an incorporated city) was highlighted by six days of jazz concerts . . . the **Tonawanda Musician's Association** will have their third consecutive year of free big band concerts in Niawanda Park, continuing every other Sun. thru 11/15; (716) 696-6216 . . .

### CHICAGO

John Defauw's **Jazz At Noon** has added a Thu. edition, noon till 2:30, at Andy's on Hubbard St. . . . Jazz Month at Joe Segal's **Jazz Showcase** in the Blackstone concludes with Dexter Gordon 7/21-25, Al Cohn & Zoot Sims 7/28-8/1 . . . more than 75 music industry panelists are slated for the **Midwest Music Exchange**, a record/industry symposium at the Bismark Hotel 7/25-27; details (312) 440-0860 . . . happy birthday to Bill Gillmore's **B.L.U.E.S.**—three years showcasing its namesake on N. Halsted (and down the block on Lincoln, can the **Wise Fools** have been presenting jazz & blues for a dozen years now?) . . .

### EDMONTON

Preliminary plans for the 3rd annual **Jazz City International** fest 8/15-22 promise John McLaughlin's Peace Force, Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, Gary Burton and Chick Corea, the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band with guest Dizzy Gillespie, and the groups of Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan, Max Roach, and Phil Woods. Canada is represented by Toronto's Claude Ranger, the Alberta Jazz Repertory Orchestra, and the Vancouver Ensemble for Jazz Improvisation; info: (403) 458-0404 . . .

### LONDON

The **Capital Radio Jazz Festival** hopes to complete its full program this year (victim of fire in '80 and fear of street riots in '81) on 7/17-18 & 7/24-25 with George Wein's caravanserai including Lionel Hampton, B. B. King, Dizzy Gillespie, Wynton Marsalis, more, plus Capital's own signing of Benny Goodman . . . this year's **Actual Music Festival** runs 8/17-22 featuring jazz and improvised music performers such as Elton Dean, Willem Breuker, Irene Schweizer, and tentatively scheduled trans-Atlantic stars Billy Bang, Joe McPhee, Anthony Davis, James Newton . . .

### LOS ANGELES

*Niles Ahead* was premiered by **Bob Florence**'s big band in honor of KKGO's Chuck Niles' birthday at Gilberto's in Cucamonga . . . new jazz joints in town include **Danny's** in Century City and the **Hyatt** on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood . . . the *Tonight Show*'s **Tommy Newsom**—Mr. Excitement—is doing a Thu. nite thing at the Gingerhouse in Tarzana . . . **Pat Longo** heads the Billy May Orchestra band under the auspices of Ray Anthony (charts are pre-'54 but not a bore) . . . **Disneyland**'s big band tribute continues with Bob Crosby's Dixielanders thru 7/24; Freddie Martin 7/25-21; Lionel Hampton takes over 8/15-21; then it's Les Brown 8/22-28; Tex Beneke 8/29-9/4; Buddy Rich wraps it up 9/5-11 . . .

***CRUISIN' WITH ZUBIN:*** *World-renowned saxist/composer/arranger Gerry Mulligan (right) recently made his debut with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Zubin Mehta (left), performing Ravel's* Bolero *on soprano sax at five concerts.*

### MILWAUKEE

The '82 **Kool Jazz Festival** (accurately named *this* year) hits 8/11-15—most concerts will take place at the Washington Park band shell and will feature: Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan, George Shearing, Carmen McRae, Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, Herbie Hancock, Heath Bros., Spyro Gyra, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Chico Freeman, and the MJQ reunion (featured at other locations: Wild Bill Davison, Ornette Coleman) . . .

### MINNEAPOLIS

A spot which continually brings Twin Citians the best entertainment is Orchestra Hall's **Jazz Place**, and August is no exception: MJQ 8/16; Chick Corea and Gary Burton (solos and duets) 8/18; Chuck Mangione 8/29; call 1-800-292-4141 . . .

### NEW ORLEANS

The prestigious **Blue Room** in the Fairmont Hotel (whose usual fare is big name MOR) goes all out with its Summer Jazz Celebration: Flora & Airto 7/19-24; George Shearing 7/26-8/7; Rodney Franklin 8/9-14; Jackie & Roy 8/16-24; Clint Holmes 8/30-9/14; (504) 529-7111 for info . . .

### NEWPORT, RI

**Kool Jazz** hits the bay here 8/21-22 with their typically All-Star lineup, including Elvin Jones, who then journeys down the coast to Jones Beach no less on 8/27 (see NY Beat) . . .

### NEW YORK

Monk's music will be feted at **NY Harlem Week** 8/12-22, a celebration of the Apple's jazz heritage, culminating in a two-day musical jamboree, Uptown Saturday Night, featuring the Decoding Society; info on the freebee at (212) 427-3315 . . . the **Long Island Jazz Festival** debuts at the Jones Beach outdoor theater with Miles D., Benny G., Chick C., Gerry M., Betty C., and others 8/24-29; call (516) 221-1000 . . .

### OTTAWA

The staid **Chateau Laurier** downtown delights the Canadian capital's jazz fans with their six-nights-a-week jazz policy; coming up: Teddy Wilson 7/19-24; Buddy Tate 7/26-31; Don Menza & Sam Noto 8/2-7; Barney Kessel 8/16-21 . . .

### SAN FRANCISCO

The **Concord Jazz Festival** (8/6-8) lineup includes Tania Maria, Rob McConnell's Boss Brass with Mel Tormé, Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, and the Concord crowd, of course, in a salute to the late Cal Tjader (415) 682-6770 . . .

### SEATTLE

**Parnell's** in Occidental Plaza has Flora & Airto 8/7-11; Archie Shepp 8/12-14; Chet Baker 8/26-29; check it out at (206) 624-2387 . . . the **Centrum Festival** calls nearby Port Washington home 8/4-7 with workshops by Bud Shank, Howard Roberts, Charlie Haden, others; and major concerts by Betty Carter, Sonny Rollins, Clark Terry, others; info: (206) 385-3102 . . . the **San Juan Island Traditional Jazz Festival** runs 7/23-25 with dixie, rag, and trad ringing out over Puget Sound; fest info at (206) 378-5509; for lodging on the island call (206) 293-3832 . . .

LOUIS QUZER

***ALUMNI REUNION:*** *Four trumpeters, (from left) Vincent DiMartino, Allen Vizzutti, Lew Soloff, and Jeff Tyzik, recently returned to their alma mater, the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, NY, for a concert with the Eastman Jazz Ensemble under the direction of Ray Wright (standing, right). If you're in Switzerland on July 20, check out the ensemble at Montreux.*

## Patron of the big bands

**CHICAGO**—One of the most durable of all independent jazz labels has been Jazzology, founded by George Buck Jr. in August 1949. For nearly 33 years it has turned out a steady flow of traditional jazz LPs by countless New Orleans and dixieland groups. Some were studio dates, others sprang from Buck's Decatur (GA) Jazz Festival. All stuck strictly to fundamentals. The label quickly found its niche and has served a limited but loyal constituency ever since.

Few independents enjoyed such longevity, and many of those that didn't ended up being purchased by Buck, who in addition to his recording activities also grew into something of a conglomerate of other catalogs. Two of his most important purchases have given him a vault of big band recordings from the '30s and '40s surpassed only by Columbia, RCA Victor, and MCA. The first came in 1969 when he took over the World Transcription Library. And late in 1981 Buck paid $110,000 for the Langworth transcription catalog. Now . . . what are transcriptions?

Back in the '30s it was not at all certain that radio stations had any legal right to broadcast commercial recordings. So an entirely separate wing of the recording business developed whose sole purpose it was to supply broadcasters with recorded music they *could* put on the air. They were called transcription libraries, and there was hardly a band of consequence that didn't record prolifically for one company or another. Transcription performances were not made as commercial records however (although since World Transcriptions was owned by Decca, there was occasionally some overlap), so they have generally not appeared on records until recent years.

Buck, in announcing his purchase of Langworth, promises to issue the entire library in a series of LPs on his Circle label. The first seven include Jimmy Lunceford, Boyd Raeburn, Claude Thornhill, Charlie Spivak, Dean Hudson, Tommy Tucker, and Blue Barron. There have also been several Circle LPs of World Transcription sides by Harry James, Bob Crosby, and a particularly welcome Red Norvo/Mildred Bailey set from 1938.

The Langworth library contains some superb Count Basie material recorded in 1944 when Lester Young was back in the band. Like all Langworth sessions, the Basies were made at Columbia's 799 7th Avenue studio and were recorded on 16-inch acetate "safties" from which masters were made, and sound quality is uniformly excellent. These discs, in addition to containing some amusing conversations between Basie and his men, also provide alternate and breakdown takes in which Young, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, and other major soloists are heard.

In 1978 a large quantity of Langworth material appeared on a short-lived label called Blue Heaven records. Well over 50 volumes were released in a one-shot issue. Monmouth-Evergreen has also put out a handful of Langworth sides (Thornhill, Gene Krupa, Ziggy Elman). And of course, bootlegs have cherry-picked the catalog for many years, generally using muddy second and third generation masters. The Circle issues will all be top quality, according to Buck (Circle Records, 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Decatur, GA 30032). *—john mcdonough* □

## FINAL BAR

VERYL OAKLAND

**Monk Montgomery**, pioneer of the electric bass in jazz, died May 20 in Las Vegas, of cancer. He was 60. A native of Indianapolis, he introduced the electric bass to jazz audiences while with Lionel Hampton's orchestra in the early '50s. Best known for the group in which he starred alongside his brothers Wes and Buddy, most recently he had been promoting his favorite music as president of both the Las Vegas Jazz Society and Western Regional Federation For Jazz, in addition to hosting a radio program.

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**Bernie Glow**, trumpeter who played in the bands of Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, and others died of a blood disorder on May 8 in Long Island, NY. He was 56.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**Jimmy Jones**, pianist who often accompanied Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald, in addition to Stuff Smith, Joe Williams, Sonny Stitt, Ben Webster, and a host of Ellingtonians in various settings, died Apr. 29 in Burbank CA, of a liver ailment, at the age of 63.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**Murray McEachern**, trombonist and saxophonist who appeared with a number of swing bands including those of Jack Hylton, Benny Goodman, and Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, died Apr. 28 in L.A. He was 67.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**William (Red) Dougherty**, jazz pianist who led a dixieland group in Minnesota from 1939-43 that included trumpeter Doc Evans, and later ran his own jazz club, died Mar. 20 at the age of 81, in St. Paul.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**Lester Bangs**, noted music critic for the *Village Voice* and *Rolling Stone*, among other publications, died Apr. 30 in NYC. He was 33.

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**Leonid Utyosov**, one of the Soviet Union's best loved jazz musicians, died Mar. 10 at the age of 86. He founded Tea Jazz, Russia's first jazz unit, which later became the State Variety Orchestra.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**Ann Richards**, former wife of Stan Kenton and singer in Kenton's band, died Apr. 1 of a gunshot wound. She was 46.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**Cal Tjader**, vibist and drummer, died May 5 of a heart attack while on tour in Manila. He was 57. First coming to prominence in San Francisco while a member of Dave Brubeck's trio and octet during the late '40s and early '50s, he was also featured in George Shearing's quintet from '53-54.

DAVID REDFERN

Tjader recorded over 20 LPs under his own name for Fantasy between 1954 and '62 alone. A leader in the latin-jazz movement, his most recent recordings were for Concord Jazz, including the Grammy-nominated *Gozame! Pero Ya* and the 1980 Grammy-winning *La Onda Va Bien*. In 1955 he won the **db** Critics Poll as vibist deserving wider recognition.

# 30th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL

# JAZZ CRITICS POLL

CHARLES STEWART

This year the **down beat** Hall of Fame welcomes trumpeter **Fats Navarro**, apostle of Dizzy Gillespie and among the first of the second generation beboppers to carve out an individual identity in the wake of the new music's insurgency. In the late '40s he cast a significant measure of influence over his contemporaries and descendents, among them Clifford Brown.

Theodore Navarro was born in 1923, the same year Louis Armstrong made his first records. At the age of 20 he joined the Andy Kirk orchestra, a band that had come out of Kansas City in the mid-'30s and quickly earned a national following. Navarro was young, impressionable, and highly skilled when bebop began to be heard by musicians outside the circle of the founding fathers, and he quickly mastered the new music. By the time Dizzy Gillespie left the Billy Eckstine band in 1944, he personally selected Navarro as his replacement. When bop broke through and swept the jazz and big band world in 1945 and '46, the young Navarro was already an established master of the idiom. The remaining years of his short career were divided between working with his peers in the world of bop, most particularly Tadd Dameron, and some of the top players of the swing years (Coleman Hawkins, Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, and Illinois Jacquet). He died in 1950, another victim of a string of self-inflicted drug tragedies.

Navarro had a reining-in effect of the excesses and bravado of bebop, and thus can be interpreted—if one is not too literal minded about it—as a link between the flamboyant young Gillespie and the introspective Miles Davis of the 1950s. (Navarro's replacement in the Eckstine band was none other than Davis.) Navarro's restraint was not due to any shortage of technique, however. Whereas Gillespie (and his stylistic parent, Roy Eldridge) constantly seemed to be testing the limits of his skills, Navarro underplayed his. He employed high notes sparingly. Often he would use them early in a solo, according to critic Michael James, and then "employ the rest of the improvisation to resolve the tensions." Although he could play fast, he favored middle tempos. But however he played, his musical diction was incredibly clear and surgically precise. He rarely slurred notes or glossed over them. Often his articulation suggested a sort of bebop Charlie Shavers—something that may have been by coincidence or design, since Shavers and Navarro were third cousins. Navarro built his solos principally on an orderly flow of eighth notes broken up by graceful, relaxed triplets. His main weakness was the lack of fire in his playing.

A good cross section of Navarro's work can be heard on Milestone M-47041 and Blue Note BN LA 507-H2. He was also featured with Charlie Parker on Columbia JG 34808 (*One Night At The Savoy*) in performances made one week before his death. With the exception of Clifford Brown, Navarro stands today as the principle figure of bebop's young post war generation. He is an appropriate addition to the **down beat** Hall of Fame. —*john mcdonough*

## HALL OF FAME

| | |
|---|---|
| **19** | ***Fats Navarro*** |
| 12 | *Albert Ayler* |
| 9 | *Sarah Vaughan* |
| 7 | *Stephane Grappelli* |
| 7 | *Eddie Jefferson* |
| 7 | *Oscar Peterson* |

## RECORD OF THE YEAR

| | |
|---|---|
| **8** | ***Old and New Dreams Playing (ECM)*** |
| 6 | *Ornette Coleman Of Human Feelings (Island)* |
| 6 | *Wynton Marsalis Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)* |
| 6 | *World Saxophone Quartet WSQ (Black Saint)* |
| 4 | *Akiyoshi/Tabackin Tanuki's Night Out (JAM)* |
| 4 | *Anthony Braxton Performance 9/1/79 (hat Hut)* |
| 4 | *Roscoe Mitchell Snurdy McGurdy And Her Dancin' Shoes (Nessa)* |

## REISSUE OF THE YEAR

| | |
|---|---|
| **4** | ***Steve Lacy Evidence (Prestige)*** |
| 4 | ***Charles Mingus Pithecanthropus Erectus (Atlantic)*** |
| 4 | ***Ben Webster Giants Of Jazz (Time-Life)*** |
| 3 | *Duke Ellington 1941 (Smithsonian)* |
| 3 | *John McLaughlin My Goal's Beyond (Elektra Musician)* |
| 3 | *Pee Wee Russell Giants Of Jazz (Time-Life)* |

## RECORD LABEL

| | |
|---|---|
| **7** | ***Concord Jazz*** |
| 7 | ***hat Hut*** |
| 6 | *Black Saint/Soul Note* |
| 5 | *Muse* |
| 4 | *ECM* |
| 4 | *Pablo* |

## RECORD PRODUCER

| | |
|---|---|
| **6** | ***Giovanni Bonandrini (Black Saint/Soul Note)*** |
| 6 | ***Carl Jefferson (Concord Jazz)*** |
| 5 | *Norman Granz (Pablo)* |
| 4 | *Chuck Nessa (Nessa)* |
| 3 | *Michael Cuscuna (Independent)* |

## BIG BAND

| | |
|---|---|
| **136** | ***Akiyoshi/Tabackin*** |
| 84 | *Sun Ra* |
| 83 | *Count Basie* |
| 49 | *Carla Bley* |
| 23 | *Gil Evans* |
| 22 | *Woody Herman* |
| **38** | ***Globe Unity*** |
| 34 | *Rob McConnell* |
| 29 | *Gerry Mulligan* |
| 16 | *Saheb Sarbib* |
| 15 | *Full Faith & Credit* |
| 15 | *Savoy Sultans* |

## JAZZ GROUP

| | |
|---|---|
| **93** | ***Art Ensemble of Chicago*** |
| 48 | *Art Blakey* |
| 36 | *Old and New Dreams* |
| 35 | *Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan* |
| 30 | *Ornette Coleman* |
| 29 | *Air* |
| **27** | ***Old and New Dreams*** |
| 25 | *World Saxophone Quartet* |
| 18 | *Ornette Coleman* |
| 18 | *Ronald Shannon Jackson* |
| 18 | *Roscoe Mitchell Sound Ensemble* |
| 18 | *Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan* |

***Established Talent***

***Talent Deserving Wider Recognition***

Last year the editors of **down beat** established a new award, separate from the Critics Poll voting but announced in conjunction with its results, which would honor the contributions of those non-musicians who had devoted much of their professional lives to the development and furtherance of jazz.

Three basic criteria guide the choice: (1) the achievements must have advanced the development of jazz in a fundamental way; (2) there must be a broad consensus on the value of these achievements among musicians, historians, and audiences; and (3) the achievements must have proved their worth under the test of time. The first person honored with a **down beat** Achievement Award was John Hammond. This year **George Theodore Wein** becomes the second.

Among the many qualities Wein has brought to the world of jazz over the years, his entrepreneurial and marketing skills have distinguished him most. Beginning as a pianist (and a very good pianist, let it be said) playing around the Boston area after World War II, Wein soon preferred to be his own boss and proceeded to open a series of jazz clubs. The most successful of them was Storyville, but it was only the beginning.

In 1954 he organized the first jazz festival at Newport, Rhode Island, and an American music institution was born. As it grew in importance and prestige, Wein was called upon to bring the Newport concept to other areas of the country, and then the world. He charted it through the rocky years of hard rock when the wrong audiences came to Newport. But he learned fast, corrected course to the bearings he knew best, and when Newport resurfaced in New York in 1972, it was bigger and better than ever. (In 1978 President Jimmy Carter honored the 25th anniversary of Wein's creation with a White House concert and dinner that truly gave jazz its due.)

Through a combination of sound business instincts, a willingness to take financial risk, and sheer executive leadership—not to mention an insider's feeling and knowledge of jazz and its people—Wein has played a major roll in putting jazz on a relatively solid economic footing, making it pay, and thus allowing it to survive, grow, and prosper.

By organizing jazz as a business enterprise, he has expanded its audience incalculably around the world. He has also been instrumental in enlisting major American corporations (i.e. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.) in the support of jazz without compromising its artistic autonomy. In so doing he has helped build the institutional underpinnings whereby artists may perform to large audiences on a regular basis under the finest circumstances, and in the process receive fair and generous compensation for their talent.

For all that George Wein has done for jazz, therefore, the editors of **down beat** name him as this year's recipient of the **down beat** Achievement Award.

*—the editors*

MITCHELL SEIDEL

## COMPOSER

| | |
|---|---|
| 87 | ***Toshiko Akiyoshi*** |
| 68 | *Carla Bley* |
| 41 | *Ornette Coleman* |
| 40 | *George Russell* |
| 33 | *Anthony Braxton* |
| 31 | ***Muhal Richard Abrams*** |
| 31 | ***Anthony Davis*** |
| 22 | *Ronald Shannon Jackson* |
| 19 | *Roscoe Mitchell* |
| 10 | *Laurie Anderson* |

## ARRANGER

| | |
|---|---|
| 96 | ***Toshiko Akiyoshi*** |
| 80 | *Gil Evans* |
| 59 | *Carla Bley* |
| 38 | *Sun Ra* |
| 36 | *Bob Brookmeyer* |
| 37 | ***Muhal Richard Abrams*** |
| 20 | *Michael Gibbs* |
| 16 | *Rob McConnell* |
| 15 | *Anthony Davis* |
| 13 | *Slide Hampton* |

## TRUMPET

| | |
|---|---|
| 104 | ***Lester Bowie*** |
| 66 | *Wynton Marsalis* |
| 61 | *Dizzy Gillespie* |
| 50 | *Freddie Hubbard* |
| 41 | *Miles Davis* |
| 29 | *Don Cherry* |
| 81 | ***Wynton Marsalis*** |
| 41 | *Olu Dara* |
| 36 | *Leo Smith* |
| 31 | *Hugh Ragin* |
| 24 | *Kenny Wheeler* |
| 22 | *Terumasa Hino* |

## TROMBONE

| | |
|---|---|
| 107 | ***Jimmy Knepper*** |
| 78 | *George Lewis* |
| 77 | *Albert Mangelsdorff* |
| 42 | *Roswell Rudd* |
| 35 | *Bob Brookmeyer* |
| 65 | ***Ray Anderson*** |
| 39 | *George Lewis* |
| 35 | *Steve Turre* |
| 26 | *Joseph Bowie* |
| 17 | *Gary Valente* |

## SOPRANO SAX

| | |
|---|---|
| 142 | ***Steve Lacy*** |
| 64 | *Wayne Shorter* |
| 53 | *Zoot Sims* |
| 46 | *Bob Wilber* |
| 23 | *Evan Parker* |
| 33 | ***Ira Sullivan*** |
| 32 | *John Surman* |
| 28 | *Evan Parker* |
| 27 | *Jane Ira Bloom* |
| 20 | *Branford Marsalis* |

## ALTO SAX

| | |
|---|---|
| 109 | ***Phil Woods*** |
| 87 | *Art Pepper* |
| 71 | *Arthur Blythe* |
| 64 | *Ornette Coleman* |
| 43 | *Lee Konitz* |
| 38 | *Benny Carter* |
| 34 | ***Richie Cole*** |
| 31 | *Paquito D'Rivera* |
| 28 | *Roscoe Mitchell* |
| 20 | *Julius Hemphill* |
| 20 | *Oliver Lake* |
| 19 | *Benny Carter* |

# 30th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL

# JAZZ CRITICS POLL

## TENOR SAX

| | |
|---|---|
| **69** | **Archie Shepp** |
| 67 | Sonny Rollins |
| 57 | Zoot Sims |
| 46 | Johnny Griffin |
| 37 | Dexter Gordon |
| 32 | Stan Getz |
| **42** | **Ricky Ford** |
| 41 | Von Freeman |
| 37 | Chico Freeman |
| 22 | Bennie Wallace |
| 21 | John Gilmore |
| 20 | Buck Hill |

## BARITONE SAX

| | |
|---|---|
| **177** | **Pepper Adams** |
| 108 | Gerry Mulligan |
| 74 | Hamiet Bluiett |
| 45 | Nick Brignola |
| 28 | John Surman |
| **77** | **Henry Threadgill** |
| 44 | John Surman |
| 39 | Hamiet Bluiett |
| 30 | Charles Tyler |
| 27 | Ronnie Cuber |

## CLARINET

| | |
|---|---|
| **103** | **Anthony Braxton** |
| 79 | Buddy DeFranco |
| 45 | Bob Wilber |
| 37 | John Carter |
| 33 | Kenny Davern |
| 33 | Benny Goodman |
| **54** | **John Carter** |
| 36 | Perry Robinson |
| 30 | Alvin Batiste |
| 15 | Kalaparush |
| 12 | Art Pepper |

## FLUTE

| | |
|---|---|
| **98** | **James Newton** |
| 93 | Lew Tabackin |
| 55 | Sam Rivers |
| 43 | James Moody |
| 35 | Hubert Laws |
| **41** | **Ira Sullivan** |
| 25 | Frank Wess |
| 22 | Lloyd McNeil |
| 22 | Henry Threadgill |
| 15 | James Moody |

## VIOLIN

| | |
|---|---|
| **138** | **Stephane Grappelli** |
| 100 | Leroy Jenkins |
| 44 | Billy Bang |
| 39 | Didier Lockwood |
| 27 | Michal Urbaniak |
| **76** | **Billy Bang** |
| 44 | John Blake |
| 23 | L. Subramaniam |
| 20 | Ramsey Ameen |
| 18 | Didier Lockwood |

## VIBES

| | |
|---|---|
| **128** | **Milt Jackson** |
| 101 | Bobby Hutcherson |
| 70 | Gary Burton |
| 40 | Red Norvo |
| 28 | Walt Dickerson |
| **56** | **Jay Hoggard** |
| 34 | Dave Friedman |
| 31 | Walt Dickerson |
| 24 | Bobby Naughton |
| 22 | Dave Samuels |

## ACOUSTIC PIANO

| | |
|---|---|
| **87** | **Cecil Taylor** |
| 69 | McCoy Tyner |
| 49 | Tommy Flanagan |
| 46 | Oscar Peterson |
| 24 | Dave McKenna |
| 24 | Don Pullen |
| **47** | **JoAnne Brackeen** |
| 35 | Anthony Davis |
| 29 | John Hicks |
| 20 | James Williams |
| 17 | Ran Blake |
| 15 | Art Hodes |
| 15 | Abdullah Ibrahim |

## ELECTRIC PIANO

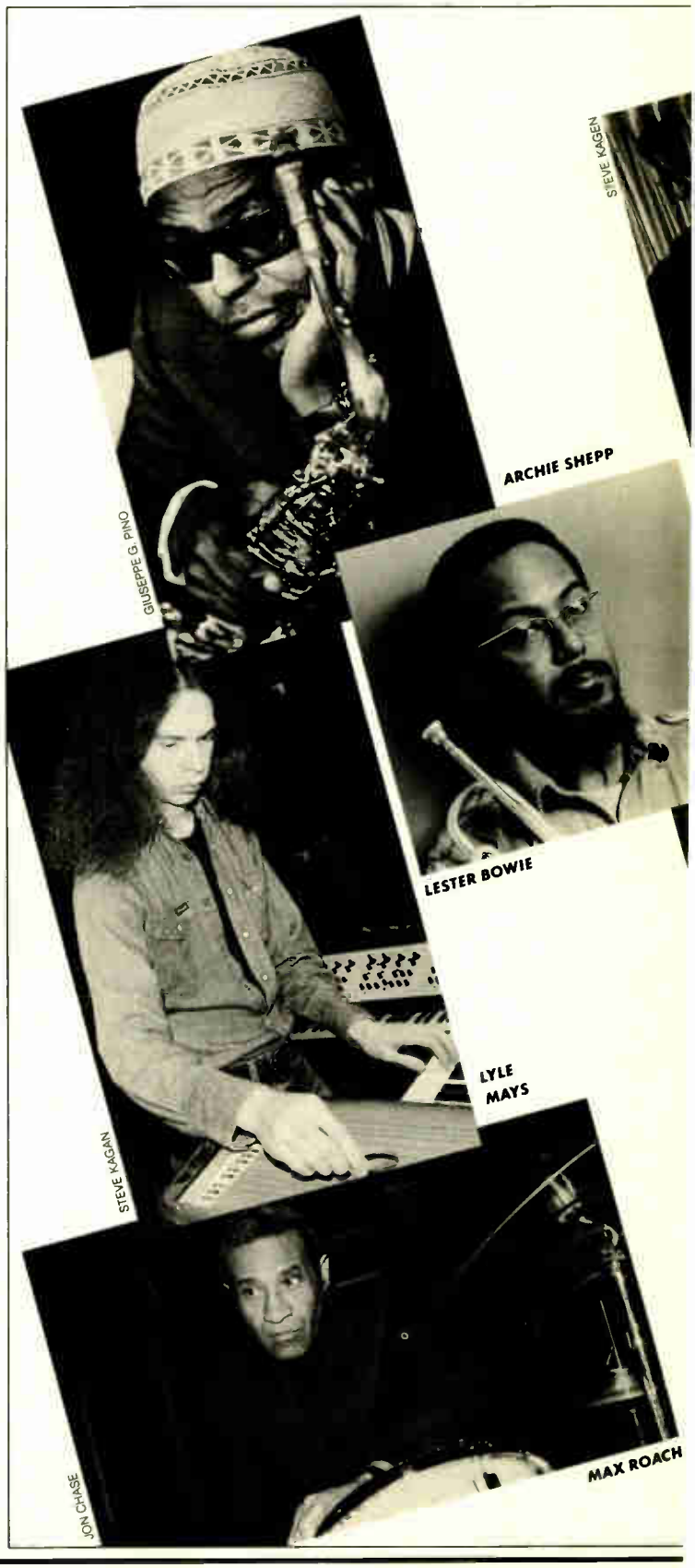
| | |
|---|---|
| **94** | **Chick Corea** |
| 46 | Zawinul |
| 43 | Herbie Hancock |
| 35 | Sun Ra |
| **24** | **Lyle Mays** |
| 20 | Kenny Barron |
| 13 | George Cables |
| 10 | Stanley Cowell |

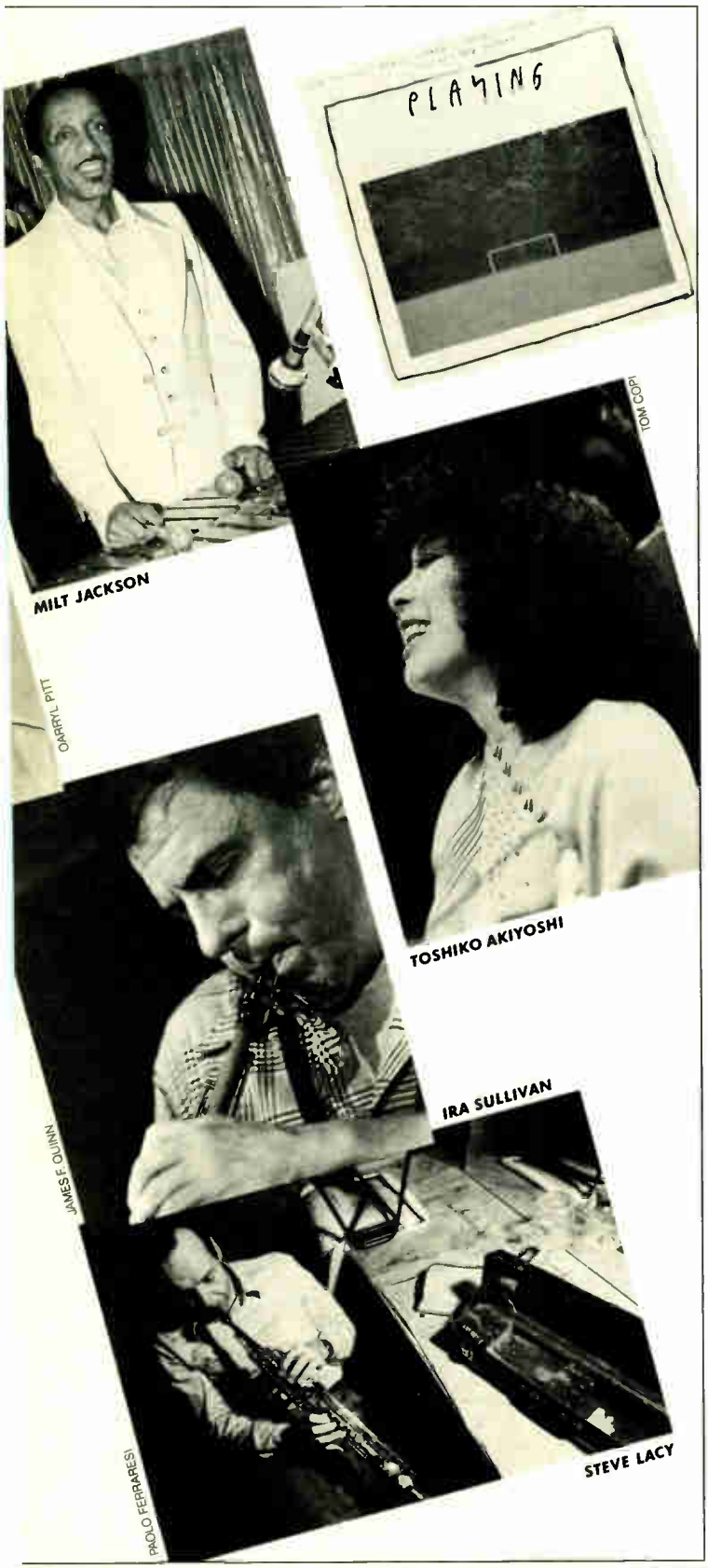
## ORGAN

| | |
|---|---|
| **78** | **Sun Ra** |
| **78** | **Jimmy Smith** |
| 32 | Jimmy McGriff |
| 29 | Shirley Scott |
| **41** | **Amina Claudine Myers** |
| 28 | Carla Bley |
| 24 | Clare Fischer |
| 16 | Sonny Phillips |

## SYNTHESIZER

| | |
|---|---|
| **95** | **Zawinul** |
| 81 | Sun Ra |
| 24 | Chick Corea |
| 23 | Brian Eno |
| 22 | Herbie Hancock |
| **25** | **George Lewis** |
| 24 | Lyle Mays |
| 19 | Michael Beinhorn |
| 13 | Laurie Anderson |
| 12 | John Surman |






## GUITAR

| | |
|---|---|
| **84** | ***Jim Hall*** |
| 63 | *Joe Pass* |
| 52 | *Tal Farlow* |
| 48 | *Kenny Burrell* |
| 46 | *James Blood Ulmer* |
| **33** | ***Emily Remler*** |
| 29 | *James Blood Ulmer* |
| 17 | *Fred Frith* |
| 16 | *Bruce Forman* |
| 15 | *Ed Bickert* |

## ACOUSTIC BASS

| | |
|---|---|
| **93** | ***Charlie Haden*** |
| 66 | *Ron Carter* |
| 66 | *Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen* |
| 37 | *Ray Brown* |
| 32 | *Cecil McBee* |
| **33** | ***Fred Hopkins*** |
| 26 | *David Friesen* |
| 24 | *Cecil McBee* |
| 19 | *George Mraz* |
| 15 | *Johnny Dyani* |

## ELECTRIC BASS

| | |
|---|---|
| **131** | ***Steve Swallow*** |
| 105 | *Jaco Pastorius* |
| 51 | *Stanley Clarke* |
| 44 | *Jamaaladeen Tacuma* |
| 24 | *Miroslav Vitous* |
| **42** | ***Jamaaladeen Tacuma*** |
| 23 | *Bill Laswell* |
| 20 | *Eberhard Weber* |
| 14 | *Amin Ali* |
| 14 | *Miroslav Vitous* |

## DRUMS

| | |
|---|---|
| **98** | ***Max Roach*** |
| 84 | *Jack DeJohnette* |
| 79 | *Art Blakey* |
| 60 | *Elvin Jones* |
| 30 | *Ed Blackwell* |
| **47** | ***Ronald Shannon Jackson*** |
| 31 | *Steve McCall* |
| 27 | *Famoudou Don Moye* |
| 18 | *Pharoan Ak Laff* |
| 18 | *Dannie Richmond* |

## MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

| | |
|---|---|
| **76** | ***Toots Thielemans (harmonica)*** |
| 50 | *Howard Johnson (tuba)* |
| 38 | *Abdul Wadud (cello)* |
| 32 | *David Grisman (mandolin)* |
| 31 | *Anthony Braxton (misc. reeds)* |
| **22** | ***John Clark (french horn)*** |
| 16 | *Abdul Wadud (cello)* |
| 14 | *Joe Daley (tuba)* |
| 14 | *David Eyges (cello)* |
| 13 | *David Murray (bass clarinet)* |

## PERCUSSION

| | |
|---|---|
| **79** | ***Airto Moreira*** |
| 68 | *Famoudou Don Moye* |
| 65 | *Nana Vasconcelos* |
| 21 | *Paulhino da Costa* |
| 21 | *Guilherme Franco* |
| **23** | ***Famoudou Don Moye*** |
| 21 | *Kahil El Zabar* |
| 16 | *Nana Vasconcelos* |
| 11 | *Ray Barretto* |
| 10 | *Jerome Cooper* |
| 10 | *Jerry Gonzalez* |

## MALE SINGER

| | |
|---|---|
| **87** | ***Joe Williams*** |
| 55 | *Mel Tormé* |
| 45 | *Joe Turner* |
| 39 | *Johnny Hartman* |
| 37 | *Mark Murphy* |
| **34** | ***Joe Lee Wilson*** |
| 32 | *Mark Murphy* |
| 29 | *Johnny Hartman* |
| 21 | *Mike Campbell* |
| 20 | *Bobby McFerrin* |

## FEMALE SINGER

| | |
|---|---|
| **105** | ***Sarah Vaughan*** |
| 90 | *Betty Carter* |
| 82 | *Sheila Jordan* |
| 38 | *Ella Fitzgerald* |
| 26 | *Carmen McRae* |
| **34** | ***Sheila Jordan*** |
| 20 | *Shirley Horn* |
| 17 | *Meredith D'Ambrosia* |
| 17 | *Karin Krog* |
| 17 | *Jeanne Lee* |

## SOUL/R&B ARTIST

| | |
|---|---|
| **64** | ***Stevie Wonder*** |
| 39 | *B. B. King* |
| 38 | *Ray Charles* |
| 19 | *Earth, Wind & Fire* |
| 17 | *James Blood Ulmer* |
| 14 | *Albert Collins* |
| 13 | *Otis Rush* |
| **12** | ***Clifton Chenier*** |
| **12** | ***Otis Rush*** |
| 9 | *James Blood Ulmer* |
| 8 | *Kid Creole* |
| 8 | *Earth, Wind & Fire* |
| 8 | *Buddy Guy* |
| 8 | *Neville Bros.* |

## VOCAL GROUP

| | |
|---|---|
| **94** | ***Manhattan Transfer*** |
| 53 | *Jackie & Roy* |
| 27 | *Hi-Lo's* |
| 25 | *Hendricks Family* |
| 21 | *Singers Unlimited* |
| **25** | ***Hendricks Family*** |
| 23 | *Bug Alley* |
| 8 | *Jackie & Roy* |
| 8 | *L.A. Jazz* |
| 8 | *Manhattan Transfer* |

continued on page 62

# RONALD SHANNON JACKSON

BY VALERIE WILMER

If any single drummer can be said to recall every strand of black music that has been woven into the century's aural tapestry, it is Ronald Shannon Jackson. Currently making waves with his own group, the Decoding Society, Jackson typifies the musician who has learned the major lesson of Ornette Coleman: that music should be a continuous conversation between equal participants.

Many drummers continue to be inhibited by the aesthetics and techniques of earlier generations, but Jackson, while employing some of those techniques himself, has done so with a vision akin to Sunny Murray's—that percussion instruments should provide a continuum rather than simply a rhythmic accompaniment. He incorporates devices familiar to anyone who has listened to rock into a constantly moving celebration of life. Murray and Milford Graves were among those who pioneered the "naturalness" of drumming, working towards eliminating the feeling of rhythms being played on the drums, aiming to make the rhythms appear to come *through* them. Jackson has taken this a stage further and come up with what some might feel is a more accessible conclusion. In his hands, rhythm takes on the quality of life itself.

Jackson, who has been a professional musician since his teens, grew up just behind Ornette Coleman and King Curtis in Fort Worth, Texas. He inherited the common grounding—playing in his mother's church, listening to visiting blues singers—and by 1966 he was playing in New York with people as diverse as Albert Ayler and Betty Carter, Charles Mingus and Stanley Turrentine. When John Coltrane died, however, his enthusiasm for playing was dampened. He dropped out of sight for a period. When he re-emerged, he became known as the drummer living at Coleman's loft, engaged in daily sessions. With the saxophonist's amplified group, Prime Time, he shared drum chores with Denardo Coleman. Some time later, he began working with Cecil Taylor. No other drummer had actually been steadily employed by both these important innovators, and his contribution to the music of each player invited comparison with the best of his predecessors. With Coleman he played like a latter-day Ed Blackwell, letting no phrase escape acknowledgment or response. With Taylor, he unashamedly unleashed backbeat and shuffle rhythms, provoking the master pianist into doing more than merely hinting at the stride elements that had influenced his playing.

Now Jackson is being acknowledged as one of the most unifying forces among creative musicians, updating old ideas daily, reasserting the ability of African-American music to build on itself. His is *real* funky music, not the usual monotonous fusion stuff. Nothing he plays is done for the sake of the lick—rather, he works to get under the skin, refusing to let up until the listener is dancing, too. A veritable shaman for the '80s, he deals with the forces of good and evil for the sake of the community.

**Ronald Shannon Jackson:** Where I grew up was right behind a Holiness church. There was one movie house that opened up near where I lived, but a lot of the people didn't want to go there because they still figured that movies were something evil. So, all exciting events happened at the church. As a kid I just grew up dancing. I was listening to rhythms all the time. I'd go look, watch, listen—sometimes play. In the basement there would be these drums. And I decided then that I would play music, that was what I was going to do. I had all this technique and never really studied.

Since I was 13 years old I'd be walking along the street in Texas, and I'd hear things but have no real idea how to do it. You have to develop a concept in order to get these ideas across, but I didn't know what that meant then. I'm not a person of theory, I hear things first and then write them down. I don't have an idea that I take and work out. But if you play the drums long enough you're going to be hearing things that are definitely *melodies*. It was Ornette who advised me to get a flute in order to follow through what I heard.

Before, it was something that I was doing naturally, but Ornette made me go back and figure out exactly what I was doing. My talent had gotten me over as far as making a living from playing music. I figured that anything I could hear I could play, but to actually create the idea inside, internally, was something that hadn't occurred to me until after I came across these two teachers, Ornette and Cecil. They put me on another course.

**Valerie Wilmer:** How did you relate to Cecil's percussive technique?

**RSJ:** One thing I wouldn't allow myself to do was to watch his hands moving. I always concentrated on his face. Between his face and the colossal rhythms and sounds emanating from the piano, I merely attempted to be void and thereby allow myself to respond to the moods—temperance, nature, anger, joy, animality, tranquillity, hell, rapture of life.

In other words, Cecil plays about life and I responded with life. I never dealt with Cecil on a technical level that is an everyday ritual with musicians. Hence, no need to speak. What I did was collaborate with him on the great wealth of life experiences.

**VW:** Does Ornette play drums?

**RSJ:** All the time. On the bed in hotel rooms—he's always playing out rhythms. Cecil, too. This music we play is not related to the horn; it's drawn from rhythms, built on rhythms. I've learned to interject and advance what someone else is playing and still do my thing. I'm almost like a chemist in a laboratory, working on an idea. It's my belief that the change in music has got to come from the drums, and that's what I'm working on.

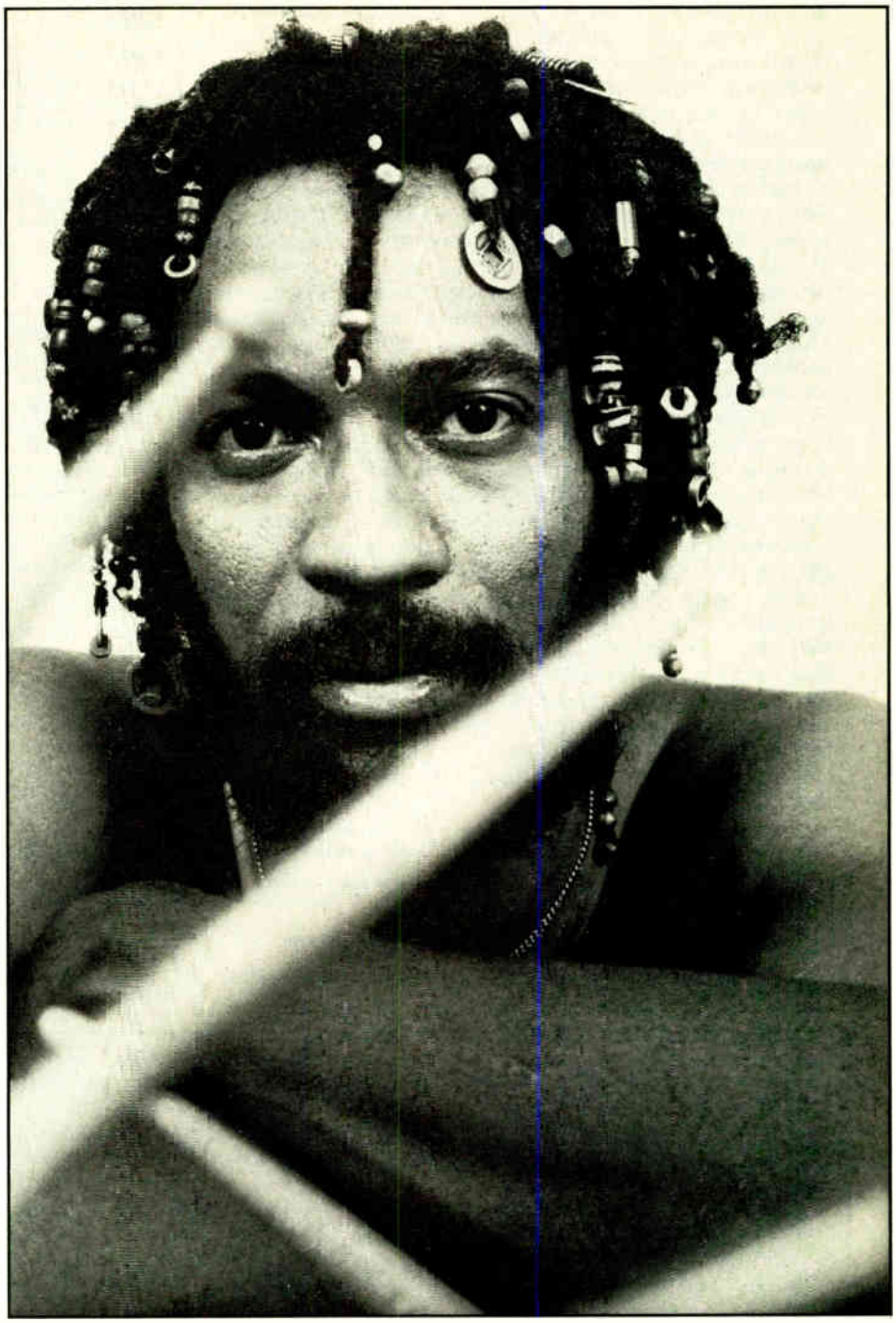
See, it's swing. Swing is the thing, but how do you swing without playing bebop? Instead of making *time* swing, I'm making *rhythm* swing, and I've been working on this for the past 10 or 11 years. I don't know what you should call this music. It's not free jazz, it's not fusion music—really it's just Texas blues.

**VW:** How do you relate this to what you are doing with the Decoding Society? Does it have anything to do with Ornette's harmolodic theories?

**RSJ:** I play from a melodic/rhythmic concept, but most of the compositions arrive from endeavors to perfect certain numerical rhythmic modulations. Respective playing of certain rhythmic sequences are the cause whose effect is the yield of melodic messages.

My approach is basically that the oldest physical instrument is the center, the same as the sun is the solar center of our galaxy. And that exactly as the planets move around the sun, melodies—and those of

# A SHAMAN FOR THE '80s



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

the Decoding Society where there are as many melodies as there are instruments—concur in the multiple chanting of world cultural rhythms. In other words, at any given point I might begin to play a rhythm pattern that is closest to the vibe or human call, related to what that other person is doing. One sax player, the guitar, or the bass player might be playing a blues figure that carries its own rhythm. Consequently I might be playing a Bulgarian, Hungarian, or African beat—or simply a John Philip Sousa punctuation.

[The composer] Scriabin said that some of us feel, reflect, and visualize the same exploding color from a note, or a sequence of notes, and there are some of us who see, feel, and hear rhythms concurring with those adjectives. What he failed to realize is the dormant potential. Just as an infant may not grasp the meaning of the word or the language being spoken, but with care this is developed. We, in the Decoding Society, are the inheritors of a musical tradition that is as rich as the topsoil of this land. We are the forebearers whose roots are African, whose language is English, whose customs are French and German, whose rowdiness is Irish, whose visions are universal. We are steeped in Eastern and Oriental influences planted by the Eastern sages eons ago.

These are the spices in the pot, which is boiling with the rich water of suffrage, played with the wisdom acquired between life and death, stirred with old age and sickness, and served with the hand of death. This is the mission of the Decoding Society in music—the blown caps of many mountains.

**VW:** All of that seems a long way from Texas!

**RSJ:** All my life I've heard what people do, but I've always heard something like a much purer, African beat. I employ this beat in the music that I play, especially what I play in my own group, and it's a very definite beat. But it's a carry-over from the mother country itself. My hometown was one of the main stop-offs for Bobby "Blue" Bland and all those people. All the people that you hear now, we used to go and hear them when I was growing up. They were playing just *dives*. You were paying like 25¢ to get in, and Saturday night someone's liable to get shot or cut or something. It was so emotionally tense, but Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins, Howlin' Wolf—these people were doing it. I went to hear them because I always liked to hear what the drummers were doing; it didn't make no matter what kind of music it was. It wasn't a thing of the type of music or race or whatever in that period—just so long as I could hear some *drums*.

I liked the feeling a lot and I liked to watch the people really get *down*. The dances that I see people learning to do now, I used to see people do this naturally. But even earlier than that, I used to spend my summers in the country where people were picking cotton, harvesting watermelon and corn—real country. I never will forget this place. They used to have an oldtime icebox and put beer in it Saturday mornings. And you talk about people really *dancing*, and spirits stirring—you could just see 'em *bleeding* with joy, everywhere. It never dawned on me until later, reading about Africa and things, that it was a carry-over. But I think being exposed to those things, actually, is where I got more of a blues feeling from

**VW:** Your first job was with James Clay, wasn't it?

**RSJ:** He's really the person who got me started playing. By the time I went to high school, he had been to California and come back. He was older than me. I used to go to Dallas, and he and a fellow named Leroy Cooper, they had this jam session every Sunday, and I just started sitting in, playing. So after one of the fellows left to go to California, I got this gig with their group, the Red Tops. There were a lot of good musicians in the group, and most of them eventually worked with Ray Charles. It was a rich, fertile musical environment. You know the musicians' grapevine is as fast—or faster—than Western Union,

so anything that was going on musically, we knew about it. If a person came through town, it affected everybody in town. All the black people were aware—whether he was a preacher or working in a medicine show—all the people knew you were in town. Around 1954-55, a lot of my friends drove to New York. The people I grew up with, that's how we learned. They came back and this drummer was telling me 'You got to learn how to do this' and 'You got to learn how to do that.' At this time, people like Max [Roach] were coming into this thing, and it was a different approach from the music I'd been used to hearing. The sock cymbal had become important because of Art Blakey's thing, and so I converted my sock pedal and got a heavy-duty spring to put in it to make my leg muscles stronger. Now, a whole lot of things I do are not as a matter of thinking about it but because of what I did as a kid. At that time Philly Joe had just come on the scene and Miles had just made his first recording. Horace Silver was playing with Blakey and he was doing his thing, and I was putting all these records on the jukebox in the place where I was working for my father. I'd go home and try to practice, but my father always told me to try to sing these songs as good as the blues singers we heard. A singer who sings good melodies, they'd always make the money fast. Instrumental pieces linger longer in people's hearts, but my father always wanted me to learn other instruments. He used to tell me, 'You got to do more than play the *drums*, you know.' I didn't want to hear what he was talking about though, because there I was, playing for large audiences every weekend. I couldn't understand that.

**VW:** Later on, though, you went to college.

**RSJ:** I was at Lincoln University in Missouri, and my roommate was John Hicks, who used to play piano with Betty Carter. Lester Bowie was there too, and Julius Hemphill. I worked in the Ozarks, doing that honky-tonk sound, but I was listening to Max, too, trying to do all the things I'd heard him do. I was twisting my wrists with big sticks and all. Like a boxer, I was in training!

*continued on page 68*

### RONALD SHANNON JACKSON'S EQUIPMENT

Ronald Shannon Jackson uses a specially made Sonor drum set similar to their current Signature line. "I use Sonor drums because they are the best constructed and most controllable in terms of individual tonal sound. They ore also the most durable and stable instrument mode, and mainly require less effort and get more response. I don't have to worry about the drums, only my physical ond spiritual well-being." His bass drum is 16 × 24 ond his snare 6 × 14; the left mounted tom-tom is 13 × 14, the right 14 × 13; on the left, near the hi-hat, is a 14 × 15 floor tom; the floor toms on the right are 15 × 17 and 16 × 18. He uses Remo Weather King Ambassadors for all the batter heads, and Remo Weather King CS heads currently reside on the bottoms of the toms.

All his cymbals ore Paiste, which he likes because the sound reminds him of the old K. Zildjians that were handpressed in Turkey. His 14-inch hi-hats are a Sound Creation Dark Sound Edge set. On the left, mounted upside-down, is a 20-inch Sound Creation Dark China Sizzle; also at left ore an 18-inch Sound Creation Dark Crash and a 20-inch Sound Creation Dark Ride; mounted on the bass drum, front and center, is a 16-inch 2002 Crash; at near right are an 18-inch 2002 China (rightside-up) and a 20-inch 2002 China (upside-down); rounding things out at far right are an 18-inch RUDE Crash and a 16-inch RUDE Sizzle. He also uses an 8-inch gonglike cymbal which Peter Stokowski gave him from his father's (well-known symphonic conductor Leopold Stokowski) collection of percussion instruments from around the world.

For sticks he prefers the new Regal Quantum 1000 with the wood-tip in the right hand, and the heavier (i.e., louder, more forceful) Regal Quontum 3000 wood-tip in the (weaker) left hand because "even though I have used the matched grip for over eight years, my right hand will always be a little stronger, since I'm right-handed. The left hand is more melodic—the right side of your brain controls the left side of your body, right?" While looking for a heavy-duty brush, Jackson recently discovered the telescoping Regal 583R.

### RONALD SHANNON JACKSON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

**with the Decoding Society**
*MAN DANCE*—Antilles AN-1008
*NASTY*—Moers 01086
*EYE ON YOU*—About Time 1003

**with Music Revelation Ensemble**
*NO WAVE*—Moers 01072

**with James Blood Ulmer**
*ARE YOU GLAD TO BE IN AMERICA*—Artists House 13

**with Omette Coleman**
*BODY META*—Artists House 1
*DANCING IN YOUR HEAD*—A&M/Horizon SP 722

**with Cecil Taylor**
*ONE TOO MANY SALTY SWIFT AND NOT GOODBYE*—hot Hut 3R02
*LIVE IN THE BLACK FOREST*—Pouso 7053
*UNIT*—New World 201
*3 PHASIS*—New World 303

**with Albert Mangelsdorff**
*LIVE AT MONTREUX*—MPS 15572

**with Charles Tyler**
*CHARLES TYLER*—ESP 1029

**with Garrett List**
*FIRE AND ICE*—Lovely Music VR-1201

# DECODING THE SOCIETY

**BY CHARLES DOHERTY**

Since Valerie Wilmer conducted this interview, drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson's star has been steadily on the rise. With his band the Decoding Society in tow, he has recently completed another whirlwind tour of Europe, just inked a pact with Island (Antilles) records, now has two new albums due for release (*Street Priest* on Moers Music and *Man Dance* on Antilles), played the prestigious New Music America '82 in Chicago, and shared the Fourth of July Kool Festival NY Southstreet Seaport bill with Daniel Ponce & New York Now and the Archie Shepp Quintet. We caught up with Jackson after his well-received Stages Music Hall set in the Windy City while the band was barnstorming the Midwest.

Jackson, in the tradition of Ellington, plays the Decoding Society (these days a sextet) the way Duke used his orchestra—as an instrument—and he follows the Ellington credo of getting his music to the people: "I want people to *enjoy* the music. We're doing in 1982 what Bird and Mingus and Monk, Diz and Max, were doing in the '40s for bop. I played a lot of bop when I first got to New York. [One of his first bop gigs there was in '67 with the Joe Henderson/Kenny Dorham big band, which brought many young musicians together, including pianist Weldon Irvine, bassist Junie Booth, trombonist Dick Griffin, trumpeter Tommy Turrentine, and saxist Bennie Maupin—who had a big place and rented the drummer a room]. I can't tell you how many times I played *Giant Steps* and *Confirmation*. . . I know now that my music is valid and correct and honest. In 15 or 20 years I'll be able to listen to it and know it was all there."

Jackson gets a full sound from his current working band: "We most recently added Henry Scott on trumpet and flugelhorn because I needed a brass sound for my orchestra—the high, bright sound adds a new color spectrum. Henry stretches, has ideas, and molds the elements of where the trumpet fits; he's developed the trumpet sounds in terms of the music. Zane Massey handles the woodwind voice [admirably on soprano, alto, and tenor saxes and flute—usually playing through an Ibanez multi-effects box]. And the guitars are like a chorus—they give me the string sound and the range of a piano—from contrabass to soprano. Usually drums have to take a background role when you're using a piano—even an electric one—because it's so easy for a drummer—especially an energetic, rhythmic drummer like myself—to overpower the piano, and drown out its tone and ambiance, and eliminate the voices of a piano. [Of the two electric bassists] 'Reverend' Bruce Johnson lays the foundation, the funky/rock/pop bass [primarily on a fretless instrument], while Melvin Gibbs [usually on a fretted bass] is more in the cello range, the melodic jazz player [though sometimes the roles are interchanged; they complement each other nicely]. And the incredible Vernon Reid completes the chorus on a variety of guitars [a half-dozen and counting, including a Strat, a Les Paul, a Roland GR-300 guitar synthesizer, an electric lap steel guitar, and a six-string banjo]; he chords so well. Since he first came to the band, he's developed the rhythmic aspect of playing music; that allows him to sound different—he doesn't have to play from a cliched base." And what of the only "acoustic" member of the Decoding Society, sitting behind his seven drums and a sea of cymbals? "In order to liberate the drums from a background role, it is necessary to play with electric instruments. I play rhythmic patterns—I don't play time. I take rhythm as a source of time. If you're playing this way, then you can play two rhythms at once, say a martial beat in one hand, and a funk beat in the other—totally independent." Add his two feet and the rhythmic layers become even more intricate.

DARRYL PITT

The Decoding Society has two distinct musical identities, says the leader, "one for the dance-aterias and one for the listeners." Correctly judging the Stages crowd to be one of "big ears," the orchestra presented a listening set that reflected the many moods of Jackson the composer—from the martial *Glory Hole* to the pastoral *August Nights* to the haunting *Night Watch*, which was inspired by the Rembrandt painting of the same name that Jackson viewed in Amsterdam: "It's a huge portrait, a street scene of all the night people—from the midget to the prostitutes to the barkeeps to the guards of the city to the prominent counts, even a little drummer boy, all the people who hung out. You look at the painting and vicariously you're there. Rembrandt took the spirit out of a person and put it right there on the canvas."

The Decoding Society is a tight, swinging unit which provides a rich context that sharpens the impact of the soloists within the structures of Jackson's latest compositions. "Writing music is an ongoing, continuing process for me. The more I write, the more I want to write. All my music really comes from the rhythm and sounds of the tom-toms. I hear things differently as a composer. I compose by myself, gathering my thoughts while behind the drums, then moving to the flute to compose the piece. [He takes an occasional turn on the flute in concert as well.] Then I have to give these guys written charts."

"And they're *not* easy charts," says Massey, an accomplished player from a musical family (compositions by his father Cal have been recorded by Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner, Jackie McLean, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, and Archie Shepp). So far all the tunes in the Decoding Society's book have come from the pen of Jackson, though, he says, other bandmembers "are free to contribute their own pieces. So far we've only tried part of a suite that Melvin brought in. Vernon says he has written some things, but he hasn't brought them in to the band yet. I'm looking forward to more from all of them."

Jackson's first record date as a leader, *Eye On You*, features 11 highly structured, "sculptured" compositions that reflect the multi-faceted drummer's days in the trenches with Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, and James Blood Ulmer. This LP featured an octet version of the Decoding Society, with dual guitars instead of basses (Bern Nix of Prime Time in a rhythm role, and lead playing mostly from Reid). "I took that band out for some [live] performances before the session," says Jackson, "so each person's solo [on the record] would be what they would really say if they were talking to a person, as opposed to what they would say to a microphone, imagining the audience. . . . " The first Moers release, *Nasty*, was recorded in New York after a fortnight of rehearsals, sans the performance component, and is looser and less structured, with more swinging and blowing space. The new Moers, *Street Priest*, features stretching out by a "live" band, caught in an European studio hot on the heels of a concert tour. Jackson is most excited about the Antilles disc, *Man Dance*, scheduled for release late this month: "I feel it's a combination of a live feel with more orchestration." The date is a return to the more tightly structured Jackson compositions—more layers with more elaborate arrangements, and different melodies played simultaneously by a Decoding Society that has refined its sound on the road (the personnel is identical to the current unit, except some tunes were recorded before Scott joined, with David Gordon in the trumpet chair instead).

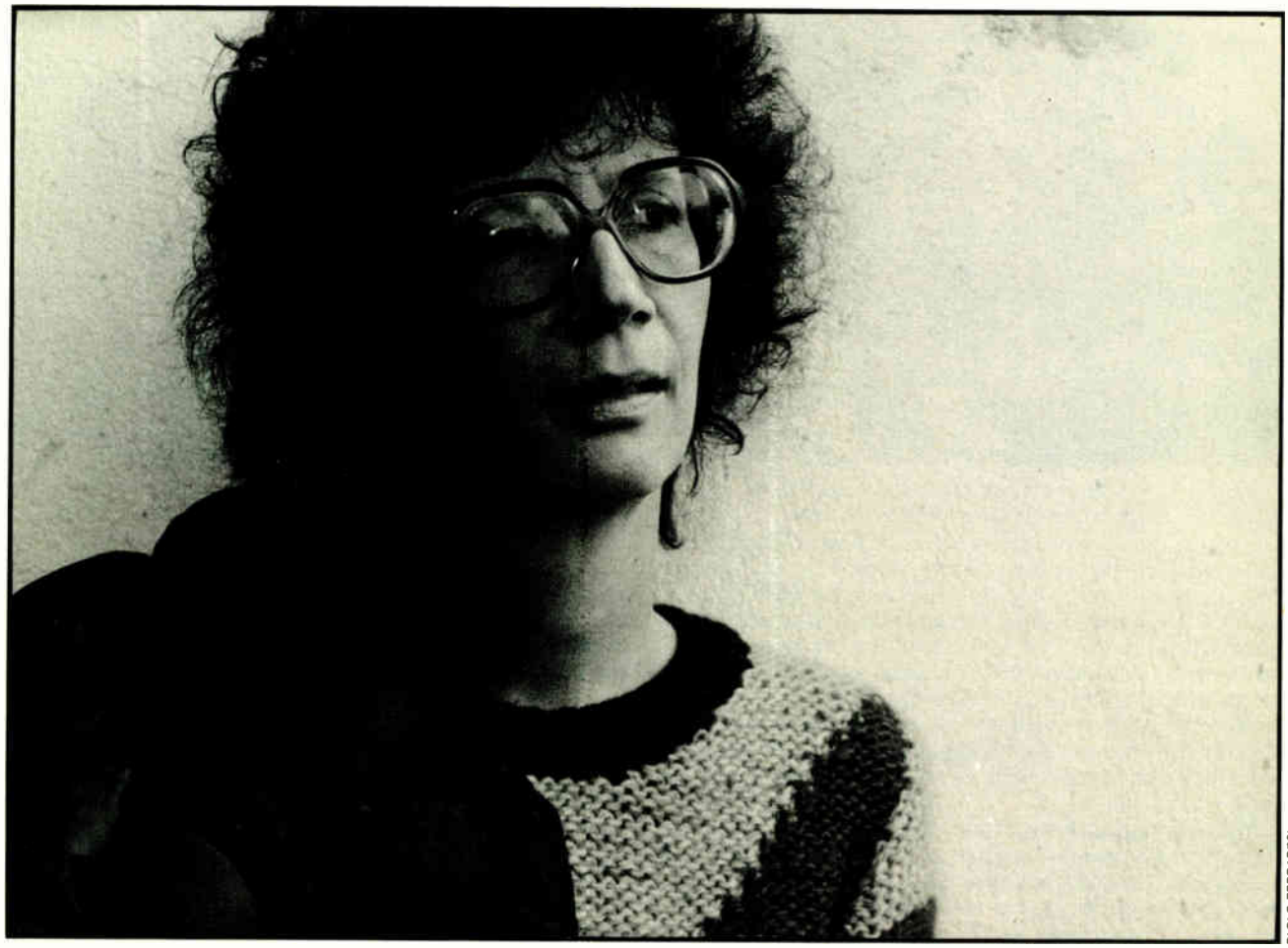
Jackson's music has had critics searching for a handle to hang on it—from "AACM funk" to "no wave" to "a cross between Louis Jordan and Ornette Coleman"—and superlative adjectives. If you've heard the electric sounds of Ornette Coleman's Prime Time or Blood Ulmer, you'll have a reference point from which to approach the melodies which spring from the colors and rhythms of Jackson's drums. "Ornette and I come from the same roots [Ft. Worth, TX]. Greenway Park there is the home of harmolodics [Ornette's descriptive contraction—harmony + movement + melody—for his own music] All the local players would gather there at sunrise, after their gigs. This was during the war [World War II]. I remember standing on the bench, just being able to see them. It was a coming together of different stories; each cat had something to say about the place where they were playing; they told the story of their night through their horn. Nobody set a key and they weren't concerned with chord structures—not like a classroom situation where everyone has to have the correct key and so forth—they were just playing from the life experience itself. They just played what they heard inside, what they felt, and they still got along."

Seemingly a secret the last couple of decades, how does Jackson, at 42, feel when he is heralded as the best, new "young" drummer of the '80s? "A man from Africa once told me, 'Drummers in my country don't mature until they're 40. Our drummers play for life; you have to *live* before you can play.'" **db**

# "FIRST COMES THE SOUND"

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL

# JOANNE BRACKEEN



PAOLO FERRARESI

"I never prepare for anything," JoAnne Brackeen said while getting comfortable in a friend's living room, "anything that happens happens." She was describing a clinic, hastily set up in the midst of her two-night engagement at Boston's Storyville, that she had just conducted at the New England Conservatory of Music. "My preference is to have a nice piano, play a tune, and let people ask questions. When the questions wear out, play again—back and forth." This same *que sera sera* attitude comes through when she explains the influences and experiences that brought her to her current prominence.

"There was never a point when I decided I wanted to play jazz," insists Brackeen, who was born JoAnne Grogan in 1938. "I was always doing it. Once when I was eight, I saw this book with pencil drawings. There was this beautiful picture of a dog; the eyes looked like they were alive. So I had my parents buy me a drawing pencil and paper and I drew the dog. When I took it to school the teacher said, 'JoAnne, you should not lie to the students and say you drew that.' I could draw that well. The same thing happened with the piano.

"I heard these Frankie Carle tunes—*Hindustan, Charmaine, Louise*, things that were popular—and I learned them note-for-note on the piano. I'd play them for school assemblies, and if you heard me, it sounded just like the record. To me, I was just learning how to do something I liked. It just happened to take place on the piano. I never thought in terms of being a pianist, or of being anything. I just did what fascinated me."

Brackeen has taken this early fascination and turned it into one of the most vivid contemporary keyboard styles. (She captured the **down beat** Critics Poll TDWR acoustic piano category for the first time in 1979, was a runner-up in '80 and '81, and returned to the top again this year.) In the process she has overcome some predictable prejudices, plus charges of derivativeness. There are so many flavors in Brackeen's work—dense two-handed polyrhythms suggesting McCoy Tyner, the ebullience and occasional Hispanic lilt of Chick Corea, Bill Evans' impressionistic shadings—that her own unique ingredients were often ignored. This began to change in 1979 when, with assistance from bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Jack DeJohnette, she recorded *Keyed In. Ancient Dynasty*, with Joe Henderson's tenor added, was a similarly heated program from the following year. At the close of 1981, Brackeen reverted to the trio format

and recorded the aptly titled *Special Identity*, the clearest evidence yet of what makes Brackeen Brackeen.

As a soloist she bristles with bold, discursive invention. It would be misleading to consider her either line-oriented or chord-oriented, since so much of the activity in a Brackeen solo derives from the juxtaposition of ideas in both hands. While her right sprays runs or snaps off syncopated clusters, Brackeen's left hand may set booming patterns, pluck harmonic extensions, superimpose discreet melodic ideas, or race along in unison. Often, a thematic motif in one hand will trigger a shift in texture or dynamics. All this ambidextrous energy expands upon the quirky density of Brackeen's compositions, so that in retrospect the shifts and turns in her writing seem to predict the activity in her improvising.

Variety, often within the context of a single composition, is the spice of Brackeen's writing, as, for example, *Special Identity*'s seven pieces make clear. Rhapsodic elegance (*Mistake Touch*) precedes haywire riffing (*Egyptian Dune Dance*, in 11/8); *Einstein*, with a melody that scurries in unison bursts like laboratory animals in a maze, is followed by *Evening In Concert* with its ballroom grace. *Enchance*, a waltz inlaid with fragile voicings, turns snappish at the end of each chorus. The title tune contains five distinct thematic sections that traverse moods ranging from recital hall propriety to flamenco insistence. In a similar manner, *Friday The Thirteenth* sets up a bluesy vamp, interrupts it, returns to it, shifts to a spanish fanfare, and concludes with a frenetic nursery rhyme figure.

Rather than creating wild confusion, Brackeen molds these elements into stunning mosaics. No external logic makes the compositional loose ends adhere, yet the music never feels arbitrary or incomplete. Gomez and DeJohnette are ideal for this material, with their loose underpinning sometimes moving in sync with and sometimes clattering against the piano melodies; but Brackeen's internal gyroscope grows ever more accurate, and one senses that even without accompaniment her puzzles would not fly apart.

Ask the pianist about these matters, though, and she reveals an attitude similar to that surrounding her childhood Frankie Carle period. "I learned rhythms as a result of feeling air and bones and things in my body. That's the only way I learned rhythms. Elvin Jones gets rhythms the same way I do. They're in the air. Sometimes I'm walking down the street, and all of a sudden I feel like I'm flying to California, South America, New York, Europe, and Japan—like I was in five places at the same time. Rhythms are like that. They're layers.

"Today somebody asked when I started playing meters, and I had to say I didn't know. The first tune I wrote like that was *Haiti B* in about 1973. But I can remember Max Roach playing in different rhythms. It could have come from him, but most of what I do feels like it came from within. You're influenced by everything that's taking place, seen and unseen, not only on the planet but in the universe."

TOM COPI

**JOANNE BRACKEEN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY**

**as a leader**

*SNOOZE*—Choice 1009
*NEW TRUE ILLUSIONS*—Timeless 103
*TRING-A-LING*—Choice 1016
*AFT*—Timeless/Muse 302
*TRINKETS AND THINGS*—Timeless 123
*PRISM*—Choice 1040
*MYTHICAL MAGIC*—Pausa 7045
*KEYED IN*—Tappan Zee 36075
*ANCIENT DYNASTY*—Tappan Zee 36593
*SPECIAL IDENTITY*—Antilles 1001

**with Art Blakey**

*JAZZ MESSENGERS '70*—Catalyst 7902

**with Stan Getz**

*GOLD*—Inner City 1040

**with John McNeil**

*EMBARKATION*—SteepleChase 1099
*CLEAN SWEEP*—SteepleChase 1154

Brackeen views composing in the same light. "A tune comes to me as a tune—when it comes, it just comes. If you try to limit something it will be limited, but if you just say 'I want to write a tune,' write whatever it is. The stuff will come." A case in point is *Friday The Thirteenth* (not the Monk tune—and not inspired by Monk, despite its title and the resemblance of its final phrase to *Rhythm-a-ning*). Brackeen insists that this asymmetrical amalgam "came to me right away, all at once. Most of them do."

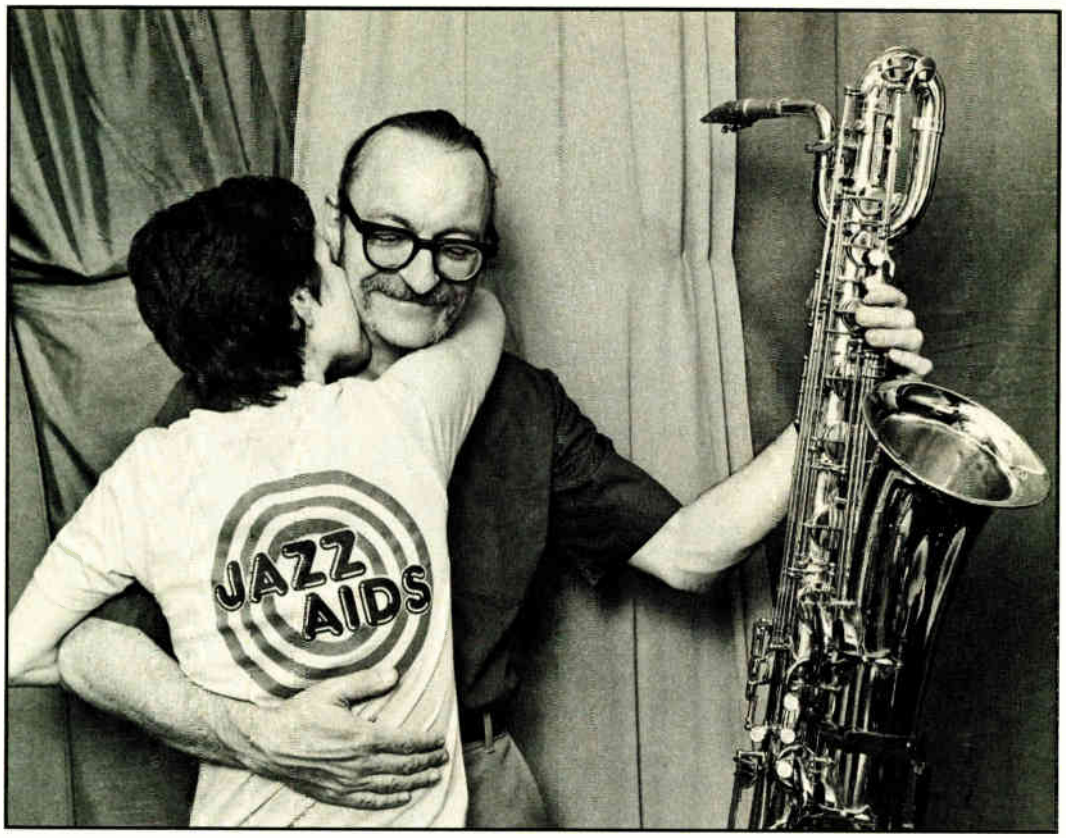
These singular skills were nurtured in Southern California. "I was in Ventura, where nobody had heard of jazz, until I was 16. Then I moved down to L.A. and ran into people who knew what jazz was, how you learned a tune, then played on it. When I was about 18 or 19, I heard Ornette Coleman. He was working for a week or two on Washington Boulevard. When I heard that music, it just really sounded serious. Other music sounded good and fascinating, and had a lot of human qualities, but Ornette's music had another quality that felt indescribably closer to me than any music I had ever heard. That was the group with Don Cherry, Billy Higgins, and Charlie Haden.

"At the time I felt like I was on the planet Earth with no brothers and sisters, no family. I liked a lot of people, including my parents, brothers, and sisters, but I never felt that relationship. All of a sudden, when I heard that music, that was my family. That's how fulfilled it made me feel."

There were other influences, though few were pianists. "I mainly listened to Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Coltrane, Elvin Jones. I was very impressed with the way that both Art Taylor and Roy Haynes played—Art Blakey too—and Sonny Rollins and Monk. It's not that anybody does something more or less than someone else, but I just got attracted to the things that seemed more whole, more complete, that comes from within itself."

It would take Brackeen several years to develop her own style, for after she and her ex-husband (saxophonist Charles Brackeen) had four children, music was forced to take a back seat to raising the family. Even after moving to New York in 1965, Brackeen merely "floated around" for a few years, playing the piano at home and finding little writing inspiration. ("It makes it a lot easier when you can play new tunes out in

*continued on page 55*




# PEPPER ADAMS

BY LEE JESKE

I'm not sure why I watch the Grammy Awards every year. I rarely like the music they present, and I usually spend most of the endless three hours just clucking my tongue at the lack of any real presentation of jazz on the show. Oh sure, there is always a token jazz performance, but it is usually by an established icon—Basie, Fitzgerald—or a jazz/pop star—Mangione, Jarreau. It usually receives a large, gratuitous ovation and has as much to do with the real state of the music as Luciano Pavarotti singing *Sorrento* or Placido Domingo dueting with a porky puppet has to do with the current state of classical music.

I checked the *TV Guide* in advance: it was going to be Jarreau. So I slumped down in the chair, flicked on the show and sat bolt upright as the alphabetical guest list began. Was that Pepper Adams' name I heard? Pepper Adams—the skinny, rumpled, owlish master of the baritone sax—was on the Grammy Awards?

"Heh-heh-heh," laughs Pepper Adams on a couch in his Brooklyn home. "It started as a grass roots movement within the various chapters: 'Why don't we have any jazz on this damn show?' So the representatives of the governors met with the producers and were adamant. How it came to evolve to me, I suppose, is that it was my third consecutive year of being nominated, and I think there was something like, 'Well, as long as we're going to have a little jazz, we might as well make it somebody a little obscure.'" Pepper lost the Grammy to a recording by the late John Coltrane, but he did manage to get in two blistering minutes of *My Shining Hour*—played at a super-fast tempo to allow for an improvised chorus or two. He also got a chance to trade some licks with Al Jarreau.

If Pepper Adams is "obscure" it is only by the standards of such big name entertainment as the Grammy Awards. Certainly, the jazz world is well aware of his talents. As a matter of fact, Adams is currently at a peak of recognition and popularity that is higher than at any other point in his career. Since leaving the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra in late '76, he has recorded a number of albums, toured the world as a leader and, beginning in 1979, unseated Gerry Mulligan as the annual winner of the baritone category in the **db** Critics Poll. His gruff, authoritative style on the baritone—he plays like a man who won't take no for an answer—has made him one of the most distinctive voices in mainstream jazz.

Indeed, Pepper Adams has one of the most distinctive speaking voices in mainstream jazz as well—it is a gruff, authoritative baritone voice that is frequently punctuated with a gasping laugh. It is a voice that tells me to take the Brooklyn-bound LL subway train as far as it will go and call from the station. It is a voice that then tells me to walk two blocks and stand next to "the store that sells stuffed animals and plants, and I'll be there in a green Volvo." Then, once settled in the book-filled living room, it is the voice that tells me about a life that begins in Detroit, Michigan in 1930.

"At the time I was conceived, my parents were considered fairly well-to-do; by the time I was sentient, we were desperately poor. My parents were both college graduates from the University of Michigan, and my father had a very responsible position managing Pringle's, a major furniture store. By 1931 he hadn't drawn any salary in eight months and the store was bankrupt."

The young Park Adams III (the name is "a family curse," he says) was on the road at an early age, the family living with various relatives sprinkled around the country before landing in Rochester, New York,



*Photo of Claudette and Pepper Adams by Darryl Pitt*

## PEPPER ADAMS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

**as a leader**

*URBAN DREAMS*—Palo Alto 8009
*THE MASTER*—Muse 5213
*REFLECTORY*—Muse 5182
*EPHEMERA*—Zim 2000
*JULIAN*—Inner City 3014
*PLAYS CHARLES MINGUS*—Workshop 2195
*TWELFTH & PINGREE*—Enja 2074
*10-4 AT THE 5-SPOT*—Riverside 12-266
*ENCOUNTER*—Prestige 7677

**with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Big Band**

*CONSUMMATION*—Blue Note 84346
*LIVE IN MUNICH*—Horizon 724
*NEW LIFE*—Horizon 707
*SUITE FOR POPS*—Horizon 701
*THAD JONES/MEL LEWIS*—Blue Note LA-392
*POTPOURRI*—Philly Int. 33152
*LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD*—Solid State 18016
*BIG BAND SOUND OF . . .*—Solid State 18041
*PRESENTING JOE WILLIAMS AND . . .*—Solid State 18008

**with Donald Byrd**

*YOUNG BIRD*—Milestone 47044
*STARDUST*—Bethlehem BCP-6029
*OFF TO THE RACES*—Blue Note 84007
*ROYAL FLUSH*—Blue Note 84101
*THE CREEPER*—Blue Note LT-1096
*OUT OF THIS WORLD*—Warwick 2041

**with Thad Jones**

*MEAN WHAT YOU SAY*—Milestone 9001

**with Nick Brignola**

*BARITONE MADNESS*—Bee Hive 7000

**with Thelonious Monk**

*IN PERSON*—Milestone M-4703

**with Dan Friedman**

*HOT KNEPPER AND PEPPER*—Progressive 7036

where Park was to end up with a clarinet and a new moniker, both acquired in grade school. The clarinet was learned fairly easily—Park's grandparents had some jazz records and a piano, both of which were of considerable interest to their grandson. He recalls listening to radio broadcasts by Fats Waller and the John Kirby Sextet, and being rapt in music from the start.

"I was quite absorbed in the process of learning," he says, "and Ellington's band was far and away my favorite of all of them. When the band played a whole week at a theater in Rochester, I was there every day. After a while, [trumpeter] Rex Stewart noticed that this same kid was there all the goddamn time so he invited me backstage, and I met the whole band when I was 12. Rex was my favorite soloist in the band—because he was the most inventive harmonically—and I remember enjoying the sound of [baritonist] Harry Carney's playing. Carney was such an obvious foundation of that band."

However, he continued to play clarinet and tenor sax in school, and wasn't to play his first baritone until several years later, when the family returned to Detroit. The nickname he picked up while still in Rochester. "Pepper Martin had been a third baseman for the St. Louis Cardinals and was an extremely skillful player and an extremely colorful man," says his namesake. "He had been a major hero in the World Series of 1934, when the Cardinals beat Detroit. Near the end of his career he was sent from the Cardinals to their AAA farm club, the Rochester Red Wings. The morning that he arrived the paper naturally had a large photograph of this celebrity who was coming in to play local baseball. And he was an ugly looking son-of-a-bitch—crooked teeth, beetling brow. I arrived at school that day and the kids claimed he looked just like me. And they started to call me Pepper."

When the Adams family arrived back in Detroit, Pepper was 16 years old and proficient on several reeds. He was also smack in the middle of one of the most thriving jazz scenes in the country. There were also very few baritone saxophonists. "I had an opportunity to buy a baritone very reasonably," he says, "and I developed such a quick affinity for it that in four months I traded that in for a brand new Selmer. I saw a wide open field ahead of me—I listened to the other styles of playing and I thought, 'My goodness, there's a whole different way to play this instrument that hasn't even been begun to be exploited. Wow!'

"I met Tommy Flanagan almost immediately and through him quite a number of other people, all around the same age. I was just a kid and I was learning to play. I eventually gravitated more towards playing with the black players, because I was accepted better on at least two counts. The white players were basically fans of Stan Getz, the 'cool school,' that sort of thing, and several of them gave me *sincere* advice about how I was going about things all wrong. First, you're *not* supposed to get a big sound on the baritone—you're supposed to disguise it and play it as much like a tenor as possible. I was told, 'You play too many wrong notes, you play all those funny harmonic things. And you should learn your changes better.'

"What I was doing, of course, was playing changes in a more sophisticated manner, which gave me a hell of a lot more flexibility and took me out of sort of the cliche-ridden style. To them, bop was a sequence of cliches, and since I consciously tried *not* to play cliches, I was therefore not a bebopper and not in their mold. The other point on which I was not accepted was quite simple: I didn't use drugs. There was a fair amount of drug usage in the black area as well, but it was never pressed upon me there."

Adams calls "one of the minor triumphs of my life" the night Stan Getz showed up at a Detroit jam session and found himself jamming with a half-dozen Getz clones. Getz was impressed by only one musician—the baritone player who was, obviously, his own man. You can imagine the chagrin," Pepper says with a wide smile.

Pepper spent his teens playing wherever he could—it was impossible for anyone under 21 years old to play in bars—in order to earn enough money to send himself to college in preparation for a career as a writer—a "literary type" as he puts it. The Korean War put the kibosh on the college education, though. Oddly, Pepper's stay in the army helped convince him to make music his career.

"I spent about four months in the band on the post before being shipped overseas. The basic component of the band was players who were considerably older than myself because they had been a national guard unit from Chicago that had been called up intact when the war broke out. There were people 26-28 years old who had been on the road with bands. There was a good level of musicianship in the band, but when it came to playing jazz—and there were quite a few of them who considered themselves jazz players—I discovered to my surprise that I was far, far more knowledgeable than they. This is my 'enclave theory': in Detroit the level of musicianship was so goddamn high that you really had to know what you were doing and be able to do it well, in order to even have a chance of surviving and getting any kind of work. I think it was this discovery that caused me, when I got out of the army, to have no intention of doing anything else but getting out there and playing."

After leaving the service, Pepper spent a number of years in Detroit housebands, including one that played back-up for tenorist Wardell Gray. The two men used to trade horns and, surprisingly, Pepper refers to Wardell as "one of the finest baritone players I've ever heard." In the mid-'50s, Adams joined the general exodus of jazz players from Detroit, although he's quick to point out that "things were still very good, musically, there. And there are still good players there who never left."

Pepper arrived by himself and, to tide him over while his six-month musicians' union transfer was taking place, took a job doing statistical work for an insurance agency. His first gig was a five-month stint with Stan Kenton, a job which landed him in California. He spent five months in Los Angeles, doing studio work, but soon got the itch to play in clubs again. Maynard Ferguson was looking for a baritonist to make a tour east, and Pepper signed on "as a vehicle to get myself back to New York."

The years of '57 and '58 found Pepper in various sideman situations—including a tour with Benny Goodman. He also copped **db**'s 1957 New Star award on the baritone. This recognition helped get him booked into the Five Spot as a leader for the summer of 1958. "I worked the whole summer with my own band—Donald Byrd, Bobby Timmons, Doug Watkins, and Elvin Jones. Then a while later Donald made a contact with a booking agency; he decided to put together a band and have it under our co-leadership, although it was just a courtesy to me to put my name on the other side of the hyphen because it was very much Donald's band in that he conducted all the business aspects. I was just there as a player primarily. I think we had a hell of a band."

That band lasted, in various forms, for close to three years, garnering good notices and introducing to the world a young pianist named Herbie Hancock. "What finally did us in was the booking agency. It was a large agency and we were somewhere on the bottom of their priority list. We would frequently spend as much money in transportation costs to get to the gig as the gig was going to profit us. It was a very disillusioning thing. Perhaps that experience might explain some of Donald's aberrations since then."

The band broke up when the club they were appearing in in Kansas

City folded out from under them. Adams and Byrd had to pool their money to send the various players back home. "I arrived back in New York with no money at all. I had come east with a fair amount of money saved up, and when I was living in New York in the late '50s, I was doing a fair amount of recording, and I had a decent bank account. Then the band with Donald absorbed all of that and left me absolutely flat broke. So there I am, starting all over again. And the early '60s were catch-as-catch-can. I had some nice things happen, and some very depressing and very bad things going on, too.

"I never took a day job, though. I worked with Mingus for a little while, but I also managed to do things that I did not particularly enjoy. I spent about a year with Lionel Hampton's big band. Lionel is a charming man and I like him very much, but musically it was a shambles—a circus. You know what a standard Lionel Hampton rehearsal is? Lionel practicing his solo on *Flying Home* while the band sits around."

There was also some work in a quintet with Thad Jones. When Thad decided to form a rehearsal band with drummer Mel Lewis, Pepper was given the baritone chair. The rehearsal band blossomed into the most widely praised and influential big band of the '60s and '70s. "I enjoyed the hell out of it," says Pepper about his decade with the band. "I love Thad's writing and he's a marvelous arranger. The way that band could sound when it was playing his stuff and playing it right. With big bands, I tend to love the rehearsals, because that's when you're seeing the music and learning to play it correctly, and you're getting together with the section, getting the sound right. The first couple of gigs are great—it's a chance to go out and show off what you learned at rehearsal. Then the rewards start diminishing rapidly: *'We're doing this again?'* With Thad's band there was sufficient challenge and reward involved that I could enjoy it over a long period of time. And, of course, it was not an every-night situation. It was every Monday night and an occasional trip here and there.

"And after a year or so of the big band, I started to get more and more record dates because of the forum I had there at the Vanguard—obviously you had to be able to read pretty well to work in the band. People would know that I was in New York, so I started getting a whole lot of record dates—sideman dates, overdubbing for rock bands, that kind of thing. So I kind of drifted right into a New York studio scene. And for four or five years there I started once again to have a healthy income after several years of virtually none.

"Then as the band started traveling to Europe, I started getting Europeans coming up and saying, 'I have this club; when the band goes back can you stay a couple of weeks?' 'Yeah, great'—this was exactly what I wanted, a chance to play. And as that built up, the calls for record dates started dropping off because if a contractor calls you two or three times and you're not available, the name goes out of the book. So as casually as I drifted into the studios, I drifted out of them again." Since then Pepper has avoided the studios completely; he refuses to play anything but the baritone; and if somebody tries to cajole him to pick up the clarinet or soprano, he can answer them with "A baritone is all I own."

Certainly a baritone saxophone is not the only instrument heard at the Adams' Brooklyn home. Early on, as Pepper and I speak, there is classical piano being played somewhere in the house, which is soon joined by a thumping rock & roll recording from a different room. Later in the conversation, someone vigorously practices some solo cello pieces. What's going on here? "That's my wife Claudette playing the piano," explains Pepper, "and my 12-year-old stepson playing the cello."

Adams has been a family man for all of six years which, not coincidentally, is the amount of time he's been out of the Jones/Lewis band (now, of course, the Lewis band). "At that period of time the band was starting to work more and I wanted more control over my own life—to travel more when *I* wanted. I like small group conditions and I like to play reasonably steadily. The way things have been going, I've been able to keep a pretty decent balance. I like to divide my time at home with my wife and son with a certain amount of traveling."

Currently Pepper Adams is a baritonist for hire—he spends most of his time on the road playing with whatever local rhythm he's provided with. On the day we speak, he's right between gigs in Toronto and Miami. It may seem arduous to have to schlep a baritone saxophone all over the world, but multi-instrumentalists have it harder. Sometimes Pepper comes across a job that he finds particularly rewarding—he speaks with fondness of a Norwegian tour he did not long ago with a local rhythm section and trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, somebody he says, "I'd love to record with, although I've had a very negative response [from record producers] to this suggestion."

TOM COPI

**PEPPER ADAMS' EQUIPMENT**

"My old Berg-Larsen mouthpiece fell apart after playing it for about 32 years. It finally got so pitted, the reed no longer fit snugly, so I wound up with a major leak. I tried to find something that was similar to the old Berg. I found one and I've been playing it ever since, but I'm not sure I'll stick with it. It's a Dukoff D-5. And the reed is a Bari—which is not specifically involved with baritones. I used a #5 reed when I was using cane reeds, but these are in gradations of soft, medium, and hard, and I use a hard. Sometimes I have to go through a few of them to find one that is hard enough.

"My sax is a Selmer I got in Paris in 1980—it is without the low A, which I prefer because without it the instrument speaks much better. I don't think it has a model number—it may well be a hybrid."

He also takes the odd sideman job if it's offered. Some, like a Don Friedman record, he has kind words for—"Although it was a somewhat hasty date, there's some good playing on it." Others, like a two-baritone album with Nick Brignola, he has less than kind words for—"We skirted disaster; the best I can say for it is it's much better than it should have been, and it is still not good at all." He is, however, quite happy with the albums he's made recently as a leader—albums that have led to due recognition in the jazz field and, oh yes, have been nominated for Grammys.

As the cadenza to *My Shining Hour*, as played on the Grammys, Pepper Adams—who looks something like a Muppet—played the closing bars of the *Mupper Show Theme*. Like the sax-playing Muppet Zoot, Pepper looked down into the bell of his horn when he was finished playing as if to say, "Where the hell did those crazy sounds come from?" I'm afraid that a good percentage of the Grammy audience was wondering the same thing. Perhaps some of them dug it. "Those who have seen me said they enjoyed that portion," says Pepper Adams with a grin. "Some even got the joke." db

# RECORD REVIEWS

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

## CHARLIE PARKER

**ONE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON**—Elektra Musician El-60019: *Fine And Dandy; These Foolish Things; Light Green; Thou Swell; Willis; Don't Blame Me; Medley: Something To Remember You By/The Blue Room; Roundhouse; Red Rodney On Charlie Parker (talk).*

***Personnel:*** *Parker, alto saxophone; Jim Riley, Jim Parker, Angelo Tompros, Ben Lary, Jack Nimitz, reeds; Ed Leddy, Marky Markowitz, Charlie Walp, Bob Carey, trumpet; Earl Swope, Rob Swope, Don Spiker, trombone; Jack Holliday, piano; Mert Oliver, bass; Joe Timer, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**JAZZ PERENNIAL: THE GENIUS VOL. 7**—Verve UMV 2617: *The Bird; Star Eyes; Blues; I'm In The Mood For Love; Celebrity; Ballade; Repetition; In The Still Of The Night; Old Folks; If I Love Again; Cardboard; Visa; Password; Segment; Diverse; If I Should Lose You; Everything Happens To Me; Easy To Love; I'll Remember April.*

***Personnel:*** *Parker, alto saxophone, with varying lineups including Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Tommy Turk, trombone; Hank Jones, Al Haig, Tony Aless, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Ray Brown, Tommy Potter, Charlie Mingus, bass; Max Roach, Buddy Rich, drums; The Dave Lambert Singers, vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LARRY HEITZMAN

Now, almost 30 years since its initial recording by Bill Potts, Charlie Parker fans the world over will finally get a chance to hear their idol in one of the most unique concert settings of his career. Never widely known, even at the time of its occasion, Parker's special appearance in front of, or more aptly "on top of," Washington, DC's legendary *The* Orchestra has become over the ensuing decades not only a source of continued speculation among diehard collectors, but, in essence, a sort of Holy Grail in and of itself. Potts, you may recall, is the pianist who brought to light that glorious series of latter-day Lester Youngs that Pablo has been coming out with over the past few years. Here, as before in the case of the Young material, Potts' Parker tapes were brilliantly remastered by Jack Towers, truly one of the unsung engineering geniuses of our time.

Starting in 1951, Voice of America's Willis Conover, then a local jazz disc jockey, began functioning as host and producer for a series of DC concerts designed to feature resident big band players working from a book of original charts by such well-known writers as Al Cohn, Johnny Mandel, and Gerry Mulligan, as well as other less-renowned local musicians. Guest artists of national reputation were also brought in as featured soloists, and these included Cohn, Zoot Sims, Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz and, on February 22, 1953, Charlie Parker.

In spectacular form, even by his own amazingly high standards, Parker is almost everywhere in evidence. Obviously eschewing the need for any lead sheet cues that might have been provided for him, he plays wherever and whenever he wants, searing, soaring, and literally ripping asunder any preconceived notions some may have entertained as regards the proper role of a big band soloist. In the words of Potts, "Bird plays straight through sectional solis, full band tuttis and even the modulations. Some of the key changes are abrupt and without a modulation but this bothered him none."

As for the arrangements themselves, none can be called masterpieces, but for the record their writers should be given due credit. Joe Timer, drummer/leader and one of *The* Orchestra's guiding lights, contributed *These Foolish Things* and the medley (which Bird magnificently misconstrues to everybody's confusion but his own—it must be heard to be believed!); pianist Holliday wrote the short, cushiony background on *Don't Blame Me*; Potts did the medium blues *Light Green* and the swinging *Willis*, while the remainder, *Fine And Dandy*, *Thou Swell*, and *Roundhouse*, represented the more skilled handiwork of Al Cohn, Johnny Mandel, and Gerry Mulligan, respectively. However, considering the unlikelihood of anyone purchasing this record for any reason other than Parker's overwhelming presence, little more needs to be said on that score, except to mention that the last track, Red Rodney's, is an oral history bonus well worth the hearing.

Jumping from the never-before-heard Parker to the all-too-familiar is quite a leap, but the recently released Japanese reissue of the old *Jazz Perennial* album on Verve, since it represents one of the first visible tips to be seen on the horizon of a vast, all-consuming reissue program, cannot go unnoticed. Though it will cast no new musical light on Parkerian musicology, this copy at hand does boast an added advantage over the original release in the superior technology, flawless pressing, and clarity of reproduction.

Here, Bird is presented in a variety of different settings culled from sessions as early as autumn 1948 (*The Bird* and *Repetition*) to the more famous vocal background date of March 1953 (*In The Still Of The Night*, *Old Folks*, and *If I Love Again*). In between there are the combo sessions with Dorham from April and May 1949 (*Cardboard*, *Visa*, *Segment*, *Passport*, and *Diverse*); the string section hits from November 1949 and July 1950 (*If I Should Lose You*, *Everything Happens To Me*, *Easy To Love*, and *I'll Remember April*); a quartet date with Jones, Brown, and Rich from the spring of 1950 (*Star Eyes*, *Blues*, and *I'm In The Mood For Love*); and with the same rhythm section, an October 1950 coupling that is still a matter of conjecture. *Celebrity*, at 93 seconds, is probably the shortest complete record that Parker ever made, while its companion piece, *Ballade*, reveals Bird in a striking and wholly unprecedented duet with Coleman Hawkins. Actually, the performance is not really a duet in the strictest sense of the term, but it does serve to afford the listener a rare opportunity to compare, within the same time frame, the

widely disparate conceptions of these two equally great giants of jazz saxophone. It has been suggested that these two sides were originally recorded for inclusion on a film soundtrack, but to date no evidence of any such film has yet to surface.

*—jack sohmer*

## JOANNE BRACKEEN

**SPECIAL IDENTITY**—Antilles AN 1001: *Special Identity; Mystic Touch; Egyptian Dune Dance; Enchance; Einstein; Evening In Concert; Friday The Thirteenth.*
***Personnel:*** *Brackeen, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

**A TRIBUTE TO BILLY STRAYHORN**—Jazz America Marketing 5003: *Take The A Train; Day Dream; Rain Check; Lotus Blossom; Charpoy; Lush Life; Chelsea Bridge; Intimacy Of The Blues.*
***Personnel:*** *Akiyoshi, piano; John Heard (cuts 1,2,5-7), Bob Daugherty (3,4,8), bass; Peter Donald (1,2,5-7), Jeff Hamilton (3,4,8), drums.*

★ ★ ★

Though both these albums are piano trios and acoustic throughout, and each is led by a prodigious jazz player, there the similarity ends. The concepts and delivery of the two are vastly different; also the material contained in each offers an interesting contrast.

Brackeen most recently has been displaying her formidable composing skills, and on *Special Identity* we have a potpourri of what she does best. Her ideas and imagination seem to know no boundaries; compositions may be ingratiating or romantic or just slightly beyond comprehension. The music is constantly changing, whether from one work to the next, or even within the span of one piece. Brackeen's life motto, it seems, is expansion, and this is the feeling one comes away with from her performances. But, also she epitomizes the musician who has steeped herself in tradition, yet manages to come up with a totally unique way of re-presenting it.

For example, on *Egyptian Dune Dance* there are distinct bebop overtones, and the intro is vaguely reminiscent of Dizzy Gillespie's classic *Night In Tunisia*. *Einstein* demonstrates the mathematical-like quality that can sometimes be found in the more complex forms of jazz. Yet at the same time, Brackeen knows how to make such works relatively easy to relate to. And she has a sense of humor, too, when in the closing *Friday The Thirteenth*, we hear some Monkish riffs, and one suspects that this is her tribute to the late genius (who also wrote a tune with the same title).

Brackeen's associates are top-drawer. Gomez has always been known for his extraordinary sensitivity, and his work here is no exception. DeJohnette, an awesome leader of his own fine groups, nevertheless merges with Brackeen in an uncanny way, sometimes ultra-subtle, at other moments bringing out the inherent beauty in Brackeen's "out-of-time" explorations.

The Akiyoshi set is disappointing. Although it would seem to be a refreshing change of pace to hear her in a trio setting, this particular venture doesn't really seem to do full justice to her capabilities. Akiyoshi's is an elegant piano style, rather proper, and this tends toward a lack of true feeling for the deeply moving work of Billy Strayhorn. An especially telling example is on *Lush Life*; her interpretation misses the implicit decadence of the tune, and turns out sounding lighthearted.

Side one achieves somewhat more of the Strayhorn essence with the hauntingly beautiful *Day Dream* coming closest to the original intent. Also *Rain Check*, one of the more complex and circuitous of Strayhorn's works, fares well. *Lotus Blossom*, however, has its character changed from the poignant, Oriental-flavored original to a rather colorless waltz.

The two rhythm sections are good, but never excellent. Now and again, Donald will embellish a phrase with great empathy; Heard, similarly, occasionally captures the mood. But all in all, there is a kind of stiffness, maybe a discomfort with the circumstances. Akiyoshi's strength, of course, lies in her own writing, which is always superbly translated by the orchestra she co-leads with Lew Tabackin. The adventurous side of her nature comes into full flower with the orchestra as her instrument. In this trio offering she appears limited and confined.

*—frankie nemko-graham*

## GIL EVANS

**WHERE FLAMINGOS FLY**—Artists House AH 14: *Zee Zee; Naña; Love Your Love; Hotel Me; Where Flamingos Fly; El Matador.*
***Personnel:*** *Evans, piano, electric piano, tack piano (cut 6); Billy Harper, tenor saxophone, chimes (6); Howard Johnson, tuba (1), baritone saxophone (5); Trevor Koehler, soprano, baritone saxophone (2-5); John Coles (1, 6), Stan Shafran (2-5), Hannibal Peterson (2-5), trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone (2-5); Harry Lookofsky, violin (1, 6); Joe Beck, guitar (1), mandolin (6); Bruce Johnson, guitar (2-5); Don Preston (1, 6), Phil Davis (2-5), synthesizer; Herb Bushler (1, 6), Bill Quinze (2-5), electric bass; Bruce Ditmas (2-5), drums; Sue Evans (1, 6), percussion; Airto Moreira, Flora Purim, percussion, vocals (1, 6).*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**LITTLE WING**—Inner City IC 1110: *Dr. Jekyll; The Meaning Of The Blues; Little Wing.*
***Personnel:*** *Evans, electric piano; Bob Stewart, tuba; Peter Levin, synthesizer; Don Pate, electric bass; Rob Crowder, drums; Terumasa Hino, trumpet; Lewis Soloff, trumpet, piccolo trumpet (1); George Adams, tenor saxophone, flute, percussion; Gerry Niewood, alto, soprano saxophone, flute.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Most fans have heard at least some of the memorable hot-house collaborations (1957-61) between Gil Evans and Miles Davis. They match two pure spirits and are some of the most wonderful works of their era; thank heavens and Columbia they are still in print. Much less known is Evans' own splendid work from then 'til now with groups of fine ensembles sized from nine to 20, all marked with his ineffable, exacting genius for arranging and leading. (Impulse's *Out Of The Cool* [rec. 1960] is still miraculously in print; quality *does* wear well.) Evans, a retiring perfectionist, gives few NYC club dates and rarer concerts. His recordings, moreover, between 1974-80 were all imports; last year's *Blues In Orbit* (Inner City) and these two should begin to fill the sad gap. Evans is surely the most subtle, elegant, and expressive arranger/composer at work today.

*Flamingos* is John Snyder's release of 1971 tapes from a rich period, featuring a good number of Evans' longstanding (nearly always high caliber) soloists: Harper, Coles, H. Johnson, S. Evans. One gets the impression that these and other top players over the years dropped everything for the experience of an Evans gig; like Mingus, he makes nine sound like 19, and gets people to play better than their best. I like this *Zee Zee*, plangent and well etched, better than the one on *Svengali* (Atlantic, 1973), but this album's title track more on *Cool*, with Knepper's forlorn trombone. *Zee Zee* takes its name not from Evans' patented way with dead-slow ballads nor the sleepy, buzzy melody line, but from Basque *zortziko*, a lively 5/4 folk dance from which Evans takes the rhythm. Harper and Coles solo long and well, but points of percussion and daubs of synthesizer sparkle. *Naña* is a samba festival with Airto and Flora, just before they went with Return To Forever. Evans never boxes himself into standard time frames, neither metrical nor elapsed; Harper's two-minute *Love* sounds full and finished, a 17-minute *Matador* hardly goes on too long. A ripping candidate for some latin film noir, *Matador* shares with *Zee Zee* a smooth 5/4, occasional snippets of Evans' arranger's piano, and some of the most exquisite top/bottom lines (synthesizer/tuba) since Johnny Richards.

*Wing*, a reissue of a 1978 German concert, is broader, looser, with stacks of solo space. After *Jekyll's* arresting tutti theme, Niewood takes charge, echoing Davey Schildkraut more than Jackie McLean, perhaps, but light years from his apprenticeship in Mangioneville; Hino unleashes many choruses more direct and hot than the Coles tradition. On keyboards, Evans, like George Russell, knows what accents and chords best underline soloists, and his contributions in this smaller ensemble are invaluable. Using the band, Evans' riffs on the tune are as memorable and appropriate as his famous rising french horn line on *Summertime*. *Meaning* is the classic Evans nocturne: slow as the tide, quiet as falling leaves, dramatic as a cigar ash, yet a totally transporting magic carpet for soloists, here George Adams. The title

tune Hendrix funk ballad, fully half of this nearly hour-long album, has a few sluggish and watery moments, but strong solos by Levin, Soloff, Stewart, and glue from Evans keep the story thread from unraveling. Evans is known as a master among musicians in New York and overseas; is it going to take another long-talked-of session with Miles to remind the rest of the world?

*—fred bouchard*

## ANTHONY BRAXTON

**QUARTET—SIX COMPOSITIONS**—Antilles 1005: *Composition No. 40B; Composition No. 69N; Composition No. 34; Composition No. 40A; Composition No. 40G; Composition No. 52.*

***Personnel:*** *Braxton, alto, tenor, soprano, sopranino saxophone, contrabass clarinet; Anthony Davis, piano; Mark Helias, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**FOR TWO PIANOS**—Arista AL 9559: *For Two Pianos.*

***Personnel:*** *Usula Oppens, Frederic Rzewski, piano, melodica, zither.*

★ ★ ★ ★

**COMPOSITION 98**—hat ART 1984: *Composition 98 (2 versions).*

***Personnel:*** *Braxton, alto, tenor, soprano, sopranino, C melody saxophone; Marilyn Crispell, piano; Ray Anderson, trombone, alto trombone, slide trumpet; Hugh Ragin, trumpet, flugelhorn, piccolo trumpet.*

★ ★ ★ ★

**PERFORMANCE 9/1/79**—hat Hut 2R19: *Composition 69C; Compositions 69E; Composition 69G; Composition 40F; Composition 69F; Composition 23G; Composition 40I.*

***Personnel:*** *Braxton, alto, Bb, Eb soprano saxophone, clarinet, contrabass clarinet; Ray Anderson, trombone, alto trombone, little instruments; John Lindberg, bass; Thurman Barker, percussion, xylophone, gongs.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For most artists, four albums (totaling six discs) released within a 12-month span would thoroughly define their present concerns. Though this is not the case with Anthony Braxton, still, a large section of Braxton's creative dynamics is represented here. Both *Quartet—Six Compositions* and *Performance 9/1/79* are closely aligned to Braxton's mid-'70s quartet dates for Arista, but benefit, respectively, from the replacement of the second horn by a piano and the improvised transitions afforded by a suite-like concert performance. Elements of Braxton's "co-ordinant" (quartet) music have been distilled and interpolated in *For Two Pianos* and *Composition 98*. The former makes the most cogent case to date for Braxton as a composer for the piano, and the latter successfully essays some of his newer approaches to integrating composition and improvisation.

While many creative American musicians are preoccupied with an assimilation of traditions, Braxton retraces his own steps on *Quartet—Six Compositions*, a 1981 recording of previously unissued material written in the '70s. The compositions have Braxton's characteristic unison motifs bracketing solos and/or collective statements. Anthony Davis implants pianistic devices, such as the tangy

# RECORD REVIEWS

vamp at the turnaround of the rollicking *40B*. Ed Blackwell's masterful mix of New Orleans, Bata, and bop cadences give buoyancy to the close-order heads, and Mark Helias' punctuation of the fleet meters and allusive spaces owes little, if anything, to the archetypical Braxton bassist, Dave Holland.

From the aforementioned *40B* to the heated lines of *52*, which echoes the advanced jazz of the Blue Note era, it is evident that Braxton has a long-standing intimacy with the material. He also continues to evolve distinct voices on each of his woodwinds. Using slowly unfolding phrases on *40G* and *69N* respectively, Braxton projects a pensive aura with his contrabass clarinet and a provisional serenity with his soprano. The alto remains his most flexible instrument, as the hard edge on *52* is elongated with a juicy lyricism on *40B*. If the objective of *Quartet—Six Compositions* was to have Braxton shine as a soloist at the helm of an all-star session, it was met.

Beyond being an invigorating piece of post-modern piano music, *For Two Pianos* is notable for the knowledge of and sensitivity for the piano communicated by Braxton. He is to be commended for the effective functional and dynamic interplay between the two parts and the paucity of redundantly referential images in the piece. Again unison lines are pivotal, as in the ceremonial beginning of the piece, but the panoply of piano techniques utilized in the work is very impressive for a non-pianist composer. There are parallels between this piece and Braxton's improvisations in terms of motivic development and sectional transitions which, for Braxton's jazz audience, are the logical points of departure in approaching this challenging composition. Of course the roles of Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski can not be underestimated, as the pair are prominent in the handful of pianists who could perform the piece with finesse and insight.

*Composition 98* and *Performance 9/1/79* are documents. Both include extensive essays by Braxton, which have proved to be as controversial, in some quarters, as his music. Each holds special discographical interest as *Performance* contains several previously recorded compositions and the two album-length versions of *Composition 98* (one studio and one live) convey the possibilities inherent in Braxton's alternative notation systems.

Braxton's precedent for putting two versions of the same long composition on the same release is *For Trio* (Arista AB 4181), a work structurally and emotionally akin to *Composition 98*. While there is a brisk idea flow, there is an overall feeling of gradual evolution, which Braxton, Ray Anderson, Hugh Ragin, and Marilyn Crispell (the latter two are fine examples of how creative musicianship and an academic background are not exclusive qualities) use to ferret the material. Limited to short bursts of improvisation, the musicians opt for highlighting the ensemble momentum, further blurring the distinction between composed and spontaneous elements in the piece. The shifting dynamic and timbral core of the horns set against or mingled with Crispell's crystalline piano adequately propels a score that would have seemed lethargic otherwise.

*Performance 9/1/79* is a tour de force, from its staccato beginning to the call-and-response of its encore march, the definitive statement of Braxton's late '70s quartet. While this Willisau Festival appearance has fewer overt jazz flourishes than the Antilles date, there is a scorching, blowing session ambiance that permeates every note. Even in the chromatic setting of *40F* and the static, three-note figure of *69F*, Thurman Barker and John Lindberg prod Braxton and Anderson into monologs and exchanges that are elastic and fervent. *Performance 9/1/79* is one of those rare occasions where everything goes right and the tape is rolling.

*—bill shoemaker*

## THE SAVOY SULTANS

**JUMPIN' AT THE SAVOY: AL COOPER'S SAVOY SULTANS**—MCA 1345: *Jumpin' The Blues; Jeep's Blues; Looney; Say What I Mean; Little Sally Water; Frensey; Second Balcony Jump; Jumpin' At The Savoy; When I Grow Too Old To Dream; Stitches; The Thing; Norfolk Ferry.*

***Personnel:*** *Pat Jenkins, Sam Massenberg, trumpet; Al Cooper, Rudy Williams, Ed McNeil, Skinny Brown, Lonnie Simmons, reeds; Cyril Hayes, piano; Jack Chapman, guitar; Grachan Moncur, bass; Alex Mitchell, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

**PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS VOLUME II**—Classic Jazz CJ 150: *Shipyard Social Function; Norfolk Ferry; Second Balcony Jump; Looney; Nuages; Harlem Congo; Perdido.*

***Personnel:*** *Francis, drums; Francis Williams, Irv Stokes, trumpet; Norris Turney, Howard Johnson, George Kelly, reeds; Red Richards, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; John Smith, guitar.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS: GROOVIN'** —Stash ST 218: *Honeysuckle Rose; In A Mellotone; Bill Bailey; New York, New York; Panama; Cottontail; I've Got The World On A String; Jersey Bounce; Join Jones; Jada.*

***Personnel:*** *same as above except Gene Ghee replaces Johnson, reeds; Julia Steele, vocals.*

★ ★ ★

There is a very simple core at the heart of big band swing. You hear the essence of it in the Henderson/Goodman sound and the Moten/Basie bands of the '30s. Both were alive with rhythmic voltage. Harmonic variety was beside the point. Arrangements were dominated by terse, uncluttered riffs that leaped through simple cycles of changes. Sometimes they were built as opposing ballasts between brass and reeds. Other times they were welded in a tightly fitted counterpoint that hit the listener as a single idea. The

principles were so simple they invited heavy stylization, so Cab Calloway did it his way, Glenn Miller his, Lunceford his, and so on. Everyone sought a style—and style soon overwhelmed substance.

A lot of new groups seem to be echoing this music today, and almost always with disappointing results. In theory, I cheer the Widespread Depression band, for instance, and Richard Perry's Swing. Yet their records always miss the mark. Reason: they are too focused on the stylistic elements of their idiom and forget its first principles. It comes out sounding vaguely campy.

Perhaps one reason why the new Savoy Sultans sound so unencumbered by archaic pop trappings is that the old Sultans (led by Al Cooper) really didn't have a style at all. They played no-frills swing. This is apparent on *Jumpin' At The Savoy*, a collection of a dozen original Sultan sides from 1938-41 which MCA has reissued in timely fashion. The riffs sound familiar and comfortable. The voicings are as simple as the ideas, as if to let nothing impede sheer energy and drive. Usually nothing does, except when the band vocalizes (*Sally Water, Savoy*) or Cooper switches from alto to clarinet (*Norfolk Ferry*). Generally, though, the Sultans swing like hell.

But by now we know that what's past is past, and attempts at revival are doomed to failure, right? Then how do we explain Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans of the '80s? It's been 25 years since I've come upon a record as full of surging, singing big band swing as I find on *The Savoy Sultans Volume II* (save for *Volume I*, of course, from the same group of sessions).

Francis and the Sultans are the first of the contemporary revival bands to go straight to the heart of swing's basic appeal and really hit paydirt. They have stripped away every trace of period pretense to concentrate only on basics. And the results are devastating. The Sultans not only out-swing any other band on the scene today, including Basie, but they also demonstrate that a band can still swing in the most basic sense of the word and not sound corny or dated. The modulating riffs that wrap up *Shipyard Social Function* are the stuff that bring down houses. *Norfolk Ferry*, *Looney*, and *Second Balcony Jump* are full of the kind of section riffing one associates with Lucky Millinder and those timeless Basie Deccas and Columbias. To be sure, there is not the solo strength that animated early Basie music. And long string-of-solos numbers like *Perdido* tend to stretch a little thin and let the tension slacken. But the Sultans is an ensemble band, working best when it works together. The soloists are very good, but they don't dominate the whole. When it comes to orchestrated swing, there's not a band in the country that even approaches what the Sultans do here.

All this makes their third album, *Groovin'*, particularly disappointing, and for such a silly reason. Someone apparently decided that doing one thing better than anybody wasn't enough; the Sultan's should try something a little different. So here we depart from the riff-based charts in favor of pop tunes, vocals, and a couple of Ellington staples. It's true that a band has to have some pop charts and a vocalist in its ranks in order to play dances and such things. Fine. But tunes like *New York, New York* and *Bill Bailey* don't belong on a record album. They have nothing to do with the band's essential *raison d'etre* and don't showcase its strengths. The only outstanding cuts are *Cottontail* and *Honeysuckle Rose*. The rest is only fair to good, and something of a waste. Their next record should go back to the basics.

*—john mcdonough*

## HAL RUSSELL

**NRG ENSEMBLE**—Nessa n-21:

*Uncontrollable Rages; Kit Kat; Linda Jazz Princess; Seven Spheres.*

***Personnel:*** *Russell, drums, vibes, C melody saxophone, shenai, cornet, zither, percussion; Chuck Burdelik, tenor, alto saxophone, clarinet, flute; Brian Sandstrom, bass, trumpet, gong; Curt Bley, bass; Steve Hunt, vibes, drums.*

★ ★ ★

The Hal Russell Ensemble is a Chicago group that plays a personal and appealing brand of free jazz. On *Seven Spheres*, one of two five-minute cuts (the remaining two tunes last 18 minutes each) East meets West in an authoritative mixture of styles. The modal tonality features melodies with winding contours that frequently vacillate between neighboring pitches. Timbres are nasal and bright. The metrical feeling is Asian, too, in its cyclicism. Opening the tune, overlapping bleating high-pitched horn lines generate a subtle tension as they shift against a slower-moving bass line.

The group shows its witty side in *Linda Jazz Princess*. A solid scaffolding of swing feeling underpins this collection of humor, aggression, melodiousness, and timbral experimentation. A bouncy, tongue-in-cheek duet (played in neighboring keys in a manner that makes sport of discord) starts off the tune inventively. New ideas continue to develop throughout the rest of the tune. Sections stand sturdily on their own but aloof from each other; it's hard to hear a connection between a tipsy spoof and an experimental foray into different kinds of tone production. Since this tune is through-composed—that is, composed (or improvised) straight from beginning to end without the repetitions found in standard forms like the blues—it would help if some aural signposts were given to articulate its individual form.

Disjunction between sections dissipates energy in *Uncontrollable Rages* too, even though improvisation within sections is consistently absorbing. Alternation of a cool,

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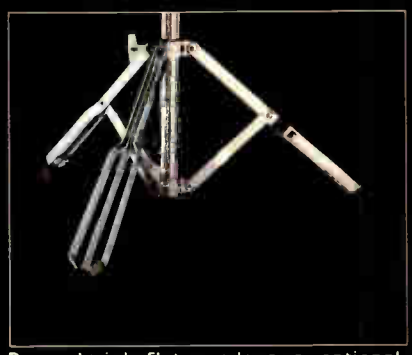

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deliberate vibraphone/bass duet with the driving saxophone solo is just one example of an unexpected but effective method of tying sections together. But no pervading characteristic of mood, style, or form is used to unify the tune on a larger scale.

Ensemble work on this recording is tight. Since attributions for solos aren't cited tune by tune, it will have to suffice to say that these players could hold their own in distinguished company. Whether Russell or Steve Hunt is playing drums, they lay down a solid, energetic backdrop for bass and horn solos. Bassists Curt Bley and Brian Sandstrom contribute expressive melodic solos and dependable comping. The saxophone sound in *Uncontrollable Rages* (Russell or Chuck Burdelik?) is bright and fast. It's modern, with no behind-the-beat langour. Burdelik's flute playing in *Kit Kat* is notable—he produces a full, warm sound, and his occasional harmonic veerings give the simple lines an unexpectedly plaintive quality.

This music is accessible but it never becomes predictable. The definition of jazz swing continues to expand thanks to performances like the ones on this recording; non-Western accretions rejuvenate old conventions. —*elaine guregian*

## McCOY TYNER

**13TH HOUSE**—Milestone M9102: *Short Suite; 13th House; Search For Peace; Love Samba; Leo Rising.*

***Personnel:*** *Tyner, piano; Oscar Brashear, Kamau Muata Adilifu (Charles Sullivan), trumpet, flugelhorn; Slide Hampton, trombone; Hubert Laws, piccolo, flute; Frank Foster, Joe Ford, Ricky Ford, reeds; Greg Williams, french horn; Bob Stewart, tuba; Ron Carter, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Airto, Dom Um Romao, percussion, congas.*

★ ★ ★ ★

McCoy Tyner's *13th House* is another welcome document for the resilience of contemporary big band jazz. The veteran pianist has assembled this cast of top-drawer players to deliver a set of straightforward, mainly uptempo compositions marked by taut ensemble work, artful arrangements, and many blazoning solos.

*Short Suite* is exemplary: a spirited, ardently swinging opus framed in a rondo-like mold. Tyner asserts himself early with muscular chordal statements that underpin an aggressive theme in the winds. The solo choruses of Laws, Ricky Ford, DeJohnette, and the pianist himself are succinct but impetuously driven, each crowned with a marvelous double-time entry that dovetails into the thematic material. *Love Samba* is an impelling latin-jazz arrangement thrown into fourth gear immediately via Airto's churning polyrhythms. Another torrent of solos ensue after the alert theme, which prompts the most inspired blowing on the disc. Joe Ford, Brashear, Ricky Ford, and Tyner all in turn flaunt their chops with spirited, rapid-fire inventions, on occasion overlapping in novel counterpoint. Also included on this set is a traditional but elegantly rendered ballad, *Search For Peace*, and the title track—ironically the weakest due to its rather sterile orchestration and mildly provincial harmonies.

Of the several arrangers featured on this date, Tyner is the most imaginative. His orchestral coloring is fresh, very swinging, and compliments the musical material expediently. In solo, the pianist delivers crisp, explosive lines fraught with many bracing chordal injections. McCoy seems to be one of the few improvisatory pianists to utilize verticle textures during his breaks, and he does so dramatically. On seldom occasion, however, he will recycle a lick too frequently, as is done with a descending sequential run in the otherwise impassioned *Leo Rising*. The Carter/DeJohnette rhythm team affords propulsive support throughout this set—the drummer's poignant syncopations making for much exciting piano/trap interplay, as well as adding a progressive edge to these virtually straightahead charts. —*stephen mamula*

## PHIL WOODS/ CHRIS SWANSEN

**CRAZY HORSE**—SeaBreeze SB 2008: *Smoke From Medicine Lodge; Every Time We Say Goodbye; Doxy For Snoops; Time Remembered; Bloomdido; Samba Noel; Crazy Horse; Chant.*

***Personnel:*** *Woods, alto, soprano saxophone; Swansen, Moog LCA Synthesizer, Badger Polyphonic Synthesizer, Badger Frequency Spectrum Generator; Mike Melillo, piano; Steve Gilmore, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.*

★ ★ ★

## PHIL WOODS/ TOMMY FLANAGAN/ RED MITCHELL

**THREE FOR ALL**—Enja 3081: *Reets Neet; It's Time To Emulate The Japanese; Talking; Three For All; You're Me; Goodbye Mr. Evans.*

***Personnel:*** *Woods, clarinet, alto saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Red Mitchell, bass.*

★ ★ ★ ★

## PHIL WOODS

**'MORE' LIVE**—Adelphi AD5010: *Milestones; Eiderdown; Strollin'; See Hunt & Liddy.*

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

★ ★ ★ ½

Notice the instrument listing on *Crazy Horse*? A synthesizer, several of them in fact, playing alongside Phil Woods, normally a stalwart in the defense of acoustic music. Well, there is some precedent for the album. Woods used a varitone and electric piano on *Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine* (Inner City 1002), an album that was cut from the 1970s Miles Davis cast. But *Crazy Horse* is different—essentially the Phil Woods Quartet matched with a battery of electronics.

There are some interesting effects. On several tunes, Chris Swansen creates the punch of a big band backing the quartet, though the ensemble sound, smooth and silvery-edged, lacks the colors of counterpointing reeds and brass. Swansen also produces an interesting soup of polyrhythms on the title track that avoids the quirky, robot-like sounds of some other synthesizer efforts. There are some exciting moments—nothing on the other two records can touch *Smoke From Medicine Lodge* for pure speed as Woods, backed by that punching ensemble effect, sprints on alto, switches to soprano and back to alto several times. But there are disappointments, as on Bill Evans' *Time Remembered*. Woods should be a natural interpreter of Evans (there is an eloquent tribute to the late pianist on *Three For All*), but with a murky electronic background, *Time Remembered* lacks any insight to Evans' meditative writing.

The greatest satisfaction on *Crazy Horse* comes not from the unique setting, but from Woods: the heavy, sensuous vibrato on *Everytime We Say Goodbye*, the brisk *Smoke*, the dissolve of effects into a swinging romp on the title tune.

The quartet is all alone on *'More' Live*, a follow-up to *The Phil Woods Quartet Live Volume One*, which was a Grammy nominee. While *Crazy Horse* is often unsettling because several of its compositions seem to be brief experiments (three run three minutes), the live date from Austin, Texas is unfettered Phil Woods. The result is what fans have come to expect—the characteristic determination in his playing, the bop roots, the consistency and anticipation of a group that played together for more than five years. From the brisk bop on *Milestones* and *Strollin'* to the pensive bass intro that shifts into a happy swing on *Eiderdown*, this album won't disappoint anyone accustomed to Woods.

It may be that consistency which makes the quartet album less intriguing than *Three For All*, the one without Woods' usual group. *Three For All* is a fine all-around album, especially notable for the work of Tommy Flanagan, who is aggressive and responsive to his counterparts and an evocative soloist. Perhaps that shouldn't be surprising, for Flanagan also performed admirably in tandem with Red Mitchell, an exceptionally fluid bassist, on Art Pepper's *Straight Life* album.

The drummerless trio has a spare, linear sound, exchanging roles effortlessly, marking a delicate affinity between reed, bass, and piano, particularly when Woods switches to clarinet. Woods seems spurred by the others, adding uncharacteristic, exaggerated slurs and diminutive quacks to his flawless runs. His most romantic playing is also here, on *Goodbye Mr. Evans* (which has a sensitive and perceptive performance from Flanagan) and *It's Time To Emulate The Japanese* (an odd title for a ballad).

# RECORD REVIEWS

It's remarkable to think that Phil Woods has been garnering accolades over three decades and still can offer both the consistency of a finely honed quartet and the adventurousness of an experiment with the state of the art in synthesized sound. Yet sometimes the simplest pleasures are the best.

—*r. bruce dold*

## JAMES NEWTON

**AXUM**—ECM-1-1214: *The Dabtara; Malak 'Uqabe; Solomon, Chief Of Wise Men; Addis Ababa; Choir; Feeling; Axum; Susenyos And Werzelya; The Neser.*
***Personnel:*** *Newton, flutes.*

★ ★ ★ ★

## ROBERT DICK

**WHISPERS AND LANDINGS**—Lumina Records Ltd-L003: *Flames Must Not Encircle Sides; Piece In Gamelan Style; Or; Young Teeth; T≈C[10]; Whispers And Landings; Glimpse From The Blimpse.*
***Personnel:*** *Dick, flute (cuts 1-3, 6), piccolo (4), bass flute (5, 7).*

★ ★ ★ ★

If not for the front line assertiveness of such improvisers as Dolphy, Rivers, Tabackin, and Wess, the flute would rank as an instrument of mere politesse, a crayon to color arrangements, or—in the solo context—an incense stick wafting prayers domeward. The solo recordings under consideration bear little resemblance to *jazz* flute of the Dolphy model, swinging and changes-oriented. As "pure" flutists, James Newton and Robert Dick are evenly matched. Both share a capacity for expressiveness born as much from devotion to the instrument as the exclusive means to musical ends, as from overwhelming technique. Both owe less to jazz than the imprint of global musics—Arabic and Japanese especially—and contemporary classical models. Bold differences are apparent between Newton's and Dick's conceptions of solo flute, nevertheless.

Newton favors overdubbing, mostly melodious compositions, and impassioned, if contained, improvisation. Like the "guardian angel" pictured on the ancient Ethiopian scroll gracing the album cover, his songs possess severe, classical, Byzantine proportion inside of which mystic, vivid variations flow. Four of *Axum*'s nine pieces employ overdubbing, a device that brushstrokes pleasing contrapuntal, harmonic, and polyrhythmic patterns. The method's most risky (and resounding) test, the rippling web of flutes on the title track, brings to mind Ligeti's choral writing (remember the monolith scenes from *2001—A Space Odyssey*?). *Addis Ababa*'s chirpsome overlays generate a beehive of Bo Diddley rhythms, along with evocation of Kansas City band riffs. Measured, Moorish, and sensual, *The Dabtara*'s repeating theme grows from long tones voiced alternately by bass flute and bright flute choir; the theme itself receives embellishment from choir, flute, and choir again. Newton's modal improvisation sorties vigorous attacks throughout the album, statements that whip up a storm succinct or long but usually home back to *Axum*'s songs.

*Axum*'s most inspired playing resides in the a cappella selections. Painting lonely, meditative, yet searching moods, *Malak 'Uqabe*'s keening, ceiling-scraping top notes fan into extended lines. Here and elsewhere harmonics are put to dramatic use. Newton mixes embouchure overblowing with humming to form the equivalent of Albert Mangelsdorff's "chords" for trombone—an ethereal, transporting effect. Another solo performance (despite its title), *Choir* could well be the premier "mystical train blues": whistle-sounding overtones, shot through with humming harmonics, give way to motile runs. Dominated by decorations of gymnastic obstinacy, *Susenyos And Werzelya* recycles chromatic scales and arpeggios

against a background of seesawing moods. The result suggests the flutist's frequent bandmate, clarinetist John Carter, and Dolphy's classic *God Bless The Child*.

Ultimately, Newton's intent seems programmatic. The somber *Solomon* is a folk story in the telling, *The Neser* a river poem. When not rooting his pieces in "deltas" (the Nile or Mississippi) or outer galaxies, Newton probably has other places in mind. Robert Dick's attitude could not be more opposite. Dick makes music *about* music, in comparison. He places greater emphasis on individual sounds than Newton does. Listeners to *Whispers And Landings* are made to feel the specific weight, gravity, and color of notes, trills, and other musical details. Though he is not yet Derek Bailey (the English player of Webernesque atomized guitar), Dick's style begins from the premise of distortive manipulations, such as percussive key clacking, vocal effects filtered through the mouthpiece, and harsh intonation. In keeping with the bare bones conception, *Whispers* steers clear of overdubbing and electronic alteration (even though the skillful *Piece In Gamelan Style* sounds otherwise).

Dick's approach fortunately maintains a sensitivity that keeps *Whispers* sounding human. He excels at balancing out his technical displays with considerations of how to fit the fragments together. For example, most of *Flames* echoes Japanese shakuhachi playing, fragile and otherworldly, until the piece evolves naturally to a harder attack. An airy performance with spacious intervals, *Or* develops from wistful calm to slapped pads and overblowing. The piccolo of *Young Teeth* comes on tipsy and go-for-broke—like a Bulgarian peasant dance—yet breathy "electronic" puckers are just around the corner.

Points of reference for these two discs range from flutes of the Sufis to Varese's *Density 21.5* to sounds occurring in nature. Together, they make the most compelling argument for solo flute that I have yet heard.

*—peter kostakis*

## CHICO FREEMAN

**DESTINY'S DANCE**—Contemporary 14008: *Destiny's Dance; Same Shame; Crossing The Sudan; Wilpan's Walk; Embracing Oneness; C & M.*

***Personnel:*** *Freeman, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Wynton Marsalis, trumpet (cuts 1, 3, 4, 6); Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Dennis Moorman, piano (1, 4, 6); Cecil McBee, bass; Ronnie Burrage, drums; Paulinho da Costa, percussion (3).*

★ ★ ★

*Destiny's Dance* is 32-year-old Chico Freeman's most consistent, yet conservative project to date. A polished team effort, its well-conceived, mostly short, multi-tempoed tunes overshadow the also brief solos, especially Freeman's. Bobby Hutcherson contributes both the best tune—an exquisite ballad from the late '60s, *Same Shame*—and most exciting solo—a brilliant foray on Cecil McBee's carefree latin-bop *Wilpan's Walk*. The other four tunes, by Freeman, range through niftily-counterpointed bop, Coltrane-ish prayer, program music, and pleasantly scattered free-bop, with a writing assist here by former AACM mentor Muhal Richard Abrams. This commanding variety suggests an updated mainstream that consolidates the improvising and writing elasticity of the past two decades. Yet its traditional quartet/quintet posture is also often disappointingly contained.

Freeman's past-proven affection for serene lines (especially over a warm cushion of vibes) shines through on the two potentially commercial ballads, played by the core quartet—Freeman, Hutcherson, McBee, and Burrage. His vibratoless, thin but passionate tenor saxophone sounds surprisingly like Stan Getz on *Same Shame*. I've been to this shimmery, evanescent place before, but don't mind going back. Likewise, the drowsy prayer, *Embracing Oneness*, looks through its sunny window without sacrificing tension (maintained by the bass) to new age transcendence. Its double-dedication refers, I suppose, to the melody's Monkishly deliberate simplicity and Dukish welding of "classical" and "jazz" time. I like the portentous program piece, *Crossing The Sudan*, less with familiarity than I did at first, though its tritone bass clarinet vamp successfully evokes the stately progress of a caravan, as well as maintaining a clever harmonic tension that wants to resolve to the very Eb minor of the melody.

But despite excellent writing, inventive arranging, and strong ensemble work, *Destiny's Dance* brings into further relief Chico Freeman's weak tone and lack of structural argument as a soloist. Using neither multiphonics, high harmonics, nor any of the advanced saxophone devices of which he is capable, he suffers beside mature players like Hutcherson and McBee, as well as the young Marsalis, who plays with verve and cheek throughout. When he's not running patterns, Freeman is reaching for obvious notes. Given that some of his earlier music (and rhetoric) has been pacific, perhaps this lack of linear thrust is intentional. If so, the considerable importance of this former young lion will remain, as this album suggests, as a unifier rather than an innovator.

*—paul de barros*

## KEITH JARRETT

**RITUAL**—ECM-1-1112: *Ritual.*

***Personnel:*** *Dennis Russell Davies, piano.*

★

This composition is badly misnamed. The word "ritual" suggests the power and depth of some primal worship, a physical and spiritual intensity compelling and significant. But the new Jarrett piece is maundering and bloodless. Neither jazz nor Third Stream, it is best described as an abortive resurrection of late 19th century pianistic Romanticism, fully

written out (with no improvisation), and performed here by the distinguished classical conductor/pianist Dennis Russell Davies.

An Indian—*Indian-like*—melody opens the work, so maybe the title comes from this. Indians have rituals, no? But this melody is strictly from Hiawatha oddly transmitted to Jarrett (so it sounds) through Antonin Dvořák (in his American phase) and maybe Arthur Farwell or Edward MacDowell. It's just silly, coming as it does over incongruously Chopinesque *agitato* triplets, restless but hackneyed.

Insofar as the half-hour piece has any discernible structure, it is a set of very loose episodic variations upon—or inspirations from—this opening theme and its accompanying left hand figure. The "variations" include pseudo-pensive episodes during which frigid ranks of quarter notes are marched out in heavy accents with pauses for portentous rests portending remarkably little. In these stretches of the music simple harmonies—broken chords in wide intervals—drone under melodies of hollow angularity which attain to some expression of "contemporary angst," but which actually succeed in achieving only timeless banality. Such episodes alternate with pretentious high-style gestures, grandiloquent as a hand-me-down Rachmaninoff, but without his melodic gift. Still, between the empty agonies and the Russian bombast there are moments of considerable interest—spots of lovely melody and unexpected modulation. These pleasant moments are ephemeral and suave rather than ritualistic. They are also rare.

If I am criticizing *Ritual* for failing to fulfill the promise of its title—for failing to embody the kind of sensual and hypnotic (as opposed to somnolent) power of Jarrett's best improvisatory work—I do not mean to level the criticism often directed against ECM in its early days. That is, I do not suggest that *Ritual* is boring because it is "cerebral," all head and no heart. The truth is, the music has little of either, and just because it fails to be primitive doesn't mean it succeeds at being intelligent. —*alan axelrod*

## E. PARKER MCDOUGAL

**BLUES TOUR**—Grits GR 2002: *Blues Tour; Irma's Waltz; All Too Soon; P's Blues; For Cuz; Love Tap; Skokie Swift.*

***Personnel:*** *McDougal, tenor saxophone; Willie Pickens, piano (cuts 1-3); George T. Freeman, guitar (4-7); Dan Shapera (1-3), Eddie Calhoun (4-7), bass; Wilbur Campbell (1-3), Jim Cottrell (4, 6), Robert Shy (5, 7), drums.*

★ ★ ★

E. Parker McDougal stands on the elevated train platform in Chicago. He is wearing a light-colored suit and dark, open-collared shirt. His tenor, grasped around the neck joint, rests on the wooden platform. The album portrait is black-and-white, grainy, but mostly gray.

McDougal's playing is in black-and-white (this is not a racial reference) and light and dark shadings. Black-and-white defines his notes, rhythmic displacements, and boppish lines. His timbre, inflections, and articulation cast hugh shadows. In the tonal perspective are Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Lucky Thompson, Sonny Rollins, Al Cohn, Gene Ammons, Johnny Griffin, and predominantly Von Freeman.

Sometimes the tonal fuzz obscures rhythmic clarity, as on the racing title cut, a steaming romp through six keys. Still, the leader generates much heat, although Pickens has trouble locking into the pace. Elsewhere (Duke Ellington's *All Too Soon*, the single non-McDougal composition here, for example), the Websterian nuances are hazy-perfect while Pickens' percussive, Bill Evans-like chords and skimming lines become an impressionistic foil. *Irma's Waltz* is given over to the rhythm trio, and Pickens shows brightness, a solid beat, and deft independence of hands.

Side two, with guitarist Freeman (brother of saxophonist Von), is funkier, especially the Jug Ammons-inspired *Love Tap* and the slow *P's Blues*. Freeman recalls a gritty Jim Hall: short linear jabs and wry chordal fragments. *For Cuz* and *Skokie Swift*, an *A Train* derivative, border on the reckless tempo of the title track. The unison heads are muddy. The bassists and drummers throb powerfully. (How else in Chicago?) Cottrell, most of all, impresses with his firecracker fusillade on *Love Tap*. Calhoun, who worked with pianist Erroll Garner, is unparadoxically a resilient rock.

E. Parker McDougal oozes "Chicago soul tenor." To paraphrase Ellington, his horn is a "tone parallel to the Windy City." Three stars for variety, warm sounds, ambition, and tunes a cut above stock. That's good.

—*owen cordle*

## LESTER YOUNG

**LESTER LEAPS AGAIN**—Affinity AFFD 80: *Up'n' At 'Em; Indiana; Too Marvelous For Words; Mean To Me; Sweet Georgia Brown; I'm Confessin'; Neenah; I Cover The Waterfront; Lester Leaps In; Ghost Of A Chance; How High The Moon; Bebop Boogie; D.B. Blues; Lavender Blues; These Foolish Things; Just You, Just Me; Lester Leaps Again.*

***Personnel:*** *Young, tenor saxophone; Jesse Drakes, trumpet (cuts 4-6,8-10,12-17); Ted Kelly (5-6,8-10,16), Kai Winding (11), Jerry Elliott (4,12-15,17), trombone; Allen Eager, tenor saxophone (11); Freddy Jefferson (5-6,8-10,16), Hank Jones (11), Junior Mance (4,12-15,17), John Lewis (1-3,7), piano; Tex Briscoe (4-6,8-10,12-17), Ray Brown (11), Gene Ramey (1-3,7), bass; Roy Haynes (4-6,8-17), Jo Jones (1-3,7), drums; Ella Fitzgerald, vocal (11).*

★ ★ ★ ½

These airshots, all recorded at the Royal Roost or Birdland from 11/27/48 through 1/20/51, illuminate a period when Lester's

music was, according to the traditional view, on the slide. What these performances show, however, is that while his style was undoubtedly undergoing changes, they were by no means simultaneous, nor did they entail a sudden fall in standards.

First to alter was his tone, a process that had begun up to five years before these sessions. The smooth, pure tenor sound gradually coarsened and deepened, subtly but definitely, as the '40s progressed, and from a date preceding his much-discussed army experiences. It introduced a different emotional edge to his work, presaging the darker feelings of later years. But his quicksilver technique was yet to be affected by the aching lassitude that overcame his playing in the '50s, and Lester retained an expressive facility throughout the fleeter performances here—*Up'n' At 'Em*, *Indiana*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, two *Lester Leaps*, and *How High The Moon*, for example. It is not therefore from lack of facility that they miss something of the miraculous, bounding lyricism of his Basie years.

The difference is revealed on closer examination of what Young is expressing. Here, often, is a musical imagination which, however unique and influential, is now just "ticking over." The message is beginning to lack freshness and co-ordination—a factor emphasized by a certain blurring of articulation which creeps into, particularly, the later performances (intended notes are skimmed or skipped altogether, but not in any clear-cut manner of self-editing). Sometimes this has a beguiling chiaroscuro effect but, in conjunction with the discontinuity of melodic thought that was increasingly to plague his playing in the '50s, the quality of some performances becomes evanescent.

Nonetheless, like Bud Powell at much the same time, Young's playing was gaining some emotional depth to compensate for the loss of clarity. *Ghost Of A Chance*, *These Foolish Things*, the first *Lester Leaps*, *Just You*, and *Indiana* emerge as memorable performances, most notably for the variety of ways Lester expresses the growing poignancy of his work. Their value is further enhanced when set beside the playing of some of his colleagues. Aside from pianist John Lewis, bassist Ramey, and the two drummers, Lester was wont in the postwar period to avoid his peers, and there is little in the excitable vaporings of Drakes, or the bland utterances of Kelly or Elliott of lasting worth.

Still, these are a good introduction to Lester "at work" and recommendable with the reservations (a) that they cannot match his classic flights with Basie or Billie, and (b) that they have appeared before in a variety of guises, notably on *Newly-Discovered Performances* (ESP 3017: tracks 5-6, 8-11 & 16), *Cool Riff* (Alto 707:9-17), *Lester Young 1948 & 1956* (Queen-Disc Q-001:5, 9-10 & 16), *Volume 1* (Session 103), and *Volume 2* (Session 104). Their earliest appearance was on the long defunct Charlie Parker Records, now taken over by Audio Fidelity, which may make for further duplication in the future.

—*chris sheridan*

## CHARLES MINGUS

**IN EUROPE VOLUME I**—Enja 3049: *Fables Of Faubus; Starting.*

***Personnel:*** *Mingus, bass; Eric Dolphy, flute, reeds; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Dannie Richmond, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

**IN EUROPE VOLUME II**—Enja 3077: *Orange Was The Colour Of Her Dress Then Blue Silk; Sophisticated Lady; AT-FW-YOU; Charlemagne.*

***Personnel:*** *Same as above.*

★ ★ ★ ½

It's Mingus, it's Dolphy, it's three of Mingus' most enduring anthems, and I want to give it five stars but it's just not that exceptional.

The tour from which these albums are drawn was Eric Dolphy's last with Mingus—Dolphy stayed in Europe and was dead two months later, so it's not surprising that a number of these concerts have been issued on LP. And nowhere in these performances—recorded in Germany on one night—does Dolphy disappoint. He was incapable of playing a dishonest note, and his emotions are on his sleeve every minute. Mingus and Dannie Richmond were telepathic musical blood brothers, and the greatest joys here are their playing together and their obvious pleasure in driving Dolphy to his limits. Unfortunately, the rest of the proceedings are rather ordinary.

The first album contains a 38-minute *Fables* and a Mingus/Dolphy duet on *I Can't Get Started*. There's just too much of *Fables*—Clifford Jordan starts out fine but seems to run out of rope before his solo does, sounding rather stodgy throughout next to the freshly mown attack of Dolphy. Byard, up next, runs into similar trouble—trying pitter-pats, blues, a lullaby, and some locked-hands but never falling firmly into a groove. I take it, from all the quoting and the general teasing quality to the playing, that these five men were in a rather playful mood on this evening. Mingus is particularly light in his long exploration, but doesn't seem to catch fire until Dolphy dances in for one of his famous conversations with the leader. They have their little chat—like two old, wizened friends in a Cairo coffeehouse—and it is a pleasure to listen in. The album ends with the retitled *Started*—Dolphy, on flute, sends cascades, flutters, and twitters around Mingus.

The second album opens with *Orange Was. . . .* Again, things are rather limp: Jaki Byard is the lead-off hitter, and rather than driving for the fences, he settles for a bloop single. Jordan is tough and strong with Mingus hard-driving on the bottom but, again, it is Dolphy's bass clarinet that picks things up. Dolphy plays a no-nonsense solo that is short and to the point. A hard-working Mingus then checks in with a solo *Sophisticated Lady* (save for a note here and a chord

there from Byard) that is quite forward and musical, if less than explosive. Byard then unleashes a solo piece of his own—striding and romping with enthusiasm.

The album ends with Mingus' lovely *Peggy's Blue Skylight* which, thanks to his confusing introduction, is renamed *Charlemagne* here and credited to Clifford Jordan. This is, perhaps, the best track on the two volumes. Jaki finds a little Monk in his comping, and everybody seems to latch on to Richmond's glistening cymbal work. Byard hands Mingus his solo space with some roof-raising gospel playing, and the bassist takes off with a short, effusive spot that leads into a cyclonic Dolphy, this time on alto. Dolphy seems to have some trouble with his horn, but still manages to spit out a gripping solo. As is not uncommon during a tour of one-nighters, things appear to start cooking just as it's time to pack up and move on to the next town.

Granted, there are gems here—however uncut—but there are far more glistening jewels in the Mingus crown. *—lee jeske*

## LOU HARRISON

**THREE PIECES FOR GAMELAN/STRING QUARTET SET**—CRI SD 455: *Main Bersama-Sama; Threnody For Carlos Chavez; Serenade; String Quartet Set.*

***Personnel:*** *Gamelan Sekar Kembar (Timothy Beswick, Larry Calame, Alice Dahl, Robert Neilson, Trish Neilson, Andrew Ostwald, Cindy Otterness, Richard Vosper, Jacqueline Wiebe, Lou Harrison, William Colvig); Sarah Bates, viola; Lou Harrison, suling (cut 1); Kronos String Quartet (David Harrington, John Sherba, violin; Hank Dutt, viola; Joan Jeanrenaud, cello), (4).*

★ ★ ★ ★

## OTHER MUSIC

**PRIME NUMBERS**—Other Music OMJ14: *Green Hungarian; Blue; Ness; Recom III/ River Of Dreams; Mn.2; Music With Four Tones; Gending: A Waning Moon; "Now" "You" "Hear" "It"; Baris Barat.*

***Personnel:*** *Andrew Fischer, Henry S. Rosenthal, Brenda J. Tiersma, Jacqueline Summerfield, James Stadig, Carol B. Anderson, Robert Lauriston, Dale S. Soules, David B. Doty, Kathy Sheehy, Jonathan Plenn, metalophones, marimba, kendang, drums, cymbals, flutes, percussion, voices.*

★ ★ ★

At a time when contemporary classical music seems to be going in circles, the static quality of Javanese and Balinese gamelan music appeals to many composers. American gamelan ensembles have been sprouting like mushrooms after a spring rain, but the music they play generally sounds more Western than Eastern.

Lou Harrison has been interested in Indonesian music since the '30s, when he studied with Henry Cowell, an early U.S. connoisseur of non-Western music. On this CRI album, he uses actual gamelan instruments, and his *Three Pieces For Gamelan* (1978) is obviously derived from the gentle, plangent Javanese styles. In contrast, the 11 young composers who comprise Other Music play each other's works on both Indonesian and justly tuned, self-made instruments (an idea which may have come to them from Harrison himself or from John Cage and Harry Partch). Their music tends to be more Western and eclectic, but not more original than Harrison's.

Only three of the six composers represented on *Prime Numbers* seem to have anything substantial to say. On *Green Hungarian*, Kathy Sheehy skillfully applies Western fugal structure to an Hungarian minor-key melody played on xylophones and marimbas. Although she does not use Steve Reich's phase-shifting technique, the overlapping motifs sound remarkably like some of his Balinese-influenced music. David B. Doty's *Recom III/River Of Dreams* subtly shifts from a Balinese gamelan pattern, via a medieval-like bridge, to a fusion style in which only the melody sounds Western. James Stadig's *Baris Barat* is ostensibly based upon a Balinese warrior dance, but it comes across as manic supermarket music with the warped humor of Devo.

Unfortunately, the rest of the record has little to recommend it. Dale S. Soule's *Blue*, for instance, grafts an inferior form of *sprechstimme* onto the gamelan style, while *"Now" "You" "Hear" "It"* by Henry S. Rosenthal is a pretentious Cageian exercise with temple blocks.

Although Harrison doesn't embark on such radical experiments in his gamelan pieces, their beautiful sonorities and artful oscillations between Major and minor modes show his thorough understanding of the Javanese sensibility. Examples of his ingenuity as an arranger include the use of shimmering glass chimes to underline the viola solo in *Threnody For Carlos Chavez*, and the exquisite contrast between the gamelan and a specially tuned french horn in *Main Bersama-Sama*. If these works are sometimes cloying in their unchanging prettiness, at least they demonstrate a high level of craft and a consistent aesthetic.

Like the gamelan compositions, the five pieces in Harrison's *String Quartet Set*, begun in the '40s and completed in 1979, are all composed in borrowed styles, ranging from medieval and baroque to neo-romanticism and "the gentle melodic style of the old Turkish court," according to the composer's notes. The best of the lot are the *Variations On Walter von der Vogelweide's 'Nu alrest leb'ich mir werde,'* a simple, noble piece based on an 11th century troubador song, and *Rondeaux*, dedicated to "Dandrieu and the French baroque." The latter work, while tending toward the florid, features some lovely writing in a wistful vein that recalls not only the baroque period, but also Stravinsky's *Pastoral* and Barber's *Adagio For Strings*.

The Kronos Quartet, a leading new music group, delivers a sensitive, resonant performance of the *String Quartet Set*. Surfaces are admirably quiet on this excellently engineered recording. *—joel rothstein*

# WAXING ON

## Gettin' Down To Brass Attacks

*We Want Miles (Columbia C2 38005)*
★★★★★
*Pangaea (CBS Sony SOPZ 96 97)*
★★★★★
*Directions (Columbia KC2 36472)*
★★★★
*Circle In The Round (Columbia KC2 36278)*
★★★★

**MILES DAVIS** HASN'T AGED LIKE MOST men. At 55 he's leading a smart young gang out on international tours that test their musical techniques, personal coherence, and inspiration by his own high standards. They must be doing something right: the charisma-struck audience and Davis' adoring record company cry *We Want Miles*, and the trumpeter has reached the point where his art and mass popularity have a chance to meet.

It hasn't always been such for Miles, not even recently, though he has tapped a fountain of youth by attending to the musical tides since 1955, the earliest track date on *Circle In The Round*. Few improvisers of this late American century have bathed in the waters of fashion so openly, adjusting the temperature to their own boiling point, and attracting so many players to plunge in after them as Miles.

In the beginning, as a prodigy, Miles played it cool beside Bird. By his first re-emergence in the mid-'50s, he had the old strokes down cold. Miles' blues, on side one of *Circle*, are simply *baaad*, and he passes them around infectiously—hear Cannonball Adderley pour his all into a fast *Love For Sale*. Trane, Paul Chambers, Bill Evans—they get kind of blue around Miles. The older pros—Hank Mobley, Wynton Kelly, Red Garland, Philly Joe Jones—play their best, as though indebted to Miles for the rejuvenation of their souls. When for a moment they forget what they owe him, he moves on. Gil Evans, by 1960, is suggesting new colors and looser design to Miles through a modern orchestra (*Song Of Our Country*); the formerly hard boppers are flaccid on a '61 *'Round Midnight*, oblivious as Miles squeezes his favorite Monk feature full of hot red blood. Later, or better yet, never, for cliches—why should Miles burnish his trumpet voice to repeat himself when there are younger cats with whom to get it on?

Miles carries Shorter/Hancock/Carter/Williams through his most fertile and fervid period of experimentation, the late '60s so thoroughly documented in the two Columbia anthologies of previously unreleased material. Miles directs their musical embrace of keyboardists Corea, Jarrett, and Zawinul, drummers DeJohnette and Cobham, guitarists Joe Beck, George Benson, and John McLaughlin, bassist Dave Holland, and such occasional contributors as Airto, Bennie Maupin, Steve Grossman, Harvey Brooks, and sitarist Khalil Balakrishna.

Like other progressives of that era, Miles wanted a new rhythm—he got it, solid and surging. Miles wanted freedom from changes—he took it, searching the modes that his casual themes opened wide. He wouldn't be constrained by form—he built flexible structures out of ostinatos and vamps and moody tension that might last an entire set, album side, or more. He encouraged his sidemen to check out new instrumental gear. He didn't need competition in his horn's range, but let reedmen who would stay out of his way come around.

With these elements in balance, as in '67's *Circle*, the resulting ensemble and Miles' individual statement are wondrous. As naturally as in the Balinese gamelan, *Circle*'s parts are indivisible—from Hancock's ringing celeste and Beck's broad-beamed, rolling guitar figure to Williams' dynamically graceful drums and Shorter's tenor interpretation of the exotic melody. Recorded within the same month's time, *Water On The Pond* and *Fun* (both on *Directions*) are equally delightful, if less ambitious. By November '68, with Zawinul's tune (*Directions I* and *II*) and the multiple pianos of Z, Hancock, and Corea replacing the guitar, Miles is charging forth without a glance to the past.

Sometimes, though, he drops back into timeless space, as on *Circle*'s opiated *Sanctuary* and *Guinnevere*. Sometimes, too, he tries to pack an abrupt line into too brief a span—despite his band's intelligence, they prove ineffective without room to breathe (as on the two *Sidecars*). A little rhythmic emphasis, though, like the danceable boogaloo *Splash*, and they readily get down.

As these points became obvious to Miles, by early '70, he concentrated on the dimensions of texture, density, and speed. On *Direction*'s *Ascent* he becomes touchingly tender over four restful pianos. He's feisty on *Duran*, a slight riff that his sextet doesn't know quite how to engage. But he won't let go of that skeletal format, and on the similar *Willie Nelson*, he finds McLaughlin ready for the challenge. There's a steadily held bass pattern, Grossman is allowed to snake along, and DeJohnette is frankly rockish. McLaughlin's guitar expansively catches up Miles, without holding him still. On *Konda* Davis sees how far and freely they can fly, McLaughlin and Jarrett twining harmony and rhythm, while Airto's percussion is mostly for color.

In McLaughlin, Miles discovered a real collaborator, whose imagination and spontaneity could complement his own. Their rapport was apparent by *Jack Johnson* and really comes to fruition on the two-fer *Big Fun*. Perhaps Miles was wary of extended partnerships, or McLaughlin so busy with his Mahavishnu band that he wasn't always available. But when the guitarist was gone, Miles tried a project that had no place for him anyway—the ultra-percussive *On The Corner*. And for a working band in mid-decade, Miles chose to use two or more guitarists, and added Mtume to intensify the rhythms.

That's the lineup on *Pangaea*, as well as *Dark Magus* (both on the Japanese CBS-Sony label, available in the States directly from International Records, Box 717, Mentone, CA 92359) as well as Columbia's *Agharta*, from the same '75 tour of the Orient. Pete Cosey and Reggie Lucas provide the advanced psychedelic guitar interplay—Miles, freed by a pickup on his horn, screams from the vortex of their sound. Sonny Fortune offers his own siren-force on alto over the relentless pulse of the disc-long *Zimbabwe*; Miles' language, however, is in the manner of the guitarists—whines and wah-wahs, feedback and reverberating cries, smears and stretched staccato runs. Liner notes recommend listening to this aural apocalypse at highest possible volume; even the quieter *Gondwana*, with its flute, water-drum, and koto moments, is like the calm following the fire storm. Miles haunts its two sides like a spectre surveying the scorched earth.

Apparently his dire message was excessive for the kids, though the '70s were heavy metal's heyday. Regrettably, Miles' older fans had long before *Pangaea* thought him mad. So the trumpeter retired while the world caught up. Now it welcomes him back, pleading for more. He's kept his concept, refreshing it only by thinning the attack. Miles isn't smashing atoms now; he's twisting nursery taunts like the *We Want Miles'* theme *Jean Pierre* (two versions) into deadly hooks. His new boys take this phase seriously (as they'd better), and their faith adds quite a bit of credibility to Miles' current music. As they believe, so do we.

Tenor saxophonist Bill Evans is increasingly confident on soprano, harmonizing alongside muted Miles, and daring to try his own squeaks, modulations, and irregular, off-center gambits; they often pay off. Guitarist Mike Stern can capably comp bop-voiced chords, can even swing Miles lightly. When he steps forward, Stern's tone is as steely as a rocker's, but he tries to rein in his lines, rather than flash all the power at once. Climaxes overtake him, sometimes, though he tries holding back. But that's okay, it happens to all the soloists, Miles, too—suddenly his peak is past—and the rhythm section has learned how to cover and carry on. Al Foster, Miles' one holdover from the mid-'70s, is largely responsible for the solid drum underpinning—he's a puncher. But Marcus Miller's bass is fat in the group mix; *My Man's Gone Now* is re-composed around his lick. Mino Cinelu is less busy than, say, Airto or Mtume, and when you watch him his role seems ritualistic; but his bells and congas sound good in the grooves.

And Miles is Miles; he's unique, and speaks volumes. He's cleared away a lot of clutter, so he doesn't have to cut through the bombastic explosions—now he comes out lean and tough, as on *Fast Track*. He lays down some beautiful stuff—you can hear the crowd gasp on *My Man*—and he stirs up *Back Seat Betty* and *Kix*. Particularly welcomed is his shifting of gears between solos on a given song—his hardest rocking splatters seem stronger by contrast with the easy swing feel he's saved from jazz history.

Miles is father figure to all the brassmen about—Lester Bowie, Wynton Marsalis, Don Cherry as much as Freddie Hubbard and Woody Shaw—whether they like it or not, and even if he himself denies it. But he's impossible to ignore, and his influence is too pervasive to evade. There's subtlety and snarl aplenty left in his lips, and he's got surprises

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yet in mind. Oh, Miles has aged, his music has changed—but he ain't old, not hardly, nor has he stopped evolving.

*—howard mandel*

*Outpost (Enja 3095)* ★ ★ ★ ★
*Born To Be Blue (Pablo 2312-134)* ★ ★ ★ ½
*Back To Birdland (RealTime RT-305)* ★ ★ ★ ½
*Keystone Bop (Fantasy F-9615)* ★ ★ ★
*Mistral (Liberty LT-1110)* ★ ★ ★
*Splash (Fantasy F-9610)* ★ ½
*Ride Like The Wind (Elektra Musician EL-60029)* ★ ½

CONSIDER THAT THESE SEVEN UTTERLY disparate albums appeared within four months and one begins to understand the central dilemma of **Freddie Hubbard**, prodigal son, exasperating son. Here, in barely more than a season, is more than the lifetime's production of as gifted an artist as Herbie Nichols, or the amount of recording it took a young, critically misconstrued Thelonious Monk years to be allowed to make. Yet the opportunity to record so frequently presents problems, particularly for a musician as inconsistent as Hubbard. Jazz may be an art of the creative instant, but any album, ideally, should be made with one ear toward eternity, as if it is one's last, one's only, one's eulogy—and all that somehow without being overcalculated. How does Hubbard solve that rebus?

Not surprisingly, there are almost as many answers, and ways of answering, as there are albums. These seven discs harken to almost every facet of Hubbard's career (other than his free jazz dates with John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman): modality, bebop, a sort of commercial "pop-bop," and fusion at its most overripe. Yet a consistency does emerge from these albums. Regardless of the surroundings, Hubbard's technique is sharper than since 1978's *Superblue*. And, as a body of work, the best several of these recordings surpass anything Hubbard has done in at least a decade.

*Outpost* is the premier of the lot, largely for the probing company and compositions Hubbard has selected. Al Foster comes off an acclaimed tour in the drum chair for Miles Davis; Kenny Barron and Buster Williams, players' players on piano and bass, have proven scintillating sidemen on the albums of Buck Hill, among many others. Together with Hubbard, the rhythm section makes *Outpost* an album that demands thought and commands attention: pensive, searching, momentarily discordant, aloof and evasive from simple melody. Hubbard is equal to the task, spitting forth jagged bursts and trills—an electrocardiogram racing across a monitor, a clothesline snapped and rippling—on *Santa Anna Winds*. Yet his reading of *You Don't Know What Love Is,* underlined by the furry bass of Williams, is slow and tender, marked with tonal cracks of feeling and frailty. Hubbard does not let a note go until he has drained from it all its timbre and emotion.

Hubbard's facility with ballads elevates *Born To Be Blue,* too. Here, with his regular working band (Billy Childs, piano; Larry Klein, bass; Steve Houghton, drums) augmented by Harold Land on tenor saxophone and Buck Clark on percussion, Hubbard creates a lush, ethereal sound without any studio gimmickry (other than crystalline recording). He tailors his tone for the occasion, painting impressionistic smears on the title selection and Clifford Brown's *Joy Spring*. His foil—the first, incidentally, of many well-chosen ones on these albums—is Land, a harmonic parallel, more dissonant and a shade darker. Theirs is a compelling chemistry, but one that, unfortunately, does not translate as well into the faster *True Colors* or *Up Jumped Spring*.

A similar dichotomy in Hubbard's success with uptempo material as opposed to balladry appears in his two straightahead bop dates, *Keystone Bop* and *Back To Birdland*. The latter finds Hubbard compact and self-edited, if not at his most investigative. And, again, the companionship is distinctive: soulmate George Cables on piano, particularly delivering the Bud Powell elegy, *For B.P.*, and Richie Cole, alto saxophone's bop apostle, toppling scales like so many dominos. The results, though, are clearly superior on the ballads, *Lover Man* and *Star Eyes*.

*Keystone Bop* reunites Hubbard with his working group, plus Joe Henderson on tenor saxophone and Bobby Hutcherson on vibes. Hutcherson gets the better of his guest role, dueling the band harmonically and percussively, especially on the sidelong *One Of Another Kind*. Henderson, on the other hand, sounds curiously flat, out of character. Yet the man most responsible for the vigor of the album (beside Hubbard) is the lesser known

Steve Houghton on drums. He is turbulent on the border of recklessness, busy in a completely positive sense, and bursting with ideas finding their first expression. And, to its credit, this group can bear up to his assault and on occasion—Hubbard's jackhammer trills and spears of single notes—reply in kind.

The remaining three albums chronicle the variations of Hubbard's fusion side. *Mistral* represents the highest artistic aspirations of the bunch; it is a warm, instantly appealing set, reminiscent of *Superblue* and particularly sparked by Art Pepper's alto saxophone. He and Hubbard blow like two warm jet streams of melody; it is unfortunate their path is occluded occasionally by intrusive synthesizers and the surprisingly ordinary drumming of Peter Erskine. Even more synthesizers and rote rhythm afflict *Splash*. At its best, with hooks to spare, the album may reach the contemporary soul audience, perhaps luring some of it back to Hubbard's stronger, more intriguing work. *Ride Like The Wind*, a live-in-the-studio date of pop songs with orchestra, fares no better than approximating a hummable movie soundtrack—and more frequently falls short of that.

But the fault is more of conception than execution, which is telling. Even on these lesser albums, Hubbard crackles and coos, testifing to his own resurgence. It remains his artistic (or commercial) perogative to spread his gifts among such a harem of settings. But, Freddie, is your heart really in polygamy?

—*sam freedman*

# 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.)

### MUSE

**Kenny Barron**, pianist plus John Stubblefield's reeds, produced by Michael Cuscuna, GOLDEN LOTUS. **Junior Cook**, ex-Silver tenor joins sterling rhythm section and SOMETHIN'S COOKIN'. **Melvin Sparks**, guitarist escapes the organ lock for piano trio's bluesy backing, SPARKLING. **Richie Cole**, energetic alto on overdrive, cornered ALIVE! AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD.

### PAUSA

**Freddie Hubbard**, trumpet & flugel live at the '81 Villingen Fest, ROLLIN'. **Didier Lockwood**, fusion fiddler flies first class and advises you to FASTEN SEAT BELTS. **Stu Goldberg**, pianist combines jazz quartet and string quartet in EYE OF THE BEHOLDER. **Nightwind**, premiere of L.A.-based electric band, A CASUAL ROMANCE. **Ollie Mitchell**, gives the countdown for original program by his Sunday Big Band, BLAST OFF.

### CONCORD JAZZ

**Various Artists**, Al Cohn, Cal Collins, Dave McKenna, Scott Hamilton, Warren Vache, Bob Maize, Jake Hanna, LIVE AT THE NORTHSEA JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Martin Taylor**, young English guitarist from Stephane Grappelli's group goes trio in a SKYE BOAT. **Capp/Pierce Orchestra**, Basie-ish big band plus vocalist Ernie Andrews, JUGGERNAUT STRIKES AGAIN! **Rosemary Clooney**, plus the usual Concord all-stars, SINGS THE MUSIC OF COLE PORTER.

### BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE

**George Russell**, '70 sextet concert featuring Jan Garbarek, Terje Rypdal, and the master of Lydian composition, TRIP TO PRILLARGURI. **Oliver Lake**, B.A.G. reedman leads quartet in '81 date, CLEVONT FITZHUBERT (A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE). **Muhal Richard Abrams**, joins Amina Claudine Myers at two pianos for original compositions in DUET. **Ran Blake/Jaki Byard**, two New England Conservatory profs and longstanding jazzmen collaborate on keyboard IMPROVISATIONS. **Frank Lowe**, Memphis-bred tenorman offers a taste of his roots and music one step beyond, EXOTIC HEARTBREAK. **John Lindberg**, in-demand bassist adds Billy Bang, Thurman Barker, Hugh Ragin, and Marty Ehrlich for an '81 exploration of DIMENSION 5.

### INNER CITY

**Susannah McCorkle**, vocalist continues her voyage through the great American songwriters with THE MUSIC OF HARRY WARREN. **Butterflies**, sextet combining English, Yugoslavian, Israeli, and American fusion influences, BUTTERFLIES. **Toshiyuki Honda**, Japanese saxist in energetic fusion sides, BURNIN' WAVES.

### ISLAND/ANTILLES

**Anthony Braxton**, mid-'70s pieces played by their composer, Anthony Davis, Mark Helias, Ed Blackwell, SIX COMPOSITIONS: QUARTET. **Phil Woods**, alto bopper supreme leads his '81 quartet, all BIRDS OF A FEATHER. **Birell Lagrene**, 15-year-old gypsy guitarist w/ Hot Club-styled accompaniment finds new ROUTES TO DJANGO. **Air**, three original pieces plus Jelly Roll's *Chicago Breakdown*, 80° BELOW '82.

*continued on page 48*

## FANTASY/MILESTONE

**Thelonious Monk**, anthology of classic performances of nonpareil compositions by all-star instrumentalists, MEMORIAL ALBUM. **Dave Brubeck**, reissue of long-unavailable sides by the pianist's Cal Tjader/Ron Crotty TRIO. **Dave Brubeck/Paul Desmond**, reissue of the classic partnership's initial pairing on vinyl, live at the Black Hawk and Storyville, BRUBECK/DESMOND. **Ron Carter/Herbie Hancock/Tony Williams**, '77 trio date's first appearance in this country, THIRD PLANE.

## SACKVILLE

**Archie Shepp**, tenor's '81 outing w/ Ken Werner, Santi DeBriano, John Betsch, I KNOW ABOUT THE LIFE. **Various Artists**, Jay McShann, Buddy Tate, Jim Galloway, Don Thompson, Terry Clarke join for a SATURDAY NIGHT FUNCTION. **Bill Smith**, reedman/publisher (*Coda* magazine) introduces David Lee's bass and David Prentice's violin to THE SUBTLE DECEIT OF THE QUICK GLOVED HAND. **Paul Cram**, saxophonist leads fellow Vancouver improvisers through varied program of originals and Bird, BLUE TALES IN TIME. **Joe Sealy**, Canadian pianist in trio setting of standards, CLEAR VISION. **Frank Rosolino**, late, great trombonist caught live in '76 w/ the Ed Bickert Trio, THINKING ABOUT YOU.

## INDEPENDENTS

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

**Oliver Lake**, adds reggae and r&b to his avant garde alto, from Gramavision Records, JUMP UP. **David Eyges**, cellist joins saxist Byard Lancaster and drummer Sunny Murray, from Music Unlimited, at the CROSSROADS. **Obrador**, West Coast latin/jazz/polyrhythmic septet, via Au Roar Records, finds MORE ODD JOBS. **Don Ewell/Herb Hall**, satisfying piano/clarinet quartet, plays New Orleans music, from New Orleans Records, IN NEW ORLEANS. **Doc Paulin**, a return to New Orleans tradition in an '80 waxing, via Folkways Records, of his MARCHING BAND. **Hound Dog Taylor**, some serious '71 & '73 boogie, from Alligator Records, GENUINE HOUSEROCKING MUSIC.

**Al Jarreau**, previously unreleased '65 jazz tracks by the now-pop star, from Bainbridge Records, 1965. **John Coates**, more cuts from the pianist plus guests Phil Woods, Urbie Green, Harry Leahy, etc., from Omnisound Records, POCONO FRIENDS ENCORE. **Hal Crook**, trombonist/arranger leads quartet (and occ. guest Phil Woods), also from Omnisound, HELLO HEAVEN. **Jimmy Lyon**, Peacock Alley's pianist, from Finnedar Records, PLAYS COLE PORTER'S PIANO AND HIS MUSIC. **Bernie Senensky**, Torontoan keyboarder in all-original '81 outing from PM Records, FREE SPIRIT. **Cornelius Bumpus**, ex-Doobie Bros. reedman with a jazzier viewpoint, from Broadbeach Records, A CLEAR VIEW.

**Terry Riley**, '75 concert of modal improvisations on a Yamaha YC 45D organ, from Kuckuck Records, DESCENDING MOONSHINE DERVISHES. **David Rosenboom**, music produced by a programmed computer keyboard in real-time situations, from Street Records, FUTURE TRAVEL. **Eric Ross**, music for synthesizer and various instruments, plus vocalist via electronics, from Doria Records, ELECTRONIC ETUDES/SONGS FOR SYNTHESIZED SOPRANO. **John Hasse**, pianist offers known and neglected pieces, from Sunflower Records, of EXTRAORDINARY RAGTIME. **Sergey Kuryokhin**, remarkable technique and vision from a Soviet new music keyboarder, via Leo Records, THE WAYS OF FREEDOM. **Vyacheslav Ganelin/Vladimir Tarasov/Vladimir Chekasin**, Soviet free trio in live extravaganza, also from Leo, CON FUOCO.

**Larry Davis**, blues singer/guitarist w/ B. B. King endorsement, from Rooster Records, FUNNY STUFF. **Big Twist**, and the Mellow Fellows bring their brand of bar music to vinyl, courtesy of Flying Fish Records, ONE TRACK MIND. **Paul Smith**, redefines the banjo in bluegrass and ba-

*continued on page 50*

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A jamey aebersold

roque music, another Flying Fish, MYSTERIOUS BARRICADES. **New Grass Revival**, plus guests inc. Leon Russell bring bluegrass up-to-date, from Flying Fish, COMMONWEALTH. **Si Kahn**, songwriter/guitarist w/ various instrumental backings, from Flying Fish, DOING MY JOB. **Richard Greene**, ex-Seatrain fiddler attacks Ornette Coleman, bluegrass, and *Bach!*, from Sierra Records, BLUE RONDO. **Loren Mazzacane/Kath Bloom**, traditional and original blues dedicated to Blind Willie Johnson, from Daggett Records, ROUND HIS SHOULDERS GONNA BE A RAINBOW.

**Horace Tapscott**, longtime underground pianist w/ sextet, from Nimbus Records, DIAL 'B' FOR BARBRA. **Doug Hammond**, drummer plus Kirk Lightsey's piano, Byard Lancaster's reeds, from Idibib Records, explore SPACES. **Ethnic Heritage Ensemble**, Windy City's two reed/percussion trio in two live sides from Red Records, IMPRESSIONS. **Griot Galaxy**, three reedmen plus Roscoe Mitchell's Sound Ensemble rhythm section, from Black & White Records, KINS. **Ralph Thomas**, multi-reedman with septet in original program, from Zebra Records, EASTERN STANDARD TIME. **Richard Shulman**, pianist-led group w/ six self-penned pieces, from RS Records, WONDER.

**Lee Katzman**, trumpeter leads Indianapolis quartet through bop-styled paces, a 25th Century Ensemble Production, NAPTOWN REUNION. **Curtis Peagler**, altoist from the old Modern Jazz Disciples brings an octet, from Sea Pea Records, FOR BASIE & DUKE. **Lee Willhite**, sings alongside George Coleman, Harold Mabern, Jamil Nasser, and Frank Gant, from Big Tampa Records, FIRST VENTURE. **Eddie Berger**, and his four-man Jazz All-Stars, from Uptown Records, offers BEBOP & SODA. **Peter Leitch/George McFetridge**, guitar/piano duets from Canadian pair, from Jazz House Records, SOMETIME IN ANOTHER LIFE. **Fred Taylor**, drummer draws from 11 musicians for six pieces, from Crinkle Cuts Records, COURT OF CIRCE.

**Jerry Tachoir**, vibist leads quartet in Monoco award-winning compositions, from Avita Records, CANVAS. **Bill Molenhof**, vibist leads trio in original program, from Mark Records, BEACH STREET YEARS. **Bobbette Jazz All-Stars**, six originals arranged and conducted by Albert Balderas, from Bobbette Records, ALL-STARS. **3PM**, quartet heavy on guitars and synthesizers w/ six new works, from Ostinato Records, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER. **Gerry Olds**, piano trio plays three chestnuts and three originals, from Olds Records, HERE GOES.

**Bob Shaut**, saxist fronts septet in nine originals from Bee-Ess Records, giving the world SHAUT'S THOUGHTS. **Stan Samole**, guitarist joins a pair of players from Pat Metheny's band, from Lotus Records, for BEAUTY'S SONG. **Alice Sherman**, vocalist backed by Joe Puma & friends, from Silvertone Records, says I'M A SUCKER TOO. **Uptown**, California quintet play their own music, from Uptown Records, WHATA YA THINK? **Alpha Centuri**, Danish electric quartet plus guest trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg, from Pick Up Records, 20:33. **db**

# BLINDFOLD TEST

# Arthur Blythe

BY FRANCIS DAVIS


JON CHASE

*JAZZ FANS, CRITICS, AND MUSICIANS seldom agree on anything, but on the merit and the potential of alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe they are in accord. Named altoist deserving wider recognition in the* **db** *International Critics Polls from 1979-81, Blythe ran a close second to Phil Woods in the most recent* **db** *Readers Poll. Formerly a favored sideman with Chico Hamilton, Gil Evans, Lester Bowie, and Jack DeJohnette, Blythe now leads two popular bands of his own—the mainstream alto-plus-rhythm quartet he calls In The Tradition and a spunky unit of more unusual instrumentation (alto, tuba, guitar, cello, drums) which sails more unchartered waters and is usually referred to as "the guitar band" by followers of Blythe's music.*

*Both bands can be heard to good advantage on* Blythe Spirit *and* Illusions, *Blythe's two most recent LPs for Columbia, and the altoist himself shines in a more informal setting on* The Kool-Montreux Connection *(also Columbia), jamming with fellow altoists Phil Woods and Paquito D'Rivera.*

*This was Blythe's first Blindfold Test. He received no advance information on the records.*

**1 BENNY CARTER.** *On Green Dolphin Street (from Montreux '77: Benny Carter 4, Pablo Live). Carter, alto saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano; Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums.*

Sounds good. I like it—five stars. He's got a good alto sound. He can *sing*—he makes me smile. It's a good rhythm section; I have no idea who they might be. The tune is *Green Dolphin Street*. I remember playing that a lot. It's one of those tunes everybody knows—a good jam session tune.

(*Afterwards*) People have said that I sound like Benny Carter. I don't know—maybe. I never heard him when I was coming up. But I know he had a lot of input into people's ideas of playing the saxophone. What words in Webster's Dictionary are there that we can speak that haven't been spoken already, you know? You try to be eloquent with the language, but that's another thing. I do hear some of the qualities I try to adhere to in my playing in his—the sound, the tone, the singing aspect, things like that more than the style.

**2 COUNT BASIE/EDDIE "CLEANHEAD" VINSON.** *Apollo Daze (from Kansas City Shout, Pablo). Basie, piano; Vinson, alto saxophone; Freddie Green, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Duffy Jackson, drums.*

This alto player—I don't know who he is, but I bet he's from Texas. He's got the blues and he grooves! The clearest thing I get from him is his rhythm. He's different from Benny Carter. He sounds like he's from Benny's time period, though. It doesn't sound like he's playing bebop. That's hard blues. The rhythm section—that's Count Basie-style, Kansas City-style. Five stars. I love it. Even though it's not my groove, I hear the quality in it.

**3 PAUL DESMOND.** *Greensleeves (from The Only Recorded Performance, Finesse). Desmond, alto saxophone; Milt Jackson, vibes; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.*

Paul Desmond. He's part of the music—him, Dave Brubeck, Stan Kenton, Bix Beiderbecke. There are people other than black people who have made contributions and been recognized historically, and Paul's one of them. I like his playing. It's not my kind of playing, but he played the alto saxophone very well, and he had a positive influence on many others. Four stars.

**4 DAVID SANBORN.** *Let's Just Say Goodbye (from Voyeur, Warner Brothers). Sanborn, alto saxophone.*

David Sanborn? Yeah, that's David. I thought that was who it was going to be when I heard the opening part. We played together with Gil Evans. Dave is a good player; he gets a good sound out of his horn. But this is a commercial type of thing that he's doing—which is fine, you know? It's just not my type of expression. For the musicianship, I'll give it three. It's a good recording, very bright—a *quality* recording in terms of the marketplace. It's like pistachio ice cream. I like pistachio, but it's not my favorite. I like black walnut better, know what I mean?

**5 ORNETTE COLEMAN.** *Macho Woman (from Body Meta, Artists House). Coleman, alto saxophone; Ronald Shannon Jackson, drums.*

I love it. I *love* it! (*Laughter*) I love the drums. It's serious music, but there's an aspect to it that makes me want to laugh. I like the space that is implied. This is some of Ornette's later stuff, but he's always played like this—harmonically and with form. I don't think he's playing radically differently—he's just brought his rhythmic concept more to the surface. I think he's trying to expand his musical consciousness. He's played all the music—he's played roadhouse blues; he's played Charlie Parker's music; he's played really "out there" music; and now he's using contemporary aspects of the music and still applying a personal touch to it. I give it five. I think Ornette has had a tremendous influence on the music, but conceptually, rather than people just trying to sound like he sounds.

F.D.: Would you say there's any similarity between what you do with the guitar band and what Ornette is doing with Prime Time?

A.B.: It's associated, but we're not working on precisely the same things. We've both worked with Blood Ulmer. But Ornette's music and Blood's too are about the South. You've got an urban kind of music and you've got the Southern. My music's more a mixture of the urban and the country than their's.

**6 DAVID EYGES.** *Jumpin' Jenny (from The Arrow, Music Unlimited). Eyges, cello, composer; Byard Lancaster, alto saxophone.*

Is this a record? I mean it sounds like a tape, a live recording of a loft set, especially after the Sanborn record. This is just a duet, bass and alto—no, that's a cello. It sounds like Abdul Wadud, or at least I've heard Wadud do that kind of thing in the bottom register, but it might be something indigenous to the cello. I don't know who the alto player is, but he sounds okay. Sometimes there could be a little more variety in the way they play together. The piece just seems like an expression more than a melody. But I like this type of expression just fine. You can tell they're serious, they're not kidding around. I give it four.

**7 THE WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET.** *Suite Music (from WSQ, Black Saint). Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, alto saxophone; David Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone, composer.*

World Saxophone Quartet, right? That's beautiful. I love this. Oliver's playing lead, and David on bass clarinet. Julius does a lot of writing for the band, and this sounds like one of his pieces. I'll give it five stars for their inspiration, the sound they get, their musicality. I like the way these different moods fit together, the variety they get in the different sections of this. Here comes Julius now, playing lead. I like the way they function without the drums and bass. They compensate for it by establishing the rhythms in the ways bass and drums would normally. They have to think more rhythmically just to keep the motion. They're great—I wish I could give this six! **db**

# Olu Dara

*A man of many names, many influences, and many musical styles, Dara's trumpet may sing freely, but he says it all boils down to the blues.*

BY RUSSELL WOESSNER


BOB SHAMIS

About 1500 miles and 41 years lie between Charles Jones III of Natchez, Mississippi and Olu Dara of Queens, New York. Over those years, the cornetist known by both those names (among others) has traveled around the world, playing with the U.S. Navy, Art Blakey, David Murray, Lester Bowie, and his own Okra Orchestra. Yet, in the last few years, he feels he has come full circle, back home to Mississippi. "What I'm playing in my band is basically the same stuff we were playing when I was a kid. But I didn't know that. I thought I had to be a bebop player or an avant garde player or whatever. So I went all the way into bebop, then I went all the way into the avant garde. It's all the same to me. It took me all that while to come back around to what I was really playing in the beginning, when I was a kid."

In Natchez, where the youngster shared the name Charles Jones with both of his grandfathers and his father, the middle Mr. Jones called his son "Pops" (for Louis Armstrong) or "Junebug." Even then, music was an inescapable part of his life. He recalls, "I even quit playing in the school band, so I could join the basketball team, but they sabotaged that. [The school needed us for] Memorial Day parades, fish fries, taps for the dead soldiers, football and basketball games, dances. We were the musicians. We were young, we wanted to play ball. But when it came time for music, that's what you had to do. It was a job. When I got tired of playing ball or running around in the woods, I could get my horn and hang out with the older people. I found the instrument gave me a chance to travel and learn and deal with people who were doing things that I would never see otherwise."

Even before he left Natchez, Olu was exposed to many different kinds of music. "In Mississippi, you'd hear classical music in live concerts. You'd hear bluegrass, country & western, hillbilly music. You'd hear blues. When I say blues, I mean 30 or 40 different types and styles of blues. Even in different churches, you'd have different styles. I call it blues, most people may call it gospel or spirituals. When I say blues, I mean that style of music. There was everything. Jazz. Not very modern jazz. But the rhythm & blues musicians were playing jazz. It wasn't modern like it was in New York. They were playing the same thing, but it had a dance thing to it. The horn players were playing all the stuff, it was just funky. Guitar, instead of piano. So Mississippi was rich for music."

After high school, Dara enrolled as a premed student at Tennessee State University in Nashville. But he did not abandon his instrument. "I was in the marching band at the same time. By being in that band, I got into music again. When I decided to change my major to music, I was so low on the totem pole that I couldn't even get into a good class. I wasn't getting anywhere there so I joined the navy and played music for four years.

"I heard a whole lot of stuff in the navy. I think it made me complete. I went all over the world, finding out what they think of our music and what we think of their music. Most of the stuff I heard wasn't on record, it was in person. There was a quintet I saw somewhere in Africa. These guys had only heard one jazz album in their lives, *Smokin' With Miles Davis*. You couldn't even see the lettering on the cover, it was so old. It was the only album these guys had. And they had to travel into the city to listen to it. But they played it themselves note for note. And they were a fascinating group of musicians to the local people there. I never will forget those guys.

"When I got out of the navy, I left the horn that they had loaned me there and I didn't buy another one. I had never planned to be a professional musician. I was only doing it because it was the easy way out. Easy through college, the easy way through the navy. So I quit playing when I got out."

A series of non-musical jobs supported Olu for a while, until some of his former naval bandmates began to arrive in New York where he had settled. "I ran into Hamiet Bluiett and he said, 'You mean you're not playing anymore?' Other musicians started calling me. So I went back into r&b for a while. I'm basically a rhythm & blues musician, turned jazz musician because of the environment, because of living in New York. I play rhythm & blues, but not the way you know rhythm & blues. It's rhythm & blues if you just divide the terms. Because I'm playing rhythm and I'm playing blues. The blues comes in with the melody right on top of it.

"I have experienced most forms of music that are available in this country, just by being lucky enough to be employed by bands who play all different types of music. I may play with James Blood Ulmer, I may play with Henry Threadgill's band which is entirely different, with Material which is entirely different, and then the New York Hot Trumpet Repertory Company with Lester Bowie, Stanton Davis, Wynton Marsalis, and Malachi Thompson. With each band, I have to have a different style and a different attitude about the music. And I play in a lot of African bands—Congolese bands and Nigerian bands. There are so many things happening that when I play with my own band, I still bring all these things into it at one point or another. I may play rhythm & blues, but I may do a scat vocal or an African-type vocal. The trumpet may sound like Satchmo one minute, and I may throw in a modern jazz phrase, something a saxophone player might play, a honk or something esoteric, on top to change that. So it would be r&b, but not in the real sense of rhythm & blues. I would say a more universal rhythm & blues."

The cornetist's name change happened somewhat impulsively when a saxophonist who was also a Yoruba priest read the name Olu Dara in his coconut shells one night. Since then, people have told Dara that the words mean "Believe Something," "Little Mischievous One," and "Closer to Godliness," and he says, "I'm quite sure there may be a thousand more meanings."

Now Olu Dara's name can be found on albums as diverse as Hamiet Bluiett's *Endangered Species* (India Navigation IN 1025) and *Orchestra, Duo And Septet* (Chiariscuro CR 182), David Murray's *Flowers For Albert* (India Navigation IN 1026) and *Ming* (Black Saint BSR 0045), Frank Lowe's *Doctor Too Much* (Kharma 2), *Sentiments* by Synthesis (Ra 101), Oliver Lake's *Heavy Spirits* (Arista Freedom 1008), Phillip Wilson's *Esoteric* (hat Hut Q) and *Live At Moers* (Moers Music 1062), James Blood Ulmer's *Are You Glad To Be In America* (Artists House 13), and Material's *Memory Serves* (Elektra/Musician El-642).

To Lester Bowie, Olu Dara is "the best note selector in the business." The object of this superlative has equal praise for its source. Dara says, "To me, Lester is trumpet. It's

always delightful to hear him and play with him. He doesn't just stay in one style. He's one of those people who likes all types of music and can play in any style. And he plays what I call the funk on the trumpet. There are very few modern musicians who can do that. He likes humor. He explores the trumpet. He plays sounds, he plays blues, in, out, straightahead, he plays them all. So when I want to listen to trumpet, that's where I go."

Olu also admires the catholic tastes of reedman Henry Threadgill. "Every now and then, you meet a guy that you just understand, and he understands you. We're interested in the same type of music. We like it all. We play it all. And we play it all seriously, we don't mess with it. I found that he had respect for every type of music." James Blood Ulmer is another person with whom the cornetist has "a type of camaraderie, because of what he knows about jazz and different forms of free-form music. He plays it all. I love what Blood says: 'Jazz is the teacher, funk is the preacher.' That's my creed also. He likes funk. And he has a funk band. That's the whole thing. You may like a lot of music, but you have to choose."

Club dates with these musicians help fill the gaps in Dara's schedule, as does accompanying dance workshops or performing with the Okra Orchestra. No matter what the context, the trumpeter's first concern is the audience. He admits, "I look at myself more as a listener than as a musician. I want to give people something that I would want to hear when I go to a night club or a concert. I want everything. I want movement. I want humor. I want creativity. I want the intellectual stimulation. I want the physical stimulation. I try to get all these things happening in the Okra Orchestra. I use dancers and comedians. I take it right into theater. I use all different types of situations, comedic situations, musical situations. We go through regional music rather than jazz. It's not a jazz group at all. I call it an 'exotic rhythm band' because we play music like New Orleans, like the Caribbean, with an American accent on it, and with African rhythm. It's actually a dance band in some respects, because everything we play is danceable. It's a lot of fun." db

# Keshavan

*Mazurkas, Motown, and Coltrane combine in the joyous roar created by the native-Detroit saxophonist and his new electric band, Loved By Millions.*

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

Keshavan Maslak is a dynamic young multi-instrumentalist (alto and tenor saxes, clarinets, flutes) whose bio reads like the outline for a picaresque novel about 20th century America. The 34-year-old Keshavan ("I'm trying to become known by my first name only, like Liberace or Dion. It's a whole marketing philosophy that works.") is entirely a product of his age. His lightning-fast sound projection and swelling lyrical intensity confirm that Coltrane was his first jazz inspiration. He has always loved the blues, and like many contemporary jazzmen, he is currently infatuated with the crunch rhythms and the mass appeal of funk and new wave rock. But what makes Keshavan's music unmistakably his is its high stepping Old World reel and gaiety, and these are qualities which stem from the first kind of music he ever played professionally—not jazz, not r&b, or rock & roll, but polkas and mazurkas.

"I was born and grew up on the West Side of Detroit in what was pretty much a Russian-Polish neighborhood. My grandfather was a musician, and he was the main influence in my life, my teacher. He was a singer and mandolin player, and he would travel to these different Slavic organizations and sing folk songs. He bought me an old alto that a friend of his was selling for $50 when I was seven, and I just started playing it. He knew theory and chords and everything, and he would write everything out for me. But he *thought* like a singer. So the way I play I feel is vocal in quality—it's technical and all that, but I try to get this melodic, singing quality, and that's his influence.

"I started making money in polka bands playing the songs my grandfather taught me when I was about 11 or 12, playing weddings and dances and anniversaries within the Slavic community every weekend until I was 18." As Keshavan's technical proficiency increased, his family enrolled him with professional instructors—classical saxophonists like Larry Tiel, who had earlier tutored Yusef Lateef, Joe Henderson, and Bennie Maupin.

It was through a black friend that he first heard Coltrane, and the record which gripped him immediately was *Blue Train*. "It was the blues and it was in a minor key like all the Eastern European songs I already knew, so I really related to it. I used to practice by playing that solo note for note. I was obsessed with it."

Keshavan attended North Texas State University because Detroit pianist Kirk Lightsey had told him it would be a good place to learn more about jazz. He has mixed feelings about the school ("It exposed me to competition. But they don't stress individuality there at all. I was a real freak."), but Texas itself he loved ("I worked in blues bands—real blues bands, with blues singers—in Dallas six nights a week."). The summer he graduated, he returned to Detroit in spirit if not in the flesh, joining a Motown road band which backed Gladys Knight, the Temptations, and the Supremes on a cross-country tour. That fall, feeling "all screwed up" from soft drugs and seeking spiritual peace, he journeyed to San Francisco to live in a yoga monastery for six months and wound up staying in California three years, playing bebop with Bishop Norman Williams and free jazz with Charles Moffett in the city and traveling to Marin County periodically to participate in the marathon blowing sessions at the home of drummer Phillip Wilson.

Keshavan was a member of the group Moffett brought east to play Newport in New York in 1972. Encouraged by the praise of Moffett's ex-employer Ornette Coleman, Keshavan decided to try his luck in Manhattan instead of returning west with Moffett. Sam Rivers let him work at Studio Rivbea with some regularity, and there were jobs at the Kitchen with new music composers Rhys Chatham, Philip Glass, and Laurie Anderson, among others. But in general work was scarce, and Keshavan took a variety of menial day jobs to keep a roof over his head "on 11th Street and Avenue C, which was more skid row then even than it is now."

Unhappy with his lot in New York, Keshavan went looking for a better life. "I went to Europe in 1978 and stayed three-and-a-half years. There was a lot of work for me—I was turning down work! I started making lots of money, comparative to what I had ever made. I lived in Amsterdam, but I was constantly traveling to other countries. I even did a solo tour of Poland just before they started cracking down there. I'm a star in Eastern Europe. I'm as big as Mick Jagger.

"I was coming from six years of frustration in New York, and when I first landed, I was denying my American roots. I wanted to identify with finally coming back home and all that bullshit. But after a while, I realized it *was* bullshit, because I'm not European. I grew up in America, and my American experience is as valid as any other American's."

So Keshavan returned to New York in the fall of 1981, on a solid economic footing and more confident of his music and his identity this time. The records he made in Europe (on Circle and Leo Records), which feature him improvising passionately and intelligently over free rhythms, and which aroused advance curiosity about him, don't prepare a listener for the rock-influenced music he is playing now. "I want to emphasize this new rock & roll direction," he told me several times during our interview. "What I listen to now is Talking Heads, Brian Eno, and new wave bands mostly. There are some innovative things going on in that music, yet at the same time it's accessible to the masses, which music should be anyway. So I'm playing electronic music now for a variety of reasons—I mean, I play acoustic instruments, but when I perform now, it's got to be in an electronic context, and I want people to hear it as rock & roll."

To jazz ears like mine, Keshavan's group Loved By Millions (with minimalist composer Rhys Chatham on electric guitar, Charles Moffett on drums, the latter's 14-year-old son Charnette on electric bass, and the Yoko Ono-ish vocals of Pam Lyons, Keshavan's wife) begs comparison to Ornette Coleman's harmolodic bands, but the one time I have had an opportunity to hear them live—the first time they played together in public, as it turned out—the band was not ready for Prime Time. A studio quality rehearsal tape Keshavan played for me reveals the group's lusty promise, however. At its best, Loved By Millions not only ties together the disparate threads of Keshavan's life so far, but in its happy minglings of old traditions and new beginnings, of man and machine, of families and friends, of black and white, of rock and funk and new music and jazz, it unites the conflicting shrieks and whispers of American music and American life into one joyous roar, one barbaric yawp. db

public. Then more stuff comes to you, and you go on to write it down.") As the '60s drew to a close, she finally started working her way into the New York scene, first with vibist Freddie McCoy, and then under the leadership of talent scout supreme Art Blakey.

One might expect two years of playing *Moanin'* and other Jazz Messengers staples over Blakey's shuffle beat to have inhibited the creative Brackeen, yet her recollections of the experience remain positive. "The whole thing about that is that Art Blakey really can play. In his drumming he plays many, if not all, of the elements that I use, and it comes out tremendous. There was just a fullness in that band. Blakey plays it from the roots, and anything that's from the roots is the same as anything else from the roots. I don't care how involved music gets, nothing is more perfect than anything else if it comes from the roots. It was incredible to play that music with him."

A three-year stint with Joe Henderson followed, beginning in 1972, and for the first time Brackeen could really stretch out. "Joe gave you total freedom to play any type of solo, as long as you wanted and as far out as you wanted to go. You get a long solo in every tune you play with Joe; he just walks up the stairs after his solo and leaves it to you. We still work together—we played at Lush Life [NYC] in February, and it was incredible." Unfortunately the group did not play any of Brackeen's music, which provided such a positive challenge to the saxophonist on *Ancient Dynasty*. "When he plays a job, he plays his own tunes, but he's got mine and knows how to play them correctly. He may be one of the very few horn players who could play them. And the funny thing is that he never plays the way he did when he recorded my tunes, yet that's the way I always hear him in my mind. Strange!"

Another tenor giant, Stan Getz, featured Brackeen in his band between 1975 and '77. He even played some of her compositions, though he complained that they were too hard. "He sounded great on them," Brackeen noted. More important, Getz provided Brackeen with the opportunity to work constantly with bassist Clint Houston and drummer Billy Hart, "the rhythm section I would have hired." She began recording for Choice and Timeless during this period, and was a respected if still slightly underground figure by the time she struck out on her own.

The success Brackeen has achieved in the past five years is all the more welcome for arriving without compromise. "I still play 'piano bar' jobs once in a while for fun—Calvin Hill and I did a week at the Knickerbocker in April, playing all standards—but I'm primarily interested in my own music. Since *Special Identity*, which was recorded in December, I've written 17 more new tunes." This in turn dictates that Brackeen work with quality musicians. "They have to be, otherwise they can't play the music. I've used some great trio combinations—Eddie Gomez and Billy Hart, Clint Houston and Freddie Waits. Eddie and I will play in a duo next week. For my Boston job I brought Marc Johnson, who played with me once around this time last year. We always seem to join up in the spring. Marc is intrigued with the music; he wants to get into it."

Perhaps the Brackeen band best known to record listeners is the trio with Gomez and DeJohnette that appears on the pianist's last three albums. Oddly enough, they have never performed together outside the recording studio, yet Brackeen insisted that DeJohnette be the drummer on *Keyed In*, over the initial objection of producer Bob James. "I didn't see asking for Jack—who I had never played with before, and still only play with on record dates—as any kind of a risk. Not if it's jazz; not if you know. If you can see into somebody then there's no risk, because you can see. And I could see what he does with the instrument."

Gomez and DeJohnette had once played together in Bill Evans' trio, so it is only fitting that the late pianist has a role in Brackeen's story. "I was in the kitchen at the Vanguard one night," Brackeen recalls, "and I thought I saw Bill Evans. In this kitchen full of musicians, Bill just came up to me and said 'You have to call Helen.' He kept saying it, over and over. I wasn't even working there, and I had never seen him anywhere before where I was playing. He mentioned hearing me play *Speak Low*, so then I knew he heard me at Bradley's." Helen was Helen Keane, who managed Evans and now manages Brackeen. Among their current projects is a two-record tribute to Evans, produced by Keane and Herb Wong for Palo Alto, on which Brackeen, Richie Beirach, Warren Bernhardt, Chick Corea, Dave Frishberg, Herbie Hancock, Andy Laverne, Dave McKenna, Jimmy Rowles, George Shearing, McCoy Tyner, Teddy Wilson, Denny Zeitlin, and one or two other pianists will perform music either written by or associated with Evans. Royalties will be placed in a scholarship fund to be administered by *Keyboard* magazine. Brackeen's contribution is the Evans original *Song For Helen*.

Beyond this, Brackeen would rather not discuss specific plans. "I have some ideas, but of course each idea involves special people, and I haven't talked with them yet." Whatever the notions may be, they are not bound by the marketplace. "A person's consciousness produces their economics. I could feel like a quintet, or solo piano, or even an orchestra—or all three instead of either/or."

Asked if she detects an evolution in her playing, Brackeen says, "I don't listen for it, but I feel it. Every time I play it feels better. It's magnetic, electric. Vibration is sound. That's what creates the tunes, and that's why everybody can hear sound in one language. A word is a lower vibration than music. If you don't speak Japanese, you're not going to understand it, but anybody from any country can hear the music. It's a much higher rate of vibration, so that is what comes first. Then the name, if you must put a name on it and correlate it—but first comes the sound.

"Music is very direct. It's nothing abstract, nothing I think about. I just do it." db

# CAUGHT

## ORNETTE COLEMAN AND PRIME TIME

**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN**

STEVE KAGAN

**ANN ARBOR**—While Ornette Coleman's reappearance last summer was less dramatic than Miles Davis' return from self-exile, the saxophonist's increased visibility is at least as significant. The new music offered by Prime Time blends Ornette's harmolodic freedom with the amplified rhythms of contemporary urban black culture in a way that (potentially at least) shows considerable promise.

This concert was part of a cross-country swing by Prime Time—probably Ornette's first U.S. concert tour. The band played one long set of 12 tunes, with an encore. Ornette was virtually the only soloist, and he stuck mostly to his saxophone. The tunes were a mixture of older and recent Ornette compositions (the oldest, *Theme From A Symphony,* is about 10 years old; several others have been in the band's repertoire since at least 1978). The newer numbers showed that Coleman has lost none of his talent as a writer.

Somehow though, the promise of the music—as reflected in earlier reviews, the recordings so far available, and the related work of Ronald Shannon Jackson and James Blood Ulmer (both former members of Prime Time)—was not completely fulfilled this evening. The problem for me lies in dynamics; Ornette's new band plays *loud.* Coupled with the density of the music (everyone plays most of the time), the group's "rock" volume creates a physical, almost palpable wall of sound. It can be exciting and compelling, but over a 75-minute unbroken set, the constant triple forte is also very tiring, building a kind of numbness that obstructs the music's ability to communicate.

Volume and density produce another problem. Ornette obviously wants a group music, and the constant interplay is one of the band's strongest points. But Ornette's solo voice is still first among equals, leading the two-guitar, two-bass, two-drum band through the charts, providing the main interest. Too often the thick textures and high-decibel sound overpowered Coleman's saxophone, diminishing the whole. Jamaaladeen Tacuma's solo outings on his shrunken Steinberger bass were similarly swallowed.

I don't mean to sound too negative; I did enjoy the concert. Ornette has lost none of his ability to play—only the context has changed. Maybe in a deafening world the only way for an artist to be heard is to be louder than anyone else, whatever the attendant risks. Tacuma is a strong voice; his statement of the theme to *Mukami* was noteworthy. Ornette Denardo Coleman's drumming is fragmented but oddly propulsive. The charts display Coleman's usual inventiveness: *City Living,* with a head in 10/4; and an unannounced title on which the whole band moved securely in and out of tempo (from order to chaos back to order). In short—catch the band, it's good—but sit at the back of the hall.

*—david wild*

## STEPS

**CHUY'S**

**TEMPE, AZ**—A Japanese recording group toured the U.S. in the spring, but there wasn't a single Tokyo native in the band. The group was Steps, and the players were all Americans. Or should we say All-American. . . .

Michael Brecker, Don Grolnick, Peter Erskine, Mike Mainieri, and Eddie Gomez. Enough said about credentials. But what's interesting about Steps is that they have three albums *un*available in this country—*Smokin' In The Pit, Step By Step,* most recently *Paradox,* all on Nippon-Columbia. Together, this quintet has been doing quite well on the Japanese mainland for three years or so. Apparently, with five individuals heavily involved in disparate projects stateside, it's a bit too contractually entangled to put out domestic vinyl.

No matter, this group must be seen to be appreciated anyway. They stretch and solo in ways few records will allow, and the chemistry mixes a little differently each night. On this particular eve, two SRO housefuls packed into Chuy's, a tastefully refurbished little jazz haven in collegiate Tempe.

In a two-hour span, including encore, Steps didn't cover much more than a half-dozen original pieces, but they certainly did them right. Their music is the kind of contemporary, occasionally complicated hybrid one would hope for, given the players' far-reaching backgrounds. Cuts like *Four Chords,* Mainieri's sunny *Islands,* and Grolnick's spry *Uncle Bob* alternately covered the gamut of possible influences from progressive to bop to samba to funk to modal to pretty balladry. The pieces are typically done in an organized but organic manner, with well-defined heads growing out of bodies of meaty group and individual improvisation.

Particularly magical moments (there were many) included one piano/vibes duet that grew into an awesome Mainieri solo that evolved from introspection into an Oriental chiming effect, a cathedral-like section, and then full tilt gospel with Grolnick's piano returning for the sermon. After a fine bass spot by Gomez, the band finished incredibly with a mercurial composition featuring Brecker on tenor. Brecker had been doing wonderful things all evening, but the unusual funk undertones on this piece urged him into a halting, overblown groove that was downright exciting.

Erskine, heretofore content to just play solid backing traps, energized the multiplicity of rhythms as Grolnick went with his Prophet 5 synthesizer and spaced things out. The drummer countered by sending the band into an astral travel mode, from which a group fusion segment emerged with a great bowing flight by Gomez and a heavy synthesized tack. A return to the funny funk and a speedy head seemed to end it, but surprise—Erskine pummeled into a long drum solo as he changed from Superman to Clark Kent and then back to Superman. For an encore, Steps returned with something completely different—an upbeat organ blues with raunchy after-hours sax to match.

These five pros give off plenty of charisma on their own, but as a whole they get off on combined forces. What is group music, after all, if not an intriguing intermingling of very different tones and rhythms? This particular combination of sounds is bound to create new excitement as Steps makes its way across America without the support of recorded product, only word-of-mouth histrionics from potent club dates like this one.

*—robert henschen*

PAULA COURT

# MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS ORCHESTRA

**SYMPHONY SPACE**

**NEW YORK**—Every time I've seen Muhal Richard Abrams in front of a big band, I have been impressed. Here's a man who can easily join the ranks of the truly great composer/arrangers of jazz—men like Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Eddie Sauter, Gil Evans, George Russell—if he's only given the chance. Thanks to the Kitchen, the downtown experimental music workshop, he was given the chance, for one night, to parade this side of his talent at Symphony Space. Not surprisingly, he shone with blinding brightness.

Muhal set the tone of the evening in an introductory piano duet with Amina Claudine Myers—a rich, dense, moody spider's web. Warren Smith's and Andrew Cyrille's percussion was added slowly, as was Rick Rozie's bass. John Purcell then marched out blowing up a hellstorm of gutsy tenor fury. The rest of the ensemble quietly filed in, Muhal took his place at the podium, and the full band blossomed into a rich, reedy whole. Suddenly drummer Cyrille snapped into a swinging 4/4, and the band settled in for a long, important evening.

Through the course of the night, Abrams showed himself to be a shameless romantic—particularly on an elegant ballad that featured Shem Guibbory's violin playing the melody over muted trumpets and floating reeds. It was like the love theme from an expensive technicolor extravaganza. At other times, Abrams displayed a loose, stomping, Mingusian side with screaming, bravado passages and a brilliant sense of tension and release. He also showed a canny ability to *use* the soloists and ensemble to his best advantage. He would delegate the solo responsibility and leave the stage, walking back on when he felt the solo was spent—it kept the players on their toes and kept Muhal in charge at all times.

It would be impossible to list all the high points of the evening. There was a lovely melding of bass clarinet and bass fiddle; a fine use of John Clark's french horn and Bob Stewart's tuba (including a two-tuba segment with Jack Jeffers playing the other big horn); a rich use of the five saxophonists (Purcell, Marty Ehrlich, Eugene Gee, Courtenay Winter, Bob Eldridge) that showed a debt to Ellington; and a splendid use of the colors of the band. James Emery's wicked electric guitar was used sparingly, as was the violin; when they were employed it was for a harmonic reason.

As for the soloists, especially effective were: George Lewis, roaring and braying and at one point using a mute and his hand for an amusing foray which sounded like a gigantic, drunken flying insect; Baikida Carroll, brash and sassy; and Purcell, virile and fluid. Special mention must be made of Rozie's solid walking bass lines and Andrew Cyrille's brilliant trap work. Cyrille had one solo early on that was a model of a seamless, fully realized drum solo, making full use of the timbres of the various components of the drum kit, and employing silence as an important element. —*lee jeske*

# VINNY GOLIA ENSEMBLE

**SCHÖNBERG HALL**

**LOS ANGELES**—Under the auspices of the National Endowment for the Arts and the Century City Educational Arts Project, multi-reedman/composer Vinny Golia was able to bring his *Compositions For Large Ensemble* to UCLA's prestigious Schönberg Hall.

The stage was awash with every conceivable flute and reed instrument, as well as the largest collection of percussion this reviewer has ever seen. Also present were trombones, trumpets, flugelhorns, a cornet, vibraphone and marimba, two double basses, and one grand piano. Alternately standing or sitting in the reed section, Golia switched from tenor to soprano to baritone to bass saxophone, from alto flute to piccolo to bassoon to bass flute, all with the nimbleness and dexterity of an Olympic decathlon entrant.

Heard in recent years in various group and solo settings on his own Nine Winds records, Golia had never yet attempted a project of this enormity. The program consisted of eight movements: *Imo . . . Equas (For Sun Ra); Paths; The Standing Pose; Hat Dancin' And Table Sittin' (For Thelonious Monk); #13 The Pale Crescent (For Horace Tapscott); Iki; Usantrow (Cutting Water); In The Mists.*

The music ran the gamut from basic, simple 4/4 rhythms into complex, out-of-time excursions (most notably on the piece dedicated to Sun Ra). Each musician was allowed the maximum space to stretch out; however, Golia makes a point of writing passages that utilize duo, trio, and quartet configurations, thus offering an extraordinary composite of the entire ensemble. For example, on the Tapscott tribute, Golia's lyrical bassoon was accompanied by the clarinet of John Carter and Wynell Montgomery's english horn, in an exciting and color-filled section. This gave way to the well-seasoned team of Carter and Bobby Bradford on cornet, both of whom have a special knack for blending the old with the new. As the piece progressed, Wayne Peet could be found with his hands inside the piano, plucking strings, offsetting the pastel smoothness of bass clarinet, alto sax, flute, and clarinet, and paving the way for a moody, sensitive alto sax solo by Tim Berne. Then again, on the Monk tribute, Golia's soprano produced some beboppish licks, during which coarseness and beauty nudged each other.

MARK WEBER

*Vinny Golia, John Fumo, Tim Berne*

It was in the latter piece that Roberto Miranda, a truly phenomenal bassist, demonstrated what agility really means on his upright instrument. A special mention must also be made of John Rapson who, besides being a consummate trombonist endowed with strong chops and an endearing sense of humor, took over most of the conducting chores (shared with pianist Peet), and did a marvelous job of seguing from one segment to the next. —*frankie nemko-graham*

PROSESSION

# HOW TO make big chords sound great Part II

**BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER**

*William Fowler, professor/composer/clinician, holds a PhD in Music Composition and is* **down beat**'s *Education Editor.*

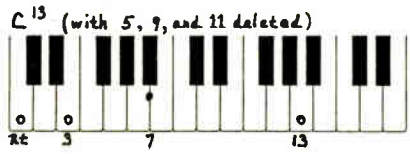
Part I of this article (**db**, July '82) dealt with ways to make alterations of 13th chords sound intense without disrupting their harmonic blend. Two main points were made:

- 1) Major seventh intervals between any two notes within the structure of a big chord tend to heighten its harmonic intensity.
- 2) Minor ninth intervals between any two notes within the structure of a big chord tend to damage its harmonic blend; the exception to this precept is the minor ninth interval between the root and ninth of a Dominant 7 (9b) chord.

Part II now deals with incomplete 13th chords, substitute notes within a 13th chord, extensions beyond the 13th, and extraneous bass notes.

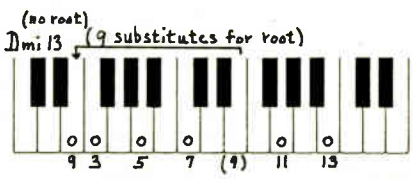
## Incomplete 13th chords

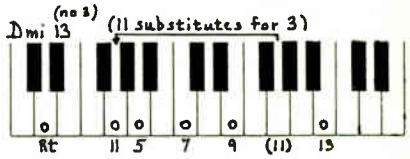
When seven voices are unavailable, as in a vocal quartet or small brass ensemble, 13th chords cannot be complete: one or more components must be deleted. Such deletions always thin the harmonic texture, but often enhance the harmonic blend by providing open space in place of some unessential sound. The best notes to delete, of course, are those which contribute the least to the harmony, usually the fifth, the 11th, and the ninth, in that order:

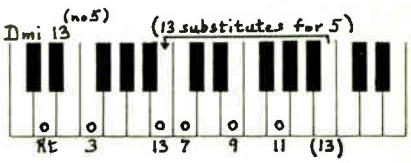



## Note substitution within a 13th

A higher component can substitute for a deleted lower component by moving down an octave, where it will occupy the space one note above the deleted component. The effect is similar to that of a suspension, in which the suspended note wants to resolve downward to become the note it has replaced, thus adding energy to the harmony. This process substitutes ninths for roots, 11ths for thirds, and 13ths for fifths:

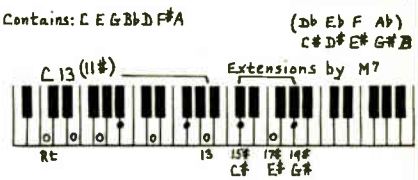


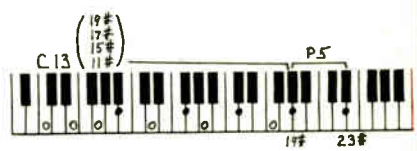




## Extensions beyond the 13th

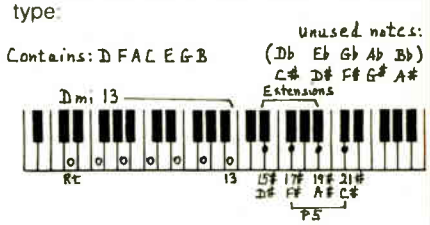
A complete 13th chord contains seven of the 12 chromatic notes, leaving five unused. Any of the five unused notes will intensify the harmonic texture of any 13th chord when located a Major seventh interval above the existing ninth, 11th, or 13th, a maximum of three added notes. All three, for example, can be added to the Dominant 13(11#) chord type:



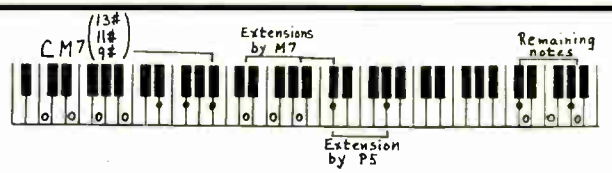

Furthermore, if any of the notes still unused can be located a Perfect fifth above the top or next-to-top note of the total structure, they will provide additional harmonic color:

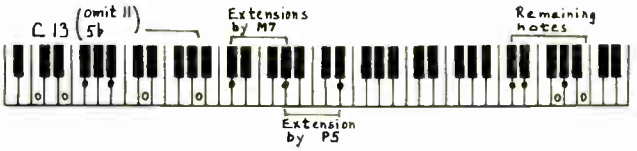



For another example, here is the extension process applied to the minor 13th chord type:



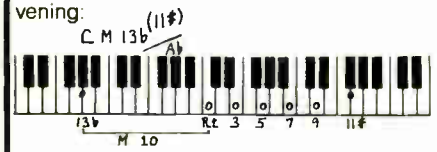

The number of notes which may be added to any given type of 13th chord varies (in the examples, the unused notes remaining from the original 13th chord are shown at the extreme right of the keyboard):

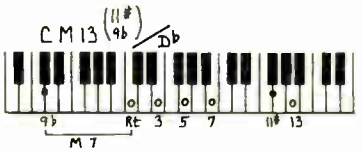


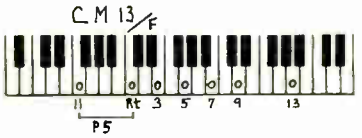




## Using higher components as bass notes

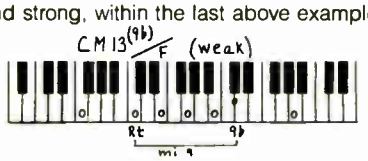
Either the ninth, the 11th, or the 13th makes an unusually rich bass note if it lies a Major 10th, a Major seventh, or a Perfect fifth below the root, preferably with no other note intervening:

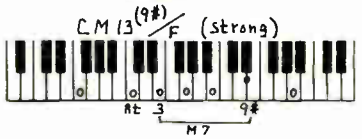


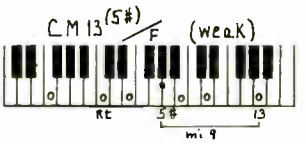



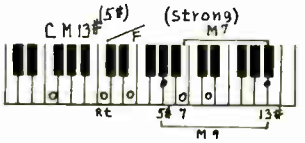




The remaining components above the root may then be adjusted for added intensity as long as they do not form a minor ninth interval with some other existing component. Here are some sample adjustments, both weak and strong, within the last above example:

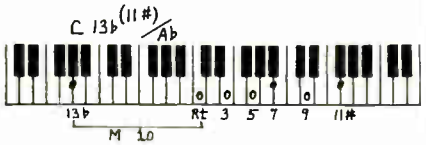


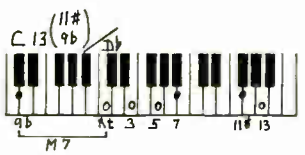



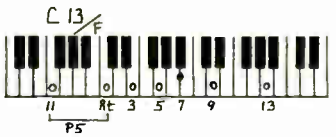




Applying this adjustment process to other 13th chord types having their ninths, 11ths, or 13ths as bass notes will reveal many more rich sonorities. Part I of this article will furnish many models for the process. For a start, though, here is a C 13th chord with its three practical higher component bass notes:




db

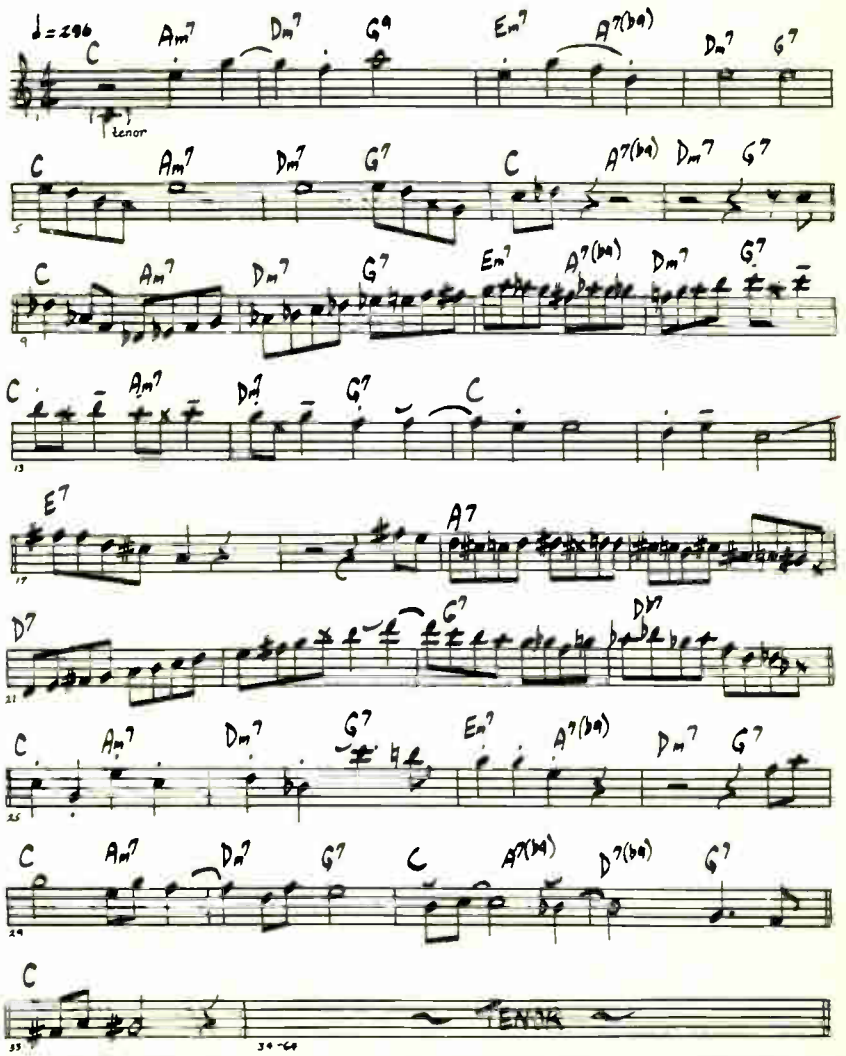
# Wynton Marsalis' Solo On *Hesitation*—A Trumpet Transcription

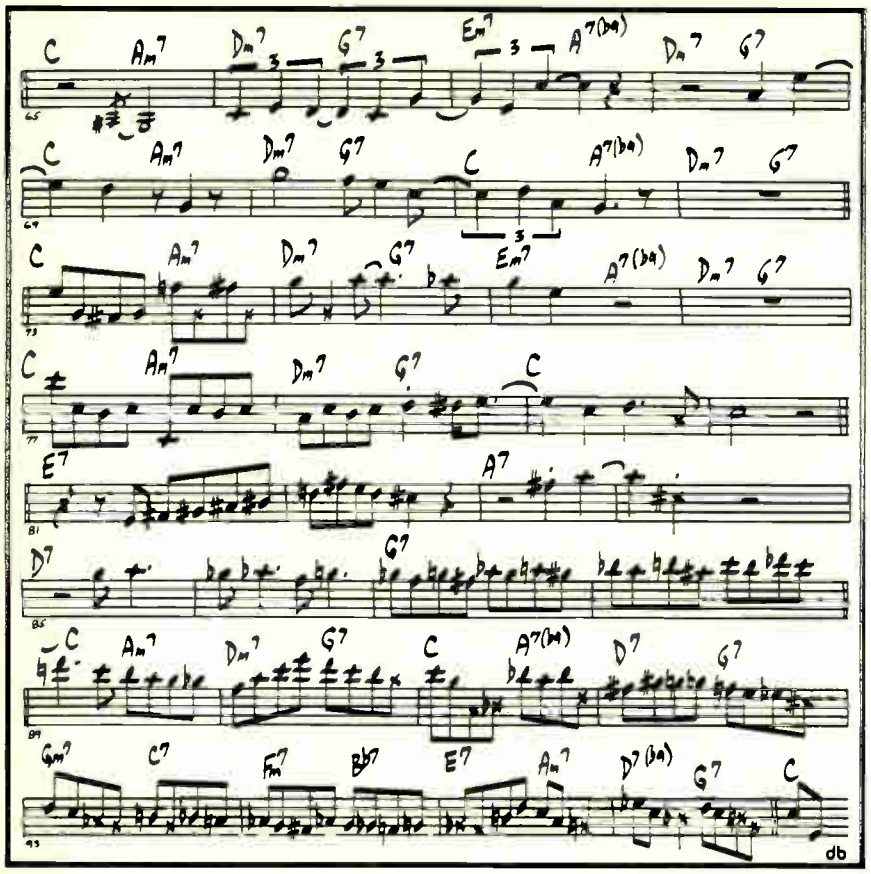
**BY TRENT KYNASTON**

***Trent Kynaston*** *teaches saxophone and directs the jazz ensembles at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo. He plays in Pieces Of Dreams, jazz quartet-in-residence at the School of Music.*

Wynton Marsalis' solo on *Hesitation* is transcribed from *Wynton Marsalis* (Columbia FC 37574), reviewed in **db**, May '82. *Hesitation*, an original Marsalis line over Bb rhythm changes, is a very clever tune, stylistically reminiscent of many of the great Wayne Shorter heads. It was recorded with a piano-less quartet, and the soloists (Wynton and his brother Branford) make the most of the resulting freedom. After trading choruses the first four times around, they break into a more random dialog. Wynton's two complete choruses are included here.

You will note that most of the "A" sections in the solo are quite diatonic, sticking very closely to the C Major tonality. An exception is in the beginning of the second "A" of the first chorus (bars 9-10) where he plays Db Lydian over C Major, and the chromatic characteristics of the last four measures of the second chorus (93-96). Also note the rhythmic variety—especially in the opening of the second chorus (65-72). All of the elements of this cut—the tune, the arrangement plan, the harmonic and rhythmic characteristics of each solo, and the solid rhythm section—pay homage to the well-chosen title—*Hesitation*.





## CHORDS continued from page 8

### Whither the women?

Being an avid jazz musician, I enjoy reading **down beat** and am often inspired by the articles. However, I am consistently disappointed by the fact that there are so few articles about and by women. It is discouraging for women jazz musicians to have so few role models, and I would love to see **down beat** provide an arena for more input from the women jazz musicians in this country (and others) who are gaining more and more recognition all the time.

Karen Weinstock Address Withheld

*Huh? Though their contributions to the news pages may not always be bylined, so far this year* **down beat** *has used contributions from women writers including: Joya Caryl, Carol Comer, Elaine Guregian, Maggie Hawthorn, Nancy Janoson, Frankie Nemko-Graham, Dorothy Pearce, Renee D. Pennington, Mary Snyder, Flora Wilhelm, and Valerie Wilmer. The list of female photographers/illustrators is even longer. To compile a listing of women musicians covered in these pages (from Akiyoshi to Wilson) would be the province of a professional indexer. In this issue you might want to check out the feature on JoAnne Brackeen or Val's on Ronald Shannon Jackson.—Ed.*

### Our pleasure

Everyone here is overwhelmed by the Norwood High School Jazz Combo's and Richard Hollyday's recognition in the "deebee" awards (**db**, June '82).

Last night, at the annual Norwood Parents Music Association awards concert, I presented the Shure "deebee" award microphone and made an announcement of Norwood's accomplishments. The timing of the awards and the concert was ideal—a full house, including the superintendent of schools, school committee members, the selectmen, and the press.

For all your help—*thanks!*

Jack Coffey
Coffey Music Co., Inc. Norwood, MA

### Monster missive

Thanks for writing up the great Jamaaladeen Tacuma (**db**, Apr. '82), truly one of the "monster" bassists of all time. But one question about Ornette Coleman's LP *Dancing In Your Head*: Is Rudy MacDaniel the only bassist on the session? He's the only one credited.

Tom Prior Haiku Maui, HI

*Okay, okay, Jamaal and Rudy are one and the same. He preferred we use only his current name.—Ed.*

### Electric John

In Lee Jeske's article on John McLaughlin (**db**, Apr. 82), he states that McLaughlin "hasn't even touched anything but an acoustic guitar for years." On May 25, 1980 McLaughlin couldn't resist jamming on electric guitar (briefly replacing Carlos Santana) with Herbie Hancock, Stanley Clarke, and Alphonse Mouzon, at the finale of the Berkeley Jazz Festival. By the way, I had the opportunity of hearing him with Christian Escoude, both in Berkeley and in Rio de Janeiro. I hope, fervently, that they record.

David Gitlin Berkeley, CA

## THE CRITICS

Following is a list of critics who voted in **db**'s 30th annual International Critics Poll. Fifty-seven critics voted this year, distributing nine points among up to three choices (no more than five points per choice) in each of two categories: Established Talent and Talent Deserving Wider Recognition. Selections in the Hall of Fame and various record categories received single points for each vote. The participants were:

**Larry Birnbaum:** Contributor, **db**; *Chicago Reader.*
**Fred Bouchard:** **db** Correspondent (Boston); *Jazz Times*; free-lance critic.
**Mike Bourne:** Jazz producer and critic, WKIU.
**David Breskin:** Free-lance journalist; harmolodic poet.
**Chris Colombi:** **db** Correspondent (Cleveland); *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*
**Willis Conover:** International music broadcaster.
**Owen Cordle:** Contributor, **db**; *Jazz Times*; *Raleigh News & Observer.*
**Francis Davis:** Contributor, **db**; *Musician*; *Jazz Times*; WUHY.
**Albert DeGenova:** Contributor, **db**; Associate Editor, *Up Beat.*
**Jerry DeMuth:** Contributor, **db**; *Jazz Forum*; *Keyboard.*
**John Diliberto:** Contributor, **db**; radio producer; music critic.
**Charles Doherty:** Managing Editor, **db**; drummer, The Tirebiters.
**R. Bruce Dold:** Contributor, **db.**
**Jose Duarte:** International Jazz Federation, Portuguese radio; *Jazz Forum.*
**Lofton Emanari:** Cadence; WHPK; WBEZ.
**Leonard Feather:** Contributor, **db**; author, *The Passion For Jazz.*
**Mitchell Feldman:** Ganzomusicalogist.
**Sam Freedman:** Contributor, **db.**
**Frank-John Hadley:** Contributor, **db.**
**Robert Henschen:** **db** Correspondent (Phoenix); *Modern Recording*; *Consumers Research.*
**John Howard:** **db** Correspondent (San Francisco); *Jazz Forum*; *Jazz Podium*; KJAZ.
**Randi Hultin:** **db** Correspondent (Norway); *Dagbladet*; *Jazz Forum*; *Jazz Journal.*
**Lee Jeske:** **db** East Coast Bureau Chief; *Jazz Journal.*
**Burt Korall:** Columnist, *International Musician*; Senior Ed., *BMI—Many Worlds Of Music.*
**Peter Kostakis:** Contributor, **db.**
**Art Lange:** Associate Editor, **db.**
**David Lee:** Bassist; co-editor, Coda.
**A. James Liska:** **db** West Coast Bureau Chief; *Daily News* (Los Angeles).
**John Litweiler:** Cantributor to distinguished publications.
**Jaap Ludeke:** **db** Correspondent (Netherlands).
**Lars Lystedt:** **db** Correspondent (Sweden); *Orkester Journalen.*
**Howard Mandel:** Writer.
**Terry Martin:** Jazz Institute of Chicago archives.
**John McDonough:** Cantributor, **db.**
**Barry McRae:** *Jazz Journal.*
**Mark Miller:** **db** Correspondent (Taranta); *Taronto Globe & Mail*; author, *Jazz In Canada: 14 Lives.*
**Frankie Nemko-Graham:** Cantributor, **db.**
**Herb Nolan:** Editar, *Up Beat.*
**Brian Priestley:** **db** Correspondent (Great Britain); author; pianist; discographer.
**Doug Ramsey:** *Jazz Times*; *Texas Manthly.*
**Roger Riggins:** Cada; poet; researcher.
**Robert Rusch:** Editor, Cadence.
**Chris Sheridan:** Contributor, **db**; Cadence; *Jazz Journal*; *Jazz Podium*; *Swing Journal.*
**Bill Shoemaker:** Cantributor, **db**; Coda; *Jazz Times.*
**Jack Sohmer:** Musician; teacher; writer.
**Zan Stewart:** Cantributor, **db**; *L.A. Times*; *L.A. Weekly.*
**Charles Suber:** Publisher, **db.**
**Ron Sweetman:** **db** Correspondent (Montreal); CKCU.
**Frank Tenot:** *Jazz Magazine* (France).
**Cliff Tinder:** Contributor, **db**; Musician.
**Luis Vilas-Boas:** Producer, Cascais Jazz Festival (Portugal).
**Ron Welburn:** Institute of Jazz Studies, Rutgers.
**Herb Wong:** Cantributor, **db**; *Jazz Times*; KJAZ.
**Shoichi Yui:** Jazz critic (Japan).
**Rafi Zabor:** King of France.
**Dieter Zimmerle:** Editor, *Jazz Podium*; producer, Suedeutscher Rundfunk.
**Michael Zwerin:** *International Herald Tribune* (Paris).

## MORE RESULTS

**Hall of Fame:** Johnny Dodds—6; Sun Ra—6; Ja Jones—5; Gil Evans—4; Lee Margan—4; Mary Lau Willioms—4; Harry Carney—3; Kenny Clarke—3; Lionel Hampton—3; Elvin Janes—3; Archie Shepp—3; Horace Silver—3; Teddy Wilson—3; Eubie Blake—2; Jimmy Blanton—2; Tadd Dameron—2; Stan Getz—2; Milt Jackson—2; Lee Konitz—2.

**Record of the Year:** Charlie Parker, *One Night In Washington*, Elektra Musician—3; Cecil Taylor, *Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!*, Pausa—3; Carla Bley, *Sociol Studies*, ECM—2; Lester Bowie, *The Great Pretender*, ECM—2; Chick Corea, *Three Quartets*, Warner Bros.—2; Ronold Shannon Jackson, *Eye On You, About Time*—2; Jaco Postorius, *Word Of Mouth*, Warner Bros.—2; Sonny Rollins, *The Alternative*, French RCA—2; Lennie Tristona, *Quartet*, Atlantic—2; James Blood Ulmer, *Free Lancing*, Columbia—2; VSOP, *Live Under The Sky*, Columbio—2; Gerold Wilson, *Lomelin*, Discovery—2.

**Reissue of the Year:** Count Basie, *April In Paris*, Verve—2; Clifford Brown/Mox Roach, Inc., Emarcy—2; Clifford Brown/Max Roach, *Study In Brown*, Emarcy—2; Johnny Dodds, *Immortal*, VJM—2; Bill Evans, *Conception*, Milestone—2; Johnny Hodges, *All-Stars*, Prestige—2; Charles Mingus, *Great Moments With . . .*, Impulse/MCA—2; Thelonious Monk, *April In Paris*, Milestone—2; Big Joe Turner, *Boss Of The Blues*, Atlantic—2; Various Artists, *Okeh Western Swing*, Columbio—2.

*continued on page 66*

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WASHINGTON, DC: Trad Line (202) 532-8723

## POLL continued from page 62

**Record Label:** Columbia—2; Elektra Musician—2; India Navigation—2; SteepleChase—2.

**Record Producer:** Manfred Eicher (ECM)—2; Don Schlitten (Xanadu)—2; Werner Uehlinger (hat Hut)—2; Nils Winther (SteepleChase)—2.

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**Big Band, TDWR:** Vienna Art Orchestra—14; Jaki Byard—13; Carla Bley—10; Maiden Voyage—10; Don Menza—10; Tito Puente—8; Gil Evans—7; Ray Barretto—6; Bob Florence—6; Frank Foster—6; Martial Salal—6; Widespread Depression—6; Gerald Wilson—6.

**Jazz Group:** Phil Woods Quartet—26; McCoy Tyner—17; Weather Report—16; Jack DeJohnette—15; Cecil Taylor—15; World Saxophone Quartet—14; Woody Shaw—11; Red Norvo—10; Stan Getz—9; L.A. 4—9; Steve Lacy—7; Miles Davis—6; Heath Bros.—6.

**Jazz Group, TDWR:** Air—15; Steve Lacy—13; Richie Cole—12; Rova Sax Quartet—12; Wynton Marsalis—10; Heath Bros.—9; Jack DeJohnette—8; Material—8; Henry Threadgill—8; David Murray—7; Hal Russell—7; Anthony Davis—6; Tommy Flanagan—6; Steve Kuhn—6; Woody Shaw—6.

**Composer:** Cecil Taylor—16; Wayne Shorter—15; Roscoe Mitchell—14; Bob Brookmeyer—12; Chick Corea—11; Steve Lacy—11; McCoy Tyner—9; Zawinul—9; Muhal Richard Abrams—8; Gil Evans—8; Thad Jones—8; Woody Shaw—8; Sun Ra—7; Steve Reich—7; Horace Silver—7.

**Composer, TDWR:** Dave Frishberg—9; George Gruntz—8; David Murray—8; Mike Westbrook—8; Ricky Ford—7; Steve Lacy—7; Wynton Marsalis—7; Gerry Mulligan—7; Jessica Williams—7; Misha Mengelberg—6; James Newton—6; John Surman—6; Henry Threadgill—6.

**Arranger:** George Russell—24; Slide Hampton—20; Quincy Jones—12; Al Cohn—11; Gerry Mulligan—11; Ernie Wilkins—9; Thad Jones—8; Chick Corea—7; Jimmy Knepper—6.

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**Trumpet:** Woody Shaw—28; Chet Baker—22; Clark Terry—20; Leo Smith—14; Kenny Wheeler—12; Art Farmer—11; Bill Dixon—10; Terumasa Hino—7; Red Rodney—6.

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**Soprano Sax:** Archie Shepp—19; Ira Sullivan—19; David Liebman—16; Joseph Jarman—12; Roscoe Mitchell—12; Sam Rivers—11; Joe Farrell—10; Charlie Mariano—9; Jimmy Heath—8; Kenny Davern—7; Jan Garbarek—7.

**Soprano Sax, TDWR:** Roscoe Mitchell—18; Joseph Jarman—14; David Liebman—14; Jim Galloway—10; Zoot Sims—10; Julius Hemphill—9; Charles Brackeen—8; Clark Dean—8; Jan Garbarek—8; Steve Potts—8; Sam Rivers—6.

**Alto Sax:** Richie Cole—15; Oliver Lake—14; Anthony Braxton—12; Jimmy Lyons—12; Jackie McLean—9; Roscoe Mitchell—9; Paquito D'Rivera—7; Julius Hemphill—6.

**Alto Sax, TDWR:** Lee Konitz—18; Lanny Morgan—17; Arthur Blythe—15; Marshall Allen—14; Bobby Watson—13; Ira Sullivan—12; Byard Lancaster—10; Phil Woods—10; Jimmy Lyons—9; Henry Threadgill—9; Lou Donaldson—8; Eddie Vinson—8; Sonny Fortune—7; Joseph Jarman—7; Bob Mover—7; Gary Foster—6; Keshavan Maslak—6; Ann Patterson—6; Steve Potts—6.

**Tenor Sax:** George Adams—31; Chico Freeman—28; Dewey Redman—14; David Murray—11; Sam Rivers—11; Al Cohn—10; Warne Marsh—9; Lew Tabackin—8; Michael Brecker—7; Billy Harper—7; Joe Henderson—7; Ricky Ford—6; Joseph Jarman—6.

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**Baritone Sax:** Ronnie Cuber—13; Henry Threadgill—11.

**Baritone Sax, TDWR:** Nick Brignola—21; Pat Patrick—17; Peter Brotzmann—15; Vinny Golia—14; Howard Johnson—13; Wallace McMillan—13; Cecil Payne—12; Roscoe Mitchell—10; Mario Rivera—9; Charles Popoff—8; Light Henry Huff—6.

**Clarinet:** Alvin Batiste—15; Jimmy Giuffre—13; Art Pepper—13; Perry Robinson—13; Eddie Daniels—11; Phil Woods—9.

**Clarinet, TDWR:** Eddie Daniels—11; Eiji Kitamura—10; Johnny Mince—10; Douglas Ewart—9; Chuck Hedges—9; Buddy DeFranco—8; Kenny Davern—7; John Gilmore—6.

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**Flute, TDWR:** Lew Tabackin—13; Joe Farrell—11; Sam Most—7; Jeremy Steig—7; Robert Dick—6; Chico Freeman—6; Bud Shank—6.

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**Violin, TDWR:** Joe Kennedy—16; L. Shankar—15; Mark O'Connor—13; Claude Williams—11; Svend Assmussen—10; David Prentice—9; Michal Urbaniak—9; Phil Wachsmann—9; Leroy Jenkins—8; Erik Golub—6.

**Vibes:** Jay Hoggard—27; Lionel Hampton—26; Cal Tjader—14; Gunter Hampel—10; Karl Berger—7; Terry Gibbs—7.

**Vibes, TDWR:** Karl Berger—20; Terry Gibbs—20; Gunter Hampel—14; Steve Hunt—10; Bill Lewis—10; Khan Jamal—9; Mike Mainieri—9; Dave Pike—9; Hal Russell—8; Bobby Hutcherson—6; Warren Smith—6.

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**Electric Piano:** Stanley Cowell—9; George Duke—9; Dr. John—8; Kenny Barron—7; Bob James—6.

**Electric Piano, TDWR:** Cedar Walton—8; George Duke—6; Sun Ra—6; Joe Sample—6; Jasper Van't Hof—6.

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**Electric Bass:** Bob Cranshaw—13; Eberhard Weber—12; Bill Takas—6.

**Electric Bass, TDWR:** Melvin Gibbs—11; Abe Laboriel—11; "Reverend" Bruce Johnson—10; Marcus Miller—8; Anthony Jackson—6.

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**Percussion:** Ray Barretto—12; Ralph MacDonald—12; Dom Um Romao—12; Jerome Cooper—10; Colin Walcott—8; Don Alias—7; Warren Smith—6.

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**Male Singer:** Al Jarreau—33; Ray Charles—21; Jon Hendricks—12; Jimmy Witherspoon—11; Frank Sinatra—9; Joe Lee Wilson—9; Stevie Wonder—8; Michael Franks—7; Bob Dorough—6; Bill Henderson—6.

**Male Singer, TDWR:** Bob Dorough—16; Eddie Vinson—13; George Benson—12; Luba Raashiek—11; Dave Frishberg—10; Bill Henderson—10; Mel Tormé—10; Mose Allison—7; Milton Nascimento—7; Leon Thomas—7; Al Jarreau—6.

**Female Singer:** Abbey Lincoln—14; Anita O'Day—14; Jeanne Lee—10; Helen Merrill—9; Rosemary Clooney—7; Etta Jones—7; Ricky Lee Jones—6.

**Female Singer, TDWR:** Carol Sloane—14; Janet Lawson—13; Urszula Dudziak—12; Jay Clayton—11; Tania Maria—11; Etta Jones—10; Helen Merrill—10; Ernestine Anderson—9; Laurie Anderson—9; Betty Carter—9; Carly Simon—9; Lorez Alexander—8; Meredith Monk—8; L. Newton—8; Koko Taylor—8; June Tyson—8; Dianne Reeves—7; Abbey Lincoln—6; Carmen McRae—6; Amina Claudine Myers—6.

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- ELECTRIC PIANO
- ORGAN
- SYNTHESIZER
- GUITAR
- ACOUSTIC BASS
- ELECTRIC BASS
- DRUMS
- PERCUSSION
- VIBES
- VIOLIN
- MISC. INSTRUMENT
- ARRANGER
- COMPOSER
- MALE SINGER
- FEMALE SINGER

GROUP AWARDS

- VOCAL GROUP
- BIG JAZZ BAND
- JAZZ GROUP (2 to 10 PIECES)
- ROCK/BLUES GROUP
- JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR
- ROCK/BLUES ALBUM OF THE YEAR

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2. Use official ballot only. Please type or print.

3. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Musicians of the Year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz and rock/blues in 1982.

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

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

6. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for 45s or EPs. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.

7. Only one selection counted in each category.

◀ **here's your ballot**

## JACKSON continued from page 24

*Jackson then went briefly to school at Houston's Texas Southern University, devoting more time to earning a living playing music—supperclub gigs followed by an after-hours gambling joint job—than studying. For a while he returned to Fort Worth and his father's jukebox business where he was constantly exposed to the bebopping 45s being issued at that time by Blue Note, Prestige, and Riverside. He cooled out for a couple of years at Prairie View A&M in East Texas, studying history and sociology, then transferred to the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, where he felt the lure of the Big Apple. Finally in 1967 a New York College of Music scholarship enabled him to move to Gotham, where, ironically, Ornette Coleman played a part in landing Jackson's first recording gig. It seems that Charles Moffett, Ornette's drummer at the time, who had been hired for a Charles Tyler record date, had to beg off because of his connection with Ornette, and asked Jackson to do the record. Albert Ayler overheard the session and invited Jackson to join his band.*

**RSJ:** Albert really opened me up as far as playing. I had never experienced *totally playing* before. Up until then my work had been playing background: the 'ching-ching-a-ding' line, where you played like this person or that person. You played in a groove like Blakey or Max or Philly Joe, and at that time Tony Williams was riding the crest of the jazz wave. You played like them or you weren't playing! Albert was the type of person who wouldn't say "I want this" or "I want that." He'd just say "Play! Fill it up with sound!" So from that being ingrained in me, it allowed me to just play. It was a very good experience of my life. We played together for six to eight months.

*During this period Jackson became a familiar face in New York, working with Betty Carter and Charles Mingus in addition to Ayler, until something happened that took him out of music for a while.*

**RSJ:** I was coming back from the Midwest with Ray Bryant when they announced that John Coltrane had died. It seemed like somebody had burst my bubble—all the feeling I had for music. Before, when I had heard Miles in Texas, I said, "Oh, it's time to play." And then I lost my enthusiasm for a while. Then when Coltrane appeared, I said, "Here it is." When he died, it just took a lot out of me. I got sidetracked and totally turned around.

**VW:** How did you start playing with Ornette?

**RSJ:** I had started chanting [Nichiren Shoshu American Buddhism] and went to a convention in Hawaii in 1975. When I came back, I felt like things were opening up. I wanted to play drums to make a living, pay my own rent, pay my own telephone bill, and not have to depend on any other sources. Musicians not really on the top shelf of music always have to do something else to maintain themselves. And then I ran into Ornette. He said he was looking for a drummer so I gave him my phone number.

**VW:** Did he tell you what he wanted musically?

**RSJ:** A good teacher never does that. He's the type of person who will show you, but it's not a matter of sitting you down and saying "It goes like this." He will give you an example in *life*. With Ornette, you really have to think of what you're doing. When he walks on the bandstand, it's no guesswork. At one time people called what he was doing free jazz, but that's just a label because the critics didn't have no idea—I guess.

Everything he does, from the moment he puts his horn in his mouth, is programmed. Anytime he puts on a performance, it's the same as if a person like Paganini was putting on a performance. They know precisely what they're doing, it's not a matter of you're going to get up there and go on and *jam*. I mean the reason he's always been ahead of his time and ahead of all the other musicians is because he's always playing and studying and working on his ideas. And the musicians around him—if you're going to work with him, you have to start working on yourself. It's not so much about technique as "What am I going to say?" "Have you lived a life that's capable of saying anything, projecting itself?" He used to tell me things I'd hear in my head and show me how to put it on paper. I bought a flute and being as I was living in his loft at the time, he just showed me the things I needed to know about the horn. He'd give me the ideas in life and leave me to work on it.

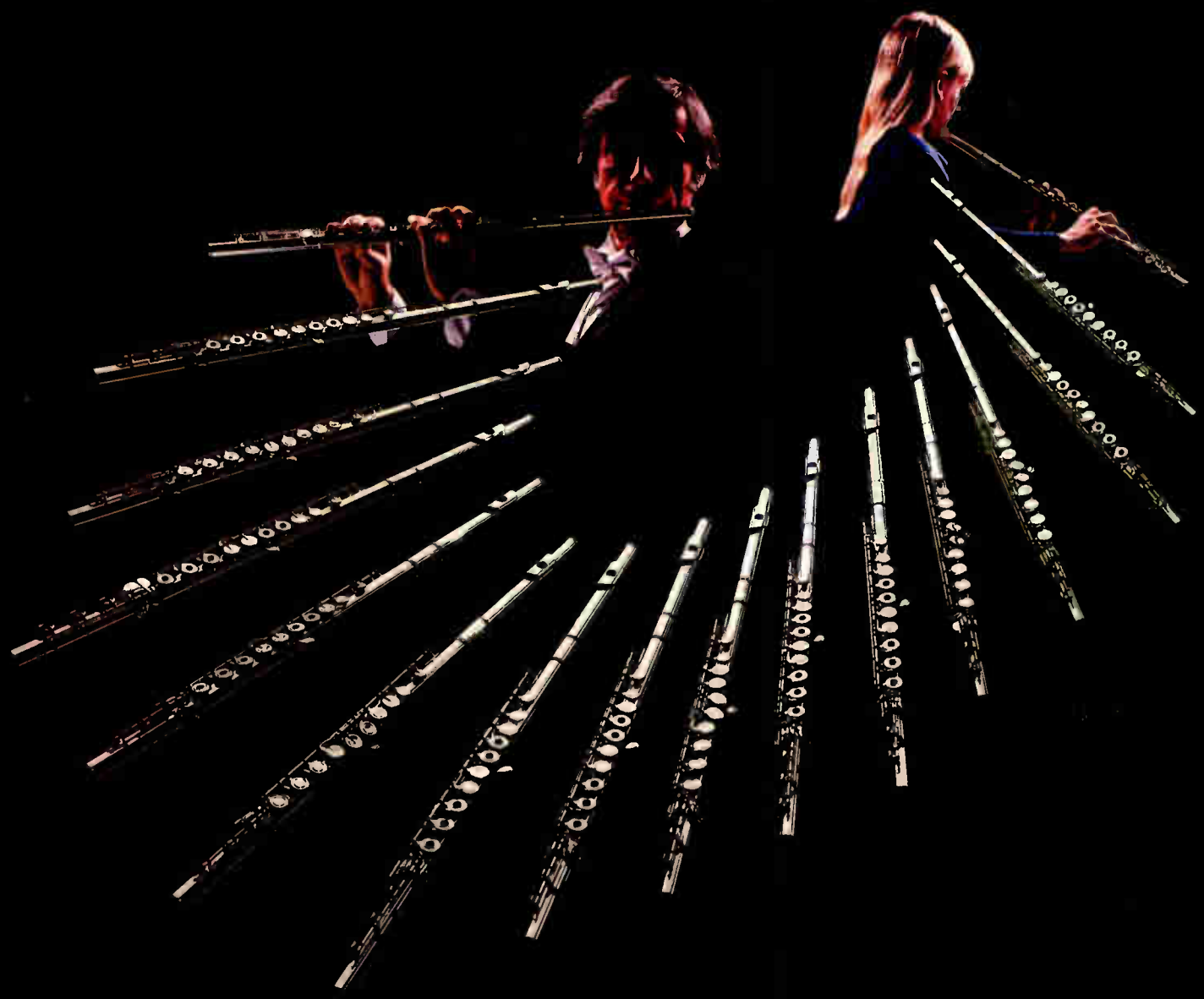
**VW:** How did it feel when you worked together with Ornette's son Denardo in his father's band?

**RSJ:** That was a challenge. It was a very interesting point in my life. Denardo plays from the spirit of joy. I had to learn another way of dialog—not learn—but I had to think differently, because in this country, drums can be a very *ego* instrument. Working with Ornette makes you feel you have to get rid of that and start thinking in terms of *how you're going to make the music feel*. As a drummer, I am at liberty to change the mood very easily. Being a drummer is like being the pilot of a very sophisticated spaceship; you can take people to the furthest destination in space yet bring them back to the launchpad too.

And if you can swing, you can play any other beat. Jo Jones, who has been one of the kindest persons I've known since I've been in New York, was one of the first people I met who was really *more than a drummer*. I met him when I was working with Ray Bryant, and he taught me a lot of things. He said no matter how technical people could get, they must swing.

Art Blakey is the most swinging of the swingers—once he starts to dance, that is, because the drums is really about dancing. Elvin [Jones] does that too, but he plays so much with it that it makes it complicated for a lot of people to continue to dance to. Blakey will play something that you can go into a groove on.

Actually, that's what it comes down to. A person may be playing music, but if you can't dance to it, really, what are you doing behind your drums? db



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