

MILES DAVIS
SOLO TRANSCRIPTION

First 50 Years 1934 · 1984

December, 1984 \$1.75 U.K. £1.70

down beat

For Contemporary Musicians

A Conversation With

Miles Davis

49th Annual Readers Poll

King Sunny Adé

Juju Beat

John Cage

New Music Pioneer

6269435 267121
PDM V1/ST
ACHTERHAKKERS 9
DORDRECHT NETHERLANDS
A10
P A1
024
475

FEATURES

16 MILES DAVIS

For the first time in a decade the trumpet titan opens up and raps expansively about his band, his trumpet playing, his music, and other topics. Howard Mandel caught it all and serves it up, well-done.

20 49th ANNUAL db READERS POLL

In which Oscar Peterson joins the Hall of Fame, Wynton Marsalis continues to lead the pack, Prince pops up royally, and Miles Davis repeats with an Album of the Year. Check out where your favorites finished.

23 KING SUNNY ADÉ: JUJU BEAT

The latest craze in the dance clubs of America isn't a mod English synth-laden combo, but the hypnotic rhythms Adé has brought here from Nigeria: African riffs influenced by the bush and c&w crooner Jim Reeves. Confused? Don Palmer explains.

26 THE AGE OF CAGE

John Cage, that is, and there's no doubt that this composer/zen philosopher is the single most influential figure in the development and freeing of this century's "classical" music. Bill Shoemaker handles the introduction.

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 **On The Beat**, by Charles Doherty
- 10 **Chords & Discords**
- 12 **News**
- 30 **Record Reviews:** Stan Getz; Bob Marley & The Wailers; Elements; Abdullah Ibrahim; Johnny Dyani; Joe Malinga; Frank Sinatra; Modern Jazz Quartet; Neville Bros.; Pepper Adams; Chico Freeman; Michele Rosewoman; Benny Golson/Curtis Fuller; Waxing On: Re-Caged Composition (Richard Teitelbaum, Neil B. Rolnick, Ingram Marshall, Paul Drescher, Stephen Scott, Michael Galasso, Zeitgeist, Jeffrey Lohn, Rhys Chatham, David Moss, Jeffrey Morgan, David Stock).
- 47 **Blindfold Test:** Kevin Eubanks, by Bill Milkowski.
- 52 **Profile:** Kirk Lightsey, by Leslie Gourse; Phil Cohran, by J. B. Figi.
- 56 **Caught:** David Holland Quintet, by Tom Nuccio; Legendary Blues Band, by Jonathan W. Poses; Black Flag, by Larry Birnbaum; Harold Land Quintet, by Kirk Silsbee.
- 58 **Pro Session:** "Miles Davis' Solo On *Autumn Leaves*—A Trumpet Transcription," by David Wild.
- 60 **Pro Shop**
- 61 **City Jazzlines**
- 64 **Ad Lib:** "The Jazz Past Preserved," by Chip Deffaa.

Cover photo of Miles Davis by Hyou Viel.

down beat (ISSN 0012-5768) is published monthly by Maher Publications, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago IL 60606. Copyright 1984 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719, 407. Second Class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$15.75 for one year, \$26.50 for two years. Foreign subscriptions add \$4.50 per year.

Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, photos, or artwork. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from publisher. Microfilm of all issues of down beat are available from University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106. MAHER PUBLICATIONS: down beat, Up Beat, Up Beat Daily, American Music-For-Export Buyers Guide.



Miles Davis

DAVID GAHR



King Sunny Adé

LAUREN DEUTSCH



John Cage

REGINA WATER



Kirk Lightsey

RAYMOND ROSS

down beat

For Contemporary Musicians

DECEMBER 1984
VOLUME 51 NO. 12

EDITOR
Art Lange

MANAGING EDITOR
Charles Doherty

EDUCATION EDITOR
Dr. William L. Fowler

ART DIRECTOR
Christopher Garland

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Gloria Baldwin

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Deborah Kelly

CONTROLLER
Gary W. Edwards

PUBLISHER
Maher Publications

PRESIDENT
Jack Maher

RECORD REVIEWERS: Alan Axelrod, Jon Baileas, Larry Birnbaum, Fred Bouchard, Owen Cordle, Paul de Barros, John Diliberto, J. B. Figi, Elaine Guregian, Frank-John Hadley, Robert Henschen, Peter Kostakis, John Litweiler, Howard Mandel, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Bill Milkowski, Frankie Namko, Jim Roberts, Ben Sandmel, Bill Shoemaker, Jack Sohmer, Robin Tolleson, Pete Weidling.

CONTRIBUTORS: Jon Baileas, Larry Birnbaum, Bob Blumenthal, Tom Copi, Albert DeGenova, Lauren Deutsch, John Diliberto, Leonard Feather, Andy Freeberg, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Bill Milkowski, Paul Natkin, Herb Nolan, Darryl Pitt, Mitchell Seidel, Pete Weidling.

CORRESPONDENTS: Albany, NY, Georgia Urban; Atlanta, Dorothy Pearce; Austin, Michael Point; Baltimore, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, John H. Hunt; Chicago, Jim DeJong; Cincinnati, Bob Nave; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Detroit, David Wild; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Las Vegas, Brian Sanders; Los Angeles, Zan Stewart; Minneapolis, Mary Snyder; Nashville, Phil Towne; New Orleans, Joel Simpson; New York, Jeff Levenson; Philadelphia, Russell Woessner; Phoenix, Robert Henschen; Pittsburgh, David J. Fabilli; San Francisco, J. N. Thomas; Seattle, Joseph R. Murphy; Toronto, Mark Miller; Vancouver, Vern Montgomery; Washington, DC, W. A. Brower; Australia, Eric Myers; Brazil, Christopher Pickard; Finland, Roger Freundlich; Germany, Joachim-Ernst Berendt; Great Britain, Brian Priestley; India, Vinod Advani; Italy, Ruggero Stiasi; Jamaica, Maureen Sheridan; Japan, Shoichi Yui; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Charles Gans; Senegambia, Oko Draime; Sweden, Lars Lysted.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO
EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 222 W. Adams St.,
Chicago, IL 60606.
1-312/346-7811

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES:

Midwest/West: John Maher, Sales Manager,
222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606
1-312/346-7811
East: Bob Olesen,
720 Greenwich St., New York, NY 10014
1-212/243-4786

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

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

CABLE ADDRESS: downbeat
(on sale November 15, 1984)
Members, Audit Bureau of
Circulation, Magazine Publishers
Association



MILES DAVIS

By HOWARD MANDEL

“I don't mind talkin' if people are listenin',”



DAVID GAHR

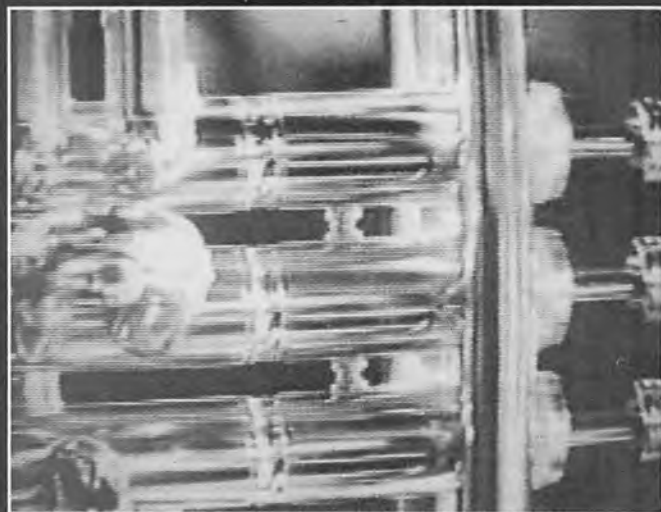
says Miles Dewey Davis, at 58 a pace-setter of what he described last summer as “social music.” By every indication, people are indeed listening—and watching—as *Decoy*, Davis' fourth album recorded since his return to activity in 1979, tops sales charts, comes in number one with *db* readers (see page 21), and shows up as a four-minute music video on discerning television shows.

“Just don't ask me no bullshit,” his husky voice, unmistakable as his trumpet sound, warns over the telephone from his place in L.A. “I don't want to be compared to any white musician.”

Comparisons are odious—and anyway, the only standard to hold Miles Davis to is the one he himself created in the past. Is he playing ballads as tenderly as he did in the '50s? Hear his version of Cyndi Lauper's *Time After Time*. Does he still strip songs to their essence, then fill them with emotional nuance? You can tell by turning an ear to Miles playing a slow blues. Can he yet recognize young talents, and organize them for groundbreaking forays? I'd say so; he's recruited guitarist John Scofield, saxists Bill Evans, Branford Marsalis, and Bob Berg, sensitive percussionists, funky bassmen and, especially, synthesizer player Robert Irving III—improvisers as estimable as any emerging in the '80s—to join him in daring studio sessions and on-stage stomps.

Was there a time when people stopped listening, like before he quit appearing in public in the mid-'70s? “I don't know,” mutters *The Voice*, “but I was bored with it myself. I was bored with the business end of it; that's always been terrible. You know, if you don't watch your money and have somebody who knows about how to invest it, somebody will steal you blind. Now, Columbia pays me very well; Columbia's doin' a good job on all its artists, especially me comin' back. But we still have to ask 'em for money time and again—you know what I mean?”

Uh, probably not. In a series of brief news bites CBS has prepared for any television producer who'll air them, Miles paints with oils, reclines in his white-upholstered living room amid dramatic sculpture, and otherwise seems quite comfortable addressing some off-camera presence in what appears to be his Manhattan penthouse. Sure he wants more—just as he might like kids on the corner break-dancing to a Miles single, as they did to Herbie Hancock's monster *Rockit* last year. So he keeps working on it. . . .



*" . . . you can't say
'I love you' twice. You
have to say it when
you feel it. And when
I play a ballad, more
than anything else,
it's all me."*

"The more we play, the more I play, the more I can perceive what we can do in concert—what we *should* do. Then by playing a lot of concerts, you can change the music. You get tired of hearin' it yourself. So the more we work, the more things change—the tempos change, we don't play songs in the same order, and little things that happen that are great, we keep 'em in. 'Cause I tape all the concerts, so I can hear what we can use and what we can't, what we both like—the people and the band, the players."

Live Miles tapes—could they be released? "Yeah, they can be released, a lot of 'em. And the good stuff, I take it off if it's good, and use it. We used a lot of in-person stuff on *Decoy*." Two cuts on side two, in fact, were recorded 32-track live at Montreal's Festival International in '83, then spiced up in a mix by editing and adding another track of Miles' trumpet—not to replace, but as counterpoint to his original line.

"I've found, like a lot of other guys, I guess, that studio music sucks," Miles confides. "There ain't nothin' happenin' in the studio; you don't get no feelin'. I just got through recording *Time After Time*, and I don't ever play it but once a night, but we had to sit there and do it over and over. I had to do that on *Porgy And Bess*, and I swore I'd never do it again. It's not the retakes; it's the feelin' you put in it . . . I mean, you can't say 'I love you' twice. You have to say it when you feel it. And when I play a ballad, more than anything else, it's all *me*." Reports are that Miles has almost an album's worth of ballads in the can—though release is not in immediate sight. The same source indicates Davis wants to record only new material.

Whatever Miles is playing, he's putting himself all into it, as those raging uptempo live numbers prove. "When I get through with a concert, I've lost about three pounds," he mentions. And does Miles, whose former boxing workouts are well known, do anything special now to keep fit?

"I swim about an hour a day, in the pool," he says. Ah, L.A. "And what else? I practice every day. Got to do that—you don't practice, you can't play nothin'. Scales, mostly—trumpet stuff. Long tones are the best. If I can play a low F sharp, loud and clear, then I know my tone is there. I had to work real hard to get that tone back when I came back; it took me two years to get it right. Now that it's back, I'm gonna keep it." How important is tone to Miles? "If you don't have a pleasant sound, you can't play any melody. And my head is full of melodies," he answers.

Yet, "I play what *we* can play," says Miles, "not *me*. I never play what I can play; I'm always playin' *over* what I can play. I'm always tempted to play somethin' difficult, and usually it's a ballad, you know—the rest of the stuff is easy—but my love for ballads gets me in trouble. Well, not *trouble*—it's just that you have to have a good tone, a *workin'* tone, or else you're gonna think the ballad sounds bad. My love for singers makes me play like that on trumpet. On *Time After Time*, it's the song I like. There are some songs that belong to certain people—they're just made for you. I've met guys who've had pieces for me, too."

Like Bob Irving, credited with the title track of *Decoy* and the spooky made-for-radio processional, *Code M.D.*—also co-writer with Miles of the brief trio *Robot 415*, a tasteful embellisher of *That's Right*, and a traveler with Miles' band? "Well, Bobby's learnin' real quick. I just add a little somethin', and I tell him different things, and when we talk, he has his tape recorder workin', so he doesn't forget what I tell him. So we add to that, and it comes out great. Really good. He's very thorough, and when I tell him, 'Bobby, this just don't work, you have to take this out,' he says, 'Okay.' He does what I tell him. Took me six months to get him to be more selective."

And Scofield? "John is overplaying—he always overplays. I tell him about it; he goes, 'I know, I know, I know—I overplay.' I told him, 'When you get through playin' what you know, then play somethin'. Nobody wants to hear you practice on-stage. Practice at home.' You can't tell that to everybody. I don't tell that to John *every* time he does it—just when he gets on my nerves."

What do you tell your bass player? "I give him a line to play, but I don't ask him for anything. If he plays too much of somethin' I don't like, I tell him. I stop him. What I'm tryin' to get him to do now is not resolve anything. I told him, 'After you play the tonic, there's nothin' else to play. So *don't play it*.'

"Endings just drag me," Miles remarks when I mention his play at the New York Kool fest. Towards the end of a tune, ringing feedback seemed to seep from some amplifier. Irving, Scofield, and bassist Darryl Jones all appeared mystified, and the drone kept on until they had dropped to silence. Then Miles coolly dialed out the sound he'd summoned from his own keyboard bank. "I'm not playin' with them when I do that. I just like to continue on to the next number. When we stop abruptly sometimes? After you've heard it all, if you play things long as we play 'em, they don't mind stoppin' like that." They being the band—or the numbers themselves?

"We're gettin' away from chords," the trumpeter explains. "Chords, they just get in the way. If I give Bobby a chord, it's the *sound* I want—and I tell him that the sound can go anywhere. When you take a sound, it only sounds wrong if you don't resolve it to somethin' else. I mean, the next chord *makes* the first one; it tells on the first chord, the first sound. If you hit somethin' that sounds like a dischord to everybody in the world, you can straighten it out with the next chord. So, we don't play chords. That is, we play 'em, but they're not . . . chord-chords."

"Hold the phone. Somebody's at the door," he directs. I think Miles' notion of *sounds* for chords and his revolution against resolution are similar to ideas both Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor have employed. When he returns, I ask if by leaving the strict chord structure, one can get a lot further. Is that where he's going?

"Yeah, there's nothin' happenin'. Like, where's Wynton Marsalis? Wynton's a brilliant musician, but that whole school—they don't know anything about *theory*, 'cause if they did, they wouldn't be sayin' what they say, and doin' what they do."

"The only thing that makes Art Blakey's band sound good is Art. They're energetic musicians, yeah, but it's the same structure that we used to play years ago, and it's too demanding on you. You have to play the same thing . . . if you play a pattern of fourths, or parallel fifths, or half-step chords and all that stuff, nobody's gonna sound different on that—everyone sounds the same. Why do you think Herbie don't want to play that anymore? He'd rather hear scratch music. I'd rather hear somebody fall on the piano than to play that. That newness will give you something—more so than all the cliches you've heard from this record, that tape. The only way you can get away from that is by being very selfish."

Selfish? "Selfish. I mean—don't listen. You don't listen to a trumpet player for what he's doin'; you listen for the sound, to his sound. You don't listen to Herbie for how he's playin' the piano; you listen for what the whole thing does. You know what I'm sayin'? You don't have to play *The Flight Of The Bumblebee* to prove to another trumpet player that you're a good trumpet player. Everybody can do that. The way you change and help music is by tryin' to invent new ways to play, if you're gonna ad lib and be what they call a jazz musician."

"I myself couldn't copy anybody. An *approach* I could copy, but I wouldn't want to copy the whole thing," Miles maintains with an emphasis that regrets that anyone would, so to speak, play-giarize. "Listen," he offers, "I would love to play like Dizzy or Buck Clayton or, you know, all those trumpeters who I heard who I liked. But I couldn't do it. Roy Eldridge—I couldn't play like that. I tried. I tried to play like Harry James—I couldn't do that."

When did he realize this inability? "When I played *Flight Of The Bumblebee* and thought, 'What the f*ck# am I playin' this for?' I was about 14. *Carnival Of Venice*—I said, 'Damn, what is all this?'"

But most young musicians coming up look for guidance, and want to . . . "Have an idol? Yeah. You can see how difficult



MILES' MEN: From left, Robert Irving III, Bob Berg, Darryl Jones, MD, Al Foster, John Scofield.

DONNA PAUL

MILES DAVIS' EQUIPMENT

Miles Davis' main axe over the years has been the Martin Committee model trumpet (via the G. Leblanc Corp.), of which he has several. He still uses the small-bore (and bent) mouthpiece he has had since he was around 12 years old; its cup is similar to a cornet's, a hair on the deep side. The trumpet has been custom outfitted by Ron Lorman (of Hartke Systems, Bloomfield, NJ) with a battery-powered Carl Countryman (Redwood City, CA) microphone/NADY (Oakland, CA) diversity wireless system that allows Miles to roam freely around the stage. He often plays with a Harmon mute from which he's removed the center. The Committee was a favorite of trumpeters in the '40s and '50s and was out of production for a number of years until reintroduced a few years back, much to the delight of Miles and other trumpeters. Miles' Martin has a .460-inch bore, a hand-burnished bell, and a special coating of several layers of black lacquer finish, through which certain portions of the brass is custom etched. He has forsaken the use of the electronic effects he was fond of in the early '70s. Miles confines his on-stage electronic musings these days to his synthesizers—an Oberheim OB-Xa and a Yamaha DX-7. At home he noodles on his Emulator, a gift from Willie Nelson.

MILES DAVIS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

<i>THE COMPLETE BIRTH OF THE COOL</i> —Capitol 11026	<i>DIG</i> —Prestige 24054
<i>COLLECTOR'S ITEMS</i> —Prestige 24022E	<i>EARLY MILES</i> —Prestige 7674E
<i>CONCEPTION</i> —Prestige 7744E	<i>GREEN HAZE</i> —Prestige 24064
	<i>TALLEST TREES</i> —Prestige 24012

<i>TUNE UP</i> —Prestige 24077	<i>DIRECTIONS</i> —Columbia KC2-36472
<i>WORKIN' & STEAMIN'</i> —Prestige 24034	<i>CIRCLE IN THE ROUND</i> —Columbia KC2-36278
<i>MILES DAVIS</i> —Prestige 24001	<i>MILES SMILES</i> —Columbia 9401
<i>AT CARNEGIE HALL</i> —Columbia 8612E	<i>E.S.P.</i> —Columbia 9150
<i>MILES AHEAD</i> —Columbia 8633E	<i>SORCERER</i> —Columbia 9532
<i>MILESTONES</i> —Columbia 9428E	<i>NEFERTITI</i> —Columbia 9594
<i>ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT</i> —Columbia 8649E	<i>MILES IN THE SKY</i> —Columbia 9628
<i>SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME</i> —Columbia 8456	<i>FILLES DE KILIMANJARO</i> —Columbia 9750
<i>IN PERSON AT THE BLACKHAWK</i> —Columbia C2S-820	<i>IN A SILENT WAY</i> —Columbia 9875
<i>KIND OF BLUE</i> —Columbia 8163	<i>WATER BABIES</i> —Columbia 34396
<i>SEVEN STEPS TO HEAVEN</i> —Columbia 8851	<i>BITCHES BREW</i> —Columbia PG 26
<i>JAZZ AT THE PLAZA</i> —Columbia 32470	<i>AT FILLMORE</i> —Columbia 30038
<i>MY FUNNY VALENTINE</i> —Columbia 9106	<i>BLACK BEAUTY</i> —CBS Sony SOPJ 39/40
<i>IN EUROPE</i> —Columbia 8983	<i>JACK JOHNSON</i> —Columbia 30455
<i>LIVE AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL</i> —Columbia C2-38266	<i>LIVE-EVIL</i> —Columbia 30954
<i>"FOUR" AND MORE</i> —Columbia 9253	<i>ON THE CORNER</i> —Columbia 31906
<i>HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD</i> —Columbia C2-38506	<i>IN CONCERT</i> —Columbia 32092
<i>FACETS</i> —Columbia 13811	<i>BIG FUN</i> —Columbia 32866
<i>PORGY & BESS</i> —Columbia 8085	<i>GET UP WITH IT</i> —Columbia 33236
<i>QUIET NIGHTS</i> —Columbia 8906	<i>AGHARTA</i> —Columbia 33967
<i>SKETCHES OF SPAIN</i> —Columbia 8271	<i>DARK MAGUS</i> —CBS Sony SOPZ 96/7
<i>AT NEWPORT</i> —Columbia 8978	<i>PANGAEA</i> —CBS Sony SOPZ 96/7
	<i>THE MAN WITH THE HORN</i> —Columbia 36790
	<i>WE WANT MILES</i> —Columbia C2-38005
	<i>STAR PEOPLE</i> —Columbia 38657
	<i>DECOY</i> —Columbia 38991

it is, because you have so many records. When I was comin' up, I had three records. I had Prez' *Sometimes I'm Happy*, Art Tatum's *Get Happy*, Duke's *J.B. Blues*. And my mother loved Louis Jordan. Billy Eckstine and Dizzy. Coleman Hawkins playin' *Woody 'N' You*. And that was about it. I thought everybody in the world, all the good trumpet players, played like Dizzy; when I got to New York, I found out things are different—you have to go your own way; you can't copy anybody. You know, just because you play a flatted fifth doesn't mean somebody's gonna hire you," he snorts derisively.

What *would* Miles tell a youngster seeking advice? "They have to get their own sound. Then, notes go with your sound. It's like a color. My color—I'm black, brown, with a little red-orange in my skin. Red looks good on me. You have to do the same with music. If you have a tone, you play notes to match your sound, your tone, if you're gonna make it pleasin' to yourself—and then you can please somebody else with it."

And composing for your band, or working things out with them live, you keep in mind their *notes*, as Duke Ellington did? "Right, that's right. Yeah. You know what they can do. John, the rest—these are very talented musicians. If you play every night, and somebody does somethin', you remember that. If it's not somethin' we did 10 minutes ago, I say, 'Well, here it is, down on this tape—you can hear it again. You know what to do.' But your sound has to match what you think—not what somebody else thinks. Nobody can make like me, know what I mean? Louis [Armstrong] was the one you could copy; he was the easiest. You can't play like Dizzy."

What could you copy from Louis? "The sound, the tone. I liked the tone of Prez, of Louis, and Buck Clayton, and Ray Nance. That low register sound, I hear that."

Many older listeners don't hear the connection between

your electric style and earlier improvised music. "Who cares? I mean, you go from 1984 on up, not from 1903."

But you wouldn't rule out doing an acoustic project again, would you? "No, I wouldn't mind. If the *place* was alright. You know, people have said I turn my back—but it's not like that. On-stage there's always a spot that will register more for the horn player; when I was playin' with J. J. Johnson, he used to say 'I'll give you \$10 if you let me sit in your spot tonight,' 'cause if it's a good spot for brass, that's what happens. But I would play acoustic with a nice guitar player, or a nice pianist like Keith [Jarrett] or Herbie or Chick [Corea] or George Duke, and record like that—it would be great. Not in Carnegie Hall—because the symphony, they got 70 guys all playin' one note. They need some speakers in there.

"You can use acoustic; I've always thought so. I used to have big arguments with Dave Holland and Chick about electric pianos and stuff, but how many years ago was that? And you can see what happened."

What happened was electricity became the norm. Does Miles dig further adventures into hi-tech—Herbie's scratch music and such? "Yeah, that knocks me out. Because I know Herbie so well—he's like what people call a genius; he's something else. But Keith, Chick, they're all crazy like that in the genius way—they play so much there ain't nothin' left for them to do but funk with somethin' else. Herbie has to play with different things, because he's done everything else."

But that's okay? "Yeah. Give somebody some kind of goose, give 'em just a little kick. You owe that to music. A lot of guys are wearin' clean shirts, and drivin' new cars, from copyin' me. They have jobs. But they owe Dizzy somethin', and Louis, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



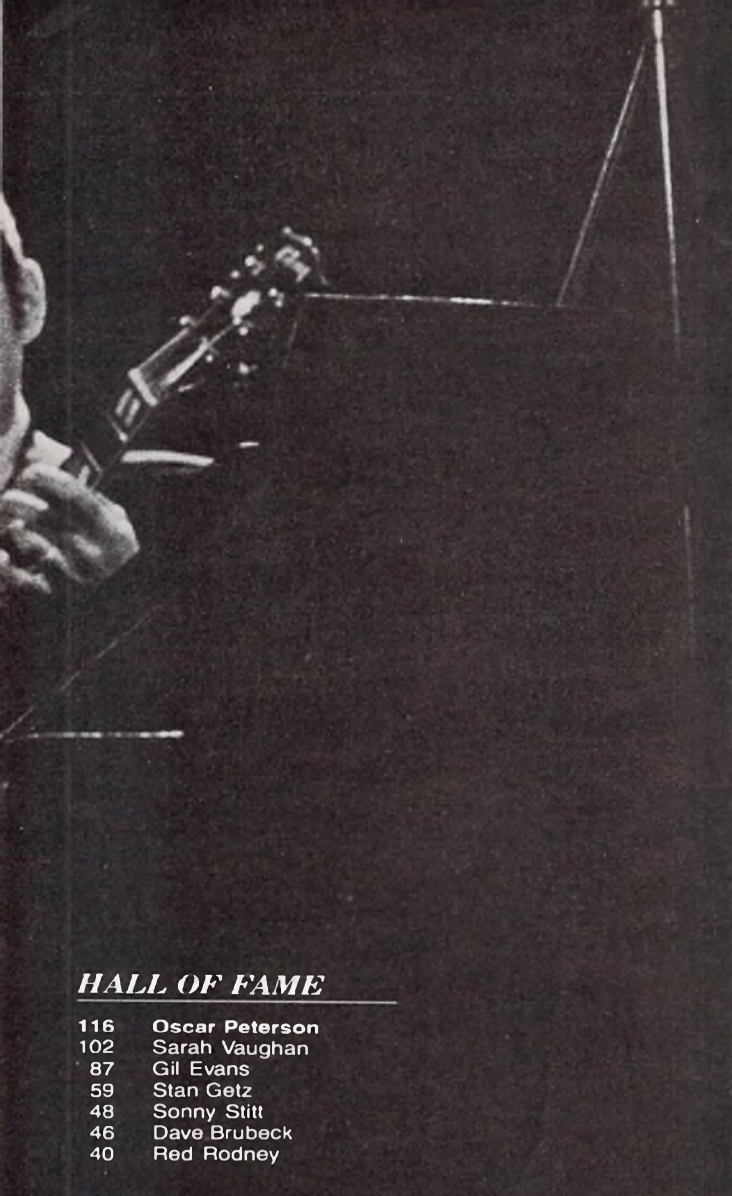
The 49th Annual down beat Readers Poll



In being elected the 60th member of the **down beat** Hall Of Fame, Oscar Peterson proves his popularity among jazz listeners is more than a sometime thing. Oscar's art has lasting appeal; from the time he left Canada in 1949 to begin touring with *Jazz At The Philharmonic* at the behest of impresario Norman Granz, he has been a consistent audience-pleaser— as his 20 Readers Poll piano victories from '49-84 attest.

Born in Montreal in 1925, the pianist started with a standard classical training but before long discovered a niche in various Canadian combos and orchestras. When Granz heard him on a live radio broadcast and brought him to the states, Peterson became a staple of the '50s JATP scene, sharing the stage with such stars as Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Buddy Rich, Stan Getz, and countless others. Over the years his own trios have included such stellar sidemen as drummers Ed Thigpen and Bobby Durham, bassists Ray Brown, George Mraz, and Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen (pictured left), and guitarists Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis, and Joe Pass (pictured right).

Peterson's fervent virtuosity, harmonic ingenuity, and loose-limbed, long-lined swing (a personal amalgam of such influences as Teddy Wilson, Nat Cole, Earl Hines, and most singularly, Art Tatum) has been well documented on various Verve, MPS, and Pablo albums ranging from solo to trio to all-star jam sessions. Of special note are his collaboration with Dizzy Gillespie (*Oscar Peterson And Dizzy Gillespie*, Pablo), which won the Record Of The Year award in the 1976 **db** Critics Poll, and his three Pablo encounters with Count Basie (*Satch And Josh*, *Satch And Josh—Again*, and *Night Rider*). —art lange



HALL OF FAME

- 116 Oscar Peterson
- 102 Sarah Vaughan
- 87 Gil Evans
- 59 Stan Getz
- 48 Sonny Stitt
- 46 Dave Brubeck
- 40 Red Rodney

JAZZ MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

- 485 Wynton Marsalis
- 173 Miles Davis
- 65 Charlie Haden
- 57 Rob Wasserman
- 51 Adam Makowicz
- 48 Pat Metheny
- 40 Ira Sullivan

POP/ROCK MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

- 197 Michael Jackson
- 88 Sting
- 87 Prince
- 57 Bruce Springsteen
- 52 Laurie Anderson
- 48 Joe Jackson
- 45 Stevie Ray Vaughan



Prince



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

Count Basie

BIG BAND

- 309 Count Basie
- 186 Akiyoshi/Tabackin
- 159 Rob McConnell's Boss Brass
- 120 Sun Ra
- 75 Gil Evans
- 72 Mel Lewis
- 71 Carla Bley
- 60 Woody Herman

ACOUSTIC JAZZ GROUP

- 207 Wynton Marsalis Quintet
- 146 Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers
- 170 Steps Ahead
- 123 Phil Woods Quintet
- 107 Art Ensemble Of Chicago
- 106 Sphere
- 91 David Grisman Quartet

ELECTRIC JAZZ GROUP

- 375 Weather Report
- 279 Miles Davis Band
- 164 Pat Metheny Group
- 118 Steps Ahead
- 84 Spyro Gyra
- 81 Ronald Shannon Jackson & The Decoding Society

POP/ROCK GROUP

- 279 Police
- 81 Talking Heads
- 58 King Crimson
- 47 Huey Lewis & The News
- 44 The Jacksons
- 40 Prince & The Revolution

SOUL/R&B GROUP

- 132 Earth, Wind & Fire
- 87 Prince & The Revolution
- 69 The Jacksons
- 50 B. B. King
- 45 Ray Charles

ARRANGER

- 362 Gil Evans
- 215 Carla Bley
- 102 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 99 Quincy Jones
- 76 Rob McConnell
- 51 Bob Moses

COMPOSER

- 222 Carla Bley
- 123 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 72 Chick Corea
- 72 Anthony Davis
- 69 Garry Dial



MILES DAVIS DECOY



JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR

- 142 Miles Davis *Decoy* (Columbia)
- 104 Charlie Haden *Ballad Of The Fallen* (ECM)
- 68 Steps Ahead *Modern Times* (Elektra Musician)
- 55 Pat Metheny *Rejoicing* (ECM)
- 39 David Murray *Murray's Steps* (Black Saint)

POP/ROCK ALBUM OF THE YEAR

- 57 Bruce Springsteen *Born In The U.S.A.* (Columbia)
- 49 Prince *Purple Rain* (Warner Bros.)
- 34 Laurie Anderson *Mr. Heartbreaker* (Warner Bros.)
- 34 King Crimson *Three Of A Perfect Pair* (Warner Bros.)
- 34 Huey Lewis *Sports* (Chrysalis)

SOUL/R&B ALBUM OF THE YEAR

- 89 Prince *Purple Rain* (Warner Bros.)
- 50 Lionel Richie *Can't Slow Down* (Motown)
- 34 Herbie Hancock *Future Shock* (Columbia)
- 31 Tina Turner *Private Dream* (Capitol)
- 31 Stevie Ray Vaughan *Couldn't Stand The Weather* (Epic)

HENRY J. KAHANEK

PAUL NATAKIN/PHOTO RESERVE



ANDY FREEBERG

Wynton Marsalis

TRUMPET

- 639 Wynton Marsalis
- 288 Miles Davis
- 99 Lester Bowie
- 90 Freddie Hubbard
- 87 Dizzy Gillespie
- 66 Woody Shaw
- 44 Red Rodney

TROMBONE

- 185 Jimmy Knepper
- 150 Bill Watrous
- 139 J. J. Johnson
- 101 Craig Harris
- 90 George Lewis
- 78 Slide Hampton
- 76 Steve Turre

FLUTE

- 460 James Newton
- 189 Lew Tabackin
- 138 Hubert Laws
- 98 Frank Wess
- 72 Ira Sullivan
- 69 James Moody
- 46 Sam Rivers

CLARINET

- 185 Buddy De Franco
- 177 John Carter
- 170 Anthony Braxton
- 159 Benny Goodman
- 92 Phil Woods
- 81 Eddie Daniels
- 76 Alvin Batiste

SOPRANO SAX

- 333 Wayne Shorter
- 212 Steve Lacy
- 172 Branford Marsalis
- 90 Zoot Sims
- 85 Jane Ira Bloom
- 81 Ira Sullivan
- 66 Grover Washington Jr.

ALTO SAX

- 288 Phil Woods
- 165 Richie Cole
- 128 Ornette Coleman
- 124 David Sanborn
- 97 Arthur Blythe
- 89 Paquito D'Rivera
- 63 Ira Sullivan
- 58 Benny Carter
- 49 Lee Konitz



STEVE KAGAN/PHOTO RESERVE

Sonny Rollins

TENOR SAX

- 240 Sonny Rollins
- 198 Stan Getz
- 151 Michael Brecker
- 130 Branford Marsalis
- 102 David Murray
- 67 Chico Freeman
- 67 Zoot Sims
- 62 Dexter Gordon
- 56 Wayne Shorter

BARITONE SAX

- 423 Gerry Mulligan
- 339 Pepper Adams
- 194 Hamiet Bluiett
- 92 Nick Brignola
- 77 John Surman
- 40 Henry Threadgill

ACOUSTIC PIANO

- 258 Oscar Peterson
- 162 McCoy Tyner
- 109 Chick Corea
- 102 Cecil Taylor
- 90 Adam Makowicz
- 83 Michel Petrucciani
- 78 Keith Jarrett
- 55 Herbie Hancock
- 54 Kenny Kirkland
- 48 JoAnne Brackeen
- 40 Garry Dial

ELECTRIC PIANO

- 367 Chick Corea
- 290 Herbie Hancock
- 229 Joe Zawinul
- 82 Lyle Mays
- 71 Sun Ra

ORGAN

- 559 Jimmy Smith
- 154 Sun Ra
- 135 Carla Bley
- 54 Jimmy McGriff
- 51 Amina Claudine Myers

ELECTRIC BASS

- 348 Jaco Pastorius
- 258 Steve Swallow
- 181 Stanley Clarke
- 120 Marcus Miller
- 108 Jamaaladeen Tacuma
- 43 Eberhard Weber



STEPHEN SPERIA

Joe Zawinul

SYNTHESIZER

- 579 Joe Zawinul
- 210 Lyle Mays
- 180 Herbie Hancock
- 80 Sun Ra
- 57 Chick Corea

GUITAR

- 279 Joe Pass
- 248 Pat Metheny
- 125 John Scofield
- 102 Kenny Burrell
- 87 Jim Hall
- 56 Emily Remler
- 46 James Blood Ulmer

PERCUSSION

- 299 Nana Vasconcelos
- 268 Airto Moreira
- 103 Mino Cinelu
- 96 Famoudou Don Moye
- 51 Ralph MacDonald

VIBES

- 387 Gary Burton
- 370 Milt Jackson
- 244 Bobby Hutcherson
- 162 Mike Mainieri
- 114 Lionel Hampton
- 86 Jay Hoggard

VIOLIN

- 562 Stephane Grappelli
- 264 John Blake
- 191 Jean-Luc Ponty
- 100 Billy Bang
- 63 Leroy Jenkins

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

- 380 Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
- 165 David Grisman (mandolin)
- 107 Howard Johnson (tuba)
- 86 Abdul Wadud (cello)
- 56 Andy Narell (steel drums)



LAUREN DEUTSCH

Bobby McFerrin

ACOUSTIC BASS

- 330 Charlie Haden
- 287 Ron Carter
- 126 Eddie Gomez
- 108 Ray Brown
- 102 N-H Ørsted Pedersen
- 81 Dave Holland
- 71 Rob Wasserman
- 55 George Mraz
- 51 Miroslav Vitous
- 40 Jay Anderson

MALE SINGER

- 348 Bobby McFerrin
- 258 Al Jarreau
- 204 Mel Tormé
- 193 Joe Williams
- 72 Mark Murphy
- 43 Frank Sinatra

FEMALE SINGER

- 402 Sarah Vaughan
- 165 Betty Carter
- 165 Ella Fitzgerald
- 114 Tania Maria
- 93 Sheila Jordan
- 84 Carmen McRae

DRUMS

- 229 Jack DeJohnette
- 168 Max Roach
- 117 Steve Gadd
- 113 Art Blakey
- 100 Elvin Jones
- 91 Buddy Rich
- 89 Billy Higgins
- 66 Tony Williams
- 40 Joey Baron

VOCAL GROUP

- 627 Manhattan Transfer
- 241 Rare Silk
- 92 Hendricks Family
- 45 Singers Unlimited

Juju Beat KING SUNNY ADÉ



ANDY FREEBERG

By Don Palmer

When guitarist Sunny Adé took the stage to lead his 20-odd-piece juju orchestra at New York's Pier 84 recently, something seemed amiss. He jubilantly led the band through a 75-minute set of his remarkable synthesis of traditional Yoruba and re-Africanized Western pop/soul sounds, but this outdoor arena with its barricaded, elevated stage maintained a rigid separation between audience and performer.

Naturally, star entertainers should be protected from the hordes, but an essential part of Adé's show was effectively prohibited—Nigerians dressed-to-the-nines clambering onto the stage to form an impromptu village of dancers who press dollar bills against Adé's forehead. The King, dressed in white with a bandolier-width belt, and his entourage of African-robed male dancers, whose circular, swooping steps and angular arm movements are as crucial to the rhythms as the deep, echoing throb of the talking drums or the layered half-lead, half-chorded guitar patterns, were virtually robbed of any such outward display of audience participation and respect at the Pier. In contrast, during a three-and-a-half-hour show for the Ibadan Descen-

dents Union (Nigerians from what is known as the largest African-designed city) last year, dancers commandeered portions of the stage to create a whole 'nother level of call-and-response.

Despite Pier 84's lack of unity between audience and performer, dance and music, which serves as validation in African art, Adé and his African Beats successfully exhorted the crowd to chant in Yoruba and even to learn a pelvic-rolling dance step or two.

Yet I left the concert wondering if what I perceived as the packaging of Sunny Adé, this attempt to deliver his music in aurally digestible morsels instead of an unceasing, irresistible flow, indicated the watering down of our latest musical salvation. But after talking with Adé, it's quite obvious that he's not selling out. If anything, he's buying in.

"We always like to adjust the band to suit the place. If need be, we'll make the sound so low that you can hear all 22 pieces. We play in clubs, stadiums, theaters, parties, streets, carnival festivals, ballrooms. The difference here is that we're playing in a short set. The highest we've gone here was on our last tour: It was some three hours, but way back

home it's some more than 18 hours. The short sets don't affect the way we play because we've been playing that kind of style going way back too—for television in Nigeria."

Adé strives to compromise the format of his music without compromising the style. He says that he won't use horns because that's Afro-beat, not juju, and he won't use reggae rhythms because that's African Reggae, not juju. His first three American releases show an artist toying with the formula, moving from the introductory-best-of concept of *Juju Music* to the songlike and groove-heavy *Synchro System* to the more compressed, regular rhythms and polish of *Aura*, an album which strikes a balance between the open-ended jam feel of the first album and the balkanization of the second. He's incorporated the tough street rhythms and synth-drums of hip-hop, but even this displays a tendency to adopt only the most compatible and African of American pop elements in the manner that African bands borrowed the staggered rhythms and congregational chants of James Brown.

To Adé, this represents healthy eclecticism: "Everybody likes to add more

taste to his own kind of music as well. If the electronic comes and nobody uses it because they were not using it before, the electronic doesn't move anything. I've been using it several years back now, but on *Aura* it is much more prominent. It was in *Juju Music* and *Synchro System*. The people here have been listening to my music, getting used to my music, and they finally pinpoint that. Before I think they didn't pay attention to that area, but now they pay much more attention. Probably because Stevie Wonder plays on it, and people probably think that it was Stevie Wonder organized that for me. No! I had already recorded everything before I brought it to him. He only played harmonica on it, and I took it back to mix."

He continues to explain, "To be in the center, I won't like to put all what I have into the music. Like a lot of effects I used to put in at home I have to be puttin' it there one by one so that when the people hear, it will be peaceful to the ears. A lot of instruments we used to play on albums way back. We put marimba, xylophone, vibraphone, a lot of percussion, thumb piano, but here we cannot put everything in. I don't want to put everything there for people to be confused by the music."

In fact, confusion opposes the goal of juju music and, for that matter, Yoruba art. Balance or coolness, the encompassing of supposed opposites such as vertical and horizontal movement, and the creation and filling of space with sound and rhythm is desired. As an orchestrator and performer Adé has mastered these. He guides the band with a sly, unperturbable smile, lilting vocals, melodic scraps from a jangly guitar, or one of his favorite ringing, lyrical guitar figures through a richly detailed maze of meters which overlap and interlock to generate a mesmerizing inner pulse. Sounds surge, only to dissolve back into the mix with an alluring subtlety. The evaporative wheezes and squiggles of synthesizers and keyboards linger just below the surface, often augmenting the murmur of bass and clatter of guitars. And some songs require careful listening to extract the host of noises that provide offbeat accents to melodic and rhythmic phrases. Within the world of juju music, Adé's use of harmony and orchestral coloration puts him on a par with the Ellingtons and Basies of jazz, and given the right musicians he could make even such works as *Bitches Brew* sound predictable.

Adé's family lineage (his family was Keeper of the Shrines in Odon) and the sophisticated, resilient culture of the Yoruba have contributed to his rise to the top of the juju music world and international stardom. In Nigeria he has released 40 albums and sells nearly a million records annually. Ironically, his family didn't support his desire to become a musician "because musicians in



ANDY FREEBERG

KING SUNNY ADÉ'S EQUIPMENT

On-stage King Sunny Adé's been seen alternately sporting a Gibson Les Paul Standard or Fender Telecaster guitar. His African Beats, who for American tours range from 12 to 20 pieces strong, employ a full spectrum of electric guitars, electric bass, pedal steel guitar, drum kits, and African talking drums, but brands and models were unavailable at press time.

KING SUNNY ADÉ SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

AURA—Island 90177-1
SYNCHRO SYSTEM—Mango 9737
JUUU MUSIC—Mango 9712
CONSCIENCE—Sonny Alade 38
SYNCHRO-SERIES—Sonny Alade 37
BOBBY—Sonny Alade 36
IJINLE ODU—Sonny Alade 32
CHECK "E"—Sonny Alade 26
THE MESSAGE—Sonny Alade 25
JUUU MUSIC OF THE '80S—Sonny Alade 24
AND HIS AFRICAN BEATS—Sonny Alade 23
SEARCHING FOR MY LOVE—Sonny Alade 17

In addition to the three Island-distributed discs leading off this list, which should be available in most large record stores, King Sunny has waxed over 40 LPs on his own Nigerian label. Some of these have drizzled into the states, and may be available at large record stores in major metropolitan areas.

my country were a lot like beggars, like street drummers. Anybody can play music, or you can sing. During festival you'll see on the street thousands of people in groups of four, groups of 10, groups of 20, groups of two, group of one. I mean one solo artist can entertain everybody around. So whoever becomes a musician is like he's a beggar. They don't take you serious unless you're playing in a club—then they can group you with the orchestra; you are a member of the orchestra that anytime it wants to go abroad, you go with them on the sea. But local bands, most of them were playing for hobby."

Adé draws upon the melodies and dances that were performed during celebrations of Ogun, the God of Iron and the chief god of the panoply of Yoruba deities, but he does it with a secular sensibility of pop that was spawned in Nigeria by Tunde Nightingale and developed by I. K. Dairo. He explains, "I'm a Yoruba man, and I'm a Christian. I was brought up in a royal family, and we were the custodian of all shrines, but that doesn't mean I'm preaching. I don't preach it, but I let people know it's in existence. It doesn't really mean that you should create a shrine for yourself or join a group that is worshipping it, but every year we're all going to be in a festival

mood to praise the God of Iron.

"We used to perform overnight on Ogun night, which was the eve. The band would dress in hunter's dress or like going to tribal war, but not like a soldier. You have a toy gun, but you don't harm people, and you look fierce, but you must be peaceful because when Ogun wants to fight, he doesn't give a damn. It's like Mardi Gras. We dance around because we're still living. I used some of the songs for my music."

Juju also provided Adé with a firm musical base that dates to the '20s. Tunde Nightingale and I. K. Dairo codified and modernized the mythical, labyrinthine elements of the Yoruba traditions for the music. And in the process, they actually made more people aware of the legacies of the culture. Adé describes juju as "the music I love so much. It's not the music that really got to my ears when I grow up, but it's the music I just like. When you ask for juju where I come from in Yoruba land, you ask for tambourine. So it's like when you play chooka chooka juju"—the last word escapes quickly from his throat—"chooka chooka juju, that's how it sounds, but the colonialists—politics you know—said, 'The brass band is here, the local band is there, and oh, that's juju,' because in a lot of different shrines, they perform so many miracles there, and they played the music there. But we, the new generation, was playing it for real and combining everything so I just prefer that name to be used for my kind of music, because it's the music I forever like to play. And it's still called juju music before I was born, and it's still called juju music now.

"There's an artist called I. K. Dairo, who was given an MBE, that was playing that kind of juju that I like so much. It was popular in 1959, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64. I combine this juju music with the talking drum and the drummers from the street. The drum was the main instrument that a lot of people used to dance to. I incorporated that, and then I amplify it to make better sound for people, because the talking drum alone, people can dance to it for the next five hours."

As a 15-year-old, Adé took up guitar through the influence of his band-leader Moses Olaiya. Adé played congas in the band, but he was taken with the guitar and taught himself how to play by watching Olaiya. "He was a part-time musician, and he used to go to work for the city council, so sometimes he was very tired, and I would lead the band. I was the smallest in the band, but the band members all loved me and said, 'Okay.'" Later, a friend of Olaiya's appeared as Adé's patron. He asked Adé to form a band because he had instruments but no players. Adé recalls, "My bandleader just said, 'Don't take all my boys,' but I didn't mean to get his boys because they were all older than me. I got friends from differ-



LAUREN DEUTSCH

ent bands around Lagos. My bandleader told me to come back if this guy didn't pay me."

Adé never looked back. "At first we played in Olaiya's style. After a year or two we changed to our present style. We copied Tunde Western Nightingale, who used to play open chord guitar, so I changed my chord to open chord. He was the only musician that really played that kind of music, and I so much liked it because I wanted something very unusual. But when we made the first record, it doesn't make it, but the second single made it, because we did it in tribute to the winner of the Soccer Cup in 1967. So all the fans of that soccer club bought it so enthusiastically that we sold more than 500,000 copies. That's how the band came to sort of hooking it together. We didn't relax even till now."

Though he is truly fond of the unusual, Adé doesn't just latch onto the latest fad for simple commercial acceptability. He looks for elements that reverberate in Yoruba/African traditional and contemporary life. The fluid sound of his pedal steel guitarist has predecessors in a variety of one-string gourd instruments and the slides, slurs, and falsettos of West African vocals. Adé readily agreed that the strung gourds are "our local pedal steel. Steel guitar is part of my own innovation. As I told you, I want very unusual things to happen to my band. And look around all the African music, and you cannot find pedal steel guitar. [Author's note: I've heard Hawaiian steel guitar in recordings from Guinea.] Some of the guitarists, they used to play their

own guitar, and when you hear the sound, you can probably say that it sounds like pedal steel. Inasmuch as we already have two, three, four guitars, if he [pedal steel player] wanted to solo, he has to solo with chords, because all the singers are multiple, guitars are multiple, percussion are multiple."

When asked if his voracious curiosity has led him to seek out particular American bands for influences, Adé comments, "We listened to most of them, but I don't like to incorporate their music. I just like good music all my life, to hear but not really to concentrate on, because if I concentrate, I won't know the time. I'll be singing, 'Hey hey, I feel alright.' James Brown happens to be one of my favorites because he came like a soul elaborator. He's been accepted all over Africa. He's a legend; he's a hero; he's an evergreen. I listen to Jim Reeves' country music, too."

Reeves' "lay-your-head-upon-my-pillow/put-your-sweet-lips-next-to-mine" baritone happens to be a favorite on both sides of Africa. Adé figures Reeves' huge popularity is due to simple distribution. "See, the company that used to distribute his records is more popular, so eventually availability of records gets to people's minds. The record is everywhere, so like it or not, you must be hearing it. Even on the street, from this shop to that shop. The Beatles and Spanish music are also popular. It was all of these labels and the big stars like Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, B. B. King, Fats Domino, Nat King Cole or old styles like Frank Sinatra, Aretha Franklin, Diana Ross." Actually, Adé claims that he's as open to

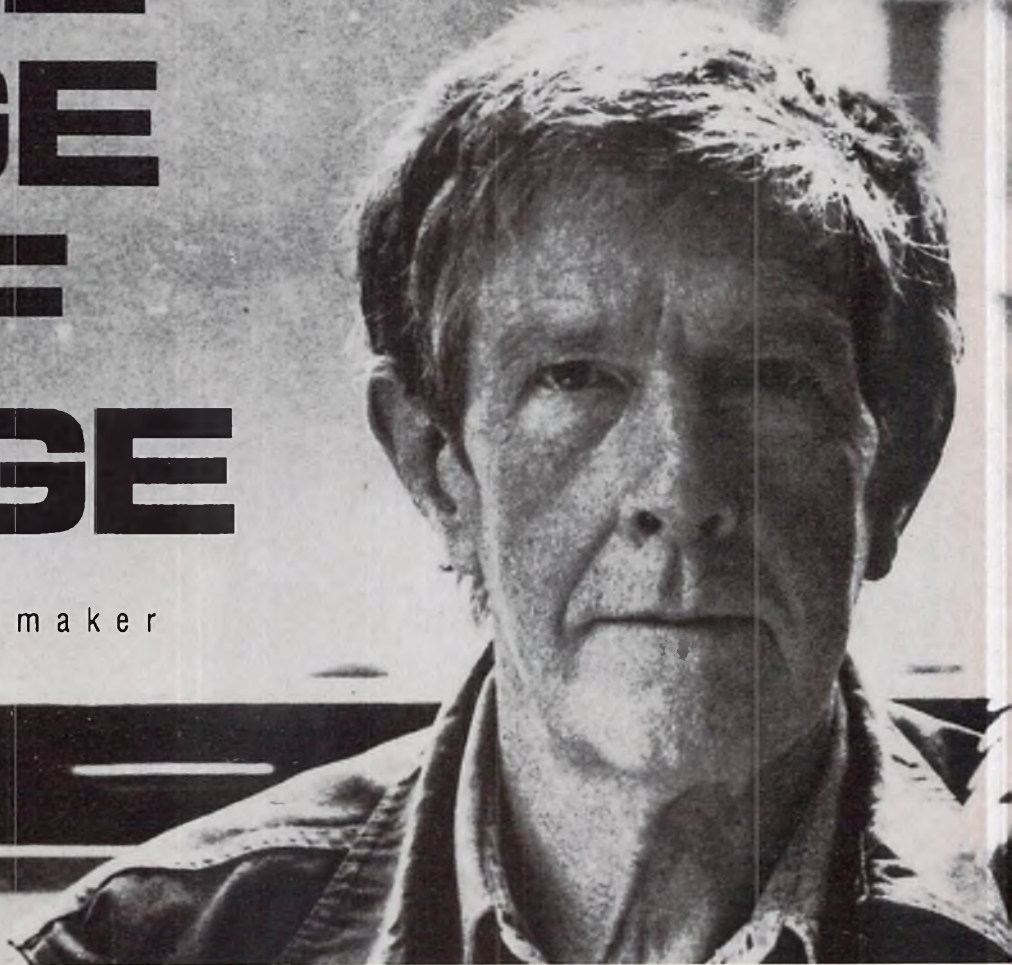
the musical input of non-musicians and fan club members as he is to that of other musicians.

Fittingly, he doesn't write formal compositions for his organic music, although the band rehearses diligently. "I don't study music, but I can write all the lyrics down. I hum the guitar or the bass line or the talking drum lines because I'm a percussionist. I'll kind of beat out the rhythms according to the lyrics, so when I go to rehearsal I tell the men, 'I want you to play me this way—paapadom, paapadom, paapadom, pa.' I tell them to find their parts and to separate them. If it doesn't fit, I tell them to find parts on their own. Sometimes we do it like a contest, and whoever brings in the best part in different forms the next day wins 100 naira. Whatever little time we have, we rehearse. If it's 10 people, we'd be rehearsing now; the others passing by ask, 'What's happening already?' and come and join. Or we make notice to them that we're going to rehearse tomorrow. We can rehearse in the morning; we can rehearse overnight; we don't have a specific time to rehearse. If I know we don't have a show tomorrow or any show is canceled, we use that time to rehearse."

If King Sunny Adé gets his way, juju will remain an integral part of our musical consciousness, because to this Yoruba brother, juju is forever. I may have my doubts about whether we're as of yet ready for a complete unleashing of Adé's full 30-piece guitar/talking drum/dance orchestra, but his music is so insidiously cool that it may be upon us before we know it. db

THE AGE OF CAGE

By Bill Shoemaker



If 20th century American music has produced one figure of truly mythic proportion, it is John Cage, to whom all New Music genealogies invariably are traced. Born in Los Angeles in 1912, the influence of his father (an inventor) and his two most notable music instructors, Henry Cowell and Arnold Schönberg, plus a longtime interest in oriental philosophies, helped form a sensibility which has continually questioned our most basic musical assumptions and tried to find new ways of making music, of experiencing music, and incorporating it into our everyday lives.

Over the past 50 years Cage has ambled through one musical frontier after another: homemade percussion, magnetic tape, prepared piano, electronically generated sound, mixed media presentations, composition by chance procedures, alternative forms of notation. He has forwarded a virtually endless stream of ideas about process, indeterminacy, and silence (the latter being the title of his most widely read book) which have attained semi-scriptural stature (it was Cage, after all, who coined the term "experimental music"), ultimately influencing not only classical music but popular and

jazz currents as well, through artists as diverse as Brian Eno and Laurie Anderson to Anthony Braxton and Philip Glass.

In fact, the pervasiveness of his ideas have, to a degree, obscured his music—of his many important piano works, it is *4'33"* (the "silent" piece, in which the pianist does not play a single note) that is the best known. Yet Cage's ideas would ring hollow were it not for his compositions, a prolific body of work that ranges from piano miniatures to the outer limits of sound-producing procedures. It is his embodiment of dadaist, zen aphorist, and Thoreauian sage that elevates him to a position in American music comparable to the National Living Treasures of Japan; but it is his music that prompts such consideration in the first place.



Bill Shoemaker: Given the vast scope of your work, what is the common denominator that threads your various compositions together?

John Cage: I think that even when two pieces are diametrically different from one another—as are the *Freeman Etudes* for violin solo, which is written out in detail and in which there are no indeterminate aspects at all, and, on the other hand, the silent piece, *4'33"*, from the early '50s, where the performer has nothing to do and the audience has nothing to do but listen, no matter what the sounds are—that the common denominator between those two pieces is central to my work: namely, to find ways of writing music where the sounds are free of my intentions. The reason I decided to go in that direction followed from my experience of going into an



anechoic chamber at Harvard University. When I went into the room, I expected to hear nothing. But, instead, I heard two sounds. So I left the room and contacted the engineer in charge. I said, "There's something wrong with your silent room." He said, "What do you mean?" and I said, "There are two sounds." He asked me to describe them, and I did. He said, "The high one was your nervous system in operation, and the low one was your blood circulating." I realized at that moment that, without intending to, I was moving around the world producing music. I decided then to let my music go in that direction, which is the direction of not intending sound.

The *Freeman Etudes* are written quite strictly by following chance operations. Rather than make choices, I ask questions. Actually, my questions are asked very much as they're asked in a computer program, so that the music happens as a result of the program I formed for it. Once having decided what questions I'm going to ask, I accept the answers; I don't change them according to my taste. It is, in fact, my taste and my memory that I wish to be free of. In the silent piece, I think it is evident to anyone that I have no control over ambient sound. It goes without saying that what happens during the silent piece is free of my intentions. I keep trying to find other ways than I have in the past of writing non-intentional music, or providing stimulus for non-intentional improvisation. Most of my life I was opposed to improvisation because improvisation seemed to me to be dependent on taste and memory, which I wanted the music to be free of. But, in recent years I have found a number of limited circumstances that make improvisation interesting to me. A lot of them are in the piece *Inlets*, in which conch shells are filled with water and tipped in relation to a

very directional microphone. The very soft sound of the gurgle goes through the sound system and is heard through loud speakers. What is interesting to me in that piece—and that's why I call it "a music of contingency"—is that I must tip the shell in order to produce the gurgle. But I can tip it a great deal without producing a gurgle. I might get a gurgle on the very first tipping, but I might not. But if I don't tip it, I certainly won't get one.

BS: A different proposition from the "considered improvisation" of the *Sonatas And Interludes For Prepared Piano*.

JC: Yes. There, I had a written structure so that I know the length of the phrases of the piece from the beginning to the end. I also worked at the piano rather than at a desk, or away from the instrument. I placed objects on the strings, deciding their position according to the sounds that resulted. So, it was like I was walking along the beach finding shells that I liked, rather than looking at the ones that didn't interest me. Having those preparations of the piano and playing with them on the keyboard in an improvisatory way, I found melodies and combinations of sounds that worked with the given structure.

BS: Did your opposition to improvisation center around the issue that jazz improvisers, for example, work with an inventory of phrases and devices and play, essentially, what they already know?

JC: Depending on memory and taste, yes. The other thing that is difficult for me in jazz improvisation is the element of response from one musician to another, which is often very strong. The most evident form of that is where there is a single soloist and the others are playing in an accompanimental form, and when the soloist reaches a conclusion, another one



JOHN CAGE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- AMORES FOR PREPARED PIANO AND PERCUSSION—Opus One 22
 ATLAS ECLIPTICALIS, SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH WINTER MUSIC AND CARTRIDGE MUSIC—Deutsche Grammophone 137 009
 A BOOK OF MUSIC, FOR 2 PREPARED PIANOS—Tomato 2-1001
 CARTRIDGE MUSIC—Mainstream 5015
 CHORALS AND CHEAP IMITATIONS, FOR VIOLIN SOLO—CP² 7
 CONCERTO FOR PREPARED PIANO AND CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Nonesuch 71202
 (FIRST) CONSTRUCTION IN METAL—MMG 105
 DREAM (VIOLA VERSION)—Finnadar 9007
 EMPTY WORDS, PART III—Wergo 60074
 ETUDES AUSTRALES FOR PIANO—Tomato 2-1101
 FONTANA MIX—Turnabout 34046
 FREEMAN ETUDES I-VIII—CP² 12
 HPSCHD—Nonesuch 71224
 INDETERMINACY—Folkways 3704
 MUSIC OF CHANGES—Wergo 60099
 MUSIC FOR KEYBOARD, 1937-48—Columbia M2S 819
 QUARTET FOR 12 TOM-TOMS—Tomato 7016
 PERILOUS NIGHT—Avant 1008
 THE SEASONS—CRI 410
 SOLO FOR VOICE 2—Odyssey 32160156
 SONATA FOR CLARINET—Advance 4
 SONATAS AND INTERLUDES FOR PREPARED PIANO—CRI 199
 STRING QUARTET IN 4 PARTS—Deutsche Grammophone 2530735
 3 DANCES FOR 2 AMPLIFIED PREPARED PIANOS—Angel 36059
 25-YEAR RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT (INCLUDING WILLIAMS MIX)—Avakian 1
 26' 1.499" FOR A STRING PLAYER—Nonesuch 71237
 27' 10.554" FOR A PERCUSSIONIST—Finnadar 9017
 VARIATIONS I—Wergo 60033
 VARIATIONS II—Columbia 7051
 VARIATIONS IV—Everest 3132
 VARIATIONS IV (PART 2)—Everest 3230
 WINTER MUSIC (VERSION FOR 4 PIANOS)—Finnadar 9006

JOHN CAGE SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- SILENCE, LECTURES AND WRITINGS—Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1961.
 A YEAR FROM MONDAY, NEW LECTURES AND WRITINGS—Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1967.
 NOTATIONS—New York: Something Else Press, 1969.
 M: WRITINGS '67-72—Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1973.
 EMPTY WORDS: WRITINGS 73-78—Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1979.
 FOR THE BIRDS, JOHN CAGE IN CONVERSATION WITH DANIEL CHARLES—Boston/London: Marion Boyers, 1981.
 THEMES & VARIATIONS—New York: Stanton Hill Press, 1982.
 JOHN CAGE (Richard Kostelanetz, ed.)—New York: Praeger, 1970.

takes his place. I prefer, in this case, the final chorus where all soloists join together, freely.

BS: Have you developed any satisfactory methods using improvisation to play what you don't already know?

JC: Finding, as with the conch shells on *Inlets*, an instrument over which I have no control, or less control than usual. Another example is if you use as a percussion instrument a music stand which has a faulty relation between the part that holds the music and the three legs that support the stand. If I hold the three legs in my hand—the stand is upside-down—and move the top part on the wooden floor, then because of the faulty relationship, I won't always get a frictional sound. But, sometimes, I will. It's a little like driving a bumper car in the funhouse, where you have less control than usual over which direction the vehicle takes. That interests me. But, say you

have control, then it is a matter of how to occupy your intentions in such a way that you move into areas with which you're unfamiliar, rather than areas based on memory and taste. One of the ways I've found I call "structural improvisation." Given a period of time, I will divide it. Say we have eight minutes. We'll divide it into sections of either one, two, three, or four minutes long. We'll have a minimum of two parts, each four minutes long, or three parts—four minutes, three minutes, one minute, in any order—or whatever. Then, if I have 10 sounds, I can find out through the use of chance operations which of those 10 sounds go in the first section, which go in the second section, and which go into the third. Then I improvise using the number of sounds that have been determined for the first section, the number of sounds for the second, and the number of sounds for the third, and I will have an improvisation which is characterized by a change of sound at those different times, no matter what I play.

BS: The idea that improvisation is "composition of the moment" has become central to the work of many composers/improvisers. Is that an idea that you can subscribe to?

JC: The term suggests spontaneity. This spontaneity—is it the spontaneousness of the performer?

BS: The composer and the performer are one and the same.

JC: What I would like to find is an improvisation that is not descriptive of the performer, but is descriptive of what happens, and which is characterized by an absence of intention. It is at the point of spontaneity that the performer is most apt to recourse to his memory. He is not apt to make a discovery spontaneously. I want to find ways of discovering something you don't know at the time that you improvise—that is to say, the same time you're doing something that's not written down, or decided upon ahead of time. The first way is to play an instrument over which you have no control, or less control than usual. The next way is to divide empty time into rooms, you could say. In those rooms try to make clear the fact those rooms are different by putting different sounds in each room.

If, for instance, I make this sound in a two-minute period—say we now begin a two-minute period [*taps rock on table after a pause of several seconds*], I don't need to make the sound again in that two-minute period. I could have made the sound then or at any other time. Instead of making it once I could make it several times, but if I made it several times, it is at that point that I could move towards my taste and memory.

BS: Repetition is necessarily a function of memory?

JC: It has a great deal to do with it, don't you think? You have to remember to keep a regular beat. You have to know where the beat is. You have to remember where it was. To become free of that is what interests me. There is a beautiful statement, in my opinion, by Marcel Duchamp: "To reach the impossibility of transferring from one like object to another the memory imprint." And he expressed that as a goal. That means, from his visual point of view, to look at a Coca-Cola bottle without the feeling that you've ever seen one before, as though you're looking at it for the very first time. That's what I'd like to find with sounds—to play them and hear them as if you've never heard them before.

BS: The goal of creating new sounds fuels the idea that your work is a renunciation of conventional musical practices. However, there are many pre-existing ideas about the function of music that your work reaffirms. I'm thinking about the quote you found in an Indian source and Lou Harrison, independently, found in an old English text, both of which state that the purpose of music was to quiet the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences.

JC: The traditional view that the purpose of music is to sober and quiet the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences has to do with the conduct of music, whether you're composing or playing or listening. My interest in making, if I can, a discovery in music, as I write it or improvise it, is because I find a connection between the quiet mind and the discovery. The thing that can make a mind not quiet is often in relation to what the mind thinks it owns, and if it's in danger of losing

what it owns, then it's apt to be disturbed. So, if you have a mind that's not concerned with owning, but with discovering, and if, furthermore, it doesn't know what it is going to discover, then the question of quietness is not disturbed. Actually, aren't we getting into discussions of philosophy that you didn't want to embark on?

BS: For this article, probably.

JC: I think so, because I'm about to tell you the definition of sorrow.

BS: Well then, let's talk about percussion music. Your 1937 credo stated that percussion music was "a contemporary transition from keyboard-influenced music to the all-sound music of the future." How has composing for percussion facilitate such a transition in your work?

JC: When you work with percussion, you work with instruments that you actually have in hand. If you leave those instruments where they are and go to another city and look for the same instruments there, you won't find them. You may find similar instruments, but if you listen to the sounds they produce, you'll hear that they produce different sounds than you heard in the previous city from the first collection of instruments. The nature of percussion music, then, is quite open and often quite unpredictable. If you listen to the sounds around you, no matter where you are, you will enjoy the sounds if you hear them in that open fashion, so that you become attentive to what happens rather than insistent about what should happen.

I just finished a piece for orchestra called *Ryoanji*, which is the name of a rock and sand garden in Kyoto, but the piece preceding it, which is like it, is for solo percussionist. In making the piece for orchestra, I didn't really change it radically from what it was as a percussion piece. There will be 20 instruments in the orchestra piece, but no instrument is specified. It could be any 20 instruments, and any one of the 20 parts could go to any of the 20 instruments. All of the instruments will play the same rhythm, and all of the instruments can produce any sound, or any combination of sounds, the instruments can produce. Once a musician decides what sound he is making, he must, throughout that rehearsal or performance, make the same sound, as though he becomes the player of a single percussion instrument. There are notations in the score for playing a little ahead of the beat, or a little behind the beat, or on the beat. There are also notations for playing a sharp sound and playing a sound for its full length. Those are the only variations. It means that piece, each time it is played, will have a different sound that can't be predicted by the composer, the performers, or the listeners. And yet, each time they heard it, they would know what was happening.

BS: Writing about *Williams Mix*, you stated that you thought your chief contribution to the genre of tape works was your splicing techniques. Do you still think that?

JC: I think it was a contribution, but I think it's a contribution that will be little followed, because the tendency now in the manipulation of sound materials is not towards splicing but towards the turning of dials, so the alteration of materials is electronically generated. Splicing is like handicraft.

BS: Your own criticism of *Williams Mix* was that it was an object. Is the tendency towards synthesizers, especially given their applications in performance, a positive one?

JC: You see, *Williams Mix* is between four and five minutes long. To write it took between 400 and 500 pages. To make it took the work of four people for about nine months—to make a piece between four and five minutes long. It's a highly questionable process, in view of the electronic utilities we now have that produce with ease musics of much greater lengths and, if I may say so, greater variety. Well, maybe not greater variety—*Williams Mix* is actually very lively in its four minutes. It might be that the kinds of variation in *Williams Mix* that did result from splicing could happen with computer programming; I don't think they could happen with the manipulation of dials, but I do think they could happen with computer

programming.

I have spent most of my time in recent years working with what are now called acoustic instruments rather than electronic instruments, the reason being that many young people now deal with electronics very beautifully—and my longtime associate, David Tudor, and David Behrman do also—so that I have the feeling that work is being done. What I've tried to do in recent years is find freshness and newness in the situations that are the most conventional—acoustic piano without preparations, and the violin, and recently, the flute, the voice, and the double bass. My recent work is not electronic. I have been exploring in this set of pieces called *Ryoanji*—not the ones for percussion or for orchestra, but for soloists: oboe, flute, voice, double bass—glissandi within limited ranges. In one of the pieces, it's within the range of a semitone, and yet there are curves of sound within that limited range. The ranges change from one piece to another. Some are very narrow, and some are wider, but none are wider than an octave. What I was searching for in each case with each instrument was that part of the range that yielded a very smooth glissando. [holding page of score] This one has the range of a fifth. The different lines indicate different performances by the same players.

BS: Do you always use transparencies for scoring?

JC: Yes, when I use scores; this can go directly to the publisher. In the piece I'm currently making for flute, clarinet, piano, violin, and cello, there won't be a score which connects all of the parts. There won't be a fixed relation between those instruments, but rather a flexible relation between them. It resembles, perhaps, that aspect of architecture in, say, San Francisco where, because of the fault in the earth, the architecture has to be flexible and be able to move, so when there is an earthquake, the building will simply shake instead of falling down.

I'm thinking now, and have been for several years, of kinds of music which will survive, so to speak, any relationship of the parts. In a piece called *Thirty Pieces For Five Orchestras*, and in another one, *Thirty Pieces For String Quartet*, I literally made 30 pieces for each group of instruments in the orchestra and each instrument in the string quartet. Those pieces could begin anywhere at any point of time between zero and 15 seconds, and end at any point of time between 30 seconds and one minute and 15 seconds. The whole composition, which is a series of 30 of those, would last approximately 30 minutes. Any one segment of a piece, or any one of the pieces of those 30, could be played in one tempo or another, because of this latitude or flexibility in beginning and ending. What's happening in the present piece that didn't happen in the earlier pieces is that the lengths of time and the positions of these flexible beginnings and endings are changing, so that rather than all of the instruments having the same degree of flexibility, or the time of flexibility, they have different degrees of flexibility. Another thing I'm going to do is change the range in which the instrument plays at any given time, so that it may move from a very narrow range, as in the piece I've just showed you, to a wider range, according to chance operations. You'll have a togetherness of differences. Not only differences in ranges, but differences in structure.

If you look back to the music of the past, Bach on the one hand and Mozart on the other, I think you'll notice a tendency in Bach towards unity. At least that's how Schönberg used to teach analysis of Bach, to find a single motif which, through repetition and variation, would produce a fugue. If you examine any page of Mozart, you're apt to discover not one idea, but many. I think in the case of Mozart there is an implicit tendency towards multiplicity. That tendency interests me more than the tendency towards unity. It seems to me to be more characteristic of nature. If I look at a tree, a single tree, and start looking at the leaves, all, admittedly, have the same general structure. If I look at it carefully, I notice that no two leaves are identical. Then I begin with that attention to differences to enjoy every glance of the tree, because everything I see is something I haven't memorized. db

STAN GETZ

STAN THE MAN—Verve 815 239-1: *BODY AND SOUL*; *STELLA BY STARLIGHT*; *DOWN BY THE SYCAMORE TREE*; *PERNOD NOT STERNO*; *OUR LOVE IS HERE TO STAY*; *JUMPIN' AT THE WOODSIDE*; *DIZZY ATMOSPHERE*; *PENNIES FROM HEAVEN*; *ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE*; *WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE*; *BILLIE'S BOUNCE*; *GOLD RUSH*; *BUT BEAUTIFUL*; *EVENING IN PARIS*; *AIREGIN*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; cuts 1 & 2—Duke Jordan, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Frank Isola, drums; cut 3—Jimmy Rowles, piano; Bob Whitlock, bass; Max Roach, drums; cut 4—Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Johnny Williams, piano; Bill Anthony, bass; Art Mardigan, drums; cut 5—Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; cut 6—Lionel Hampton, vibraharp; Levy, piano; Vinnegar, bass; Manne, drums; cut 7—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Paul Gonsalves, Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; J. C. Heard, drums; cut 8—Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; cut 9—Mose Allison, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; Jerry Segal, drums; cut 10—Harry Edison, trumpet; Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Peterson, piano; Ellis, guitar; Brown, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; cut 11—J. J. Johnson, trombone; Peterson, piano; Brown, bass; Bellson, drums; cut 12—Benny Bailey, trumpet; Ake Persson, trombone; Erik Nordstrom, tenor saxophone; Lars Gullin, baritone saxophone; Jan Johansson, piano; Gunnar Johnson, bass; William Schiopfke, drums; cut 13—Levy, piano; Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; cut 14—Victor Feldman, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; cut 15—Steve Kuhn, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; Pete LaRocca, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STAN GETZ PLAYS—Verve (France) 2304 387: *STELLA BY STARLIGHT*; *TIME ON MY HANDS*; *TIS AUTUMN*; *THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT*; *LOVER COME BACK TO ME*; *BODY AND SOUL*; *STARS FELL ON ALABAMA*; *YOU TURNED THE TABLES ON ME*; *THANKS FOR THE MEMORY*; *HYMN OF THE ORIENT*; *THESE FOOLISH THINGS*; *HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Duke Jordan, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Frank Isola, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

POETRY—Elektra Musician 60370-1-E: *CONFIRMATION*; *A CHILD IS BORN*; *TUNE-UP*; *LOVER MAN*; *A NIGHT IN TUNISIA*; *SPRING CAN REALLY HANG YOU UP THE MOST*; *ROUND MIDNIGHT*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Albert Dailey, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Stan Getz was one of the most recorded of Norman Granz' stable of performers from the early 1950s through the mid-'70s, and the first decade of this association is sampled in the 15 (including four previously unissued) selections collected in the Verve two-fer *Stan The Man*. Musically the set cannot be faulted, as most of the selections are marvelous, and taken together provides a good, generously programmed (almost 93 minutes of music) cross section of the saxophonist's work during this productive period.



Most of Getz' regular working bands of the period are represented by at least one cut, in addition to a good sampling of the saxophonist's studio (and one live) encounters with others of the Granz roster of regulars—Lionel Hampton, Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Harry Edison, Gerry Mulligan, Coleman Hawkins, et al.—in the best freewheeling traditions of Granz' JATP throw-'em-together-and-see-what-happens approach.

Hampton and Getz rise to the occasion on their spirited *Jumpin' At The Woodside*, each egging the other on to spiraling heights, with pianist Lou Levy outdoing both with a flawless, unrelenting solo of great fiery inventiveness. The Oscar Peterson Trio joins Getz for *Pennies From Heaven*, a gem of easy, nonchalant swing. Getz' playful, off-handed lyricism perfectly matched by the pianist's spare, lazily insinuating soloing. Also splendid is the live meeting between the saxophonist and trombonist J. J. Johnson on *Billie's Bounce*, each of the principals at top form, Peterson and Ray Brown sustaining an impeccable groove, with Louie Bellson stoking the fires, as they do on the more relaxed ballad *When Your Lover Has Gone*, which teams Getz, Edison, and Mulligan in the round-robin front line. The only one of the ad hoc situations that doesn't work to expectations is *Dizzy Atmosphere*, with Paul Gonsalves, Gillespie, Hawkins, and Getz generating little more than heat in a sprawling, blustering free-for-all that stretches to almost 11 minutes. Getz's solo is the best of an indifferent lot.

The unreleased selections maintain a generally high quality. Gerry Mulligan's *Gold Rush* (more familiar under its alternate title *Turnstile*) is an octet performance recorded in Sweden in 1958 with baritone saxist Lars Gullin, pianist Jan Johansson, trumpeter Benny Bailey, and Getz acquitting themselves adequately in their brief solo spots. Even better are the three small-group performances. An unhurried, spacious reading of the ballad *But Beautiful*, which is all that, finds Getz at his romantic, effulgent best; Quincy Jones' *Evening In Paris* gives us

Getz at peak form, prodded by the Cannonball Adderley rhythm section, with pianist Victor Feldman contributing a tasty, forceful solo; and Sonny Rollins' sempiternal *Airegin* continues at this high level, Getz negotiating his way through the piece with utter aplomb, drive, and plentiful invention, perfectly abetted by his working band of the time (1961), including pianist Steve Kuhn, who solos to excellent advantage.

For those unfamiliar with Getz' compelling, still deeply satisfying work from the period 1952-61, it's a boon to have these performances available once again. For those who, like myself, have most of the original albums, its value is considerably diminished. While the inclusion of the four unreleased tracks is welcome, many will resent having to obtain them by purchasing a set containing many they already have in their collections. Surely there could have been a better way of releasing the unissued selections than this.

Another boon to Getz fans: French Polygram has reissued in its entirety the saxophonist's first sessions for Granz, with guitarist Jimmy Raney, pianist Duke Jordan, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Frank Isola. Thanks to Raney's deft, thoughtful arrangements, which took into account both the instrumentation and special abilities of the players, this was for many of us Getz fans one of the most satisfying groups he's ever headed, achieving a near-perfect balance between the planned and the spontaneous. Along with the Red Norvo Trio, this was one of the finest underappreciated jazz ensembles of the 1950s.

Recorded in December 1952, *Stan Getz Plays* shows why the group should be so considered. Getz is at absolutely top form in a program consisting largely of the ballad readings at which he always has excelled. At this stage of his development, his tone was thinner and airier than it's since become and his style much more decorative, making frequent use of appoggiatura, phrase repetition, and a thickened tone for emotional effect. Too, thanks to the lengthy association with Raney,

A Different Drummer.

his command of harmony had deepened and, as a result, his playing was not only increasingly confident and assured but charged with considerably greater interest in this area than ever before. Not one of these performances is less than splendid, but even better are the several uptempo selections—notably *Lover Come Back To Me*, *The Way You Look Tonight*, and *Hymn Of The Orient*—which indicate the quartet's marvelously empathetic interplay.

Bringing us right up to the present is the aptly titled *Poetry*, a lovely collaboration between the saxophonist and Albert Dailey, the late pianist with whom Getz enjoyed an intermittent working relationship that stretched over a decade, beginning in 1973 and running up through early '84. On this appealing set the pair explore a program of five modern jazz classics and two standard ballads (*Lover Man* and *'Round Midnight* are Dailey solo performances) with taste, elegance, and a stunning interactivity of purposeful, focused invention that makes the duets bristle with plentiful life and keening beauty. Over Dailey's firm, prodding, ever helpful support, spare yet telling, Getz sings and jabs and tears into these pieces, revealing the beauty and easy power that always have been at the heart of his music. Dailey responds in kind, playing with a tensile, craggy strength and focused linearity that contrast well with Getz' more luxuriantly romantic approach. In tandem the two produced performances that are absolutely gripping in their flowing, confident mastery. They should be heard and savored time and again.

—pete welding



It is no longer news that Jack DeJohnette is an accomplished and gifted keyboard player, composer and band leader in addition to his long-recognized status as one of the world's most important drummers. For *Album Album*, DeJohnette has assembled three fine horn players—David Murray, John Purcell and Howard Johnson, as well as bassist Rufus Reid for some of today's liveliest and most distinctive jazz and funk sounds.

Album Album, the new LP from Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition on ECM.



Album Album 1/4-25010

ECM

Manufactured and Distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc. © 1984 ECM Records.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

LEGEND—Island 90169-1: *Is This Love*; *No Woman No Cry*; *Could You Be Loved*; *Three Little Birds*; *Buffalo Soldier*; *Get Up Stand Up*; *Stir It Up*; *One Love/People Get Ready*; *I Shot The Sheriff*; *Waiting In Vain*; *Redemption Song*; *Satisfy My Soul*; *Exodus*; *Jamming*.

Personnel: Marley, vocals, guitars, percussion; Peter Mackintosh, piano, organ, guitar, vocals; Bunny Livingston, congas, bongos, vocals; Aston "Family Man" Barrett, bass guitar, percussion; Carlton (Carlie) Barrett, drums, percussion; Al Anderson, Donald Kinsey, guitar; Julian (Junior) Marvin, guitar, vocal; Tyrone Downie, keyboards, percussion, vocal; Alvin "Seeco" Patterson, Joe Higgs, percussion; Rita Marley, Marcia Griffiths, Jody Mowatt, vocals; Earl "Wya" Lindo, keyboards, percussion, vocals; Earl "Chinna" Smith, guitar, percussion; Touter, piano, organ.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Probably 99 percent of Americana heard the Eric Clapton version first, as *I Shot The Sheriff* was introduced to the masses as a kind of rock & roll meets Clint Eastwood. That hint of a new dance beat on Clapton's cover just scratched the surface of what reggae and the Wailers would show the world. Bubbling with rhythms and emotions, the Wailers were raw energy and inspired music. With time came refine-

Stanley Drucker and what he calls the new World-Class Leblanc.

"This new clarinet — this L-300 — sounds the way *all* clarinets should sound." The New York Philharmonic's Principal Clarinetist continues, "It's a World-Class instrument — worthy of being on any stage."

For details, call Leblanc, toll-free, at (800) 558-9421.

LEBLANC 

© G. Leblanc Corporation 1982. All rights reserved.



AISHA RECORDS PRESENTS

JOHN SHAW with "ASSEMBLAGE"

NEW RELEASE
(Produced by John Shaw &
Kurt Ranno)

AN INNOVATIVE MUSICAL COLLECTION featuring

- John Shaw • Kurt Ranno
- Don Friedman • Calvin Hill
- Candido • Johnny Coles
- Frank Wess • Chip White
- Bill Bickford • Bruce Dittmas, Etc.

AISHA RECORDS INC.
Box 1021, C'stad, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820
Box 643, Bronxville, NY 10708

KEYBOARD JAZZ FROM LEE EVANS

NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!

- Famous Jazz Piano Styles (\$4.95)
- Charlie Brown's Greatest Hits (\$5.95)
- Improvise with Learning How to Compose (\$3.95)
- Easy-Jazz With I, IV, V and Their 7th Chords (\$3.95)
- Watercolors: Suite For Piano (\$2.25)
- Intro. & Toccata in Jazz (\$2.50)
- Modes and Their Use in Jazz (\$7.95)
- Jazz Keyboard Harmony (\$18.00)
- The Jazz Tetrachord Approach to Keyboard Jazz Improvisation (\$4.50)
- The Rhythms of Keyboard Jazz (\$5.00)
- The Elements of Jazz (\$3.50)
- Further Experiences with The Elem. of Jazz (\$3.50)
- Beginning Jazz Improvisation (\$3.00)
- Learning to Improvise Jazz Accompaniments (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Scale Patterns (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Broken Triads (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Broken Dom. 7ths (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Sequential Patterns (\$3.00)
- Rock Styles for Piano (\$3.50)
- Advanced Rock Styles for Piano (\$3.50)
- Famous Irish Airs: Mdrn. Pno. Imprsnns. (\$3.50)
- Christmas: Mdrn. Pno. Impressions (\$3.50)
- Jazz Up Your Christmas (\$3.50)
- Easy Jazz Christmas Duets (\$3.50)
- A Musical Christmas/Easy-Piano (\$3.50)
- Easy-Piano Jazz Rhythm Primer (\$3.00)
- An Introduction to 16th Notes, Book I (\$3.50)
- An Introduction to 16th Notes, Book II (\$3.50)
- Jack and Jill Jazz (\$3.00)
- More Jack and Jill Jazz (\$3.50)
- Jazz Interp. of Pop. Amer. Folk Songs (\$3.50)
- Jazz Suite for Piano (\$2.50)
- Travel the Keyboard Jazz Highway (\$3.50)

METHOD BOOKS

Mail this form with check or M.O. payable to:

PIANO PLUS, INC.

300 W. 55th St., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Include \$.95 for postage and handling, plus sales tax for NYS residents. Canada & Foreign postage add 50% to price of books (No C.O.D.) U.S.A. funds only.

Send order to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

RECORD REVIEWS

ments, personnel changes, and a widening world view. But the gut-level spirit endured.

At the heart of the Wailers beat was writer/performer Bob Marley. While the contributions of co-founders Peter Tosh (nee Mackintosh) and Bunny (Wailer) Livingston were important, Marley's hard-edged poetry and impassioned vocals are, as the album title suggests, *Legend*.

This particular compendium recounts 14 of Marley's greatest contributions, but certainly not all. *Lively Up Yourself* is one glaring omission. Any semi-serious collector is going to want *Burnin'*, *Catch A Fire*, *Natty Dread*, *Exodus*, and maybe *Babylon By Bus*. If you've got those, there's not a pressing need for the "greatest hits" approach. And there's not enough in the way of liner notes to make *Legend* irreplaceable.

Musically, give Bob Marley's legacy five stars. As a collection, *Legend* is okay for gift giving to reggae novitiates, but it shouldn't be considered the whole story.

—robert henschen

ELEMENTS

FORWARD MOTION—Antilles 1021: *ROMPER ROOM; SPIRAL; FORWARD MOTION; BABY BOSSA; HEARTLAKE; 3-WAY MIRROR.*

Personnel: Mark Egan, electric bass; Danny Gottlieb, drums, cymbals, cup chimes; Clifford Carter, electric piano, synthesizers; Bill Evans, soprano, tenor saxophone.

★ ★ ★

Elements was formed when Pat Metheny's former rhythm section—drummer Gottlieb and bassist Egan—decided to assert their own musical identities and show the listening world that they were more than marionettes to the lordly guitarist. Entering the studio along with saxophonist Evans and keyboardist Carter, they relaxed, tossed around ideas, and worked up a record (*Elements*, Antilles 1017) which featured an opulently textured fusion sound.

Forward Motion may be a clever title for Elements' second LP, but it's applicable only half the time. The first side documents the pleasing strides the group has made, evidencing their more congruent intersection of spontaneity and constraint, gentleness and excitement. But the second side has them backpedaling, resembling the past and present hordes of lame fusioners.

First, the good tidings. Egan's *Romper Room* dramatically alternates exuberance and melancholy as all four musicians prove involved and precise; thankfully the tensions implicit in the kaleidoscopic moods aren't resolved. *Spiral*, composed by Egan, Gottlieb, and Carter, catches this listener's ear with its rich layer of intermixed sonorities; most interesting is how Egan's bass captures the tones of Hindu string instruments. Egan's surety also propels his title track, where Gottlieb exhibits artistry on cymbals.

Egan penned serviceable, almost affecting, melodies for the aforementioned numbers. The second side's *Baby Bossa*, though, lives and dies on an excruciatingly pleasant melodic line; the cushiony keyboards add to the have-

a-nice-day climate. We've heard it all before. The 11-minute *Heartlake* has some of the earmarks of cliched fusion: contrived drama, performative horn, screechy synthesizer, unnecessary drum solo, cluttered ensemble ending. Lastly, Egan's *3-Way Mirror* shatters by relying heavily on reedman Evans, whose improvisation here leaves me cold.

It's to be hoped Elements' upcoming records maintain the openhearted, fun feeling that often enlivens *Forward Motion*. Egan and Gottlieb are smart, good players, and their future craftings of sounds should warrant attention.

—frank-john hadley

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND)

EKAYA—Ekapa 005: *EKAYA; SOTHO BLUE; NYILO, NYILO; BRA TIMING FROM PHOMOLONG; EK SE OU WINDHOEK TOE NOU; CANE TOWN.*

Personnel: Ibrahim, piano; Carlos Ward, alto saxophone, flute; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Dick Griffin, trombone; Cecil McBee, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ZIMBABWE—Enja 4056: *KRAMAT; GUILTY; BOMBELLA; DON'T BLAME ME; ZIMBABWE; IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND; FOR COLTRANE, No. 11.*

Personnel: Ibrahim, piano, soprano saxophone; Ward, alto saxophone, flute; Essiet Okun Essiet, bass; Don Mumford, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

JOHNNY DYANI

AFRIKA—SteepleChase 1186: *BLAME IT ON THE BOERS; APPEAR; PRETORIA THREE; NEEDLE CHILDREN; KALAHARI LIVES; GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHINGS; FUNK DEM DUDU; KIPPIELOGY; DEDICATED TO ABDULLAH IBRAHIM.*

Personnel: Dyani, bass, piano; Ed Epstein, alto, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, alto saxophone; Rudy Smith, steel drums; Thomas Østergren, electric bass; Gilbert Mathews, drums; Thomas Dyani, congas.

★ ★ ★ ½

JOE MALINGA

SANDI—Meteor 32034: *EKAPA; NO NET; TWO STICKS; EMSUNDUZA; SUBIS; IMBHALI; ASAMBHANI.*

Personnel: Malinga, alto, soprano saxophone, voice, shakers; Rene Widmer, tenor, baritone saxophone; Jurgen Seefelder, tenor saxophone; Joep Maessen, trombone; Johnny Taylor, piano; Essiet Okun Essiet, bass; Don Mumford, drums.

★ ★ ★

"Everything dances," says Abdullah Ibrahim of the world, "nothing is static." That is certainly true of these four albums by members of the South African diaspora. Joyous, lightfooted rhythms bound through practically every track; even at slow tempos undercurrents buoy along the beats, more compelling and provocative than your basic straight swing which, when it

occasionally surfaces, is highlighted by the contrast. Dyani, Malinga, and Ibrahim—like King Sunny Adé and other popular African musicians—are reared on a rich repertoire of rhythm (highlife, juju, samba, and more) in a world-embracing music where jazz-styled swing and improvisation is one key element, and big band jazz for dancing one prime influence.

Dyani offers the most ambitious, modular forms, such as short and long triptychs with his supple, singing bass as griot (*Pretoria, Grandmother*), and the blurred and hurried (perhaps appropriately) 7/4 of *Needle Children*. Soloists don't get much say over repeated vamps which, though snappy and catchy, don't have much harmonic meat on their bones. So the bassist is often a richer presence than the mixed-down horns, and the rhythm section, sporting a glinting, lilting steel drum, tantalizingly combines hardcooking with exotic aromas. Dyani's homages to seminal African jazz players (Dudu Pukwana, Kippie Moetseki, Ibrahim) and traditional influences (grandma) get back to dance forms where the audience tells variations on the tales with their feet.

Joe Malinga's small-band swing moves with the get-up-and-boogie of James Brown's or Louis Jordan's band, with tight saxes behind the lead horn. The rhythm is hard-sock and predictable, but that's alright, because the thing does dance far more extrovertedly than Malinga's last Meteor side (*One For Dudu*, from 1981). A fleet, fluttery welterweight, Malinga favors the playful alto sound of his guru Dudu, and the side one tunes have substance. There are some lovely contrapuntal outings for the saxes, too, like the ostinatos that traverse *Dubis* like gazelles over the veldt (for about two minutes too long) that have no parallel in jazz except the avant gardist Rova or WSQ. Overall, they are unpolished, roughcut sketches of simple pop tunes set to mid-size band.

Abdullah Ibrahim brings care and craftsmanship to his work, which, according to Islam, is his religious mission. He concentrates (and travels) to maintain that delicate balance in his music, quintessentially South African, between provincial and universal. In Carlos Ward he has found an understanding, potent associate who can swing out front at devastating tempos (the Coltrane tribute is a killer for Mumford's pedal foot) or take it way down (Rodgers & Hart's *It Never Entered My Mind* teeters on two horns in the stark Boer hymnody of a Johannesburg Sunday morning). It is a startling juxtaposition: here we see the stuff of the American jazz vernacular transformed in a spinetingling cross-pollination. Another standard (*Guilty*) shows the pianist's Monk roots openly, but *Zimbabwe*'s best tracks are side-openers *Kramat* and *Zimbabwe*, the latter in rolling 9/8, where you can feel the red earth rippling under your dancing feet. Gets even better with relistening.

Ekaya brings home the influence of Ellington on Ibrahim's band writing, in six splendid originals by a top-notch septet that often sounds like 10 men. The stuttering, slap-brush calypso-like title tune lets Ricky Ford unleash Rollins cannonades over yea-saying riffs. *Sotho Blue* gives me visions of Ben Webster, Harry Carney, and Juan Tizol with Duke's small



Billy Taylor

On
"Improvisation"

Dr. Billy Taylor - Pianist/Composer/Educator

Most Recent Achievements:

- "Emmy" award
- "Peabody" award
- "Lifetime Achievement Award"- down beat - AUG. '84
- Founder "Jazzmobile"

Dr. Taylor now expands the horizons of Jazz education and performance in this new 1 hour video presentation for all musicians and educators. . . . (BT 1)

Also Presenting The 1st Of Its Kind:

"The Business of Music" Video

AN EDUCATIONAL FOUR PART VIDEO SERIES, DESIGNED TO INSTRUCT STUDENTS, MUSICIANS, SONGWRITERS, AND MANAGERS, INTERESTED IN THE INDUSTRY OF MUSIC AND ITS RELATED FIELDS.

EACH ONE HOUR INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO IS TAUGHT BY MICHAEL PEDICIN Jr . . .

Artist-Director of Jazz/Commercial Music Studies, TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, Phila. PA.
Musical Director/Contractor - Tropicana Hotel & Casino, Atlantic City, NJ
Atlantis Hotel & Casino, Atlantic City, NJ

OVERVIEW OF THE MUSIC BUSINESS MEV 101

How it works • How to deal with Agents, Managers, Attorneys • Learn how to Market yourself and capitalize on your Talent in a competitive marketplace

ARTIST MANAGEMENT MEV 102


Management: viewpoint of the artist, the manager, and the manager to be • contracts • commissions • responsibilities

SONGWRITING • PUBLISHING • COPYRIGHTS • LICENSING MEV 103

What to do and how to protect your valuable compositions, arrangements, and lyrics.

THE RECORD INDUSTRY MEV 104

Record companies-who & what they are • How to get a record deal • Markets • Royalties • Selecting the right studio.

Quantity VHS BETA	Quantity VHS BETA	Quantity VHS BETA
# (BT 1) (59.95)	# MEV 101 (39.95)	# MEV 103 (39.95)
	# MEV 102 (39.95)	# MEV 104 (39.95)
Series 101 thru 104 (149.95)		
Print Name _____	send check, money order, Visa or MasterCard information to:	
Street _____	 Music Education Video 1012 Atlantic Avenue Atlantic City, NJ 08401 (609) 347-7846	
City _____ State _____ Zip _____		
Phone () _____	<input type="checkbox"/> MC <input type="checkbox"/> VISA	Postage & Handling * Add \$2.50 for 1 or 2 tapes, \$4.00 for 3 or more tapes, in the US ** Add \$4.00 for 1 or 2 tapes, \$7.00 for 3 or more outside the US.
Credit Card # _____	Exp. Date _____	
Cardholder's Signature _____		
Checks and currency drawn on USA Banks only NJ residents add 6% sales tax Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery db		

ONLY PRO-MARK!

"I stick with the originals!
Only Pro-Mark!"
— Louie Bellson



pro-mark

10706 Craighead Dr.
Houston, TX 77025 (713) 666-2525
Our new catalogue is free.
Write for yours today.

DON'T BE AFRAID

to subscribe to *Rock & Roll Confidential*, just because it prints the truth about payola, MTV and home taping. That hasn't stopped thousands of people, from rock stars to fans to radio programmers, from reading and contributing to this outrageous but accurate eight page monthly newsletter. Edited by **Born to Run** author Dave Marsh, RRC is much more than a scandal sheet—it has showered knowing affection on hundreds of records, videos and music-related films and books. It's a vital source of information and, love it or hate it, *you can't do without it*. Send \$15 (\$22 foreign) for one year to RRC, Dept. DB, Box 1073, Maywood NJ 07607.

"This is what we want. More of this kind of stuff..."
Joe Strummer

"The first tipsheet in the history of show business to deliver the hottest news in ethics" -
Robert Christgau, *Village Voice*

RECORD REVIEWS

band: it's that amazingly deep ensemble writing! A little bird (*Ntyilo*) inspires rekindled love and a loose-limbed, funny portrait (*Timing*) jumps with Griffin's plunger; both feature bristling Ward and Dukish Abdullah. Riley and McBee are marvelous everywhere. The Ibrahim/Ellington connection goes back 20 years now, is perhaps the most fruitful direct influence of Ellington on non-American music, and is just beginning to mellow. "Music has a communal connotation," continues Ibrahim. "It moves the community, whether the individuals or the group, and that movement is toward a higher plane."
—fred bouchard

FRANK SINATRA

L.A. IS MY LADY—Quest 25145-1: *L.A. Is My Lady; The Best Of Everything; How Do You Keep The Music Playing; Teach Me Tonight; It's All Right With Me; Mack The Knife; Until The Real Thing Comes Along; Stormy Weather; If I Should Lose You; A Hundred Years From Today; After You've Gone.*

Personnel: New York band—John Faddis, Joe Newman, Alan Rubin, Randy Brecker, Lew Soloff, trumpet; Peter Gordon, John Clark, Jerry Peel, french horn; Wayne Andre, Urbie Green, Dave Taylor, Benny Powell, trombone; Tony Price, tuba; Frank Wess, Michael Brecker, George Young, Ron Cuber, reeds; Margaret Ross, harp; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone; Bob James, Joe Parnello, Sy Johnson, piano; Ed Walsh, James, synthesizer; George Benson, Tony Mottola, Lee Ritenour, guitar; Ray Brown, Major Holley, Gene Chericio, Marcus Miller, bass; Irv Cottler, Steve Gadd, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion. Los Angeles band—Oscar Brashear, Gary Grant, Jerry Hey, Snookie Young, trumpet; George Bohanon, Lew McCreary, Bill Reichenbach, Bill Watrous, trombone; David Duke, Sid Muldrow, Henry Sigismonti, french horn; Jim Self, tuba; Amy Sherman, harp; Larry Williams, Buddy Collette, Bill Green, Kim Hutchcraft, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Randy Kerber, piano; Kerber, Craig Huxley, synthesizer; Neil Stubenhaus, bass; Ndugu Chancler, John Robinson, drums; Quincy Jones, Frank Foster, Sammy Nestico, Dave Matthews, Torry Zito, Joe Parnello, arrangers.

★ ★ ★ ½

The problem with Frank Sinatra's latest LP seems to be a lack of commitment to a single idea or feeling. It's erratic. The songs cover the gamut from schlock (*L.A. Is My Lady*, which could have been written by Barry Manilow) to first class (*It's Alright With Me*) all the way to rarified excellence (*Stormy Weather*).

Such a stew might have found unity in the production hands of Nelson Riddle, Billy May, or Gordon Jenkins, but here in the care of Quincy Jones and more jazz heavyweights than could have been usefully used on any three or four albums, things pull in several different directions at once. There's a pop Count Basie sensibility running through *Mack The Knife*, *Until The Real Thing*, and most of side two that recalls the whole lineage of Sinatra albums from *A Swingin' Affair* through *Ring-A-Ding-Ding* and beyond. That's fine; it's familiar but welcome, and very nicely handled.

Then there's the solo strength in the ranks of the bands, with its promise of a lively jazz session. But all we hear from the likes of Hampton, Benson, Wess, Newman, and others are fleeting cameos peeking through the cracks of the otherwise pretty dense charts. They are spice in a brew that includes a few doses of artificial sweetener as well.

But there's a new direction hinted at in this album which Sinatra ought to explore soon. Everyone I've spoken to about this LP believes the best track is *After You've Gone*. I agree. It's an old song, the most jazz-oriented cut on the album, and it really does swing, especially when the band shuts up and Benson, Hampton, and Sinatra have at it. Moral: Sinatra ought to do what Ella Fitzgerald has been doing for years and Rosemary Clooney has discovered more recently—record with a small jazz group of sympathetic players (i.e. Harry Edison, Stan Getz, Benny Carter, Buddy Rich, Ray Brown, Benson, Hampton, etc.)—and without arrangements.

Moreover, *After You've Gone* is a special breed of song. It's the sort of material jazz musicians have relied on for years, not necessarily because it's a great song, but because it makes a superb point of departure for improvisation. A good batch of old jazz standards (*Runnin' Wild*, *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*, *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, *Someday Sweetheart*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and so on) in the context of a hard-swinging blowing session might bring us a Sinatra we've never heard before. That makes it risky, of course. But if Sinatra can survive *Leroy Brown*, he could certainly reach back into the standards of early Tin Pan Alley and see what happens. It may not be commercial, but it would be different. And the results might be very very good indeed.
—john mcdonough

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

"ECHOES" (THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET 1984, TOGETHER AGAIN)—PABLO DIGITAL 2312-142: *That Slavic Smile; Echoes; The Watergate Blues; The Horn Pipe; Connie's Blues; Sacha's March.*

Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibes; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

As most jazz listeners know, the MJQ was formed some 30 years ago (first with Kenny Clarke on drums), flourished as a musical institution for over two decades, disbanded and then, in 1981, reformed under Ray Brown's management, embarking on a limited, later expanded concert schedule. This release, the first to document the group's reunion, is tinged with an understandable, certainly not unwelcome, aura of *deja vu*, for the MJQ continues to hold steadfast to its ideals of clarity and balance, and to its standards of impeccable musicianship.

The MJQ has always been a classical group, not necessarily in its frequent, formal leanings toward the Third Stream, but in its striving toward a state of cool, measured repose. The

Quartet met the Dionysian frenzy of bop and post-bop with a demeanor of Apollonian serenity, and today the Quartet returns as a kind of musical counterpart to Keats' Grecian Urn, fulfilled in its timeless vision.

The styles and musical outlook of the members of the MJQ were formulated long ago and are too well known to require extended descriptions. For the record, though, John Lewis remains the group's epigrammatist, his delicately controlled touch and pointed phrasing placing him in the lineage of Basie, his quiet left hand phrases etching his melodies in sharp relief—Oscar Peterson in slow motion. Milt Jackson remains the group's resident romanticist, his fluid exuberance countering Lewis' mathematical precision, his musical extroversion moving easily in the Quartet's measured harness. Percy Heath, a stalwart bassist, is still a master of understated simplicity, and Connie Kay, a doctrinaire timekeeper, manages to bring off nicely much more than he would appear to be attempting—one lone rimshot from him is worth strings of paradiddles from lesser drummers.

As for the compositions, they are diverse, running from program pieces (*Sacha's March*) to flat out, kicky swingers (*Connie's Blues*). Throughout, the Quartet shimmers in its unique brand of formal elegance. Not one note falls out of place, and no musical gesture mars the

Quartet's finely spun web of invention. This release is a must for old and new followers of this timeless musical aggregation.

—jon balleras

NEVILLE BROTHERS

NEVILLE-IZATION—Black Top 1031: *FEVER; WOMAN'S GOTTA HAVE IT; MOJO HANNAH; TELL IT LIKE IT IS; WHY YOU WANNA HURT MY HEART?; FEAR, HATE, ENVY, JEALOUSY; CARAVAN; BIG CHIEF; AFRICA.*

Personnel: Art Neville, keyboards, vocals; Aaron Neville, vocals, percussion; Charles Neville, saxophone, percussion; Cyril Neville, congas, percussion, vocals; Ivan Neville, keyboards, vocals; Darryl Johnson, bass, vocals; Brian Stolz, guitar; Willie Green, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

The unique cultural atmosphere of New Orleans, with its mixture of European, African, and Caribbean influences, has helped to shape some of America's greatest music. Whether or not the Crescent City was the birthplace of jazz may be open to debate, but it certainly played a large and crucial role in the music's evolution from Buddy Bolden to Wynton Marsalis. Since the mid-'40s, New Orleans

has also had a strong and independent r&b tradition. Such artists as Professor Longhair, Roy Brown, Fats Domino, Lee Dorsey, and Huey Smith had a string of regional and national hits in the late '40s and '50s, and the Meters—a quartet of crack studio musicians—carried the New Orleans sound into the '60s.

Aside from the work of Dr. John, the '70s were a dry spell for New Orleans r&b, but the Neville Brothers have emerged as the keepers of the flame for the '80s. There's a direct link to the Meters—Art Neville was a founding member and brother Cyril later joined up—but the Nevilles have a different approach. The Meters were primarily an instrumental group, and they had their biggest hits with such stark, pithy tunes as *Cissy Strut* and *Look-ka Py Py*. The Nevilles, while still faithful to the funky second line beat, have opted for a bigger sound with more emphasis on vocals.

With the soaring falsetto of Aaron Neville out front, that's hardly surprising, but it has been something of a mixed blessing. The brothers certainly do sing sweet harmony, but they tend to lay it on a little thick sometimes. This, along with some questionable material, marred their 1978 debut album, and the problem cropped up again on their overproduced 1981 effort, *Fiyi On The Bayou*—which was a killer album anyway, but would have been a lot better without the sugarcoating.

CD No. 38C38-7189
STEREO 38C38-7189
PCM DIGITAL RECORDING
Interface

COMPACT disc
DIGITAL AUDIO
DENON

NEW DENON CD RELEASE!
GOMEZ
featuring
CHICK COREA and STEVE GADD

From the world's greatest jazz innovators comes an award-winning collaboration. Eddie Gomez, Chick Corea and Steve Gadd join their unique talents to create GOMEZ.

This unprecedented jazz recording received the "Gold Disc" Award from SWING JOURNAL, the pre-eminent jazz publication. This Reference Denon CD release was produced in Japan.

DENON

RECORD REVIEWS

This time around they have avoided the studio excesses with a straight, unadorned live album—all of it recorded on a single night at Tipitina's in New Orleans—and the results are much better. The sound is a bit rough, but it's honest, and there is nothing to obscure the potent "fonk" grooves of the band. Some of the material is still on the lightweight side, but the Nevilles show impressive versatility. After a hesitant start, the album gathers steam with such cooking tunes as *Mojo Hannah* and *Fear, Hate, Envy, Jealousy*, takes a jazzy sidetrack through Duke's *Caravan* (nice saxophone solo by brother Charles), and ends with the one-two knockout punch of Professor Longhair's *Big Chief* and the *Meters' Africa*.

I get the feeling that the Nevilles have still not delivered the album they are capable of, but this is a promising step in the right direction. Fans of the great New Orleans r&b tradition should be very pleased to hear this music being carried forward with such power and conviction.

—jim roberts

PEPPER ADAMS

PURE PEPPER—Savoy Jazz 1142: *BLOOS, BLOOZE, BLUES; SEEIN' RED (ALTERNATE); LIKE . . . WHAT IS THIS?; SKIPPY; SEEIN' RED.*

Personnel: Adams, baritone saxophone; Bernard McKinney (Kiane Zawadi), euphonium; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

★ ★

LIVE AT FAT TUESDAY'S—Uptown 27.16: *CONJURATION; ALONE TOGETHER; DIABOLIQUE II; DR. DEEP; OLD BALLAD; DOBBIN/TIS.*

Personnel: Adams, baritone saxophone; Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn; Hank Jones, piano; Clint Houston, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

★ ★ ½

The first album was recorded in 1957; the second in 1983. Of course, Adams' sound has changed somewhat, matured, become stronger. However, the overall content and

presentation really haven't changed too much. The tunes, for the most part, have the same basic structure whether an original or a standard such as *Alone Together*. I suppose by now the Savoy session is considered a jazz classic, and eventually so will the later one.

While I'm not technically against jazz classics as such, I really didn't find anything in either of these two albums that excited, moved, or even, really, interested me much. Despite nearly all the tunes being well-written originals, they eventually began to sound the same—on both albums, despite that the players involved are all seasoned pros, first-class musicians, interpreters, and storytellers.

So why did these albums elicit such a negative response in me? Eventually it hit me! It was the *feeling*—or lack of it. The music from Adams and company was so busy most of the time, the musicians so intent on playing the intricate lines and carrying off expertly crafted interweavings, that there was simply no room for the *heart* or the *soul* of either the musicians or the composition. In my notes I had written such words as "tricky and intricate," "typically elliptical," and others of that nature. And that's what the 1983 album at least is. The earlier one is simply boring, despite some high moments from Hank Jones (who again shows some sense of feeling in his solo on, for example, *Alone Together*).

Devotees of Pepper Adams I feel sure will not be disappointed in either of these offerings, because all his skill and expertise is well displayed—as is true of each musician involved. It definitely takes many kinds of hearts and minds to appreciate jazz and all forms of contemporary music, and there is a wealth of variety for all of us. But I'm sticking to my ratings here.

—frankie nemko



LEATHER for your **SAX**

The professional quality gig bag you can trust to protect your instrument. Fully padded for instrument protection and made with our exquisite leathers. Bags for saxophones, trumpet, trombone, woodwinds, and many more instruments. Serious musicians have made the Reunion Blues quality world famous. For our complete catalog send \$3.00 to

Reunion Blues

475 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103



For Jazz Fans this bumper sticker pretty much says it all. Whether or not you make it to THE Jazz Festival, you can display this on your car. This beautiful design is also on T-shirts, Posters and Post Cards. Fill out this coupon and send for yours today!

Please send me: () Bumper Sticker(s) @ \$2.00; () Poster(s) @ \$7.00
 () Post Card(s) @ \$.75; () Swiss Embroidered Emblem(s) @ \$3.00
 () Sun Visor(s) @ \$8.00; () Men's T-shirt(s) @ \$10.95 S M L XL
 () Women's Tank Tops @ \$10.95 S M L; () Men's Tank Tops @ \$10.95 S M L XL

Prices include postage. Allow 4 weeks for delivery

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Johnson Industries P.O. Box 391, Berkeley, CA 94703

DEALER'S INQUIRIES INVITED.

QUANTITY DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE

(D803)

CHICO FREEMAN

MORNING PRAYER—India Navigation 1063: *PEPE'S SAMBA; THE IN BETWEEN; CONVERSATION; LIKE THE KIND OF PEACE IT IS; MORNING PRAYER.*

Personnel: Freeman, tenor, soprano saxophone, pan pipe, flute, percussion; Henry Threadgill, alto, baritone saxophone, flute, percussion; Muhal Richard Abrams, piano; Cecil McBee, bass, cello; Steve McCall, Ben Montgomery, drums, percussion; Douglas Ewart, bass flute, bamboo flute, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

TANGENTS—Elektra Musician 9 60361-1-E: *TANGENTS; SIR TASHI AND THE YETTI; BALLAD FOR HAKIMA; FIFTY TENTH STREET; COMPUTERIZED INDIFFERENCE; SANGOMA AND NELLY; YOU ARE THE ONE; SPOOK AND FADE.*

Personnel: Freeman, Steve Coleman, John Purcell, woodwinds; Kenny Werner, Mark Thompson, keyboards; Bobby McFerrin, voice; Jay Hoggard, vibraharp; Cecil McBee, John Koenig, bass; Billy Hart, Frederick Waits, James Bradley Jr., drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★

The contrast between Freeman's debut album, originally recorded in Japan and finally available on a U.S. label, and his 10th outing as a leader is slight, confined only to embellish-

ments and trappings. Generally, *Morning Prayer* and *Tangents* have the same basic strengths: hard-driving compositions that are sharply angled, yet tuneful; Freeman's ability to give each of his instruments a distinctive voice; an empathetic supporting cast anchored by McBee. Yet, there are enough new ingredients on *Tangents* to warrant its name, giving *Morning Prayer* an orthodox aura in comparison.

As were Air's first releases, *Morning Prayer* is exemplary of the AACM's second wave's balancing of the accessible and the experimental. The former end of the spectrum is most evident on three quintet pieces that pair Freeman with Threadgill in the front line. *Pepe's Samba* lacks the carnival tinge Hilton Ruiz and Jumma Santos lent to the version included on *Beyond The Rain* (Contemporary 7640); still, this more urgent, concise reading finds Freeman cogently meshing extended cyclic statements with traditional tenor toughness. *Conversations* abstracts the quirky bounce Monk patented in blues and popular song forms, a fine vehicle for Threadgill's gregarious baritone. Ostensibly a straightahead, mid-tempo set of changes, *Peace* is a forerunner of the avant-swing of such current mid-sized bands as Threadgill's. The other end of the spectrum is equally well represented by *In Between*, a tenor meltdown that echoes Sam Rivers' trio work, and the title piece, which builds percussion fragments into introspective voicings for flutes and cello.

On *Tangents* Freeman casts this spectrum in a more populist light with mixed results. The only unqualified success in this regard is the presence of McFerrin, whose infectious scatting even gives Freeman's more elliptical compositions an unabashed ebullience. The use of synthesizers is a toss-up: their ability to create otherworldly orchestral textures is central to the mood-setting prelude of the title piece; along with unimaginative drumming and static thematic material, their pedestrian use makes *Computerized* the album's nadir. *Ballad*, Freeman's most pointed attempt to fuse Afro-American and European lyrical sensibilities to date, also falls into a gray area, as lines of simple plaintive beauty are lumped together with morsels of movie-music mush. For the most part, however, *Tangents* is a typically solid Freeman program, whose highlights—which include the blistering *Sir Tashi* and *Sangoma*, a scintillating sprint containing Freeman and McFerrin's best tandem moments—are not dimmed by the album's shortcomings.

—bill shoemaker



Abercrombie Returns.

For *Night*, guitarist John Abercrombie is back with the same group that recorded his classic *Timeless* LP ten years ago—Jan Hammer (keyboards) and Jack DeJohnette (drums). Saxophonist Mike Brecker has joined the group for *Night* and the results range from the fiery to the delicate, from infectious reggae to hard-driving rock and jazz.

Night, the new album from John Abercrombie on ECM.



Night 1/4-25009

ECM

Manufactured and Distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc. © 1984 ECM Records.

The United States Air Force

*has immediate openings for
Arrangers and Piano/Keyboard Specialists
other positions are also available
Performance ensembles include
stage, rock and concert bands*

Air Force band members receive
full Air Force benefits
Maximum age — 34

For information and audition contact:
Colonel Benny L. Knudsen
Chief, Air Force Band and Music Branch
Secretary of the Air Force Office of Public Affairs
Washington, DC 20330
Area Code 202 695-0019
or see your local Air Force recruiter

MICHELE ROSEWOMAN

THE SOURCE—Soul Note 1072: *THE SOURCE*;
IN A MOOD; *TO BE CONTINUED*; *NEWTON BABY*;
FOR MONK.

Personnel: Rosewoman, piano; Baikida Carroll,
trumpet, flugelhorn; Roberto Miranda, bass;
Pheeroan akLaff, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

This ambitious album—the debut as a leader for Rosewoman, a 31-year-old native of Oakland now active on the New York scene—is a fine example of the emerging style that might

RECORD REVIEWS

be called New Mainstream. Within Rosewoman's compositions are many references to the tradition, but the overall impression is of something new and forward-looking. This melding of old and new, tradition and innovation, has been heard with increasing frequency in recent years (many examples could be cited, but I am thinking especially of Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition and David Murray's larger groups), and one of the most exciting things about it is the range of ideas that it has opened up.

For Rosewoman many of these ideas are

drawn from bebop and the experimental music of the '60s (Cecil Taylor looms large), but other strands are woven into the fabric of the music. The title tune, for instance, mixes boppish melodic lines with some very modern complex rhythms—but there is a noticeable "spanish tinge," too, something that is emphasized by the flamenco strumming of Roberto Miranda's bass solo. The latin flavor is also strong on *To Be Continued*, a tune with many internal contrasts and a surprisingly simple and direct melody that might have come from a late '50s

hard-bop number.

Contrasts abound in this music—there are contrasting tempos and textures, legato passages set against staccato ones, open spaces juxtaposed with dense improvisations—but the most important one is the contrast between Rosewoman's percussive piano style and the long, cool lines of Carroll's trumpet. This relationship is immediately established in the first few bars of *The Source* and explored in various ways throughout the album. On *In A Mood* the trumpet and piano state the theme together, with aKlaff's estimable drums prowling beneath, and then exchange a series of interlocking passages in free time; on *Newton Baby* they tangle energetically over a tuba-like arco bass; on *For Monk* they make individual statements that, together, are a summary of the music's point of view.

Only one of the five tunes runs less than seven minutes, but there is rarely a sense that anything is dragging on. This is a tribute to both the rhythmic drive of the group—which is considerable—and the ingenuity of the compositions. Although there are some inconsistencies and a couple of dead ends here, the overall integration of structure and freedom within Rosewoman's tunes gives them a resilience that rewards repeated listening. Charles Mingus was pointing in this direction 20 years ago, and it appears that many of his ideas are finally being realized by the New Mainstream of the 1980s. —jim roberts



PLAY IT down beat STYLE

Professional, amateur, or listener: play it in style with a down beat "FIRST 50 YEARS" t-shirt.

This special commemorative t-shirt is made of a high quality cotton/polyester blend and is available in red or black.

The front features the famous down beat logo in white with the number 50 in a special metallic gold. On the back, names of over 50 famous musicians (groups) appear.

down beat "FIRST 50 YEARS" T-SHIRT OFFER.

SIZE (S,M,L,XL)	COLOR (RED, BLACK)	QUANTITY	COST (\$8.00 PER)
Please send a check or money order only.			Subtotal
Make payable to down beat magazine.			Illinois Residents Add 8% Sales Tax
Dealer inquiries invited.			Add \$1.00 For Shipping & Handling
Send To: down beat Magazine, Dept. DK			Total Amount Enclosed
222 West Adams Street			
Chicago, Illinois 60606			

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

8412

BENNY GOLSON/ CURTIS FULLER

BLUES-ETTE—Savoy 1135: *FIVE SPOT AFTER DARK; UNDECIDED; BLUES-ETTE; MINOR VAMP; LOVE YOUR SPELL IS EVERYWHERE; TWELVE-INCH.*

Personnel: Fuller, trombone; Golson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

CALIFORNIA MESSAGE—Timeless 177: *CAULIFORNIA MESSAGE; SOUL TALK; BLUES MARCH; THE BERLINER; WHISPER NOT; FREE AGAIN; I REMEMBER CLIFFORD.*

Personnel: Golson, soprano, tenor saxophone; Oscar Brashear, trumpet; Fuller, Thurman Green, trombone; Bill Mays, piano; Bob Mognussen, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

★ ★ ★

MOMENT TO MOMENT—Soul Note 1066: *MOMENT TO MOMENT; ALONG CAME BETTY; FARMER'S MARKET; FAIR WEATHER; YESTERDAY'S THOUGHTS; EASE AWAY WALK.*

Personnel: Golson, tenor saxophone; Fuller, trombone; Art Farmer, flugelhorn; Mickey Tucker, piano; Ray Drummond, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the late '50s and early '60s Benny Golson was popularly recognized as one of the major burgeoning talents on the jazz scene. His compositional ability was highly regarded, not surprisingly in view of an oeuvre that included *I Remember Clifford*, *Stablemates*, *Whisper*

Not, and *Along Came Betty*. His membership in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers confirmed his organizational skills and showcased his distinctive saxophone style leading to some promotion as a major new solo voice. The formation of the Art Farmer/Benny Golson Jazztet in 1959 provided him with a personal base for the outlet of his various talents.

Golson's work was, however, conservative in nature: as a composer he followed in the unfortunately sparse lineage of Tadd Dameron, preceding Wayne Shorter's expansion of that genre, and on tenor saxophone he built from a basically late Swing style epitomized by

Lucky Thompson and Paul Gonsalves with a touch of Coltrane not always satisfactorily grafted on. The tides of jazz development, in the persons of Ornette Coleman (ironically the Jazztet opened opposite Ornette's historic quartet at the Five Spot in Nov. 1959) and Coltrane, swept by Golson's conservative stance, and he virtually dropped out of the race by withdrawing to the financially rewarding and secure haven of the Los Angeles film and tv studios.

So the three albums at hand to some extent provide us with a before-and-after view of Golson's art around this sabbatical, and inci-

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Dirty Dozen Brass Band, *My Feet Can't Fail Me Now* (George Wein Collection). The N.O. street spirituals and houseparty shuffles played with reverence and raucous good humor epitomize the word "infectious."

OLD FAVORITE: Roland Kirk, *Now Please Don't You Cry, Beautiful Edith* (Verve). The late multi-reed master displays two qualities in short supply today: a big tone, a big heart.

RARA AVIS: Carla Bley, *Jazz Realities* (Fontana). Long unavailable in the states, this early ('66), subtly voiced quintet w/ Mantler and Lacy was a short-order precursor to the JCOA's democratic vistas.

SCENE: The incomparable Sly Dunbar & Robbie Shakespear providing the riddim necessary for Black Uhuru's gritty, ingratiating reggae revival enlightening Chicago's legendary Aragon Ballroom.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Neville Brothers, *Neville-ization* (Black Top). This is the disc for Neville fans who've caught the live act and wondered where the excitement went when they hit the studio; recorded live at Tip's in NOLA.

OLD FAVORITE: Rolling Stones, *Their Satanic Majesties' Request* (London). The boys' first self-produced effort is an endearing excess of stunning psychedelic overindulgence.

RARA AVIS: Captain Rat & The Blind Rivets, *Cubs, Cubs, Cubs* (Pogo). This Chabana (IL) bar band's surf tribute (cf *Fun, Fun, Fun*) is the best of the batch of singles celebrating Chitown's latest champs.

SCENE: Sun Ra striding into the blues (on acoustic piano) then bopping out to space (on a Casio) with swinging Arkestra in tow during their fortnight at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase in the Windy.

Pete Welding

NEW RELEASE: Artie Shaw, *A Legacy* (Book-Of-The-Month). Stunning, impeccably detailed, always swinging "chamber jazz" including previously unissued performances by the last (1954) edition of the clarinetist's Gramercy Five.

OLD FAVORITE: Muddy Waters, *The Best Of . . .* (Chess). The first and still the best single LP compilation of Waters' urgent, groundbreaking late '40s/early '50s singles, where the country-cum-urban electric blues were defined and brought to ravishing, potent perfection.

RARA AVIS: Toshiko Mariano, *The Toshiko Mariano Quartet* (Candid). Recorded in 1960, a neglected classic of understated, almost elegaic lyricism-with-guts, and the first set to illustrate Toshiko's fully matured compositional gifts.

SCENE: Warne Marsh and Tal Farlow at the Silver Screen Room of L.A.'s Hyatt Hotel; a triumph of purposeful, unrelentingly creative musicmaking.

Fred Bouchard

NEW RELEASE: Ran Blake, *Suffield Gothic* (Soul Note). These two incongruous brothers-under-the-Morocco-hide of the Bible sing psalms of glory together, and Blake sermonizes solo in his gift of tongues.

OLD FAVORITE: Earl Hines, *My Tribute To Louis* (Audiophile). Fatha recorded some superb solo LPs during his amazing career revival in the '70s, but none so fetchingly a'twinkle as his personal remembrances of Louis Armstrong.

RARA AVIS: Michel Legrand, *Legrand Jazz* (Columbia). This was A Band That Was for three incredible sessions in '58: Miles plays *Django* w/ harp and vibes, four 'bones underline Ben Webster's *Blue And Sentimental*, and Keystone Kops trumpets cavort on a madcap *Night In Tunisia*.

SCENE: Another tribute to Pops; Dick Hyman and assorted all-stars at Brandeis U.'s Annual Louis (and now Lil) Armstrong Night. Great transcriptions of classic Satch, and sturdy, sometimes breathtaking work from Carrie Smith, Ruby Braff, and Kenny Davern.

VIDEO LESSONS WITH THE PROS

Get Invaluable Insight Into The Thinking and Playing Of Today's Top Players.

ADRIAN BELEW

"Electronic Guitar" in stereo.

A detailed demonstration of various hand techniques, alternative tunings, and the use of many effects. Plus six solo pieces.

STEVE GADD

"Up Close" in stereo.

Today's most influential drummer. Steve discusses chart reading, studio playing, fills and more. He performs and analyzes some of the rhythms he is noted for.

RICHARD TEE

"Contemporary Piano" in stereo.

Demonstrates his unique style and breaks down his approach to chord substitutions, modulations, left hand technique, etc. Several tunes solo and also with Steve Gadd.

JOHN SCOFIELD

"On Improvisation"

Talks about the use of 17 major modes and scales, chromatics, passing tones, etc. In-depth material for the serious guitarist.

All Tapes One Hour, Full Color

Send more info on these and other DCI Music Video Lessons

Please send me the tapes checked above in VHS-BETA (circle one). I've enclosed \$_____ (\$69.95 per tape plus \$4.00 postage per order in the U.S., \$7.00 outside the U.S.).

Name _____

Address _____

Phone () _____

NYS Residents add 8% tax
PAL & SECAM tapes available, add \$6.00 (U.S.) per tape for conversion.

Make check or M.O. payable to
DCI Music Video
541 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10011
(212) 924-6624

(Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery)


DCI
MUSIC VIDEO INC.

RECORD REVIEWS

dentally a glimpse at a longtime colleague Curtis Fuller, whose career as a soloist may be said to have suffered a similar partial eclipse on the jazz scene. One of the major benefits of the regained interest in the styles of the '50s (and there are some negative aspects) is the reemergence of the talents such as these. They can be observed in representative earlier manifestations on Fuller's *Blues-ette* album from May 1959. Despite the partial drawbacks of similarity of forms and tempos, and an excellent but unassertive rhythm section, the horns are in fine, if not top, form. It is, however, difficult to accept the liner note statement that Fuller is one of the most distinctive, imaginative stylists ever to play the trombone; this is a tradition that includes Dicky Wells, Jack Teagarden, Sam Nanton, Lawrence Brown, Bill Harris, et al., remember. His playing here is clear and smooth-toned, and quite nimble (elsewhere he is sometimes afflicted by the rhythmic squareness that paradoxically accompanied J. J. Johnson's increased speed of articulation on the horn).

Golson's tenor solos are generally interesting and swinging until somewhere midstream an excess of excitability almost invariably overtakes him, and opening tones smooth as a chocolate shake are whipped into garrulous frenzies. Effective the first few times around, it wears thin over the course of the record. In contrast Tommy Flanagan maintains a sedate and crystalline swing that provides some justification for the overworked comparison with Teddy Wilson—this is the Flanagan I like best. As indicated the rhythm section is good, but it seems that Golson has favored subdued and controlled drumming over the years, whereas his superheated style is much better balanced by exuberant players, witness the effect of Blakey on the Messengers' records and on one of the Golson/Fuller outings on Prestige (Fantasy, would you give those back to us again?).

Whatever the quibbles with the rhythm section on the Savoy LP, it is not the victim of technological progress that we find on the 1980 Timeless date. Here the isolation of instrumental sounds, bass amplification, and an electric piano that oscillates wildly between channels (ear-phone users should check their Dramamine supplies), conspire against a potentially solid reunion session. Turning hastily to the featured artists we find Fuller in gruffer, less fluid form, but not substantially changed from his younger self. Golson's case is more interesting, for he has acquired a slight quaver to his tenor tone, and this, coupled with an increased graininess, a burrowing lower register, and a more balanced sense of construction, suggest that the new phase of his development may be quite distinctive. *I Remember Clifford* is a feature for Golson, and the most interesting track.

This potential is presented in more attractive circumstances on the new Jazztet recording (May 1983). While not ideal, the recording balance is not fraught with technical vagaries, and the date benefits from a fine coherent rhythm section led by the underrated Mickey Tucker and sparked by Heath. The tenorist's later style is effectively demonstrated on the title song, perhaps not as agile yet as formerly,

but intriguing in its suggestiveness. The form is still that of hard-bop; however, the listener may be reminded distantly of Albert Ayler, and recall that earlier Golson was carefully studied by some avant gardists, including Roscoe Mitchell.

Of the other soloists, Art Farmer impresses with a clear tone and outgoing swing. Only on his feature *Yesterday's Thoughts*, a pleasant but unfocused Golson ballad, does the flugelhorn become ensnared in the self-regard that frequently interferes with the momentum of

Farmer's phrases. Tucker's piano is excellent in all roles, governed by a crisp intelligence and congenial soul. In these surroundings Fuller's trombone is somewhat overshadowed.

Overall, the first side of *Moment To Moment* is a fine introduction to the rejuvenated Jazztet, and future albums will be awaited with interest; perhaps we will then receive new compositions of stature to match the evolution of Benny Golson's solo style. Incidentally the Soul Note and Savoy benefit from their liner notes—a welcome trend.

—Terry Martin

WAXING ON

Re-Caged Compositions

RICHARD TEITELBAUM: *BLENDS & THE DIGITAL*

PIANOS (Lumina 005) ★ ★ ★ ½

NEIL B. ROLNICK: *SOLOS (1750 Arch 1793)*

★ ★ ★

INGRAM MARSHALL: *FOG TROPES/GRADUAL*

REQUIEM (New Albion 002) ★ ★ ½

PAUL DRESHER: *NIGHT SONGS/CHANNELS*

PASSING/STUDY FOR VARIATIONS (New Albion 003)

★ ★ ★ ½

STEPHEN SCOTT: *NEW MUSIC FOR BOWED PIANO*

(New Albion 114) ★ ★

MICHAEL GALASSO: *SCENES (ECM 2301 245)*

★ ★ ★

ZEITGEIST: *ZEPHYR (Time Ghosts 1003) ★ ★ ½*

JEFFREY LÖHN: *MUSIC FROM PARADISE (Daisy*

1001) ★ ★

RHYS CHATHAM: *FACTOR X (Moers Music 2008)*

★ ★

DAVID MOSS: *FULL HOUSE (Moers Music 2010)*

★ ★ ½

JEFFREY MORGAN: *QUASAR-MACH (Au Roar 004)*

★

DAVID STOCK: *MUSIC OF . . . (CRI 490)*

★ ★ ★

Due in good part to the life's work of John Cage, composers today have an unprecedented palette of sounds and approaches to work with. What used to be known as "classical composition" now stretches to include elements of improvisation, minimalism, popular styles, chance creation, ethnic exoticism, and performance gestures, all areas which Cage has explored over the last 50 years, and all of which have, for better or worse, entered the classical vocabulary of the 1980s.

Cage's zen-influenced philosophy that all sounds are democratically equal works well in theory, and certainly has presented us with a great many new valuable and heretofore unpredictable musical experiences which have expanded our ears and enriched our imagination. But where does one draw the line between music and philosophy? Cage, in his writings and compositions, has erased that line, and the areas of freedom that have resulted have been used and abused by composers past

and present. Each of the composers in the following survey have made their individual decision, but must ultimately be judged not on the merit of their aesthetic concept, but on the interest and quality of their music.

One of the first synthesizer players to attempt to improvise and interact with live musicians in real time, **Richard Teitelbaum** creates the most human sound I've yet heard from a synthesizer. This talent is put to stunning use on *Blends*, where he sculpts a subtle suspense by mixing and modifying traditional and contemporary shakuhachi techniques with synthesizer imitation and contradiction, in the process evoking a compelling flow of colors and shadows that sounds neither modern nor archaic. *The Digital Pianos*, on the other hand, utilizes computer-generated effects on three pianos simultaneously, in order to create dense textures and inhuman rhythmic passages à la Conlon Nancarrow's player piano pieces. The sounds are intriguing due to their tactile interest, but the scale- and arpeggio-heavy melodies are too threadbare to sustain concentration.

A pair of **Neil B. Rolnick's** four pieces on *Solos* draw on a similar tension to that of Teitelbaum's *Blends*: that is, the relationship between man and machine. On both *Ever-livin' Rhythm* (for percussion and tape) and *Wondrous Love* (for trombone and tape) the interaction of computer-generated sounds and live instruments is coyly accomplished, highlighted by the interpolation of African rhythms in the former and an Appalachian hymn tune in the latter. His deft handling of timbral relationships and effects is notable throughout—including the solo Synclavier piece *Loopy*, with its fun house mirror distortion of pitches, and the shrill and somber solo flute composition *Blowing*. Give Rolnick credit for sensitivity to his material, and for choosing soloists the caliber of Gordon Gottlieb (percussion), George Lewis (trombone), and Robert Dick (flute).

In his 10-minute-long *Fog Tropes*, **Ingram Marshall** envelopes a brass sextet within a husky ambience of taped fog horns and wind gusts. Likewise, his *Gradual Requiem* obscures much of the instrumental detail with filters, delays, sequencers, and synthesizers. The flow of chords and the echo-laden aura occasionally suggest an elegaic atmosphere befitting his title. But though obviously tightly constructed, the floating sounds sound aimless, meandering through episodes that fail to coalesce into a moving whole. There is a

sense of half-remembered, time-clouded memories and musical anecdotes, but the most successful moments are the least referential ones.

Compared to Marshall's cloudy evocations, **Paul Dresher's** music has the crisp clarity of an autumn morning, due to a compositional technique similar to Steve Reich's or Philip Glass', where the musical process is always audible. The repetitious cellular motifs tossed quickly from instrument to instrument in his *Channels Passing/Study For Variations* give off a glimmer, until the variation section stretches them out to shimmer with an evanescent glow. *Night Songs* adds voices which take on appealing melismatic chant and madrigal qualities, but by the end of the nearly half-hour piece, the total reliance on compositional patterns conveys neither wit nor energy, spontaneity nor inevitability, just a methodical insistence of purpose.

Stephen Scott resembles Dresher only in his use of hocket (succinctly described in his liner notes as "individual pitches sounded by different musicians at different points in a rhythmic cycle, the result being a complex melodic [and timbral] pattern . . . found in Central African musics and in the sacred music of the early French composer Guillaume de Machaut [ca. 1300-77]"). Scott's individual touch has been to devise a system whereby an ensemble of 25 musicians bow the strings of the piano, creating such effects as a percussive wheeze remarkably like an accordion, overlapping chords and held notes like a synthesizer, and cloudy patches of indeterminate pitch. Three of Scott's compositions use this system, and the fourth, *Resonant Resources*, holds even more timbral potential in its exchange of muted effects and actual piano tones. Unfortunately, after the initial effect wears off, the music doesn't really go anywhere; the static repetitions vary occasionally in rhythmic accent and displacement, but there's no development or progress to speak of.

Michael Galasso uses overdubbed violin repetitions in a few of his nine brief (between one- and eight-minute) *Scenes*, but here they sound sympathetic not only to Glass and Reich but to J. S. Bach and Vivaldi as well—echoes of Baroque techniques (pizzicato over held-note counterpoint), dance forms, and melodic paraphrases, spiced and sliced apart with momentary sweet-and-sour tunings and rhythmic manipulations. The result is a performer-oriented sense of composition (Galasso is violinist, the sole instrument heard) with a shadowy persona, hard to pin down (à la the album's cover photograph), but without long-lasting substance either.

The five-man ensemble **Zeltgeist** also offers performer-oriented compositions, either writing their own or working with composers who allow maximum freedom (and occasional improvisation) within their works. Unfortunately, the three pieces on *Zephyr* don't contain enough variety of color or texture to adequately showcase the group. F. J. Sacci's *Time Keys And Spirit Hammers* seeks a harmonious middle-ground between avant garde techniques and a new wave rock sensibility, but no real

CONGAS / GON BOPS

MAGNIFICENT
SOLID OAK
OR MAHOGANY
FINISHES IN
10 MODELS AND
7 SIZES. ALL
POLISHED
CHROME
HARDWARE.

For FREE color brochure
on all of our products
send \$1.00 for postage
and handling to



2302 East 38th Street,
Los Angeles, CA 90058
Phone: (213) 589-5211



MODEL SHOWN:
IC3400 and IT3400
with 2CS-76 Stand

From PROFESSIONALS
for PROFESSIONALS
SINCE 1954

All our products are
made in the U.S.A.
in our own factory.

- WOULD YOU BELIEVE - 61,123 sax players 'round the world proudly play

"Super Power Chamber" mouthpieces by **DUKOFF**



SPECIAL: DUKOFF mpc. now available in SOLID STERLING SILVER. Play the world's most desired mpc. in handmade solid silver. Invest in a lifetime of great performances. LIMITED EDITION - made to order only.

- Now 250% more volume
- Brighter metal & composition
- Richer sound yet
- Greater altissimo
- More responsive facings

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR
WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE
BOBBY DUKOFF MOUTHPIECES
P.O. BOX 561002, KENDALL FL 33156
(305) 255-3967
WORLDWIDE INQUIRIES INVITED

**This Publication
is available in Microform.**

University Microfilms International
300 North Zeeb Road, Dept. P.R., Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106

Make music your life!

FIVE TOWNS COLLEGE

- Jazz Performance • Music Instrument Technology
 - Audio Recording (24-track) • Music Business
- Call (516) 783-8800 or write:
Dept. DB/2165 Seaford Ave., Seaford, N.Y. 11783

JAZZ CASSINGL SAMPLERS

12 FULL-LENGTH CASSINGL JAZZ HITS
FROM 12 DIFFERENT JAZZ GREATS

Only \$3.99 Each

Each cassette contains 12 jazz hits from 12 different jazz greats. Recorded on Super-Premium German Tape.

JCCS-1 The Jazz Classics Cassingl Sampler

GENE KRUPA featuring CHARLIE VENTURA; DUKE ELLINGTON featuring BILLIE HOLIDAY; DIZZY GILLESPIE BIG BAND, BUNNY BERIGAN, COUNT BASIE featuring EDDIE LOCKJAW DAVIS; SARAH VAUGHAN, CHARLIE PARKER, LIONEL HAMPTON, LESTER YOUNG, COLEMAN HAWKINS, EARL "FATHA" HINES, HARRY JAMES.

JMCS-2 The Jazz Masters Cassingl Sampler

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY featuring FREDDIE HUBBARD; WYNTON KELLY QUINTET, GENE AMMONS, YUSEF LATEEF QUINTET, LEE MORGAN QUINTET, DONALD BYRD, WAYNE SHORTER, HARRY "SWEETS" EDISON with STRINGS, BILL HENDERSON SINGS with AHMAD JAMAL TRIO; BOOKER LITTLE, JACKIE & ROY, SONNY STITT & RED HOLLOWAY.

CJCS-3 The Contemporary Jazz Cassingl Sampler

PLAS JOHNSON, BOBBY SHEW with BIG BAND, ROSS TOMPKINS/JACK SHELDON DUO, PAT BRITT, BILL PERKINS with PEPPER ADAMS, NICK BRIGNOLA, JIMMY CLEVELAND, PHIL WILSON/MAKOTO OZONE DUO, OLLIE MITCHELL SUNDAY BIG BAND, LADD McINTOSH BIG BAND, JACK DAUGHERTY ORCHESTRA, JACK SHELDON.

Only \$3.99 Each

Plus \$1.00 shipping & handling on all orders

-----Fill in the order form below and mail today!-----

down beat Jazz Cassingsl • 222 W. Adams St • Chicago, Il 60606

Send me the following Jazz Cassingl Samplers for only \$3.99 each
(Plus \$1.00 shipping and handling on all orders)

- JCCS-1 The Jazz Classics Cassingl Sampler.
 JMCS-2 The Jazz Masters Cassingl Sampler.
 CJCS-3 The Contemporary Jazz Cassingl Sampler.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

Charge my credit card VISA MasterCard

Credit Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Cardholder Signature _____

8412

Total Samplers _____

\$1.00 shipping & handling

Total Amt. Enclosed _____

sense of rock vitality is evident. The percussive instrumentation lends a gamelanic intrigue and a cool, ice blue aura to the rootless chord motion. Stacey Bowers has written strong works for the Blackearth Percussion Group; his *Listen To The Rolling Thunder* here holds a thick, ominous totality but lacks lightning flashes. The shower of notes in Gregory Theisen's *Kite Sites* finally blossoms into full-blown melody, but there's no unique compositional character communicated.

Jeffrey Lohn knows about rock vitality, having founded a notorious NYC band called Theoretical Girls. His *Music From Paradise* adopts rock instrumentation (four electric guitars, two electric basses, piano, and drums) but extends the form significantly. The opening *Dirge* piledrives demonic dissonant chords in brontosaurian tread, builds to a noisy held-note climax of sorts, and ends, accumulating a sense of tension and toying with its release, but the progression of chords is pedestrian, and the music's only charm is its monolithic texture and tonal whomp. *Duck Dance* begins with an enticing sequence of pizzicato string clicks, isolated and amplified like drops of rain on a pond. The subsequent addition of contrapuntal crazed walking bass lines is witty (a kind of minor league harmonolodics), but the dominant organ and piano lines dissolve into a crude carnival atmosphere.

Rhys Chatham also uses electric guitars and drums, but unlike Lohn and like Glenn Branca's early pieces, he uses them not merely for their amplification and power, but to obtain the overtones that result from the amplification. Rapidly strummed chords or notes played in unison create harmonics and hanging overtones, but the overpowering volume necessary is impossible to capture on disc (live the effect simultaneously seduces and irritates), and so the rhythmic component here is overemphasized in its monotony, lacking the breadth of the conventional rock rhythm section. *For Brass* transcribes one of Chatham's typical guitar pieces into horn fanfares and quasi-Kenton riffs—disappointingly tame. In fact, the expansion of timbre weakens the intensity, and the music is saved from total boredom solely by the percussive subdivisions of various marching cadences.

The 19 microscopic miniatures of discursive tonal effects created by vocalist/percussionist David Moss and his 10 single collaborators is a far cry from the ambitious compositional pretenses of Chatham and Lohn, but the results are only marginally more interesting. Moss' vocal techniques, extravagant and ear-opening as they are, leave me cold; they seem to be pointless exhibitionism put to no good use save a geeky curiosity. The balance of the album displays a certain amount of charm in the sheer variety of tactile sensations created by the various duets of drums, saxes, guitars, basses, electronics, etc. The appeal is a purely decorative one, and one suspects Moss, like the painter Robert Motherwell, experiences a "sensual interest in the materials"—in fact, much of the music communicates an Abstract Expressionist sense of process, as the drips, splashes, and splatters of color and texture underline the immediacy of the moment of cre-

RECORD REVIEWS

ation—as all convincing improvisation does.

Jeffrey Morgan attempts to give his improvisations a compositional inevitability, but the modest results can't sustain so heavy a structural commitment. His intuitive solos survey little territory once they've charted an emotional and formal outline, and his group pieces map out an area of exploration for ensemble interaction, but once the tone is set, no compositional progress is insinuated. *Ambient Metal* is the most beguiling—overdubbing sustained bell, piano, reed, and voice tones on a multi-track tape. The atmosphere is eerie and not unpleasant; the timbres are dull and dynamic. The "cut tape" ending, however, only underlines the arbitrariness of the method. Pretentious narration mars *Prelude To Fallout*, long before the music distorts into a cacophonous fight for survival. Each of Morgan's compositional devices is borrowed from outside sources, and he brings little originality to them.

In a survey of recently released albums as this, it's unfair to place the burden of representing all of academia on the shoulders of one composer, but such is **David Stock's** lot.

Though lacking improvisation, the New England Conservatory prof's *Triple Play* faddishly reflects a "hip" 1970 sensibility with the jazzy inclusion of insouciant walking bass lines and cool piccolo tooting, plus brief Shelly Manne-ish (love those bongos!) percussion. Despite its title, *Scat* won't be confused as a vehicle for Ella Fitzgerald; its treacherous tessitura is typical 12-tone stuff, and the background is post-Bergian gurglings. *The Philosopher's Stone* frequents the still-fashionable stylings once sounding fresh and adventurous in the hands of George Rochberg and George Crumb. Though pleasant enough, the experience is dulled from our overexposure to similar scores.

The low ratings awarded to the majority of these discs imply that contemporary composition is in the doldrums, but that's not entirely the case. The fact that there's a great deal of derivative and weak work being done in the name of post-Cage experimentation shouldn't overwhelm the truly exciting music being composed by Steve Reich, Philip Glass, Anthony Davis, Henry Threadgill, Roscoe Mitchell, Peter Maxwell Davies, Charles Wuorinen. . . .

—art lange

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.)

STEEPLECHASE

Doug Raney, second generation guitarist and his Danish quartet play on, *BLUE AND WHITE*. **Ernie Wilkins**, and his Almost Big Band (13 pieces) caught live in '83 at *MONTEUX*. **Duke Jordan**, bop piano vet with Wilbur Little and Dannie Richmond, *TIVOLI ONE*. **Pierre Dorge**, Danish guitarist conducts New Jungle Orchestra of Afro-European blend, *BRIKAMA*.

VERVE

Clifford Brown, two albums' worth of unreleased material from the late, ebullient trumpeter, one with the Brown/Roach Quintet, *MORE STUDY IN BROWN*, and one of all-star combos, *JAMS 2*. **Stan Getz/Charlie Byrd**, tenorist and guitarist join in '62 to introduce bossa nova to the states, *JAZZ SAMBA*. **Ella Fitzgerald/Duke Ellington**, one side of ballads and one of cookers, from '65, *ELLA AT DUKE'S PLACE*. **Jimmy Smith/Wes Montgomery**, soulful organ/guitar romps dating from '66, *THE DYNAMIC DUO*. **Bill Evans/Shelly Manne**, '62 collaboration (with Monty Budwig's bass) between sensitive pianist and drummer, *EMPATHY*. **Anita O'Day/Cal Tjader**, rare '62 meeting of songstress and vibist, *TIME FOR TWO*. **Oscar Peterson/Milt Jackson**, '62 session creating a different style of MJQ-ish instrumentation, *VERY TALL*.

CONCORD JAZZ

Stacy Rowles, trumpeter debuts w/ father Jimmy's piano support, *TELL IT LIKE IT IS*. **Mel Tormé/George Shearing**, vocalist and pianist share the bill during *AN EVENING AT CHARLIE'S*. **George Shearing**, the pianist does his own crooning *LIVE AT THE CAFE CARLYLE*. **Bruce Forman**, highly thought-of bop-inspired guitarist leads strong quintet inc. Bobby Hutcherson's vibes, *FULL CIRCLE*. **Cal Tjader**, late latin vibist leads a septet in live performance, *GOOD VIBES*. **Tito Puente**, timbales titan and his nine-piece Latin Ensemble also live, *EL REY*. **Dirty Dozen Brass Band**, only eight of 'em, but they strut and swagger like 12 Nawlireans, *MY FEET CAN'T FAIL ME NOW*.

JAZZOLOGY/GHB/CIRCLE

Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, '76 set caught in Holland w/ Ted Easton's Jazzband, *KIDNEY STEW*. **Glen Gray**, and his Casa Loma Orchestra with 12 World radio transcriptions from 1940. **Johnny Long**, dance band magic returns us to 1941-42. **Bob Haggart**, the whistling bassist leads an '81 septet on a sentimental journey and *ENJOYS CAROLINA IN THE MORNING*. **Ken Colyer**, London's foremost N.O. stylist in an '82 session *LIVE AT THE 100 CLUB*. **Various Artists**, like George Brunis, Danny Barker, and Raymond Burke, captured live at the '71 *MEMPHIS COTTON CARNIVAL*. **Jess Stacy**, pianist best known for his stint w/ Benny Goodman recaptured from '44 World transcriptions, *BLUE NOTION*. **Kid Howard**, N.O. trumpet legend plus his Preservation Hall cohorts from '62, *NEW ORLEANS BAND*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



"THE SOUND'S IN A CLASS BY ITSELF"

Calicchio
TRUMPETS
6409 WILLOUGHBY AVENUE,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90038
IRMA CALICCHIO 213/462-2941

©1984 STEINBERGER SOUND

YOU DESERVE IT.



STEINBERGER

475 OAKLAND AVE • STATEN ISLAND, NY • 10310
(718) 447-7500 FREE BROCHURE

Pat. No. 4,192,213
INTL. PATS. PEND.

1 PHIL UPCHURCH. *MIDNITE BLUE* (from *FREE & EASY*, Jazz America Marketing). Upchurch, guitar; Russ Ferrante, piano.

I liked that tune a lot, primarily the arrangement. It's got that mellow kind of a thing that always feels good . . . a nice balancing of the rhythm section with the Rhodes and the guitar, that nice cushion sound to it. The guitar reminded me of some stuff I've heard Jeff Beck do with the volume pedal, but I'm not sure who it is.

BM: It's Phil Upchurch.

KE: (*Laughs*) That name never crossed my mind for a second. I thought I'd hear more guitar from Phil Upchurch. But I did like the sense of discretion that he used when he was playing the melodies and the solos. It flowed with the tune real well. I'm trying to listen for more of that in my own playing . . . just getting a sense of placement with what you're really feeling rather than just playing something because you think it should be there.

2 JOHN McLAUGHLIN. *THE DARK PRINCE* (from *ELECTRIC DREAMS*, Columbia). McLaughlin, electric guitar; Stu Goldberg, electric piano, Prophet, Moog synthesizers; Fernando Sanders, electric bass; Tony Smith, drums; Alyrio Lima, percussion; L. Shankar, electric violin.

That was one of the later editions of electric John, after the Mahavishnu Orchestras. This one didn't feel right to me. Now, I love John, but I really didn't dig this tune. It just seemed like a platform for some Coltrane scales—kind of a *Giant Steps* thing. It didn't really have the warmth and soul that I've heard John play with. And the band wasn't there; that is, the players were all obviously quite proficient at their instruments and everything, but it never came together as a full sound, as a band sound. It just sounded like so many scales. Kind of disappointing.

3 JOHN McLAUGHLIN. *RADIO ACTIVITY* (from *MAHAVISHNU*, Warner Bros.). McLaughlin, Synclavier guitar; Billy Cobham, drums; Jonas Helborg, electric bass; Bill Evans, soprano saxophone; Mitch Forman, keyboards.

Yeah, that was nice. This must be one of the tunes from John's new band. I haven't heard anything from them yet, but this sounded real nice. Billy Cobham sounds so strong—whew! Yeah, Billy put the feel into that one. Yeah, I'm excited by this. I almost wanted to hear Miles start playing on that cut—it's got that open kind of feel to it. But my main point is, with Billy playing on there, it sounded more like a band than the other cut you played. It had that focus to it, and it felt real good. John didn't play a whole lot on this one,

Kevin Eubanks

By BILL MILKOWSKI

One of the gifted young lions on the jazz scene today, guitarist Kevin Eubanks grew up in Philadelphia immersed in the music of Jimi Hendrix, James Brown, Sly Stone, and the original Mahavishnu Orchestra. Primarily a rock and funk player through his teens, Eubanks began studying jazz and classical music upon entering the Berklee College of Music in 1976. It was there that he got hip to harmony, theory, and Wes Montgomery, a towering influence on the 27-year-old guitarist.

In 1980 his first big break came when Art Blakey picked him up for a European tour, which yielded a *Live At Montreux* LP. Roy Haynes called on Eubanks in 1981, followed by other straightahead stints with Ronnie Matthews and Slide Hampton. A tour with Sam Rivers opened Eubanks up to free improvisation.

His impressive debut solo album, *Kevin Eubanks—Guitarist*, released by Elektra/Musician in early 1982, was an ambitious

not like on the other cut, but I liked this much better.

4 RONALD SHANNON JACKSON AND THE DECODING SOCIETY.

SPANKING (from *MANDANCE*, Antilles). Jackson, drums; Vernon Reid, guitar; Henry Scott, trumpet; Zane Massey, saxophones; Melvin Gibbs, Rev. Bruce Johnson, electric bass.

That sounded crazy. Sounded like Stanley Clarke was playing bass. I don't know . . . sounds like Blood Ulmer or Jamaaladeen and all those cats in that Ornette family. It interests me in a way, but I wonder how much of it is just manufactured and how much of it is really original. I hear a lot of these groups with a funk vamp underneath and all this stuff on top, and a lot of things seem to be absent. I don't feel that good about it.

5 BROTHER JACK McDUFF. *OUR MISS BROOKS* (from *STEPPIN' OUT*, Prestige). McDuff, organ; George Benson, guitar.

I just can't say enough about George Benson. To me, what you just played—that's jazz. This record I just put out with my band and this stuff we've heard with John—that's not jazz. It's not swing. If it's not swing, it's not jazz. As far as a jazz guitar player, someone who sits down with a swinging rhythm section . . . George, I



ANDY FREEBERG

sampler of the various styles that Eubanks has absorbed over the years. His recent release on GRP Records, *Sundance*, is a rockier affair.

This was Eubank's first Blindfold Test. He was given no prior information about the records, and he declined to give star ratings.

think, is killing. I think he's gonna come out with a straightahead record one of these years that's gonna knock people out. I mean, he's got a really beautiful voice and all, but when George sits down and plays some blues and all those chorded solos—killing!

6 MILES DAVIS. *THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED* (from *DECOY*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; John Scofield, guitar; Bill Evans, soprano saxophone; Robert Irving III, electric keyboards; Darryl Jones, electric bass; Al Foster, drums; Mino Cinelu, percussion.

Well, that was definitely Miles. I haven't heard this album yet, but I saw this band play live. I thought this tune was nice. The bass and keyboards felt nice, especially the keyboards, getting in at just the right time. You can really tell here that the people are listening to each other, as opposed to that cut you played of Ronald Shannon Jackson. And I really liked all that space left in there to allow them to wander around a bit. The bass wasn't too busy; there weren't too many confused things going on. It felt like there was something solid there, yet it was left open enough. They felt reserved, yet confident. It was maybe a little underdone, but it kept you wanting more, which I think is better than leaving you wanting less. db

The most expensive reed in the world... and worth even more.

USED AND ENDORSED BY

Herbie Adams
Nat King Cole
George Coleman
Frank Foster
Branch Hawk
David Liebman
Abe Most
Cecil M. Payne

NOW — A SYNTHETIC REED
THAT SOUNDS & FEELS
SO NATURAL!

- IMPROVES SOUND
- IMPROVES RANGE
- MORE DRIVE
- MORE FLEXIBILITY
- MORE BRILLIANCE
- MORE VOLUME
- NO SQUEAKS
- NO WARPING

CAPTURES THE FULLNESS & RICHNESS
OF THE FINEST FRENCH CANE.

BARI
SYNTHETIC

OUTLASTS CANE 200 - 1

ECONOMICALLY, YOUR BEST BET IS BARI

Ask your dealer to let you try a selection.
They come in soft, medium and hard.

For clar, sop, bass clar, alto, tenor & baritone saxophones.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED — FREE BROCHURE

BARI

ASSOCIATES, INC.

788 N.E. 40 CT., FT. LAUDERDALE, FL 33334 • 305/564-2733



DAVIS

continued from page 19

people like that, for what *they* did that was great. Why not try to do somethin' yourself? Even if nothin' else but for the fans' sake, 'cause they done heard all this stuff. You don't play anything they haven't heard—it just comes out different. Well, everybody wants a new sandwich. Whatcha gonna put on a hamburger next? You know?

"Now, if we don't play some blues, in front of a black audience, ain't nothin' gonna happen, and I'm black, so that's what we're gonna play; if I was Chinese, we'd be playin' somethin' else. I still play the Harmon mute; I take the middle out of it. I'm not usin' wah-wahs or any of that, not this season. You know what I do, though? I play chords on the piano and play on top of the synthesizer. Hey, talk about prejudice, dig this: the synthesizer sound for trumpet is a white trumpet player's sound. Not my sound, not Louis' sound, or Dizzy's sound—a white trumpet sound. It is! And the only way I can play it is to play over it with my trumpet. To me, they should get Snooky Young or one of the good first trumpet players and have him record to put his sound on the synthesizer. I'd love that—or my sound. I have an Emulator that Willie Nelson gave me, and I could put my sound on that—I might just do it. Or get Snooky to let me record him."

Can Miles always tell the difference between a black and white player through their sound? "I don't know, man—there are a lot of good white players out there now. Used to be a white trumpet player couldn't play over a high C—now they can do everything. But when I was at Juilliard, that white trumpet sound—that's what you used when you played concerts. You don't put that stuff on synthesizers for social music. They have to get that sound together; you should have a choice on a synthesizer between a black and white sound.

"See, it's a problem because they can't lose that schoolin'. Wynton has told me sometimes he thinks things he plays sound too white. I told him, 'Don't worry about it,' because he's a good player, and it ain't gonna be *that* white. He's sayin' that in order to play those strict phrases with the symphony orchestra, you have to play like them, 'cause they can't play with us."

When you played with Gil Evans' orchestra in the late '50s and early '60s, didn't Gil's orchestra match your sound? "Gil loves my sound, and my sound fits because I love his arrangements, like those for Claude Thornhill—I loved that *pure* sound. But when you mix, when you integrate a band, it sounds different. You can tell when a rock band has a black rhythm section—it can hold the groove a little longer. And groups like Earth, Wind & Fire—they could mix a couple white trumpeters in there, use 'em right."

What else has Miles been digging? Prince? "Yeah, I heard Prince. You know, it's easy to write in between a crack; like in a song, if you sing, it's easy to fill a phrase. But to fill up 32 bars, for 15 minutes—then you got to admire a person for doing that. For what Prince's doing, filling his own backgrounds in, it's great, but only for a few minutes. I like to listen to groups like Earth, Wind & Fire, Prince, Michael Jackson, Ashford & Simpson. They only have a couple of bars in which to do it, and they make the best of it. But if they had to do it for 32 bars, for half-an-hour, they couldn't do it, because they're not groomed that way.

"Me, I'm basically a quarter horse. You know how a thoroughbred runs a mile? A quarter horse runs a quarter-mile. I think it's easier to do what Prince and them, and Quincy [Jones], too, do—fill in those cracks, if you can write like that. Playin'—if you let it flow, if you can stand it, long tunes are alright. But if you feel irritable when it take's going on, that means somethin's wrong. So you have to stop it. *Bitches Brew* and all that turned out great, because I let it flow for a while, but there were also cues, and the musicians knew what to do."

I have one more question. Miles, since you came back, which of your songs or albums do you think is best?

"Best? That's a big word."

db

Kirk Lightsey

Following an apprenticeship that ran from Motown to Dexter Gordon, this Motor City pianist is happily blazing his own musical trails.

BY LESLIE GOURSE

Same old miracle among the musical: poor black kid impresses doting mother with his musical ability. This time it was Kirk(land) Lightsey, born February 15, 1937, in a country within a country, Detroit's black ghetto. And after a childhood rich in study and musical appreciation with some of the best musicians in the country, Lightsey grew up to accompany some of the brightest singers—



Damita Jo and O. C. Smith among scores.

A couple of times in the 1960s, Kirk sat in with Dexter Gordon. In 1979, upon his return to the states, Dexter needed a new pianist for his popular group and invited Kirk to go along. Even within the group, Kirk could dazzle. And Dexter liked it that way. "Playing with Dexter was what I needed to be the player that I had always wanted to be while I was accom-

panying singers. Actually, playing with Dexter was almost like playing with a singer. He taught me many things—how to build a solo and not blurt out everything I knew at once, how to support and not lead a soloist, how to bring in the band with what I play, how to pace myself in a solo, how to make statements instead of rhetoric."

When a world-weary Dexter broke up his group in 1983, Kirk began free-lancing with many groups and as a soloist live and on records. Musicians in his audiences marveled at the extraordinary things Kirk could do simultaneously with different rhythms, while laymen simply knew they were seeing and hearing something exhilarating.

On recordings done in studio isolation, he is more subdued and introspective, but in clubs the streamers fly. "The music that you play depends on how you feel, lighthearted or in a darker mood. Generally I'm for a happier kind of feeling, a brightness, rather than a sorrowful blues. I've always been taken with rhythms; I'm something of a dancer affected deeply by intriguing rhythms."

RAYMOND ROSS

La Voz® MOUTHPIECE

Mouse

Take the work out of mouthpiece care.



Next to your reed, the mouthpiece is all-important in how you sound. If you don't regularly remove the moisture after playing, minute deposits build up and can actually change the internal dimensions, and the sound of any mouthpiece.

Now there is a very simple way to avoid those problems. Simply slip a Mouthpiece Mouse™ into your mouthpiece, before you put it away in your case (even if you do leave the reed on your mouthpiece). The Mouthpiece Mouse™ will absorb the moisture and virtually eliminate the build up. What could be easier?

Buy them wherever La Voz quality products are sold.

TEAM
La Voz
QUALITY

Available for:
Clarinet/Alto Sax
Tenor Sax
Baritone Sax

© 1984 La Voz Mouthpiece Mouse is a product of La Voz & H. W. Products.

While he attributes his polish to Dexter, who gave him the freedom to play everything he could, it's also true that Lightsey gave unique fire to Gordon's sets. And the fire is licking higher, more visibly, now that he is accompanying his own imagination. His latest record, *Shorter By Two* (Sunnyside 1004), a piano duo with Harold Danko, won a rave in the *New York Times* and four-and-a-half stars in *db*. Previously Lightsey had released two piano solo albums on Sunnyside in '83, including original compositions—*Habiba*, *Fresh Air*, and *Water Bearer*. He has made scores of records with Dexter, Damito Jo, Sonny Stitt, Kenny Burrell, Bunions Bradford (Bill Cosby), Saheb Sarbib, and even as a Motown studio musician (one record included Stevie Wonder on drums), but Lightsey has made no other recordings as leader on U.S. labels, only European and African.

He's acutely aware of the ebullience that propels his performances; it is, essentially, a principle aesthetic, which he recently analyzed in *Water Bearer*, with its interesting dissonances and long, melodic lines: "The first half of the tune is in a minor third cycle, with the chords all Major sevenths; the second half is on an augmented cycle, or Major third cycle, and the chords are all minors with Major sevenths. The reason I named it *Water Bearer* is that it symbolizes Aquarius, my Zodiac sign, a man pouring water from an urn, supposedly the water of knowledge and humanitarian wonderfulness. This waterbearer is a tomorrow guy. His head isn't into traditions. Everything is futuristic. The movement of the piece is like that, not tradition-bound but moving in cycles."

There's a palpable European influence in Lightsey's compositions and interpretations of standards, including the melancholy, romantic *Never Let Me Go*, whose words and music seduced him into making it a staple in his repertoire. But Lightsey regards his early days of looking and listening to black musicians in Detroit as his well-spring.

His mother had a large record collection. Kirk's favorites in it were the Cats & The Fiddle ("a guitar-type group that sang wonderful songs"), Earl Hines, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and Louis Jordan. And Kirk loved the live show in the living room every weekend. His family invited friends to play Pokino, with cards, a board, and chips—and one or two pianists. One was a Detroit professional, Eddie Hines—"the greatest influence of my life for jazz piano at the time," beginning at about age four. "He played like Tatum, Waller, Fatha Hines, and Willie The Lion [Smith] all thrown to-

gether. I used to climb up on the piano stool next to Eddie Hines. Nobody noticed me getting the fill of my life. . . ."

Kirk asked for piano lessons and, by age nine, made his way to Tommy Flanagan's elder brother, Johnson, then the pro in the family. When Johnson became too busy, he sent Kirk to the Community Music School and Gladys Wade Dillard, who taught Tommy, Barry Harris, and Alice McCloud Coltrane. Kirk met Kenny Burrell, then teaching guitar. By age 10 Kirk had studied some theory and harmony and knew he wanted to become a concert pianist.

He was captivated by the on-screen figure of Jose Iturbi and aspired to follow in his footsteps, oblivious to the realities of racial discrimination in European music circles. It wasn't until high school that he gave up his dream of going to Juilliard. While he dreamed, though, his life became rich in the music of the black community. Friday nights his mother took him to the Paradise Theatre, Detroit's Apollo, where he heard gospel groups, Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie, Louis Jordan, Roy Eldridge, Ray Nance, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Nat Cole, Marian Anderson, Al Hibbler singing *Stella By Starlight* particularly unforgettably with Ellington, and Ellington's eloquent speeches. "I wasn't steeped in jazz as an art form, a historic wealth, the black man's contribution to the art of this country. It was just a fact of life to me, part of my routine and background. Hearing the blues was usual."

In high school he was given a clarinet and found himself exposed to a wealth of symphonic music. Although he recalls having good technique and tone quality, he didn't think highly of his tonguing. He received a scholarship to college, based on his agreement to play clarinet in the school orchestra. But he soon became so disenchanted with his articulation—"a part of the character of the instrument—that I let it go, and also let my scholarship go," he says.

He was already working in clubs; even in high school he had worked as a shoe salesman in the afternoons and as a musician by night. He quickly became known as having a knack for accompanying singers, and was happy to have the recognition, which translated into jobs, because he married and had a baby shortly before he was 20. "Plus I didn't feel creatively secure enough to vie in the arena of the master jazz musicians I was hearing at the time."

In his early 20s he went into the army and played in the band at Fort Knox—"in the same band with Cannonball Adder-

ley, with some of the same sergeants." He was so enamored of jazz by then that he and Rudolph Johnson, another musician, used to drive five hours to Detroit at night to hear John Coltrane's last set. Discharged, back in Detroit, he stopped into the Bluebird Club one night. Trombonist Melba Liston was leading an all-girl orchestra. Pianist Patti Bown had gone to the hospital to have her baby that day. And Melba asked Kirk to sit in. Afterwards she asked him to go to New York City with the band.

They played at Small's Paradise, after which Melba's manager paired Kirk with singer Ernestine Anderson for a month in the early '60s. "New York was wonderful, because jazz was so awed. Birdland was still going. The Half Note was happening. Coltrane was playing." (Kirk later played with him, when Coltrane sat in with Yusef Lateef's band in Detroit, one of Kirk's gigs along the way.)

By then Kirk's style had evolved from his admiration for Bud Powell, Tatum, Jimmy Jones, Ahmad Jamal, Red Garland, Bill Evans, George Shearing, Barry Harris, and two Detroit pianists, Willie Anderson and Abe Woodley. And most of all, "because I thought I'd like to think creatively, with fluid piano lines, I chose to be most influenced by Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan," he says. And while it's usually difficult for non-musicians to recognize the regional backgrounds of musicians, Lightsey defines himself as a Detroit pianist, incorporating "a Bud Powell awareness, an Art Tatum styling, a bebop feeling, and a pianistic approach."

Kirk went back to Detroit from New York and was devoting most of his professional life to accompanying singers—from the Four Tops to T-Bone Walker. With O. C. Smith, Lightsey spent nearly five years based in California. Then in the '60s he went to play in Sweden and, visiting a club called Ernest's, sat in with Dexter Gordon. They played once again in the late '60s. And a decade later Lightsey was invited to replace George Cables in Dexter's group.

Today, on his own again, he chooses not to play it safe—he prefers to go out in search of the lost chord instead, philosophically and practically. "Each time I play *Water Bearer*, I play a different last chord. I first recorded it years ago with Rudolph Johnson on *The Second Coming* album. I can't even remember what the last chord was. But when Harold Danko and I played the tune at Summerpier in New York City this year, I found still another chord I'm even more satisfied with. It makes the song even more subtle, gives it a forward motion, a futuristic attitude. For me, the best is yet to come." *db*

PROFILE

Phil Cohran

A longtime Chicago musical presence, ex-Sun Ra sideman and AACM founding father, the trumpeter/bandleader is a force for good in his community.

BY J. B. FIGI

At 63rd and Cottage Grove, that blasted patch which was once the center of bebop in Chicago, haints in grey suede shoes lurk in tore-down doorways to run just one more murphy and echoes of *The Theme* hang in the air. Jump a dozen rows down Cottage, past the cemetery and under the Skyway, there are streets lifted from Kansas City in the '50s, beaten flat by poverty and dusty sun. Nearing 75th, there's a resale store. An apartment upstairs. Behind the apartment, and separated from it by a narrow swath of tarred roof, Phil Cohran has his performing space. Call it a loft, ghetto version. A large, raw room with slightly raised stage, an array of instruments and equipment, a few folding chairs. Here he conducts a 30-piece community youth orchestra, free to the kids, each Thursday; rehearses his own band, the Circle Of Sound, on weekends; and practices daily with his "family" band.

When told **db** wants his profile, he responds, "I didn't even think they knew my name." Aside from musicians and Chicago's black community, few know his name. And of the few who do, most don't know his music. They've only read somewhere that he was a co-founder of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM) or recall that he played trumpet on those Sun Ra recordings from 1960: *Angels And Demons At Play*, *The Nubians Of Plutonia*, and *Fate In A Pleasant Mood* are the ones that come to mind. Scant sightings for a lifetime in music.

"I was born in Oxford, Mississippi on May 8, 1927. We moved to St. Louis when I was about 10. My stepfather had a job outside Troy, Missouri, so we moved to Troy. That's where I started trumpet." A star musician in high school and Lincoln University, thin finances forced him from college. "It wasn't long until I got with this fellow named Chuck Terry, who



was Duke Ellington's valet. He quit working for Duke when he decided to start his own band. He didn't know anything about music, but he knew all about the business." In 1946, after serving as Terry's musical director, Cohran tried Chicago. "It was too much for me. That war energy was out of sight." Back in St. Louis, he hooked up with a newly formed band. "We called it the Rajahs, got some turbans. They made me leader. The Rajahs did pretty good around St. Louis from 1947 on up to 1950 when we split up. It got to be everybody [other bands] wanted our musicians. So they got to squabblin' about it. I put my name up at the union, said 'Next guy wants a trumpet player, call me.'

"Next guy was Jay McShann. That was where I really learned to swing. He kept that jug up there on the piano. Chank, chank-a-chank-chank. That was *it!* Everywhere we went, we rocked the house. When we went down south, those dance halls down there, you were lucky if you had one mic. And the crowds would be so thick, people would be falling on top of you and drinking and everything; it got so bad you'd have to lean back and play. And at every intermission you'd have to take up your belt some more notches because you'd play so hard. But you'd always enjoy it because the people got so much out of it."

Drafted in October 1950, Cohran was one of a handful of army musicians selected to attend the Naval Conservatory of Music at Anacostia, DC. After the service he came to Chicago and, except for one brief return to St. Louis ("That's when I worked with Oliver Nelson, 1954. He was driving a bus and going to Washington University. We had a ball."), has remained, at first working with the Morris Ellis big band and in smaller formats with players such as Walter Perkins,

Johnny Griffin, Wilbur Ware, and Ike Cole.

"Around '59 all the cats pulled up here and left. I didn't want to go to New York. So I was stumblin' around, and John Gilmore and I got to be friends, and I started rehearsing with Sun Ra. That's when Sonny was rehearsing six hours a day and playing six hours a night. We played all around here. His music was more difficult than anything I have ever seen. I didn't run up on anything in Anacostia that would touch what Sun Ra was doing—Wagner or anybody else. It wasn't no funny thing. Sometimes he had us trumpet players skipping two octaves, with eighth notes.

"He left in 1961. Gilmore came by and said, 'Man, we're gettin' ready to go to New York. We need you to go with us.' Sun Ra's music was so great. He removed all the borders in my mind. He moved you so powerful and generated such a response in people that I knew I wanted to do that on my own. That's the reason I didn't go with him.

"So I stayed here and became a recluse. I started walking the streets in my GI clothes, let my hair and a beard grow out. My mother thought I lost my mind. But I just got serious and started working seven days a week on music, at least 16 hours a day. I made the Frankiphone [an amplified thumb-piano, named after his mother] and some other instruments.

"Around April 1965, I ran into Steve McCall and Muhal walking down Cottage Grove, by the cemetery. We talked about how everybody had gone to New York and there was nobody around here and nothing happening. So we said, 'Man, we ought to do something about this ourselves. We'll just get together. You call all the guys you know, send them a card; I'll take the guys I know.' I had a place at 740 East 75th Street, and it had a large living room. So everybody met there on May 8, that was a Saturday. And that was the first AACM meeting."

The Artistic Heritage Ensemble, which Cohran put together at that time, was one of the best received of the early AACM groups. "A year before that, I had a rehearsal group, but that's all that it was because I didn't think that the music I was writing would be accepted for 10 to 12 years. That first concert, when we got a standing ovation, I was really shocked." But differing philosophies drove Cohran from the AACM tent. "Everybody wanted to play *out*, see. My nature wanted me to go somewhere else. I'm not a spaceman; I'm an earthman. We always had a very strong rhythmic foundation and sound centers, and we always knew where we were going. My music was

more in line with what our fathers have always been about. It's what they call swing. It's our birthright. I was very much dealing with heritage. Now everybody's dealing with it. But in 1965 it was a 'racist attitude.' And they weren't about anything like that. The word 'Black Music' did not come into it."

The AHE appeared at weekly concerts which Cohran produced at theaters, lodges, ballrooms, and one West Side tavern, often with guest artists such as the Spencer Jackson Family gospel group, bluesman Arvella Gray, or bop saxophonist Jimmy Ellis selected to display the rich diversity of the Afro-American musical tradition. The band performed in *Lyrics Of Sunshine And Shadow*, a dramatization of poems by Paul Laurence Dunbar, for which Cohran wrote the music. Produced and directed by Oscar Brown Jr., the show was presented at high schools throughout the city. Cohran also released the only recordings to date of his music, three EPs and an LP on his Zulu label which had limited local distribution.

In mid-1967 the AHE began regular

concerts at the Affro-Arts Theatre, which Cohran set up as a performance and cultural center, but Babylon became irked (when Stokeley Carmichael spoke there) and quickly closed the theater. Although it reopened with community support and persisted until 1969, Cohran came under heavy harassment. "Our group split up. Some of them came with me—Master Henry, Brother Gene Easton. Eventually [guitarist] Pete Cosey came to work with me. But the rest of them, they went an entirely different way [becoming part of Earth, Wind & Fire]. So from that, I was sittin' on 'E.' My income was zero. I couldn't get any work anywhere, on my instrument."

Throughout the '70s he taught at colleges (Malcolm X, Kendall, Olive-Harvey) and prisons (Pontiac, Stateville, Dwight), reviving a discontinued music program at Pontiac only after putting in six months at his own expense.

The Circle Of Sound, formed in 1979, has Aquilla Sadalla, Walter Clark, and Harvey Thomas, reeds; Omowale Ojukitu, trombone; Maia, flute, cello, and marimba; Linda Cohran (Phil's

wife), guitar; his 20-year-old son Malik, bass; with the drummer's throne currently in flux. There's a singer, Sharon Rose, but most of the players also sing. In keeping with African tradition, voice and dance are important elements of the performance. Horn and vocal lines flow, twine, crisscross swiftly or pop like a speedbag over lunging yet supple rhythms. Now and then the leader's trumpet comes to the fore like a stately guidon, a silk banner in the sun. The band averages three performances a month, usually at schools, churches, prisons, or cultural centers. If Cohran's name remains little known, it's by choice. For the past 20 years he has concentrated upon applying his music as a force for good within his community. "I don't want to just jump out here and play some hip little phrase," he says. "I came into music as a social statement and as an organ for helping people, not just to have people look up to me and stuff like that. Most musicians want to be recognized. I really just want to get to the people and play for them and heal some things." **db**

How do we make music?

Haynes knows that making music, like making flutes, depends on absolute precision and attention to detail. On stage and off, the standard of excellence rests on one thing above all else—*craftsmanship*.



Jean-Pierre Rampal, the "greatest living exponent of the flute."

Even before you order your Haynes flute or piccolo, we begin the intricate process of tooling and drop-forging, hand-padding and quality testing. We create by hand the more than 330 pieces that comprise a Haynes flute. Your embouchure plate is meticulously cut by a

master artisan. The delicate African blackwood with which we make your piccolo is treated in special oils for two years to ensure its durability. Before your flute or piccolo is ready for the concert hall, studio, or practice room, we perform a rigorous test of playing excellence. That's how we know your instrument is a masterpiece. And that's precisely what you'd expect from Haynes. Jean-Pierre Rampal expects a fine flute to play *with* him,

to enable him to concentrate on the music and its expression.

We've designed the innovative Deveau scale and a new head joint

that give you greater control than ever before. You can depend on superb tonal quality

from top to bottom. And you can make music as Rampal does—*naturally*. Haynes is the natural choice of music makers. We're making a Haynes for you right now.



The result of our exacting craftsmanship is the enhanced tonal quality, power, and range of the "Haynes sound."

I'd like to receive information about the Haynes music makers. Please send me your free brochure:

Name _____ Student Teacher

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: The Wm. S. Haynes Co., Inc., 12 Piedmont St., Boston, MA 02116.

To place an immediate order, call Haynes at (617) 482-7456.

Haynes

THE MUSIC MAKERS.

db 12/84